

## The point of view blurred by crocodile tears

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# **The point of view blurred by crocodile tears**

by [Stay\\_dancing](#)

## Summary

Tony loves Peter, the kind of love that only a true father feels for his child, the love that makes a person capable of anything.

This made him a bad person? It depends on the point of view.

## Notes

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

# Tears

Only him knows everything that happened in his life.

Everything that he been through wasn't something easy to forget but he tried his best to do that.

Tony knows that he made a million of mistakes in his life but this was only him trying to get it right.

Everything that he did was for love.

Love to *his* son.

The love that one father feels for his child makes a person capable of anything.

This made him a bad person? It depends on the point of view.

He is not a monster, he is just a father.

A father who is capable of anything to defend his son and their happiness together.

The thing that he remembers the most about that *fateful day* was that he was crying and he was never the kind of person who cried he wasn't allowed to do it by his father most of his life and learned the old tactic of "bottling it up until one day it explodes" and it's been working really well.

He only have three strong memories of crying: When his father teachd him the first rule about being a Stark, at his parents funeral and in that fateful day.

*"Stark men don't cry."*

When he heard that for that first time, he was just a child. But he knew that he already have a failed. He failed to sastify his father because he was crying. And he heard that phrase again and again almost everyday until his teens years when he finally stopped crying and proceed to fighting, fighting at a lost case that was Howard Stark, Tony would never be enough for him and their relationship was ruined even before it started.

This didn't make things with Howard any easier, they fightd until the night that his parents die.

He didn't shed a tear when he recognize the bodies because it didn't even felt real, one moment they were there (in some way) and in a heartbeat they are gone forever.

The realization only would come when he saw the caskets being put into the ground, when he realized that it was truly over.

Then he cried because he was lost without anyone to guide him.

If exists a Heaven and a Hell, Tony is sure that wherever Howard is looking at him, he is disappointed at him, even if was his funeral his father would never accept one single tear of Tony.

*"Act like a man, Anthony!"*

At first he tried to be his father's definition of a man but then he noticed that acting the opposite would bring him more attention, that didn't change much between them, Tony was never good for his dad so why keep trying? At least he was getting some attention, good or bad, attention is a form of care, and he needed to feel that someone would take care of him. And Howard did that.

His father wasn't the best, he didn't hold his hand one single time, he never made things easier or lighter to Tony in any way but he guided him by his screams and beatings, he always showed what to do in his own way.

This was affection.

His Mother was gone too, she tried her best but she never *really* invested her time trying to help or understand what he was feeling but she loved him and for Tony that was enough.

But in that moment he was utterly alone without no one to show him how to live, he was just a kid. He could scream at the world and at his father that he wasn't but he *was*.

Tony Stark, the immature, spoiled, genially wicked and overall a needy brat that now was alone without anybody that was really his family, there was Obie but just wasn't the same. ~~It's not like his parents were anyway better.~~

The only thing that Tony really craves in all his life was a family.

So he would never let himself feel this way again. It wasn't for the sake of building a family, bond with other people. No. It was for the sake of him not feeling lost again, be the provider and guide for someone who needed him, he wanted to feel needed.

This can sound selfish but it's not.

Tony would be helping someone after all.

And then the fateful day happened.

The firemen stared at him like he was a poor wretch.

The look when a person feels sorry for someone and doesn't know what to do to help so they just stared at them trying to comprehend the situation, he knows that look very well.

Oh, the problematic rich orphan that Tony was (and still is) noticed how the poor souls who weren't interested in draining every single drop of his blood looked at him in this way, like he was a lost child.

Tony was just there, crying his lungs out and rocking his baby boy who slept the whole time, Peter wasn't a crybaby after all.

His son was everything that matters now, everything that is *left* for him.

He lost his Pepper, he lost the love of his life because of the stupid fire. He had to make a choice: Go to Peter's room or their room, he decided for Peter, he was just a baby, he thought that maybe Pepper could meet them and escape, he screamed for her and nothing.

She was gone. They didn't tell him yet but he just knew.

But he made his choice.

And now everything that is left is Peter.

He was failure for almost everyone but Peter.

Peter still there and Tony would never let him go, never.

**Never.**



# I don't mind growing up with you

## Chapter Summary

The moment when a child is born, a father is born too.

Tony always thought that when a child is growing and learning about every little thing, their parents are learning by them.

In fact, Tony would give the world to Peter if necessary or if he would just ask for it, but do you seeing him growing up? It had its good and bad moments.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Do you realize why you are here, Mr.Stark?"

The moment when a child is born, a father is born too.

This is most real phrase to describe parenthood for Tony, in the moment that he held Peter for the first time, his life started to be- no no, started to *depends* what his son needed, if his son was okay...

His life revolves around his son, he was lost without him, if he lost his baby, he would lose his reasons to basically *live*, This is not a exaggeration, this was the simplest fact.

"Actually, i don't." - Tony was lying through his teeth but still holding in his face a smirk.

"You have shown aggressive and unstable behavior once again." - She had a clear disappointed look. - "Can you explain to me what happened?"

After that fateful day, he needed to "rehabilitate" to the normal life, Tony needed to be honest it was harder than it looks but people like to point fingers instead of trying to understand. He was trying, he truly was trying but it was hard, therapy was hard, work was hard but have to *leave* Peter was the hardest, he didn't want to do that in thousands of years.

But everything was on his back.

Now Peter was 7-months-old and needed to be on daycare, Tony being naive gave a chance but he didn't expected the teachers to be so damn rude.

It was not like he hitted her or something that bad, he was just angry that she didn't ask first before just picking the boy up. He got mad he admits, but wasn't that bad, he didn't needed to be here *again*.

*But what the police doesn't do for mess with him?*

"She tried to take Peter from me, i was only defending my son." - He uncomfortably tries to move his hands but handcuffs prevented him. - "I just really don't understand why i have to be here again."

"Why do you think you here?" - She wrote something on clipboard already stained with blue ink. - "Be honest this time."

"For the last time, I got no idea." - Tony is defensive like a child caught on the act, sitting in that "sofa" (it felt more like a rock but okay) like he was busted for sneaking out for a party again.

"You have been drinking again, Mr.Stark?" - The doctor asked looking at his eyes but he avoided them like the plague.

"No..."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." - He was not, he almost sure that maybe he ended up having a hangover in the last Saturday but his mind was blurry to remember a thing.

"Drugs?"

"Only sleeping pills."

"Do you have a prescription for them?"

"Yes."

"Which sleeping pills do you take?"

"Why you asking me this?" - He was losing his temper with all these stupid questions, she asked all of them before and he answered the same things.

"I need this for your record." - The doctor tapped the pen on the clipboard.

"Lorazepam, nortriptyline, xanax, amitriptyline... You already know that, i gave you a copy of my prescription last time." - He weakly mumbles the last time.

"You take everything at once? Nothing illegal this time?" - She didn't looked impressed.

"I'm a father now, i cannot throw everything away just for the sake of being high for some hours, i'm not nineteen anymore." - The anger show up as quickly it disappeared.

"Uhum, of course you do..." - The doctor looks at him with disbelief, her audacity was unimaginable for Tony. - "Anything illegal this time?"

"For the last time, No... How many times i have to repeat myself?" - Tony took a deep breath trying to calm himself down. - "Can i, *please*, just see Peter now? It's almost lunch time and he gets really fussy when he don't eat in the right time."

"I think you don't understand the situation, Mr.Stark." - She finally looks at him. - "You're not taking this child home."

There was silent, this phrase hitted him like a bomb.

"Excuse me, what?" - He slowly whispers back, trying not to show any cracks.

"You not taking this child with you. Peter is now with child protective service, you don't need to worry about what he needs anymore-"

When she looked up at him, she expected tears, screams or just the "i'm finally free" expression that she gets when she have to give these "bad news" to parents in this situation, but what she got was the deadliest look in someone that she ever saw.

"No. You aren't doing that with us. We are going home, we are going where he belongs. He is going to his home and you'll better be out of my way." - Tony blankly stared at her with a little pseudo-smile on his face - "Did you get it?"

"I have no control about it, Mr.Stark." - The doctor knew her "most frequent pacient" almost paranoid behavior, sometimes he is fine, sometimes he is bad and sometimes he is just a blank paper. - "This is the ninth time that you here in this week for the same reason."

"Yes, you have control. If you write in your stupid papers that i can go home with my son, this conversation wouldn't be happening in first place." - Tony didn't blink in that statement, he looked almost in a state of trance. - "So... Do it."

"Do what?"

"Write that we can go home, there is absolutely nothing wrong with me. Everyone knows that I would never hurt my son because i love him. And i know what is best for him like the fact that he only likes being carried with his head on the right arm thing that i bet you don't even care about. And that i would never touch anyone and of course i'm not a threat to anybody." - For one second, conscious striked him, his expression slid into a genuine sadness. - "I can't be without him. Write it, please... Now I'm asking you *gently*."

"Gently?" - She questioned.

"Yes." - He was back in the dead eyes stare. - "See, i'm a real polite man but i'm only good when you are good to me."

"What you mean with "good", Mr.Stark?"

"You obey to me and we forget everything about this little talk or you can go against my will and you know, "accidentally" things can go right down bad with you..." - He smirked but he was not genuine. It was quick, just to throw a special highlight on the "accidentally" part.

"This is a threat?" - She looked at his blank eyes, trying to see something that wasn't pure nothingness she was slightly reluctant.

"Depends who is asking it." - Tony was now back to normal as if nothing ever happened. -

"Welp, i guess we are done. I'm so happy that you got what I was saying! I was worried for a second, can you believe it? But did you get it?"



He chuckles at her face.

"I think that is a yes! You can go now, i'll talk with my lawyers, you know, if were you I would look twice before crossing the street! I'm just saying, now go, silly! I bet you have plenty of other meetings, don't you? Have fun! And remember that loose lips sink ships. See you soon and you better be really *honest* on your notes." - Tony always had the amazing talent of being naturally cynical, the persuasion was in his family after all, a art where everything is fair at least for him.

And then she left almost shaking. Poor woman.

The problem of the world is that money give the wrong people power.  
But Tony is not one of them, he only uses the power that he have for the good.  
He is not selfish, cruel or bad. No, he isn't.

People around him were the ones who are always wrong not him.

How he imagined, the sweet doctor understood what he meant and was so sweet telling how Tony was such a loving father who was having a hard time (What he really is) What a shame that for some tragic reason of destiny she suffered for a robbery that went wrong..

Anyway Peter got home in hours, of course he was fussy because they didn't took care of him in the right way as he expected.

They aren't good as him because the only one for Peter is him, not anyone else.

Tony decided that daycares aren't for them, Peter don't like strangers (He doesn't like them because Tony decided that he didn't) and being away for one another for so long it's a torture, horrible for child mind.

That was the motive of his latest appointment with his unfortunately late doctor, but wasn't his fault that dirty teacher tried to grab Peter from his arms without even asking. And Babysitters? This was devil's work.

Why having kids if you throw them for someone else back? No, he wouldn't- he *couldn't* do that to his Peter.

He lived like that most of his life and it wasn't the kind of childhood that Peter deserved. Peter deserved the best and Tony would do the best for him.

*The best of a father's love.*

So he decided to take Peter into his work instead of any of the past options, Obie thought that he was kidding until he actually showed up with Peter in a baby carrier.

He was at the minimal mad at Tony for bringing a child for work, but he didn't mind. When Peter screamed in his office all day, he didn't mind and always just tried to understand what he was trying to say in all that noise, he didn't mind giving speechs and reunions with a baby carrier and trying to make Peter comfortable awhile he walked around, he didn't mind how Obie looked at this scene shaking his head in disapproval.

He truly didn't mind growing up with Peter.

But then things started to change, when Peter started walking or better trying, it was not like he did it without looking like a weird flamingo but the thing is that things were going a little fast for Tony, when he caught Peter trying to get up in his chair, he almost fainted at the scene.

He didn't let Peter touch the floor again until it was covered with non-slip mats, he didn't care how much Peter cried for not being able to explore things for sometime.

Tony tried to calm him down by singing, cartoons, pacis, bottles nothing worked, Peter was a natural explorer but the problem is when more you look into things more you can get into trouble, Peter loves to see things that he shouldn't.

The thought of letting Peter around and falling and *crying because of pain* haunted him. But he was happy to see Peter growing up.

If walking was problem, riding a bike was a bigger problem.

When Peter was four, he saw older kids riding bikes and decided to try it too, Tony was apprehensive but he decided to help, he wanted to be a part of this.

But in the moment he just was frozen on the spot.

"Let it go, Daddy!" - Tony choked his head biting his lips, leading Peter to get upset at him. - "But you said you would let it go when i asked you to..."

"You can stay with the training wheels, Petey." - He smiled, the thought of letting Peter go though this sidewalk *alone* was terrifying. When he was holding was fine, but if he let it go- *no way* in hell he would let this happen.< p>

"But i want to ride without them! Everybody does, please, Daddy!" - Peter gave him the best puppy eyes that he could.

"OK, we are not doing that." - Tony stopped walking and as a effect, the bike stopped moving letting Peter not that happy.

"Daddy!" - Peter tries to make the little red bike move, but it was useless. - "But i want to try too!"

"You can't have everything that you want." - Correction, Peter can't do things that *Tony* don't want him to even think about.

"But-"

"No. We can have ice cream! Don't you like this even more than riding this bike? You can have vanilla with chocolate!" - Tony exclaimed almost jumping but Peter still crestfallen. - "C'mon don't be upset at me, you know that i do somethings that may sound bad now but it's for your own good. You know i love you more than anything."

"I love you too..." - And then Tony smiled and ignoring the sad look at Peter's face.

-

Peter quietly sobs awhile Tony gently puts hydrogen peroxide in the open wound on Peter's knee, it was small. This makes his heart sink into the ground.

"I-I'm sorry, i s-should have listened to you..." - Peter was shaking like a leaf, tears are coming down to his cheeks. Tony wiped the tears out of his face.

"You should have asked me, Pete. I could have helped you but you decided to sneak out and ride the bike all alone. Do you know how dangerous it is? It was just an accident and you didn't know what you were doing... Just-- Ugh, I'm so sorry. This is my fault not yours but please, next time tell what you doing. I'm here to help you, my love." - Trying to be comprehensible enough, Tony just whispers apology after apology awhile the burning sensation make the child whimpers.

"It hurts!" - Peter cry out.

"It's for your own good..." - Tony gave him a warm gaze. - "You did so good. I'm proud of you, Petey."

"I-I'm sorry, Daddy..."

"No, i'm sorry, you don't have to apologize for something is not your fault. I should have tried to be more aware. If i was here when you needed it, it wouldn't have happened. This is my fault. Next time, you ask me first, alrighty?"

"Alrighty." - Peter was more relaxed even sightly smiling. - "I love you, Daddy."

"I love you more"

"We both love eachother equally."

"Good enough for me." - And Tony laughs.

He knew that Peter would sneak in at night and try to ride the bike all by himself (Because Peter was curious and smart, a combination that always leads him to problem at least in Tony's eyes.) So he just decided to do the best for his son not to get hurt in the future and he just loosen the bicycle bolts.

A little scratch in the knee is better caused by a little fall was than a accident, Peter would thank him later.

Tony always did what was the best for Peter so he didn't blame himself for the scratch, it was for good reason, to teach Peter to always listen and obey to his father but of course, in Tony's way of doing it.

-

When Peter turned six, he started going to school. It wasn't easy for both of them.  
~~It wasn't easy for Tony.~~

Tony held Peter's hand from the moment that he woke up, and Tony being the adult was nervous as hell.

Even if Peter was mumbling excited about how many friends he will make, Tony is nervous about what is going to happen.

He was more comfortable with this idea of Peter going to school (at least he thought he was getting better.)

But being there, living that day in the moment was different. Suffocating.  
Obie was relieved with this news and Happy was just there being himself, he knows that the man likes Peter but Happy (oh the irony) is not that good showing his feelings.

Peter was smiling.  
He knows he should be happy too, but he is not.

Tony avoided and delayed this day so much. But was there now, happening in front of him. He held Peter's hand in the car, trying to not focus where they were going and how much he will miss his baby. He tried but failed.

And then when they *finally* arrived after what felt like hours, when they are out of the car, he still holding Peter's hand. He didn't even knew anymore if this was for comfort Peter or himself at this point.

The weather was hot and cold at the same time, Tony felt like he had run a marathon, sweating buckets and barely able to breathe. Barely feeling as his throat was getting dry and how suddenly his heart started racing.  
His hands were trembling and that probably alerted Peter a little bit, who suddenly looked at him a little confused.  
But Tony just smiled as he wiped the sweat off his own face. *He just smiled when he felt like he was losing all the control of his life.*  
And as always Peter smiled back.

Tony held trembling Peter's hand until the boy released it, *he just released it.*  
He was not nervous or scared. He didn't scream and begged to go home like some children, he just let Tony go and Peter was happy about that. And Tony resisted the need to take that little hand again and watched Peter start to run in the direction of other children.

"I love you!!!" - Tony shouts, ended up coming out louder and more desperate than he intended, but everyone around him thought it was normal, parents in their kids first day in school were always a little nervous.

"I love you too!" - Peter stops running and starts to walk, shyly waving still holding a smile.

"I love you more." - He waited for the answer putting his hand in his chest, he wanted to hear it, he *needed* to hear it.

"We love each other equally!"

Tony can do that, he actually already did, it was *horrifying* but he can let Peter go for once. It was only the start, it's not like he lost all the control that he had over their lives, he still the one in charge.  
Let him be himself, be supporting.  
He loves Tony after all.  
Tony didn't mind growing up with Peter.

But this didn't stop him of crying in the car awhile Happy uncomfortably stared at him.

The thing is that maybe he might not even mind seeing Peter growing up but seeing Peter not needing him? This was his breaking point.  
He would make Peter need him one way or another

## Chapter End Notes

So that was it! I Hope you all like it.

I think it was a little chessy but okay I didn't control myself again, what's new, right? :")

But anyway it was fun to write this in my spare time! Studying and writing fanfics?

Good enough for me!

So yeah, next chapter, Peter will already be a teenager, time flies! And (forgive me for the language) the shit will start hitting the fan so just wait for it!

Kudos and comments are welcome! <3

Pardon me any spelling errors, i'm trying to get better :D

# Suffocating

## Chapter Summary

"But sometimes, just sometimes it's get too much even for me.

I understand that what happened to mom really did ~~broke~~ changed him and honestly I never had the chance to know him before that but... it does justify the way he acts all the time?"

Fuck it.

Peter quickly ripped off the page that he was writing in his diary.

Why he is talking like about his father?

Okay, maybe his father can push too hard sometimes but...

He doesn't suffocates him.

Or he does?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I love my dad, I really do. He is the person who I love the most in all my life, even though sometimes he forgets he is my father and thinks he is more like my owner.

You know, like he wants to control every single aspect about my life forever, I'm not five anymore and he acts like I still in diapers all the time.

The clothes I wear, the food I ate in the day, if I need a coat or not.

And he wants even to choose who I can or not ~~like~~ feel something for.

Because that for him is caring about me, it's loving me but really? This is getting out track.

Too much, too suffocating.

Like I understand where he is coming from and I understand that he did everything to protect me.

He literally entered a burning building to save me when I was only a baby.

But honestly, he can't lock me out of the world forever.

He can't protect me forever, I'm a person too, I need to make my own choices.

But sometimes, just sometimes it's get too much even for me.

I understand that what happened to mom really did ~~broke~~ changed him and honestly I never had the chance to know him before that but... it does justify the way he acts all the time?"

*Fuck it.*

Peter quickly ripped off the page that he was writing in his diary.

He feels like shit.

Why he was thinking that about his dad? The man who gave everything and more to make him happy, why?

It wasn't his dad fault, it was Peter's.

Peter and his stupid attempt of going out without informing his father made his dad freak out, when he opened the door what he meet was a the crying figure of his father, who was screaming at him for not telling him beforehand and how worried he was, he was about of calling the cops to look for the teen.

This wasn't supposed to happen, after school his... friend, Michelle called him to eat something after school and like a puppy in love, he agreed immediately without thinking about the consequences.

What Peter did was irresponsible and he made his father *cry*.

He was being selfish for thinking about himself, really.

He needs to look out for his dad not him.

He knows that what his father do, it's for his own good.

But sometimes it's frustrated him.

*Stop thinking about yourself, Peter:* - The teenager mumbles awhile throwing the scrunched paper into his backpack.

He should start apologizing with his dad and stop writing in this stupid diary.

-

In the next day, Peter had a history class.

It wasn't his favorite subject but it was fun to found out about more of the past.

Peter was too curious for his own good, his father loved to say that.

But today wasn't a particularly exciting class, it was Mrs. Gordon, she was substitute teacher who wasn't into engaging in conversations in the class that means that the class it's going to be the students talking more than the teacher.

"So someone can give me a example of irresponsibility? Of course, beyond your classmates that forgot about the homework." - She gave a not so discreet stare to Flash, who rolled his eyes hard. - "This is a class, c'mon. Anything counts, could be a historical fact, a personal story, some news that you saw in TV... Someone, anyone... Please?"

A girl raises her hand timidly, she was the new girl.

"Yes?" - Mrs.Gordon says a little bit hopeful about her class now.

"Uhm... How about the baby Parker case? It kinda of irresponsible what they did to the kid..." - She didn't seem sure about what she said, she didn't even knew if the teacher would accept her example.

"And what they did?" - Someone sitted next to Peter asks.

"The hospital kinda forgot to put the sensor on a newborn, what kinda *obviously* wasn't supposed to happen. And then someone snatched the kid and they couldn't track the woman, and I mean we don't know if it was woman or not but most of the times are women who do this kind of crime but anyway. After a whole scheme was kinda discovered... Wild, I mean it even have a documentary on Netflix. It's called "Whatever happened to Unnamed Baby Parker". I kinda recommen-"

"Enough, Miss Sharpe. I think your classmates already understand all the "kinda's" that you had to say." - Everyone laughs loudly and the girl curls up in the uncomfortable chair, he felt bad for her. - "But in fact, this was good example of irresponsibility, and with this, class, we'll start talking about the social irresponsibility of the English government in the times of Margaret Thatcher. I bet some of you already know her, right?"

"Ding dong, the witch his dead." - Someones says and everybody laughed.

More hands than before raised.

Mrs. Gordon seems satisfied with her class in the first time in years.

Peter likes to investigate every single thing that intrigues him not even for a little bit but stuff with missing/dead kids? Too depressing to him better saying *too depressing to everyone*. So the case of the poor missing baby didn't pass into his mind too much but in other hand, it pass into his heart.

He only hopes that someday the parents will get some closure.

Peter lost someone too, when he was too young to remember a thing.

His mom.

Sometimes he thinks about how things would have been if she was with them now.

Maybe his dad could take things with ease and maybe he would have someone beyond dad and Ned to tell everything.

He would have liked just meet her.

But to be honest the boy thinks that his wishes to meet his late mother don't even get close to the pain of losing a child, exclusively in such a young age.

But with a kid? It's different, it's a person that you expected for so long and loved before it even came into the world you and suddenly is gone for no reason?

Who would be that horrible to just do hell knows what with one kid and make the parents don't have a respectful burial for their child?

Sounds like hell just to think about it.

Poor parents, he hopes that someday they find at least some justice.

For now, Peter decides that is best for himself write down the notes that his teacher his giving to the class, judging by the rhythm is going to be a long day.

-

The day in school has been long for sure.

And especially with Mrs. Gordon pace the class has been long as hell but amazingly not too



boring.

Happy got him as always in the end of the day, Peter was used this routine, home to school and school to home, nothing more and nothing less.

"Happy." - The boy started which earned a little bit of attention from the man.

Peter knew Happy since... well, he could remember, really.

Even though he wasn't the more chatty guy around, Peter was sure that he at least cared about him. - "Can I ask you something?"

"Hm?" - He heard in response.

"How..." - Peter felt hesitation filling up his chest but he resists against it and shoots. - "How mom was? You know, as a person. She was nice and all?"

Happy took a good time inside his head until he started talking again.

"Pepper was a smart cookie, of course Tony is a smartass too but, you wanna know the truth? He was always too impulsive to make good decisions, he has a short temper since ever I know him, she was the one able to make him calm down and think things better." - Happy stopped and said. - "But answering your question, yes, she was pretty nice. Always polite to everyone."

Peter couldn't help but to smile a bit.

His father always did talk dearly about his mom, when Peter looks at his eyes when he talks about her, he still could see love.

Even with all this years, he never forget her and never tried to have another meaningful relationship after her passing.

He said he had to take care of him and needed to focus on that but Peter really thinks that maybe they were soulmates, like this birds he saw in a documentary once that just have one mate in all their life time, well, this is probably a bad example but...

Yeah, this soulmate, right?

"Do you think she would have like me?" - The boy asked with a hint of anxiety in his voice.

"She already did love you when she..." - He holds on longer. - "She passed away. But knowing her and you the way I do, you two would get along pretty well."

This comforts Peter a little.

-

When the boy got home or better saying the mansion where lives in, he gave a huge hug on Happy on the garage before getting inside his home. (The man was little uncomfortable in the start but reciprocated what made Peter happy.)

After that he got in the elevator to into the top of building or how his dad calls the "penthouse" which is Peter's particular area (that Tony walks in and out freely), Peter knew was spoiled by his father and let's say, too much spoiled.

The man was a literal billionaire and liked to make a deal about it but even with all the treats and gifts in the world sometimes...

*Forget it.* - Peter forces himself to stop thinking about this bullshit feeling.

After all, is this what this is, right?

Just teenager bullshit, Peter should be grateful by how his dad treats him, actually.

His father knows best.

His dad only wants the best for him even though sometimes doesn't feel like that.

When he got into his desired floor, he sighs and says:

"Home sweet home..." - The boy throws his bag into the couch, he would organize things later, now all that he wants is a good nap before doing his homework and talking with his father about the later incident.

-

"Peter..." - Peter not heard this call.

**Neddy**

*BROOO DO YIU SAW THE DOCUMENTARY THAT TIFFANY TALKED ABOUT IN CLASS?!"*

*\*You, sorry.*

**You**

*"i didn't : "c"*

**Neddy**

*"I just binged watched it rn, LITERALLY WTF"*

*"Maaan, you need to watch it like now bc i kinda need to talk about it with someone, its too much to keep inside my head alone 😞😞"*

**You**

*"So you want to share your pain and conspiracy theories with me? 🙄"*

**Neddy**

*"Exactly 😺"*

*"LMAO"*

**You**

*"OK seems fair enough"*

"Peter!" - This time Peter looks up, this time he heard it very well. - "Take your eyes off your phone, please, we are on the middle of a family dinner."

"Sorry, dad..." - Peter quickly apologized and turned the phone off.  
He is messing up again.

Peter is curled up in his chair with head down just awkwardly playing with his food with a fork.

Tony notices how uncomfortable Peter became, he feels a guilt building itself inside him, he knows that what Peter did yesterday was wrong but-  
~~He talked just like Howard would.~~

Maybe he is pushing it too far, he just needs to inputs some rules and everything is going to alrighty again.

"Look, kid..." - He sighs. - "I'm sorry if you think i'm overreacting about this which we both know I am not."

Tony waits for some response but what he gets is more silence.

"Following in that, I must say that what you did was awfully wrong and you know that, don't you? I know you do. What you did hurt me in a way that I can't even describe it, you worried me for life, we are in the most dangerous area of the United States and you disappeared from nowhere, of course I had the right to act like I did, do you saw how your acts have consequences, you saw it by yourself, didn't you?" - Tony is using what he knows what works. - "I'm your father, I care about you. It's my obligation to take care of you. You were late for almost two hours! In the name of Lord, Peter. Two fucking hours. You know that are bad people around there that could hurt you, don't you know? I don't want that to happen to you, son. I don't want you to get hurt, I don't want to lose you."

Tony forced a emotional crack in his voice im the end.

In fact, it was true that indeed he didn't want to lose Peter but when he put his feelings in the spotlight of the conversation, Peter always give in.

Using his feelings to make Peter give up on those stupid ideas always worked since he was just a toddler.

He remembers how he used fake cry just to make Peter stop messing around with sockets when the boy was two.

*"You making daddy sad!" - He burry his face on his hand and did his best impression of a loud sobbing that he could.*

*Peter actually stopped, he could see throught his fingers how the boy started just staring at him trying to understand what was going on.*

*Tony had to hold a laughter, he looked so cute when confused.*

*But then the boy's confusion started to become a cry, after that, Peter stopped playing around with what he shouldn't.*

It's actually funny to see it working so well after all this years, Peter loved to say how much he has grown and could very well take of himself alone but Tony knows the truth, the truth is that he will always be his whiny baby boy, Peter needed Tony.

And will always need him, not matter how he refuses this idea, Tony knows what he needs and what he needs is him.

He gets a shy as answer nod and proceeds with train of thoughts.

"I'm sorry that you thinking that I'm being rough with you, I'm really not. I'm human just like you, just like this girl that you got out with and mostly of all, I'm your dad. And I know that as your father I should protect you from all bad in the world, I know that maybe... You feel *suffocated* by me, you maybe be thinking what I'm doing it's too much when it's not. You think you can choose what to do or where to go and when you want to but you cannot."

"But-" - Peter tries but is quickly interrupted by his father.

"*Soon but not yet, Peter.* - Tony stated looking directly into his son's eyes, the matching brown eyes break contact when Peter turns his head down again. - "You know that I love with all my heart, don't you?"

Tony waits and receives:

"Yes, father..."

"And you know how much I care about you, don't you?" - Peter nods again. - "So help me helping you, Pete. You have to be more open with me, I need you to be more open with me. I'm not *controlling* everything in your life, actually I'm helping you deal with them, it's different, you know it's different, we both know it's different."

"I know that, but, dad please-" - The boy is cut short again.

"No more but's and please's in this house today, Peter." - Peter could see how harsh his father's voice became so immediately he shallows his words back in.

He hears his father sighs heavily and then the older said:

"Come here, kid."

Peter did in fact got up, he walked slowly in father direction still feeling guilt over what he did.

Dad was right, he is always right.

When the teen got close enough, Tony got up of his chair and opened his arms, Peter gave a step, surprised and a little scared.

*Why his guard is so up? His father never laid a hand on him his all life.*

Peter brush it off and ran into Tony's embrace, he thought that it was just a reaction of the tension in that situation.

He hated hurting his dad.

Peter felt his father's arms around him, the man was stronger than most men in his age, only the weight of his body hugging him made the boy lean his back a little but still having his gentle and soft hand in his back trying and *managing* to calm down Peter.

"I really love you." - He heard his father voice saying it, the tone was low that if Peter was just a little bit more distant, he wouldn't had heard a thing.

"I love you more." - Peter answered, this time smiling, he knows where this is leading to. Everything stills the same after all, right?

"We love eachother." - Tony kissed his forehead, smiling with the fact that he got what he wanted.

Peter just letted himself into the moment.

"Peter?" - He heard his father say suddenly.

"Yes, dad?"

"Don't you ever try question me again, capiche?"

Peter takes a deep breath before smiling again.

"Capiche." - Peter says. - "And... I'm so sorry for what I did, I'll be better, I promise."

Tony chuckles a little bit.

"It's fine, kiddo. I forgive you."

*And they worked it out.*

-

Later that night, when Peter was already in his room, he decided to write into his diary again, it was something that his therapist recommended for him, she said that would help him gets his feelings out and he has been writing diaries since he was almost nine-years-old.

It did in fact help him a lot, there he could say things that he would never even dream about telling for his dad.

But today something funny happened.

Today his diary was in the top of the pilles of books when Peter was sure that he lefted in the bottom in a half-hearted attempt to keep it hidden.

And another funny thing is when he woke up after his nap when got from school, his backpack was open and again, he was sure that it was closed when got home if wasn't all his book would have fallen down in his way home inside the car thanks to all the abrupts stops in the road that Happy had to do.

But Peter decided to brush it off, it was all his imagination.

*Nothing to worry about.*

## Chapter End Notes

So yeah...

It took a lot more to update this than I ever imagine but seems that I'm horrible in doing things in a schedule. 🤪

Anyway, this chapter is definitely the one who I had the most fun writing until now!

Did you liked it? Let me know, please! This time I really just went with the motion without a plan in mind and then boom, the end result ends up being really good by my standards :)

(Oh PS: Do you think that Tony read Peter's diary or not? If not, you are too definitely innocent hehe >:D)

# I bit my tongue so long

## Chapter Summary

This was supposed to be one section of Netflix and Chill.  
Not one section of hearing his dad's little dark secrets.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ned could be his friend and everything else.

But if there was something annoying that Peter was sure that his friend was fond of, it was definitively annoy Peter into watching things.

First with the Stars Wars reboot, then it came the invincible new cartoon and now it was this random documentary on Netflix.

Of course it could be a lot worse but c'mon, true crime things tend to just let him sad as fuck. Most of them are just a bunch of nonsensical tragedies that happened with people who didn't deserve it, this is just sad. Peter can't find entertaining watching this with a straight face but it seems like his best friend is exactly opposite of him.

But then again, here he was, laying flat on his enormous bed texting his best friend while not trying to wake his father.

**Neddy**

*"dUde c'mon just watch itttttt, I'm asking it gently this time"*

**You**

*"Fat chance, I don't wanna get depressed. Dead kids aren't my thing"*

**Neddy**

*"Rich kids and their sensible feelings 🙄"*

*"But srly tho, dude, this doc is amazing. It's like 12 episodes long and I'm still hooked"*

*"Plus im pretty sure that the kid isn't dead so you don't have this excuse to not watch it any longer lool"*

Peter frowned after reading his friend text. Wait what? From Tiffany description and for what he has been reading from Ned's texts, he was pretty sure that the case was closed with the resolution of a tragedy.

He knew some cases like this one (Unfortunately.) Most of the cases or the kid is stolen by a

crazy lady trying to fool her husband or the child was sold to human trafficking or to international illegal adoption.

It's sad but most of the cases ended up without a good ending.

**You**

*"Yo wtf"*

*"I thought the whole thing was because of human trafficking or something like this. No way the kid is alive today."*

**Neddy**

*"Silly Petey"*

*"If i'm telling to watch something, you just do it, bro. I'm not gonna give u any spoilers till you do your part of the deal 😊"*

Peter holds a back a grin as he types his only response to Ned.

**You**

*"Asshole, alright you got me, i'm gonna do it"*

The boy searched only with his right hand under his fluffy pillow, trying to find his old but favorite warm out headphone.

When he finally find it, he feels relieved to idea of not having to look for the other one in the couch on the living room only to be seem by his dad.

He is terrified of the idea of his dad catching him again after all he knows that his father tends to be... sentimental about every single little thing that Peter do.

And there he goes, hesitantly opening his Netflix app, he hopes that his dad doesn't check out his account right now in the middle of the night.

When he finally opens it, he only finds a log in screen.

He puts the email and the password as he always do but this time, it's doesn't work.

He can't believe this, did his dad really just cancelled his Netflix precisely in the day that he needed?

-

Peter stared point cold at his dad, who was uncharacteristically reading the news today in the middle of the breakfast.

"Spoiled. That is what you are, Mr. Peter Anthony Stark. You're a spoiled little brat." - Peter watches with his arms crossed as his father has murmured for the last ten minutes phrases loaded with the words with "spoiled" and "ungrateful".

Let's just say, the situation in the Stark's household was at least a little heated from the emotional outburst from father and son.



But if before things were already tense, right now it was burning down.  
Because if there was one thing that Tony loved in this world was confronting Peter but in comparison, if there was one thing that Tony hated with his guts was being confronted by his son on his bullshit.

*"And who's fault is this?"* - Peter thinks in the back of his mind.

"Dad can you listen to me? For like *once in your life?* - Ouch. - I'm not upset that you cancelled it, I'm upset that you did and didn't informed me. If-"

Tony sighed and said:

"Peter, make me a favour and shut up. I don't have time for your complains when is just-" - Tony looks down to his watch. - "7:12AM at the morning, differently from you, I've real work to do."

His dad could have never hitted him in all his life but in comparison, he also never actually listened him without throwing random insults from nowhere or recalling from embarrassing events from differents occasions.

That was just how his dad, he was used to it.

"Oh really? Are you the same guy who skipped a reunion for five hours because "You aren't feeling it?", seriously dad? Can't you even talk with your only kid like a reasonable adult? I'm not mad at you over this crap, I just asked you why and here you are, being all moody-"

"You better bite your tounge when you talk with me, Peter." - Peter shivers when he finally meets his father's eyes again.

He was used to see fire in them, a heat of pure passion or hate in it. But what he saw was none of that, he meet a harsh but yet empty look, what he saw didn't look like Tony, it looked like... Nothing that he ever saw before. - "After our "little talk" I was expecting to you act like a apologetic little boy for at least one more month but here you are make me late for my business reunion, so tell me, are you happy now, *son?*"

Peter didn't get it. Why his dad is being so low today? All that has asked was:

*"Hey, daddy-o, good morning. Did you cancelled our Netflix?"*

And now there he was, being roasted by his dad.

But why exactly Tony was being all defensive over a damn stupid streaming app? This is straight up stupid and Peter knows that if there was one thing that his dad wasn't was stupid. Perhaps, could he be defensive about *another thing?*

"I guess I am not." - Peter whispers.

"What? Are you angry? Good, so get angry. You'll make just fine." - Tony gets a briefcase that was in his side of the table. - "Now me and this little honey here are heading towards work so-"

He gets closer to Peter, who was standing over this whole not at all civilized conversation only to lean a little kiss in the cheek of the boy.

"Love ya, little brat. Now Bye bye."

Peter stares at his dad blankly for one good second before mumbling:

"Love you too, old man."

He was being truthful with his words, if there was one thing that Peter truly loved with all his heart was his father.

But yet, he will never get used but how quickly the man mood switch, just like in a blink of an eye, he turned into a different person.

He should had get used to it by now but...

He just can't, but alas, the only thing that he can really was heading to school and try to pretend that whatever this argument was, never existed.

-

Out there, somewhere.

It's almost a pray in her head in this point.

*He gotta to be somewhere isn't he?*

Sometimes she wonders how he is right now or if he looks more like one or another of his parents. That lonely excruciating newborn picture of him isn't enough for her to guess.

It's just isn't it.

She just couldn't understand why someone would do this to someone else.

It's for the money? It's for the thrill or it's beacuse they had been for the same pain that she is surving for fourteen years now?

She doesn't know.

She truly doesn't know how someone could be so vile with somebody else. So selfish, so cruel, so inhumane.

Mary knew that was some chances that her baby could be out there, the boy that she wasn't even given the chance to name, the child that she longs to hold once again.

After fourteen years, two negative DNA tests and years of miscarriages behind miscarriages? all that she wants it's her child back, her baby back and yet seems like this will never happen.

"It's my baby even if now he is a beautiful young man, he's still being my first baby. I don't if he is doing well, I don't know how he turned out to be but even if he is trouble in someway I'll try to get him into his two feet again, I want my baby back. I just wanted to someone to-"

- She sobs quietly. - "T-To help me find him, just *please* I- Nobody gave me or my husband any support in those years! Don't tell us we can have other kids, to forget about our son because we're not forgetting about our baby."

Richard rubbed her back slowly, trying to comfort her even for a little moment, she leans towards his body trying to find some peace.

Even though, their marriage didn't resist the lost of their only child, they still friends.

They still sharing the same pain, these are the few ties that truly bind people.

The grief and lost can make people do crazy things.

She hopes that this documentary helps bring some answers because she has been on edge for too long.

All that she wanted to do her all life was being a mother and yet she has been denied over and over again.

She just want to be a parent for once in her life.

"Please, help us find our baby." - She whispers against her ex-husband chest.

After the ending of the 7th episode, Ned Leeds finally turns the television off.

"Poor lady...." - The boy says shaken by the speech.

-

It was already recess when Peter and Ned were sitted on the table in silent as they eat their respective lunch.

Peter could feel that Ned was a way too thoughtful by normal standards but the thought that maybe it was just one bad day.

Everyone got one of these once in awhile.

"Peter, I don't wanna be rude or anything but- Ned mumbles in the middle of a huge bite of his ham sandwich. - "You promise not to get mad at me if I say it?"

Peter shakes his head immediately to his friend.

"Of course, dude. No secrets between us."

"Like are you sure-?"

"Dude, just spill the beans already." - Peter estates in a playful tone.

"Alrighty then..."

Ned sighs and let all his feeling out:

"Your dad sucks. Like literally and totally sucks in every single aspect that a person can suck." - Peter looks up to his best friend at least surprised by the phrase. Of course there are days that Tony could be perhaps *annoying*.

But what Ned was saying it was a exaggeration, at best.

"Uh-" - Peter mumbles.

"Let me finish, man. Look, like I was watching the documentary yesterday and like your dad absolutely sucks in the role that he had in the story. Like you know the little alarms bracelet thing or whatever that they put on the babies that sounds off a alarm in case anyone tries to take one out of the nursery without permission? Yeah, the brand behind the one used on the baby Parker was the Stark one. And apparently, because nobody is really sure about what happened that night, the only and specific bracelet in the whole hospital that was with a defect apparently was the one of the baby Parker. But this isn't what makes your dad a dick, what makes him sucks what the way that he handled the situation with the parents of the missing kid."

Peter frowned after hearing all this, what his dad could have done?

He knows that as Tony Stark he has the fame of carrying the persona of the rude ex-playboy but as his dad, someone who has his child as the only thing that really matters in his world (In his own words)...

Peter don't think that he could be cruel with someone who just lost theirs, right?

"And what he did?" - Peter asks.

## Chapter End Notes

That was it for today!

Hope you like it! ♥

I think next chapter will be more of a flashback little thing but not sure yet :/

# Dissociation

## Chapter Summary

*Dis-so-ci-a-tion -*

the disconnection or separation of something from something else or the state of being disconnected.

*Dissociation, as a concept that has been developed over time, is any of a wide array of experiences, ranging from a mild emotional detachment from the immediate surroundings, to a more severe disconnection from physical and emotional experiences. The major characteristic of all dissociative phenomena involves a detachment from reality, rather than a loss of reality as in psychosis.*

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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### Desperation.

It was a feeling of burning and excruciating agony in the chest that you can never truly or permanently brush off.

It can start slow, dense, perhaps even small in you, a little worry there or here but still manageable for you but this isn't desperation yet it's just preoccupation.

Desperation start when the little thing "here and there" start to involve into something without a exit, without a resolution.

It's almost like you are stuck into the deepest pool made out of your most underlying fears and anxieties all together into a fervent amalgam substance that you can't get away from, that will certainly but slowly consume all of your being, all of your soul, all of your logic.

Being dragged into the edge of it over and over again through his life was something that Tony in theory was supposed to be used by now after all, he lived on the edge all his life.

The man could have the perfect facade on the outside, he had everything that someone could ever want, right?

He had money, he had looks, he had his dream career, he could have anything and everything that his heart could desire in a blink of a eye.

But this, in the end, never brought any kind of true happiness for him in the end of the story.

Since he was child, even being brought out in the wealth and luxury he never had stability on his life at least, a emotional stability.

He could never really on someone, he could never *open up* to someone because if he ever did this *he was considered weak, a failure*.

But the thing about being desperate is that: You'll never found a true way out of this sinking hell hole. You just learn how to *survive* being on the edge of eternal pain constantly holding on the edges of the "pool", like a dying person holding on their last shoot of hope.

This was how Tony lived his whole miserable life, day by day, holding on the same edges until his knuckles were white.

*"I told you-" - **BANG.** - "not to tell-" -**BANG.** - "anyone!"*

*On that time, the reason for "Tony's lesson" it was because he told to his babysitter what the marks on his back truly were instead of giving to her some of his dad's prefabricated bullshit excuses.*

*He remembers the beatings.*

*He remembered the burning feeling of the belt of his skin, he could remember the last time that Howard stared with such a pure disdainful anger with clarity, it was magical how those memories could last.*

*He remembers that after sometime, he realized that didn't matter how much he screamed or begged, nobody would come for him, nobody would care for him.*

*"I'm s'rry, daddy!" - He was child, he doesn't even remember the age, maybe six or seven? He's not sure anymore, how weird. He didn't even knew what he did to infuriate that excuse of a man so much. - " 'm so s-s'rry."*

*Tony never knew or understood why his father hated him so much.*

*What he did after all? He existed and that was it? His existence was enough to Howard's shitshow to happen?*

*A part of him, loathes Howard dearly and hates everything that was, everything that he represented to him.*

*And another, the selfish irrational part, wants to be just like him.*

*Just like his father.*

*Tony hates himself for it but he wouldn't know what do without his father's influence over him. After all, who Tony would be without his Howard's shadow over him?*

*He would a loser, more of a failure that he already is.*

*Howard only fixed him.*

*He can't blame Howard for his actions all, because maybe, just maybe, his father was right.*

*Tony wasn't very good at nothing that he ever got himself into, maybe he only succeed thanks to Howard's pressure over him. Maybe, his father saved him of a more miserable existence.*

*Or maybe not, who knows.*

*All that he can ever do it's just blame himself, it's just hold on the edge of the pool for his life and pretend that he is not drowning.*

*When his parents died, he felt like the only thing that he could ever hold to (Or at least sometimes he could for bad or for worse.) was gone forever.*

*He felt alone and truly desperate for the first time in his life.*

*He remember that at first he felt numb, he felt out of touch with reality.*

*This couldn't be real.*

*His mom she was there one moment ago, she had those bright sorrowful eyes of hers, the ones that he grew to hate over time that now are the ones that he misses so much.*

*She loved him, didn't she? She loved him so much, didn't she?*

*"You tried." - That was he said to her.*

*That was the last words that she heard from her son.*

*Now, being a parent himself he can't get over the fact that how much of a sulky spoiled little brat he truly was, there was no reason to treat his mom the way he did.*

*But he just wanted to tease his dad one last before the got the way out, but he also knew that was almost a suicide attempt to do this directly, so like a coward he was, he choosed the weakest link: Maria.*

*Because that it's what Tony Stark truly is: A coward.*

*If the last words that Peter ever spoked to him were: "You tried."*

*Tony would be flipped at best.*

*And yet the "I know everything" teeanger version of himself, decided to do this to his own mother. He hated himself for it more every day, he hated himself for a bunch of reasons but this is the one that he resents the most.*

*Was she scared when that car crashed? Did she thought of him in her last moments? He doesn't even know.*

*One moment, he was out of reality and on the other he felt like he was drowning on a rage black ocean.*

*He failed as a son for both of his parents and when he noticed that was not one possible "coming back and make it right" possibility for him, he felt desperation consuming all own boundaries: And he cried like a coward.*

*Because that was what Tony Stark was, a coward.*

-

*She loved Pepper for all the logical reasons someone could love another or at least all the good reasons that Howard explained to him what traits a woman should have to be attractive: She was gorgeous, smart, soft-spoken and above all elses, she would make an great mother for his future heirs.*

*But Tony knew that Pepper was probably not a daughter-in-law that Howard would have wanted in his life. After all, she was more than just an pretty faced redhead.*

*She had strong will, she was determined, independent and a little too much stubborned.*

*She was amazing for him in every one of those aspects.*

*But in reality, deep down on his heart, he knew the only thing that drove him to her was her almost infinity patience with him, she understood his boundaries, she never pushed over them.*

*Pepper made him calm awhile the world was falling apart around him.*

*And for the first time in all his life, he actually felt motivated in to not purposefully screwing this up.*

*She was his safe harbor and this made him feel relaxed for the first time in his life.*

*He remembers her kisses, her brutally starry but also honest eyes staring right into his soul, she was slow but yet so exciting in every glimpse. Maybe he was little too much in love*

*because every time her eyes meet his, he felt like he was experiencing a little bit of heaven on earth.*

*She made him feel like he mattered.*

*No one made he feel this in a long, long, long time.*

*And this made him a little bit nervous, almost terrified to be honest.*

*He longed for the feeling, he longed for the connection but when he had it so close of him, he panicked silently for a good moment.*

*He was feeling it, he was feeling great with it, a little too great for his taste but great over all.*

*With Pepper there, it was like he never had to worry about nothing ever again.*

*She was the only one who ever made him feel actually safe in his whole life.*

*There was no need to fear around her, no need to explain himself in every detail.*

*She was there for him and that's what mattered most.*

*What more he could ask for? All that he needed was her love in his life to be happy.*

---

Being selfless.

It's such a wide concept that its hard to even have a grasp on it, Tony found it laughable how many times people accused him, of all people, of being selfish.

Because of all things in this world Tony knows he is, selfish is definitely not in the list. After all, what could be more selfless than doing everything in the world for the one you love?

"Don't you ever try to question me again, capiche?"

Because when Tony is right, he is right. It's just like that, nothing more, nothing less and yet people had the courage of doubting him, of doubting of his intentions, doubting his concept of being selfless.

But yet, thorough all this troubling concept, there is Peter.

"Capiche..." - With a somewhat relieved smile, he whispered back, looking with every movement of his body apologetic.

That was his son.

So sweet making sure that he was okay.

With that single word that came out of his mouth, every aspect of his personality could be perfectly heard or better saying, felt.

A caring, sweet, innocent little boy, at least in eyes.

A child that could never bring himself to be nothing but perfect in every single way that Tony could think of.

"And... I'm sorry for what I did, I'll be better- I-I'll be better for you, I promise."

In moments like that, where Tony found himself in total control of a situation, he couldn't help but to smile a bit.



Because Peter after all, is so manageable, some would even say that he was easily stoppable by his nurture to show any signs of actual rebellion.

Any sign of threat, he just receded back to his not-confrontational state.

He couldn't blame him, who would?

Tony raised him to be like that, to be his perfect little boy not matter what.

And he laughed.

He laughed about how easy it was to make Peter bend towards his will.

He laughed because he knew that nothing will never change and he was happy by it.

"It's fine, kiddo. I forgive you." - He answered back with secret smug of victory in his voice.

And just like that, everything was just fine again.

Like it always was, and like it was always meant to be, and like was always going to be.

He would never lose him and that was what kept him warm and safe in his own selfless little world.

He would never lose his baby.

---

"Please, please. Just open your eyes, please, please, please..." - His were swollen at this point, his tears were dry and it became so hard to see. - "Please, just do it for me. Please, Pete. Please, don't this with daddy." - It was hard to see, it was hard to feel something else than pure desperation.

He sobbed and begged awhile carefully cradling his child in his arms, wishing with all his heart for even the smallest of response in return.

Not even a little stir, or cough, or even a angry cry from being bothered in his sleep.

Nothing.

No reaction at all.

Those brown doe eyes didn't reacted to the light anymore, they didn't shine up immediately like the use to, Peter didn't giggle at the "silly fact" that a doctor was poiting a random light in his direction for apparent no good reason.

There was nothing.

It was like he was carrying a empty husk.

*No.* - He figthed back with all his remaining strength against this thought. - *"Peter is here, Peter is fine.*

A loop of the words "Peter, fine, alright, here" spinned in his head like a hamster's wheel. Those words were the only thing that kept him going sane in that moment.

He always loved when the child stared up at him with those same big brown eyes just giggle at the same instant.

Peter was such a smart, smart, smart... boy.

Attentive, self-aware and most of all, happy not matter what, a source of pure happiness that Tony could never get enough from.

If Peter was happy, so was Tony.

If Peter was sad, so was Tony.  
If Peter was hurt, so was Tony.  
Tiny and insignificant, Tony Stark.  
The man who couldn't even protect his family.

But now?

He looked so fragile at that moment and Tony never felt so useless.  
That kid needed him and he failed.  
*His son needed him and he failed.*  
Peter needed his protection and now there he was... so small.  
So small like a sprout that never had a chance to bloom and grow.  
The smartest and sweetest baby that he ever had the chance to be with, now was just laying unresponsive in his arms, pale and getting colder and colder by second.  
He failed.  
And he cried more and more until it was almost impossible to see clearly again.

"I'm so s-sorry, so sorry... I'm sorry. P-Please..." - He kept repeating in a hope that this would fix something, maybe he was asking forgiveness to Peter.  
Or maybe it was all to himself, all about him not his child. He doesn't see or better saying rather pretends that he doesn't know that he is the one prolonging the never ending pain of that innocent baby. Keep him alive but miserable, in a vegetative stage for almost a week by now.  
He is not letting his child rest because he is being selfish or because he just love him this much? - "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

He just breakdown in tears again, wishing that all this was just a bad dream or better saying, just one of his awful nightmares.  
He was fine, wasn't he? Before all that, he was fine wasn't he?  
Peter was such a smart little fella, every time that he talked to him, he would stare him directly in the eyes like he was thinking "What you want, old man?" Because Peter was just like that, Tony was sure that he would be a troublemaker, a wicked genius little version of himself.  
But deep down, he knew that Peter was destined to be more than just a copy of him, he was destined to be his own, unique and authentic person.  
He was good per nature, he was sweet, he already gave to him those little smiles every time he heard his voice.  
Peter was everything that he ever wanted.  
And more than that, more than anything in this world: Peter was just too good to be real, the man didn't deserved the child that god gave to him and he knew that.  
All that Tony can think is how much things could be different if he did things in another way.  
He failed them all over again, didn't he?  
He sobs as he stroked his finger on the now too pale fair skin, and yet all that he can think is that Peter just had those perfect chubby cheeks...  
Pepper used to say that he would eventually lose them but Tony always wanted them to stay the same.  
This all felt so unreal, so freaking unreal.  
It was like he was a audience on his own life, a third who couldn't do nothing more than

watch the circle go down in front of him, it was like the most pure and cruel form of impotence came all around him just torture him with these happy memories against this awful reality, over and over again.

A infinite and vicious cycle of torture, that it was all this felt like.

And all the he could ever do was hold him.

Holding him.

Holding him.

Holding him.

Holding like the world is falling apart.

Because that's what is happening.

His world in going down in his arms.

And all that he can do it's cry because he there is absolutely nothing that he can do about it.

Holding his baby used to be the best thing in his life but now? It was a goodbye.

And it hurted so bad.

So bad.

So bad.

*So fucking bad.*

And all that he wanted to do, it was go back in time, just to relive the first time that he had Peter in his arms.

The first that he ever felt truly complete in his life.

Now those good days looks like a distant wave on the sand, he can still feel them but it's too far away to do anything more than that.

The first time that he hold him...

---

"What we gonna call him?" - Tony never found himself without knowing what to say in all his life, after Pepper asked him this little simple question he just stared at her for awhile before directing every bit of his attention on *their* child, who was mostly asleep in his wife's arms, contemplating what to do next.

There wasn't a moment that he can recall that he didn't had the right words right in the tip of his tounge. Most people take this *little trait of his* just as merely smug of his part which in most, it wasn't completely wrong but that doesn't mean that it was completely right either.

That was just who he was.

But in that moment, *in that specific wonderful moment*, the one moment that he should he babbling more than anyone else, more than the doctors or nurses around them, he found himself wordless.

"I don't... know?" - He managed mutter it out, his voice came out confused, small. Not even hitting at the tremendous confidence that it normally held. - "I mean, I'm sorry, but... Even though it has past already nine months... I think we didn't even bother to try to find a name for him or her... Well, now we definitely know that he is *he*... I mean you know what I meant-, right?"

Pepper laughed under her breath for one moment, shaking her head sightly but playfully enough before turning her eyes directly to him.

"I know what you mean, Tony. But- Well... I always thought that keeping everything as a surprise would've been a lot more interesting than just planing everything right the way, get it? But now I see that I got us both in the middle of a little mess..." - Her eyes started to wander back at the child in her arms, to be honest, Peter was a lot smaller than he ever imagined a newborn would be.

Maybe this was a result of the wrongful conception adopted by most people that all babies when they are born automatically come out perfectly adorable and chubby when actually it's not like that, not even in the slightest.

---

Peter was beautiful in Tony's eyes, since the first second that he came into the world- He was already beautiful. - But that doesn't mean that he came out looking like a 7-months-old-baby. In reality, in his birth he came out like every single other baby in the world, beet-faced, purple and covered in blood and crying his lungs out, this brought relief to the man, it was only a sign that the baby was strong and healthy, maybe a little hot-headed by nature? Yes but so was he. Being healthy it was mattered to him.

He looked so tiny in that moment that Tony thought for one second that the doctor could actually break him in half by holding him in the wrong way, this thought alone made him shake for a second before he was able to hold this instinct back in his chest.

He watched anxiously as the baby was rightfully cleaned.

"It's a boy!" - A doctor exclaimed.

In the moment he was brought back from this "trance" that he was in, he was so lost in all his "new parent fog" that he didn't even noticed that he was there in the corner of the room and petrified, looking dumbfounded instead of being right there, side a side with his wife.

It was like he was just a bystander on his on child's birth. He couldn't blame anyone but himself for it, he was just too quiet on the whole ordeal after all, calculating miraculously what to do next instead of *actually* being there one hundred percent, even into this day, he feels a little ashamed by this.

But besides all that "messing up positions" from his part, Tony felt such lightness in his heart when he saw that baby being carried safely into Pepper's arms once again, only to have the umbilical cord finally cut.

It was quick and painless. Right after that it was done, the little (almost) purple hands started to wander in the air, almost as if exploring it, looking for something. Tony knew it was only a natural instinct coming from the newborn but it didn't let him less impressed by how quickly *his* child had figured out how things work in matter of only minutes in it. With Pepper's guidance he was led where he was probably looking for since the beginning and started suckling quietly right the way, looking almost grateful by it.

By getting closer, Tony finally noticed how radiant Pepper was even after nine hours on labour.

She was happier in the way that she never was before, her mouth almost locked on a gasp of joy watching the scene in front of her, this was the most instantaneous and perfect form of love that someone could ever see in their lives. And Tony was there, feeling and watching it right in front of him.

Faintly, he touches her shoulder gently. Calmly watching the best thing that he could ever had make finally complete: *His family*.

He doesn't notices that he has been holding his breath this whole time until he finally let it go. It was in this moment that Pepper's eyes finally focuses on his again and she says:

"Oh my god..." - Pepper whispers back. - "Tony, I think he is the most extraordinary thing we had ever done in all our lives."

"Indeed, he is. He is perfect, just like you." - He says in response not sounding doubtful not even by the slightest, because in his heart he could feel that what he was saying it was true. This child was too good to be absolutely just his, he had a light on him. A special sunshine that he could see in both Pepper and him, just by staring at them, he felt peaceful.

"Do you want to hold him?"

Tony spent a good time thinking about it, in what to say, in what to do, in what to think. He was scared like never before. It almost felt as the time his father took him to his first hunting trip but this time the sentiment in his chest was actually good. He was scared, nervous, almost terrified but in a good way this time.

For the first time, the butterflies in his stomach were there for a good reason.

After this realization, he threw the fear aside, finally giving as a answer a sweet little smile to his wife before just extending his arms towards her.

Pepper gently gives the baby boy to Tony, who was shaking like a leaf during this whole ordeal.

He was even smaller like that, even smaller in his arms...

His little face was scrunched into a not so pleased expression, little brown eyes finally tried to peek in what was going on around him, this made Tony laugh.

"You were just born, little buddy. And you are already this grumpy around your old man? Gee, can't wait until your teen years." - Pepper laughed along side him.

"And maybe he also inherited a little bit of your terrible temper." - Pepper added playfully.

"Pep, that is a terrible thing to say to child." - He mumbles back.

For the first in his life, he felt like a complete person.

And he wasn't so willing of letting this feeling go away.

---

"But he is such a little adorable mess to have, isn't he?"

"But we gonna call him? There is so many options... I don't want him to hate us for the rest of his life."

"Jarvis." - Tony shoots up immediately without any hesitation. - "He looks like he'd be a good Jarvis."

"No! That is grandpa's name."

"Why not? Do you ever heard of any grandfather nowadays named Jarvis Stark? Because I sure didn't. Maybe Walter or Frederick would be a little over the point but Jarvis works just fine."

If looks could kill, he'd have been dead in that exact second, when Pepper shot bullets through him with her bright green, squinted eyes.

This look alone made Tony give up on the mere idea of insistence.

"Alright, *Virginia*, got any good suggestions then?"

"Morgan." - She whispered with a smile on her face staring happily at her little bundle of joy.

"Are you naming him after your uncle, really? Now this is what I call a unfair deal." - Tony pouted.

"But we agreed on it months ago." - Pepper tries to defend back. - "And its a unisex name."

Tony saw his chance and quickly intervened with his sharp objection:

"Uh-uh, yeah, we did. *But only* if the baby was a girl which he didn't end up being. Plus, I don't want to him to share the same name with his hypothetical sister."

Pepper sighs in pure defeat:

"Alright, you got the point here. Any other suggestions then?"

"Well, I want his name to mean something special just like him. But right now nothing seems good enough."

"Maybe all that we need right now is hope to find a good name."

*Hope...*

*"These trials will show that your faith is genuine. It is being tested as fire tests and purifies gold, though your faith is far more precious than mere gold. So when your faith remains strong through many trials, it will bring you much praise and glory and honor."*

"First Peter, chapter seven..."

"What?" - Pepper asked.

"There was this thing that my mom loved to say every time about being hopeful, that one day all of your faith would pay off..." - Tony pondered in his inner thoughts, eyes meeting the sleeping figure of his child, and this moment his heart was filled with hope. - "Peter... I think its fits him really well. He is going to be-"

"Strong as rock..." - Pepper's eyes thoughtful for a second before smiling. - "Peter Anthony Stark... I think I like it."

"I think we both do." - Tony finally smiled back. - "Hi, Petey. How you doin' until now, bud?"

"He looks good enough 'til now." - Pepper jokes around for a bit which made Tony laugh.

This was the most perfect moment in his life.

---

Most people don't understand.

Most people could never even bring themselves to understand what was going on his life in that moment, because most people are too selfish to see what he was going through, because they don't want to see his pain, they want to paint him as *villain*, as a selfish monster who just takes what he wants and lefts nothing but pain and chaos behind his path just because of one choice in his life, one choice that nobody needs to know about, the one choice that he'd never regretted making.

But the thing that most would never get, it's how all that he did, it was all for love.

All for love to his family, all for love of his child, all for *him*.

~~When the doctors told him that Peter was gone, all that he could do was cry until he was dry, smoke inhalation, they said. Nothing else they could do, they said. He was already gone long before he even arrived, they said.~~

Just like that, his only hope, was dissipated like dust right in front him, they didn't even tried to comfort him, they didn't listen to him pleading to at least hold him a last time, they just took his Peter away and lefted him behind like he was nothing.

In that moment, he was insignificant, he was nothing and nobody was even trying to hide it from him.

Nobody was there for him, nobody was hearing him, nobody even tried to pretend like they cared because they honestly didn't, it was just work for them.

His life is over and people were acting like this was just a *normal work day*.

They lefted him alone like he was nothing like everything that just went through didn't matter in the slightest for them.

His world was completely destroyed and yet everyone's lives continue just the way it was before all this, like nothing changed at all.

He can't understand, no, he truly cannot fucking comprehend how it was so damn simple for them to go on when he was in a utter state of desperation.

Folks carry on, that's that. You're invisible when you're sad.

He was lost, like a timid child in a too extravagant trip to a amusement park, he was completely lost in those halls, feeling too small, too incompetent to do anything else but wonder around this hospital.

But what is the point of sitting around and crying when everybody abandoned you?

It's just another pity show that will only dig your grave deeper and deeper anyways.

The thing about life is that is never truly over when you got hope.

And what is a better place to find some hope than a nursery?

His mother used to say:

*"The only thing that I can be sure about this life, my son, it's the fact that it'll eventually ends. So enjoy every single day like it's your last because you never know how much time is left on your clock."*

And she was right, everybody, indeed, would die in a matter of a undetermined time, for some bullshit reason and not deserving this fate at all.

Like a baby.

"Which one is yours?" - He heard a voice in his side, and looked around only to find a man a little younger than him, maybe in his late 20s or really early 30s, he had a really dark but lustrous red hair. - "My little girl is right there, the one the left."

The man pointed into a crib with a big pink adhesive writing "Congratulations! Its a girl!" right in top of it.

"I'm..." - For one second, he thought about telling the truth, he thought about breaking down and crying once again, he thought about having one sympathetic shoulder of a new father to cry on would be quite good compared to everything was going through in that moment but instead, he bluntly lied: "I'm still waiting mine yet. The doctors said that there was something wrong with him... But nothing to worry about."

"I hope that you can take him home soon." - The man said with a reassuring grin on his face like he really meant it.

This little phrase made something twisted blossom in Tony's mind.

"Me too." - He said reflecting about his choices. - "But it's like my mom used to say: It doesn't get much better than hope."

The man chuckled a bit and nodded in agreement.

"Your mother totally knew what she was talking about."

Tony agreed in silent, after that the man walked away mumbling something about his own mother being late to meet the baby.

"Yes, I think she knew..." - Tony whispered for himself, his eyes started wonder inside the nursery once again, but this time he was looking for something, or better saying, *someone*.

*"Congratulations! It's a boy!"*

Finally he smiled back in glee when his eyes meet what he was looking for but his eyes bore something that wasn't even close to happiness, it was something similar enough but something behind them could send shivers down anyone's spine. - "Hi, Petey."

*He've got hope.*



It's more precious than gold, anyone can afford it a second chance when the matter it's about hope, even someone utterly broken like Tony Stark.  
And in this situation, it doesn't get much better than hope.

---

And just like that, it was nothing changed in his life.

There wasn't a moment of confusion in his mind, no flush of reality awake him up to the gravity of his actions, no gentle drop to sudden consciousness, what he did was just an mechanical act. He saw something that he wanted.

No.

*Something that he needed.*

And took it.

In one moment, Peter was gone but then, in a blink of eye, he was back at his arms, cradled warmly in deep sleep.

Isn't that wonderful?

Maybe being a nobody in that moment wasn't such a bad thing to be, his registers in the hospital held a fake name, so did Peter's for privacy reason in cases of emergency. It was like none of them had never even been there. Nobody would never knew, they didn't need to know.

And about the little sensor bracelet in his ankle? It was too easy for him to remove it, after all, he designed it, he created this in a attempt of improving his public image to the media thanks to an suggestion from Obie.

Nobody would never know that it was him.

It was easy to break the code when you know the weak link on it.

He could be happy again, with his son on his side.

---

But nothing that is perfect last forever.

Peter eventually, like any other baby, grew.

And when he did so, he eventually grew little by little out of his control.

The same child that days earlier was almost begging for forgiveness over a small thing now was there, confronting him over a *streaming app*.

This was pushing him over the edge of annoyance.

"Dad, can you listen to me? For like once in your life?" - Peter's behavior was different than most days, he was confident, stubborn and extremely over confrontational.

This was honestly pissing him off.

Tony cancelled thar stupid thing because he needed to. To protect Peter from things that doesn't even mattered anymore.

Peter doesn't to know about the sob story from people he doesn't even know, from people

who are too selfish to see his side beside their.  
And yet, this was the "thanks" that he got.

"Peter, make me a favour and shut up." - He answered too harshly even in his own opinion. -  
"I don't have time for your complains when is just-" - Tony looks down to his watch for a dramatic effect. - "7:12AM at the morning, differently from you, I've real work to do."

Peter's face got red before he slammed like a truck with a unexpected random tantrum:

"Oh really? Are you the same guy who skipped a reunion for five hours because "You aren't feeling it", like seriously, dad? Can't you even talk with your only kid like a reasonable adult? I'm not mad at you over this crap, I just asked you why and here you are, being all moody-"

"You better bite your tongue when you talk with me, Peter." - Tony cut him off when he got too out of the trails. - "After our "little talk", I was expecting to you act like a apologetic little boy for at least one more month or so, but here you are make me late for my business reunion, so tell me, are you happy now, son?"

"I guess I am not." - Peter mumbles back, in the kindest description possible, looking at least wrathful in that moment.

Tony sighed and answered tiredly:

"What? Are you angry? Good, so get angry. You'll make just fine."

Peter only pouted him response which made Tony roll his eyes in annoyance before giving a quick kiss on his child's cheek, expecting at least some kind of improvement of his mood.

"Love ya, little brat."

Peter's eyes finally meet his looking apologetic, in that moment, he dropped the "tough guy" act and answered:

"Love you too, old man." - Tony felt relieved hearing that once again, hearing the pure and genuine honesty in this words made him calm.

See?

Peter is just fine not knowing anything.

---

If there was something about Peter that never would change, it was his capacity of surprising Tony.

In little ways, in every means, Peter would always find a break into Tony's mind that was unexpected even to him.

Peter always find a way to crack the code.  
Which, to be honest, it wasn't always that good.

Because sometimes, Peter would drive him insane.

*Crying, crying, crying.*

He wouldn't stop crying.

Before that fateful night, hell, before fatherhood itself happened to him, he considered the sound of a crying child a mere annoyance that could be easily be avoided if the right precautions were taken, of course, it was loud, attention taker and most of all, sickly ineffective.

But after receiving this mission in life called "being a father", things losed all that simpleness. Now the simple sound of a wail, could carry metaphorically carry all the desperation in the world, it was almost terrifying in his eyes now. It was a rational but inarticulated need of something, of being take care of but not being able to effectively informing what they need. They could be in pain, they could need a change, they could be hungry or they could be very well just annoyed.

You couldn't never know what it is.

Particularly saying, Tony never learned to decode what Peter always meant in the middle of such a bloody terrified screaming.

And after that night, doesn't matter what he did, Peter only would scream. But after he got Peter back, he changed.

From an too quiet infant that sometimes would worry him in the middle of the night from a non stopping screaming mess.

And Tony was frightened for his life for this.

He couldn't comprehend why this change happened.

He went to pediatrician after pediatrician and none of them could give him any answers why.

"Well, he looks healthy to me." - The bald man doctor reassured him but this all was in vain, Peter was still crying and squirming in his arms since the moment he woke up 2AM, since the time that Tony drove them into the closest pediatric clinic after one hour of failed soothing and endless screaming, after hours of exams and here he was, with a screaming toddler in his arms and still being told that he was "alright." - "He is just a little moody, nothing to worry about."

"I don't think you understand, doctor. There must be something wrong with my son." - Tony was far from composed in that instance, at a far, he wasn't in his best look in that moment, some people would even say that he looked like he had been through hell, for such a simple occasion, he was an wreck and he didn't even know how to even tried to hide this fact. - "My son is sick, I know that, I feel that. Are you saying that I can't take care of him? This what you saying?"

His voice came out threatening but his look of pure frustration made him look more like terrified first time parent than lunatic acting on his deeds, this kind of behaviour was something that the experienced doctor was already used to.

"No, Mr. Stark, that is not what I was saying." - The doctor put his more soft and compressible voice into action. - "What I am saying is that he is okay, we already did a battery of exams, you are there to testify that we didn't do *"nothing wrong"* in your words.

We already did everything, physically, I can affirm you, he is okay. He is just smaller than a baby of his age should be but-"

"He is preemie baby, two months earlier than should be." - Tony defended immediately even if in this situation there wasn't any signs of danger, he still held his urge to keep his story straight to anyone who asked him about any discrepancy in his words. - "And I'm not tall, neither was his mother, he'll not grow much, he is just a little behind, just that."

"Weird." - The balding doctor said, his expression grew suspicious in every second spent revising the file on his desk once again. - "There is no mention of that in his medical record."

Tony started rocking Peter back and forth gently as possible in his legs, that were now shaking for a apparently valid and reasonable motive instead of pure apprehension, this time, it was a mix of attempt of trying to soothe his child and himself.

"There was a fire." - Tony explained briefly, his eyes lost in a moment that he never wanted to relive and yet, it was the same moment that his mind replayed again and again in his mind. - "In our home, some months ago we lost so many things in that night... This was how his mother..."

The rocking back and forth made Peter stop crying for the first time in forever. The little guy was tired, who wouldn't be at this point? He spent the whole night and early morning screaming without even taking a breath, he must be exhausted and so was Tony. Tony only put Peter closer to his chest, where the boy nuzzled in looking for comfort, his pounding heart beat actually gave the child more comfort than normally.

Silence.  
Finally.

"*Thank you, Pete.*" - Tony thought in silent with a shy smile in his face.

"I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Stark. I didn't knew that this lack of documentation was related to the accident. I apologize."

Tony gave his best polite smile to the doctor:

"There is no need for that, doc. I'm just a concerned father that's all. After our social worker passed away, *God have her soul*, I started appreciating more of all your hard work. I think that dealing with such hardships with children must be difficult for you. So you have to understand that I am so tired right now, I just want to know why he is crying so much and I just need your help in this."

The doctor calculating expression died out immediately after hearing these words coming from the apparently too concerned but innocent newly windowed single father that was staring calmly into his eyes, without the frenetic paranoia about being accursed of being a bad father in every three minutes.

The doctor sighed thinking about his options, he did everything that he could to verify the baby's health, and after multiples tests, the kid was totally healthy.

But the father was still sure that something was wrong.

*"He used to be such a quiet child, he never cried if it wasn't necessary. Sometimes people thought that we didn't had any kids because of it."*

*"He has changed, I know that, I feel that."*

*"He cries for hours for no reason, I can gave him the bottle, try to put him to sleep, give a bath and he won't stop crying. I don't know what I am doing wrong."*

The man wasn't crazy neither was hallucinating the uncontrollable cries of his child. Since the moment that Peter got in that clinic, and in Tony's words since 2AM, he won't stop crying, no matter what.

The man looked half dead at this point (Like any parent of a newborn look) deep dark marks around his eyes, messy hair, his beard was an unshave mess, and honestly he looked like he just put the first coat that he found above his pajamas, which was totally opposed image of what people think when the name "Tony Stark" comes into their mind. He, in this moment, was just an paranoid father.

He is not a bad person for this, the old doctor wasn't there to judge one of his pacient's parent who went to such a traumatic event, after all, the man is just like any other parent, just concerned for his child's well being maybe a little pushy about it but judging his story, this is just more than acceptable for anyone with half an brain.

But seeing this obviously vulnerable man holding his now sleeping baby with such awe in his eyes, made the doctor's heart ache for the first time in a long time.

Now, he is almost sure what both the baby and the father missed that much to make them both so distressed was the missing link of the family.

He is not sure if any baby can actually process and feel that their mother is not around but this one right here, did, for some reason.

"Maybe we can take another battery of exams to see if something is wrong with him. If you want to."

Tony's eyes were filled with joy hearing those understanding words.

"I would appreciate it, very much."

---

Since Peter was born, he was Tony's principal priority in the day, doesn't matter what, he was there for his child and nothing would never overpower his compromise with Peter it doesn't matter crucial this was or how much money this would potentially make for them, Peter always comes first than any of his business, it doesn't matter how "important" this could be, Tony would always put his son first.

And yet Obadiah always found it extremely difficult to even comprehend, even now that the boy is already four-years-old, Obadiah would still try to make Tony change his mind about the way that he was raising Peter.

"Obie, you've to understand that I can't drop everything like I used to do for an interview. I have to plan things beforehand, Happy or Rhodey can't always look after Peter, especially now." - Tony was murmuring on the phone in an attempt of trying to make Peter not to listen too much of what was being said.

He tried to explain for the 10000th time to Obie about Peter's schedule but apparently, this was too much to go through the other man's thick skull.

He actually got better with his babysitting issue in a lot of ways, now, he actually lets Peter with other, but only strictly selected people. Easy like that.

*"So you are saying that you cancelling another interview because you don't believe in actual babysitting? Really, Tony?"*

Tony didn't answer.

"Daddy!" - Peter exclaimed happily lifting one of his finger paintings for his father to see from the floor that the boy was sitting.

The painting itself didn't make a lot of sense in an adult's eyes, it was just of bunch of shapes and colors throw together into a paper but for Peter, that was his masterpiece. - "Isn't it pretty?"

*"Tony, you know what your father used to do about this kind of thing?"*

Tony ignored Obie's comment once more.

"Just one second, please." - Tony asked gently before exclaiming:

"Wow, Petey! It is so pretty! You are such a talented artist! But how about you wash your hands for me? I don't you to get more messy than you already is."

Peter tilts his head in confusion before staring right at his ink-stained little hands.

"Oh!" - The boy finally realizes how much of a mess he was in that moment. - "I think I need to wash my hands now..."

Tony chuckled at the scene.

"Oh!" - Tony mimicked cheerfully. - "And your face too, Pete, don't forget it. How about you ask the nice lady in the reception a little hand? Daddy is busy."

Peter nodded quickly without any more questioning before opening the door (probably leaving some colorful marks in the door handle) and rushing into the reception in a quick pace.

Such a energetic little boy, Tony thinks.

*"You free now?"* - Obadiah's annoyed voice drags him back into the past argument.

"Yes. Yes, I am." - Tony condemned Obie's tone. - "Obie, look... I truly respect you and appreciate everything that you ever done to me. But if you to know the truth, here its goes: The thing is that I don't give a fuck about what Howard used to do with deal with me when he was supposedly busy, because I was there and know it's a terrible method to raise a kid. And

with total respect to you, right now, I'm asking gently to you to fuck off and stop telling me what I was supposed to do about raising *my kid*, capiche?"

There was a moment of silent in the other side of the line that Tony could only think was caused by pure shock.

*"Tony, you are raising this boy in a bubble-!" - Obie tried to argue once again, only to be shut down by Tony.*

"Not now, I'm busy caring about my son, ya know? I think you should learn a thing or two about it before telling me what to do at the last moment. We'll talk later."

Tony ended the call right after that with frustrated sigh, when will people actually understand what Tony's does is always for the best?

Tony got up of his black leather office's chair, walking slowly towards the door, carefully avoiding to step at any of Peter's toys and paintings that laided uncared for in the floor. He needed to help Peter clean this later on.

Opening the door, he quickly noticed that his secretary was still sat on her usual spot, looking like he was attending someone in the other side of the line which was usual.

But what normally happened when Peter asked her for help with something when Tony was too occupied doing something else, the boy would ask for her help and wait for his father to pick him up awhile happily chatting with the blonde young thing about anything that he did on that day.

"No problem, sir. We'll do our best to remark your reunion with Mr. Stark, thanks for your understanding in this situation." - The clearly bleached blonde haired ended the call quickly to turn her attention to her boss. - "Do you need anything, sir?"

"In fact, I do." - Tony said dryly with his eyes exploring every spot on the reception looking for his son. - "Where is Peter?"

"Lil Pete?" - She asked with a smile on her face. - "He was here two minutes ago, playing around... I thought he already had returned to your office, Mr. Stark."

Tony's mouth got dry when he noticed that this woman had no actual idea where Peter was.

"There was anyone that you didn't know when he was playing here?" - Tony asked trying to not sound desperate, at least, not in that moment.

"Actually, there was an lady waiting for you here..." - She reads into her notes quickly. - "Her name is Mary Fitzpatrick. But apparently..."

The blonde looked around to see if someone fitting the woman was there, the place was mostly empty, with only a man sitting in one of the chairs on the waiting room:

"She is not here anymore."

"Is she the only one who left?" - Tony asked sounding frenetic at this point.

"I-I think?" - The young girl got nervous.

"And what she looks like?"

"She was an pale woman, a brunette with long hair, maybe in her mid-30's? She had brown... Maybe hazel eyes? She was wearing a light brown plaid coat with a white shirt underneath."

Tony was about to rush to find the closest security guard when he heard a familiar squeaky voice getting closer.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mary!" - Peter jumped around happily as a rabbit awhile holding the woman's hand.

The boy was now clean compared to the colorful mess that he was before but Tony still wasn't buying it.

"You are welcome, darling. Anything just ask me for help again, okay?" - Her voice was too sweet sounding, too sugary to be any near to genuine without any bizarre intention behind it, at least in Tony's eyes, she was suspicious.

But then Peter noticed his presence with a frantic waving of hands.

"Daddy!" - Peter exclaimed, letting go of the strange woman's hand and running to hug his dad, whose expression changed to caring to a sadly contemplative one, but this only lasted one second before returning into into a polite smile, waving goodbye to Peter before sitting down next to an graying hair man.

In that moment, Tony recognized her face from a article he read a long time ago.

*"Newborn Baby Snatched From New York Hospital"*

It was her.

The woman crying the front page from that article from four years ago.

What was she doing here?

In a moment she was there and in the other she was heading into the waiting room once again.

"See? Clean!" - Peter said satisfied with himself.

"I see, Pete." - Tony couldn't help but smile in relief. - "But who this "Mrs. Mary" is?"

"Silly Daddy." - Peter said sounding sightly british for a moment right there. - "She is the nice lady in the reception that you talked about."

Tony instead of trying to correct his child, just grinned back and said:

"Silly me. How could I forget about it? Hey, Pete, how about play a little bit with Laura awhile I talk about some adult business for some time?"

Peter pouts and protest after hearing his father's words.

"I'm not a baby, dad!"



"I know that, you are almost bigger than me already." - Tony ruffles Peter's hair up. - "But it would be too boring for you, and... You'd get burgers! So it's a win-win. How about that?"

Peter thinks for a moment before nodding happily.

"It would be fun!"

"I know it will but first you'd better take your backpack, now take care, kiddo."

After a quick kiss in the forehead, Peter was good to go, heading straight to his father's office once again, the blonde lady that watched everything a little confused but intrigued.

When Peter turned his back, Tony's compressible and understanding smile died immediately awhile he walked slowly towards the girl, who was still sitting down, leaning forward to whisper in her ear.

"You are free to go to lunch earlier today, but don't think this is going to be a routine for you." - Tony whispered emotionless into the young girl's ear. - "Now, you better don't take your eyes of my son because if you do..."

The poor young girl was almost shaking at this point but weakly, she nodded in agreement.

"Good." - Tony said dryly before handing the girl a good quantity of money to pay for whatever Peter wanted.

Soon after that, Peter was back into the room, hopping around with a big red backpack on his back, with a smile on his face.

In the moment that Peter arrived Tony's expression changed completely, from pure a intimidating one to a carefree one.

"So like I was saying, I hope you both have a lot of fun together!" - Tony said awhile grining from ear to ear.

"Daddy!" - Peter said. - "I'm ready!"

"Well, this is good, little fella because so it is Laura!" - Tony stared at the petite girl once again. - "Right, Laura?"

The young woman got up immediately with a nervous smile on her face:

"Y-Yeah, I am one hundred percent ready for this one! How about you, Lil Pete?"

Peter laughed back at her, thinking the face that she was doing was funny before rushing to get her hand.

"Me too!"

Tony smirks once again.

"Perfect then, now you two, have fun, and when I say fun, I mean a lot of fun!"

Soon after that, Peter and Laura were heading to the elevator.

Tony could only imagine the stories that Peter would tell him about it later, this made him smile genuinely before his memories about the reason that he sent them away in first place came back to him.

His eyes laid in the waiting room, where from a far, he could see two figures waiting patiently for him.

A couple.

And he was more than ready to face them.

-

*What he did next? What he did next?*

Who cares about what he did? Who cares about what he said anyway?

It wasn't cruel, it was the fucking true.

Everything that he said was true, so there was no reason to regret a word that came out of his mouth.

Peter was better off with him, because he is his son.

Not theirs.

They maybe can't not know that they interacted with *him* from all people but Tony knows. And Tony was furious about it.

How they even dared to do something like that with *his* child?

How they dared to get into *his* way like that?

They deserved what he said and he wasn't regretting it in the slightest.

Because thanks to his actions, Peter was safe and sound once again in his arms like he always would be.

---

In the end of that afternoon, after his little disagreement with Peter, he decided to wait beforehand for his son to arrive in the penthouse.

Peter was changing.

With time his little baby grew into an little too much courageous and curious young man, curiosity is something good and so was bravery but the mix of these two things into Peter's little head couldn't end well for any of them.

So it was his function as a father to cut it short before it could Peter for life.

He was waiting peacefully for his son's return, his eyes lost into the framing of a photo in his hands, it was picture of Tony and Peter together, Tony was giving Peter a piggyback ride.

Peter was what on this picture? Maybe eight or seven years old? Definitely, no more than that. Was he smiling? *Close enough but no*, he was laughing.

A charming gap-toothed laughter.

He missed when things used to be that easy with Peter, the smallest things were always the ones that made him the more happy.

But now that he was a teenager, things got harder for both of them, and he understands that but yet, it's so hard to actually digest that he is actually losing his baby, this time not for an accident but to time.

He can't deal with it.

Suddenly, he hears the elevator opening and steps getting closer and closer to the living room. He puts the picture back in the center table as quickly as he can.

"Hey, Underoos." - Tony smiles happily at the so waited view of his son's figure. But instead of a sorrowful expression or a run into a hug, Tony was met with anger:

"Dad, what the hell did you do?!" - Peter marched in his direction with rush, but judging by his expression, he was not exactly mad at him.

He was more confused than anything else, his shocked expression was mixed in with frustration, his fist were trembling so was his words. - "Ned told me- No, everyone told that you, they showed me-"

*"Your dad basically told them to basically fuck the right off, man! He told them that they were scammers who weren't even fit to be parents! He told them that they didn't deserved a baby in the first place, much less, have one! Then he told them that he would sue them if they ever approached him like that ever again! All this because they asked for help to find their missing baby using the sensors that he created for newborns! What a piece of shit. I don't know like you, the coolest guy I know, could actually be ever be related to him!" - Ned's words were replaying again and again in Peter's head once more.*

He was a mumbling mess.

"Calm down, kid-" - Tony tried to get closer to Peter only to be met with a quick flinch from Peter to get away from him quickly.

This had Tony shocked.

"Me?! Calm down?! I don't need to calm down! I need to know why you did what you did to the Parkers!"

*"Oh. So that is the problem then..."*

People don't understand what Tony did what he did for many reasons and the principal one its that none of them lived what he lived.

And Peter, unfortunately, was one of those people.

He was sweet, of course. He was naive, of course. Was he his son? Of course. But he also, had been contaminated with that sickening sense of what is right and what is not.

And in his head, what Tony did, was really bad.

"You humiliated two grieving parents?! You told them to actually get away of your propriety after they came there to ask for some help to find their missing son?!"

"Peter, this is not like it looks like."

"No?!" - Peter was almost screaming at his face, then the regret took over the anger once again. - "So tell me what it is then! Dad- For God's sake! It was a baby, *their baby* and you treated them like that? People are saying that you are a monster. Please, I can't understand! You'd never act like this, I know but why you were trying to hide this from me?!"

Tony calculating expression analyzed Peter's stressed posture awhile the mental breakdown took place right in front of him.

Thinking about what to say next, about what to say to make Peter forget about this, to brush it under the rug.

When Peter is oblivious to the situation, Peter is always happier. But when Peter is shoved suddenly into the cruel reality, he just can't handle and breaks.

And this was just another confirmation from him that what he did all his life to protect Peter, was right since the beginning.

It's not a lie if nobody knows the truth, after all.

After three minutes of pure silence with Peter's apprehensive puppy eyes staring right into his soul looking for an answer, Tony finally pretend to give in with a regretful tone in his voice:

"Pete, I think it's better you sit down right now."

Peter stood there staring at him for more 30 seconds before finally sitting on the white couch. His arms crossed, his eyebrows narrowed in something close to frustration, his eyes staring at him firmly almost as trying to read what was going on in his mind.

In moments like this, he looked so much like his mother.

"So?" - Peter asked to his father with a palpable frustration in his voice.

Tony sighed.

"I think you are old enough to know the truth now, Peter."

## Chapter End Notes

Hi there! If you readed until this part, I want to thank you very much!

Well, that for sure was a messy chapter! Lol

The disconnected time jumps from time to time was my (I think) failed attempt to show how messed up and confused Tony's head really was and is, in the middle of his "moral justification" of the act of kidnapping an newborn and ruining this young couple's life forever.

So I hope you guys were able to read and enjoy it even though the format was this messy, it was intentional but I'm still a little nervous about it...

I'm not sure that you guys will enjoy this new style of writing, so I'm kinda nervous typing this down now, to be honest, writing in Tony's POV was really hard for me, in the beginning I didn't knew even where to start. But it was a good session of learning!

I think there will be more chapters in only Tony's point of view from now on, after all,

the title it's literal about this! lmao

But next chapter will probably be on Peter's POV though.

And Soon, definitely, you all are going to read what Tony said to Peter's biological parents lol

Spoiler: It's really THAT bad. And yeah, Tony lies to Peter once again lol

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! If you could give me your opinion about this chapter in a comment, I would be really grateful for this. I'm really nervous about this one so any criticism are actually welcome here! :")

I'll see you guys on the next chapter! ♥

## End Notes

So that was it! Well originally I wanted a one-shot with ten thousand words but then I have to study for a math test soooo 🐼

Jokes on me, folks.

But I hope you can wait for new chapters! They will be much shorter than I normally do but I already have the whole story planned so no problem in this aspect.

It's just a matter of time and number of chapters that I am still not so sure about how many will be. As it turns out, I'm not the best with schedules but I'm trying.

Oh and English is not my first language and maybe it was made clear from my broken english, I am very insecure about it and I don't like talking about it all the time but I'm trying to get better! So don't be too harsh on me (in my english not in my writing, critics are welcomed too!) and let me know what you think about this first chapter.

Kudos and comments are appreciated! <3

I hope that wasn't too cringeworthy to read! :")

PS: Oh yes, don't believe in Tony, he suffers but he makes others suffer twice as much as i said this one is the "bad" things now aren't so sweet, the previous one-shot on this series was the "good" where everything was lighter. So Tony isn't a innocent angel either.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!