

Nine Men and a Baby

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Nine Men and a Baby

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Summary

Sorbet and Gelato accidentally kidnap a baby and La Squadra gets to take care of her individually.

Gift fic for my QPP

Notes

this is for my qpp it was originally gonna be for our 3 month but i missed rhat and then our 4 month but i missed THAT and u don't wanna wait til the 5-6 month so sara this is for u!!! I love you!!!

You Say Kidnapping, I Say Surprise Adoption

Chapter Notes

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

Being in the most powerful mob in Italy, in arguably the most dangerous line of work within it, and DEFINITELY in the lowest-paid bracket, Gelato and Sorbet firmly opposed having children. Of course they wanted to be parents more than anything, Gelato especially, but given the circumstances, everything was impossible. A baby was the furthest thing from their minds at the moment- Raising one while working as hitmen in the most powerful organization in the country was unthinkable for the child's own safety. So, babies were something to consider post-retirement. Being parents was unthinkable to the two hitmen, considering the lives they led.

So they thought.

The inseparable pair of lovers were more than happy on one of their weekly dates. As they walked down the streets, dressed in plainclothes and joined at the hip, Gelato noticed something that chilled his hardened heart.

Crying.

“Sorbetto, listen.” He whispered, trying to better gauge the sound. His lover frowned, and upon looking for danger, noticed something that wasn't their own threat- He noticed a baby inside of a parked car, strapped in a toddler seat, with the windows rolled up and no parents in sight.

“Gelato, look!” Sorbet called, dragging his boyfriend to the aforementioned car. The baby inside looked to be roughly two or three, with a head of fluffy blonde hair and a red, tear-stained face. Despite the unusually hot summer, it was dressed in a flannel onesie with ducks patterned along the sleeves. The car door was burning to the touch- If it were left alone in the car any longer, that baby would boil alive. Its sobbing reached the pair's ears, and both men felt their instincts take over.

Sorbet didn't spare a glance when Gelato said “Break the window.” With complete disregard for their own safety, the men attempted to break open the back on the side of the baby. When his stand did absolutely nothing to help, Sorbet went with his best area of experience: Smashing windows with heavy objects. He grabbed for a nearby decorative rock, pushed Gelato to the side, and slammed it against the window. Thankfully, it shattered easily, and no glass had touched the little kid. Gelato reached in and hurried to unbuckle it's belt, pulling the little kid into his arms to soothe it. “Sorbetto, amore, get the handkerchief we bought-“ He said, not able to finish his sentence before Sorbet handed it off. Gelato wiped the child's face down, ridding it of the built up tears and sweat. His stand, Soundgarden, appeared and the nearest tree's branches extended above them, leaves intertwining to create a breezy and shady patch. Sorbet sat with them both, bumping his hands against his lover's in an attempt to undo the child's onsie to cool it off.

By now, the kid was calm. It's tears had stopped, and it only made subdued hiccup noises. Gelato mumbled comforting nonsense, while Sorbet held it's hands and brushed hair off it's face. "Shit, shit shit!! Who leaves their fucking baby in a heatwave like that? Dressed in winter clothes, too? In the middle of the fucking summer! It could've died!" Sorbet ranted under his breath, still doing his best to keep the kid from sweating.

"Poor thing, left alone by your mama and papa like that... They must have forgotten you in the car." Gelato mused, carefully removing the baby from its onesie. "We need to find it's parents." He said, turning to his boyfriend with an almost vacant stare. "I'm going to give them the talking of their fucking lives. Who leaves a baby in the car like that? It's almost as if-" Gelato cut himself off to face the baby again. "Poor kiddo."

Sorbet's face hardened. "We need to give it back. Or at least wait here until someone comes for it." He said, looking back at the car. Despite the ruckus they had probably made, nobody had even approached it at all. He looked back to the baby before standing. "Let me check the car." He said.

As his boyfriend searched for any kind of registration or identification that could lead to the kid's parents, Gelato stood up with the baby perched in his arms. "Let's get you water, hm? You're gonna need it." He said, and realized he resisted the urge to kiss it's forehead. A quick stop at a kiosk a block away yielded two water bottles for the three of them.

"Any luck?" Gelato asked, approaching Sorbet at the car. He shook his head. "I found a diaper bag. That's it. It's got nothing except a couple diapers and an empty bottle. Oh, and this." He produced a plastic, hospital-issue bracelet from his pocket. "It's got her name, I think. Uh..." He squinted at the name. "It's French. Can't pronounce it."

Gelato glanced at the tag and read aloud "Hosanger, Chantelle. Gender: F. Her date of birth. And the name of the hospital." He said, looking back up at Sorbet. "Her name's Chantelle. It's a sweet name." He said, balancing the baby on one hip to crack open a bottle of water.

Sorbet nodded. "She's cute. Kinda looks like you with the hair." He acknowledged, still looking around the street. "How much longer should we wait?"

Gelato hummed. "You said you couldn't find any ID in the car?" Sorbet shook his head. "It looks like a pretty expensive car, too. You don't think..." Sorbet didn't want to face the thought of anyone hiding their identity to kill a child.

"I fucking hope not." Gelato sighed. "Let's just wait a little longer and take care of her until the mom comes."

So they waited.

For three hours.

No mother in sight. Nobody who spared a passing glance to the car or the kid.

"Fuck this! If the mom tried to kill the kid, she doesn't deserve her!" Sorbet said, standing up and smacking his palm against his temple. "I say we take it home for now. If there's a reward for a kidnapped kid, we take it and give her back. For now, she can stay with us."

Gelato nodded furiously, trying to calm Chantelle, who clearly didn't take kindly to yelling. "We'll need to buy clothes and baby stuff. Does the bracelet say how old she is? I can't

remember.”

Sorbet fished it out of his pocket and looked. “Yeah uh... She’s... Two and a half. Turns three in four months. Damn...” He mumbled, shoving it back.

Gelato sighed and began to bounce her on his knee. The girl clearly liked it, giggling furiously in his arms. Sorbet and Gelato smiled and immediately began cooing at her. “Let’s get her some summer dresses. She’s gonna need them.”

Two baby stores later, and the three were walking home to their base. Gelato was more than happy to carry the bags while Sorbet had a chance to hold Chantelle, who had passed out with her head on his shoulder. Outside their home front door, halfway through turning the key, Gelato suddenly halted.

“Gelato?” Sorbet asked, nearly whispering so he didn’t wake up the girl. “What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

Gelato forced a laugh, looking towards his boyfriend and their newly-acquired daughter. “How the hell are we gonna explain this to Risotto?”

“...So that’s why we have a baby. We’re gonna take care of her until someone reports a missing kid, then we’ll give her back.” Gelato finished his recap with a half-smile, acknowledging the baby sleeping in his arms. “It shouldn’t take long. I mean, if I were a parent, and I found my car window broken in and my baby missing, I’d report that shit as soon as possible, so she’ll probably be gone sooner rather than later.”

Risotto blinked, and Sorbet swore that was the first time his capo had moved since he and his boyfriend came home with a baby. “I see.” He said shortly. “You’re going to be doing all the childcare. Not dumping it with any of your teammates. A baby is a major risk and inconvenience that none of us need. I have half a mind to tell you to just turn her in to an orphanage.” He unfolded his hands and stood up from his spot on the couch. “She will stay out of our way.” He said coldly, walking to Gelato to get a closer look at the sleeping child. “She cannot become a risk to our lives, and your position will not be a risk to her life. Am I clear?” He said, in the same monotonous tone. Gelato and Sorbet both nodded furiously. “We’ll take care of her, Boss. It won’t be a big deal.” Sorbet said with a grin, looking up to his capo, who merely nodded and stepped out of the room. “See that it doesn’t.”

In no time at all, Sorbet and Gelato had adjusted to their new life as parents to a toddler. They adjusted their date nights to when she would be sleeping, always had one person with her at all times, and if anybody in their team looked at her the wrong way, Sorbet would chew them out. It was really a wonderful arrangement.

The other men had grown used to her, too. Illuso would do her hair in bows and ribbons, and Formaggio was more than happy to shrink regular-sized clothes down to her height. Pesci

was beyond excited at the thought of a baby, and liked to play peek-a-boo with her while she grabbed at his neck. Others, like Prosciutto, Ghiaccio, and Risotto, kept their distance. Not out of fear for Sorbet's angry lectures, but simply because they either worried for the baby, or didn't like children. In Risotto's case, it was both.

After weeks of time with the child, and no note of anybody missing a baby or reporting a break-in, Gelato began to realize he had lied to Risotto. This... Arrangement had turned into a full-on adoption. While he and Sorbet were ecstatic at the thought of being fathers, they couldn't help but worry about her, or one of them, getting hurt.

Gelato was snapped out of his train of thought by a tiny hand grasping at his collar. He smiled and looked down at the girl- his girl- and gave her a soft kiss on the forehead. "Yes? What is it, Chantelle?" He asked, lifting her up to look at her face.

"Papa!" The baby squealed, pointing at his nose. "Papa!"

Gelato felt his heart melt. This was the first time she had spoken. At all. Ever since she came home, her vocabulary had consisted of babbling and pointing at things she wanted. "Sorbet!" He called over his shoulder, looking back to his baby with the biggest smile. "Yes! I'm Papa! Papa Gelato!" He said, covering her little face with kisses. Sorbet came sprinting in. "Is everything okay?" He asked, placing a hand on his boyfriend's shoulder.

Chantelle squealed in delight, pointing at Sorbet. "Papa! Papa!" She said, obviously pleased with their happiness at her words. Sorbet gasped and launched his body over the back of the couch, sitting beside his lover and his baby. "Papa Sorbet! That's me! Good job! Good girl!" He said happily, kissing her chubby cheeks. "And that's Papa Gela! Can you say that?"

"Papa Sorbee! Papa Gela!" She said with a giggle, pointing between her two dads. Ecstatic at their girl finally speaking, the two men cuddled her between them and covered her in kisses. "God job! Good girl!" They said, sharing contagious smiles. "Look at you go! Such a good little girl! Our smart girl!"

The baby babble continued for hours, mostly consisting of names. Chantelle was over the moon at learning her own name, clapping her hands and calling herself "Chan." Gelato even rushed to their room to get his camcorder and film his daughter's first words. Soon enough, as all babies do, she grew tired, and collapsed between her dads. Neither of them dared to move. Sorbet didn't stop smiling as he wrapped his arm around Gelato, whose eyes were beginning to close.

"I love you." Gelato said, twisting his chest to kiss his boyfriend's cheek. Sorbet smiled and returned the smooch. "I love you, too. So god damn much." He said with a heavy sigh. "Y'know, if you told me we would become parents by stealing a kid, while we were working as hitmen in the fuckin' mob, I wouldn't have believed you." He laughed.

Gelato nodded in agreement. "I always thought we'd have kids after we could.... retire. But, with everything that happened with me, and all our money going towards living... I'm happy. I'm happy that we can finally be parents."

Gelato smiled and closed his eyes, leaning his head against a half-asleep Sorbet's shoulder. "Yeah... I think we can make this work."

Chapter End Notes

hello im giving them stands bc fuck you

gelato's is called soundgarden and it gives him the ability to manipulate any form of plant life, including change its form and size and even type

sorbet's is called the chain and he can deteriorate almost any type of metal by reducing it to rust

Resident Big Brother

Chapter Notes

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

Somehow, the team of hitmen had grown used to the presence of a little girl over the time she had been with them. The assassins worked around to make sure the baby wasn't left alone, and whenever her parents were off on a hit or doing their own thing, she had a babysitter. Most of the men adored Chantelle. Her little smiles and rare giggles could make even the most cynical man hide a grin. Pesci, who had always been the "baby" of the group (mostly due to how kid-like he acted, but also because he was the youngest) was ecstatic to have the presence of the baby. Prosciutto, having raised his younger brother, was familiar with kids, even if he didn't like them much. Illuso would do her hair in braids and bows, then send her toddling back to Sorbet and Gelato to see how they liked it. Formaggio would even buy clothes for the baby- Well, nobody was really sure where he got them from, so "buy" was probably the wrong word to use.

Then there were the less-kid-friendly members of the team. Ghiaccio believed having a baby was an invitation for attack or kidnapping. He saw her as nothing short of a danger to his team and flat-out refused to be near her. Melone never liked anything other than his Juniors, because unlike his stand, REAL babies never listened to you and did dumb shit to get themselves killed. Human kids were idiots in his mind. Their capo, Risotto, just seemed... Indifferent. As long as the baby stayed out of the way, he couldn't care less about the newest edition of La Squadra.

Sorbet clicked his suitcase shut, barely acknowledging the sleeping baby in her crib. All his attention was focused on the boy fiddling with his hands in his lap. "You'll feed her every time she asks. She's got plenty of snacks in the fridge, and she can eat meals with the team. Breakfast is when she's awake enough to be hungry, and dinner is at six sharp. Lunch is whenever she's hungry for it, but preferably between 12 and one. During the day, she can do whatever she wants in or outside. We've got a toy box, a dollhouse, coloring books and crayons, and there's a park a few blocks away. She's not the most talkative, and points to what she wants, and if she cries- which she will- you need to determine what's wrong. Capice?" Sorbet spun around and sighed, noting Pesci's terrified face. "We'll only be gone for a couple days. We trust you to care for her while we're gone." He said, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder. "You'll do fine."

"That's a lot of information! What if I mess up? What if I forget or she cries and won't stop? What do I do?" Pesci asked, already panicked and anxious as usual. Gelato stepped into the room and picked the sleeping baby up from her crib. "Pesci, you'll do *fine*. Do you remember when we first brought home Chantelle, and you held her and she grabbed at your hair? She likes you enough, and we trust you. You're not a baby anymore- You're growing up, and we need your help as an adult." Gelato said firmly, kissing his husband's cheek. "Are you ready to go?"

“Yeah. Chan’s still napping, and when she wakes up, she’ll ask where Daddy and Papa went. Remember, she’s three. She doesn’t understand the way adults speak. Don’t dumb it down, just... speak like you’re talking to a child. Okay?” Sorbet said, placing another hand on Pesci’s shoulder and Gelato laid the baby in her crib. “We trust you. It’s only gonna be a couple days.”

Pesci swallowed. “I.. Okay. I can handle a baby for a couple days. It’s like.. Like I’m the big brother now, right?” He said, glancing at the sleeping toddler. “I can do this. You two be safe on your hit, okay? Please.” He mumbled to himself, glancing at the girl in her crib. Gelato smiled. “We will. Take good care of her.” His stand began to shimmer around his body. “Or else.”

And with that, the assassins were gone.

Pesci stared at Chantelle, who was still napping in her crib. Childcare... It was really fucking terrifying for the boy. But hey, if Prosciutto could raise and take care of him for his entire life, even when he was wayyyy younger than Pesci was now, taking care of someone else’s kid for a few days wouldn’t be too hard, would it? She wasn’t super fussy, but not being able to talk to her would be a bit of an issue. At least he would finally be able to prove that he wasn’t a baby and could grow up to care for kids- Hell, he loved kids, and wanted to raise his own someday, so babysitting should be a good start. At least Chantelle seemed to like him.

As the boy was lost musing in his own mind, the baby began to stir. She pushed the blanket off her body and looked up at the green-haired boy with a start. “Papa?” She asked, her voice small and sleepy. Her little eyes grew wide, nearly teary, and Pesci brought it upon himself to pick her up from her crib and hold her to his chest. “Daddy and Papa left for a little while on a trip. You know how we do that sometimes? They’ll be back soon, so until then, big bro Pesci’s gonna be taking care of you, okay?” He said, shifting her weight into one arm. “That’s gonna be fun! We’re gonna have fun, okay?” He said, smiling down at the baby. Chantelle sniffled and looked around the room. “Papa-“ She mumbled, tears brimming in her eyes. “Want him.” Pesci immediately started rubbing her back, holding the little girl even tighter in his arms. “I know, I know you miss your papas, but they’re gonna be back soon! I’ll be your big brother until they do.” He said, glancing at the nearest clock. “We can do whatever you want, okay? That’s gonna be fun!” He said, smiling and holding her hand in his. “What do you wanna do first?” Chantelle sniffled again and rubbed her face against his chest to dry it. “Mm... Fishy?” She asked, looking up at him with big eyes. Pesci’s face lit up. “Wanna see my fishies?” He asked, taking her to his room to show off his fish tank to the baby. “You like fishies? This one’s named Vinny, and this is Maggi, and Aniki, and Capo, and...” Looks like Pesci has named most of his fish after his teammates. It’s probably a form of showing love for them, even if they may not necessarily appreciate a fish having a thinly-veiled nickname for it’s own name.

“And Sorbetto and Gelatoto!” Pesci finishes with a grin. “Those are named after your papas!” He said, looking over at Chantelle, who’s nose was currently pressed against the glass of the fish tank. Her eyes were wide and intense, watching each movement of the colorful fish swimming within the tank. “Wanna help me feed them?” Pesci asked, sitting Chantelle on the chair in front of the tank. She just looked up at him and extended her arms. “Fishy-!” She chirped, pointing eagerly to the tank. Pesci smiled and opened the small can of food, placing it in her open hand and picking her up. “All you need to do is hold it upside down and shake it, okay?” He asked, holding her at the top of the tank. Chantelle laughed and shook the can

of fish food into the hole of the lid. "Fishy!" She chirped, watching the collage of tropical fish swimming below her eyes. Her free hand pointed at the mass of colors dashing to eat, the bubbles coming up the the surface and popping, making the girl smile. "Pretty!"

"They are pretty, aren't they?" Pesci said, carefully eyeing each fish to make sure they were eating enough. Once he was sure each fish had been fed, he pulled Chantelle away from the top of the tank and shut it, sitting her back in the chair. "You like the fishies?" He asked, to which Chan nodded. "Well, wanna hear a secret?" He crouched beside her. "My name *means* fish!"

Chantelle smiled and pointed at the boy's face. "Fish! Fishy! Fishy!" Pesci laughed and scooped her up

again, holding her under her arms. "That's right! I'm a fishy!" He suddenly gasped, as though a light bulb went off in his head. "And I need to get a fishy for you. Wanna go to the fish store with me?" He asked, to which Chan responded with a gleeful grin. Pesci took that as a yes. "Then let's get your clothes on and we can go." He said, taking her back to the room she shared with her dads.

Once Chan was out of her pajamas and in a new dress, and Pesci wore plainclothes, the boy buckled her in to the backpack carrier and strapped it on his shoulders. "Ready, Channie?" He asked, looking around to her. She just nodded, pointing to the door. "Fishy!"

Pesci called into the house to announce that they were leaving, before setting off on his way. He couldn't drive- And besides, Sorbet and Gelato had taken one of their only cars, and of *course* they took the baby seat. Looks like they were walking. He didn't mind, of course- Chan was quiet, small, and surprisingly easy to take care of and entertain. Pesci was wrongly terrified, it seemed. He was already feeling more confident in his ability to care for the girl. Like a grown up.

Maybe he'd marry and have a kid or two after he could retire. That sounded nice.

The trip to the pet store was quick, and Pesci let Chantelle down from the carrier to hold her in his arms. He carried her to the fish section, keeping her close enough to see the fish, but far enough so she wouldn't touch them. "Let's see... Which fish is a Chan, hm?" He asked, peering down at the rows of tanks. Chantelle took one glance at a small tub, and immediately pointed. "Fishy!" She squealed, and Pesci looked over at her point of interest. "Hm? Is this it?" He asked, examining the fish. It was a small betta, with flared-out fins and beady eyes. It's scales were a shimmery pink and white, with the occasional red spot. The mark on it's tub said it was a female, and it looked active enough to swim around its tiny tank. Pesci was immediately captivated by the pretty scale pattern. He scooped it up and held it up to Chan, examining the tub. "Wanna keep this one?"

The girl nodded and squealed "Fishy!" and that was all Pesci needed. "Alright! Say hello to Chan, Chan!" He said with a smile, taking them up to the counter to purchase the new addition to his tank. He held the fish in it's baggie, maneuvering to put Chantelle back in her carrier. The three of them walked back to their home, Pesci feeling proud and pleased that Chantelle liked him, and that he had found her fish equivalent.

By the time they had arrived back at the base, Chantelle was asleep in her carrier. He set the fish beside the tank, pulling her down from his back to lay her in the middle of his bed. He just hoped she wouldn't roll off in her sleep. Humming to himself, Pesci prepared the tank

and fish for it's transfer. Thankfully, the fish currently existing in the tank seemed to be mostly indifferent to her, and not outright dislike her. Parallels, one supposes.

By the time Fish Chan was settled in, Baby Chan began to stir from her nap. Pesci noted the time- Roughly dinnertime for her- And smiled. She squirmed and reached up, letting out a little whine.

"Yeah, you're hungry? Let's get you something to eat. I'll make you dinner, okay?" He said, pulling her into his arms and letting her little head rest on his shoulder as he walked to the kitchen. A fair amount of his team were filtering through the living room and kitchen, barely acknowledging the presence of the boy and the baby. Prosciutto gave then a nod from his chair and pointed toward the fridge. "We have baby food." Was all he said, before returning to the book in his hands. Pesci sat Chan in her little high chair, looking for something she might like. No matter how much information Sorbet and Gelato had given him on caring for the child, they didn't give any instruction on *what* she would eat. He racked his brain trying to remember what they had fed her in the past. She was past mushed-up gross shit by now, and had teeth, and her dads had been feeding her stuff like rice now, so.. Maybe she could eat normal foods?

His eyes fell on the tupperware full of leftover... What looked like pasta. It was probably alfredo? It looked like something a toddler could eat. Sorbet had probably prepared it beforehand. She was at the age where she could eat this kind of thing.

Pesci smiled and sat beside the baby, who was already squirmy with hunger. "I know, I know, but it's dinner time now! Okay?" He said, opening the tub and dumping some noodles on to her plate. He used a fork to cut them into small enough pieces for her to eat without choking, and grabbed a tiny fork from the silverware drawer for her. "Mhm? You wanna feed yourself, or do you want Pesci to do it?" He asked, stabbing a few pieces and holding up the fork. Chan just responded by reaching out and doing her grabby hands, which Pesci took as a sign that she wanted to be fed. He began to stab the noodle pieces and hand-feed them to her, standing up halfway and letting her feed herself while he got her a sippy cup of milk (and got a glass for himself). Chan didn't say anything else, just ate her noodles and drank from her cup with both hands. Soon enough, she was done, and looked sleepy again. Taking a glance at her messy face, Pesci realized her parents hadn't given him *any* instructions on baths. He only knew she didn't like them much. But, he guessed she would need to take one soon enough. She could probably bathe now? He took his time cleaning up from her dinner, before scooping her up and carrying her back to her parents room. He set her on the edge of the bed, scouring through drawers to find Chan some clean pajamas. He settled on a pink onesie decorated with strawberries, and held it up to her. "There we go. You're gonna get all clean, then put on jammies and go to sleep. How's that sound?"

Clearly not good. Chantelle began to squirm and whine, pushing him away when he tried to pick her up again. "No!" She squealed, inching back on to the bed. "No bath!" Pesci drew back, realizing just how unprepared he was for this. "No bath? Uh, um, maybe I'll just wash your face, okay? Don't wanna sleep with a dirty face!" He said, trying desperately to hold back the panic in his voice. "Just a washcloth, okay?" He said. Chan just squirmed for a minute, until she stilled and began to nod. Pesci sighed in relief and pulled her into his arms, carrying the girl to the bathroom and setting her beside the sink. He grabbed a nearby washcloth, wetting it down and holding it up to her face. He moved his hands carefully up

and down her face, washing the sauce and milk off her cheeks. Her eyes were closing- She was clearly getting sleepy. Pesci pulled away, giving her cheek a playful poke. “Hey, Channie, you gotta wake up to put on jammies, alright?” He said, holding up the onsie with one hand. “Come on, let’s get jammies on.” He mumbled, trying to change her clothes. She offered no help, clearly already out for the night. Pesci dressed her in the little onsie, pulling her back into his arms. Only then did he realize, yet again, that he didn’t know what to do if she woke up in the middle of the night. Keeping her crib in her parents room was a sure enough way to shock her into being scared of being alone again. So, with some maneuvering to keep her in his arms and carry the crib, he moved them both to his room and set the crib at the foot of his bed, laying Chantelle inside. Her eyes immediately shut, and she was already asleep. Pesci let out a long and deep sigh, his eyes closing as he collapsed on his bed. Taking care of a baby was more work than he expected, but... It was kinda nice. He liked being able to feel older, grown up, and still soft and full of the love he was told off for. Prosciutto always told him to be a man, that he was too soft, and too much of a baby, but being soft and nice was much easier for him than being tough. The baby seemed to like him, too. For Pesci, that was enough. He liked to be gentle and sweet, and caring for the kid was just what he needed to gain the confidence in his personality.

Pesci closed his eyes and let himself fall asleep, feeling content with how he had responded to childcare. Thank god he had done a good job for once. As he fell asleep, all Pesci could think about was that maybe he had done the right thing.

After a rough nights sleep, with Chantelle waking up to ask for food or water or diaper changes, Pesci woke up late to see Chantelle was awake and had crawled out of her crib. She had moved up into the chair on his desk in front of his fish tank, her face pressed against the glass again. Pesci smiled and stood up, rubbing his eyes and walking toward his desk. Chantelle stood up and pointed at the fish, her little face beaming. Pesci looked and noticed that all of his fish had seemed to “accept” Fish Chan into their group. Probably something symbolic. Parallels again?

Pesci held her in his arms, grinning. “Hey, wanna go get breakfast? I can make pancakes! You like pancakes?” He asked, to which Chantelle nodded. After some “good mornings” to his half-asleep teammates, Pesci set Chan on the counter and started to cook. The smell of food gradually drew in the other six members, who sat at the table and waited eagerly. Thankfully, some of them kept Chantelle entertained, with Formaggio getting her another sippy cup of milk. Upon realizing that his whole team was ready for pancakes, Pesci just kept cooking. Soon enough, a plage with a large stack of pancakes sat on the table, with seven grown men and a three-year-old girl happily digging in. Compliments about his cooking from hardasses poured into Pesci’s ears, even from the hardest of asses. For once, it seemed like she was really happy with all of them, but that was probably just because she was getting positive attention from the teammates she liked.

Once everyone had effectively gorged themselves and done their respective dishes, the men trickled out of the kitchen and Pesci was left alone with the baby again. After cleaning her face and making sure she was full, Pesci took it upon himself to get out some coloring for her to do. He and Chan situated themselves on the living room floor, crayons in hand and laying

on their stomachs. It was mostly quiet and subdued today, with small snack breaks, fish-feeding breaks, and having to adjust to make way for whichever assassin absolutely *needed* to be *exactly* where they were. Nobody really cared about what they did, but sometimes other members would stop by to look at their nonsensical doodling and offer unwarranted comments. Risotto himself bent down to half his height to stare and murmur a “cute.” Pesci felt very accomplished.

After Chantelle’s afternoon snack and nap, she was sitting in Pesci’s lap as they watched one of the kids shows she seemed to like. She hadn’t spoken much all day, just pointed at what she wanted. Pesci would get them when she needed them, and happily went along with her. It was clear she missed her parents, but Pesci assured her they would be home very soon.

After another dinner of leftover pasta for them both, Pesci decided she needed a bath. He picked out more pajamas, and gave her gentle encouragement for bathing. Chantelle, again, was adamantly against even the notion.

“No! No bath!” She said, the first words she’d spoken all day, pushing Pesci away so he couldn’t pick her up. Pesci was starting to panic. “But it’s a warm bubble bath! You like bubbles? It’s gonna be fine! You’ll be okay. I’ve got you.” He said, trying desperately to pick her up again. “You’ll be safe, Channie.” He said. The girl just squirmed and shook her head. “No!”

Pesci sighed and racked his brain, trying to think of ways to get her to bathe. “I can- Um, I can...” He mumbled a swear to himself. “I can give you something you like when you’re done?” He asks, clearly desperate. “Like a treat?” He said. “Something like.. Strawberry ice cream? Or! Or you can feed the fishies again?” He said, reaching out for her again. “That’s fun! You can do that if you let big bro Pesci give you a bath?” He said, shoulders tensing up in preparation for Chan to cry again.

She just went quiet and blinked. Pesci took that as a yes, reaching down to scoop her up, with no trouble this time. “Yeah! Let’s get you into the bath. It’s gonna be okay.” He mumbled, setting her on the counter to run the bath. Once the water was warm and full of sheets of bubbles, Pesci made a game of undressing her and tickling her stomach. She didn’t respond much, which made him feel bad about doing so, but the occasional giggle or squeal make him smile. Chan shivered the moment her feet touched the water, which made Pesci tense up. But, she slid in with no more trouble than that.

Pesci carefully undid the braids Illuso had worked into her hair, just to lather it up with the berry-scented soap Gelato had bought. Chan seemed content, not splashing in the bath, just sitting and making occasional noises whenever he did or said something. He tipped her head back and rinsed off her hair, keeping a hand over her eyes so she wouldn’t get any soap in them. She seemed fine with the bubbles and water temperature, at least. Once he was certain her little face was clean, which required another washcloth, he lifted her out of the bath and into a waiting towel. He took care to dry her off gently and sweetly, noting how tired she seemed to be. Pesci dressed the baby in a new, clean pajama onesie, before carrying her off to her crib. He tucked Chan’s blanket around her, her eyes closing as she started to snore. Pesci stepped back and smiled, basking in his pride at another successful day of watching the child. He fell asleep in his clothes again, above the covers and still happy.

The late morning came again, with Pesci and Chantelle sleeping until 10. Chan woke him up by crawling out of her crib and shaking his shoulder. “Hungry!” She squealed, shaking him again. Pesci rubbed his eyes and nodded, scooping her into his arms and carrying her back to the kitchen. “Let’s go get breakfast, okay? We can get cereal or something.” He mumbled, half-asleep. He had set her in the high chair and had given them each a bowl of cheerios when the front door swung open.

Pesci’s senses immediately took over, as his stand appeared in his hand and he assumed.. some sort of kung fu position? He hoped it looked kind of bad ass. Thankfully, any thought of danger went out the window.

“Chantelle!” Sorbet gasped, reaching for his daughter and cuddling her close to his chest. “There’s my girl!” He kissed her tiny face as she squealed “Papa! Papa!” over and over. Pesci sighed and let Beach Boy shimmer away. “You guys made it! How was it? Are you okay?” He asked, nerves returning. He knew how harshly the dads would judge his babysitting.

Gelato returned from Risotto’s office (when the hell did he get there?) and retrieved his daughter. “Another successful hit. We’re fine, and we should be getting paid soon.” He said with a grin. Chan squirmed in his arms for a hug. “Daddy! Daddy!” She squealed. Gelato acknowledged by giving her kisses before turning to Pesci. “Thank you so much for watching her. She seems happy. What did you guys do?”

Pesci recounted his days as a babysitter, telling everything from what she ate and when to the trip to the pet store for her fish. “She really likes my tank.” He admitted, smiling. Sorbet and Gelato nodded, passing a still-squirming Chantelle between them. “You did a good job, Pesci. She’s alive and well and we’re proud of you.” Sorbet said, in one of his rare displays of pseudo-affection to anybody not in his little family. “Good job on your first time babysitting. You’re becoming less of a kid each day.” Gelato said, patting him on the shoulder. “Now let us have some time with our daughter.”

Chapter End Notes

hello i love pesci so much sara please let me write more pesci with chan for u i love that fucker so much

The Only Trustworthy Uncle

Chapter Notes

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

“No.”

Prosciutto shook his head in flat out denial. “No, no, no, no. I’m not doing this.”

“Prosciutto, please! Everyone else is out and there’s no way we can bring Chantelle on a mission! It’s dangerous and you are literally our only hope!” Gelato said, practically yanking out the hair on the side of his head. “It’s one fucking day! You can watch her for one day!”

Prosciutto still shook his head. “No. Fuck no. I’m not qualified to take care of *your* baby. I have my own things to do.”

“Like what? *You* don’t have any hits for this week. *You* aren’t busy. *You* are the only fucking one of us who doesn’t have anything to do!” Gelato shouted, accentuating his words with violent pokes to Prosciutto’s exposed chest. The older man shook his head and pushed Gelato away. “My answer is still no.”

Gelato only began to raise his voice even louder. “You’re the only god damn one of us staying home this week! Need I remind you that Pesci’s coming with us? If you’re bitter about that, fine, but for gods sake be the adult in this scenario and set a good fucking example for our team!” He finished off yelling, only to be met with a little snuffle. Chantelle had woken up, and stood in her crib with tears in her eyes. She was three, after all- She hated hearing her fathers yell or raise their voices. Gelato immediately softened, reaching down to hoist her into his arms and kiss her cheeks. “Hey, it’s okay. Papa’s here. No need to be scared. Papa just got... A little upset at Uncle Prosci. Okay? It’s okay, sweetheart.” He mumbled, before turning back to Prosciutto with a venomous glare. “Now you’ve done it.” He hissed, just out of the baby’s earshot.

“Alright.” Prosciutto groaned, throwing his hands up in surrender. “Fucking fine. I’ll take care of her. Just go on your fucking hit and leave me alone.” He said, rubbing his eyes. “Just go on. I know the drill. I raised Pesci, how hard can babysitting be?”

Gelato huffed and handed the girl off to Prosciutto. “Then why did you get so pissy and uptight?”

“I hate children. They don’t exactly like me either-!” He said with a start, scrambling to hold Chantelle in his arms as she tried to squirm back to her dad. “I may have raised one, but that doesn’t mean I can stand them!”

Gelato sighed. “You can handle her.” He mumbled, giving his daughter a kiss on the forehead. “Alright, sweetheart, Uncle Prosci’s gonna take care of you, okay? Papa’s gonna be back soon. I love you.” He mumbled, standing up straight. “Thank you. It’s going to be a day. You can handle a day, Prosciutto.” He said, before turning on his heels and leaving the baby alone with a man who refused to acknowledge her.

Prosciutto looked down at the teary blonde bundle in his arms, and at his Rolex. 7:42. The day was going to drag on, wasn’t it? Fuck.

He forced a smile to look at Chantelle, reaching down to rub her head. (If it had calmed down Pesci when he was younger, why shouldn't it work on another baby?) Chan just blinked, looking up at him with a snuffle and pointing to his necklace. With little difficulty figuring out what she wanted, Prosciutto dug out the pendant to dangle in front of the baby. "You like it?" He asked, but got no response other than the baby's eyes trailing the P-shaped gem. Prosciutto just smiled- but quickly reverted back to his usual scowl. (It wasn't that he wasn't amused or found it cute, but even around babies, he felt the need to keep up his tough persona and *never* show how fucked up his teeth were.)

"So, you little monster, what do you like to do?" He asked the nonverbal baby, who only responded by squirming and grasping the pendant. He responded by keeping her in his arms, sighing softly. "Alright, lets do... Whatever babies like to do?" Prosciutto frowned and carried her to the living room. Not carrying her like one should, mind you, but holding her in the crook of his elbow, underneath his right arm with his hand on his hip. She didn't complain, just squirmed, which Prosciutto figured meant she was fine. "Quit squirming, brat." He mumbled, grabbing Chantelle under her arms to look at her face. "I'm in charge today. You're quiet enough, so you won't be trouble." He said, carrying her under his arm again to the couch. He sat her down, only for Chantelle to snuffle and squeal.

Prosciutto sighed and lifted her again, letting her face snuggle into his shoulder. The house was insufferably quiet without the other eight members of the team. It had been a number of years since the man had been around a baby, maybe 16? 18? How old was Pesci now? God. Only 30 and his mind was going.

His brain was brought back by a tiny fist balling up in his collar. "Hey, hey. You're fine. Let's see... Are you hungry?" He asked, lifting Chantelle from his shoulder to look at her. The baby just sniffed. "Bored? Or... Oh." Prosciutto sighed. "You must miss your parents. I know." He sighed, pulling her on to his shoulder again. "They'll only be gone for a day. Let's figure out something for you to do." He blinked. "You need to eat something." Prosciutto said, carrying her to the kitchen and setting her on the countertop. Chantelle wasn't squirmy enough to find her way off the counter, and was thankfully calm enough that Prosciutto could prepare something for her without any fussing. "Let's see, you'll need breakfast. How about.." He mumbled to himself, scouring through the nearly bare cupboards and fridge. "Maybe... This." He pulled a few slightly icy strawberries out of the fridge, as well as a bit of bread. He popped that in the toaster and walked back to the child.

Chantelle reached up at Prosciutto, grabbing at him silently. "Alright, alright." He mumbled, scooping her into his arms and pulling her back up to his shoulder. "I'll hold you until it's time to eat. Until then..."

In what might have been a moment of- what he would call weakness, though anybody else would see it as gentleness- Prosciutto lifted his necklace off his neck and deposited it around Chantelle's. The girl immediately took to it, taking the gem in her tiny palms and snuggling it like a stuffed toy. Prosciutto could only imagine how it felt to snuggle- Probably unpleasant, seeing as it was real leather crusted in faux gold and gems. He may be one of the most poorly-paid assassins in arguably the most powerful organization in the country, but god damn it if he didn't want to be seen as such. Who needed money to fix his horrid tooth gap and overbite (he had tried braces, bands, and everything else viable from age 12 onward) which never fucking went away, or buying a house (in this economy? with a younger brother

who wouldn't last a day without him? please), or even his own car, (damn his expensive taste for Lamborghinis and vintage Impalas!) when he could sate his love of the finer things with Gucci and Louis Vuitton? At this point, half his meager paycheck nearly always went to his expensive addictions, with the rest going to amenities such as soaps and food (all name brand, all pricey). Maybe he should bug the Boss for a team-wide raise, now that they had another mouth to feed. With his dumb luck, though, the boss would send his adolescent-looking (although cute) underling to their base to announce that no, they couldn't afford to pay the hitmen more (fucking narcotics team. Prosciutto was willing to bet one member of that team made more than everyone in La Squadra combined)- And would ask who the new member was. And if Grateful Dead could just speed up a person's aging, all he would do was make Chantelle a little older, and maybe they'd get more cash. But that felt a bit exploitive of a fucking baby, which even Prosciutto had second thoughts about. But he was willing to bet if that pink-haired, twitchy, twinkly lap dog saw a fucking baby in the custody of Sorbet and Gelato, the whole team would get shut down in an instant. And they simply couldn't afford that.

Prosciutto was so lost in thought that he didn't even notice the toast had popped up. Chantelle was tugging on his shirt collar to get his attention toward the machine. The man shook his head and glanced down at the baby in his arms who still cuddled the necklace. "Alright, alright. Breakfast time." He mumbled, setting her in her high chair this time as he sliced up some strawberries and scattered them on top of the toast. He then realized a child probably couldn't eat like a normal person, so he cut the bread into four smaller squares with equal amounts of strawberry bits. Not too sweet, and healthy enough for breakfast. Prosciutto smiled to himself. "I've still got it." He mumbled as he set the plate of toast in front of Chantelle, inwardly recounting his days of raising his younger brother. As soon as the baby dropped his necklace and began to eat, Prosciutto set about fixing himself a cup of coffee. He was gonna need it for today, and this time, hold the vodka. Although Chan seemed mellow, babies were known to do full emotional 180's. And he would need more than just coffee to get through that. But not now- Even by Prosciutto standards, it was too early to drink.

After their small breakfast, with Chan being given a cup of milk to go along with it, Prosciutto had her back in his arms and she clung to his shirt like a baby koala. While Prosciutto did find it adorably endearing, his arms were getting rather tired. "I should find another way to carry you." He mused to himself, stepping into his room and setting her on top of his bed. "Alright, let's see here.." He opened his closet, revealing rows and rows of designer clothing. "You're a baby, so I can't trust you not to spit up on anything I put you in. Nothing I can't wash in the machine- That's half my bags- Something sturdy, so no shawls... There!" He dug something out of the very back of his clothing, revealing a thick scarf decorated in the same pattern as his suit. "I should still remember how to swaddle..." He mused, laying the scarf beside the bed and wrapping Chantelle in it. Carefully, and very tightly. He swung it across his shoulder so she lay on his chest, looking up at him with her big eyes. He smiled proudly. "Prosciutto, you are on fucking *fire*." He mumbled to himself, carrying her out of his room and back to the kitchen. There, he tidied up from everyone else's days without dishes- Fucking useless, why not just wash them yourself? It's not fucking hard! He sighed and looked back down at the girl across his chest, who had fallen asleep. A smile crossed Prosciutto's face. She wasn't fussy like most kids were- And was actually kind of cute? God, he was going soft. Prosciutto sighed and continued cleaning up after his team, realizing that he had become nothing short of a fucking den mother to eight grown-ass men.

It didn't help that he was the oldest, which meant the younger members looked up to him, even those not even nine months younger. But Pesci especially, as he was the team's youngest (until recently) and also his *brother*, but for some reason Formaggio's frat boy ass thought it would be funny to call him "daddy." Prosciutto didn't like that, but thankfully a punch to the face had ensured the nickname never stuck.

Chantelle was beginning to stir by the time Prosciutto was finished cleaning. He looked down at the baby, who still held his necklace in her swaddled scarf. "Good morning. You nap a lot for a toddler." He said, noting the time. "You need a snack." He strutted off to the kitchen to search for something she'd like again. Eventually he settled on a little squeeze bag of applesauce that she could eat without making a mess. He'd dealt with enough messes for one day. Prosciutto hummed and reached for a fig cookie, got hit with a violently bittersweet flashback, and put it back in favor of a few crackers. He carried them all to the living room, placing the snacks on the table and undoing the makeshift carrier. He sat Chantelle down on the couch before turning on the television and handing over her snacks. Chan pointed to him, to which Prosciutto frowned. "What?"

Chantelle responded by sniffing and pulling herself to his side, still holding the necklace. She buried her face just below his ribs, hiccuping. Prosciutto pulled her into his lap and let her face burrow into his chest for what he assumed was comfort. "Miss papa." She mumbled. The first words she'd said to him all day. Prosciutto felt a twang in his heart, but pushed it away. "I know you do, kiddo. But it's gonna be okay. They'll be home soon." He looked over Chan's head to check his watch. It had only been three fucking hours. Sorbet and Gelato wouldn't be home for at least another seven or so. He sighed and rubbed the girl's head to calm her again. "You'll be okay. Uncle Prosciutto's got you." He said. The girl looked up at him, tears covering her cheeks. "Pro-she?" She mumbled, in a toddler's attempt to pronounce his name. It made his lips twitch into a smile that he quickly hid. "Yep. Prosci's watching you until your papas get home. Now eat your snacks. I'll get lunch later." He said, switching the TV from one of his murder mystery shows to kids programming. Ugh. As an adult, Prosciutto couldn't stand this type of thing- The bright lights and colors hurt his eyes. Fuck. Maybe he *was* getting old. Chantelle seemed to like it, though- soon enough, she quietly munched on her crackers and watched her shows. Prosciutto let out an involuntary yawn, shuffling Chantelle off his lap. The girl responded with a whimper, to which Prosciutto only rubbed her head. "I'm right here. Just say put for now." He muttered, keeping a protective arm around Chan as she watched her little kids shows. Pesci would probably enjoy these more than him. Why wasn't Pesci always babysitting? Well, Prosciutto knew the answer. His brother was skittish, anxious, and childish enough that he couldn't take care of himself quite yet. Prosciutto had probably sheltered him too much in their youth.

About two episodes into the kids programs, Chantelle was tugging on his arm again. Probably hungry again. "I'll get us some lunch, okay?" He said, heading to the kitchen, leaving Chan on the couch. After he had made two poor attempts at sandwiches(maybe his skills weren't as sharp as he remembered), he stepped from the kitchen to sit back beside Chan on the couch. He handed her half the sandwich, but didn't register that she probably couldn't eat it. The baby picked it apart, eating the meat first before moving on to bread and vegetables. None of them looked appetizing: Guess a grocery run was in order.

After they had both finished their meals, Chantelle cuddled into his arms as he walked back to his room. If he were going out, no way in *hell* would Prosciutto be seen carrying a baby on his chest. Sorbet and Gelato had taken their fucking car seat and carrier, but he wouldn't want to be caught *dead* with either of those, either. Prosciutto was running out of ideas. He spotted an old, three-seasons-past-fashionable Louis Vuitton bag. Perfect.

After lining the inside with blankets and giving Chan his necklace, he shouldered the bag, stuffed his wallet into his back pocket, and left. He took extra care to lock the door. Chantelle's head poked out of the bag, and she looked up at Prosciutto with her big eyes. He patted her head, and was halfway through pulling the car out of its spot in the alley when he realized she didn't have a car seat.

Normally, Prosciutto wouldn't care, but if he managed to harm their baby girl, Sorbet and Gelato would be on his ass for the rest of their lives, even afterlives. So, looks like he was walking.

Chantelle was shouldered again, and Prosciutto was on his way. Carrying groceries with a baby in his purse would be rather difficult- maybe Grateful Dead could shoulder a bag or two. After all, they were in need of groceries. Nine nearly grown men and a toddler needed their strength and nourishment.

Chantelle's head stayed out of Prosciutto's purse while he searched the store, having placed her in the cart. Every once in a while, he would hold up two different products to her and ask "which one looks best?" and pick what she pointed to. He grabbed mostly things that could be easily prepared, as well as kiddy snacks and meals for Chantelle. Plus, each team member had their needs, which Prosciutto knew by heart at this point. Iron supplements for Risotto, mass amounts of ice cream for Sorbet and Gelato, Pesci's vitamins(gummies), Melone said he needed cotton swabs(Prosciutto had learned not to ask why), Ghiaccio got his ice pops(because he got pissed whenever someone forgot, and nobody liked to see Ghiaccio mad), Formaggio's usual junk food and cat food, and Illuso's 20 polishes for 20 different things. Prosciutto didn't ask why anybody needed these things, just got them on instinct. And of course, there was the special treat for himself- A fuckton of alcohol and name-brand cigars. He settled the bottles on opposite sides of Chantelle's bag, before realizing she probably would knock them over, so he moved them. He looked down at the girl, who was now sitting up on her knees and staring up at Prosciutto.

"You all set?" He asked her, knowing full well she probably wouldn't answer. To his surprise, she nodded, and pointed at him. "Go!" She said with a little squeal. She was probably antsy by now, and it was getting time for her afternoon snack. "Let's go home and get you a snack." He mumbled.

As they neared the register, a tall brunette with her own child in tow stopped to coo at Chantelle. She looked up with a little smile, leading the woman to squeal. "Oh, what an adorable little girl!" She said, turning up to look at Prosciutto. "Is she yours?"

Prosciutto felt his cheeks go pink. He quickly shoved off the feeling. "No, I'm just babysitting. Her parents asked me to go shopping." He said quickly, noting how the woman had spotted his wine. She just offered him a smile, told him "Well, she's a cutie pie anyhow!"

Before leaving with her own daughter trailing behind. Prosciutto sighed and rubbed Chantelle's head. "Let's go home."

Prosciutto paid, slinging Chantelle over one shoulder and carrying a good half of the bags. Grateful Dead snagged the others with its tentacles. Prosciutto was used to the weird looks given by pedestrians by now. He just walked on home, with the baby snuggled in his purse and bags surrounding his field of vision. Thankfully, nothing bothered him on the way.

The second every last item was put away in its respective place, Prosciutto settled on the couch with Chan in his lap. The TV was turned on to another kid's show that Prosciutto couldn't stand. He just sat back and acknowledged the presence of the baby eating Goldfish in his lap.

Neither of them knew exactly when they both fell asleep, but soon enough, Prosciutto was awoken by the sound of giggling. Looking up at his newly-arrived teammates, his hardened scowl returned. "You're back. Good to see none of you got killed this time around." He said. "What are you fucking laughing at?" He hissed, trying to keep his voice low for the baby's sake. Formaggio was stifling giggles behind one hand. "Pro, man, this is the cutest shit I've ever seen!" He snorted.

Prosciutto's glance down at himself answered his own question. Chantelle was curled up in the crook of his arm, her head laying on his stomach and her body on the couch as she slept. His one arm supported her weight, while the other held the remote control on the couch. He had passed out cuddling a *fucking baby*. Prosciutto stood up and shouldered the girl, regaining his usual pissy composure. "Laugh one more fucking time and I'll crush your skull like a tomato." He hissed, leaning close to Formaggio, who quickly straightened out. "Jeez, I'm sorry! Get off my ass, will you? I just thought it was c-" "If you go so far as to call me cute I will not hesitate to *fucking* kill you this time, and I will make it *hurt*." Prosciutto snarled, taking the baby and walking off. Unbeknownst to him, the image of the big bad team mama bear cuddling his pseudo-niece was now a permanent memory in the form of numerous pictures on Formaggio's phone.

Sorbet and Gelato thanked Prosciutto excessively for being able to babysit, to which he responded with a short "Don't mention it. But don't ask me to do it again." As he handed the baby off to her parents for her dinner, Prosciutto realized she's still had his necklace. "I'm gonna need that back, kiddo." He mumbled, trying to pry it out of her hands. Chan responded by squealing in discontent, prompting Prosciutto to scowl at her parents. "Can you give my necklace back to me once she let's go of it?"

Gelato snorted a laugh. "Prosciutto, have you seen the way she's cuddling that? You're never gonna get it back."

take a shot every time i misspell prosciutto and you're gonna fuckin die

The Wine/Vodka/Hard Alcohol Aunt

Chapter Notes

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

It was no secret that Illuso had grown incredibly fond of Chantelle. He found kids adorable, and thought the little girl was no exception. It had taken her a while to warm up to him, which was fair- Illuso came on far too strong to everyone and was more than “too much” to most people. Including his team- After maybe 5 years with them, the only ones he had genuinely managed to bond with were Formaggio, Melone, and only somewhat Ghiaccio. Sorbet and Gelato were wary of letting him near Chantelle, but he liked her already! She was squishy and sweet and adorable! Even though she was shy and also, even at three, probably thought Illuso was a bit... much.

It had taken weeks of gentle coaxing and dropping not-so-subtle hints that he wanted to be near the baby for Sorbet and Gelato to even consider letting him hold Chan. The baby-holding privileges were revoked almost instantly. Illuso went into swinging her in his arms and spinning her around, holding her like a football, and Sorbet snatched her back right away. “Fuck you.” He spat, holding Chantelle close to his chest and doing his best to comfort the poor girl, who had burst into tears. Illuso took the hint that he would need to seriously regain the pair’s trust before they let him near the toddler again. That was gonna take a really fucking long while.

Illuso hung halfway out of the full mirror in the living room, filing his nails and looking nothing short of bored as shit. Sorbet and Gelato were cuddling on the side couch as usual, Chan in their laps and lips on one another’s cheeks. Ugh. Their public displays of affection were so commonplace by now, but Illuso still found them despicably gross. Imagine being so in love you had to show it every chance you got. Even Illuso, a known self-centered narcissist, thought it was just the right levels of selfish and selfless to be gross to display in public. He bit his tongue to stifle a playful jab at the two, only sighing to alert them of his presence. Their heads snapped back to stare him down in almost perfect synchronization.

Illuso began his practiced speech. “Look, I know I fucked up, but-“

“No.” Sorbet and Gelato said simultaneously.

“You can’t play with her unless we supervise from now on.” Gelato said, squinting. “Even then, You can’t hold her.”

“Come on! I know better now!” Illuso protested. The parents just shared a Look.

“Illuso, no offense, but we don’t trust you not to hurt her.” Sorbet said.

“Yeah, she’s small. She’s fragile. She’s three. You know damn well you don’t do well with those kinds of things. Small and fragile, I mean.” Gelato added. “You’re not the most patient man, either. You’d probably shake her if she didn’t respond to you.”

Illuso sulked back into the mirror frame, resting his back against the side. “I promise I’ll be good! You could let me near her at least!” He huffed. Sorbet and Gelato just shared another look.

“Maybe.”

In Illuso's mind, "maybe" almost always meant "no."

Fucking helicopter parents, that's what Sorbet and Gelato were. They watched their daughters every move whenever she was in the hands of their teammates, which was probably Illuso's fault, but he didn't register that. He just hovered inside the conveniently-placed living room mirror, watching his teammates shower Chantelle with affection, making him stiffen. How come he couldn't play with the kid? It just wasn't fair! The other day, he had deep-cleaned the whole base to prove he was responsible, and what did he get in return? Side eyes from Sorbet and Gelato saying "they still didn't trust him with the baby"! Such bullshit.

Chantelle was seated on the couch between Sorbet and Gelato, staring intensely at the dolls in her hand. She seemed to be playing with them in her head, only making the dolls move once in a while. Her parents were entirely focused on one another, kissing and feeding each other scoops of ice cream. Revoltingly sweet.

Illuso slunk from the mirror and hovered behind the couch, sauntering up and crouching in front of the baby. His smile broadened. Finally, he could prove he was "responsible" enough to play with her. "Hey, Channie, wanna see a trick?" He asked, reaching into his pocket for a compact mirror. Sorbet briefly paused, giving Illuso a glare. "What are you playing at?" He hissed. Illuso shrugged him off. "You'll see."

Chantelle poked her head up from between them, eyes widening. She didn't say anything, just watched the brunette play with his mirror. Illuso took that as a yes. "Okay, watch my hand verrrrrrrry closely..." He said, holding the mirror in his palm and slowly sticking his hand in. He used the other to show that no, it was not behind the compact, it was gone.

Chantelle sat up on her knees with a gasp, pointing at the mirror that had taken the man's hand. Illuso only sunk his arm further in, just up to the elbow. "See? Ta-dah!" He cheered, waving the stumpy arm with the mirror on it. Chantelle's face showed no emotion other than shock. He figured he might have seen tears, and began pulling his arm out of the mirror. Both hands now free, he shook them into jazz hands. "See? All better! Isn't that cool?" He said with a grin, paying close attention to Chan's expression. She just looked awed, staring at the mirror and grabbing for it. Illuso looked at her parents for a little consent to drag their *literal baby* into the mirror world, and when Gelato shot him a dangerous glare, Illuso folded his mirror and smiled down at the girl. "Sorry, kiddo, but a magician never reveals his secrets." He said, rubbing her head. Chantelle shot away from the touch at first, but gradually leaned in and smiled. Illuso felt his chest swell with pride. "Well?" He asked, turning back to Sorbet and Gelato. "Have I 'proven' myself to be around your child yet?"

Sorbet sighed, and if looks could kill, Illuso would be fucking dead. "If you so much as *think* about taking her into the mirror world, I will fucking kill you." He hissed, covering his daughter's ears. Illuso took this as an absolute yes.

Now, with her parents near enough to supervise, Illuso was finally able to play with the baby. Most of the team was gathered in their living room, doing their own thing, and while Sorbet and Gelato did their usual cuddle sessions, Illuso held Chantelle in his lap. One hand was brushing out her hair with a soft comb, the other holding ribbons and scrunchies on a standby. Man In The Mirror served as a storage for anything Illuso couldn't take in his hands. He whistled to himself and played with her soft blonde hair, brushing strands behind her ears into the elaborate hairstyle he had planned. Skillfully, he braided her hair, angling his elbows to accommodate for Chantelle's squirming. "Stay still." He grumbled. The baby seemed adamant about crawling back to her parents. "Hey, stay still. You can show your dads when I'm done."

Chantelle's hair had now been styled into a fancy series of braids, her short bangs parted to the sides around her eyes. French braids circled the crown of her head and looped into a large one down the back, while the rest of her hair hung free. Little bows adorned each braid, with butterfly clips holding her bangs. Illuso finished it off with a satisfied chef's kiss, scooping Chan into his arms and smiling. "You look absolutely adorable, Chantelle! Go show off!" He said, sending the girl toddling off to her parent's spot on the couch. "Runway! Work it!" He clapped and cheered. Sorbet and Gelato watched the pair, looking mildly amused. "Aww.." Gelato grinned, scooping the giggling baby into his arms. "Did your Zio do your hair? It looks very nice." He said. Chantelle squirmed and made wild baby gestures toward Illuso and his stand. Sorbet cracked a grin. "I think she likes it. Hair duty goes to you from now on." He said. Illuso's eyes lit up. "Hell yes!"

Chapter End Notes

this was a short one and my excuse is that i cant write illuso well

Never Again, Holy Shit

Chapter Notes

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

It was really no secret that Ghiaccio couldn't stand to be around the baby. He vocalized repeatedly that having a child was just asking for trouble from rival factions or pissed off family and friends of the people they *literally murdered for a living*. He flat-out refused to touch her or even be near her. It wasn't like Sorbet or Gelato were too eager to let him near their daughter either- As much as Ghiaccio cursed, yelled, and hit things, the parents figured it was for the best that Chantelle, who was rather sensitive to this kind of thing, was kept away from him as much as possible.

Unless he was absolutely their last hope.

Which he was.

Sorbet held the girl in his arms, casting a sideways glare at Ghiaccio. "I know you don't like her, but--"

"Fuck you. No." Ghiaccio's response was instant. "I am not watching that fucking thing for any extended period of time. Scratch that, I'm not watching it's well-being for ANY period of time. It's an accident waiting to happen!"

"It' has a name, and *her* name is Chantelle. Before you go off again, she's probably French. And she's *calm*. She's like a little, nonverbal adult." Sorbet snapped, shifting his daughter in his arms again. "Look. I don't want to leave her with you either--"

"Then fucking dont!"

"BUT. You're literally our last hope. You don't have any plans and everyone else on this god damn team is gone. You're literally the only one left. It's for three hours. Gelato and I will be back tonight. You can handle a few fucking hours." He hissed, moving to sit Chantelle on the sofa. She was sucking her thumb and staring up at the two adults- One, hissing his swears under his breath, the other shouting. The shouty one hurt her ears and made her sniffle and tear up. Gelato swooped in to grab his daughter to comfort her. "Both of you shut the hell up!" He growled. "Someone needs to watch the baby, and because everyone else is out but you, that's your job. She's quiet and doesn't need anything but attention unless she asks. She's a quiet crier, and probably is gonna nap halfway through this til the end. Just feed her and keep her entertained for fucks sake!"

Ghiaccio stomped his foot and pouted. "Not on your fucking life! I don't CARE how low maintenance she is, she's a fucking liability! She's a waiting fucking danger! There's something funky about that baby, and I'm not gonna be the one to figure it out!" He shouted finally.

From Gelato's arms, Chantelle started to cry. Sorbet sneered. "Now you've gone and done it." He hissed, leaning into his lover's arms to comfort his daughter with kisses and drying her eyes. "It's a few fucking hours. You can handle a few fucking hours." Gelato said, shooting Ghiaccio an icy glare to rival his own. Ghiaccio nearly shivered.

"Fucking fine. Just keep her fed and entertained. Just fucking leave and being back some good money." Ghiaccio murmured. Almost instantly, Chantelle was seated on the couch and staring up at the blue-haired man, her parents gone. Her big eyes blinked once, full of intensity and fear.

Ghiaccio groaned and stooped down to be at her height and stare her down. "Look. I don't trust you. Now I personally think you should just fuck off and nap, but your dads say I need to actually care for you. So I'll get you some shit to eat and dolls or something. You're going to sleep after that, and you're going to stay out of my fucking way. Alright?" He said.

Chantelle just mumbled to herself and pointed at him again.

"What?" Ghiaccio snapped, crossing his arms. Chantelle responded with a scared squeak.

Ghiaccio pointed at the baby on the couch. "Stay there." He grumbled, heading off to the kitchen. Looking through the cupboard, he found a little package of fig cookies. He grabbed a few and walked back to the couch, handing off the sweets. Chantelle happily dug into them, careful to keep crumbs off her face, probably out of fear that Ghiaccio would yell at her, or worse. He just sat on his end of the couch (as far away as possible), watching and waiting. The second she finished her cookies, Chan pointed toward her parents bedroom. She didn't say anything, which made Ghiaccio squint. "What?" He snapped again.

Chan gestured with both hands, and Ghiaccio responded by scowling. "Use your words." He huffed, crossing one knee over the other. "Fucking hell..."

Chantelle just crawled off the couch, traveling to her bedroom via a weird cross between crawling and walking. Ghiaccio watched her every move, refusing to let her fuck anything up. He followed her, hands out and hovering over her sides. She wandered to her crib, sitting down in front of it and pointing up.

Ghiaccio frowned and stood up, looking inside her crib. Inside was a blanket and a stuffed rabbit. He reached for the rabbit and held it out in front of the girl's face. Chantelle grabbed it and held it close to her chest with a happy-sounding sigh. Ghiaccio grabbed her under her arms, holding her at an arms length away from his body. "Okay, naptime now." He said, nearly dropping her on the couch.

Chantelle stuck her thumb in her mouth, looking back at the man. He just groaned and sat back on the opposite couch. "I said naptime." He said to the girl. She just squirmed in her spot, still cuddling her bunny. He scowled. "Fuckin hell, what else do you want? Oh." He realized that she was probably still bored. His TV was still on, turned to one of his shows. He knew damn well that kids shoes made him angry with their colors and their marketing and shit... He groaned and turned off the TV.

"I'll find you something. Stay." He scowled, standing up and searching through some of her stuff that lay in a chest in the living room. A coloring book that seemed barely full and crayons... That would work. He sighed and dropped them in front of her, making the baby jump and pop her thumb out of her mouth. Tears began to spill from her eyes, and she

hiccuped and sniffed.

Ghiaccio cursed and reached over, barely touching her head to try and give her a comforting pat. “Hey, hey. Quit crying. You’re fine.” He mumbled, patting her head as lightly as possible. She just whimpered and squeezed her bunny, refusing to snuggle with Ghiaccio. Thankfully. He didn’t know what to do if she had curled into his arms for comfort. “Sh. You’re fine. Don’t cry. Stop crying.” He sighed, rubbing her head again.

Soon enough, her crying quieted. It made Ghiaccio sigh in relief. Chantelle turned to her coloring book, doodling on pages with her bunny in her arms. Ghiaccio didn’t watch or notice what she was doing, just turned his TV back on and watched the most kid-appropriate but not-child-focused show. Soon enough, Chantelle was asleep by the arm of the couch. Ghiaccio sighed in relief, stood up, and left to do his own thing. He had his own chores and business that babies got in the way of. Working was easier on his own.

From his bedroom, the man could hear Chantelle let out little hiccups from her place on the couch, and Ghiaccio let out the longest, loudest yell he had probably ever made. He returned to the couch to see she was curled into the corner of the couch, hugging her bunny and sniffing. “Hey, whats wrong?” He asked, looking over at the baby. “Stop that.” He said, eyes narrowing. “You don’t need to cry. It’s fine. You’re fucking fine.” He huffed. Chantelle only sobbed harder. Ghiaccio just set a hand on top of her head, patting it rhythmically and sighing.

Slowly, Chantelle stopped crying. She reached up to dry her own eyes, still whining and hiccuping. Ghiaccio had no fucking clue what to do anymore, so he did the rational thing you would do for an adult- He brought her a little sippy cup of water. She sniffled and took tiny sips, so Ghiaccio stopped patting. “Alright, you’re fine. Stop crying, brat.” He mumbled, launching himself over the couch to sit back and watch his shows, while the girl still hiccuped beside him.

“Channie!” Sorbet squealed, reaching down to scoop his daughter into his arms. Unfortunately, those few hours had been too stressful for both the baby and babysitter. Chantelle was still sniffing, prompting Sorbet to give Ghiaccio the harshest glare. “What. Did. You. Do?” He hissed, handing Chantelle to Gelato and preparing to scare Ghiaccio into the corner. Ghiaccio just scowled. “She was asleep so I left her alone and she just fucking cried! So I got her water and that was it.” He grumbled, holding his hands up in defense. Ghiaccio and Sorbet held a scowling match until Gelato pulled them apart. “Sorry about this one time, it was an emergency, but you’re not gonna babysit anymore.” Gelato said.

Ghiaccio barked a laugh. “Thank fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

another short one im not good at writing ghia

Bad Bad Babysitter

Chapter Notes

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

Melone never thought himself a man who enjoyed children. For a man who had produced many, many Juniors since acquiring Babyface, he didn't see the appeal in kids who took months to even learn how to sit up on their own. Babies were stupid and developed too slowly for their own good. It was a wonder humanity hadn't gone extinct from how fucking dumb their offspring were.

Even Sorbet and Gelato's baby was stupid. She was nearly three, and couldn't walk and barely talked. She knew names at least, and responded to most stimuli, so she wasn't retarded. Melone guessed she was born a few months premature with just how slow her physical and social development had been. That, and/or the kid already had some form of PTSD, which would explain why she was quiet when she cried and hated noise and most contact. Melone found this interesting, and realized it made him almost queasy to think of. What kind of parent would do that shit to their own kid? Hell, his parents sucked, but they never screamed constantly or yelled at him for crying, especially as a fucking baby. Maybe moms were evolving backwards? He'd have to pick his own more carefully next time. Didn't want the Juniors to grow up with shit influence.

Melone had a bad habit of creeping. That said, he would never go out of his way to spy on the kid, just whenever she was in the room he found himself treating her like an experiment. Now, she sat on Gelato's lap while Melone sat on the arm of the opposite couch, typing away on his laptop. For once, it was just nonsense that he hoped would make sense in his thesis, rather than typing in a woman's information or a new experiment. Maybe the shit he was spouting off from his fingertips about genetic engineering in fetuses would make sense in the eyes of some high-end academia asshole.

"Are you listening to me?" Gelato suddenly snapped, making Melone's head shoot up from his screen. Gelato sighed. "I *asked* if you would watch Chantelle for a moment. Sorbet and I have some shopping to do. Please?" He asked. Melone fought the urge to ask what they were shopping *for* that meant they couldn't bring the kid. One too many dual punches to where it hurts most had Pavlov'd him into not asking. "I can handle it. Just be back soon. I don't know how this kid works, so if she dies, it's on you." He said, cracking a grin. Gelato didn't return it, his stand shimmering around him. Melone put his hands up in surrender. "I'm kidding! She's in good hands. Jesus, loosen up, papa bear." He huffed, saving his documents and shutting the laptop.

Gelato lifted Chantelle off his lap and mumbled something to her, to which the girl whined and cling to his hand. Gelato cooed and comforted the girl, kissing her forehead and looking back at Melone. "Just watch her, please." He said with a sigh, standing up to leave.

Melone slunk from his place on the couch, depositing himself right next to the baby. She just stared at him with those big baby eyes, which Melone stared right back into. He pulled a pen from behind his ear and aimed the clicking end at the tip of her nose. "Explain your purpose." He said, giving her nose a poke with the pen.

Chan just sneezed. Melone squinted and began poking her body with the pen, lifting her arms and chin with it and mentally taking notes. Sometimes, his moves would elicit a giggle (probably she was ticklish) or a squeal (not a good zone to touch?) or indifferent blinking (probably confusion). Someone else passed the pair on the couch, and laughed. "It's like you've never seen a baby before!" They taunted. Melone paused and looked toward the source of the voice. "No. What of it?" He said, deadpan. The statement seemed too awkward to confront, so their watcher left Melone alone with the baby.

Chantelle grabbed for the pen, holding the clicky end in her tiny hand. Melone noted just how small she was. "You're a runty one, aren't you?" He said, poking the tip of her nose with his gloved hand. Chantelle squealed and giggled, drawing her face away from him. Melone felt himself cracking a smile, then wiped it away. "Cute little brat.." He mumbled, tossing the pen away and digging out his laptop. He opened a new document and began typing away, noting down everything he had internally thought about the baby. Mostly physical notes in an attempt to figure out exactly what the fuck was going on with her.

Melone sat, cross-legged with his laptop carefully balanced on his calves so he could type without error. His back was completely hunched, his face nearly touching the screen with how closely focused he was. Curse his eyesight- Maybe he should reconsider covering his bad eye and just bite the bullet and get contacts or something. His elbows were nearly at his shoulders, which was probably uncomfortable, but he could type faster. The occasional "Hmm.." or "Di molto!" slipped from his lips as he incessantly typed. Only one thing shook him out of it.

Chantelle began to tug on his sleeve, making Melone snap his head to look at her. The girl was holding out her hands, asking to be held. Melone had no clue that was what grabby hands meant.

"Want a snack or something?" He asked, peering into the girl's eyes. Chantelle whimpered and reached for him again. This time, Melone took the hint.

"Oh, you want to be held? Alright, come on." He shut the laptop and pushed it aside, reaching down to grab Chantelle and hold her. "You're a needy little runt." He mumbled, pushing back the bangs she was beginning to grow into a hairstyle mimicking his own. "So, you're premature. That explains why you're so tiny and... Undeveloped. No offense." He said, staring down at the girl's squishy face. Thankfully, she didn't offer a response. If Chantelle could speak full sentences, she would probably say something along the lines of "None taken, but also, fuck you."

Melone snorted to himself at the mental image of a toddler saying fuck. He adjusted her in his lap and sat back down, to which Chantelle thankfully didn't protest. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some work to do." He said, angling everything accordingly. His laptop remained balanced on his shins, while his lap opened somewhat to make room for the child. She was positioned cross-legged in the gap between his thighs and calves, the top of her head barely touching his chest as he assumed his bent-over typing position. An occasional glance

down showed that Chantelle was mimicking his pose- Head tilted up, back curved in a C, chubby little legs crossed. Melone ignored how adorable it was and took a note in his paper- “Babies mimic adult behavior.”

Then, Melone made a bad choice. It wasn't *bad* bad; however, it was a very Melone choice at heart. He set the laptop aside once more, straightened his back, and scooped the girl out of his lap, holding her at an arms length in front of him. “Fuck.” He said, staring into Chantelle's eyes. “Repeat after me: Fuck.”

Chantelle responded with a blank stare. Melone frowned and tried again. “Shit. Can you say it with Zio Melone? Shit.” He said, staring intensely at the little girls face. Only to be met with babble.

Melone frowned. “I'm not sure if you can make the -ck and -sh sounds understandable yet. Can you say ‘ass’? Please tell me you can. I'm trying to use you in a behavioral study here.” Chantelle murmured in baby talk. Melone was certain he did not hear her say ‘ass’.

“Let's try this again. Say ‘ass.’ Come on, you can do it!” Encouragement was probably a good way to teach.

“Ass?” Chantelle said quizzically. Melone gasped and cooed, kissing her little cheeks. “Di molto! Yes! Good job! You did very well.” He said, returning the (no doubt confused) baby to his lap. He resumed his typing position and let Chantelle do her own thing. It seemed like just being close to someone was a good way to get her to be calm- Or even sleep.

When Melone unfurled his spine to stretch after finishing a page, he noted the tiny bundle of blonde hair asleep and using his thigh as a pillow. The man laughed and reached down to rub her head, as though she were a small animal. “You're not much trouble yet, hm?” He smiled almost wickedly. “I can't wait for the teen years. Teenagers are monsters. I can't wait to see how Sorbet and Gelato handle that.” He laughed, tossing his laptop aside after saving the work he had completed.

Slowly, so as not to wake her, Melone adjusted his body into a more comfortable position- Sprawled out on the couch, his lanky limbs stretched all over. He pulled Chan up from her sleeping spot and positioned her on his ribcage- It couldn't be the most pleasant pillow, not with how prominent his bones were, not to mention the scars across his chest. But, Chan hadn't woken up, and continued to lay there. Skillfully, Melone popped open his computer and began watching one of the slightly more age-appropriate movies he had on hand. If Chan woke up, and there was anything of his taste on screen, Sorbet and Gelato would slaughter him on sight. They probably already would if she went around spouting off swears. He just hoped they would think she learned it from Ghiaccio.

Midway through the movie, the front door opened. Chantelle's dads stepped back in the room, and Sorbet made a beeline for the shower. Just from the brief glance Melone got, he guessed the man was covered in blood that was certainly not his own. Maybe he could steal a sample off the discarded shirt later.

Gelato simply stood above Melone, who was still lazily spread across the touch with the baby on his chest. Gelato cleared his throat.

“May I help you?” Melone drawled, gazing up at his teammate.

“I'd like my baby back.” Gelato said, reaching down to pull the sleeping girl into his arms. Chantelle began to stir, opening her wide eyes and snuggling into her father's chest. “Papa!

Papa!” She squealed, reaching up and grabbing a fistful of his hair. Gelato smiled and kissed the top of her head. “That’s my baby! Did you have fun? Did Zio Melone do anything you didn’t like?” He asked, shooting a glare to the man on the couch. “Fuck off. I didn’t do shit other than let her nap. She doesn’t do anything but sleep.” Melone mumbled, almost all of his attention turned to his computer screen. Gelato huffed and pulled Chantelle to his shoulder, where she began sucking her thumb. “Good. Now run off to your room. Nobody else wants to watch your weird porn.”

“It’s not porn for once.” Melone protested, sitting up against the arm of the couch. “You think I’d watch that shit in front of a kid? She can full well understand it by now, with the shit you and Dear Ol’ Sorbetto d-“ In an instant, Melone’s neck snapped to the side with the forceful punch Gelato delivered to his cheek. Melone rubbed his face with a hiss and a smirk, snatching his laptop and scurrying back to his own room. Pissing off his teammates had never been more fun.

As Melone settled into his bed that night, with the door cracked open to allow for Formaggio’s cat to visit, a shriek ripped through his ears. Melone shot up and sprinted to the door, poking his head out through the crack. “What’s going on?” He asked, already reaching behind his back to grab the blood sample he had swiped off Sorbet’s shirt. Gelato, his face red and contorted with rage, stepped out of his room and into the hallway.

“Who the HELL taught my three year old to say FUCK?”

Chapter End Notes

lowkey this is my favorite chapter melone is a BASTARD

Breaking News: Team Dad Tries His Best Despite Hating Children

Chapter Notes

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

Risotto Nero was not a patient man. He had little tolerance for anything that got in the way of his ambitions or goals. Children were messy, time-consuming, and were too much of a danger. Sorbet and Gelato's child was absolutely no exception. She was quieter, but still took up a large amount of her parent's attention. Too much, in Risotto's opinion. They should've just left her in that car- No, no, he wasn't that heartless. He should have convinced them to drop her off at an orphanage, or a fire station, or whatever the fuck if it meant he wouldn't have to face the brat.

Unfortunately, that was where he was.

That morning, he had arrived in the living room to see Chantelle curled up on the arm of the couch, her parents within arm's reach. Her hair was done in little braids that mimicked Illuso's style, and she was completely passed out with her thumb in her mouth and a stuffed bunny in her arms. It was, in all forms of the word, cute. But no, Risotto didn't think kids were cute. She looked like a coiled snake in his eyes. Harmless, invisible, but ready to strike. Gelato raised his gaze to his boss, giving a mock salute. "Mornin, Riz." He said with a yawn, careful not to raise his voice and wake his daughter. Risotto nodded. "Hello. You're back, I see." He said, sitting on the opposite couch. Gelato nodded. "We got the guy. Boss left our pay in a package outside." He pointed to the wad of lire sitting on the table. "Less than last time." He grumbled. Risotto didn't move, just sighed. "I'll ask for a teamwide raise. You have another mouth to feed now. We can't afford ten people at this expense." Risotto said. Chantelle stirred at the vague mention of her. She sat up and immediately darted into Gelato's arms. Her father smiled and held her to his chest, kissing the top of her head. "Bon giorno, bambina." He mumbled. Risotto stared, then blinked. Then stared again.

Chantelle had scurried into her father's arms so quickly, Risotto swore he had scared the baby girl. That was normal- Children feared him. And why shouldn't they? Risotto was a mountain of a man, nearly seven feet tall and pure muscle. His exposed chest and coat of full leather had given a few men the wrong idea, but his black scleras and red irises could give a geezer a heart attack with one wrong look. Risotto was content being feared, yes, but he would much prefer being respected. Especially by little blonde brats in front of him.

Gelato's laugh caused Risotto to blink again. "Riz, you wanna hold her?" He asked, gesturing to the baby. Risotto's eyes widened, and he hoped it didn't make him look scared. "What." He said blankly, staring at the bundle of toddler in Gelato's arms. "Why." It came out as more of a statement than a question. Chantelle peeked between her father's arm to stare at the

imposing Capo. Risotto squinted. “No. I would not like to hold her.” He said, sitting back in his seat. Chantelle squirmed out of her dad’s arms to the pillow at the end of the couch. Risotto stared her down, envisioning the toddler in her pink pjs as a cobra. Coiled and complacent, but prepared to strike and kill at any given moment. Not unlike an assassin, Risotto thought, oblivious to Sorbet and Gelato’s giggles.

“Risotto, all due respect, but have you ever seen a three year old before?” Sorbet asked with a snort. Risotto looked up from the toddler, eyes narrowed. Sure, he had never held a baby, but that was because he always WAS the baby. But he refused to talk about *that*.

“I have. Why? Are you insinuating I don’t know how to care for a child?” He didn’t.

Sorbet shook his head furiously to avoid a rise of needles in his stomach. “Not at all! You’re just staring at her like she’s a bomb about to go off.” He said with a smile. “You can play with her if you want.”

Risotto dipped his eyes down to look at the baby. She squirmed and pointed up at his hat, the bells jingling as he bent down to Chan’s height. His head was about as big as her body. “She likes your hat.” Gelato whispered. Chantelle responded by reaching for the front most bells, which made Risotto squint. “You cannot play with this. It’s mine.” He said, staring into her wide blue eyes. Chantelle smiled and reached for the bells, swatting one aside so it jingled. The noise made her grin broaden even more. Risotto felt the corners of his mouth barely twitch up. He refused to give in and smile. “You are like a kitten.” He deadpanned, slowly pointing at her nose and pressing his finger to the tip. She squeaked like a dog’s toy. Risotto found himself completely confused as to what the hell went through this child’s head. She was a snake with no venom for now. He tapped her nose again. Chantelle made the same squeal. Risotto blinked before looking up at her parents. “She’s defective.”

Gelato choked. “She’s what? No, Risotto, she’s a toddler. What makes you say that?” He frowned, looking back at his daughter. Risotto sat up straight. “She doesn’t talk. It’s quiet. Babies aren’t like that. They cry.” He said, squinting. “This one doesn’t.”

Gelato grinned. “Not all babies do that. Chan’s quiet, but... We think she might not have had the best influence growing up. She’s a bit scared of things like loud noises and rough contact. We guessed she had a pretty fucked life before we found her.” Gelato stopped and sighed.

“How fucked in the head do you have to be to try and kill your own baby?” He whispered, pressing a kiss to the top of Chan’s head. Risotto acknowledged the story with a blink. “Well, she’s alive and here.” He said slowly, taking in the full sight of the toddler sitting to his side. The baby sneezed, already covering her mouth and nose with her tiny hand. Risotto squinted. “Does she have a cold?” He grumbled. They couldn’t afford if the child got sick.

“No, no, she does that sometimes. It happens if you touch her nose too much. Which I would advise not doing,” Sorbet said with a sigh. “She’ll sneeze on you. Personal experience.”

Risotto nodded, turning once more to face the baby. She had her large eyes turned on him, and he couldn’t help but stare back into them. His odd eyes didn’t seem to frighten the girl- Which was a first, considering how much children seemed to fear Risotto Nero. He slowly reached a hand toward her and poked at her cheek. Chantelle giggled and Risotto drew his hand away quicker than anything. “It made a noise. Is it crying?” He asked quickly. From the looks of glee on Sorbet and Gelato’s faces, that was not the case.

“Riz, that’s a laugh. Kids giggle. You know, I think she likes you-“ Gelato started before Risotto stood up sharply. “I don’t want it to like me.”

Gelato paused, conditioned to resist angering his capo. “Risotto, try holding her. Who knows, maybe you’ll be super good at it and nobody will question you ever again.” He said with a shrug. “You’ve seen me and Sorbet and the others hold her plenty of times. You can try one. Go on.” He said, nudging his massive mountain of a capo towards the once-malnourished toddler. Risotto blinked and stared the child down before reaching two large hands out and holding her by her sides, hands under her arms. “I don’t think I’m doing this correctly.” Sorbet hid a snicker behind his hand. “No, you’re not. You could do that, but she doesn’t like it. If you take one arm, and kinda loop it around her back so her spine lines up with your elbow...” He muttered instructions on holding the toddler, adjusting Risotto’s grip on her until he was content in the baby’s safety. “Alright, Riz! See, it’s more comfortable for you both no-“

Sorbet hadn’t been given the chance to finish his sentence when Risotto moved the baby to the palm of his hands. “She’s too small.” He said, squinting. “And wiggly.”

Sorbet groaned. “Risotto, what did I just say? You need to make sure she’s *comfortable* and *safe*. Give her back.” He said. Risotto just stared and tucked the baby into the crook of his arm, holding her against his chest. “No. I’m going to learn.” He said, looking back to look the baby in the eyes. Chantelle just stared and whimpered. “Please tell me it’s not going to cry.” Risotto said, hoping it didn’t sound anxious. Gelato shook his head. “Hold her the way we showed you.” He sighed, moving the baby from Risotto’s hands and into his own. “Like this. See what I’m doing? Do exactly as I am. Okay?” He said slowly, kissing his daughter’s head. “Uncle Rizzy’s gonna hold you now, and *this time* he’s gonna do it right.” Gelato said, handing her back to his capo.

Risotto squinted and took the baby in his arms. “Do not call me that ever again.” He warned, taking the baby back in his grip. This time, he held her the way he was instructed, with a supportive arm underneath her, the girl’s short legs struggling to fit around his waist. Her torso was twisted sideways towards her dads, and her little head looked up at the threatening boss. Her doe eyes gazed up at him, making Risotto’s eyes narrow. “She’s staring. Does she talk?” He asked, looking over to her parents. Gelato sighed. “She talks when she’s comfortable, Riz. She doesn’t talk a lot.”

Risotto turned his gaze back to the baby. “Speak.”

Chan squeaked and started to squirm. Thankfully, due to the imposing size Risotto, he was able to keep her in his grip. “I will give you a reward if you speak.” He said slowly, staring into her eyes. Chantelle just reached up and swatted the bell at the end of his hat, making him squint. She took it in her hands, running her little fingers over the “R” decorating it. The bell jingled in her grip, and Risotto couldn’t stifle the smile that came up. “Alright, brat, go back to your parents.” He said, shuffling her back to Sorbet. The smile had been a moment of weakness that, from now on, he wouldn’t acknowledge. No baby could make Risotto Nero smile. Not even this one.

Chapter End Notes

this one was supposed to be longer but then i decided i liked the ending

The Cool Uncle

Chapter Notes

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

The second a new addition arrived in La Squadra, Formaggio took an instant liking to her. Chantelle was tiny and cute (two good things in his book), and easy to take care of (another checkmark), and would play with his cats (she met all his marks for liking a baby)! Sorbet and Gelato didn't seem all that eager to hand her off at first, but on one of the occasions the two men had been cuddling with their kid, Formaggio practically begged to hold her. In his arms, she didn't cry or even do her little sniffley thing, or scream or anything. She didn't talk much for a toddler, but babbled whenever he tried to hold a conversation. Thankfully, the man knew his way around humans her size, and could hold her so she would feel safe in his arms. He took a liking to her the instant she tried to pronounce his name (it came out as Forma), and decided then and there that he would be the baby's favorite uncle.

After numerous times holding Chantelle when her parents got flustered, he finally went to Gelato and practically begged on his knees to babysit. He and Sorbet were more than a little skeptical. "Mag, you seem very attached to Chantelle." Sorbet commented, acknowledging how his baby began clinging to his shirt. Gelato nodded in agreement.

"Yeah? She's cute! She's a sweetie lil baby, isn't she? Yes you are!" Formaggio cooed, his words turning to babytalk, reaching down to tickle Chantelle's stomach. When that didn't get him a reaction, he moved to her jaw. This time, the toddler giggled.

"How on earth does she like you so much?" Gelato asked, pulling his daughter into his arms to rock her. Formaggio cracked a grin. "Well, I'm used to little kids. I'm a brother, you know. Had like 3 of these to take care of growing up." That much was true- He had certainly grown up surrounded by siblings, and had joined the team to support them. "Come on, please? Even if it's just for a quick hit or one of your dates, I can take care of her! I'm the cool uncle-babysitter!" He said, all-too casually. Chantelle babbled nonsense and gripped for his mesh undershirt. Sorbet and Gelato pulled her away to kiss her.

"You're convincing me. Next time we're out, you're on baby duty. She seems to like you enough." Gelato said, and Sorbet agreed. Formaggio pumped his fists. "She'll be in good hands! Promise!"

The date of Sorbet and Gelato's dual hit finally came. Formaggio was beyond excited; He'd finally be able to prove that he's a viable babysitter! He hardly noticed that Sorbet was giving him excessive instruction on baby care until the dad snapped his fingers in front of his face.

"Maggio. Are you even listening to me? What did I just say?"

Formaggio scrambled to remember. "Uh... Dont give her super sweet snacks?" He prayed to every God he ever heard of that that was right.

Sorbet nodded. Yes! "Cookies we already have are fine, and she can have a little ice cream as a treat. We're also trying out new foods- She's got it all in the fridge." Sorbet finished his speech and reached into the crib.

“We’ll be back late tonight at the earliest and tomorrow morning at the absolute latest. You sure you’ll be okay with this?” Gelato asked, peeking up from the bags he was packing(Formaggio guessed they were full of weapons) at his boyfriend and the babysitter.

“Trust me, how hard can it be? I’ll do exactly what you guys told me to do! No issues at all. Promise.” Formaggio said with a brief salute to the dads, who just smiled. “Alright, Mags, take care of her.” Gelato said, bending down to the baby’s crib to kiss her forehead. He and Sorbet were gone in an instant, and Formaggio was left alone with the kid. Her little eyes began to blink open, and upon not seeing her fathers, she whined. Formaggio immediately pulled her into his arms, bouncing her carefully. “Heya, Channie. What’s goin on?” He mumbled, kissing her forehead in a way he hoped was comforting. Chantelle sniffled and nodded. Formaggio adjusted her in his arms to rub her head. “I know, girly, I know. But come on, let’s go play, alright? Wanna play dress-up?” He cooed, rubbing her head and holding her tightly. Chantelle’s tears slowed down, her little fists clinging to his mesh undershirt. Formaggio took that as a yes.

“Yeah! We’re gonna have fun together, okay? I got you some cute little dresses, and we’re gonna do a little fashion show! You’re gonna be so cute!” He smiled, carrying the baby close to his chest and heading off to his room. He set Chantelle on the bed, and she crawled around it while he opened a little box on top of his desk. Inside were child sized clothes, but strangely, all were regular adult woman’s styles. It was almost as if they were just... Small clothes. Nothing a toddler would ever wear.

Formaggio had procured them in a few less-than-legal ways, which nobody on the team was aware of- All his female hits(there were a surprising amount of those) had been shrunk to Chan’s size, dealt with, and their dresses had been kept as souvenirs and baby clothes. It was cheaper than buying shit, and on La Squadra’s budget, Sorbet and Gelato couldn’t afford mass amounts of new baby clothes. He was doing them a favor.

Formaggio selected a white, ruffly blouse and a pink skirt to start. He hummed to himself as he changed Chantelle out of her pajamas and into the little outfit. She seemed unbothered, her eyes wide and blinking, her little hands reaching for the fabric of her clothes and feeling them. The clothes probably felt way different on a baby than a fully-grown woman. He knew she had some texture issues- Hopefully they wouldn’t set her off or anything bad like that. If she so much as sniffled while Formaggio was babysitting, Sorbet and Gelato would kill him in an instant. At least, that was what he thought. He knew this kid was more important than anybody else in the team to them.

Thankfully, Chan liked it! Her little hands moved up and down the blouse and skirt, her expression turning from confusion to one of childish joy. She looked up at her Uncle Forma with a big smile, clapping her hands together. Formaggio mentally pumped his fist- Finally, he had done right! She loved it! God, he couldn’t wait to show her parents- Wait. They weren’t home. Oh. WAIT. He had a camera! He hurried to dig his phone out of his pocket, and aimed it at the little girl in front of him. “Okay, kiddo, say Formaggio!” He laughed at his own joke, snapping as many pictures as he could of the girl’s outfit. She seemed to think his incessant hovering over her was funny, and smiled to herself and her uncle.

Once he had maybe 20 pictures of the one outfit, Formaggio tossed his phone to the side. “Alright, now you pick the fit. One, or two? Just point.” He said, digging around to find the

pair of outfits he had gathered. In his left hand was a pastel purple dress, with sleeves that covered the shoulders and a billowy skirt. That was one of his personal favorites. In his right hand was a two-piecer; Loose black overalls and a white long-sleeved shirt. Chantelle took her time considering the options, looking between the two outfits on the kiddie hangers. Finally, she pointed to the dress. Formaggio nodded in approval, tossing the other outfit to the side and pulling the baby into his arms. He changed her out of the previous outfit and set it aside, making a mental note to keep it for her parents. Like a gift, y'know, how you give people baby clothes at baby showers even though new parents just want sleep and alcohol and a regular sex life again. Not that he would know- He'd never been a parent. And never planned to- Being an older brother and now kind of an uncle was all he needed.

The baby was dressed in her cute little dress, and Formaggio felt his heart palpitate from the sheer cuteness. He immediately dug out his phone and began snapping pictures at every single angle, being sure to capture Chan's smiling face for her parents. Maybe they'd trust him with more than a child from now on, and he could prove himself responsible enough to handle more severe things! Like big important missions! Not just babysitting! Formaggio was snapped out of his thought by a babyish giggle, and looked back at Chantelle. She was giving him her classic grabby hands, begging to be held. He couldn't help it- She was just too cute! Formaggio scooped the baby into his arms, kissing the top of her head. Daydreaming over important missions could wait- Now, he had the kid to watch.

Chantelle was tugging on his undershirt again, using it to cling to her babysitter. She was a little koala, that was for damn sure, and he was the tree. What were those called again? All Formaggio knew was that the koalas used the leaves to get high. He kept her in his arms, almost protectively, and Chan began to point at the closed door. On the other end, in the hallway, he heard telltale scratching and whining. He opened the door, and a little orange furball rushed into his room, leapt up on his bed, and sat there, whining expectantly. Now, Formaggio was torn between a cat and a kid. But Chan didn't seem to think so.

"Kitty!" She was squeaking, tugging her babysitter's mesh undershirt. "Kitty!" Formaggio smiled and sat her down beside the kitten, who promptly began sniffing her hands. Chantelle seemed more at ease around the kitty and pulled it close to her, covering its tiny face with kisses. It seemed at peace with the little girl, purring and settling in her arms. Formaggio silently gushed and snapped another picture. "That one's named Angel. You like her? She's the sweetie pie of the bunch." Out of the innumerable strays he picked up off the streets, a few were downright darlings. Angel was named for how gentle she was with Formaggio and the other cats.

Chantelle liked her enough, and the feeling was mutual. Angel curled around her waist and purred, her little ears twitching as the toddler stroked her head. Formaggio occupied himself with taking pictures and gushing over the kitten and the kid. Her parents would love it! They'd let her play with his cats, which he desperately needed, because with being away so often, the cats got desperate for attention and would bug his team- He couldn't count the amount of cats who didn't come back after he was gone and didn't leave food for them. He liked to think someone else had adopted them.

Another scratchy mewl sounded at the foot of his bed. Formaggio looked and saw Bella, his favorite(but don't tell the others) whining to be lifted into his arms. She liked to be held and

cuddled like a baby so she could paw at his nose and scratch his eyes when he bent down to kiss her fuzzy gray belly. He scooped her into his arms and gave her forehead a little kiss. Bella, however, seemed jealous of Angel and wanted Chantelle's attention. Formaggio sat her beside the other cat and warned them both to play nice. Bella, ever maternal, nuzzled both child and kitten, and settled in Chantelle's lap for her ears to be scratched.

Formaggio took a second to turn away and hyperventilate. He wasn't a man who was so easily swayed by babies and kittens and things everyone thought were "cute," but *god, fuck* it was too much for his hardened heart to handle. It made him feel all sorts of mushy-gushy, and he did not like that at all. Cuteness and softness weren't very becoming of a hitman. Look at Pesci for god's sake.

But the sight of a little girl in her purple kiddy dress, being loved on and loving on his two favorite cats was simply too much. It made him want to squeal and cuddle them and care for them and- God, he felt almost parental. Let's hope these feelings were just an ingrained reaction to adorable things like babies. He didn't want it to be parental- Despite being a self-proclaimed "cat dad," Formaggio knew he'd be an abysmal father.

Once his phone was full of pictures of the kittens and Chan, it was time for her nap. Formaggio shooed Angel and Bella away to wander the base and realized that he hadn't been paying *any* attention when Sorbet had told him about naps- He only knew the schedule because of all the times one parent would hit him for being too loud when Chantelle was sleeping. He gathered her into his arms and contemplated just setting her on his bed to sleep. But then she might roll off and fall and hurt herself, and all his efforts would be completely ruined. He'd die before she got hurt. Maybe he could set her in her crib, but she wouldn't like being alone when she fell asleep or woke up, and it felt a little creepy being in Sorbet and Gelato's room for an extended period of time. Formaggio settled for laying Chan on his cushy armchair that the cats liked, stealing hard-backed chairs from the dining room, and setting them up so the wooden backs would function as a barrier and she couldn't fall. Problem solved!

However, by the time the problem *was* solved, Chan was getting cranky. She had been tugging his shirt the whole time, and the second he set her in the chair with pillows and her blanket, she was out like a light. Formaggio took the opportunity to get a drink for himself and sit up on his bed, grabbing his computer and looking at pictures and videos that would counteract the cuteness. Thinking of that too much made his stomach feel mushy, and Formaggio did not like feeling mushy. Being soft in his line of work was a death sentence.

Speaking of death, a sharp knock at the door midway through Chantelle's nap startled Formaggio into nearly dropping his bottle. He shot up to answer it and was greeted by the reddened face of a fellow hardened assassin. Sorbet pushed past him without a word- which was very unlike him- Scooped the baby into his arms, and kissed her forehead. His eyes looked dull and Formaggio realized the other half of the package was missing. Keeping his voice low, he asked "Where's Gelato?"

Sorbet winced. He looked exhausted. "Hospital. Hit went sour. He broke his arm." He mumbled, kissing his baby again. "I'm gonna take Chan to visit him. He'll be out in a couple days."

Formaggio scowled, but offered a sympathy pat to his friend's shoulder. "He's gonna be fine, Betto. He's a bastard to be reckoned with. You'll be okay, too."

Sorbet looked up with the same dead eyes. Chantelle began to stir and happily snuggled her papa, which made the man force a grin. “We’re gonna stay with him until he gets out.” He said, snuggling Chan to his chest. Formaggio smiled.

“And remember, if you need a babysitter now, I’m your guy.”

Chapter End Notes

formaggio rights

Baby Stand 2: Electric Boogaloo

Chapter Notes

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

Gelato was welcomed home with sympathy from his team and doting adoration from his boyfriend. The broken arm was healing, sure, but not having a healing stand user on the team sucked. It meant all injuries had to heal naturally, which halted hits and stopped the injured from working, which just left the team a little more broke. But Gelato insisted it was a blessing, because he could take care of Chantelle and not have to recruit other babysitters from the team. Sorbet refused any hits, partially due to how his stand seemed to fit hand-in-hand with Gelato's. Their pair dynamic reached more than just the relationship.

As Gelato slowly healed and got accustomed to working with only one arm, his other being in a cast and a sling, Sorbet was tripping over himself to accommodate a toddler and his boyfriend. Gelato insisted he was fine, he could do things by himself- But Sorbet had none of it. He pranced around his lover and his toddler, who were almost permanently settled on their couch and relished the attention. Chantelle was never to be seen anywhere but in the arms of her dads, who relished having the baby so close and not bothered by babysitters. She didn't seem to mind- Getting undivided attention from her parents was clearly all the baby desired.

Gelato had been told his arm would have to stay in it's cast and sling for six to eight weeks. For the team, that meant very little income from him and Sorbet. Risotto's plea for a team-wide raise had gone through, though it still wasn't enough to sustain the ten of them. He neglected to mention the baby, of course- Should their Boss discover that two men had basically adopted a child, they'd be ruled incapable of performing their duties and La Squadra would be disbanded on the spot. Thankfully, though, with the money the rest of the men made, they could live incredibly frugally (which Prosciutto despised) and still be able to support a growing toddler. And sure as hell, she was growing. In the few months Chantelle had been with La Squadra, she had grown substantially. When Sorbet and Gelato had picked her up, she was as skinny as a stick and looked barely longer than a month-old baby. Melone guessed she had been malnourished, but in no time, she had put on what her doctor said was a healthy amount of weight and had grown to the size a three-year-old should be. She was nearly three now, with her birthday only a month away. However, despite her physical growth, she had a long way to go mentally. Melone's assessment was that she had some form of early-onset PTSD due to some traumatic experiences leading up to her adoption, and figured she would need therapy later in life, but he was a geneticist, not a psychologist. Mental issues were where his expertise ran out.

But Chantelle seemed mostly happy. She had adjusted to living with almost every member of the team (minus Ghiaccio, but he was still convinced she was a thing of evil), and they had gotten used to the presence of a toddler running around the house. Sorbet and Gelato's couch was overtaken with her stuffed animals, dolls, and other toys that they spoiled her with. She was still non-verbal, making noises or gesturing when she wanted things, and crying was quiet and tantrums were impossibly rare. Risotto still believed she was a "defective" baby, no

matter how many times her dads explained that she was just traumatized and needed gentle care.

Despite how quiet she was, she smiled and giggled nearly nonstop around her fathers. She lay on her stomach in a frilly pink dress, little legs kicking back and forth in the air, playing with two of her dolls. Sorbet and Gelato sat above her on the couch, Sorbet fretting over his boyfriend's arm and ensuring it was elevated, Gelato kissing him and telling him not to worry so much. The rest of the team had a day off, given by the boss' little errand boy. Formaggio and Melone were busy painting one another's nails and playfully roasting one another on the couch, Ghiaccio had holed up in his room to stay away from the baby, Prosciutto was in his chair reading another horror novel, Pesci and Illuso were getting into yet another argument over whether or not Illuso cheated at Mario Kart, and Risotto simply sat and watched. He'd never admit it, but he felt strong familial affection for the little team of his- even the baby.

Chantelle looked up at her dads and held out her hands to be scooped up, which Sorbet did instantly. He settled her in Gelato's lap, then reached down for her dolls. He noticed Chantelle had picked up something akin to a painted rock, and held on to it while he passed the baby her Barbies. "Pesci," He asked, holding up the rock. "Did you paint this?" Pesci looked up from his Gamecube controller. "No. What is it?" He asked, leaning in closer to see. Sorbet held up the rock. It was smooth and brown, with a cartoonish face on one side. It almost looked like a little man. "Heck if I know. Anyone here been painting recently?" He asked the gathered team. Each man shook their head. Sorbet just shrugged and handed it back to his daughter, who seemed overjoyed to have it back. Gelato jolted in his seat, then sighed. Sorbet frowned. "You okay, babe?"

Gelato shook his head. "Just my arm, Betto. And I think I'm getting cabin fever from being cooped up in here. I thought Chan's rock just blinked." He said, shaking his head. "I can't wait til I can use this again." He mumbled, shaking his shoulder to emphasize his arm in a sling. Sorbet gave him a pity kiss.

"You'll be back to murder in no time, baby." He said with a smile. Formaggio pretended to retch in his seat. "They're so gay, it's gross." He mumbled to Melone, who blinked.

"Maggio, baby, nobody on this team is straight. *You're* not even straight." He said with a smile. Formaggio shrugged. "I know that! I'm joking, jeez." He huffed, going back to painting Melone's nails.

Sorbet held his lover's uninjured hand tightly, giving him a kiss on the cheek. Chantelle held her little rock between her palms, and seemed to be studying it with great intensity. The rock nearly glowed in her hands, which Gelato hoped was a trick of the light. He didn't want to face the fact that he might be going crazy from not leaving the house in so long.

Beside Melone, Baby Face beeped. He shook his hand to dry the nail polish before looking down at the screen, squinting. "That's odd." He said out loud. Risotto looked over, tilting his head. "What's going on?" He asked. If they were in any danger, Gelato or Chantelle would be likely targets. Melone just typed something before looking back up at his Capo.

"I programmed a sensor into my stand so I could easily tell if any unfamiliar or enemy stands are nearby. I've got all of ours in, as well as the rest of Passione. As a safety precaution, you know? But I think it's on the fritz- It says there's an active stand nearby, so it can't be one of us, or someone outside, because fu- erm, nobody comes here." He said, typing something

into his laptop. "That, or one of you has a stand out."

The rest of La Squadra shook their heads and murmured noises of disagreement. Melone shrugged. "Guess it's faulty. Oh well." He mumbled, going back to typing to fix whatever error his program was showing. Gelato spared another glance to the rock in Chantelle's hands. This time, he was almost positive it blinked. And the sun was probably hitting it just enough that it glittered, because no amount of light coming from that rock could be natural. He felt warm all of a sudden- Not with shame or any other emotion, but as if he were sitting in a sunbeam. "Sorbet, can you close the blinds?" He asked his lover, who was preoccupied by cleaning up some of their daughter's toys. Sorbet stood and closed them so the sun no longer beat down on his boyfriend and baby. "Better?" He asked, sitting beside them. Gelato didn't feel a change, but nodded anyway. "Much." He said, holding Chantelle closer to his chest. The warmth was fading now, and was replaced with a subtle vibration in his broken arm. Cautiously, Gelato flexed his fingers. No change, but also no pain. His arm didn't hurt much to begin with, but now it felt better than ever. He squinted, and Sorbet took note. "What's wrong?" He asked. Gelato frowned. "Nothing. And that's a problem." He said, struggling to flex his arm through the cast. "It feels like my arm isn't broken anymore? I don't know how to explain that."

Sorbet carefully unbuckled the sling from his boyfriend's shoulder, letting his cast rest. "Like it's healed? But it's only been two weeks. The doctor said six to eight, and I don't think we have any healers on this team, do we?" He looked around, and everyone shook their head. Gelato frowned and started trying to pull his cast off. "What are you doing?" Sorbet exclaimed, pulling his lover's hand away from his other arm. "You know you aren't supposed to--"

"I know, but look! I feel fine! It's like my arm wasn't broken at all! I don't know how to explain it but I feel better!" He said, still intent on prying off his cast. Sorbet, scared Gelato would elbow her in the face, snatched Chantelle out of his boyfriend's arms and deposited her into his own lap before trying to stop Gelato from breaking off his cast again. "Gelato, your bones were almost shattered in two places! It hasn't even been half the time!" Sorbet shouted. Now, half the team had gathered to either cheer on Sorbet or his boyfriend. Gelato, with the help of Soundgarden, reached for the cast and managed to use a nearby houseplant to slide it vertically across. Nature really is beautiful.

Gelato shucked off the cast and waved his arm. "Look! It's not broken! Riz, check it out!" He called over their Capo, who had been hovering and not yet intervening. His stand forced a blue shimmer around Gelato, as Metallica streamed through the blood cells in his arm. Risotto blinked and stepped back. "I can't believe it." He mumbled, staring at his teammates previously broken arm. "It's fixed. It looks like it healed naturally. What the fuck?"

Sorbet, who had momentarily forgotten Chantelle was present, covered her ears. "You're kidding, right? It was a complete compression fracture. Half an inch of his bone was shattered!" He said, jolting up to grab Gelato's and squeeze where the brakes had been. "It doesn't... Feel like it did when you broke it. There's no way it healed that quickly."

La Squadra started to murmur about what the hell could have happened. Did one of them have a stand that could heal, and none of them knew about it? No, everyone's ability was set and well-known. Could a stranger with a long-range healing stand have somehow gotten in? Was it the sun? Was Gelato actually a plant like his stand who healed with Photosynthesis or whatever? Melone jumped, grabbing his laptop. "I saw an unfamiliar stand earlier! But there

wasn't--

A little chirpy giggle from Sorbet's lap caught the man's attention. He blinked, then tossed his computer away. "Sorbetto, can I see your baby?" He asked, reaching down for Chantelle. "And the rock she's holding." Sorbet, still fretting over Gelato in perturbed amazement, just nodded. Melone took them both into his arms, ignoring Chantelle's confused face.

Formaggio squinted, looking over Melone's shoulder. "It just looks like a toony pebble! It's gotta be a toy or somethin--" Melone shushed him by shoving the toddler at his chest in favor of examining her toy rock. He noted it felt oddly warm and soft, and the little face held life in its eyes and mouth. He nearly dropped it when the thing blinked, but opted to scream instead.

Chantelle started to cry and Formaggio was quick to comfort her and berate Melone. "The fuck were you thinking? You scared her!" Melone held the rock by its sides and pointed. "It blinked at me! It fucking blinked!"

Ghiaccio stormed out of his room, ready to yell and ask what the hell they were on about, but saw the cluster around Melone and opted to join. Even Chan's fathers and Risotto were focused on the pebble now, with Chan having been given back to Sorbet. "Language! She's learning words, don't immediately teach her swears!" He hissed, coveting his daughter's ears. The toddler seemed distressed at not having her rock.

Melone stared at it, then back at Chantelle, then back at the pebble. He frowned and rubbed his chin with his other hand. "Someone watch this. I need a blood sample from the baby."

"Not on your life!" Gelato snapped, rubbing his daughter's head to calm her. "You're not hurting Chan for any reason at all!" He snarled. Risotto held up a hand. "No fighting. Melone, why do you need a sample?"

"I need to run an entire check. See what's in her blood and try to get some answers."

Risotto blinked. "Too vague. No." He said, and that was final.

Melone and Pesci were now enamored with the pebble, Pesci petting its head and poking the sides to elicit any expressions or movement while Melone had it in his open palm. Pesci gasped when it blinked again. "It moved! It did! It moved!" He panicked. In the clamor over this strange new object, Chantelle, meanwhile, felt as if somebody was rubbing her hair and tickling her sides. She made indicative noises that she liked the feeling. Sorbet frowned. "Pesci, poke its nose." He said, eyes locked on Chantelle's face. Pesci located what looked like a nose and poked it. Chantelle sneezed.

Gelato and his boyfriend shared a panicked look. "That's coincidence. There's no way. No way!" He said, holding Chan tighter to his chest. Formaggio poked the rock again, Chantelle sneezed again.

Melone squealed in glee and launched himself over the back of the couch to Chantelle.

"That's her stand! It's her stand! Oh my fucking god, your baby's a stand user! That has to be it! Oh my god!" He screamed, clapping his hands in glee. Chantelle seemed curious at his joy, and clapped along with him. Sorbet and Gelato held the baby between them, kissing all over her head. "That's... Oh god. How do we tell her this? She's three! She'll never understand what this means in life! She'll be stuck the only stand user at her school!" Gelato rambled, listing every new fear about Chantelle's life. He was right in all of them- If she were the only stand user for miles growing up, nobody would "get" her in the way other users did. Nobody could see her little stand. She'd never show it to any friends or anybody but her parents and seven sorta-uncles. She'd be lonely and ostracized and stuck with her family and

stuck in the mob her whole life. When she turned old enough, Chantelle might be forced to officially join La Squadra- Or worse, shipped off to another team, like Narcotics. Chantelle having a stand just made her life unbelievably more difficult, for both her parents and the team as a whole.

Ghiaccio announced a proud “I told you so! I told you there was something fucky about that baby!” He snapped, but kept peering over the couch to stare at Chan. Pesci had given the girl back her little rock-stand, and she held it with a happy squeal. “So we know it heals, if that’s what happened. That’s good, right? It means she can help us!”

Prosciutto, who had been quietly brooding the whole time, scoffed at his brother. “Stop trying to exploit the baby, Pesci.” He said, peering down to see the stand for himself. Pesci looked shocked and wounded, stumbling to correct his words before giving up completely. Risotto, however, looked immersed in thought. “Pesci has a point.” He said slowly. Gelato immediately held his daughter tighter.

“You’re not going to use our baby girl for anything! No way! She’s never going to understand! Besides, we don’t even fully know what her stand does yet!”

Risotto stared at the baby and her small stand. “Be that as it may, the stand could come in handy when she’s a little older. Her ability is some sort of healing light, or perhaps the rock itself has an aura. We know it can fix injuries and glow. That’s it. She needs to learn about her stand when she’s old enough to mentally comprehend what this means for her. And she needs to learn the life you two lead. That’s all for when she’s older. Alright?” He said, arms crossed. “For now, it’s like nothing’s changed with Chantelle. She’s still a child who deserves a few years of being a kid.”

Gelato seemed satisfied with Risotto’s answer, stroking his daughter’s hair to try and calm them both down. “I don’t want to raise her to be ostracized for her ability. I want Chan to have a normal life- Or, as normal as it can be. We’re sending her to school and making sure she can be a little girl.” Gelato said, giving her forehead a kiss. Sorbet nodded and held his lover and their daughter protectively. “That’s our kid. We don’t want her to grow up knowing what her dads do. Or her uncles. Or anybody in this team.”

Prosciutto frowned from his seat. “You can’t shelter her forever, Betto. She’ll grow up someday and she needs to know about the life you lead. She’s going to grow up with her dads vanishing for days and left in the care of any of us. She’s going to go to school every day having an ability nobody can see but all of us. It’d be some miracle if any other students had a stand of their own. She’s different, whether you like it or not.” He said, subconsciously reaching for Pesci and rubbing his neck. “You’re going to do your best, and that’s all you can do for her. She needs parents and family she can trust if she truly is a stand user. That thing is going to help.”

Risotto nodded in agreement. “You can’t keep her and her stand hidden from the world. You need to know she’s special, and capable. She’s not going to stay a little girl. She’s going to be powerful.”

Sorbet and Gelato seemed conflicted. They wanted their daughter to have a normal life, but that would be impossible, given the life they led. Sorbet had joined La Squadra to satisfy his bloodlust and desire for revenge on a world that never cared about him. Gelato joined in desperation when he was down on his luck, enjoyed the job, and met the love of his life.

They stayed hand in hand every moment of every day, welcoming new members of the team when they came, earning money, making friends and enemies alike, reigniting their bond every second they touched. They had brought in Prosciutto and Pesci from the streets when Pesci was still a kid, shared jabs and jeers at Melone, lovingly messed with Risotto, babied Ghiaccio despite his protests that he *hated* that, and wreaked havoc in public with Illuso and Formaggio. They were the oldest, and second-longest standing members of La Squadra, minus their own Capo. Most of the others saw them as their parents, and treated them as such. Neither man minded- Half of their teammates had little to no role models growing up, and Gelato and Sorbet were happy to fill that role and provide parental love. Now that the two men had adopted an actual, genuine baby, they were fully cemented as parents, with plenty of love to go around. Sorbet and Gelato were never far apart from one another, and the new addition to their family further cemented their love for one another, and La Squadra as a whole. This baby had brought the nine of them together and forced them to bond. Chantelle was both a blessing and a curse to them all.

Gelato only held his daughter tighter, looking deep into her eyes, examining her face. She was a soft little thing- When she spoke, she sounded on the verge of tears with every word. Her eyes were big and round and betrayed every emotion she felt. She was so clingy yet so adorably independent, needed her parents and attention and love but could take care of herself when needed. She was, in all essences, a baby, despite her age. Gelato felt the urge to protect and love and nurture her and watch her grow with ever second he stared at his daughter's face. One look from Sorbet showed he felt exactly the same way. Their daughter had been a surprise- Not a mistake, but her adoption had been unintentional, yet... She brought the team together.

Chapter End Notes

and that does it! if u actually read this i love u
feedback is appreciated!

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