Taking matters into one’s own hands
by cptxrogers

Summary

A gripping saga about how much Steve loves masturbating.

Notes

I’m a big fan of the idea that Steve jerks off, like, a lot. Several times a day. And he gets all stroppy and short tempered if he doesn’t get off as much as he wants. This fic is my tribute to that concept. ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

For the “kink: masturbation” square on my stony bingo card.
The thing is, Steve has always enjoyed jerking off, and the serum made it even more pleasurable - sensitive nerve endings which light up when he runs his hand down his chest, the anticipation of release, the warm thrum of gratification when he takes himself in hand, stroking at just the right pace and hitting all the right spots. It feels like a gift, this body that has carried him through so much, that it can make him feel so good.

When he moves into Avengers Tower, he’s almost overwhelmed by the amount of space. In the first few weeks, he spends a lot of time in his room. The team thinks that this is because he’s having a hard time adjusting, and sure, that’s part of it. But the other part is that he’s never had a private room of his own before. He’s been in SHIELD accommodations, and before that it was army barracks, and before that the one tiny room that he shared with his ma. And now he has a whole room, all to himself - it feels like the biggest kind of luxury.

Admittedly, this kicks his masturbation habit up into high gear. The bed is so comfortable, and there’s a big squishy chair with a view of the skyline, and the shower… dear god, the shower. The water pressure feels so good against his skin, there’s plenty of space to spread out, and there’s even a little bench built in where he can sit and work himself over while the water rains down on him.

Steve maintains his reputation for reliability, and he makes sure he’s at every training session, team dinner, and press event on time, in uniform, and ready to go. But on his down time (which he has rather a lot of these days), he’s frequently to be found with his hand in his pants, legs splayed, pumping himself slowly. It’s his favorite hobby.

Now that he can take his time, he likes teasing himself, working up to it, gentle touches and a thumb flicked quickly over the tip. The serum means that he can go several rounds one after the other, but he doesn’t like to rush. He enjoys the extravagance of long, playful sessions.

Eyes closed, head thrown back, jaw slack. Teasing touches, the slick sound of skin on skin, soft gasps. His cock thick and full in his grasp, the insistent tug of taut skin, spikes of heat and pleasure arcing through his body.

He likes using his imagination, conjuring up images of how he’d like to corner the buff SHIELD medic with the shoulders and suck him off in the medbay, or how he’d like to draw the pretty news anchor from the local TV station while she was naked, hands barely covering her full breasts.

He tries to keep it non-specific, not to focus on anyone he knows too well. Thinking about Peggy makes him sad, and thinking about his friends would be uncomfortable. On occasion, though, he finds that Tony makes a guest appearance in his fantasies, those sparkling eyes giving him a knowing look and that exasperating mouth put to work in all sorts of creative ways.

Steve decides not to think about it too much. Tony’s a handsome man, that can’t be denied. And he’s clearly a very sensual person, so it’s no wonder that Steve’s brain has picked up on that. It’s not like it means anything that the guy pops into Steve’s head occasionally when he’s enjoying himself, and he’s not going to look too closely at the underlying reasons.
Then there had been the time that the team had arrived home from a mission and he and Tony had headed to the showers at the same time. As they’d stripped off the outer layers of their sweaty uniforms and entered the communal shower block, Steve’s eye had been caught by the dim blue glow of the arc reactor, and he found himself wondering how the light would play over Tony’s naked body, whether his stomach was lean or soft under those damn tank tops he wore, if his cock was long and slender like his fingers.

Steve looked away when Tony tossed his towel aside, because he may have been enthusiastically libidinous but he wasn’t going to spy on his teammates. When Tony strolled past him to turn on one of the shower heads, Steve didn’t glance up to look at his body. But he did want to.

The sound of the water whooshed and echoed around the tiled bathroom with a dull roar. Steve stepped under the shower on the far side of the room and turned on the spray, keeping his eyes fixed in front of him and trying to ignore Tony soaping himself up in the periphery of his vision. He let the water soak over him and wash away the worst of the muck, but his mind kept helpfully reminding him about Tony’s firm thighs, his toned arms, how his engineer’s fingers would flit from one surface to another, brushing and stroking.

Steve turned his back, trying to hide that he was half hard already. The steam puffed up in billows from the spray of the hot water, making the room feel close and humid like the warm blood rushing under his skin. It took all of his self control not to turn around and gaze greedily at Tony’s naked body and to take himself in hand, to let the pleasure and want thrum through him.

It was a relief when Tony finished up showering quickly and turned his shower head off. He shot Steve a look as he passed and Steve stoically avoided meeting his eye, fixating on the wall instead. But he couldn’t resist glancing round as Tony left and appreciating that way his ass bounced gently above his muscled thighs as he walked.

The minute Tony was out of earshot, Steve wrapped his fingers around his cock with a groan of relief. His cock was thick and heavy in his hand as he imagined what might have happened if he had let himself look: if he’d glanced over to see Tony’s naked body, admired the sharp line of his shoulders and the soft curve of his ass.

Tony could have looked back at him, not minded that Steve was staring at him, would have even enjoyed it. He’d put on a show for Steve then, teasingly taking a handful of soap and rubbing it across his chest before moving down to cup his cock. He’d be getting hard from Steve watching him, and he’d give himself a squeeze, a bit too rough. He’d be noisy as well, shameless, not bothering to contain his sounds of pleasure as he looked at Steve and jerked himself into hardness.

Steve’s hand on his cock sped up and he flicked his thumb across the head, letting out a little gasp when he thought about Tony walking across the shower room towards him with his eyes dark with desire, coming close enough to touch, skin slippery under the shower spray. Steve would drop to his knees and take Tony into his mouth, make him moan and dig his fingers into Steve’s scalp. When Steve sucked him all the way down he’d grab harder, yanking at Steve’s hair while he pounded into his mouth.

Steve leaned forward and held himself up against the shower wall, hand blurring as he worked himself. His other hand dug into the tile, his body tensing all over. He thought about Tony fucking his face and coming down his throat, the way he’d moan Steve’s name and how the sound would echo round the bathroom.

His orgasm crept up on him and he came with a gasp of surprise, shooting thick, heavy spurts across
his hand. He slumped against the wall, relief washing through him followed by a small twinge of guilt.

A bit of fantasy was all well and good, but jerking off while thinking about your teammate was possibly crossing a line.

After that, it was like a dam had broken. He couldn’t stop thinking about Tony, observing him from across the room at meetings and appreciating the way he moved in training sessions. He’d get so worked up watching him that he’d feel compelled to race to his room to get some relief the moment their work was done.

And there was the issue of the Iron Man armor. Steve worked very hard to stay focused when the team was out on missions, but every time he caught sight of Tony in armor his mouth went dry. It was something between aesthetic appreciation of the suit - it was, unarguably, a stunningly beautiful piece of technology, even if the color scheme was not exactly subtle - and attraction to the power that it suggested.

Tony was taller when he was in the armor, and he was probably as strong as Steve. He could lift him easily, or hold him down. Steve was not usually a fan of people being overbearing, but the idea of Tony taking charge of him was rather alluring.

And, god, the idea of Tony in the suit pinning him to the wall and then taking him apart had become his go-to fantasy. He’d spent more time that he wanted to admit thinking about how those shiny red fingers would look wrapped around his cock, whether the metal against his skin would be cold or warm from the machinery inside, if it would be smooth or too rough if a finger joint were to run along the underside of his cock.

He was determined, though, that his private obsession would not get in the way of the team or be uncomfortable for anyone else, so he stayed polite, professional, and distant with Tony and backed off whenever personal topics come up in conversation. Tony seemed to accept that, although there were times when Steve glanced over and saw Tony staring back at him, looking almost sad.

Despite the unremitting and occasionally throbbing urge to climb Tony like a tree, Steve had been keeping himself under control by jerking off regularly every morning. That was always a good way to start the day in any case, but when he knew that he’d be seeing Tony later it helped to take the edge off the waves of lust that went through him every time he caught sight of that damn goatee accenting a mouth that was twisted into a dirty grin.

He’d barely stared at Tony during their team training session this morning, which he felt was a sign of great restraint. If he could ignore Tony for a bit longer, maybe this frantic fantasizing about him would pass.

That wasn’t going to be easy though, not when Steve had stupidly stepped on his comms device and now needed to see Tony about getting it fixed. He sighed, then squared his shoulders and headed to the workshop. He could do this. Get in, describe the problem to Tony, get out. Surely that couldn’t
be the most difficult mission he’d been faced with.

He pushed open the door of the workshop and sucked in a quick breath. Tony was lounging on the concrete floor, tank top riding up to show off the dips of his hip bones as he wriggled around. The armor was resting astride him, knees either side of Tony’s chest and arms braced against the wall as Tony fiddled with some piece of circuitry on the abdomen.

Every coherent thought in Steve’s brain helpfully packed up and left as he stared at Tony and the armor in a highly suggestive and surely workplace-inappropriate position. The shiny metal glinted under the harsh workshop lights and the bright red gleamed against Tony’s skin.

“Be right with you,” Tony called to him, apparently unruffled. “I just need to get this panel fixed. You gotta treat your guy right, you know? Make sure he’s slicked up and ready to go.”

Steve gawped at Tony and the suit, a catalog’s worth of filthy ideas flipping through his mind. It had been one thing to idly speculate about the suit in a sexual context, but seeing Tony wiggling around under the damn thing like it was riding him was quite another experience. Steve’s cock was instantly hard and he pushed down the strong urge to rub himself with the palm of his hand.

“-uhh, hello? Earth to Cap?” Tony had been saying something but Steve only caught the end of it. His attention snapped back to Tony’s face and the look of confusion there. Steve’s cock was tenting his pants and he felt a rising panic that Tony would notice, and then he would know all about his dirty little imaginings.

Everyone knew that Captain America didn’t back down and that he never ran from a challenge. But right now Steve didn’t feel like Captain America, he felt like plain old Steve Rogers, and he had an awkward boner that he had no interest in explaining to an audience. Without another word he turned on his heel and sprinted out of the workshop.

Mercifully he made it back to his bedroom without bumping into anyone else, and the moment he had kicked the door shut behind him he slumped against the wall and unzipped his pants. He sucked in a breath as he wrapped his hand around his cock, thinking about Tony in the suit, taking off one piece at a time, until all that remained was one gauntlet. Then he’d reach around back and ever so carefully finger himself, chunky metal fingers sliding inside as Steve watched.

In his fantasy he could hear Tony babbling, making plenty of noise and talking constantly like he always did. As he pumped himself faster it was almost as if he could hear Tony’s voice, cursing and moaning.

Steve’s hand paused for a moment. He could swear that he actually could hear Tony’s voice. It sounded almost like Tony was barging down the corridor outside his room and yelling. Suddenly Tony, real and in the flesh and looking absolutely furious, threw open his door.

“I’m sick of this shit, really, am I so horrendously obnoxious to you that you can’t even bear to be in the same room as me? What exactly have I done to offend your precious sensibilities-”

On the outside Steve froze in place, while on the inside panic and mortification at being caught raced through him like fire.

Tony stopped, his brain finally catching up to his mouth, and his eyes went comically wide as he took in Steve, who had his pants pushed down around his thighs and his dick in hand.

Steve was rooted to the spot and all rational thought utterly deserted him. He wondered if the ground could do him a favor and swallow him whole right now.
Tony looked at Steve. He looked at the open door. He looked back at Steve.

“You ran away from me to have a wank?” Tony sounded halfway between incensed and proud.

“Uhh,” said Steve. He was still holding his cock. Would it be weirder now if he put it away? There didn’t seem to be much to be gained from hiding it at this point. “You were, in the workshop, you were doing that thing with your armor and I... It was... Well, you were very inspiring,” he mumbled.

Tony’s eyes went even wider. “You were having a wank because of me?”

Steve wondered if Tony was going to punch him. It would probably be deserved, but it’d be a bit awkward if he still had a hard-on afterwards.

“Alright, yes, fine, I was. You’re a very attractive man, and I try not to think about you so much, but I only have so much control over my subconscious,” he said defensively.

Tony’s brow crinkled. “But you hate me,” he said, like he wasn’t angry but rather deeply perplexed.

“I most certainly don’t! Why would you think that?”

“You ignore me at every meeting, you never look me in the eye, you leave any room as soon as I enter it.”

“It’s not like that,” Steve protested, but as he mentally played back all of his interactions with Tony, he could certainly see how he got that impression. “I was trying to be… professional.”

Tony raised an eyebrow and pointedly glanced at Steve’s hand, still wrapped around his persistently hard cock. “... Professional?” he asked dubiously.

“I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable, but you drive me crazy.” The words spilled out of Steve, apparently of their own volition. “I’ve been wanting to jump you since the moment we met. The more I’m around you the more I have to jerk off, you wind me up so much. Every time I see you want to drop to my knees and suck you off then and there,” he admitted with a sigh. No point in denying it now.

Tony’s eyes narrowed and he regarded Steve disbelievingly. “And you think that would make me uncomfortable?”

“If I tried to give you a blowjob in the middle of a SHIELD briefing, uhh, yeah?” Steve tried, and Tony burst out laughing.

“Alright, Cap, I’ll give you that one. We’d give poor Fury a heart attack.”

Tony was smiling though, and he stepped closer, eyes raking over Steve appreciatively. “I can finish yelling at you about this later. Right now, I feel there are more pressing matters to attend to. Like, say, would you like a hand with that?” He indicated Steve’s throbbing dick which was twitching between them.

Steve hadn’t been expecting that, but there was an intensity in Tony’s look that he’d almost have described as hunger. Not trusting himself not to say something embarrassingly desperate, he bit his lip and nodded.

Tony stepped right into Steve’s personal space, close enough that he could smell the oil from the workshop on Tony’s skin. It was like one of his fantasies, but better, because it was real and full of details he never would have thought of: the way Tony’s hot breath tickled at his ear, the rush of
blood that made him almost dizzy, the unfettered grin Tony was wearing like this was the most fun he could imagine having.

Tony gently pushed at Steve’s shoulders until he backed up against the edge of his desk, then brought his hands down to spread Steve’s thighs. Steve’s cock was red and still ridiculously hard, and he gripped at the desk to steady himself as Tony settled between his legs.

When Tony leaned in and ran a teasing finger up the underside of his cock, Steve’s whole body shuddered and he nearly came then and there.

“Have you been thinking about this?” Tony asked, very quietly, with an edge to his voice.
“Fantasizing about what I might do with you?”

Steve felt his cheeks burning at the thought that Tony would know exactly how much he wanted him, and just what he’d been imagining while getting himself off all those times.

“Yes,” he admitted, far past the point of denial, “I’ve been thinking about you a lot.”

Tony’s eyes gleamed and he finally wrapped his fingers all the way around Steve’s cock, sending waves of pleasure and relief through his body.

“I’m delighted to hear that,” Tony said with a wicked smirk. “And I’m going to want to hear all about it.”

Chapter End Notes

There were a bunch of other ideas I wanted to put in here that I didn’t have time to write, so I might do a remix or continuation of this at some point. I’m thinking: Steve discovers sex toys. Let me know if that sounds fun to you or if you have other ideas for future installations!

This is also posted here on tumblr.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Steve discovers sex toys: the thrilling chronicle of this important event.

Chapter Notes

Thanks everyone who left likes and suggested ideas on chapter one! I'm enjoying writing this so much that I just had to add more :D

Steve spreads himself out on his bed, rubbing a hand idly over the front of his sweatpants and letting himself warm up, already half hard. He’s been thinking about how much he wants this all day, waiting for the chance to enjoy himself. Now he's finally alone and he can indulge the excitement that's been building for hours.

He kicks off the sweatpants and rolls his balls around in his hand a few times before moving up to grip his cock. He only needs a few strokes to get him fully hard before he tucks one arm under his knee and pulls his leg up to his chest.

It feels embarrassing, exposing himself this way, but exciting too. He can only imagine what kind of picture he makes now: legs pulled apart, dick hard, showing off his hole. He imagines what Tony would make of him right now and his cock leaks a bead of white precum at the thought.

He remembers how last week Tony had got down on his knees in the quinjet (the quinjet of all places!) and had yanked down Steve’s uniform pants and rubbed his cock against his cheek, the bristles of his goatee sending sharp prickles of sensation across his skin. Tony had licked and nibbled and teased and when Steve thought that he couldn’t hold out any longer, he had grinned and slipped one hands between Steve’s thighs to rub delicately at his hole with a fingertip. Lightning had shot through Steve’s body and he had come instantly while gulping for air.

So that’s got him curious. He’s never really taken the time to play with his ass while he’s jerking himself off, having previously been too constrained by a lack of privacy and by his own uncertainty. But when Tony had touched him there it had felt so good, and he’s been looking forward to trying it out for himself.

He makes a few exploratory strokes behind his balls with his fingertips and gasps. Everything is so sensitive, his skin prickles at the light touch of his fingers and his muscles seize and flutter. He rubs his finger around the ring of muscle, feeling how it twitches beneath his hand.

He slides just a fingertip inside himself and pauses. His finger feels thick inside him, thicker than he would have expected, and the feeling of intrusion is both disconcerting and heady. He slides his finger back out and enjoys the way his hole clenches as he withdraws.

Thanks to the polite and mercifully non-judgmental assistance of Jarvis in acquiring supplies, he’s
well prepared for his session (Ever the boy scout, as Tony would say). He stretches out his arm and flaps around on the bedside table, grabbing the bottle of lube he’d left there.

Lube was something else about the future which turned out to be just the tops. Back in the day he’d tried coating his hand in Vaseline before jerking himself off, and it felt gratifying to thrust into the slickness of his palm but it was too thick and made a tremendous mess. Modern lube felt like fine silk against his skin, and he’d been working his way through a large bottle of the stuff with impressive speed.

He coats a finger with the lube and moves back to playing with his ass, wincing for a moment as the cold liquid contacts his skin. But it warms up soon enough, and the slick sensation makes him squirm with anticipation.

He slides a finger inside himself again, this time taking it up to the second knuckle. It still feels big and like it’s stretching him open, but as he pumps his finger slowly in and out the stretch changes from uncomfortable to pleasurable warmth with just a hint of soreness mingled in.

His plan had been to take it slow, to experiment a little and let his body get used to the new sensations gradually. But rubbing his finger against his inside walls is making him crave more, to feel more of that burning stretch and to see how much he can take.

A second finger joins his first and he has to take a moment to breathe when it seems like it might be too much. He notes how his dick is twitching against his stomach and his toes are curling and he takes a moment to relax, making tiny movements with his fingers that send shivers of pleasure up his spine.

He wonders whether he could take Tony’s whole cock up there, whether it would stretch him out if he were to push all the way inside. Even two fingers feels like a lot, and Tony’s cock would be bigger and harder, driving deep into him. On the few occasions he’s got his hands on Tony’s cock he’s seen that it’s full and thick. Maybe one of these days, if he’s very good, he could persuade Tony to fuck him.

He yanks his knee closer to his chest to open himself up more and slides his fingers in and out with more speed, letting out a little gasp when the knuckles pop in and out of his hole, imagining how it would feel to have Tony open him up like this.

Then he shifts his hips and the angle of his fingers changes, the tip of one finger brushing up against something inside him. He curls up in shock as heat radiates out from the bundle of nerves inside him and he gulps for air. That feels… oh, that feels good.

Pushing his fingers into himself with greater determination, he lifts his hips off the bed and and looks for that spot again. When he hits it, his entire body tenses and precome dribbles from his cock. It doesn’t take long until he’s thrashing around on the bed, fingering himself roughly but wanting more, more, more.

He finds just the right angle and bears down, trying to take more of his fingers inside himself. When he rubs his fingers against that spot the sensations build to a crescendo and he comes with a groan, not even needing to touch his cock for it to spurt messily over his stomach and chest.

Collapsing back against the pillows with a deeply satisfied sigh, Steve decides that he’ll definitely be adding this move to his regular masturbation repertoire.
Steve has always had a healthy curiosity regarding new experiences, and now he’s intrigued. He’s heard that there’s all sorts of toys available these days for both the ladies and the gentlemen, used for pleasuring oneself or a partner, and he’s keen to learn more about this fascinating aspect of twenty first century culture.

It’s all in the spirit of self improvement.

On his first day living in the tower, Tony had showed him how to use the Stark requisition service to order anything he needed - clothes, special food requests, movies, that sort of thing. But when Tony found him struggling with the bizarrely complicated electronic order form, he waved him off, and told him that he could just tell Jarvis what he wants and he’ll have it delivered. A robot assistant that could deliver anything you need, how neat was that? Tony sure was swell.

It doesn’t take long before Steve realizes that there’s a lot - like, a lot - of things that you can order off the internet. And when in his casual browsing he runs across a very nice looking vibrator - sleek, rounded, not too big, and in a nifty red and gold color scheme - he thinks what the hell, and orders one.

It arrives at his door a few days later, tastefully wrapped in colorful paper. He smiles to himself, tucks the box away for later, and heads down to the kitchen for breakfast.

Steve is kneeling on his bed facing the headboard, all the weight of his upper body resting on his left forearm while he uses his right hand to reach around to tease a vibrator in and out of his ass. He’s been at it a while now, just light touches of the vibrator and quick dips inside, feeling the buzz throughout his lower body.

He’s been practicing using the vibrator on himself several evenings this week, and it’s safe to say that he’s a fan. Twenty first century technology turned out to be incredible in all sorts of ways.

His cock is hanging heavily between his legs, but he doesn’t touch himself yet. This feels so good that he’s sure he’ll come in two seconds flat if he does, and he wants to enjoy this a bit longer; to luxuriate in the sensations of heat and pressure spreading through him in time with the vibrations in his ass.

His fingers dig into the mattress as he pushes the vibrator deeper inside himself. There’s barely any resistance - the vibrator is slender and smooth and he lubed himself up well before he started - and he takes more of it in.

When the vibrator bumps up against his prostate, precum spurts from his cock and he lets out a whine. It’s too much, the heat and jabbing pleasure almost overwhelming, so he withdraws the vibrator a few inches and goes back to lazily fucking himself with it.

It’s good, this feeling of being opened up, of taking the slicked-up metal into himself. It was the color scheme of this particular vibrator which first caught his eye: the shiny red and gold metal had reminded him of Tony’s armor.

This is almost what it would be like to have Tony fuck him in the armor. It wasn’t quite right, because he was sure that any machine Tony built for fucking would be much more technologically...
advanced and considerably larger than his little vibrator. But the buzzing stimulation feels so good, and when out of the corner of his eye he catches a glint of red metal sliding into his ass, he shudders.

He wants to feel Tony’s full weight in the suit pinning him to the bed, wants him to force his legs apart and fuck into him mercilessly with a metal cock that’s as thick as the armor’s fingers. The metal would slap against his skin and Tony would leave bruises where he used the gauntlets to grab his wrists and hold him in place. When Tony is in the armor he could totally overpower Steve if he wanted to, but he seems utterly unaware of the effect that this knowledge has on him.

Steve hasn’t brought up his interest in the armor to Tony yet. Open minded though he is, even Tony might find that a bit much. And Steve’s noticed that Tony is actually a bit sensitive about the idea that people like his Iron Man persona more than they like the man underneath. Steve happens to like both of them, a lot, and wants to have sex with both of them, a lot, but that’s a conversation for another day. Once they get to know each other a bit better.

For now he gratifies himself by speeding up the thrusts of his hand and taking the vibrator deeper inside again. He finds himself gritting his teeth and wishing that he’d bought another dildo to suck on, wanting something to take in his mouth. He could be filled up from both ends, taking two cocks as they pistoned in and out of his ass and mouth in time. God, that sounds appealing.

Looking for satisfaction, he shifts his hips and tries to angle the vibrator differently, but it’s not enough. He slaps his hand against the headboard and lets out a loud groan of frustration. He needs more.

Suddenly, the door to his bedroom is kicked open with a crash.

“Steve, what’s wrong? I heard a cry, it sounded like you were in pain—” Tony calls as he runs into the room to find Steve on his knees on the bed with fingers spreading himself open around the vibrator. He freezes in his tracks.

Tony looks at Steve.

Steve looks at Tony.

The vibrator buzzes.

“Ahh,” Tony says delicately. “Not in pain then.”

“Not exactly, no.” Steve shoots him a dark look, distinctly unappreciative of the interruption. Irritation, embarrassment, and searing desire war within him. “But I am, as you can see, currently occupied.”

“Right, I’ll, ahh, leave you to it then,” Tony says, and now he looks embarrassed. “Sorry, I heard you and I got worried, I’m being clingy as usual, do me a favor and ignore me-”

Steve cuts him off, the throbbing need of his cock making him reckless. “Or you could stay? Stay and watch, if you’d like.”

Tony’s eyes go very wide, and he hesitates, seeming unsure. But Steve can see the way his fancy suit pants are tenting and he’s sure he’s interested.

“Do you want me to stay?” Tony asks tentatively, looking everywhere in the room except at Steve.

The frustration spills out of him. “Fuck, Tony, will you get over here and let me suck your cock,” he growls.
That snaps Tony out of it. “Shit, okay, yes, when you put it like that, fuck,” he babbles, kicking shut the door before racing over to Steve, already unbuckling his belt.

“Stand by the bed,” Steve orders. “I want your cock in my mouth while I finish myself off with the vibrator.”

“Good, yeah, ok,” Tony breathes as he walks over, then his voice hitches when he gets close enough to Steve to see him clearly. “Holy shit, is that a red and gold vibe?”

Steve grins. “It reminded me of you,” he says in a low voice, and Tony whimpers.

Tony has removed his belt and he’s unzipping his pants, but it’s taking too long. The vibrations are driving Steve wild and he wants more. “Come on, Tony, hurry up, I need your cock, please,” he whines.

Tony’s chest heaves like’s run out of air and he hurriedly shoves his pants and boxers down to his thighs, letting his hardening cock bounce free. Steve licks his lips as he looks at the reddened head, the tiny drop of precum beading at the slit.

Steve turns on his knees so he can face Tony fully, hand moving behind him to start sliding the vibrator into himself again. Tony is so close to his face that he can smell the scent of sweat and sex under his expensive cologne.

Tony’s hand cups Steve’s cheek, unexpectedly tender. “You ready?” he asks, taking the base of his cock in his other hand.

Steve nods, impatience still blistering through him with the vibrations, and Tony uses his thumb to open his jaw, sliding two fingers into his mouth which Steve sucks on enthusiastically.

“Good boy,” Tony breathes, and he withdraws his fingers and lines his cock up to Steve’s lips.

Anticipation races up Steve’s spine as Tony holds the back of his neck and pulls him forward, feeding him his cock inch by inch.

Steve moans in satisfaction as Tony’s cock bumps up against the back of his throat. That was it, this was what he wanted: Tony filling him up from in front and the vibrator filling him up from behind.

Tony starts moving his hips, just little slow jerks, and Steve laves his tongue on the underside of his cock, encouraging him to move more. Tony builds up to harder, faster movements, and Steve times the thrusts of the vibrator with the thrusts into his mouth. He feels used and filthy, in a distinctly good way.

“Oh, Steve, you’re taking it so well,” Tony says. “You like sucking on that dick?”

Steve can’t reply, seeing as his mouth is full, but he pushes forward and takes Tony all the way into his throat which he figures is answer enough. Thank heaven for his lack of gag reflex, an unexpected but highly welcome result of the super serum.

“Yeah, that’s good,” Tony pants. “You're doing so good. I’m starting to think that you enjoy being walked in on.”

Steve lets out a little whine without meaning to and Tony’s eyebrows raise. “Damn, you do like that, don’t you? You like the idea of me catching you working yourself over. Of me seeing you get yourself off.”
Breathing heavily through his nose, Steve feels his hole twitching around the vibrator. He did like it, he had to admit, the idea of Tony seeing him like this. And if Tony offered to help him along, even better.

“Got a bit of an exhibitionist streak, huh, Rogers? How about I get you off in public some time, hmm? Wait until we’re somewhere nice and dark like a deserted alley, then shove my hand into your pants, get a good grip around your cock, and jerk you off in front of everyone.”

Steve’s pulse is racing and his head is spinning, the ideas that Tony’s sharing popping through his mind in quick succession. He fucks himself harder with the vibrator, letting Tony’s dirty talk wash over him.

It’s good, it’s all so good, and when Tony looks down at him, biting his lip and digging his fingers into the back of Steve’s scalp, he can feel that he’s close. But Tony is holding himself back, trying to be gentle, and that’s not what Steve needs.

He pulls off Tony’s cock with a wet pop. “For god’s sake, Stark, will you do both of us a favor and pull my hair and fuck my face like you clearly want to,” he sasses.

Tony looks a bit scandalized at that, but when Steve opens his mouth and sucks him all the way down in one smooth movement, he gasps and takes the hint. He grabs Steve’s hair to hold him in place and thrusts hard down his throat, hips snapping and flesh slapping audibly.

Yes, this is it, this is what he needed, Tony using him shamelessly until he can feel the burning rawness at the back of his throat and the drool dripping down his chin. He lets Tony hold up his weight by the neck and uses his now free hand to jerk his cock roughly, shuddering at the feeling of his thick fingers running across the sensitive spot just beneath the head.

He pumps himself a few more times with the vibrator, and then Tony yanks hard on his hair. He pulls off Tony’s cock, whines at the sharp spike of pleasure and pain, and then comes, his whole body shaking as he spurts in long ribbons all over the sheets.

He floats happily, his body full of warmth and glowing satisfaction. It takes a few minutes to gather himself back together, to pull the vibrator out of his ass and flick it off. Tony has backed off and he’s standing a pace away from the bed, but he’s staring at Steve in something like wonderment, his own hand closed around his red cock and working furiously.

“God, Steve, you’re so hot, you’re so beautiful like this, you’ve got me so close,” he murmurs.

Steve grins up at him, a wicked idea popping into his head. “You can come on my face if you want, Tony,” he says, sprawling languorously on the sheets. “Spray me with your cum. I’d like that.”

Tony’s eyes look like they might pop out of his head but he steps closer and his hand doesn’t slow. “Fuck, Steve, oh fuck, yes, yes, just like that,” he moans, and Steve watches hungrily as Tony tenses and comes, white streaks shooting from his cock to hit Steve in the chin and run down his neck.

Tony staggers as his knees give out and Steve laughs, rising off the bed to scoop him up in his arms and then falling back onto the bed together.

“That was… oh my god, you’re some kind of sex wizard,” Tony mumbles happily into his chest. Steve smiles and wipes a streak of come from his throat with his thumb, then brings it up to his mouth for a taste. Tony makes a weak coughing noise at that. The cum tastes salty and bitter but not unpleasant, its smell familiar from all the times Steve had indulged in his marathon masturbation settings.
Those sessions had been fun, that was for sure. Exploring his body and pleasing himself as many times as he wanted was still on his list of top ways to pass the time. But being here with Tony curled up against him, glowing with satisfaction for the both of them, that was pretty great too.

Chapter End Notes

Is Tony walking in on purpose at this point?
Do they both like it that way?
Will Steve ever get to test out his armor kink?
These questions to be answered in future chapters!

There's definitely more of this coming (heh) so stay tuned for that.

Feel free to hit me up with any suggestions for future installments!

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