Any Other Way

by InTheShadows

Summary

When Tony goes to confront Loki, he has a simple plan in mind: get his suit, buy the others more time to get there. Simple. But then he gets his first true, good look at the god and his stomach drops. He knows that expression. He is intimately familiar with it. It is the same one he wore for months after he escaped Afghanistan. More is going on here than anyone knows. Naturally he asks. Even more naturally, he gets involved after he does. After all, who doesn't want to pretend to be a sex slave to defeat the evil overlord?

Notes

You've heard of Accidental Plot? Well get ready for Accidental Epic. I shit you not, this is the longest thing I have ever written. And I planned none of this. I did not want it, I did not
ask for it. At least with my other longfic, I knew what I was getting myself into. Not here! This shit just kept growing. As if that's not enough, it was an absolute bitch to write. No seriously, I had to write this in sections because I couldn't write a goddamn linear story. Add to the fact that half the cast are people I have never written before and am not familiar enough with. I've seen these movies like once. But did that stop them from getting involved? Fuck no. I had no idea what I was doing most of the time. So everything is a mess and I am done with this shit. If you like it, fucking kudos. The easiest part for me to write was the porn. And I don't actually write porn. (This is only my 3rd time and oh my god the kinky sex in this!) So done. Peace the fuck out.

The prompt that started this all (from frostiron kinkmeme on tumblr): Tony is Loki's reward for successfully leading the chituari army in New York. Loki is possessive of him, drapes him gold chains and rubies, has him trail submissively behind him, sit at his feet, and satisfy him at his slightest whim. Tony's not naturally a submissive sex slave but they have to put on a convincing show for Thanos and his minions while they plot to overthrow him and save the world. (Please no actual rape/non-con)
Chapter 1

Thanos presence, when he arrives, is a physical thing. It is possible to note the exact moment he enters the Tower. It is the feeling in the air – tense and trembling with power. Anyone with any sort of common sense would have fled immediately. That is not trait the two men waiting for him had in much abundance.

Or maybe, they have too much of it instead.

“Ah, little godling,” Thanos greets with a smirk, “You have done well I see.”

“Indeed I have,” Loki smirks back, “It was as easy as I promised. Midgard was no match for the might of the Chitauri.”

“And I see you have already taken a pet,” he motions to the kneeling figure on the floor beside him. He is bathed in the green light of Loki’s magic, restraining him. His arms are shackled at the elbows and wrists, ankles and knees bound as if in a spread bar. Loki grabs a handful of hair and lifts his face for Thanos to it. A blank face looks up at the Titan, brown eyes vacant. “One of its mighty protectors,” he sneers, “and the only interesting one of the lot. I do believe he will make an excellent pet.”

Thanos laughs. “Little godling taking his reward already?”

“My reward is ruling Midgard. This is just an extra treat,” he leers, not looking at Stark as he kneels at the god’s feet.

“I see. Are you sure it will hold up? Midgardians are such fragile things. Here one second and gone the next.”

“He will serve his purpose,” Loki assures.

“Well then, how about a show? I would hate to see that you did not know how to use it properly.”

“And what makes you think I would share?”

“Because without me, you would still be falling little godling. Never forget that it was I that saved you from the Void and gave you purpose again. Without me, you would be nothing.”

Loki nods in acceptance. “Very well then. Shall you make yourself comfortable, or are you just going to stand there, staring?”

Thanos smirks and goes over to sit on the couch. Miraculously, it holds him. He waves a hand, “Proceed little godling. I believe you will have work to do after this. Ruling can be so tedious after all,” he mocks.

Loki smirks viciously. “Nothing I cannot handle.” He snaps his fingers and Stark is released and moved into a better position, via the magic shackles. His arms are lifted above his head, legs spread wide. Clothes vanish with another snap of the god’s fingers.

“You have strange taste godling – so many scars. A sign of a true warrior yes, but hardly an attractive one. And what is that glow in its chest?”

“A mere trifle of technology. He is considered a genius, but nothing compared to the rest of the
Realms. It powers a weapon of his, not that it is any use to him now. But I do not mind it. I find
that I like the shine of it.” He trails his fingers along said chest, fingers sparkling with magic as he
does.

A shudder runs through him and Loki smirks. “Do you like the feel of that pet?” he purrs.

Stark makes a strangled sound as Loki moves farther down, over his stomach and down to his
cock. It is twitching, slowly growing hard as magic caresses the genius’ skin. Loki takes it in hand,
covering the length in green light.

It twitches more, becoming fully hard under his touch. He moves farther into it and Loki draws his
hand back with a chuckle. Green light continues to surround it. He continues to shiver at the
constant sensation. Small gasps escape his mouth.

Loki smirks wickedly and waves his hand. Magic gathers into it, forming an average size plug.
Stepping behind Stark, he inserts it in one smooth motion.

“Ah!” Stark cries out, arching farther than before. He clenches down even as he seems to move
away from it. The god leaves him like that for a moment before he takes hold of it again and pulls
it out almost all of the way before pushing it back in harshly. Stark bucks again. It is such a lovely
reaction, Loki does it again before releasing it, leaving it buried in the genius’ body.

“This is not the show I was expecting,” Thanos comments idly from the couch.

Loki turns to him, eyebrow raised. “What fun is it if your pet is not begging for it? This,” he taps
Stark’s cock, “ensures he does not find release until I wish him to. And as you said, Midgardians
are such fragile things. It would not do if I broke him the first time I used it. Besides, you have to
admit the reactions are rather exquisite. But now,” he turns back to Stark, magic forming once
again. This time it is a riding crop that appears in Loki’s hand.

He trails the tip over the man’s chest, rubbing a nipple before drawing back and striking a breath
away from it. Stark gasps and attempts to move away. He can’t get far and Loki hits him again,
just beside the first. And then a third time, right on the nipple itself.

“Fuck!” Stark yelps. Loki rubs against it before repeating the motion. Stark whines, a high pitched
sound. Behind them, Thanos chuckles. Loki ignores him, concentrating on moving the crop just as
he wants. He switches to the other nipple, giving it the same treatment as the first.

The genius hisses at the treatment, writhing to avoid Loki, but it is no use. The god takes a moment
to step closer, taking the now hard nubs into his fingers before rubbing and twisting them himself.
Stark bucks, rubbing his cock against Loki’s thigh. “My, my pet. What a deprived thing you are.
Let us see how you like this, shall we?” He moves back, smacking Stark’s thigh with a resounding
thud. Stark shudders.

Loki grins and begins to systematically paint his thighs red. The small gasps and breathy whines
now grow louder, turning into full fledged whimpers and moans. Once one thigh is a nice shade of
red, Loki moves onto the next one. Stark shudders and shivers all the while. Moving behind the
genius, he runs the crop down the center of his spine. “Tell me pet, would you like to know what
else this,” he taps the plug with the crop, pushing it in farther briefly, “can do?”

“Oh,” he groans.

“That’s not the answer I want pet,” Loki tells him, striking the crop hard again the center of his ass.
He attempts to move forward, away from it. It doesn’t work. He strikes him again. “Let’s try again
shall we? Do you want to know?” He nudges the plug a second time.

“Master,” Stark cries out.

“Very good pet,” Loki praises. He makes a small movement of his finger and Stark jumps in surprise before letting out a loud groan. Loki smirks wickedly at that. “Does that feel good pet? A lovely vibration for my lovely pet.”

Stark whines, hips moving now, seeking friction against the stimulation. The god walks closer, rubbing his own groin against the genius ass. “Do you feel that pet?” he asks, “I hope you are prepared for soon, I shall enter you. And I assure you, that plug is smaller than I am.”

Stark whimpers, pushing back, rubbing against him. “Please,” he begs.

“Begging already? And we are not even to the main event yet. My, what a wanton thing you are going to be. How excellent for me.” Loki backs away again and eyes his back. “Although not yet I think. Your front looks so charming, why not make the back look the same?” At that, he moves, hitting his back, a few inches above his shoulder blades.

He makes his way down, careful to achieve the shade of red he desires. By time he reaches Stark’s ass again, the man is a shivering mess. He squirms and writhes at each strike, wanting it to stop, yet begging for more at the same time. He hits the center of his ass again and Stark bucks violently. “Feeling good yet my pet?”

Stark sobs.

“What was that?” he strikes again.

Stark whines, words obviously beyond him by now.

Loki smirks and begins to hit his ass and thighs. When he is finished, Stark is a trembling mess. Sobs and whimpers come from him as if he cannot stop. His body twitches at the slightest touch. “Now, it is time,” Loki announces, drawing the plug out of the man and vanishing it without a thought. A finger inserted shows he is loose enough not to be damaged by this next act. Loki takes his cock from his pants and thrusts it into Stark.

Stark screams.

Loki grabs his hips, pulling the genius against his. He doesn’t move at first, just keeps the man trapped there. He squirms and wiggles, trying to move. “How does that feel pet? My cock inside of you. Your flush red ass against my skin. You are enjoying yourself, aren’t you?” He pushes harder, making sure to put pressure on the sore skin in front of him.

“A-a-ah!” Stark sobs as he moves, “Y-ye-yessss,” he manages to answer.

Loki takes that as a sign to move. He draws out until only the head of his cock is inside the genius. Then he slams back in. He sets a brutal pace, thrusting in and out harshly. His nails dig into the skin where they grip hips. Stark is crying out all the while, clenching around him at each thrust.

The god takes care to hit his prostate at each thrust, making the man more and more desperate each time. His breath is ragged now and Loki moves in and out of his body. He is taunt, muscles flexed as each touch sets fire to his nerves. Loki takes care to run a hand along the skin he had previously hit, stimulating it even more. “You feel exquisite pet,” he praises, “so tight and hot around me. So desperate for more. You would like that, would you not?”
He moves his hand down to caress Stark’s cock and the man howls in pleasure.

“Ah, I see you enjoy that,” he comments and continues to stroke him in time with his thrusts. It makes the man shake and clench around Loki all the more. Finally Loki can take no more and comes with a cry of his own. He presses himself fully against the genius and bites his neck as he does. When he pulls out, tucking himself back in, his come runs down the genius’ leg.

He does not notice. He is still hard and fully aroused, seeking friction from the air. Loki moves around to his front, letting the man rut against him. “Remember pet, you cannot come without my permission. I am the one who controls your release. I am the one who controls everything about you now.”

Stark gives a particularly hard buck and whimpers. “P-plezzzz,” he hisses.

“Who am I now pet?”

“M-ma-mas’r,” he slurs, “plez mas’r. Plez,” he continues to beg.

Loki steps back. “Very well,” he grants. At the same time, all of the magic surrounding Stark disappears.

The genius falls to the floor with a cry, unable to support himself. The floor is hard beneath him, but the god doubts he notices now that he is finally allowed to come. He arches up, back completely off of the floor as he does, sobbing. Come covers his body in a contrast to red skin. He slumps to the ground, exhausted and panting.

Thanos claps. “Well little godling, it appears you have potential at least. I will be expecting nothing but success from you,” he says threat clear. He stands and leaves the room. In a few moments, he is gone.

Loki wards the room and kneels down. “Are you fine Stark?” he asks, running a hand over him as he does. Green light passes over him again, but this time it heals instead of arouses.

“Fuck that was intense,” Tony says, still panting slightly.

“That was the point,” Loki says dryly.

“Please tell me we are going to do that again without the audience?”

“It can be arranged,” he answers, smirking.

“Great. Fuck. I might have to reconsider my stance on magic after this. Hell that was amazing. Although I have never been more glad to be found ugly in my life. Fuck, evil Barney is creepy.”

Loki snorts. “You need rest,” he tells the man.

“What are you going to do?”

“Deal with the dear Captain and Thor,” he sneers. “Do not worry, I shall put wards around you so you are safe. My magic can keep you stabilized until I can return to your side.” He caresses the genius softly.

“Cool. We going to keep the two here?”

“It would be wise. This shall be our base of operations. The two agents escaped, just as you predicted.”
Tony nods. “Good. They’ll take care of SHIELD. Fury will know not to strike until they are ready. They will give us enough time to assemble ours.” He sighs, “We are also going to need other allies. I can make a list after I sleep.”

“Very well then. I shall be with you momentarily.”

“Sure thing Rock of Ages,” he agrees as Loki picks him up and sets him on another couch than the other Thanos had occupied. He cover Tony and lets his magic surround him, guarding him. He strokes messy hair once before he exits. “Sleep well,” he tells the slumbering genius.

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Tony lands on his platform, intent on paying time and getting his new suit. He waltzes in, smile charming and snark going full blast. He watches Loki, but more to make sure he doesn’t try to kill the genius, not for his reactions. He blames that on the reason it took him so long to see it. As is, he notices when he pours a drink.

The expression on the god’s face is one he is intimately familiar with. It is the same expression he wore after he escaped from Afghanistan. For months he couldn’t bare to look at himself in the mirror because of it. It was always the same haunted look. The same broken yet defiant all the time.

He hides it well, Tony can give him that. He can see why everyone would miss it, even in a flying castle full of spies. But Tony was good at hiding his too. He knows exactly how to do it. Hide it behind another mask, one they expect and they’ll never know. His is arrogance.

It looks like Loki’s is ‘crazy I am going to rule the World’.

“Have you finally realized how futile this is?” Loki asks and Tony realizes that he is staring silently at the Trickster instead of snarking him.

“No, I just realized there is more going on here than I know. Tell me, the thing that sent you, he’s powerful, isn’t he?”

“What makes you think anyone sent me?” he spits.

“How dare you accuse-”

“And because you’re desperate,” he interrupts. “This? This plan you have? It’s not going to work. We’re too united by now. Too forewarned. The element of surprise has been lost and the defenses are ready. But that’s what you’re counting on, isn’t it?”

“What deranged notion do you speak of mortal?” Loki hisses, “I am here to rule and I intend to win.”

“Yeah,” he agrees easily, “but not against us. Let me tell you something Reindeer Games. I once spent three months in a cave. I was captured to build weapons. I did, but not the one they wanted. I made a way to free myself and burnt them to the ground. I know exactly what the look on your face means.”

“And what is that?”

“You mean to lose. You’re playing the long game here. Whoever it is that is behind this is too
“powerful for you to take on. You need help.”

“And I suppose you would be willing to do so, even if this insane idea was true?” he sneers at the genius.

Tony just smirks. “Sugar pie, I was a weapons manufacturer for a reason. I like to blow things up. The bigger, the better. And I have a feeling this would be the biggest one of them all.”

“You are arrogant enough to think you could win against Him?”

“That’s my middle name. I live to do the impossible. Besides, I know people who can help. I am a king on this planet, even if no one knows it.”

Loki stares at him a long moment.

“Why are you doing this?” he asks again.

“Because,” Tony answers, serious, “who else is going to? And no one messes with my planet and gets away with it.”

“There is more.”

“I got out,” Tony says, staring straight into Loki’s eyes, “why shouldn’t you?”

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The first thing Loki does once he has New York secure is make the announcement to the rest of the world. He makes a general broadcast, with Tony kneeling at his feet and then goes, with a select number of Chitauri, to visit each leader himself. Just to get the point across. And to leave some Chitauri behind to act both as sentinels and as a visible reminder.

Well, actually the first thing Loki does is illusion him some pretty shackles and all that. He’s planning on making Tony some real ones, but these will do for now. Then he warded a room where he and Tony can talk and plan and build and shit without worrying about eavesdroppers. Then he went off to visit the world leaders.

Meanwhile, Tony gets to make the call to Pepper. Yea! This is going to go so well. Not. He takes a deep breath, mentally preparing himself. He loves Pep, he really does. It’s just she yells when she’s worried. And with what she just saw? She is probably freaking the hell out. In retrospect, he probably should have called her before this... Live and learn an all that. “JARVIS, call Pep.”

“Very well Sir. Might I suggest a video call so that she can see you are unharmed.”

“Good idea J, do it.”

Moments later, Pepper’s face pops up on Tony’s tv screen.

“Tony!” she shouts, “are you okay? Are you hurt? Can you escape?”

“Pepper-” he starts, but she keeps on talking.

“What the hell is going on?”

“Pepper-” he tries again.

“I told you this was dangerous. Do you have long? Is he coming back?”
“Pep-” Nope, not this time.

“Do you need help escaping?”

“Pep-” Or this one.

“Can you-”

“Virginia!” Tony finally shouts. That stops her because in the history of knowing each other, Tony has never called her by her real name. Ever. He duped her Pepper from the first moment she barged into his office, threatening his security team with pepper spray.

“I didn’t even know you knew my real name,” she says, sounding a bit dazed. “Tony, what is going on?”

“First of all, I’m fine. I’m good. I’m not hurt at all.”

“You’re in shackles,” she adds.

He looks down and oh yeah, illusions still on. He brushes them away with a touch of his hand. “See?” he asks pointedly. “Fine. I’m sure you’re going to be shocked, but there’s more going on here than we were told.”

“SHIELD didn’t tell us everything? You’re right, I’m shocked,” she agrees dryly.

Tony flashes her a grin. “I know right? But even SHIELD doesn’t know everything. Hell, even Thor didn’t. Turns out Loki isn’t as willing as we’ve been lead to believe.”

Pepper closes her eyes and looks as if she is praying for strength. “And how did you get pulled into the middle of this?”

“I volunteered?” he offers.

“Tony!” Pepper shouts again.

Tony winces at the sound. “I had to Pep.”

“And why, out of all the qualified people on Earth, did you have to volunteer to help the supposed psychopath trying to take over the world?”

“Because he had the same look in his eyes that I did... once,” he answers, not wanting to come out and say it. He avoids talking about Afghanistan at all costs.

He knows Pepper figures it out when she sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose. “Are you sure?” she asks.

He nods. “I’ve seen the... man himself,” Tony ends up calling Thanos, although there is nothing ‘man’ about him past his gender, “He’s a big evil powerful Barney. You could feel the power coming off of him. There was no way Loki could have taken him on by himself. Not that he planned to - clearly his plan was to lose and be taken back to Oz, but...” he shakes his head. “Pep, we would have been battling him one day. I don’t know when. I don’t know how. But I do know this was eventually going to be our fight. This is just speeding the timeline up a bit.”

Pepper just stares at him for a long moment. “Oh Tony,” she sighs, “I think this is the worst thing I have ever caught you doing.”
“Are you sure?” Tony grins, “I thought it was the time I invited—”

“No,” Pepper tells him, “we are not discussing that. But yes, I think you have finally topped it.”

Tony fist pumps. “Success,” he cheers. He has been trying to live that night down for years. Sure, it’s telling that it finally takes an alien invasion and him acting as a sex slave to top it, but it does. Pepper said it does, so it totally does. Rhodey can suck it.

Pepper rolls her eyes before asking seriously, “What do you need me to do?”

“Keep running the Company. Make Davison the new Head of R&D. He can handle it. Make sure everyone stays safe, especially my interns. Reassign Parker to... Juliana, she’ll take care of him. If she can’t keep up with him, have her double team with Christian. That should give the kid enough to do. Don’t let the geezers give you shit, you’re my CEO for a reason. Hey,” he perks up, “if they do, I can always send Loki after them.”

“Tony no,” Pepper tells him.

“Tony yes,” he corrects her. “That is a great idea. Even they can’t be stupid enough to argue with the Supreme Ruler of the World.”

“Please don’t tell me that is his actual title.”

“Sure it is. I made it myself.”

“That explains a lot,” Pepper mutters, smiling slightly.

“I’m going to make him a banner and everything. Maybe even a plaque. Definitely a plaque. What a great idea. But that’s no surprise, I’m full of them.” He grins widely. “Tell me, what color scheme should I use. Normally I would use red and gold, but red would look terrible with his complexion. Green and gold I suppose, but that it so obvious. Is it too obvious? Tell me the truth Pep.”

Pepper laughs, which was the point. “Is that all Mr Stark?”

“That’s all Miss Potts. I’ll be sending a phone along soon for easy contact. And remember my offer for the Board. It’ll totally work.”

“Goodbye Tony. Stay safe.”

“Don’t I always?” he asks.

Pepper hangs up on him instead of replying. Rude. So rude.

He pauses a few seconds after she does and then releases a breath of relief he had been holding back. That could have gone so much worse than it did. He always knew Pepper was the strong one. This just proves it. She will totally kick ass and take names and no one is going to stop her. Hmm... maybe they should send her after Thanos. She could do some major damage at the very least, he’s sure.

But he shakes his head. No. He is going to keep her as far away as possible from all of this. Keep her safe. Not because she can't protect herself, but because this isn't her world. She made that clear when he put her in danger that first time from Stane.

Yes, she stuck with him. Yes, she pulled through for him. He isn't saying she's not one of the best
friends he has ever had. But this? Superheroes and aliens and magic. This isn't her world. Hers is
the business world. Running his Company, keeping order and stocks up and advancement. That is
where she belongs. That is the world she excels at. The world Tony is living in right now? That's a
whole new ballgame right here.

Speaking of, he needs to get those phones ready. He has a feeling his next few months or so are
going to be a little bit full for him to invent. This is going to take some serious acting to pull off,
especially on his part. The sex part doesn't worry him. The sex is going to be great. It's the
submissive part that has him worried. Since when has he been submissive in bed? Or ever?

He isn't. He can't be. It's not what people expect. He is Tony Stark. He has to be loud and
obnoxious and an 'in your face genius'. He is a master performer and he gives the people what they
expect. Not to say he's not any of those things without performing. He totally is. But he has a way
of playing it up for the crowd. It's always easier to give them what they want.

And he has a 500 Fortune Company to run. He can't afford to be submissive there, even if he
wanted to. He has to fight and win there, even if the fights aren't physical. Although there was that
one time... But no, that doesn't count. No matter how much Ty deserved it.

Still, the point remains that Tony has never been submissive in his life. And now he is going to
have to if he wants a life left. It would help to know how intelligent the Chitauri actually are. Are
they free thinkers? Observers? Hive thinkers? He'll have to ask Loki when he gets back.

He heads down to the workshop, mind on other things than what he is building. As if he can't make
one of these phones in his sleep. Ha! Better make several of them, to be sure. Lets see, how many
is he going to need. There's Pep and Rhodey obviously. Which reminds him. “JARVIS, order Pep a
new dress and shoes. Pick out something she'll look gorgeous and lethal in. You know her taste by
now,” He tells his AI.

“Yes Sir. If you'll look to the screen on your left, I have such a dress in mind already.”

Tony takes on look at the dress and whistles. It's a dark blue three quarter length number that will
cling to her in all of the right places. There's a slit on one the side that runs up to her lower thigh
and a vee cut on the neck line to get everyone curious, without giving them a show. “Perfect,” he
proclaims.

“After all of the shopping I have done, I am an expert Sir,” JARVIS answers back.

Tony puts his hands on his hips and looks towards one of the AIs cameras. “Careful J,” he warns,
“it almost sounded as if you were accusing me of something.”

“I would never Sir,” JARVIS replies innocently, “I was merely taking into account all of the
previous times you have had me shop for Miss Potts when necessary.”

Tony rolls his eyes and gets back to work, “So much sass around here,” he mutters to himself.

“I learned from the best Sir.”

Tony smirks at that and continues working. There is some significant truth to that statement.
JARVIS definitely learned his sassing ways from Tony. Because ninety five percent of Tony's
speech is sass or snark. It comes naturally.

Tony is still working when Loki returns. “Stark,” he greets.

“Hey Reindeer Games,” he answers without looking up. “How'd it go?”
“As well as could be expected. I see you have had a productive evening.”

“Yeah, just working on our communication system. Figure we can smuggle these out to anyone who needs them. Shouldn't be too hard, everyone has a StarkPhone these days.”

“I require use of your tools,” Loki announces, changing the subject.

Tony finally looks up, frowning. “For what?”

“I have need of them to easier craft the cuffs you will need to wear. I could do without, but I need time to add the protective runes to them.”

Oh, that makes sense. Tony waves him off. “Go for it. If you need any help, just ask JARVIS. And watch out for Dum-E, he's going to want to help.”

“Dum-E?” the god inquires, eyebrow raised.

“Dum-E, U, Butterfingers, come out and greet Loki. It's alright, he's not going to hurt you. He's a new friend. You'll be seeing him around,” he reassures them. “Normally they're rather curious, but you startled them by appearing out of thin air,” he adds to Loki.

His bots creep out from where they were watching. Dum-E, of course, is the first. He rolls up to Loki and starts beeping excitedly.

“Hello,” Loki greets.

Dum-E beeps back, waving. He reaches out and pokes Loki's leather coat in curiosity. Soon he is surrounded by bots, all beeping and poking him.

“Hey, give the god some room you three.”

“It is fine,” Loki reassures, running a hand over framework and metal, “These are fascinating creates you have Stark.”

“That's one word for them,” Tony snorts, “another would be disaster. Their code is old compared to the tech of today, so they can be a bit clumsy. Especially Dum-E. He's my eldest and the one currently petting your hair. He has the most interesting quirks. Such as spraying you with a fire extinguisher – whether you are on fire or not,” he gives the bot a pointed look.

Dum-E beeps and droops in reply.

“Oh no, don't give me that Mister, you know you're guilty. Don't try to place the blame on me here.”

Dum-E beeps again and goes back to inspecting Loki.

Tony rolls his eyes. “The one of your left is Butterfingers, don't hand her anything breakable and the one trying to steal your jacket is U. He's a bit of a magpie, so watch out. I have to buy extra tools just so I can find anything after he steals the other ones.”

Loki has a small grin on his face as he takes a seat at one of his work tables. “If you will assist me, I will allow you the excess I have,” he tells U and then dumps his contents on the table. Oh yes, a deal is going to have to be made if Loki wants any of that left. The table is covered in gold and rubies. “And if you are extra helpful, I will create some jewelry just for you.”

U whirls and beeps excitedly. Looks like his bot has just found his new favorite person. The other
two crowd around.

“I shall make something for all of you if you assist me, but your brother will still have the loose excess. Yes?”

They beep and nod.

Tony has to look down so none of them catch him staring. Oh my god, that is... well frankly, it's the cutest thing he has ever seen. No one has taken to his bots so quickly before. Not even Pep or Rhodey. Well, to be fair, Rhodey was there when he made Dum-E at MIT and has seen first hand what an unholy terror he can be. It was a learning process for all three of them at that point. Especially when the bot 'ate' their homework. The look on their Professor's face when they had to prove it to him...

It got better when he built the other two, but he is sure that somewhere in the back of Rhodey's mind, are those first few months of learning. There's always some slight caution when dealing with them. Not that it doesn't stop him from being a little shit and teaching them all kinds of bad habits. High fives and fetch are definitely his fault.

It makes something in his stomach flutter. He ignores it because that is the last thing he needs right now. The last thing either of them needs. They are preparing for an all out space war, there is no time for feelings. Tony doesn't even do feelings anyways. Feelings are for the weak. He is not weak. Stark men are made of iron.

So he goes back to work, ignoring the god he has aligned himself with and concentrating on his own projects. They are going to need a number of things in the coming months. Better to get the simplest done now. Who knows what tomorrow is going to bring.

“Stark,” a voice startles Tony out of his thoughts. He looks up to see Loki standing on the other side of the table, cuffs laying on it. He takes a minute to admire them. They are beautiful, gold with sparkling rubies circling them in a double row. When he picks them up, he can feel the magic humming through it. Runes are carved on the inside, invisible except by touch.

Tony whistles, “Impressive workmanship. Anyone else going to be able to sense the magic in these babies or is it just me?”

“A certain amount of skill is required. Beyond that, I have a number of protection and dampening spells woven into the gold and gems. None will be able to unless they have both the ability and are safe.”

Tony nods. “Alright. Anything else before I get slaved up?”

“To keep the illusion that you are my slave, there are also some obedience runes woven in as well. Nothing that can be taken advantage of but myself, but it is necessary for our game.”

“Jewelry imperius. Awesome,” the genius mutters.

“In a word,” Loki agrees.

Tony jerks his head up, surprised. “You know Harry Potter?” he asks incredulously, “How? I mean, obviously you know because you read them, but this means this isn't your first rodeo. You've been on Earth before.”

“Not all those who wander are lost,” Loki quotes, “I have traveled many places in my time. I am a Trickster, the change in the wind. No place can tie me down for long. Asgard is advance, but
stagnant. For all that you mortals live short lives, you live them to the fullest. Change is in your very blood. And I happen to find Harry Potter amusing.”

Tony grins. “Let me guess, your favorite character is Snape.”

Loki scoffs. “How very stereotypical of you. I suppose you assume I am a Slytherin as well? I am as much a Ravenclaw as a serpent. And while I find the spy interesting in some regards, no he is not my favorite.”

“Hmm,” Tony rubs his chin, “Draco would be too obvious as well. Weasley twins?”

“Not quite. I am fond of those characters as well, but I admit I have a soft spot for Luna Lovegood.”

Tony grins. “Like looking for Nargles, do you?”

“It is those that society sees as lesser than hold the key for change. Would not things have ended differently if Cassandra had been believed?”

“Please don't tell me those guys are real as well?”

“Unfortunately, I cannot. And I assure you, Zeus is as big of an arse as the legends would have you believe,” the god says with a roll of his eyes. “Not matter though, they never come down from their mountain anymore. Now, are you prepared? And how do you feel about piercings?”

“Where?” Tony asks warily.

“No where you mortals have not thought of before. It is easier to hide one strong spell in such a piece while ensuring it is on you at all times.”

Tony nods.

“Strip,” Loki commands and gets to work.

In the end, Tony is dripping in gold and rubies. He has the cuffs, obviously, with a matching collar to go with it. Then come the piercings – and it's a good thing he doesn't mind because hell the piercings he now has. Three rings in his left cartilage and a ruby in his lobe, with a matching twin in the other side with another cartilage ring at the bottom and a bar across the top. Next he has an eyebrow piercing, and a nose ring. Then he has traditional nipple rings along with a belly button bar. That's not to mention all the rings on various fingers. Lastly is a spell akin to nail polish, only more permanent, along with some eyeshadow and liner.

He takes himself in, looking critically as he turns this way and that. Something twinges as he notices just how heavily scarred his chest is around the arc. Evil Barney may be a class a douche canoe, but he was right about the scars. They trail from the glowing circle like an abstract design. Or a demented maze, depending on how you look at it. Now is not the time to confront that issue however, so he pushes it to the back of his mind.

All in all, he either looks like an expensive whore or... well, a pleasure slave. One in the same really, only one gets paid for their work and one doesn't. Loki had put each one on him with care, his touch gentle. That somehow surprises Tony, although he isn't exactly sure why.

Loki joins Tony who is staring at his reflection in the mirror the god had conjured for him. He nods in approval. “Excellent,” he declares, but frowns. “What exactly is the device in your chest?” he inquires, “It's energy is... familiar.”
Tony snorts. “It should be. It's an arc reactor. Howard built the first one after he found the Tesseract looking for Capsicle. I sized it down. And it keeps me alive,” he adds shortly, not wanting to get into it.

Loki doesn't ask, he simply nods. “I see. That is something that we will need to address in the future. It could prove to be useful. For now, sleep.”

Tony would like to protest, but he knows he can't. Too much is riding on him for the genius to get sleep deprived now. “This way then,” he motions and leads the god to the elevator.
Chapter 2

The next day, Tony finds out what the next months of his life was going to be like. In a word? Interesting.

Because Loki has turned the Tower into his HQ. His castle. And what does a good castle need? Soldiers. Guards. So his beautiful Tower – and it is beautiful, not ugly, fuck you very much Rogers – is crawling with Chitauri. Which, super. Awesome. Lots of fun. They creep the fuck out of Tony frankly. Good thing he has a good excuse to avoid looking at them. After all, a good slave doesn't look at his betters, does he?

The god has converted the living room where they faced off into a throne room, complete with precious metals, expensive decorations and tapestries and, of course, a throne. In the back of his mind, Tony is laughing his ass off. As is, he kneels prettily at Loki's feet, naked and hard. There's a cock ring around him and he can already tell it is going to be another familiar friend along with the rest of his jewelry. Swell.

Not that he hasn't played around with them before, but he hopes Loki has remembered to take biology into account here. It's not exactly healthy to wear these too long and he is rather fond of his equipment thank you. At least he isn't chained to the floor or spread open on display or something. That could get awkward. And disturbing. He's not sure if the Chitauri are into that kind of thing, but he rather not find out. Just the idea makes him shiver.

He leans against Loki's leg as if he doesn't have a thought in the world and watches through half lidded eyes. So far nothing much has happened except Loki lounging on his throne, but Tony has a feeling that is about to change. The Trickster doesn't seem like he is one to sit idly for too long. And he is right. Soon they have a visitor. One Doctor Doom.

He walks in with a flourish, green cape swirling around him. “Doom greets you,” he says simply. He doesn't bow, but that doesn't surprise Tony. Victor isn't the type.

“And I greet you,” Loki returns, “What purpose brings you here today?”

“Yesterday you made the claim that you are now ruler of the world. A big claim indeed. Doom is here to see if you can back it up.”

“If I can back my claim? Or if I will let you keep your throne?” Loki asks calmly. “I assure you I am aware of the system of High King and lesser Kings.”

“Doom is not lesser.”

“I am a god. Everything is lesser to me.”

“We shall see,” Doom says and his hands begin to glow.

The Chitauri move at that, ready to attack. Loki raises a hand and they stop. “I see you also have the art. I was not aware that mortals could still access magic.”

“I am not mere mortal,” Doom boasts.

“So I see. I do believe we can come to an agreement to make us both satisfied. After all, I am not one to turn away valuable allies.”
Doom is priming behind his mask, Tony just knows it. What a drama queen. He and Reed are suited for each other. Speaking of idiots, he wonders how the Sorta Cool Four are doing. They are another group he needs to get in touch with. One thing good about living in Manhattan – most of the heroes have a base in this part of the city. Why? Who the fuck knows. You would think, heroes being what they are, they would spread themselves out some.

But nope, they are all crowded into one corner of New York, New York. Or most of them anyways. He does know one in Queens currently. And Cap was from Brooklyn, not that that means anything now. And he is rambling. But that's ok because it's not as if anyone can hear him.

And he needs something to keep his mind occupied. He can watch Loki and Doom verbally spar and still think about other things. A lot of other things. His brain never shuts up really. It's one of the reasons he stays up so late working. He needs total exhaustion for his brain to shut down. Otherwise, he'll go to bed and keep working with blueprints in his head. Being a genius is a bitch some days. Eventually he is going to need either a really good distraction or something to play with.

Even when he was a kid, his hands had to be constantly in motion. He was diagnosed with ADHD fairly early in life for a reason. One of the better diagnosis too. Psychiatrists have been trying for years to pinpoint exactly what he has. Natashalie was one the last one in a long line of those who tried. She did about as well as they did. He vaguely wonders what she would think now.

Not that he really cares. There's no emotional attachment there. Sure, he thought she was hot and flirted with her. But he didn't hire her for her pretty face, no matter what she thought. He hired her because he can recognize competence when he sees it. Plus, her qualifications? A little too perfect. She may be the perfect little spy, but Tony isn't an idiot. He's been in the game long enough to know when someone is playing with him. She wouldn't be the first.

So yes, movement. Something to mess with. Hell, he would even take one of those stupid fidget toys right now. His Mother had bought him a few when he was a kid in hopes it would help him concentrate in school. They didn't really, but he appreciated it anyways. Mom may not have been an engineer, but she knew all about thoughts that won't stop and hands that want to move. She had been a scientist before she married Howard and had to give it up for image.

“We shall have a drink to seal this new alliance,” Loki says when Tony refocuses again. “What will you have? My pet has a grand selection to choose from.”

“You must be powerful indeed, to subdue the great Tony Stark,” Doom mocks, “I did not think he knew the word humble.”

Loki smirks when Tony looks at him from the corner of his eye. “You say that as if it was a challenge,” he strokes Tony's head, “I found it simple myself, but then, as I said before, I am a god.”

“Perhaps a demonstration then, if it so easy for you,” Doom challenges.

“Pet,” Loki calls.

Tony immediately looks up.

“Come here,” he commands as he spread his legs and unties his trousers. The intent is clear.

“Yes Master,” Tony intones and shifts to come in between the god's leg.

Loki reaches down and caresses his face. “Make it good pet,” he says, making it sound both like an
order and a threat all at once.

Tony feels his arms draw back and hook together. He gives a tentative tug to find the hold is solid. His wrists are linked via the cuffs and magic. Well, that will spice things up a bit. He nods and gets to work. Loki isn't hard yet, so that is the first thing to focus on. He takes the god in his mouth, letting his tongue run over the length as he does. He licks and he sucks and he notes all the places that makes Loki's breath hitch. It doesn't take long before he is hard.

Tony's mouth is stretched wide to accommodate the length. Being a god obviously has more perks than just the obvious. He felt Loki's size before, but now, seeing it and sucking on it, he can truly appreciate it. Dear god, is Loki hung. He pulls back to suck on the head before taking it back into his mouth again.

He pulls off completely than to give Loki's balls some attention. He takes one into his mouth and then the other, alternating between the two. He adds just the barest hint of teeth and Loki shudders above him. The god's cock sways as Tony works, an enchanting sight. When his balls are dripping with Tony's saliva, he goes back to said cock. He runs his tongue along the vein underneath before going back to the crown.

This is obviously the breaking point for Loki because he grabs Tony's head and forces him down. Long, elegant fingers thread through his hair as he move the genius' head to suit his needs. It's a good thing Tony no longer has a gag reflex or this would be even trickier than it is. As is, though, Loki tests Tony's limit as he fucks his face. Each thrust of his hips brings his cock into the inventor's throat. His nose is in the god's pubic hair and his forehead bumps Loki's stomach. He relaxes, but can't help swallowing around it occasionally. Like he said, hung.

The force of it brings tears to his eyes. Air becomes a problem as Loki goes on, getting more forceful as he does. It is clear that he is getting closer now with each shove of his hips. His hands clench behind his back as he is forced to take what Loki gives him. It should feel degrading, but it doesn't. He feels powerful instead. He is the one doing this. He is the one able to drag these reactions from a god. So what if he is on his knees? Isn't that what you are suppose to do before a god? Kneel? Tony is sure every devotedly religious person would be horrified to hear this comparison, but science has always been his religion so he doesn't care.

Loki's hold on his head tightens even more. Tony groans around the shaft, adding vibrations to the mix. He can taste precome now, strong and salty. And minty. There is, strangely enough, an undertone of mint to it. It is unlike anything he has ever tasted before. He could get addicted to it. His throat burns and he is getting light headed, but still the Trickster goes on. His length twitches under Tony's tongue.

Tony can feel his own cock twitching and knows that if it wasn't for the ring, he would have come by now. For all the abuse he is taking, this is one hell of a power trip. He shifts again and rubs himself against Loki's leg. The pressure feels good, even though he knows he can't do anything about it.

His head is forced down hard enough to bring more tears to his eyes. He can feel them drip down his face as Loki holds him down. His throat spasms and he gives an involuntary jerk as his body revolts. Loki comes hard, flooding his mouth. He can't swallow it all, it is impossible. He can feel it leaking out his mouth.

Loki holds his down until he thinks he is going to pass out before yanking him off harshly. Tony gives a hoarse cry. He looks up at Loki, eyes wet, throat aching and eyes blown wide. Loki strokes his face, wiping a trail of come off of his mouth. He brings his finger to Tony's lips. “Suck,” he says and Tony cleans the digit off. “Good pet,” he praises, still holding Tony's head.
The genius shudders at the words, vaguely feeling as if he is going down. He startles when he hears clapping behind him. Doom. He had completely forgotten about the other man. “Very good, Doom is impressed. Tell me, have you considered sharing? I know I would like a taste of such an exquisite creature.”

Loki pulls Tony closer, so his head is resting on the god's thigh. “I am afraid not. I do not share,” he answers coldly.

Doom gives an elegant shrug. “Doom does not blame you. Now you mentioned a drink?”

“Of course. Name your poison,” he says as he rights his trousers and stands, leaving Tony against the throne.

Tony doesn't bother paying attention any more after that. He knows Loki can handle it. They don't call him Silver Tongue in the myths for nothing. Even he knows Loki can be very charming and he hasn't known him for very long. Besides, while he can concentrate if he needs to, right now his cock is aching with need, his mouth and throat chafe and there are still tears in his eyes. If he doesn't have to focus, he isn't going to. Damn has it been a long time since he has done something like that.

When he focuses again, Doom is gone and Loki is back on the throne, stroking his hair. It feels nice. He melts farther into the touch. It feels nice. Loki takes no notice to him, even when he makes a soft, content noise. Behind his back, his hands still chained together, he plays with his rings. It feels... more than nice. He idly lets his mind drift, going from project to project, not really working on anything.

It is easy to see how he missed their next visitor right away. It takes a few moments. Not too long though, because those colors? Really? Has anyone told him those don't go together? Because someone really needs to. Old people aren't suppose to have a sense of fashion, but this is ridiculous. Seriously.

Before them stands Magneto, in all of his crimson and purple glory. Well, he certainly knows how to make a statement.

But no, seriously.

He doesn't say anything at first, just blatantly stares at Loki. Assessing. His stare is intense. If Tony didn't know better, he would say Erik is the mind reader, not Charles.

Loki lets him stare before greeting, “Hello mortal.”

Magneto bristles at this. Oh yeah, this is going to get messy. “I once knew a man who thought he was a god. It did not go well for him,” he answers in turn.

Loki smirks. “I am sure it did not. Such false claims tend to end badly for those who boast it,” he gives a shark smile, “Fortunately for me, I am not so stupid to do so.”

“You boast that you are better than all life forms here?”

“Yes. I do not see why you are surprised. You boast to being better than humans. I am a step above mutants, so should I not be better?”

“Then you do not endorse either our agenda or our rights.”
“I am a benevolent ruler. I do not seek to enslave, merely to guide. Humanity has made such a mess of itself. Surely you can agree with that. I am here to help avoid such future messes. It is for the better of all that I rule.”

Magneto glares at him. “Benevolent? Such as the man at your feet?”

“A mere mortal. Not even a mutant, but a mundane. Surely you cannot claim to worry about him. I have heard that you disdain all without your gene. I do not seek to alienate you. I know power when I see it and you have a great deal at your fingertips. Agree to be allies and you shall have even more.”

Magneto sneers. “Those who start with slaves will only escalate from there. What guarantee have I that you will not turn on me and mine next. I cannot see a human,” he spits the word, “holding up to you for long. What will keep you from taking a mutant as your next pet. After all, we are all beneath you.”

“I do not harm those who align themselves with me. That would be a rather stupid strategy, wouldn’t you think?”

“So is letting me near your pet covered in metal,” Magneto gives a fierce grin and flicks his wrist.

Tony feels a flash of panic. Shit. Not only is he covered in metal, there is his arc reactor to consider. That is going to be bad.

Or it would be, if anything happened.

Magneto frowns.

Loki laughs. “Did you really think I would leave my pet that vulnerable? I assure you, I have him warded against such blatant threats. Now, shall I take that move as your final answer?”

Magneto growls at him. “You have not hear the last of me,” he threatens before storming out.

The Chitauri growl after him, but Loki lets him go. “Pathetic mortal,” he sneers, settling back down. Fortunately that is the last visitor of the day. The most exciting thing that happened was the meals, where Loki hand fed Tony morsels by hand. Because slaves do not sit at the table to eat.

And because Tony's hands are still locked behind his back.

That evening, when they retire, Loki has him crawl after him as he exits the room. He stays on his knees until they reach the penthouse. Thank god no Chitauri are allowed there. It's bad enough having them everywhere else.

Loki releases his arms and Tony groans. “Fuck, am I going to feel this,” he moans.

“Go onto the bed and lay on your stomach,” Loki tells him.

Tony does, collapsing with a sigh of relief. “I hope you have a better plan than this. My knees are going to be bitching at me within a week if you keep this up. Hell, even tomorrow is looking pretty grim. I'm not as young as I use to be,” he complains.

He feels the bed dip as Loki kneels above him, resting on his thighs. “Be still,” he commands, “I have no need to make you suffer needlessly. You are the most important ally I have as of now. I am not in the habit of abusing those that I need or desire. There will be no pain without a purpose.”

With that, he begins to massage Tony's neck.
Tony moans, this time in pleasure. “Oh god, looks like your tongue isn’t that only thing that is silver. This is amazing.” He can smell the lavender oil the Trickster is using. It makes something in him unwind farther.

Soon Loki moves down from his neck to begin on his shoulders. Tony cannot help the sounds he makes as he does. It feels so good, especially after the position they have been in all day. It could have been worse, the tension could have been tighter. Still, they are sore, not use to such treatment. But Loki is certainly making up for it now.

It doesn't take long for the simple massage to become something else entirely. Or at least for Tony, it does. He has been on the edge all day. And now, with Loki’s hands rubbing him down, his arousal peaks again. In short order, he is rutting against the sheets, boneless from the massage, but still tense with desire.

Loki tisks at him. “Now is that anyway to behave?” he asks.

Tony groans. “Fuck you, I've been stuck like this all day,” he grumbles.

Loki moves one hand down to smack him in the ass. “Naughty pet,” he smirks, “is that any way to talk to your Master?”

“When my Master is actually an asshole it is,” Tony answers.

Loki smacks him again.

This time Tony pushes back into the hand.

“Ah, I see. My pet is misbehaving on purpose. I knew there had to be a reason such a good pet was acting up.”

Tony turns back, eyebrow raised. “I know we have to pretend for the masses, but do you honestly want to continue this here? I thought it was all for show.”

Loki gives an elegant shrug. “I have always enjoyed some non-traditional aspects in the bedroom. On Asgard it was seen as an oddity. One not to be indulged in much. Here I understand it is quite common.”

“Yeah, it is. There's a community built around it and everything. But does this mean it is just a sex thing or...?” he trails off, leaving room for Loki to explain.

“A sex thing yes. Outside of the bedroom, I prefer my partner to be able to keep up with me. Nor am I opposed to being on the other side of things during sex. But now,” he leans over Tony's back, “Now you are in my jewelry, covered in my creations and runes, protected by my magic,” he catches Tony's lips in a searing kiss. “Mine,” he finishes.

“So,” Tony drawls when the god pulls away, lips tingling, “among other things, you're also a possessive bastard. Good to know.”

“You are mine now Anthony Stark. I intend to treat you like it.”

“And what does that entail? I am not a sub by nature.”

“Oh, but I think you are. Life has trained you not to be, but can you deny that you enjoy this?”

“I am no one's lesser,” Tony sneers at him.
“Oh, sweet Anthony, how I know this. You are so very strong, are you not? That is what makes this all the more enjoyable. I do not want you weak. I want you under me in bed and by my side elsewhere.”

“Someone is moving fast,” he comments.

“My magic likes you,” Loki explains, “I tend to reflect that in my behavior when it happens because it does not like many people.”

“So your magic is sentient?”

“To a degree. And it finds you fascinating.”

Tony snorts.

“Add to that you are a gorgeous man who takes what I give so beautifully. How can I not desire you?”

“Flattery will get you everywhere Princess,” he reassure, “Now I believe you were in the middle of something.” He pushes his ass back against Loki for emphasis.

He chuckles. “What a cheeky pet. I do believe there is need to correct that. Isn't that so?” he asks with another smack.

Tony groans and nods. “Yes Master,” he agrees. Hey, he can roll with it. Especially if it means he can finally come.

Loki rubs the skin beneath his hand. “Very good pet. But I think this needs something more to drive home the point, don't you think. After all, a simple spanking is hardly creative.” He continues to rub his hand on Tony's ass. His fingers move in between his cheeks to rub at his entrance. “I do believe this will do it,” he says just as Tony feels a thin trickle of magic enter him.

It is comparable to the magical plug in feeling, but not in size. It is almost as if it is not there at all. But it is still pleasurable in any size, the magic moving inside of him. Fuck, that magic is alive too.

Talk about improper use.

“Ready pet?” Loki asks.

Tony nods.

Loki begins spanking him again, first one cheek and then the other. He keeps up a steady rhythm of strikes, if not placement. Left, right, right, upper left, lower right. Tony's ass soon feels hot with each one. He bites the sheets underneath him at the sensation. But that isn't the thing that has him moaning. Or, rather, it is not the only thing. It soon becomes apparent what exactly the purpose of such a small plug is. With each hit of Loki's hand, it grows inside of Tony. Centimeter by centimeter, it grows as the spansks continue.

Soon it is rubbing right up against his prostate with each strike. He shivers each time, feeling a shot of pure pleasure race through him. Inch by inch, he starts to go insane with want. He shivers and squirms at each hit. He never thought this could be such a turn on, but it is. Oh how it is. Even without the plug, there is an odd thrill to it. But with the plug, everything is enhanced. He lets out a whimper, writhing beneath the god.

It doesn't take long before he is begging. “Please, oh fuck, oh god, please Loki, Master, I need, shit!” he shouts when Loki adjusts his aim to hit in the center of his ass, right where the plug is
now protruding. He whines and moves towards the touch. Damn, does that feel good. This is the sweetest torture imaginable. All he wants is more.

“Tell me pet, what do you need?”

“Please, I need, I need to come,” he stutters in between hits. He pushes farther back into Loki's hand. His whole body feels as if it is on fire. There is a fine tremor running through him that he cannot stop. “Please,” he wails at a particularly hard strike, “Ah, god, please!”

“That's right pet, I am your god, am I not?”

“Yes, yes you are,” Tony agrees, stumbling over the words, “Please my god, let me come.”

“I don't know pet,” Loki answers calmly, “have you earned it by now?”

Tony whines again, the plug getting bigger and bigger with each hit. Soon it is going to split him in half. And it is still right on his prostate. It is a constant pressure with the size, rocking back and forth inside of him. “Ah! Fuck!” he continues to cry, “Yes, please yes!”

“Are you sure?” he asks, still debating.

“Please Master, please, fuck, I need,” he groans, body jerking in arousal, “please,” he whines. Loki gives another center hit and Tony sobs. He can't keep this up. He can't ever remember being this turned on in his life. Not that he can remember much right now. All that exists is Loki's hand and the plug and his need. “Please my god,” he begs.

Loki stops spanking him, grabbing hold of the plug and twisting it instead.

Tony wails. It was bad before when the Trickster was simply hitting it. Now that he is playing with it, the feeling is even more intense.

“Is this what you want?” he asks as he begins to fuck Tony with it in long, deep motions.

Tony sobs and shakes his head, “Plzzz,” he slurs, words becoming too much for him. “M' god, plzzz,” he begs.

Loki continues to fuck him steadily. The plug tingles as he moves it, reminding Tony that it is no ordinary toy, but magic. It seems to take pleasure in stimulating his prostate as much as it can, pressing up against it as if it was a finger.

He draws it out so only the tip is inside of the genius and then slams it back inside. Tony arches and sobs, beyond words now. It is all too much. It feels too good. “How about this pet?” Loki asks as he repeats the motion.

Tony shakes his head and whimpers. He tries to beg again, but all that comes out are more whines and sobs. He buries his head into the sheets and trembles. Tears gather in his eyes as he shakes and moves into that sweet, unending torture. He can feel sweat running down his skin with the effect of this. It is all too much.

Finally, finally, Loki seems to take mercy on him. He gives the toy one last stroke before stilling it inside of him. Next he pulls Tony's hips up so that his ass is in the air. Carefully he spreads Tony's legs so that he is able to support himself despite the trembling. “Now pet,” he says, “I am going to take this ring off. When I do, you have to come off of my magic alone. Nothing is allowed to touch that pretty cock of yours. Understand?”
Tony whimpers in agreement.

“Very well then.”

The sensation of the ring vanishing is nearly enough to make the inventor come. As is, it only takes two more strikes of his prostate to achieve orgasm. It rips through him violently, shaking him to his core. Time and reality have no meaning. All that matters is the burning white pleasure that is tearing him apart.

When he comes back to Earth, he is clean and boneless, stretched out over top of Loki. The god is caressing his body gently, murmuring in some language Tony does not understand. He tilts his head to look up at him, blinking.

“Back with me?” he asks.

Tony grunts, not really in the mood yet to talk. Damn that was intense.

Loki doesn't push him, simply continues to pet him. “You are truly a marvel,” he says, “The best this planet has to offer and it is all mine.”

Tony preens under the praise, happily soaking it in. This feels as good as the sex did. And that's saying something because this is never the part that Tony enjoyed. There was a reason he fled the bed when he had his one night stands. That and his brain generally wouldn't shut up. Now though, it is silent and relaxed. What a feat that is.

Loki presses a straw to his lips and he drinks eagerly. Expecting water, he is surprised to find that it is grape juice instead. He is being fed a juice box! He doesn't think he drank from a juice box even when he was a little kid. Still, he is thirsty, so he drinks without complaint. When he is able to sit up, he is then handed a bottle of water. It doesn't take him long to finish that either. Loki finishes the deal by handing him a couple blueberry nutri-grain bars and another bottle of water.

“Thanks,” he says when he has finished, “Good job boy scout.”

Loki snorts. “I assure you, I was no such thing. I am simply aware that care and energy is needed after a scene. I am not clueless on mortal physiology.”

Tony grins and stretches. He feels good. There isn't even any lingering soreness in his ass. This might be better than he has felt in years.

“I have healed you of any remaining issues while keeping the surface appearance intact,” Loki answers his unasked question.

“My ass is cherry red, isn't it?”

“And such a lovely cherry as well,” Loki smirks smugly as he admits it.

Tony rolls his eyes at him.

“You said earlier that the reactor in your chest was based off of the Tesseract yes?”

“Yup. Like I said, my old man spent some time studying it when they found it again. It had been lost in the sea for a while. Before it had been used as a weapon and he got a hold of those notes and then made his own. The arc reactor was originally this giant thing meant to shut the hippies up. But I was able to shrink it down because I'm awesome. You can look at the notes if you want.”
He nods. “I do believe that will be necessary. I have yet to be the only one to sense its power since I have come into contact with you, but given enough time, others might as well. It could be potentially disastrous if someone else were to learn that you are so familiar with the space stone. I will have to mask it with my own magic.”

“How?” Tony frowns.

Loki considers. “I believe a chest harness will do the job. Not only would it surround it, it would offer more support to your chest, which I suspect you need.”

Tony doesn't confirm it, but he doesn't deny it either. He knows talking about this is important to their plans, so he can deal. But he is never comfortable talking about it, no matter who it is. Hell, he doesn't even talk about it to Rhodéy or Pep and they are his oldest friends. No way in hell does he like talking about this with a virtual stranger.

“I shall go create it now. I have enough leftover gold to do so. I also need to add trappings to your bots as well.”

“You know you don't have to do that,” Tony tells him, “They'll get over it if you don't.”

“Nonsense. They are clearly important to you. They need their own protection as well.”

Something in Tony's heart melts. It's probably the reactor. Yeah, that's it. Definitely the reactor.

The Trickster stands and shakes his hands as if he is shaking a blanket out. A green shimmer appears and forms just that. He wraps it around the genius with care. “Although you should suffer no ill effects by now, my magic is a good substitute for my presence,” he informs the man. “You will be safe here.” With that, he vanishes, obviously to the lab.

Tony wraps the blanket further around him and snorts. Clearly things are going to be more complicated than he originally expected. Alliances against evil aliens? Sure. Kick ass and save the world? Absolutely. Battle against overwhelming odds? That's totally his thing.

Add feelings and shit into the mix? Fuck no.

But it looks as if they are getting added anyways. Because magic of all things. Loki's magic likes him. What the hell? He's never heard of this before. Magical items? Yeah, those can totally have a personality of their own. He knows that. But magic itself? Umm, he repeats, the fuck? How is this his life anyways? Things use to be so simple. Even after Afghanistan, they were relatively simple. Ish. Sorta. Kinda. In a way. If you tilted your head sideways to look at things.

Now? Now you have to look at them sideways, upside down and through a brick wall. Fun stuff, this. He sighs and collapses on his back, staring up at the ceiling. Around him, the blanket moves with him. It almost feels as if it is hugging him. He wonders if Loki's magic has a name. And if not, can he name it? Because he has a strange urge to. Hmm, what do you name someone else's magic that is totally attached to you?

And speaking of magic, a familiar light catches his eye. He looks up and grins. “Stef,” he happily cries as the man steps out of the portal, “Sugar pie, Lucky Charms, how's it going?”

Stephen frowns at him, looking rather confused. “Shall I assume rumors of your enslavement have been greatly exaggerated then?” he cocks an eyebrow.

“Oh Lucky Charms, it takes more than a crazy god to take me out. But let me tell you, the sex is divine,” he grins.
Stephen grimaces. “That was terrible,” he tells the other genius.

“Oh like your sense of humor is any better. Hey Levi,” he greets when Stephen's cloak comes off and floats over to greet him. “How's it hanging?”

Levi doesn't greet him as he normally does, wrapping himself around Tony. Instead he appears to be... glaring at him. He looks down. Oh. Right. “No worries Red, I'm not replacing you. Harry Potter left this for me while he went to do his voodoo. Hey Stef, ever hear of sentient magic before?”

Stephen walks over and sits on the bed next to Tony. “Let me guess, the crazy god's is.”

“Yup,” he nods, popping his 'p'. “And apparently it has some crush on me or something. Reindeer Games got all touchy feely cause of it. Any ideas?”

Stephen reaches out to touch the blanket, but jerks his hand back quickly. “I wasn't going to hurt you,” he grumbles, “Or him,” he adds, “I just want a read on your signature.”

The blanket definitely is alive because it pulls itself tightly against Tony. “Cool it Septimus, he's a friend.”

“Septimus? Do I want to know?”

“It's his name. Septimus. You know, Septimus Heaps? Yup, that's him.”

Stephen snorts. “Does the god – what is his name, by the way – know you named his magic?”

“What he doesn't know, won't hurt him. And he's Loki.”

“Loki,” Stephen blinks, “as in Norse god of Chaos and Fire Loki? Trickster god and the one to bring the end of the world? The god of lies. That Loki?”

“One and the same. Turns out Oz is real, which means the other Realms probably are as well. How does this fit into that multiverse of yours?”

“Intriguing. It's never come up. I've never felt magic like this before. The possibilities. If the Nine Realms are real that means the universe has just expanded by...” he mutters to himself, calculating.

“A lot,” Tony answers, grinning.

Stephen snorts. “Thank you Dr Stark for that brilliant deduction. Tell me, do you formulate all your equations in such a way?”

Tony gives. “Everyday Lucky Charms.”

Stephen rolls his eyes at him. “I wonder why Wong never mentioned it before.”

“Probably because you pissed him off.”

“How? I haven't done anything to him recently.”

“Recently,” Tony snickers.

“Oh shut up,” Stephen grumbles.

“Stef, aren't you always pissing Wong off?”
“Not on purpose,” the Great Sorcerer Supreme pouts.

“Did you make fun of Beyonce when he was around? You know how he gets about her.”

“I knew he was trolling me. Who hasn't heard of Beyonce? Really.”

“People who live under a rock? Or in one?”

“They have wifi, they have Beyonce. Simple as that,” he continues to grumble.

“Whatever you say Doc.”

“Oh shut up Shellhead.”

“You're just jealous, that's all.”

“Of what? I'm the Sorcerer Supreme.”

“And I'm Iron Man. We both know who's cooler.”

“Why Tony, I'm touched.”

“Touched in the head.”

“Like you have room to talk.”

“Oh good, there are two of you,” Loki comments from the doorway where he is leaning.

“Leather Daddy, this is my Awesome Facial Hair Bro. Charms, this is my god.”

“I hate you,” Stephen says.

“What? Are you still going to deny it. You can't. You can't anymore. You totally embraced it, don't you remember?”

“I was drunk!”

“It still counts.”

“I was drunk because you got me drunk.”

“Oh please buttercup, don't you remember that year? We were perpetually drunk. I didn't have to force anything on you. If I remember correctly, half the time, it was your fault.”

“My fault, right. And who's fault was the llama again?”

“One time. You adopt a llama one time and they never let you forget it. Well at least it wasn't a penguin,” he crosses his arms.

“I see how the two of you are friends,” Loki says dryly. “Now, I have your harness ready if you would like-”

“Sweet,” Tony interrupts, getting up to grab it, “I'll put it on now.” He drops the blanket without a thought a goes to put it on.

Behind him, Stephen chokes on a laugh. “Were you a bad boy Tony?”
“Shut up Charms. Remember, I know what turns you on.”

Loki helps him put it on, all the while glaring at Stephen. “Cool it Zuko, we haven't had sex together in years.”

“Years? I thought it was months.”

“Are we counting that one thing than? Because I thought we weren't.”

“Oh right, years than,” he waves off.

It doesn't help reassure the god. Too bad. Because it really has been years. Unless you count the thing. Which they don't. They don't count the thing. They don't talk about the thing. There was no thing at all. None whatsoever. Nope. Zip, zero, notta. No thing.

It wasn't a good day. For either of them.

He looks down at himself, admiring the play of gold on his skin. It criss crosses his chest, forming diamond patterns. It secures his arc and his chest all at once. Despite the harness being gold, it is soft on the inside, as if it is lined with soft leather or something. He tests his mobility and finds it unhindered. “Nice,” he says.

Stephen laughs. “You look like a bondage slut getting ready for a show,” he informs the other genius.

Tony winks at him. “Interested sweet cheeks?”

Loki growls and wraps an arm around him. “There will be no playing with others, pet,” he says sternly.

“Ruin all the fun why don't you?” he teases.

“You want fun, do you?” the god purrs, running a hand down to his cock and gives it an idle stroke, “I am more than capable of giving you such.”

Tony laughs and pulls out of his hold to go back onto the bed. “Yeah Rock of Ages, don't worry. You're the only god for me.” Septimus wraps himself around him as soon as he sits back down. “Also, Septimus here is more than a little sentient. Care to explain.”

“Pardon?” Loki asks, “Are you referring to my magic?”

“Yeah, that's what I said.”

“You named my magic.”

“Well it needed one,” Tony defends.

Loki sighs. “Of course you did. I find more unique things about you by the minute. And my magic likes you, as I said. While it is still a part of me, it is able to move and feel on its own. Hence its possessiveness.”

“Oh, so like you. Got it.”

Loki raises an eyebrow at him. “Charming, I'm sure.”

“No, Stef is charming – he's my Lucky Charms. They're magically delicious.”
“So much hate,” Stephen tells him, “Well this has been lovely, but I have to get back to Wong before he freaks out even more.”

“He doesn't know where you are, does he?”

“Nope, should be fun. I'll be in touch.” With a two finger salute of his sling ring, he is off.

“Next time, do inform me when you entertain your friends.”

“Yes dear.”

Loki sighs. “Mortals.”
Chapter 3

The next week is filled with both a lot of planning and a lot of sex for Tony. He spent the majority of his time kneeling at Loki's feet. Eyes blank, his mind racing with plans and blueprints and strategies. Even as he plans, he knows it could all be a waste of time. This is going to be like putting together a 5,000 piece puzzle with different people having different pieces. And he was never fond of puzzles to begin with. Not those kind anyways. It's frustrating.

The sex, though. The sex is great. The sex might be the only thing from making Tony lose his goddamn mind in all of this. Loki cannot be accused of being a poor lover. He leaves Tony satisfied and sore in all of the right places every time. Add his magic into the mix and, yeah. The sex is really great.

And then Barton has to ruin the afterglow. Fortunately he drops in when he is alone. Meaning he is wrapped up in Septimus while Loki does one thing or another down on the lower levels. He's not exactly sure what, he wasn't paying that much attention at the time. All he knows it that it made the god swear and leave in a hurry. He can guess why now.

“Stark,” he greets, popping out of the air vent.

“Hey Legolas, how's it swinging?”

“No time for that now. I'm here to get you out of here.”

Fuck, not again. At least Stef knows him well enough to know he isn't in any real danger. From Loki, at least. Barton, on the other hand? Oh this is going to get messy. “Thanks Robin Hood, but my schedule is filled to the net few... er, months or so. Hopefully years and not months cause even I will get bored with this shit eventually. Sweet of you though.”

“You don't know what you're saying Stark. He's obviously messed with your head.”

“Tell me Barton, were you this coherent when you were controlled? Because I feel perfectly normal. Not that Loki did anything, but I doubt you are going to believe that.”

“Damn straight I'm not. I know how persuasive it can be.”

Tony tilts his head, thinking. “You would know,” he mutters, “Did you by chance feel anything in your head besides Loki? I have a theory, but like hell I'm actually asking him.”

Barton continues to stare at him. “What the hell are you talking about, you idiot?”

“Another presence in your head. Did you feel one? Because I'm not sure how far the evil Barney had his hooks into Loki then. I know they had to be connected somehow, but I'm not sure how. And again, I'm not that stupid to ask.”

“Now I know Loki messed with you. Evil Barney, what the fuck?”

Tony nods. “Yup, turns out shit is more of a mess than Thor thought. Man – god, whatever – doesn't seem to be the brightest light in the shop apparently. Missed some key facts. Or maybe it's just me. Honestly though, how am I the only one that wondered about this shit? Not that there was time to compare notes, but really? I'm a genius and everything, but it's not like SHIELD is that stupid. Is it?” he questions.
“Obviously I am, because I don't have a clue about what you are talking about.”

“The staff. The army. Where did they come from? Loki didn't have either when he fell or whatever. But he did when he showed up here. How did he get them? He obviously met someone on the way. How? Why? What's his motive? And this is even before you get a good look at him. He doesn't look good. Compare him to Thor – not size or muscle wise, but they come from the same planet. Shouldn't Thor look as sickly as Loki if that was how the Aesir looked?”

He shakes his head. “There were too many questions. Too many things didn't add up. Then you had the shoddy planning. If Loki is suppose to be so smart, how come he united us all? Why did he alert us right off the bat. An ambush would have made much more sense. But he didn't. Good plan on the surface. But underneath? No,” he disagrees, “If he's suppose to be a genius in his own right, I shouldn't be able to pick it apart like this.”

“What are you saying?” Barton frowns at him.

“Loki isn't the problem here. He is only the figurehead. There is a man behind the curtain and he is infinitely more dangerous than anything we have ever seen. You can physically feel the power radiating off of him. Evil Barney packs some serious punch.”

“Oh my god,” Barton's eyes widen, “you're playing double agent here!” he shouts, “What the hell makes you think you can pull this off?”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence Katniss. I have been in the limelight my entire life. I know how to play the game. Besides, I am Iron Man,” he grins.

“I don't think the suit is going to help you right now.”

“Barton,” Tony leans forward, serious, “I built the first suit in a cave, with only what amounts to a box of scraps. I'm not trained to be a superhero either. That didn't stop me. This isn't going to either. The genius part of my title is not just an arrogant boast. I have a way of making the impossible possible because I am too stubborn to give up,” he gives the archer a cocky grin, “Trust me, I've got this.”

“Just like you have a massive hickey on your neck?” he asks back snidely.

“Would it surprise you if I said Loki is also a possessive bastard?”

“Not in the slightest.”

“Good. Now that we have established that I'm not brainwashed and know what I'm doing-”

“-debatable-”

“-you need to go. Here,” he reaches down under the bed and pulls out a couple of phones. Barton catches them. “Stay in touch. New contacts will be added as others get their phones. Take Rogers with you though. JARVIS can give you directions.”

“What about Thor?”

“We potentially have a way to send him back to Asgard for help. If not, I can take care of him later. Now go, before they fix whatever distraction you used to get in here.”

Barton salutes him. “Good luck man. You're going to need it.”
“Give em hell Legolas, it's the least you can do in return.”

Barton gives him one more sharp nod and is gone.

Tony sighs and fall back onto the bed. “Well that was fun,” he comments to himself.

“I thought you handled yourself rather well,” Loki tells him.

Tony jerks in surprise, but doesn't move. “How much of that did you hear?”

“The majority of it,” he joins Tony on the bed, “I must admit to being impressed. You had solved all of that even before you confronted me. I had not realized you went that deep.”

The genius shrugs. “It was obvious. Clearly certain things weren't adding up. It was all a matter of looking beyond the expected.”

“And you were able to,” the god purrs, moving closer.

“I know all about masks. I've wore one most of my life.”

“I especially liked that part about Thor's incompetence,” he hovers over Tony's face.

“For a guy who proclaims to be your brother, he doesn't know you very well, does he?”

“Thor has always been an idiot,” he moves the blanket away and straddles his hips, lips almost brushing Tony's. “But you, my brilliant mortal, are a gem among garbage.”

“Flattery cupcake, flattery will-” he is cut off by another pair of lips on his. The kiss is smoldering and deep. In no hurry to rush things, with no desperate need to quickly move on, Loki takes his time to thoroughly and completely own Tony's mouth. The man whimpers into the kiss. He doesn't think he can get it up again after the last bout of sex they just had, but that doesn't mean he can't appreciate a good kiss.

Except Loki seems intent on proving him wrong. Nimble fingers dance along his sensitive body as he shudders. Sparks spread across his skin, leaving trails of fire in their wake. He arches up, feeling the valiant efforts of his cock to get hard again. He has already come three times already, with the assistance of magic, he doesn't think a fourth time is in him.

“Ah!” he cries out as Loki begins to stroke him with magic covered hands. Then again, maybe he can. He squeezes his eyes shut and gasps, writhing under the touch. It feels so good, but it is too much. His body wasn't made to go at it this much since he was in his twenties. “M' god,” he pants, “too much, can't.”

“Oh, but my brilliant pet, I think you can. Come, show me how good my pet can be. My glorious genius,” he praises, continuing that steady stroke, “Show your god how wonderful you are.”

Tony lets out a high pitched whine. No matter how much his ego is stroked – ha! – it is still too much. He gives a violent shudder when Loki's other finger glides over his entrance. He continues to squirm until, suddenly, he can't. He is frozen in place, sprawled out on the bed.

Loki gives him a devilish grin. “We can't have you writhing your way out from under me, now can we?” He slides a finger inside of him and the genius sobs, “Such a wanton thing you are.” He slowly fucks Tony with one finger while the other continues to caress his cock. “I do believe we shall try something different this time. But because I know how much you like it,” he conjures a small dildo and slides it inside. It immediately begins to vibrate.
Tony wants to arch right off the bed at the sensation. He wants to thrust his hips and squirm away from the toy. But he can't. He can't move at all. All he can do is whine and sob and *take it*. Tears leak out of the corner of his eyes as he whimpers. Fuck. Oh fuck is it so good and too good all at once. Damn is Loki a fucking, glorious bastard.

The god grins down at him and resettles himself. It is clear what he intends to do when he grabs hold of Tony's cock and guides it to him entrance. He lowers himself onto Tony and gives a sigh before he begins to move, ever so slowly, up and down. He braces his hands on either side of the genius' torso and rides him.

Tony has to close his eyes to try and block out some of the sensations. Loki feels cool around him, a contrast to his heated flesh. He's as tight as a virgin, even though virgin he clearly isn't. He gives a twist of his hips, changing the angle until he finds his prostate. But even then, he doesn't speed up.

His own prostate is being stimulated ruthlessly by the dildo inside of him. It moves on its own, keeping no regular rhythm as it does. First it goes fast and strong, then it slows down, going deeper inside of him. All the while it vibrates, even going so far as stopping to just twist around, it's ridges and contours rubbing against his inner walls.

The man feels as if he is going to explode any minute now from this. There is a constant tremor running through his body, which is the most he can move right now. He feels light headed, as if he could fly. Every where Loki touches, fire follows. A simple scrap of his fingertips has Tony practically howling. Then he leans forward and begins playing with his nipples.

He rolls them between his fingers before tugging on the rings attached to them. He sucks one into his mouth, tongue continuing to play with the ring. Then he switches, giving the other the same treatment. Soon they become just as oversensitive as the rest of him. He sobs, not being able to tell what is pain and what is pleasure anymore. “Plzzz,” he cries out.

Loki strokes his chest, fingernails scraping along the outline of the harness. “That's right pet, feel it. Feel what I can give to you. You are mine pet. Everything about you is mine, from your pleasure to the very air you breathe. *Mine,*” he growls, finally speeding up.

Tony is full out crying now, tears dripping from his eyes. His body burns and everything feels too good. He doesn't know how much more of this he can take. He might actually be the first case of human combustion ever recorded. What a hell of a way to go.

Loki is close. Tony can tell by how his walls are tightening around the man. He thought the god was tight before. Fuck. Now it seems like a miracle he can even fit. But Loki is clearly enjoying himself. There is a thin sheen of sweat on his brow. His eyes burn with lust, pupils blown wide. He gives out breathy gasps of his own and deep groans.

Suddenly, the vibrations increase to an almost unbearable amount. Tony howls as it seems to grow even longer inside of him, stretching him just the tiniest bit more. Loki clamps down on him and that is it. All at once he is coming, screaming as his orgasm rips through him.

He trembles and he shakes and he writhes with the force of it. It doesn't even register in his mind that he is able to move again. He doesn't think at all. All he can do is react. Loki comes as well, reacting to Tony’s orgasm, covering his stomach and chest as he does.

The genius sobs as Loki slides out of him and vanishes the dildo. After that, things get a little fuzzy. He knows he is being wiped down and then cocooned in strong arms, but it is an afterthought to realize. All his energy has left him. He continues to have a fine tremble run through
him. The last feeling he registers as he drifts off is a hand caressing his hair.

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When Tony wakes up the next day, he is still wrapped in Loki's arms. The god is asleep behind him, although that won't last long. He has an eerie habit of waking up right after Tony does. He sighs and snuggles in closer, enjoying it while he can before they have to get up for the day.

He pauses mid snuggle when he realizes what he is doing. When he did he do something like this? Not the sex, obviously, but afterwards. Hell, even the sex. He hasn't been with another person since he came back from Afghanistan. He was too jumpy. The reactor too vulnerable. Sure, he danced around with Pepper, but not much came of that. She's more best friend material than not, really.

When was the last time he felt like this? Safe in someone else's arms. That... he honestly can't remember. It is far longer than pre-Afghanistan. Much farther back. It might even go back to the original Jarvis. Or Aunt Peggy. And how sad is that? Those are childhood memories right there. Childhood memories and not a single one with his parents in them. Definitely not Howard. And not his Mother, either. He knows his Mother loved him. He knows she cared for him. But he never felt one hundred percent safe with her. She was too connected to Howard for that.

And, here and now, he is in the arms of a god that is potentially crazy, acting as his sex slave to save the world. And he feels safe. What the hell? How did this happen? It shouldn't. Feelings shouldn't be involved at all right now. For one thing, they will be a distraction. For another, he doesn't do feelings. He avoids them at all costs. What does it mean, that now, he is feeling something for this strange Trickster behind him? Holding him.

He gets the whole aftercare thing. And that these scenes can form a feeling of trust between them. He gets that part. It is understandable. Bound to happen sooner or later. But it feels more than that. Because trust alone cannot make him feel this level of safe and contentment. He trusts both Rhodey and Pepper with his life. He has trusted them with his life. And they've both come through for him. So that isn't it. It's something more here and Tony doesn't know what. It makes him edgy. Can he trust this feeling?

Not that he believes there's a sinister source behind it. It's not like he is afraid that Loki is messing with his head. But just because it is innocent in origins doesn't mean it is to be taken at face value. He has known the god for about a week or so. He is a man whose trust issues have trust issues. And yet, here he is, trusting the Chaos god himself. A Trickster. The god of lies. It sounds pretty bad when he puts it that way.

Damn, now he knows how John felt the first time he met Sherlock. The similarities are more than a little bit shocking. Post Afghanistan PTSD, trust issues, an eccentric man no one in the right mind would trust, a partnership between the two. He just never thought He would be John in this scenario. He's always been more of a Sherlock himself. Rhodey agrees too because Rhodey is the one who got him hooked to the show. Apparently he and Sherlock are a more than a bit similar and Rhodey wanted to laugh at him. Too bad the show is so good. And too bad there is a two year wait for the next season. Damn Reichenbach.

He mentally waves the thought off. Not important right now. Or not that important anyways. The point he is babbling about to himself is that feelings should not be a thing between him and Loki. But they are. Not only on Tony's end either. He still can't believe Loki's magic likes him. Even if it isn't a crush like he likes to joke. He has the powerful magic of another being attached to him. How is this his life anymore?

Becoming a superhero is one thing. Flying around in a suit of armor and kicking ass. Fighting
villians and idiot CEOs – coughHammercough. It's another to fight along other superheroes to fight aliens. Another ballpark entirely to team up with one of those aliens/gods/whatever to battle a Titan. This goes above and beyond anything he was ever expecting.

He sighs softly. Fuck.

“Do try to not let your brain leak out with all of that heavy thinking of yours,” Loki comments behind him.

Tony doesn't jump, but it's a near thing. “Finally awake Sleeping Beauty?”

“How is one suppose to rest with you thinking so loud?”

“Proof of my brilliance,” he teases.

Loki snorts, but leans over to kiss him. “Good morn. Shall I inquire as to what has you so troubled?”

“It's nothing,” Tony tells him, “just trying to plan ahead. There's just so many factors involved. Makes it difficult to keep track of everything.”

Loki nods in agreement and stands, stretching. Tony watches, blatantly staring. Loki has a fabulous body, all lean muscles and sharp lines. He looks like something out of a modeling magazine. Or a porn video, with all of his leather on. Tony snickers. He likes Loki's leather. It really shows off his ass.

The god smirks, clearly reading his thoughts. “Come Anthony, let us shower before we begin the day.” He walks to the bathroom, hips swinging just a little too much to be natural.

He's not complaining though. What a view. The genius jumps out of bed to join him. With an invitation like that, who can refuse?

As the morning starts off, it seems as if it is going to be a fairly boring day. Loki will lounge on the throne, working, while Tony kneels at his feet. They will break for meals and then, after supper, go back up to the penthouse. But things change just before lunch. They get another visitor and it is the last person Tony would have expected. Well, last people technically.

In waltzes Alexander Pierce – WSC member – Sitwell, their friendly SHIELD Agent and a scruffy looking man in a face mask. Tony blanks his face and stares down at the ground. But inside his mind is whirling at five hundred miles per hour. What the hell? He doesn't know what is going on, but he can tell it isn't going to be good. By all rights, both men should be in hiding, planning against Loki. And the scruffy man is loaded to the ears with weapons. And, he has a metal arm.

Again, what the hell?

“Hail Loki,” Pierce greets.

“Greeting mortals. What business do you have?”

“An offer for an alliance of great importance,” Pierce answers arrogantly.

Oh this is going to be bad.

Loki leans back against the throne. “Oh? Do tell.”

“We bring you great news – SHIELD is no more.”
What?!

Loki hums. “Is that so. Tell me, how did you accomplish that in so little time?”

Pierce smirks. “We came out of the shadows. We are not SHIELD. We are HYDRA.”

Fuck. Just fuck his life right now. HYDRA?! Fuck.

“Interesting. Please, tell me more,” Loki motions with his hand, “I admit I am not familiar with your organization.”

“We were formed in World War II by our great leader, Red Skull. He was a visionary who saw how to make the world a better place. How we could shape humanity for the good of all. As you yourself said, freedom is but a lie. We agree. Our organization was thought to be dead by the end of the war. But those stupid founders of SHIELD invited us in themselves, thinking us reformed,” he laughs a rather unpleasant laugh, “But we are not. We have been hiding in the shadows, waiting for the right time. The time has come. I admit it was a bit earlier than expected, but you have given us the perfect opportunity.”

Loki nods. “I see. You are offering your help to shape humanity. Such a generous offer.”

Pierce smiles.

“And what is your price for such a generous offer?”

“Our views align. Our goal is your goal. We want the power to achieve our goal. You can give us the power to do so.”

Loki hums, “A mutual benefit then. That is all?”

Pierce nods. “I understand your skepticism. I would be the same. In order to show a good sign of faith between us, I have also brought you a gift.”

“And what is that?”

The man motions to the scruffy one standing beside him. “This is the Winter Soldier. He is the greatest assassin in the world – and in history. No one knows he actually exists. He is a ghost story among those whose job it is to hear of him. We have programmed him well.”

Tony suppresses a shiver at the last part. Programmed? Yeah, no. Definitely nothing good here. It seems it’s getting even worse than he thought.

“Programmed you say? He is not here of his own free will? Not that it matters of course,” Loki adds, “I simply need to understand his workings.”

“He has no free will,” Pierce says, sounding sickeningly proud. “He has long since been programmed to do our will and our will only. He has no emotions, no thoughts, no rebellion. He is the perfect tool.”

“Indeed he sounds like a great asset. And you are giving him to me?”

“We will have no need for him soon. With us as the enforcers, we will no longer need a ghost.”

“I see. You understand, as well, that you will need to work alongside the Chitauri? And that, above all, I am the ruler of this planet.”
“A ruler needs loyal soldiers. And what better way than to have soldiers that agree with your worldview. We can take care of all those messy details while you spend your time focusing on the bigger picture.”

Loki nods. “It sounds as if an alliance of great importance than. I also agree that it will be fruitful. Shall we strike a deal then?”

“We shall,” Pierce agrees.

And that is how they end up with one brainwashed assassin. Fun stuff.

Loki stands after they have left and circles the Soldier, examining him. “A fine specimen indeed. Soldier, state your mission,” he commands.

“The Asset is to guard the King. The Asset is to protect the King at all costs. The Asset is to remove any threats to the King,” he intones emotionlessly.

Fucking creepy, more like.

But Loki acts pleased. “Very good. Come Soldier, I want to see your capabilities. Follow me. Come pet,” he walks towards the elevator. “I do not wished to be disturbed for the rest of the night,” he orders the Chitauri standing guard.

Tony crawls after them. They head done to Tony's workshop, where the genius collapses on a bench. He rubs a hand over his eyes. “Tell me this is just a dream,” he begs, “Or a nightmare. This is all just a terrible nightmare.”

His bots come over and greet him excitedly. He looks at them and grins. It is the first time he has seen them since Loki decorated them. And decorated is definitely the right word. They are decked out from head to wheels with gold bracelets and rubies. “Aren't you three proud of yourselves?” he asks rhetorically.

They whirl and beep happily in response.

“Yes, you are all pretty, pretty princesses. Especially you,” he points to U, “you magpie of a thief. Are you satisfied?”

U spins in a circle, which means he is very satisfied.

“Allright then you menaces, go occupy yourselves with something useful. Daddy has company over and he's not up to greeting you right now, so don't even think about it,” he warns them, “Maybe later. But that is only if you are good. Got it?”

They beep and roll off to another part of the lab.

Tony snorts. “Loki, god of bedazzlement,” he comments as a way of thanking the god. Because that's how he rolls. “But no, seriously, please tell me I'm dreaming about this shit, not living it.”

“I am afraid not,” Loki answers, “You are then familiar with this HYDRA?”

“Yup. Heard all about them as a kid. They were the people Rogers fought against in his time. What they failed to mention was their leader broke off from the Nazis, a group that tried to exterminate an entire group of people because they did not fit their worldview. What was it? Two thirds of the Jewish population? Something like that. And that doesn't count the other people they threw in their concentration camps. And HYDRA was considered worse,” he shudders, “I'll get you more
information later. For now, what are we going to do about him,” he nods to the Soldier just standing there, staring at nothing.

Creepy.

“We are going to deprogram him with my staff and then add him to our actual alliance. We are obviously going to have to disassemble them as well. I imagine he will want revenge against them. I have no problem letting him have it."

Tony lays down, stretching out fully on the bench. “This keeps getting more and more complicated by the day,” he complains. “HYDRA, honestly,” he snorts. “Disclaimer now. If the Ten Rings show up, I'm out. I am out and I am done and I will tear their faces off with my bare hands.”

“I appreciate the notice,” is all the god says to that. He turns his focus on the Soldier, for which Tony is grateful for. He doesn't want to explain why he hates that particular group so much. They have already discussed Afghanistan once. No need to revisit the topic.

Tony watches as Loki concentrates on Soldier, staff raised and eyes intent. They almost seemed to glow with determination. As soon as the staff touches Soldier, both men freeze. There is a long drawn out moment where it doesn't even seem as if either are breathing. And then, with a flash of light, they break apart, stepping away from each other. Well, more like staggering, but he doesn't think it is wise to mention that.

He watches with interest as Soldier blinks and shakes his head as if to clear it. He stares at Loki for a long time before turning to face Tony. They stare at each other. The Soldier is clearly assessing him. Tony, on his part, frowns at him. Now that he is without the full face mask, there is something vaguely familiar about his face. As if he has seen it before, a long time ago. But, if he had, he has no idea where. “Howdy Soldier,” he greets.

The Soldier blinks and then nods in return.

“Still not a talker huh? Well that's alright, I can talk enough for five people, let alone two. Hey, can we get a name? Cause Soldier is so cliché. Like, I refuse to even consider it. Some people have no imagination. Course, what do you expect from HYDRA. Pretty sure lack of imagination is required. But Soldier? Really? Winter probably came from something as unoriginal as Soldier did, I'm not even going to ask. It's just going to make me cry and I don't want to ruin my make up. Still-”

“Anthony,” Loki interrupts, “do remember to breathe in between sentences, yes? Or are you so remarkable of a human that you do not require air?”

Tony strikes a pose. “Darling, I am always the most remarkable thing in the room. You should know that by now,” he flirts shamelessly. He flashes the two his hundred watt smile because he can. And because he is a little shit. That is definitely a thing too.

Loki goes to reply to that, but Soldier interrupts him by answering, “Asset.”

Tony can keep himself from flinching, but just barely. As is, he can't stop the horrified, “No,” that escapes his mouth, “Jesus Christ, no. What the fuck? Shit, that's even worse than Soldier. What the actual fuck. What the hell – no, Christ no,” he blurts out.

Soldier shrugs. “I was their greatest Asset,” he says as if it is no big deal. As if it means nothing.

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Soldier shrugs. “I was their greatest Asset,” he says as if it is no big deal. As if it means nothing.

Tony has heard weather reports with more emotion than that.

“Is there anything left?” he asks, “I mean, not of the programming. I know Rudolph would have
gotten rid of that. But before they got a hold of you. Is there anything left?” And yeah, he probably shouldn't be asking this. Or at least finding a better way to do so. But for all that he can charm a room, Tony has never been good with people. Not in a way that matters.

Soldier cocks his head, seemingly unbothered by the genius' lack of tack. “He is still there. Hiding,” he declares.

“He?”

“The programming... shattered him. Not broke. I am what gathered the pieces together. He... hid instead, unable to cope.”

Loki hums. “They managed to create a separate personality rather than break who he originally was. Interesting.”

The man nods. “They thought I was blank. They were wrong. They did not destroy him – they created me.”

Tony takes a moment to breathe deeply. This conversation is doing wonders for his nerves. He is going to need so much R&R after this is all over. So much. And therapy, but he's needed that for years, so he ignores that part. Fuck HYDRA. Fuck Thanos. Fuck Stane. Fuck... basically everyone at this point. Just – everyone. And not in the fun way either.

“You know,” the Soldier's words break through Tony's thoughts. The assassin is staring straight at him. “You know what it is to be unmade and come back different,” his eyes flicker to Loki, “Both of you.”

Tony just shrugs.

Loki nods stiffly.

“You will help me,” he states.

“And you will help us,” Loki returns.

He nods firmly.

“A name,” Tony repeats, “you need a name. Also, any idea of who your secret twin is?”

The man frowns thoughtfully. “He... will not come out to greet you himself. And... Bucky. We use to be Bucky.”

Bucky. Tony feels his sanity slip just that much more. Bucky. There is only one Bucky he knows and it fits too well. Fuck. He lets out a string of curses that would make a sailor blush. He gets up and begins to pace, needing to move. “Fucking of course you were. Captain goddamn America,” he complains bitterly, “Everything always leads back to Captain goddamn America in my life. Fuck. That explains why you look vaguely familiar.”

“Enemy, but... no,” Soldier mutters.

“He was Cap's bff back in the day. Til the end of the line and all that shit. Pass on that he's still alive too. Or alive again technically. Spent seventy years as a popsicle. Damn is it going to be a mess when he sees you. Both of you,” he adds to make his point clear. “Just what we need. Well snowflake, pick a name, any name. Just know I probably won't use it.”
Soldier looks at him questioningly.

“I'm special like that,” he informs him. He goes over and collapses fully onto his couch so he doesn't have to see the assassin any more. He can hear Loki step in and give the man all the necessary details. Tony rubs his face. Fuck, this keeps getting more complicated by the day. No, by the hour at this point. He is not getting paid enough to deal with this shit. He isn't getting paid at all actually, which makes it even worse. Signing up to save the world is one thing. It is another to deal with all the extra crap that is coming with it. Any more and he is writing a formal letter of complaint. To who? Fuck knows at this point. But he will. Oh will he.

His attention drifts completely at this point and he begins working on a design that could utilize that fact that the arc reactor and the Tesseract are so similar. Absentmindedly, he grabs a tablet off the ground and pulls up his drawing app. He hums as he works, muttering to himself discarding this and adding that. The tension he had been holding onto slowly seeps out of him. There is nothing like creating to take his mind off of things. It's always been one of his main coping mechanisms, ever since he was young.

“I do believe you need to adjust this section here in order for the section across from it to work,” a voice startles him out of his thoughts. He looks up to see Loki leaning over, eyes intent on the tablet. “Also, you need to find a way to stabilize the inner workings or your object is going to be transported into the great unknown. Most likely in pieces.”

“Yeah, that was the next step. Trying to work this here,” he motions to a separate drawing, “to compensate for the energy bullshit that is here,” he points to another part of his design. “There are going to be a shit ton of bugs to work out before this baby is up and running.”

“Indeed. However, your theory is sound for not being familiar with the subject.”

Tony shrugs. “What can I say? I'm a fast learner. And I know the arc reactor inside and out by now. All I'm doing is applying dear old Dad's notes to the subject and turning theory into fact. Annoying, but doable.”

He frowns when another edit causes the center to tilt way off balance, energy wise. A hand lifts his face before he can fix it. Tony would protest, but he is too busy being kissed. And kissed thoroughly, hot damn. He returns it with as much enthusiasm as he can spare right now, brain still more than half on the design. “What was that for?” he asks breathlessly when they break apart, “Not that I care. I just want to know so that I can do it again.”

Loki grins at him. “My brilliant mortal,” he proclaims proudly.

“So intelligence turns you on. Can't say I'm necessarily surprised. Or disappointed. I have tons of intelligence, this is going to be great!” He beams back up at the Trickster.

Loki snorts. “And an ego to match.”

“Oh like you don't like it,” he teases.

“I never proclaimed otherwise. I was simply stating a fact.”

Tony has every intention of replying to that, but another mistake catches his attention and he goes back to his design. He vaguely hears an amused snort, but the sound doesn't really register. He is lost in his own mind again. He's been told many times that it's an annoying habit, but it's not like he can help it. It's just the way his mind works.

When he looks up again, it is to find Loki reading on another tablet, sitting on the floor beside him.
He blinks. Something about that doesn't process, but he doesn't know what exactly. That he's letting Tony do his work without interruption? That he hasn't complained? That he's sitting on the floor? He's not really sure, but it's oddly peaceful with him here. Strange.

Looking around, he sees Soldier sitting in another chair, also reading off of a tablet. What, he has no idea. Maybe critical information to help him integrate into the new situation he finds himself in. Maybe a history lesson – catch up on what he's missed. Maybe he's just watching cat videos. Those things are damn addicting. Not that Tony would know that of course. It's not like he's a cat person at all. Or he has spent hours, bored out of his mind and unable to invent or shut his eyes, watching the damn things. It's not as if they are fucking adorable. Not at all. Why would you think such a thing?

He's also vaguely surprised that he knows how to use the tablet, but he shouldn't be. If HYDRA wanted him to fit in with the world around him, they had to keep him at least somewhat educated about this new environment. Although how in the hell they kept him looking so young, he doesn't know. Probably something horrific that he's going to regret knowing once he does. It seems to be a developing pattern lately.

Fuck. Everyone.

He runs a hand through his hair and pushes the stray thoughts aside. Science now, emotional crisis later. Easy enough to do. His hands had still been working even while his thoughts had drifted. He frowns and plugs in another equation, only to watch it explode. Damn, this is going to be harder than he thought.

The next time he is dragged from his work, it is to find that Loki had moved him to his bedroom without him noticing. He blinks, jarred from the realization. “What the hell?” he asks, bewildered and sort of pissed.

“You have a brilliant mind Anthony, but now you need sleep.”

“Sleep? With my head like this?” he snorts, “good luck.”

“I can help with that, if you will allow me.”

“How?” Tony asks warily.

“A simple sleeping spell, nothing more. I have used it myself before. It quiets the mind enough to allow sleep to come. There are no ill side effects.”

Tony looks at him, still a little skeptical. Sex magic he is fine with. But this? This seems to be a whole other level. Of course, he's been crossing those like crazy lately, so what's one more at this point? He nods his consent and Loki smiles at him. As he lays down, he begins to feel tired almost immediately. The last thing he feels is the god's arm around him before sleep takes him completely.
Adding Soldier – damn, did he really need to pick a new name – changed everything and nothing about their routine. He’s the silent presences, always watching. He’s a quiet shadow, lurking just out of the corner of your eye. He’s the deadly stillness before the storm.

He’s fucking creepy most of the time. All he does is stare. He stares at Loki. He stares at the Chitauri. He stares at Tony. Actually, he stares at Tony a lot. It’s not exactly an assessing stare, as if he is gauging Tony’s threat level. And it’s nowhere near a lustful stare. If Tony had to describe it, he would almost call it curious. As if he couldn’t figure out what to make of the genius. Which, fair enough, Tony isn’t exactly sure what to make of the assassin either.

He gets that the man is readjusting from decades of brainwashing. He’s going to be a bit disoriented. Totally understandable. This is the first time he’s been free in seventy years. There’s going to be a needed period of time for him to adapt to the new situation. Sure. Naturally. But the thing is, that’s not exactly all true, now is it?

Because this isn’t the first time he has been free in seventy years. This is the first time he has been free at all. Because this isn’t the original man they are talking about. This is a new personality. Something HYDRA created to be the perfect assassin. No free will. No thoughts or opinions. No emotions. The perfect machine in biological form. Only that’s not what they made.

And now that perfect killing machine is learning that he’s actually human all along. He does have thoughts and feelings and free will. He just doesn’t know how to handle them. And if he’s watching Tony for correct social cues? Well then, he’s as fucked as fucked can be. Tony is no one’s idea of a well adjusted human being. In fact, he’s been called a train wreck more than once. Add to that he’s currently masquerading as a sex slave...

Yeah, no. Bad idea.

But he doesn’t say anything about it either. Best to let it be. He’ll work himself out eventually. Tony was more important things to worry about than what is running through an ex-brainwashed, newly minted personality’s head. Like that damn arc transporter.

He can’t remember the last time a project has given him such trouble. Maybe it’s because he’s working on a curve, but things keep going wrong with it. Loki may be wholly impressed with Tony and his progress, but Tony isn’t. He should be enjoying the challenge, but he can’t seem to. Something about it makes him twitchy. Maybe because working with the arc reactor brings up unpleasant memories. Maybe it’s because he is being challenged and he’s not use to that. Maybe it’s just the subject matter he is dealing with.

Whatever the reason, it makes his nerves stand on end. His instincts are sort of screaming at him and he can’t understand why. It’s beyond frustrating and it is making Tony irritable as a result. Of course Loki picks up on it immediately. “Come Anthony,” he says, “you have been making great headway. There is no need to be so critical of yourself.”

“If I were making such good headway, I would have finished it by now,” the genius grumbles. “Sure, it’s something new, but that doesn’t mean I need forever to get it. I do. Things just keep popping up.”

“You are attempting to recreate an infinity gem in a miniaturized form. That is not something that has been done before. It has not even been dreamt of, let alone attempted. You are doing a fine job
“Not good enough,” he argues.

Loki gives him a long thoughtful look before sighing. “Come here Anthony,” he motions for Tony to join him on the couch opposite of where Tony had been curled up in a chair.

Tony rolls his eyes at the god, but obeys, collapsing beside him.

“You are not a failure,” Loki states, “You are breaking the laws of physics and nature with this project. I do not know who taught you that you need to be perfect all of the time, but they are wrong. No one can achieve perfection at everything they do. You are no exception.”

Tony scowls at the god, but doesn’t say anything. On the inside though, he is mentally cursing enough to make even a soldier whistle in appreciation. And he knows just how much that is, thanks to Rhody bear. Because after Loki said that, he is suddenly able to guess why he has been in such a bad mood over this. It isn’t that he’s being challenged to much. It’s that he has been trained to say any challenge that he doesn’t master quick enough as a failure. Three guesses where he learned that and the first two don’t count. Damn Howard to the grave and back.

He is dealing with enough other issues, he doesn’t need to add the ones the old man gave him. Not that his brain is likely to listen to him when he thinks that. Why would it do that? It might make him think his brain doesn’t actually hate him for a change. Can’t have that happen.

“Still,” he grumbles, not ready to give up.

“Have you reached the level of intellectual perfection then? For even I, as advanced of a society I have come from, find this to be a challenge. So either you are smarter than a god or you are a genius individual who is working at an acceptable pace to break the known laws of the universe.”

Tony turns and stares at the Trickster. “You find this shit hard?”

“Indeed. There is a reason I find your intelligence so arousing as well as impressive. This is the level of work only a Master Mage would take on. That title is only given after centuries of study and training. That you, a mortal whom many regard as insignificant, are making such progress on it. Well,” he spreads his hands, “I am only human, as the saying goes.”

Tony snorts, a smile tugging at his lips.

“And at the risk of sounding like a nag, whoever told you differently should be tarred and feathered.”

“A chicken. My old man who look good like that,” he laughs.

Soldier, who was standing at attention in the room, blinks. “Howard was a dick,” he announces gravely.

Tony turns, eyebrow raised. “That so? Not how he told it.”

Soldier nods gravely. “Too cocky.”

“And I’m not?” Tony asks with a self-deprecating smile. Because let’s face it, too cocky? Too arrogant? That’s one of his main personality traits and he’s well aware of the fact. He does in fact possess some self awareness. And even if he didn’t, enough people have told him over the years for him to have no room for doubt.
“No,” he shakes his head, “You... put your money where your mouth is.”

It sounds as if he is reading from a script rather than having a conversation. But that doesn't stop Tony from bursting out into laughter. “Oh my god,” he gasps, tears in his eyes, “you're totally my new favorite,” he says, grinning.

“You are fickle with your affections then,” Loki teases.

“Technically,” he smirks, turning back to look at him, “you have yet to buy me dinner. What kind of man jumps into bed with a handsome stranger without even a meal first?”

“Ah, you you want roses with the thorns?”

Tony slides down off the couch laughing at that. “Please tell me you did that on purpose?” he asks, smiling.

“Of course. I am called Silver Tongue, am I not? I assure you not all who call me so have experienced my more... thorough talent with my mouth.”

Tony's smile turns into a leer. “And what a skill that is,” he agrees.

Behind them, Soldier snorts.

“You have something to share with the class?”

“Better sass too.”

“Ah, you're going to make me blush,” he tells the assassin, preening obviously. Anytime someone tells him he is better than Howard is a good day for him. He hopes back onto the couch and picks up his tablet. Or, at least that's what he intends to do, but before he can grab it, it is plucked from his hands. “Hey,” he protests, “I was using that.”

“I do believe you are done for the time being.”

“I need to work.”

“You need time to clear your mind. A rest will give you new perspective.”

“Oh? And you have just the thing to occupy me then?” he asks cheekily.

“I may have a thought or so,” Loki agrees amiably as he leans forward, pushing the genius down on his back as he advances.

“I do so love the way your mind works.”

“I am sure you do,” Loki smirks before settling fully on top of him. He kisses the genius, first lightly. Teasingly. Then he deepens it, adding tongue and a hint of teeth to lips.

Tony moans into the kiss, arching up. The god's body is a solid weight above him. Lean torso and wiry arms. He has the kind of strength that is often underestimated because he is not bulging. He has a dancer's grace. A deadly panther rather than a stalking lion. It never fails to excite the genius. Truly, it is the body of a god. Just, you know, not an in your face one.

He reaches up, carding hands through hair and down a muscled back. Going lower, he takes the opportunity to runs his hands along the god's ass. Tony knows he has said it before, but damn that ass. It is lean like the rest of him, but still shapely enough that he can squeeze it delightfully. He
does so with relish, enjoying the way it feels in his hand.

Loki nips sharply at his lower lip before sucking it into his mouth. He ravishes Tony's mouth, making no question as to who is the dominate one here. Not that Tony is complaining. He's never been one to bottom during sex as a rule, but with Loki, he has no reason to resent it. It's rather enjoyable.

The Trickster moves down from his mouth to his neck, running lips and teeth over sensitive skin.

Tony groans, rutting against the body above him. Very enjoyable. It is clear that there is not going to be any fancy tricks this time, as Loki lets him rut, grinding down just as much. One of his hands glides over his nipples, playing with the rings. That is another thing the god seems to enjoy that Tony has no problems with. He never thought he had especially sensitive nipples, but he was apparently wrong. Either that, or Loki did something to make them more so.

He feels like a teenager, fumbling his way through an awkward encounter with another boy, neither of them knowing what they are doing. Except that Tony never had that stage. He went through his teen years in college with many lovely and willing partners – after they got over the age issue – who knew exactly what they were doing and how to get what hey wanted.

It also feels naughty, given that while Tony is naked, Loki is still dressed. It adds another layer to it, adding just a little something more. Loki's pants are smooth and cool against his hot and aching length. The leather feels nice. So does the answering hardness he can feel behind that layer of leather.

He arches and moves and gasps, wanting more, but not wanting to take the time to get it.

One of the god's hands is in his hair, pulling at it to expose his neck for a better angle. He is busy littering his neck with kisses and bites. It is going to look as if a vampire used him for a meal, but he doesn't mind. It feels pretty damn good, at that. His other hand continues down, stroking his sides to run fingernails across his inner thighs.

Tony is not the only one moaning, as Loki gasps and hisses his pleasure as well. He rolls his hips along the genius', pushing him farther into the couch with his pelvis. It makes thrusting in return a bit difficult, but Tony doesn't mind. It still means there is some delicious pressure on his cock, sliding firmly against it.

He chokes on a gasp as Loki gives a particularly hard bite to his collar bone before sucking on it. Slowly the hand stroking his thigh makes its way towards his entrance. A slim finger runs itself along his cleft, not pushing in, but petting the opening. That, combined with another mark sucked on a sweet spot and a clever twist of the hips, is enough to make Tony come.

He shouts his orgasm, pushing into Loki as he rides it out. Loki, in turn, pushes down, hips still jerking until he comes too, hissing out his pleasure. He sighs, sated, letting more of his weight onto Tony instead of holding himself up. He's not crushing the genius though, so he doesn't say anything. He just takes deep gasps, getting his breath back.

The hand that had been holding his head now moves to play idly hair. Tony hums in approval.

“I do not believe I have been that impatient as to come in my trousers in decades,” Loki mutters into his ear.

“Obviously you haven't been doing something right then,” Tony mutters back, “Then again,” he glances down speculatively, “maybe not.”
Loki snorts and vanishes the mess.

“I do so love Septimus,” he says.

“You are aware that some would find it impertinent to name another's magic?”

“Probably,” he shrugs, “Luckily I don't ave that problem.”

“Luckily,” Loki echoes dryly.

“The two of you are ridiculous,” Soldier informs them.

Tony had forgotten he was there, actually. “Enjoy the show?” he asks, grinning brightly at the assassin.

“Messy,” the man declares in a bored tone, “a distraction.”

“But a fun one.”

Soldier merely looks at him, both skeptical and bored.

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“Ha!” Tony exclaims two weeks later, “got you,” he mutters to himself, “come to Daddy you annoying little fucker.” He plugs in the last of the equation and runs it. Nothing explodes. Nothing is thrown off balance. Nothing shifts unexpectedly. It works. The damn fucker finally works. Finally.

Tony runs the numbers again, checking to be sure. This has to work perfectly the first time after all. The test run is the official run and there's no way to run it through a trial. Damn evil Barney. But it'll be fine because Tony built it and everything Tony builds is perfect. Even when it explodes. But explosions might be kind of bad this time, considering they need Thor intact after this.

Reading the chart over, the wavelengths are perfect, the energy output is stable and it looks like they have a little extra for the return trip. Now just as long as they don't fuck it up, it should work. Finally. Fascinating as this all is, it's also a bitch to work with. Even after his and Loki's... talk, he still grumbled over it. A lifetime habit is a hard one to break after all.

He still can't believe Howard was good for something besides being an asshole and stealing vibranium. Who knew? But he doesn't want to think about that, given the trade off of issues for information, so... “It's finally finished!” Tony announces with a flourish.

Loki looks up from where he is reading the couch. “Is it?” he inquires.

Tony nods. “Yup. All the tests run positive. It should work for a two way trip, provided they don't poke at it or anything.”

“Good, now to get that oaf out of here. The sooner the better.”

“Does this mean when I get back, we are having 'I hate my brother' sex?”

“He is not my brother,” the god growls.

“Is that a yes?” Tony wiggles his eyebrows.

“You are ridiculous,” Loki says, but it somehow comes out sounding fond instead of exasperated.
Huh, would you look at that. Clearly they have been spending too much time with each other. Who is actually fond of Tony anymore? Pep and Rhodey bear might be the only ones who come close. They have definitely used that tone before. He gives a mental shrug. Something to think about later.

“Yes, sexy time, here I come,” he cheers instead. Stripping off his shirt, he walks out the door. He actually put one on today, along with jeans, given that they haven't made an appearance in the throne room so Tony can work in the shop today.

It's been getting easier and easier lately to show off his chest, scars and all. He had been pushing it to the back of his mind, given how necessary it was for him to be naked all the time basically. But while naked is fine in theory, exposing his arc and scars? Now though, he doesn't have to push those thoughts back as much. Something else to definitely think about later. Way later. How about never? But the jeans stay. While he has to keep up the illusion, he is not 'rescuing' Thor naked. Period. He finds he's not into blondes much anymore.

Tony nods to Soldier who is standing guard at the door. They don't let any Chitauri on this level, but it is still best to keep an eye out for them. They aren't that smart. “Come on Soldier boy,” he motions, “time to clear the floor so we can send our favorite Pokemon back to Oz.”

They enter the elevator and go down to the floor they are keeping Thor. Soldier goes first, clearing the hall with a growl and a bark of bullshit orders. He knows the way they are going to take to the roof. He'll make sure it's clear. Tony strolls out, secure with that knowledge at least. When he gets to the right door, he acts sneaky, opening the door and peaking in. “Thor,” he hisses, walking in and shutting it behind him.

Thor looks up from where he is chained to the wall. “Man of Iron?” he asks, “you are unharmed?” is the first question he asks. It's kind of sweet considering he only knew the guy for a couple of days before all this shit went down. Well, Loki did mention he takes care of his men seriously.

“Yeah, I'm fine. Listen, I'm here to get you out of here. You need to leave now.” Tony says urgently, “I made this device that should get you back to Oz and back again with help.”

Thor startles. “How were you able to create such a thing when my brother has enslaved you?”

“It's not that bad,” Tony waves off, “I've had worse.”

Thor looks skeptical. “Been kidnapped before, not important. The important thing is that you get out of here and get help. We're going to need it.”

“Come with me Man of Iron. Once we are in Asgard, we can free you from whatever my brother has wrought upon you.”

“Thanks but no thanks Point Break. Honestly, I don't think it's Loki was have to worry about right now. He's just the General in all of this.”

That makes Thor sit up straighter. “What news have you learned?”

“Right after Loki won, this evil Barney visited him. He didn't say his name, but he was big, purple skin and radiated power. Even I could feel it coming off of him. He thanked Loki for giving him this world, made a show of power and then left. Loki... he looked kind of freaked out about the whole thing. I mean, he hid it well, but I could tell. He also mentioned pulling him out of the Void and giving him new purpose before he went,” Tony shrugs, “Not that I know what that means, but...” he trails off, looking at the thunder god.
Thor is pale. “This is grave news indeed Shield Brother. You are correct when you say my brother is not the biggest threat there is. It seems he has made an alliance with the Titan. He has clearly clouded himself from view for none in Asgard knew of his involvement. This changes everything.”

“Right,” Tony nods, “so I built this. It's based off of the Tesseract and should get you out and back again with men.”

“This would have taken a great deal of studying to make, let alone master,” Thor comments again.

Tony shakes his head. “Not as much as you think,” he says, down playing it, “This isn’t the first time I’ve seen this. Howard had it when I was a kid before he died and SHIELD got their hands on it. He left a shit ton of notes and no one cares if I read around here when Loki doesn't need me.”

“You are a true marvel Man of Iron. Surely the bards will one day sing your name.”

Wow, dejavu much. Looks like the not brothers have more in common than Loki would like to think. “Yeah, yeah, great. Now let's get you out of here,” he picks the lock on the chains within seconds. “We have a time limit here.” He ‘sneaks' Thor to the roof, out of view of everything. “One more thing.” He hands Thor a phone. “I don't know if you'll get any reception in Oz, but this is linked to any other phone I can smuggle people. Don't come back until you are absolutely ready. Don't rush this on my account. We’re only going to get one shot at this. And try and call before you come? Coordinating this is going to be a bitch.”

Thor nods gravely. “I will do as you say. Heimdall can keep watch if there is a signal you prefer.”

Tony nods. “Great. Now press the sparkly red button and go. The purple one is for the return trip.”

Thor gives him a slight bow and is gone is a flash of light. Tony has no idea what to do with that, so he rushes back to Loki instead. “He's gone,” he reassures as soon as he enters the workshop.

Loki nods. “Good.” He still looks angry at the thought of Thor. One of these fine days, he is going to have to get the story behind all of this. But not today. That’s clear enough.

He walks over, shedding his jeans and straddles Loki’s lap. “Sexy time?” he asks hopefully.

“You are insatiable.”

“And you love it, so don't even pretend you don't,” Tony shoots back before he kisses the god to stop anymore banter that might come. Loki kisses him back almost viciously and Tony groans in approval.

Loki’s hands are on both sides of his face, holding him there. They kiss and lick and nip and make a general mess of the art called kissing. Then the Trickster moves down to Tony’s neck and begins to caress and bite at it. There are going to be some spectacular bruises when he is done, which is suppose to be the point after all. Tony has to look well fucked. It's not hardship to bare. He begins to rut against him when Loki finds that particularly sensitive spot on his neck, lavishing it with attention. Tony gasps and moves.

Loki’s hands move downwards, paying attention to his nipples, then his sides and finally grabbing onto his hips. He grasps them tightly, ceasing Tony's movement.

“Fuck,” Tony curses, “come on Loki, let me-”

Loki silences him with another kiss. “Patience my dear, our time hasn't even started yet,” he smirks. “We would not what this to end too soon, now would we?”
A familiar tingle circles Tony's cock and he doesn't have to look down to know that a cockring of magic is around it. Tony groans and attacks Loki's mouth again, dominating the kiss. Loki allows him, hands moving upwards again to play with the rings in his nipples. He gives a violent buck at the first pull and continues the motion as Loki continues.

He can feel Loki growing hard beneath him, cock straining against his leather pants to get out. Tony reaches down, teasing the length through layers of clothes. He runs his fingers along the outline of it, careful not to press too hard. He isn't going to be the only one who gets tormented by this. He'll just have to take a different approach, is all. Loki growls at his teasing and vanishes his clothes as well.

He continues to tease, fondling balls and tracing the crown of the god's shaft without putting too much pressure on it. He runs his cock along side it, rubbing the two of them together. When Loki bucks into it, Tony takes that as a sign and slides down and off the couch. With a smirk, he takes Loki all into his mouth at once. Loki curses and immediately grabs hold of the inventor's hair.

He pulls out of Tony's mouth, only to thrust right back in. Tony can feel the crown in his throat and swallows around it. Loki yanks him off before doing the same thing once again. It is a good thing Tony lost his gag reflex in collage or this would be more than a little comfortable. As it is, Tony relaxes his mouth and let's Loki face fuck him with ease. He runs his tongue on the underside of the god while he thrusts in and out of his mouth and throat. He can feel drool running out of his mouth and down his chin, but he doesn't care.

He watches with half lidded eyes as Loki moves strong thighs to bring himself to satisfaction. Green eyes are closed and head thrown back. He is breathing in pants now and hissing every so often when Tony licks a particularly sensitive spot. Tony reaches up to run his hands along those thighs. It shouldn't turn him on, just how fucking strong Loki is. He doesn't look it, but he could easily crush Tony, if he chose to. It makes manhandling him real easy.

It shouldn't be a turn on, but it is. Then again, that could be said for a lot of things in Tony's life? Why worry about it now?

Loki's hold on his hair tightens to the point of pain, but Tony continues run hand and nails along said muscles. It only takes a few more moments until Loki is coming, forcing Tony's head down into his pubic hair as he comes, groaning slightly as he does. Tony swallows with ease, but still some leaks out of his mouth.

When Tony pulls away, something in Loki's eyes flashes at the sight of him, hair mussed, lips swollen, come running down his face. Tony wipes away a trail of it with his finger before sticking it in his mouth, sucking at it. He gives the god a wicked smile before going back to his cock once more, licking and sucking it. Tony knows it won't take long before he is ready to go again. His recovery time is a thing of beauty, that's for sure.

It is limp in his mouth for now, but Tony doesn't mind. He knows he can change that and he knows he is good at it. He always enjoyed ensuring that his partners were well satisfied. No one has ever called Tony a selfish lover. The shaft is heavy and warm in his mouth. He sucks of the head of it before moving downward, adding just a hint of teeth as he does. Above his, Loki gives a sharp gasp, still watching him with heated eyes. He moves all the way down, allowing it to sit in his mouth as he swallows and plays with it. Loki gently pets his hair as he does.

Tony pulls up again, giving the crown one last long suck before moving down to suck Loki's balls into his mouth, one at a time. As he does, he can see his cock begin to twitch, clearly starting to recover already. He sucks and switches the two before finally giving into temptation and moving down farther still, to Loki's entrance.
He spreads the god's thigh and give the hole a good suck before dipping his tongue in. Just a little. Loki hisses and bucks. Tony grins as well as he can, considering he is currently tracing the edge of said hole with his tongue, sucking and nipping it every so often. Thighs flex around him and he sticks his tongue back inside the god, twisting and caressing every part he can.

He lavishes it with attention, enjoying both the gasps Loki makes and the taste. The Trickster has a slightly minty taste to him that Tony doesn't understand, but enjoys nonetheless. Giving one last suck, he pulls back and sees Loki is fully hard again. He grins.

He moves back to his place on the couch, straddling him and grinning wickedly. An oddly cool sensation goes through Tony and he knows he is ready. He lifts himself up and sets himself down on Loki's cock all in one go. The god shudders beneath him.

The genius sets his own pace at first, trying different angles until he find the one he wants. He knows he finds it when a bolt of pure pleasure goes through him. Success. He speeds up then, hitting his prostate every time. He clutches muscles around Loki as he grabs his hips and begins to set the pace himself. He lifts Tony up and down. The inventor is powerless to stop his. All he can do is grab Loki's shoulders for support and hang on.

Tony knows he is going to feel this in the morning when Loki thrusts his own hips hard into him, going deeper than before. Tony groans, so turned on, but unable to come with the ring on. He whines as Loki continues to batter his prostate, panting and whimpering as he does. Trembles start to run through his body. Fuck, he needs to come.

“Loki, Loki, please, god, need to, I need to come,” he begs as the god continues to fuck him, “Need, need it.”

“Yes,” Loki answers, “I am your God.”

“Yes, yours, all your, only your, please,” Tony agrees.

“Touch yourself,” he commands and Tony obeys. He strokes himself just the way he likes, no matter how useless it is. He moans and clutches more around Loki.

“Yes,” he hisses, “show your God how much you love it.”

Tony groans, hand still moving. He arches under the touch, back bending even if he can't move his hips. Loki speeds up even more. There are definitely going to be bruises on him when he is done. He doesn't care.

Then Loki forces him down one last time and comes, thighs pressing strongly against Tony's ass. He whines and squirms at the feeling of Loki filling him. He still can't move and he still hasn't come and damn does he need to.

“Please, please my God,” Tony begs because he knows Loki has a thing for it. Without warning, the ring vanishes and Tony comes with a loud cry, writhing helplessly with Loki still inside of him. His fingers dig into shoulders and he bows his head, shaking. Loki lets go of his hips and he slumps against the god. He tucks his head into the crook of his neck and closes his eyes, sated.

“Feeling better?” he asks.

Loki hums idly.

“If I ask you a question about Thor, you're not going to rip my head off, are you?”
“I am rather fond of this head of yours,” Loki says casually, bring a hand up to run fingers through the genius' hair. “What question have you?”

“Before he left, he bowed his head to me. That suppose to mean anything?”

Loki jerks, hand tightening. “Are you positive?”

“Yeah, it was all regal and shit. I'm guessing that is important then?”

“As Crown Prince, Thor is required to bow to no one but the All-Father and All-Mother. For him to do so to you, and a mortal at this, is a great honor. It means he values you above the rest of his comrades. I do not think even the Warriors Three or Sif has ever received such an action.”

“Cool, I'd take offense to the mortal part of that, but I guess it bears saying since Asgard isn't all that mortal friendly. So does that mean he'll listen when we tell him you aren't actually working for Thanos then?”

“It means you have the support of the future King of Asgard. That is no small thing to squander.”

Tony grins. “Told you I was awesome.”

“Indeed. My clever mortal, besting Titans and gods alike.”

Tony can feel Loki growing hard inside him again and grins wider. “Does my God want to show his clever mortal just how much he appreciates him?” he asks cheekily, flexing around the Trickster.

Loki smirks sinfully and does just that, letting magic run wild along the genius' skin. Tony groans. Fuck, how he loves magic.

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After another long and boring day of Loki ruling from the throne, aka looking fabulous while reading off of his tablet while Tony kneels at his feet, Tony collapses on his bed. Loki is busy down in the workshop, practicing a spell he came across so it is just Tony and Soldier in the room. The assassin has been making real progress in his whole 'being an actual, functioning human being' deal.

He spends most of his time not patrolling or guarding Tony and Loki reading and observing. By now he is making limited conversation and odd remarks. He still looms and lurks a little too much, but that's something that probably comes with being a badass assassin/bodyguard anyways. And he still hasn't chosen to name, which admittedly makes Tony a little more twitchy, but whatever.

“I'm bored,” he whines, “Soldier boy, entertain me,” he orders.

Soldier snorts. “Shall I juggle?” he asks.

“Can you?”

“With my knives.”

“Seriously?!” Tony sits up, excited, “That sounds awesome. Show me, show me,” he says, sounding like a small child, but not caring in the slightest.

Soldier doesn't look impressed. “No.”
“Why?” Tony pouts, “I wanna see it.”

“You sound like one of his little sisters right now.”

“So?”

“She was five.”

“Still not seeing the problem,” he shrugs and leans back down on his elbows. “So...” he tries to think of some tactful way to ask, thinks about it and then decides to fuck it. He hasn't offended the assassin yet. “How are the two of you doing in there? Is it cramped, having two personalities in the same head?” He pauses and thinks. “That sounds weird but vaguely familiar. Isn't there a show about that? Eh, I'll see later. Not important.”

“He... is not very active most of the time, so there is not much sharing right now.”

“What's he doing?”

“Hiding. Recovering. Avoiding all the trauma we went through so that I have to deal with it instead.”

Tony frowns. “That sounds really dickish actually.”

Soldier shrugs. “It is what he has been doing since I was created. I'm use to it.”

“That doesn't mean you should have to deal with it.”

But Soldier shakes his head. “Can't say I'm thrilled to deal with it, but... what I deal with would break him. I do not want a broken personality in my head. He is getting better now that we have been away from HYDRA for so long now.”

“And what about you then? Obviously you got some of the humaning down, but shit like that takes a while to shake.”

“'Humaning'?” he asks.

“It's totally a verb,” Tony argues, “It ends in 'ing and it's a thing you do. Humaning – being a human.”

“I don't believe you.”

“Rude,” he sticks out his tongue at the man.

Soldier tilts his head. “You are not afraid of me,” he states.

“No. Should I be?”

“I am the most feared assassin in the world. I have made dozens of impossible kills. I am a ghost in the system. I could kill you with my bare hands at least thirty different ways. But you are not afraid of me.”

“Well, of course not. The whole killing things was HYDRA. And while I'm sure you still have all the skills, I doubt you have all of the murderous desires to go with it. Besides, do you see who I have sex with? Clearly I am not going to be afraid of you when I regularly submit to a god.”

“The two of you have a lot of sex.”
“Still not enjoying the show?” he wiggles his eyebrows.

“Still messy and a waste of time,” he answers.

“Sex not your thing.”

“No,” he answers in a monotone voice.

Tony shrugs. “Whatever floats your boat cupcake.”

“Kane.”

“What?”

“My name is Kane. Not cupcake. Not Soldier boy. Kane.”

Tony sits up and throws his hands in the air. “He is a real boy!” he exclaims.

“Are you sure you know how to human yourself?”

“Pfft,” Tony snorts, “let me tell you a secret buttercup. No one really knows how to human. It's all a matter of how well you fake it. My problem is that I said fuck it years ago. I guarantee there are people out there who are way worse then me, but are better at hiding it. Society's rules are abstract and confusing and a waste of time.”

“So you ignore them instead.”

“Works for me so far,” he shrugs.

“I think some people would argue with that.”

“Some people are idiots. Like Hammer. Justin Hammer is a Class A example of an idiot who follows society's rules so people will like him better. As if that waste of space has ever made anything useful. But some people think he is the better inventor because he sucks up to them. Twat,” he spits.

“He is someone who upset you.”

“Given that he tried to kill me once? Yeah.”

“I can kill him for you.”

Tony laughs, wholly inappropriately. “Thanks Terminator, but he's in jail right now for it. Frankly, I'm more upset about his shoddy engineering skills than his attempt. It was so bad it was dangerous. Nitwit. People try and kill me all the time, I'm use to it. But bad engineering?” he growls. Yes, he actually growls. Because the thought honestly upsets him that much. Engineering is a form of art. It is not just a talent, but a gift. To mangle it like that... No.

“Statistically people are more concern for their lives not the way you are trying to kill them.”

“And you would know right?” he quips back, because he is a terrible human being obviously. Not that it seems to offend Kane.

Kane, like Tony had been expecting, just raises an eyebrow at him. “Bad humaning,” he tells the genius gravely.
Tony laughs, delighted. “See, it's totally a word,” he crows.

“That is not the point.”

“That is totally the point. It is totally a word because I am a genius and I said so. I always know what I'm talking about.” Even when he doesn't. Fake it till you make it. Unless it's science. Then you poke it until you figure it out.

“You are a stranger person.”

“I live to confuse.”

“If you wear so many masks, how do you keep track of which one is real?”

“Oh sugar pie,” Tony smiles bitterly, “what makes you think I know that?”
The rebellions start a month later.

The only surprise is how long it took them to organize it. Then again, when you have the remnants of SHIELD, the X-Men, the Brotherhood and any other lone heroes that want to get involved, there are a lot of bodies to plan around. And a lot of heads to butt up against. Or Tony assumes so anyways. He isn't involved in this part of the plan at all. Reasonable deniability and all that. Besides, he has other things to worry about. Such as how to take Thanos himself down.

A being that powerful? That's going to take a lot of power and a lot of planning. And that's not even mentioning the weapon or the help. This is going to be one of the greatest team efforts of the century. And Tony still isn't exactly a team player. At least he is only dealing with Loki and Kane right now.

The others are perfectly capable of doing their own thing. Stef is the only other person who drops in, but it's not terribly often. Still, he's known Stef for years. Working with him isn't a problem either. But eventually he is going to have to bring others into it. He's not looking forward to it.

Loki does a fabulous job of acting shocked and outraged when he hears the news. “What did you say?” he hisses at the poor HYDRA agent who got stuck telling Loki. Well, poor for him. Tony finds it pretty amusing actually.

Behind him, Kane watches the man with hooded eyes.

“There have been attacks on three of our bases within the last two weeks.”

“And I am just being informed of this now?” Loki sneers his displeasure.

“At first we assumed it was a random attack. It was not until this last assault that we realized that it was a group effort.”

“And here I was led to believe your agents were intelligent. Deal with it,” he orders, “I will send the Chitauri with you for backup.”

“Thank you my King,” the agent bows, not looking particularly happy about it, but still relieved to be in one piece.

“I expect reports. If it is not dealt with right away, I require one of your intelligent leaders here so that retaliation efforts can be coordinated. Understand?”

“Yes my King,” the agent bows again and leaves quickly.

Tony snicker silently in his head. So much for the brave and the bold. Obviously hiding in the shadows for so long hasn't done anything for their courage. Then again, Loki does cut an intimidating figure, in his leather and armour, sitting in his throne. Tony has fantasies about that, but hasn't had a chance as of yet to act them out. He has no problem with voyeurism as a rule, but with the Chitauri watching? It loses some of its appeal. Not that haven't had several shows already, but...

Once the HYDRA agent is gone, Loki stands and stalks away from his throne to the elevator. Kane follows and Tony timidly trials after them. When the doors are shut, Tony snickers. “How long till you make one of them piss themselves?” he asks.
Loki’s mouth twitches. “They lack heart. It is not my fault if they are unable to handle me. I have no patience for fools.”

“I can help,” Kane offers helpfully, “I know I can make them terrified. There were some that couldn't handle me even when I was brainwashed. They always reeked of fear when I was around them. It is amusing, now that I remember that.”

Kane is now a little shit. Tony loves it.

Loki snorts. “I am unsure who is worse, between the two of you.”

“Yes,” Tony cheers, “I am on level with a Master Assassin. My level of awesomeness just keeps getting higher and higher.”

“You are both children.”

“Well Grandpa, just because we weren't alive when the wheel was invented.”

“I assure you, the wheel had long been in use when I was born.”

“Are you sure?” Kane asks, smirking.

“Insolent mortals,” Loki mutters.

“But we're your insolent mortals,” Tony teases.

“Yes, well you know what they say about giving kindness to strays.”

“Rude,” the genius declares.

“Do not worry kitten,” Loki pats Tony’s head, “I will still care for you.”

“Kitten,” he hisses, probably not helping his case in the slightest, “I am not a kitten.”

“Of course not dear.”

Tony crosses his arms.

Kane, because he is also an asshole, snickers at him.

Kitten, Tony grumbles to himself. There is nothing cat like about him. And if he were to be a feline, it would be something magnificent, like a lion. Or a tiger. No, a panther. Yes, that fits nicely. He is not a fluffy kitten. He is a deadly panther. You'll never see him coming. “Whatever you say Lokitty,” he smiles sweetly at the god.

“My pet is under the impression he is clever, is he?”

“You have the cleverest pet that ever was,” he answers.

“The two of you are both idiots,” Kane tells them just as they arrive at their destination.

Tony turns his nose up at the assassin and walks out. There is no one currently on this level, so there is no need to act their part. Tony leads them into a room with a large rectangular table in the middle, wheeled chairs surrounding it. “This was suppose to be a meeting room, but no one ever uses it.”
“It will suffice,” Loki assures him. With a wave of his hand, a projection of New York appears on the table.

“Useful,” Tony says as he leans forward to look closer at it. It appears to be similar to his hologram technology. He passes a hand through it and a familiar tingle runs along his skin. But it didn’t disrupt the image. A simple hand motion shows that the ability to highlight the map and add human figures where needed. Tony nods in approval. This will work nicely for all their needs.

Planning both the resistance and the counters to crush it. It sounds vaguely poetic somehow. And extremely ironic. Tony knows which of the two he appreciates more. He was never one of poetry. To many metaphors. They always gave him a headache. Kind of like modern art. Same effect.

“Does this mean that instead of being sexy on your throne you are going to be sexy here instead?”

“Just what the you need, another excuse for sex.”

Tony turns towards Kane. “Don’t be bitter Robo Cop. You are always welcome to join in if you want.”

“With the way you two play? I’ll pass.”

“But you do bring up a point. The Chitauri are rather easy to fool. But now we will be having another, averagely intelligent human attending here each day. That means you will have to play your part more. We will need to discuss just what you are comfortable with later.”

Tony hums, already crafting scenarios in his head. Oh the possibilities are just endless. There are definitely limits of course. Even as adventurous as he is in the bedroom, there are some things he simply won't do. But beyond that? Oh yes, he can see that this is going to be fun already. Tony leers at the god. “Will you be needing visuals to go along with this discussion?”

“I do believe that will be an excellent idea.”

Beside him, Kane groans.

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It only takes three days for HYDRA to admit defeat and send an agent, as per requested. They are ready for him. Loki is, of course, on the throne. Kane is standing guard behind his right side. Tony is kneeling on the left.

He has the cock ring on with chains connecting it to his nipple rings. There is a slight tug on them every time he shifts. His arms are chained behind his back, with an extra accessory this time around. The plug that fits snugly inside of the genius, connected to his wrists. To put the finishing touch on, he has a red ball gag in his mouth that silences any sound he might make.

It must be a pretty picture for the agent. For Tony, it is a sign of a long day. Bad enough that every shift stimulates something without any real effort. There is an extra torment to it because of course the plug is Loki's magic and not an actual plug. That means Septimus. And Septimus is either as much of a tease as Loki himself is or he likes to pleasure Tony as much as it can get away with. So, naturally, this means that the plug will occasionally vibrate or target his prostate for the hell of it.

It's a damned good thing the he is silenced.

“I assume by your presence that you were unable to quell the rebellion right away?”
“Yes my King. I am here to assist, as you requested.”

“Very well. I already have a room prepared for us. I do hope you do not mind, but both my pet and my guard will be joining us. I dislike leaving either of the two alone.”

“It is no problem my King,” the agent reassures, eyeing Tony lustfully.

“You may look, but do not think you can touch,” Loki warns. “Soldier, bring my pet with you. I do not trust him to move unassisted in this state.”

Kane walks over and lifts Tony up, cradling him in his arms. Normally Tony would be both indignant and outraged by this. As is, he is grateful the Trickster isn't making him try and walk like this. Frankly, he would probably run into something. Like the wall. Even like this, he gasps and shudders as he is carried. Damn the plug feels good. And it is going to feel good for a long time yet.

When they enter the planning room, Kane sets Tony down on the ground so that he can lean against Loki as the god stands. He absently lowers a hand to play with Tony's hair as he discusses what has happened and the strategy they have so far. Tony would have admired the usefulness of the interactive magical map, but he is a little too busy right now.

Half of his mind is still on what is happening around him. But that is not the part of his mind that is in the forefront. No. That part belongs to the part of his brain focusing on the pleasure running through his body. He can't help but jerk as the plug rubs his insides with in turn allows the plug to fuck him in small motions and tug at his nipples. It is a vicious unending cycle and it is going to drive Tony mad.

He has a fine tremor running through his body. He physically cannot stop himself from moving now that a pattern has been established. He tries, but he can't. It is as if his brain is offline and all he can do is enjoy the ride. Or endure it, depending on what part of Tony's mind answers that particular question.

He loses track of time after a while. He knows Loki and the agent are still talking. He knows, logically, it can't have been too long. But it feels like an eternity right now.

His pleasure builds and builds and builds until Tony thinks he will burst from it. Then, something gives and Tony is coming. He shakes and he shivers and he whines silently. He slumps against Loki, putting most of his weight on the god's leg. His body feels like goo, but at the same time it is still on fire. Dry orgasms are both a blessing and a trial of oversensitivity.

A small twitch of his arms starts the cycle all over again. Tony whimpers as his prostate is ruthlessly stroked by the magical plug inside of him. Over and over and over again until he hits his peak. Then it begins all over again.

Tony doesn't know when he starts sobbing. He doesn't know much of anything anymore. There is no half of his brain that is paying attention to his surroundings. There is no brain process at all. The only thing that exists is the fire in his veins and the pleasure/pain that runs along every nerve of his body. Tears leak out of his eyes, but he doesn't notice those either. Not until it is all gone.

He is laying on a strong chest. There is a hand carding through his hair and a soothing voice murmuring in his ears. He makes a small sound of question and the hands respond. “Back with us now Anthony?”

“Hmmmm,” he hums.
“I see,” Loki says, not stopping his hand. “You did so well today. I must say, you were quite the distraction for the poor agent. I do not think he was able to grasp all of the strategy for he was staring far too much. I should take offense, but you truly are a gorgeous thing like that.”

“Mmmhmm,” he agrees.

“Modest as always as well.”

“Hmmm,” he comments.

“Rest for now. I have hydration and nutrients prepared for when you are ready.”

“Mmmhmm.”

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Of course there are other things to be done now that things are moving faster now. Tony, for one thing, is trying to create a weapon they can use against the Titan. Several weapons actually, since he doesn't know what exactly will affect Thanos. It's... going less than ideal. Worse than the arc transporter actually.

It's not as if his weapons aren't working. He was called Merchant of Death for a reason after all. But what he needs is more powerful than anything he has ever designed. Not made, because there are some designs that never saw the light of day after Tony drew them up. Even he knew that there had to be a limit to what he produced. Some of that stuff looked like it could come out of a dystopian novel. But now, even those aren't enough.

He is also working with Loki on a new Mark for his suit. One that can use magic. Not like, actual real 'I am a Sorcerer' magic, but incorporating magical energy into his suit to give it more of a kick. That's going slightly better, although there are more explosions when that fails then the weapon designs. Kane is convinced Tony is blowing things up on purpose. He takes offense to that. He would never.

Right now at least. That he somethings causes explosions when he's bored is something he will never admit it. Unless Rhodey is also involved. They have created some real beauties in their time. No one else was especially impressed, but everyone else can suck it. They were great.

On a more fun note, Tony also gets to watch Loki and Kane spar. Patrolling alone doesn't burn all of the assassin's excess energy some days, so he fights Loki instead. It is truly a thing of beauty to watch. Both men are elegant and lethal, moving with deadly grace. Neither rely on brute strength, even though Kane totally could if he wanted to. But no. It is like a dance whenever those two go at it. A fatal dance to be sure, but a dance nonetheless. It is like a work of art.

On another, much more fun note, there is the sex that is required after the kind of performance he plays for the HYDRA agent. Not the same thing of course. Not only would that get repetitive after awhile, he couldn't physically take it. Probably. He adds some margin of error whenever Septimus is involved in anything, especially sex. Still, Tony would rather not push it.

But for all they change it up, it usually doesn't involve his release. So Tony has to get those after the day is officially over so that he can stay healthy. Yes, he needs to come to stay healthy. He loves biology sometimes. Makes up for the rest of the time it is a bitch to him. And speaking of orgasms...

“Are you ready pet?” Loki asks from where he is standing above Tony.
The genius is in a new configuration of bondage today. He is lying so that his ass is on the very edge of the bed. His legs are spread wide and held apart by two poles, on either side of him, a fair distance apart. His arms are also tied to said poles, leaving him as open and exposed as can be. He shivers in response, panting lightly from the end of the session he just put in with the goon and the god.

“We shall begin then.” He slides a dildo inside the genius gently, twisting it as he goes.

Tony whines and pushes back as much as he can.

Loki chuckles. “Eager are we now?” he teases as he give the dildo as sharp twist.

“Fuck!” Tony shouts. After waiting so long today this feels amazing. He is already on edge. It won't take long to push him over. Sure enough, after only a few more thrusts and a single stroke of his cock, he is already coming for the first time.

“Very eager indeed,” the Trickster hums, “I wonder how many more you can handle before that changes.”

The man shudders, both that the words and the continued movement of the toy inside of him. He knows Loki won't stop this until he is good and ready to. He likes to be very thorough with these prostate massages of his.

“Ah,” Tony cries as just the right angle is hit to make the pleasure coursing through his body even stronger.

“Yes, there is the perfect spot, correct?”

“Shhh,” the genius curses, although it doesn't come out as a coherent word.

“What was that pet?” the god stills the dildo at the precise edge of his prostate, “I did not understand that.”

Tony bucks, but it doesn't help. “Yes,” he shouts, “More, oh god, move, harder,” he begs, managing much better this time, stringing his pleas together in desperation.

“Ah yes, that is what I thought you said,” he answers as he begins to move the toy again. He picks up the pace, just a little bit. Enough that Tony notices, but not near enough as he would like. He keeps at that strong and steady pace, never flattering even when Tony comes again.

A green light engulfs his cock as, once again, Loki speeds the thrusts of the dildo. The light bobs up and down, essentially giving him a magical hand job. Or blow job, depending on how you look at it. Either way, it brings Tony to the peak again within minutes, his third orgasm right in the row.

His stomach is a mess of come. His entire body feels as if it is fire. The whole area around his ass and cock are oversensitive. The slightest brush of a finger or sleeve makes him tremble. Everything is cranked up to ten now, too good and too much, but still not enough all at the same time. He whimpers, trying to squirm away from the god. But he is held fast by the poles and the ropes that bind him.

All he can do is take it, bucking and writhing between the god and his magic. He sobs as both take him faster now. Too much. It is definitely too much right now. But it still feels so fucking good.

“Ah,” he cries arching his back as he comes for a fourth time now. Eyes shut he can't tell if he has anything left in him to ejaculate, but it rips through his body in any case. “No,” he moans in protest
as the Trickster keeps on fucking him with the toy.

“Yes pet. You know how this works. We have to make sure we milk you until you are dry. I do not want my pet to suffer bad health now because he is insatiable.”

Tony fights the bonds, truly sobbing now. Tears run down his face as Loki continues to move the dildo at a ruthless pace. It is fast and deep and unforgiving. Tony squirms and twists and bucks, unable to stay still any longer. Every nerve ending he has is burning. The softest touch feels as if someone is rubbing a grease mark off of it.

His cock feels raw even though he knows nothing is physically touching it. Loki's magic never leaves a mark on him. No matter what it does, there is never any redness or inflammation, even if it feels as if there should be. Nothing. There is never anything to show that Septimus has been constantly stimulating him for who knows how long.

Time has no meaning. All of his thoughts have fled his mind. It's a great way to shut his brain up, if done right. And Loki is definitely doing it right. Tony can barely speak, let alone think. No sounds that come out of his mouth could be considered actual words. It is all cries and gasps and sobs.

His arms and legs pull at the shackles holding him in place. His muscles are strained and his eyes are clenched shut. There is nothing to block out the pleasure/pain he is being forced to endure. His hips are constantly in motion, although he can't tell if he is pushing into it or away. Another explosion and he screams his release. Forget his cock, he feels raw all over. He turns his head into the blanket and cries out as he rides the wave of his pleasure.

Finally, finally, Loki takes the dildo out of him and Tony sobs in relief. But it is short lived for something else, something hard and warm, enters him next. The genius shakes his head, whimpering. No, not more. Not Loki now too.

“Now pet, none of that. You were the one to put me in such a state. It is only fair that you assist me with it now.”

Tony howls as Loki begins to thrust in and out of him. Pelvis hits his ass with a sounding smack, the god taking no care as to how hard he moves. It is both better and worse now because Loki's cock is more forgiving than the toy. But Tony is so sensitive that it hardly helps. And, as if to add to it all, his cock is still being stroked by that persistent green light.

It moves in time with Loki, so that they are both in sync with each other. Tony sobs and he shakes and he trembles and he takes it. Everything that is given to him, he lays there and takes. He has long passed the point where pain and pleasure are confused. Now everything is simply overwhelming sensations. Just constant, merciless sensations.

Tony is too exhausted to even try and avoid it. His limbs are weak and quivering, resembling cooked noodles more than anything. Small gasps and sobs escape his lips. The only movement he gives are the unconscious jerks of his body. His skin is soaked with sweat and his hair is a tangle across his forehead.

Loki ignores all of that as he chases his own pleasure. The genius isn't sure how long it takes the god to finish. He isn't sure how long he laid there. All he knows is that the magic is able to drag one more orgasm from him before the Trickster does. Frankly, that's probably why he comes. He clenches down hard on the god, whining and teeth clenching. A small whimper follows as he slips out of him, come running down his cleft. Even the simple spell to clean him makes him gasp and flinch.
Loki gathers him in his arms and strokes his skin. “My good pet,” he murmurs into sweat drenched hair.

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“Pst, Mr Stark,” Tony hears as he sits in his room, working on his tablet. He looks up and sees someone hanging from the window. Literally. He raises an eyebrow. “The traditional way of entrance is usually the door, but who am I to be picky? What can I do for you?”

“I'm here to rescue you,” he declares softly as he opens the glass and climbs in.

Tony has the strange urge to laugh. Not only is this getting ridiculous by this point, his would be rescuer sounds like he should be in high school. It's beside the fact that he is in high school because Tony knows exactly who it is. He is about to reply when Kane enters the room. He takes one look at the Spiderling and aims his gun at him.

“Hey, hey,” Tony stands up and waves him down, “It's cool Popsicle. He comes in peace and all that jazz. He's my intern.”

Kane narrows his eyes at him, but lowers the gun.

“Sorry about that Peter, Kane is kind of protective.”

“M-mr Stark?” Peter squeaks, “you know? How?!”

Tony snorts. “Peter, I've known since the day I hired you. Stark Industry background checks are very thorough. And I looked you up on youtube,” he adds, “Don't you know? You can find anything on the internet nowadays.”

Peter sputters and that's when Loki walks in.

“Hello darling,” Tony greets, “welcome to the party.”

Loki raises an eyebrow. “I do wish you would let me know when you are entertaining Anthony dear.”

“Normally I would, but he just swung by unexpectedly. You know how it is.”

Loki nods gravely before taking a seat on the couch. Tony, because he can, sits down on Loki's lap. The god's arms come up and wrap themselves around Tony's waist. Kane walks over to stand beside them, guarding them. Fortunately he had put the gun away though. No need to freak the kid out more than necessarily. Which means he shouldn't be sitting the way he is, but hey. He never claimed he wasn't a little shit as well. And it gets the point across rather nicely without explaining everything.

Peter looks between all three of them, frowning, “I'm confused,” he admits.

Tony laughs. “Welcome to the life kid. It's a daily state anymore,” he grins at his intern.

Peter just stares at him before he snorts. “They weren't kidding when they said you were something else Mr Stark.”

“Who told you that? Because whoever it was lied. It's all lies, slander and deceit.”

“Miss Potts mentioned it Mr Stark.”
Tony gasps, hand to his chest, “How could she say something like that?” he turns so he can face the Trickster, “I've been betrayed. Loki, did you hear what she said about me?”

Loki pats his head. “I'm sure you deserved it,” he reassures the genius.

Tony pouts.

Kane leans over and hugs him. He catches Tony's eye and gives him a shit eating grin. “There, there sweetheart, you're still a special little snowflake.”

He suppresses the urge to snicker and grins instead. He is surrounded by little shits. Fits right in. Good thing too, it's still his damn Tower, not anyone else's. “See buttercup? Kane here still loves me. Kane is my new favorite.”

The assassin preens and smirks.

The god rolls his eyes.

Tony turns and winks at Peter.

“There's more going on here than people know,” the kid says slowly, “isn't there? Can I help?” he asks, perking up.

“No, absolutely not,” Tony answers right away, “This isn't petty crimes kid. These are dangerous aliens and an a violent evil Barney. You are to go no where near them.”

“Evil Barney? That does sound terrifying,” he agrees easily, grinning as he does so.

“You not going to listen are you?” he asks knowingly.

“I always listen Mr Stark,” he reassures.

“Yeah, so did I at your age,” Tony snorts, “but somehow it went in one side and out the other side as soon as I heard it. Funny how that works, isn't it?”

Peter tilts his head slightly to show he is grinning, as if his mouth wouldn't melt butter.

“Exactly. Go down to the workshop then, and you can pick up your new suit.”

“New suit?” Peter's eyes grow. “You made me a new suit?”

“Of course I made you a new suit. I've had it for some time now, playing around with it. I wanted to make it right because you are going around in spandex,” Tony sounds as scandalized as he feels. And he was rather scandalized to begin with. Spandex? Who fights crime in spandex? Someone who dumpster dives obviously and Tony knows he does. But no, spandex, terrible idea. “And you are not going out by yourself. I'm sending you to the Fantastic Four. Ben can keep an eye on you. I know how the two of you and Johnny get anyways. Just do me a favor and don't call Thor.”

“Why would I call Thor?”

“Well actually, I'm not sure if he would even get the call or not. But to be safe, don't. Everyone who has a phone has their contact number in there. And he doesn't know what is going on. It was easier to ship him off without explaining that his brother wasn't actually the evil one here, it was the evil Barney.”

“Why would that be easier? Wouldn't he be happy to know he isn't evil?”
Loki bristles beneath him. He pats his knee.

“Because apparently,” Tony says pointedly at said god, “there's a shit ton of history there that I don't know about, but is supposed to consist of more drama than a soap opera.”

Peter just nods wisely. “Aunt May watches those,” he adds.

“You poor scarred child you. JARVIS,” he says, changing the subject, “you want to take the Spiderling down to the shop so he can get his new toys?”

“Of course Sir,” his AI answers.

“It's Spiderman,” Peter protests indignantly.

Tony snorts. “You aren't even legal yet kid. Come back to me and argue when you can legally drink.”

“What about college? Doesn't that count?”

“I know your age kid. I know you skipped a year in school. No college doesn't count. I was at MIT at age fifteen. Try another.” Tony knows, just knows, Peter is pouting underneath that ridiculous mask of his. “Feel free to play with the bots while you're down there. They love new people.”

Peter perks up at that. “The bot you built for your thesis?” he squeaks.

“And two more. Have at it kid, they love to show off.”

“Thank you Mr Stark!”

Tony is waiting for him to start jumping up and down like a fanboy. He grins. “And use the door this time.”

“Yes Mr Stark. Of course Mr Stark. Thank you Mr Stark,” Peter gushes as he runs out of the room. “You're the best!”

Loki chuckles as he watches the boy leave. “You certainly have interesting acquaintances Anthony.”

He shrugs. “What can I say? He's a great kid. Smart too. Figured he could use the help when I scouted him for the job.”

“You have heart,” Loki murmurs, kissing him.

Well, Tony can get behind that.

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Things change again when they get an unexpected visitor during their latest session with HYDRA Thing 1 and HYDRA Thing 2. Because there are two of them now. Obviously they hope that two goons are better than one when it comes to listening and not gawking. As if they will retain more between their shared brain.

Thank god Tony is in a position that drives the agents more mad than he drives himself. Because he realizes right away that this is something he needs to be alert for. Kane is the one to bring her in. It was unusual for the assassin not to be standing guard, but he had left after Loki had jerked his head at him. They had one hell of a nonverbal system between the two of them. Tony doesn't pay
much attention, most of his focus split between the other people in the room and his persistent, but not overwhelming, arousal.

When he comes back in, he is leading a woman who is obviously an alien. Her skin, what is left of it, is blue and purple. The rest is an odd assortment of mechanical body parts. Tony, of course, has an instant urge to poke them. He still hasn't had a chance to look at Kane's arm, a fact he laments. Now here is another person who robotics for limbs and Tony wants.

“My Father has sent me to finish what you cannot complete,” she announces abruptly.

The two agents sputter indignantly, but Loki merely raises an eyebrow. “Nebula,” he greets, “how lovely to see you again.”

“Godling,” she greets. Her tone is not the mocking, arrogant tone Thanos uses when he says it. Instead she says it as if it Loki’s real name.

Tony subtly stares. Nebula, Loki called her. He obviously knows her. And she said her Father sent her. A light bulb goes off in his head as he connects the dots and he mentally begins to curse. Thanos’ daughter. That is Thanos’ daughter. Just what they fucking need. More obstacles. This is so not going to be good.

As Tony continues to watch her, he decides she is a mixture of rage and coolness one only finds in professionals with a grudge. Or a burning hate for the world. Kane gets that way when he is alone and HYDRA is brought up. It’s easy to read what he thinks about them during that time. Any other he is a rock in the sand. There is no guessing his thoughts then.

Tony isn’t sure if it is a good thing that he can read her or not. Is it Loki that she hates? Being ordered around? Mortals? The possibilities are endless and until he gets more information, there is no knowing. Great. Lovely. Super. Fun shit right here. Kane's face is also blank, so there is no gauging his thoughts on the subject either. Not that he was expecting to, but it would have been useful.

She glowers at the HYDRA goons and Tony gives her a couple of points for both performance and effectiveness. They look like they are ready to shit themselves. For all HYDRA is suppose to be a professional badass, super secret evil organization, they have some real shitty agents working for them. Seriously, their poker faces are shit. Either they get the short straws sent here, there are only a few intelligent people who know what they are doing or it is only luck that they managed to stay hidden for so long.

“You are dismissed for the day,” Loki tells them regally, “I will send word if I require you further.”

The agents mutter something that was probably “Yes my King,” and get the hell out of dodge.

Tony keeps his head down to keep from laughing. Because he is a useless, cowed sex slave and useless, cowed sex slaves don't laugh. Or smile. Or think. Maybe it's not a good thing he is surprisingly focused today. At least if he wasn't, he wouldn't be worried about playing his part. He would already be in it. As of now, he tries to focus on his body instead of his mind. He does, that is, until-

“You may cease the acting now. They are gone and I have no wish to see it,” Nebula announces.

At first Tony doesn't realize she is talking to him, but then she comes to stand in front of him. He blinks up at her. For a split second, he considers playing dumb, but he already can see that isn't
going to work. Behind her, Kane shifts into a fighting stance. “You too huh? Don't know what you're missing out on,” he says, stands, stretches and gasps. “Fuck. So Princess, that isn't all show,” he informs her as he sits down and hisses again. Damn that feels good.

“No, but enough of it is.”

“Should have seen me three days ago.”

“I think not. I see no need for such displays unless it is a means of distraction.”

“I must be losing my touch if you didn't buy it.”

“I have a brain that is not wired for such things.”

“Literally?” he asks as he eyes her head plate.

“Literally,” she agrees, “My Father saw no need for such things when he replaced it.”

“Umm... ouch?” he offers.

“I know you are not loyal to Thanos,” she announces, “I am going to help you defeat him, if possible.”

“Possible to help or possible to defeat him?” Tony asks, eyes narrowed.

“The latter. Thanos is a Titan of unimaginable power. I do not know if he can be killed. But I will use my last breath trying to do so.”

“Does everyone around here have Daddy Issues?” he asks, looking to Kane and Loki for their opinion. With a start, he realizes they are looking back at him. As if he is the one in charge here or something. What the hell? Loki is suppose to be the Ruler here. But he is leaving it up to Tony. Kane has already made up his mind obviously and is waiting for what the genius has to say. Well... what a world. “Welcome to the Round Table then,” he offers her. Because who doesn't want to be part of that at least at one point or another in their lives. Sorta. True, knights and magic didn't feature heavily in Tony's childhood, but still. Who doesn't dream of King Arthur at least once?

Nebula blinks at Tony. “Is there some form of Midgardian translation that I do not understand? This table is not round.”

“I am afraid that All-Speech nor any other translator is fluent in Stark,” Loki answers her, “It is simply a learning process.”

“Hey,” Tony protests, “I am not that hard to understand. You follow me just fine.”

“I am well adjusted to your speech patterns, in addition to them having follow my own occasionally. Others do not have such an advantage.”

“Still rude,” he says before motioning to Kane. “Come on butterfly, come be social and say hello.”

“I already have,” he says.

“At least stop lurking, there is a lady in the room.”

Nebula snorts. “I have killed thousands and tortured just as many in the name of my Father. I have trained my entire life in the ways of fighting and violence. I can kill a person with my pinkie. I am not a lady.”
Tony lets that sink in and then grins. “Terminator,” he turns towards Kane, “You can start a club! Badass Assassins Anonymous. No, that sounds lame. How about The One Armed Bandits. Oh, no, I know. How about Robo Assassins. That’s a good one.”

Nebula looks at the other two, as if to ask if he is for real. They nod gravely at her.

“Bad humaning.” Kane tells him.

“Bad roboting,” Tony answers.

“That’s not a word either.”

“It is now.”

“You cannot continue to make up words like that.”

“Watch me.”

“How is it that no one has removed your tongue from your mouth yet?” Nebula growls at him.

“Some have tried, but I give great head, so it usually goes there instead.”

The female assassin narrows her eyes. “Am I going to regret letting you live?” she asks.

“I am rather fond of him,” Loki tells her smoothly, “And I would be most upset if you were to damage him. Besides that, under the annoyance is a brilliant mind.”

Nebula stares at Tony and then nods in understanding. “You use your tongue to distract them from your mind. You might not be useless after all.”

“Gee, thanks,” Tony says sarcastically. “Anything else you want to add?”

“My sister may be of some use to us. She has joined a band of misfits who have, by some unknown chance, saved the universe and acquired the Power Gem.”

“Useful. Why do you sound so angry about that?”

“Because I wish to kill her.”

“Ok,” Tony agrees easily, somehow not surprised after dealing with Loki, “what did she do to you?”

“She never let me win in our battles.”

“And that is bad why?” he asks slowly.

“Because,” she scowls, “every time I lost, my Father would replace one of my body parts with a machine in hopes I would eventually match her.”

“Wow,” Tony blinks, “Yeah, I can see why you would be upset about good sportsmanship there. You have a way to call her?”

“Yes,” she answers curtly.

“Cool. Well enough of that. Tell me,” he grins again, “how do you feel about arm wrestling?”

Kane groans.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Slight mention of suicide in this chapter. Nothing graphic or detailed, but it is briefly touched when Tony and Loki start talking about the past, so if this is a trigger, be warned. (It starts right around the time as the sentence 'I fell' and stops around 'Fell from where?'. It's only about 3 lines and 2 fanfic paragraphs. Like I said, short.)

Tony and Loki are tinkering on Tony's suit when he thinks to ask, “Will adding Stef's charms on this make it better or worse?”

Loki hums. “I am unsure of how well that would work. I have seen this Strange's magic and it is different from my own. It is not the Realm's magic, but another.”

“There's a difference?”

“Oh yes. There are various forms of magic all across the Realms. Some of it is independent, such as Strange's magic or a society that uses Latin based magic here on Midgard. Others-”

“-Wait, Latin magic here?”

“They are a hidden society. I doubt they are aware of all the other possibilities that lay outside their own domain of magic.”

Tony narrows his eyes. “Why does that sound like Harry Potter?” he asks suspiciously.

“What do you think the books are based off of?”

“Bullshit,” he accuses.

“There are obviously some embellishments and nonsense, naturally, but at the core, the books have some truth to them.”

“So they're trolling us?” Tony asks incredulously.

“I was rather amused by it myself,” Loki smirks, “But none the less, they are only one small example of an independent group of magic users. Others, such as the elves of Alfheim, or the Frost or Fire Giants, are connected directly to the Realm's magic. The tree is the source of energy, not a core within themselves.”

“Huh interesting. Can you mix the different kinds of magic?”

“Yes, but there is always various amounts of balancing involved. It would work for less delicate projects or ones using a large amount of energy. But for your suit? It is best to stick with one type of magic lest you short circuit something critical.”

Tony winces at that. “Yeah, that would be bad.”

“Sir,” JARVIS interrupts, “Lady Nebula has returned and is requesting your presence at the
“Rectangular Table,” he tells the two of them.

“Thanks J,” he says, snickering at the AI’s sass. Terminator 2 was not a happy bunny the first time JARVIS called her that. She attempted to stab him. Nor is she any happier since. Although, fortunately, she has moved past stabbing and now just glares. Mainly at Tony. She blames him, even if she recognizes that JARVIS is his own man, so to speak. Apparently space has some really cool tech. Tony wants it. Still, since he made the AI...

“Does Kane know?”

“I have already informed Mr Winter of Lady Nebula’s request.”

Tony snickers. “Winter is Coming,” he sings. He loves that joke, even if the others are getting tired of it. They all blame JARVIS for that one. “Let’s go see what the Merry Band wants.”

“Hello Sunshine,” he greets when he walks in and sees Nebula sitting at the Round Table. “How has your day been?”

“I murdered five HYDRA agents today. It was relaxing.”

Tony nods wisely. “Yes, that's what I always do when I need to destress.”

Kane snorts as he enters the room. “You search the web for cat videos,” he corrects as he sits across from the genius.

“I do not,” he protests, “besides, what do you have against the cute little kittens? All they want is some love and attention.”

“And you aren't one yourself. Right.”

“No, that's Lokitty remember?”

“I am many things, but a cat is not one of them,” Loki says as he sits next to Tony.

“But theoretically you could be, right? With your shapeshifting?”

“Correct, but a cat is not my preferred animal form.”

“What is?”

“How any of you get anything done is beyond me,” Nebula complains.

“Spaghetti brains,” Tony shrugs.

“I still do not understand more than a fourth of what comes out of your mouth.”

“You likely never will,” Loki reassures her.

“I wish to discuss the battle to take on my Father now,” she announces, cutting off anymore random topics.

“Sure,” Tony answers easily, “So where should we have this shindig anyways?”

“It will need to be somewhere large, without any population around, that can endure a heavy fight,” Loki answers.
“Hmm, desert area work?”

“If there is an open enough area, yes.”

“Well that largest desert we have is the Chihuahuan Desert, although parts of it is technically in Mexico as well. I doubt they will appreciate it if our fight drifts down into their country. Another is the Great Basin Desert. Second largest and is fully inside the US.”

Loki waves a hand and projects a map of the two deserts on the table below it. He notes each advantage and disadvantage of the two locations.

Tony watches, leaning against said table. “You know the world is going to hate us for this. Not that I blame them, but I can already see it now: 'America Drags Rest of the World Into Their Crazy Ass Problems. Again.' PR is going to be a nightmare.”

“Is that something that happens frequently?” Nebula asks.

“Unfortunately.”

“Why do you not simply kill the leaders and replace them.”

“Because that's wrong?” Tony offers. “And because their replacement would be just as stupid probably. Not even Americans like their own politics.”

Loki hums in agreement. “Odin has the same problem frequently, although he does not like to admit it. Not all Realms are thankful for their interference. Some truly need it and some just want to be left alone.”

Tony snorts. “Who knew Asgard was the America of the Realms.”

“The Golden Realm, the Golden Nation, it amounts to the same thing,” the Trickster agrees absently.

Kane just snorts. “Meaning everyone hates America – even some Americans. I should know.”

Tony has to snort again. Yeah, the assassin would know, working for HYDRA and all. Then again, isn't it basically everyone HYDRA hates, not just America? Then again, after the whole Captain America thing, there is probably a special grudge there. So yeah, Kane would know.

“I am afraid that I had less of a choice of countries then others would imagine, as well,” Loki continues to tell them, “For one thing, the Tesseract was located here. For another, it looked as if I was getting revenge on Thor by involving mortals he had associated with – the scientist. Fortunately I did not have to deal with his... girlfriend,” he sneers, “if one can call her that. I had no desire what so ever to do so. Thor's love life is always a mess unless I am involved.”

Tony turns and looks at the god. “Involved how? Because I fully admit the first thing that pops into my head is something very kinky.”

“Yes, I would imagine it would be. However, it is much less exciting of an explanation. I have the unfortunate knowledge of Thor's type. There were occasions I would pick a partner for him that would not make a fool of Asgard's Golden Prince,” he sneers.

“Involuntary wing man, harsh.”

“Indeed,” he agrees. Then, “It does appear that the Chihuahuan Desert contains the least populated
area of the two deserts. Alternatively, Alaska, Montana and Wyoming are the least populated states measure per square mile,” he mentions as he reads a tablet.

“Isn’t Alaska freezing though? I fight in a metal suit, I cannot be fighting in freezing temperatures. Can’t be too hot either, although I’ve done it before.” It wasn’t that comfortable either. But he is never comfortable when he is in the Middle East – too close to Afghanistan for him. But that’s where some of his weapons were, so...

“Depending on the month, it can average in the 50s or 60s.”

“So backup plans depending on the month we are ready?”

“Correct. I will make a list and pass it on when need be.”

“So basically we’re just winging it, depending on when everyone gets all their shit together.”

“Essentially yes.”

“Awesome.”

“You would say that,” Nebula scowls.

“I thought you were all zenned out because you got to kill people today.”

“I also had to talk to my sister,” she grumbles.

“Ah,” Tony says in understanding. Because he does. Mainly because he was shamelessly eavesdropping on their conversation.

“Hello sister,” Nebula greets once a woman with green skin appears on screen.

“Nebula,” she scowls.

“Tell me, how would you like a chance to take down Father before I tear you apart?”

“I would be delighted.”

The conversation only got better – or worse, depending on your point of view – from there.

“Oh, so you have Sibling Issues too. Thank fuck I am an only child. They sound like a pain in the ass.”

“You have no idea.”

So the good news it that they’ll totally help them battle Thanos. The bad news is the Nebula and Gamora are probably going to get in it after they are finished. If they survive, that is. Gamora isn’t anymore terribly optimistic than her sister. What a depressing lot. Practical his ass.

“All right then, happy thought time,” Tony claps his hands. “Anymore ideas on how to kill an/or
“Defeat Thanos?”

“Very happy thoughts,” Nebula agrees with a shark’s grin.

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Tony brings up the topic when they are alone in his penthouse. He should be sleeping, but eh, whatever. The fact that Loki is still up too means it’s fine. He usually knocks both of them out if they really need sleep for the next day. Kane is off patrolling the lower levels. Or prowling, technically, but the assassin always protests when Tony mentions that. Nebula is... who the fuck knows. Tony isn’t even sure if she sleeps or not.

Not that he is purposefully trying to exclude them, but now is as good of time as any to bring it up. It’s not like it’s going to be complicated or anything. They just need to add it to their strategy, it is growing by the day. He can’t believe they haven’t discussed it by now.

Loki is sprawled out on the couch, tablet in hand. Tony is lying on the floor in front of him, feet propped up so they are on the god’s legs. A tablet sits discarded by his hand. “So how are we going to use the gems to-”

“No,” Loki cuts him off, “I will not allow the gems anywhere near him.”

That makes Tony lean up on his elbows. What? “But if he’s supposed to be so indestructible, we need every advantage we can get. And it seems to me that the gems are a big advantage. Why not?”

Loki doesn’t even glance at him as he answers, “I had long admired your intelligence. Now I am beginning to question it,” he spits tone burning.

“There’s no need to get personal,” Tony shoots back.

Loki looks up to glare at him, not saying a word.

Tony sighs and flops back down onto the carpet. “Look, I’m not arguing with you to be a dick. I’m not dismissing your ideas. Obviously you see something I don’t. So walk me through it. Why is it a bad idea to use the gems?”

“They are too much of a wild card,” Loki starts and then stops to look at Tony, to see if he is listening. The genius nods. Loki continues, “Yes, they would give us more power with which to fight the Mad Titan. But there is no guarantee they would stay in our possession. They are able to be wielded by any person strong enough. If they fall into his hands, we are in infinite more danger than we are now.”

Tony nods. “Alright. There isn’t a way to key the gems so only one person can use them?”

“No. They have a mind of their own, to some extent. They would never allow themselves to be limited that way.”

“Alright Harry Potter,” Tony snorts, “Let me guess, they want to be in the hands of the strongest person available.” Damn Elder Wand analogy. Since when as pop culture applied to his life so much? Oh wait...

Loki gives him a questioning look and then quirks an eyebrow at him, obviously understanding the reference after a moment. “Essentially yes,” is all he says however.
Tony snorts but then frowns in thought. “But if we can't defeat him without them...”

“Our destruction would be even more imminent if he is able to wield them. As of now, he only knows the location of three and two are in my care. If-”

“-Wait, two?” Tony interrupts.

“Yes, my staff also contains the Mind Gem. It was how I was able to control those agents.”

“Right, got it, continue.”

Loki frowns at him, but does. “If we scatter them, it will hinder his plans more. He is extremely powerful without them. With them, he just might be truly immortal.”

The genius gives the god a long look. “Alright Sunshine, just what are we dealing with here? Because I am getting the vibe that you’re not even sure he can be defeated. And Nebula has outright stated what she thinks about it. So?”

Loki doesn’t look at him and that’s all the answer Tony needs. “What the fuck?” he shouts, getting up to kneel in front of him, “What the actual fuck? You’re not even sure you can beat him and you are picking a fight with him? Not that I have any room to talk really, but still. The fuck? You’re the most powerful person in this room. If you’re not sure, what am I supposed to do with that?”

“You wish to surrender to his tender mercy?” Loki asks sarcastically.

“You mean he has some?” Tony answers, “And don’t be an idiot, of course I am still going to fight. But if he’s so powerful that even you are afraid of him, Thor acts concerned and his own daughters are doubtful, we are going to need some serious back up.”

“I am not afraid,” Loki snarls, teeth showing. It reminds Tony of an angry wolf. One about to attack.

“Not at all,” Tony says casually, “and I can totally still use my pool without getting a flashback.”

The look the Trickster gives him heralds nothing good. But Tony doesn’t take it back. He won’t. He isn’t the only one with mental issues here and he won’t pretend to be. Sure, he might pretend not to have any at all, but if they are talking about them, he is so not going to be the only one. Fuck that shit. It’s not like he wants to talk about Afghanistan. Not at all. Even Pepper and Rhodey don’t know the whole story. He has never told them.

But this Loki. His partner in crime. Realistically they need to know each other's land mines so they don’t step on them too hard. And Thanos is definitely and big land mine for the god. Possibly one bigger than Thor, even. And Tony gets some bad vibes there. Like - acidic, do not touch bad.

He’s not known for self restraint either. Of course he going to push. “How did you find Thanos anyways? He doesn’t seem like your friendly neighborhood grandpa. Or a cranky one, at that. So?”

Loki is glaring at him, murder in his eyes. “That is none of your concern mortal,” he snarls.

“Oh, mortal now am I? I’m hurt Reindeer Games, just heart broken. How will I go on with such knowledge? Oh wait...” he puts as much sass into that as he can. Which is quite a bit of sass. He’s mastered the art at a young age.

The Trickster continues to glare, staring at him intently.
Call him crazy, but Tony isn’t afraid of that look. Maybe it’s because he knows Loki needs him. Maybe it’s because the god’s magic has claimed him. Maybe it’s simply because he knows Loki won’t carry through with that unspoken threat. He may be a bit mentally unstable, but that doesn’t make him unreasonable. And Tony has a feeling that there’s a good reason for that look to begin with. “I’m not asking for a blow by blow account, but I guessing nothing good happen to let you meet him.”

There is a long, drawn out silence. Just when the genius thought Loki wasn’t going to answer him, no matter what he said, Loki does. “I fell,” is all he says.

Tony’s breath catches. It’s not so much the words themselves, but the way the god said them. ‘I fell.’ It is such a simple sentence. Nothing sinister about it without context. But he feels he is back at the Helicarrier, listening to Bruce tell them that he put a bullet in his mouth.

‘I fell.’

‘I wanted it to end.’

‘It was too much. I couldn’t take it anymore.’

‘I just needed it all to stop.’

Tony would be lying if he doesn’t get that completely. Because he does. God, does he ever. He never got to the point where he did something about it. But when he was younger, he had thought about it. Who would miss him? Howard? Yeah right. That would just be another disappointment. His Mother? He didn’t think she saw him when she looked at him half the time. Jarvis? Yeah. Jarvis and Anna would miss him. Aunt Peggy? Yeah, but she was always busy with SHIELD. But that’s it. Three people. How sad is that?

Not long after he made a plan, he met a ROTC student who befriended him without any reason - no money, no favors, no social standing. He never told Rhodey that he had saved his life that day in the lab. But he did. From the tone of Loki’s voice, he didn’t have a Rhodey to back him up. “Fell from where?”

Another infinitely long pause before the story comes out. Loki talks in a low monotone voice. Occasionally he will glance at him, to gauge his expression. Tony, for his part, doesn’t take his eyes off the god. Nor does he let any of his thoughts show on his face. But fuck, are they well suited for each other. Disappointed Fathers? Check. Too smart for their own good? Check. Little shits? Double check? An unreasonably strong desire to make said Fathers proud? Triple check. Living in a shadow of another? Yup.

Christ, no wonder they get on like a house on fire. “Well that sucks,” he announces when Loki is done. “Like, seriously sucks. I thought Odin was suppose to be this wise and just King. What moron doesn’t mention that you’re adopted from the race the entire planet hates? Which, by the way, dick move. I can totally understand why you tried to do it, but seriously. Dick move.”

“What would you know of that Stark?” Loki snaps.

Tony taps the arc reactor. “I said before that this keeps me alive. What I didn’t mention is that it is powering the electromagnet in my heart to keep shrapnel from tearing it apart. It’s deep enough that you can stick your hand down inside of it. I was awake when they put it in. There was all kinds of inconvenient things in the way too - like, you know, ribs and lungs and unimportant shit like that.” He gives Loki a pointed look. “I may not be another race, but the new bling isn’t exactly what you call fun either.”
He gives a bright, obnoxious, obviously fake, smile. “That was just the first act though. Then they wanted me to build them weapons. I didn’t want to, if you can imagine. I mean, not build the terrorists weapons? Why would I have a problem with that. So I took some persuading. Waterboarding is such fun, you should try it some time. Especially when you have wires and electricity in your chest. Great fun. Of course, because they are also idiots, I was able to build my first suit. Before I could escape though, the doctor that helped me was killed buying me time. Do you know what I did to their camp?

The smile he gives is all teeth. “I burnt. Them. To. The Ground. Want to try that again?” he asks sweetly.

Loki doesn’t reply, clearly thinking over what Tony has just revealed. Fuck, does Tony need a drink after that. But since that isn’t possible right now... “So now that we’ve established that we are both on Team Daddy Issues, Team Body Horrors and Team Asshole Kidnappers, let’s talk gems. So I can get not looking for the other gems. They’re lost right? But you said we have two already. Why not use those? And what are we going to do with them if we aren’t? It’s not like any of us can leave without drawing suspicion to ourselves. Well, Lucky Charms can, but...” he trails off, thinking. Then, “Shit.”

“What is the matter?”

“Three gems. We have three gems here. Stef has the Time Gem, although he’s not too clear on what exactly an infinity gem is. And you’re not going to get him to give it up either.”

“Does he use it often?”

Tony sighs, thinking, and sits back down, leaning against the couch. “Hell if I know. The only time I know for sure is when he put some Sanctum back together when he first started all this shiz. He said he had to deal with the Dark World, Dark Universe, something like that, it got bizarre. Other than that? I think Wong guards it most of the time. Would that be enough to catch Barney’s attention?”

“It might be. It depends on how great the damage was that he reversed, as well as this Dark... Dimension, I believe you are referring to,” he frowns, clearly thinking, “And if the Titan had other matters to attend to at the time. He was able to sense the Tesseract because it was being used so frequently by your SHIELD.”

“Thor said it was a sign that we are ready for a higher form of war. True?”

“In a manner of speaking, but that is not the only reason. Tell me, how much do you know of the myths?”

“Not much. I did some reading when you first got here, but I skimmed a lot. Hey, are all of those stories true?” he smirks.

Loki looks at him warily. “If you are going to ask about the horse-” he starts.

“No, no,” Tony waves him off, “Yeah, it sounds weird out of context, but whatever. No, I want to know if you were really able to pass Thor off as a girl to get his hammer back. I mean, it sounded impressive before. But now that I’ve seen the guy? The only thing going for him is his hair.”

Now Loki smirks. “Ah yes, that story. I admit it stretched my creativity to pass Thor off as a female. I do believe that was the one time that he was jealous of my shape shifting abilities.”

“Yeah? Why’s that?”
“Because,” the smirk grows even more pronounced, “my breast were real.”

Tony blinks a couple of times, just to let that image soak in. He’d whistle if he didn’t think Loki would have his balls for that. Still, the sentiment remains. A very nice sentiment. “I’ve got to see that some time,” Tony leers.

“I would ask if you always think with your cock, but I already know the answer to that inquiry.”

“I’m always thinking with my head - just not always the one on my shoulders.”

“That was truly horrifying,” Loki informs him.

“Nah, you love it and you know it. Speaking of, have you read all of the myths? Cause not to bring up a sore subject again, but they blatantly say you are a Frost Giant in them. Of course, you are also supposed to be Odin’s blood brother and not Thor’s and Thor is suppose to be a redhead, so I could see why you would dismiss that.”

There is a brief look of shock and fury on Loki’s face before it becomes blank again. “No matter, that is not what I am referring to. Do you know why the Frost Giants want Midgard so badly? Why Odin guards it so jealously?”

“No.”

“It is the central branch of the tree. Through this Realm, all the others can be reached. As you can imagine, there are many who would want to exploit this.”

Tony blinks. And then blinks some more. And then proceeds to laugh his ass off. He slides down onto the floor with the force of them, clutching his stomach. “Are you saying that Earth - the only Realm without some form of immortals - is the key to the Nine Realms?” he manages to ask through his laughter.

Loki nods.

Tony laughs even harder. Fuck, the irony of this is amazing and delicious and he is never letting anyone forget it. Ever. Score one for the mortals. “So is this why Thanos wants it so badly?”

“Yes. If he possesses Midgard, he will be able to easily spread his destruction and death to all of the known world.”

“That... sounds bad.”

Loki snorts. “You have such a way with words dear.”

“I do try darling.” Then he sighs, rubbing his forehead to stop the oncoming headache. “How do we keep getting off topic? Well, I know how I do. There’s no such thing as a linear thought in my head. I get complaints all of the time that I talk in circles. But how are you not annoyed yet?”

The god gives an elegant shrug. “I have no difficulties keeping up with your thought process. Mayhaps everyone else is just too stupid to.”

Tony laughs. “Yeah, maybe. Or maybe my head really is a plate of spaghetti.” Pep had told him that once. It’s as good of an analogy as any.

“Then we must share the same plate because this makes perfect sense to me.”

Tony has to suppress the butterflies in his stomach. Time and place. There is a time and a place for
the ongoing realization that he has finally found the perfect partner in the middle of a war. And that he’s - for all intent and purposes - immortal. And a god. There is a time and place and here is definitely not it. But shit, is he going to have a major freak out after all of this is finished.

If he is still alive after all of this, that is. “Anyways, gems,” he begins. Again. “In summary, Barney would be too powerful with them, so we should keep them away. Even though he might be impossible to beat, even if he doesn't have them. And he possibly knows where three of them are. Yeah?”

“Correct.”

“Then either we find one hell of a hiding place for them or we use them. They're vulnerable either way right now. Who's to say he won't come down and get the two you have before we finish planning? Then that plays right into what you're already worried about. Do you even know what all of his powers are anyways? What if he can scry the gems or some shit? That means no place is safe from them and we might as well use what we have.”

“I am unaware of the true extent of his powers, but I do not believe he is able to locate the hidden gems.”

“But you don't know for sure.”

“Unfortunately, no.”

Tony growls and thuds his head back to the floor, no longer looking at Loki. “This is shit, you know that? I mean, I'm all for fighting the impossible, but this is shit. It's just too bad we can't port him off to some other universe, or something like...” he stops and sits up, eyes wide. “JARVIS, call Stef. Now,” he orders.

“Certainly Sir. Although you are aware that it is now two o'clock in the morning?”

“Doesn't matter. Do it,” he repeats.

“What the hell do you want?” Stef croaks when he answers, “Do you know what time it is? Some of us require sleep.”

“Not important right now. You can't do anything without your sling ring, right?”

“You called just for-”

“-Right?”

“Yes. What does this have to do-”

“-And there are some pretty harmless multiverses out there? Ones with no one and nothing really in them?’”

“In a manner of speaking.”

“So if we port evil Barney there, he'll be trapped because we're using your weird magic and not the Realms magic?”

“In theory, but we would have to cut him off from his own as well. I very much doubt he relies on a sling ring to channel his magic.”

“So if we combine the sling ring with my arc transporter, add a bomb to it – which is easy cause
the arc can be pretty touchy – and send him off, would it be enough?"

“Don’t you have another person you can ask. Like your god?” Stef grumbles, “And we would still need to ensure that he could not leave or recover from that. But yes, in theory, some form of that plan could work.”

“Great. Night dear.”

“Go the fuck to sleep darling,” he answers before hanging up.

Tony turns and beams at Loki. “What do you think? Needs some serious tweaking, sure. But do we have a plan?”

Loki hums. “A very rough one. I do believe we would need to combine that into a ritual as well, to be able to cut the Titan off from his powers.”

“But he wouldn’t be able to transport, yeah? Isn’t that why he needed the Tesseract to begin with?”

“He needed the cube to transport his army to Midgard quickly. He could have brought them here without it, but it would not have been as quick. He does not reside in any of the Realms, so his fleet would have to travel for some time to get here. Now he has his army spread across the planet in one simple move. The Titan himself, on the other, has quicker ways of travel.”

“You mean he didn’t connect to the Tesseract to get here that first time?”

“He did, but that is not his main way of travel.”

Tony taps his fingers on his thigh. They need a way to cut him off from everything, otherwise he can still travel through the multiverse. Either he would be able to wreck havoc there or eventually make his way back here. That is going to need to tremendous amount of power to pull off. How can they build something that will trap him permanently? Especially since he's so powerful. Trapping a powerful being... “J, call Stef again.”

“I am going to kill you, what?”

“Didn’t you use a time loop to trap some Drone dude or something?”

“Dormammu and yes.”

“Can you make a time loop without being trapped in one yourself?”

“If done correctly.”

“Great. Thanks. Love ya Lucky Charms. Bye” He cuts off before Stef can start yelling at him. Man is very particular about sleep. Of course, so is Tony. When he can finally fall asleep, he isn't too happy about being woken up. But now that he has Loki, that isn't a problem anymore. Maybe he should ask the god to teach Stef that spell... He shakes his head. “So?” he asks.

Loki considers it. “I believe it can be done. We will require a great deal of power to do so, but it is possible.”

“Yes!” Tony fist pumps. “Score two for the mortals,” he grins, “I am on fire tonight.”

“Hmm, yes,” Loki agrees, eyes smoldering, “My mortal is beyond compare.”

Tony preens from where he is laying on the floor. Damn, but is he developing on hell of a praise
kink from the god. It's getting a little bit ridiculous, but he can't bring himself to care that much. Just because he secretly has insecurity issues, doesn't mean he is ever going to admit to it. That is one secret that is going to the grave with him. “Want to come show your mortal just how much you love his brilliance?” he wiggles his eyebrows at the Trickster.

Loki snorts, amused, but comes over and lifts Tony off of the ground. He would protest, but the show of strength is definitely hot. “My brilliant mortal needs to sleep if he is to be of any use tomorrow.”

“Lokitty,” he whines.

“Hush Anthony, I am not going to leave you unrewarded. But I will need more time than we have as of now to properly do so.”

A shiver runs through the genius' body. Yeah, he likes the sound of that. A lot. “You better,” he says.

Loki chuckles and gives him a fiery kiss. “I have yet to break my word to you. Now sleep,” he orders as they settle under the covers.

Tony grumbles, but does, falling asleep in Loki’s arms as usual.

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The three of them get to work right away on Tony's latest idea for a weapon. It is the best lead they have had so far. Although Stef was still cranky about being woken up for it.

It is clear that the three of them are going to be able to do it. It is also clear that it is going to take a lot of work. So while they juggle that, 'helping' HYDRA with the ongoing rebellions, working on Tony's suit and just generally acting the parts of sex slave and king, they occasionally take some needed time to unwind. Time well spent according to Tony. He may be able to function under high stress, but that doesn't mean he likes it. So to take care of some of that...

“Come my pet, your god waits,” Loki says, a mischievous glint in his eyes as he lounges on the bed.

Tony walks over to him, hips swinging just a little too much to be natural. He smirks and sinks down onto his knees in front of the Trickster. “My god has need of me?” he asks, voice husky.

Loki chuckles. “I see my pet is feeling cheeky tonight. I believe I will need assistance if I am to keep you satisfied and in line.” That glint intensifies, smirk growing.

There is a touch on Tony’s head. He looks up to see Loki standing behind him. Two Lokis. Oh yes, this is going to be good. Tony can feel it already. He is likely going to be wrecked before the end of the night, but that is hardly a worry. It is the journey, not the destination. And this journey is going to be fabulous. “My god is very wise,” he agrees.

The Loki above him tilts his face up while the one sitting on the bed captures his waist, pulling him closer. “Tell me pet,” one starts.

“Do you think that you can please your god now?” the other finishes.

“Try me,” he challenges.

“As our pet wishes.”
As one Loki slides to lean up against the headboard, he urges Tony to follow. He does, feeling the second one follow. He looms above the god, on his hands and knees. In a blink of the eye, all three of them are naked. Hands grip his hips and pull him against the kneeling Trickster’s hips. He can feel that he is already hard and ready. He rubs himself teasingly against his ass. Tony moans. The Loki beneath him takes advantage of his open mouth and kisses him, all tongue and teeth.

He devours Tony’s mouth and Tony groans in appreciation, feeling arousal spread through his body. His cock stirs simply from the kiss. It is unfair and at the same time amazing how Loki can take the genius apart with a simple kiss. He should be beyond that at his age and experience. But with Loki? That is an entire new ballgame. Tony isn’t going to complain though, about something that makes him feel so good.

A finger traces his entrance before pushing in as far as possible. It begins to move immediately. As the two continue to kiss, the third quickly but thoroughly prepares Tony. It makes Tony shiver in pleasure at each touch. Tonight is obviously not a night for teasing because soon two and then three finger stretch him, caressing his inner walls tenderly.

Soon enough the fingers pull out and Tony whines at the loss. He isn’t empty for long though. Loki starts to fuck him, pace deep and steady. The god has a firm hold of his hips, fingers digging into his skin. Tony pulls away from the other Loki to gasp. “Yessss,” he hisses, “fuck me my god,” he says.

The other god kneels up. “While I do love how you plead pet, I do believe I can find another purpose for that mouth of yours. Do not close it,” he commands before thrusting his cock into it.

Tony grunts, but then begins to run his tongue along the length, hitting the sensitive underside.

Loki hisses in pleasure. “You have such a lovely mouth pet,” he praise. He let’s Tony set the pace for a little longer before grasping his head to hold it still. He then proceeds to take control of the speed and deepness of his cock, fucking the genius’ mouth as he pleases.

Between the god in front and the god behind him, Tony is absolutely right. They are going to wreck him. Inch by inch, thrust by thrust, his pleasure climbs higher. His prostate is being hit with each twist of the Trickster’s hips. His throat is being fucked by the other Loki. Drool leaks out of his mouth without being able to swallow it. Instead, he is forced to swallow around Loki’s cock.

His jaw begins to ache and his own cock could definitely use some attention, but none of that takes away from Tony’s enjoyment. He shudders and gasps, sending vibrations down Loki’s cock. He clenches down on his other cock, tightening his inner walls as he attempts to push back against it. He digs fingers into the blankets below him, trembling with need.

But then a mouth engulfs his length and he screams. Above him, Loki groans and tightens his hold on his head. Behind him, Loki increases the pace at which he is fucking him. Tony doesn’t know whether to push back on or down. The mouth around him feels wonderful after not being touched for so long. But the cock fucking him feels just as good, hitting his sweet spot with each movement.

Tony lets out sob. He is surrounded from all sides by Loki. Above, below, in front and behind. His god is all around him. Tony writhes with every touch. He is moaning constantly now. His skin feels like it is on fire. As if he will burn up, leaving behind nothing but ash. This is obviously the breaking point for the Loki fucking his mouth, for he tightens his hold even more and comes down Tony’s throat.

Tony swallows all that he can. Some still leaks out of the side of his mouth, but Loki wipes it away.
gently. He buries his head into the sheets and whines, clenching down around the second Loki.

“Tell me Anthony, how much do you want to please your god?” Loki asks as he bends down to purr in his ear.

Tony shudders violently, the motion running through his entire body. He moans, “Anything my god,” he answers instantly, so very turned on right now.

Loki strokes his cheek. “Good pet,” he praises.

The mouth around him leaves, as does the cock in him and Tony whimpers at the loss.

“Shh, pet, it will be alright,” Loki caresses his face. “Such a good pet, taking all that I give,” he praises.

Tony shivers again.

“Come here.” The Loki that had been sucking him off moves so that Tony his kneeling just above his cock. He guides the genius down. Tony hisses in relief, moving easily. His sides are gripped so that he cannot move, leaning over the god. He lays his head on the Trickster’s shoulder as the first one runs a hand through his hair. “Are you ready to please your god my pet?” one of them asks and Tony nods.

It is then that the last Loki begins to push in beside the other. Tony gasps and bucks his hips as well as he can. His teeth find skin and he bites the god’s shoulder.

“Relax my pet, you can take it.”

Sure, easy for him to say. He isn’t the one getting his asshole stretched extra far right now. It is intense. A kind of intense Tony doesn’t often feel. Something he feels regularly with Loki now, but never with anyone else before. Not like this. It briefly feels as if he is going to split right down the middle. But then, with a twist of the hips, he yelps and fire explodes. Christ, does that feel good. He moans in approval.

“That’s it, that’s right my lovely pet. Look at you,” he coos, “you are doing so well for your god.”

All Tony can do is hold on, gasping and moaning and whining with each thrust. It is intense, but in the best kind of way. It is intense like making a new element. Like completing his fifth PhD. Like finishing JARVIS’ code for the first time. Like pushing the speed limit on the suit to a new record. It is all that and more.

He moans, teeth sinking deeper into skin as the two cocks rock and move inside of him. His body is a constant tremor now, senses overloaded. Every time they move, a spark alights inside the genius. The flames climb higher, straining the limits of his body and his nerve endings. He is near mindless with arousal now, unable to think or focus on anything else but the two cocks inside of him. Even the god underneath him fades out of his senses. The world narrows farther and farther until nothing is left but sensations.

Then the gods come, spilling hot and wet inside of him. He clenches down impossibly farther. He vaguely hears the two Trickster hiss and praise him as they milk out their orgasms. They pull out and it is Tony’s turn to hiss, feeling their come slide out and down his leg. He is over sensitive now and still so fucking hard. It only takes a single touch for him to shout his own orgasm, shaking and whimpering from it. He closes his eyes and comes.

After what seems like an eternity, he comes back, breathing hard. He’s strangely aware of a cooper
taste in his mouth. That’s when he realizes that broke skin when he bit Loki. The god - now only one, beneath him - has a bitemark prominently on his collar bone. “S’rry,” he mutters.

Loki strokes his hair. “It is of no matter. I did enjoy you marking me even as I filled you to the brim.”

Tony moans. Damn, it sounds so hot when he says things like that, but there is no way Tony can do anything about it right now. He is blissed out and completely boneless.

“Do not worry pet. You have done so well.”

“M’ god,” he absently agrees before closing his eyes again.

“Yes pet, your god,” he hears before falling asleep.

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It takes a little more than over a month, all told, to finish the weapon. Tony is immensely proud. It is a combination of arc tech, Realm magic, multiverse magic, two infinity gems and a ritual circle that will have to be drawn before they can launch the bomb transporter at the Titan.

Contacting Thor turned out to be fairly easy too. Tony couldn't call him, but he could call Tony. And all that took was a quick trip to the roof.

“*Heimdall, tell Thor to answer his goddamn fucking phone!*”

Intergalactic communication. Who knew? He got Thor's information and bam, done. He tells the big guy he'll be back with the time he and his fellow soldiers can come down. He'll take care of the whole 'Loki is actually on our side' conversation then.

That night, the two of them sit in the living room and prepare the final stages of their strategy.

“Allright, but who are we sending to fight evil Barney and who gets to fight his army?” Tony asks as he sits down on the couch next to the god. Absently, he leans into his side. His eyes scan the screen in front of them. On it, is a list of all their allies and their abilities.

Loki hums as he idly runs a hand through Tony's hair. “The mutants are use to working together in units as is. They would be able to spread out and take on the Chitauri across the globe. Doom will also be useful in widespread fighting, with those bots of his.”

“Ugh, Doom bots,” the genius complains. “I hate Doombots. I know they're useful now, but they are truly a pain in the ass. He can't even spend them around when Reed and his team are actually here. No, they are off planet or off universe or off something. And that's when Doom does his thing. I swear, I think the team leaves on purpose.”

“You are familiar then, with his work.”

“I usually join the X-Men when needed. They are generally fine on their own. They have a genius on the team – she has real potential – that can short circuit the bots. She's another one of my interns,” he adds.

“Do you believe they can hold up in a fight?”
“Against the Chitauri? Yeah, they'll do fine. Might not be able to take as many out as we would like, but they'll make a great distraction. Plus, the damn things are really pack a punch if that's what Doom is going for.”

“Very well. So Doom, the Brotherhood and X-Men will focus on the Chitauri.”

“And SHIELD, don't forget about them. Technically, all of them have already started the party early. Hey, what about Thor's soldiers? They would be useful with this, right?”

Loki nods. “Indeed, Asgard's army is one of the finest. They should have no difficulties battling the Chitauri.”

“Great, send the space Vikings after the fleet,” he ignores Loki's snort of amusement, “That leaves the Fantastic Four, Spiderman, Guardians, Stef and the rest of the team.” He sighs. He wishes he knew what happened to Bruce. The scientist was the only one who he spent any time with before everything went down. The genius genuinely liked the other man. Plus the Big Guy could be useful here as well.

“The Widow and Hawk would be best away from Thanos. Without any enhancement, they will be unable to do much damage. They will serve better against the army. Nor do I believe the Captain will be of great importance either. However, he has great experience fighting HYDRA.”

“Does this mean we have Kane with us or Barnes with Rogers? I mean, I know both would love to burn a few heads off, but you know how Kane is.”

“I shall argue for the latter.”

“You know how pissed he is going to be, right?”

“Very. But he will follow through if the arguments are sound.”

Tony snorts. “Logic. Right. Because his over protectiveness doesn't override that at all.”

“True, but both men are soldiers.”

“So is Rhodey and I guarantee he is following me into battle. You're going to need a better argument than that sweet cheeks.”

Loki smirks at him. “Who else would I trust to be in charge of the annihilation of HYDRA, but the two men who have already fought them?”

Tony cackles. “Oh, that is perfect. Evil, but perfect. How are they going to be able to argue with that. Plus, Cap has already been working on that anyways.” He grins. It will work, even if there is argument. Because no matter how good it sounds, Kane is going to want to stay close to Tony. For a master assassin, he's turned into a real mother hen. “I don't want Spiderling anywhere near here either,” he comments.

“And how long do you think that is going to last?” Loki asks dryly.

“Oh, about five seconds. Less if the Sometimes Terrific Four are going to be there. Kid doesn't listen very well.”

“I wonder where he gets that from?”

“I resent that, I listen fine. Are you accusing me of being a bad influence?”
“Not at all Anthony dear.”

Tony sighs. “This is why I will never be a Father,” he says.

“I rather think it is too late for that. From what you have told me, the young Spider child looks up to you. He even broke into the Tower to rescue you. It is clear he cares for you a great deal.”

“He shouldn't,” Tony mutters softly to himself.

Of course Loki hears him though. “Yes he should. I know you do not hold yourself in high esteem, but you should. Do you believe any mortal would be able to pull off what we are doing? Do you think the great Captain,” he sneers the title, partly for Tony's benefit, partly because that is how he feels, “could pull this off? You have great heart to go along with your intellect and skill. Do not underestimate yourself. Simply because others do not see your worth, does not mean you do not have any. It simply means they are all idiots, blind to the truth.”

He tilts Tony's head up so they are staring at each other. “Do you think any other mortal would be able to catch my attention as thoroughly as you have? That anyone can imprint on my magic? I assure you, it is a most difficult task. But you did it without even trying. Even Thor, when I still thought him my brother, did not have this strong a tie with my magic. You are magnificent, if only you would stop examining yourself through someone else's eyes.” He lowers his head and kisses the genius softly.

It takes Tony's breath away. Sure, they have been fucking like rabbits ever since this whole thing began, but this is different. This is something new. Before, it was fire and passion and lust. Now the softer side of things is starting to creep into it. It makes him tremble in a completely different way.

The Trickster pushes Tony down onto the couch and shifts himself so that he is on top of the man. All the while, he continues those soft, deep kisses. Tony reaches up and grabs Loki's shoulders, digging nails into shirt and skin.

Loki shifts again so that he is in between Tony's legs. With a familiar tingle he is naked and Loki begins to work his way down, starting with his neck. The kisses are wet and thorough, covering every inch of skin available. He gasps and bucks when Loki hits a particularly sensitive spot and he arches into the god. His hold tightens as said god continues to suck on the spot, running teeth and tongue over it.

He whimpers as Loki next slowly makes his way down to his nipples, taking one into his mouth and then the other. That clever tongue plays with the rings, tugging them and twisting slightly. He has to close his eyes at the feeling. He's not use to this slow, sensual worship of his body. Because that is what it feels like. Although Loki is the god here, it feels as if he is the one worshiping Tony. The thought alone makes him whine and buck into that brilliant mouth.

Fingers dance along his ribs and move down to tease his thighs. He spreads his legs as wide as he can, limited by the couch, but Loki doesn't take the blatant invitation. Instead, he continues to stroke and caress smooth skin. All this time, he continues to avoid the one place Tony wants, no needs, him to touch.

“Ah!” Tony shouts at a particularly hard bite. But then it goes soft again, gently sucking it into the god's mouth. “Loki,” he pleads, cock hard and leaking. He thrusts up, but so does the Trickster, so Tony only touches air. “Please,” he begs.

“Shh, pet,” he lifts a hand to trace Tony's mouth with his thumb, “I will take care of you. Relax,”
he commands, “patience.”

Patience? How is Tony suppose to have patience when he has a god on top of him, practically worshiping him? He doesn't think it is possible. The thumb traces the outline of his mouth before stroking chapped lips. Tony opens his mouth to take the digit inside, but it moves away to go back to caressing his thighs.

Blunt nails scrape his skin as Loki stops tormenting his nipples and moves downward again. This time he pays attention to his hip, licking the crease between groin and thigh, nipping at skin, drawing patterns with his fingertips. But still he avoids Tony's cock. A faint tremble runs through him. He can't remember the last time he has been turned on like this. No one has ever taken the time to learn his body like this. Not Pepper, they never made it this far. Not anyone he was with at MIT. Definitely not his one night stands.

It is an exquisite torment that Tony both wants to hurry up and never wants to end. “Please,” he whimpers again as he claws at Loki's shoulders for something to hold onto. Something to anchor him amid the Trickster's touch. Just when he thinks he can't take it anymore and is going to come untouched, Loki takes all of him into his mouth with one swallow.

Tony screams and tries to buck his hips, but they are held down. He writhes under the touch, but his hips are still from firm hands. The feeling is marvelous after the complete lack of touch before. But it is not any more hurried than the rest of the touches have been. Loki bobs his head slowly, as if he is savoring the cock in his mouth. His tongue runs along the bottom side of it, teasing the vein. On the upward motion, he takes time to suck on the crown before moving back down again.

Tony is gasping now, unable to catch his breath. It feels so good. Silver tongue, what a great title. His hands move up to grip Loki's hair. Not that this gets the bastard to go any faster than before. He sobs when a hand begins to caress his balls. Fuck, damn is the god good at this. Maybe he is also the god of sex as well as mischief?

His hips make another aborted jerk as Loki's magic begins to stretch him. He chokes on a breath, swearing, trying to talk, to beg, something, but he can't. All he can do is moan and take it. He is getting good at that. All he ever seems to be able to do is take it when Loki is involved. Not that he's complaining – much.

Tony whines when Loki pulls away, but then hisses as immediately after Loki enters him at – what a surprise – a slow and steady pace. With his hips finally free, he jerks, trying to take more of that cock inside of him faster. But the angle is wrong and it doesn't help much. Loki grabs Tony's hips and pulls them towards him, so that he is laying on the god's lap. This means Loki is fully inside and Tony can't be more thankful.

He bucks, grinding against the one leg on the couch. His right leg wraps around the god's waist while the other joins his on the floor. It spread him wide and open. Just what he wants. Oh god, does he want. Loki begins to move, controlling the movement, keeping Tony balanced on his leg. Tony whines and shudders and writhes on his cock, happy right where he is.

The angle is perfect for hitting Tony's prostate and Loki exploits it ruthlessly. Every stroke he hits it and every stroke Tony gets that much closer to coming. It feels as if an explosion is slowly building inside of him, waiting to escape. A slow burn builds and builds with each thrust of his hips.

Time loses all meaning. All that is left is Loki moving inside of him and the burn that is building. He claws at the couch cushions, needing a new anchor now that Loki is out of reach. Nails dig into fabric. He wouldn't be surprised if he tore it, with how tightly he is gripping it.
Tony writhes and moans and sobs and then, without any input from his brain at all, he is coming. He cries out, hips jerking, body shaking. He is coming completely undone. Untouched. He can't remember the last time that has happened. Of course, that's not saying much. He can't remember much right now. All that matters is the pleasurable explosion Loki pulled from his body. He barely notices the god coming at all. The warm wet liquid leaking out of him clues him in, but he was too out of it to notice the act itself. A deep languid feeling creeps over him as Loki pulls out and cleans them via magic. His last idle thought before he falls asleep is if this is what making love feels like.

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“We all ready then?” Tony asks, looking at the other two beside him.

“Yes, everyone is in place,” Loki answers.

“And we can guarantee Thanos will show up?”

“Leave that to me,” Nebula says.

“Oh boy,” Tony cheers, “Alaska here I come.”
The battle... well, to be honest, the battle is a bit of a blur in Tony's mind. The teams are assembled, spread out across the landscape. The Guardians are at one point, the Kind Of Awesome Four and Spiderman at another, Nebula, Rhodey and Stef at a third. He stands between Loki and Thor, feeling powerful and small at the same time.

Adrenaline runs through him, making him jittery. He wasn't near this nervous when he confronted Loki all those months ago. But that was different. He knew – or thought he knew – what he was up against. He had a plan. He had the tools to make that plan work. Sure, there had been a chance that Loki would have killed him before he could get the suit, but that didn't seem like a big deal at the time. A risk sure, but he always takes those. Why would that one be any different?

This? This feels different. Sure, he still has a plan. And the tools to win. But they are up against something none of them have ever faced before. If even Loki and Thor are cautious – afraid – of this Mad Titan, then you know this is some serious shit. This feels like a fight for his life, more than anything else he has ever experienced. Except Afghanistan, but nothing tops Afghanistan. At least, not yet.

On either side of him, the gods look determined, but grim. It is obvious neither are especially looking forward to this fight. And when one of the people looking to avoid a fight is Thor... well. He might not know the god very well, but even he knows that is a bad sign.

He almost wishes Kane were here beside him. The assassin had a way of making Tony feel safe. But he knows, for all the argument and pouting that went into convincing the man, that he is better off with Rogers. He knows HYDRA in and out by now and is perfect for taking them down. The Chitauri are just a bonus for him. He is one mean lean killing machine.

Still, Rogers better bring him back in one piece or there is going to be hell to pay.

He wants to make some quip, some smart ass comment to take the tension from Thor. Take the frown and hidden fear from Loki. But for once, he can't find the words to do so. Oh sure, he could say something, but nothing seems to fit. Nothing seems right.

And then that damn scene from the Lion King pops into his head and he starts laughing. True, there is a slightly hysterical edge to that laugh, but it is a laugh nonetheless. It counts. Anything counts at this point.

Loki looks at him, eyebrow raised. “Dare I inquire of what your deranged mind has thought of now?” he asks dryly.

Tony grins widely, even if it is hidden behind his mask. “I laugh in the face of danger,” he declares.
All the gets him is a blank look. Several blank looks actually. He can physically feel them from the comms.

But then Stef snorts and Rhodey joins him in his laughter. Because they know how his mind works.

“Clearly the mortals have cracked under pressure,” Loki comments, exasperated.

“Hey, I'm still good,” Quill protests.

“Should we expect an entrance from Goldberg any minute now? Cause I'd rather fight her than this evil Barney I keep hearing about.”

There's a pause and then Peter starts laughing. “I get it!” he giggles, “Good one Mr Stark.”

“Well we don't,” Rocket complains, “what the hell are you people on and where can I get some?”

“I am Groot.”

“Isn't it cannibalism if you smoke something?” Tony asks, “you know, being a plant and you being a sentient plant and all?”

“I am Groot!”

“Yeah and Robby isn't raccoon shaped either. Try the other.”

“Try the other what? I do not understand,” Drax says.

“They're all idiots,” Gamora tells him.

“I did not think I would ever agree with you again sister, but I do. These mortals make no sense.”

“Alright,” Tony declares, “once this is all over, we are having a movie night. First on the list – the Lion King, you damn heathens.”

“That is a strange title for movie,” Drax comments.

Tony just sighs. He might have actually found someone worse than Thor. Which, if Loki is to be believed, is supposedly impossible. But Tony tends to take anything he says about Thor with a grain of salt, being in the Sibling Issues club and all.

Once again, thank you Howard for making him an only child. Probably the only thing the old man did right. Of course, that would probably be because he just didn't want to 'deal' with another kid. As if he had to 'deal' with him at all. His damn butler raised him. Don't get him wrong, he loved Jarvis to death. Still. His butler. He feels his point is made.

Before he can make anymore comments, or mind babble anymore, the air changes. There is a charge in the atmosphere that wasn't there two seconds ago. This is it. Thanos is coming. He beams down and looks at his surroundings condescendingly. “So little heroes, you thought to defy me?”

“Well I had a weekend off, I thought I'd give it a try,” Tony answers through the speakers in his suit.

The Titan turns towards him and sneers. “Well, well, well. If it isn't the little slave,” he mocks, “What happen? Did the godling not keep you on a tight enough leash? Or did you seduce him to your way of thinking with that pathetic body of yours?”
“First off, I am a pretty, pretty princess thank you very much. I am a joy to behold. It's not my fault you have shitty taste. And secondly, this 'little godling',” he quotes, “is a hell of a lot smarter than you are. Personally, I'd surrender and save yourself the pain.”

Thanos smiles a shark smile. “Oh little slave, what ideas you have. Someone should have taken care to fuck those out of your head a long time ago.”

“You will not take this planet,” Thor interrupts.

“Another godling,” he taunts, “Odin's brat. Tell me, have you been banished recently? The first time resulted in such a useful pawn.”

“Leave my brother out of this,” Thor commands, hand tightening on his hammer.

“I am afraid it is rather too late for that. He is very amusing. Tell me, have you ever heard him scream himself raw? It is a truly marvelous sound.”

Tony feels sick. The taste of stale water burns that back of his throat, but he ignores it. Now is not that time. Now is possibly the worst time in existence. The fate of the entire universe is literally at stake. Now is not the time for a panic attack or any other trauma induced freak outs. He can practically hear Thor's grip on Mjolnir creak. His body tenses as if he is preparing to take a swing at the Mad Titan.

On the other side of him, Loki might as well be carved in stone for all the reaction he is showing. Which is telling, to anyone who knows him well enough. And by now, Tony knows him very well. Thanos has definitely hit a nerve, but Loki will eat his own heart before he admits it. If he didn't hate this asshole before, he sure does now.

He isn't sure who gives the signal – or if someone even did or if they all just decided enough was enough at the same time – but they are all moving simultaneously. The plan is to attack in groups and keep Thanos distracted until they can port him off. The Guardians and Rhodey are the first to take the Titan on. Loki and Stef purposefully melt into the background to begin the ritual circle.

Tony has to internally wince from his spot as he watches the fight unfold. Fuck, is this going to suck. Ha! Rhyme.

But no, seriously, what the hell is this guy on? He's been told that Thanos is powerful. That he is going to be incredibly hard to defeat. That it might even be impossible, according to Nebula. But all of those warning seem to fall flat in the face of the real thing. He didn't think it was going to be a walk in the park, but the Guardians look like flies fighting him. Annoying, but no real harm done. And this is the team that has already saved their end of the galaxy.

They flip and fly and shoot and dodge, but nothing seems to faze Thanos. He has this annoying grin on his face, as if he is amused by the whole thing. Down of the ground, Loki and Stef are working as fast as they can, but they aren't even a fourth of the way done yet.

He seems to be using some kind of energy force field as a weapon. It rips through the air and slams into anything in it's way. What the hell kind of energy is that? “Anyone get a read on that?” he asks.

Over the comms, there is a lot of swearing going on. Good thing Rogers isn't here to hear this. He doesn't seem to appreciate that sort of language. Hypocrite. He's known Rhodey for years. He knows exactly what kind of 'language' soldiers use. And it's not a clean one either. One good blast sends the Guardians tumbling to the ground. Tony holds his breath, but soon hears, “Fuck that shit man,” from Rhodey and breathes a sigh of relief.
“I am receiving the reading from Colonel Rhodes’ suit Sir,” JARVIS tells him, “and analyzing the data.”

“Great J, let me know when you have something.”

It’s now the Wish They Were Fabulous Four turn to join the game. They hit all at once, hoping to overwhelm him. It doesn't work, unfortunately, but at least none of them are injured from it. He catches Nebula sneaking towards him, obviously looking for an opening to strike. When Sue returns a force field shot of her own, the assassin strikes, stabbing him right in the neck. Tony cheers, “That’s my favorite deadly assassin.”

“I thought Kane was your favorite,” she grunts and adds another knife to Thanos’ neck.

“Favorite girl assassin,” he corrects quickly.

“I will be so glad when I no longer have to interact with you,” she complains.

“Neb, I thought you loved me,” he gasps.

“I want to rip your tongue out of your mouth,” she informs him, “How is that love?”

Tony would answer her, but Thanos chooses that time to throw her off, flinging her into the distance before smashing the Unimpressive Four to the ground with another one of his energy fields. Fortunately they don't seem to be pancakes, but they are out for the moment for sure.

“JARVIS, any info on that energy?”

“It seems to be an unknown form unique to the Titan Sir. It differs both from The gods' magic as well as Doctor Strange's.”

“Great,” he mutters, “Just what we need, another special snowflake to the bunch. Oh well,” he turns to Thor, “I'm going in. I want to try something before you join me.”

Thor nods. “I await your signal Anthony,” he says gravely.

“Super,” Tony says and shoots into the air. Below him, the circle is half way done. Good. He aims his reploser at Thanos and shoots. It turns the Titan's attention away from the others. Unfortunately, that's all it does. It doesn't faze him at all. There's not even a scorch mark on his skin.

Thanos laughs. “Puny mortal, do you think you are a match for me? If not even a god can touch me, what makes you think you can. You are as pathetic as the rest of them.” He raises his hand and returns fire.

Tony dodges, cursing. Seriously, what the fuck kind of power is that? It's not lightning and it's not pure energy, but some kind of crazy mixture and he doesn't like it.

“Look around you. All your so called heroes are here to fight me and yet none can defeat me. I am the power of the universe. Death cherishes me as her Beloved. None can stand in my way. What makes you think you stand a chance. You are like an insect and I will crush you.”

“Alright J, time to bring out the big guns,” he mutters, desperately hoping this will be enough.

“Honey, I was born special,” he says as the suit charges up. Tony can feel the extra power and magic running through the circuitry. It makes his entire body tingle with the feeling. “Time to rock and roll,” he grins.
The Mad Titan laughs. “You? Special? You who spent months at the godling's feet, serving him in every possible way? You whose life is but a millisecond in the universe's time? You? I think not.”

He goes to shoot again, but Tony beats him to it. He fires and aims right at the Titan's chest. Instead of the pure blue his beam normally is, it is now mixed with the green of Loki's magic. It is a direct hit, slamming into Thanos' chest. It stagers him, making him take a step back. “Now we're getting somewhere,” he whoops.

Thanos recovers quickly though. As happy he is that it worked, it still didn't work as well as he had hoped it would. A beam comes at him and the genius has to barrow roll to avoid it.


He can feel the heat as it passes by him. It hits the ground and explodes, sending pieces of burning rock into the air. He spins to hit the one and almost collides with another. “Goddammit,” he complains, “Anyone up for a little dodgeball?” he calls.

“I am Mr Stark,” Peter calls.

“Oh no you fucking aren't,” Tony growls, “You shouldn't even be here in the first place. You are not to engage. Do you hear me Spiderling, you are not to engage or I will have your head and your suit for this.”


Tony breathes a sigh of relief. He will keep Peter safe. One less worry. But then, as he returns fire, weaving in and around, he spots a very familiar suit accompanied by a familiar figure. Father or no Father – and he is definitely no Father – he is so tempted to ground the kid when all of this is over. And Ben! He was suppose to be the sensible one. He has to be, he hangs out with Johnny all the time. Speaking of.

“Allright, this is my kind of party!” he shouts, “Time to Flame On!” Immediately he is engulfed in flames and shoots up into the air to join Tony.

“I know there's such a things as fashionably late, but this time – don't,” he tells the other man.

Johnny grins at him. “Can't handle the heat?” he jokes.

“I tend to stay out of the kitchen. I burn the eggs.”

“I am ready to join again as well, Anthony,” Thor tells him, joining him in the air.

Johnny snorts, but before he can comment further, another fire ball is sent their way. Tony dodges like a boss, but Johnny doesn't. He meets it head on, going in for a punch. Or, that was the plan, but when he goes to catch it, he starts cursing instead. “Hot, hot, bitch, hot! Damn, what kind of steroids is this guy on?”

“I don't know, why don't you ask him.”

They both dodge another fireball. “Have you realized that it is futile yet?”

It takes everything within Tony not to roll his eyes at the question. Futile. He fucking used the word futile. What the hell is it with villains and that word? Whenever they monologue at him, they always seem to throw that word in somewhere. Have none of the read a thesaurus before? He can
list about ten other words off the top of his head that the could use.

Thor takes his turn next, smashing the fireball with his hammer. That actually does something. It shatters, sending flames in every direction. Tony hisses as one passes by him. Still as hot in small form as when they are altogether. Progress though. Progress.

“I can do this all day,” he answers, lying through his teeth. Not that Thanos knows he is. He swears as he dodges – alright, so maybe he guesses – and pauses to hit the bastard back before he moves again. That is the trick right now. Keep moving. Just keep moving. Or swimming, depending on your environment. Flying in this case.

The next fireball goes off course and when he turns to see why, Peter is there, webbing the Titan's arm up. “Underoos!” he shouts, keeping himself from barking 'his name over the open comm, “what did I tell you about engaging the enemy?”

“I got it Mr Stark, I do,” Peter reassure before swinging around to wrap Thanos up more in his web, barely missing the swing that the Titan took at him. Not very reassuring, that.

“Christ kid, you're going to give me a heart attack. I have a heart condition, I can't have those, it's bad.”

“You worry too much. I've been practicing.”

Thor hits Thanos with his lightning, knocking him back. Peter swings to throw him off balance even more. He almost falls, but at the last moment regains his balance. Tony and Johnny join in, all working at making the bastard face plant at the very least. That would be a wonderful start of things.

He checks to see if Loki and Stef are close yet, but a cry distracts him. Peter. He swerves just in time to see Thanos launch him into the air. Thor goes to catch him, but all that does is put him in the same path as Peter is going – down. They hit the ground with a thud.

“Spiderling,” he barks over the comms, “Thor. Are you alright?”

Silence.

“I swear to god that if you do not answer me right now, you are grounded for the rest of eternity. Spiderling!”

Still no answer.

Blood boils in Tony's veins. He's always heard the expression 'seeing red' before, but he's always thought it was more metaphorical than not. Turns out he's been wrong. It is an entirely true statement. He's never felt this angry before in his life.

This is the part of the battle where things get a bit hazy in his mind.

He attacks, flying straight at Thanos without a care. Part of him knows this is reckless, but that part of his brain is drown out by the rest. Because no one touches his kids and gets away with it. Especially not some creepy, evil Barney. He feels Loki's magic and the suits power buzz through him, engulfing him. But it isn't enough. Even as he finally knocks Thanos on his ass, the Titan is able to hit him with that damn energy of his. It sends him to the ground and shreds the suit.

Tony barely notices, rage still flowing through his veins. Something smacks into the palm of his hand and he uses it to attack. He is vaguely aware of the others joining him again. Vaguely able to
hear the sounds of battle. Vaguely able to recall the moment when the ritual circle is done.

He remembers hitting the Mad Titan with... something that starts the reaction, powering the circle, setting off the bomb and porting him off to the multiverse of clouds.

Then he remembers nothing at all.

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When Tony wakes up, every part of his body is sore. He feels as if he has been run over by a herd of wild elephants. He groans and turns over to lay on his stomach. It's not any more comfortable than on his back. Technically, it's worse with the arc reactor digging into his chest, so he groans and goes back to laying on his back.

“Antony,” he hears someone murmur and cracks an eye open to see Loki sitting next to him, looking strangely relieved.

He mutters some indistinctive words in return, looking the god over. What the hell has happened to him. The last thing he remember is... Oh. Memories of the battle return to him. Well, this makes a lot more sense now. Only he doesn't remember getting hurt. He sort of remembers getting hit, but he doesn't think that injured him that much. “We won?” he croaks.

Loki lifts a straw to his mouth and he drinks thirstily. “Yes, Anthony, we won,” he says.

Tony frowns. “What the hell happen? And why do I feel like shit?” Normally he wouldn't admit to feeling hurt at all. But Loki knows him as well as he knows the god. There is no hiding the fact that he is sore as fuck right now.

“Do you recall any of what happen?”

“Some. I remember the beginning, but – Peter!” he shouts, suddenly remembering that bit. He goes to sit up, but Loki keeps him down.

“He is fine. You have a very resilient son in him,” he reassure.

“He's not my son,” he protests, but relief floods him. He has no idea what he would have done if Thanos had killed him. Probably tracked him down and returned the favor.

“Shortly after that, we were able to complete the circle and port him off. The bomb worked without a flaw.”

Tony nods. “Good,” he answers, but continues staring at the Trickster. There is a familiar burning in his eyes. “What did I do to have you look at me like that?”

“My dear, dear mortal,” Loki says, leaning in closer now, “You were the one who finished Thanos. It was you who positioned him and set off the bomb. It was you who did the most damage. It was you who wielded Mjolnir after Thor fell and was unable to do so.” He catches Tony's mouth in a searing kiss.

Tony gasps for breath when they finally part. “Mjolnir? You mean the hammer that only Thor can lift?”

“The hammer that only those worthy can lift,” Loki corrects, eyes still bright. “In all of it's history, only a few have been able to wield its power other than Thor. Of those few, none were able to possess it for long. And none have been mortals. You, my dear, are the first mortal to have ever...”
wield Mjolnir and the powers that come with it. My mortal,” he purrs before kissing Tony breathlessly again.

Tony arches into the kiss, not caring for one moment that he is still sore as fuck. Who cares about that when he has a god trying to kiss the life out of him. He is completely fine with that too. What a way to go. Unfortunately, it doesn't last.

“Tony,” Pepper exclaims as she walks into the room, “You're awake.”

Loki growls lowly, but does move away from the genius.

Tony whines in protest, but then Pepper is there hugging him and he hugs her back. “Pep,” he cries happily, “Guess what?” he grins.

Pepper moves so she can look at his face, but doesn't look away. “I am almost afraid to ask,” she answers dryly.

Tony pouts. “Come on Pep, it's nothing bad,” he protests, “It's awesome. Cause, you know, I'm awesome.”

“Just what you need, another ego boost,” Rhodey comments as he walks in the room and joins them on the bed. “What's up man?”

“You are looking at the first mortal worthy of wielding Mjolnir,” he preens.

Rhodey groans. “Did you have to tell him that?” he asks Loki, “Now we're never going to hear the end of that,” he complains, but there's a teasing edge to it.

Pepper finally lets go from her hug and sighs as if to agree with him. The smile that she is trying to hide gives her away though.

Tony crosses his arms. “Rude,” he accuses, “You are both so rude to me. Is that the way to talk to the person who saved the universe?”

“Excuse me?” Rhodey sputters, “you? I'm sorry, did you conveniently forget that there were more people there than just your dumb ass?”

“That's not how Lokitty put it,” he sing songs.

Both Pepper and Rhodey turn to glare at the Trickster who grins back unrepentantly. His two friends share a look before dramatically rolling their eyes at the other two. Tony grins. “Oh come on, you know I'm your favorite,” he tells them.

“Am I?” Pepper asks, “because I was under the impression that I had been replaced.” She looks pointedly at Loki.

Tony waves her off. “You're still my main girl Pep. Just not my main bed warmer.”

“I do beg your pardon?” Loki asks, indignantly, “Bed warmer?”

“Well what else am I supposed to call you? It's not as if we've ever taken any time to define what we are.”

“I'm sorry, should I have taken time away from saving the universe to reassure you that you are my special snowflake,” he mocks, “Oh, wait.”
Tony sticks out his tongue at the god.

“Very mature,” he comments.

He grins. “That's me,” he agrees.

Pepper snorts. “You are going to be unbearable now, aren't you?”

“You mean he wasn't before?” Rhodey teases.

“See what I have to deal with,” he laments to Loki.

Loki, for his part, is watching with far too much amusement.

This is the moment Kane walks in and collapses on the bed next to Tony. The genius grunts, but shifts so that they are both comfortable. “You are never going into battle without me again,” the assassin informs him crossly.

“Oh come on buttercup, it wasn't that bad. Besides, didn't you have fun destroying HYDRA?”

“Bucky insisted on having his share,” he grumbles.

“Oh poor baby,” Tony coos, “did you not get to kill enough of the bad, bad men?”

“Fuck off Stark,” Kane tells him. Which means yes, Tony is right. The master assassin is pouting that he didn't get to kill enough HYDRA agents. That will never stop being hilarious.

“I'm surprised you were able to pry Barnes away from Rogers right now,” he says instead.

“Rogers had his time with the jerk. You've been asleep for three days.”

“Really?” he asks in surprise.

“Yes. Which is why you are never fighting without me again. You are not fine.”

“I'm mostly fine,” he protests, “Just a little sore. What do you expect, I was apparently handling Mjolnir for part of the fight?”

“Apparently?” the assassin questions.

Tony shrugs. “I sort of don't remember that part. I know I got pissed and hit Thanos with something after he destroyed my suit. But I don't remember what. Actually, I don't think I took that long to notice in the first place.”

“You were truly magnificent in the fight,” Loki tells him, leaning against him around Pepper, who is still sitting close. “I have never seen such a marvelous sight.”

Rhodey fake gags. “Alright you two, no sex around other people,” he protests, “I've already seen enough of him in college. I don't need to see more now.”

Tony rolls his eyes. “I wasn't that bad,” he says. Which is completely untrue. But still. “And don't pretend you were any better,” he adds. “I wasn't the only little shit, it was just that no one ever blamed you,” he grumbles, “As if you didn't start at least half of the shit we did.”

“I most certainly did not,” Rhodey protests.
“No honey bear, you're right.”

“Thank you.”

“You started more than half of it. Maybe three quarters.”

“Now you're just making it up.”

“Really?” Tony questions, “Shall I tell them about the time that involved a certain building-”

“No,” Rhodey cuts him off quickly.

“That's what I thought.”

“Although Spring Break of '87 was definitely your fault.”

“Fair enough considering the summer of '91 was yours.”

“What the hell did the two of you do?” Kane asks, intrigued.

“Nothing,” Rhodey answers quickly. “We did nothing and it will stay that way unless you want the internet to find out about the Winter of '94.”

“I admit, I am more intrigued, the more I hear,” Loki says, “Tell me, what do these years entail?”

“A lot of alcohol, women and/or men, and bad decisions. And cats,” he adds, “Don't forget the cats.”

“And the parrot,” Rhodey tells them.

“Oh god,” Tony moans, “That fucking parrot.”

The two look at each other before laughing. The other three look a mixture of curious and exasperated, depending on the person.

“And I thought you were interesting after I met you,” Pep says dryly.

Tony grins at her. “Nah, you missed all the good years.”

“I'm devastated,” she informs him.

His grin grows.

“You are clearly feeling better, so I will leave you now. Unlike some people, I have a Company to run.”

“And you're doing great at it Pep,” he reassures her.

“I'm glad you think so,” she tells him sweetly, “because you have a backlog of paperwork that you will need to sign.”

Tony groans. “Pep, light of my life, you're killing me here.”

Pepper just continues to smile sweetly. Yeah, there's a reason he made her CEO. She's a killer.

“Thanks a lot,” he says.
“Will that be all Mr Stark?” she asks.

“That will be all Miss Potts.”

She kisses him on the forehead and leaves the room.

Rhodey gets up next. “If you're going to do anything man, I'd hurry it up. The vultures are waiting for you in the level below.”

Tony groans again. “Can't you tell them I'm not home?”

“I could, but I doubt they would believe me.”

“Damn,” he sighs, “Thanks for the warning honey bear.”

“Whatever man, I just want to get out of here before the sex starts,” he says, looking at Loki and his still burning eyes. One fist bump and Rhodey also leaves the room.

Both Loki and Tony turn as one to look at Kane. The assassin shrugs. “I don't care what the two of you do. Wouldn't be the first I saw it.”

This is true. Kane was never shy about that kind of thing. He stood guard when he stood guard, no matter what they were doing. He has no desire to try it nor does he care if he sees others having it.

“Besides, Bucky has it enough with Rogers I am far beyond caring at this point.”

Tony bursts into laughter. “Rogers and Barnes are now a thing?” he asks with glee.

Kane rolls his eyes. “They're sickening together. I never thought there could be a couple worse than the two of you, but damn,” he complains.

“Worse?” the genius continues to laugh, “Worse? Oh please tell me they are into kink too. Because that is just going to make my day.”

“No,” Kane answers, “but frankly I prefer that over the sweet, vanilla sex they have regularly. Even if there is a strength and military kink involved sometimes.”

That this point, Tony is laughing so hard he can't breathe. Maybe it's the giddiness of having it finally over, but this is the funniest thing he has heard in a long time. Plus, he called it. He so called it. He knew Rogers and Barnes totally had a thing. Howard may not have appreciated it when he asked, but ha! Suck it old man. He was right.

“I am afraid I must interrupt,” JARVIS speaks up, “But the others are threatening either bodily harm or invasion if you do not go down to greet them.”

“Who's they?” Tony asks, eyes narrowed.

“Captain Rogers and Director Fury are among the most vocal in their demands, but Prince Odinson would also like to see you.”

The genius sighs. “S.H.I.E.L.D and the Avengers. Great. This is going to be so much fun,” he says unenthusiastically. He can already see the shit fit they are going to throw. And it's not going to be the rainbows and unicorns kind either. But he doesn't want them breaking down his door either. So he sighs and stands up. All the blood rushes to his head and he has to grab onto Loki to keep his balance. Damn, so apparently he's not as good as he thought he was.
Loki steadies him easily, wrapping one arm around his waist. There is a brief pin and needles sensation all over his body before it disappears, along with the rest of his lingering soreness.

“Thanks,” he mutters, both to Loki and to Septimus. At least he isn't going to have to face them sore and annoyed now. Just extremely annoyed. Really, they couldn't wait another two or three hours? Do they even care if he is alright or do they just assume he is since he's awake? He is not a dog they can call for and he will come. He has been working his ass off – sometimes literally – these past months to save the fucking world. The least they can do is let him have some victory sex before he faces the firing squad.

The three of them enter the room to see the previously mentioned people already positioned in it. Fortunately it isn't the throne room. Tony doesn't think he would have been able to keep a straight face if they were. It would have just been too much. As is, they are in what was suppose to be a game room, although the games never had a chance to be set up yet.

“You whistled?” he asks dryly, his annoyance clear.

“Stark,” Fury barks, “would you mind explaining what in the hell has been going on here?”

Tony blinks at him, doing his best to look innocent. “You mean besides saving the world and kicking ass?” he asks.

“Yes, besides that,” he answers in the same tone.

Tony shrugs. “That basically sums it up. How about you Robo Cop, anything to add?” he looks over at Kane on his left.

Kane smirks and shakes his head.

“How about you babe?” he asks Loki sweetly as he turns to look at him on his right.

“Nothing at all darling. You have done such a wonderful job explaining it.”

Barton gags over in his seat.

“Something to add birdbrain?”

“Yeah. Why the hell are you anywhere near him now that all of this is over? You can't seriously want to be anywhere near him after everything you've went through. After everything he has done.”

Tony cocks his head. “You mean help me save the world? Because if that's what you are referring to, I don't think that is reason to avoid him.”

“He killed those SHIELD agents.”

“An unfortunate happenstance,” Loki answers, “As well, the collapsed building did more damage than I myself did.”

“He brainwashed at least twenty people.”

“And he had a Mad Titan in his head,” Tony points out.

“He killed Phil.” There is a deep pain in Barton's voice as he says this.

“Who?” the genius asks, confused.
“Agent Coulson,” Barton snarls.

“Oh Director,” Loki chuckles, “I see that I am not the only liar in the room. I assure you Barton that I did not kill your Agent. When I left him, he was injured, but very much alive.”

As one, the Avengers turn and look at Fury.

He raises his head and says, “You needed encouragement.”

Barton snarls and punches the Director right in his good eye. Tony is both impressed and gleeful about this turn of events. Strike one for SHIELD. And any strike against them can only help Tony. Romanoff pulls Barton off the spy, but she doesn't look any happier than he does. Tony has to stop himself from cackling. Let's see how Fury likes being on the Black Widow's shit list. He's been there and it hasn't been fun.

Some spy she is. Either she blatantly doesn't like him and took his behavior when he was dying as fact or she was playing reverse psychology. Both options leave a bad taste in his mouth. Add to the fact there was no need to stab him in the neck. Sure, he might be unreasonable, but he was actively looking for a cure. There was no need to treat him like a unruly toddler to try and help keep him alive. He has boundary issues for a reason.

“Brother, Anthony,” Thor takes this time to greet, “I am glad to see you both well and unharmed,” he exclaims happily.

“I am not your brother,” Loki tells him, but there is an odd tone to it, one Tony doesn't quite understand.

Nor does he quite understand the gleam in Thor's eyes. It reminds him a little too much of Loki in that moment. Of course, they did grow up together, they are bound to have some of the same quirks. Or similarities at least. But something tells Tony there is more to it than that. Still, he lets it go for the moment. He'll have time later to analyze and to question. For now there are too many spies in the room. “Nice to see you too Point Break,” he answers.

Thor grins happily. “I have already sent my fellow soldiers back, via the Tesseract. They will carry stories of your greatness, as will I. I assure you that Asgard will remember your name well in our history.”

Yeah, definitely something going on here that he doesn't know about. Hopefully it's nothing bad cause he's had it with drama for the next century or so. “Always glad to be of assistance,” he smiles back, perhaps too sharp, but hey. He's been spending how much time with Loki. Some of that was bound to rub off eventually. Pun totally intended.

“Then you won't mind answering a few questions for us,” Rogers says.

Tony rolls his eyes. “Listen Capsicle, Pikachu is one thing. You? That's a complete other story. Besides, you've had both Barnes and Kane with you. Haven't you gotten the story from them?”

Beside him, Kane snorts. “He tried,” he answers.

“Not hard enough?” Tony guesses.

“Not the right way,” he corrects. “Jerk acts as if I am a affrontement to his boyfriend and not an addition.”

“You shouldn't exist,” Rogers snaps and Tony groans. He knew that was going to be a mess when
Rogers realized. He just thought he would have learned to accept it. Stupid thought apparently.

“No,” Kane agrees easily enough, “But I do. And you can't erase me, no matter how much you wish you could. Bucky won't let you.”

And isn't that news to Tony. He doesn't actually talk to Barnes. The other man is pretty shy actually, after all this time of hiding in his own mind from HYDRA. He prefers for Kane to be in control most of the time. From what Kane has said, Barnes is a mess, mentally, not even counting the whole split personality thing. But Tony had no idea that he was protective of Kane. He wouldn't have thought so, but he supposes it makes sense if you think about it.

Rogers glowers at him. He looks like a grumpy bear as he does.

“You couldn't have at least reassured him that I wasn't making a mess of everything?” he asks instead of telling Rogers just that.

Kane shrugs. “He wouldn't have believed me anyways. He barely believes Bucky and he's in love with the man.”

“Just how much does Barnes see?”

“You mean you don't know?” Rogers asks.

Tony shrugs. “I don't really talk to him.”

“So you let it,” he spits the word, “keep Bucky prisoner?”

“Excuse me?” Tony asks, genuinely offended by the question, “Since when am I the bad guy here? Just because you don't like me doesn't mean I am a monster to your boyfriend. Which, fyi, just found out about and kudos to you.”

“I do not appreciate being made fun of,” Rogers informs him angrily.

“I wasn't,” Tony protests, hand in the air, “Look, I'm an asshole, I get it. But that doesn't mean I mock people all the time. I had assumed since I was a kid that the two of you were together. I'm happy you have a chance to be together again.”

Rogers looks surprised. “You did?”

“Howard never shut up about you, of course I did. Course, he didn't appreciate my theory either, but the man was a bigger ass than I am. I thought it was romantic.”

Barton snickers.

“Shut up Barton, you try having the stories shoved down your throat since you can remember and then tell me that doesn't make some kind of an impression on you,” he snaps, done with this topic.

Rogers is looking at him, all big eyes and questions on the tip of his tongue. But he doesn't ask any of them, which surprises Tony. He was sure he was about to ask all about dear old Dad. But something must have gotten through, because he doesn't say a word, just nods. Well, how about that.

Fury makes a frustrated noise. “Will you people stop getting off topic and give me a report?” he snaps.

The fact that Fury wants a debriefing – and thinks that he is actually going to get one – is hilarious.
Well, maybe he'll get one from his super spies. And Rogers. But Tony? Hell no. Tony is not a soldier. He won't be for Rogers and he won't be for Fury. Not for anyone. The last thing he will ever be is anything military. It's practically against his religion. “I told you, I saved the world with Loki and a select others that are way cooler than your secret boy band.”

“Aren't you a member of that band?” Barton asks.

“Didn't Romanoff tell you? I'm only a manager. And, apparently, not a wanted nor needed one at that. You don't think I fit the job? Fine, I'm not in. I have a cooler team with better benefits. The person who recruited me is suppose to be dead anyways. Why would I hang around?”

Fury looks – wait for it – furious over the declaration, but Tony just shrugs. “Still not a team player,” he tells him.

“Then what do you call that?” the Director asks, motioning to Kane and Loki beside him.

“They? Mother Dragon-Hen,” he motions to Kane, “and Sex Partnership,” he motions to Loki, “not really what you're going for here I'm sure.” He smiles sweetly. “How is SHIELD, by the way? Some douche said it was destroyed, but I knew that couldn't be completely true. You're too sneaky for that. How much are you down by?”

He doesn't get an answer, just an angry stare.

“That bad? Well, that is what happens when HYDRA grows in your system. Shouldn't you be taking care of that right now instead of worrying about little old me? Or are you trying to see if I'm going to try to take over the world next? Because, if so, definitely not. Too much work. I'd end up giving it to Pep within the week.”

“And when the world wants your head on a plate for this?”

“What, you think they are going to like you any better? The secret shadowy spy organization of America? Ha! They'll eat you alive. Besides, I already have Pepper on it. I'm sure she has been planning something from day one. She's very efficient like that. Hey, want to take a bet on how many times they toss around the words 'American imperialism'? ”

“Yeah, what's it up to?” Barton asks.

Romanoff smacks him on the head.

“Ow Tasha,” he complains, “What was that for? That's a great idea. Just that phrase or any other?”

“Make a list and we'll see Legolas.”

“Cool man.”

Fury sighs a deep, regretful sigh, obviously finally recognizing the uselessness of the situation. “I will talk to Potts then,” he says and stalks out of the room.

Tony waves at him. Because he can. “Are the rest of you going to leave yet? Cause I want my 'we won sex' and haven't got it yet.”

Romanoff rolls her eyes at him and Barton looks vaguely sick at the idea. She sashays out of the room and Barton follows her. “Text you later with that list,” he says before he leaves, obviously avoiding looking at Loki.
“See ya Merida,” he calls.

Roger blushes and Tony rolls his eyes. “Oh please Rogers. For one, you were in the war. For another, I know from Kane just what your sex life is like. I in no way, shape or form believe that blush of yours.”

That seems to make Rogers even more embarrassed and Tony cackles as he also exits stage right.

Kane rolls his eyes. “Bucky wants to go after him. Stay out of trouble while I'm gone,” he warns.

Tony snorts. “Yes Mother dear.”

Kane pats his head and goes after the other super soldier. Asshole.

Tony eyes Thor, who makes no move to leave. “You need something big guy?”

“I would like to discuss something with you later, if I may,” he says.

“Sure thing Point Break. You can crash in one of the rooms while you wait. Feel free to order some food too, if you get hungry. JARVIS can help you.”

“I thank you Anthony,” he nods again and finally leaves.

Alone, he turns to Loki. “You know, there is one thing we never got to do that I will be disappointed if I don't get to cross it off my list?” he smirks.

“And what pray tell, my dear pet, is that?” Loki smirks back.

“Throne sex of course.”
Tony turns and kisses Loki as they ride down to the throne room. He doesn't bother taking things slow, starting fast and dirty. He crowds against the god, rubbing up against him. Said god puts his hands on Tony's hips, pulling him closer still. When the elevator doors open, they separate with a gasp.

“Come pet,” Loki takes the lead, walking into the room and gracefully taking a seat on the throne. Tony wastes no time settling himself in Loki's lap and grinding down.

“Someone is eager,” he comments.

“I have been waiting to do this for months,” the genius confesses.

“And what has stopped you from suggesting this?” the Trickster strokes Tony's sides.

Tony shudders. “Our audience,” he answers breathlessly.

“Then let us wait no more.” In a blink of an eye, both are naked.

Tony takes this opportunity to move against Loki. It feels even better without clothes on. Their cocks bump against each other and he gasps. He threads his fingers through Loki's hair and begins kissing him again, still rutting against him. Loki runs blunt nails down his back.

It feels odd without any of his jewelry on. Naked in a way that has nothing to do with clothes. He still has a few of the piercings in, including his face and nipples. But the belly button ring, chest harness and shackles are removed, as well as the spell that painted his fingernails red. It's going to take some getting use to. Especially the harness, which did offer his chest more support. The reactor didn't bother him nearly as much when he had it on.

But now is not the time to be thinking about that. Now is not the time to be thinking at all. It feels good to be pressed against Loki. The skin and skin contact feels wonderful. It feels even better when the lengths touch. Tony arches and Loki moves on to lick and suck at his neck. He kisses his way down, stopping at a particularly sensitive spot to nip and play with it.

“Shit,” Tony curses, bucking his hips as the god bites down and then soothes it over with his tongue. Then their cocks are pushed together with Loki's magic and Tony cries out in pleasure. Head thrown back, he moans and moves along with the magic, chasing the sensation.

One of the Trickster's fingers trace down his spine, into his cleft and then over his entrance. He doesn't stop there, but keeps moving up and down, finger brushing against the sides of his cheeks. Tony whines and moves back against his hand, but still he continues to pet the skin instead of
entering him. He can feel himself coming closer to the edge, still rutting against the god. It feels good, but he wants, no needs, more.

“Please,” he groans.

“Please what, my pet?”

“Fuck me. Please fuck me, my King.”

Loki chuckles. “Since you asked so nicely.” He slips a finger inside of him. It is wet, as if it has lube on it, but neither of them have any on them. Magic lube. Nice.

Then Loki moves the finger in and out of him and the genius groans. Yes, very nice indeed. Sex magic is awesome. And so are Loki's hands. The other hand that is not preparing him comes around and begins playing with his nipple rings, pulling and tugging at them.

“Yessss,” Tony hisses in approval. Damn, is he glad those stayed in. No way is he removing those. Ever. It feels so damn good.

Loki strokes his walls, gliding in and out at a steady pace. Then he finds Tony's prostate and begins stimulating it as he works.

“Ah fuck,” Tony shouts, feeling himself clench around the finger inside of him. He can't help it. It's too good. He isn't going to last much longer now.

“Come pet,” Loki commands with another long stroke and Tony does, bucking and shuddering in the god's lap. He lays his head against his shoulder, breathing hard. Loki slides another finger inside of him, scissoring him open. He shivers and gasps. His hands come up and grip the Trickster's shoulders as he continues to move.

A third finger and Tony whines, pushing back against them. The magic disappeared when he came, no longer keeping the two in contact. He can feel Loki hard against his stomach, along with the wetness of his come. Despite this, Loki takes his time, ensuring Tony is fully prepared before he fucks him. Tony is hard again by time he is finished.

Loki takes him by the hips, raising him up and guiding him down to sit on his cock. The genius shudders at the sensation. Loki fills him so well. He is always long and thick without pushing the limits of too much – for Tony anyways. The angle is perfect, guaranteeing that he gets the maximum amount of pleasure from the experience.

He continues to hold his hips as he moves the genius up and down. Tony's hold tightens on the god's shoulders as he does. He whimpers and wiggles, but nothing persuades Loki to go any faster than the pace he is setting. It is steady and deep, fucking into Tony as far as he can. Pelvis hits the skin of his ass with each thrust.

Tony pants, back arched even farther now. His eyes are clenched and his mouth is open in a gasp. Loki's grip is tight enough to bruise, but he doesn't care. With each thrust, his prostate is hit, making Tony give a small shudder each time. Nails dig into skin and sweat drips off of him.

“My King,” he gasps, “more.”

Loki listens, speeding up his thrusts.

“Yes,” he pants, “yes, more, harder, please, oh god, yes,” he babbles as the Trickster does.
“What a greedy pet I have,” Loki says, sounding breathless, “Always wanting more. Never having enough, even when he is too exhausted to move. You always want to be filled by me, don't you?”

“Yes, oh god, yes,” Tony agrees, writhing on Loki's cock as once again the god fucks him harder. Sweat runs down his face. His skin feels as if it is burning. His thighs are trembling from the strain of the position. Fingers clench as he squirms, impaled and helpless. He loves it.

“That's right my pet. Show your King how much you love this.”

“Ah!” Tony shouts, gasping and panting and clenching down on Loki's shaft.

Loki's hand reaches down and takes Tony's length in hand. He strokes it in time with his thrusts.

Tony pushes down, meeting the god now that he can. It doesn't take long after that for him to come again. He cries his release with a loud shout. Body twitching, he feels Loki come inside of him. The god holds him still, shooting inside of Tony's entrance. He comes with a shout of his own.

Tired, Tony leans against the god, breathless. Nimble fingers stroke his hair as he catches his breath. “That was great,” Tony says, grinning.

“I am relieved I have met your expectations,” Loki says dryly, voice a little bit husky still.

“Mmm,” Tony hums, “we should do this again sometime.”

“If you believe that I am going to give you up, than you are a greater fool than I could possibly conceive.”

“Oh no worries about that Lokitty. You've been stuck with me for awhile now. I'm the stray you picked up remember?”

Loki chuckles. “Is this you finally admitting that you are my kitten.”

“No, you're still the kitten, but that doesn't make you any less mine.”

“Indeed. Well, every mage does need a familiar,” he comments, almost absently.

Tony snickers. “How well do you think that will go over?”

“Not at all. It should be great fun to watch.”

“My thought exactly. Who do you think is going to be more exasperated – Kane or Nebula?”

“I do believe Nebula is currently too busy with her sister at the moment.”

“Oh yeah. How do you think that is going to go?”

“I assume we will know the results when we hear the explosion.”

“Thank fuck I'm an only child. Hey, now that evil is vanquished and we have returned victorious and all that, do you think Robbie the Raccoon will share some of his tech with me?”

Loki snorts. “I do not think the Tower will survive.”

“Rude,” Tony informs him, “so very rude.”

“Whatever you say pet,” Loki agrees with a smirk.
“Hey Point Break,” Tony greets from the couch when Thor enters the room. Or rather, as he stalks into the room. “What's up?”

“Anthony Stark,” he rumbles, “I have both heard and seen great deeds from you. Never has a mortal gone to the lengths you have and survived all the challenges presented. You are truly a warrior worthy of Valhalla.”

“Um, thanks?” he answers, “Not that I don't appreciate hearing about how awesome I am – because I totally am – but why are you looking at me like that?” Indeed, the look on the Thunderer's face can only be described in one way. Hungry.

“Few have ever managed to complete such feats. I find that I am most drawn to such deeds.”

Tony turns to Loki, who is sitting beside him, hoping he will explain what the hell is going on.

“Did I not once promise to thoroughly reward you for your brilliance? I have no doubt you will enjoy every moment of this,” he purrs.

“Every moment of what?” he asks warily.

“I was not fully honesty with you the day I confessed as to how exactly I have been involved in Thor's love life. There is another layer to it. There have been rare times when our tastes aligned and we have both taken that individual into our bed. That was about the only time it went smoothly.”
“Aye,” Thor agrees easily, “my brother has always had a way with his tongue – both in words and otherwise. It was always the case that there were less... disappointments when he joined in.”

Tony waits for Loki to protest he is not Thor's brother, but the words never come. Huh, this must be serious than. He has yet to hear Loki neglect to say it. “So it was as kinky as it sounded,” Tony says, looking accusingly at Loki.

He chuckles. “Yes, but pardon me for not wanting others to know that fact.”

Tony snorts. “Yeah, Kane wouldn't be letting you forget that any too soon,” he agrees. He looks at one god and then the other. Both are staring at him with open lust in their eyes. It makes something inside of him preen. He is able to catch the attention of not one, but two gods. It is an ego trip for sure. “As if I'm stupid enough to say no,” he says out loud.

“Never my brilliant pet,” Loki murmurs before kissing him soundly.

“‘It is not possible,”’ Thor says when he pulls away, only to pull the genius into a kiss of his own. Tony groans into in. Loki is always delicate and skilled, even when he is controlling. Thor, on the other hand, is nothing but bold enthusiasm. He knows exactly what he wants and he takes it.

Both brothers are dominating, but both have a different way of doing it.

At his back, Loki bends and begins kissing his neck. He runs tongue and teeth along the skin, paying close attention to his collar bone. Thor is busy exploring the genius' mouth as he gasps and leans his chest into him. His ass is pressed against Loki. More specifically, against Loki's cock.

Hand runs over all over his body – chest, arms, thighs, ass. No place is safe from those questing fingers. It is easy to tell the two apart, even by touch. Thor's hands are big and warm and daring. Loki’s, in comparison, are nimble and teasing and know exactly where to go to turn Tony on the most. Between the two gods, he shivers and bucks against each of them. “Bed,” he gasps when Thor moves to trace the shell of his ear with his tongue.

“Excellent idea pet,” Loki agrees and in an instant, all three are in bed and naked.

He hisses when he is pushed down on top of Thor, Loki flush against his back. Both gods are hard as they rub themselves against the genius.

Thor reaches down between them and grasps Tony, stroking him casually, “When you wielded Mjolnir in battle,” he mutters, “I was struck by awe. A mortal, who all the Realms underestimate, powerless and without your own weapon, standing up to the Mad Titan in defense of your son.”

Tony would correct him on that point, but Thor gives a particularly nice twist on the head of his length and he gasps instead. Behind him, Loki is content to continue lavishing attention on his neck and nipples.

“When Mjolnir responded to you, I was truly speechless. Such a magnificent sight you were, wielding my power as if you were born for it. Nothing stopped you. You showed no fear, no hesitation. Even immortals quake at the sound of Thanos' name, but you had none.”

“‘Ah!’” Tony cries out as Loki moves his attention from his neck, down to his entrance. Slim fingers enter him, caressing his walls, stretching him open. He bucks back, pushing himself onto them, taking them farther in. Thor tightens his hold, putting more friction on his length, but doesn't change his pace. The genius pants, hard and aching from the brothers' touch. One hand reaches behind him and grips the Trickster while the other grabs hold of Thor's wrist. He groans in approval.
“Tell me brother,” Thor asks conversationally, “how strong is this mortal?”

“He is truly a worthy warrior, able to take all that I have given him,” Loki answers.

Tony looks at the Thunderer to see a wicked grin on his face. The expression looks as if it should be on the Trickster's face instead. Obviously the two have picked up some habits from each other. “Tell me Anthony, do you believe you are capable of wielding Mjolnir in another way?” He calls the hammer to him. It hits his palm with a smack.

Loki gives a particularly hard twist of his fingers, hitting his prostate and adding a fourth one inside of him.

“Fuck,” he shouts, arching his back.

“That is the plan,” Thor agrees.

Loki pulls his fingers out and grasps Tony's hips, encouraging him to kneel farther up. Thor puts Mjolnir down on the bed underneath him. The Trickster then guides Tony back down, onto the handle of the hammer. The genius gasps and moans as it enters him. It is thick and unyielding inside of him. The leather brushes his walls as he is forced down, taking it inch by inch.

“Shit, oh god, fuck, ah,” he babbles as Loki pushes him down, not stopping until he is seated at the base of the hammer. He shivers at the feeling. Never has he felt this full before. Not even when Loki had doubled himself. It is different than then. There is no give, no mercy in the shaft that is filling him up to the brim. Even as he clenches around it, there is only warm, hard leather, designed to ensure a steady grip on it. Well, there is definitely one now, but not the kind that was intended.

He has never had anything this **long** inside of him before. He swears, as Thor leans against him, brushing his stomach, that he can feel Mjolnir inside of him. He shakes, feeling overwhelmed by this simple act. And they aren't even close to done yet.

“How marvelous,” Thor rumbles as he continues to stroke Tony's skin. He pushes down and **yes**, that is Mjolnir he is feeling.

“Oh god,” he croaks.

Loki chuckles. “Yes my pet, we are here. My brilliant mortal, able to attract the attention of two gods. Truly you are something special.”

Tony would make some quip, but he can't. All the words get stuck in his throat. Instead he moans, attempting to move. He has only limited success. Mjolnir holds him still, not allowing his any movement. He can't rock his hips with Loki's hold and there is no give in the hammer itself. Tony is stuck, impaled and filled. He whines.

“Would you like to move now pet?” Loki asks.

“Yes,” he whimpers, “god, yes, please, I need-” he cuts off when Loki lifts his hips upward.

All along the handle, the leather bumps the inside of his walls as he moves up. He gasps and latches onto Thor's shoulders in desperation for something to hold onto. The Thunderer watches with hooded eyes as his brother lifts Tony up to the tip and then slides him back down.

The genius closes his eyes, panting at the intense sensation. He can feel his cock leaking against his stomach, hard and neglected. Fingernails dig into skin as the Trickster moves his body to his own desires. Because his eyes are closed, Tony misses the look that appears on Thor's face.
Suddenly, just as he is placed back down on the base, an electrical current runs along the hammer – shaft and all.

Tony throws his head back and howls. If he thought things were intense before, that was nothing compared to now. The electricity adds another element to it that Tony would never have thought to try in any other situation. Here, it makes sense, if he had thought about it. But thoughts have left him long ago. Another current travels up the hammer and Tony is coming, jerking in Loki's hold.

He practically screams his orgasm, overwhelmed and oversensitive in an instant. He pants, trembling. But of course it isn't done yet. It never is. Loki begins to move him again, barely after he has recovered from the first time. His body twitches and squirms, both at the hard handle and at the current take keeps running through it. Nails draw blood as Tony grips Thor, teeth clenched and small noises escaping his mouth.

Thor is watching with open admiration and lust now, hand dropping to jerk Tony off in time with Loki's movements. Tony leans forward as far as he can to place his head in the crook of the god's shoulder. Loki continues to manipulate his body, fucking him on the hammer as he likes.

His oversensitivity is growing, between the shocks and the stimulation to his prostate with each stroke. He feels raw and so very good. He can't stand it, but like hell he wants it to stop. He might explode from it all, but he doesn't care. If he dies from this, it will be so worth it. Tears slide down his cheeks as the gods continue to play with his body.

Thor's other hand gently pets Tony's back soothingly. “You are doing so well,” he praises, “I knew you would. I knew as soon as I saw you lift Mjolnir that you could handle anything I could give you.”

Tony whimpers at that, rubbing his face against his neck. It doesn't take long before he is coming again. This time the tremors do not stop after he has rode his pleasure out. They continue, making his body shake and twitch.

“I believe you are ready for more, are you not pet?” Loki asks, speaking up finally.

Tony jerks and nods. Yes, oh god yes, he wants it. He doesn't know what it is, but that doesn't matter he wants it all.

Loki lifts him off Mjolnir a final time. Tony whines and gasps as he does. When he is set back down on the bed, Thor pushes him gently away so that he can place the hammer on the floor.

“Are you ready?” Loki asks, pressing up against the genius.

Tony nods.

Loki lifts Tony again, this time placing him on his own cock. Tony groans. It is a familiar feeling, the Trickster's length inside of him. Thor presses up against his front and then he too is pushing inside on the genius. Tony lets out a loud cry.

It is still a stretch, even after having Mjolnir inside of him. The Thunderer is bigger than his brother, thicker rather than longer. Tony leans back against Loki as the two gods begin to move, thrusting in and out of his abused entrance.

All three of them moan at the sensation. Tony sobs from it. It is easier to take after the unrelenting feeling of Thor's hammer, but it is still so much. He feels small between two gods and yet so powerful at the same time.
His entire body is on fire, each brush of skin sending his nerve endings into a burst of flames at each touch. Everything is magnified. It is as if he is coming apart piece by piece, thrust by thrust. But it still feels good. Too good, but still good and he wants it to stop and to never end. Nothing is real anymore except the two gods keeping him together and tearing him apart.

He has no idea how long they stay like that, suspended in pleasure before Tony comes for a third and final time. His orgasm is the tipping point for the other two, walls tightening around them. The noise they makes surely tests his soundproofing, but he can't bring himself to care. They pull out and Tony sobs at the feeling.

Familiar arms come around him as Loki takes care of him, cleaning him and checking him over. Both he and Thor are murmuring praises of how well he did. He soaks it in, drifting along. Eventually he comes back and realizes that he is still in the middle of the two gods. Loki is at his back and Thor is in front of him.

“That was amazing,” he croaks, “Please tell me we can do it again.”

Thor laughs. “Aye Anthony, we are most definitely keeping you.”

“Oh goody,” he mutters.

“Indeed. Sleep now pet,” Loki commands.

“‘kay,” he manages before he does just that.

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\text{Thor arrives from Asgard with his cohort}
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(this was suppose to be in chapter 7, but it didn't feel right when I tried to add it, so I put it here, so you can still read it if you want)

“Thor!” Tony shouts from where the Thunder god lands on his roof with the promised cohort of soldiers. He is actually dressed today, with a shirt and everything. He has removed the shackles, but still has the other jewelry on, including the chest harness under his shirt. He would feel too weird without it. It feels weird now, with clothes on, not just throwing on jeans when needed.

“Anthony,” Thor returns happily, hugging the genius, “it is heartening to see you in good health and humor.”

Tony snorts in amusement. “Yeah Point Break, I'm good. Never been better,” he reassures. He hears a snort from behind Thor and leans around him to see who made the sound. Behind him, separate from the other soldiers are four people. One is a strangely Asian looking man, one man
screams Golden Flirt and the third looks like he could out eat Thor. The fourth is a badass woman. He snaps his fingers and snaps. “Warriors Three and Sif?” he asks.


Tony brightly smiles, “Well Thor buddy, pal, old comrade of mine, there might have been a small detail I left out when I sent you off to Oz. Time management purposes of course. We might have thought you weren't going to exactly listen and ruin the whole thing. No offense.”

Thor raises an eyebrow at him. “I am centuries older than any who reside of this planet. I have had centuries of teaching and skills. And you did not believed I would not listen to you?”

“Didn't think you would listen to your brother actually,” he corrects, smile painfully bright.

“Loki!” one of the three behind Thor shouts.

“You even know his name. Gold star,” Tony tells them.

“What trickery has Loki brought upon you?” Sif demands.

Tony rolls his eyes at them. “You know, I'm seeing it now.”

“What?” she demands.

“The not listening part. You're very good at it, aren't you?”

“I will not stand here and be insulted by a mortal who is under the coward's spells.”

Tony sighs. “And here I thought it was Thor that didn't listen well. Turns out Loki meant he listened to his dumbass friends instead. Alright then, would have liked that clarification before now, but I can work with it. Duct Tape works on gods too,” he muses.

“What do you mean by all of this Anthony?” Thor frowns.

“Loki may have been a General for evil Barney, but not a willing one. He's pissed, I'm pissed about the whole invasion and don't condone torture, so we've teamed up to take Thanos down, collecting some strays along the way.”

“Am I a stray as well?” Thor asks, sounding incredulous and amused.

“You're our lovely golden retriever.”

“Thor, why are you trusting this mortal?” the largest man asks, “He's clearly in line with Loki. And who knows what he has planned, especially now.”

“First of all,” Tony crosses his arms, “Only Loki is allowed to call me mortal. Not you. Second, screw you and your Realm's sexist, racist golden ass. We do things differently here. So if a man wants to be the greatest Sorcerer he can be, he can and not be mocked off the face of the planet. Or rainbow bridge. Actually, we have more males than females. My friend is Sorcerer Supreme here and he will port you to Antarctica if you deserve it. Third of all, this is the result when you belittle someone for so long. They bring a gun to school and show you how powerful they are now. Or, in this case, a Realm. So, really, I blame Asgard for this mess. Bite me, but not really. Once again, that's only a Loki thing.”

He can feel five hundred and five eyes staring at him disbelievingly. He pulls himself up to his full height – just because Pepper is taller than him does not make him short, thank you very much –
and stares them down.

Fuck he's the shortest person on this fucking roof. Fuck his life.

There is a long silence, stretching way past the point of awkward. Then Thor throws his head back and laughs. Just laughs as if this is the funniest thing in the world. “Aye, I now see why my brother favors you so Anthony. Truly you are made to go toe to toe with us.” He gives another one of those bows.

“Thor,” the Golden Flirt protests.

“No,” he shuts all the protests down with a single word. He wraps an arm around Tony's shoulders. “Come, let us see what tricks my brother has been up to now.”

“Oh, and heads up, we also have Thanos' daughter helping us,” he says casually as they walk off the roof.

Thor begins to laugh again.
my fanmix is way more badass than my actual fic

1. Any Other Way by We the Kings
2. The World Belongs to Me by My Darkest Days
3. Follow My Feet by Unlikely Candidates
4. Unbreakable by Firefight
5. Soldier by Otherwise
6. Set the World on Fire by Black Veil Brides
7. Never Surrender by Skillet
8. Rise by State of Mine
9. Art of War by We the Kings
10. I'm Not Your Hero by Tegan and Sara
11. Rise by Sixx:A.M.
12. I Am the Fire by Halestorm
13. *In the End* by Linkin Park
14. *In the End* by Black Veil Brides

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