(Nine) Days of Kinkmas

by clairell

Summary

Christmas-themed kinky oneshots posted every day until Christmas! Check the tags for kinks and ships.

Merry Kinkmas!

Notes

Bucky wants to sit on Santa's lap.

Kink: Daddy Kink

Note- Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual. No one in this fic is underage.
Santa's Lap - Steve/Bucky

Bucky shuffles across the floor of the bedroom in his sock feet, wringing his hands in front of himself rather uncomfortably. There’s something so adorable about him like this; all shy and unsure and innocent. His eyes are big and round and seem to take up half his face. Poking out of his pocket is an envelope neatly addressed, To: Santa.

“Hi, Santa,” he squeaks, looking up.

Steve sits, almost slouching in the armchair in a red velour Santa suit and matching hat. White faux-fur trim tickles underneath his bearded chin, and a black leather belt is fastened loosely around his waist. He smiles brightly as Bucky approaches.

This isn’t Daddy, Bucky realizes. This is the trip to see Santa Claus that he’s been begging for ever since the massive tree went up in the mall. And seeing Steve like this—all dressed up and festive and sexy as hell (as always)—his stomach tightens with thrill.

“Ho, ho, ho!” Steve laughs from somewhere deep in his stomach, round and full. “Don’t be shy! Come over here and tell old Santa your name.”

Steve beckons him over with a white-gloved hand, and Bucky’s mouth fills with saliva at the sight of Steve’s half-hard cock resting beneath the Santa suit. He stumbles forward a bit closer, nearly tripping.

“My name’s James,” he says quietly. “But my Daddy calls me Bucky.”

“He does, does he?” Steve winks, and the white-trimmed hat falls a little farther down his forehead. “Well, Bucky, what can I do for you?”

Bucky shakes with nervous excitement as he reaches for the envelope tucked in his pocket and hands it over. And as much as he can’t wait to get to the fucking part, he enjoys this, too, the whole festive scene. There’s something delightful and enjoyable in writing a letter for Santa, especially when he might actually get the presents he asks for.

Santa Steve opens the letter gently, careful not to tear anything. He unfolds a slightly crinkled sheet of notebook paper and reads aloud the crayon-written, purposefully misspelled words:

“Dear Santa, my name is Bucky and thank you for coming to my hous. For this Chrismas I really want new Legos sets to bild with my daddy, and new colorin books, and new paints, and I really really want new trucks pleese. And maybe some storey books to read with my daddy at bedtime. Thank you — Bucky. And PS pleese tell the raindeer hi.”

Steve folded the letter back up and tucked it in the pocket of his suit for safekeeping. “That’s a lovely letter. Did you write it all by yourself?”

“Yeah, I did.” Bucky says, standing a little straighter. “I was going to put it in the mail, but when my Daddy said you were coming, I thought I wanted to give it to you in person.”

Steve smiles so that the hair above his lip tattles a bit. “I’m sure Rudolf will be happy to know you thought of him,” he says, then clears his throat. “Legos, coloring books, paints, trucks. Is that all you want for Christmas?”

Bucky gives a delayed nod. “And story books.”
“Of course. The story books.” Bucky grins like lights on a Christmas tree. “Tell me, son: have you been a good boy this year?” Steve asks, something rather knowing in his voice.

Which makes Bucky’s cheeks go just-come-in-out-of-the-cold pink, and he finally stops looking at the bulge in Steve’s bright red pants to make eye contact. “I…I think so,” he says, seeming not at all convinced of himself.

Steve stifles a laugh. “You know I’m always watching, don’t you?”

Bucky bites his lip. He can hear the song in his head. “He’s making a list, he’s checking it twice. He’s gonna find out who’s naughty or nice.” And he is suddenly very aware of the presence of the glass plug buried deep in his bottom.

“And your Daddy always keeps me updated on your behavior,” Steve adds.

Bucky’s heart pounds hard in his chest for a hundred reasons—something anxious, something excited, something that’s a little bit of both—and something else pounds hard in his flannel pajama bottoms.

“And he tells me that you’ve been a good boy…” Bucky’s eyes brighten at the sound of that. “…but I’m not so sure I buy that.”

“I’m a good boy!” Bucky insists. “I promise!”

Santa Steve nods his head slowly from side to side, considering that. “I’m sure you are. But a little elf told me that someone stole some Christmas cookies from the jar in the kitchen the other night.”

Bucky’s eyes go wide. Santa saw that? Steve saw that? He catches his breath. “It was only two.”

Steve gives him a strong look. “Okay, four.”

“At least you’re honest,” Steve chuckles. “I’ll tell you what. I’ll work on those presents if you help me work on something else.”

Bucky has to keep himself from springing forward and falling immediately to his knees. He smiles a little, trying to keep that delectable shyness about him. “Are we going back to your workshop? At the North Pole? Do we have to work on toys? Daddy lets me use the drill sometimes, so I can help.”

Steve beckons him over with a single finger, in way that causes a pleasurable lump to rise in Bucky’s throat. He comes forward until they’re in each other’s airspace. “We don’t have to go anywhere,” Steve says, sounding breathless. “Are you going to be a good boy for Santa?” Bucky nods like a bobblehead. “Get down on your knees, then.”

Bucky scrambles to get down to a kneeling position, and he waits, rather impatiently, for Steve to undo the leather belt. He watches intently, halfheartedly wondering if Steve will tie him up, or tie him down, or choke him with it—and then he remembers that that’s a bit out of character for the benevolent Santa Claus.

Steve teases subtly, taking ages to get his fingers under the waistband of his pants, and then pulling them down. His cock appears, standing veined and erect under the red hem of the Santa suit top.

Bucky rubs himself through the front of his pajamas with his palm and he makes a little desperate noise that sounds like he’s about to cry. “Santa?” He asks.
“Now, tell Santa: does a good boy like you know how to suck cock?”

Bucky nods quickly—vehemently, endlessly—and mumbles, “Yes, sir,” as he stretches his thin, pink lips around the head of Steve’s cock. He reaches his hand up to pump up and down as he sucks, working his mouth into a bobbing rhythm.

Steve messes his fingers through Bucky’s long, dark hair and then uses it like a handle, pulling only lightly. He thrusts himself down Bucky’s throat, causing him to choke a bit in surprise. “Show Santa how much of that cock you can take in your mouth.”

It’s incredibly sloppy and messy, and Bucky can hardly breath between thrusts, but the way Steve’s face sort of twitches in pleasure—he hates to admit that he’s in love with that. Drool runs down his chin as Steve’s cock is pressed further down his throat. Involuntary tears stream down his cheeks until he’s forced to close his eyes.

Steve moans, “Good boy,” as he fucks Bucky’s face, so he can’t be doing that bad.

Steve pulls out a moment later, causing a suction smack against Bucky’s lips. And Bucky looks up eagerly, his chest rising and falling with rapid breaths as he waits for his next instruction.

“Stand up,” Steve says, soft and not like an order, but Bucky obeys it like one. Steve reaches for the tiny, white buttons holding together Bucky’s flannel pajamas, and pops them open with ease. Bucky shrugs off his shirt. “Take your bottoms off, too,” Steve says, and Bucky does, stepping out of his pants and kicking him across the floor. “Turn around. Bend over.”

All that skin, and Steve almost falls out of the scene for a moment. He catches himself, running just the ghosts of his fingertips over Bucky’s freckled back, muscular thighs, round bottom. The flared end of the glass plug wedged deep in Bucky’s ass presents itself to Steve as if on command, as if begging to be replaced with the real thing. Steve pulls on it slowly. As each rounded bump brushes against his prostate, Bucky shudders a little. When it’s finally out, he turns around and stands there totally nude and shivering, but not from the cold.

Steve smiles, drinking him in. And this is why Bucky is the little when they scene—he’s so goddamn impatient when it comes to things like this, always shaking with an electric buzz of need. He needs it now. He needs it like a dog in heat. He needs it so much that it seems like the air brushing his cock is stimulating him.

Finally, finally, Steve says, “Come sit on Santa’s lap.”

Bucky climbs on like it’s an amusement park ride, and Steve guides his cock gently into his quivering hole. They face each other, eyes wide open and focused solely on the other’s eyes. Bucky shifts a bit, sighing as he finds his spot. Steve moves his hips a little at first, until Bucky seems comfortable, and then picks up pace as Bucky melts into him. Bucky’s arms drape around Steve’s back, padding for something to hold onto, running through the short, soft fabric of the suit. Steve thrusts to the rhythm of Bucky’s little mewling moans, and strokes Bucky’s cock as he does. Oooh, Bucky breathes, fucking himself deeper on Steve’s cock as he nears the edge. “Daddy—Santa—I—”

Steve presses a kiss to Bucky’s clenched jaw. “Merry Christmas, baby,” he whispers in his ear as Bucky loses it, coming hot into the palm of Steve’s white-gloved hand, letting out a short, ahh!

Bucky, out of breath. “Merry Christmas, Santa.”
Naughty List - Steve/Tony

Chapter Summary

Tony misbehaves and Steve punishes him for it.

Kink: sub/dom dynamics, punishment kink, spanking, bdsm

Note- Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual.

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for all the comments and kudos, guys! Kinkmas Day 2, here we are!

Steve is in the kitchen when he asks JARVIS to open a channel to the lab.

“Lunch is ready,” he tells Tony.

“I can’t come up right now—I’m really in the middle of something.”

That causes Steve to look up from what he’s doing at the counter. “The rule is, you come up for mealtimes.”

Tony’s eye roll is audible. “The rule is, you don’t interrupt when I’m this close to a breakthrough in solving the world’s energy crisis.”

Steve frowns. “I’m not going to ask you again.”

“Then don’t.” And with that, Tony closes the channel and the connection is lost.

Steve goes for the elevator. He presses the floor for the laboratory and JARVIS declines him.

“A security protocol has been engaged,” he tells Steve, sounding almost as if apologizing for it. “I cannot grant you access to the laboratory.”

“Override.”

“On what grounds?”

“Tony’s wellbeing.”

“Access granted.” The doors whoosh open, and Steve walks right in.

It doesn’t take him long to find Tony, even in the maze of equipment. And when he does, he makes a point of standing behind him with his arms crossed.
“It’s lunchtime,” he says.

Tony spins around on his stool in surprise. “Jesus fuck!” He says.

“Language,” Steve warns.

Sass returns to Tony’s face after the momentary fright passes. “Language,” he mocks, rolling his eyes across the room. “What do you think I am, five?”

Steve doesn’t even bother to respond to that.

Tony goes back to the schematic on the screen in front of him. “I told you; I don’t have time for lunch right now. Get out of my lab.”

Steve doesn’t play with that. He changes his stance a bit, to one more offensive than defensive. “Tony.”

“Steve.”

It’s a stand off.

“Come upstairs.”

“Get out of my lab.”

Steve’s voice changes all of a sudden. “There’s an awful lot of ‘no’ in you today.” He turns his body so that his broad shoulders are facing Tony, and that’s kind of intimidating, honestly. “You care to explain?”

“No.”

“Kinda close to Christmas to be acting up like this.”

“What are you going to do? Put me on the naughty list?” He smirks.

Steve takes a step forward, closing the space between them. He is so much taller, especially when Tony is sitting down.

“There are rules, Tony,” Steve says, staring straight into Tony’s soul.

Tony points at his StarkPad. “There are energy crises.”

“What do you think your punishment should be?”

Tony backtracks a bit. Punishments are for lies and doing stupid-dangerous things. Not missing meals. “You don’t understand,” he says. “This is important. More important than your shit rule about mealtimes. Just let it go.”

“Let’s try again.” Steve pinches Tony’s chin between his fingers. It’s then that Tony realizes how serious Steve is. All the defiance drains from his eyes and they swell to twice their normal size. “What do you think your punishment should be?” Steve asks again, each word pronounced carefully, condescendingly. His eyes are steely.

Tony opens his mouth, but he can’t think of the word he wants. His heart rises into his throat and thuds, thuds, thuds. “Spanking?” He finally chokes out, and tacks, “Sir,” onto the end for good measure.
Steve seems pleased by that. He releases Tony’s chin and takes a step back. “That’s a start.”

They take the elevator upstairs. Steve turns and starts down the hallway. Tony, knowing exactly what this means, follows him closely, and (for once) keeps his mouth shut. A few doors down the hall, Steve opens the door. Even the sight of it all makes Tony’s stomach turn over.

It’s a small room with all inside walls and no windows, and only one subtly flickering overhead fluorescent light illuminating the center of the room in harsh light. And in the center of the room, a wooden table with a leather top—innocuous enough, but Tony’s feet still drag as Steve pushes him toward it.

Steve doesn’t say anything. Tony knows what he’s to do. Steve watches as he unties his shoes, slips off his socks, shuffles out of his jeans and boxers, and pulls his shirt over his head. Tony folds them all neatly and stacks them in a pile next to the table. When he’s done, he stands there, pressed firmly at his sides. He can’t look at Steve when he’s like this—when he’s so vulnerable, so utterly full of shame.

He waits for Steve’s firm command before climbing up onto the table. He gets into position on his hands and knees with his ass at attention. He grips his hands on the edge of the table to steady himself.

Deep breath.

He hears the sound of tinkling metal for a moment, and recognizes the sound as Steve taking off his belt. That makes his stomach squirm. All these other implements hanging from the walls—paddles, switches, straps, canes—and of course Steve would pick the one that he has on him at all times. The one that hurts the most.

Tony fidgets in place a bit. He doesn’t want the belt, and the table is so uncomfortable on his knees—

“Stay still,” Steve says in that firm voice of his. Steve never raises his voice at times like these, but his tone changes. It gets all removed and square and hardened around the edges, military almost. And his face is the same, jaw clenched into a tight angle, but every other aspect entirely blank. It’s what scares Tony the most. He freezes in place.

Steve takes his time, takes his eyes over every inch of Tony’s naked body like examining a specimen, running the belt between his fingers. He does a lap to two around the table, studying every bit of soft, soft skin.

Tony holds himself in place until his body starts to quiver under his own weight. Steve decides he’s drawn this out long enough.

“How many do you deserve?” Steve asks.

That is a loaded question, and Tony thinks hard on it. Say too few, and you’ll get double or triple that amount. Say too many, and Steve might actually go that far. He swallows down the lump in his throat. “Thirty, sir?” He says very, very softly. He closes his eyes to concentrate on keeping his body upright while he awaits Steve’s response.

“How many do you deserve?”

“Thirty, sir,” Tony says, a little more sure this time, pressing on the words with his lungs.

There’s a silence. “Thirty seems fine,” he finally says, gripping the leather belt in his hand and
raising it, readying to strike. “Count,” he orders, and brings it down across Tony’s ass.

Tony bites his lip hard to keep from making any noise. At the risk of having his punishment doubled, he says, “One,” as the leather kisses his pert little bottom.

Steve takes his time in between strikes. He likes to watch Tony’s muscles clench as the anticipation eats away at him. He brings down a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth.

Tony can’t hold himself upright any longer, so he sinks down onto his forearms, hoping Steve won’t punish him further for that. “Six,” he counts, the jolt of the hit causing him rock forward a bit.

By ten, his ass screams in pain. Every strike is a lick of fire burning his skin, and he swears he’ll have welts forever from it. He starts to cry at twelve, because he can’t help it anymore. He tries not to let Steve see.

At fifteen, Steve is merciful.

“You can get off your knees, now, if you want,” he says, his voice just a bit rounder, softer than before.

Tony doesn’t waste any time. He slides down onto his stomach and lies flat on the table. He relaxes, and the next kiss of the leather against his bottom surprises him. “Sixteen,” rushes out, grinding his hips against the table as he recoils from the pain.

This is a mistake.

Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and Tony presses his hips further into the table, a wave of pleasure coursing through him after each round of intense pain. He starts to do it more frequently as we waits for Steve to deliver the next blow. His cock grows harder against this stomach, and soon he’s worked himself up into a rhythm. He closes his eyes and lets himself enjoy it.

He forgets to count number 24.

Steve grabs him sharply by the hair and pulls him upward. Tony cries out.

“You poor, desperate thing,” Steve says something sadistic where there should be sympathy. “Can’t wait until the punishment is finished to try to get yourself off.”

Steve releases his hair and Tony’s head falls a bit. Steve grips the belt tighter in his hand.

“Back up on your knees.”

Tony’s body sings out in ache as he struggles back up into the hands-and-knees position.

“Open.”

That may be the worst word that exists in his and Steve’s kinky vocabulary. “Please, no,” he begs. “I won’t do it again. Please.”

“You’ve made your choice,” Steve says as if it’s the obvious answer. “I’m not going to ask again. Open.”

Tony reluctantly reaches his hands behind him, holding his buttocks open for Steve to see his pink, quivering hole. He rests his forehead against the table and waits.
Steve uses his belt again—it certainly is a multitool—and strikes it across Tony’s crack, targeting his hole. Tony screams, tears everywhere.

“Please, no! Please! Please!” He cries, and Steve strikes him a second time, a third. “Please! I won’t ever do it again. I’ve learned my lesson! I promise!”

Steve strikes him again.

Tony tries to cover himself with his hands. “Please, I—”

Steve, not missing a beat, takes the belt across Tony’s palms. Tony sobs and sobs, but replaces his hands to where they should be, spreading apart his cheeks.

He shakes so badly, his body starts to give up on him. He wails and wails and wails, and Steve does not stop.

He loses count of how many times Steve has struck him, but it has to be twelve or thirteen by the time there’s a long pause. Then he hears Steve opening and rattling through one of the drawers in the bureau on the other side of the room. Air rushes into his lungs. It’s over. Steve is getting the soothing ointment from the drawer, and he’ll carry Tony back to the bedroom and rub it all over his aching bottom.

Tony starts to get up. He sits upright and stretches his back, the swings his legs over the side of the table. His feet have hardly hit the floor when he hears the voice—calm, too calm:

“Are you going to explain to me why you’re getting down from the table in the middle of a punishment?”

Tony is an actual deer in the headlights. He scrambles back up onto the table as fast as he can, mumbling out little bits of sentences. “I’m so sorry. I thought it was over—I thought—I’m so sorry—I thought—”

“You thought,” Steve mocks, and Tony is suddenly crying again, though this time not from the pain.

Steve opens his hand and shows Tony the bottle of lube he’d retrieved from the drawer. Tony closes his eyes. How could he have been so stupid to think that Steve was done with him? Especially when he’d been mouthing off like an idiot all day.

“I was going to let you come,” Steve says, dripping lube all over his fingers. “But since it seems that you haven’t learned your lesson, and you continue to break my rules, we’ll try this again.”

Tony feels Steve rub his fingertips over his swollen little hole and it hurts, and it’s humiliating, and he can’t believe it’s happening at all. “But that’s not fair!” He protests, wincing.

“It’s not fair that you always come on my cock?”

Tony’s cheeks burn as red as his ass. “You always let me have help.” He eyes the cock rings that Steve hangs amongst all the other implements. “I can’t do it.”

Steve wants to laugh, but holds it back. “Well you’re going to have to. Unless you want fifty more with the belt?”

Tony shakes his head and shakes his head. He returns to the position, going straight on his forearms and his knees. He braces himself.
He feels two of Steve’s slippery, lubed-up fingers enter him, and it hurts like hell, but he takes it. That’s the thing about Steve’s punishments. Tony will go into them thinking he’s strong enough to survive it. And every time, without fail, Steve breaks him.

He deserves this.

Steve doesn’t waste time on the preparation during a punishment. He pushes his bottoms down past his thighs and rests his throbbing cock up against Tony’s trembling hole. He pauses.

“Do you know why you’re being punished?” He asks.

“I disobeyed the rules. I told you ‘no.’ I said bad words.” Tony’s voice cracks and he tries to sniffle up all his tears. “And I tried to make myself feel good during a punishment, and I got off the table during a punishment and—” He feels Steve’s cock push through his hole, and he feels like it is going to tear him in half. Steve is so big.

“—I’m a bad boy,” Tony finishes, voice trailing off into a whisper.

Steve lets his cock rest stationary inside Tony for a moment to let him get used to it. That, and he loves the feeling of Tony’s tight little ass spasming around him. He rubs his hand down the small of Tony’s back, and Tony shivers at the touch. “You’re not a bad boy,” Steve says, his voice sounding kind again, for the first time in all of this.

Tony lets his body relax.

“There are no bad boys,” Steve says. “Only good boys who make bad decisions.”

Steve pulls his hips back and waits just a moment before thrusting them forward again. Tony cries out, then bites his lip to keep it in.

Even though his voice is kinder, Steve still carries out the punishment. He fucks Tony hard into the table, dragging his cock out slowly, and plunging back in with the full weight of his body.

Tony tries to think about anything else to keep from coming; he thinks he’ll fall right apart if he has to be punished for yet something else. He takes this punishment well, keeping his ass high in the air for Steve, not crying out too loudly, not fighting it.

Steve comes hot and hard, on his final thrust into Tony’s ass, and he feels Tony’s body relax around his softening cock. “It’s over,” he whispers. Tony lets out a wounded little sigh. “It’s over, baby.”

Steve puts his pants back on and walks to the same drawer as before, retrieving a different bottle this time. “You can get off the table, now,” he tells Tony from across the room.

Tony is all shaky on his feet when he manages to get them underneath him. He wipes his pink face with his hands and fixes his hair so that it won’t fall in his eyes. He picks up his pile of clothes and holds them tightly against his chest.

“Do you want me to carry you?” Steve asks, but Tony just shakes his head. There’s a single thread of dignity he has left, and he’d prefer to keep it in tact, thank you very much. Steve leads him out of the punishment room and down the hall to their bedroom. Tony stumbles behind, limping a bit as he does.

Tony climbs up onto their bed, drowning in the white silk sheets and mess of fluffed pillows. The soft fabrics feel cool against his raging skin. He turns over onto his stomach and waits until he
feels the bed depress as Steve sits next to him.

Steve opens the bottle of ointment, and the smell of it makes Tony smile. “Like candy canes,” he says, softly, his voice still raw.

Steve takes his time with this, too. He spreads the salve on his fingertips first to warm it, and then rubs it gently into the welts that have formed on Tony’s backside. Tony winces a little—the skin is still so tender there—but eventually relaxes into it. Touches like these are much more welcome.

“I’m not on the naughty list now, right?” Tony jokes lightly, just as Steve’s finished applying the ointment.

“Of course not.” He kisses Tony’s temple and helps him step back into a pair of boxers.
Chapter Summary

Clint makes Christmas cookies, and Phil loves every single inch of him.

Kink: Praise kink, sub/dom dynamics

Note- Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual.

Chapter Notes

Third day of Kinkmas! I hope you guys enjoy!

Phil walks into the kitchen not at all expecting to see what he finds there.

Clint is standing at the counter, wearing nothing but a bright red, candy cane striped apron that reads, *Santa Baby* in loopy embroidery on the chest. His nipples, hard and pink, are uncovered, and nearly every inch of his milky white skin is visible. He turns around to put something in the oven, and his backside is on full display as he bends over.

Phil swallows hard.

Clint goes back to stirring something in a mixing bowl, the force of it causing his muscled little ass to wiggle back and forth a bit.

“I love it when you do that,” Phil says, stepping forward.

Clint looks over his shoulder and smiles up at him, beams. “I didn’t know you were home,” he says, picking up the mixing bowl and cradling it in his arms. “I’m making Christmas cookies.”

Phil allows himself to get an eyeful. “I see that,” he says in a soft voice, and it makes Clint giggle. Phil sets down his things on the kitchen table, and joins Clint behind the counter. He peers into the mixing bowl. “What is that?”

“Frosting,” Clint replies, and when Phil tries to dip his finger into it, he pulls it away. “Not before it goes on the cookies!”

Phil smiles and shakes his head, then leans up against the counter, folding his arms over his chest. He watches Clint add a healthy dose of green food coloring to the frosting, and then mix it in.

“You’re adorable when you do that.”

Clint blushes a little, looking up. “Do what?”
“That thing. When you’re concentrating on something.” Phil takes a step closer. He taps Clint’s forehead lightly. “You get a little crease right here. It’s adorable.”

Clint’s hand flies up to the spot Phil had just touched. “Really?” He asks. When Phil nods, he smiles, turning his face away.

“And that too. When you get all shy after I tell you how adorable you are.”

Clint’s cheeks grow darker red. He blinks.

“And that.”

Clint breathes.

“And that.”

Clint laughs.

“Especially that.” Phil steps forward and takes the bowl from Clint’s hands, placing it on the counter beside them. “Did you do all this for me?” He asks, voice suddenly something so much different than before—dripping sweetness, radiating warmth.

It makes Clint melt. He can only nod.

Phil’s open palm brushes gently the side of Clint’s face, caressing it with a light touch. “You’re such a good boy, aren’t you?”

Those are the trigger words. Clint’s body suddenly feels smaller, and he is suddenly very aware that he is naked underneath that apron. He’s in subspace and he can’t do anything about it. Not that he would want to. This is something special between he and Phil, something reserved for very special times, something which Phil rarely initiates like this. This is sacred.

His stomach does a backflip as Phil takes his hand and kisses it, lips brushing so briefly and lightly, it feels as if Phil has whispered something across his skin.

Phil has this look of extreme awe about him, as if he’s seen nothing more beautiful in his whole life. Clint notices. He beams under Phil’s gaze, everything about him glimmering. And Phil eats it right up—they’re like energy sources powering each other’s radiance.

“How many minutes until those cookies are done?”

Clint glances at the oven, but quickly returns his eyes to Phil’s. “Five minutes?” He says. His sub voice is different, too. Light, breathy, but like a song. Pleasing to the ear.

Phil wraps his hands around Clint’s waist and Clint’s body presses into the touch. Phil lifts Clint up onto the countertop and sets him down in a mess of powdered sugar. “Do you think you can come in five minutes?”

Clint nods at the timer on the oven. “Four.”

“Do you think you can come in four minutes?” Phil corrects, fingering the hem of Clint’s now tented apron. Clint nods.

Phil lifts the apron to reveal Clint’s fully erect cock. He gasps a little, and his smile grows. “Oh, god, Clint. You’re such a good boy. All ready for me.” Phil wraps his hand loosely around Clint’s cock. He runs the ring of his fingers gently up and down, and Clint’s head falls back a bit.
He lets out a wonderful little moan. “I shouldn’t be teasing you, should I?”

Clint only closes his eyes.

Phil tightens his hand a bit, working into a pattern. He brushes his thumb over the head of Clint’s cock as it leaks precome. Clint shivers with pleasure, making little *ah* noises with his mouth, his toes curling.

“You’re so beautiful like this, baby,” Phil says, still pumping his hand as he leans forward to kiss Clint’s lips, jaw, neck. “You blush so much, and your cheeks get so red and beautiful.”

“Ohm mmhmm,” Clint responds, then lets his mouth fall open.

“And your cock is so beautiful, all pink and swollen and—” he swishes his thumb across the slit, and Clint full on moans, “—sensitive.”

Phil goes on, and Clint bucks his hips to try to gain more contact. “You’re such a good boy. You want me so bad, don’t you?” Clint, forehead again creased in concentration, in that adorable way, nods.

Phil does what he’s not supposed to do; he dips his finger in the bowl of frosting and places a dollop of it on the head of Clint’s cock. He lowers his head, slowly, slowly, and licks it off with just the tip of his tongue.

Clint opens his eyes at the change in stimulation. Phil smiles at him before wrapping his lips around Clint’s cock and bobbing his head up and down.

“Ohh,” Clint breathes, like a rush of air leaving him. “Oh, ohh.”

Phil touches every glorious inch of him that he can reach—the expanse of his thighs, his small, hardened nipples, the muscular curve of his buttocks, the warm, wrinkled skin of his balls—before finally settling his hand at the base of Clint’s cock and pumping along the the rhythm of his lips.

They hold eye contact with each other until Clint’s eyes roll back a bit. The kitchen timer goes off. Clint comes down the back of Phil’s throat, breathing hard.

Phil takes his time. He licks up the base of Clint’s cock and sucks gently on the head, causing Clint to twitch from the sensitivity. He stands upright, then, kissing Clint’s lips, swollen and red from having bitten down on them.

Clint glows with orgasm goodness—his face has a slight sheen of sweat, his pupils are still a bit dilated, and his whole, muscular body is still tense with pleasure. He looks almost golden.

“God,” Phil says, voice still so warm. “Look at you.”

Clint smiles like the actual sun.
Tinsel and Lights - Sam/Steve

Chapter Summary

Sam asks Steve to tie him up with the Christmas lights.

Kink: Light Bondage (in both the literal way and the punny way)

Note- Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual. No one in this fic is underage.

Chapter Notes

Kinkmas Day 4! Here we go...

There’s an eight-foot Douglas fir in the middle of the living room on Steve’s private floor. It leans a bit to the left, and it’s got a few bald spots, but it still has a light dusting of snow on it, and it’s so beautiful. Sam stands back, arms folded over his chest, admiring it.

“Did you cut it down yourself?” He jokes.

Steve shakes his head. “I bought it from a lot like five blocks down and carried it back.”

Sam’s eyebrows creep up his forehead. “You carried it? All the way back?”

“Up the stairs, too. I couldn’t get it to fit in the elevator.”

Sam’s eyes trace over the muscles bulging out of Steve’s too-small gray t-shirt. He nods to himself. That seems about right, he supposes. That seems about right.

He moves to the box that Steve set down on the coffee table, and sifts through it—multicolored lights, garlands of silver tinsel, round ornaments, an a few other Christmasy odds and ends. Steve reaches around him and picks up a glittering, metallic star and wipes a year’s worth of dust from it.

“When I was little,” he says, climbing up unto the back of the sofa and stretching to place the star on the top of the tree, “we had this little angel my mom made.” He futzes around with the star to make it stand straight. “I always wonder whatever happened to that old thing.”

Sam is quiet. He is always quiet when Steve brings up the 1940s.

Steve hops down from the sofa and goes back to digging through the box of decorations.

“Tinsel?” Sam asks.

So Steve takes one of the shiny strings and starts winding it around the bottom of the tree. Sam takes another and starts from the top, and they go on, spiraling them around the tree until their
strands meet in the middle.

“Now lights,” Steve says, then, and reaches for them, plugging them into the wall. They light up, blue and red and yellow and green, and cast a shimmering glow. “Always gotta make sure there’s not one bad bulb. Makes the whole string go out.” He looks up.

Sam isn’t really even pretending to listen. He’s gone silent, and stands there, staring intently at strand of lights at his feet.

“You alright?”

Sam smiles from the corner of his mouth. He laughs once. “You think those would hold if you used them like rope?” He asks, and Steve only gives him a look of confusion. He clears his throat and goes on. “You know, I’ve always had this… kinda fantasy thing.

“You want to tie me up in Christmas lights?” Steve asks, thinking he’s being clever. He unplugs them and winds them up into a neat little ring around his bicep.

Sam shrugs, arms still crossed over his chest. It’s Steve—he knows that—but he doesn’t really want to have to spell it all out for him. He feels an uptick in his heart rate as he turns away from Steve and goes back to the box, picking out several round, glass ornaments and lining them up on the surface of the table.

It takes Steve a moment before he gets it. That smirk, that sexy little smirk, spreads across his face. “You want me to tie you up in Christmas lights,” he says, and Sam nods and nods.

They’re in the bedroom in half a second, and already throwing their clothes off all over the place. Sam steps out of his boxers and lands in the soft embrace of Steve’s overly pillowed bed.

Steve rolls him over onto his stomach and takes out the string of lights. He grabs Sam’s arms and folds them behind his back. “Comfortable?” He asks.

“Tie me up, Steve.”

Steve follows his orders and ties Sam up in a double-column restraint, loops around his arms with several smaller knots down the center of his back.

When he’s done, Sam wiggles his arms a bit to test the strength of the material and of Steve’s knots. Nice and tight. Sam should know that Steve would be good at this, the regular boy scout he is.

“Should I plug you in?” Steve asks, whispers, very close to Sam’s ear, and it sends a shiver down his spine.

“Take me in?” Steve asks, whispers, very close to Sam’s ear, and it sends a shiver down his spine.

Sam nods, and Steve plucks the end of the string of lights into the wall. Sam lights up like a goddamn Christmas tree—the criss-crosses and loops of Steve’s knot handiwork are highlighted by scattered little lights of green and yellow, red and blue. Steve turns out the lights, and Sam glows even deeper, even brighter.

“This is…” Steve stutters. “Wow.”

Sam makes a noise that is part sigh, part whine. “Don’t leave me like this,” he says. “C’mon.”

Steve reaches for the lube on the bedside table and spreads Sam’s legs apart. He stands behind at the edge of the bed, lubing up his finger before circling it around Sam’s hole.
It makes him squirm. The lights bob around as he tugs at his restraints, grinding his hips into the mattress to get some kind of friction.

Steve doesn’t tease for long; he plunges his fingers in, Sam’s muscles closing tightly around them, sucking them in. Steve bites his lip. Tight. So tight.

He knows Sam’s body by now, and he knows just where his spot is, but he really knows he’s found it when Sam’s low, guttural moans raise up an entire octave.

“Yes, Steve,” he says, sounding all out of breath and desperate. “Yes, please.”

Steve gives him what he wants, sloppily rubbing a bit more lube over his cock before lining up with Sam’s quivering hole. He holds Sam’s hips gently and pushes in, slowly. A raw sound escapes his lips at the sensation. He rocks his hips shallowly at first, then his thrusts grow deeper and deeper until he has to grab Sam’s restraints to use as a handle to steady himself.

Sam loves being fucked like this, hot and hard. The Christmas lights are perhaps the only thing keeping him all in one piece; he loves the restriction of his arms by the cord, the sensation of his skin against the hot bulbs as Steve fills him up with his massive cock. He can’t use his hands to steady himself, so his face is pressed further and further into the mattress as Steve fucks the life out of him.

He pulls Sam toward him and comes deep inside him, breathing out short little breaths as his cock spasms and leaves Sam full of his white hot come. Then he roughly flips Sam over onto his back, and kneels on the floor between his legs. He sucks his cock hard, using one hand to pump the base and the other to massage his balls.

Sam, a fucked-out, screaming mess, comes in all of two minutes. It leaves him absolutely breathless.

Steve rises up and smiles down at him—his Sam, shining with sweat under the glow of the Christmas lights tying his hands behind his back—and kisses him. “Merry Christmas,” he says.

“Can we get a new set for the tree?” Sam asks, nodding at the string of lights as Steve begins to untie him.

“Oh yeah,” Steve says with that same sexy little smirk as before. “We’re definitely keeping these.”
Five Gold Rings - Tony/Steve/Bucky/Bruce/Thor/Clint

Chapter Summary

Tony gives his subs - Steve, Bucky, Bruce, Thor and Clint - an early Christmas gift.

Kink: Dom/sub dynamics, cock cages (chastity), mentions of punishment

Note- Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual. No one in this fic is underage.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Five eager subs sit waiting the playroom, ears perking at the sound of keys jingling down the hallway.

The playroom is a private room in the tower, reserved for special scenes like these. The room is bright, fed with natural light—not some deep, dark dungeon. Spanking implements hang from the hooks on the walls, among coils of rope, handcuffs, leather straps, and a number of other fun toys for the enjoyment of master and subs alike.

Steve, Bruce, Clint, Thor, and Bucky wait and wait for their master to arrive.

Tony enters the room to find his boys just how he likes them: kneeling on the floor all in a row, wearing nothing but their underwear and big, ecstatic smiles. He nods at them, acknowledging them, and they squirm excitedly at the attention. He sits down in a chair across the room and begins to go through his bag when he hears one of them make a whining noise. He looks up.

“Yes?”

It’s Clint. “You forgot kisses,” he says softly, eyes incredibly wide. He rocks back on his knees and bounces a bit, begging, pleading.

“Of course,” Tony says as he stands. He walks over to them slowly, loving the way they each squirm toward him, all touch-starved and desperate for contact.

He bends down and kisses each of them individually down the line—Steve first, sweeping his thumb over Steve’s jawline before pressing the pretty pink lips to his own; Bruce next, kissing his perfectly curved lips lightly at first, and then deeper as Bruce begins to whine; then Thor, rubbing his hands over the velvet stubble of his beard before letting their lips touch; then Bucky, tucking a stray hair behind his ear and out of his eyes and giving him a lingering kiss; and finally Clint, who is so terribly eager and physically straining to keep himself in his assigned spot, teasing him a little by tousling his hands through Clint’s hair, and then finally giving him the kiss he wants, needs—and they each show their gratitude with a, “Thank you, Master,” after their lips part.

Tony goes back to his bag and digs around for a moment until he comes up with five identical golden gift boxes, each sealed with a different colored bow. His subs’ eyes widen. Presents! He distributes them by the names on the tags.
Bruce gasps a little when he holds the box in his hand, turning it over and over. He shakes it a little next to his ear. “But Christmas is—”

“A week away, I know.” Tony shrugs. “I thought it would be nice to get an early gift.”

And of course it is. The subs waste no time tearing into their boxes, tossing aside wrapping paper and ribbon.

Bucky sits back once he has his open. He picks it up out of the box; a shining, golden cock ring. The others’ gifts are the exact same, each varying a bit in size. Bucky’s eyes are as wide as possible. “Are these… real?” He asks.

Tony nods. “Of course. My subs deserve nothing less than solid gold.”

Holding their glittering toys in hand, they all beam bright, like sun reflecting off snow.

“Can we…” Steve’s mouth is dry as he rubs his fingers over as much gold as he’s ever seen in his life. “Are we… can we use these?”

Tony chuckles a bit. He steps forward and strokes the side of Thor’s face with his hand. Thor closes his eyes and nuzzles into the touch. “Of course you can,” he says, and the all excitement in the playroom is suddenly electric. He looks Thor in his blue, blue eyes. “What’s the purpose of having something if it’s only pretty to look at?”

Thor makes a noise. A please use me noise.

“What do we say to Master for buying you all such expensive gifts?” Tony prompts.

“Thank you very much, Master,” they reply in unison, perfectly pink lips moving in synch.

Tony pats the side of Thor’s face once more before stepping back. “Take them off,” he says, and his boys know that command best of all. They all begin to strip out of their underwear.

Clint is first—he’s always first—nearly tearing his tight, tight boxer briefs to get them off his body, and then kicking them aside. Steve steps out of his plaid boxers and folds them neatly, while Bucky shucks his off in once clean motion, leaving them right next to him on the floor. Thor removes his thin-material jock strap, cut in just the right manner to reveal every muscled dimple of his ass. And Bruce takes his time getting out of his little white briefs, pushing them down past his knees and pulling them off his feet.

Tony smiles, watching this. He stands in front as all of his boys are suddenly naked before him. His cock strains against his jeans. This is the best part.

Tony is very strict about only one thing with his subs—chastity. Mouthing off, whining, and speaking out of turn can all be remedied with a sharp slap to the rear, but in order to keep his boys chaste, he keeps their cocks in cages.

“I’m going to unlock you now,” he announces, and the collective sigh makes the room swell with air. “But if I catch you touching yourselves, you’re going right back in, is that clear?”

“Yes, Master.”

“You’ll be caged for two more weeks, and no Christmas morning sex for you.”

“Yes, Master.”
With all the formalities out the way, he points at Bruce first and beckons him forward with a single finger. Bruce shuffles forward, his little cock bouncing in its little plastic cage, hardly visible in all the hardware.

“You’ve been locked up for a long time, haven’t you?” Tony asks.

Bruce nods.

“How many days?”

“Sixteen,” Bruce’s voice cracks. “Sir,” he adds.

“Do you want out of your cage?” Bruce’s head bobbles up and down. “Do you want me to put your pretty new ring around you?” Bruce moans. “Do you want me to suck you off?”

“Yes, please, Master.”

Tony takes the smallest key from his keyring and uses it to unlock Bruce’s cage. Bruce lets out this euphoric sigh as the air brushes over his cock for the first time in weeks. Tony fixes the golden ring around his cock and balls and begins to stroke him gently. Bruce’s knees go week.

“Bet you’re so sensitive,” Tony teases. “Oh, c’mon, now. Look at me with those pretty brown eyes.”

Bruce tries, but struggles to keep his eyes open, as Tony’s strokes become longer, more lingering. Tony kneels down and kisses just the head of Bruce’s cock—he knows just how he likes it, gentle and slow. Tony suckles just the tip lightly, and Bruce’s erection grows larger in his mouth.

“Master, I have to… I’m gonna…”

Tony removes his lips from Bruce’s cock and looks up at him, still pumping away with his hand. “I know it’s been a while, but let’s not forget our words. Try again.”

Bruce bites his lip sharply to keep from coming then and there, but manages to stutter out, “Master, please, may I?” Without a response, he comes hot into Tony’s hand.

Tony chuckles. “Feel good, baby?” He asks, and Bruce, breathing hard, gives a sweaty nods. Tony kisses his cheek. “Good boy.”

Tony moves on, then, down the line, pausing at each of his boys at least once, teasing them, giving them hope, then taking it away as he moves on to the next victim.

He stops in front of Thor. “How many days have you been locked up?”

“Fifteen,” Thor breathes.

Tony’s eyebrows rise a bit. “Well aren’t you a good boy,” he praises, and Thor’s cheeks redden. He runs his hand down Thor’s font—his bulging pectorals, hard nipples, and tight abs—and rests his hand finally on Thor’s cage. Thor’s cock, much more massive than his own, looks small all wedged in its metal prison. The tiny padlock bounces as Thor shifts from foot to foot. Tony watches him, so turned on by his desperation, as he makes a scene of flipping through the keys on the keyring. “I just don’t know which one it is…” He says, feigning confusion.

Thor cries from deep in his throat. “Please, please,” he begs, his dancing from foot to foot turning into him nearly jumping up and down. “Please, Master. Please.”
Tony plucks out the key with ease, then inserts it into the lock, twisting. “Fifteen days without being touched?” Tony asks as he removes the metal contraption as carefully as he can. “That’s a long time.”

Thor nods and nods. “Yes, sir.”

Tony slips the gold ring over Thor’s cock and balls before he’s fully hard. He smiles at it. “So pretty,” he says. “I bet you want to touch yourself.”

Almost falling for it, Thor reaches out his hands and nearly wraps them around his cock before stopping himself. “No, sir,” he says, his breaths very close together. “Please.”

Tony wraps his hand around Thor’s massive cock and strokes him slowly.

Clint whines loudly, futilely trying to get some sort of sensation by rubbing his hand against the plastic confines of his own cage.

“You’ll get your turn,” Tony snaps at him, flashing a warning look. “You’ve waited six days. I’m sure you can wait a few more minutes.”

Clint bows his head in shame.

Tony continues pumping Thor’s cock—no lube—until there is considerable friction between them. Thor loves that feeling of his cock being rubbed raw by Tony’s hand. He thrusts his hips upward to get as much contact as possible.

“Master,” he grits his teeth. “Please, please may I?”

“Go ahead.”

Thor comes hard, and it knocks the breath right out of him; the ring, the weeks without a single touch—it all increases his level of pleasure past anything he’s ever experienced. The waves of it are still coursing through him as he feels Tony kiss his swollen lips. “Better?”

Thor’s voice breaks as he offers a small, “Uh.”

Bucky is next, having been locked up for thirteen days. Tony removes his metal cage, pleased at the little indents the bars have left. He lets Bucky put on his gilded cock ring. He then leads Bucky over to his favorite chair, a leather one that feels cool against his skin as he sinks down into it.

Bucky always sits for things like this; far be it from him to maintain any sort of balance while Tony sucks his cock, and, of course, Tony doesn’t mind the added access it gives him.

Bucky lets Tony take total control. He closes his eyes and lets his head fall back as he feels Tony’s hot lips against the sensitive tip of his cock. He moves his hips a bit to get the best possible angle in Tony’s mouth. He moans loudly, unabashedly, washed in the tide of Tony’s rhythm, and he lets himself enjoy every pleasurable facet of it.

“Master, may I?” He asks, calmly as he can. He grips the arms of the chair as he comes down the back of Tony’s throat, hands twitching as he lets out a few final grunts of pleasure.

Steve is next, so completely ready that his half-erection presses at the metal restraints of his cage. Tony steps forward and runs his finger along the edge of the ridged surface. Steve shivers. “How many days?”

“Thirteen,” Steve says.
“Are you ready baby?”

Steve hums desperately.

Tony unlocks him slowly, taking him out. He slides the shiny, gold ring down Steve’s shaft and around his balls. Steve leans into the touch.

Tony doesn’t bother stroking him; Steve needs his mouth on him at all times, the wetness, the warmth. Steve lives it so much he bucks his hips to get as far down Tony’s throat as Tony will allow. He makes little yearning noises, begging, “Please, Master, please,” until he comes, hard and shuddering, right onto the pad of Tony’s tongue.

Tony doesn’t even say anything about not using the correct words.

Lastly, Tony’s eyes fall upon Clint, who’s near tears at this point. “You’ve only been locked up for six days?” Tony asks, knowing the answer. Clint nods, cheeks flushing red with embarrassment. “And why’s that?”

“I took my cage off, sir,” he mumbles.

“Which is…?”

“Against the rules. I’m sorry, Master.”

Tony nods. “S’pose you should be punished for something like that?”

Clint’s eyes go wide. “I…Probably?”

Tony laughs at his answer. “Usually, I would,” he says. “But punishment can wait, right?”

Clint nods eagerly. Tony finds the key and unlocks him from his little plastic cage, teasing his small cock by rolling it lightly between his fingers.

They keep eye contact as Tony jacks him off with quick, short strokes. Clint’s never been one about making it last—he needs it as immediately as he can get it. He takes just a few minutes before he cries, “Master, may I?” And comes into the palm of Tony’s hand.

Tony offers him his hand and Clint laps up his own come obediently, leaving Tony’s hand clean and wet with his saliva.

Tony smiles. He supposes his boys liked their gifts.

“Now, c’mon, boys,” he says, and five sets up of eyes flash up to him on command. “Master needs a turn.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow! Can you believe we’re nearly halfway through? This is insane! I’m having so much fun writing these for you guys—and I’m actually keeping up with the work! I’m so happy you all are liking these.

Merry Kinkmas!
Sleigh Ride - Tony/Bruce

Chapter Summary

Tony and Bruce fuck in the back of a limousine on the way to the Christmas Gala.

Kink: Exhibitionism

Note - Note- Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. (Yes, even the driver). As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony Stark owns practically every luxury car in existence, and yet here he is; sitting in the back of a blacked-out stretch limousine, popping the cork on a bottle of Dom Pérignon.

Bruce nearly rolls his eyes. “We’re a mile away. Why’d we need a limousine? We could’ve walked.”

Tony hands him a crystal champagne flute and then clinks it with his own. “Oh, come on. It’s festive,” he says, shrugging. “And it helps if you’re at least a little drunk before we arrive.”

The Christmas Gala was a tradition his father started a million years ago as another excuse to throw his money around for caviar and expensive champagne—Tony upholds the tradition as an excuse to throw his money around for caviar and expensive champagne, and a charity or two. He really just lets Pepper take care of it.

For now, he wraps his arm around Bruce’s tense shoulder and pulls him close. The city brushes past them, all strung with glowing Christmas lights. Storefronts are decorated with ribbons and styrofoam snowmen. New York, blanketed with snow, shimmers under the moonlight. Tony would never go as far as to admit it out loud, but he loves this time of year.

The driver rolls down the partition. “Uh, Mr. Stark?” He asks over his shoulder. “Traffic’s backed up half a mile. It’s going be another twenty minutes before we even get moving again.”

Tony smiles. He strokes his hand down Bruce’s leg. “That’s fine.”

Bruce’s eyes widen.

“You look great in that, you know.”

It makes Bruce blush. “Uh, t-thanks,” he stutters in that way he always does when he’s a bit frazzled. Tony is not wrong—the dinner jacket looks practically made for him. It’s black, well-tailored with a shawl lapel, hangs off his square shoulders beautifully, and is tied up nicely with a slick black bowtie. Tony reaches for his collar and starts to peel the jacket off of him.

Bruce makes a noise. “The driver,” he says, voice breathy.
“Will get the show of a lifetime.” Tony shrugs off his own jacket—double-breasted with a devilish peak lapel—and tosses it to the floor. He swings his leg over Bruce’s lap, puts a knee on either side of him, and sits so that they’re chest to chest. He leans in a little closer, lips an inch from Bruce’s ear.

“And isn’t it hot? Thinking that he’s watching us from up there? Probably getting off to us getting off.”

Bruce swallows hard.

Tony ruts his hips against Bruce’s, their cocks straining against their zippers, rubbing against each other. He undoes Bruce’s bowtie and unbuttons his collar. “C’mon Brucie. Let’s show him.”

Bruce wastes no time with his pants, fumbling with the leather belt and pushing them down his thighs. He slides his rimless glasses off his nose and puts them in a cupholder. His cock stands erect, leaking, waiting.

Tony is entranced by it. He kicks off his mirror-shined shoes and pulls off his pants, the kneels on the floor between Bruce’s legs. He digs around in his breast pocket for a small vial of lube, and Bruce lets out a little chuckle because of course, of course Tony would have that tucked away somewhere.

Tony drips it over two of his fingers and starts to finger himself, long and slow strokes. He paws up and wraps his hand around Bruce’s cock, aiming for his mouth.

Bruce’s head falls back against the Italian leather seat. Tony’s lips are so soft, cinched around his cock, and his tongue swirls over the head so expertly. Bruce looks up to find that the driver has rolled down the partition once more, and they make brief eye contact in the rearview mirror. What a show, Bruce thinks as he sews his fingers into Tony’s hair at the back of his head, and pulls him closer, fucks his throat deeper. What a show.

Tony releases his lips with a smack and looks up at Bruce with that same mischievous look in his eye, mouth red and swollen.

Bruce puts a hand on either side of Tony’s face and pulls him forward, meeting him halfway in a breathless kiss. He pulls his head back sharply. “Climb aboard,” he whispers.

And Tony does, reaching down and guiding Bruce’s cock into his ass. He sits opposite of before, so that Bruce’s chest heaves against his back with every breath. Bruce bucks his hips in a stuttering motion at first, making sure they’re both comfortable before plunging deep into Tony’s ass, which elicits a well-earned, “Oh!”

Tony grips Bruce’s knees to steady himself. “And everyone will know,” he says, rocking back and forth as Bruce’s cock pushes deeper and deeper into his ass. “We’ll show up, suits all wrinkled, hair everywhere, and they’ll know you fucked me in the back of the—”

Tony’s breath hitches as Bruce begins to pump his cock, a relaxed, practiced motion set to the same rhythm of his ramming into Tony’s ass. Tony moans through closed lips.

Bruce leans forward, whispers in Tony’s ear. “Louder,” he says, nodding at the driver. “He wants to hear you. Louder.” And Bruce isn’t usually the type to ask for something like that, so Tony complies, unlocking his lips and letting his moans become audible.

He fucks himself as deep as he can onto Bruce’s cock. Bruce places his hands on Tony’s hips and presses their bodies together with all the strength he can, each time resting a moment before lifting
Tony off his cock and plunging in once more.

Tony comes then, like the first snowfall of winter, the only thing escaping his mouth a breathy, “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” He melts right then and there.

Bruce holds Tony’s body tight, his hips thrusting quicker as he reaches his orgasm. He lets out a messy noise that’s half moan, half, “Ah!” His hips slow, but continue as he rounds out his climax, cock twitching, leaving Tony full of his come.

“My God,” he says, breathing out.

Tony laughs a bit, then dismounts him. He rests his cheek against Bruce’s warm chest for a moment before trying to sort out where all of his clothes have gone.

The vehicle jerks into motion, tossing the two men towards each other a bit more. Tony picks up a quick kiss before continuing to reach for his pants.

“We’ll arrive in approximately five minutes, uh. Mr. Stark,” the driver says, sounding guilty as charged. He rolls up the partition slow, looking in the rearview at the smirk which seems to be a permanent fixture on Tony’s face.

Tony helps Bruce retie his bowtie. “Merry Christmas,” he says.

Bruce kisses him on the forehead. “Merry Christmas.”

Chapter End Notes

We’ve reached the halfway point, my friends! This has been so much fun so far, and trust me, I’ve still got a lot more coming in the second half of Kinkmas - Puppy Play, 1950’s kink, good ol’ orgies, and plenty more. Keep an eye out for the next one shot, out tomorrow!
Santa Baby - Steve/Tony

Chapter Summary

Tony showers Steve in gifts, then fucks him.

Kink: Daddy Kink, Sugar Daddy Kink

Note - Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual.

Tony stands behind Steve with his hands over Steve’s eyes as they ride the elevator up to his floor.

“Did you get me something?” Steve asks, his voice much softer than usual.

“Of course I did, baby,” Tony says as the elevator doors whoosh open. “When do I ever come home empty handed?”

Steve laughs, and it’s not his usual laugh. It’s more of a giggle.

Tony leads him down the hall, hands still over his eyes. He opens one of the doors and pushes Steve inside. “Ready?”

“As ever.”

Tony ceremoniously removes his hands and reveals a sea of gifts wrapped in red and gold and green which take over much of the space in the living room.

Steve squeals, jumping up and down. “All for me?” He asks, eyes infinitely wide.

Tony smiles. “Who else?” Steve dives for one of the medium sized boxes, undoes the bow, and begins to tear the paper from it. Tony leans back against the arm of the sofa and supervises. “These are just your pre-Christmas gifts,” he explains. “Stocking stuffers. Plenty more coming on the big day.”

“And Christmas Eve,” Steve says, telling more than suggesting.


Steve nods in approval as a cashmere Ralph Lauren sweater tumbles out of the gift box, the price tag still attached—$1495. He holds it up to himself as if modeling it. “It’ll look great on you,” Tony says. “You look so good in blue.”

“Goes with my eyes,” Steve adds with a smirk.

It’s a game they play; Steve’s never had access to this kind of stuff in his whole life, and here Tony is, doling out beyond-expensive gives on random Wednesdays for no good reason. It would take some getting used to for anyone, so Tony came up with a little scene for them to act out—in which Tony plays the part of sugar daddy and gives Steve the things he deserves, and Steve gets the life
fucked of him afterward.

Steve doesn't have much trouble with gifts anymore.

He opens the other boxes—a classic Burberry scarf, plane tickets to Bora Bora, a diamond-encrusted Cartier watch.

Tony stands a safe distance away from Steve’s excited noises, smiling proudly at his own gift-giving ability. And watching Steve—the 1000 kilowatt smile on his face, the sparkle in his eyes, the way he sits with his ass nearly falling out of those tiny black shorts—Tony can’t help but enjoy that a bit, too.

Steve reaches for the last box, the smallest of all. He opens it slowly, gasping as he finds the keys to the Porsche he’s been wanting for all of a week.

“In black,” Tony says. “Just like you wanted.”

Steve bounces up on his knees. “Oh my god, this is amazing!” He looks up at Tony with those bright blue eyes.

Tony nods unsubtly toward his crotch. “I could use a thank you over here.”

Steve nods and nods, dropping his armful of gifts and positioning himself between Tony’s legs. He knows what to do; he undoes Tony’s belt, unzips his pants, and pulls them down past his knees. He wraps his lips around the head of Tony’s cock.

Tony sits down on the arm of the sofa to get a better look. God, he’d pay anything—name your price—to watch Steve suck like that, all enraptured in the moment, eyes closed tightly as if concentrating hard, lips stretched out into a thin pink line as they move up and down his cock. He presses his hand against the back of Steve’s neck, signaling harder.

Tony bites back a moan. “You all plugged up for me baby?” He says, watching Steve’s ass move back and forth.

Steve releases Tony’s cock from his mouth and looks up with those big doe eyes. He nods like crazy.

“Show me,” Tony says, breathes, and makes a turn-around motion with his finger.

Steve stands, turns, and puts his ass just inches from Tony’s face. He teases out of his skin-tight little shorts and reveals the flared head of a metal plug poking out from between his cheeks. He wiggles his ass right in Tony’s face and Tony can’t help but grab his hips, steadying his bottom before smacking it playfully.

Steve full-on giggles.

Tony grips the end of the plug in between his fingers and pulls, Steve’s hole extending a bit with it as it is removed from his ass.

Steve lets out a shuddering little moan, and before he knows it, Tony’s tongue is flicking against his hole, hot and wet, and it makes his whole spine tingle. Just as he becomes accustomed to it, Tony is standing, telling him to bend over the arm of the sofa.

Steve does as he’s told, spreading his legs a little just as Tony rams right into him without so much
as an introduction. It catches him completely by surprise, knocking all the air out of his lungs.
“You going to be a good boy?” Tony asks through clenched teeth, fucking Steve harder, harder.

Steve nods, at first, then clears the inability to speak from his throat. “Yes, Daddy,” he says resting his forehead against the suede of the sofa.

“You going to let Daddy fill you up with his come?”

Steve moans loud, cries, instead of answering, rocking his body back and forth against the arm of the sofa, the friction between it and his cock sending waves of pleasure through him. He lets the shockwaves of Tony’s hip thrusts grind him further and further into the surface.

“God, Steve,” falls out of Tony’s mouth as he places a hand in the small of Steve’s back to steady himself. He throws his head back, his mouth falling open, every inch of Steve’s tight ass taking him so graciously.

Steve’s back tenses as he reaches orgasm, crying out, “Daddy!” His body twitches once, then relaxes. Tony locks his hands onto Steve’s hips, power-thrusting into his ass with every muscle he can. Steve rides it out, humming now, body soft and pliant, “Mm, Daddy. Make me full of your come.”

Tony pushes in one final time, cock spasming as he fills Steve full with his come. He breathes hard, sweat beading on his forehead. He pulls out, rubbing his hands up and down the planes of muscles on Steve’s back. “Did you enjoy your presents baby?” He asks, leaning down to place a kiss on Steve’s ass.

Steve giggles again. “Especially that last one,” he says.

Steve turns around for a kiss, and that’s when Tony notices it. “Did you come on my sofa?” He asks, still breathless and trying too hard to sound angry. “Did you come on my fucking suede sofa?”

Steve only smiles at him with that little twinkle in his eye. He presses his pink lips to Tony’s hot, reddened cheek. “It’s okay,” he says calmly. “I’ll just have to ask my Daddy to buy me a new one for Christmas.”

He winks, and Tony kisses the goddamn life out of him.
Tony has a little Christmas thing at the Tower before everybody disperses to their little hidey holes of the universe for the holidays. Everyone who should be invited, is—the main six, of course, and Bucky, Phil and Maria, Sam, Rhodey, Dr. Cho. Everyone gets all dressed up in their Christmas finest and gathers on the common space sofas for a few too many mixed drinks and really bad small talk.

Steve walks away to get some air for a bit. The beer he’s been nursing for an hour now has gone warm—and what’s the point anyway? Everyone else is all pliant and laughing too loudly, and here he’s stuck, unable to loosen up and have a good time.

Thor is at the bar.

Steve smiles at him, saunters up. “What’s a good-looking man like you doing working in a dump like this?” He teases.

“You look like you could use a drink,” Thor says, playing along. He sets a glass mug of eggnog on the bar counter, and Steve is about to protest when he pulls a gilded flask from out of his side pocket. He pours a few shots worth in the mug, then slides it over.

Steve brings the cup up to his lips. He’s surprised at the fire of the alcohol as it burns against his lips and down the back of his throat. His eyebrows rise, and he looks up at Thor. “Is this…?”

“Asgard’s finest.”

It takes Steve one and a half cups of eggnog before he starts to really feel it. He takes a seat on one of the barstools and rests his elbows against the countertop.

“Now tell me,” Thor says, voice deeper, rumbling. He leans over the counter. “How did—,” he gives Steve a healthy once-over, “—someone like you wander into a dump like this one?”

Steve lets out a laugh. “Wrong turn?” He offers, polishing off his second cup.

“Perhaps a right one,” Thor says, refilling Steve’s cup with more eggnog and a healthy glug of liquor.

Steve takes a sip, nods his head. “So you’re flirting with me, then?”
Thor shrugs, reaching down for a glass to polish with a towel, because that seems like a bartender-type thing to do. “Would you… like me to be?”

Steve sits back on his stool, wobbling a bit. “Now, I don’t want you to think that I’m the kind of man who wanders into bars to get piss-drunk just to try to get the first man I see to swoop me up and take me home with him.”

Thor gives him this look that Steve understands to mean, “Aren’t you, though?”

Steve downs his third glass much faster than the first two, then slams it down. “I’ll have another!” He says.

And Thor laughs at that, pouring him yet another cup, mixing this drink a little weaker than the last. “Most men can’t put this stuff away like you,” he comments, staring intently at Steve’s eyes —still so enviously blue, but softened by the alcohol.

“Well I’m no ordinary man,” Steve says, and suddenly he’s showing off, flexing his arms through his suit and sitting up a little straighter. The chorus of *Star Spangled Man* hums at his lips.

He finishes the fourth drink, and Thor doesn’t refresh it.

Instead he walks out from behind the bar and sits on a stool just next to Steve’s. He leans close, and Steve lets him, smiling brightly. “Wow,” he says, placing his hand on Steve’s knee. “You sure are nice to look at.”

Steve smirks. “Now you’re flirting with me.”

Thor nods, sliding his hand further up onto Steve’s thigh. Steve purses his lips. “And how to you feel about that?” Thor asks.

Steve shrugs his shoulders slowly, then blinks even slower, long eyelashes fanned out.

Thor slides his hand even further up Steve’s thigh.

Steve just watches, laughing a laugh that doesn’t sound like his own. “I’ll have you know,” he pauses, restarts, “I’ll have you know I’m not some whore you can just…” His sentence trails off as Thor’s hand rests over his bulging crotch.

“What do you say I take you upstairs?” Thor asks, but he’s already helping Steve down from the stool and onto his wobbling feet.

Steve opens his mouth to say something, but Thor shuts him up with a kiss, then leads him past the others in the common area, who all crane their necks to watch the pair clamber into the elevator.

Steve can stand enough to hold his own weight, but he still clings to Thor for support. “I don’t ever do this,” he says over and over again, not sounding at all convincing, not even within the confines of the scene. “I’m an honest man.”

Thor practically carries him to the bedroom. “I’m sure you are,” he says, then reaches down and pulls apart Steve’s shirt, buttons flying everywhere and pinging as they hit various surfaces.

“Under typical circumstances.”

Steve laughs as Thor pushes him back on the bed, then climbs on top of him. “And these aren’t normal circumstances?” He asks, and suddenly he’s kissing Thor with all the breath in his lungs, very messy and desperate, as if he can’t get enough.
Steve’s lips are bright pink when Thor finally comes up for air. “I’d say not,” he says, then places his lips against Steve’s neck, just under his collar, sucking hard, leaving a purpling mark.

He climbs off and proceeds to undress himself, undoing his tie, stepping out of his pants, pulling his arms from the sleeves of his shirt. He takes Steve’s bottoms off, too, and tosses them aside.

He flips Steve onto his stomach and digs through the bedside drawer for the lube. He puts a drop or two on his finger and massages Steve open.

Steve’s moans are soft and seem involuntarily emitted from his throat, as if they’re a reflex reaction he has no inhibitions left to quell. And Steve is so pliant under him, so liquid and providing no resistance to his advances.

He presses the head of his cock against Steve’s hole and guides himself in slowly. He drags his hips forward, then back, then forward and back again. Steve’s body stays so lax, so calm as he fucks him deeper, harder.

He rolls Steve over onto his back again to see that look of easy pleasure on his face. His limbs are so limp as Thor continues to pound his cock into his ass. Steve’s mouth hangs open, and his eyes flutter closed. He comes untouched, all over his own stomach, the only indication he even feels his own orgasm being the noise that leaves him—a messy, groaning sigh.

Thor fucks him for as long as he can before spilling deep inside of him. Steve is well asleep at that point.

They wake the next morning, and Steve can safely say he hasn’t had a hangover like this since before the ice. “What happened last night?” He asks, knowing all too well what happened last night.

Thor hums softly into the warmth of his chest, pulling the covers back over them. “Now…what’s a good-looking man like me doing in a bed with a good-looking man like you?”

Steve laughs so hard it makes his head pound.
**Jingle Bells - Steve/Tony/Bucky**

Chapter Summary

Steve and Bucky are Tony’s pups, and Tony buys bells for their collars.

Kink: Puppy Play

Note - Assume the characters participating in this fic have given consent prior to these scenes that occur. As always, as it should be with anything kinky, this is safe, sane, and consensual.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is a little late, guys! I promise all fics will still be posted by Christmas! Merry Kinkmas!!

It’s late when Tony makes his way upstairs. As he stands in the elevator, he hopes they’re still awake, he hopes they’ve gotten themselves dinner, he hopes they haven’t started without him—then he walks down the hallway and opens the door.

Steve and Bucky, wearing just their boxers, are sitting right behind it, waiting patiently for his return. They are so excited to see him—jumping up and down and clamoring over each other just to get in Tony’s directly line of sight.

It makes Tony smile like nothing else in the world can. His good boys. He gives each of them a well-waited-for kiss, and sets his things down in the kitchen.

“Are we still going to play?” Steve asks, eyes wide and pleading. Bucky, sitting pressed right up next to Steve, nods like a bobblehead, seemingly asking the same question. They’re adorable when they’re like this, and Tony wouldn’t dream of disappointing them.

Tony hums in response to his question. “Let me go get your collars,” he says.

Steve and Bucky stay frozen in place save for their necks, which crane to watch Tony enter his bedroom and retrieve their puppy supplies from a velvet-lined drawer.

Tony returns and sits down on the sofa. He beckons Bucky over, and Bucky kneels between his spread legs, looking up expectantly. Tony runs his hands through Bucky’s hair slowly, then takes out his collar. Bucky’s collar is simple, soft black leather and a little bone-shaped tag that reads, *My name is Bucky. If lost, please return to Tony Stark.*

“I put bells on your collars,” Tony says, jingling Bucky’s. “For Christmas.”

Bucky makes a face. “Bells are for cats,” he says quietly.

“And cows,” Steve adds.
Tony frowns. “Well…I guess we don’t really need them, then.”

Which causes Steve and Bucky to whine. Their collars are the most important aspect of playtime, and they don’t want to miss out on it.

The smile returns to Tony’s face as Bucky offers up his neck once more. He fastens the collar around it just as tight as he likes, and it only takes an instant for Bucky’s whole demeanor to shift. Suddenly, he’s licking Tony’s hand in thanks. Tony scratches his head. “There’s a good boy.”

Bucky lets out a bark. His bark matches his voice—low, but sweet.

Tony helps Bucky slide his underwear off his legs. Bucky’s eyes light up as Tony pulls out a set of dark brown, floppy ears and places them on his head. Lastly, Tony does his tail. He directs Bucky to turn around and put his ass in the air. He pulls then coats his hole in lube before pushing in the dark, silicone tail. Bucky makes a happy little noise at the fullness and turns around to receive more praise from Tony.

“That’s my good boy,” Tony says, running his hands up and down Bucky’s naked body, loving the feel of soft skin between his fingertips. And Bucky just loves to be touched, his tongue lolling out as Tony scratches the top of his head, just the way his likes.

Steve, waiting a little less patiently now, steps up for his turn. He’s already gotten rid of his boxers and kicked them aside. He rests his head against Tony’s leg as he waits for him to sort out the collar.

Steve’s collar is made of dark brown, supple leather that almost looks like it’s falling apart. It feels soft and warm against his skin as Tony puts it around his neck. He shakes his head around, jingling both the bell and the if-lost tag. He pants happily, and looks up at Tony, nearly shaking with excitement.

“You want your ears, boy?” Tony asks, and Steve lets out a sharp little bark. Tony puts a pair of perky yellow ears on his head, and Steve jumps up to lick his face.

Steve’s tail is a harness that Tony has to fasten around his waist. He doesn’t mind. He’s still able to wag and everything, and this way nothing has to be moved around during the more sexy parts of playtime.

With both of his boys all pupped-up, Tony stands and walks to the kitchen, opening the treat jar. Steve and Bucky scramble over, panting and nudging and trying to jump up and take the treats directly from Tony’s hand. “Sit,” Tony directs, and his pups dutifully place their rumps on the floor. He feeds them each a biscuit.

Tony takes them back into the living room for a game of fetch. He stands at one end of the room and lightly tosses a tennis ball to the other side of the room for his boys to go after, one at a time. Steve goes first, grabbing the ball in his mouth as it bounces off the wall. He bounds back toward Tony, all proud of himself, and deposits the ball, now covered in slobber, into Tony’s hand. Tony pats his head as he throws the ball for Bucky, who goes a little slower, losing the ball as it rolls under some piece of furniture. He sniffs it out, nose to the floor, and finds it underneath a chair. He bats at it with his paw until it comes free, then picks it up with his mouth and returns it to Tony, the yellow fuzz getting caught in his teeth.

They play the game for a long time; the pups enjoy running back and forth just to retrieve the ball that Tony keeps throwing across the room, and Tony enjoys watching them—their muscles flexing as they pounce, their eyes all electric and overwhelmed with joy, their cocks bouncing between
their legs as they run. Fetch is good for all involved.

Once his boys seem to be growing impatient with the game, Tony calls them to the center of the room. He tells them to roll over, and they flop over onto their backs, wriggling excitedly, hands propped up like paws. Tony runs his hands over their stomachs, scratching them gently. They make a small little noises that mean something to the effect of, Tony gives the best belly rubs.

It only takes a moment for the little noises of content to turn into long, loud whines, specifically from Bucky. His cock lays stiff against his stomach, the head glistening with pre-come. Tony ghosts his hand over it, brushing it lightly, just enough for Bucky to let out a desperate whoof.

Bucky gets up. He pads over to Tony and nudges his arm with the top of his head. Tony scratches him behind the ears. Tony takes his eyes off him for just a second, long enough for Bucky to get his legs around one of Tony’s. He thrusts his hips quickly, sloppily, whimpering as his cock brushes against the fabric of Tony’s pants.

Tony gives the best belly rubs.

Tony pushes him away. “Bad boy.” Bucky wilts. “You know better than that.” He cups Bucky’s face in his hand and caresses it gently. “You need to get off so bad you’re using my leg?”

Bucky lets out a loud, resounding bark.

Tony smirks. “C’mere, Stevie,” he calls, and Steve immediately hops back up onto his hands and knees. He comes to Tony and licks his cheek. Tony pats his bottom. Steve wiggles it in the air.

Tony lubes up one of his fingers and presses it into Steve’s hole, stretching him out, slowly, gently. “Do you want Bucky to fuck you?” He asks, and Steve barks.

Bucky mounts him, legs bent and quivering a bit. He pushes his cock into Steve’s prepared hole and growls. He bucks his hips in and out as quickly as he can, leaning forward and wrapping his arms around Steve’s stomach and pressing himself onto Steve’s back to keep himself balanced.


Steve lets out pleasures little yelps, panting as Bucky fucks him deeper. Tony scratches the side of his face, behind his ears. Steve moves his face against Tony’s hand, jingling the bell on his collar. It makes Tony smile. “You’re a good boy, too,” he assures. “Take that cock. Good boy.”

Bucky comes hard moments later, yelping and barking as his cock twitches inside of Steve. He falls back onto his hands and knees and laps at the come that spills from Steve’s stretched hole.

Tony reaches out and wraps his hand around Steve’s cock, pumping firmly. Steve pants harder, tight whines escaping his throat as Tony jacks him off. His arms and legs shake as he reaches climax, and he looks up at Tony, expecting praise.

“Clean up after yourself,” Tony says, pointing to the small puddle of come the wood floor. Steve bent down to lick it up, and Bucky joined him, licking the floor until there wasn’t a single spot on it.

Tony smiles down at his boys—now all red-cheeked, streaked with splotches of come, out of breath, but still eager to please—and he calls them over. They run at him, nearly knocking him over with all the force it takes them to come to a complete stop. They wage their tails, show their tongues, and rub their faces into his legs. “My good boys,” he says, patting their heads. “My best boys.”
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