Hungry For Love

by Thrilmalia

Summary

The nearing danger of Thanos and the possible end of the world as they know it makes Stephen feel sentimental and he decides to spend one evening like he used to back in the day when he wasn't aware of the real dangers in the world.

Everett is out with friends and when he notices a handsome man that looks like he could do with some distraction, he doesn't hesitate to provide exactly that.

Notes

Y'all wanted flirty Everett and shy Stephen, here you have them. What was inspired by a song a friend made me obsessed with turned into a ficlet, and I hope you enjoy it.

Surprisingly it's the first fanfic involving sex I wrote, so I hope it's not too bad, but I also weren't sure about the rating. Better safe than sorry, though it isn't detailed.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Doctor Stephen Strange had been an arrogant and egocentric man, ignorant towards other people's feelings by choice and only looking to increase his fame and wealth. But he'd learned when he'd been given the chance. Not that he'd had much of a choice, really, it was either that or his ruin, but he
knew that it had been the right thing. And of course it was good. He helped people more than he could have done as a surgeon.

It was different, and it was days like this that he wasn't sure if he liked this new situation. Back then he refused patients he didn't believe to be able to help, but if he refused helping now he might as well jump off a bridge himself.

It was days like this that he missed his old life, despite knowing that it was wrong. It wasn't like he could go back anyway, he might as well be nostalgic. And today he wanted to be nostalgic and reminisce. So he got dressed in a dark red button down and tight jeans and went out to a club for music and a drink and maybe a hookup, though his thirst for that had rather stilled.

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Everett helped Ada out of her coat like the gentleman he was - she joked he only wanted to touch the expensive fur coat, he answered that he needed to hold mankind's reputation up since the last one had dumped her so cruelly - and then continued his way into the club to celebrate his best friend. And maybe get a little drunk and find someone to warm his bed for the night.

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As soon as Stephen had entered and the thick air of loud music and dancing and drinking people had almost knocked him out, he'd wanted to leave again. But he convinced himself that there had been a time when he'd enjoyed this and he could, again. At least stay for a drink.

And he did. He wasn't sure how long he was sitting by the bar when a man leaned over the counter next to him to order a new round of drinks for him and his friends, gesturing to a group of men and women whose most significant member was a tall black woman having the time of her life dancing to 'Single Ladies'. When the man's eyes passed Stephen on their tour around the club, something in them lit up along with his grin, an ambition that might have scared the sorcerer if he'd paid attention, but he was yet blissfully unaware of the man's attention. And it was only a short focus anyway, before the man grabbed his drinks and disappeared back in the crowd. But the handsome stranger by the bar hadn't been forgotten by Everett, so he mentioned him later when checking out guys with Ada.

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"That one over there is hot."

"You're right, Everett. I should go over to him and let him buy me a drink."

"Absolutely. How about that one?"

"The lanky one, are you sure? Not really my type."

"Yes, I know."

"Ohh. He's not meant for me, is he? Go get 'im, tiger!"

With a grinning, and tipsily cheering, Ada in the background, Everett grabbed his drink and wandered over to the bar, stopping next to the man.

"Hey, is this seat taken?" He asked, though he knew the answer well. But the man didn't answer, which made him hesitate. But then again, he was tipsy, a tiny bit horny, and very enchanted by the handsome man, so he just sat down, leaning a bit closer after downing his drink.
"What are you drinking there?" He tried again, and this time the man did react, blinking as if he'd been far away in thoughts, and he looked at Everett that grinned again.

"Uh, Scotch," he answered after glancing at his drink, "Sorry, did you say something? I sometimes drift away with my thoughts."

"Who doesn't?" Everett answered with a smile and gestured at the barkeeper for a new drink, then looked at the man again, "Why is someone like you alone and sad in a club? Did your date fail to show up?"

"What? No. No, I didn't have a date. I came alone."

"Right. A handsome man like you surely never gets stood up, that would be downright stupid."

That managed to get a smile onto the man's face and while he huffed in amusement, an eyebrow rose. "You'd be surprised."

"I sure would be," Everett answered and took a sip of his new drink, "I'm Everett, by the way."

"Stephen," the other introduced himself and they sat in silence for a moment.

"So, will you tell me? Why you're so sad?"

Stephen hesitated, then answered: "Do you sometimes look back at times when you think everything was easier and wish you could go back?"

"To the time when Tony Stark had been a billionaire and philanthropist only and throwing parties without being Iron Man? Every day." It wasn't even a lie for the sake of the conversation. Back then, Everett's job had been slightly more normal. Not that it had ever been normal, but he certainly hadn't had to deal with aliens or wizards and things like that.

"Tony Stark?" Stephen asked with a chuckle and Everett shrugged, letting his eyes drift over the brunet's face for a moment before answering.

"Yeah. Had a crush on him when I was younger. I think it was the beard."

It could have been a coincidence, but the look in Everett's eyes made sure Stephen knew that it wasn't. Unfortunately, the blond agent couldn't see if the other blushed in the bad lighting, but he did seem flustered and didn't say anything for a second.

"There's other things to like about him, or men in general. I think he's almost the perfect height for a good-."

"Touch Me," Everett blurted out before he could think, eyes widening immediately.

"Sorry?"

"The song. Sorry, didn't mean to."

"Oh, right." The sorcerer listened for a few beats, "Samantha Fox, 1986. A scandalous piece of music back then."

"You know your music, don't you?" Everett smiled brightly and slowly moved to stand up, "Wanna dance?"

"I.. I'm not good at this kind of dance." Stephen hesitated, but nevertheless stood up and stayed close
to the shorter man, looking down at him.

"Don't worry. Just let me lead, then. Put your arms around me, yeah, like that."

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And Everett did lead, and it wasn't hard to follow. Now it wasn't anything worthy of a price or even an audience, but being there was absolutely stimulating. The music and the hot air was just as much clouding their minds as were their bodies pressed together and moving with and against each other, with one of Stephen's arms laid around the shorter man's back and his other hand resting on Everett's hip, as if he was leading every roll of them when he was only helplessly following and enjoying it, while Everett's hand in the nape of his neck made sure he stayed close. The agent's second hand was resting on the taller man's biceps, and he rested his forehead against his collarbone, breathing in his scent with closed eyes.

"You smell amazing," Everett said to Stephen after a while as he tilted his head up to nose along his jaw, eyes still half closed.

"I'm sweaty," Stephen replied, watching the man as well as he could from the corner of his eyes, but that answer only seemed to encourage Everett further.

"I have a nice shower at home," he said as he pulled his head back to look at the taller man's face, "And the bed is big enough for two, too. If you like."

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Stephen did like the idea. He'd thought his days of almost randomly picking up people for the night were over, but there was something incredibly attracting and enchanting to this man - that technically had picked Stephen up, not vice versa - and there was no reason why he shouldn't have fun tonight. The next time would be depressing enough.

Although, there was a reason, and Stephen realized it only when it was too late.

They'd started making out already in the cab to Everett's place that the man had insisted on calling, and the sorcerer figured he couldn't just sling-ring-travel them back to his own place because he would have to explain a few things, and neither of them seemed to be interested in conversation at the moment. By now, they were in the small but comfortable apartment and Everett was half dragging, half stumbling towards the bedroom, with Stephen following. Once the door was closed, the shorter man had his arms wrapped around him and started assaulting his neck with kisses, which honestly was a feeling he had missed, and the other just wrapped his arms around him in return, feeling up and down his back, pulling the shirt out of his trousers, before deciding that he wanted to take control now.

Though careful not to hurt his lover, Stephen pushed the man back onto the bed, and Everett took the change positively, looking up at him from where he was sprawled on the bed like one of Jack Dawson's French girls with a smile. And Stephen was eager to follow, though he first wanted to get rid of the shirt, and the problems started when he tried to undo the buttons and his hands started trembling. How long until Everett would notice that there was something wrong with him, that it wasn't only arousal and alcohol making him unable to fiddle with the small buttons? Why was it suddenly not working? Of course, everything had worked when he'd put the shirt on, but now it just didn't-

"You're doing my work for me, honey," Everett said with a smile as he noticed the growing nervousness in his partner, interrupting the spiralling of his thoughts down that lane, and he reached
his hand out for Stephen, "Let me do it, please, or I'll start to feel useless." That got a chuckle out of
them both and Stephen put his trembling hand into Everett's steady one, though still tensing slightly
at the touch to his biggest weakness. Of course, it had been stupid to agree to this, he shouldn’t ha-

“It’s okay,” he whispered, brushing his thumb over the scarred skin, “We get scars where I work,
too.”

“Where do you work?”

“The post office.”

“You get scars at the post office?”

“In the right department, yes.”

Wherever Everett worked, it didn’t have anything to do with mail, but Stephen only smiled, he
couldn’t tell him what he worked as, either, and the man was charming nevertheless.

After that, and a gentle kiss to Stephen’s knuckles to show that he really didn’t mind, it was only a
matter of seconds until he lied on the bed and the shorter man sat on top of him, undoing the buttons
easily while leaving a trail of kisses and weak suction marks that would disappear in a matter of
minutes on the skin laid open with every button.

"You're gorgeous," he whispered with awe in his voice as he looked down and Stephen smiled
shyly, whispering something inaudible that probably was a 'thank you'.

After that, it didn't take long until awed whispers turned into heavy breathing, which again turned
into moans as their bodies once again moved with and against each other, imitating what they'd done
on the dance floor earlier, this time without the bothering fabric between their sweaty bodies. And
neither of them really cared about the sweat, mixed with the pleasure it was a sweet scent and a
welcome taste on lips and tongues, and in the aftermath they were too tired to care, so they fell asleep
as they were, naked and entangled in each other's arms.

End Notes

I hope you liked it and if you have any ideas, requests, questions, or corrections for mistakes I
might have made as a non-native writer, feel free to contact me at my tumblr.

The title is taken from the lyrics of the mentioned song, "Touch Me (I want your body)" by
Samantha Fox.
If I have the time I might write a sequel, about the morning after, where they talk some more
and decide that maybe this shouldn’t be just a one time thing. Let me know if you’d be
interested!

As always, kudos and comments are much appreciated. Thank you for taking the time to read
this.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!