Messes We Make

by navaan

Summary

Commander Rogers locks himself in his office with a sex-pollend Tony, he's not exactly back on speaking terms with. Things get out of hand.

Notes

Dub-con due to sex-pollen and everyone thinking they're taking advantage.

Written as a gift for faite who is my absolute muse when it comes to Steve bending Tony over surfaces.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Tony was wearing one of the perfectly tailored suits - classic black with a white and up until now neatly pressed and tidy shirt and a perfectly chosen shiny red tie to match. It was stupid that Steve would notice these details the exact moment when he had his hands under said shirt, rumpling it up and destroying the perfection, and was watching Tony’s fingers desperately trying to loosen the tie's knot.

You always noticed how good he looks in a suit, he admonished himself. You always wanted to…
“I’m so sorry, Steve, so sorry,” Tony apologized. He was leaning against the big desk that occupied Steve’s office on the Helicarrier. It wasn’t the one Tony had been situated in as Director of SHIELD, but the connection made the situation even more strange and awkward.

Commander Rogers was holding the former Director of SHIELD effectively trapped with his own weight. What picture they must be making.

*Focus, Steve,* he thought. *Break this off.*

In his painful need to be touched Tony bent up to kiss Steve even though he was still apologizing for it in sloppy whispers. “You must hate me so much…” he breathed, right before their lips touched.

Hate was the furthest thing from Steve's mind, and his fingers were already busy pushing his pristine white shirt further up until the light of the RT became visible. His fingers wanted to leave marks all across Tony’s perfect skin. But he wanted to see it. He fought to break the kiss, so he could follow the trail of his fingers with a line of kisses, marking a line from Tony’s taut abdomen up to the device that kept him alive.

It was easier to keep pressing soft kisses to the sweat-slick skin than to admit that he was the one who needed to apologize; if anyone had the power to break this off before it got even more out of hand it would have to be Steve. Tony was too out of it.

*You can’t do this,* the voice in his head reminded him. *Tony only wants you because he breathed in that stuff…*

“Why are you wearing all this fabric? I can’t remember SHIELD uniforms being so… so...” Tony groaned, his fingers were gliding along the star in the middle of Steve’s chest and there was the slightest glimmer of focus in his blue eyes when he tried to focus on undressing Steve.

“Blue?” he suggested, trying hard not to investigate the way he was losing himself in Tony’s lustful gaze.

*Is he coming to his senses? Steve, what are you doing here? You’re barely on speaking terms. You can’t take advantage of him like this. Think, man!*

“Functional,” Tony said, still eerily focused on Steve's uniform, pulling Steve's thoughts back to Tony’s fingers on the straps of his uniform, grasping, holding on, pulling himself up and closer against Steve.

It had never occurred to Steve that anything could be this much of a turn on.

Tony’s pupils were dilating, so blown that they were driving back the blue, making his eyes glazed black orbs. Steve knew he was the one who needed to get a grip and end this before he would drive away Tony forever, by pulling him too close now.

*You have no right to...*

But how could he make himself even look away when Tony’s lips were slightly parted and wet and swollen from kisses that had gone before?

Passionate, sweet and frantic kisses that had reminded Steve that he was alive, that he needed to let himself feel alive, to shake the darkness his own death had left in him.

He stood no chance.
Life was overwhelming. Lust was pure and simple and his body had missed it.

And he’d missed Tony.

Addictive, handsome Tony who had always been too close and too important – and forbidden because he could twist the knife deeper than anyone else.

He was lost now, overwhelmed by his own want for this man he’d secretly adored for a decade before things had fallen apart.

Tony was letting himself lean heavier on the desk. His eyes wandered from Steve’s chest up to Steve’s eyes. Nothing about it was deliberate or meant to be sexy. The unconscious sensuality in it was irresistible. The pollen Tony had breathed in had taken over all of his actions; that was why his chest was heaving with heavy breaths and the taut muscles of his stomach kept moving - drawing Steve’s gaze where his own hands had pushed up Tony’s shirt and had been about to work much lower.

“Tony,” he started to say.

“Steeeeeve,” Tony moaned, the name a drawn-out prayer and plea. The extent of Tony's need was visible under the thin wool of the suit pants. “I want you. Now, please. Fast.”

Tony’s voice was ripe with the damning illusion of will. Last time he had said Steve's name, his voice had broken and been laced with the confusion of someone who was in the process of putting himself back together. Now Steve's name was a plea, hope for relief and an end to the burning lust and pain. A plea for good things - not for Steve to listen or see things Tony’s way. Not a plea for peace or signatures - not a cunning way to set a trap.

It’s not real, Steve warned himself. But Tony looked at him, a hand carefully stroking along Steve’s left cheek. The gesture was gentle and loving and so deceptively true.

He leaned into the touch, transfixed.

There was too much tenderness in Tony’s eyes, mixed with the need and lust and mounting passion.

“I’m so glad you’re alive,” Tony breathed and leaned up to kiss him. Never one to do things by half, Tony dove right in, challenging Steve to another kind of duel. This time there were no fist flying and no angry words exchanged.

The words of the SHIELD doctors still rang in Steve’s ears: We could let it run its course, but it’s painful and might take days. On the other hand, someone could do the poor bastards until they burn through it and they’re fine again...

It had been an unpleasant thing to hear about SHIELD agents held in the med unit.

But this was Tony.

Steve had missed him; their friendship, hugs, and closeness. All through the fighting, he’d missed him and what they used to have. After his own resurrection, after thinking Tony might never recover everything had been awkward and complicated. He had missed him. Shellhead. His best friend. Avenger. Partner.

The one everything always came back to.

“Steeeeeve... So glad you’re alive… So glad you’re… Fuck me, please, fuck me,” Tony moaned,
demanded, and writhed against him, beginning again with words and body, eyes and voice, the sense-heightening powers of the pheromones completely overwhelming him into a state of lusty abandon.

The super soldier serum supposedly made him immune to the pollen. And he still had a grip on himself, had no excuses for letting it go so far; but his immunity didn't extend to situations like this involving Tony. He wanted to kiss him again, watch him come apart under his hands and beg for more.

He wanted. And for too long he had ignored what he wanted.

Now he was weak to it.

That would have been good to know before he had locked both of them in his office, unable to trust a SHIELD agent or doctor with Tony's welfare when he was on this state.

Steve's hands were faster than his thoughts and the rational part of his mind that wanted him to think about the consequences, about the complex situation they were in, about what Tony would think of him when this was all over, couldn't keep up. Not even guilt could calm the lust Tony was waking in him with every touch.

With a harsh push he had Tony’s trousers around his ankles and with both hands, he grabbed his now mostly exposed buttocks to lift him up and hoist him full on the desk, known he was gripping hard enough to leave finger-shaped bruises. Tony didn't complain or try to stop him, pulled him closer instead. Heat spun into movement and moans, as he let himself kiss Tony with as much aggressive need as he thought was welcome.

Tony moaned into it. Little pleas. Sometimes his name.

Life had never felt so perfect as when Tony’s legs settled around his hips grabbing him tightly, directing him.

And, god, what idiot he had been.

Finally his own hands had wrestled his cock free, and Tony wasn’t even looking. He was staring up at Steve’s face with wide-eyed, crazy-with-lust wonder and awe. His lips parted and his breath hitched. “Please,” Tony whispered and it came across so tenderly it could have been, “I love you.”

“I should have fucked you before. Before things got so out of hand. Instead of letting them get too far,” he whispered in a moment of his own lust-filled revelation.

Tony’s eyes widened, and Steve wished he could take it back, wish he could just make Tony unhear the thing he’d just said. It was such a terrible, terrible thing to say now.

“Yes,” Tony groaned and pulled himself up using the straps of the uniform for leverage, holding himself up by them and pulling Steve closer, to kiss, to fuck, to be one. “I wish you had. You should have. Do it now, please… Fuck me.”

What little had been left of his hold on himself was gone with the desperate, reverent, tender need in Tony’s voice and the contrast made by the crude word that so appropriately described what in the heat of this they were about to do and he let himself fall forward, went where Tony’s clinging hands and thighs told him to go. Tony’s back arched off the desk in a perfect high-strung bend of muscle that crushed their bodies together.

“Tony,” he nearly shouted as the tight heat closed around him.
“Yes, yes, Steve, Steve, Steve. Now, please, now, Steve.”

It was perfect even if it was wrong. Better than perfect; the way the desk groaned and screeched, the way Tony held on to the leather straps of his uniform like he wanted this to go on forever; the way Tony’s shirt finally ripped with a satisfying sound when Steve pulled too hard; the way Tony nearly sang his name and begged for more; they way Steve's hands it around Tony's wrists and the way Tony hissed when he was held, letting Steve take control and welcoming it.

Steve wanted it to last; the fire, the lust, the burning hot emotions meting them into one. More than anything he didn’t want to go back to the uncertain neutrality they’d been showing each other.

“Steve, Steve, so good. Please, don’t stop, please just kiss me. It hurts when you don’t. Please... Touch. Touch me, please.’’

And he did.

Kissed.

Moved.

_Rode._

Touched and stroked and pleased as he could as long as Tony allowed it even if he wasn't really able to stop Steve, hoping against hope that at the end when the fire was quenched Tony wouldn’t hate him for this terrible thing he had done.

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The pain was gone. Tony's head cleared quickly after what felt like the most intense orgasm of his life. He knew that he had the stuff he’d breathed in for the pain and intensity of the experience and wasn’t sure at all if he wanted a repeat of anything like it. Even though he _did_ already regret that this would never happen again with Steve.

Steve was still leaning half over him, his brow leaning against the RT and steadying his own breathing.

Although it didn't cause him pain anymore to not be touched, he felt the loss instantly when Steve pulled away.

They both looked like awkward messes.

Steve was still mostly dressed, which Tony thought was the worst kind of crime. This might have been his one chance to enjoy this thoroughly and he hadn’t even gotten Steve properly naked. That his hand was still holding on tightly to one of the leather straps of the new Top Cop uniform Steve had started wearing with his new position as not-Captain America, did only register with him when Steve carefully tried to extract himself. Reflexively his grip tightened, startling Steve, who had to catch himself with his hands propped up to both sides of Tony’s head.

Their eyes met.

His skin was still tingling from all the touches; his lips still tasted of Steve’s kisses. Who could blame him for arcing up slightly, hoping to be touched again?

Instead they stared at each other.

“Are you okay now, Tony?”
He still hadn’t released his hold on the leather.

He should do that, maybe.

Awkwardly, he pulled back his fingers and patted the strap as if it needed straightening out. It was such a stupid thing to do and Steve watched his movements carefully without pulling back just yet.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine. I… only look ruined.” In his head, it had sounded like an appropriate joke, but it slipped out with more severity than he had wanted to convey.

“I’m sorry,” Steve said and finally pushed himself up, pulling out of Tony’s personal space.

No need to be sorry. Not for that. Had an amazing time. Let's do it again. Any time. Thank you so much for the most intense pounding of my life. Will feel that for weeks. Better even than I imagined. Because I did imagine quite a bit of...

He cringed at the line his thoughts were taking, but at the same time, he couldn't stop himself. His body was tingling as the last of the pheromones were burning through his system. He didn't need the touch anymore, but he still wanted it and missed it already.

The truth was that right now he couldn't let himself think.

They'd had sex because of some highly potent pheromones had gotten the better of them. Tony had begged for it. And that there had been more truth in his begging and need than Steve could ever be allowed to know was entirely Tony's problem. Steve had enough on his plate without a lovesick ex-friend and teammate being needy and clingy.

“I'm the one who should apologize,” he said awkwardly. “I'm a bit hazy about how we ended up in your...” He closed his eyes and gestured around the office, suddenly aware that they were on a fucking Helicarrier that belonged to a spy organization that had once been run by Nick Fury, that had then been run by himself, had gone through some bad, bad leadership and was now run by Steve.

Case in point: Spy organization.

How many cameras had Maria access to in here with or without Steve's knowledge? Who else? When had the last sweep happened and who had made sure it was thorough?

He hid his face behind a hand to think this through.

“I locked us in here, when...”

Tony's head snapped up to look at Steve. Faltering mid-sentence wasn't normal behavior for him.

But what about this was normal? They were friends who had fallen out with each other so hard that it led to a superhero war. Steve had been dead for a year. Tony had been good as dead just six weeks ago.

And the six weeks since then?

Chaos. Fighting. One crisis after the other.

Alien pheromone pollen just happened to be the latest mess in a line of continuous messes.

Time to be reasonable and sort it out. He could do that, right? He owed Steve to try at least after all they'd been through.
“You locked us in? I could have sworn I was clawing at you like a...”

He wasn't sure he had a fitting metaphor for it that wasn't dirty. As someone who was ashamed for many things he'd done, but never for his own sexual needs and urges, that was a first. He stroked a hand awkwardly across his face. “I'm sorry for forcing myself on you.”

No sooner had the words left his mouth than his eyes fell on his own wrist. There were finger marks forming a visible bruise in a perfect circle around his wrist where Steve had gripped him a little too hard in the heat of mindless passion. Because Tony's hands had been wandering and wandering until Steve had needed to stop him.

Finger marks.

A red and faintly blue reminder of what had gone on between them just minutes ago. The air still smelled of them. Hell, Tony still smelled of sex and come and sweat and he hadn't put himself together yet, sitting half-naked and disheveled on the edge of the desk.

But that could be put right and forgotten.

The bruises he'd carry around for a while.

He blinked, inspecting the marks.

“You?” Steve sounded incredulous; he had noticed the reason for Tony's sudden distraction, of course. Irritated he looked away. “You weren't in any place to know what you wanted, Tony.”

Never one to blush, Tony felt his face heat up this time. Thickly, he whispered: “Neither were you.”

Steve's back straightened like he'd been struck and was trying to recover enough to react to it.

Unable to meet his eyes Tony instead stared at his hands, realizing that his face must be flushing crimson by now because there were still those telling marks reminding him of how Steve had held him down over his desk and made him come.

Twice, if he remembered correctly.

He'd begged for it as he'd always known he would.

Oh boy.

“I was.”

“What?” he had no idea what Steve was talking about. For the moment his mind had become trapped between recent very pleasurable memories and the trepidation of realizing how they had ended up here.

“I was in my right mind. The... pollen...” Steve swiped a hand across his face and looked away from Tony as if the sight of him, the reminder, was too much. When he'd straightened his shoulders and looked back at Tony his eyes fell right on the marks on Tony's wrists and he swallowed. “The pollen had no effect on me. At all. I did this and... I'm sorry. I took advantage of you.”

“At all,” Tony repeated, still not sure he understood. “That's nonsense. Why would you want to?”

Steve stared at him, eyes narrowing in that dangerous way Tony knew from all kinds of contexts that weren't good. Sex was a new component.
Another apology was on his lips.

“Did I hurt you?” Steve asked before Tony had actually managed to make sense of anything.

“Hurt me?”

Oh.

The wrist. Wrist. Both of them actually, he realized now that he bothered to check. He looked down at himself, for the first time embarrassed that he hadn't pulled up his pants yet, his flaccid, wet cock still exposed to Steve's taxing and now painfully neutral gaze. Come was drying on his stomach – and god what must Steve be seeing?

“Tony?”

He noticed the bruises then. Wrist, yes. But also fingerprint-shaped bruises around his hips, bite marks, kiss marks...

God.

He looked utterly debauched.

And Steve was waiting for an answer.

With one motion he pulled up the suit pants and at least got himself into some semblance of order, before telling Steve: “You did not hurt me.”

“It looks like... And don't you understand? I have no excuse?”

“I begged you to.”

“Because the pollen made you. And I knew.”

“I remember quite clearly that when I started to lose it I was in a room with you, Maria Hill and Clint Barton. I don't remember begging anyone else.”

“You weren't that deep in...”

“Did I try and kiss Barton?”

The answer, he knew, was no. He hadn't had eyes for anyone but Steve. Which wasn't that far out of the usual if he was being honest, but he'd always kept it from Steve to not complicate their friendship. A friendship that he wasn't sure they could repair now.

Steve seemed to think that over.

“I threw myself at you, Steve, because I...” He bit his lip until it hurt. “I've always been... You are...”

Under Steve's stare even trying to reach for the words became too painful.

“Are you saying you wanted this?”

Damn.

The incredulity hurt.

Hurt more than the raging fire of pheromones in his blood had.
“Yes,” he hissed. “I’m sorry. I'll clean up and go and... I understand if you don't...”

“You did catch the part where I just told you that the pollen stuff had no effect on me at all?” Steve asked, impossibly put together and completely dressed again - only his hair sticking this way an that marred the perfect picture. “And I didn't stop any of this. Did it to you in fact.”

“Did it,” Tony repeated and barely kept himself from flinching. His emotions were running haywire.

“Did me, you mean.”

Steve's deep intake of breath was gratifying and terrifying.

“Does that mean we took advantage of each other or we agreed to have sex?” Steve asked, matter-of-factly and terribly to the point.

Tony could only stare at him wide-eyed and open-mouthed. “What would be worse? We're not even friends...?”

Anymore, he wanted to say, but his voice broke on it. He had no idea what they were to each other now, what this meant; sex in his experience didn't necessarily mean much of anything if you didn't want it to.

He was about to say that; reassure Steve that they didn't need to make more of this than what it had been.

But before he could say anything or even make up his mind about what to say exactly Steve was there and wrapped him in a tight embrace, and kissed him. Tony's treacherous body, still remembering the kisses from before, melted into it before he knew it was happening. When Steve pulled away Steve's forehead landed on Tony's shoulder and rested there. “I'm sorry I hurt you, Tony. I'm sorry I grabbed you hard enough to leave bruises. Last time I left bruises...” A near sob let the sentence trail off.

The sob more than the words struck him. Weakness in Steve always rattled him. “We fought,” he said and felt tears prick at the corners of his own eyes. He had no real memories of it, but the feelings were all there, as was the dread. His body seemed to remember what he had ripped out of his own mind. To spare himself?

If so, he had failed miserably. The guilt was still deeply rooted inside of him. The facts he'd been confronted with had revealed the rest.

He wrapped his arms around Steve in turn and held him just as tightly as he was held. “I'm glad you're alive, Steve.”

“I missed you. Through all of it. I missed you.”

“I'm sorry,” he whispered and wasn't talking about sex pollen induced lust crazes anymore.

“I should have seen the signs,” Steve admitted and Tony could only piece together what that meant.

“We had sex, Steve.” He wasn't sure why he had to bring it up again, but this was the mess they had to clean up first.

“We should have done that before. Differently. Right.”
“Oh.” For some reason that, tears in his eyes, hiding his face against Steve's throat, had not been what he'd expected to hear. “Yeah, sure. Just... That's not going to make anything less complicated though.”

Steve, his own face resting against Tony's shoulder, shifted to press a kiss against his cheek. “Of course not,” he said, “but since when is nice and easy what either of us wants?”

He pondered that, not sure he would be ready to face Steve or the world or whatever they were trying to do here when he stepped out of Steve's arms. “Right.”

“Complicated it is then,” Steve said and pulled away, leaving Tony without the support of his arms to step out of his arms. “We'll make it work.”

It was time to clean himself up, talk, not talk, plan, not scheme, sit together, figure it out. He wasn't sure really what they would do. But out there Pepper was waiting for a word from him; his new start-up needed Tony Stark. The world needed Commander Steve Rogers. They couldn't hide.

None of this would be easy.

“Steve,” he asked, “the last thing I remember clearly before you locked us in here...”

“Yes?”

“Did I make out with you in front of Maria Hill and Hawkeye?”

Steve winced. “Not exactly.”

But he knew what Tony was getting at. There were visible bruises on Tony's throat and a scratch mark on Steve's cheek that Tony didn't remember leaving.

“We can explain it away,” Tony suggested.

“We could, but we won't. Sit down,” Steve said. “Let's talk. I missed you and now that I'm locked in a room with you, let's keep the world out a little longer.”

Complication, Tony thought and sat down beside Steve at a small meeting table their thighs touching. Perhaps this was all an alien pollen induced hallucination. Tony realized he didn't even know what time it was.

Steve took his hand and grasped his fingers, trying to be reassuring.

He calmed immediately and nodded. Ready to talk – although when was he ever? - even though he still looked like a post-coital mess.

A buzzing sound opened a line and Dugan's voice sounded in the room. “Rogers? Everything under control in there?”

Steve pressed a button on the wall, but his eyes never left Tony's. His thumb was stroking along the back of Tony's hand. “Working on it. Might be a while until...”

“Take your time. Dugan out.”

“Smart man,” Steve remarked and smiled at Tony.

Tony's throat went dry.
But some of the tension had fallen away.

Steve had relaxed a bit, taking control of his own situation again.

And when he looked at him – wary, gauging, with tenderness - Tony realized he'd seen that soft emotion in Steve's eyes a thousand times before.

How had he not seen it before?

Guilt, anger, sadness. It all still stood between them.

*If you mess this up, you won't get back from it*, he thought. But one look at Steve told him, they were both tired of hurting each other, struggling on without each other.

“Let's not mess this up,” he said softly.

“We already did,” Steve said easily.

“Let's not do it again then?”

“Deal,” Steve agreed, fully aware that nothing would be simple and clean. But as he had suggested before, that wasn't going to deter either of them anymore.

End Notes

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