Two’s Company, Three’s a Crowd, Four’s a Party

by cptxrogers

Summary

How to satisfy the secret desires of a horny supersolider:

Ults Steve gets gangbaged by Tony from four different universes (Ults, MCU, AA and 616).

Notes

For the "kink: double penetration" square on my stony bingo card.

With thanks to Sap for the help and cheering!

This is, uhh, pretty filthy even by my standards ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

Steve is on his hands and knees, breathing through his nose and trying to steady himself. There’s a lot going on right now - a lot of sensory inputs fighting for his attention. He can feel himself tensing up so he makes himself relax, lets the sensations wash over him, stops trying to control what’s happening and what he’s feeling. It’s better that way.
“You’re doing wonderfully, darling,” Tony praises him, his lazy drawl carrying across the room. Tony is spread across a chaise lounge, silk robe open and flowing around him, his cock in his hand as he admires the view. “You make the most beautiful tableau.”

He’s watching Steve getting fucked within an inch of his life by a different Tony, a multiverse counterpart who’s joined them for some fun. This Tony has amber-brown eyes rather than blue, and he’s awfully sweet and tender. At least, he was tender until he got balls deep into Steve and realized how rough Steve liked it, then he started pounding into him like it was a mission.

Steve wonders what he did to deserve being spoilt this way, and he can’t help but flash a warm grin at his Tony. His Tony. Steve would like to say that he’s using the possessive pronoun merely to keep the Tonys straight in his head, but he’s caught himself thinking about his Tony several times over the last few months, long before this started.

He’d never expected that brash, loud Tony Stark would be the guy he’s been waiting for, but then he’d never expected to wake up 70 years into the future either. Life has a way of throwing him curveballs.

Falling into bed with Tony had been simple enough, once Tony had gotten over his shock that Steve wasn’t straight. (In all truth, it had taken Steve a while to get over that too. He’d always thought that helping out a fellow soldier in need was part of what the army was about. Eventually, on his knees once again for some random stranger and palming his hard cock through his army pants, he’d had to admit that he was enjoying himself rather more than performing a sense of duty.)

Even so, sleeping with Tony had been a revelation. Not only all of the new and kinky activities which he’d introduced Steve too -- though those had certainly been fun -- but his ability to find out what Steve liked and to indulge him. One night Steve had mentioned, merely offhand, his fantasies about being taken by multiple partners. Of course he’d thought he could never actually experience that because he had a public image to uphold. There was too much risk of indiscretion.

It had been a few weeks later when Tony came bounding into his room, eyes gleaming with mischief. “I have a present for you,” he’d announced coyly.

Steve had followed him willingly (he thinks he would follow Tony anywhere if he asked) and when they had arrived at Tony’s suite, he had been astonished to be greeted by three more Tonys. Alternate universe counterparts, his Tony had explained smugly. They had slight variations in appearance and manner, but all of them had the trademark Stark sass and intelligence.

Another thing they all shared, apparently, was a willingness -- no, a desire -- to take Steve as a group.

“The perfect gangbang,” his Tony had said with a wink. “Who better to take care of you than four of me?”

So now this other Tony is going to town on Steve’s ass, fingers gripping hard into his hips, balls slapping against the back of his thigh. Steve can feel the air being pushed out of his lungs with each thrust, the slide and drag of this other Tony’s cock tugging deep inside him.

There’s no time for Steve to concentrate on that though, because there’s yet another Tony standing in front of him. This Tony is shorter and older, with brown eyes and grey streaks visible in his hair and goatee. He’s scarred too: vivid lines bisect his chest and an ugly red gash mars his side, and he flinches away when Steve tries to touch them. He’s not flinching now though, stroking his cock as he lines it up to Steve’s lips. “You want it, Steve?” he asks, and there’s something resentful in the tone of his voice. Steve doesn’t want to know the details, whatever gory and ugly things have
happened between this Tony and his Steve. He does, however, want his cock.

He licks his lips, sees this Tony watching him, hears how he gasps when Steve’s tongue flicks out so close to the head of his cock. The Tony behind him has considerately slowed his pace, rolling his hips in gentle circles so that Steve can get ready to take both of them at once.

“That’s right,” his Tony calls from his chaise, directing the action like he’s living out his own personal porn fantasy. “You can suck him off now, Steve. Make it good for him.” He goes on to mumble “God knows he needs it,” under his breath.

The Tony in front of him glares at Steve’s Tony, but he’s clearly more interested in what Steve has to offer than in fighting with himself. So he holds his cock by the base and offers it to Steve, making Steve crane his head forward to get his lips around the tip. As he takes this Tony into his mouth, he can feel the other Tony burying himself deep inside him, thankfully laying off his prostate for now but still stretching him wide.

The sensation of being filled from in front and behind is heady; like he’s being skewered and held in place by his most sensitive regions. He can’t decide if he wants to rock forward and take one cock further into his mouth, or backwards so he can take another deeper into his ass. He settles for alternating between the two, setting a rhythm which the Tonys quickly pick up. They’re attuned to each other in every universe, apparently.

Steve looks to his Tony for approval, wanting to show him how well he’s taking it. But his Tony is distracted by talking to a fourth Tony who has his knees curled up to his chest and tears welling in his eyes. This Tony has blue eyes too, with a melancholy, faraway look that Steve recognizes as buried trauma. His Tony is offering him a drink, and the other Tony looks first enraged and then deeply sad.

The Tony in front of Steve taps insistently on his shoulder. “Come on, big guy, focus. Eyes front,” he orders, with an edge to his voice. Steve’s attention snaps back to what he’s doing, taking this Tony’s cock further into his mouth until it bumps against the back of his throat. There’s something that he likes about being instructed like this, having someone else direct his actions. All he has to do is feel. He wouldn’t trust most people enough, but this is Tony, and he trusts him in any lifetime.

The sensations aren’t quite what he wants though. The Tony behind him is still fucking him with with shallow, delicate thrusts. He’d noticed that Steve was distracted and had backed off - a sensitive guy, this one. But sensitive isn’t what Steve wants right now. He pulls off the cock in his mouth, and the Tony in front curses under his breath. Ignoring that, Steve turns his head to look at the warm, amber-brown eyes of the Tony behind him. “You can give it to me harder,” he purrs. “I like it hard.”

The Tony currently fucking him had been unsure when Steve’s Tony had first proposed this exciting new experience. He’d dithered about whether this counted as cheating or not (which meant that he was exclusive with his Steve, which Steve was unsurprised to find made him a little jealous). But Tony, ever the genius, had found a way to contact his Steve. This other Steve had cheerfully wished him fun and pleasure on his adventures, as long as he brought some pictures home for them to enjoy together. These two seemed like quite the pair.

This Tony still seems unsure, until Steve gives him an affectionate smile. When he is convinced that Steve really is into it, he thrusts harder and Steve’s toes curl with satisfaction. He really is a sweet one. Satisfied now, Steve locks eyes with the rather more pissy Tony in front of him and gestures for him to bring his cock back to Steve’s mouth.

Steve loses himself to the warm slide of flesh, lets himself be pushed and pulled between two solid ponts, trusting the Tonys to use him as they want.
The next time he looks over at his Tony and the other sad Tony, they are uncurled next to each other and his Tony is sliding a hand up sad Tony’s thigh. Other Tony is still looking uncertain about the whole situation, but the bulge in his pants makes it clear that he’s interested. As Steve watches, his Tony flicks him a wink before unbuttoning other Tony’s pants and taking out his hard, red cock.

The sight of his Tony jacking off another version of himself is enough to momentarily turn Steve’s brain to jelly. Two lithe bodies, two neat goatees, two sets of blue eyes. But while his Tony is open and languid, showing off his body in comfort, the other Tony is stiff and uncomfortable. This Tony had been the hardest to persuade, his Tony had told Steve. This Tony had never been with his Steve, and seemed to have a whole pile of issues related to that fact.

Well, it wasn’t as if this Tony was anywhere near Steve now. What he was currently doing was really just an elaborate form of masturbation. And Steve could see he was getting into it, making little gasping noises as Tony curled and flicked his wrist around his cock in the way that Steve knew he liked. Eventually, other Tony’s hand snakes up his Tony’s inside leg and wraps around his cock too, the two of them pushing each other to mutual pleasure.

Satisfied that everyone is accounted for and is enjoying themselves, Steve returns his focus to himself and his two partners. He swirls his tongue against the underside of the cock in his mouth, smiling with gratification as the Tony in front of him shifts and groans.

He feels the Tony behind him change his position, angling his thrusts more shallowly so he can bend forward with his chest to Steve’s back. Steve feels him lay a trail of soft kisses up his spine, lips brushing against each of his vertebrae with gentle reverence. Steve’s rarely felt such glowing affection, even from his Tony, and this Tony seems to have a knack for knowing just what he’ll enjoy.

Once he reaches Steve’s neck, this Tony cranes to speak quietly to him. “I’m going to come soon,” he says, voice like warm honey. “You feel so good, I love being inside you.” His breath puffs across Steve’s ear, and Steve shudders appreciatively. “Do you want me to come on you? Splatter you, mark you up, claim that sweet ass of yours from myself? My Steve likes it when I do that.”

Steve is shocked by how much he does want that. It’s not something he’s tried before, but the idea of being painted with Tony’s desire is deeply intriguing. He tries to reply, but he’s got a mouth full of cock and all he can do is make a desperate moaning noise. This Tony seems to know that he means yes though.

“Good boy,” Tony says sweetly, kissing his shoulder and running his teeth lightly against the back of Steve’s neck.

“Very good boy,” his Tony calls from across the room, apparently as interested in the idea of seeing Steve marked as Steve is.

The Tony behind him thrusts harder now, pushing deeper, with sweat dripping down his chest onto Steve's back. Steve can feel the muscles in his thighs quivering, just like his Tony when he’s getting close. Then Tony pulls out, and Steve would moan from the loss but he’s still got another Tony in front of him to think about.

Steve hears the wet slapping of the Tony behind him bringing himself off, a last few breathy huffs as he pumps his cock, and then he’s coming with a noisy groan. Steve feels the cool flick of come across his ass, dripping wetly down his thighs. Tony’s fingers grab on to his hips as he spurts again, come hitting Steve’s ass with a gratifying whip.

The Tony behind him is sighing happily, releasing his death grip on Steve’s thighs and petting his
sides fondly. “You look so wonderful covered in come. Don’t you agree?”

The latter sentence is addressed to the Tony in front of Steve, who has up until now been focused pretty much exclusively on Steve’s mouth around his cock. But he looks up now, cranes his head to look at Steve’s ass, to see the come splattered across both cheeks.

“Nnnng,” this Tony manages. “It’s a good look on him.” Then his attention is back on Steve, and he seems softer now. The resentful edge of him from earlier is gone, and there’s simple adoration on his face. Steve should have known - his Tony had always said that he’d adore him in every universe.

This Tony is staring down at him, watching his cock slide in and out of Steve’s lips with something akin to wonder. “You want more?” he asks uncertainly, like he’s not sure if it’s welcome.

Steve doesn’t know exactly what this Tony means by more, but he is sure he wants it whatever it is. He hums enthusiastically and this Tony twitches as the vibrations play along his cock.

“Want me to cover you in my come as well?” this Tony asks, and damn, does Steve ever. “Want me to come all over that pretty face of yours?”

Steve can feel saliva dripping down his chin to match the come dripping down his ass. He feels filthy and used, and he absolutely wants more. He shuffles forward on his knees in front of this Tony so he can take more of him into his mouth.

“Mmmnaaa,” he says arounds Tony’s cock, which he hopes conveys god yes.

“I want to watch this,” he hears his Tony say from across the room. Then he’s shrugging off his robe and sauntering over, hard cock bobbing against his stomach as he walks. He looks perfect like this, Steve thinks.

The three Tonys who aren’t currently inside him make them way over to form a circle around him and the one Tony he’s sucking off. The four of them stand, towering over him while he kneels, and everywhere Steve looks, there’s more Tony naked and hard. He thinks this might be what heaven feels like.

“Yeah, that’s it,” one of them says encouragingly -- Steve’s lost track of which of them -- “He’s the perfect cocksucker, isn’t he? Go on, Tony, come on his face.”

“We all want to see,” another of them says.

The Tony he’s currently sucking off glances down at him, runs a gentle finger across his cheek, checking in with him. Steve pulls off his cock and tilts his head back, licks his lips, shows them how much he wants this.

“Fuck, Steve, fuck--” this Tony says, grabbing his own cock and pumping hard. “Just like that, god, you look so perfect, I can’t believe I get to do this, god--”

Then his eyes scrunch shut and he freezes for a moment before he comes with a guttural groan. His cock is inches away from Steve’s face, close enough that ropes of come hit his cheek, his nose, his lips. He opens his mouth and his tongue flicks out to taste the come on his lips, the sticky evidence of Tony’s pleasure.

All four of the Tonys are now staring at him in amazement, letting out a little chorus of groans and moans and words of praise. Steve can only imagine how he looks: messy and splattered with two men’s come, dripping down his face and his ass, his own cock hard as iron, his mouth pink from sucking them off.
“You’re pretty as a picture, sweetheart,” his Tony says, sounding outrageously proud.

Steve brings his hand down to grip his own neglected cock, the pulse of want throbbing through him heavily, but one of the Tonys *tsks* and swats his hand away.

“Not yet,” one of them says breathily. “You don’t get to come until we’re all finished with you.”

Steve sucks in a frustrated breath, but he can’t deny he likes this idea. He wonders what else they could possibly be planning.

He looks around and takes stock: two Tonys haven’t come yet as far as he can tell - his Tony and the sad Tony who had been moping earlier. He sets his sights on sad Tony, who seems to have perked up considerably at the sight of Steve on his knees.

“Hey there,” Steve says to him, as sweet as he can be.

“Hey yourself,” this Tony says, eyes wide.

Steve glances down to where this Tony is playing with himself, cock sliding enticingly between his fingers, reddened at the tip and curved upwards with the same graceful arc as his Tony’s.

“Want me to help you with that?” he offers, aware of the come still sliding down his cheek in a filthy line.

“**Steve,**” this Tony says, and it’s reverent.

“You should let him, darling,” his Tony tells this other Tony with a smirk. “I guarantee you’ll have a good time.”

Other Tony looks uncertain for a moment, and Steve lets himself express a bit of his frustration with a needy whine. It’s amazingly effective -- this Tony gasps and steps forward.

“Steve,” he says again, and Steve takes that as a sign to come closer. He shuffles forward on his knees and sits back on his heels, kneeling to hold this Tony’s hips and looking up so he can lap at the head of Tony’s cock when it peeks between his fingers. This Tony makes a garbled noise and slides a hand into the short crop of Steve’s hair, tugging hard enough for him to feel it.

“Mmm, good choice,” his Tony says, walking around behind him. “He loves having his hair pulled.”

Steve blushes, but it’s true. His scalp tingles as Tony grips his hair, holding him in place while he licks a stripe up the underside of his cock.

The other two Tonys have taken up on the chaise lounge, sated for now, and are currently making out with enthusiasm. Steve’s head spins when he sees them, feeling another Tony in his mouth, so much going on--

And then his Tony is behind him, wrapping his arms around his chest, resting a cheek on his back and holding him so tenderly. He’s murmuring words against his skin and Steve can’t hear them, but he knows that they’re loving and encouraging. He basks in the praise as he sucks down this other Tony, wanting to make it good for him. He seemed so sad earlier, and Steve wants to give him a good memory to enjoy.

Steve pulls out every trick he knows, every piece of information that he’s picked up from his Tony about what he enjoys and where his most sensitive spots are. This Tony has the same preferences, he discovers, although he gasps and twitches like everything Steve is doing to him is new and
It doesn’t take long for Steve to get him right to the edge, the other Tonys providing approving commentary from the sofa and his Tony pressing careful kisses to the back of his neck. Steve swallows Tony down whole, feeling the bump against the back of his throat and hearing Tony curse and whine.

Steve pulls off and jerks Tony the last few miles, glowing with satisfaction when he comes with a shuddering groan. His come lands with a splat across Steve’s chest, right where the star would be if he were wearing his uniform. A look of astonished bliss crosses this Tony’s face, and Steve suspects that he might have been thinking about this particular fantasy for a while. Steve smiles warmly at him as he returns to the other side of the room with the other Tonys, ready to watch the finale.

Behind him, Steve can feel his Tony pressing against his back, still muttering encouragements, his cock sliding against Steve’s ass. Steve wants Tony inside him, where he belongs, buried to the hilt until there’s no air between them.

But Tony’s got other plans. He’s sliding his cock teasingly between Steve’s cheeks, spreading the come already there further across his skin. Steve’s covered now, come on his ass, his chest, his face. And his Tony is enjoying it, hands spreading across his skin and rubbing it in.

“Get back on your hands and knees for me, gorgeous,” Tony asks, and Steve does so willingly. “That’s it,” Tony beams, his eyes raking over the mess they’ve made of Steve. “Right there, just like that.”

Tony stands over him, and Steve can feel the heat radiating off him, can feel his excitement, attuned in this just like they are on the battlefield. Tony grips his own cock, stroking quick and rhythmic, gasping Steve’s name. Steve can hear the way his breath hitches on the upstroke, knows that he is close.

Still, it’s immensely gratifying when Tony growls in the back of his throat and comes on Steve, marking his back with a badge of ownership. Steve feels bound, bonded, claimed. It’s all rather wonderful.

Chest still heaving, Tony comes around to push the sweaty hair out of Steve’s face and to place a quick kiss to his sticky cheek. “You were magnificent, Steve,” he says fondly.

Feeling pleased with himself, Steve sits back on his haunches and admires the view, seeing all four Tonys panting and satisfied, the scent of sex and sweat in the air. If there’s anything better than Tony Stark sated and relaxed post-orgasm, it has to be four Tony Starks sated and relaxed post-orgasm.

He decides that finally, he’s allowed to see to himself now, and he grips his cock roughly, knowing it will only take a few strokes to take him over the edge--

But his Tony reaches out to still his hand.

“Not yet,” Tony says with a glint.

“But,” Steve gasps, “you said-- once you were all done--”

“Oh, darling,” his Tony says, warmth and merriment in his eyes, “That was just round one. We’re not nearly done with you yet.”
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