Three Days, One Week, and a Lifetime

by swtalmnd

Summary

Bucky and Steve work at a coffee shop. Tony meets them when they actually make his insanely caffeinated order. Sparks fly and pants drop. 50% Actual Porn, 40% Schmoop, 10% clothes & coffee porn.

Notes

I didn't want to use any of the usual soulmate tropes so I used the one from Unboxed with the author's permission. *innocent whistling*

Thank you SO MUCH to jeepers, Dr. QT, Inception Slack, and my patient RL friends for encouraging this madness. And especially to kate_the_reader for betaing, even though she's not into any of the fandoms and hasn't read the book.
And congrats to Dr. QT, for whom this was written as a bribe to get her diss done and get herself a doctorate. Because apparently porn > institutional recognition.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Hi! I'll be with you in just a sec," said Steve, cheerfully polite as he set up a fresh pot of the medium roast to brew before turning back to the register. He was glad he'd spoken before he looked, because the man in front of him was both insanely hot and clearly above Steve's paygrade. "What can I get for you today?"

"What's the highest number of shots you'll put in one drink?" asked the man, glancing up from his phone dismissively, and then again more slowly. He put the device away and leaned on the counter, a slow, easy grin finding its way to his face.

Steve tried very hard not to blush. "Um, Bucky? What do you think?" He might own half the place, but Bucky had been running it for months while Steve finished out his tour of duty, and he wasn't comfortable enough yet to make calls like that on his own.

"I'll do an even dozen if he'll pay for it," said Bucky, shrugging and starting to set up the machine. "Latte or what?"

"Dry cappuccino, please," said the customer, giving Bucky an interested look as well. "And if you're willing to treat me this well every time, I think I'm about to become a regular."

Bucky grinned back with his own brand of flirty charm. "Oh, babe, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Dry 12-shot cap it is. Steve, charge this gentleman for four triples, please."

"You got it," said Steve, relieved to have someone thinking of how to even put such a thing in the register. "Name?"

"Tony," came the reply. "Not that there's a lot of people here to confuse me with."

Steve chuckled wryly, certain he was now pink to the roots of his hair. "Habit, sorry. Anyway, Tony, if you're planning to come back to us, leave your card in the fishbowl and maybe we'll make you one for free one of these days."

Tony laughed delightedly. "That's really not a problem, but I definitely don't mind you having my number," he teased, pulling a card out of his wallet along with some cash.

Steve was about to answer when the bell over the door rang and half a dozen teenagers came tumbling in, full of laughter and jostling to be first in line. "I'll be with you guys in a sec," said Steve, but when he turned back, Tony had left more than enough money to cover the bill, slipped a twenty in the tip jar, and taken himself over to chat with Bucky while his drink was pulled.

Steve would absolutely not be jealous if Bucky got Tony's number first.

"All right, what can I get you kids?" asked Steve, finishing the transaction and setting Tony's change aside so he could clear out the PoS.

He was pleasantly surprised when, after finally helping the last girl decide on an Arnold Palmer, he turned to find Tony waiting with a flirty grin. "I've got your change," said Steve, scooping up the coins and bills.

Tony waved him off. "Keep it," he said, taking a blissful sip of his very large coffee. "You two have earned my eternal devotion." He winked and placed his card on top of the fishbowl, flipping it over so all Steve could see was neat, cramped writing covering the back. "See ya on the flipside, sweets."
"Sweets?" Steve mouthed at Bucky, who just winked, turning to hand over the depth charge he'd been making for one of the kids.

The afternoon rush got well underway after that, and it wasn't until things slowed down for the night that Steve got a chance to go fishing in their fishbowl.

"That's cheating," teased Bucky, busy polishing the giant espresso machine that was his pride and joy.

"Tony left us a note, and told me he wanted me to have his number," said Steve, secure in the rightness of his position. "You're just jealous because I got it first."

"Too right," said Bucky. He came over and slung his bad arm around Steve's waist, still getting used to the new fit of the prosthetic. They'd worked hard to get him into a trial program for some experimental robotics, and it had done wonders for his speed and ego both.

Steve laughed and held the card up so they could both read it.

This is my actual business card, but if you call the number on the front you'll get shuffled around and blown off, and that is not the kind of blowing I'm hoping for here. Text me before you try to call so I know not to block you, and I'd love to hear from either or both of you gorgeous providers of blessed caffeine. TS

Steve's brows knit. "What does he mean, of course it's his actual... Holy shit."

When he flipped the card over, it felt like his heart did the same flip. They'd seen a lot of Stark Industries business cards going into the bowl, they were close to the tower, but he'd never seen one quite like this.

Because this one was Tony fucking Stark's.

"Did you recognize him?" asked Bucky, tightening his hand a little painfully on Steve's hip.

Steve shook his head. "I was fighting with the PoS and trying not to pop a boner at his bedroom eyes." He and Bucky had long ago given up any semblance of straightness or propriety around each other, but that didn't stop Steve from blushing again at the thought of it. "But now that I see it, I see it."

"Yeah, me, too," said Bucky, shaking his head. "So, feel like being a notch on Stark's bedpost?"

Steve smirked. "Only if you come along," he said teasingly. "You know how hot it gets boxes when two keys kiss."

"He's gonna flip his lid when I blow you, then," Bucky murmured into Steve's ear. "Text him and count out the drawer, we'll call once we're closed up and see if he's up for a little three-way."

"If not, you can still blow me," teased Steve right back, turning to give Bucky a soft, familiar kiss. "He's gonna flip his lid when I blow you, then," Bucky murmured into Steve's ear. "Text him and count out the drawer, we'll call once we're closed up and see if he's up for a little three-way."

"If not, you can still blow me," teased Steve right back, turning to give Bucky a soft, familiar kiss. "He's gonna flip his lid when I blow you, then," Bucky murmured into Steve's ear. "Text him and count out the drawer, we'll call once we're closed up and see if he's up for a little three-way."

"He's gonna flip his lid when I blow you, then," Bucky murmured into Steve's ear. "Text him and count out the drawer, we'll call once we're closed up and see if he's up for a little three-way."

"If not, you can still blow me," teased Steve right back, turning to give Bucky a soft, familiar kiss. "He's gonna flip his lid when I blow you, then," Bucky murmured into Steve's ear. "Text him and count out the drawer, we'll call once we're closed up and see if he's up for a little three-way."

"If not, you can still blow me," teased Steve right back, turning to give Bucky a soft, familiar kiss. "He's gonna flip his lid when I blow you, then," Bucky murmured into Steve's ear. "Text him and count out the drawer, we'll call once we're closed up and see if he's up for a little three-way."

Bucky laughed. "I'm counting on it. He got me all hot and bothered with those looks." Bucky's good hand touched Steve's key through his shirt, and they kissed again while Steve returned the gesture. Their designs were similar enough they'd wondered a time or two about having the same box, but double-locked boxes were rarer than rare, so Steve didn't hold out much hope. At this point, he'd
much rather keep Bucky than anyone else in the world, so he didn't often worry about dating, let alone finding his box.

He knew Bucky felt the same, so for now, he'd hang onto what he had and worry about the future when it came.

"Go clean something," said Steve, kissing his forehead. "I promise not to fuck Tony Stark without you."

"You say the sweetest things, Stevie." Bucky went back behind the counter while Steve got out his phone, putting Tony into it and then sending a text.

_This is Steve from the cafe._

_Bucky and I wanted to talk to you about a date?_

Steve also sent along Bucky's number, figuring that would make it seem more sincere.

He went back to the till, losing himself in the easy flow of numbers until the chime of his phone threw off his counting and nearly made him drop a handful of pennies all over the floor.

"Don't be nervous, babe, he thinks you're good enough to eat," said Bucky, winking from where he'd moved to cleaning around the cosy tables and chairs. Bucky had done the place up with comfort in mind, lots of outlets and different kinds of workstations, conversation groups, the square footage sprawling around a U-shaped central island where the cash register and coffee bar gave them a view of the whole place and a wall to their backs. It had a WWII military theme running through the decorations, dusky greens and sepia browns, but nothing too obnoxious despite the shop name - GI Joe.

Steve stuck his tongue out and read the text.

_You're fast movers, I like that._

_Tonight?_

_I hope you mean a date with both of you?_

Steve chuckled. "He's up for it," he told Bucky with a grin.

_We're closing up now, and yeah, I mean both of us. Can we call when we're done?_

The reply was instantaneous.

_Yes._

Steve beamed and went back to his counting, with his heart feeling light and cock heavy in his pants. They hadn't double-keyed a hot little box in way too long, and Tony Stark was as hot as they came. He paused for a second and then looked over at Bucky. "Am I being a shitty human for assuming Tony's a sure thing?"

Bucky laughed. "Only you, Steve. You're not, but we'll make sure he knows we'd go for a cuddle and a movie if he's not up for a fuck. Hell, he can come over to our place and experience the most
comfortable couch in the world with us if he wants."

Steve laughed. "Yeah, okay, you're right. But you and I are gonna have to take the edge off if that happens."

Bucky chuckled wickedly. "Oh, Stevie, we were gonna do that anyway."

They continued to toss jokes and flirtations back and forth while they got closed up for the day, and soon enough they'd locked themselves in the back office and dialed Tony on speaker.

"You boys all cleaned up for me?" said Tony's voice, liquid and thick like the best espresso Bucky could pull.

Steve laughed. "We're still pretty dirty, but the coffee shop is sparkling." He pulled Bucky in for a kiss; they were on the tiny couch they'd crammed back there, which wasn't really big enough for a nap but did just fine for cuddling and quickies.

Bucky straddled him and purred into the phone on Steve's chest. "We're always a little dirty, though. Did you know me'n'Stevie are together?"

"Jesus," said Stark, huffing out a surprised laugh. "Well, now I have an inappropriate erection in front of my driver, so excuse me while I put the barrier up. Sorry, Happy."

"You say that like I'm not used to it," came the voice in the background.

Steve snorted. "Sorry, we thought you'd be alone. Anyway, I wanted to say... We're not presuming. We can take care of each other, if you just wanna go on a date."

"We liked ya enough t'wait," added Bucky, his enunciation lazy with wanting as he ground down against Steve, rubbing their erections together in a practiced motion.

"Are you taking care of each other right now?" asked Tony, sounding far too scandalized for his reputation. "Without me there to watch?"

Bucky and Steve were both surprised into laughter. "Just a little warm-up," said Steve, blushing all the way down his chest now. "Bucky's in my lap."

"I am absolutely positively a sure thing, but only if you promise to hold that thought until I can get... Shit, where are you?" Tony sounded almost breathless.

"You'd think he'd never seen two keys go at it before," said Bucky teasingly, and then he kissed Steve with intent. "Are you gonna be able to handle it, kitten?"

"Oh, I can handle you both," said Tony, rising to the challenge, his confident purr back in spades. "I'm coming to pick you up, and then I'm taking you back to my penthouse and I'm going to handle you both until none of us can move."

Steve choked on a laugh. "I suppose I can go for that. But... Maybe a date some other time?"

Bucky gave him a wry look. "Stevie's a little old-fashioned, Tony. He'll do the one-night thing if that's all you want, but he'd rather woo you like some fella from the '40s."

"Shut up, I'm allowed to want it all," said Steve, grinning too big to sound offended. "That's what Dr. Wilson's always saying in group."

"Now why would a well-adjusted young man like you be seeing a therapist?" asked Tony, followed
by the sound of palm against flesh. "Fuck, sorry, forget-" His words cut off when Bucky and Steve both cracked up laughing.

"Did you not even look at the cafe?" asked Bucky with disbelief. "I have one arm, Tony."

"We're both vets," said Steve, a little more gently. "GI Joe, get it?"

"I... may not have bothered to make the connection beyond hot coffee, hot baristas," said Tony sheepishly. "Sorry about that. My therapist tells me I need to get better about allocating my attention when I'm out in the real world."

"So we're all fucked up," said Bucky cheerfully. "And we're all getting laid, and we're still at the coffee shop, making out in the back office, so get your ass here before I get Steve's dick down my throat."

"Bucky!" Steve tried to protest, but he was laughing too much. "You can suck my dick any day, I wanna see Tony doing it."

"That is a deal," said Tony. There was the whirr of mechanics again and then they heard Tony giving the driver directions back to their little shop. "Happy says 12 minutes, give or take."

Steve shoved at Bucky. "We'll try to keep it in our pants until then, and we should go home, anyway. To someone's home. Threesomes are better in a bed."

"I dunno, that one time in the mess kitchen with that..." Bucky began, licking Steve's hand when it was laid over his mouth.

"That's not our story to tell, Buck," said Steve gently. "We'll see you soon, Tony. I'm gonna hang up and get us ready to go."

"I'm counting the minutes, boys," said Tony, and the connection beeped with the end of the call.

Steve kissed Bucky again, sweet and slow this time, bringing them down off their mischievous high. "I hope he does let us take him out sometime," he confessed. "He seems kinda sweet under the, you know."

"Billionaire hotness?" said Bucky. He rubbed noses with Steve and kissed him again. "Yeah, and it'd be nice to have a fella for us to share. Wonder if he'll let us stay the night?"

"Given when I open, maybe not," said Steve wryly. They got up and straightened their clothes, grabbing jackets and bags and leaving their helmets stowed. Their bikes were parked in the tiny garage they'd built into the shop, sacrificing space big enough for the two big motorcycles, plus a bicycle or two for when they had help.

"If we get to have him more than once, I'm hiring an opener," said Bucky, wrapping himself around Steve from behind and whispering in his ear. "I want to sleep with you both wrapped around me."

"You are such a cuddly fucker," teased Steve. They were waiting by the locked door, hidden in the dark storefront but still visible enough to someone expecting them. "Maybe Tony won't be such an octopus."

"Well, then, he won't be our box to unlock," said Bucky with a shrug. "Still gonna fuck him."

Steve turned and kissed him, long and slow. "I love how you always know what you want," he said softly. "You taught me how to want a lot better than Dr. Wilson ever did."
Bucky kissed him again and then rubbed their noses together. "You taught me it was okay to want more'n a fuck, so fair's fair."

They were still kissing when there was a rap against the door and they both jumped, laughing when they saw it was Tony, looking a little wild-eyed and aroused to have watched them necking. Steve turned the keys and let Bucky be the one to sweep Tony off his feet for the first kiss, locking up before he slipped in for his own first taste of that soft, lush mouth.

"We were just talking about you," said Steve, just a little too honest to be a tease.

"Wondering if you'd really let us date ya," said Bucky with a shrug. "And if you're a cuddler."

Tony looked from one to the other and shook his head, like he had no idea what to make of them. "I guess we'll find out," he said, gesturing for them to join him in his car. "You know where I live, right?"

"Penthouse of the eyesore. It's growing on me, though." Bucky slid into the car first, tugging Tony in after so that he ended up squashed between the two keys, not exactly small but definitely smaller than either of the men bracketing him. It also put him up against Bucky's left side, which Steve figured was as much of a test as it was an offer when Bucky draped his prosthetic arm around Tony's shoulders.

"Is that a robotic arm?" said Tony, twisting around to look at the fingers draped over his shoulder. "Wait, is that one of my prototypes?"

Bucky shrugged. "Dunno, I'm in a study, what's the company again, babe?"

"You know perfectly well it's a Stark prototype," said Steve, rolling his eyes. "He was so excited when he got approved for the trials, he loves this thing." Steve kissed the fingertips affectionately and then, leaning in, kissed Tony again, too.

"Is it really yours, like, personally?" asked Bucky, blushing a little.

Steve smirked. "Worried he won't like where those fingers have been?"

Tony's eyes went wide. "I. You. Seriously? Because I did in fact make this personally, and now I am really regretting not testing it out more intimately before sending it along."

"You can ask for it any way you want it, Tony," purred Bucky, looking pleased as a cat in the cream. No one but Steve had ever really liked the new hand, but to Steve it was something worth loving with how it made his lover feel whole again.

"Do you two actually fuck?" blurted Tony, looking from one to the other.

Steve laughed. "Mostly not, but we both like a little fingering with our blowjobs." He was blushing, but he'd learned to be forthright about sex, especially with someone new. "He's fucked me a few times, though, it's okay."

"Hey, you fucked me first, punk," retorted Bucky. "I don't like it much, Stevie's hung like a horse and I get impatient."

"You love being played with, though," said Steve, licking his lips. "God and I could eat his ass all day if he'd let me." He turned his attention back to Tony. "Or yours, if you want. We're both real big on pleasing our lovers."
"I can just kiss you and touch you while he licks you out," offered Bucky. His fingers were a little awkward, but he managed a caress over Tony's shoulder and up to his cheek. "Or put my fingers in you, if you want."

"I may not survive tonight," said Tony with a shaky laugh. "You two are something else, and I say that with the authority of a man famous for his bedroom conquests."

"I know gay couples like us are rare," Steve started, but he was cut off by another kiss from Tony, this one far more heated than he'd expected.

"You two aren't just going to double-key me and leave," said Tony. He turned and pulled Bucky into a kiss that looked as hot from the outside as Steve's had felt on the inside. "You actually want me."

"You're gorgeous and smart and you don't mind that we're together," said Bucky, stroking Tony's cheek with his right hand this time. "Of course we want you."

"Plus you're even more addicted to caffeine than we are," said Steve teasingly. "That takes a special sort of man."

The car came to a stop, and Steve looked up to find they were in a parking garage, right by the elevator.

"End of the line, boys," said Tony cheerfully. "Last chance to back out."

"We're here until you kick us to the curb, sweetheart," said Bucky, all charm and warmth as he dipped his head to steal one more kiss. "Stevie'll have to go open the shop in the morning, though, hope you can loan him a t-shirt so he's not doin' the walk of shame."

"Like any of our customers would notice." The door next to Steve opened and he slipped out, snagging their bags as he went and leaving Bucky to charm Tony. "Um, hi. Steve. Steve Rogers," he said, holding a hand out to shake.

The driver looked surprised, then grinned. "Happy Hogan," he replied, shaking Steve's hand with a firm grip. "You two own that coffee shop?"

"Yeah, we saved up and got a VA loan," said Steve. "Bucky got things going while I finished out my tour, so we're doing real well now. We get a lot of Stark Industries people in from the tower." They both glanced toward the interior of the car, where the two men were still cuddled up.

"So the logo with the dogtags?" asked Happy, leading the question as politely as anyone ever did.

Steve chuckled. "Yeah, we're gay every way for each other, but we haven't given up hope on finding a box to keep up with us." He rubbed the back of his neck, feeling shy about it despite the open declaration of two key-stamped dogtags dangling over a coffee cup plastered all over the shop. "We're gonna do the whole place up with rainbows next month for Pride."

Happy shrugged. "Mr. Stark's always bringing home two keys, but you're the first couple he's found."

Steve's shocked laugh brought Tony's face peeking out of the car. "Are you scandalizing him before I get the chance, Happy? What have I told you about warning off my dates."

"A drive four blocks to your bed isn't a date," said Happy dryly. "I just want to make sure they know what they're getting into."
Tony slid out and Bucky followed, a sly grin on his face. "Oh, we know just who we're gettin' into, don't worry." Bucky slung his prosthetic arm back over Tony's shoulder and held out his right hand for shaking. "Bucky Barnes, Mr. Hogan."

"We'll earn a real date," said Steve, not entirely sure that was true but willing to fake confidence for Tony's sake. "Tonight's just, you know, proving we're worth his million-dollar time." He hefted the bags to one shoulder and put his arm around Tony, too, an unmistakeable claim.

Happy's brows went up, and he nodded. "Tony, don't break their hearts," he said, closing the back door and opening the driver's side back up. "What time do you need me tomorrow?"

"Stevie here opens up at six, so 5:30?" said Bucky, a challenge in his tone.

"You got it," said Happy, sliding in and closing the door. He drove off, leaving the three of them alone in the parking garage in front of a very fancy-looking elevator. The doors opened in silent and slightly creepy invitation, but they went when Tony tugged them along.

"Do you seriously work that many hours?" said Tony, looking from one to the other. He hadn't pressed a single button, but the elevator started moving anyway. "Don't you have a bunch of hot baby baristas to work for you or something?"

"I usually take time off after the morning rush," said Steve with a shrug. "It's fine for now. Once I'm all settled in, we'll hire and fill in the schedule."

"Steve's only been back with us for a coupla months," said Bucky. "I sometimes get other vets to help out, but they've all got better jobs now. We give good references."

"We're between people after the last one got a job with you," said Steve with a grin. "She was one of the specialists in our unit, but now she's got a cushy office job. She says it's a much better kind of boring than sitting in a perch for hours, trying not to give your position away."

"Were you a specialist, too?" asked Tony. His hand, which had been on Steve's lower back, slid downward to cup Steve's ass instead.

"Bucky was a sniper. I was more of a grunt," said Steve with a shrug.

"Shut the fuck up, Steve," said Bucky with a snort. "He was the best of us, he knew tactics and strategy and he could just, I dunno, get the feel of a situation and get us all to follow his crazy plans and they almost always worked."

"Not always, though," said Steve, staring off into the distance, gritting his teeth. Now was really not the time to think about the mistake that had cost Bucky his arm, had ended both their careers, in a way. Without Bucky by his side, Steve hadn't worked as well, so when his time came up he left instead of reenlisting like they'd wanted him to.

"Shut up, punk," said Bucky, flicking him with one finger.

"Jerk," shot Steve back, turning to kiss the cool metal. "Anyway, I was a Captain and Bucky was my Sergeant, and that's pretty much all we can tell you."

"Well, since I don't want you to have to kill me or trigger any of our PTSD, how about we order a pizza and drink some of my exceptionally good scotch and fuck?" said Tony, with just enough flippancy that Steve could tell he'd sensed the landmine he'd almost stepped on.

"That's a really good plan," said Steve, kissing him softly.
"We'll eat pizza and then eat you up," added Bucky with a wink. The elevator door opened onto a beautiful penthouse, all sleek lines and nothing to distract from the amazing view of the city. "Wow, this is beautiful, Tony."

"Well, mi casa es su casa, especially if you'll talk to me about my arm while we eat," said Tony. "J, order us some pizza, will you?"

"Of course, sir," said a cultured British voice. "What would your guests like on it?"

"Pepperoni and extra cheese," said Bucky, though he'd gone still, glancing around for the person attached to the voice.

"That works for me," said Steve, stepping over to cradle Bucky from behind, to ground him. "Where are you, anyway?"

"Oh," said Tony, laughing. "JARVIS is my house AI, you know, like Alexa but not a piece of shit. J, this is Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes, owners of that fabulous coffee shop I found today."

"Twelve shots in one drink," said the voice reproachfully. "I do recall, sir."

"I survived the board meeting, didn't I?" said Tony, waving off the concern. "Anyway, just get a lot of pizza and the usual on the side."

"Of course, sir."

Steve watched as Tony argued with his AI, finding himself totally smitten with the casual way they interacted. "You're sure you don't just have a butler in a box somewhere?" he asked, nuzzling Bucky's hair aside and kissing along his neck.

Tony turned and stuttered to a stop again, eyes going wide and dark at the sight of the two of them entwined and affectionate. "I'm really sure about every part of tonight. JARVIS, Happy's gonna be here at 5:30 to take Steve to work."

"Shall I wake you at a specific time, Mr. Rogers?" asked JARVIS politely.

"Oh, um, my phone's set to go off with plenty of time. I usually eat at work." Steve nibbled on Bucky's ear. "Don't let Tony keep Bucky past ten, okay?"

"I shall endeavor not to," replied JARVIS.

"There you go, now you can't get too distracted having your alone time with him," teased Steve.

Bucky laughed, a little shaky but genuine, going soft and warm in Steve's arms again. "I can't go makin' my fellas jealous of each other on the first day," he said, twisting around to kiss Steve properly. They both held out a hand to Tony, inviting him in, asking him to join in their affection.

Not all the boxes they'd taken to bed knew what to make of that affection, but Tony glowed with happiness when it was turned on him. Steve let Bucky kiss and pet him while he divested all three of them of their jackets, and stole Tony's tie as well. He plastered himself to Tony's back and stole Bucky's mouth for a kiss of his own before turning Tony's head with gentle touches until they, too, could share kisses.

"You two," said Tony, shaking his head and then giving him a searing hot kiss. "Death of me."

"No such thing as death by sweetness," purred Bucky, looking smug as anything. "But we can make
"Can we shower first, though?" asked Steve. Talking about morning had made him realize how long of a day it had been, and he didn't want to smell like stale coffee for his first time with a man like Tony Stark.

"Of course," said Tony. He was relaxed against Steve and letting Bucky touch him all over with both hands. Bucky said he sometimes felt stuff from the arm, and even if it was just in his head they both loved the idea of it. It seemed like Tony did, too, never shying away from the metal, turning to kiss it when it cupped his cheek, and then the other hand, too, with equal passion. "I want to see you two naked like that with me. I've got a big shower."

"I just bet you do," teased Steve. He slid his hands down Tony's front to tease over the bulge in his pants, feeling the fine fabric slip under his fingers, finding the shape of Tony's cock. He couldn't wait to taste him everywhere, and to that end he trailed his mouth over Tony's neck and under his collar, inhaling the scent of him and licking salt from his skin. "You're so beautiful, baby."

"J, how long until pizza?" asked Tony, sounding breathless.

"The app estimates thirty-six minutes, sir," replied JARVIS. "The doorman will accept it for you, should you be indisposed when it arrives."

"Bless you, J," said Tony. "Shower, now." They let him go and followed his very fine ass back into the depths of the apartment, through a bedroom full of more giant windows and some amazing art, and on into a very impressive bathroom with a giant multi-headed shower and separate, sunken bathtub.

"Oh, we have got t'cuddle in that tub another time," said Bucky covetously. He still got cold sometimes, even when the temperature said he shouldn't be, and Steve knew he couldn't get much of a bath in the tiny tub in their place. He used the therapy baths at the VA when he could, but it wasn't the same. "I am in love with you for your bathroom, Tony."

Tony barked out a laugh. "That's a first," he said, hands going to his cuffs. "JARVIS, a nice warm shower for my boys."

There was no verbal response, but the shower started up. Steve stripped off his clothes with military efficiency, getting down to nothing in under ten seconds. He shook his pants out since he didn't have an extra pair and left the rest in a pile, ignoring Tony's hungry stare in favor of getting under that inviting spray. Bucky was only a few seconds behind, having long-ago mastered the one-handed button fly, and Tony was still staring when the two men kissed under the warm water. Their actual keys were safely locked away in military-issue dogtag cases, info on the outside and keys nestled inside, but otherwise they were both naked and unashamed.

"I have died and gone to heaven," said Tony, making short work of his own clothing without ever taking his eyes off of the two of them.

"Oh, sweetheart," said Bucky with a slow, sweet grin. "You ain't even at the pearly gates yet."

Tony joined them in the shower and slid himself shamelessly between them, this time with his back to Bucky and face tilted up demandingly for Steve to kiss. "So I'm guessing it'll take you all of three minutes to wash up, what will we do with the other thirty?"

"Blowjobs," said Steve, going pink because he'd pretty much blurted it out, but he powered through his embarrassment. "I want to suck you and see your mouth on my cock, or eat your ass while..."
Bucky sucks you off."

"Stevie's real orally fixated," said Bucky, mouthing along the wet skin of Tony's neck and shoulder. "I've always loved using my hands, but he's got a mouth to die for."

"I am going to design you the best arm ever," said Tony, seemingly half to himself until he said more loudly, "I, make sure all the specs on Bucky's arm are in my workshop tomorrow, pull the newest data and anything he gives us permission for from tonight."

"You don't hafta do that, dollface," said Bucky, using his robotic hand to turn Tony's face toward his for a kiss. "It's already so much better, I'm so lucky to have your tech as a part of me."

"Can I take a few scans before you go, anyway?" asked Tony plaintively. "They don't let me do as much as I want to with that division, something about 'sensitive confidentiality' and a 'poor bedside manner.'"

"As long as you don't take it back, you can look all you want," said Bucky, kissing him again. "But not until after we make you feel good, okay?"

"Just let us take care of you for a while, Tony," added Steve. He found a bottle that looked like soap and, after Tony's nod, got his hands all sudsy and started running them over Tony's body. He shared the foam so they could all wash each other, everything slippery and sensual even though the soap washed away too fast under the warm spray. They shampooed each other, too, making Bucky kneel so Steve and Tony could both play with his hair and Tony insisting on some kind of fancy conditioner, too, which Bucky only allowed because he was sucking kisses along Tony's hipbones and didn't want to stop before he'd had his taste.

Steve took that opportunity to kneel down behind Tony and explore his back and thighs and that glorious ass, pert and round and just begging for some attention. Steve knew the moment that Bucky started in on Tony's cock, and he gave their box a second to adjust before putting his own mouth to work. He parted Tony's cheeks, making sure to support him in case his knees gave out, and then licked over the pink hole once, twice, before burying his face in Tony's ass and indulging himself.

Both of their mouths were too busy for words but Tony made up for it, letting them take some of his weight as he started to moan and babble, hips stuttering forward and back like he couldn't decide which pleasure to chase from moment to moment. "Fuck, your tongue, christ, both of your mouths, god, and the hand is warm now, too, should put something in to regulate temp and, fuck, yes, dexterity, responsiveness, s-sterility, drag coefficient between the joints is too high except on the pinky, JARVIS make a note of that."

Steve worked his tongue all around Tony's rim, sucking and kissing and dipping at the center without going inside yet, a part of him warmed and amused at Tony's brain still going while his body was clearly on its own path. He shifted his grip to spread Tony even wider, thumbs slipping inward to spread his pretty hole and show him the pinkest center he'd ever seen. He dipped his head forward again for a kiss, then slipped his tongue inside a little at a time, teasing his way into Tony's body and moaning at how good it felt.

Tony's brain must have skipped a beat at that because he moaned, too, and then started in on another line of chatter. "Energy efficiency, fuck, fuck, inserting, shit, flexible, what if I used flexible materials to control the angle and d-depth, forget adamantium or vibranium, fuck, squid beaks, that's, that's the track I need to follow." He ended up listing a bunch of names of compounds or chemicals or materials, Steve wasn't really sure, especially with most of his attention taken up by the sweet grasp of Tony's hole around his tongue, the way everything was slick and wet and hot.
Steve lost himself in that for a while, letting the white noise of the shower and his own heartbeat drown out Tony's talking and just using his tongue in all his favorite ways. He shamelessly shifted Tony's hips to this angle and that so he could lick wherever he wanted, and then licked Bucky's hand when those sleek metal fingers ventured back behind Tony's balls. Steve used his mouth to guide one inside and followed it with his tongue and that was the thing that finally set Tony off, got his brain to go offline while he came down Bucky's throat.

Between them, they got Tony lowered into the cradle between their laps, trading kisses between the three of them. "You did so good, dollface," purred Bucky, lips dripping with come and smugness.

Steve licked Bucky's nose. "You were delicious, sweet thing," he said, giving Tony a kiss of his own and hoping he didn't mind where Steve's mouth had just been.

"You have weird tastes, but I have absolutely no objection to a repeat performance," said Tony, sounding half-drunk with pleasure. "Who can I blow first?"

"You should suck Stevie's cock, he can take care of me if you get too tired," said Bucky, transparently sly. "Stevie loves to suck me, and this way you can decide if he's too big t'fuck you later."

"Not that fucking is a requirement," added Steve. "We just want to feel good."

"Fucking is absolutely a requirement," said Tony with a laugh, sliding down and pushing Steve back so he could get at Steve's dick. "JARVIS, rainshower."

The water switched from the rinsing sprays to a soft rain pattering from hundreds of invisible pipes in the ceiling, and Steve sighed in pure pleasure. He let Tony position him so he was comfortable, then smirked. "Bucky, come fuck my mouth, pizza'll be here sooner than we can both get off."

"So demanding," said Bucky with a laugh. "Tony wanted to watch, you know."

"Tony is perfectly happy with this arrangement," said the man in question. He was nuzzling at Steve's cock, making little happy noises of appreciation that went straight to Steve's balls and maybe even warmed something higher up. "Fuck, Bucky wasn't kidding about big."

Bucky laughed and Steve hid his face behind one hand.

"Stevie got his growth spurt there even younger than the rest, you shoulda seen him," said Bucky, standing up and moving so he was straddling the both of them, careful in the slippery shower. "Skinny kid with a giant salami between his legs, and the spunk to match."

"I can swallow it," said Tony teasingly.

Steve snorted, hiding his face in Bucky's hip instead. "He means I used to have too much swagger for my size, and I got in fights. I hate bullies." He started kissing Bucky's hips, scraping his teeth the way Bucky liked when he wanted to go off sooner instead of drawing things out. They'd both have another go in them after a break for pizza, so this little warm-up was mostly to make sure no one was too riled up to enjoy taking the long way around once they got into a bed.

"Our Stevie's still a punk," said Bucky, casually including Tony in the proprietary pronoun. "Shut up and suck, both of you."

Tony surprised Steve by going along with the order, his mouth hot and knowing, the goatee a tickle different than Bucky's scruff, softer and more focused when it brushed against his balls. Steve bit Bucky's hip again but made it up by swallowing Bucky down right after, his cock a familiar shape,
the taste and weight of it grounding Steve in the moment.

Steve let his eyes fall shut and concentrated on the mix of pleasures, the meditative joy of sucking Bucky off like he had a hundred times, of letting Bucky fuck his mouth, but this time with the added luxury of a very talented mouth on his own cock. The position meant he couldn't thrust much, himself, which was something of a relief since he had no idea how Tony would take it. If Tony could take it, though he squirmed inwardly at the thought; he knew he'd been an unpleasant surprise for a lover or two before he learned how to deal with his own size.

Tony, it seemed, had no problem whatsoever with his size. He used his mouth and hands, the scratch of his beard and the swirl of his tongue, stimulating every part of Steve he pleased and getting him close embarrassingly fast. Steve had always loved being stretched this way, suspended between two lovers and at their mercy, in a way that was decidedly against the key stereotype, and he let himself sink into it completely.

"Fuck, that's it, Stevie, let go for us." Bucky's voice was raspy with desire, thick with the triumph of getting Steve to relax into things. "We'll get Tony like this, too, the both of you so sweet for me."

Steve mmed around the cock in his mouth, eyes shut and face turned up into the thrusts, into the warm water pattering all around them, clean and gentle. He let himself float on pleasure, let the sensations run together until he was one continuous loop of wanting and wanted, until he couldn't hold back any longer and felt his balls drawing up, his whole body tensing.

"He's gonna come," said Bucky, hand tightening on Steve's hair, hips working faster, rubbing his cock against Steve's tongue just the way he liked best. "Me, too."

Tony didn't even hesitate, and that's all it took for Steve to get past the point of no return and come in that sexy, smart mouth. Bucky came just as Steve was sliding down into afterglow, filling Steve's mouth up and letting him swallow, milking himself for every last drop. "That's it, that's my good boys," said Bucky, stepping away. "Fuck, you two are beautiful."

Steve looked down at Tony, still curled like a kitten and pressing little kisses to his shaft. "Tony, god, look at you."

Tony looked up, then slid up Steve's body for a kiss, sharing the taste of Bucky and himself, familiar in his own mouth but new from Tony's. "I am so keeping you two," he said, sounding cocky despite the flicker of doubt in his coffee-brown eyes.

Steve kissed that doubt away. "Yeah, you are," he assured him, shifting to hold him close, purring a little himself when Bucky helped them both up so they could cuddle without anyone's knees against the hard floor.

"I told ya," said Bucky, snuggling into Tony's back, arm glistening like a sculpture where it wrapped around them both. "Steve likes to woo his fellas."

"So do you, jerk," said Steve, tugging Tony closer. "Watch out or I won't share."

"Don't even think about it, punk. Tony's his own box, he'll open up for me, won't ya, dollface?" Bucky started kissing up Tony's neck, headed for his mouth.

"The pizza has arrived," announced JARVIS, breaking the moment and making all three of them laugh. "Shall I have the doorman bring it up?"

"Give us five to put on some pants, J," said Tony, looking pleased as punch. "We'll eat in the living room."
"Very good, sir," said JARVIS, sounding somehow less tart than he had before, and more approving.

"Your AI's a voyeur," said Bucky, shaking his head. "Can you turn the shower off, uh, J?"

The shower slowed and stopped, and a door in the wall slid back to reveal a stack of fluffy towels.

"It's a warmer," said Tony, striding over to grab towels for all of them that turned out to be as warm as if they'd just come out of the dryer, and softer than any Steve had ever used. "I'm a very spoiled man."

"I'm definitely in love with your bathroom," said Bucky, shaking his head and spraying droplets of water everywhere. "But I admit, I love your mouth more."

"You have no idea," said Steve with a laugh. They got dry and the keys put their jeans back on, both of them going commando for now while Tony put on silk pyjama pants and a Metallica t-shirt. "But are we gonna have to sign an NDA or something?"

"What the fuck?" said Tony, head snapping up.

"He means for the stuff you said," Bucky clarified quickly. "I'm pretty sure you made at least one scientific discovery while we were in the shower there."

Tony relaxed, shaking his head, cheeks suspiciously pink. "No, I... no. It's fine. JARVIS, did you get everything?"

"Yes, sir. I believe the bit about squid beaks and non-Newtonian fluids was the most relevant, but I've transcribed the, ah, spoken portions of the conversation to your lab notes."

"Wow, Steve, you made a computer blush," said Bucky, slinging his arm around Tony and kissing him. "We don't kiss and tell, Tony."

"And we'd be proud to be your keys," added Steve, coming over for a kiss of his own. "If you want, I mean."

"Er, Mr. Stark?" came a tentative voice from the living room.

Steve waved them off and went to see who it was, damp and half-naked and totally shameless as he grinned disarmingly at the uniformed doorman. "Is that our pizza?" asked Steve, moving double-time to help with the bags and boxes.

"Uh, yes, sir," The man's face was turning beet red and he couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from Steve's naked chest, which Steve figured was the right reaction to distract him from anything else he might not be meant to see. "JARVIS, am I supposed to tip him?"

"No, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brookes is fairly compensated for his time," said the AI. "Mr. Stark sees to it."

"I see you've got my back, there, J," said Tony, emerging with Bucky in tow, his arm mostly covered in a long-sleeved shirt that stretched tight across his muscular torso.

Brookes' eyes went even wider and he nodded. "I, I'm good, thanks. If that's all, Mr. Stark?"

"We're good, go on. They'll be staying the night, so no one in or out until whatever ungodly hour Steve here goes to work." Tony came and mugged shamelessly until Steve leaned down and gave him a relatively chaste kiss.
"Uh, Happy's coming for me at 5:30," said Steve. "Won't he be down in the garage again?"

"I'll be off by then, anyway," said Brookes. "I'll make sure you're not bothered up here." He couldn't seem to decide where to look now, and nearly ran into the doorframe on his way out.

"I thought your conquests were infamous," teased Bucky, stripping the shirt off as soon as the doors were closed.

Tony ogled him much more shamelessly than the doorman had. "They are, but they're usually headed home with Happy by the time I get around to pizza," he replied shamelessly.

Steve snorted. "Well, we'll just feel exceptional all around, then." He started opening boxes and bags, finding soda and cheese sticks, salads and four pizzas, two clearly for him and Bucky, plus cheesy bread, garlic bread, chicken wings, and six kinds of dipping sauce. "If this is your usual, I have no idea how you're so," he gestured to Tony's trim frame, "you."

"Sir eats the leftovers for days," said JARVIS disapprovingly. "He also doesn't sleep enough."

"Traitor," said Tony, giving the ceiling a grumpy look. "If you like them better than me, I can always install you on their piece of shit register, you know."

Bucky nearly snorted the Coke he'd been drinking. "Don't listen to him, JARVIS. You just want us to take good care of him."

"Which we intend to do, as much as he lets us," added Steve, passing over a wad of napkins.

Bucky chuckled and mopped up his chest, unselfconscious about his scars and arm in a way he never was around new people, a way that had taken weeks to get with Steve. Steve thought Tony's own scars had something to do with that, the marks of torture and surgery and pain that he was keeping covered even now, but only made him stronger to them. Steve didn't have any of his own; he'd stayed unwounded for his whole tour, minus a mishap or two that didn't leave much of a mark. Guys that let themselves get wounded enough to scar didn't last long in the field.

All of Steve's scars were harder to see.

"So, what do you need to measure on the arm, anyway?" asked Bucky, gesturing to it with his good hand. "It's worlds better than the last thing I had, I don't know how they hooked it up but it actually moves for me like I want it to, mostly."

"Mostly," said Tony with a huff. "Well, someday we'll make it better than 'mostly,' but for today I just want to get JARVIS to scan it, um, possibly down in my workshop."

"Only if I get to see, too," said Steve, practically bouncing on the balls of his feet at the thought of actually going into Tony Stark's personal workspace. "I'm dying to see where you work, kitten."

Tony got that pink look again. "Really? It's pretty boring down there if you don't have a degree in engineering."

"Stevie's an artist, he thinks the stuff you build is beautiful," said Bucky, moving his arm, using it to get some pizza, though the control wasn't fine enough to eat with, really.

"You're gorgeous, too," said Steve, wondering just how puppy-besotted his face looked right now. "I can wait if I have to, I know you're not gonna go all Frankenstein on my boyfriend, but I really do want to see."
"Yeah, of course," said Tony, waving his hand dismissively. "Uh, there might actually be an NDA involved, though, J?"

"You haven't got anything too proprietary out in plain view at the moment," said the AI, "if you'll allow me to save and close your virtual workspaces."

"Only if you promise not to mix them up again," said Tony, his mouth quirking.

Steve could swear he heard a very quiet mutter of, "That was one time."

He covered it up by grabbing pizza and cheesy bread for himself, ignoring the salad because he'd had one for lunch a lifetime ago, before he'd met Tony Stark and gotten a taste of all the best parts of him, from his ass to his beautiful brain. He flopped onto the couch by Bucky, a conspicuously Tony-sized space between them, and took a big bite of gooey cheese.

Tony brought his plate over and plopped between them, wriggling adorably until he was comfortably cradled between the two keys. "So, you guys know I'm a box," said Tony, before stuffing his own mouth with pizza.

"It's a pretty famous fact about you," teased Bucky. "Plus, we're both obviously keys." He tapped his dogtags with his metal finger. "Three keys would be a bit much, even for us."

"I'm not that into one-nighters," said Steve, blushing a little because they'd been propositioned, once, but ended up refusing on the grounds that they really did want more than a fling. "Plus, we really do both have hope of a box or two that'll put up with us, someday."

"Let us take care of them in bed and out," added Bucky. "Sweet pretty thing."

"Boxist," said Tony with a snort.

"You're a sweet pretty thing," said Bucky, nudging him with a shoulder since both his hands were busy. "And you like us taking care of you."

"We don't mean, like, a house-box," said Steve, feeling his cheeks even pinker now. "We like independent men, we just want someone to be ours, you know?"

"Yeah," said Tony softly. "I know." He gave them a wry look. "Well, I don't show my box off to just anyone, so I'm afraid that'll have to be a future heartbreak."

"Oh, dollface," said Bucky, leaning in to steal a kiss. "We wouldn't leave ya over that."

Steve turned Tony's face for a kiss of his own. "We'll adore you as long as you'll let us, kitten."

"Even if you can't unlock me?" asked Tony, looking from one to the other. "Seriously?"

"Why not? I can't unlock Stevie, but we're together 'til the end of the line," said Bucky with a shrug. Steve leaned in to kiss Bucky right there in front of Tony's face, messy and hot and loving. "'Til the end of the line, ya jerk."

"That is still stupidly hot," said Tony.

They broke apart and then both kissed one of his cheeks before leaning back to eat pizza. "Anyway, we haven't even gotten you onto bed," said Steve slyly. "You might not like us on dry land."

"Who knows, maybe you'll decide Steve's cold feet are too much for you." Bucky winked at him.
Steve huffed. "Your arm is like a fucking block of ice when you leave it out of the blankets," he retorted, the argument worn and comfortable, easy between them.

"Yeah, but I'm gonna fix the arm thing," teased Tony, settling into it like he belonged there. "I can't do a thing about your feet."

Steve huffed. "Two against one is so unfair," he mock-pouted, then ruined it by stuffing an entire cheese stick into his mouth.

He was already ready to fight to keep Tony there between them, and they hadn't even been on a date.

Steve was in deep trouble, and from the look of things, Bucky wasn't faring any better.

They bantered their way through enough pizza to keep them going, and then Steve insisted on putting the leftovers away, directed by JARVIS when Tony refused to let a guest go out of his way. He noted there was food for breakfast, too, so he told JARVIS to rat Tony out in the morning so Bucky could cook for him. He figured it was important to stay on his lover's AI's good side if he wanted to keep being let back into the tower.

When he got back to the living room, there was nothing but a trail of clothing leading to the bedroom, which Steve picked up and brought with him, draping everything over a chair and then crawling naked to join the two men already entwined on the bed. "No fair starting without me, you're gonna have him all to yourself in the morning," said Steve.

"You were being boring," said Tony, but he rolled over so he was facing Steve instead of Bucky. "Bucky let me play with him."

Steve looked from one to the other, then shook his head. "He let you look at the arm, you mean." He kissed Tony's hair and nose and mouth. "We need to turn your brain off again, kitten."

"That's what I said." Bucky grinned. "But I let him toy with me and talk to himself, it's sexy when he talks science."

"That's... you're not wrong," said Steve, kissing away whatever protest Tony looked like he was going to make. "You're very sexy when you get to talking about stuff I don't understand."

"So, we've got a kind of important question for ya," said Bucky, arms wrapping around Tony while Steve snuggled close to him.

"Is this about STIs? Because I get tested weekly and I'm clean," said Tony defensively.

Steve shook his head. "We're clean, too, and we'll be safe when we need to be, if we fuck," said Steve. "We want to make sure we don't trigger you, baby. Bucky and me, we know each other, but neither of us knows how not to hurt you." He put his hand very gently over the scars on Tony's chest. "Can I touch you here?"

Tony's eyes went wide and his breath caught, and Steve started to pull away. "No, I mean, yes. Yes, god, you two, yes. I don't like, um, no breath play, not even choking on your cock, and if J tells you my heart rate's off you have to stop and let me calm down, but that's. Um."

Steve kissed him softly, and Bucky's right hand joined Steve's on Tony's chest.

"We're gonna take good care of ya, dollface," said Bucky. "We learned the hard way with each other."
"Neither of us likes the cold," said Steve. "Bucky, there's not much you can do to set him off now that you're friends with his arm, but sometimes I don't like the dark."

"Neither of us likes the dark, Stevie," said Bucky gently. "Those nightlights are for both of us."

Tony made a soft noise and kissed Steve fiercely, then squirmed until Bucky kissed him, too. "J, make sure the lights never go below 10%, and keep the room above. 68? Is that too cold?"

"That's perfect, Tony," said Steve, feeling warm to his toes now. "We'll make sure you can always breathe for us, and we'll all keep each other safe."

The kissing, when it started again, was sweet and slow, passed between the three of them smoothly, so no one went too long without someone's lips on theirs. Hands began to move over skin both smooth and scarred, and Steve found out that Tony had sensitive nipples but loved kisses over his sternum more, especially right below the worst of the scar tissue where he had more sensation. Tony found the right way to manipulate Bucky's hand to get the touches they both wanted without frustrating either of them, and Bucky showed Tony the way to get Steve's brain to start shutting down.

"He's got a little box in him, our Stevie does," said Bucky, full of love and pride. "He don't show it to everyone, but you already helped me get him off like that once."

"It isn't a box trait," said Steve, but his heart wasn't in it. "I just like to float sometimes, knowing we both feel good and nothing else matters 'cos you've got me."

Tony sighed softly. "I don't get to do that much, but it's really good when it happens."

He was rewarded with sweet kisses, the two keys passing him from mouth to mouth over and over until he moaned. "We'll do it for you when we can, kitten," promised Steve, though of course he knew it wasn't that easy for guys like them.

"We'll build up to it," said Bucky, meaning the trust as well as learning each other's bodies and the ways to turn the volume up on sensation and down on things that required thought. "I think you'll need a little more than he does."

Tony sighed into the kisses. "You guys are already working up to it," he admitted, melted between them into a pliant puddle. "You take good care of me."

"Told ya," said Bucky with a tease. "It's not a key thing."


"Or we can fuck you," said Bucky, shooting Steve an amused look. "One after the other, maybe, I can warm you up for Stevie's big dick."

Tony shivered, his hands moving down to stroke both their erections curiously, weighing his options. "I really, really like Bucky's idea," he admitted. "If you'll still, you know."

"Respect that you're a grown-ass man who wants what he wants?" said Bucky with a grin.

"Of course we will," said Steve. "Can I eat you out again first, though?"

Tony cracked up.
"What?" said Steve, almost pouting despite the dextrous tease of Tony's hand on his cock.

"No one in the history of ever has given me puppy eyes about rimming," said Tony through his laughter. "Fuck, you are something else, Steve."

"You get used to it," said Bucky with a fake put-upon sigh. "I told ya, he's real oral, our Stevie."

Steve huffed. "I just really like it, okay?"

Tony pulled him down for a kiss as sweet as peaches and cream. "I really liked it, too, Steve. You can lick me, and Bucky can finger me, and I'll try not to make too many breakthroughs in science while you play with my keyhole."

Steve let out a little noise of want. "You're so fucking dirty, Tony, wanting both of us picking your lock," he said. "We'll make sure you enjoy every second of us."

"You'll get keyed until we've unlocked every part of ya, dollface," murmured Bucky, nibbling at Tony's ear. "And you can do what you want with both of us, too, you're not just some toybox."

"That's not what TMZ said." Tony's tone was flippant but Steve felt a fierce protectiveness rise up.

"They're just jealous," drawled Bucky. "They'll never see you like this."

"They'll never get to taste you everywhere," said Steve, giving Tony a licking, greedy kiss. He started his way down Tony's body, tasting the warmth of clean skin and the beginnings of desire, which he knew was his imagination but coated his tongue anyway, thick like salted caramel in the back of his throat.

Steve could hear them kissing and feel Tony relaxing all over again, and he was pretty proud of them all for managing to keep the thread of personal connection going when Tony's instincts kept trying to snap it. Steve wanted him so badly, not just for a fuck but for their own, and he was pretty sure Bucky was just as attached. He remembered what Happy said about breaking their hearts and sucked a mark over Tony's heart instead, leaving something on his chest that wasn't a scar.

Tony moaned, and fingers skidded over Steve's shoulder and arm, callused and warm and so very curious. "Killing me," gasped Tony, the follow-up swallowed into Bucky's kisses.

"We like you alive," countered Bucky, and then he added, softer, "I like ya."

"You're so great, Tony," said Steve, but it was a little spoiled when he latched onto Tony's nipple right after, sucking and licking. He tried a bite, but only once because Tony didn't seem to like that and Steve was really okay with sticking to pure pleasure. He sucked an apology and kissed the little nub, then kissed over and down, lavishing attention on Tony's sternum before moving on to the other nipple.

Tony had gone still at Bucky's bland declaration, but it didn't last, and Steve added it to the pile of things he needed to hear more often. Steve knew his big hands were a turn-on for most boxes, so he used them to caress over Tony's skin, feeling how soft it was where it wasn't scarred, and even those were a lot softer than Bucky's. He told himself to ask Tony about what he used on them, wanting to watch Bucky's face as someone rubbed ointment or lotion into his shoulder where it ached.

Steve made a lot of mental notes about their future while he was trying to keep the present from overwhelming him too fast, but finally he just buried his face in Tony's stomach and breathed.

Tony went still again, but Bucky just eased them through it, petting Steve's hair. "That's it, Stevie,"
he crooned, and then to Tony he added, "He just gets like this sometimes, overwhelmed by how much he wants to take care of his lovers. He'll be so good to you once he's ready, just touch him until he gets going again."

"He's so beautiful, Bucky," said Tony, his voice soft and his hands gentle as he stroked over Steve's body and hair and face. "I've never had a key like him."

"He ain't like no one I've ever met," agreed Bucky. "He just cares so much, our Stevie."

Steve pressed a soft kiss to Tony's stomach to show he was listening, but he let himself drown in the smell and feel of it instead of trying to participate, let himself trust in Bucky at least and Tony almost as much.

"I have no idea how two guys like you let yourselves end up in this bed with a guy like me," said Tony.

Steve bit him.

Tony yelped and laughed. "Jesus, yes, okay, no dissing the lovers, got it.‖ There were sounds like kissing and Tony's fingers shook a little where they stroked Steve's cheek and brushed at his eyelashes. "It's hard to find a key like you who'll share a box, I guess."

"You're not wrong," said Bucky with that wry note to his voice that made Steve picture the grin on his face, the way he'd look leaning in for a soft kiss before continuing. "It's hard to find a sweet box who'll let us share him, too. A lot of 'em try to get between us in the bad way."

Steve sighed happily when Tony replied, "Guess we'll have to hold onto each other, then."

There were more kissing noises, and Steve turned his face into Tony's palm before moving down, spreading his thighs and brushing his eyelashes over the thin skin there, brushing his mouth, every caress gentle except for the implacable grip of his hands keeping Tony from hiding from them. Not that Tony resisted for a moment, clearly comfortable being spread open and on display.

"That's such a pretty sight," said Bucky. "Look how happy you are, my boys."

Steve glanced up in time to see the surprise on Tony's face and the grin that split it afterward. "Yeah, I am," he agreed, tracing his fingers over Bucky's chest, shoulders, both arms, not bothering to avoid or pay special attention to the difference between them.

Things went fuzzy for Steve after that, warm and soft in the best of ways as he licked and licked, helping Bucky's fingers get into place for a long tease, then licking Bucky shamelessly while he fucked into Tony just because they let him. When they rolled over so Tony could ride on top, Steve ended up curled into Bucky's chest where he could kiss them both whenever they wanted, petting up and down Tony's back while he moved, hot and wanton on Bucky's cock.

Steve couldn't remember when he'd been allowed to drift like this for so long with anyone else there, and he was eager to give Tony anything he wanted by the time Bucky came inside him. Tony slid a condom onto Steve while Bucky was disposing of his own, and he found himself cradled between the two of them, Tony splayed out on the bottom again while Bucky snuggled up behind Steve, his soft cock pressing into Steve's ass like a reminder of what they were sharing.

Tony was tight and hot and slippery around him, and Steve kissed him like an apology because he knew there was no way he'd last in this state. "I promise I'll suck you off after," he murmured shyly, melting a little when Bucky bit the back of his neck.
"He doesn't need you to last forever, Stevie," said Bucky.

Tony arched up. "It's a lot, just having you in me after him," admitted Tony. "It's good, but I can't take an hour of you, too."

Steve wasn't sure it had really been an hour, but he took them at their word and started moving, rolling his hips for deep, slow thrusts before his instincts took over and he sped up, chasing his own pleasure as much as Tony's. Everything was tensing up, chasing away the fog and replacing it with heat, a spring inside him that wound tighter with every slide of his cock into Tony's grasping heat, every slip of Tony's tongue along his mouth, every shift of Bucky's body along his back.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Steve chanted, gasping and letting go, feeling Bucky hold him, feeling Tony hold him, too, the two of them keeping him safe while he found his release. He felt like his whole body was tingly with the aftershocks of it, and he pulled out and wrapped his mouth around Tony's cock before he even thought about it, sucking greedily for a final treat now that his own body's needs were seen to.

"Fuck, Steve, your, fuck, perceived heat differentials," babbled Tony, and Steve was vaguely aware that he'd been speaking science at them this whole time, even when he'd been so blissed during the fingering that he could barely form words.

"Feels good, that hot mouth, your hot dick," purred Bucky, sliding up to cradle Tony, stiff metal fingers tangling sweetly into Steve's hair with just enough tug to keep Steve in the moment.

"Really, fuck, oral," said Tony, shoving his hips up and tongue into Bucky's mouth. "Even instruments can suffer from perception issues with thermodynamics, fuck, that's the problem, it's not objective, nothing dissipates the heat, fuck, fuck, Steve!"

Steve swallowed it when he came, happy as he'd ever been. He was the one that got up and got a warm cloth to clean them up, because that's what made him happy, and he was surprised to find himself cradled in the coveted middle spot when he was done, Bucky at his back and Tony playing the littlest spoon.

"Never leaving," said Steve on a yawn.

Bucky chuckled. "That's not what you're gonna say in the morning when I try to keep ya here, punk."

Tony huffed. "Less talk of leaving, more talk of how awesome I am."

Steve let out a shameless purr and snuggled just a little deeper into their cuddle. "Best box we've ever had," he murmured, losing the end of it on a yawn and then kissing Tony's messy hair.

Bucky chuckled, hand curling into Tony gently. "He's not wrong. You're perfect for us, dollface."

Tony relaxed in Steve's arms. "I like keys who know when to take orders from their box."

There was something tentative at the end but Bucky just mmed and said, "Ours."

"Ours," echoed Steve, drifting off to sleep feeling very content indeed.
Tonight's Number Two

Bucky wasn't sure what woke him up, but he knew himself well enough that he slipped out of bed to pee and make sure the room was still safe. True to Stark's word, the lights were on dimly and it was warm enough that he was comfortable naked. He closed the door and said quietly, "JARVIS, what time is it?"

"It's 5:03am, Mr. Barnes," said the AI, crisp voice just as quiet as Bucky's had been.

"Thanks." He tried not to feel watched as he went about his business and washed his hands, pleased to find when he prowled around that there were no other entrances to the bathroom or bedroom other than the door they'd come in and Stark's ridiculous walk-in closet. He slid into bed beside Steve and figured it was close enough to wake-up time to give his boyfriend the rare luxury of a morning blowjob. Bucky slithered down between the sheets, hand cupping Tony's ass to keep track of the thigh thrown over Steve's hip, mouth finding its way to Steve's soft, sleep-warm dick.

He licked and sucked Steve to hardness. Once there, Bucky worked at the top few inches with his mouth, shifting so he could use his right hand to stroke the shaft the way Steve liked best. He wasn't going for finesse so much as getting Steve off before his alarm went, but that didn't mean he was going to slack off, either.

It was an unanticipated bonus when Steve tugged Tony in for kisses, the two of them murmuring sleepy pleasure to each other while Bucky worked. Two hands found their way to Bucky's hair, one smaller and more dexterous than the other, though Steve's were better at knowing how to pet Bucky. Bucky was practically purring from the combined caresses, and he stepped up his pace so he could get a few of those kisses for himself before Steve had to go.

Steve's hips started rocking and his balls got tighter, so Bucky knew he was close and was feeling very smug about that. Tony's hand left Bucky's hair to fondle at whatever parts of Steve's dick and balls he could reach, and that was all it took to get Steve coming down his throat.

Buck sucked him through his orgasm, then slid up to share in musty, morning-lazy kisses. "Thanks for the helping hand, dollface."

Steve laughed delightedly. "Thanks for the wake-up, Buck." He sighed softly when his phone started to chime, a signal that it was time to get up if he was going to be downstairs in time.

Bucky grinned and wriggled himself shamelessly into the middle space for a moment. "I'll be in later, and maybe our box will come along for his dose of caffeine."

Tony mumbled softly and burrowed into Bucky, warm and sweet as anything, and they stayed like that until the chiming alarm grew too loud to ignore.

Steve kissed Tony's head and Bucky's mouth and slipped out of bed. "Bring me a snack, you know what I like," said Steve.

Tony huffed. "Take a shirt from my closet," he mumbled. "Boxers if they'll fit, too."

Bucky chuckled. "He wants to mark ya, Stevie."

Steve looked shyly happy. "Yes, okay, whatever you want, Tony." More light spilled out of the closet when Steve went in there, and Tony rolled over to watch with interest as Steve and JARVIS found him some black boxer-briefs that fit well enough and a worn black t-shirt from some band
whose logo was nearly unreadable. It fit Steve like a glove, but that was how Steve liked his shirts anyway. Borrowed socks and his own jeans completed the look, and he got one more pair of sleepy kisses before waving and making his way out the door.

"You got time t'sleep in awhile, baby?" asked Bucky, letting himself yawn and settle back into the warmth of the bed and Tony's embrace.

Tony squirmed around and kissed him, cuddling back with self-conscious intent. "You'll hold me?"

"Obviously," confirmed Bucky, kissing him again. "We'll put you in the middle next time. Tonight, if you want."

"This is not like most of my mornings after," said Tony, voice muffled by Bucky's shoulder. "JARVIS, wake us up in a couple of hours so I have time to tweak Bucky's arm."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS.

Bucky wasn't sure, but the AI sounded kind of... approving. "C'n I blow you in your lab, then?" he asked Tony, nibbling at one ear.

Tony mmmmed and nuzzled closer. "You can blow me anywhere you want, Buckaroo."

"I'll take you up on that, babydoll." Bucky kissed his hair and let sleep take him, thinking happily that he'd gotten his wish after all. Tony was definitely a cuddler.

When he woke again, Bucky stretched and tugged Tony close to kiss him awake. "I think your house said it's time to get up," he murmured, both hands roaming over Tony's body even though he could only really feel with one. The other one gave him phantom sensations sometimes, but he knew it'd never be the same so he tried to do what he could do enjoy what he had. He'd definitely enjoyed Tony last night, getting to use his hand to pleasure their box and watching Tony get off on being fucked with his own tech.

Tony muttered discontentedly and burrowed closer.

Bucky slipped his fingers down Tony's crease, though he didn't try to probe inside, not without Steve right there to help him aim when he couldn't feel. "Tony, you've gotta fix my arm so I can finger you with it some more."

Tony moaned and rocked back, letting Bucky kiss him again. "Fine, fine. J, what's there for breakfast?"

"There's leftovers from last night, which Mr. Rogers was kind enough to safely preserve, as well as your usual eggs, bagels, and coffee."

Bucky was very pleased that Tony hadn't left the cradle of his arms yet, and he bit softly under Tony's jaw to show his approval, licking and kissing when Tony purred happily at the touches. "I'll make us some eggs, then we can do arm things and sex things down in your mad science lab."

"It's a workshop," protested Tony, but he wriggled out of Bucky's arms and left the bed entirely, slipping into his closet to throw on clean clothes. "You should wear the shirt I gave you last night."

"Can I steal socks an' stuff like Stevie?" asked Bucky. He got up and stretched, trying not to be self-conscious about his arm and finding it easier than he expected with Tony looking at him like he was something good to eat.
"Of course," said Tony, fishing around for suitable loaners now that he was dressed. "It's too bad I can't keep you naked all the time."

Bucky snorted a laugh. "I'm not makin' breakfast in the buff, I like my family jewels untoasted, thanks." He went over to steal a kiss and slipped into the boxer-briefs, these a jewel-bright red that looked pretty good on him. "This is enough for now, though."

Tony pulled him down for a deep, greedy kiss. "Come on, let's eat so I can touch inside you."

Bucky rubbed noses. "I don't let just anyone do that, you know," he teased back, bending over to snag his phone and not so incidentally give Tony a nice view of his ass before he turned back to add. "You're invited to touch wherever you want, though."

"Fucking christ," swore Tony, bouncing into Bucky's personal space to grab his ass and the back of his neck and kiss him like he wanted to devour him. "All this and twelve-shot caps? I am never letting you two go."

Bucky grinned. "That's the idea. Just wait until you try out our couch." He took a selfie of the two of them and sent it to Steve, bedhead and all.

Miss you, babe.

"C'mon, he might not see that for a few." Bucky dragged Tony into the kitchen with his usual cocky confidence, glad it was back to be called upon after everything. He raided the fridge and ended up making omelets and garlic toast for them, combining last night's leftovers with whatever else he could find to make a passable breakfast. He also pulled lattes for both of them on Tony's fancy espresso machine, giving him shit about the machine's tuning the whole time.

Tony fought back with glee, threatening to leave off Bucky's arm to adjust the caffeine instead, and they bickered happily the whole meal through.

Bucky shamelessly made out with Tony instead of doing the dishes, hands roaming up under Tony's shirts and down the back of his pants, mouth on those addictive lips when he wasn't murmuring sweet nothings into the space between them.

"You're just the sweetest box I ever tasted, Tony," he said, pulling away to just look at that handsome face.

Tony looked pleased as punch, preening under the praise. "It's good you know that," he said. He tugged Bucky's hand and led him downstairs to a workshop that looked like it wanted to be clean but never really was, the room cluttered with half-finished technology and ringed around with some of the most beautiful cars and motorcycles that Bucky had ever seen in person.

"Fuck me, Tony," he breathed, feeling terribly inadequate all of a sudden. "Are you sure you want a coupla broken soldiers like us?"

"Yes," said Tony fiercely, whirling to point at him with his face full of anger. "Don't you fucking talk about my keys like that, they are the best men I've ever met. No one has ever, ever been as good to me as you have."

Bucky stepped in close for a soft, warm kiss. "Sorry, I... Sorry, Tony, you're right, you deserve to have people who appreciate all of you and we do that, I swear we do."

Tony relaxed into him and looped his arms around Bucky's neck. "Damn right I do," he said, taking another kiss. "Now get your ass in here so I can fix my tech."
"Anything for you, dollface," said Bucky, trying to shove aside the feelings of inadequacy and concentrate on the warmth that Tony was sending his way. His phone beeped with a text from Steve and it was just what he needed to pull him out of his head.

No less than 7 people have
asked me about the t-shirt.
Apparently I am wearing
some sort of vintage
collectible. wtf, Tony.

Bucky laughed and showed Tony the text, complete with a photo of Steve looking pouty and harassed. "He hates it when people notice him, which is ridiculous, right?"

"If he wants to go unnoticed, he should wear t-shirts his size," said Tony with a laugh. "I almost drooled on my phone when I first saw him in that blue one."

"So what's this about him wearin' a collector's item?" asked Bucky, sitting where Tony gestured and letting the other man arrange his arm.

"J, pull up those specs for me, please," said Tony, and Bucky nearly jumped when a hologram popped up in midair in front of them. "It's from the first concert I ever went to, and then I wore that and nothing else on the cover of *People* one year. It's worth a fortune all things considered." He looked up at Bucky with a feral smile. "It marks him as mine."

"And the one you gave me?" asked Bucky, trying to make heads or tails of the mishmash of info.

Tony gestured, tossing the pages this way and that, treating the virtual files like they were real things of a sort, and slowly things started to make sense to Bucky. "I won it at a charity auction, it's got signatures all over it. I wear it when I'm working on cars," he said. "You're mine, too."

"I ain't arguing," said Bucky. "So what's that?" he asked, pointing to a tiny red mechanism in the blue model of his arm that Tony had somehow called into being with his hands.

"That's the neural interface that's not tuned right," said Tony. "Wiggle your fingers and stuff, same thing as last night, yeah?"

Bucky went through all the motions, first the ones his therapist-cum-tech always made him do, then the additional fine-motor stuff Tony had added at the end.

"There, see? You're sending signals, but the transmitter isn't getting them all." Tony turned, then licked his lips. "You're okay with this, right? Seeing inside your own arm?"

"Tony, at this point I might let you look inside the other one, if you really needed to," said Bucky, soft and serious. "You care so much about makin' it work for me, I trust you."

"You just jumped the list for the mark IV prototypes," said Tony with a grin. "Now, don't mind me talking to myself or J, all right? I'm gonna put some tunes on and sometimes I get kind of involved, just kiss me if you need me to shut up."

"You got it," said Bucky. "JARVIS, can you warn us at 9:45 so I'm not late for work?"

"Of course, Mr. Barnes," said the AI. "Sir, Ms. Potts has allowed your clearing of the morning but insists that you need to be at the investors' luncheon."

"That's fine," said Bucky, forestalling Tony's glib objection. "I'll give him back to Happy after we
take Stevie a snack."

"Do try not to give him too much caffeine," said JARVIS, his tone aggrieved.

Tony barked out a laugh. "POS, J, you could be ringing up lattes and lemonades. Give us some tunes." Music poured from everywhere at once, loud and pounding, classic rock that made Bucky grin.

Tony got out a set of fine tools and started popping open the hidden joints on Bucky's arm, revealing the fascinating and frankly somewhat disgusting guts of the prosthetic. Everything had a layer of gunk on it that Bucky hoped was meant to be there. Tony didn't seem bothered at all as he dove in with hands and tools to adjust, remove, replace, and even machine one new part in the first hour he was working. He talked to JARVIS and Bucky and himself in equal measure, and after the first few things he didn't understand Bucky started asking for explanations.

Tony lit up even more at that, talking a million miles an hour and explaining himself off into tangents while he worked, so gorgeous and smart that Bucky's heart ached with it.

By the time JARVIS gave them their 15-minute warning at 9:30, Tony had just about tuned the arm to perfection. Bucky could work all his fingers so well he could practically feel it when he ran them down Tony's face, no more weird feedback or jerky movements.

"Tony, baby. You're the smartest, most gorgeous box I ever met," said Bucky, tugging him in close for a kiss and squeezing Tony's ass with both hands, ignoring the way his arm was still half-open. "Close me up so I can blow you, please?"

Tony moaned. "Fuck, yeah," he agreed, banging his head along to the music while he screwed and snapped everything shut. "Let's send Steve a video, yeah?"

"Yeah," said Bucky happily. They used Tony's phone, and after a quick clean-up to get the grease off both of them, send a little video to Steve of Bucky giving him a nimble-fingered, shirtless wave. Bucky watched it with Tony after, amazed at how smooth and natural the movements looked now. "Shit, Tony, this is perfect."

"Of course it is," said Tony shamelessly. "But the next one will be better."

Bucky slid to his knees in front of Tony, unsurprised to find he was more than half hard already; he'd shown a shameless fetish for his own technology already and that was before he'd fine-tuned it. Bucky licked his metal fingers and then used them and his mouth to get Tony off, enjoying the taste of him, the smell of machine oil and ozone and musk in his nose from Tony and his workshop. Tony was babbling again already, things Bucky half understood this time, mostly about direct neural interfaces and anchoring and squid beaks again, which he was going to have to fucking google when he got to work, but for now Bucky just let the sounds wash over him while he worked to get Tony off.

This time when Bucky slid a spit-slick finger back between Tony's cheeks, everything moved so well he managed to circle his way around Tony's rim and catch at the center, to push inside Tony's well-fucked hole and swallow down his moans. He wanted to spend a whole day at this sometime, just exploring every part of Tony, but for now he just wanted Tony to have an extra bit of goodness to remember him by.

"Bucky, fuck, fuck!" Tony yelled as he came and Bucky swallowed it all down. He slid back up Tony's body and kissed him hard.
"C'mon, dollface, we gotta get dressed," said Bucky, teasing and sly. He had a feeling Tony wouldn't ignore the erection straining at Bucky's boxers, but he wasn't above making their box ask for it once in a while.

"Oh, no way," said Tony. "I am going to suck your brains out of your dick and give you back to Steve a zombie."

Bucky barked out a surprised laugh. "Get going, then, sweetheart," he teased with a wink. "You haven't knelt for me yet."

"Oh, sweetcakes, you have no idea what you've been missing out on," said Tony, sliding to his knees once his own soft cock was tucked safely out of the way.

Bucky let him confiscate the underwear entirely, leaning back against the lab table and spreading his legs, a hand on either side of him and a challenging offer for Tony to have his way. "Do your worst, love."

"My worst is better than most people's best," said Tony, that cockiness coming to the fore as he nuzzled at Bucky's balls. Bucky wasn't about to argue; Tony was so good for them, in bed and out, and they'd barely known him a day. He was so gone on their new box, and he knew Stevie was, too, just the thought enough to light a fire in him that Tony stoked with lips and tongue, fingers and breath.

"Tony, Tony," chanted Bucky, no smart words like their genius box, just a name he couldn't let go of. "Tony, god, you, please, fuck, it's so good."

Tony hummed his pleasure, gaze flicking up to Bucky's, lashes soot-dark and long, sensual as he closed his eyes again and sucked Bucky down. Tony's tongue found all the right spots and his fingers were fucking magic, so it didn't take much more before Bucky came crying out his name.

"Fuck, it's a good thing me an' Stevie are clean, too," said Bucky, wiping a little come away from the corner of Tony's mouth and licking it off his own thumb. "'Cos I want you to do that every day of the week, babydoll."

"It's 9:50, and Happy has arrived downstairs," said JARVIS, breaking the moment and making them both laugh.

"Tell him we'll be down in a few shakes, J. I've got to get my armor on," said Tony, shooting Bucky a wink.

Bucky helped him stand and kissed him deeply, not bothering to steal the underwear from Tony's back pocket just yet. He liked being naked for his box, showing off all the goods for Tony's appreciative audience of one. "Armor, huh?"

"A good suit is like armor," said Tony, leading Bucky back upstairs with a proprietary hand on his ass. "I'll take you and Steve to my tailor, you'll see. You'll feel like a million bucks."

"You're worth more'n that, Tony, and not just metaphorically," said Bucky with a laugh. "But I won't mind, I want to see Stevie all done up."

"And he'll let me dress you," said Tony, delighted. "Oh, man, I should've dated a couple ages ago. I can use you to make each other accept stuff!"

"Tony, you know you don't hafta-" began Bucky, scooping up the discarded shirt as they walked through the living room.
"I know, but I like to, okay?" Tony sounded defensive, and his back was tense.

Bucky scooped him up into a hug from behind, kissing his hair with a loud smack. "Then we'll let ya, baby, you let us do all kinds of stuff that makes us happy." He paused and then added, "Will you come over to our place tonight? Movies and couch sex and sleepin' in our bed?"

Tony turned in his arms and looked at his face, then nodded. "Make a note of it, J. I'm all theirs tonight."

"You can ride one of your bikes, me an' Stevie's are already at the shop," said Bucky, grinning his face off as he started to get dressed, stealing the underwear before Tony could demand he go without. "We've got parking enough for three at our place."

"Very good, sir. I trust you and Ms. Potts will be able to come to some agreement regarding your itinerary." JARVIS managed to sound both polite and disapproving.

"You're sure he's not a person?" said Bucky again, squinting up at the ceiling.

Tony laughed, kissing Bucky one more time before shedding his clothes and striding into his closet naked all over again. "He's got a personality, but no, JARVIS is definitely an artificial intelligence."

"Sir is correct," said JARVIS, but he sounded smug now.

Bucky couldn't help but beam. "Well, that makes him kind of a person, I guess," he said. He shrugged into the shirt and his jeans, padding into the closet to steal some socks and kisses and straighten Tony's tie. He'd spotted the black-on-black signatures all over the back of his shirt this time, but if Tony wanted Bucky to wear his priceless collectible, Bucky wasn't going to object. He'd always liked being claimed.

"So." Tony's tone was carefully casual, and Bucky tried very hard not to get his hackles up. "What exactly do you two need to be able to hire?"

Bucky relaxed, laughing. "Honestly, Stevie just wants to get the hang of shit before he has to train someone," he said. "We've got money, the shop does really well for us and our VA loans are at a good rate."

"But you might let me pay those?" asked Tony, perking up a little.

Bucky snorted and kissed him. "Not until at least the twent- seventh date?"

Tony looked smug. "Tonight's number two, right?"

Bucky facepalmed. "Steve is gonna kill me, but yes." Seven dates would only be a week if they kept up this rate. "You have to tell him what you told me before you offer, about wanting to give people things. He gets it about different love languages, but he's gotta know that's what you mean."

"Oh?" said Tony, clearly intrigued. "Steve's love language is clearly oral," he said, getting a snicker from Bucky. "So what's yours?"

Bucky laughed. "Giving people what they want, duh," he said. "I cooked for you, I let you have your way with me 'cos it made you happy. I gave you 12 shots of my finest, darkest espresso."

"You and I are going to get along so well," purred Tony, pulling him down for one more kiss. Then Tony put on his sunglasses and strode out, all signs of the sweet box gone in favor of the confident
billionaire. "J, tell Happy we're on our way down."

"He's by the elevator, sir," said JARVIS. "I've taken the liberty of updating the contacts in all of your phones, and putting directions to their home in the GPS on your Ducati."

"Good job. Maybe I'll keep you a little longer," said Tony.

Bucky got his shoes on and grabbed his bag, then shamelessly pulled Tony into a kiss for the elevator ride down, wanting to mess him up just a little before letting him go. "I like to leave my claim, too," he whispered in Tony's ear. "Think about what you'll let me leave on you."

Tony purred and kissed him. "I'll think about it. Maybe I can raid your closet tomorrow."

"Sounds good," said Bucky, still kissing him when the elevator doors opened. "Hey, Happy. You take good care of our Stevie this morning?"

Happy looked more surprised to see Bucky hanging off of Tony than expected, but he nodded. "I got him to work on time. He said something about making sure you two picked up food?"

"Oh, yeah," said Bucky. "Can we stop by the deli?" They discussed the best way to get there while they got settled, Bucky pulling Tony close in for a cuddle even though Happy left the barrier down. Bucky paused to kiss Tony a lot, though he did bother to get Happy's order before they went inside. Tony strutted in like he owned the place and Bucky got a familiar greeting from the girl behind the counter.

"You want your usual, Bucky?" asked Becca.

"Yeah, mine and Stevie's, plus whatever this mook wants, and a lox special for his driver." Bucky slung his prosthetic over Tony's shoulder, feeling how easily it moved now, how Tony snuggled up under it proudly. "Cash today?"

"Nah, Ira wants a tray of those fancy coffees later," said Becca. "He'll be happy you got extra today."

"You know we'd give him what he wanted anyway," said Bucky. "Tony, what'll it be?"

"Oh, um, Lox and cream cheese is good for me, no onions or capers," Tony was watching everyone with keen eyes, taking in the bustle and warmth of the place. Bucky'd worked here for a little while before he opened his own place, learning about the food business from Ira and then leaving his job for another vet when he was ready.

"You got it," said Becca. "You still in Sam's, um?" asked Becca, turning back to where she'd been making food, with the newest guy running the register for the usual line of people.

"Yeah, group's been good for me'n'Stevie," said Bucky. "Did you ever find one that fit in your schedule?"

Becca glanced at Tony and then shrugged. "Not a regular one, but I go to his Monday one sometimes if I don't have a lot of errands."

"Tony knows about us," assured Bucky. "He's ours now."

Tony preened like a peacock at that. "They're mine now, too," said Tony, flippant with a soft, serious undertone.
"You're him, though, right? Stark?" said Becca, not looking up from what her hands were doing. "You're gonna treat my boys right?"

"He's being good to us, Becca, shut up," said Bucky, blushing. "Tony's a great guy and he don't try to get between us."

"Well," said Tony, his voice full of suggestiveness. "Not in the bad way."

That broke the tension, thankfully, and Bucky hoped Tony wouldn't mind the protective friend schtick too much. "So, who's gonna give us the shovel talk for you, anyway?" asked Bucky.

Tony cocked his head, clearly pondering this idea as though it was brand new. "Um, probably Rhodey?"

"Colonel James Rhodes?" said Bucky, feeling sort of impressed despite himself. "I ain't letting him make me salute."

Tony laughed. "I don't think that's a danger," he said dryly. "I'll tell him you're expecting him, though." He sounded a little bewildered, but happy, too, so Bucky let it go.

"Here you go, now go help out your boy before the lunch rush hits," said Becca, handing Bucky a bag. "Take care of those two," she added very pointedly to Tony.

"I have every intention of doing so," said Tony, just as pointedly in return. "Come on, let's go feed your enormous boyfriend."

"Our enormous boyfriend," corrected Bucky, smirking at Tony's grin.

"Right. Our Stevie," Tony replied, saying it like he was tasting the words that Bucky had been repeating since last night. "I like that."

Tony stole the bag once they were settled in the car, laughing when he saw the labels on each wrapped bagel. Steve's was "Cap," Bucky's was "Soldier," Happy's said "Driver," and Tony's had a skull and crossbones on it. "So, she likes you guys a lot, then," he said, handing up Happy's along with one of the pickles.

"She's worked with Ira the longest," said Bucky, breathing a little as he stripped it down to the bare facts, those bad times when he'd been alone. "We started about the same time, so she's kinda protective. She remembers me with the first arm. She wasn't as bad off as me, but we were both pretty bad at first."

Tony kissed him so, so tenderly at that, bagels forgotten for a moment. "I'm gonna make you the best arm, Bucky," he promised.

Bucky whispered in Tony's ear, "I'm gonna finger you until you come with it, then."

Tony blushed a beautiful red.

Happy pulled up in front of the shop to let them off and eat his bagel. "I'd like a totally normal latte," said Happy cheerfully when Bucky inquired. "Tony has to leave by 11:30 to get to lunch on time."

"I'll withhold caffeine until he goes with you," promised Bucky, kissing away Tony's outraged look. "C'mon, let's go see our Stevie."

It was the usual mid-morning lull, a few people on laptops scattered around but no line at the register,
and Steve lit up like the sun when he saw them. He looked delighted, relaxed and happy and so full of love that Bucky felt himself glowing right back. "Stevie, you look so good, baby."

"You, too, Bucky. Nice shirt," said Steve, coming around the counter for a kiss as sweet as apple pie.

Tony tried to step back and give them space, but Steve reeled him in by his tie and took a kiss that make Tony melt right into Bucky's arms. "Tony, it's good to see you again."

"He's comin' over later," said Bucky, smug as all get out. "Gonna let us feed him and treat him like our fella oughta be treated."

Steve's grin was blinding as the sun. "That's so great, I can't wait," he said, and then his eyes fell to the bag in Tony's hands. "Oh, man, did you guys go to Ira's? Gimme."

Bucky grabbed an extra chair and they sat at the table closest to the counter, unwrapping their food and eating with gusto. Tony kept glancing around like he expected something dramatic to happen to spoil his moment, but the cozy little coffee shop stayed quiet except for a couple of customers that Bucky helped, letting his two fellas get a little time together before Tony had to go. Steve blushed and laughed, everything about him showing adoration for Tony and, when Bucky came back, him, too.

"I haven't felt that good in a long time," Steve was saying when Bucky sat back down.

Bucky dove back into his bagel instead of interrupting, though he gave Tony a significant look and mouthed 'love language.'

Tony kissed Steve softly. "You're not mad about the shirts, are you?" he asked shyly.

"Nah, Bucky likes to mark me, too," said Steve, going all red again. "I just didn't know that's what it was."

"That's, um, what did Bucky call it? My love language. Gifts and stuff." Tony looked uncomfortable to be saying it on purpose this time, but Bucky shot him an encouraging smile. "So I wanted you to know that, um, before I make you mad by being too much."

"He wants to pay off the VA loans so we can hire someone," said Bucky, eating his bagel more. "I told him not for seven dates."

"Bucky!" Steve said, but he was laughing, shaking his head. "You could've at least made it a real anniversary, jeez."

"He wouldn't let me go higher," said Bucky with a shrug. "We're gonna keep him anyway, so what does it matter if it's a week or a month?"

Steve huffed. "That's really not the point. Tony, you know you don't have to do that, right?" he asked, soft and serious now.

"Yeah, I know," said Tony, defensiveness starting to creep into his posture. "But I want to, and it's not, you know, as a percentage of my net worth it's like the penny you tossed in your take a penny tray. Possibly less than that, I haven't had JARVIS pull up your financials yet."

"Which we're going to let him do," said Bucky softly, "because it'll make him feel better, right?"

Steve huffed and laughed. "Yeah, fine, let your better-than-Alexa google us so you know we're not
in it for that. We just like you, Tony, but if this is what makes you know that, then we'll be good about it." He kicked Bucky's foot under the table to indicate a further conversation would be had when Tony wasn't there to get his feelings hurt.

"Mostly," said Bucky with a sheepish grin. "We'll try real hard, Tony. Promise. At the least, I wanna see Stevie in a suit."

"You promised an awful lot of stuff when I wasn't there to shut you up," said Steve with a huff. "But if it means I get to see Bucky in a real suit and tie, I won't fight you on that one. We may still have a discussion about the cafe, though."

"I can handle discussion, as long as you're not offended," said Tony, swallowing. "You're not, are you?"

Steve melted immediately, kissing Tony sweetly. "No, Tony, you told me what you meant by it and I'm not mad or offended. It's just a lot to think about, y'know?"

"It ain't a penny to us," said Bucky, pulling Tony's hand close and kissing the palm.

"You two are kissing me, touching me, claiming me in the middle of everything that matters to you," said Tony, quiet but intense. "That's more than a penny to me."

"I am gonna punch every single key you've ever been with in the nose," said Steve.

Bucky couldn't hold in his laugh, seeing Steve get all fighting mad over the very idea that someone wouldn't want to give Tony every bit of affection they could. "And there's our Stevie's other love language, kicking ass and taking names."

"Oh, fuck you," said Steve, sitting back in his chair with his arms across his chest. "Tony doesn't deserve to be treated like that."

"No one he dated before us matters," said Bucky seriously. "It matters that Tony's ours now, and we can only treat him right from now on."

Steve relaxed with a sigh. "You're right, none of those other keys mean anything if Tony's gonna be ours now." He turned his puppy eyes on Tony, the baby blue look of entreaty that had broken stouter resolves. "So you're gonna be ours from now on, right?"

Tony swallowed. "I'm not ready for, um, you know," he said, gesturing to their chests, to the key-tags outlined against the too-small shirts. "But yeah, I'm yours and you're mine." He sat straighter when he finished, taking back that proprietary pride that he'd had earlier when talking to Bucky in his lab, in his own space.

"That's fine," said Steve softly. "I don't wanna try either of our keys until we're sure we love you enough to keep you even if there's no match." His face was soft and sad, and all Bucky wanted was to kiss them both.

So he did, starting with Tony, then urging Tony to kiss Steve and taking the kiss back from Steve when it came around again. "Agreed," said Bucky. He stuffed the last bite of bagel in his mouth and winked, standing up and shamelessly talking with his mouth full. "Got a lotta shots to pull."

They both laughed and waved him off, but they were holding hands when Bucky looked back, and it seemed to him like all was right with his fellas.

Bucky pulled shots for Happy and Tony, and made his own usual midmorning pick-me-up. Steve
Tony's watch beeped and he swore. "Fine, fine. Kiss me, please?"

Steve pressed a grin to Tony's pout, and they turned it into a sweet-looking kiss. "You'll be back at closing, kitten?"

"Yeah, I'll bring the Ducati," said Tony. "See you for our second date," he added, sounding smug as he swaggered over to get a kiss from Bucky.

"You're gonna be such a dick about the seven dates thing, aren't you?" said Bucky, grinning as he got his own goodbye kiss.

"I might," said Tony, accepting the drinks and taking a long sip of his own. "Maybe you'll let me buy in, so I can get these for free forever."

"We might," said Bucky thoughtfully. "But you'll get them free forever anyway, 'cos you're ours."

"That earns one more kiss and then I have to go before Happy physically removes me," said Tony, after a glance out the door.

Bucky gave him a good one, holding him close and stroking his cheek with his real hand. "Be a good boy for us and we'll let you have middle in bed tonight."

"That's much better motivation than Pepper's usual," said Tony, swanning out with a wink.

Bucky laughed, watching him interact with Happy through the door, the two of them clearly old friends. "He's a good guy, our Tony," said Bucky, turning back to find Steve bussing their table with a little grin of his own.

"I assume your shirt is also some sort of priceless rock relic?" asked Steve, coming over for a slow, sweet hello kiss.

Bucky chuckled. "Yeah, it's that one he bought from a charity for, like, a million dollars." He turned around to show Steve the back. "You can see the signatures and everything."

"Jesus, Bucky," said Steve, laughing. His head thumped between Bucky's shoulder blades. "What have we gotten ourselves into?"

Bucky turned around and kissed him softly. "Somethin' really good with a sweet little box who needs love like we need air," he whispered. "He made you feel so good and safe, Stevie, I'd love him just for that but he's so much more."

Steve pressed their foreheads together, and when he looked back up, he was grinning that besotted, glowing grin again. "Yeah, he did. He's a good guy, our Tony."

"That's right," said Bucky. "Now, we've got a week to figure out how to bring him on as a not-controlling partner for the price of our VA loans, so you've got some googling to do. I'll finish cleaning out here and call you when the lunch rush starts."

Steve sighed. "You know me way too well," he said wryly, but Bucky could tell he was already warming to the idea of it, not just taking Tony's money as a gift but making Tony a part of their lives in a way that claimed him more surely than anything but a real unlocking. They'd have to earn a
chance to try their keys, their real keys, in Tony's box, but maybe one of them would fit, and that would be enough.

Bucky wasn't selfless enough to give up his Stevie for anyone, not even if Steve unlocked his box and found his soulmate. He'd cling to them both, and he'd make sure Steve did the same if Bucky ever found his own.

The bell above the door jingled just as he was finishing up with wiping the tables down, and he greeted the customer and got back to the rhythm of his day. It had a new melody hiding in with the rest now, a heartbeat that spelled Tony threaded with the feel of Steve and the smell of coffee, the sound of customers and the familiar, safe surroundings. Bucky smiled more than usual as he took money and made drinks, cleaned spills and prepped for the afternoon crowd.

He was still grinning when a flash went off behind him.

He breathed, thinking of Steve, thinking of Tony, and that got him enough calm to call out. "Stevie?" His voice wasn't too even, but he concentrated on the reflection of some asshole photographer in the shine of their chrome fixtures. His eyes could see it wasn't a real threat even if his brain couldn't quite get there yet.

"Can I help you?" asked Steve, already speaking before he'd even fully cleared the doorway from the back. He slid up against Bucky, one arm around his waist, a kiss pressed to his shoulder where he could feel it faintly through the shirt.

"That's the famous St. Jude's Judas Priest shirt, isn't it?" asked the man, and Bucky let out a ragged laugh.

"Yeah," said Bucky, stealing a kiss from Steve before he turned around. "And Steve's got one of Tony's shirts on, too."

Steve uncrossed his arms, flinching at the flash. "Okay, you've got your photos, now get out. And next time, ask before you flash a fucking war veteran."

That seemed to take the man aback, as if he, too, had failed to make the connection between the shop name and its owners.

"I have one fucking arm," said Bucky, throwing up both hands in exasperation and then flipping the guy off with his prosthetic. "This isn't a goddamn party favor, you know." He stomped into the back, winking at Steve as he went to show that he was okay, he just needed a break. He heard Steve reading the guy the riot act about respecting people's personal lives and grinned to himself, flopping on the couch to find his phone full of bored texts from Tony.

Bucky-bear. Buckaroo
Banzai.

Hm. Not sure about any of those. Help me out here, babe.

Steve tells me you're busy working, but he's talking to me. I can't believe he's looking at a partnership, I don't need that.

I guess he needs that and I
should shut up.

I am really bad at shutting up, Bucky. Help me out here.

This lunch is incredibly boring and the food is terrible, I'm so glad we ate bagels.

I am also enjoying the subtle scandal as people see the coffee shop logo. Do you have merch? I need merch.

If I'm a partner, I'm making us a line of merch.

Steve says I won't get controlling interest, which is very smart, but I really, really want merch.

Buuuuuucky. Say yes to me. Steve is too good at saying no.

Bucky couldn't help but laugh as the texts got sillier and sillier, and he thought perhaps next time Tony only needed eight shots. He replied to the last one first.

Steve is a master at saying no.

He loves the pet names, you know.

I kinda like Bucky-bear. I like you cuddling me. I can keep you safe!

Tony's 'typing' icon went on for a bit too long after Bucky sent that, and he bit his lip, worried he'd overstepped with the last comment.

Only you, Bucky-bear. Tell no one.

Bucky laughed.

That might be a problem, dollface. A reporter snapped photos of us in your shirts already.

Bucky drummed his fine-tuned fingers on the leg of his pants, admiring the smoothness of the motion. Imagining how it would feel if it was still his hand, still flesh that could feel the texture of the denim. Tony was typing a lot now, and Bucky was worried they'd messed things up, so he was surprised when the text finally showed up.
Sorry.

Bucky snorted.

*It's fine, Tony. I just didn't want you to be blindsided.*

We still like you.

The reply was fast as lightning this time.

*Oh thank fuck.*

Bucky snapped a photo of himself winking at Tony, shirt tugged aside to show the mark someone had left on his neck last night.

*You're ours now, no getting out of it with a boring scandal.*

*TMZ can be jealous.*

The text he got in reply was just a really long string of heart emojis. Bucky knew exactly how he felt.

He and Tony exchanged a few more texts and then Tony started a group text with the three of them. Bucky renamed it 'My Lovers,' and there were still emojis coming in while Bucky laughingly went to help Steve with the evening rush.

"Should we hire someone?" asked Bucky once things slowed down again. "Tony's right, the two of us are working too hard."

Steve chuckled. "I think that'll be your area," he said, stealing a kiss and then helping Bucky clean out the big coffee carafes while they talked. "You can hire whoever you want, sweetheart. I'd love the extra time with you."

"And Tony," said Bucky, grinning. "He wants us to make merch, you know."

Steve chuckled. "Yeah, he's been wheedling me all day about it." He looked pleased and thoughtful, rather than offended or annoyed, which Bucky thought was a good sign. "He actually had some good arguments for it, and if we let him invest it'd free up the cash."

Bucky let Steve handle the heavy lifting on the coffee carafes, turning all but the one that still had coffee in it upside-down to dry overnight on the counter. Instead he hopped up onto the counter next to it and leaned back on his hands, marveling all over again at how well the arm worked after just a little while in Tony's care. "He's real sweet when he wants to be, isn't he?"

Steve smiled over at him, that blinding grin full of joy. "I trust him, and I think we're both in trouble with how easy he is to like."

Bucky leaned down for a kiss. "We'll just hope he's in half as much trouble as we are," he whispered.

He looked up as someone came in, and a slow grin broke over his own face to see their Tony all dolled up in motorcycle leathers and boots, strutting sassy as anything up to the front counter. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask to see the manager," Tony teased.

Bucky spread his legs and tilted his hips up, making his whole body an invitation to sin. "I'm right here, dollface. How can I help ya?"
Steve snaked an arm out and tugged Tony back behind the register, stealing the first kiss. "Hey, baby."

"Hey," said Tony, his smile going soft and goofy. "What's a guy gotta do to get some service around here?"

Bucky hooked his foot around Tony's waist, urging him to slot himself between Bucky's spread legs. "I'll give you whatever you want for a kiss," he teased. He cupped Tony's cheek with his metal hand and leaned in to capture that mouth with his own, Tony's lips soft and just a little wet from kissing Steve and so, so good against Bucky's mouth.

"What if I want another kiss?" said Tony, eyes twinkling with mischief behind his sunglasses.

"Then you've come to the right place," said Steve, coming up behind him and bracketing him in so Tony was trapped between them. "You ours for the night, baby?"

"All yours," said Tony, leaning into Steve and twisting around so the two of them could kiss.

Bucky watched his two fellas and all he could feel was contentment, which he figured was a pretty good sign that they weren't headed for any kind of hidden blow-up, at least from his issues. They all had their issues, Tony as much as any of them, so Bucky didn't fool himself that it'd be all smooth sailing, but the warm feeling in his chest told him more than any voice of doubt ever could.

"We made TMZ yet, sugar?" asked Bucky. He knew he had a shit-eating grin on his face and he didn't even care, he was so happy.

Tony laughed and kissed Bucky again. "Not yet, but if we keep doing this in public, it's only a matter of time."

"Will it be a problem?" asked Steve, though he didn't move away, either, just rubbed Tony's belly with one hand, and Bucky's thigh with the other.

Tony shook his head. "I talked with Pepper, she's preparing a press release about our budding relationship or some shit," he said. "It was excruciating but she'll handle it. Also, she's going to come down here tomorrow to meet you two."

"That's great, Tony," said Steve, beaming. "Pepper's a good friend?"

Tony got that look that meant something was being reconfigured in his head, one that Bucky was already half in love with from their time down in the workshop together. "Yeah, she really is. She's never let me get her into bed, and right now I can see why."

"Because she's not your kinda key?" teased Bucky. "By which I mean two big, strapping young men."

Steve gave Bucky a look over Tony's head. "Tony probably has other reasons."

"No, Bucky's pretty much right. I usually prefer threesomes. There was something squirrelly about the way Tony said it that made Bucky wonder, but he filed it away for later.

Steve picked up on it, too, and asked softly, "Are we gonna be your only keys for a while, Tony?" His voice held that plaintiveness that Bucky only heard when Steve really, really wanted something that he didn't think he was going to get.

Tony looked at Bucky's face first, and Bucky knew his showed the same longing Steve was
showing, though he was pretty sure he was less puppy eyes and more possessiveness. Tony turned around to look up at Steve, snuggling back into the embrace Bucky automatically gave him.

"If I keep getting sex, cuddles, and caffeine, I won't need anyone else," said Tony decisively, after a slightly-too-long silence. "So, yeah, for now." He took out his phone and did something, making both of their phones chime.

When Bucky looked, he had to laugh at the message that stated, "Tony Stark named the conversation 'My Exclusive Boyfriends'."

"That's right, dollface, we're all yours," said Bucky, hugging him close.

Steve was kissing him when the door opened again, and the three of them turned their heads together, Steve blushing a little at being caught in PDA and Tony looking defiant.

"Hi! How can I help you?" asked Steve, moving away from the two of them.

Bucky wrapped his legs around Tony, hooking his chin over Tony's shoulder and holding him close, determined not to let himself be embarrassed at being sweet with his fellas in his own damn shop.

"Oh, um, I was hoping for a latte? Are you closed?" said the woman.

Steve smiled brightly. "Not for a little while longer. You can get your latte. Medium?" he asked, moving to the register.

Bucky sighed and whispered in Tony's ear, "Gotta earn my keep, sorry." He gave Tony a squeeze and let him go, relieved when Tony stepped away without argument. Bucky jumped down and pulled Tony with him over to the espresso machine. "Here, you can tell me what you want, too, and see how my baby's working." Bucky patted the machine fondly and started setting up for shots while Steve took the woman's order.

"Four-shot mocha?" said Tony hopefully, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

"Sure," said Bucky, starting two doubles, and then a third when his screen flashed up the medium double-shot latte order. "We'll tire you out at bedtime, don't worry."

"Do you guys ever get a day off?" asked Tony. He plastered himself to Bucky's side for a kiss, then moved away and started fiddling with the equipment, examining things one at a time before putting them back.

"Sundays," said Bucky, putting together a big ceramic mug for Tony and the to-go cup for the customer. "We're gonna hire some people, anyway. You were right that it's time."

"Seriously?" said Tony, surprise on his face. "Just like that."

"I just got lazy 'cos Stevie came back right around when Nat left," said Bucky with a shrug. "But I usually have at least one other vet working here, when I can find the right people."

"Plus, who wouldn't take business advice from you?" said Steve, leaning on the edge of the counter and smiling at him. "We talked about the merch, too, but that's for after our seventh date."

Tony lit up from the inside the same way Steve had earlier, his whole body shining with joy. "Really? You're not going to tell me it was just some dumb thing Bucky said to shut me up?"

"Really," said Steve. "He promised, and I promised, too, sort of. Dr. Sam taught us about learning to
listen past what people say to what they mean." He gave Tony a gentle, affectionate look. "I like what you meant by it a lot."

Bucky was beaming as he finished up the lady's latte and handed it over. "There you go, ma'am. Hope to see you again," he said, putting on his most charming smile.

"Thanks," she said, looking like she kind of wanted to stay and see how the drama played out as she put a lid on, found just the right cup sleeve and adjusted it, toyed with the splash sticks.

Bucky went back to Tony's mocha, coating the inside of the cup with dark chocolate syrup. "You want a last one for the night, Stevie?" he asked, as if his two boyfriends weren't looking like they were gonna start making out any second now.

"Double chocolate breve," said Steve. "I'll need my energy."

Bucky laughed. "Yeah, we all will," he teased back. "I'll have one of those, too."

"Ooh, can I have one but with, you know, all the shots?" asked Tony, looking excited at the idea of having extra everything in his drink.

"Of course, babe." Bucky traded the milk he'd had out for half and half, filling the big steamer cup and getting it going. "Do up the cups for me, Stevie?"

"Yeah, of course," said Steve, getting down their own personal mugs. Steve's had been a gift from one of the guys in their unit, and had a white star surrounded by a bullseye of blue and red rings. Bucky's was one he bought himself when he first got back, and said, "I like my boxes like I like my coffee, hot and strong."

"I can already tell whose is whose," said Tony with a laugh. "So is getting my own, what, a fifth date thing?"

"I already told you to bring your own next time," said Bucky, leaning over to kiss Tony's nose. He was vaguely aware of the customer leaving, though she kept shooting them glances the whole way out, half-pleased and half scandalized at the obvious, open threesome.

"Get one for Happy, too," added Steve, busy with the syrup.

"Double up the chocolate in Tony's cup, too, babe," said Bucky, holding the cup carefully with both hands. "Tony, did you wanna watch this? It's been way easier today."

"He's so happy with the adjustments you made," added Steve, adding chocolate to Tony's cup. Then he grabbed the real secret of their house drinks and squirted a touch of salted caramel in the bottom of each cup.

Tony moved right into Bucky's space and peered at his wrist and hand from all angles, touching carefully, then more intimately when the heat of the cup didn't transfer much. "How's it different?" asked Tony.

"Way better control," said Bucky. He tapped the slightly misshapen metal of the cup. "I used to overcorrect and dent these a lot, but I haven't clanked against one all day."

Steve crowded into their space, starting a pair of shots for himself and Bucky, then stealing Tony's pulled shots to dump into his cup so the coffee could start melting the chocolate and caramel. "I'm dying to play with it tonight," said Steve, voice low even though they were alone again.
"Are you sore, Tony? We played with you a lot last night," asked Bucky. "I was thinkin' maybe we'd stick to easier stuff tonight, and I can try a handjob or two with this thing."

Tony shivered and swallowed. "I am a little sore, and I'm also kind of dying to test out my adjustments personally, so, uh. Yes?"

Steve and Bucky shared a slow, secret smile. "We'll get you hooked on our couch, it's big enough for all three of us." Steve tugged Tony in for a kiss of his own.

"Most comfortable couch in the world," said Bucky, feeling very smug. He'd found it by chance when he was trying to get stuff he could afford that someone would deliver and assemble for him. It had been tucked back in some furniture store at half off the display model. It was ugly as fuck, so they covered it with blankets and pillows and made it into a nest for those nights when sleep came hard, but it was just as good for movie nights and lazy Sundays mornings.

Steve dumped shots into their mugs and Bucky started with Tony's cup, drawing a heart in the foam and handing it off with a kiss. "Tell me how you like it," he said with a grin, moving on to Steve's and then his own, playing with the designs. Steve's triple hearts almost worked out, but he tried a star in his own and totally failed to make it work.

"More youtube videos, I guess," teased Steve, stealing his own cup for a sip. "Mmm, fuck I love these."

Tony pulled his face out of his mug long enough to make agreeable noises, and then went back to slurping at the concoction like his life depended on it.

"Are you aimin' to get me to make you another one, dollface?" asked Bucky, sipping his own and making a small noise of satisfaction at the thick, rich drink, bittersweet and complex and so, so good.

"I am willing to bribe you with sexual favors," said Tony, looking so sincere that Bucky had to come kiss him.

Steve laughed. "I'm going to make JARVIS track your caffeine intake so you don't end up overdosing because Bucky can't resist you," he said, only somewhat teasing.

"J, how much coffee have I had today?" asked Tony, holding up his phone.

"Eighteen shots of espresso including the drink you are holding, plus at least three cups of standard coffee, sir," said the familiar voice of Tony's AI. "It pains me to admit that one more of those breves won't begin to exceed your maximum intake, but please do watch your heart."

"We'll take good care of his heart, J," said Bucky easily, feeling the truth of it in his gut.

"But only one more," said Steve sternly. "No caffeine after we leave here, it's a house rule."

"That's inhumane," said Tony, eyes wide with not entirely feigned horror.

Bucky laughed. "It resets in the morning, don't worry," he teased. "We wouldn't send you out into the world with no caffeine, babydoll."

Steve snorted. "We're not idiots," he teased, pulling Tony in for another kiss. "Finish that up while we clean, okay, sweetheart?"
"Sooo... How much access are you two gonna give me, here, with that advice-giving thing?" asked Tony, hiding his face behind the giant coffee mug.

"Not until after the seventh date," Bucky reiterated, shaking his head with a fond grin. Their Tony was as bad as either of them for taking care of people whether they liked it or not. "We're really doin' fine, I promise. People like it here, Tony, and they'll be happy once we've got more staff and better hours."

"Bucky and I had some money we invested, it wasn't all loans," added Steve. He'd used hardly any of his pay when he was overseas, and Bucky had gotten a settlement when he was discharged that helped with everything else. Steve had taken some leave to help get him set up, and they'd had other friends helping, too. The army took care of its own, when it could be bothered to remember, anyway.

"All right," said Tony. "Honestly, business is more Pepper's thing, anyway. I'm all about the genius inventions, she's the one that makes the company work."

"That really doesn't surprise me," teased Steve. "You're way more interested in stuff than money."

"You're not wrong," said Tony with a shrug. "But I'm also right about the merch."

"You probably are," Steve allowed. "And we'll work on it, once we've hired some people and spent a few weeks training 'em and fucking you more."

"I approve of this timeline," said Tony immediately. "Try never to listen to me if I suggest anything that doesn't involve you fucking me more."

Bucky snorted. "Shut up and drink your coffee, dollface." He went back to cleaning, shutting down anything that wasn't necessary for the night. They had ten more minutes to closing, but he wasn't too worried about stragglers; he'd save the espresso machine for last, and they wouldn't dump the last of the brewed coffee until the doors were locked.

"Are you going to let him talk to me like that?" said Tony, gesturing indignantly and then shoving his face in his coffee cup again.

"Shut up and drink your coffee, kitten," said Steve, shaking his head while Tony spluttered. "I'm gonna go do the bathroom, don't give him more than four more shots."

"Cross my heart, Stevie," said Bucky.

"It's a conspiracy against me!" protested Tony, but he couldn't hide his smile.

"We're conspiring to get you laid," Bucky corrected.

"Even you can't complain about that," said Steve, heading back to muck out the bathroom. They mostly had good customers, but it was still a public restroom and had to be thoroughly cleaned at least once a day even when there hadn't been an incident.

Bucky nuzzled and kissed behind Tony's ear and whispered, "I love you in leather, baby." Then he winked and went back to his own evening chores with a smile on his face.

"Can I change the music?" asked Tony, poking around the espresso machine more.

"Sure, but I get final say. We don't allow boxism or sexism in here, even on the radio." Bucky was firm, though to be honest he didn't think Tony was likely to be too into that, and was unsurprised when Tony prattled at JARVIS until one of his personal metal playlists was coming out of the shop's
"Did you just get your AI to hack our stereo?" said Bucky with a laugh.

"N- yes?" said Tony, looking like he wasn't sure which answer would get him the reaction he wanted. "I mean, I could've tried to do it the wired way but this was just a lot faster and..."

Bucky cut him off with a kiss. "It's fine, dollface. Just don't do it when you're not here to turn it off if it's inappropriate."

Bucky's phone sounded a chime on the hour, and he grinned and pressed his keys into Tony's hand. "Go lock the door and have J turn it up."

Tony grinned and did as he was asked.

Bucky paused to shoot Dr. Sam a text about their job openings, promising to have the job listing up on the VA site tomorrow, then got back to it. Tony ended up tinkering with the espresso machine long enough that the rest of the chores could happen around him while he was occupied, music blasting and leather jacket abandoned while he did a little dance around the bar to check various connections and settings.

"We are so in trouble," said Bucky, leaning on his broom and glancing over at Steve before going back to watching Tony with shameless adoration.

Steve nodded, looking just as smitten. "Yeah, we're doomed," he agreed.

Neither of them minded a bit.

They ended up waiting on Tony to reassemble part of the machine before they could go home, but neither of them minded too much. Tony got his final coffee as part of a demonstration of the improved capabilities, and Bucky had to admit when he stole a sip that whatever Tony had done had smoothed out the result a small but perceptible amount.

"So, you approve?" asked Tony challengingly.

"I didn't doubt ya for a moment," said Bucky, giving him a coffee-flavored kiss. "But I wanted to taste it for myself so I'd know what to tell people other than 'my super-smart boyfriend did it.'"

Tony looked mollified, stealing back his coffee. "I haven't had a boyfriend since college," he blurted.

"About time, then," said Steve. He gracefully inserted himself between Tony and the counter he'd been leaning on so that their lover was cradled against his broad chest, arms around Tony's waist, a kiss pressed to Tony's temple. "You need to be treated better, sweetheart."

"You won't miss those other fellas at all," added Bucky, looking smug in yesterday's pants and Tony's t-shirt, marked as his for their morning after. "Oh, hey, did you bring a bag?"

"Yeah, I've got my overnight stuff in the saddlebags," said Tony, nodding toward the bike parked illegally on the sidewalk outside. "I'm almost done with my coffee."

"Don't worry," said Bucky, moving into Tony's space. "We can occupy ourselves while you get your last dose of the night."

He slipped his hands up under Tony's t-shirts, one layer and then the other, splaying them over his ribs so Steve's could slide up to his stomach. Bucky kissed Steve over Tony's shoulder, showy and
Tony moaned into his cup. "That is... really very motivating." Tony's cheeks were flushing, and Bucky pushed his hands up further to tease Tony's sensitive nipples.

Steve's hands dipped into the top of Tony's pants, teasing along his hipbones, and their kisses kept going right there where Tony could watch.

"This is going to be my favorite drink ever after this," said Tony, melting into Steve, giving tacit permission for them to keep going. "Everything about this is, fuck, so sweet." His voice was rougher now, and he swore every time Bucky thrust their hips together.

They startled but didn't move apart when some asshole pounded on the door.

"I got it," said Steve, shifting Tony's weight onto Bucky and heading for the door with murder in his eyes.

"It's definitely a reporter," said Tony, peering over Bucky's shoulder. "I should deal with this."

Bucky shielded Tony from view, kissing his temple, looking over his shoulder to make sure he wasn't also needed. "Just let our Stevie take care of it, love."

Steve left the door locked and helpfully pointed to the Closed sign, then crossed his arms over his broad chest, highlighting his strength and denying the interloper a good look at the famous t-shirt.

The man was trying to yell through the door, convince Steve to open up, but Steve was having none of it.

Bucky kissed Tony's hair. "Do you want to go out the back with me? If you wanna leave the keys, Steve'll bring the Ducati. He'd love a chance to ride that thing."

"I thought you didn't want to hide," said Tony, voice a little colder and harder now.

Bucky stepped back, attention fully on Tony now. "Hush, you. I didn't want my very hot makeout session with my boyfriends interrupted, but if you wanna go give that asshole an interview we can do that. We're not ashamed of you, Tony."

Tony swallowed, then nodded. "All right, I... it would be nice to let Pepper get the real story out before I deal with any of the vultures."

"Text Stevie the plan and we'll leave your keys in the office. You wanna take Stevie's bike or ride bitch with me?" Bucky waited for a moment when Steve had the guy's full attention and whisked Tony back into the office.

"Bitch is fine," said Tony with a sly little grin. "I'd rather molest you than get lost." He already had his phone out, and was putting his keys in the middle of the desk. Bucky got his leather jacket on and grabbed both their bags, figuring Steve wouldn't want to mess with Tony's saddlebags.

"Don't get too frisky, I'm not used to the new arm yet," warned Bucky, though really he felt like he could do a lot more with it like this than ever. "Oh, hey, whatcha got goin' on tomorrow morning?"

The answer was interrupted by the go-ahead from Steve, so Bucky showed Tony their tiny bikes-only garage, complete with spare helmets and their two beautiful Harleys. Bucky grabbed the helmets and got their bags packed away while Tony looked around with his usual boundless curiosity. "The black one's Steve's, he loves that thing almost as much as he loves me."
"So this beauty's yours?" asked Tony, stroking his fingers over the custom silver paint, howling wolves fading back into a starry night, a testament to his unit.

"Howling Commandos," said Bucky, nodding. "That was us."

Tony pulled him into the sweetest kiss, fingers curled in Bucky's hair. "They'll carry us home," he said, and Bucky had to kiss him one more time, his chest feeling tight.

Instead of any of the things crowding his head, Bucky just swung his leg over and said, "Get on, bitch." If his voice was a little hoarse, well, Tony didn't comment.

What Tony did do was put his hands in very distracting places, that became comfortable somehow when it was clear that he wouldn't be moving them. He cupped one hand over Bucky's cock in his jeans, and slipped the other up under Bucky's jacket to cling to his shirt, curling into Buck's back like he belonged there. Bucky took a moment, laying his hand over Tony's -- the one on his stomach -- before getting the bike revved up and heading out.

It felt good to have Tony there behind him, not just because of the warm fingers around his half-hard dick, but because he'd always loved taking care of his lovers and having Tony curled into him and trusting him like this was soothing something deep inside. He made the trip home with contentment humming in his chest, especially when Steve pulled up alongside him and then zoomed ahead, showing off both Tony's bike and the way Steve's ass looked in those jeans.

Home was a little duplex in Brooklyn, with Nat and her roommate, Clint, in the upper unit. The owner only rented to vets, usually fresh out of service, and eventually Steve and Bucky would cede their spot to someone who needed it more, but for now it was theirs. They used the second bedroom for a gym, Steve wanting to keep his physique and Bucky having a lot of physical therapy to keep up if he was going to wear a metal arm for the rest of his life. The living room was mostly taken up by the tv and the couch with its side tables, the bedroom was mostly bed, and the walls in every room held bookshelves full of movies and books and stuff, including a dusty frame with all their medals carelessly commingled on cheap velvet.

Clint had put it together after finding out that both of them had shoved their medals in their underwear drawer. He insisted that they should be allowed to show off the good parts of their service if they had to keep showing off the bad parts, too, and Bucky hadn't had the heart to protest.

Tony looked around their tiny flat with obvious delight, letting Bucky take his jacket and boots and stow the helmets, letting Steve handle the bags while he indulged his curiosity. "That's a lot of medals," said Tony when he saw the frame, moving on to the dvds without missing a step. "Why am I dating men who own a copy of Titanic?"

"It was a gift," said Bucky. "Note the intact shrink wrap."

"Neither of us wants a movie about cold, icy death tearing a couple apart," said Steve, tugging Bucky close and kissing him like drowning. "I'm gonna make lasagna, think you can last that long?"

"For your lasagna? Fuck yeah," said Bucky, holding him close, breathing through the panic they were both fighting back.

A warm body wrapped around them both, Tony resting his forehead against Steve's shoulder. "Sorry, I didn't know," he said. "Well, I sort of did, but I didn't think."

Two arms reached out and pulled Tony in, Steve and Bucky working together. They pressed sweet kisses to Tony's mouth one after the other.
"It's not your fault, love," said Steve gently.

Bucky kissed his temple. "We'll stumble, too. As long as you're okay with catchin' us, love." He used the word gently but with purpose, something he felt like they'd have to wean Tony onto the idea of deserving. He was falling already, he could feel it, so he figured it was a good idea to lay the groundwork for what he hoped would be a lifetime of it.

Tony snuggled in close. "I want lasagna, too, for the record."

Steve cracked up and hugged them both tight. "Yeah, come on, you can make yourselves useful while I make sure there's still sauce."

Bucky chuckled. "Is it about time for another sauce-makin' day?" he asked cheerfully. Steve's mother's tomato sauce took a whole day to cook, so Steve had made a big pot when he first got back to make lasagna whenever they both wanted some comfort food.

They'd made a lot of lasagna.

"My appointment tomorrow's at nine-thirty," said Bucky, draping himself over Tony. "Wanna come?"

It took Tony a second to realize he was the one being asked. "Um, depends on what it is, I guess. JARVIS, am I busy?"

"Your first meeting tomorrow is at 11am," said JARVIS.

Bucky kissed his hair. "It's my arm checkup, I gotta go in every two weeks for maintenance and tests and stuff. Part of the study."

"Same time every two weeks?" asked Tony. At Bucky's confused nod, he said, "J, put it in my schedule. Make it sacred."

"Of course, sir. I will have to reschedule a few things around it, but I'm certain Ms. Potts will be understanding." Bucky wasn't sure, but he got the impression JARVIS meant it.

Steve glowed at Tony like he'd hung the moon. "Thank you, sweetheart. I hate that I can never go with him."

"Well, I want to make sure they're treating my arm well," said Tony with a smirk. "I have a very vested interest in its improved functioning, after all."

"Perv," said Bucky happily, stealing a kiss. "Whatcha got for us to do, Stevie?"

"You can shred cheese," said Steve. He was pulling ingredients out of the fridge. "Tony, can you fill that big silver pot about halfway with water for the noodles?"

"You got it, honey bunches," said Tony happily. He moved easily with them in the kitchen, not minding that it was a tight fit with three grown men.

They worked together and talked about little things, restaurants they liked and places in New York they had and hadn't been. They made tentative plans for Sunday that would start Saturday night and run through Monday morning and Happy taking Steve into work again. Tony stole cheese from Bucky's pile, Steve got tomato sauce in Bucky's hair, and Bucky thought his heart might burst to see his two fellas arguing over the best way to build the layers.
"I'm gonna take first shower," he said, sliding over to get kisses. "I'm afraid it's only big enough for one, dollface."

"That's fine, I need to prove to our Stevie that the structure will be better if he lets me do the layers," said Tony, waving him off after a perfunctory kiss.

"We'll pick a movie once this is in the oven," promised Steve, kissing over Tony's head. "Leave some hot water for me."

"Don't wear Tony out," teased Bucky, though in truth he wouldn't be gone long enough for them to get up to much. He'd have to make sure to give Steve and Tony some alone time this week, so Steve could get a taste of Tony one-on-one, and Tony could enjoy being the sole focus of Steve's affections for a few hours.

Bucky showered quickly, setting Tony's t-shirt aside in case he needed to do something special to wash it and electing to stay topless for maximum skin contact with his boys. Dr. Sam would be so proud.

"You sweet things ready for me?" asked Bucky, leaning against the bedroom doorframe in nothing but low-slung pyjama pants and his dogtags.

The look on his lovers' faces was well worth the small stress of showing off his scars and arm again.

"Bucky-bear, my marvel of technology and sexuality, I am ready for whatever you want to do with me," said Tony, giving up on the dvd shelf and striding over to pull Bucky down for a very hot kiss. "Steve wouldn't even get naked for me!"

"Stevie, are you depriving our fella of your abs?" teased Bucky, snuggling Tony against his own bare chest with his good arm, the other still propped against the jamb.

Steve laughed and stripped off his shirt. "I do not do topless ovens," said Steve. "You know this."

Bucky sighed dramatically. "I really do, and it's a cryin' shame, you makin' us choose like that." He laughed when he got the shirt thrown in his face.

Steve tsked when he made to toss it back into the bedroom. "Be careful with that, don't you know it's priceless or some shit?"

Tony laughed and went over to fondle Steve's impressive chest. "Not as priceless as what it's been covering all day. And damn, I forgot to bring more Stark Mementos to cloak you guys in tomorrow. TMZ will have to wonder."

"D'you think that guy tonight was TMZ?" asked Steve, hands going up under Tony's shirt and slowly pulling it up and off, giving him plenty of time to object if he was going to.

Bucky watched, admiring Tony's strong arms and back, the curve of his ass in those leather pants. "Get outta those leathers, too, will ya? I want comfortable cuddles." He joined them in their kisses, hands moving to undo first Tony and then Steve's pants buttons. He didn't trust his control to do more, but Steve and Tony took care of that for him while Bucky kissed along Tony's shoulders, nuzzling the hair at the back of his neck and practically purring with how good he smelled, leather and cologne and skin and shampoo.

"I'm gonna shower before we get too far along with this line of thought," said Steve, but he helped Tony out of his pants while he was talking, leaving Tony in more of those close-fitting boxer-briefs and Bucky's arms. "Don't wear Tony out."
"I'll save some for you, Stevie," said Bucky, wrapping himself around Tony and laughing when Tony yelped at the cold from his arm.

"I am definitely doing something about temperature with that thing," Tony groused happily, watching Steve's naked butt as he vanished into the bathroom. "All right, I believe I was promised comfortable cuddles?"

"The most comfortable," said Bucky. He scooped Tony up and tossed him into the middle of the couch, getting a laughing protest that died out once the sheer awesomeness started to sink in.

"Oh my god, you really weren't kidding, what the actual fuck is this couch?" said Tony, burrowing into some of the blankets and then holding up the edge to get Bucky in there with him. "It's like a blanket fort and a bed and a couch and a fucking cloud, what the fuck."

Bucky curled around Tony like a contented cat. "I love this couch almost as much as Stevie," said Bucky shamelessly. "And he agrees with me."

"I agree with you, too, and I'm not nearly as gone for Steve as you are," said Tony. "I want this couch to have my babies."

"No spunk on the couch cushions," said Bucky, though he failed to sound stern. "Rule 3."

"What are rules one and two?" asked Tony suspiciously.

"All spills will be immediately taken care of, and we wash the blankets at least once a month even though it's a huge pain." Bucky smirked. "Blankets aren't couch cushions."

"I can't even be grossed out by that, given the fact that I intend to suck both of you off tonight and swallow every last drop," said Tony. "I am never leaving this couch. I'm moving in here and running my company from here."

"Your workshop would miss you," teased Bucky, "but I wouldn't mind." His hands drifted over Tony's body, mostly the real one since he was laying on the other arm, just feeling all that beautiful skin. "I love how soft and warm you are," he whispered, kissing Tony's neck and breathing him in.

Tony chuckled. "It's a good thing I know how you mean that, Bucky-bear." His beautiful hands came up to card through Bucky's hair and trace the shape of Bucky's face.

Bucky drifted on his own kind of peace until he heard Steve saying, "Now this is just what I want to see every day forever."

"No shirt after the oven's off," said Bucky, cracking an eye and giving Steve a disapproving look. "No shirt on movie nights," he agreed easily.

"Can that be rule 4?" asked Tony hopefully.

"Rule 4 is always clean up after sex on the couch," said Steve and Bucky together, making all of them crack up.

"It can be rule 7," allowed Steve.

"What are the other rules, then?" asked Tony, stretching a little but making no effort to get out of Bucky's embrace.

"Own your own crumbs," said Bucky sheepishly. "Stevie got tired of me not shakin' 'em out."
"There is no rule six," added Steve dryly.

"Of course not," agreed Tony, though he looked deeply amused. "I agree to abide by all of these rules."

"Good," said Steve. He slotted himself in on Tony's other side, shifting the huge ottoman better accommodate a three-person cuddle.

Bucky let out a happy sigh to watch Tony and Stevie kiss, and another one when he got kisses of his own. "You two are gonna make me the happiest," he said with a grin. They necked lazily for a while, passing kisses back and forth until Tony was starting to babble a little and Bucky was making a tent in his pajamas.

"So," said Steve when they slowed down to keep from going too far before food was ready, "I think we should put in a mirror wall."

"What?" said Bucky, confused at the segue. "Why?"

"If we're gonna have people coming in and trying to get candids, and we're going to hire more vets, we should make sure there's more visibility for people behind the people working up at the counter," said Steve, and Bucky got it.

He kissed Steve softly and nodded. "You're right, that kinda sucked today. Just behind the counter, though, and maybe polished metal instead'a glass."

"What sucked?" asked Tony, eyes narrowing.

"Someone startled Bucky with a flash photo," said Steve. "It was dumb of them, they could've gotten hurt."

"I'm okay now, dollface, I took a break and texted you, remember?" Bucky kissed up along Tony's ear. "We've talked about it a few times, but there wasn't enough goin' on to make it worth bein' closed while it got installed."

"But now we've got something else worth closing for," teased Steve, nuzzling at Tony's hair. "Think you can get a day to play hooky once we schedule the install?"

"Let me take care of it?" asked Tony hopefully. "I can get it done sooner, and schedule it around a day Pepper will let me escape."

"Only if you also give Bucky whatever you use on your scars for his shoulder," said Steve instantly.

Bucky huffed a laugh. "You both know I'm just gonna say yes," he said, only a little resentfully. "I wouldn't mind my fellas rubbin' me all over with somethin' nice, though." He made the latter into an innuendo, exaggerating the slur of his accent into a low purr.

Tony made an indecent noise.

Steve laughed. "We hear what you mean, kitten," he said, kissing Tony's next words away.

Bucky hauled his face out of Tony's neck enough to get his own kisses. "We know you only wanna take care of us, and we're not gonna let you pay for all of it, just whatever rush fee you need t'schedule it."

Tony hummed what Bucky was sure was meant to sound like agreement but was probably Tony's
big brain already working a way around this restriction. "Whatever you say, Buckaroo Banzai."

"Oh, we should watch that," said Steve. He slid out of the cuddle as the stove timer started to go off. "What? I like that movie."

Bucky laughed. "Yeah, okay, we'll find it and join you at the table."

"No lasagna on the couch?" asked Tony, making puppy eyes of his own.

Bucky shook his head. "Hot cheese on the tender bits is bad," he said. "That's not a couch rule, it's just a life rule." He draped himself over Tony for a very hot kiss anyway, rubbing his tender bits against Tony's. "I love these little undies you got, you should replace all of Steve's ratty old boxers with 'em."

"I'd say you should replace Bucky's, too, but Bucky just steals mine," added Steve from the kitchen.

Tony laughed as he was meant to, and Bucky watched the happy glow behind his eyes at the tacit permission to give gifts. "I like you two in mine, but I suspect it wasn't that comfortable."

"They were a little snug," allowed Steve, "but one size up should be enough for me."

"Ditto," said Bucky. He sighed and pulled away, tugging at Tony until they were both up and shuffling over to kitchen table to eat. He plopped Tony in a chair and went to find dishes and utensils, letting Steve put together the meal.

Dinner went better than Bucky could've imagined before last night, with Tony fucking Stark at their dinner table and JARVIS on his phone putting in some quote requests for the shop mirror. Bucky found the movie and Tony stripped Steve out of the offending shirt before they all cuddled up on the couch. It was warm and cosy and sweet enough that Bucky didn't even start molesting either of his boyfriends until the credits were rolling.

The moment the closing song started, though, Bucky rolled over and licked up Tony's neck. "I wanna see how good my hand is with stroking you," he murmured in Tony's ear, making his voice as low and sexy as he could go.

"I'll get the lube," said Steve, scooting over to grab the lube they kept nearby and a towel, too. Instead of peeling the blankets back, he pulled them up over the three of them, making a dimly-lit fort with a few practiced tugs and tucks. "I want to watch, but I want to stay warm, too," he explained.

"No, no, it's good, this is really good," babbled Tony, lifting his hips as Bucky divested him of his boxer briefs. Tony ran his hands down both their chests and let out a very happy noise. "You two are insanely hot, you know that, right?"

"I know Stevie is," said Bucky. He shifted down between Tony's legs, making sure the ottoman was steady and he wouldn't push it away and end up on his ass on the floor at a bad moment.

"I know Bucky is," countered Steve. He very gently pulled Tony's hands above his head and held them down. "Is this okay?"

"Just this, nothing more," said Tony. He flexed his hands against Steve's, but his erection didn't flag at all. "I trust you."

"He just wants you to be all stretched out for us," said Bucky. "He loves to watch, and I wanna use my hands t'take you apart."
Tony arched and wiggled, spreading his legs and lifting his knees. "I'm all yours," he said, cock twitching on the last word.

"Yeah, you are," said Steve. He leaned down to kiss Tony, then put his hand over Tony's heart. "I'm gonna make sure you're safe here."

Tony let out a shaky sigh and looked between them, eyes wide now. "You really are, aren't you?"

"We really are," said Buck, stroking his thumbs up and down the insides of Tony's spread thighs. "We're gonna unlock you with my hands, an' then with his mouth, an' then you can have anything you want from us after, even if it's just watching us unlock each other."

"Fuck," said Tony, moaning a little when Steve and Bucky kissed over him again. "That never gets old."

"I hope it never does," said Steve, with a smile so filthy most people wouldn't have believed it of him.

"We like how it revs your engine t'see us love each other, babydoll." Bucky slid his hands over Tony's body, mapping him out, making sure to cross sides sometimes so Tony didn't end up with one cold side from the metal hand, or one side that felt left out of the tech fetish that Bucky didn't mind feeding one bit. Tony's body was so nice, different from his or Steve's, wiry where they were bulky, strong in a different way that felt just as good under his touch.

Tony shuddered and started talking again, more tech babble that went mostly over their heads; Bucky and Steve exchanged a look of heated understanding for how hot it was to hear all that genius pouring out because of something they were doing.

Tony's skin was soft and warm but he had unexpected rough places, not just the obvious mass of scars on his chest but others here and there that spoke of a reckless life rather than the terror of a desert cave. Bucky touched them all, watching Tony's face, listening to the cadence of his voice, the hitches of breath, watching Steve where he was literally feeling their lover's heart beat beneath his big palm. Bucky had never felt how precious and fragile a box could be before this, but he also knew that Tony was as strong as they were in his way, maybe stronger with how well he'd come back from his ordeal.

Bucky was in such deep trouble.

"Gimme some slick," he asked, and Steve passed the bottle over one-handed, careful not to press down on Tony's chest. Bucky got both hands covered in it and then started toying with Tony's cock and balls and teasing all over the crack of his ass, getting everything hot and slick and wet, making a mess that would most likely end up all over Steve's face later. He stroked Tony's cock with his right hand first, feeling the shape of the flesh, smaller than Steve but not too much different from himself. He wanted to have the motions fixed in his head before he tried it with the other hand, so instead he cupped Tony's balls with utmost care and let the metal be warmed by them, let Tony feel that same fragility.

"You're so beautiful, Tony," said Bucky, and once he let the words slip out a whole litany of sweet things followed, mingling with Tony's science jargon. "You feel so good under both my hands, and I'm gonna make you feel so good, keep you safe and sound forever with us. You're the best box, such a good man and a strong one, god, you're so strong, and you've been so honest with us this whole time. You take such good care of us already, an' we don't ever wanna stop treatin' you right, either."
"Never gonna stop that," chimed in Steve.

Bucky moved his hands, shifted so he was using his Tony-made hand to stroke Tony's cock, watching the dim light glint off the metal as he worked Tony's flesh oh so carefully with it. He used his eyes and his memory to fill in the sensation and found himself groaning along with Tony, slipping two fingers back to stroke over Tony's hole without going inside, just giving him extra sensation.

Tony's babbling was starting to peak, the words less coherent, ideas unfinished, and Bucky and Steve were both watching him avidly, drinking in the sight of their gorgeous box lost in the simple pleasure of touch.

Bucky bent down, eyes still on Tony's face, and sucked just the tip of Tony's cock into his mouth tongue teasing the sensitive nerves below the head. That was all it took, and Bucky swallowed every drop happily as his Tony came for him, watching Tony in ecstasy with the intention of bringing him to that point over and over for the rest of their days.

Oh, yeah, Bucky was doomed.

"You're here, love, I've got you," murmured Steve, putting Tony's hands on his face while Bucky kissed upward. "You're so pretty when you come."

"Like a work of fuckin' art," agreed Bucky, kissing up Tony's neck to his mouth. "You okay, baby?"

He tried not to be worried, but Steve was the one who'd been tracking Tony's heartbeat, so it wasn't like he didn't have cause.

Tony buried his fingers in Bucky's hair and kissed him fiercely. "I have never been more okay," he said, moving to kiss Steve again, too. "You two, fucking hell, how is it you two are so, so?"

"Yours?" said Steve impishly.

"Yeah," said Tony, huffing a laugh. "How the fuck did I ever get the two of you to be mine?"

"George just lucky I guess," said Bucky, making his voice silly.

Tony laughed with his whole body this time, and Steve laughed with him, head thrown back and face full of joy. Bucky undid the blanket fort for now, taking in a breath of cooler air and squinting a little at the brighter light spilling over his lovers.

Bucky sighed and snuggled back up to Tony's side, letting Steve do his thing and wipe away some of the lube still coating Tony's entire groin.

"Jeez, Buck, make much of a mess?" Steve teased.

Bucky shrugged. "No such thing as too much lube," he said, wiggling his metal fingers at Steve.

Steve cleaned up both of Bucky's hands, tossing the towel into the kitchen hamper with perfect aim after. "You're not wrong," he said, snuggling up to Tony, who was still limply postcoital and practically incandescent with afterglow. "I'll do my part later," he teased, nibbling on Tony's ear.

"Definitely gonna kill me," breathed out Tony, but he didn't look at all upset at the prospect. "I wonder if I solved anything."

"Notes have been taken, sir, but it was a bit more difficult than usual," said JARVIS, his voice coming from somewhere in the blankets.
Steve snorted.

Bucky fished the phone out and handed it to Tony. "Sorry, J. We weren't really thinking about that."

"As you shouldn't be, sir," said JARVIS tartly. "I try very hard not to think about your part, after all."

Bucky chuckled. "Yeah, sorry about that. But Tony's brain's too good to waste on bein' prudes." He rubbed his hand over Tony's warm belly, feeling the muscles flutter.

"We all appreciate you not thinking too much about that, JARVIS," said Steve earnestly, cheeks red, blush going over his ears and down his neck. "But we know you'd never tell."

"Indeed, sirs," said the AI, voice sounding satisfied even through the tinny speakers on Tony's phone.

"So, I think I was promised keys blowing each other?" said Tony, looking from one to the other like he expected them to have been lying.

"Yeah, of course... Hey, how about 69?" said Steve, giving Bucky a sly look. "You be on the bottom, I've got an idea."

"You got it," said Bucky, draping himself over Tony so he was long ways on the couch. Tony squirmed so he was sitting up but allowed it otherwise, knees supporting the curve of Bucky's back. "Think you'll have a good enough view from here?"

"Best view in the house, lovebunny," said Tony with a grin. He ran his hands over Bucky's chest and stomach and thighs, spreading his legs for Steve, who was watching with a grin.

"Too many clothes," said Steve, stripping out of his pjs and taking off Bucky's, too. "Let us know if it's too heavy." He put a towel next to Tony and plopped the lube back on top, then got onto his hands and knees over Bucky. "Tony, my hands are gonna be busy, so you have to finger him, okay?"

Bucky moaned. "God, those hands, fuck yes," he said, spreading a little wider. "Please, Tony?"

"Wait, what?" said Tony, looking from one face to the other.

"Bucky likes beingfingered during blowjobs, I told ya, we both do," said Steve. "So I want you to do that for us, please." He sounded patiently amused, and Bucky leaned up to bite his smooth, perfect ass.

"Please, Tony." Bucky wasn't above making puppy eyes for sex, either. "I wanna feel your gorgeous fingers inside me."

"You like my fingers?" said Tony, as if he couldn't even process the rest. "You really want. Really?"

"We love your hands, Tony," said Steve, looking over as seriously as he could while in the position. "They build so much goodness."

"I love you touchin' all of me," added Bucky. "Please touch inside me again?"

Stark moaned at that. "Yes, fuck, all right, Jesus. You two are insane, you know."

"We're crazy for you, kitten," agreed Steve, giving Bucky a not-unwelcome face full of his ass while he leaned in to kiss Tony for both of them.
Bucky licked him teasingly.

Steve moved back into position, using one hand to aim Bucky’s erection at his own mouth before letting Bucky get his lips around Steve's cock. Steve was big, but unlike having to patiently wait to get his ass loosened up for it, Bucky loved the way it stretched out his mouth, the way it weighted down his tongue and filled his throat, the way Steve could fuck into him like this without worrying he was going to go limp and want to stop. Bucky got his hands around Steve's ass and let himself relax and take it, winking at Tony once before closing his eyes.

Tony let out a ragged sigh. "All right, so you'll have to tap out if you don't like this, all right, Buckaroo?"

Bucky gave him a thumbs up and spread a little wider, already eager to have Tony's dextrous, slender fingers in him. Steve's hands were huge like his dick, and sometimes even that seemed like too much for Bucky, but he loved to feel something inside him. That's how they'd stumbled on their mutual love of rimming, Steve trying to find some way to stimulate him that had a zero chance of going too far too fast.

Reminded of that, Bucky moved his hand so that two metal fingers were resting against Steve's hole in such a way that they'd rub over the tender flesh there over and over as Steve moved his hips, getting a jerk and a moan in response. He returned it with interest when one cool finger circled his entrance, Tony's noticeably different from Steve's. Tony's fingertips had calluses that Steve's didn't, but his touch was lighter and more curious, exploratory. Tony might not have done this much, Bucky realized, if he'd exclusively dated the kind of keys that he'd implied.

Bucky moaned again at the thought and arched up, offering himself to both his lovers, sucking harder on Steve just to feel a moan around his own dick in response. Tony slipped his finger inside and Bucky shuddered, mouth and throat too full for even another moan. The rhythm changed, gelled, and Steve was fucking Bucky's mouth steadily now, sucking him down to the root while Tony fingered him, a second one joining the first at some point so Tony could tease around and over his prostate, getting him all worked up inside and out.

He was vaguely aware of Tony talking, but the rush of blood in his ears and the amount of concentration it took to sync his breathing to Steve's thrusts was too much for him to tease words out of the sounds. He lost track of time, letting the tension build inside him, feeling Steve's muscles grow taut and trembly under his touches. Stevie's balls shifted the way they did before he was going to come and Bucky got in a big breath before taking him down deep, pressing his prostate from the outside to send him over the moon.

Steve's cock was always biggest when he was coming, and even though it was almost enough to choke on, Bucky had always loved the sensation of it filling him up with heat. He swallowed every inch and every drop as it filled his throat, feeling his own release rushing towards him.

Bucky's first deep breath when Steve pulled away was all he needed to send him over, and he spilled in Steve's mouth. He came so hard with Tony's fingers inside him that his vision went sparkly and white behind his eyelids, and his heart felt like it skipped a beat.

"Fuck," he said, with a whole lot of feeling.

Steve swallowed and laughed. "You can say that again," he said, careful of his own noodle-limbed state as he got himself off Bucky and sat heavily on the ottoman.

Tony pulled out and cleaned off his hand with quick, automatic motions. He was staring from Bucky to Steve like he had no idea what to make of any of it, so Bucky pulled him down into a deep,
greedy kiss.

"I like your fingers in me, Tony," said Bucky, voice rough.

"I like how you feel inside," Tony breathed over his lips like a confession. "I want to feel more someday.

"Why not today?" said Steve. "I'll get you two a condom, just give me a sec."

Bucky pulled Tony into another kiss. "I'm game if you are, you're a lot less to take than our Stevie."

Tony blinked at him, then at Steve, then down at Bucky again. "What?"

Bucky kissed him again. "D'you wanna fuck me, babidoll? Have you ever?"

Tony bit his lip, then nodded. "Not, um, not a key, but yeah, of course I have. I think... not tonight, though."

"I'll blow you, then," said Steve. "Unless you're done for the night?"

Bucky chuckled. "I can wait," he said. "It'll be better if I haven't come yet, anyway."

"He gets sensitive after he comes," agreed Steve. He snagged a pillow and pushed the ottoman aside, then smacked Bucky's thigh. "Get outta my way, jerk."

"So demanding, punk." Bucky kissed Tony one more time and moved away, curling at Tony's side and pulling one of the blankets up over himself so his arms would stay warm.

Tony's arm went around him automatically, which made Bucky hum in appreciation.

"That's good, Tony, takin' care of our Bucky," said Steve. He kissed up between Tony's thighs, nailing as he got between them and buried his face in Tony's balls. "Just a blowjob, or d'you want some other stuff, too?"

Tony huffed out a laugh. "I'm too worked up for more," he confessed. "That was insanely hot."

"Just suck his dick, Stevie," said Bucky, voice a sleepy rumble. "I wanna go t'bed."

"You can doze off, Bucky-bear," said Tony, his voice terribly tender. "We'll get you to bed soon."

Bucky let himself get drowsy with it as he watched Steve suck Tony's sweet cock down, thinking of how good it had tasted in the shower, how well Tony fit between them. He didn't really doze, but it was mostly because Tony went off pretty fast with Stevie's mouth on him and Bucky snuggled at his side, rubbing his real hand over Tony's chest affectionately.

When Tony came, he cried out Steve's name and then kissed Bucky sweetly. "Definitely, death of me."

Steve grinned up at them. "But what a way to go," he said. "Come on, let's wash up a little and brush our teeth, and then we can see if we even fit in our bed."

"You know we will," said Bucky, standing and stretching, fishing his pajama pants out of the mess of blankets without bothering to put them on yet. "C'mon, dollface, let's get this lube washed off or we'll be gross in the morning."

"Ugh, yes," said Tony, making a face and getting them both to laugh. They got ready for bed all
sleepy-warm and affectionate, crammed into the tiny bathroom and then taking up most of the king-sized bed even with Tony nestled between them, a box safe between two keys in a way that settled something in Bucky's chest.

"You're ours now," said Bucky, hiding his face in Tony's hair instead of admitting how he felt.

"I am," said Tony, sounding surprised about it. "I am so yours."

"Damn right you are," said Steve. "Now shut up and sleep, kitten."

Bucky huffed a laugh and let the rest of the day's tension go out of him, falling asleep with nothing more on his mind than the feel and scent and sound of his two gorgeous lovers.
Tony woke warm and sated, his body heavy not just from good sex but the two big men wrapped around him like cephalopods. Someone's phone was chiming gently somewhere off in the distance, and he felt lips on his hair as the bed dipped and suddenly one side was much less warm.

"Stay," said Tony, mouth moving before he could censor himself. He blinked his eyes open only to find Steve's handsome face in front of them, a soft smile on his face.

"Tomorrow," he said. "Bucky promised to open so I can sleep in with you, sweetheart."

Tony melted a little at that. "Good," he murmured, snuffling into Bucky's chest and letting sleep drag him back down.

When he woke again the alarm was considerably more annoying, and Bucky swore as he went to hunt up his phone and shut it up. "Sorry, babe. Gotta get movin' if I'm gonna make us breakfast and make it to my appointment."

Tony felt his brain starting to spin up fully now and he sat up and stretched. "That's okay, my bodacious bionic Buckaroo. I've gotten more sleep in the past two nights than I usually get in a week."

"Tony," began Bucky, his tone full of concern.

Tony held up a hand. "It's just how I function, Bucky-bear. I get an idea and I chase it to the end of my inspiration and energy, and then I collapse and do it all over again. You two will learn how to fit me into your lives, but you've gotta fit into mine, too."

Bucky crawled over Tony on top of the covers, kissing him with that breath-stealing force that always made Tony's thoughts stutter and then start up again twice as fast. "We'll work on it, love."

"Is my stuff still out in the living room?" asked Tony, to distract himself from how much he wanted to just drag Bucky into the bed and share some orgasms any way they could manage. He wanted to be there for Bucky's appointment, which meant letting his key, one of his keys, take care of him, because that was his love language or what the fuck ever. "I'm going to get dressed before I do something that makes us late."

Bucky chuckled wickedly and kissed him again, toe-curlingly good and full of intent. "Are we gettin' our third date tonight, dollface?"

"Fuck yes," said Tony. "Can we sleep at mine, though? I want to show Steve my workshop."

"Yeah." Bucky kissed his forehead. "I'll pack a bag for me'n'Stevie, he'll want his sketchbook for sure. Just make sure he knows what's NDA-worthy."

"You got it, sugarpuff." Tony let Bucky lure him out of bed with kisses, not even minding that he was the only naked one since they'd both put their pajamas back on. Tony hadn't bothered, leaving his underwear tangled in the blankets and giving his touchy-feely lovers all the skin they could lay their hands on overnight.

Tony rummaged in his bag, finding his toiletries and clothes and getting dressed back in the riding leathers for now, though he'd also had Pepper bring a suit to the office in case he didn't make it home before his meeting. Or send someone for a suit; it was likely that she didn't do that for him anymore,
"I've got my scar lotion here, my magnificently manly machine," said Tony, spreading it on himself as he sauntered over in nothing but the low-slung leather pants. "Care to share?"

"Just lemme get breakfast going, and you can rub me all you want, baby," said Bucky, giving Tony a soft kiss. "Take care of yourself first."

Bucky was putting together breakfast sandwiches for them, two plates laid out with toasted bagels on them, butter on one side and cheese melting on the other. He was heating up a slice of ham in a tiny frying pan, and Tony was going to make a comment about being able to afford a full-sized one, when he spotted the well-loved cast iron on the stove behind it. He figured out even before Bucky cracked in a pair of eggs that it was going to make them just the right size for the sandwich things, and he snuggled up behind Bucky to kiss along his shoulders instead.

"So you're brave enough for topless stove time?" asked Tony. He wrapped his hands around to the front, finding Bucky's nipples and then his sternum, his strong, steady heartbeat, so different from Tony's despite the scars.

"It'll be fine," said Bucky with a shrug. "This is easy."

Tony sucked a mark on Bucky's neck shamelessly, going up on his toes to sneak it in behind his ear. "I wonder what the techs will make of all these?"

"Stevie leaves 'em, as you know," said Bucky, turning around to steal a kiss while the eggs cooked. "Not usually this many, though."

Tony's phone beeped, and he checked it. "Pepper's put out the statement," he said with a sigh. "Should I text it to Steve?"

"Put it in our group, I wanna read it, too," said Bucky. He put together the first sandwich and added ham to the pan again. "Here, eat this."

"Will there be coffee?" asked Tony, though he felt remarkably alert after a few of Bucky's heady kisses and two full nights of sleep. He was already marinating a few ideas that he'd research during tomorrow's workshop time with Steve, and he needed to go over JARVIS' notes from their sexcapades so he could glean more than some sort of vague idea about squid beaks.

"Always, babydoll," assured Bucky smoothly.

"Does it hurt you?" asked Tony, trying to remember what the tests had shown yesterday. His fingers moved while they talked, texting the link to their phones, checking his other messages, poking through the social media reactions to the unprecedented press release.

Bucky shrugged. "Mostly not, especially now. It rubs in a few spots, and it's weird knowing it's screwed into my bones, but it's way better than the old one."

Tony kept talking about it, because he wanted to have everything fixed in his mind before they went in. He hoped to get sneaky glimpses of his other prototypes while they were there in the waiting room, and knowing the signs of trouble for Bucky would help him help those other people, too. Bucky seemed to get it more than Tony would have expected, finishing off his breakfast sandwich and making them both mugs of coffee with something rich and dark in the bottom that wasn't chocolate but wasn't anything Tony could identify, either.

He chattered on while he rubbed lotion into Bucky's shoulders, asking increasingly detailed and
invasive questions that sometimes got one-word answers, but always got some kind of response even when someone else would have grown tired and offended and told him to shut up.

"You're surprisingly sanguine about my... me," said Tony, watching Bucky pull clothes on with proprietary interest.

Bucky chuckled and blew him a kiss. "I like your you, Tony. You're so smart and I love hearing your brain tick tick tick, and it's extra nice when I'm the thing making ya tick." He came over and gave Tony a deep, greedy kiss, hands roaming over Tony's still-naked torso. "Put your shirt on, dollface."

After one more kiss, Tony wandered over to his bag, putting on his layered shirts, socks, and boots. He stood up with his hands full of his shaving kit and a couple of pairs of emergency undies. "Can I leave some stuff here?"

Bucky's smile was so warm and possessive, it made Tony's cock perk up in hopes of another active morning. "Yeah." He tucked the pants into what was clearly a shared underwear drawer and put the shaving kit in the bathroom, then kissed Tony slow and deep. "You belong with us, baby."

"I'm not sure I'm fond of baby," said Tony, despite being completely plastered against Bucky's very solid front. "But I'm very fond of you, so I guess I'll allow it, honey britches."

Bucky laughed and kissed his nose. "C'mon, they get pissy when I'm late." He'd put his own boots on already, and they gathered jackets and helmets and keys. Tony went to start up the Ducati, which Steve had kindly left for them, while Bucky locked up, but he scooted back and patted the seat in front of him when Bucky made to get behind.

Bucky grinned through the helmet and got on, and Tony settled himself in to feel the purr of the bike and the heat of Bucky's body in his hands. He started a few thought-loops running, trying to connect some threads of inspiration about the prosthetics and spinning off some further ideas he'd had about clean energy and the arc reactor technology. There was still a cooling problem in the big ones, and Tony had some ideas about using a higher-order metal to help with that, which led him back to contemplating the shift and pull of flesh and metal meeting, and how he could cushion or bridge that huge gap in solid states without non-viable expenses or defying the laws of physics.

Bucky's cock stayed half-hard in Tony's gentle grip the whole way, and that helped ground him as much as the feel of Bucky breathing under the other hand, the tense and pull of his abs as they made corners and snuck through traffic to the clinic.

They parked the Ducati out front and Tony gave his lover one last squeeze before he got off the bike and pulled his helmet off. He patted the bike fondly. "You love this bike, don't you?"

Bucky laughed. "I do, but I love my baby, too." Bucky reeled him in for a kiss, his face lit up with that look of pure possessiveness that Tony wanted to bottle up and keep with him for always, for the nights when no one cared about him and it was hard to remember a time when someone had.

"You love me most, though," quipped Tony, stealing one more kiss. "Come on, it's three minutes to late."

"I probably do," said Bucky, slinging his arm over Tony's shoulders and walking him in.

The waiting room did indeed have at least two of Tony's prototypes in it, so he let Bucky get checked in while he wandered around, asking nosy questions and getting more polite answers than he expected, all things considered. He realized he was being treated not as Tony Stark or even an
annoying stranger, but as the boyfriend of a fellow veteran, someone who wanted to understand what Bucky was going through. Tony took shameless advantage of that to talk to the guy who had the leg he'd worked so hard on.

"I hear they're gonna work on that," said Tony, when the guy confessed to some issues with pain at the join between flesh and metal. "Shit, that's my boy, gotta go."

The guy laughed and shooed him off, but he looked hopeful, and Tony wondered if he'd been recognized after all.

"What the hell is going on with your file, Barnes. You let someone adjust the arm that wasn't me?" the tech was saying angrily, scrolling through the neatly-typed notes JARVIS had added onto Bucky's records. "You signed an NDA, you know, you could lose the arm for this."

"I assure you," said Tony, pulling out every bit of his Stark swagger, "the scientist adjusting him was covered under the NDA."

"Hey, babydoll," said Bucky, pulling Tony in for a kiss. "I saw you talkin' ta Mikey, you gonna help him with his leg, too?"

"If he lets me," said Tony with a shrug. "He won't get the same reward, though."

Bucky laughed all low and sexy, and tucked Tony under his good arm, still wearing his shirt. "Mr. Stark here asked to adjust the neural interface and also smoothed out the friction problems you've been tellin' me were unsolvable."

When Tony finally turned his attention to the tech, the man was pale under his bravado now, which gave Tony a hit of vicious satisfaction. "It turns out I was able to adjust a number of things and do some maintenance that had been left neglected."

"I, I think that was scheduled for, um, today?" said the man. Tony peered at his employee badge. "Mr. Pers," said Tony, "I have read the file, and I know when the maintenance was scheduled for. I'm going to be pulling all of these files and seeing where corners have been cut."

"Aw, Tony, they're pretty good to us here, don't do anything too drastic. Pers is a little lazy, but the other arm makes up for it." Bucky pressed a soft kiss to Tony's temple, then stepped away and stripped his shirt off, handing it to Tony and hopping up on the exam table. "Tony made everything better, so let's do the tests and get it on record."

"Yes, um, right." Pers didn't seem to quite be able to process the gestures of affection with Tony fucking Stark, which suited Tony just fine. His hands were steady enough as he hooked up the sensors, so Tony waited until he was done to speak up again.

"Yes, um, right." Pers didn't seem to quite be able to process the gestures of affection with Tony fucking Stark, which suited Tony just fine. His hands were steady enough as he hooked up the sensors, so Tony waited until he was done to speak up again.

"So, what do you do here, Pers?" Tony was looking through the tray of tools, noting where things were worn or not quite right for Bucky's specific prosthetic.

"I, um, I'm just a tech? I gather the data, work with the vets, um, some adjustments and routine maintenance." Pers had moved to the computer and started up their internal diagnostics program, which Tony was already concocting plans to improve. "All right, Barnes, you know the routine, um, please?"

Bucky snorted. "Yeah, I got it," he said, running through the motions, all of which he'd done for Tony with a lot more affection and attention in his attitude.
Tony preened a little at the thought.

"How often do the patients see actual doctors here?" asked Tony. "I have Pepper audit the clinic here. Trials don't do me any good if the data's faulty."

"Of course, sir," said Tony's phone. "I've also accessed the records you're legally allowed to view, which is quite a lot of them thanks to your original design of the prototypes."

"Tony built my arm himself," said Bucky proudly, still going through the required motions. "He's the smartest fella I ever dated."

Tony snorted. "I'm also perfectly aware that you know the proper grammar for that sentence," he teased, shooting Bucky a wink. "You're able to follow me in conversation perfectly well, unless I'm too preoccupied to clarify certain points."

Bucky's slow grin was worth any potential embarrassment. "You're not wrong," he allowed. "But I wouldn't want to shatter Pers' illusions too much all in one day."

"What's our Stevie always calling you? Jerk?" said Tony, grinning right back, the tech forgotten for now. "He's not wrong, either."

Bucky laughed, and Pers made a disgruntled noise. "I need you to do that last one again. Er, please."

"No makin' me laugh, now," teased Bucky.

"JARVIS will give me better scans this weekend, anyway," said Tony dismissively. "I just want it on record here that I'm awesome."

"You want it on record everywhere that you're awesome," said Bucky dryly. He nodded at Tony's phone. "You checked the reactions yet?"

Tony chuckled. "Confused, mostly. The press release didn't identify you guys, you know, decisively, but it's enough that I've got a few grumpy texts from Steve about reporters. A vacation will be good for him, when we can take it."

"He'll handle himself," said Bucky. "We'll go straight there from here, anyway, so I can spell him."

"I think I have to go into the office once I drop you off," said Tony with a sigh. "I mean, or I could stay there with you guys and not go to whatever awful meeting Pepper has lined up for me."

"Ms. Potts would like me to remind you at this juncture that your free evenings are dependent on attending this afternoon's meeting, sir," said JARVIS.

Bucky snorted again, but fortunately Pers was done with the tests and collating data now. "Go be Tony fucking Stark for a while, dollface. You can go back to being our fella Tony when you're done."

Tony stepped in and kissed him, smirking against his lips at Pers' splutter. "I like the way you think, Bucky-bear. Indian tonight, maybe?"

"Yeah, Stevie'll like that. We should get shawarma sometime, too, we know a great joint over in the shadow of your massive dick," said Bucky. He leaned back on his arms like it was natural, legs kicking, the muscle contours on his metal arm almost matching the ones on his real arm.

"I'm gonna scan your whole body before I build the mark IV for you," said Tony, kissing him again,
enjoying the way Bucky's stubble caught against his own neat beard. "I want your arms to match, your body's such a fucking work of art.'

Bucky grinned at him shyly. "You really think so? Stevie says that, and he complains that it doesn't match well enough when he's drawing me.'

"I have got to see these drawings, please tell me there's nudes," said Tony with a lascivious grin, answering the question in his own way.

Bucky snorted a laugh. "Are you kiddin'? I doubt there's anything but.'

Tony got out his phone and texted Steve a demand for nude drawings of Bucky and also volunteering his own delightful ass for future immortalization. "Let's send him a selfie to cheer him up before you put your shirt back on, my beautiful Buckaboo.'

Bucky posed with Tony, metal hand over Tony's heart and a kiss pressed to Tony's temple. "That's goin' ta both of us, yeah?"

"This can't be you new lock screen, because we need one with all three of us," said Tony with a huff. "We'll get it tonight.'

"I just want it to have, dollface," said Bucky, nuzzling at Tony's cheek. "I love how happy you look.'

"You look incredibly proprietary, like a cat with its favorite mouse toy." Tony poked at his phone, sending the photo and a few reassurances, an offer of one of their PR guys or someone to help out while they looked for a new hire or three.

"This is mine, and this is mine," said Bucky teasingly. "And Stevie's, of course.'

"Of course," agreed Tony. He heard the typing stop and turned to Pers. "So, how's my tech doing?'

"Improvement all across the board, at a much better rate than we've been able to achieve," said Pers, showing him the graphs, today's stats all shooting up well past any previous data points. "I see you've put a full report in Bucky's file, so we'll try to see if we can reproduce these results without your personal input.'

"If you do need me, put in a call to the tower," said Tony seriously. "I'll make time, even if it's just when I'm coming in with Bucky.'

"Yessir,' mumbled Pers, back to being baffled by everything.

Bucky kissed Tony's hair. "That's awful sweet of ya, dollface," he said, playing up his accent again, sounding like the Brooklyn boy toy to Tony's Manhattan businessman.

Instead of saying something out loud in front of the twerp of a tech, Tony typed into his phone and showed it to Bucky.

\[I\ \text{need to fix what I broke.}\]

Bucky kissed him hard, resting his cheek on Tony's hair, holding him close. Tony appreciated that he hadn't tried to either agree or contradict Tony's assessment, choosing comfort over all other options.

"You can get dressed again, Barnes," said Pers, clicking through the usual post-appointment sheets. "I've marked your maintenance as done, since Mr. Stark took care of everything I'm meant to do for
the next few months."

"I'll keep taking care of it," said Tony. "He'll come in here so the data gets logged, but no one opens up this arm but me now."

"I'll, uh, make a note of it," said Pers.

"Thanks, babe," said Bucky. He slipped his shirt and jacket back on. "See ya in two weeks, Pers."

"See you, Barnes," said the tech distractedly, and Tony let Bucky lead him out.

Mikey was there in the waiting room, looking a little nervous now. "Mr. Stark, I'm sorry I didn't recognize you before."

"I liked it better that way," he said, turning on his charm and sticking out his hand. "Call me Tony. Bucky said you might let me look at that leg sometime if I asked really nicely?"

Bucky had his arm slung over Tony's shoulder and he wiggled the fingers. "Tony fixed me up good, you should let him try."

"That's what I wanted to ask you about, sir. Rumlow doesn't really, um, he tracks all the performance data but he doesn't seem to care about the pain levels." Mikey glanced over at the door to the back. "So I was hoping you'd be willing to look at it, since you seemed interested."

"I am in fact very interested," said Tony. "Let me get your contact info, unless Bucky has it? All right, lay it on me." They exchanged numbers, and Tony told JARVIS to book him a good med suite in R&D so he could get scans without bringing the guy into his private space. Bucky was one thing, but a parade of strangers would really cramp his style.

He didn't even know if this guy liked good music, after all.

"He'll get back to you, Mikey. I'll remind him," said Bucky, shaking hands. "Tony's a good guy."

"He's gotta be, if he's got you and Steve both on the hook," said Mikey with a laugh. "I thought you two were, you know, all the way gay."

Bucky grinned one of those sly, charming grins he had and said, "There's always been room between us for the right box."

"And I, of course, am always the right choice," said Tony. He put his phone away and tugged. "Come on, our Stevie's gonna kill us if we don't get there soon. And by us I mean the guy from TMZ that's apparently camped out waiting."

"See ya, Mikey," said Bucky, waving and letting himself be dragged.

"Take care," came the amused reply.

Tony wasn't expecting to be pressed against the bike and kissed, but he wasn't going to complain, either. "You are the sweetest man."

"Are we sure we're talking about the same me?" said Tony suspiciously.

Bucky chuckled and rubbed his nose against Tony's affectionately, making something inside Tony melt. "Yeah, I'm sure, dollface. Let's go rescue our boy."

The ride was just as good the third time, with Bucky letting Tony feel him up and Tony letting his
brain do whatever it wanted, which for once was almost entirely genius inventing with very little self-sabotage. It would've been too much to hope for that it would be none, but he'd take what he could get.

They parked the Ducati out front again, but this time there were reporters crowded around them before they could even get off the bike, which ruined things a little since Tony had to move his hands much sooner than he'd wanted.

"Come on, loverboy, I want my cappuccino," said Tony flippantly, dragging Bucky inside as soon as he got the saddlebags. The bike would be fine or it wouldn't, and he couldn't bring himself to care that much even though he loved that thing. He'd already grown more attached to his keys than he'd ever been to a mode of transportation.

"Stevie-cakes, my muscular mountain of masculine merit, can I have kisses?" said Tony, swanning in and hoping Steve would get that this was as good as he could do right now.

Steve laughed and pulled him back behind the register. "Bucky? We might as well make it photogenic."

Cameras flashed as Bucky cuddled up behind Tony, the three of them trading kisses until Steve pulled away. "Tony, can you check something in the office with me? Bucky, none of these mooks want coffee, so just make me one with yours and Tony's, yeah?"

"Of course, babe," said Bucky, stealing one last kiss before Tony found himself dragged into the back with Steve.

"I'm so sorry about that," said Steve quietly, kissing all over Tony's face. "Are you okay, kitten?"

Tony took a moment to recover from the shock, and then he kissed Steve like drowning. "Steve, I have never been more okay. You did really well with them, thank you. I loved it, and I should be the one asking you how you're doing. Were they too obnoxious?"

"I haven't hit anyone yet," said Steve dryly, "but there might've been one or two close calls. They say such terrible stuff about you, sweetheart." He sounded genuinely distressed at the end there, and Tony kissed softly all across his mouth, one corner to the other in little sweet pecks.

"I'm used to the dumb shit they say about me, and I know I shouldn't have to be but that's the world I live in." Tony pressed his forehead to Steve's, grateful Steve bent down for it. "It means so much to me that you guys are willing to try to live here with me."

"You're worth it, Tony." Steve's voice was soft and serious, low but not sexy so much as intense. Which, to be fair, Tony did find awfully sexy, but he was pretty sure that wasn't where this was going.

"So are you two," said Tony firmly. "Now, is there really some business stuff to look at, or can I make out with you on the couch before Pepper calls to yell at me?"

Steve groaned out a laugh. "God, Tony, what you do to me." He tugged Tony over to the little loveseat and got them sitting, with Tony straddling his lap and thinking about how hot it was that he had to spread extra wide over Steve's beefy thighs. "We need to talk about the mirror wall, 'cos I don't know how t'talk to JARVIS when you're not around and... I want to touch you more."

Steve's hands delved up under Tony's clothes, exploring the shape of his chest and ribs as Tony kissed him again and again, drinking the disgustingly responsible words from his mouth. "I'll put him in your phones, like a contact you can call. No abusing it, though, okay? I need him more."
"You do, we wouldn't," babbled Steve. He nuzzled and then bit under Tony's jaw, and Tony purred. "Can I suck you off, baby?"

"You absolutely can," agreed Tony instantly, even though he really did not have the time.

"You really can't," said Bucky from the doorway. "I kicked 'em all out, but the lunch rush is gonna start soon and Stevie didn't get his morning stuff done 'cos of the idiots."

Steve groaned. "Yes, all right, fine," he said, but he stole one more very hungry kiss. "You are the hottest ever, Tony. What you do to me."

"I'm not disagreeing," said Bucky, "but you'll kill me if we have to go into this without the coffee prep done." He turned on his heel and left them to get themselves together.

Tony's phone rang with Darth Vader's theme. "Pepper's gonna cockblock me anyway," he said with a sigh and answered. "I'm in the coffee shop, it will take five minutes to get there on the Ducati," he said, in lieu of hello.

"I know where you are, those kiss pics are trending. Someone took a video. Your boys are very hot." She sounded amused instead of angry, for once, which Tony was going to milk for all it was worth.

"I have a suit here and have been asked to send Happy to get you and a big tray of coffees for the meeting."

"Yes, sure, but... Shit, I have nowhere good to put the Ducati if Happy gets me." Tony bit his lip, and then found himself kissed.

"I'll come with Happy to deal with the coffee," said Pepper. "You'll take the bike home when we leave."

"You're the best, Pep," said Tony. "Text me the order. Or them. Whatever."

She laughed and hung up.

"What was that about?" asked Steve, gently helping Tony to stand.

Tony chuckled. "Pepper's coming, ostensibly to get a bunch of your fancy coffees for the meeting and also me."

"Good thing there's two of us," said Steve dryly. "You might have to help Bucky if it's a big order." They trailed out of the office after Bucky, Tony leaving his leather jacket there and putting on the apron that Steve handed him with an impish grin at Bucky.

"I've been drafted," said Tony. He pulled up Pepper's list on his phone and joined Steve at the register, which was both simple to understand and, like all POS systems, really annoying to work with. They got Pepper's giant order input and paid for -- Tony insisted -- and then Steve sent Tony over to Bucky and got busy doing something with the coffee carafes.

Tony snuggled up at Bucky's side for a kiss. "I guess I get to be your padawan for a little bit."

Bucky handed Tony an enormous, plain ceramic mug. "That's yours, since you'll have time to drink it here."

"You do love me," breathed Tony happily, slurping up a long hit of the thick, delicious brew. Bucky's shots were heavenly even aside from the fact that he got twelve of them, and Tony wasn't going to let a bit of it go to waste.
"We both do," said Bucky cheerfully.

Tony's heart stuttered, but he covered it with another sip of heavenly coffee. It was just a figure of speech, nothing to overthink there. "All right, what am I doing? You're better at pulling shots than me, and also better at the milk foam thing, but having me line up cups can't be that useful."

"You're gonna do all the fancy bits," said Bucky. "Most of these need chocolate or whatever in the bottom of the cups. Also, you can label the cups."

"Gotcha," said Tony. He pulled some cups off the rack, found a marker already in the pocket of his apron, and started neatly lettering each order onto the cups one by one. The list was impressively long on Bucky's little screen, but Tony had no problems with processing data like this, so he was done before he even realized it. "Oh, um, that's it I guess."

Bucky had already set out a catering tray designed to hold two dozen cups, and there were two drinks gently steaming inside.

"I make 'em extra hot for this kinda thing. Pepper'll send the tray back with Happy later," said Bucky, not so much a question as a command. "That's what Ira does for his bingo group."

Tony nodded. "I'll make sure it gets back to you," he said, then rethought the statement. "Okay, someone who is not me will be delegated to do that, but you get the idea."

Bucky laughed. "Yeah, I got that. Also, did you give JARVIS permission to text me or is this spoofing?"

"I did that," said Steve. "We need to be able to work on the mirror thing, so Tony set us up to talk to JARVIS about it."

Tony flushed a little with pride. "I will take good care of my boys," he said smugly. He found all the cups that had extra something in them and got down to directions. Five pumps or whatever was easy enough, but he had no idea what went into some of these drinks, so he left those for last.

"What is this meeting about, anyway?" asked Bucky, slipping a hazelnut latte into the carrier.

"It's a tech meeting, R&D heads reporting in. I'll actually have something to contribute to the medical team with the work I did on your arm, plus I have my own projects that are coming along. I've done with some simulations he was running, so I can collate that data while the boring people are talking."

Bucky snorted and showed Tony how to prep the four mochas without further comment. "This one gets the same on top, but outta caramel, and that one gets three pumps of vanilla." He paused, then added, "You did good with the syrups and stuff, did the pumps right."

Tony grinned. "Thanks. I hate it when I'm in the mood for sugary flavor-bomb coffee and I get mediocre maybe-flavor."

Bucky chuckled and dumped more shots into cups. "You're the smartest temp we've had," he teased, stealing a kiss before he set up yet more shots to be pulled.

Tony hummed happily as they worked, and it took him a minute to realize Steve must have asked JARVIS for Tony's playlist, because that was definitely his weird bootleg Black Sabbath cover of a Taylor Swift song they'd done on a dare. Tony fell a little bit more in love and let himself think, because thinking was what he did, about what that would really mean. To have keys, even if they weren't his keys in the traditional way. To be loved and squashed between those two and shoved into their tiny, happy life. To pull them into the frantic hot mess of his own life, where they seemed to
calm the waters with their presence.

To be loved.

Tony's hands were shaking when he finished up the last caramel whatever for Bucky and went back to his own half-drunk cappuccino. He savored the caffeine and used the brain boost to run the numbers on getting his hopes up versus being a cynical asshole about things.

Bucky's sweet kiss brought him out of his reverie with the frankly obvious answer. "What's goin' on in that big brain, babydoll?"

Tony smiled up at him and kissed him again. "Good things, promise," he said. "And I see Pepper is here, so now I have to go be an adult. Ugh."

"You'll live," said Steve, smiling when the bell over the door jingled. "You must be Ms. Potts."

"Please, call me Pepper," she said, striding in all beautiful confidence and crazy tall heels. Tony tried to imagine seeing her for the first time, but in the end he just had to watch Steve and Bucky's reactions. "You'd be Steve."

"I would, ma'am," said Steve, shaking her hand. "Bucky and our new intern just finished your drinks."

"So I see," said Pepper with a wry smile.

Tony tugged Bucky out from behind the espresso machine. "He's got one of my arms and he let me fix it, and I got permission for another guy's leg, so fuck those guys who think I can't handle human interaction."

Pepper laughed and shook Bucky's hand, then held her left hand out, palm up. "May I see?"

Tony watched but didn't interrupt, wiggling out of his apron and trading it to Steve for his leather jacket.

"Of course," said Bucky, shoving up his sleeve and laying his hand as gently as he could in her palm. "The control's way better now, and Tony fixed up some of the sticky gears."

She touched the pads of his fingers gently, nodding. "You let him open you up on the first date?"

"Nah, we saved that for the second date," said Bucky, slinging the arm over Tony's shoulders. Tony felt his cheeks heating. "Pepper did not need to know that," he scolded. "And yes, he let me service his arm yesterday morning, JARVIS has all the records. Plus, I went with him to his appointment and pissed in his tech's Cheerios."

Pepper raised an eyebrow at Bucky, who looked smugly back at her. Steve came over to Tony's other side and said, "We take real good care of Tony."

Tony huffed a laugh. "Guys, please, do not get into a key-measuring contest. You are all very good to me, unlike basically everyone else."

Pepper laughed. "He's right, though, Bucky. I really don't need that level of detail about Tony's love life. And yet, I keep getting it."

"You did ask," said Bucky with a wink. He kissed Tony's hair. "What time will we see ya, dollface?"
"He'll be at the tower after seven, should I send Happy or will you bring your bikes?" said Pepper, before Tony could even open his mouth.

"If we can figure out where to park, we don't mind riding," said Steve. "Bucky's opening tomorrow, so we won't be up too late, anyway."

"I've cleared Tony's schedule for Sunday, but I need him back in one piece Monday morning," said Pepper sternly.

Steve nodded. "We'll give him back," he said.

"Better than new," smirked Bucky. "And very, very satisfied."

Tony kissed each of them and then stepped forward. "Pepper, most tolerant queen of my days, let me help you with this coffee while Steve shuts Bucky the fuck up."

Steve pulled Bucky into a showy kiss with a wink, and Tony tried not to wish quite so hard that he could have stayed and been their real coffee minion for a while. He loved most of his life, he really did, but sometimes he just wanted to be a little bit normal. Not that dating two extremely hot keys was really normal. Tony grabbed the coffee tray carefully and nodded to the door. "They've got to get this back at some point, so make sure some intern returns it."

"You know I will," said Pepper, sounding amused. "I'll be back tomorrow to talk to you two about Tony's idiocy."

"We'll be here," said Steve, and Tony laughed when he kissed Bucky again before the other key could answer.

The door had barely closed when Happy took the coffee away and Pepper pulled Tony into a hug. "I'm glad you finally found someone good for you."

"Thanks, Pep," said Tony, hugging back. "I'm sorry it wasn't you, except for how I want you to be happy with your own box someday."

"That's very sweet of you," she said wryly. "Come straight to your office from the garage, no detours."

"Yeah, yeah." Tony waved her off and got his helmet on, straddling his bike and wondering if it felt differently about him after having been between the legs of his boyfriends. It started up with a perfect purr, and he slipped into traffic and lost Happy almost immediately.

By the time Pepper caught up with him, he was straightening his tie, sunglasses and every hair in place. "How do I look?"

"Like a CTO," she replied, amused. "Come on, the coffee's being handed out and they're getting restless."

Tony was surprised to find one of Bucky's secret breves waiting for him, with a trio of hearts drawn on the side instead of an order or a name. Tony took his spot, opened his tablet up, and gestured for the meeting to commence.

It was mostly boring, but he enjoyed sticking his nose into everyone else's projects, if only for the offended way they digested his incredibly accurate critiques. The med guys appreciated his help the least, of course, since he'd swanned into their territory and not only found but solved some problems for them, but since Bucky had given him permission, and Mikey as well, there wasn't a thing they
could do about it but take his hints and give him the data he asked for.

Tony's own presentation was short and sweet, an update on the arc reactor miniaturization project that would probably require him to book some time with a particle accelerator to proceed. One of the med techs tried to get smart with him, and ended up looking like a tool when Tony reminded him that the building they were sitting in ran on arc reactor tech that he'd refined from his dad's old publicity stunt. He also had a few updates on things he'd been working on for Pepper, which he'd usually give privately, but he was feeling pissy and overachieving so he pulled out everything that wasn't actually classified to remind everyone why his name was on the building.

When they left, Pepper came over and sat on the edge of the desk. "I'd forgotten you do that," she said, looking amused. "It's been a while since you had to put a room full of keys in their place."

Tony laughed. "Were they being boxist? I thought it was just a brain-measuring contest, which I clearly won."

"It was a little of both," she said, amused. "We'll have to watch out for Smithson, he didn't take the ego bruising very well."

"His butthurt is not my problem," said Tony, rolling his eyes and letting Pepper lead him down to his office. "If he'd been doing his job well, I wouldn't have been able to show him up half that badly."

"That's why we've got to watch him," said Pepper. "It's fine, it's my job now and I'll take care of it. You did good today, Tony."

"You like my boys," said Tony, sprawling in his chair. "Lemon water?"

"I'm not your assistant anymore," reminded Pepper, but she got them both glasses from the pitcher at his wet bar. "Do you have more plans for the media fallout?"

Tony sighed. "There'll have to be a press conference, which is extremely stupid, but whatever. I feel like Steve can take care of himself, but I worry Bucky's going to hit someone if they keep pressuring him."

"We'll put that mirror in, it'll help," said Pepper, laying a hand over Tony's. She sat and sipped her water. "Have you actually looked at their numbers yet?"

"Nope, but I'm guessing you did. Are they telling the truth when they say they're fine?" asked Tony, poking at his tablet.

Pepper looked amused. "They are. They don't actually need your money," she said. "So why are they taking it?"

Tony glanced over and then down again. He sighed. "There may have been puppy eyes involved, I'm not really sure. Bucky said something about love languages and then Steve allowed it even though he was totally going to say no, and now I get to actually help them out?"

"You... emotionally manipulated your keys into accepting your money," she said. "This was entirely your idea, wasn't it?"

"Well, of course," said Tony. "Pepper, you know me. What do I do when I want someone to like me? I give them way too big of a gift, and then keep piling them on in the hopes that eventually I can buy their forgiveness. Or, in your case, make sure the CFO approves any purchases you make on my personal expense account."
Pepper laughed. "You did buy me some really nice stuff for my birthday," she replied. "Do they know how terrible you are at that part?"

"Not yet." Tony sipped his water and looked up at Pepper. "I'm gonna need help not to fuck this up."

Pepper nodded. "If they keep treating you well, I'll help." She sighed and stood up. "I am, however, not your therapist, and I have somewhere to be. There's a lot of things for you to sign which your assistant is going to bring you, and when those are done you can leave." She paused and gave him a very stern look. "When those are done."

"Your wish is my command," said Tony, already pulling JARVIS up on the tablet. "J, tell me the boys have been talking to you."

"Of course, sir. The mirror installment has been tentatively scheduled for Monday, pending Ms. Potts' approval, and they've begun to discuss their financials with me, although I can of course only give data and not true opinions."

"You have never lacked for opinions, J," said Tony with a laugh. "You really think they'll let me buy in?"

"If the tone of their conversation can be trusted, the decision has already been made to allow it, sir." JARVIS sounded approving, which made Tony glow to think he'd made this personality, and allowed it to grow into someone who wasn't a complete asshole after all. Not that the original could have ever been an asshole but Tony always worried it would take after its creator more than he'd intended.

"Awesome. Get their permission to send the details to Pepper so she can make legal do their thing," said Tony. The door opened and he looked up to find yet another new assistant making her way over to him, this one gorgeous redhead with an air of frightening competence.

"I take it this is my homework?" asked Tony, pointing to the desk for her to put it down.

She did, and then she paused. "Natalia Romanoff," she said, holding out her hand to introduce herself. "I haven't been here long, but Ms. Potts takes good care of me."

"I won't, but I'm glad she will," said Tony, shaking her hand. "Can you bring me a coffee, or is that outside the scope of your duties?"

She smirked. "I'm not going to get another 12-shot cap from Steve," she said, going over to the wet bar, "but I'll make you a cup of coffee, sure."

"Bucky makes my cappuccinos," said Tony. "I take it you've been reading TMZ?"

"I live upstairs in their duplex," she said. "I used to work at the shop before I got this job."

"They give good references, right," said Tony, shaking his head. "Well, please feel free to consider me appropriately threatened or whatever, because I'm not going to break their hearts. They're mine now."

Tony knew he sounded petulant, but he didn't care. He was a little exhausted with everyone's lack of faith in his ability to keep up a relationship and be a good partner to his keys.

Especially his own.
She looked him over. "Three sugars if it's Columbian, right?" she asked, plopping them in before he could answer.

"Right," said Tony, giving her some serious side-eye. "Three sugars, zero poison."

Natalia laughed, but it wasn't as reassuring as Tony had hoped for. "Steve and Bucky are good men, and they've dealt with a lot of flak for their choice to stay together," she said. She set the cup down in front of him. "I can see you trying to take care of them, so you can fill in the rest on your own."

"Very non-actionable, I approve," said Tony. "I'm going to sign these now so no scary women murder me before I get a chance to get laid by my two incredibly hot boyfriends." He pulled the coffee and papers toward himself, chose a pen, and got to work. Anything with Pepper's flags got an automatic signature after a mere glance; anything else he looked over more fully, making sure he understood what he was signing for. When he was done, two things had post-its with questions on them and the rest were ready to go.

"Tell Ms. Romanoff she can come get her paperwork," said Tony, heading into the private bathroom.

When he emerged, Natalia was standing over his desk, looking down at the paperwork.

"Further research needed totally counts as a sig, ask Pepper," said Tony, stripping out of his tie. "I'm done for the day."

"One of the ones you signed," she began.

"I haven't sold my soul to a small European country by accident, have I?" Tony poured himself a very small glass of very fine whisky, wanting to wash the taste of paperwork out of his mouth before he headed up to his workshop.

Natalia shook her head. "You authorized a huge bump in the budget on the prosthetics research."

"Oh, that. Yeah, it was clear someone was penny-pinching so I got Pep to work up a new ROI on it assuming we'd eventually spin it off into a nonprofit with indefinite loan of the patents," said Tony. "Everyone deserves functioning bodies, Natty-cakes."

Her eyes narrowed. "No."

"No to the bodies, or no to the name?" asked Tony, ready to fire her on the spot.

She laughed. "Nat, Natalia, or Ms. Romanoff. No other variants. I've heard about you." She picked up the stack of paperwork. "Are you going to tell them, or can I?"

"About what?" said Tony, confused all over again by the leaps in this conversation.

"About the nonprofit," said Nat.

Tony shrugged. "That was a business decision as much as a charitable one," he said, though that wasn't entirely true. A percentage of his lab hours were allowed to go to pro bono work, and this project had already been in that category, so expanding on that had been easy enough. "They don't really need to know."

She raised one eyebrow at him and left without another word. 

Tony got out his phone and texted their little group, which had been renamed 'Jerk Punk Genius' at
some point in the past few hours.

Nat's my assistant, apparently.  
She's a weird one. I like her.

He finished his drink and set the glass aside, grabbing his tablet off his desk. "Do I still have any clothes in the workshop, J?"

"I believe Ms. Potts has restocked the closet there, sir," said JARVIS dryly. "I'll warm up DUM-E."

"Bring all my workspaces back online, too, everything we archived for the boys' visit. Pepper can worry about their NDA later, I want to get a few good hours in before I get my brains fucked out again." Tony smirked at a passing office worker who nearly ran into a doorframe when she overheard him.

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS. "I've attached all the relevant," there was a pause, "inspirational notes to your various project workstations as well."

"Good thinking," said Tony. The elevator door opened as he approached, and he turned and stood in a pose of absolute confidence, watching the ripples of attention he'd left in his wake. "Take me up, J."

"Of course, sir."

Tony fiddled with his phone while the elevator moved; the executive suites were high up in the tower, but his penthouse was, after all, at the top. He sent another text to Bucky and Steve, having a sudden stab of nervousness that they'd given up on him, despite knowing it was right in the middle of their evening rush.

I missed you guys today.

Pepper doesn't kiss me when I say something smart. It's tragic.

Not that I want Pepper to kiss me. These lips are all yours now.

Among other things.

I'm going to be in my lab, so don't get mad if I don't answer before you guys get here, okay?

He headed for the bathroom and stripped off, clothes down the laundry chute and a fresh pair of jeans on along with one of his favorite black tank tops. Dress shoes were swapped for old Converse, and he chucked his phone onto his desk and stood in the middle of the room, looking at all the threads he had to choose from and deciding what to pick up first.

"Music me, J."

Tony's playlist started up, and he moved in front of a workspace covered in pink-tinged virtual post-its. He almost laughed at how literal some of the transcription was, but he saw the gems hiding in
among the ohs and ahs. He worked each one into the larger project, crumpling and tossing them into the trash and finally stepping back to let it all integrate in his head while he moved on, following those pink squares all around the room.

Time had no meaning for Tony when he was like this, chasing ideas, putting things in the fabrication queue, dancing between the tables and throwing away the trash until his ideas were refined into pure genius. He'd archived a couple of things that he wanted to run by Pepper, set two simulations running, and was just about to send a third project to fabrication when warm arms wrapped around him from behind, and then a familiar face filled his vision.

"Hey, Tony," said Bucky, grinning down at him.

Tony stretched up for a kiss. "Hey, Bucky." He twisted around and got another one after a perfunctory, "Hey, Steve."

"Hey, Tony," said Steve. "We had JARVIS order Indian like we talked about, it's gonna be here soon. You gotta keep working?"

"If Bucky moves, I can be done in five," said Tony, feeling something burst in his chest like fireworks at the thought that they weren't mad to have to hunt him up, that they'd been willing to let him keep going if he'd needed to. "This is all just tightening up ideas and running prototypes."

"As long as we ain't interrupting your genius," said Bucky, sincere under the tease. He stole another kiss and then tugged Steve off to one side where he snagged a couple of stools.

"We'll wait, kitten," said Steve, leaning into Bucky and looking around the room with wide, interested eyes.

Tony turned back to what he was doing, but not before he heard Bucky whisper, "It's so cool in here, right?"

"I hope he lets me draw a little tomorrow," Steve replied.

Tony went back to his model, shifting things this way and that, looking for the flaw that was niggling at him. "J, can we tweak the conductor angle, there. I think that's got it, yeah?"

"Indeed, sir, you appear to have solved the issue with connection loss. Shall I put it in the production queue?" JARVIS sounded pleased and pretty damn smug; he'd been allowed to help out a lot today, in ways he usually didn't get asked, and Tony hoped his learning code was stretching and expanding happily.

"Do it, and put in some protocols for Steve and Bucky on the door. Nothing that needs top secret clearance, but they can come in if I'm not on blackout or doing DoD shit." Tony stretched, feeling his shoulder and then sternum pop. He turned to find the two of them looking at their phones.

"Are we still trending?" asked Tony, striding over for more kisses.

They both showed him the photos, grinning happily. On Steve's phone, there was one from yesterday clearly taken through the window of the three of them necking, hidden behind the espresso machine and barely visible unless you knew what to look for. "You can just see your hair in this one," said Steve, delighted.

"I like this one," said Bucky, showing off a shot of Steve from behind, bending over to get something out of a drawer behind the counter. "I'm surprised Stevie didn't pop him one for the privilege."
"You guys really aren't mad?" Tony was confused, but he stole Bucky's phone to send the photo to himself, along with a couple of others further down the page, including one of the two keys kissing.

"Nah," said Bucky with a shrug. "We might've shown off a little, really."

Steve chuckled. "We aren't usually so into PDA, but you bring it out in us."

"I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist," agreed Tony. He was still half in his workshop headspace, so his attention was slowly spinning down from the future of technology into his own present, into the affection and care his keys were showing him, which was an entirely new feeling.

"Showy," teased Bucky, tugging Tony in closer for another kiss. "C'mon, let's go upstairs and get dinner. We'll shower off our work days after."

"Bucky wants more shower sex," said Steve teasingly. "But I want my dinner first." They stood up and headed over to the stairs, one of Steve's hands in the small of Tony's back like it belonged there.

"We got a ton of cheese naan," added Bucky. "Steve loves that shit."

"You love it, too, jerk," Steve gave Bucky's butt a gentle swat.

Bucky reached out with his metal hand, natural as anything, and reeled Tony in. "Punk," he said to Steve, then turned to kiss Tony. "Genius."

"I saw that," said Tony with a chuckle. "You two are ridiculous." He patted his pocket and pulled his phone back out, wondering when he'd picked it up again, and checked their text messages. They'd sent him some emojis and a promise for dinner, and then a note that they were going to rush through closing so not to worry if they weren't texting more. Tony melted a little to see that they'd taken care of him even when he wasn't there, just in case.

Bucky was getting the food from Brookes when Tony looked up, and Steve was just standing there watching them both with a look of utter contentment on his face.

"I could get used to having my fellas here with me like this," said Bucky, trying not to be amused at Brookes' clear disappointment that there wasn't going to be more shirtless Steve on display tonight. "Get the plates, punk."

"Fine, you dote on Tony, then," said Steve with a wink.

Something passed between them, some conversation that Tony had clearly missed, and then he was being swept up in Bucky's arms, food abandoned on the table. "Hey, genius."

"Um, hey?" Tony's hands moved of their own accord, tucking his phone in his pocket and then sliding up under Bucky's shirt to feel the heat of his skin.

"A little bird told us you don't get enough keys doting on you," Bucky teased. "Also, I'm glad Nat liked ya."

"Did she?" asked Tony, looking up into Bucky's eyes and feeling his breath catch at the look in them, warm as a summer sky. "I'm not sure I got that impression."

Bucky kissed him again, and it was slow and sweet as honey, with his right hand coming up to cradle the back of Tony's head and his robotic left moving down to cradle Tony's ass. "She told us off a little for makin' her find out from the news."
"But she said you weren't an asshole to her, and even let her give you the shovel talk," said Steve, setting out plates and opening containers. "We didn't bring you a breve, what do you want to drink with dinner?"

"There's beer in the fridge," said Tony. "Um, isn't there?"

"There are several types of beer available, sir," said JARVIS helpfully.

Steve chuckled. "I'll grab something, you two sit."

Bucky picked Tony up, bracing under his butt with both hands, and carried him just long enough to deposit him in one of the chairs. "Thanks for stoppin' work when we got here, dollface."

"You're not mad I worked past when you were coming home?" asked Tony, worried all over again. He'd never had a date not be upset when he had to be dragged out of his workshop covered in engine oil and metal shavings, past time for dinner.

"Don't be silly," said Steve. "It's work, and your work is important. Nat told us you gave more money to the prosthetics people." He poured beer into glasses for them and sat on Tony's other side, one big hand going around the back of Tony's neck and soft lips meeting Tony's mouth. "You love what you do, not many people get to say that."

"Plus, even if you've got DoD shit still, we know you aren't makin' weapons anymore," said Bucky. "Stevie, you should make sure our clearance level gets to JARVIS somehow, so Tony can show us more stuff."

"Wait, do you guys already have clearance?" asked Tony, perking up.

"We were part of a secret commando unit, babe," said Bucky. "I'm pretty sure there's stuff we did that you don't have clearance for." He started serving himself and Tony both, checking in with looks and gestures to see what Tony wanted and passing boxes off to Steve, too.

"JARVIS, put in an official request to make sure their clearance is active and allow access to my ongoing projects, will you?" Tony's mind was spinning up again, counting up the advantages to having soldiers, smart ones who'd been in the field under adverse conditions, to talk to about the armor and other gear he was making now that he didn't do weapons anymore.

"Uh-oh, he's gettin' that look again," said Bucky with a laugh. "Tony, you gotta eat before you can work more."

"What? Oh, no, I can't work on this now, I just," Tony huffed. "J, put some of those pink post-its on Projects Captain and Winter, please, and something else on Soldier since it's higher level."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS.

"Pink post-its?" asked Steve. "Can you really stick stuff to those holograms?"

"Other holograms," said Tony with a chuckle. He picked up his fork and started to eat excitedly. "JARVIS took all our notes from, you know, sex talk, and put them in the relevant projects for me in pink so I could make them into a coherent part of the project today. I've got a lot more to look into now, but I got two good breakthroughs out of it so far, and I'm making really good strides on the prosthetic interface."

"Tell us about it?" asked Steve, looking inexplicably shy. "I love it when you talk about it, you're so..."
"You," said Bucky with a grin. "It's like all the good things about you concentrated, like Tony espresso."

Tony laughed and kissed them both. "All right, but then I want to hear about your days, too," he said. He took a sip of beer and then started with the squid beak thread, explaining about the way the matter moved from soft to hard tissue smoothly without a break, anchoring in the soft body without damage, something no other animals had managed for themselves. Then he took them down the thread of his thoughts about how to find something that could be blended as a solid in that manner, softness against the body and rigidity where it mattered, a neural interface so muscles and nerves could move, or the mechanical equivalent, anyway.

Steve and Bucky both asked questions, made him explain when he got too technical, and they were all on their second beer and dessert by the time he wound down. "You guys, you really wanted to hear that, huh?"

"Of course we did, kitten," said Steve. He reached out and stole Tony's last gulab jamun, which was really fine because Tony was pretty sure that was the biggest meal he'd eaten in years.

"You're so beautiful like that, and I love hearin' about what you're gonna do to me later," said Bucky, making it sound both sincere and dirty. "We'll tell you about our day in the shower, wash you real good and then make you feel even better."

"I really, really love that idea," said Tony. He stood up and groaned. "God, I ate way too much, why did you guys let me do that?"

"You skipped lunch," said Steve. "JARVIS ratted you out."

"We want you to be around a long time," said Bucky.

Tony found himself swept up in Steve's arms this time, pulled into a bridal carry that he couldn't help but want to curl up into, arms around Steve's neck. "You two are ridiculous," said Tony. "I pretty much require that, though, because I'm the most ridiculous person I know."

"We know," said Bucky and Steve in unison, already heading down the hallway to Tony's bedroom. Tony laughed into Steve's shoulder and let them pamper him.

The problem with pampering was that it let him think, and instead of working on the projects waiting for him down in his workshop, his brain decided to contemplate the one object he'd been avoiding for basically his entire life: his box. He knew someday they were going to want to try their keys, and even though they seemed pretty sure they'd be okay with not unlocking him, he was also sure that every time he'd seen a key that wasn't his around someone's neck he'd just... liked them less.

And if only one of them fit, he couldn't even imagine breaking them up or having them be half his world and the other half left out of whatever the fuck a soulbond was supposed to feel like.

Tony felt his chest starting to constrict, felt panic closing in, and his fingers dug into Bucky's shoulders where he was holding on while they washed him with big, gentle hands. Even the metal one was as gentle as it could be, and Tony tried to concentrate on the ways it wasn't, but that wasn't enough.

"Tony, Tony, sweetheart," Steve was saying, and JARVIS was talking as well, and then Bucky's mouth was on Tony's and the world came back in one hitched breath.

"Fuck," Tony swore. "Panic attack, I, sorry."
"You don't hafta be sorry with us, babydoll," said Bucky, kissing over his face as gently as the rainshower that JARVIS had switched them to. "We both get it, it's fine. Was it somethin' we did?"

Tony shook his head. "Just my own brain shaking itself apart," he said wryly. "J, is my heart okay?"

"Your vitals are returning to normal, sir, but we did have a moment. I'm sending the scans to your cardiologist to see if you need to come in," said JARVIS.

Tony slumped a little.

"You're safe with us, Tony," said Steve gently. "And one of us will go with you. Hell, we'd close up shop and both go if you wanted."

"Doctors suck," said Bucky shortly.

"So do brains," agreed Steve wholeheartedly.

And suddenly, Tony got it. They were all fucked up, all PTSD bros, all broken by the world and put back together half-assed and wanting. "You guys only suck in the good way, though," he whispered.

"Is that what'll make you feel better, kitten?" Steve's hands were stroking over Tony's chest and stomach, his solid body holding Tony's steady while Bucky braced Tony's hips from the front and put up with the panic-grip on his shoulders.

Tony thunked his head back against Steve's collarbone. "I have no idea," he said, uncharacteristically honest for a moment. "No one's ever helped before."

"Oh, baby," said Bucky, gathering Tony close, taking all his weight from Steve and kissing him deeply. "You're not alone anymore, Tony."

"JARVIS, turn off the shower, please," said Steve. "We're clean enough to take care of our box."

Tony swallowed and hid his face in Bucky's neck, burrowing into his wet hair with a soft, pained sound. "That, that sounds really good," said Tony.

He tried not to listen while Steve talked quietly to JARVIS about what Tony usually did after a panic attack, because he didn't want to pay attention to his drinking habits right now. It wasn't like they didn't know who he was and what he was famous for, but that didn't mean he felt like he could face it right now with his chest aching and his throat tight and his whole body trembling with fatigue and adrenaline. They got him dried off and into a henley that smelled like coffee and Bucky, into his favorite pajama pants with ridiculous robots all over them, and he found himself snuggled in the bed with the lights low and the room warm and two sets of hands petting and stroking him while Tony tried to keep his attention anchored in his body and the present moment.

"Can I give you a backrub, Tony?" asked Steve, after they'd been quiet a while.

Tony let out an eager sound and then sighed. "Does this mean I have to give up Bucky's shirt?"

They laughed as they were meant to, letting him disarm the situation with humor.

"You can use me for a pillow instead," said Bucky.

Tony let himself be manhandled, joking, "I think I'm discovering a new kink here, guys." He ended up with his face in Bucky's stomach, draped over his lap with Steve sitting on his back and massage oil from his own stash warming against his skin. Bucky smelled good, like skin and clean clothes and
a little bit machine, which is something that soothed a part of Tony's soul he would never admit to
anyone else. Both of Bucky's hands stroked through Tony's hair while Steve spread oil onto Tony's
back, just smoothing it into his skin.

It felt amazing.

Steve's hands were huge, and strong, and the perfect blend of gentle and firm. Tony groaned and
melted as the tension was smoothed away and his mind slowed into static. Tony had intentions of
demanding sex afterward, but they, too, were melted into goo as Steve worked over his body, back
and ass and thighs and, at some point, his arms and front, too, though by then Tony was mostly
asleep. The exhaustion that always hit at some point after a panic attack was right on cue, and Tony
drifted off to the sensation of gentle touches and the warmth of affection.

Tony woke a few hours later needing desperately to use the bathroom, and after squirming out of bed
and taking care of business, he put the borrowed shirt and pajamas back on and went out to the
balcony to look at the stars and think.

Before he knew what he was doing, he'd pulled up a video call and dialed Pepper.

"Pepper, it's about my box," said Tony, fidgeting with his sleeves and talking a mile a minute at
Pepper's impatient hologram. "I need to talk to someone. To someone human, sorry, J." 

"I believe you are correct, sir, no offense taken," said JARVIS.

Tony continued on without bothering to acknowledge the AI beyond a flash of pride. "What if they
can't unlock me, Pep? Or if just one of them can? What if I fuck this up by not being the right person
yet again?"

Pepper sighed. "Let's pretend that I've never seen your box. Oh, wait, I haven't, because you snuck a
look at my key and stopped hitting on me when it didn't match and I was free of sexual harassment
for a blessed six weeks before your innate nature took back over. I have no idea what you're talking
about, Tony, only one of them could ever have unlocked you."

"I'm a double lock," said Tony, swallowing down the words so they came out as a croak instead of
the brave confession he'd meant to give.

"What?" said Pepper.

"JARVIS, code alpha-schcha-three-pi-seven-zed. Show Pepper my box." The image came up on the
screen between them, smooth black wood with just a hint of brown in the rich, wavy grain, the
lockplates two gold circles, each with a missing segment that spilled out brown diamonds in every
shade from near-black to amber, scattering them into a galaxy that joined the two designs side-by-
side. The circles were also inset in a simple pattern, gold crossing over lines of gems to make a thing
of geometric beauty that revealed more detail with closer examination.

"Tony, it's beautiful," said Pepper, sighing. Her fingers went to her own key, which he knew was a
more classic design though he'd only caught a glimpse, mostly taking in the fluted shape of the bow
before he'd looked away. "You should be showing this to them, not me."

Tony swallowed, looking back over his shoulder at the darkened penthouse. "Seventh date, that's
when they're going to commit to my buy-in, right? I'll do it then. Draw up all the paperwork, for the
shop, for a bonding, for anything that might be relevant, and we'll do it on the seventh date or not at
all."

"Tony..." said Pepper, already getting that sad look she only gave him when she was certain he was
fucking something up.

"If I have to live a lifetime without them, Pepper, just let me have this one week with them." Tony dismissed the image of his box with a flick of his wrist.

Pepper nodded. "I'll get everything together, Tony. You... make the most of your week."

"Thanks, Pep, I knew I could count on you," he said. His chest felt a little lighter, if he ignored the fear clawing at his throat.

"If that will be all, Mr. Stark?" she asked, a soft, sad smile on her face.

"That will be all, Miss Potts," he replied, ending the call.

Tony went back to bed to wake his keys for some midnight sex, not wanting to waste a moment of their time together.

He stripped out of his clothes, pausing to stuff Bucky's henley in a corner where it wouldn't get laundered, and then crawled under the covers. Tony slipped into the space where Bucky and Steve had gravitated toward one another in his absence. He slid down so his face was conveniently between them and started licking and mouthing at their cocks, one then the other, waking them in the most pleasant way he could think of. He could feel the need rising under his own skin, brain chemicals buzzing and kicking everything into high gear.

"Tony?" came a voice from above him, which he identified as Steve's despite the sleepy rumble.

"Woke up," said Tony, sucking on first one cockhead then the other. "Wanted you."

"S'worth it," rasped Bucky. "Gonna be so tired and I don't even care." Tony grinned and took this as permission to keep going, filling his mouth with their dicks while his brain started threading through the ideas waiting in the wings. He'd parked most of his current projects in places where he needed more data or materials, but there was something niggling at him about the newest jet engine design that cycled around and around in his brain, slowly building into a coherent picture. Looping with that was a new idea that was just starting to take shape, something to fly in a different way than a jet or airplane, something he'd started on for missiles and let drop in favor of other, less harmful pursuits.

Tony's main attention, of course, was on what he was doing, mouth and both hands busy with his keys' pleasure. His scalp was being petted by fingers both metal and flesh and moans floated down from above like the best of music, his name in a two-toned harmony of sleep-softened need.

Tony didn't get to do this often, not in a quiet space like this where his brain worked itself into a creative frenzy with no outlet, his mouth filled and body safe and heart so engaged it might break itself apart. These men were so much better than the people he usually had in his bed, and it fueled him in ways that he'd never expected. He always babbled during sex, but he'd never made breakthroughs, never figured out that the repulsor technology was maybe what his work had been missing even though he'd invented it ages ago or that the new jet needed them along with different winglets to make landing and taking off easier and safer.

Tony pulled away and climbed up their bodies, spouting jargon to JARVIS as he came up and again between kisses. He arched between them as their hands roamed over his body, exploring him with proprietary tenderness. He was surrounded by warmth, Steve against his chest and Bucky at his back, and Tony thought he'd never felt safer, or more alive.

"Tony, baby, we need to make love t'ya, please?" said Bucky, voice low in his ear.
"Yes, anything, please," said Tony, gasping when Bucky's teeth scraped over his collarbone in a rough caress where he'd always been sensitive, when Steve's hand splayed huge over his sternum and cradled the cage of his ribs through his skin. Tony clung to one of Steve's biceps like a lifeline, his right hand finding and tangling with Bucky's on his own shoulder.

"Gonna love you so good, sweetheart," said Steve, kissing up to his mouth. "Wanna hear you talk about takin' flight forever."

Tony gasped as Bucky's cock slid into the crease of his ass, rubbing without trying to find its way inside, just sharing the sweetness of friction. "Wanna come all over you, can I?"

"Yeah, god, we can mark you as ours," said Steve. He lifted Tony's leg and brought their hips together so he could rub his cock into the crease of Tony's hip and thigh, everything slick with spit and sweat and precome and the last vestiges of massage oil. His other hand wrapped around Tony's cock while Bucky slipped two metal fingers along the seam of Tony's mouth.

"Yes, fuck yes," said Tony. He sucked Bucky's fingers into his mouth, feeling them pet over his tongue like a promise, the metallic flavor a bright spark against the organic taste of sex and skin already filling his senses.

Steve took the lead and found a rhythm that worked for all three of them. Tony was panting, alternating between babbled words about metallic salts in chemical applications in between licking the seams of Bucky's fingers, wishing his lover could feel him and already spinning off a thousand ideas for making that a reality. The jet was long forgotten in favor of this new direction, in favor of the pounding of his heart and the motion of his hips and the slide of Steve and Bucky against him, Bucky's cock rubbing against his entrance with every thrust and Steve's balls brushing his own as they moved.

In between it all, Tony could hear his keys saying sweet things to him, words of love and devotion, affection and admiration, words that fell on his parched soul like aloe on a sunburn, soothing an ever-present pain he'd been trying so hard to ignore. The idea of forever, of numbering days and weeks and years, was nothing in the face of the single moment they were sharing and despite everything it was Tony that came first, groaning around Bucky's fingers as he made even more of a mess of the humid space between their bodies.

Steve shifted his grip so both hands were on Tony's body, spreading Tony's slickness over his own cock and speeding up his movements, rushing toward his own peak and pulling Bucky along for the ride.

Tony's mind was still rebooting from the delicious white-out of orgasm, and he rocked his hips as much as he could with his muscles still lax from the afterglow. "My beautiful keys, come on, fuck, this feels so good, I'm so safe, so wanted," said Tony, letting his mouth say whatever it would as long as it would get them off. After all, the brain was the biggest sexual organ. "Come all over me, slick me up, mark me as yours, I'm both of yours."

That line of thought worked well on them and Tony ran with it, babbling as they groaned his name. "Yes, that's it, come on, you know you wanna claim me, mark me up, make me yours, keep me for your own, be my keys, unlock me every fucking night until we're too old to get it up."

That punched a laugh out of Bucky but Steve was too far gone, he just pressed his forehead against Tony's shoulder and came all over him in a way that he would've hated if it was anyone else, mingling with Tony's seed and dripping over his stomach. Bucky manhandled Tony so Bucky's cock was trapped between his damp thighs now, nudging against Tony's spent balls on each thrust. Steve's fingers slid underneath to add another caress and share the slickness of their come with Bucky, and
Tony thought his heart might skip a beat at the intimacy, not to mention scorching hotness of the moment.

Bucky tightened from fingers to toes, holding Tony close and pressing his forehead to the back of Tony's neck. "Ours, ours!" he cried, soft and hoarse as he came in the space between Tony's thighs.

Tony was sticky and disgusting and covered in three loads of come, and he thought he might never have been happier.

"Did you invent a new form of propulsion?" asked Steve, after a moment to catch his breath.

Tony did the only thing he could do and kissed him.

"Sir's repulsor technology is an older concept that was only brought into production for one model of missile, and then discontinued along with the entire weapons line," said JARVIS helpfully.

Bucky laughed. "Reinvented, then, while blowin' us both. You are somethin' else, dollface."

"Yeah," said Tony, unable to keep from sounding a little sheepish. "But I'm your something else."

"Yeah, you are," said Steve. He claimed one more kiss from each of them before getting out of bed for something to clean them up enough to sleep.

Tony sighed and wriggled around to kiss Bucky, ignoring how gross he was starting to feel. "You two are the nicest keys I've ever met."

"But we're your nice keys, now," said Bucky. His right hand rubbed Tony's stomach, smearing semen into his skin. "And you're our genius box."

"That is so gross," said Tony, unable to ignore it any longer. "Semen is not actually good for the skin, that's just a myth."

"That's why I'm here to clean you up," said Steve.

Tony let himself be manhandled, the bliss of a warm, wet cloth worth the strangeness of letting someone else wipe him down like an invalid.

Bucky huffed. "He said we could mark him," he protested, but he allowed Steve to clean him up, too. "We should get him some tokens or something."

"Seventh date," said Tony immediately. "We'll have a romantic dinner somewhere nice and I can give you guys something, too." His heart rate spiked, which he hoped JARVIS would ignore just this once, at the thought of what he was really promising.

"It's a deal," said Steve, leaning over Tony to kiss Bucky. "At this rate, that's only a few more days."

"Yeah, okay," said Bucky, curling around Tony and shifting them both toward Steve and out of the wet spot. "I don't wanna change the sheets."

Tony yawned. "Me, neither."

Steve sighed. "Yeah, yeah, fine," he said, snuggling up on Tony's other side. "But if you two shove me out of bed, I'm not responsible for my actions."

Tony drifted off to sleep and dreamed of flying hand in hand in hand with his keys, their fingers adorned with matching soulmate rings that glinted in the morning light.
Starting to Feel Natural

Steve barely woke when Bucky got up, just enough to get kisses, be reassured that JARVIS would wake them in a few hours, and go back to sleep holding Tony carefully against him.

When Steve woke again, Tony had gravitated on top of him: sprawling over his broad chest, hooking one leg over his, and tucking his face into Steve's neck. They were both naked, because Steve hadn't wanted to bother finding the pajama pants Tony had divested them of last night, and Steve couldn't resist running his hands all over Tony's smaller body. He was soft and wiry in turns, and after Steve saw the workshop he understood that a lot of Tony's muscle was from being his own blacksmith, his own heavy machinist, his own lifter of large objects with a little help from that robot of his and no one else.

Steve kind of hated that Tony had no one else, and resolved to make sure they hired enough people that he and Bucky could be there for him.

Tony shifted and sighed, but JARVIS was the one who spoke up, announcing the date, time, and weather, as well as greeting Steve and letting him know that there's food in the fridge.

"M'comfy," protested Tony.

Steve got an idea and asked lightly, "Hey, JARVIS, can you send a photo of us to Bucky?"

"Permission would be required from both parties involved, sir," said JARVIS, but he didn't have that disapproving sound so Steve figured it was probably okay.

"Tell him yes, Tony?" Steve snuffled into Tony's wild curls, smiling to himself at how good it felt to share this with Bucky, with everyone knowing what they were going into. Someone who needed a love like theirs, a little overbearing but full of sweetness and a real need to make their box's life better.

"Mph," said Tony.

"Taken and sent," said JARVIS.

Steve huffed a laugh. "You speak all forms of Tony, I guess," said Steve. "Can you send a copy to my phone, too?"

"Of course, sir. If I may," there was a pause and then he said, "Mr. Barnes has given me permission to share another photograph from last night."

The wall at the end of the bed flickered and there was a shot of the three of them tangled up asleep, Tony cradled and safe with Bucky's arm draped over them both and Steve smiling contentedly in his sleep.

"Okay that needs to be my new lock screen," said Steve, feeling almost breathless with love at the sight of them. "I am so gone for you, kitten."

Tony blinked his way up into the light and looked at the screen, a sweet smile breaking out over his face. "Mine, too, J. Set us all up."

"Mr. Barnes has shared the sentiment, sirs," said JARVIS. He sounded incredibly smug. "I have added last night's pink notes to your workshop, if you'd like to see them after breakfast."
"Bribery," said Tony darkly. "You're on their side."

"I believe that we are all on your side, with the possible exception of yourself, sir," said JARVIS tartly.

"You believe right," said Steve. "C'mon, sweetheart, we'll get up and eat and then you can wallow in your workshop until it's time to go."

Tony laughed and gave him a musty kiss. "Yeah, okay. Feed me, big boy."

"Anytime, love." Steve kissed his forehead and helped him up, getting them both standing and then letting out a sigh. "I don't suppose you're gonna tell me where my pants are?"

Tony cracked up, laughing with beautiful abandon, his scars and wrinkles all beautifully displayed in a way Steve knew no one else got to see. "Let's get you another famous t-shirt or something. We'll get dressed for the day before you touch the stove, honey badger."

"If you must," Steve huffed, but he let Tony drag him into the big closet. He wore his own underwear today; Tony's was nice but really one size too small at least, and Steve wanted his bits to be comfortable after all the use they'd been seeing.

"I don't actually have a huge collection of really famous shirts, hm, let's try this," said Tony, pulling out a worn purple t-shirt that was covered in equations in Tony's neat handwriting. "JARVIS, is there anything on here I can't let out into the public eye?"

"I believe there's some important information about your arc reactor project on the left shoulder, sir. Perhaps if you placed a signature over it?" JARVIS sounded amused.

Steve pulled Tony into another kiss. "That sounds good, signin' me as your fella."

"What did Bucky wear this morning?" asked Tony. "Can I make him change?"

"Mr. Barnes borrowed one of your button-down shirts, sir. It was a bit tight through the shoulders, but we chose cufflinks from your collection to go with it."

Steve shook his head. "JARVIS, you're amazing. Tony, how smart are you that you made yourself such a great person?" He reeled Tony in for some very sweet kisses and then put on the shirt, which fit tight across his body and tucked neatly into his jeans.

"He's an AI," protested Tony, but Steve could see him gloving with delight.

"He's artificial but he's still a person," argued Steve. He went over to Tony's shirts and chose one with a band he recognized. "This okay?"

"Yeah, good choice," said Tony, putting his arms up with a wink.

Steve carefully smoothed the shirt down over Tony's body, pressing kisses to Tony's wrists and palms before tugging down the hem properly. "I want you to think of me an' Bucky when you look down at your chest today, and remember that you're safe with us."

Tony blinked up at him and then pulled him down for a very hot kiss. "You two are the most dangerous men I've ever met," he said, voice soft and hoarse.

"Not to you, Tony," said Steve, snuggling him close and kissing down his throat, growling softly when Tony's collar was in the way. He laid his palm over Tony's chest instead and promised, "We're
gonna take the best care of your heart, sweetheart."

"I really hope that's true," said Tony, soft and almost sad. He snuggled into Steve like the kitten Steve had nicknamed him, his body language imperiously demanding that Steve's hands continue to stroke over his body and soothe him.

Steve ran fingers through Tony's hair and rubbed behind his ears and smiled. "Me, too, Tony. Me, too."

They stayed like that for far too little time, and then Steve tugged Tony, barefoot and protesting, out to the kitchen to make breakfast. Steve whipped up banana pancakes while Tony made lattes, the two of them tossing words back and forth like playing verbal catch. They cuddled up together on the couch to share one giant plate, though they each had their own cup, and Tony sighed softly as he ate his first bite.

"I don't know if you think I'm ever going to let another morning go by without one of you to cook me breakfast, but you'd be wrong," Tony said happily.

Steve kissed his hair. "Sounds good to me. Eighth date plans, maybe," he teased, stealing the next bite off Tony's fork.

"Perfect," said Tony, and Steve saw that insecurity flash across his face and hoped that someday they'd both love it right out of him.

He took out his phone while Tony drank coffee and texted Bucky.

He's so easy to love, Bucky.
You love him, too, right?

The answer made him grin.

Of course I do, ya punk.
We're gonna keep him, don't worry.

You're worrying, aren't you?

Steve laughed and kissed Tony. "Bucky says to stop worrying," he told Tony at his inquiring look. Steve sent him one last text.

He is more than me. Love you, too, jerk.

Bucky's reply came through on his lock screen just as he was putting his phone away.

Always.

Steve pulled his phone back out and took a selfie of him and Tony with their pancakes and sent it to the group chat.

They got an adorably grumpy shot of Bucky in return.

I can't believe I'm missing banana pancakes in order to make coffee milkshakes for
Tony was the one who answered that time, thumbs flying as he texted back.

_Hire someone to open and you can both worship my beautiful body well into daylight._

"He's happy that something good came out of your press release," said Steve, reading between the lines. "I'm just happy you're ours."

"You're not sad about the gay kids, either," said Tony shrewdly. "Speaking of which, I've got a Pride month charity thing I'm doing, and I hope you two will be my dates? I know that's technically later than our negotiated week, but—"

Steve kissed away his excuses. "It sounds like a perfect place to wear those suits you're gonna make us get."

Tony licked Steve's nose. "JARVIS, did you set up an appointment with my tailor?"

"She has set aside some time tomorrow afternoon just for you, sir. I put it in your calendar and set an alert to go out to all three of your phones," said JARVIS.

Steve beamed. "You're the best, J, thanks." He ate some more pancake, feeling very pleased with his life. He fed Tony a few bites, which led to a lot of hand-feeding and finger-licking and every last bit of food consumed between kisses.

"How much time we got, J?" asked Tony, wriggling toward Steve with intent.

"If you intend to stop for food again on the way to deliver Mr. Rogers, approximately 97 minutes, sir."

Steve slid his mouth up to Tony's ear and whispered, "I wanna eat you out down in your workshop, please?"

Tony groaned and laughed. "Yes, fuck yes, I am going to have so much sex down there now that I have you two," he said happily.

"Damn right," said Steve happily. He set the tray aside and scooped Tony up, getting his hands on that beautiful ass once Tony cooperated by wrapping around Steve like a monkey. "It's the perfect place, since we all know how it revs all your engines."

Tony tucked his face in Steve's neck, his ears adorably red. "I can't believe you guys aren't offended by that," he said, honest when he didn't have to see Steve's face.

"I can't believe you think we don't agree," said Steve, moving carefully to the elevator that helpfully opened for him so he didn't have to try to carry Tony down the stairs. "Bucky's been using that arm for sex since the day he brought it home." It hadn't been that great the first few times, but they'd worked on it, laughing about doing his precision and kinaesthetic exercises all the while, until they'd figured out ways for them to both get pleasure out of Tony's amazing invention.

"I am building him the best arm ever," said Tony, giving Steve another greedy kiss. "No matter what."

"You're ours now, Tony," said Steve, hearing the worries hiding between the words. "We'll be here
for you to spoil us just like we'll spoil you."

Tony kissed him again, deeper and a little more desperate. "I really, really hope that's true, because I am stupidly gone on you both already, and it's going to break my heart if there's never an eighth date."

"I want an 888th date, Tony," said Steve seriously. "JARVIS, can you keep track of that for me?"

"Of course, Mr. Rogers," said JARVIS, his voice warmer than Steve thought a computer could be. "I shall require parameters for what constitutes a date, however."

"This is the start of our fourth date," said Steve. "Or the end of the third, maybe. Anyway, each evening we spend together is another date, and only one date per day counts."

"Fair," agreed Tony. "Log it, J."

"Algorithm set, sir. Shall I text Mr. Barnes and see if there are any anniversaries he would like tracked, as well?" JARVIS sounded sly there.

Steve laughed. "Yeah, Bucky loves that stuff, even more'n me. He'll fill in all the gaps. Have him give you our birthdays and stuff, too, yeah?"

"I am already aware of that information, since you released your financials and all relevant data to me," said JARVIS.

"Stop talking to my AI and kiss me," said Tony, though he sounded pleased rather than put out.

"Anywhere you want, sweetheart," assured Steve. The elevator door was already open, and Steve carried Tony out into the workshop and sat him on one of those chrome worktables. "You wanna bend over the table, or just put your legs on my shoulders and lay back?"

"Jesus," said Tony with a laugh. "And here I thought you'd be the shy one."

Steve blushed at that, could feel his face heating, and he shrugged. "I used t'be, but the army and Bucky and everything else, well, we got used to just saying out loud what we wanted so there was no confusion. Plus, you already told me I could rim you."

"I did in fact encourage this," said Tony, leaning forward and stretching up to kiss Steve. "I wish I could watch you without making poor JARVIS run a porno for us."

"Thank you for your consideration, sir," said JARVIS tartly.

Steve laughed, looking around, and then hefted Tony back up and took him over to Tony's fancy workstation chair and plopped him down on it. "How about this? I can kneel and you can watch as much as you want."

"Jesus, how are you real?" asked Tony, shaking his head and skinning out of his jeans and underwear with alacrity. "Yes, fuck, spread me out and lick me anywhere you like, big boy. J, turn up the heat so Stevie has to get naked, too."

DUM-E came over with a cushion, which made Steve wonder a little about making Tony's creations, his children, watch them have sex. Then Tony spread wide, hooking his legs over the arms of the chair, and Steve's mind shorted out a little bit.

"Get naked for me, honey badger," said Tony, voice a soft, low order.
Steve moaned out a yes, stripped off and knelt between Tony's legs, kissing all up them, tasting his skin, feeling his mind fuzzing out already into that place where it was all just sex for him. Tony let himself be manhandled, fingers threading into Steve's hair and directing his face, pressing him inward where he wanted to be. Steve started licking and kissing, using his tongue to pleasure his box in his very favorite way, his whole body warm and floating just as much as his mind. The cushion was soft under his knees and Tony's feet were on his shoulders, cradling him with surprising tenderness just like the hands on his head. He could hear Tony talking, too, that sweet babble of inspiration that let Steve know he was doing something right the same way Bucky's breathing hitched when Steve did this for him.

When Tony came, Steve wasn't sure if it was from his mouth or something he'd done to himself, and he didn't even care. He just licked all through it and then licked up the mess on Tony's stomach, shared the goodness in a kiss that just went on and on. One of Tony's clever hands wrapped itself around Steve's cock, grounding him sharply in his body as pleasure washed over and through him, and he came faster than he'd expected.

"You really do love that, don't you?" said Tony, breathless and full of delight. "J, time?"

"32 minutes, sir," said JARVIS.

"You let me do you like that for an hour?" said Steve. No wonder he'd come so fast; he knew he'd been hard the whole time, he always got worked up when he was allowed to drown himself in a lover's ass like that. Bucky was right, he was real oral.

Tony laughed. "I'm not sure 'let' is the word I'd use, but yeah. God, that was so good, gorgeous, you're just beautiful like that, like there's nothing more you want in the world than to lick me out forever."

"That's... not inaccurate," said Steve, blushing when DUM-E brought them a couple of shop towels. "Uh, are these clean?"

Tony took a second to check before wiping himself off with one. "Yeah, good job," said Tony. "No community college for you today." He patted the bot like a puppy and it made a series of happy sounds.

Steve took the other and cleaned his face. "Uh, we should make time for me to brush my teeth again before work." He knew he was red pretty far down now. He always did blush more after than before, these days.

In the old days, he'd blushed and stammered through all of it, but Bucky had cured him of that quick enough.

Tony chuckled and gestured to where a door slid open in the wall. "You can clean up in there while I do a little work." When Steve looked around the room held a lot more of those holographic workstations, and each one was festooned in virtual post-its in shades of pink. "Wait, did you do all that while I was eatin' you?"

"The lighter pink's from last night," said Tony, "but mostly, yeah. We both really like it when you go to town on me, lickety split."

Steve kissed him hard, beaming. "Any day of the week, kitten," he said, feeling proud as anything. He headed over to the bathroom, watching as Tony strode up half-naked to the first workstation and got started with the post-its. "JARVIS, can you make sure there's some kinda NDA for us to sign, though? I know I'm not supposed to see all of this, and I don't want Tony to worry."
"I'll make sure the paperwork is available tonight, Mr. Rogers," said JARVIS.

Steve grinned and went to find a toothbrush.

They got dressed barely in time for Happy to pick them up, and Steve was lucky that the shawarma place took phone orders so they didn't make Bucky too mad with how long it took them to get there with his food. Tony stayed for lunch again, telling Bucky happily and shamelessly in the middle of their cafe about how he'd made three breakthroughs thanks to the power of Steve's tongue up his ass.

Steve sighed and accepted that this was his life now when Bucky just looked proud of them both.

"You really didn't need to say that in front of the regulars, Tony," said Steve, knowing it was futile.

"Hey, you should be proud of the power of your gorgeous mouth, lickety-split," said Tony cheerfully. "I'm gonna make leaps and bounds in engineering if you keep it up."

Steve turned very red and mumbled into his coffee, "Anytime, sweet peach."

Bucky snorted. "That's my fellas," he said, beaming. "I'll see what I can do ta make ya see the edges of the universe next time I get workshop time."

Tony made a very happy sound. "I'd like that, Buckaroo. We can see how tireless the servos in your hand are, maybe." He gave a little squirm that made Steve's pants grow tighter.

Steve cleared his throat. "Be good, you two," was all he said, biting into his delicious lunch to try to clear his head of the very visceral thoughts of what he'd done and seen done and helped do with Bucky's metal hand.

It really didn't help.

"You've been good enough for both of us this morning," said Bucky, voice low and teasing.

Steve could feel his face flaming, feel the blush crawling over his ears and down his neck and could see Tony wondering just how far it traveled. "No, Tony."

"What?" said Tony, failing to look innocent. "I'm just curious, that's all."

"Oh!" said Bucky with a laugh. "I'm gonna say at least to his nipples." He gestured to Steve's hot face and over his chest. "You'll see it again soon."

"But not right now," said Steve darkly. "You'll be lucky if you see any more of me today if you keep this up. Both of ya."

Tony surrendered immediately. "Well, how about that shawarma, huh? I've never had it before, it's pretty good."

Bucky nearly spit out his mouthful trying not to laugh. "Oh my god, Tony, you are perfect for us," he managed, gulping the water they were having in lieu of the coffee Tony would get as his now-usual goodbye present.

Steve swallowed and smiled peacefully, with a tiny edge. "It's delicious, isn't it? I just love to get my face right up in there and eat it."

Steve absolutely deserved the spray of water he got from Bucky, but then, so did Tony.

Tony was slightly damp, but looking delighted all over again, so all Steve could do was agree with
Bucky. He really was perfect for them.

They finished up their food with minimal conversation after that, mostly about their evening plans and Tony’s schedule. JARVIS informed them that Miss Potts was going to have the NDAs with their seventh date stuff, and recorded a verbal promise from each of them not to blab anything before then.

It felt like planning for a future he might actually get to keep, and Steve glowed his way through the rest of his day, even if he did trip over his own tired tongue a time or two.

Tony and Happy showed up at the end of the day, just as they were about to close up, with Tony looking tired but smug and Happy as tolerant as ever. Perhaps even more so, given that the four-block drive was their fourth date in as many days, rather than the end of a brief liaison.

They spent the night at Tony's again, curled up on his big couch watching movies and eating popcorn and some kind of stupidly expensive delivery food. They took turns blowing each other until they were all purring with satisfaction and then slept in Tony’s bed in a naked tangle that was already starting to feel natural.
New Favorite Things

Bucky decided that shower sex in the morning was going to be one of his new favorite things. Tony was sleepy and pliant, Steve drifted for them both all pretty, and Bucky just got to share warmth and pleasure with them exactly how he wanted for a while. Eventually they were satisfied and thoroughly cleaned up out of respect for Tony's tailor. After brunch somewhere fancier than Bucky wanted to care about they showed up right on time, much to the woman's obvious surprise.

"Tony, it's good to see you. I'm afraid your usual tray hasn't made its way up to us yet," said the woman, shaking Tony's hand.

"It's fine, we just want coffee today," said Tony. "We had brunch, and a shower. Well, shower before brunch. But after the sex. Well."

"I'm Steve Rogers," said Steve, holding out his hand. "Please don't listen to Tony."

The woman laughed. "I'm afraid I'm pretty used to it," he said, shaking Steve's hand. "Kate Dwyer."

"Bucky Barnes," he said, shaking her hand, too. Her grip was sure and her grin didn't falter even when her eyes fell on his arm. "I hope you're up to a challenge."

"I love a challenge," she said happily. "If you gentlemen, and Tony of course, will come this way?"

"You told me I'm not allowed any orgasms in your tailor shop," said Tony with a pout.

Kate laughed. "And that stands especially true today, since you've brought your bucking broncos with you."

"I'd resent that, but I can't even deny it," said Bucky, smirking. He was going to enjoy this a lot more than he expected. "How's your jaw, doin', Stevie?"

Steve glared at him. "I only had, like, two moments of tongue-tied the whole day."

"After the hour I tied up your tongue in other business, you mean," said Tony, smug as anything and totally taking the bait.

"Please do not share any further details. Steve, I am so very glad that one of you is on my side," said Kate.

"I'm just jealous," quipped Bucky with a wink. "Which is stupid, 'cos I got our Tony to myself first, and our Stevie, too."

"And you've had years of Steve's tongue up your-" Tony began.

"Nope," said Steve. "One more word out of you two and neither one of you is getting my tongue anywhere near you tonight."

Kate led them into the big fitting room, which was a little crowded with the extra chairs and her assistant, who had the tray of coffee and whiskey all set up. "No whiskey today, Danny boy," said Kate. "Also, Stark is in a mood, so try to contain your blushes."

"So," said Steve, clearly trying to keep the conversation of the gutter, "how long have you been Tony's tailor?"
"My dad was Tony's dad's tailor," said Kate, pouring coffee while Dan made the whiskey vanish. "So he's been in the family his whole life, but I only took over for Tony, um, when was that?"

"JARVIS?" asked Tony, looking curious.

"Thirteen years ago, sir, when you wanted something with a more modern flair for your jetsetting lifestyle," came the reply. JARVIS sounded dry and unamused, which Bucky thought was weird. "Mr. Dwyer was kind enough to let you and Ms. Dwyer shout about it for a few hours before you came to an agreement that suited you both."

Kate laughed. "Christ, I'd forgotten about that. But Tony's looked great since, and you two are also gonna look great. What's this for?"

"Pride gala," said Tony. "And then there will be more suits, once they see each other and understand the hotness that can be theirs on command. These can be a little flamboyant but not too much, so they can wear them afterward and not have, like, rainbow lapels or whatever."

"So, something that says 'out and proud and gay as fuck,' but also can be worn out to dinner somewhere nice, got it," said Kate.

Bucky laughed. "I like you so much," he said. "Stevie and I were gay for each other before we ever met Tony, but he's our box now."

"Fuck yeah, I am," said Tony, dragging Steve over to Bucky to share kisses.

Steve chuckled. "I can't even apologize for that one," he said sheepishly, snuggled up between his lovers like he belonged there.

"Love doesn't need an apology," said Kate. "Now, what if we gave you each two colors, Steve here can be blue and purple, Bucky, you can take green and gold, and wonder boy can be red and orange, so together you're a rainbow but separately it's just nice suits with a bit of color? We'll use desaturated colors with coordinating lapels, shirts, and accessories."

"I'm torn between wanting to be in the middle and wanting red," said Tony, looking adorably pouty about having to make this choice.

"I'd like red," said Bucky. "You'll be better in golds, dollface, it'll go with your skin."

"And I can be blue," said Steve. "It's my favorite color, anyway."

"Hm, all right, yeah. I concede, gold for me, tasteful as fuck please, because I don't want anyone to accuse us of being gaudy for this." Tony gave her an amused look.

"There's a first time for everything," said Kate, "but I'm not sure I ever thought I'd hear you asking me for something tasteful. I owe you boys a bouquet."

"Just make sure his ass looks good and we'll call it even," said Bucky teasingly.

"That's already part of her job," said Tony impishly.

Steve shook his head. "Your ass always looks good, Tony." He turned to Kate with a shy grin, "Feel free to send flowers to the coffee shop, we're doing the place up for Pride once the mirror goes in."

"The mirror's for security, not partying," said Bucky, and then he added, "but maybe after-hours sex."
"Yes!" said Tony triumphantly.

Steve rolled his eyes and blushed.

"Tony, why don't you and Steve look at fabric samples while I get started on your complicated man?" She gestured toward the dressing screen. "Down to your undies, please. Please tell me you have underwear on."

"He's got my underwear on," said Tony smugly. "Steve needs some in a bigger size, though."

"I wouldn't mind one size up," said Bucky hopefully. "Uh, Tony, I'm not sure about..." He gestured to his arm.

"Oh, that, yeah. The arm's a prototype so no talking it up. They're already under NDA, no worries," said Tony, gesturing like it didn't matter. "Pers will never know, as long as you're okay with showing it to them."

"I love this arm, Tony," said Bucky. He cupped Tony's face and kissed him softly, then tapped Tony's chest. "If she can handle you, she can handle me."

"Strip 'em off, then, soldier," said Kate, not even looking his way as Bucky went behind the screen like a good boy, finding it outfitted with a place for everything he was wearing and more. The room was warm enough he took off his socks with his shoes, and he was just about to emerge in just Tony's slightly too-tight underwear when something was tossed over the top of the screen. "Uh, thanks," he said, laughing to see it was a package of underwear.

"See if those fit better. I'll be able to do your pants right the first time if you're not over-wrapped," said Kate.

"Yes, ma'am," said Bucky, shaking his head. He stripped down and put a fresh pair on, checking the fit. "Yeah, that's how I like 'em. You'll want one more size up for Stevie, maybe, but he might like these."

Bucky came out wearing a pair of red boxer-briefs that, he could tell from his boyfriends' expressions, fit very well indeed. "I take it my fellas approve?"

"I can see I was definitely not doing justice to your package," said Tony wryly.

"Nah, baby, we're about the same size package, but you're smaller in the hips," said Bucky. "It just made everything too tight."

"I... I actually did need to know that, dammit," said Kate. "Dan, can you measure this beefcake while I grab some fabric ideas for Tony? Just leave the arm for me."

"You got it," said Dan, coming forward with a measuring tape and a Stark Industries tablet. "You've been measured for a dress uniform before, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, parade rest, then?" asked Bucky, taking the stance and marveling at how well his arm moved into the awkward position.

"That's perfect." Dan started measuring him from the ground up, feet and ankles, calves and inseam, thighs and hips and waist. His touch was professional but not the kind of clinical that Bucky was used to from Pers, instead gentle and and with a sense that he appreciated working with someone so sculpted, despite a lack of acquisitive desire.
Where Bucky felt like an annoying afterthought with Pers, here he felt like he could be proud of having kept his body so well.

"Make sure you get that booty curve," said Kate, and Bucky barked out a laugh. "No, really, I have to tailor around it so I want to have the right allowance."

"Steve's is better," drawled Bucky. "You can bounce a quarter off'a any part of him."

"She absolutely cannot," said Steve with a sigh. "But I did need specially-fitted uniforms, so I'm used to the tailoring thing."

"With your shape, I'm not surprised," said Kate. "It'll be nice to be displaying instead of covering up, though I'm not sure about the arm. How much am I meant to be disguising that?"

"Just make sure the suit hangs well and he can roll up the sleeves on any shirts we buy," said Tony. "I won't get him too many before the mark IV is done, and that'll be a little slimmer and match his other side better."

"Easier than a beer belly," she said with a laugh. "Or tits on a boy," she added with a sigh.

"Oh, right, I have some more binder ideas for you," said Tony. "J, did you email them over?"

"You haven't cleared the last pink note on there yet," said JARVIS. "I can send her what we have so far, if you'd like."

"Pink note?" asked Kate.

Fortunately Dan was done measuring when Steve put his hand over Tony's mouth and Bucky cracked up laughing, slapping his thigh at the bright red flush going down Steve's neck.

"Tony gets ideas an' JARVIS tracks 'em as colored notes," said Bucky. He paused long enough for Steve to look relieved and added, "Pink's for stuff he says during sex."

"Bucky!" said Steve, exasperated.

Slapping his forehead removed his hand from Tony's mouth, so Tony added, "These two are very inspirational."

"Thank you," said Bucky, bowing.

Kate, fortunately, laughed instead of being offended, though Dan looked a little scandalized.

"What are they binding that they need you for?" asked Steve.

"Boobs," said Tony. "And dicks on girls, though that's less of an engineering problem than you'd think."

"We do a lot of tailoring for transgender clients," said Kate, rolling her eyes at Tony. "Or those that want to present a different gender for whatever reason. Tony gets us to test his innovations and do the bespoke construction, and once they work better we'll get cheaper ones into production for the bigger market."

Steve kissed Tony very sweetly, and Bucky felt himself melting. "Just when I think you can't be any sweeter, dollface, you show us somethin' else," said Bucky.

"It's good you know that," said Kate approvingly. "Those two can make out while I talk to you
about your arm, I guess."

"Best tailor ever," said Tony, sitting in Steve's lap and pulling him in for sweet kisses.

Dan was blushing but he didn't object, so Bucky let Steve set his own boundaries on this one. "Tony really did design it, so if you've got questions about anything beyond the basics he'll hafta stop kissin' our Stevie to answer."

"Are there any major range of motion issues?" asked Kate, pulling out a tape measure and stealing the tablet from Dan.

"Not anymore," said Bucky proud as anything. "Tony fixed me up the first morning after we met." He showed her the way his arms moved together, rolling his shoulders, reaching overhead, ending up back in parade rest. "It's almost good as new."

"Stand more naturally for me, so I can see how the arm hangs?" she asked, and Bucky shifted and moved, feeling the tug against his muscles and adjusting automatically.

"This good?" he asked, glancing over to where Steve was cradling Tony and pressing soft kisses and sweet words into his skin, letting the smile inside him shine out even after he turned his attention back to the tailor.

She chuckled. "You're gonna do right by him, yeah? Tony's helped us a lot here, not just being one of my first steady clients even after I came out, but helping us shift our client base. That man buys way more suits than he needs to make sure we always make our bottom line."

"We're gonna keep him," said Bucky. "I fell in love with one fella I can't unlock, and I don't mind havin' another."

"You're not a match?" she asked, curious but not judging them.

Bucky shrugged. "Ain't seen yet. We're not ready."

Kate nodded. "I'll make sure you all look so amazing, no one will ever wonder again why he's so into you."

Bucky couldn't help but shift and scoff, posture going loose and confident. "As if there's any doubt," he said.

"Hottest baristas ever," said Tony. "Twelve shots, Kate!"

"I cannot believe JARVIS lets you kiss a man who gave you twelve shots of espresso," said Kate. "Are you trying to kill him?"

Bucky shrugged. "He loved it, and we got a date outta his quadruple-triple cap." He sort of wished he had pockets to put his hands into now.

"I'm not one to stand between a man and his love of caffeine," said Steve solemnly. "Especially not one as hot as Tony."

"Also, they didn't know who I was," said Tony delightedly. "They gave me what I wanted and hit on me and they didn't know!"

"We figured it out," said Bucky with a laugh. "Asshole left his business card with a proposition for blowjobs on the back."
"They were really good blowjobs," said Tony. "I mean, let's not downplay the skill required to take Steve that deep without rupturing something."

"Jesus, Tony," said Steve. "I'm so sorry, Kate."

"I'll find out when I do your measurements," she said with a shrug. "Unless you're more of a grower."

"He's had Tony in his lap for twenty minutes, he'll be showin'," said Bucky with a leer. "Are we done?"

"Couple more measurements," she said, having him move and flex both arms and taking measurements, and then doing the same on his legs, seeing how much his thighs expanded when he did a squat. "All right, I assume you want modern tailoring on these boys, too, nice and close to the body?"

"Well, I want them to walk around like that all the time," said Tony, gesturing to Bucky, "but since I can't have my way, I'd like that if they're willing."

"How close are we talkin' here, babydoll?" asked Bucky, though he knew he'd say yes if only as a means to get Steve to say yes.

Tony rifled through the stack of magazines beside himself and pulled one out, flashing them a shot of a man in a suit that fit every line in a loving manner, managing to look sophisticated while displaying the man's shape enticingly. "Like this."

"Yeah, okay," said Bucky. "As long as I can dance with Tony in it, I'll let ya doll me up."

Steve chuckled. "I have no idea why you'd think I might refuse, you've seen my taste in clothes," he said teasingly. Bucky knew Steve didn't always go that way for formalwear, though, preferring his uniforms a little more crisp and less close. "Same rules, I need to be able to move."

"We'll take good care," she said. "We're not going to do any box or key specific tailoring, unless you guys want to advertise?" She gestured to the key-case on Bucky's chest, and then the outline under Steve's t-shirt.

"No, I want to present my boys on their own terms," said Tony. "No box or key cuts to anything, no tokens, no nothing."

"You don't own a token," said Kate dryly. "You've literally never let another human being see your box, as far as anyone can tell."

"We don't have 'em, either, 'cos Stevie an' me've been in love our whole lives," said Bucky, wanting Tony to know in no uncertain terms that he didn't care. "Tony's ours, no matter what the universe has t'say about it."

"That's right," said Steve, that same determined look on his face that he got whenever anyone tried to push at the bond between himself and Bucky, one that had nothing to do with boxes or keys. "Bucky's been mine and now Tony's ours."

"Right, so neutral cut, fashion and good taste over orientation," said Kate, glancing from one to the other.

"As you can see, my boys have strong feelings on this subject," said Tony, looking proud and just a little relieved. "Now finish up with my bronco there so I can switch laps and you can get my other
cowboy here suited up."

"He's done," said Kate, amused. "You can keep the underwear, we'll put them on Tony's tab and send some more over to the penthouse."

"I like you so much right now," said Bucky with a grin. "But not as much as Tony." He shot his boys a wink and went to get dressed again, finding the slightly larger fit was everything he'd hoped for. He emerged holding the rest of his underwear -- and Tony's -- to find Steve choosing between a couple of packages for himself.

"Um, maybe these?" he was saying. "They're just like Tony's, right?"

"Take both," she said, amused. "If you're really packing enough to impress Tony here, these might give you more room to move."

"I, yeah, all right," said Steve, blushing. He stood up and went behind the screen, and Bucky found himself shoved down and faced with a lap full of Tony.

"Well, hello there, dollface," said Bucky, giving Tony a sweet kiss. "You guys already picked out fabric an' all that?"

"Mostly Kate told us what to choose and we let her," said Tony. "It's a strategy that's worked out well for me in the past."

"All that yelling formed a special bond," said Kate dryly.

Bucky laughed. "If Tony trusts ya, then you've got my vote," he said with a shrug. If he hated the suit, he'd just arrange for it to get motor oil spilled on it or something after the gala. He could wear a stupid suit for one night if it meant being proud with his fellas on his arms. Or the two of them on Tony's arms. He wasn't choosy.

"I think you'd look great in all black sometime," she said, tapping away at the tablet. "Black shirt, black tie, and maybe a hit of red somewhere really dramatic."

"Sounds hot," said Tony. "Make a note for next time, and see if you can get that vintage place you won't tell me about to send over rubies. Oh, man, make that rubies and sapphires, we can do Steve up all in white with blue, and then I can be purple and amethyst, you know I have that great amethyst set you've been dying to make me a suit... for."

Tony's babbling died out when Steve stepped out from behind the screen wearing a pair of bright blue boxer briefs with a giant white star right over the impressively-filled basket in front. "You're right, these are more comfortable," said Steve, "but I'm not sure about the, you know, star."

"We'll get you some plain ones, this was all I had on hand," said Kate, looking very pleased with herself. "Tony, if I wasn't even gayer than you are, I would almost be jealous of these two."

"Right? How could I not offer blowjobs?" Tony sounded completely smug and happy. "Also, I meant it about the purple."

"I know you did, and that's why I'm going to let you book another Sunday appointment," said Kate. "All right, Dan, I'll take measurements and you can take dictation this time, since he's clearly exceptionally proportioned."

"I'm learning all kinds of new skills today, I guess," said Dan.
Tony snorted. "You still do this to your newbies? The Tony Stark experience?"

"Works like a dream," said Kate. "Why mess with perfection?" She started as Dan had, down at Steve's feet, calling out measurements which Dan tapped into the tablet.

"What's the Tony Stark experience?" asked Bucky, wanting to hear Tony's voice some more, all full of excitement for something he was sharing with them.

Tony grinned and kissed him deeply, which was just as good as talking, though harder for Bucky to keep even mostly polite. "This is. Talking about my sex life, making dirty jokes, planning to spend even more money even before I've finished buying whatever I'm here for. Usually I also down Irish coffees like they're water and sometimes I hit on the assistants if I'm feeling extra frisky."

"I've had two people quit midway," said Kate, "and one almost decked him."

"I kinda deserved that," said Tony, though his expression was unrepentant. "Anyway, the too much information Tony train is one that only a certain personality can ride comfortably, and Kate uses me as a way to weed out people who can't be trusted to act professionally with other, more sensitive clients."

"You're an asshole for good," said Steve. "So, basically everything we already knew about you."

"Well, you also know a lot more about how I am in bed than any employee here," said Tony. "Not objecting, trust me, we have been burning the midnight oil to complete your education."

"We'll want to revisit those lessons every night forever, babydoll," said Bucky, tugging him down for a very sweet kiss. "No such thing as too much information from you."

"Speak for yourself," said Kate. "Thanks to Tony, I know more about penises than I will ever need for practical applications."

"Steve dresses left," said Tony impishly. "Unless that's only in my underwear?"

"Nah, he's always been like that," said Bucky. "We're both lefties like that."

"As I've already noted," said Dan dryly. "In these pants, that'll matter."

"I love them already and they're not even made yet," said Tony. "Are you gonna need to re-measure me, Kitten-as-a-cat?"

"I'm not as smitten as that," she replied. "But yes, for this cut, we'll double-check you haven't been putting on too much muscle in the shoulders again."

"Machining your own parts is hard work," said Tony, but he sounded smug. "I've been doing some body armor stuff, so I might be having trouble with some of the older suits."

"Are you going to donate or retailor?" she asked, and Bucky could see the shrewd look on her face.

"Donate to your thing, of course," said Tony. "Except that one from the Dubai party, that one I want to keep."

"It's probably got enough seam allowance for a refit," she agreed. "You should keep the McQueen, too, let me fix their weird-ass tailoring."

"I do love the tiny skulls," said Tony thoughtfully. "Anyway, that's for later. I have plans every night this week with two amazing guys with incredibly delicious-"
"Tony," said Steve, exasperated.

"Coffee."

Bucky snorted and kissed him again. "We do in fact have delicious coffee, Stevie, he's not wrong."

"Why am I with you two again?" asked Steve.

"The sex is really good," said Tony cheerfully.

"Also, you love me," said Bucky, just as unrepentant.

Steve sighed deeply, which started off a round of extra measurements to make sure his ribcage wouldn't pop a button next time he got annoyed by his boyfriends. Bucky pulled Tony in for his own makeout session, long, sweet kisses and his hands up under Tony's shirt, nothing too frisky, just feeling the shape of Tony inside his skin, letting his left hand warm up before putting the metal protectively over Tony's heart.

Tony's measurements were far more perfunctory, though Bucky glared a little when Dan looked surprised about the scarring over Tony's chest. Tony got back into his double layers, Bucky's henley under his own Metallica t-shirt, and it took almost no time at all for them to finalize the order, due date, rush fee, and slide Tony's black credit card.

Bucky tried not to wince at the final total, which Tony insisted on paying up front.

"All right, my beautiful specimens, where to?" said Tony, leading them back out to where their bikes were parked and waiting.

"Somewhere we can have more sex," said Bucky, surprising himself with the way he growled it. "You need to be reminded how fucking amazing you are."

"I'm not going to object to that," said Tony, slipping on his motorcycle jacket. "My bed's closer."

"Works for me," said Steve, putting his helmet on with the same determination that showed he'd seen Dan's face and the way Tony had shut down just a little after that, taking care of business instead of continuing his interfering banter.

Shutting Tony down at all was unacceptable.

They sped their way back with Tony's Ducati between their Harleys, Bucky and Steve trying not to be reckless but all three of them eager to get home. Bucky didn't think Tony knew how not to be reckless, but he'd show him someday just how precious he was.

They parked their bikes side by side in one of the many spaces with Tony's name on it and crowded him into the elevator, Bucky kissing Tony while Steve thanked JARVIS for the assist and then trading off to let Steve kiss him while Bucky worked at loosening his clothes, getting his hands on all that beautiful skin.

"Need you naked," he growled.

"Need to see you," said Steve, more of a moan than a growl this time. "Gotta worship every inch of you."

The elevator door opened. "I can see that this is a bad time," said a voice behind them.

Bucky froze. "Um, JARVIS?"
"My apologies, my protocols allow for sir to be surprised in this manner," said JARVIS.

Tony huffed. "I'm going to donate you to a high school computer lab," he said, but he strode from the elevator with his arms spread. "Platypus!"

"Are these men bothering you, Tones?" asked the black man hugging Tony, who Bucky realized with a creeping dread was Tony's famous best friend, Rhodes.

"Captain Steve Rogers," said Steve, straightening himself as if he hadn't just been trying to hump Tony's hip in an elevator. "This is Sergeant Bucky Barnes, sir."

"This is their fifth date, Colonel," said JARVIS, sounding amused and a little smug.

"They made it five dates?" said Rhodes, sticking out his hand. "Colonel James Rhodes."

Bucky shook first. "Good ta meetya," he said, putting on his best Brooklyn accent. "We weren't expectin' no company."

"Bucky," chided Steve, rolling his eyes and shaking Rhodes' hand. "Don't mind him, he's always a jerk when he's had his chain yanked."

"My chain is doin' just fine after five days with Tony," said Bucky. "I'll make us coffee, what can I getcha?"

"You weren't lying. You really picked up your baristas," said Rhodes, shaking his head. Tony beamed. "I'm keeping them, Rhody, baby. You might as well get a taste of the best coffee in the world."

"It's better from the shop," teased Bucky, going into the kitchen. "You guys want mochas? I think I saw syrup in here."

"Whatever you're having," Steve called with a chuckle. "Well, my apologies for our entrance. Someone didn't tell us you were here." He glanced up at the ceiling.

"That's my fault," said Rhodes. "I like to surprise Tony so he lets JARVIS and I decide whether to alert him of my arrival."

"High school computer lab," said Tony darkly. "Fourteen-year-old boys asking you to google for porn, J."

"I'm not certain how you expect that to differ from my usual, sir," sniped JARVIS back.

Bucky smiled fondly at listening to the love in Tony's voice, and the personality in the AI's. "Mocha good for you, Colonel?"

"Rhodey's fine, and that sounds good. Just a double shot, please." He sat comfortably on the sofa, fortunately away from the curve of cushions where they'd been having sex last night. "I don't have Tony's addictions."

"You have some of them," Tony replied, flopping down with him. "Steve, I demand cuddles if I'm not getting worshipped like the sex god I am."

"We'll do that later," promised Steve without a hint of sarcasm. Bucky glowed with pride, glancing out to see Steve arranging Tony against him like he belonged there, kissing his forehead before turning to Rhodes. "He is keeping us, and vice versa."
"You two moving in, living the high life, then?" said Rhodes, voice dangerous.

"He ain't asked us," said Bucky. "Don't be mean to our Stevie, he's delicate."

Tony snorted a laugh, and Bucky went back to making their coffee drinks, letting the machine drown out their conversation while he pulled shots and steamed milk. A part of him was nervous about meeting Rhodes even more than Pepper, but after the last few days Bucky was as sure as he'd ever be without unlocking someone. He already couldn't imagine his days without Tony's excited chatter or the sight of him and Stevie making love. He loved Tony's shower with all his hedonistic heart, but he'd love Tony even if he didn't come with perks like that, and he knew Steve agreed.

He had to be extra careful picking them up, but Bucky was beaming proudly when he emerged with two mugs in each hand, four perfect double-shot mochas ready for his fellas and their guest.

"Wow, you are getting such a blowjob later," said Tony, hopping up to take the two cups from Bucky's metal hand and giving him a kiss. "Look at how well my tech is doing!"

"Yeah, yeah, fuck you," said Bucky cheerfully. "You were gonna blow me later, anyway."

"You're not wrong," said Tony, handing one cup off to Rhodey and the other to Steve so he could go back to sprawling. "He's got one of my mark III prototypes, Rhodey! He let me tune it up personally."

"Mikey'll let you at his leg when we make time," said Bucky, setting the remaining cups down so he could get situated next to Steve. "Our Tony made everything work so much better in just a coupla hours."

"You are not going to offer to blow people for access to their prototype limbs," said Rhodey sternly.

Tony looked comically offended. "I'm not blowing anybody but these two for the foreseeable future, asshole."

"And he can get all up inside me any day just by askin'," said Bucky with a leer.

That took Rhodes aback in a way nothing had so far, eyes going wide at Tony's casual statement of exclusivity. "If you say so, Tones," said Rhodey, not even acknowledging Bucky's innuendo.

"So," said Bucky, "since our original plan seems t'be off the table, what're we gonna do with ourselves until dinner?"

"Well, if we're not gonna go reassure Tony of his perfection the old-fashioned way," said Steve, voice deceptively calm and languid, "I wanna know if that Dan guy is getting sacked."

"What Dan guy?" said Rhodes, eyes narrowing.

Tony huffed. "Kate's newest newbie, and yeah, he's probably not gonna make the cut. He was on the fence before my turn but... Yeah, she can't have someone like that on staff."

"Like what?" asked Rhodes, eyes dangerous now.

Bucky slid his hand protectively over Tony's heart. "Like an idiot," he said, sounding just as displeased.

"We'll just make sure Kate understands our displeasure on our next visit," said Tony, relaxing into Steve and looking smug as anything. He was practically purring to have his keys so protective of
him, which made something in Bucky purr right back.

"Huh," said Rhodes. "All right, Tones, if this is gonna be a guy's night in, I'm gonna need some sushi and to pick the movies."

"You heard him, JARVIS," said Tony. "Order a good sushi spread and cue up whatever this asshole wants."

"You love me, Tones," said Rhodey with a grin. "You know what I want, JARVIS."

"Of course, sir." The opening credits of *Top Gun* began to play on the screen.

Steve and Bucky both groaned, but didn't otherwise protest. They were snuggled up with a contented-looking Tony, which was pretty much all they'd hoped for from the afternoon, aside from the merely-delayed hot sex.

"Tony, can I draw you down in your workshop later? I mean, if Col. Rhodes doesn't mind," Steve asked, quietly enough to be drowned out by the music onscreen.

Tony stared. "What?"

Rhodes waved his hand and the movie paused. "What?"

Steve blushed. "I asked Tony if I could draw him in his workshop later," he said. "I'm sorry, I guess he doesn't want to work on his day off?"

"Tony has literally never not wanted to work on his day off," said Rhodes. "Tony works drunk, sleep-deprived, and on one memorable occasion after leaving me to deal with triplets. Thank you for that, by the way, from the bottom of my heart."

"Did you not want Stevie t'draw you?" asked Bucky, confused by Tony's reaction. "I toldya he would when I packed his sketchbook."

"No, I, I mean yes, yes, you can draw me, you're just. You want to let me work?" said Tony, brain apparently done with whatever reboot it had been going through.

Steve kissed his temple and then, softly, his mouth. "Of course we do, sweetheart. Your work is important and you look so pretty when you're excited about stuff, and your workshop is full of beautiful stuff."

"Just don't let him go too long," said Rhodes warningly.

"Sir has had four full nights of sleep since he began to date Mr. Rogers and Mr. Barnes, four nights ago," said JARVIS.

"Well, yeah?" said Bucky, confused all over again. "Four nights, four nights of sleep."

Rhodes was the one staring now, while Tony squirmed a little. "That's, uh, not my average."

"Four nights in a row? With actual sleep," said Rhodes dubiously. "And Pepper hasn't chained you two up in his room yet?"

Bucky and Steve cracked up laughing. "Pepper's nice," said Steve. "She'd never do that to us, but she's gonna let us let Tony invest in the coffee shop."

"They accept my gifts," said Tony with the same smugness a normal person might use for being
allowed a particularly taboo sexual act. "It's my love language."

Bucky kissed Tony's temple. "And because you asked me when Stevie wasn't around to make me
say no," he teased. He turned to Rhodes. "Steve got him talked around from a gift to an investment,
though."

"That way we'll always be his," said Steve, smug as anything now. He gave Tony a little squish, and
got a nuzzle against his cheek and a soft kiss as his reward.

Bucky nuzzled for the same and was humming happily into his own kiss when Rhodes stood up.

"I'm gonna go check with Pepper to make sure I haven't hallucinated this. You two," Rhodes said,
pointing from Steve to Bucky, "get back to appreciating him. If you make sure he sleeps at least four
nights in the next week, I'll give you a goddamn medal."

"Already got enough, thanks," said Bucky, flippant to cover the sudden spike in his heart rate.

Steve elbowed him. "We'll settle for not tryin' to take our Tony away from us."

"Deal," said Rhodey.

Tony huffed. "JARVIS, is the sushi on its way?"

"Yes, sir," said JARVIS. "It's being delivered to the front desk now."

"Sit your ass down, platypus. We'll finish your stupid movie and eat fish and then I'll kick you out in
favor of getting laid," said Tony with a very smug grin.

Steve shrugged. "Sushi's better fresh. Tony'll still be perfect after he's had some time to anticipate
us," he said.

"If Tony wants ya t'stay, you should stay," said Bucky, giving Tony's ear a showy nibble. "We'll
take care of our dollface later, don't worry."

"Believe me, sour patch, I am the most appreciated box in Manhattan right now," said Tony. And
then, because Tony never could keep his fucking mouth shut, he added, "Bucky's gonna let me key
him."

"Tony!" said Steve, feeling the heat creep up his face. "Colonel Rhodes didn't need to know that."

"I really didn't," said Rhodey with a sigh, "but honestly, it's not even the most TMI he's shared with
me."

The elevator doors slid open to reveal some poor weekend staffer burdened with bags of takeout
boxes. "Um, Mr. Stark?"

"Just give it to my honey bear!" said Tony, waving to Rhodey in a manner Steve wasn't entirely sure
was visible from the couch.

"Honey bear?" blurted Steve. "I'm starting to feel less special."

Rhodey went to relieve her of her burden and thank her, ignoring the trio on the couch.

Bucky chuckled fondly. He didn't mind being on par with Rhodey in Tony's affections -- as long as
Rhodey wasn't getting into Tony's pants, anyway. "Tony's other love language is stupid nicknames, I
guess."
"They're not stupid," protested Tony.

"They're a little stupid," said Rhodes. "You guys gonna come over here or try to manage sushi from your little pile there?"

Tony heaved himself up. "I hate getting soy sauce cleaned out of the cushions, so let's eat at the table. J, resume the movie, please."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS, and the loud 80s music resumed.

Tony helped both his keys up, getting kisses from both of them that promised a very good reward later. Then Bucky kissed Steve, too, which got Rhodes' eyebrows up all over again.

"You gotta problem with me an' Stevie, Colonel?" said Bucky, aggressive all over again.

"Nope," said Rhodes. "Just surprised, that's all. I knew, but I didn't think about seeing it." He laughed. "It's funny, because I could see it every day and not know it, if people aren't open about being a box or key, which is getting more common."

"We're shifting away from the days when it was pretty much a requirement," said Tony easily. "I've had to work very hard to stay scandalous in this day and age, you know."

"Oh, I know," said Rhodes in a long-suffering tone. "Eat your fish."

"You know, I've been eating just fine," said Tony, but he plopped down in a chair and started serving himself.

"Smoothies don't really count," said Rhodey dryly.

Steve and Bucky sat somewhat protectively on either side of Tony. "We had brunch," said Bucky, brows knit and face a little dark still.

"We cook him breakfast," added Steve; they hadn't today he figured fancy brunch counted. "He brings us lunch. We eat dinner together."

"Sir has had three meals a day several times this week," added JARVIS, sounding very smug indeed. "Despite the excessive coffee indulgences, he is doing much better than usual."

Steve and Bucky exchanged worried glances. "We won't force you, kitten, but we'd like you to keep taking care of yourself," said Bucky, kissing Tony's hair and then accepting the piece of fish off Tony's chopsticks. His whole brain stopped for a moment at the flavor, light and sweet and better than any sushi he'd ever had in his life. "Holy shit, Tony."

"What?" asked Steve, opening his mouth and reacting the same way when he tasted the sashimi. "Oh wow."

Tony smirked. "It's good fish, right?"

Steve swallowed and kissed him. "I can't believe you skip meals when you could be eating this," he said. "Anyway, we'll work out a schedule so you're motivated to keep sharing with us."

"Fuck me, that is so good, Tony," said Bucky, kissing him.

Tony's smirk got filthier. "Later," he promised.

"Definitely, later." Bucky winked.
Rhodes ignored them in favor of his own sushi, but Steve looked a little pained.

"So, Tony, what were you workin' on yesterday, anyway?" asked Steve, taking over so he was serving everyone while Bucky set up their condiments.

Tony lit up and started talking, with Bucky and Steve asking him questions so they understood, feeding him bites and kisses, and even Rhodes putting in his two cents here and there. Mostly Rhodes watched them with a look of wonder on his face that made Bucky's heart warm, because it was a look that said they were doing something right with their Tony after all. Pepper had gotten that look, too, once she'd met them and seen how they doted on their box.

Bucky wanted to collect those looks and bottle them along with the increasing approval in JARVIS' tone, until no one ever thought Tony could be treated any differently.

They'd cleared away the detritus of lunch and were chatting over more coffees, this time simple cappuccinos for everyone, when JARVIS interrupted. "I have Miss Potts on the line, sir."

"I can take it here, J," said Tony easily.

"She's actually calling for Mr. Rogers and Mr. Barnes, sir. She says it's about the paperwork," said JARVIS.

Tony laughed. "Awesome," he said. "Rhodey-baby, come down and talk to me about DoD shit while someone else is on the receiving end of Pepper's frightening efficiency." He stole kisses and the two of them wandered off.

"I can do a video call, if you'll allow it?" said JARVIS, once Tony was gone.

"Yeah, sure," said Steve, looking a little overwhelmed. "Miss Potts, what can we do for you?"

Bucky slid over into Tony's spot and slung his arm over Steve's shoulder, leaning into him, face carefully neutral though he gave Steve's cheek a comforting kiss.

Pepper smiled. "JARVIS tells me you've been keeping Tony fed and rested," she said, her voice warm and welcoming.

"Among other things," said Bucky, voice full of innuendo. "I'm gettin' the impression that ain't normal?"

"It really isn't," said Pepper with a sigh. "So I want to make a deal with you two. I'll clear his schedule for tomorrow and send someone to supervise the mirror installation, and make sure his mornings and evenings stay as free as possible, as long as you make sure he eats two meals a day and sleeps," she sighed, "some?"

"It's a deal," said Steve, squeezing Bucky's leg. "We'd do that anyway, mind, but we'll take any extra time we can get."

"We're gonna take care of Tony however he lets us," said Bucky, his voice holding just a tiny edge of warning.

Pepper's smile took on a sharper edge. "Which is exactly what I'm doing, Mr. Barnes."

"Call me Bucky when you're threatenin' me, Pep," said Bucky, but he let his grin go wide and welcoming. "Just as long as we understand that we're all of us in Tony's corner."
"And we won't hide it from Tony," added Steve. "He'd only be angry, and rightfully so." Bucky was already trying to think of how to explain it to their box without sounding like assholes.

"Oh, don't worry," said Pepper, "I'll make sure he's aware of the deal." She relaxed again, and so did Bucky now that the onus of it was off them. "Now, about the seventh-date papers."

Bucky snorted. "Is that really what he's callin' it?"

"I mean, technically it is," said Steve, smiling fondly. "Also, please make sure everything but the rush fee for the mirror wall is on our tab."

"Did Tony agree to that?" asked Pepper.

"He did," said Bucky. "The shop can afford it, Miss Potts."

Pepper sighed. "I'll get the contractor to split the quote so I can invoice you," she said. "I understand that tonight is your fifth date?"

"Yeah, so Tuesday is number seven, if we get ta see him," drawled Bucky. "Is that enough time?"

"Of course it is," said Pepper. "I wanted to make sure there's no special clauses you wanted to have included in Tony's buy-in, in case the relationship dissolves."

"He won't have controlling interest," said Steve. He leaned a little into Bucky, and Bucky pressed a kiss to his temple affectionately. "JARVIS went over the terms with me."

"Tony wouldn't try to hurt us unless we hurt him first," said Bucky, certain of it. "And if we did something to deserve it, we'd deserve it."

"And if things fall apart naturally, then his buy-in won't matter because we'll activate that buyback clause we talked about," added Steve.

Pepper nodded, looking very satisfied. "I'll have everything ready to be sent over Tuesday night, along with dinner. Tony's getting something special in."

Bucky grinned all smooth and slow. "Yeah? We get our romantic night here?"

Steve relaxed into a smile as well. "That'll be perfect."

Pepper looked a little surprised, but nodded. "He thought you would all prefer that to being out somewhere."

"He thought right," said Bucky with an impish grin. "Can't have sex between dinner and dessert at a restaurant."

"We're in it for Tony, not for fancy restaurants," added Steve. "Oh, hey, so maybe you've got an idea of what he might like as something to wear from us, like a love token? We were looking at bracelets but I don't know if he'd wear something like that."

Pepper looked momentarily stumped. "I'm not sure, he doesn't always like things on his hands and arms in the workshop," she said. "He might like a necklace, but then it's not very visible if he wears it under his suits."

"Well, we'll keep lookin' for the perfect thing," said Bucky, mind ticking over the possibilities. "We've got two whole days."
Steve sighed. "Thanks, Pepper. Was that all?"

"That was all. JARVIS, can you transfer me down to Tony?" said Pepper. "Goodnight."

"Night!" they both answered, and then JARVIS replied in the affirmative as her image winked out.

Steve sighed. "I would like to get a few less threats this week," he said, pressing a tired kiss to Bucky's mouth. "Don't we take good enough care of him, Buck?"

"Our Tony knows we do, Stevie, no one else's opinion matters," said Bucky, hugging him comfortingy and stroking his hair. "Wanna go snuggle up in Tony's bed, or see if we can invade his workshop so you can draw?"

"Ooh, drawing?" said Steve, perking up in a way that made Bucky's heart leap with love for his fella. Both his fellas, really, with how much Steve wanted to draw their Tony. "JARVIS, can you ask Tony if it's safe for us to come down?"

"Sir says to give him five minutes, and he will give me the all clear. JARVIS sounded amused by that, which gave Bucky a moment of jealousy about Rhodes that was totally uncalled for. If Rhodes'd had any chance of being Tony's key, they'd have paired off years ago.

"We'll just get ourselves sorted," said Bucky. He turned and kissed Steve, long and sweet enough to quiet the worries crowding Steve's eyes, making his brow knit up. "Stop thinkin' so loud, love."

Steve smiled softly and kissed him back. "Thanks." They shared another few kisses before getting up to finish clearing up and find Steve's art stuff, a sketchbook and pencil box, as well as the charger for Bucky's phone so he could play games while they hung out with their genius box.

"Sir says the coast is clear, and he is requesting a triple espresso," said JARVIS.

Bucky laughed. "Yeah, all right." He made Steve wait while he pulled the shots for Tony's espresso and a giant latte to share. They ambled down the stairs together, and Bucky was taken all over again by how beautiful Tony's space was, not just the living areas but the workshop full of amazing things. He couldn't wait to see what Steve made of it, and what Tony made in it; he only wished he had something to contribute besides caffeine.

Not that coffee was ever a minor contribution.

"Rhodey's fucked off back to his military buddies, so it's just you and me and you," said Tony, grinning as he let them into the workshop. "Black it out, J, no more world for a while."

"As you like, sir," said JARVIS, and the glass walls went from clear to an opaque black in seconds. "Blackout protocols are in place."

Bucky put the drinks down and crowded into Tony's space, snuggling up to him for a kiss. "You gonna let us have you in here again?"

"Or you could have Bucky," said Steve with a smirk and a kiss of his own

Tony laughed. "I'll wait for bedtime for that one, I want to do it with you in me, too, my bodacious barista boyfriend." His lips found theirs again, one after other in little sips of affection shared. "Honestly, I just don't want to keep getting interrupted."

"Did Pepper tell you about our deal?" asked Steve, moving closer to sandwich Tony between them for cuddles and kisses.
Tony mmed. "Yeah, she's done stuff like that before, but I usually stop caring and break my end of the bargain." He got his hands up under Steve's shirt and started pushing it off. "I think this time things'll work out better."

"We'll do our part, kitten," promised Steve, cooperating with the stripping.

Bucky purred in Tony's ear, his hands getting up under Tony's clothes the same way Tony was doing to Steve. "We'll make sure you care 'bout you just as much as we do, dollface." Steve got Bucky's shirt off, and the three of them pressed in close again, surrounding Tony with bare skin and muscle and warmth. "What should we do to make this blackout worthwhile, hm?"

"Well," said Tony, "I haven't been on my hands and knees between you two yet, and I've wanted to do something like that in here for a very long time." He looked almost shy, but Steve lit up and Bucky gave him his favorite slow, sweet smile. "I'll take your ass, then, so you're warmed up for Stevie later, an' Stevie's real gentle at facefucking, he'll do right by you."

Steve blushed the way Bucky liked best, all embarrassed pleasure and secret pride. "If you really want that, I'd love to, Tony," he said, stroking his thumb over Tony's lips and then kissing him. "I really love your mouth."

"And the rest of you, too," said Bucky, one more baby step towards getting the idea into Tony's big brain that they were both head over heels for him. "I dunno that the couch is gonna work for that, you got some blankets an' stuff?"

"DUM-E, bring some cushions and blankets from my stash," said Tony, looking smug. It faltered a little when JARVIS spoke up. "Sir often crashes here for minimal rest when he is working."

"You just can't keep up with your own brain," said Bucky affectionately. "Well, we'll work out some way for us all t'sleep in a nest down here if ya need it."

"That actually sounds pretty fun," said Steve. "Like our couch at home. Blanket fort!"

"Oh, man, if I had that couch down here," said Tony, turning puppy eyes onto them both. "Please let me have the couch, my love language is gifts so I'll know it's love if you do."

Bucky laughed. "You can't steal our couch, Tony. You have to come over if you wanna get fucked on it."

DUM-E interrupted whatever Steve was going to say by bumping into them, burdened with blankets and cushions in a very precarious manner. Bucky didn't bother to say anything about them being dragged over the floor, considering that's where they were going anyway. "Stevie, you set these up and I'll see if there's another load for me an' DUM-E to bring over. Tony, baby, can you find the lube?"

Steve grinned and kissed Bucky all easy and slow. "Still taking charge, I see," he teased, but he sounded deeply fond when he did so Bucky knew that, unlike out in the field, Steve wanted his care and protection. "It's a good day for it, I'll put myself in your hands all night."

"I'll take the best care of you both," said Bucky, the words almost a ritual for them though he'd tacked Tony onto it now. It was a way for Steve to exchange consent with Bucky that he didn't have to be the Captain, or even an equal in bed, for the whole evening, while Bucky got his own way and bossed his boy around and let him float while Bucky used that gorgeous body to pleasure both of them. All three of them, now, and fuck that made him hard real fast to think about. He'd had a taste
of it in the shower this morning, and he wanted more. "You okay with that, Tony?"

Tony looked from one to the other, mind obviously working, and then he relaxed and nodded. "Yeah, Bucky. I'm yours all night, too."

Bucky threaded his hand through Tony's hair and kissed him, deep and slow. "You won't regret it, baby, I'll make you feel so good. JARVIS, can you make it a little warmer in here?"

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS, and Bucky grinned as the vents began to blow warm air.

"Better for naked boys." He winked at Tony.

"Better for naked everyone," said Tony with a laugh. "Lube and clean towels, right?"

"Smart box, yeah," said Bucky, giving him a soft kiss and then turning to DUM-E to accept his offering. They all parted ways, though they stayed inside the space, and Bucky made a nest by the couch and stripped off, setting everyone's clothes aside and bringing their mugs over to the coffee table. Steve came back piled high with more, and the two of them constructed a blanket fort with the ease of long practice, Bucky giving soft orders and Steve making quiet suggestions, and finally Tony came back with towels and lube and some bottles of water and a look of pure, shocked love for his keys.

"Oh, good boy," said Bucky easily, patting the table where the things would all be safe. "We'll cuddle first, so get naked an' get in here, dollface."

"You get the middle spot all night, kitten," said Steve with a little private smirk.

Bucky thought he knew what that was about, thinking to the nights he and Bucky had fantasized aloud about having a box of their own and keeping him cradled between them. About all the things they'd do, including building a blanket fort and taking their box from both ends, though they hadn't necessarily talked about doing both at once.

Both at once was gonna be awesome.

"Best keys ever," said Tony, stripping off and flopping between them, then making grabby hands for his espresso. "Caffeine to fuel the sex marathon, please."

"You got it, love," said Bucky, handing over the smaller mug before taking the first sip of their latte and passing the cup over to Steve. "So, I'm thinkin' we'll get Steve to lick you while I pick your lock with this pretty key you made me," he said, wiggling his metal fingers on Tony's shoulder, "an' once you're both all riled up, we'll get you on your hands and knees to double-key ya."

Tony moaned and wriggled, his body clearly with the program. "Fuck yeah, bring it on, Buckaroo."

Steve looked happy, too, like he was already anticipating the fun he'd have with his face buried in Tony's sweet ass. "That sounds great to me, Buck."

Bucky nodded, feeling his own nerves settle into that delicious state he got when he had not one but two boys ready to be good for him. Stevie needed sensation and safety to go into his happy place, but for Bucky it was these moments where he laid out what he wanted and got enthusiastic agreement that made him glow from the inside, gave him the confidence to take charge for real and make it work. His posture shifted, more confident and looser, not quite the same feeling as combat but close -- he'd never have survived as long as he had if combat had given him boners like this.

"You're my good boys, both of ya," said Bucky, voice smooth like caramel and rich like espresso.
"Drink your coffees, so I can wind you up and take ya both down with me."

"Fuck," said Tony, quietly but with feeling, and he downed the last of his shots in one gulp. "You are so fucking hot like this."

"Right?" said Steve, leaning into Tony and then over him to give Bucky a greedy kiss. "I am so glad someone else finally gets to see it."

"I guess I don't get like this with anyone our Stevie doesn't trust enough," said Bucky, thinking back, hand automatically taking first Tony's cup and then stealing Steve's for more of the latte. "I get to do it with Stevie enough I didn't really miss it until I needed ta take care'a you, too, dollface."

"We dreamed of a box like you," said Steve, nuzzling into Tony's neck like he wasn't rocking Tony's world with his words. "You're so perfect, kitten."

"You, you have?" Tony's face went through a range of emotions and settled on a shocked vulnerability that made Bucky's heart ache.

"We've been waitin' for ya, Tony-baby," Bucky said firmly, kissing him and putting the half-drunk latte aside. They had more important things to do with their mouths. "JARVIS, can you give us, uh, like a third of this light?"

The lights dimmed with no other commentary, and Bucky kissed Tony like the precious, beloved man he was, shifting things so Tony was laid out on the floor with Steve on one side and Bucky on the other, between them in the most wonderful of ways.

"We've wanted a box just like you forever," said Steve, lips moving over Tony's jaw and coming up to join the kiss in a messy tangle of mouths. "We've been t'gether since high school, but we always knew."

"We could have been enough for each other," said Bucky, giving Steve a fierce kiss where Tony could watch and then turning back to him, "but we dreamed of having you, too."

"We're allowed to want," said Steve, reminding Bucky of that first phone call, of making Tony laugh and blurt out dumb questions, of breaking the ice in the sweetest way even before they'd kissed him. "We want you."

"Just you, Tony," said Bucky, and they kissed him again, first a peck at each corner of Tony's mouth and then another three-way kiss that was as much sharing oxygen as it was touch.

"I am so yours," said Tony, like he couldn't believe it, couldn't believe anyone even wanted it let alone had dreamed of him saying those words. "Whatever else happens, I'm yours now."

Bucky knew that 'whatever else' meant their keys and his box, and he nodded. "You're ours and we're yours."

"We're yours," echoed Steve, sounding spacey already in the dim, private space. "Our box."

"My keys," said Tony, and there was a trembling hope beneath the possessiveness that Bucky couldn't help but kiss it from his lips and take it into himself.

"Our box," said Bucky, moving to let Steve have the same kiss, share the same hope.

Bucky watched his two lovers kiss with a feeling of soul-deep satisfaction. Steve was melting for Tony, muscles slowly relaxing under Bucky's hand, and Tony was going with him this time, brain
starting to spin up into that higher rev that meant they could make his body sing while his mind danced. Bucky let them kiss a good while and then gently urged Steve down between Tony's legs. Bucky switched to Tony's other side so he was in a better position to kiss Tony's addictive lips and still finger him with the prosthetic hand.

Tony spread wide for them and Steve kissed down his body, licking and sucking and biting too gently to leave a mark on their box, tasting the tip of Tony's cock briefly before heading further down to mouth at his balls and finally rim him properly. Bucky drank the words from Tony's mouth like fine whiskey, sipping and savoring each one whether he understood it or not, trailing his left hand over Tony's body to watch goosebumps form in its wake.

"Good boy, Stevie," said Bucky, his voice a rumble. "Pet his hair, babydoll, show him how good he is."

Tony's hands buried themselves in Steve's silky-fine hair, mussing it hopelessly all over again and making Bucky smile.

"Good boy," Bucky said again, and then, "Good boys, my best fellas." He snagged the lube and passed it down to Steve, sliding his hand all the way from throat to pubes and making Tony groan. He gave one careful stroke to Tony's cock, then held his hand out for Steve to slick up before doing it again, spreading slick all over the shaft and teasing as gently as he could at the crown.

"Best, fuck, best tech," moaned Tony, unable to move much with Steve's grip on him, Steve's tongue working him open. "Put it in me, please, please!"

"You got it, love," said Bucky with a little hum of pleasure. He gave one last caress to Tony's pink dick and then slid his hand down to where Stevie was hard at work. Steve helped him again, getting his finger into position but this time Bucky was the one to slide it inside, groaning as he imagined, remembered how hot Tony was inside. Someday maybe his genius would find a way that they could both feel it, but until then Bucky wanted this, wanted to give his box pleasure with the hand he'd given Bucky.

Time slipped away again for a while, Bucky giving an order here and there but mostly filling Tony up with two thick metal fingers and Steve's tongue, too, while Bucky made sure none of them lost the thread of desire to discomfort. They shifted Tony's hips around whenever he got restive, rearranged Bucky and Steve both to make sure nothing got sore, added lube liberally and were careful not to overtire Steve's tongue, not that Steve would ever let that stop him. Tony's mind hopped from sex to science and back again at lightning speed, and Bucky was pretty sure he had some kind of quantum physics eureka moment when Bucky had gone from one finger to two. Bucky let his own need be the timer on this one, waiting until he couldn't stand not being inside Tony for a minute longer.

"Stevie, you gotta condom?" he asked; Tony hadn't brought one.

"Yeah, lemme grab it," said Steve. He grabbed a towel and wiped his face off, too, moving to snag his pants.

Tony blushed. "You don't have to, I mean, you showed me your test results."

"Don't be silly, Tony," said Bucky, kissing him. "You don't wanna work down here with my come sliding outta yer ass, you can always get filled up with Stevie's spunk later if you're in the mood but it's better like this."

Tony actually moaned at that. "You, you're, you want me to work," he said, and he hitched up his
hips to take Bucky's fingers just a little deeper. "You're actually encouraging me to w-work after this."

"Of course we are," said Steve. A little maneuvering let him slide the condom on for Bucky, fingers strong and sure, and he added lube for them, too, to let Bucky keep his connection with Tony going as long as they could. "I want to draw you working, remember?"

"I'm just here to get your brain revved up before you work," teased Bucky. "I think you invented warp drive or somethin' just a bit ago."

Tony moaned again, riding Bucky's fingers and then shifting up. "Let me roll over, but keep them in me if you can?"

"You got it, babe. Help him, Stevie," said Bucky, grinning smug and proud at everything about his life at that very moment.

Steve kissed Bucky and then did as he was asked, and between them they got Tony on his hands and knees, well-cushioned and comfortable with Bucky's metal fingers still buried to the hilt in his ass. "Fuck, you are so pretty like this," said Bucky, using his flesh hand to stroke over one firm globe, to spread him a little more so Bucky could watch his fingers moving in and out. "I can't wait ta get my dick in you, dollface."

"Don't fucking wait, then," said Tony, but it was clearly a plea rather than the sniping he'd tried to play it off as. "I need you both."

"Yeah, ya do," said Bucky. "Stevie, you wait until I'm in him an' then you go, you've had him suck you before so you know what he can take."

"You got it. That good with you, kitten?" Steve checked in with Tony, looking at his face when Bucky couldn't, stroking through the mess of his curls with one big, loving hand while the other held onto his own cock.

Tony nodded, letting out a little whine, and Steve sent Bucky a nod to tell him that it really was all okay. Together they'd make this so good Tony wouldn't ever want another key but the two of them, Bucky was determined.

Bucky pulled his fingers out and slid his cock in so smoothly Tony wasn't really even empty, a fact which Tony showed appreciation for by moaning out something about quantum state shifts in a crystalline matrix. Then Steve slid into his mouth and his moan changed timber, his whole body going tense and then curving into them both wantonly, beautifully.

"Our box," said Bucky possessively, growing as he curled his hands around Tony's hips and started thrusting, eyes flicking between Steve and Tony, making sure Steve was picking up on the rhythm and Tony was enjoying himself a whole fucking lot.

"Ours," growled Steve, a sound that went straight to Bucky's balls, and the two of them kissed over the top of Tony, careful with their box and less so with each other as Bucky bit at Steve's lower lip and Steve tugged at Bucky's hair to get a better angle.

They pulled back to pay better attention to their box, both of them intent on Tony's pleasure more than anything else, on making Tony feel just how wanted he was, how needed. "Tony, our Tony, fuck, this is so good with you, it feels so right," said Bucky, filling the space that usually held Tony's voice with his own.

"Yeah, fuck, sweetheart, your mouth is a miracle all by itself," said Steve, hips working more of his
dick in and out of Tony's mouth than Bucky had expected. Tony was so good at sucking cock, and
Steve had gotten real good at figuring out how much a lover could take, so Bucky let him use his
own judgement while he shifted his own stance to give Tony more focused attention.

Bucky worked himself in and out of Tony harder and faster, chasing his pleasure and Tony's as well,
and as he felt himself starting to get close he moved again so he could wrap his still-slick metal hand
around Tony's cock and let Tony fuck into it, hoping it wouldn't be too tight or cold or anything.

Tony made a truly delicious noise around Steve's cock and started working his own hips, back and
forth in a way that set Bucky on the inexorable path to orgasm. "Gonna come, dollface, fuck, gonna
fill you up," he said, groaning as the pleasure hit him like a tidal wave, smacking him into whiteout
bliss and letting him slowly surface to find Tony, too, had come, and was getting Stevie's cock back
in his mouth for the final finish there, too.

"So good, my good boys, come on, Stevie, give Tony your come," said Bucky, petting his right
hand over the small of Tony's back, hoping Steve would get off before Bucky had to pull out.

He shouldn't have worried, because that was all it took and Stevie's face went beautifully agonized,
lost to his orgasm while Tony sucked hungrily, swallowing every drop.

Bucky gripped the condom and pulled out, getting rid of it and finding some towels for all of them.
Steve slipped out of Tony's mouth, and Tony flopped over onto his back and groaned happily.
"Fuck, that was so good, JARVIS make a giant pink note on my arc reactor project and link that
with the repulsor project." And then he was off, spouting a stream of science so dense that Bucky
had no hope of following it.

Bucky and Steve shared a look of perfect love and understanding, and then worked together to get
Tony cleaned up, get him to drink some cool water, and then hold him close while he ran his mouth
off and got his ideas out of his big brain. It took about fifteen minutes for him to wind down, and
then he seemed to blink back to himself and realize he was cradled between his two naked lovers,
who were looking at him with equally besotted expressions.

"You guys aren't angry," Tony said, and for once it wasn't a question.

"Nope," said Bucky. "I love that we can make you like that." He kissed Tony sweetly, then made
him drink more water.

"I love your brain so much, Tony," said Steve. "You're such an amazing man, it's hard to believe
you wanna be ours sometimes."

Bucky rubbed his metal hand on Tony's belly. "Are you ready to work, or d'you wanna rest a little
first?" The lights were still low, so Tony could stay in the sleepy twilight state of afterglow if he
wanted, but Bucky didn't want him to waste a moment of his inspiration if that's what Tony was
ready for. "Oh, and I wanna plug in my phone so I can play games while you get your genius on."

Tony cracked up laughing.

"How the fuck did I find you two?" he asked, kissing one and then the other, over and over. "How
can I ever fucking keep you?"

"We're already staying, asshole," said Bucky a little crankily. "I wish someone besides JARVIS
understood that."

"It shall be my burden to bear, sir," said JARVIS.
That set Steve off laughing, and Bucky right after him. "Jesus, Tony, you're not gonna lose us," said Steve, shaking his head. "Now fucking kiss me and get your pants on, no science without pants."

"Oh, are we making rules here, now, too?" said Tony, but he was also looking pink-cheeked and happy under his face indignation. "Is that rule 1?"

"Nah," said Bucky. "Rule 1 is always clean up your spills."

"It's certainly not 'no come in the workshop,'" added Steve dryly.

That set them all off again, Tony included, and they laughed themselves breathless and kissed each other back to calm. "All right, then, pants and science. And there's outlets, like, literally everywhere, so just plug in by the couch or something. And maybe make me some more espresso?"

"Yeah, sure," said Bucky. He helped Tony get up with some gratuitous placement of his hand on Tony's fine ass, and then got up himself and made coffee while Steve got their little nest rearranged to better accommodate Tony-watching and drawing. Everyone put pants back on for the sake of what Tony began calling rule 1 prime, JARVIS brought up Tony's music, and their evening settled into something that Bucky thought was suspiciously like home.

"Can we keep the blackout up?" asked Bucky, when Tony looked like he was going to clear up the windows. "Just for tonight?"

"Sure, but why?" asked Tony, poised with his hand midair.

Bucky shrugged. "I just feel like goin' a few hours without anyone else threatenin' me on your behalf, I guess. Rhodey and Pepper were a lot for one afternoon."

"Not to mention Kate," said Steve with a sigh. "And Happy." Happy hadn't been too obvious, but he'd made a few pointed remarks when he found out they were taking their motorcycles instead of letting him drive.

Tony blinked, and then blinked again and shook his head. "I can relate, given how many random strangers have tried to warn me off you two," he said with a shrug. "We'll keep the blackout."

"Thanks, babydoll," said Bucky, relaxing back into their nest, close to Steve but not enough to interfere with his drawing.

Bucky ended up googling instead of playing his game, too fascinated by Tony to concentrate on blowing shit up. After the third time Bucky asked how to spell something when he couldn't find any info, Tony came over and handed him a very fancy Stark Industries tablet and told JARVIS to help him learn whatever he wanted. Bucky would have worried he'd overstepped except the kiss he got with the tablet was hotter than anything.

"Okay, J, can you show me some beginner stuff that'll help me at least know what ballpark Tony's workin' in?" asked Bucky softly.

JARVIS paused and asked him some silent questions on the tablet, and soon enough there was a tutorial on there that Bucky could run through at his own pace, one that gave him gold stars for comprehension and red hearts in reward every time he got through a really hard section.

Steve drew a couple of pages of loose sketches before he settled in and got to work on something more detailed, trying to capture Tony at his workstation, bathed in blue light and looking like he was about to discover the secrets of the universe while he argued with his artificial intelligence and treated his helper bot like it was a dim-witted but much-loved pet. Bucky fell more and more in love, and he
let the evening creep into night while they each were occupied with their own thing, not bothering to emerge until his stomach growled.

"Hey, Tony, can you be done for food and sex soon?" said Bucky, still poking at the tablet, trying to remember what the fuck Planck's constant was for.

"Fifteen minutes," said Tony distractedly, and then he paused what he was doing and looked over. "Bucky, are you learning quantum physics?"

"Uh, I think so? It's a little hard to wrap my head around, but this tutorial is helping," said Bucky. He looked up and said, "What?"

"What tutorial?" said Tony, coming over to look at the tablet he'd given Bucky. "Where did you find this?"

"I took the liberty of assessing Mr. Barnes' level of knowledge and designing a program of study for him, sir," said JARVIS. Bucky thought he was trying to sound innocent. "I might like to consult you once he gets past this initial phase of learning, however."

"Really?" said Steve, finally getting interested. "Wow, that's cool. Can I learn stuff this way, too?"

Tony gestured, and DUM-E came trundling over with another tablet in its claw. "Knock yourselves out," he said, and then his eyes fell onto Steve's sketchbook. "Is that. Sugarlump, did you draw that just now?"

"Oh, yeah, but it's not done," said Steve, handing the book over easily. Steve was shy about his art with everyone but Bucky and now Tony. Bucky watched and glowed to see Steve so willing to share that private part of himself with them the way he did all the rest, easily and happily. "I wasn't really sure what all I could put on the screens, anyway."

"We'll work something out together," said Tony, "because I want that, I mean, if I can have it when it's done?"

"Yeah, of course," said Steve. "I'll give you one of Bucky, too, he's always letting me draw him naked."

"Told ya," said Bucky with a wink. "I want naked Tony, too, sometime."

"That makes two of us," said Steve, grinning. "You really like it?"

"I love it," said Tony, giving them both fierce kisses. "J, did you put in the request for their clearance yet?"

"Yes, sir, and I believe Colonel Rhodes intends to try to fast-track it as a way to get access to their service records," said JARVIS dryly.

Bucky laughed. "Sneaky fucker," he said, but he couldn't find it in himself to be mad.

Steve sighed and started packing away his art supplies. "Is it too late to get dinner?"

"Nope," said Tony. "J, order them whatever they want while I finish up." He stole kisses and swanned back over to his workstation, the one with the giant pink note that he'd been at most of the evening.

Bucky watched and sighed softly. "Our Tony is so hot, and so smart, how did we ever land a box
"Tight t-shirts," said Steve with a wink. "I keep telling you they're practical."

Bucky laughed and tackled him into the cushions, kissing and kissing while Tony finished up work. "Christ, I love you, punk."

"I love you, too, you jerk," said Steve, and then he whispered, "and we both love our genius."

"Yeah, we do," said Bucky. He curled up with his head on Steve's chest to watch Tony arguing with JARVIS over something that didn't make any sense to him yet, and might never, at the rate he was getting through the tutorials. "J, can we have cheeseburgers?"

"Of course, sir. How many and with what toppings? I'm afraid at this hour the specific restaurant choices are limited," said JARVIS. "I already know what sir's order will be."

"I'll take a double cheeseburger with everything and a fried egg," said Steve. "What? I like 'em like that, just 'cos you don't."

"Yeah, yeah," said Bucky with a laugh. "I'll have two single cheeseburgers with pickles and lettuce and extra mayo, and maybe some fries and, I dunno, whatever other fried shit they've got?"

Steve snorted. "He means side dishes," he added helpfully.

"Mozzarella and zucchini sticks, as well as beer-battered mushrooms," said JARVIS. "One order of each?"

"Two of the mushrooms," said Steve, "unless Tony doesn't like 'em. And fries enough for all of us, please."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS. There was a pause, during which both keys turned to watch Tony excitedly poking at a hologram of some device, and then he said, "Estimated delivery is 34 minutes."

"We'll take off blackout and go upstairs once Tony's done," said Bucky. "Thanks, man."

"Yes, thank you. You take really great care of Tony," said Steve.

"It is my pleasure, sirs," said JARVIS.

Bucky stood up and started doing some of his stretches; he'd taken advantage of Tony's fine-tuning to neglect his PT, and he needed to get back into the habit before something seized up that Tony couldn't fix. The arm was heavy, and he had to keep his body limber and strong to be able to support it. He got to the set that used a doorway to stretch his shoulder muscles and stopped, stumped with nothing to brace against.

"Oh, here, use me," said Steve, getting back up. They did the stretches together the way they had when Steve had visited on leave back at the start, holding hands and letting Steve's solid body ground and support Bucky's.

Bucky grunted when they did the left side, annoyed that his collarbone refused to pop and relieve the tension.

"Is it your arm?" asked Tony, and Bucky looked over to find him staring.

Bucky shook his head. "Nah, weak mortal flesh this time," he said. "Stevie, can you help me?"
"Collarbone again?" said Steve sympathetically. His big hands moved over Bucky's body with surety, a quick, firm pressure that finally got the joint to shift and release with a loud pop.

"Oh, fuck, that's better," said Bucky, relaxing. "Gotta do my PT tomorrow, though, the whole shebang that needs a gym."

"I've got a gym," said Tony, coming over for kisses and getting them in spades. "I'll show you tomorrow. I'm almost done here, anyway."

Steve and Bucky shifted to kissing each other while Tony finished up, figuring it would be better motivation for their hedonistic box than a cheeseburger. Bucky looped his arms around Steve's neck, loving the smoothness of the movement, while Steve got his big hands up under Bucky's shirt and then just held him close, sharing the warmth of skin and mouth and body.

"All right, all right, I'm done," said Tony a few minutes later, sounding amused and looking more than a little bit aroused. "You two don't mess around with motivation, do you?"

"You like it," said Bucky confidently. He and Steve each reached out a hand, and Tony took them both, let himself be pulled in and kissed and snuggled.

Tony let out a happy hum. "Yeah, I really do," he agreed. "Come on, beefcakes, let's go fuel up for fucking."

They followed his pert ass out, leaving the blanket nest just as it was for now, sketchbook and tablets on the coffee table and every sign that they intended to return soon.

They got upstairs before the food this time and chose more beer to go with dinner, settling around the table to eat again. The burgers vanished quickly but after that they sat back and fed each other fries and mushrooms dipped in ranch, and cheese sticks smothered in spicy red sauce. They talked a little bit about the cafe and Tony's work schedule, about how viable Pepper's offer was going to be once Tony got back in the swing of things or ended up with engineering deadlines.

"Honestly, I've made a ton of progress with you guys around," said Tony. "Pepper's been able to drag me to meetings because I'm not in the workshop, which makes her happy, and I'm inspired to work and not just fuck around with cars for hours when I know I have you two waiting."

"The new sex crack'll wear off, though," said Bucky, trying to ignore the voice in his head that wondered if Tony would keep them that long. "Eventually no amount of watchin' Stevie rim me on your worktables will get you to stop, right?"

Tony's brain stuttered to a beautiful halt and he laughed. "I'm pretty sure that's going to be distractingly hot for a really long time, Buckaroo, but your point is made. I want to say that it'll never happen but I seriously do just get in the zone and stop caring about anything but work sometimes, so we'll work out a protocol with JARVIS where you can find a safe moment to interrupt and make me sleep on things. Deal?"

"Deal," said Steve, nodding. "Also, definitely gonna try the rimming thing next time."

"Pfft, Stevie, you're gonna rim me as soon as we're all in bed," drawled Bucky. "You're gonna lick me while Tony fingers me open, an' then lick Tony, too, so he can take your big dick while he's fuckin' me."

"Albert motherfucking Einstein, why is that so hot?" said Tony, cheeks flushed and eyes bright. "I mean, fuck. It's just. Fuck."
"Yeah, babydoll, that's the idea." Bucky drew him in for a very hot kiss. "Stevie, you kiss him while I clean up this time, yeah?"

"Also a deal," said Steve, pulling Tony right into his lap and getting all up under Tony's shirts, only this time he didn't restrain himself to holding and let those big hands roam over Tony's warm skin.

Bucky got everything squared away with the speed of a man who knew what lay ahead, piling the few leftovers into one container and tossing everything else out. Steve and Tony were just where he'd left them when he was done, Tony's hips rocking against Steve's in a way that looked delicious from the outside.

"Can't wait to see if I like havin' you in me, dollface," said Bucky, coming over to join in the kisses. "I kinda hope I do."

"You like the idea of having me in you," said Steve, blushing. "Just not the, you know, process."

"I like the process," said Tony. "I like it all. And I am going to love being the filling in this sandwich."

They made their way together back to the bedroom, Bucky luring his fellas with kisses and touches, and all three of them leaving a trail of clothing in their wake. Bucky lay back on the bed and posed, first with his ankles crossed and then, when he was sure he had both of their attention, by lifting and spreading his thighs like a stripper, practically demanding they look at what he was offering.

"You fellas gonna join me, or what?" said Bucky, toes gripping the comforter.

"Fuck," said Tony, crawling up between Bucky's legs and kissing him like drowning. "You are gonna let a box key you."

"I'm gonna let my lover fuck me," said Bucky, cupping Tony's face and looking him in the eye. "You ain't just any box, Tony."

"Bucky and I, we're gonna keep you," said Steve, crowding up behind Tony and murmuring in his ear. "You can do anything you want with us, sweetheart. We wanna see if your dick is the right fit for our Bucky, see if it's a pleasure we can all share."

"I wanna see your face when you do a thing you ain't never done before," said Bucky. "It's selfish and dumb, but I do."

Tony kissed him, hard. "I want that, too," he said, voice hoarse. "It's just more feelings than I'm used to for sex."

"Well, we always have feelings for each other," said Steve, "just now it includes you, too."

Bucky pulled Tony in for another hot kiss, then turned his face so Steve could take a kiss from Tony, too. "Get yer mouth ta work, Stevie," said Bucky, putting just a little growl of command in his voice.

"God, yes," Steve moaned, and he slid down out of sight.

Tony gasped, so Bucky figured he'd decided to get their box warmed up a little first. "You're so hot when you let go for us, Tony."

"I want," Tony's breath shuddered and he pressed his forehead into Bucky's collarbone. "I want to be your good boy, just like Steve is."
"I can do that for ya, baby," said Bucky. "You givin' me your dick won't change who's in charge."
He let his hands slide down Tony's back, spread Tony's cheeks wide for Steve, which freed up
Steve's hands to tease at Bucky instead.

Tony moaned and curled into Bucky's body, arching his back to offer himself up to Steve.

"That's it, good boy, Tony, you're so good for us," murmured Bucky into his hair, finding the shell
of his ear and letting his words curl into the sensitive curves. "You're gonna take us both so good,
babydoll."

Tony moaned again and his breath hitched, that change coming over him that Bucky was learning to
cherish as much as Steve's softness, Tony's big brain kicking into high gear and words spilling from
his mouth and into Bucky's skin.

"That's it, Stevie, good boy," Bucky purred, rubbing his own cock against Tony's in a teasing drag.
They were all getting hot and slippery now, sweat and precome, the humidity of panted breaths and
the wetness of Steve's eager tongue making everything feel good. Bucky swore he could almost feel
the cold-hot-slick as Steve got his fingers wet and slid the metal into Tony like a placeholder for the
tongue that was moving down to Bucky now. Bucky moved his fingers carefully, wishing he could
feel and then, in a burst of wicked inspiration, hitching Tony up in his grip so he could slide his right
hand down in front and slip that index finger in, too.

The metal was hard against his knuckles but it had warmed to the temperature of Tony's body so
Bucky paid that no mind. "God, Tony, our beautiful box, you are so hot inside, so soft, it's gonna
feel so good around Stevie's dick when he fucks you for me."

Steve and Tony groaned in tandem at that, Bucky claiming their pleasure for his own, making Steve
his proxy inside Tony while he used Tony's cock for himself. Steve's tongue sliding inside Bucky
dragged an answering groan from him; Bucky had always loved that first sweet push of something
inside him, loved the way Steve knew just how to make it good for both of them. Bucky let that
dark, rich satisfaction rise up in him as he fingered their box while his gorgeous key licked him wet
and open, that sure knowledge that they both wanted to please him more even than chasing their own
need.

"Mine, you're both mine now, fuck, our gorgeous box, our perfect key, my best fellas, so good for
me, my good boys, lettin' me do ya both just how I want," said Bucky, praise falling from his lips the
same way Tony spouted science into Bucky's neck and Steve licked pleasure into Bucky's body.
Bucky lost track of time a little bit, letting the moment stretch out until he felt Steve add a finger to
him, felt how good it was and knew he was going to want more very soon."That's it, Stevie, open
me up for our Tony, he's gonna please me with his pretty dick now."

"F-fuck," blurted Tony, head coming up and eyes dark and wild. "Yes, I'm definitely going to do
that, I'm going to make it so good, Bucky, you'll use me whenever you want after this," he babbled,
erotic promises that grew even more desperate when Bucky started moving his fingers differently,
the real one petting at Tony's prostate while his metal fingers pumped in and out ever so carefully,
making sure Tony was stretched wide for their Stevie.

Bucky moaned again as Steve went to two fingers, his hands so big that it was only a bearable shift
because his tongue had been in there with the first one. "Stevie, fuck, I always forget how that feels,"
said Bucky, and then he shut up both himself and Tony with a hot, messy kiss.

"You're doing better with it tonight," said Steve, sounding smug as fuck as he pressed soft kisses to
both his lovers' thighs. "I'm finally figuring it out, I think."
"Yes, good, good boy," said Bucky. "Don't gotta r-rush it so much with Tony here, just the right size for my impatient ass."

"I'm pretty sure you're ready for him," said Steve, and he licked at Tony's rim teasingly. "And him for me."

"Glove up, Stevie, an' Tony, too," said Bucky.

Tony made a little noise of protest and Bucky chuckled. "You want Stevie's come in ya, baby? Or you wanna come in me?" He wasn't too sure about having his ass squelchy all night, but he'd put up with it for Tony's fantasy.

"Steve, please," said Tony, biting his lip.

Bucky kissed the small hurt away. "You're such a good boy, asking for what you want. Just him, then, Stevie, if you're okay with it."

"I wanna fill him up, too," said Steve, sounding slightly abashed, voice getting a little needy whine as he added, "He's our box."

"He is, and you're gonna unlock him so good, Stevie," said Bucky. He slid his fingers out one at a time, leaving one of his prosthetic ones in there last as an extra tease, and then Tony was sitting up enough for Steve to slide a condom on him and get some kisses of his own, and Tony was staring down at Bucky like he'd never seen anything so tempting in his life.

"I can't believe," said Tony, fingers brushing over the dogtags. "You are by far the hottest thing I have ever had in this bed."

"Hey!" protested Steve, but it was clearly halfhearted at best when he looked at Bucky over Tony's shoulder. "Yeah, okay."

Bucky wondered how wrecked he must look, but he knew what turned his boys' cranks and he wasn't going to let them down now. He gave them a slow, sweet grin and spread wider, hitching his hips up and showing off his hole like a tart. "Get in me, Tony, don't make me wait."

Tony moaned again and moved in, hands shaking a little as he fumbled to get his cock in place. Steve had slicked him already and it only took one good push for him to slide home, hot and solid and everything Bucky had always wanted being fucked to feel like, full but not too much, not painful. "Fuck, Tony, that's so good, you feel good!"

Steve kissed the back of Tony's neck and whispered something in Tony's ear that made him whimper and fold himself into Bucky, melt into need again. "Hold still, kitten, it's my turn."

Bucky grinned and nodded. "Good boys, yeah, get Stevie in you so I can watch you both get me off." He rocked his hips a little, an experiment more than anything, feeling the sweet slide of Tony inside him, of their box, the man they both loved, filling Bucky up like he'd been made to fit inside him.

Tony groaned as Steve pressed into him, and Bucky kissed his temple and whispered, "Good boy."

That set off another torrent of words from Tony, something about plasma and cooling and lubrication that probably wasn't nearly as sexy as it sounded in Tony's sex-hoarse voice. Steve gave a thrust that pushed Tony deeper into Bucky and made them all three moan, and Bucky decided then and there that this was the hottest sex of his life. Steve had let go again, his face full of bliss and not much else, and his hips were smooth and sure as he let his well-honed instincts start a rhythm of push and push
and pull and pull that wasn't going to let any of them last for too long.

"So good, fuck, you are my good boys, my best fellas, never, fuck, this never felt so good, Stevie, Tony, fuck, you fit just right, both of you, oh, sweethearts, darlin's, gonna pamper you so much tomorrow for how good you're bein' now, you're just perfect," said Bucky, words mixing with Tony's, with the half-formed sounds of pure joy falling from Steve's mouth. Bucky hoped that some of his words got mixed up into Tony's pink notes, so Tony would see them tomorrow and remember how good he'd been, how perfectly he'd surrendered himself to his keys and accepted the pleasure and love they'd offered him.

Bucky breathed in the scents of them, musk and sweat and motor oil, coffee and cologne and shampoo, nothing too sharp but everything hanging close together in the humidity, the familiarity of Stevie melting into Tony's newer fragrance. Bucky breathed again and centered his senses in his body more, trying to memorize the moment, the hot slide of Tony inside him, the feel of Tony's body moving unexpectedly when Steve made him feel good, the weight of them on top of him, the heat of their bodies gathering close around them like a blanket.

He opened eyes he barely remembered closing to look at Steve's needy face, at Tony's blissful expression, at the sculpted lines of their bodies and the movement of them together and separate, connected to the way his own body was undulating beneath them. He kissed a bead of sweat off Tony's temple, licked salt from his lips, tasted the thickness of the air and let it feed into his desire. He knew he wouldn't last long, not with every sense filled with his lovers and their pleasure, but he also knew he'd have enough of this in his memory to last him through a lot of lonely moments in the future.

Not that he was too worried about having many of those from now on.

"You boys are gonna come soon, huh? Gonna be good and let Stevie go first, let you fill Tony up so he can hold you in while he goes off in me, that's what you want, ain't it, dolls?" Bucky was tingling from his toes to the top of his head with the unfamiliar feeling of being fucked so well, but he'd hold out until his boys had had theirs so he didn't end things early for anyone. He hardened his voice just a little, making it an order this time instead of a question. "Come for me, Stevie."

Stevie never could resist that voice, and now was no exception, biting off a shout as he snapped his hips forward and spilled deep in their box.

"I never get tireda seein' that," purred Bucky, taking over a little of the motion they'd lost when Steve came, urging Tony on with the rock of his own hips. "I wanna see you, too, Tony, come for me, let that genius brain go still."

Tony went up on his arms and arched back, face beautiful as he chased his own pleasure, as he found it in Bucky's body and came hard as anything, as he collapsed onto Bucky all over again, spent and making sweet sounds of contentment.

Bucky moaned, "Good boy," when Steve snuggled in and wrapped his slippery hand around Bucky's cock, jacking him off while he still had Tony inside him, letting him come with that fullness the way he hadn't ever been able to stand with more than a finger or two before. It felt so good to let go, let the tension break and wash over him in a shock of pleasure that made his hips jerk and his voice crack into a thousand pieces.

"Fuck me, that was hot," said Tony.

Steve and Bucky cracked up laughing, tired and happy.
"Yeah, it fucking was," said Steve, pulling carefully out and then sliding down out of sight to lick a little at Tony's well-used ass. "Okay, yeah, this is why I wanted to do that," he said, and Tony moaned as he went to town.

"You okay there, dollface? Not too sensitive?" Bucky rubbed his hand down Tony's back and tangled it in Steve's hair. "Let him get his dick outta me, babe, he's gotta be feelin' it now."

"Yeah, sorry, I, sorry," said Steve, but he helped Tony with the condom, cleaned Bucky up a little and got them snuggled together again before he asked, "Can I?"

"That's up ta Tony this time. You okay with havin' him lick himself outta you like that, dollface?" Buck tugged Steve close for a kiss, obscene and shameless. "He's such a good boy, don't you think he's earned it?"

Tony took a shivery breath and nodded. "I want that, I'm calmer now," he said.

Bucky reached down and tugged Tony's leg up. "Go on, there's my good boys," he drawled, slow and sweet as molasses.

Steve wasted no time at all getting his face back into Tony's ass, making Tony jerk and moan and melt in Bucky's arms. "I can't believe how much he loves this and how fucking good it feels," said Tony softly, clearly not wanting to break the warm fog of happiness Steve was wrapped in.

"He doesn't share it with everyone, but we'll share all of us with you, Tony." Bucky kissed him softly. "I really liked you fuckin' me, do ya think you'll wanna do it again?"

Tony's hips jerked and his eyes fluttered a little, but he nodded. "Y-yeah, fuck, anytime. He's going to get me hard again, fuck."

"Wanna go back to the first time, have me suck you off while he licks ya?" asked Bucky. "Let me drink my good boy down."

Tony shook his head, hiding his face for a moment. "I don't want you to stop holding me," he admitted.

"Good boy," said Bucky, giving his butt a squeeze. "You should always, always ask us for what you want, babydoll."

"Bucky's too good at saying yes," said Steve teasingly, emerging for a moment. "You want me to get you off or let it go, kitten?"

Tony's eyes fluttered again and he breathed for a moment, as if feeling around himself for the edges of his desire. "Let it go, I think," said Tony. "But I reserve the right to change my mind in the shower."

"Yeah, let's go shower," agreed Bucky. "We'll pamper the fuck outta you and sleep naked and do it again in the morning."

"Well, maybe not all of it," said Steve, and then he paused. "No, wait, all of it sounds good, actually."

They shared a sleepy chuckle, all of them languorous now, and it was Steve and his caretaking that got them chivvied up out of bed and into the shower, where they took turns with sweet words and gentle hands, two on one washing each other until they were all clean and warm and ready to sleep. Tony got pampered the most, of course, but Bucky was the one who ended up in the middle this
time, laying on his back with one of his fellas on each side, Tony held carefully by his metal arm, sheet tucked between them, and Steve curled under the real arm, both of them pillowed on Bucky's chest trustingly.

"I love you boys so much," murmured Bucky softly, unthinkingly.

Tony stiffened.

"Me, too," rumbled Steve, clearly more than halfway to sleep now. "Love my guys."

Bucky kissed Tony's hair. "Go t'sleep, dollface."

Tony stayed tense a moment longer, and then melted back into Bucky's body. "Love is good," he said softly, cuddling up. "I can go with love."

"Good boy, Tony," said Bucky, yawning over the end of Tony's name. "Go with sleep now."

Steve snorted a little laugh and his hand moved from Bucky to Tony, petting softly. "Sleep, kitten."

"Lethal," yawned Tony, but he relaxed into slumber soon enough, leaving Bucky the last to surrender to sleep.

He was smiling as he finally dozed off, though, thinking that he'd accidentally picked the perfect moment to make Tony accept that he was loved.
Tony's eyes snapped open, heart racing, the windows just starting to get light.

"Good morning, sir," said JARVIS quietly. "It's 6:13 am on Monday, and the weather in New York is a brisk 62 degrees. You have the day off work, and are in bed with your keys."

Tony huffed out a small laugh, sliding out from under Bucky's arm and padding into the bathroom. "Did they really tell me they love me last night, J?"

"Yes, sir, and on Thursday, though I believe that was a less serious declaration," said JARVIS. "They have been discussing their feelings for you for since Saturday, however."

"What?" said Tony, brain stuttering to a halt again. "Wait, what?"

JARVIS was silent for a moment. "I cannot violate my privacy protocols, sir, but they sounded very committed to you."

Tony snorted. "You sneaky fucker," he said, grinning. "Am I in love with them? I really hope I am, J, I don't want to break their beautiful hearts, god, so many people would try to murder me."

"I'm afraid the answer to that is beyond the scope of my programming, sir," said JARVIS. He sounded almost regretful, and Tony felt a surge of pride for his creation.

"You've told me what I needed to know, J." Tony got himself cleaned up a little and looked at himself in the mirror, really looked, at his handsome face and fussy beard, his strong, lean body and scarred chest, the hope and fear warring in his eyes. "I've just got to convince myself to believe it."

"They're waking up, sir," said JARVIS.

Tony chuckled. "I guess it's showtime, then," he said. He swallowed down his game face and made himself walk back out into the bedroom naked in more ways than one, let his expression get sappy when he saw them there in his bed and thought about all the good things they'd brought into his life, not just some incredible sex but the affection and care and adoration that he'd been craving for so long. "Good morning, my loves."

Their faces lit up brighter than the sunrise outside his ridiculous windows. "Morning, Tony-baby," said Bucky, holding out his hand for Tony to join them.

"Morning, kitten," said Steve, sleepy but filled with pure joy. "You decided to let yourself love us like we love you?"

Tony huffed a laugh and crawled into bed, spooning so Steve was in the middle of the cuddle now. "Yeah, I think I have."

"Good," said Bucky, kissing Steve's forehead and then Tony's eager mouth. "I love you both, an' I'm gonna fight to keep ya."

Steve hummed happily. "Best bad decision we've ever made, bein' your pickup," he said happily. His big hand found one of Tony's and tangled their fingers together. "Never knew you'd be ours for real."

"Stevie always wants to try, though," said Bucky affectionately. "An' now we don't gotta try ever
"Best cappuccino I ever ordered," agreed Tony. "It's not too fast? I gotta admit, it feels really fast to
me, but at the same time I'm really, really not willing to slow down."

"You're like the Ducati," said Bucky, his voice smooth as his espresso. "You were made to go fast."

Steve yawned and hmmmed. "You're always goin' a hundred miles an hour."

"Someone doesn't wanna get up yet," said Bucky. "Want me t'get up with ya?"

"I thought I might stay here, actually," said Tony, though he could hear the doubt in his own voice.

Steve yawned and rolled over, burrowing into Tony. "Want that."

Bucky chuckled. "Lemme use the head, and I'll find ya one of those tablets. If you sit up an' let him
faceplant in your crotch, he'll sleep a few more hours."

"Thanks," said Tony, surprised. "Um, can I have a shirt, too?"

"Of course," said Bucky, kissing Tony softly. He was easy in his skin in front of Tony now, not
bothering to cover up as he wandered into the bathroom and then over to find the shirt he'd been
wearing yesterday, shamelessly claiming Tony as he slid it on. "Looks good on ya, dollface.
JARVIS, where can I find Tony's work tablet?"

"I believe the one he wants is down in the lab, which unfortunately requires trousers in accordance
with rule one prime, sir," said JARVIS.

Bucky chuckled. "I'll get mine, too, that'll make the trip worth it." He kissed Tony again and
sauntered out, scooping up his jeans on the way.

Tony sighed softly and curled around Steve, petting and snuggling him for a long, quiet moment
until a sigh found its way out of him. "Can you believe we get to keep him?" he said softly, hands
stroking Steve's hair.

Steve mmmed sleepily. "That's what we say 'bout you, sweetheart," he said, pressing kisses to
Tony's anatomy in a sleepy, haphazard manner that made Tony's heart skip a beat at the pure
affection in the gesture.

"Is it when I'm walking away naked that you say that? Because damn," said Tony, needing to push
the feelings a little further away just now.

Steve made another delicious little sound against Tony's skin. "You have such an ass on you, Tony,
watchin' you walk away that first day was a real pleasure, even if I wanted ya to stay."

"You sound more like him when you're tired," said Tony softly. "I should be letting you sleep."

"Brooklyn," said Steve. "I'll wait until our key's back, you're gonna wake me up movin' around
again anyway." He pressed another kiss into Tony's hip. "Wanna enjoy you."

"Fuck, I really do love you," blurted Tony, arms tightening around Steve, feeling his chest tight and
warm with love over the way Steve was so vulnerable for him, all that strength set aside to trust Tony
with his body and his heart.

"That's good t'hear ya say," said Bucky, coming in with a tray containing not only three tablets but
two espresso cups. "All right, get situatied," he said, setting the tray on the bedside table where Tony
could reach it. They spent a minute with pillows and fluffing and getting Steve curled happily in place, and then Tony handed Bucky his drink and tablet and they settled in for a quiet morning, watching the sun rise outside while their lover slept on.

Tony pulled up one of the holograms from his workspace downstairs and started flitting through the pink post-its, face heating whenever a bit of Bucky's praise made it in there, all those words that had been almost as sweet as the sex. Instead of leaving Tony to it entirely, Bucky would reach out and touch him, kiss his shoulder or pet his hair, never letting Tony forget that he was loved for even a moment. It was never enough to interfere with Tony's work, just a tiny thread of affection that, combined with the trusting weight of Steve draped over Tony's lower body, kept him grounded and relaxed even when a couple of his ideas didn't pan out.

"What's gotcha frownin', dollface?" asked Bucky softly, leaning his head on Tony's shoulder and looking at the exploded model.

"Just annoyed at the laws of physics," said Tony just as quietly, turning to kiss Bucky's hair. He let his brain start to wind down, put away the visions of repulsion fields, self-cooling systems, and quantum states in favor of the concrete here and now. "What are you up to?"

"JARVIS is helping me learn again," said Bucky. "I get to play a game now whenever I finish up a section, which I think is secretly teachin' me stuff, too." He nuzzled until Tony turned to kiss him softly, all coffee and toothpaste and warm affection. "Stevie'll be awake again soon, whatcha want for breakfast?"

"Something with fried eggs," said Tony, gesturing to archive the workspace for later before turning fully into the kiss, letting himself fall into it the way he'd always imagined being able to do with a key, knowing Bucky would catch him. "Gooey yolks."

"Egg inna basket," mumbled Steve, making Tony smile and stroke his hair while he yawned against Tony's leg.

"Yeah, that sounds good," said Tony, letting go of the last of his mental workspace as their day began properly. He wasn't sure if he'd ever had the luxury of two whole days with a pair of lovers unless it had been some kind of dirty weekend or cruise, and those had never felt like this. "How about you, Buck?"

Bucky looked sheepish. "I wanna drag you two down to the shop to nose in on the construction for a few and make us all good fuckin' coffee drinks. After breakfast, though."

"Gotta do PT later, too," said Steve, yawning and poking his head up from under the blankets. "We can have lunch and sex as our reward for being good."

"We need to shop for Tony's token sometime, too," said Bucky, biting his lip. "I ain't sure we've got a lotta time for that."

"We can do that together, after our post-lunch sex?" said Tony, mentally pulling up places he could take them that they'd be able to afford and he'd be willing to wear. "I mean, I want to get you guys something, too, and this way we can pick them out together, make sure they all match."

"That's an awful lot like shoppin' for wedding rings," said Bucky, which would have given Tony a heart attack if Bucky didn't look so fucking pleased with the idea. "Maybe bracelets? You c'n put yours on DUM-E when you're workin' ."

Steve chuckled warmly. "I like all of these plans," he said. He uncurled his body, still naked and
sleep-soft, to kiss his lovers gently. "Pants in the kitchen, Buck," he added sternly.

Bucky laughed. "We'll hafta get dressed, or else we won't go anywhere," he teased.

Tony couldn't even disagree. "I'll put some pants on, too, in case it matters," Tony called after Steve, who padded off to the bathroom looking like a statue come to life, muscles moving gracefully under his golden skin. Tony kissed Bucky hard. "How do you ever not fuck him? I mean, sex, not just fucking, I just. You two. I have no idea how you are not constantly naked together."

Bucky laughed and pulled Tony into his lap, which was a very interesting proposition when neither of them had pants on. "It's a daily struggle," he teased, hands roaming up under Tony's shirt while he kissed him. "We should put you in something clean, too."

Tony smelled the shirt he was in and then clung to Bucky, tucking his face in Bucky's neck and smelling him there, too. "I know, but I don't want to let go."

"Tony, we're still gonna love you out of this bed," said Bucky gently. "Even when you're slick media Tony, we love you."

"Mostly because we know you're this Tony underneath," said Steve, leaning naked in the doorway and posing shamelessly. "I love that we're the only ones who get to see this Tony now."

"Ever," muttered Tony, sitting up for a better look at Steve's annoyingly perfect body. "No one else sees this, my superlatively sculpted Steven."

"Even better," said Steve, looking smug as he strode over and crawled onto the bed to get kisses. "Only Bucky ever saw me like this morning, and now you. I've gone under for sex with other people a few times, but I never get to stay like you let me, sweetheart."

Bucky looked proud. "We're a good match, dollface. You're my fellas and there ain't nothin' gonna change that."

"I like the sound of that," said Tony. "And tomorrow night we'll make it more official." His heart skipped a beat again, but he braved it like he always did when he had a goal, head on and ignoring his own stupid fears.

"This is all an excellent plan," said Steve, backing up a little, luring Tony into following him with kisses. "Which will only work if you two lazy fellas get up."

Bucky hit him with a pillow.

That started a laughing wrestling match that was actually pretty fascinating from Tony's perch where he'd scrambled off the end of the bed to watch. They were both so built, so beautiful in different ways, that it was pretty much porn just watching them laugh and kiss and push against each other, even though there was nothing really sexual about it.

"I am so pathetically in love, JARVIS," said Tony softly.

"I don't believe there is anything pathetic about it, sir," said JARVIS tartly, loud enough for the keys to hear and look over at Tony. "It is considered a pinnacle of human emotion, as I understand."

Tony huffed. "Yes, fine, read the classics just to mock me," he said, standing up and stripping down to nothing, which got the keys' attention off his conversation. "Come on, bitches, let's go shopping."

The two keys laughed and followed Tony into his closet where space had subtly been made for a
stack of their laundered clothing, plus whatever they'd brought this week, probably by Nat if Tony knew Pepper's MO by now. Tony picked something out for all of them, starting with jeans that made everyone's asses look amazing. They all wore layers, and Tony tried to make sure at least one shirt of his got on each of his keys. Tony in turn stole one Bucky's henleys for himself. It was bigger than he usually liked, but for today the fit was just right.

"This being in love thing is clearly affecting my brain if I'm willing to sacrifice fashion for sentiment," said Tony, looking at himself in the mirror. "My ass looks great, though."

"I'll eat you up later," said Steve, a wicked promise.


"I read the warning label and am choosing to continue at my own risk," quipped Tony, turning for kisses from Steve and Tony both. "Steve, if you have some shirts that aren't boring, you can dress me sometime, too."

"Bucky likes it more," Steve prevaricated.

Bucky snorted. "What he means is, he really wants to put you in one of his army shirts, which are very boring but, ya know, his."

Steve shrugged. "Maybe under something else?"

"You could draw on it for me," said Tony. "That would make it not boring and possibly also involve naked Bucky."

"Oh, right, you promised ta show him your nudes," said Bucky cheerfully, leading them all out to the kitchen, which Tony hoped held all the makings for the requested breakfast treats. "And you should draw him later. Tony, will you exercise with us or go down to your workshop?"

Tony shook his head in disbelief. "I really fucking love you guys," he said, before dragging his mind back to the question at hand. "I don't know yet, probably work if you're going to let me."

"Of course we'd let you," said Bucky, with that slightly confused, slightly angry look he got where his brows knit up and he scowled in a way that went straight to Tony's balls in the best of ways. "You're a fucking adult, Tony, and you've got important work only you can do."

"People would miss our coffee if we weren't there to make it, but no one would have to make do without power or a limb," added Steve, adamantine in his own, more earnest way. "Also, we're not assholes."

"Yeah, I think that's the point I keep running up against, sorry, my duo of darlings, my kind and caring caffeine providers." Tony fidgeted with getting ingredients out, trying not to let himself weasel out of explaining this while also wanting to not-explain it with a force like fusion. "I haven't dated a lot of not-assholes."

Bucky's face cleared and clouded differently, love and anger and possessiveness now, all the confusion gone. "You're ours from now on," he said.

"And I'm gonna punch every single ex of yours I meet, I swear to god," said Steve with a huff. "At least I know what Happy meant now, about a drive not being a date."

Bucky crowded up behind Tony, tugging him close, moving him away from the cupboards so Steve could come around front and kiss him breathless. Tony melted into it like he always had with these
two, mind already ranging ahead to what shenanigans he could convince them to get up to in the kitchen with all its lovely open countertops.

"We've gotta feed you before we sex ya up again, dollface," said Bucky with a sigh.

Steve chuckled and kissed Bucky. "Man has a point."

Tony sighed dramatically but he let them sweep him up in breakfast prep instead, helping Steve find the exact best thickness of bread and size of hole to cut to accommodate a single egg in each 'basket' so the yolks would stay gooey enough. JARVIS chose the temperature of the griddle pan and monitored for doneness, and Bucky made them drip coffee and chopped up some fruit to go with the fried stuff.

Tony ended up snuggled in Steve's lap, being fed chunks of fruit and bits of egg-soaked bread, legs draped over Bucky's and something settling slowly in his stomach, ice he'd held at his core just starting to melt.

"You're a man meant for adoration," said Bucky fondly, following up a bite of fruit with a kiss.

Steve fed Tony a sip of coffee and then had one himself. "You're the sort of box we've always wanted, so easy to love and so amazing on your own."

Tony made a soft noise and turned for a kiss from him. "You two are going to kill me with this affection and then again with the sex we're going to have on the counter here." He was grinning, though, glowing the same way Steve had glowed the night after he'd been allowed to go under with them for the first time. "And I'm gonna die happy."

"You have the biggest praise kink," said Bucky with a laugh. "It's good 'cos I got a giving praise kink a mile wide."

"We've noticed," said Steve dryly. "We need to work out and stuff, not just fuck on every surface today."

"I want my breve, don't worry," said Tony. "I just want it after you lay me out on one of these counters and have your way with me." He gave a strategic wiggle, shifting his ass against Steve's cock and teasing his toes against Bucky's.

They both groaned, but they gave in. Eating went a little faster after that; Tony was allowed to peacefully eat the rest of his eggs and coffee, though the fruit was still hand-fed by his ridiculous keys. Tony preened shamelessly at that, too, and as soon as he was done eating he stripped off and hopped up onto the widest, lowest of the kitchen work surfaces. "Ready for dessert?"

Bucky chuckled and shook his head, but he also downed the last of his coffee and came over for kisses. "How d'you want it, babydoll?"

Steve bolted the rest of his own food, still gulping coffee when he joined them. "I think he wants to be worshipped."

"I wanna be adored," agreed Tony in a singsong voice. He sat back on his elbows and spread his legs, showing off, offering, letting them see how much they made him want and ache for them.

"Hands first," said Steve.

Here in the bright kitchen, Steve took the lead easily and started sliding a hand up Tony's thigh. Bucky followed with a look of intense desire, and even more pure adoration of the sort Tony had
always craved from a key. From his keys. Bucky used his left hand where Steve was using his right, the fingers cold against Tony's sensitive inner thigh, raising goosebumps as they went. Tony moaned and spread wider, eyes going half-lidded, feeling like a cat that was getting just what it asked for and more.

Tony let himself purr deep in his chest when Bucky's hand cupped his balls while Steve's started to stroke his cock.

"We don't have a lotta time, kitten," said Steve. He bent down and licked at the head of Tony's cock, a quick but thorough caress of his tongue over all those bundles of nerves.

Tony let his thoughts of the names of those nerve bundles sputter out in favor of desire, grounding himself in his body and reaching out to pull Steve in for a very hot kiss. "Make me come so I can return the favor, then," he growled.

Steve moaned. "Fuck, Tony, what you do to me." His voice was breathy, almost helpless despite the fact that he was not the naked one in the situation. "Just like that, you'll let us touch you."

"I always want you to touch me," said Tony, not so much a flirt as a fact of life.

Bucky slipped a finger back to press up behind Tony's balls, pressure careful and teasing, metal warm now from handling Tony's delicate parts. "We always wanna touch you, dollface."

"You're our box, Tony." Steve's voice breathed out like reverence, like a promise slipped between Tony's lips and into his chest.

Tony felt it burst, warm and sweet as honey, in the spaces of his heart. "You're my keys," he whispered back.

Steve and Bucky's other arms came around to cradle him so Tony could sit up, could steal kisses and give them touches, hands finding themselves over their hearts, feeling the thrum of two fast heartbeats. Feeling the living promises they were making him that were so much more important than fate or destiny, because they loved him just as he was.

They each gave him a deep, hot kiss, and then they dropped to their knees one after the other and started licking his cock together, hands tangling around the shaft while they kissed around the head. Lips and tongues danced and slid over and around, and sometimes one or the other of them would suck the first few inches into their mouth. Tony wasn't going to last, didn't want to last, and his toes curled in the air with nothing to grip as the pleasure peaked and he came for his keys.

Come splashed over both their mouths and cheeks, and Tony had to admit it was pretty sexy to mark them like some kind of possessive animal, spilling his scent all over their gorgeous faces. They licked it off each other playfully, kissing right by his spent cock, and Tony let out a somewhat embarrassing whimper.

"That was so hot, Tony," Bucky drawled, turning to meet his eyes. "I wanna return the favor."

"Just my face," said Tony immediately. "Both of you."

Steve broke out into a huge grin and stood up to help Tony down onto his knees, where he suddenly had two erections in his face. He gripped them both and licked one and then the other, sucking, stroking, working all the magic he could muster to get his boys off. He'd have to wash his face before they went anywhere, but they all would, and like this he felt like the perfect fantasy of every porn box ever, naked and taking it from his two clothed keys.
They didn't take any longer than Tony had, the two of them kissing over his head, pressing their foreheads together and murmuring praise and rocking their hips, thrusting gently into his mouth whenever he was sucking one of them. Bucky was the first to let go, groaning his name as he spurted over Tony's mouth and cheek and chin. Tony licked away the last drop and moved his attention to Steve, who followed fast, finding his peak and clinging to Bucky as he came all over Tony's face, seed mingling with Bucky's.

"Babydoll, I love you so much," said Bucky, dropping to his knees to lick at Tony's face.

Steve knelt a little more gracefully, kissing and licking, the two of them greedy for the taste of themselves on Tony's skin. "Love you, Tony, Bucky, love you both."

"Yeah," said Bucky, between licks. "Love you both. Keepin' ya both."

Tony purred. "Perfect, you're both perfect." He let them cradle and pet him until they'd all come down a little from the afterglow, and then sighed. "All right, I love you both and now we're all going to wash our faces before we go anywhere."

They shared kisses and laughter the whole way to the bathroom.

They were wandering back out to find Tony's discarded clothing when Bucky's phone rang. Bucky beamed and put it on speaker. "Clint! To what do I owe the honor of an actual fuckin' phone call?"

"Why's the shop closed, asshole? I need caffeine." The voice on the other end was cheerfully insulting, making Tony smile and think of Rhodey.

"We're puttin' in that backsplash mirror we keep meaning to install," said Bucky. "You outside still?"

"Yeah, I saw the workmen. You're really doing the mirror thing?" asked Clint, and Tony cocked his head at the odd note in his voice. "No more lettin' people sneek up on us?"

"No more," said Steve. "Did you want to come back? We're hiring again, at least one full-time opener and a couple of part-timers to fill in."

"How come?" asked Clint, and Tony recognized the sound of someone wanting to accept but not quite ready to trust the offer.

Tony cleared his throat. "That would be my fault," he said. "Tony Stark, their insatiable new boyfriend."

Steve cracked up. "Tony wants both his keys in bed in the mornings," he agreed. "And it's time, anyway. I know the systems, and we need the help if we're going to be swamped in reporters."

"That'll wear off in a few months," said Tony with a shrug. "But you're completely correct about the morning sex thing, sugar pea."

"Nat told me you were dating her boss," said Clint.

"We're keepin' him," said Bucky in a lazy drawl that Tony was learning meant important things hiding under his accent. "Tony's our box now."

"Anyway, we're coming down there to make breves and check up on the crew," said Steve into the silence. "Can you stick around for a few?"

"Can I come up there?" asked Clint immediately. "I've always wanted to see inside that thing."
"Come on up, I'll have pants on by the time you get here," said Tony.

Clint groaned. "Please tell me you three are not-

"Just finished up, your timing was excellent," Tony said, shameless and cheerful. "So get up here and inspect me or whatever the fuck it is you need to do, but can we please take the death threats as read? They're getting a little old."

"I could do with a few less of those myself," said Steve dryly, big hand finding Tony's bare ass and fondling shamelessly. He whispered in Tony's ear too quiet for the phone to pick up, "Not so fond of the pants idea, though."

Clint laughed. "Did Nat tell you guys not to break her boss' heart?"

Bucky groaned. "Oh my god, every fucking person has been tellin' us! Nat's not even the scariest, we met Colonel fucking Rhodes and goddamn Pepper Potts and even his keyfuckin' driver's been tossin' hints our way. Oh, and his tailor. His tailor, Clint."

"Brookes didn't, he was too busy hoping for another view of your abs," said Tony, flippant to cover up his surprise. He hadn't really made the connection, but he did have his own protectors, after all.

It felt good.

"Not to mention his computer," said Steve. "JARVIS is great but he's made it clear he'll crash our credit rating if we don't treat Tony right."

"That is not precisely-" began JARVIS.

"That is totally what you meant," said Bucky, but he was grinning.

Tony's artificial intelligence had given his boyfriends the shovel talk, and they didn't even mind.

"It's all right, J," said Tony. He pushed Bucky down on the couch and sat on him, wanting to stop trusting his slightly-wobbly knees without getting his naked ass on the furniture. "You're looking out for me."

"I always look out for you, sir, even when you do not." JARVIS sounded dry and just a little tart, as though he felt Tony needed to be reminded of things Bucky thought might be best forgotten.

"I'm literally in the lobby now," said Clint. "Please tell me you've got his junk covered."

"Nope, you walk too fast," said Tony, making no move to dress. "Don't wanna see the goods, don't come up yet. Also, you'll need to check in at the front desk if you don't want to get tackled for trying to take my private elevator."

"Yeah, okay, what am I telling these nice people?" asked Clint.

"I have put your name in the system as a visitor to Mr. Stark," said JARVIS. "Give them your name and you'll be shown to the elevator while sir finishes dressing."

"That's my cue," said Steve lightly. "I'm hanging up now."

"Yes, please, put pants on your box, this isn't one of your shitty novels," said Clint, disconnecting before Steve could do the honors.

Tony chuckled and stood, stretching showily and purring when Bucky ran his hands all over Tony's
naked body. "It's a shame to deny anyone this magnificent view, but I suppose it's all yours now, anyway," said Tony, accepting his clothing layer by layer from Steve and then curling back up in Bucky's lap. "So, is this guy banging Nat?"

Steve blanched. "Do not ever say that around either of them, and no."

Bucky snorted. "Really don't, and also really no."

The elevator dinged open, and Tony almost cheered when the guy walking in was not a towering powerhouse like both his keys. He had great arms, sandy brown hair, and a smirk on his face that only grew when he took in the scene.

"You have got these two wrapped around your box already, haven't you?" said Clint.

Steve, instead of objecting, sat up straight and looked proud. "Yeah, he does."

"He lets me spoil the shit outta him," said Bucky. "Stevie even lets me spoil him for Tony's sake."

Tony got up and went over to hold out his hand. "Tony Stark," he said.

"Clint Barton." The handshake was firm, but not asshole-firm, though his gaze was sharply assessing. "I was the other sniper in Steve's unit."

"Aaaand there's the threat," said Tony with an aggrieved sigh.

"Just a fact," said Clint, but his half-shrug looked awfully sheepish to Tony. "I got to keep both arms and an extra dose of PTSD for my bonus round."

That sent a flash of guilt across Steve's face that Tony filed away for never, because there was no fucking way he was bringing any of it up unless they did first. "Well, I found my pants, so I think we're heading over to the cafe so Steve can look all buff and concerned and Bucky can make us the nectar of the gods."

"Fuck yeah," said Clint. "Can I have a tour or is your living room all the plebes get to see?"

"Living room, kitchen," Tony vaguely pointed out the locations of each feature, "guest bathroom, and there's a guest room that I make no promises is soundproof enough for you to have a peaceful sleepover when these two are here getting me all keyed up."

"His workshop's a thing of beauty, but ya can't go in without an NDA," said Bucky, slinging his arm around Tony's waist and kissing his temple. "Our Tony's a genius."

"There's a gym somewhere, though," said Steve. "We're gonna do our PT there later."

"You're just fancy as fuck," said Clint. "Come on, get some shoes on, you guys, I need caffeine."

Tony snorted a laugh. "I am indeed fancy as fuck," he replied, finding his socks and Converse. "And they're right, no workshop for you."

"Awww, but Dad!" said Clint, flopping dramatically.

"No," said Steve and Bucky simultaneously, and suddenly Tony understood that Nat's reaction to him had been reflex rather than dislike. Reflexive like, even, treating him like she treated her, well, whatever Clint was. Pet, maybe.

Clint snorted. "Well, he's not my sugar daddy."
"I'm no one's sugar daddy but my own, thank you very much," said Tony. "Steve and Bucky were doing fine without me, and I don't need to bribe them to stay." He hadn't realized until he was done talking how much the line had hurt, cut at his fears that they were only in it for his money and just playing a long game.

"That's right, dollface," said Bucky, giving Tony a hot kiss while something silent passed between Clint and Steve.

"Yeah, uh, sorry," said Clint, flinching. "My mouth has a mind of its own."

Steve snorted. "You're an asshole, you mean," he clarified, standing up tall with his own shoes in place. "Buck, you got your wallet and keys?"

"Yeah, we walking?" said Bucky, turning to sling his arm over Tony's shoulders. "Grab Tony's phone, I think he forgot it in the kitchen when we blew him."

Clint flinched again, and Tony just looked smug. "I forgot everything but my come on your faces, so I'm not surprised," he replied helpfully.

Steve snorted. "Don't even pretend you don't deserve that," he said to Clint, who had opened his mouth presumably to object to the TMI. Steve also made sure everyone had what they needed and got them herded to the elevator. "Ground floor, please, JARVIS. Clearly everyone has some energy they need to walk off."

Bucky chuckled and wrapped his arms around both Tony and Steve, pressing a kiss to Steve's ear. "We'll work ours off in the gym, and then again down in Tony's workshop," he murmured, quiet but still loud enough for Tony to hear.

Tony chuckled. "I do enjoy having you two explore human anatomy down in my workshop," he said, loud enough for Clint to hear.

He was really, really tired of the threats.

Clint sighed. "I've doomed myself, haven't I?"

"Yep," said Bucky cheerfully. "Tony's a real creative guy, too, so there is a lot of information for us to impart."

"You deserve every detail," said Steve, his voice stern. "And tell everyone else that the shovel talks are all given, so I don't have to smack Sam upside the head when he starts bringing in interviewees."

"Is the offer still open?" asked Clint cautiously. "For opening, I mean."

"Yeah," said Steve. "Of course. It's not like we didn't know you're a dick."

"You'd be a good person t'have another set of keys," said Bucky. "And if you open five days a week, we can get another person to open two days, and maybe me an' Stevie can actually have two days off in a row sometimes."

"Not that I often have two days off in a row," said Tony wryly. "But Pepper's so far very willing to bribe me by coordinating our time off."

"It does seem to be very effective, sir," said JARVIS.

The elevator doors opened with a ding.
Steve laughed. "Good," he said, taking the lead as they all trailed through the lobby of Stark Tower, looking decidedly out of place amongst the suited businesspeople.

Tony enjoyed watching people do double-takes as they recognized him, and then two out of the three men with him. The most fun was watching them try to decide if Clint was part of their little union, too, and being amused at the variety of incredulous and confused expressions they left in their wake.

"I don't think I'll ever get tired of doing that," said Tony, cuddled up at Bucky's side while Steve held the door for them.

"Doin' what, dollface?" asked Bucky, sliding his knuckles up and down Tony's back, the metal surprisingly gentle.

Clint chuckled. "He loves swanning through as Tony keyfucking Stark and watching the confusion he leaves in his wake. I better not find myself mis-identified as one of your keys."

"Oh, no, with an ass like that you're clearly a box," said Tony. "They could think I'm just up for sharing all around, which isn't entirely inaccurate to my life prior to my current state of double-keyed bliss."

Clint sighed heavily again, and Tony smirked. "That one wasn't even a surprise and I still didn't wanna hear it," he lamented.

"Shouldn't have told us all about that key you picked up the night before Stevie got back, then," said Bucky dryly.

"You guys wanted to know what made me late," said Clint.

"We were more worried about why you wouldn't sit down for dinner," said Steve, a grin twitching at his mouth.

"Well, once you and Bucky dashed my hopes for super-sizing my sex life, what was I supposed to do?" teased Clint, falling into the rhythm of old banter. "Tony, can't I borrow Steve for, like, one night of fulfilment?"

"No," said all three of them, a ragged overlapping of syllables that came out of all three as pure reflex.

Clint cackled. "You've all got it bad," he said. "All right, no messing with true love."

"Damn straight," said Tony.

Bucky beamed and a glance showed that Steve was, too, and Tony could feel his own happiness shining out of his face. It was enough of a specific sensation that he wasn't sure he'd ever really felt it before, which paradoxically dulled the edges a little, as though the newness meant he didn't really deserve or get to keep it. Which he knew might be the case after tomorrow night, but right then that seemed like a distant seventh possibility after a lot of other, more desirable outcomes.

Tony decided his inner Howard needed to shut up for a little bit about how no one could ever love him, and shoved his hands into both his keys' back pockets, getting a handful each of two amazing asses.

"Tony," chided Steve gently, though he didn't move away, just slipped his arm over Tony's shoulders to share with Bucky.
"I knew you'd be fond of my ass after last night," said Bucky, completely smug even before Clint nearly tripped over his own feet.

"That was absolutely too much information," said Clint, turning around to walk backwards in front of them. "And also, Tony, I am suddenly a lot more jealous than ever before, because, seriously?"

Tony gave Clint the smuggest, most well-fucked look he could muster. "Tony sandwiches are a perennial favorite."

Steve snorted out a laugh. "Okay, that is officially enough detail," he protested, though he shot Tony a wink to show he wasn't mad.

Bucky smirked, but he moved away and pulled out his door keys instead of commenting either way, and Tony realized they'd arrived.

"No wonder you guys get so much business from the tower," Tony blurted. "I should've been walking down here ages ago."

"Wouldn't'a been the same without Stevie," said Bucky. "Box like you needs double the key to keep him happy."

"You only speak the truth, Bucky-bean," said Tony, holding the door for the three to precede him and then taking Bucky's keys to lock up just to show off that he could.

The cafe was relatively quiet, though there were both people in Stark Industries t-shirts and construction guys milling around.

"Oh, hey, they're closed," said one of the Stark employees. "Sorry, I thought we'd locked up."

"You did," said Tony. "They have keys." He put on his famous Tony Stark face full of arrogant amusement and I-know-something-you-don't-know superiority just to watch the girl's eyes go wide, then turned to Steve. "Hey, sweet thing, do I get keys?"

"Tomorrow you will," said Steve, tugging him back in close. "I'm Steve," he said to the hapless employee, sticking out his hand. He gestured to the other two after they shook. "This is Bucky, you obviously know Tony, and Clint here is our new opening guy."

"Oh, um, Miranda," she said, shaking hands with everyone. "I thought you weren't coming in today?"

"I wanted a treat," said Bucky. He raised his voice and asked loud enough for everyone to hear, "Who here wants a drink on the house?"

Everyone raised their hands, and Bucky stole a kiss from Tony and Steve both before he dragged Clint back behind the bar to double-check the machines were ready and get started.

"Clever," said Steve with a chuckle. "Breaking Clint back in without risking angry customers."

"So, Miranda," said Tony, "what do you do for me, and how's this going?"

"I, um, work in tech support? But I don't do that well on the phone, so I get shuffled around a lot when people don't need an in-person, um, person." She shrugged and shuffled and generally looked like he'd expect a tech lackey to act around the CTO.

"What do you want to be doing?" asked Tony. Steve kissed Tony's hair and stayed quiet where he
was, which allowed Tony to lean into him just a little more, turn off some of the Stark and sink into the warmth of being himself enough to get the poor girl to relax.

"Um?" she swallowed and tried again. "I like working with people in person, and I'm good with tech stuff. I guess I just applied to the support job hoping those two things would go together."

"But you hate phone stuff. Email is okay? Text? What about video calls?" asked Tony, pulling out his own phone and texting Pepper.

Am I meant to be finding new homes for the strays you left us at the cafe?

Because this one seems like she'd be better off in a showroom or maybe one of the customer-facing repair positions.

He listened while she assured him that text was fine but video calls were less so, and Tony cocked his head and interrupted halfway through some rambling story about crossed signals to ask, "So it's an audio processing thing?"

She blinked at him and then shrugged. "I don't really know if it's anything other than a me thing, um, Mr. Stark."

"Tony, come drink your fuckin' coffee," said Bucky loudly.

Tony chuckled. "That's my cue," he said, moving over to where his giant cup had been left on the bar for him. "You are a god among men," he assured Bucky, after taking a sip of whatever concoction had been made today. It wasn't the same breve as before, more espresso and something else, too, adding depth and richness under everything else.

Tony didn't let himself make obscene noises over it, but he was really, definitely going to give Bucky any reward he wanted later.

"You know you love me," said Bucky impishly, leaning in for a kiss that chased the flavors in Tony's mouth.

"I really do," said Tony. He could feel that unfamiliar happiness on his face again, and he hoped that it was worth looking like a sappy idiot for Bucky and Steve to see it shine.

His phone pinged.

That would be Miranda. She's being transitioned to customer-facing in-person mobile support next week.

Tony chuckled.

I'll leave the rest of the Starklings to your tender care, then. Unless I can have a lab assistant?
Her reply was swift and brutal.

Never again.

Tony put his phone away with an evil smirk.

"I'm not sure I like that look," said Steve, slipping his arm around Tony's waist, big hand sliding along the small of Tony's back to curl around the opposite hip. "Who are you tormenting now?"

"Just making sure Pepper remembers not to try to send me interns," said Tony. He took another huge sip of his coffee and hummed happily.

"You like the new mix," said Bucky, looking very pleased with himself. "Stevie thinks it's too much."

"It's very Tony," said Steve, shrugging. "I like sweet and even thick but not so bitter."

"That's what he said," replied Bucky with a snigger. His hands were moving smoothly, both of them in concert, barely a difference between the metal and flesh now that he was used to the adjustments Tony had made.

"I like whatever Bucky-bear wants to put in my mouth," said Tony, giving Steve a leer and nuzzling up under his jaw. "And you, too, of course, sweet thing."

Steve chuckled. "I knew that about you, sweetheart," he said, pressing a kiss to Tony's hair. "I'm gonna go ask someone how the work is going, since they're all too intimidated by you." He took his own coffee and strode off, giving Tony a very nice view of his retreating back. And ass.

Bucky watched with him.

"So, dollface, you and J found us someplace to buy you pretty things on our budget yet?" Bucky passed a coffee to one of the workers with a wink.

Tony chuckled. "Let's ask him. JARVIS, light of my life, where are we on the jewelry store thing?"

"I believe I have found an excellent candidate in Brooklyn, a family-owned shop that has made tokens and related jewelry for several generations," said JARVIS. "The quality of their work is well-reviewed, and they should be within everyone's budget."

"Wanna stay at ours tonight, Tony?" asked Bucky hopefully. "There's this pizza place down the street from us that's so good, you won't even mind walkin' ta get it."

Tony leaned over the counter to pull Bucky into a kiss. "That sounds great. Who's opening tomorrow?"

"Me and Clint," said Steve, snuggling up behind Tony rather shamelessly. "I can give him a ride out here on my bike if you two take Bucky's, or he can ride his and you two take the Ducati back to the tower."

"I don't mind being Steve's bitch," said Clint, hopping up to sit on the counter, feet swinging. He accepted the cup Bucky handed him and sipped. "New thing?"

"Yeah, this one's too cloying for me," said Bucky. "You like it sweet, though."

Cliff chuckled. "I like it all ways, as long as it's hot," he said, flirting shamelessly. "So, tomorrow, really?"
"Your hire paperwork's already done," said Bucky. "I just gotta reactivate you with the payroll people."

Clint looked thoughtful, then shrugged. "All right, 5:30 as Steve's bitch." He tossed back the rest of his drink and grinned. "I've got some shit to do if I'm gonna open tomorrow. Thanks for the mirror."

"Thanks for coming back," said Bucky.

Steve ruffled Clint's hair. "See you tomorrow, bitch."

"See you tomorrow, boss." Clint snagged the girl with the keys and got himself let out while Bucky started cleaning up after his impromptu coffee service, all the drinks now distributed.

Tony relaxed into Steve's embrace and drank his coffee, trying to see if he could get his mind to spin down for just a minute, closing off loops of worry and responsibility that weren't really his. Even if by some miracle they turned out to be his keys, the shop was theirs to manage, theirs to run, theirs to staff. They were his to love, but not to control, not like his bots, and Tony tried to strengthen that conviction while he leaned against Steve.

When he opened his eyes again, Bucky was looking at him like he'd hung the moon and stars and given them all Steve's name.

"I ain't never gettin' tired of seein' you two together," he said.

Steve's voice rumbled through Tony's back as he agreed. "Yeah, it's a pretty good sight, the two of you."

"I third this motion," said Tony. "That makes it unanimous, we're all kinky fuckers."

"We're all in love, genius," said Steve, the words riding on a laugh.

Bucky nodded. "That, too," he agreed. "He ain't wrong about the other thing, though."

"Evidence proves me right," added Tony, feeling terribly smug all over again. Despite his reputation, he'd never been as satisfied, as well-fucked and thoroughly pleased, and he was practically purring with it. "Lots and lots of evidence."

"We'll give you some more after lunch," promised Bucky, shooting Steve a wink. "Won't we, Stevie?"

Steve sighed, but his voice was all smiles when he replied, "Yeah, we will."

Tony drank off the last of his coffee with a happy sigh. "All right, that amazingness aside, are we done here? Progress is progressing and all that?"

"Yeah, they're doing a good job," said Steve. "The installers said they're right on schedule and thanked us for the coffee, and Miranda told me that your guys're gonna stick around and put everything back where it came from once the installers are gone. They took photos so they don't fuck it up too badly."

Tony snorted. "Your trust is overwhelming."

"You know it, kitten," said Steve. Bucky finished up and hopped right over the counter to join in their kiss, which got a lot of not-so-subtle stares from everyone both at Bucky's grace and Tony's good fortune, he presumed.
"All right, home for virtue and rewards?" said Tony, arms around both their waists as he steered them to the door. He was itching to get to work for a few hours, and despite the tremendous number of orgasms in the past week, eager for the naked time that would be their reward.

"You got it, babe." Bucky kissed Tony's hair and waved when Miranda let them out, Steve pausing them just long enough for her to lock up. "They're takin' good care, Stevie, stop glarin' so hard."

Steve snorted. "It's good for them to remember Tony's not the only one whose goodwill is at stake here," he said.

Tony started for the tower, hands and mind moving. "So, how long is my window, here, honey britches? Are we talking some kind of four-hour marathon workout or just, like, half an hour?"

"Depends on what equipment ya got," said Bucky, following, Tony turned and walked backwards a little, using their faces to gauge when to step and catching Bucky's eyes drifting up from where his ass had just been. "At least an hour, not more than two?"

"We can let JARVIS know, and then maybe cook something so you've got a little more time?" said Steve. "Um, fuck, if there's anything but breakfast ingredients?"

"J can hook you up there, do an inventory before you go get fit and he'll get an Instacart there in less than an hour," said Tony, turning back around and putting his hands in his pockets to stretch the jeans out over his very fine ass. "Nothing too heavy, please, I fancy getting something else in me after."

"We can definitely help with that," said Steve, voice rough enough to make Tony preen.

Bucky chuckled, low and wicked. "Both or either of us can help with that, sugar."

Tony sighed happily. "Probably not both if we're going to make it to the jewelry store, but maybe one before and one after?"

Steve sighed but it sounded happy, so Tony slowed just enough to squeeze back between his lovers, who'd been walking hand in hand. "That sounds perfect," said Tony. "I want to do the thing tomorrow night where Steve licks you both out of me, though, please."

"Please? Fuck, yes," said Bucky with a rough laugh. "Tony, you're killin' us here."

"Please, kitten," said Steve, and it held such a note of genuine longing that Tony had to stop right there and kiss him.

"I love you," he whispered against Steve's lips. "I want it, too."

Bucky kissed Steve and then Tony, the three of them getting looks all over the scale from intrigued to hostile as they stood in the middle of the sidewalk, but Tony didn't care a bit when Bucky said, "I love ya both, an' we're gonna make our Stevie so happy later."

"And our Tony," said Steve, not quite a protest but not quite not one, either.

Tony got them moving again with a wicked snicker. "And our Bucky, who is happiest when he's making us make each other happy."

"That's convoluted but true," said Steve with a laugh. He paused to open the Tower door for them, ever the polite one. "Tony, do you need to bring anything to the house for tomorrow?"
"Clothes, mostly," said Tony. "I'll get Pepper to put a suit in my office for meetings, but I'll still want something clean before and after."

They made waves again going through the lobby, but less of them this time without the suggestive banter and mysterious fourth person. Tony waved to the desk clerk and strode over to his private elevator, the three of them getting nestled inside without bothering to hit a button.

"Take us home, J," said Tony, and he laughed as Bucky turned and dipped him dramatically just as the doors slid closed. He claimed the kiss that was clearly his due and then laughed harder when Steve swept him up in a princess carry. He got a kiss there and then said, "I trust you've got the grocery thing in hand, JARVIS?"

"Of course, sir. Did you wish to add some fabric markers to the list for Mr. Rogers to personalize some of your shirts?" JARVIS sounded innocent as he asked, but Tony got a surge of pure pride at the leap of logic he'd made, the effort to take care of Tony.

"Yeah, definitely," said Steve. "Um, mostly black, but some colors would be good if they have stuff like that."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS.

"Good job, J," said Tony. "Maybe I won't sell you to MIT after all." He pulled Steve in for a kiss and kept kissing him as the elevator slowed to a stop. Instead of interrupting, Bucky led them out into the living room and came around to steal kisses of his own.

Tony felt very, thoroughly doted upon by the time they stopped.

"All right, you two, can I leave you in JARVIS's capable hands?" Tony had been set down at some point, the better to be petted by both his keys.

"Yeah, of course," said Bucky. "JARVIS, you can lead us to the gym an' stuff, right?"

"It would be my pleasure, sir," said JARVIS. "May I share your session videos with sir?"

"Ooh, please?" said Tony with a little bounce. "I can have a screen of hot sweaty boyfriends up to help motivate me."

Steve laughed. "Yeah, of course," he said. "Go on, be a genius while we maintain the hotness required to keep your attention."

Tony paused and pulled Steve in for a kiss. "The hotness got my attention, but you keep it by being amazing."

"And adoring you as you deserve," added Bucky, hands finding Tony's ass again. "Can I fuck you first today?"

"You two can rock paper scissors for it for all I care," said Tony with a laugh. "But yeah, the adoration is pretty great."

"Also the oral attention," said Bucky, giving Tony a squeeze and then a swat. "Get outta here, or we'll never get to the next bit."

"Sir, yes, sir," teased Tony, dancing out of reach and skipping down the stairs with a grin on his face. "JARVIS, bring up my boys on a feed, bring up my music, and bring up the arc reactor project. I have to crack that before I can get the repulsors working, and the palladium isn't quite doing what I
need it to in the simulations."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS. The workshop lit up as Tony strode in, door opening automatically for him and holo-screens popping up over one of Tony's workstations, including a floating one of Steve and Bucky kissing against the kitchen counter that made Tony's dick twitch. The sight had lost a little of its shock value after a week, but there was just something insanely hot still about two keys kissing with such easy abandon.

Especially since they were his keys now.

"Sir should bring his attention to the scheduling window, as I believe the intention was to book time at a particle accelerator." There weren't many colliders even Tony Stark could get time on, but it looked like Brookhaven would be able to give him a day or two. Tony booked the soonest window he could get and black-flagged it as sacred time, like Bucky's maintenance appointments. Then he spent some time with JARVIS working out exactly what he'd do with his time, hoping he'd get most of the two full days he'd tried to claim.

Once they had a priority-sorted list for that research time, JARVIS gave Tony the boys' estimate for their workout to help him choose the next project. He spent a minute just watching them together, helping with motions and stretches, spotting and supporting, not just two guys doing their own thing but two people who loved each other, helping them perfect the bodies they'd so readily given over to his care.

"Let's bring up the prosthetics project," said Tony, gesturing to archive everything but the gym window. "It's my day off, I might as well get in some pro bono work while I'm here."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS, in his dry tone that told Tony he wasn't fooled for a moment about Tony's motivations. Tony forced himself to look at the leg first, putting some really grumpy notes into Mikey's file about pain levels, feeling like he might have to go meet all the techs to make sure they were actually getting all the data he'd asked for. Medical might be overseeing the research, but he was the one doing the development. He didn't always do revisions himself beyond an initial working prototype, but he'd found this fascinating even before he'd had Bucky's mark III inside himself.

"All right, not much more I can do on that, oh, right. Can you call Mikey for me?" Tony pulled up Stark Tower's medical suite schedule, looking for a room that would have all the imaging equipment he wanted so JARVIS could help run the scans for him. There weren't enough of them for his taste, but he could find a few slots here and there where he could squeeze himself in, provided Pepper hadn't filled his own calendar too full.

"Dialing now, sir," said JARVIS.

"Uh, hello?" came a voice after one ring, much more tentative than the cheerful guy who'd chatted to Tony about his leg.

"Hey, Mikey, this is Tony Stark," he said, keeping his voice full of loose cheer and easy charm. "I'm hoping we can schedule you some time to come up to the tower and get those scans I was talking about."

"Oh, um, yeah, of course. My work's pretty flexible about medical stuff," said Mikey, and Tony wished he could see his face to judge the source of this nervousness.

"Well, hm. J, can you overlay my, yeah, like that," said Tony, as his own schedule glowed blue over the top of the room spots. "How about next Thursday at 4pm? Just show up in the lobby and the
front desk person will direct you to the med suite."

"Wow, that soon?" said Mikey, amazed now. "Who'll be doin' the scans?"

"Me," said Tony. "I did Bucky's, and I'll do yours and anyone else who'll let me into their artificial limbs." Tony nodded, and JARVIS booked the suite and blocked out Tony's schedule, though he didn't black-flag it like they had the other. "I built that leg and I'm going to fix your pain issues, and also yell at your tech a little on Friday if that's okay with you."

Mikey burst out laughing. "You're comin' inta see him with me?" he asked, hopeful now. "Because I really gotta see that."

"Pinky promise," said Tony with a laugh. "Okay, 4pm, a week from Thursday. If you're a little early, that's fine, but try not to be too late because someone's got the med suite booked for five."

"Will do, Mr. Stark. Thank you so much," said Mikey, gushing a little.

"You're welcome, but only if you call me Tony," he said. "See you then."

"See ya," said Mikey. Fortunately, JARVIS hung up before that could drag out any longer, and Tony made a few more notes and archived that part of the file, bringing up the specs for Bucky's new mark IV.

"All right, have we got scans of his whole body yet?" asked Tony, glancing over to see the boys doing some kind of sparring workout that seemed more like a dance than a fight.

"Not precise enough for fabrication, sir, but I should be able to get something good enough for this stage," said JARVIS. Tony watched as his boyfriends stopped, said something, and then moved, Steve in one corner and Bucky in the middle of the room where he did a few poses presumably at the AI's direction. They both paused and blew kisses at the camera after that, before resuming their interrupted routine.

"They like you," said Tony, smiling to himself in a goofy manner. "I mean, they really, genuinely like my creations. I should get You and Butterfingers here from Malibu and keep the whole family together."

"I would be happy to arrange for their transportation, sir, they are currently powered down awaiting your return." JARVIS sounded almost hopeful, which was enough to decide Tony.

"Yeah, go on. Get Pepper's approval on the arrangements, she knows who we can trust with my bots." Tony didn't try to hide that he was stupidly protective of his AIs, because some pretenses weren't worth keeping up. Especially in front of one of the AIs in question. Well, two, if he counted DUM-E.

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS. Tony turned back to his worktable, where the scans of Bucky were materializing, his whole body in miniature and his right arm the same scale as the hologram model of the mark IV.

"All right, let's start adjusting for the smaller casing. How did the budget specs go on aircraft aluminum?" asked Tony, poking and prodding at the hologram, adjusting a curve here or nudging a calibration there while JARVIS worked at improving the render.

They got off onto a long discussion of materials and cost that frustrated Tony to no end; he could afford to make it out of solid iridium if he fucking well wanted to, not that the weight would do anyone any favors, but that wouldn't be practical for the actual research. He could spin off a mark V
that was just for Bucky at some later date, but for now it was important to keep himself firmly planted in the reality of medical insurance and disability payments. It was frustrating, but even he couldn't afford to make a million-dollar limb for every single person out there that needed it.

Tony got embroiled in the improved neural interface, talking with JARVIS half in jargon and the other half gestures, tweaking the design again and again until the interface was as tight as it was going to get without calibration to the specific person who'd be wearing it. It wasn't until he smelled something delicious and his stomach growled that he looked up to find Bucky and Steve settling into their little blanket-nest, three plates of food steaming on the coffee table.

"Just give me two more minutes," said Tony, attention already pulling away from his work with the two of them snuggling up together.

"Food'll be too hot to eat for a few, anyway," said Bucky, curling up with his head on Steve's chest. "We'll wait."

"All right, thanks," said Tony, feeling a burst of confusion and fear that made his chest tight. He turned around and breathed for a moment, tried to fight back the part that said they couldn't possibly be this supportive and kind, tried to ignore the voice that insisted they wanted something from him besides himself.

Big brain or not, Tony himself had never really been a desirable commodity.

He swallowed and nodded. "Where were we, J?"

"I believe you were reintegrating the redesigned interface unit into the smaller chassis, sir," he said. "I expect this task will take at least 37 minutes, however, so perhaps you should go rest with your keys?"

Tony chuckled. "Yeah, all right. Archive it, flag it, remind me tomorrow."

"Gladly, sir." The holograms winked out, the workstations all went dark, and the music changed from Tony's work playlist to something lighter.

Tony sank onto the blankets and curled up with his keys, letting Steve pull his shoes off, letting Bucky be the first to kiss him and then Steve the one to cradle him like he was precious. "Don't let us leave this room without scanning you," Tony mumbled into Bucky's shoulder. "Can't get too far along your personalized mark IV without high-res scans."

"You're makin' it for other people, too, though, right?" asked Bucky, though he didn't sound too worried. Like he trusted that Tony would be considerate of the other, future people who'd benefit from this work instead of selfishly making it better just for his lover. Tony's breath caught, and he hid his face in Bucky's neck, not sure anyone had ever that kind of faith in him before.

"The final product will be a custom piece for every patient, manufactured to the specifications of their own body, Mr. Barnes. Your mark IV is the next step in miniaturizing the components, as most patients are unlikely to have your upper body strength," said JARVIS, echoing the conversation he'd been having earlier with Tony while trying to fit everything inside the slimmed-down casing for Bucky's new arm.

Tony swallowed and nodded. "There's prototyping tech available to basically print a custom limb for every patient, if I can get the guts and interfaces to work better than what I've got now. And the mark V or X or whatever will eventually try to have some kind of neural feedback for sensation along with the rest, but that's going to be a whole different ballgame and involve neurosurgery that I'm not
currently qualified to perform."

Bucky snorted. "I love you, Tony, but maybe instead of tryin' ta get yourself certified for neurosurgery you can find someone else to work with?"

Steve kissed Tony's hair. "You'd only hire the best, anyway."

Tony sighed. "Yeah, okay, but I need to understand it before I can invent with it." He sat up and reached for a plate. "Feed me?"

They laughed and plied him with kisses and delicious food, chicken and vegetables that were clearly penance for all the junk food they’d be eating later but were delicious enough that Tony didn't mind. The meal was light enough to let them lay him out on the blankets afterward, for Steve to lick him out while he sucked Bucky off; for Steve to fuck him while Bucky gently held his hands trapped against the pillows; for Tony to break apart into a million shards of love and pleasure and trust and need until finally Bucky came inside him, too, looking at him like he was his whole world while Steve licked his stomach clean.

Tony sighed when Bucky pulled out, hand stroking Steve's hair while Bucky took care of cleanup, got rid of the condom and wiped the sweat away enough for the shower they all needed. "I'm the luckiest key alive," said Bucky, settling in to kiss Steve over the scarred planes of Tony's chest.

"Nope, that's me," argued Steve, grinning languorously into the kisses. "I've got both of you."

"Well, no one can argue that I'm not the luckiest box alive," said Tony, feeling smug and well-fucked and on top of the world, even on the bottom of the cuddle. "I think you two are probably tied, though, since Steve has two arms but Bucky gets to wear my tech every day."

That got him two shocked laughs and some gentle play-wrestling, and changed the mood enough to get them crowded into the work room shower. JARVIS got high-res, full-body scans of Bucky's naked body before they all dressed back in their day off slouchy clothes. Tony resisted the urge to armor up like he would for Bulgari, and instead let himself dress like a happy box with two keys of average means, getting spoiled rotten by his lovers.

They packed a bag with their tablets and a few other things, and Tony was practically purring as they went down to get the bikes.

"You should ride with Stevie this time," said Bucky, giving Tony a kiss and a wink. "Give him the full Tony experience."

Tony laughed happily and handed the saddlebag off to Bucky, putting on his helmet and getting on Steve's gorgeous bike. "You guys are gonna turn me onto American and then I'll end up with even more bikes, you know," he said, patting the seat in front of him.

"The full Tony experience?" asked Steve, eyebrow up and a glint of evil in his eye. "You meant the full Steve experience."

"That, too." Bucky's smirk vanished under his helmet and he gave them a cheeky wave, then hopped on and started up his bike, loud in the underground garage.

Steve snorted and put his helmet on, getting comfortable in front of Tony. Tony leaned in and slipped his hands into Steve's space, one up under his jacket and the other cradling his impressive package, just like he did with Bucky. The space between Steve's legs was warm and solid under his palm, with just enough softness to give him something to mold his hand around without having to feel like it would basically be a highway handjob.
Not that Tony objected to those, but he had a feeling Steve would.

Steve stiffened -- just his body, not his cock -- and then relaxed back into position, starting up the bike and getting it on balance. He nodded to Bucky, and the two of them pulled out and off toward Brooklyn.

Steve was different to ride with, more solid on every level. His broad back was easy to lean against, his bike was just a little heavier than Bucky's, and his driving was steady with no thrilling risks the way Bucky had taken with him. The sort, Tony knew, Steve would sometimes take by himself. But it was perfect for a ride out to some family shop in Brooklyn to buy love-tokens they'd choose for themselves, to make a declaration that they'd chosen each other no matter what the universe had to say about it.

Tony wanted that even more than he wanted the thrill of sharp turns or high speeds.

They arrived in what seemed like no time at all, and Tony gave Steve's half-hard cock a teasing caress before he sat back and pulled his helmet off, shaking out his hair and looking around. The neighborhood held a few artisanal shops, including a bakery, a tiny one-room gallery, and their destination - Fields & Son, Jewelers.

"Coffee and sugar first?" asked Tony, sliding off the huge bike with as much grace as he could muster.

Steve snorted a laugh. "Oh my god, you're incorrigible. But yes, of course, sugar and caffeine for our addict box."

"I'm addicted to you, too," said Tony, stealing a kiss once Steve got the bike situated the way he liked it.

Bucky came up behind him to kiss Steve and then Tony. "We're all addicts, don't let Stevie fool ya, dollface." He twined his gloved hand with Tony's and led them inside, Steve taking Tony's other hand in a shameless claim.

Tony was enjoying being claimed.

The bakery was small and mostly empty at this time of day, just a couple of old ladies gossiping over at one of the tables and a gorgeous woman behind the register. "What can I do for you boys?" she asked, eyes skipping over their joined hands and smile only widening.

That made something in Tony relax and unfurl. "What's good?" he asked, his most charming smile on, the one that was a little bit real under the public face.

"Everything, of course," she replied, laughing. "If you want it now, the princess cake came out really good today. If it's for tomorrow, I've got some croissants left that'll still be good, especially if you give 'em a few minutes in a warm oven."

"We'll do both, then," said Tony. "Well, I want princess cake, I don't know about these two."

"You are the princess here," teased Bucky. "I'd like one'a them giant brownies, and we all want coffee."

"Drip or espresso?" she asked, moving to the case. "And how many croissants?"

"How many are left?" said Steve, eyeing them. "I'll take a couple of sugar cookies for my treat, please, and a latte."
"Dry cappuccino, four shots," said Tony, "and we'll probably clear you out on the croissants, unless there's more than a few dozen."

"There's fourteen," she said, giving a quick count. "In a box?"

"Bags, please," said Steve with his customer service smile. "We'll have to put them in our saddlebags on the bikes."

"Plates for the treats, though," said Bucky, slinging his arm over Tony and kissing his hair. "I'll have a two-shot mocha, an' Stevie wants two shots, too."

"I do," agreed Steve sheepishly. "Do you supply cafes?" They had some food, but Tony had overheard them bitching to JARVIS about their distributor.

"Sometimes," she said. "Take a card, maybe leave one? I'm Anna, by the way."

"Tony," he said, nodding since her hands were busy. "These boys own a cafe downtown, Steve and Bucky. They're veterans."

"You say that like you're nothin' special, babydoll," teased Bucky.

Steve got out his wallet and swapped one of his cards for hers. "We hate our food distributor, so I'll be in touch in a few weeks. We're hiring some new people, so we'll be busy with training before then."

"A few weeks is good," she said, coming over to the register with three plates and two bags. "It'll give me time to figure out how to deliver to whatever you boys consider downtown."

"We're right by Stark Tower," said Steve with a shrug. "Rent's hell, but the business is good."

"Stark Industries employs a lot of caffeine addicts," said Tony dryly, leaning into Bucky with a smirk.

"You most of all," said Steve fondly, leaning in for a soft, chaste kiss.

"So, you are Tony Stark, then," she said. "And these are your new keys?"

"Yep." Tony beamed proudly. "We're really here for the jewelry store, but I couldn't resist the lure of more coffee."

"Noah'll be happy to meet another trio." Anna rang them up and took his card to run the charge. "His key's a double, they've got two boxes, all mated."

"Oh, I think I read about that," said Tony; he had JARVIS flag him on any unusual soulmate news. "I wonder if that's why J picked it?"

"I bet it is," said Steve, snagging the plates. "Eat here, yeah?"

"Yep." Bucky helped him get the stuff over to one of the little tables.

Tony signed the slip and added a hefty tip. "Should I wait here for our drinks?"

"I'll bring them over in a sec," said Anna. "Good luck with your two."

"I've already gotten very lucky," said Tony, with a lot less innuendo than he usually would put.
She laughed anyway, and shot him wink as he joined his boys, pulling out his phone. "J, pull up the info on the shop, please."

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS, popping up a window with the information. Tony already missed his hologram, and added idly, "Make a note to work on adding the holo tech to phones and smart watches."

"I'll move it up the project queue," said JARVIS dryly.

Tony sighed, contemplating his endless queue and shaking his head. "Make sure I stop putting it off, I guess?"

"Anything for you, sir." JARVIS started with the Yelp page for the shop, and then gave them a couple of society page articles about their mating and wedding, and finally Noah Fields' blog, which it turned out Tony had been reading for years since it was all about soulmates and tokens.

Anna brought over their coffees and smiled. "Make sure to give me a good review if you're going on Yelp," she teased.

"Five stars," said Tony. "Make it so, J."

"Your usual?" asked JARVIS.

"Well, not as good as the one for these guys," teased Tony, "but yeah, this cake is great, the service is great, the coffee is," he took a sip, "pretty good but not as good as that thing Bucky does for me."

"Hey, no coffee can compare to that," said Anna with a laugh.

"I'm hopin' he means my coffee," said Bucky, shooting her a wink. "I don't need a Yelp review for th' other thing, Tony's it for us."

"We're keeping him, no matter what," said Steve, giving Tony one of those fond looks that made his whole chest feel warm and loose, chasing away the tightness that usually lived there.

She gave them all a very fond smile, going back to her work behind the counter after patting Tony's shoulder.

Tony relaxed. "That went pretty well," he said, taking another bite of the light, sweet layers of cake, cream, and marzipan. "Get some of this in if you go with her, too, because it's fucking amazing."

Steve laughed. "The cookies are good, too," he said, feeding bites to Bucky and Tony, which started a round of feeding each other with no thought to their potential audience. Well, not much thought, since Tony used his fork instead of getting them to lick cream and cake off his fingers the way he really wanted.

"Clint'll be happy if we can get another delivery option," said Bucky, finishing off his brownie with a sigh. "This is better and I bet Anna's driver wouldn't be such a dick."

"Yeah, that's an issue with Clint opening," said Steve with a sigh. "Tony, does JARVIS have access to our security cameras?"

Tony licked his lips and said, "Are you gonna be mad if I say yes?"

Bucky laughed. "Nah, baby, we know you wanna watch over us. JARVIS, can you make sure Clint doesn't punch the driver on delivery days?"
"I'm afraid I can only inform the three of you and watch in helpless dismay if he does so, sirs," said JARVIS, snark out in full force.

"Close enough," said Steve with a sigh. "Thanks."

"It is my genuine pleasure, sir," said JARVIS, which made Tony blink in surprise.

"Why's that, bored of me already?" he asked flippantly.

JARVIS paused before replying. "They make you happy, sir. I find myself wishing to return the favor."

"Those are good reasons," said Bucky, kissing Tony's hair fondly. "Makin' Tony happy should be everyone's life goal."

"Well, at least us three," said Steve, gesturing to include JARVIS in the mix and not, Tony noted, Tony himself.

"Someday you two will trust that I do in fact want to be happy," Tony said, not even bothering to pretend to be all that annoyed. "It's not a life skill I'm familiar with, is all."

That got Tony fed his last bite of cake from Steve's fingers, and kissed on the hair by Bucky.

JARVIS, for his part, put the phone to sleep with Fields' website still open to a post about his own anniversary with his two soulmates and the development of their bond over time.

They took the rest of their coffees with them and headed next door, pausing first to look at the art in the gallery and then going into the shop, which was quaint and classic with its wrought-iron windows and beautiful displays. Everything spoke of everyday elegance, not ostentation like the places Tony was used to, but an economical use of space and materials to display the wares and welcome visitors.

"Oh, there they are," said Steve, sounding a little breathless as he stepped toward the back of the shop where a display case held the opened boxes, keys still in place and linked by a single chain.

Tony was surprised at how much his own breath caught to see evidence that someone else had found both pieces of their soul and made a life of it.

"Can I help you?" asked the short man behind the counter, closing the laptop he'd been tapping away at.

"We're lookin' for some love-tokens, bracelets. Not to match our keys, for each other," said Bucky, putting on his most charming, boyish Brooklyn smile.

"Non-soulmate love tokens, I can help with that," said Noah, smiling. "Were you hoping for gems to match your eyes?"

"Oh, man, yeah," said Steve. "I want Tony's brown and Bucky's blue on me."

"So are we hoping for three bracelets, or six? We might have to alter something or go custom if you want to mix gemstones." Noah was walking around the cases, pulling out velvet trays strewn with beautiful items. "Any metal preferences?"

"Six is fine," said Tony, "we'll each pay for two. And I'd like titanium, if that's something you carry."
"Edging on toward custom, but maybe doable," said Noah with a smile. "Cuff or chain?"

"We can look at both," said Tony. "You're part of a trio yourself, right?"

"Right," said Noah softly. "We were friends first, before we got our heads out of our asses and tried to unlock."

"We ain't ready yet, that's all," said Bucky with a shrug. "We'll keep him even if he ain't one'a ours, anyway."

"Bucky and I have been together a long time," added Steve, sounding proud, "so we're used to the idea of not worrying so much about soulmates."

Noah chuckled. "I'm afraid I've always been a romantic at heart, but it's worked out well for me."

A big, brown-skinned bear of a man came out from the back bearing a tray of tea. "What's worked out?"

"You," said Noah, giving the man a kiss. "Brandon, these young men are a trio, too, and looking for something we can switch out gems on pretty easily to make them match their eyes."

"Man, look at those blues," said Brandon. He held out his hand for shaking. "Brandon Sedgewick, I mostly do repairs for Noah these days."

"Only because I had to give Eaton up to his first love at the NYPD," said Noah with a mock sigh. "He was a much better assistant."

Tony was the first to shake his hand. "Tony Stark, and these are my keys, Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes."

"Oh, we read your press release," said Noah. "You're really shopping here?"

"We wanna get Tony's tokens ourselves," said Bucky, just a little challenging. "So we picked somewhere in our budget an' he went along with it."

"Technically JARVIS picked the place," teased Tony, "but yes, we're here because we wanted to shop small and local and, you know, fuck Tiffany's or wherever."

Brandon and Noah laughed, surprised. "You're a watch kind of guy, I see, so maybe something looser for the other wrist?"

Noah started picking through the trays he'd brought out, setting a smaller selection of things on a fresh rectangle of velvet. Tony picked up the first one, made of interlocking plates in a beautiful weave of metal and gems, running the texture through his fingers. "I like this one," he said. "Is it easy to get off and on yourself? I'll need to be able to remove it in my workshop sometimes."

"So-so," admitted Brandon. "This version's a lot easier, but it doesn't flow as well," he said, grabbing a second bracelet with stiff bars around the clasp.

"I wonder if DUM-E'd be able to help ya?" asked Bucky, fondling the bracelet and checking the price tag. "This'd be so pretty with Stevie's blue diamonds."

"Are you both diamonds?" asked Noah curiously.

"Yeah," Steve answered. "Different blues, but both diamonds."
"I've got chocolate diamonds," said Tony, voice very small and shy. "Don't, uh, sell that info, please."

"We would never," said Noah firmly. "All of our clients are confidential, Mr. Stark."

"Tony, please," he said, relaxing a little. "I really do like this, let's see how hard it is to get off and on." He rolled up his sleeve and figured out the tricky clasps right away, sighing when he had to shove hard against his skin to get the last one closed. "Okay, this last one is a little sticky, I think it needs adjustment or swapping out, but the rest of them weren't too bad."

"You've got good hands," said Brandon. "Let me see what I've got in stock, gems and clasps both. Blue and chocolate diamonds?"

Tony nodded while his boys looked a little worried. "Don't," he said softly, pulling them each down for a kiss. "If I have to, I'll cover it, but I want your real gems on me, please?"

"In this size, it won't really be that much," said Noah reassuringly. "You two have unusually clear eyes, but they're both pale enough we don't have to go into the really high-end blues."

"And chocolate diamonds are always pretty cheap," added Tony. "They're not very popular outside of tokens."

"A man who knows his jewelry," said Noah with a chuckle. "If you two just get the one piece for Tony, that'll help with the budget, too."

Steve and Bucky had one of their silent conversations and kissed at the end of it. Bucky spoke up, "Yeah, okay, if you can fix the clasp, we'll get that one for Tony. It's real nice, complicated like something he'd make."

"It matches you," said Steve, kissing Tony's hair. "Like a beautiful puzzle."

Tony smiled. "So maybe three after all, if we're going for matching," he said. "Oh, what about this one for Bucky?" He picked up a cuff of woven geometrics that echoed the looser weave in design but would remain stiff on the wearer. "If it's flexible enough, we can put it on the new arm when it's done, too."

"New arm?" said Noah.

Bucky peeled off his glove. "I'm a vet. Tony made my arm but he's gonna upgrade me, it's a prototype."

"So as long as I can work the metal a little without damaging it, I can fit the cuff onto any future designs," explained Tony, fingers dancing over the metal.

"That one's sterling silver, it should be okay if you treat it well," said Brandon, emerging from the back with a tray of tools and parts. "I brought gems, Noah's got the best eye for color so he'll pick and price them for you, and I found an extra clasp that hopefully will be easier on you, Tony."

"I'll treat it well, and bring it back if I fuck it up," said Tony with a shrug. "So now we just need something for Steve."

"What about this?" asked Steve, looking shy as he held up another bracelet. The design was made of interlocking gold circles that reminded Tony of his box, not too directly but enough to make his chest tight in a whole new way.
"That one's perfect, Stevie," breathed Bucky, stroking his fingers over it. "Can we, Tony?"

"Yeah, it's pretty perfect," said Tony. "Let's make sure it fits his giant wrist, and I'll definitely pay for this one since it's gold. No arguments, you two can get the other ones."

"Yeah, okay," said Bucky, which made Tony a little suspicious, especially when Steve didn't even bother to object. "I can't believe you found this, baby."

"It was on one of the other trays, but I couldn't take my eyes off it," he whispered, stealing a kiss. "I was thinking maybe blue on one side and brown on the other, and mixing a little here in the middle where it looks like a constellation?"

"We can do that," said Noah, already pouring stones onto a smaller velvet tray and separating them out with glances both at the men and their chosen items. "Brandon, how long is this gonna take you?"

"Not too long?" Brandon said, sounding unsure. He was busy getting the clasp changed out, fingers deft on the delicate pliers, reminding Tony of himself when he was tinkering.

"He looks like you with my arm," said Bucky, echoing Tony's thoughts.

"Can we pick them up tomorrow?" asked Tony hopefully. "Say, midmorning?"

Brandon and Noah pulled the silent communication thing and then Noah nodded. "There'll be a rush fee, but we can make that work. Let's pick your gems and I can give you a final total."

"Put the rush fees for all three on my bill," said Tony. "What? I want you marked for our date tomorrow night, so I'm gonna pay for it."

"Yeah, yeah," said Bucky, tugging him in for an affectionate kiss.

"You know, being a trio is really good with us," said Brandon, eyes still on his work. "You guys should consider trying your keys."

"We will when we're ready," said Tony firmly. "We're still pretty new to this love thing, and I'm not ready to worry about the outcome if we're not a match. Carpe Diem and all that."

Tony was aware that he was babbling and also pretty obviously a little worried, but two arms circled him and two kisses dropped onto his hair, and he took a breath.

"We're a match, soulmates or not," said Steve, sounding way more certain than Tony felt like he'd had any right to hope for.

Bucky helped Steve put on the bracelet and it was a little tight, but Brandon promised he could add in a pair of rings to make it big enough, and that was that. Tony practiced with his a few times while Brandon gently pried gems out of their settings, measuring them and giving Noah an inventory so they could choose new ones.

"Why don't we just consider the price as read and pick up tomorrow?" asked Tony, after a few minutes of watching them work. "Bucky and I will come by and pick them up. Or I could leave a deposit?"

"You're not worried about the final price?" asked Noah, and then he shook his head. "No, of course you're not, I'm sorry. Nothing should be more than thirty percent over the tag price, will that be all right for your two keys?"
Tony looked from one to the other hopefully. "I'd really like that pizza soon."

"And by pizza you mean sex on the couch," said Bucky with a laugh. "Yeah, it's fine with me. You okay with trustin' our boy, Stevie?"

"Yeah, it'll be fine," said Steve, after a deep breath. "Tony'll make sure it's all okay."

"Let me leave my card," said Tony, pulling out a business card. "If we don't come in by noon, just call and leave us a reminder message."

"Will do," said Noah, emerging long enough to shake hands. "Thank you for your business, Tony, Steve, Bucky. And good luck with your trio. I can see you three make each other happy, soulmates or not."

As they were leaving, Tony heard Brandon saying quietly, "They remind me of us, before."

"So, that was cool," said Tony, heading for the bikes. "Soulmated trio."

"It was really cool," said Bucky, sounding a little dreamy. "Makes me wanna unlock you all night, babydoll."

"I'm amenable to that plan," said Tony, a little shyly.

Steve grinned. "As long as we pause for pizza at some point, and yes, I realize I've volunteered myself to go get it by saying that. I get to spoil you guys, too, sometimes."

"Sometimes," agreed Bucky. "Take our box home, Stevie."

"You got it, Bucky," said Steve. They slipped into their helmets and headed out, Tony wrapped around Steve like an octopus.

Tony couldn't help daydreaming of a true unlocking, thinking about that bracelet, hoping so hard for tomorrow that he worried he'd hurt himself if things went with the odds and they couldn't unlock him. That he'd break his own heart and theirs by wanting too much, needing to have it all instead of the amazing relationship he'd already found with them.

When Steve parked the bike, it took Tony a moment to be willing to let go even long enough to go inside.

"We're gonna love you right, Tony," said Steve, pulling him into a hug just inside the front door. "I love the bracelets so much."

"They're just right for us," agreed Bucky, kneeling down to undo all their boots and steal everyone's socks. "You'll make my new arm look good with mine, I bet."

Tony chuckled. "I was thinking about it, yeah. JARVIS can help me alter the plate overlaps a little bit to echo the bracelet once we've got it."

"You trust him for a lotta stuff, it's so good to see, kitten," said Steve. He got their jackets off, giving them to Bucky to hang up with his own, then went right to shirts afterward. "We're not gonna let you get dressed again until morning, okay?"

"We want you naked for us all night," agreed Bucky, accepting the shirts and then, when Steve got to work on those, too, their pants and underwear. "I'll be back in a sec, get him cuddled up, yeah?"

"Will do," said Steve, kissing Tony and walking him backwards, the two keys barely needing to talk
to coordinate spoiling their box. Tony let himself be tucked into the blankets, snuggled against the cushions, petted like the kitten Steve called him. He tried to let go of the fantasies for the here and now, and it mostly worked, though he let out a somewhat-hysterical laugh when Steve made sure JARVIS could hear Tony clearly through careful placement of their three phones.

"You're insane, and I love you so much for it," said Tony, pulling Steve in for a very hot kiss.

"We love you for your insanity, too, dollface," said Bucky, sliding in behind him naked, his hands both warm as they joined Steve's in roaming Tony's body. "Stevie's gonna fuck ya tonight, which means I get ta touch ya both wherever I want while he does."

Tony moaned happily and let Bucky spread him, let them manhandle him into position so Bucky could lick into his mouth while Steve licked at the other end, taking his sweet time to warm Tony up before really getting into the rimming, and then a thorough tonguefucking. Bucky's mouth moved away to roam over Tony's skin, which left Tony free to let his mind run amok, let his thoughts spill out about love and science, physics and mechanics and electricity.

Bucky's hands were working as much as his mouth, the two of them shifting Tony so he was cradled against Bucky's body, so Bucky could whisper praise and love in Tony's ear. Not just for his body, but his mind as well, echoing threads from Tony's thoughts just to admire them aloud. Tony was a little worried he'd come just from that, but then Steve tugged down Bucky's metal hand and held Tony's body curled up enough that Bucky could finger him, those big hands easily spreading and holding Tony while his mouth stayed busy with Tony's sensitive entrance.

"I can almost feel ya, dollface, I can just imagine how hot you are inside. I can tell from how you squirm when I'm hittin' the right spot, the way you press yourself into me ta get more. We're gettin' ya so hot for our Stevie's big dick, you'll take it so good for us, baby, every inch of him for as long as he wants ta have ya."

Tony gasped at the implication, at the promise of being used, keyed up and unlocked all night if that's what Steve wanted, with Bucky there to hold him the whole time. "Yes, fuck, please yes," he babbled, pleaded, wanting so much to be fucked out of his mind for as long as they could manage.

"He's ready now, Stevie," said Bucky, a gentle order, but an order nonetheless.

Steve hmmmmed and sighed, wiping his face on something and kissing up Tony's body to his mouth. "Gonna use a condom an' the good slick so we can go longer," he said, hands busy getting himself covered and slippery. "You want that, don't you, kitten?"

"Yes, fuck, all night, want to be yours, be sore tomorrow," Tony felt wanton, unhinged and desperate to belong to them in every way he could manage. "Please, please, my keys, please unlock, ohgod, oh yes."

His begging fell apart completely as Steve slid into him, feeling thicker than Tony expected even after their week of sex, and longer, too, big and hot and so deep inside him. Bucky whispered something in Tony's ear about friction coefficients and it set of sparks in his brain to match the ones thrumming under his skin, set off a whole chain of thoughts he gasped out as Steve drove himself slowly in and out, over and over, patient and relentless as he took Tony apart.

Tony lost track of time, lost track of everything but the feel of the two men surrounding him, of Bucky's hands and Steve's cock and both their mouths, brushing over his skin, murmuring words that slipped through his own thoughts to twine in with them.

A fine tension built in Tony's body, starting with his hips and thighs and spreading until his toes were
Tony's vision went white as he came, his whole body bucking up into the touches, clenching down on Steve's cock, trying to take in every bit of pleasure it could before spilling it all out between them.

"Fuck, I can't, Tony!" Steve's cock started pulsing inside him, big and hot and setting off little aftershocks inside Tony's wrung-out body. "I love you, I love you," he murmured as he came down off his own peak, kissing over Tony's face, finding his mouth. "Our box, ours."

"Love you both, oh, I am yours," said Tony, gasping a little still, his heart rate up but not quite dangerously so, at the edge of what his body could take. "All yours, yes. You gonna have me, too?"

Steve put his face, his ear to Tony's chest and shook his head. "I'm gonna suck him while he holds you."

Tony huffed. "I'm fine," he said, twisting to kiss Bucky. "Don't you want to fuck me?"

"I want ta hold you while Stevie gets what he needs," said Bucky. "You want that, too, dontcha?"

Tony moaned as Steve and Bucky started manhandling him around so Bucky's cock rubbed against his sore entrance. "I, yes, fine," he said, feeling his heart rate slow and his body melt into the affection.

"Mmm, good box," murmured Steve, already kissing down Tony's spine to his ass, to mouth at the head of Bucky's cock, to suck him in a way that faceplanted Steve happily between Tony's cheeks. Steve made contented sounds as he sucked, big hands full of Tony's ass and Bucky's cock down his throat. Tony couldn't see but he could feel the movements, hear their pleasure, be a part of it even though he wasn't the main event this time, just like Bucky had been a part of their lovemaking moments before.

"Love, fuck, love you both so much," Bucky groaned, hips rocking Tony's whole body with them as he fucked up into Steve's throat.

Tony purred and started to lick and bite at Bucky's neck and jaw, teeth scraping over stubble ever so gently, his attention entirely in the moment now. He murmured sweet words to go with them, affection spread over Bucky's skin and dripping into the spaces between them, curling down to Steve where he was showing his own love in his favorite way. The time stretched out again and Tony had no idea how long they kept their tableau before Bucky stiffened and came in Steve's eager mouth.

"Fuck, Stevie, so oral," gasped Bucky, panting, holding Tony close while Steve came up to cuddle them both.

"S'good," said Steve, voice just a little heavy as he drifted in the haze of their lovemaking. "Love language."

"We're all very loved," agreed Tony, sounding pretty out of it himself as he purred the words into Bucky's shoulder where he'd ended up pillowed. "Better'n pizza."

Bucky chuckled. "You'll get pizza in a little bit, brat. Stevie needs to find his brains again before he can head over."
"Tony's got enough brains for all of us," teased Steve, pressing kisses over Tony's bare shoulder. "I'll never get tired'a listenin' to ya like that, sweetheart."

Bucky let out a sound of sensual appreciation. "Me, neither, fuck, I never knew quantum theory was so sexy."

Tony wanted to laugh it off, but they sounded so sincere, kissing the truth of their admiration into his skin while he let the words settle in his belly, warm and fluttery. "I'm never letting you take a physics class in real life, then."

Steve hmmed, then asked shyly, "Can I draw you two after pizza a little?" He nuzzled at Tony's shoulder. "You did promise I could draw your gorgeous ass."

"Fine with me, love," said Bucky, his hand petting Steve's arm. "Do ya mind, dollface?"

"As long as it's warm enough," said Tony. "I don't want my ass immortalized with goosebumps."

They shared an easy, warm laugh and they slowly climbed up out of languor and into enough action to be going on with. Tony stayed in his cocoon of blankets and was handed his tablet to talk to JARVIS about his sex notes, while Bucky and Steve called in the pizza order and got some coffee on, as well as plying him with cool water and bribing him with kisses to drink the whole glass without complaint. Tony tried to feel like the coddling was a little much, but in all honesty he still felt loose-limbed and weak-kneed, and he wanted as badly to bask in their care as they seemed to need to give it to him.

"They're pretty much perfect for me, aren't they, J?" said Tony quietly, smiling over to where a naked Bucky was kissing Steve by the door, handing off keys and cash and promising to keep Tony happy while Steve was gone.

"I can only encourage the continued association, sir," said JARVIS, which for him was a rousing recommendation.

"Toldya your AI likes us," said Bucky, sliding under the blankets with a coffee for them to share. "Bein' loved is a good look on you, Tony."

"Feels as good as it looks, then," said Tony, turning for a kiss. "You guys are great for my productivity, some of these notes are pretty brilliant if I do say so myself."

"I like that one," said Bucky, pointing to a post-it Tony had pinned to one side that was mostly Bucky's praise with a few disjointed words that Tony had had to parse into several different sentences. "Makes me look like I was helpin'."

"You do help," said Tony, turning to kiss him hard. "God, you two make me feel so good that I explode with ideas and when I come back down the future is still waiting for me instead of crashed on the floor."

"We'll always be there ta catch ya," promised Bucky. "Especially if you faint from being fucked too good."

Tony laughed. "You are such a jerk," he said fondly. "Steve is so right."

"Yeah, but he's a fuckin' punk," said Bucky, "and somehow we landed ourselves a genius."

"Magnificent pecs," said Tony. "I thought I was going to faceplant into Steve's chest. Does he know how his nipples show through those shirts?"
"That's Army regulation fit," said Bucky with a laugh. "He's immune to it after all those years, but I'm not. I always wanna lick him."

"I wanted to lick you both," said Tony. "I still can't believe you gave me twelve shots and the best orgasms of my life."

"I feel like that's a challenge," said Steve, closing the door after himself and sending a waft of pizza-scent into the room. "Don't you think that's a challenge, Buck?"

"That is absolutely a challenge," said Bucky, "but for after pizza an' modeling. I wanna see your drawings of Tony's ass."

"Oh, and I want to see your drawings of Bucky's naked gorgeousness," said Tony, perking up happily. "Pretty please?"

"After pizza," said Steve, setting the box down and stripping off with a military efficiency that Tony couldn't deny enjoying. "You need another coffee, sweethearts?"

"Yeah, please," said Bucky. "Tablet off for dinner, yeah?"

"Yeah," said Tony, filing one last note and then closing it up. "Thanks, I think I got most of them squared away enough to remember what I was thinking tomorrow." He'd been very pleased to find that the source of his sex-fueled inspirations didn't keep him from remembering where he'd been trying to go with the ideas, at least once he got his brain out of his pants for two seconds. He set the tablet aside and kissed Bucky sweetly. "Stevie, do you want the middle since you did the hard work?"

"Nah, I wanna spoil our box," said Steve from the kitchen, returning with plates and napkins and two fresh cups of coffee. "That's as good for me as being spoiled, honestly."

"He's right, sometimes we usedta fight over who'd get to do the spoilin'," said Bucky with a chuckle. "Now we've got you."

"And I'm fucking perfect for you, as I love being utterly spoiled," said Tony, shifting around happily until they were sitting properly on the couch, swathed in blankets and ready to eat the pizza Steve was passing over.

"We're a good match," agreed Steve, getting the three of them settled with coffee and pizza and their legs tangled together while their hands were too busy for touch. "I officially have zero regrets about my taste in tight shirts."

"Nor should you," said Tony, leaning over to lick at one of Steve's nipples before stuffing his face with pizza. "We should really get Bucky to start wearing more fitting shirts, once I build the mark IV."

Bucky huffed. "No one needs ta see my nipples but you two," he protested, but he was grinning. "I'll let you get me some more tailored pants, though, I like showin' off all those squats I do."

"Oh, man, your ass is a work of art," agreed Tony. "I mean, Steve's is, like, firm and pert and all, but there's something about yours." He looked over to make sure Steve wasn't offended.

Instead, Steve was nodding his agreement. "Your ass is my favorite, though, Tony."

"Mine, too," agreed Bucky. "Your whole body is so compact and wiry."
"And your mouth is so," Steve made a little noise. "The things I want to do with your mouth."

"After pizza," said Tony, though he gave Steve a very thorough kiss. "I need fuel if I'm going to be your sex toy all night."

Steve groaned. "Killin' me, kitten," he protested, eating a little faster.

Bucky grinned. "Is that an offer, dollface? You wanna just be our toy after this, let us play with ya?"

"Sure," said Tony, feeling a thrill of desire despite his recent and very fulfilling orgasm. "I trust you two not to take it too far."

"We'll treat ya like you're precious, darlin'," said Bucky, his voice a low, sensual drawl. "Don't you worry 'bout nothin'."

"Tony," Steve's voice was hoarse, eyes dark, cheeks flushed. "We'll be so good to you, sweetheart, oh my god."

"So, long-held fantasy, I take it?" said Tony, looking from one to the other. "You'll have to confess all of them to me someday so I know what to offer on special occasions."

That lightened the mood enough for them to start eating again; Tony had been worried for a moment that they were going to pounce before he was quite recovered enough to handle them.

"We've talked about it a few times," said Steve, just a tiny bit wary. "It's not, like, a boxist thing."

"He knows that, Stevie," said Bucky, planting a kiss on Tony's hair. "Tony wouldn't offer us nothin' he didn't wanna try himself."

"Spot on, Buckaroo," said Tony, leaving his crust in favor of another giant slice of pizza. They'd chosen well, tons of cheese and pepperoni on a classic New York crust, with a rich sauce that held up well. Not that he'd doubted them, given the good taste they'd shown in food so far.

Not to mention the coffee.

"Can I still draw you first?" asked Steve, sounding even more shy than before.

"Of course," said Tony, giving him a soft kiss. "I can be your model before I'm your fucktoy."

Bucky let out a low, laughing groan. "You two are gonna kill me, but 'course I c'n wait." He took more pizza, too, the three of them grinning now as they ate, shooting glances back and forth that promised all sorts of fun things.

By the time they'd polished off the entire pizza and the last of the coffee, the room had warmed up enough that Tony kicked off the covers of his own accord.

"All right, put me where you want me and give me some pictures of Bucky to stare at while I'm laying here," said Tony, rolling onto his stomach pointedly.

Bucky sighed. "You are both teases." He kissed Tony pointedly and then Steve, with lots of tongue and intent, before getting up to clean away the detritus of their meal.

Steve laughed and got up, retrieving a portfolio and sitting down. "Look, then I'll pose you and Bucky both." He spread the folio out and Tony sat up, paging through beautiful drawings and even some watercolor and pastel, all of Bucky in various states, from mostly asleep to obscenely aroused and everything in between.
"Oh my god, I want this one," said Tony, as soon as the image came in view. It was Bucky lounging on what was obviously their couch, mismatched blankets roughed in around him, his metal hand curled against his stomach and cock half-hard against his thigh. There was very little color on the tan page, black shadows and white highlights and the blue of Bucky's eyes, and a few hints of blushing rose on his cheeks, the tip of his cock and the buds of his nipples. His scars were lovingly rendered, other hand behind his head, far leg up and splayed not so much invitingly as languorously. As though he'd already had his pleasure, and was riding out the afterglow.

Bucky beamed. "We can frame it for his workshop, no one goes there," he said happily. "Please, Stevie?"

Steve blushed but nodded. "That was, um, after. You can tell, he looks so satisfied, he let me use my mouth on him for a real long time and then just sat there and made a stupid joke about French girls, and I had to draw him so I never forgot."

Tony laughed. "You're sure you've never seen Titanic?" he teased, giving Steve a soft kiss.

"He hasn't," called Bucky from the kitchen. "I saw a lot of dumb shit while I was recoverin'."

"That explains a lot," Tony called back. He turned puppy eyes on Steve. "Does this mean I can have it? Or buy it?"

"You can have it, but workshop or bedroom, nowhere public," said Steve, kissing Tony softly. "I'd prefer the bedroom."

"I don't mind the workshop," said Bucky, coming back out with hot chocolate for all of them. "We'll make sure Pepper's warned."

"Don't warn Rhodey, I want to see his face," said Tony, feeling very smug. "All right, hm, we'll get it framed and stuff, maybe I can have Happy come over and pick us up sometime with a few things that aren't very motorcycle compatible."

"You want us movin' even more stuff in, dollface?" asked Bucky, nuzzling at Tony's cheek and kissing his temple.

"I'd move you both in forever if I thought Steve wouldn't make that face at the mere suggestion," said Tony, gesturing to where Steve was looking disappointed and concerned. "So I figure it's my job to keep gently suggesting it until he stops making that face and makes the other one that he makes when I suggest oral sex."

Steve melted into a sheepish laugh. "We can't take advantage of ya like that, Tony."

"I'm pretty sure I'm the one who'd be taking advantage of you," said Tony, as lightly as he could manage. "but I can also be patient. The buy-in is as good as a move-in for now, in terms of a commitment that makes me feel like you're not gonna run off and ditch me the second you remember you're really in love with each other."

Steve's face went straight to concern and he pulled Tony right into his lap for kisses. "We're not gonna do that, sweetheart, we know we're in love with each other. We're in love with you, too."

"Both of us, Tony. We're the forever kinda in love with you." Bucky plastered himself against Tony's back and murmured the words into his skin. "Please believe us, Tony."

"I'm trying," said Tony, hiding himself in Steve, in Bucky, not so much from them as the rest of the world. "I just need to hear it a few thousand more times, I'm sorry."
"We'll tell ya every day," said Bucky. "You need spoilin' an' we're the keys to do it."

"You need us both to keep up with you," said Steve teasingly, kissing Tony's hair and cheek. "Double the spoilin'."

"Double the keyin'," said Bucky, rubbing down Tony's scars all the way to his cock. "Double the lovin'."

"God, I really do," said Tony, clinging, his hand going down to tangle Bucky's fingers away from his cock, making the connection less sexual and more emotional. "I've always needed that."

"We're here for ya, babydoll," murmured Bucky, soft and sweet. "Love ya."

"Love ya both," Steve echoed. "With my whole heart."

"I am so in love with you guys," said Tony, barely above a whisper, but they heard him anyway if the tender kisses he got were any indication. They stayed like that a while, snuggled and kissing, before Bucky reminded them of their cocoa and Steve manhandled Tony into position draped over Bucky, the two of them a languid echo of the other drawing, Bucky half-hard and smug and Tony draped and spread and wanting, inviting another go.

Steve sighed and started drawing, using one of the big pages clipped to a board instead of in a sketchbook, a box of pencils at his side and a smile on his face the whole time he worked. Tony's mind drifted, and Bucky's hand stroked through his hair, keeping him grounded. He found himself murmuring conversation with JARVIS, the phone hidden next to Bucky's hip out of sight, discussing more of the synthesis he was leaning toward, using one discipline to boost another, cross-pollinating his own ideas in ways that no one else could have managed because no one else had access to all of it.

The room was warm enough he half forgot he was naked, so comfortable draped over Bucky with those metal fingers in his hair, with Steve's eyes on his body. He managed to drift in the moment, ignoring the world, that anyone existed outside the three of them and JARVIS.

That was, of course, when it all went to hell.

Bright light started flashing at the window, not just once but over and over, and Bucky froze, even his breathing going quiet. Someone pounded on the door, making all three of them jump, and Bucky dove behind the couch, hauling Tony with him. "They're coming for us, baby, I'm so sorry, they're here."

Steve stood up looking angrier than Tony had ever seen him while Bucky hid in Tony's stomach and trembled, panting, clearly panicking and not entirely aware of where he was.

"Trousers, Mr. Rogers," said JARVIS. "It is 8:23pm and you are in Brooklyn, New York. The temperature is 51 degrees, and there are at least three reporters invading your private property. I have taken the liberty of contacting the police. It is 8:24pm and you are in Brooklyn, New York, in the residence of Steve Rogers and James Barnes. You are safe and the authorities are on their way."

"Bless you, J," Tony murmured, stroking James' hair. "You hear that, Bucky? You know JARVIS, you do, he knows more than all of us combined, and he wants you to know you're safe. You've got to breathe with me, Buckaroo, can you do that? Breathe in, deep, like that, here." Tony put Bucky's metal hand against his own chest, pressing it flat against the scar. "Breathe in with me, yeah, now out," Tony breathed, too, tuning out whatever Steve was doing, focusing his whole attention on Bucky now.
He was vaguely aware of Steve wearing nothing but jeans and yelling at reporters, threatening to sue, but he was too busy taking care of Bucky. The spot they were in was hidden from the door, and Tony pulled a blanket off the couch to cover them both, making a tent of it over them so they were insulated from the world. "Keep breathing, my beautiful barista, no one else will give me twelve shots so you've gotta keep loving me."

"Course I love you," came the small, confused reply. "Tony, what?"

"There you are," said Tony, tilting his face up for a kiss. "Some reporters found us, they gave you a panic attack."

"...two veterans of multiple conflicts, you can fucking google for our medals! You found our house and didn't even bother to make sure you weren't going to hurt someone invading our privacy? What kind of assholes..." Steve's voice was a rising and falling cadence of indignation, and Tony privately thought he'd like to watch that show in person, someday when everyone was clothed and no one was panicking.

Bucky snorted. "Stevie's reamin' someone good and it ain't us," he said, right hand moving from 'clutch' to 'caress' now, though the left stayed right where it was under Tony's, against his rabbiting heartbeat. "Do we gotta put pants on?"

"What seems to be the problem here?" came a new voice, and Tony relaxed.

"We might," he said softly, "but if we do, Stevie'll bring us clothes."

"This is private property, and these assholes decided to scare a pair of war veterans and an ex-kidnap victim with bright lights and loud noises for some fucking headline, that's what," said Steve. Tony could picture him, dogtags against his broad chest, jeans hung low on his narrow hips, hair messy and eyes like ice with righteous anger. "They gave my partner a fucking panic attack, and I want them off my property."

Tony kissed over Bucky's face. "You did really well, you know, getting me safe, trusting Steve to take care of us," he whispered.

Bucky nodded in the dark. "You, too. You and JARVIS, his voice, he does that for you usually, huh?"

Tony nodded. "Whenever I wake up alone, or have a panic attack. He's got protocols for it, though he can't monitor me the same way here as in the tower." He wasn't going to say 'at home' because this was their home, and the comfort Tony found here he'd never found anywhere but his workshop before. "You'll always be safe with us, Bucky-bear."

Bucky kissed Tony like he was oxygen, both arms going around him now. "Same goes for you, Tony. You're safe between us, you and your heart."

Tony stole another kiss, keeping half an ear open for someone to request their presence or require input from him, but all he could hear was the cops clearing people out and asking if Steve wanted to file a police report, which he did standing right there on the doorstep in the chill night air instead of letting anyone else into their space tonight.

"I'm sorry we had to involve you," said Steve, an interminable time later during which Tony and Bucky had alternated kissing and snuggling.

"Better you call us than shoot them," said the officer, voice wry. "Not a lot of combat vets would've let them go without a scratch."
"Yeah, that's what, uh, we figured. I can't lie and say I wasn't about ready to hit someone, but I will say that I was tryin' real hard not to." Steve's voice was low, tired, and Tony decided that maybe what they really needed was just bed after this.

"We'll get back to you if we need any other statements," said the other voice. "Go take care of your partner now."

"He's got someone with him, but thank you," said Steve, and they heard the door close, the draft cutting off abruptly. "Are you guys really okay?"

"We're fine," said Bucky, popping up out of the blankets. "But I guess we gotta get some nicer curtains."

"I am so," Steve took a deep breath and let it out. "That wasn't a moment for anyone but us. Tony, how can you stand it?"

Tony stood and slid over to Steve, shamelessly stealing the blanket to wrap them both up in. "I hate it," he admitted, "but I'm used to it, I guess. It's a fact of life in my world, though the vultures will eventually get enough of us if we end up as a stable trio."

"Even threesomes get boring after awhile, I guess," teased Bucky, coming up to wrap around Steve from behind with another blanket. "Wanna get t'bed, Stevie?"

"God, I really do," said Steve, leaning into their embrace. "I'm sorry, Tony, can we have a raincheck?"

"That fantasy's not going anywhere," promised Tony immediately. "I'll be yours to toy with another time, I promise. Maybe Thursday."

"Not tomorrow?" teased Bucky, gently steering the three of them through the living room.

Tony smirked, though even he could tell it was a tired shadow of his usual impish charm. "I've got specific plans for my ass, your cocks, and Steve's tongue tomorrow night, if you'll recall. Something about him licking you both out of me?"

Steve let out a little moan at that. "Oh my god, Tony, you really meant that?"

"Of course he did, Stevie," said Bucky, sounding amused and equally tired. "Our Tony's never teased us yet without followin' through."

"I'm a really stand-up guy like that," said Tony. He darted away to pull back the covers and help Steve into bed, laying the body-warmed blanket over top of the duvet. "I'm gonna just go grab our phones and make sure everything charges, I want JARVIS in here where he can watch over us."

"Good idea," said Bucky, stealing another kiss. "Steve an' I'll be here." He slid into the bed with Steve, curling close, smudges under his eyes and a haunted, hunted look sliding over his features briefly before it cleared back into trust and love and peace.

Tony stepped out into the living room and straightened up a little, then texted Pepper to deal with the reporters. JARVIS had helpfully identified all of them by listening in on the conversation with the cops, and they would all find the threat of a lawsuit in their inboxes tomorrow, should they try to publish any photos of him with his keys.

Tony didn't usually care about his own ass being out there, but he didn't want to steal that moment away from Bucky and Steve, not when they'd all been so at peace.
Hell, he didn't even want it stolen from himself.

Tony got the phones charging and curled up on the other side of Bucky, who was already starting to fitfully drift. "You can tell me anything he needs, and I'll do it," said Tony firmly. "And anything you need. I mean it."

Steve kissed Tony again and then Bucky's hair. "I know you do, Tony. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"Maybe Thursday," said Tony, just a little teasing. "You're going to be pretty tongue-tied after our date tomorrow night."

Steve let out another little moan of anticipation that ended in a laugh. "How did you end up so perfect for us, Tony?"

"You two have excellent taste, I guess," teased Tony back.

"Damn right we do," said Bucky, yawning. "Now shuddup so I c'n sleep, assholes."

"Jerk," said Tony fondly.

"Punk," said Bucky with a huff against Steve's chest.

"Genius," finished Steve, kissing Tony's hair.

Tony let himself drift off, the shock and adrenaline wearing off into exhaustion that, for once, he let pull him down into sleep. Tomorrow was a very big day, and he wanted to be rested for it.
Despite having gone to bed earlier than planned, Steve was wholly unprepared when the gentle chiming of his alarm dragged him out of sleep. He was warm, his body heavy and lazy after their long weekend, and all he wanted was to ignore it and burrow back into Bucky, into Tony, and ignore whatever the day would bring.

Unfortunately, Clint would be here in half an hour, and Steve really didn't want to be naked in bed with his boyfriends when that happened.

Said boyfriends were yawning, shifting as the chimes grew louder, and Steve slipped out of bed to shut the alarm off. He kissed them both on their messy hair and went to brush his teeth and wash up; they'd skipped it last night, and he was pretty sure he had lube in his hair, so a shower was definitely in order. He had just enough time to start the coffee machine and sketch a quick doodle onto one of his old military t-shirts before Clint slipped in through the kitchen window with a grin.

"What's that?" asked Clint, cocking his head at the drawing.

Steve chuckled. "Tony asked for something of mine to wear that wasn't boring, so he gets a Howlies shirt," he said. The loose design was just a few wolves, but he knew Bucky'd know what it was and tell their box how he'd been marked.

Clint grinned. "I like it. We can make him wear GI Joe t-shirts, too, once you've let him make 'em, right?"

Steve rolled his eyes and finished off his coffee. "Yeah, I'm sure he wants some for himself. We might hafta redo the logo, though, if he's really gonna be a part of it."

"A part of you two, you mean," said Clint. He stole Steve's cup and poured the last of the pot in it for himself, unbothered by sharing in the way of their whole unit, by the end. When they sometimes only had one canteen to go around, they'd stopped caring who had licked what.

"That, too," said Steve with a little grin. It faded when he remembered the bad parts of last night and he sighed. "There's probably gonna be press today."

"Yeah, we heard the ruckus," said Clint, slapping his shoulder gently enough not to make him mess up the details he was adding to the shirt. "I'm glad Tony called the cops for ya."

"JARVIS did that," said Steve, a soft smile. "I guess that kinda makes it Tony, but Bucky actually hauled him over the back of the couch and Tony calmed him down. I could take care of the assholes because we had Tony there."

Clint nodded, understanding in a way few other people could. "He's the right one for you, then. I mean, assuming his ass is as good as it looks, because damn that is one fine ass. I'd top for an ass like that."

Steve snorted. "Aaand you made it weird," he said, stealing the last sip of Clint's coffee, too. "I'm gonna go say goodbye to my boys, and then we can get going."

Clint looked utterly unrepentant. "I'm just saying." He took the cup to the sink without argument, though, which Steve figured was a good start.

"You're lucky I know your mouth is writin' checks your dick won't try ta cash," drawled Steve,
Steve emerged to find Clint all zipped up and ready to go, and it didn't take him long to do up his own shoes and jacket, to grab the things he'd need for the day and head out. The morning air was crisp and cold, not enough to make his breath steam but full of the promise of fallen leaves and autumn spices.

Steve had always hated this time of year.

He had too many memories of winters spent in and out of doctor's offices, missing school and holidays and making his ma work extra hours to pay for it all. The only good part of those memories was Bucky there by his side, bringing him homework and blankets, hot chocolate or water with honey and lemon, hugs early on and kisses later, once they'd figured out they were both willing and eager. Steve took a few more breaths and got on his bike, waited for Clint to stow their bags and get on behind him before he started it up.

Clint riding behind him wasn't anything at all like Tony, and Steve tried not to hate the difference as he drove them to work.

The drive was easy at that hour of the morning, and their little garage was at least neat and familiar. Clint stowed his helmet with the ease of familiarity and grinned. "So, I'm guessing yesterday's delivery is probably a shambles?" he said, wandering through to the storeroom.

Steve sighed. "Everything cold is in the fridge, but otherwise, yeah."

"Then let me deal with this, boss," said Clint. "You go start up the coffee machines and make us a pick-me-up, and I'll bring us out a snack when I'm done."

Steve chuckled tiredly. "That grumpy, am I?"

"I'd be cranky, too, if I'd left those two behind in my bed," said Clint with a shrug. "You'll be better when they get here, or you'll hit someone who deserves it. That always perks you up."

Steve let out a wry breath of laughter. "Yeah, okay. Glad you're back, bitch."

"Glad t'be back, boss. Nat was gonna make me go interview at Stark if you guys didn't take me." Clint shrugged his jacket and turned to start hauling boxes and rearranging shelves, so Steve left him to it and went to inspect their new installation.
The mirror wall made the whole place bigger and brighter, the metal smooth as glass and polished to a level he hadn't really expected and had a feeling was Tony's doing. The counters had been mostly restored to rights as promised, and Steve let go of some of the worry he'd been holding while he got the morning prep underway.

Clint came out a little while later with a pair of his infamous "whatever I can find in the back to make it" sandwiches, which turned out to be pretty good now that they carried more actual food these days. Steve swapped it for a four-shot chocolate breve with extra caramel, just like the one he was nursing. There was already a crowd at the doors, and Steve could tell it was going to be a long fucking day.

"You make the orders, I'll run the register," said Steve. "Just let me double-check the drawer, and you can let the vultures in." He paused, then pulled up his phone and called JARVIS.

"How may I be of service, sir?" asked the AI smoothly.

"Can I have one of Tony's playlists today? And, um, can you send any of the press about us to my tablet?" Steve felt a little guilty for the frivolous requests, but Tony was asleep and wouldn't be making many demands in that state, so hopefully it was okay.

"Of course, sir," said JARVIS.

The store stereo came on with a satisfying screech of guitar, and Clint laughed and flashed the horns at Steve. "Right the fuck on," he said with a grin, getting his apron on with the nametag that still read, "Dick."

Steve snorted. "Someday we're going to make you have a real nametag," he threatened, heading to the office for the money.

"No you won't," called Clint after him.

Steve chuckled to himself. "No I won't," he agreed, though not so loud that Clint could hear him.

The drawer was where he'd left it in the safe and it counted out fine, so he brought it up to the register and then took a long drink of his coffee. "I really don't want to open that door yet," he said, glancing up at the clock.

"We've got five minutes," said Clint. "Eat your fuckin' sandwich, or Bucky'll kill me."

"Yes, dear," said Steve, but it warmed him to think about that. "Tony, too, now."

"Ugh," said Clint. "You three are so gross."

"Jealous," said Steve, pointing to him. He ate another big bite of sandwich; the weird nutella and turkey thing was growing on him.

"You know it," said Clint with a wink, having a bite of his own.

They polished off their food and cleaned up the crumbs, and Clint was the one to take the spare keys and open the door, letting in the first stream of customers.

"Hi! What can I get you this morning?" said Steve letting the familiar words shape his mouth into a customer service smile.

"Steve Rogers?" asked the man.
"I'm not for sale, sorry. Would you like coffee, tea, or to leave?" said Steve, keeping his tone light and smile plastered on.

The man rolled his eyes and Steve wondered if Clint had already decided to spit in his drink. "Double cappuccino," he said shortly. "Now will you answer a few questions?"

"No," said Steve cheerfully. "That'll be $3.75, please."

The man handed him a five and very pointedly didn't tip with his change.

Steve raised his voice and said loudly, "Anyone here who isn't a customer, we're not doing the reporter thing today. Buy coffee and leave, or just leave. I've got a business to run." He waited a moment, then turned to find one of his regulars grinning at him. "The usual, Alex?"

"Please," said Alex, holding out his credit card. "I was wondering why you looked so grumpy for someone supposedly doing very well for himself."

Steve was surprised into genuine laughter, nearly messing up the order before he went back and fixed it. He put on his best Brooklyn drawl and said, "Well, ya know, I'd much rather be at home with my boys than here dealin' with these nosy assholes."

"I've got a double cap for Nosy Asshole," said Clint loudly.

Alex chuckled. "It's good to have Clint back. I like the mirrors, too."

Steve swiped his card and handed it back. "It was time for both," he said with a grin. "See you tomorrow?"

"You know it," said Alex, moving away. Clint handed him his drink without even calling it, and Alex took a sip right away, making a pleased face. "Oh, this is really good. Did you do something different?"

"Tony tuned up our machine," said Steve. "He got bored while we were closing."

"Oh, that's why it's smoother," said Clint happily. "Well, give him an extra blowjob from me."

"No," said Steve, rolling his eyes. He turned to the next woman in line and apologized for the wait, and she only huffed a little before ordering a half-dozen coffees off a post-it.

The morning went by fast enough, with very few reporters bothering to stick around beyond getting a coffee and a very pointed brush-off. One kid set up at the table by the door that always got weird glare, so Steve let him marinate in the folly of his own poor life choices and ignored his puppy-eyed attempts to get an interview for his blog or school paper or whatever. When the rush died down, Steve answered some adorable texts from his boyfriends and read through the news that JARVIS had put on his tablet, which managed not to have a single photo of them naked, though it was heavily implied that they'd been caught doing something kinky and unprintable.

Steve found this unintentionally hilarious, given that the drawing session had possibly been the least kinky thing they'd done together in the past week.

"So," said Clint, after Steve cracked up at yet another dumb headline, "just what were you guys doing?"

"Art," said Steve.
Clint got the joke right away; he'd modeled for Steve a time or two, and Bucky was too proud of being Steve's nude model not to brag to all their friends. "Oh, man, they are just too dumb for words. All that time you three spent doin' the nasty and that's what they interrupted?"

"Right?" said Steve, shaking his head. "Assholes."

"Definitely assholes. Did you get the drawing done?" Clint's hobbies mostly consisted of pizza, parkour, and projectiles, but he'd always admired Steve's drawings.

"Enough," said Steve with a shrug. He'd get back to it someday soon, because he wanted to finish it for himself and his lovers, but he needed the bad parts of that night to fade a little more before he did. "The rest is just finishing work, you know how it is."

Clint hopped up on the counter and looked pensive. "You're gonna keep the shop open, though, right? Even if he moves you two into that sleek penthouse?"

"We are, yeah," said Steve. He couldn't protest that they hadn't talked about it now, but he wasn't ready to put themselves quite that much into Tony's hands after only a week. "I can't believe it's only been a week," he said aloud.

"You guys clicked right off," said Clint. "I've never seen you two so gone on a box."

Steve let out the grin that brought bubbling up through him, full of besotted love and happiness. "He's somethin' special, our fella."

"Um, excuse me." Steve saw the reflection in the mirror of the kid from earlier.

He glanced over and saw that the kid had packed up his things, so he sighed and turned. "What can I help you with, son?"

"Do you do refills?" he asked, holding out his empty coffee cup. "Dark roast, please?"

"No extra shot this time?" asked Steve, passing the cup to Clint to deal with, since he was back there.

The kid shook his head. "Nah, I don't have enough cash. Um, do you think." He licked his lips.

"You guys, um, you and Mr. Barnes, you were together before you found Mr. Stark?"

"Yeah, me an' Bucky've been a gay couple forever," said Steve, handing over the cup. "Sometimes you just know in your heart that love is more important than boxes or keys or fate."

"But now you're with Mr. Stark," said the kid, not quite a question.

"We're still with each other," said Steve. "We always had room for a box in our lives, but most boxes wanted us to choose. Tony doesn't do that."

Clint had done his psychic thing and fixed up the kid's drink the way it had been before, one extra shot, extra cream, honey instead of sugar. He watched the whole place like a hawk and took note of anything that interested him, including, apparently, this kid's drink preferences.

"I've known them forever," said Clint, though they'd really all met in the Army it felt like forever these days. "They've always been solid." He turned to Steve and added, "This one's on me."

"Oh, uh, thanks." The kid swallowed and took the drink, looking down at his wallet, fiddling with a loose seam. "You didn't have to do that."

"I can tell a confused kid from an asshole reporter even without my extensive special ops training,"
"Besides," said Steve, "us caffeine addicts have to stick together."

"So, did Mr. Stark really tune up your espresso machine?" asked the kid, sipping the drink with the same look of happiness that Tony got. "Oh, wow, this is perfect."

"He did, yeah," said Steve. "He's real smart, our Tony."

"It's always good to hear you say that, sugar dumpling," said Tony, and Steve turned and swept him up into a kiss without another thought. Tony felt so good in his arms, settling something in his chest that had been out of sorts all day, and his mouth tasted of mint and coffee and just a hint of skin and sex, giving him an idea what they'd spent their morning doing.

"Tony! Buck," Steve added, getting a kiss from his key, too, and enjoying Bucky's delight. "Did you guys get 'em?"

"Of course," said Tony, hefting a gift bag with the Fields & Son logo on the front.

"And a treat from Anna's," said Bucky, showing off his own burden of three stacked pastry boxes. "She's got hand pies and they look fucking amazing."

Steve glanced over at the boy, whose eyes had gone wide. "Can we help you with anything else, kid?"

The kid shook his head, taking his drink and getting out of there.

Bucky snorted. "What's up with him?"

"He's got a hero boner for Stark, and is probably a little gay for some other box," said Clint, hopping down from the counter. "How long am I working today?"

"Can you do a full eight?" asked Bucky. "Lunch break, the whole deal?"

"I suppose," said Clint. "You don't really need me now, though."

"Sam's bringing a coupla guys in later," said Bucky. "If you're here, it'll go faster."

"Oh, yeah, sure," said Clint. He eyed the bag Bucky was holding. "There food in there for me?"

"You betcha, kea bird," said Tony cheerfully. "I bought us all a magnificent feast of tiny pies."

"Tell ya what," said Bucky, handing off the bag, "you watch the front a minute and set us all four up at our usual table, and we'll borrow Stevie before we all share."

"Shut the door if you're gonna have sex on the little couch so I can continue to pretend its comfortable cushions are unviolated, please," said Clint cheerfully. "I'm gonna google what the fuck a kea bird is."

Steve laughed. "You keep right on pretending," he said, ruffling Clint's hair just to be a dick.

Bucky looked antsy but happy, the way he did when he couldn't wait another second to share something, so Steve figured it was bracelets and not bad news. "We just want you to see 'em, so you're not the only one who hasn't," he said.

Tony dragged them back into the office and shut the door, stealing Bucky's leather jacket and then
shedding his own to show off Steve's drawing on his chest. "Just in case we get excitable. And should we wait on these? I kind of want to wear mine now, but I'm also going to spend the day in the workshop if Pepper will let me, so if you want to wait that's fine with me, too."

"They fitted mine to my arm, it snaps right on now," said Bucky happily, pulling out the biggest of the three boxes nestled in tissue and opening it to display its new diamonds. "Look how good you guys are together."

Steve's breath caught at the beautiful bracelet, the silver somehow finer in the light of their office, the gems sparkling as bright as his lovers' eyes. "Wow," he said, pulling it out and holding it, moving it in the light. "We really bought these?"

"They weren't that much," said Bucky. "Even the rush fee wasn't so bad, but I hadta let Tony get that 'cos you said."

"It's a lot of diamonds, but they're all small," said Tony. "Nice, though, good clarity and perfect color. They really have a talent for matching."

"Look," said Bucky, holding the bracelet up next to Tony's eyes, which sparkled with the same rich brown light.

"Wow, that is fuckin' perfect," said Steve, surprised into swearing. "Tony, can we now?"

Tony looked from one to the other then nodded. "If you're not saying no then I'm definitely saying yes. Here, let me do Bucky's since it's got a weird click thing, you can do mine and Bucky can do yours?"

"Perfect," said Steve. He watched Bucky's breathing go shallow and hopeful as Tony carefully positioned the bracelet on his metal wrist, then kissed it softly.

"I love you both, more than I thought I was capable," said Tony, the soft words a promise that made the moment feel sacred. This was more than some love-tokens to Tony, the same way it was for Steve and Bucky, and Steve felt himself sigh softly as Bucky leaned in and kissed him.

The next bracelet they pulled out was Steve's, and Bucky took that one, showing off the way Brandon had added in a couple of extra links to make the new length blend into the existing design. "It's so perfect," breathed Steve, feeling that tight clench as he saw echoes of their keys all through the curves and spokes. "Please?"

"I love you, Stevie, you an' our box, 'til the end of the line," said Bucky, getting the clasp done up and kissing him deeply, his mouth familiar and lips trembling ever so slightly. "I always wanted ta give ya somethin' like this." He pressed his lips to the center of the design, and they turned together to Tony.

"Your box," said Tony, holding out his own bracelet, the weave of metal and gem so much more perfect studded with their own blue diamonds. It hit Steve as he cradled Tony's wrist that none of them had ever really believed they'd get here, not in their hearts, and now they were defying everything to make promises before they even tested their keys in his lock.

"Our box, for always," said Steve, closing the first clasp and kissing Tony's wrist. "I love you so much, Tony, an' having you here makes me love Bucky more, which I didn't even think was possible." He closed each clasp with a little kiss, the final one pressed to Tony's palm and then his mouth. "Seven dates was just right, I guess."

Bucky chuckled. "It only took us three days ta love ya," he said. "But a week seems a good start to a
They all kissed, sweet and soft, a hint of the sensuality they'd share later but nothing urgent. Just a private moment, soft promises that meant more than Steve could ever have explained, if they didn't both already understand. If they didn't already know how much he needed and loved him.

They stood there for a few minutes, wrapped in each other and nothing else, feeling something blossom between them, new but stronger than steel.

Tony's phone broke the spell, but they were all smiling when he answered Pepper's ringtone. "How much time can I steal here?" he asked. "We haven't had lunch yet."

They couldn't hear her, so Steve and Bucky took a moment just to kiss and admire each other's tokens, to pet the stones and really let it sink in that they'd basically married Tony fucking Stark in their back office on a random Tuesday.

"If you make it an hour, I'll explain why I booked time at a particle accelerator next month," said Tony, his tone amused and a little wicked. "Also, good job suppressing those photos. I haven't seen so much of a hint of Bucky's dick online."

Bucky snorted, kissing Tony's hair.

"Awesome. Send Happy over in an hour, and we'll bring you one of those strawberry things you like. Oh. Um. Look, just text me your order, then, okay?" Tony sighed as he hung up and looked at them. "So you should know that I'm legitimately terrible at small, thoughtful things. Apparently she's allergic to strawberries and you should never listen to me?"

Bucky laughed. "You've got JARVIS t'help you be thoughtful," he said, pulling Tony in for another three-way kiss. "And now you've got us."

Tony's face went all soft and wonder-filled, like he couldn't quite believe it yet. Steve didn't mind, really; they'd have time, now, to make Tony believe. "We've all got each other," said Tony, snuggling into their chests. "Okay, food now, and then some making out after? Or do I have to do grown-up business things because it's our seventh date?"

"Definitely making out," said Steve, kissing Tony like he deserved. "And food, of course. We did promise Pepper."

Tony laughed happily. "You are the best keys ever."

Steve laid his hand over Tony's heart, and the wolves he'd drawn protecting it for them. "You're the only box for us, sweetheart."

Bucky kissed Tony through Steve's sweetness, then slid his metal hand down to grope one and then the other of them. "The only box who'd love this the way we do, genius."

Tony purred and rubbed into the touches, then let out a big sigh. "If we're actually going to eat, we should leave this room, because otherwise I am definitely going to get naked on that couch and offend Clint's delicate sensibilities."

Bucky laughed. "Clint has literally no sensibilities at all," he said, snuggling Tony in for another kiss. "He just likes being an asshole."

"It's his reason for being," said Steve. "However, having had a Clint special for breakfast, I would like to eat something that is a little less challenging."
"I'm easy," volunteered Tony immediately.

Bucky made a knowing face. "Never, ever let Clint feed you, babydoll."

"And you're only easy for us," added Steve with a wink. "No one else's gonna unlock you from now on." He pinched one of Tony's nipples, gentle even through two shirts.

Tony sighed. "Yeah, okay, food. And me not inquiring too closely into the eating habits of our local kea bird."

He was still talking as they emerged and found Clint laughing at Youtube videos on Steve's tablet. "I am absolutely this parrot, Tony, this bird is my soul twin."

"They're huge assholes," said Tony dryly, "which everyone underestimates because of their drab coloring. Destructive as fuck."

"Look at these two destroying a police car!" crowed Clint, shoving the tablet at him.

Steve looked, and then had to laugh. Two mid-sized, moss-green parrots were using their wicked beaks to dig the weatherstripping out of a police car's windshield, to pry at the wipers, to crack and peel away the light covers on top. They had flashes of orange under their wings, and were clearly enjoying themselves immensely.

"Oh my god," said Steve, still giggling helplessly. "I mean, wow, Tony, you are not wrong."

"Genius," said Tony teasingly. "Now feed me, because if we eat fast then I can have some more quality making-out time before my leash gets yanked back to work."

"Your table, sir," said Clint, gesturing to where he'd set out everything for them to have lunch, including water for all of them. "Bucky'll make our coffees, he's got magic."

"After we eat," said Bucky, leading a still-giggling Steve over to the table and sitting him down with a kiss.

"As long as I can get another one of that thing you made me yesterday," Steve said, leaning up to get another kiss from his key.

"So, jewelry?" said Clint, following up the question by stuffing half a hand pie in his mouth and moaning.

They laughed, and the trio explained between bites of Anna's delicious food, showing them off so proudly that it made Steve's heart ache with joy. Clint was impressed and a little bit of an asshole about it, which made it feel so normal that Steve thought his face might ache for days from the grins. They wolfed their food and then made out on the couch like teenagers, the keys tangled up with Tony on top, clothes on in deference to the time but all of them wanting to chase that sweet ache of desire together.

"I'm going to love tonight so much," said Tony with a grin and a suggestive wiggle right over Steve's cock.

Steve groaned and kissed him deeply. "So am I, kitten."

"Me, three," said Bucky, giving Tony's ass a squeeze. "I wonder if you could hold out long enough to fuck me while Stevie licks ya clean? So he can lick you outta me, too."
Tony whimpered.

"We'll find out, I guess," said Steve, taking a shaky breath as desire made his limbs heavy and hot.

Clint poked his head in back. "Sam's here."

They all three sighed. "Give us a minute ta calm our dicks," said Bucky, ever the charmer.

Steve rolled his eyes. "Give them some coffee on the house and we'll be out in a sec."

"Will do, bosses. Thank you for not being naked, by the way," said Clint, winking as he vanished again, closing the door rather pointedly.

Tony giggled, face buried in Bucky's neck. "You are such a jerk, Bucky-bear," he said, voice full of delight.

Steve took a moment to just hug his lovers, to inhale the scent of them, to press kisses to the back of Tony's neck and remind himself that they'd be back together in just a few hours. Tony melted a little more into the embrace in a way that always made Steve's heart twinge for the man who'd had to keep himself on guard even -- and maybe especially -- during these moments of intimacy. And then warmed him all over again to be one of the men who'd given him the space and love to relax completely.

"Love you, kitten," whispered Steve, and then he added, "You, too, jerk."

"Love ya, punk. Dollface, you, especially," said Bucky, understanding that Tony needed the sweetness despite Steve's lingering grumpiness. Steve had years of Bucky's sweetness to call on when he was down, but they were all still hoarding moments in their new togetherness.

"Love you both," said Tony with a sigh. "Does this mean I have to get up?"

Tony's phone beeped and JARVIS said, "I'm afraid so, sir. Happy is waiting, and would like a latte. He's also brought reusable travel mugs, if someone would care to retrieve them."

"Oh, yay," said Tony, hopping up and turning for kisses. "New stuff makes it better," he teased.

They laughed and kissed each other for a long, sweet moment before following him out, Steve putting his apron back on and Bucky moving to the machine to start up coffees for everyone. Clint had cleaned up after lunch and was lounging at the register, bopping along to Tony's metal playlist, which Steve decided to keep for the rest of the day.

"Sam, hey," said Steve, coming over to shake his hand, eyeing the two men he'd brought with him. "Bucky'll do the interviews in the office, do you wanna go with him or stay out here and enjoy the atmosphere?"

"I'll stay out here and watch Clint be mean to reporters," said Sam, amused. "It's my new favorite spectator sport."

Tony chose that moment to slide up under Steve's arm and kiss him. "And who are these nice people?"

"This is Dr. Sam Wilson, our group therapist," said Steve. "Sam, this is Tony, our box. Please don't threaten him."

Sam laughed. "No way," he said. "You're already getting them to make better decisions, so I've got
no problem with them keeping you, Tony."

Tony shook his hand, beaming. "Are these your maybe-baby baristas?"

"Thor Odinson," said the big, blond one, shaking Tony's hand. "And you are Steve Rogers, one of the owners?"

"That's me." Steve shook, glad to see neither of them bothered with a show of force, just a firm, friendly handshake. "And you?"

"I'm his half-brother, Loki Laufeyson." He was slender, dark-haired and sharp-featured where his brother was bigger even than Steve, with a beard and long surfer hair. "I was a technician, Thor did pararescue."

"We're originally from Norway," said Thor cheerfully.

"Well, it's good to meet you," said Steve. "If you pass muster, I'm sure we'll talk more, but I should get our box his coffee before he faints."

Tony laughed, hooking his fingers in Steve's belt loop. "You understand me so well, sugarlump."

Steve led Tony back over to Bucky for kisses and coffee, making sure to clean their brand-new Stark Industries travel mugs so Bucky could load everyone up with their preferred drinks. Tony surprised them both by asking for the same drink as yesterday, with as many shots as would fit in the cup. A few more kisses, and it was time for Tony to go. He promised to come back for them at closing, just to make it more of a date, and they in turn promised to come find him if he got too lost in his work.

Steve sighed as Tony left, leaning into Bucky. "I feel like we got married," he admitted, now that Tony was gone.

Bucky kissed his temple. "Me, too. And him, I think. He's not toyin' with us, he loves us."

Steve turned his head to whisper in Bucky's ear. "Well, then, tonight will be one hell of a wedding night."

Bucky chuckled. "You got that right," he said. "Okay, so, do we want two part-timers?"

"If they're both good, sure," said Steve easily. "More flexibility for us, for Clint. All of us going to your appointments, maybe. Lots of good reasons."

"Cool," said Bucky. "Sam hasn't steered me wrong but once, and we both agreed we couldn't have seen Schmidt coming."

"Yeah, he was a whole special bag of crazy," Steve sympathized. "All right, I'll take the register, Clint can get back to drinks, and you can go be a grown-up business owner."

"Just yell if the lunch rush gets to be too much," said Bucky, stealing one last kiss and abandoning his apron, revealing that he'd worn the t-shirt Tony had brought for himself. "Make sure JARVIS doesn't let weird bigoted stuff slip by on Tony's playlists, yeah?"

"I assure you, I am keeping the music to the standards specified previously," said JARVIS from where Bucky's phone was sitting by the espresso machine.

Bucky laughed. "Thanks, J. I should've known you'd have our backs."

"As long as you have sir's back," said JARVIS, sounding content rather than threatening, "it will be
my pleasure to do so."

Bucky went to snag Thor for the first interview, so Steve sauntered over to sit with Sam and Loki, chatting with Sam about the VA and everything else, and promising they'd actually show up to group this week after skipping last week for what they all considered very good reasons. Loki seemed a little too intrigued by their relationship with Tony, though his interest faded somewhat when Steve showed off his commitment bracelet. Bucky traded one brother for the other, and Steve had to go actually work as the lunch rush hit, making him forget everything but the next customer, the next order, the correct change and a smile for everyone who wasn't some asshole reporter.

Steve and Clint both had a lot of fun being cheerfully mean to the reporters.

Eventually Bucky finished the new hire paperwork and promised a schedule in the next few days, and Clint went home while Steve dozed on their tiny couch and Bucky watched the front during the afternoon lull.

The dinner rush bled into closing, and Steve lit up to see Tony slip in right before it was time to lock up, wearing Steve's shirt under a dark green suit that made him look annoyingly hot.

"I don't suppose I could convince you two to lock up a smidge early?" asked Tony, sauntering over for kisses. He didn't hesitate to come behind the register this time, which got rewarded by both his keys with a sweet snuggle.

"I think we could manage that," said Steve. "Bucky let me catch a little nap so I'm ready for tonight's festivities."

Bucky double-checked no one was hiding in the bathroom and then locked the door, flipping the sign and turning off the neon. Steve kissed Tony like his life depended on it, drinking the affection from Tony's grinning mouth.

"Get a lot done today, dollface?" asked Bucky, sweeping Tony into a kiss for himself and making Steve chuckle.

"Yep." Tony kissed him again. "Enough that we can all sleep late tomorrow, assuming you gave Clint keys."

"Yeah, he's all ready to open for us," said Bucky, which was welcome news to Steve.

"Awesome," said Tony. "All right, teach me to help close up so we can make out in back a little longer. Pepper's supervising the people setting up in the penthouse and she said it'll be at least 45 minutes."

"What did you do, Tony?" asked Steve, a worried frown on his face.

Tony huffed. "I didn't do anything I'm not allowed. She's finalizing the papers with the lawyers and had a meeting earlier, and I don't trust anyone else to do it this time."

"Yeah, okay, sorry." Steve immediately apologized with kisses. "Oh, hey, we got some compliments on your coffee today, not just that weird kid, but a few people noticed the tune-up."

"You're just makin' everything in our lives better, Tony-baby," said Bucky, snuggling up for a kiss from Steve and then stealing Tony to make out a little.

Steve found himself grinning fondly, and he shook his head. "JARVIS, can we get the music louder?"
The song turned up and Tony bounced delightedly. "You guys are still using my playlists, holy shit, you are the best," he said, turning from one to another to get kisses.

"It was good for Steve's grumpy mood," said Bucky. "All right, sweet things, I'm gonna go do the bathroom out of love for Stevie, so you'd better have it clean out here by the time I'm done."

"Thanks, Buck," said Steve, kissing him sweetly. "All right, Tony, off with the fancy jacket and then you can do the counters while I sweep."

"You got it, o captain my captain," said Tony cheerfully, slipping into the back and coming out with the sleeves of his undershirt pushed up and an apron hiding Steve's artwork. They worked together surprisingly well with Tony determined not to get too distracted, and soon enough they had the day-olds boxed up to go out back for the homeless and were polishing a few splashes off the mirror.

Bucky emerged smelling faintly of industrial cleaner, but he'd clearly made sure to clean himself up, too. "You two really did it, fuck yeah," said Bucky, pulling them into kisses. "Bring the drawer?"

Steve laughed. "We didn't do the crumb trays," he protested, but he let himself be dragged along. The money went in the safe along with Bucky's morning notes for Clint, mostly giving him permission to eat the last of the leftover hand pies, and an apology from Steve about the crumb trays.

When he turned back, Steve found himself with Tony in his arms and Bucky's mouth on his own. Tony started stroking over Steve's chest and stomach, hands finding their way to Steve's skin. The worries of the day melted away as Steve switched to kissing Tony, as his own big hands touched Bucky's familiar body.

Bucky nibbled at Tony's ear, getting up under Tony's clothes the same way Tony was doing to Steve. "Wanna have a little appetizer, dollface?"

Tony let out a happy sound, and his roaming hands got more focused, finding Steve's nipples. "I don't like pain, but does Stevie?"

"A little, not a lot," said Bucky.

Steve felt his face heat. "You can pinch a little, oh, fuck, yeah." He shuddered as Tony's hands started working at his nipples with just the right roughness to make his cock fill out his new underwear. "Tony, fuck."

"I love to hear you say my name like that." Tony pinched and tugged and made Steve's knees go a little weak. "Do you ever do this, just try to take him apart?"

"Oh, yeah, he lets me do all kindsa stuff. Our Stevie loves ta be grounded in his body, outta his worried head." Bucky captured Steve's mouth in a rough, hot kiss that matched perfectly with what Tony's hands were doing. "I love that you can help me do that for him."

"I love doing it," said Tony, with the sexiest growl in his voice. "I really, really love having Steve so far gone that he's nothing but trust and want."

Steve felt his eyes fluttering shut and his knees starting to buckle. "Please," he whispered, jerking as Tony's fingers were almost too rough but also not quite enough to send him into that quiet space in his head where he could float, knowing he was making his lover feel good with his big, strong body. He'd worked so hard to get where he was from where he'd been as a skinny kid, and all he really wanted now that he'd left the Army was to give his body to someone else, to Bucky and now Tony.

He'd never told Bucky this, but they'd always fit in other ways and this was just one more, with
Bucky needing to take and give where Steve needed to give and take in turn.

"We gotta strip him down an' lay him out if you wanna use him like this, love," said Bucky, soft words for Tony's ears that Steve just let float on by him. "He gets all weak-kneed an' he needs to stay grounded."

"J, give me my sex mix, the good one," said Tony, pulling away from Steve long enough to lead him somewhere, to push him down onto the loveseat and finish stealing his shirt.

Steve kept his eyes shut, a tiny smile on his upturned face as a low, slow beat washed over them.

"You are so beautiful, Stevie," said Bucky, and then familiar lips were on Steve's while Tony's clever hands got him out of his boots and socks, jeans and underwear, baring him while his lovers were still clothed. "Tony's just gonna touch you, and I'm gonna kiss you, an' you'll get to make him feel good soon."

"You, too?" said Steve softly. His hands had ended up palm down on the couch cushions, relaxed despite his desire to touch and pleasure and please.

"Me, too, baby. You'll please both your fellas, just like this, eyes closed and all naked and pretty for us."

Steve smiled, letting out a soft hum of satisfaction. "Good." He relaxed more, letting himself moan when Tony's hands found his thighs and spread them wide, when Tony's beard teased against the skin inside them, when Tony's teeth bit down in an unmistakable mark.

Steve moaned and melted that last little bit, a soft purring sensation setting up residence in his chest as Bucky kissed and kissed him. There were sweet murmurs of praise and affection and even love from Bucky, touches both rough and gentle, and Steve felt himself being shifted and moved just a little so Tony could have more access to all the sensitive, hidden places down there. Tony's mouth worked magic on his balls and ass, hips and thighs, avoiding his cock for now though in this state Steve didn't mind that so much.

Mostly he cared about Tony's touches, and the words and sounds of happiness that drifted up that told him his box was enjoying himself and enjoying Steve.

Bucky's hands roamed hot and cold over Steve's chest and then found his nipples and started working them over again, twice as sensitive from Tony's touches and connected directly to his cock when he got like this. Bucky pinched with his metal fingers, gentle but implacable, and Steve groaned as his desire built fast. Bucky had never wanted to use the hand like that before Tony had tuned it up, but now he was trusting Tony's tech and himself both with Steve's body, and it made Steve's cock twitch.

"Please," panted Steve, though he had no idea what he was pleading for anymore, just that he wanted so badly and he trusted these men to give it to him.

One of his hands was lifted and slipped into Bucky's open fly, giving Steve a task that he knew he could manage even in this state. Steve stroked him while they kissed, slow and gentle the way Bucky liked most of the time, though even he had his rough edges when he got in a mood. He pinched and tugged while Steve stroked him, swallowed Steve's purrs and moans and whimpers, and rocked his hips into Steve's hand in silent encouragement.

Tony worked his mouth and throat over Steve's cock, and it was all Steve could do not to come right then.
"He's so far down," said Bucky, between licks at Steve's open lips, "he'll go off soon."

"He's so beautiful," breathed Tony, and then more sharply, an order that lodged itself in Steve's chest. "Come in my mouth, Stevie."

That hot, talented mouth latched back onto Steve's cock and he let his control go, hips working with the bob of Tony's head, chasing his pleasure until it caught him instead. He spilled into Tony's mouth, moaning into Bucky's, mind whiting out completely with it for a few blissful seconds of perfection.

Steve came back to himself still chasing the last aftershocks of it, hips jerking with each little surge of pleasure as Tony suckled greedily. Steve whimpered when it got to be too much and then Tony's mouth joined Bucky's in a messy kiss against Steve's mouth, the three of them sharing air and lust and love.

"Tony's gonna fuck your mouth now, baby," said Bucky, smoothing back Steve's hair. "Then I'm gonna follow, so you've got the taste of all three of us on your tongue."

Steve's eyelids fluttered but stayed closed and he could feel himself grinning in pure joy at the thought of it. "Please," he rasped out, feeling languorous and wanton and so, so loved.

"Perfect," said Tony. There was some shifting around Steve and then Tony's cock was at his mouth, Tony's clothed thighs against his chest and Bucky's dick still cradled in his curled hand even though he'd stopped stroking it a while ago.

Steve opened up and took Tony down, sucking and licking as best he could, which mostly consisted of moving his tongue as Tony's cock slid over it and keeping his lips tight around the shaft. He had no idea how long it took, really, before Tony was gripping his hair and fucking his mouth properly, sloppily, and then coming over his tongue, making sure he could taste and swallow every drop. He barely had a chance to lick his lips before Tony had moved and been replaced by Bucky, his shape and curve more familiar but no less beloved than Tony's. Steve made a very happy sound when Tony curled against his side, reflexively putting that arm around him while Bucky fucked his mouth with the confidence of a man who'd been doing just that for him for years now.

When he came, Steve swallowed that, too, and let out the rumble of satisfaction that had been building in his chest the whole time.

Bucky curled against Steve's other side, both of his lovers still fully clothed while Steve lay bared between them, and Steve had never felt so safe.

Tony's phone broke the moment, but gently, the soft ping of a text and a sigh from Tony. "All right, boys, that's our cue," said Tony, sounding almost regretful. "Should we dress you, studmuffin?"

Steve snorted a laugh, eyes opening to the bright office and the happy faces of his lovers. "I think I can manage, sweet cheeks."

"Okay, I deserved that," said Tony. "Thank you for letting me, um, do that."

"Thank you for wantin' to, sweetheart," said Steve, pulling Tony in for one last kiss that chased the edges of that soft space without letting himself drop back into it. "It was so good."

"You were both really good for me," said Bucky. "You're such good boys for me, I can't believe how much I lucked out." He was smiling with a soft hint of wistfulness to it, that little worry that Steve held, too, that something would make it all fall apart before they were ready to let it go. Especially since Steve was pretty sure he'd never be ready to let them go.
"I can't believe I wasted so much time on keys who weren't you guys," said Tony, kissing Bucky in front of Steve, and then Steve, too. "Come on, I want dinner and dessert and Steve's tongue up my ass." He hopped up with a grin and set himself to rights, including his jacket.

Steve groaned, but it was pure happiness, really. After all, he wanted that pretty badly, too, to get to use his mouth on them both like that over and over. He gathered up his clothes and got dressed while Bucky did a last check of the store, and then they all went out the front, walking to the tower instead of bothering to call Happy or take their bikes.

Tony got more and more fidgety and flighty as they approached the tower doors, hands moving like fluttering birds and mouth running almost as fast as his big brain, talking over both his and Bucky's heads about whatever he'd been up to in the workshop today. Steve held hands with Bucky and smiled fondly at Tony, occasionally asking a small question but ending up largely in over his head with their genius box.

The doors opened on their own, for which Steve mouthed a silent thanks to the camera, assuming JARVIS at work. The lobby was empty except for Brookes, and they waved but didn't bother stopping since Tony's elevator was already open for them, too.

"Come here, kitten," said Steve, tugging Tony into a kiss as they glided up through the tower's many floors. "I'm sure we'll love whatever surprise you have for us."

Bucky curled behind Tony, the two of them absorbing his nervous energy into the steadiness they'd found together. "You're ours now, Tony, no takebacks."

Tony snorted a surprised laugh. "Are we twelve?"

"I'd love you at twelve or a hundred," said Steve, eyes dancing with mischief, kissing his sweet mouth. "Just with maybe less blowjobs."

"Perv," said Bucky, gently turning Tony's head so he could have a kiss, too. "You're just ours, Tony."

Tony took a deep breath as the elevator slowed, turning toward the door. "I'm good. We're solid. Open the door, J."

The elevator doors slid open and it was all Steve could do not to fall to his knees right there. A spindly table had been situated in the glow of a single track light, and on top of it was a box. Their box. Tony's box, presumably, but also his and Bucky's box, unmistakably theirs, the familiar design on the double lock making his heart leap with joy.

"Oh my key," said Bucky, already moving, hands at his neck. "Tony, Tony. You're ours."

That got Steve into motion, tugging Tony along, pulling out his own key. "You're our box, Tony, oh my fucking god."

"Oh thank fuck," said Tony, letting himself be dragged along while the two keys went to their knees, fumbling with their dogtags. "I was so scared."

"We'd never have left you, Tony." Bucky tugged him down so he was cradled between them, keys abandoned for a moment of kissing. "Can you open this for me?"

Tony's face was so tender as he took Bucky's dogtag case and gently removed the key, fingers tracing over its contours before he pressed it into Bucky's hand. "I think that's my line."
Steve laughed and kissed their box, their real box, the man they'd chosen and now no one could ever take away. "Mine, too, sweetheart? And then we'll unlock you together."

"Yeah we will," said Bucky, all spunk and innuendo now despite the seriousness.

The laugh they shared was breathless and a little hysterical, but it felt so, so good to Steve. Tony's deft fingers got his key out, too, caressed it like it was something out of a precious dream, and then gave it to Steve with the same tender gesture he'd used on Bucky. "Unlock my box, guys. I'm tired of living alone."

Steve and Bucky moved together, hands trembling a little but steadying as they slid their keys into each lock, the subtle differences enough that they knew whose was whose without having to ask or compare. They turned them in unison and the box clicked open, lid swinging smoothly upward to reveal three beautiful gold rings, designs echoing their keys and locks though each one had a complete circle, no missing segments now that they'd found each other.

Steve lifted out Tony's ring, the brown diamonds glittering in a way that was already becoming familiar from a day spent staring at his own wrist, sliding it in place and giving Tony a soft kiss. Tony was the one to pull Bucky's ring out, snapping it in place on the metal finger with a click that Steve thought might be magnetic. Bucky gave Tony his kiss and took up Steve's ring, putting it on and getting his own kiss, the three of them meeting in the middle after that for a much less chaste dance of lips and tongues.

Steve could feel them in his heart now, that warmth that had been licking at the edges of his awareness blossoming into a joy that echoed from all three of them, Tony's tinged with relief and Bucky's with shock. Steve pulled that feeling closer, opened himself up to it like he'd read you could, hands roaming over their bodies, finding both of his soulmate's hearts and drowning himself in the feel of their heartbeats inside and out.

"Keep your clothes on, boys," said a familiar voice, and Pepper Potts emerged from the shadows with Rhodey in tow. "There's paperwork, and yes, we're your official witnesses so that there's no question of fraud."

"JARVIS, lights," said Tony, standing. "Sorry about this, guys, but Pepper's right. We get this witnessed and everything signed, and no one will be able to argue against our bonding."

"Can you get good enough images for press, JARVIS?" asked Pepper, looking through the leather folios she was carrying and choosing one. "Rhodey, can you put these through the shredder?" She handed him the rest while Steve and Bucky got to their feet.

"Of course. Congrats, man," said Rhodey, slapping Steve on the shoulder and then giving Tony's hair a kiss. "I expect an invitation to whatever party you decide to have in lieu of a wedding."

"You're not stayin'?" asked Bucky, glancing over to the dining table, which was all set for some kind of romantic dinner for three.

"No way, I've gotta get back to work," said Rhodey. "Also, tired of watching you three make out."

"Thanks for sticking with me, platypus," said Tony, getting a big hug from his friend.

Steve felt the gratitude and an old, soft love that made him tangle his fingers with Bucky's and steal a kiss from his key. "I can't believe you're really my key, Buck."

"I can," said Bucky, smug as anything. "I told ya years ago our keys matched for a reason."
"Be that as it may," said Pepper, over by the counter where she'd spread out several stacks of paperwork, tapping each in turn as she spoke, "here we have soulbonding recognition, complete with witness signatures; Tony's buy-in to the coffee shop with provisions for being soulmates; your lease termination paperwork, citing the soulmates clause; your spousal NDAs including the DoD clearances fast-tracked by Col. Rhodes; and finally, Tony wants to give you a small portion of his assets as a bonding gift, which requires signatures from all three of you."

"Okay," said Steve, feeling a burst of surprise from both Tony and Bucky. "Look, we're his now, right? So he can, can give us whatever he needs to feel secure in that. Even if it's a fucking island or whatever."

A huge burst of joy made Steve wish he was still on the floor, because the depth of Tony's feelings made him weak-kneed.

"You are going to be so glad you said that," said Tony, pulling him down for another kiss and then going over to the counter. "Pep has the press release ready to go, too, if you two want to approve it."

He picked up the pen and started signing down the line, nonchalant on the outside but bursting with joy and what Steve thought was maybe ideas or inspiration on the inside.

"Oh my god, I can't wait to feel what he's like when he's workin'," said Bucky, going over to catch Tony up in a deep greedy kiss. "Tony, baby, you feel so good."

"Bucky feels like home," said Steve, coming over to get his kiss and do his part on the signatures. "Tony feels like fireworks."

"You both feel like home to me," said Tony shyly. "Like, safety and love and forever."

"You need a double dose of home," said Steve, kissing his temple with a fond smile. "You're up in the clouds so much you need two keys to keep you grounded."

Bucky chuckled, getting his own pen from Pepper and joining in the line of signatories. "We need someone to remind us that the stars are still up there and we ain't buried in the ground yet."

"We all need that," said Tony softly. He'd been moving through the documents with the smoothness of long practice, and he finished signing the last one with a triumphant flourish. "And with this, I'll know my keys are taken care of no matter what."

"Oh!" said Bucky, and he turned to Steve with puppy eyes. "This way if somethin' happens, we've got stuff in our name no one can take from us or put in probate."

Steve felt himself relax that tiny bit more, felt the relaxation from Tony, too. "Yeah, Tony, you take good care of us. I'm not gonna say no this time."

"It was a good idea," said Pepper. "He let me choose the assets to transfer, and the paperwork lets him cover the taxes."

"Wow," said Steve. "You really put together all this stuff just in case?"

"That's my job," said Pepper. "One of our lawyers did most of the work."

Tony picked up the tablet Pepper had left at the end of the row and opened it up to what was obviously a press release, with a photo of the unlocked box at the top, and a photo clearly taken by JARVIS at the bottom of the three of them together looking incredibly happy from sometime in the past week. Steve smiled and said, "Not gonna send out our lock screens with the press release, J?"
He went back to signing at Pepper's impatient look.

"I somehow think Miss Potts would override that choice, sir," said JARVIS, but he sounded amused, and the picture on Tony's tablet changed over for a moment.

"It's really great, thanks, Pepper," said Bucky, beaming over at her.

Pepper sighed. "Put the first one back, JARVIS," she said, but she sounded fond rather than angry.

"We can always take out a billboard with the good one, if anyone gives us shit," said Tony, the cheerful tease bubbling up through their bond like champagne. "The language looks good, did you write it?"

"I couldn't trust it to anyone else. NDAs only go so far." She sighed and accepted the empty folios from Rhod, who came over to give Tony one last hug and say his soft, happy goodbyes before heading down in the elevator.

Steve signed the last spot on the last page, trying very hard not to wonder how much money he'd just allowed himself to take from their lover. Their box, their actual, soulmated box, whose money was all theirs now, anyway. Steve took a breath and let it out, going over to pull Tony into a deep, greedy kiss, after which he turned and politely said. "Thank you for taking care of all this, Pepper."

"It was my genuine pleasure, just this once," said Pepper. "I'm going to make Tony use a party planner for your celebration, though, since I'm positive he won't do anything so mundane as a wedding."

"I don't need a priest, I've got the rings," said Tony cheerfully. "Unless you guys want the whole aisle and vows thing?"

"Nah," said Bucky, already on the last contract now that Steve was out of his way, initialing at every little flag. "A party sounds good ta me."

"Me, too," said Steve. "Something really exclusive, so you can snub every asshole who ever treated you badly." He was vindictive, he knew that, but he felt Tony's surprised pride curling in his belly, the little bubble of vicious glee that burst into the three of them, a shared schadenfreude. "We'll get all our friends, and just the people you want there, Tony."

"That sounds perfect," said Tony. "We can wear the second set of suits Kate's gonna make us, get some tie pins made by the Fields guys."

"Oh, yeah, Steve'll look so pretty in white for our soulbondin' party," said Bucky happily. He did his last signature and handed Pepper the pen; she swooped along and separated the papers out into four folios, each of which had one of the boys' names embossed on it, with the fourth blank. "All right, these are your official copies of everything, and I'll arrange for a display case for your box in a few days. JARVIS has all the dimensions, so unless you boys have any preferences for style?"

"Clean an' classic's fine with me," said Bucky, looking around the apartment. "When'll we move in for sure?"

"Whenever," said Tony. "We've got movers on hand, so your couch can go directly to my workshop."

Steve was surprised into a laugh, and Bucky, too, both of them kissing his hair. "I guess you got your wish, kitten. But I want one of those big washer/dryers down there if we're gonna do that, no hauling everything to a laundromat every time the blankets get dirty."
"I'll arrange it," said Pepper, before Tony could even open his mouth. "And as a bonding-gift, I'll get you guys an extra shipment of cushions and blankets for the stash Tony thinks I don't know about."

Bucky slung his arm around Pepper and kissed her hair. "You're the best, Pepper. Now get outta here, you've gotta have a life sometimes."

"Tony doesn't like it when I have plans," she teased, "but I'll trust you two to keep him in line about that from now on."

"We'll keep his mind busy," said Steve, slipping his hand down and cupping that gorgeous ass. "And the rest of him."

Pepper turned to Tony, smiling and a little damp-eyed, and said, "Will that be all, Mr. Stark?"

"That'll be all, Miss Potts. Oh, wait, can you get their new puppy to put a closed for honeymoon sign up? We're not doing anything outside of this penthouse for at least three days." Tony tugged Bucky over and looked incredibly smug, felt incredibly smug and loved and no small amount horny, cuddled between his keys.

Steve tried very hard to keep his dick in line while Pepper was standing there.

"Clint Barton, right?" she asked, pulling out her phone and heading for the elevator with the speed of someone who could identify Tony's shift in mood. "I can arrange that."

"Thanks, Pepper," chorused Steve and Bucky, waving as the elevator door closed.

"Please tell me dinner isn't gonna get ruined if we unlock you right fucking now," said Bucky, pushing Tony against the counter for a very hot kiss.

"It's all things that can wait on us," promised Tony. "Pepper made sure of it."

"Pepper needs a raise and possibly one of those small island thank-you gifts after this," said Steve, slipping himself behind Tony, cradling him close. "How d'you want it, Tony? You've had that box your whole life, how did you dream of your keys unlockin' you?"

Tony kissed them each, one after the other, face thoughtful and desire swirling in his body and through the bond. "I think we already have a perfect plan in place," he said, "because you two are better than any fantasy I've ever had."

Steve slid to his knees without realizing it, hiding his face in the small of Tony's back and making a sound of lust and love and overwhelming need. Their bond widened, tightened, as they all three felt the same things and reinforced those emotions, until it was all Steve could do not to come right there.

It was Bucky that pulled them back, Bucky taking control like they needed him to, like he liked best. "All right, bedroom. Steve, you carry Tony, he's only upright 'cos he's between us."

The order settled something in Steve, gave him the solidity to stand, to gather Tony up and carry him, to follow Bucky back to the bedroom. Their bedroom, now, which was going to take a little getting used to.

He chuckled and said softly, "I guess ya get your wish about movin' us in after all, kitten."

Tony hmmed happily, licking at Steve's neck. "I get a lot of my wishes tonight, honey badger."

"So do we, dollface," said Bucky. Steve looked over to find he'd pulled back the covers, gathered
towels and washcloths, and set out a bowl of steaming water with a bottle of lube warming inside. He laid a couple of huge bath sheets out over the bed and nodded to Steve. "Put our boy on this an' get him naked, then yourself. I'm gonna fuck his face a little while you lick him, just to start with." He looked over at Tony. "Don't come or you won't be able to fuck me, an' Stevie won't get his last treat."

Tony moaned but the feelings inside him were pure, sharp desire drowning in the honey-gold of love. Not one iota of reluctance, just wanting and a soft, rising submission that matched the feeling in Steve, the two of them giving themselves over to Bucky's solid hands. Steve undressed Tony reverently, one piece at a time until he was naked for them except for the bracelet, the promise they'd made before they'd known they'd get this. And his ring, of course, the soulmate ring that tingled against Steve's lips when he kissed it.

"I love you, Tony," whispered Steve, standing up to strip off. He kept his empty dogtag case, as always, plus the new bracelet and ring, everything on his body some kind of a claim. He relaxed into the peace that gave him, spread his legs and tilted up his chin, hands loose at his sides and cock on display for the lovers who were going to make use of it, and of him. "I'm all yours, Buck."

"Look at ya, Stevie," said Bucky, his voice broken with love and want. "Have ya ever seen somethin' so pretty, Tony? Steve's ours now forever."

"I was yours forever this afternoon," said Steve, smiling softly at the memory of it. "But now no one else can argue."

"I am so keyfucking glad that I have no subtlety or self-control," said Tony, shaking his head a little, spreading legs and going up on his elbows. "I'm yours, so fucking come get me, broncos."

Bucky barked out a laugh. "Go on, Stevie, get him warmed up while I get naked," he said, giving Steve a swat on his ass to break him out of his trance a little.

Steve jumped and crawled up between Tony's legs, kissed up his body to his mouth, kissed him like drowning, making a show of it for their key, making it good for their box. Making him theirs.

Steve moaned softly as he felt Bucky's hands, felt the bed dip and lips run up the backs of his thighs, teeth gently bite his ass, kisses up his spine until Bucky slid around and joined his mouth to theirs. The bond made it easier to kiss like this, something about their connection leading him to lick and kiss and breathe at just the right moment to keep the three-way kiss going longer than before. Making it easy to drown in it.

"Stevie, you feel so good inside me," said Bucky, soft and warm and happy. "I, fuck, baby, I never knew it felt like this for you."

Steve hummed happily and kissed just Bucky for a minute, purring at the little spike of arousal from Tony while he watched. "It's so good, Bucky, that you let me be this with you."

"You're just what we both need, Buckaroo," said Tony, voice hoarse despite the lightness of the nickname.

Bucky moved to kiss Tony now, and Steve started working his way down to where he belonged, licking and kissing over Tony's chest, sucking a mark here and there, tasting the salt at the ripe tip of Tony's dick. Bucky was consuming Tony's mouth now in that way he had of taking over a kiss and making it better for both of them, and Steve couldn't hold in a grin when Tony groaned. He pressed smiles into Tony's hipbones, sucked on Tony's balls ever so gently, and then slipped his mouth down
and back to where he'd wanted to be from the moment he saw Tony that first time.

"Good boy," murmured Bucky, and feeling burst through their connection of real pride and love. Steve had always known Bucky loved him like this but the pride was something new and it made him feel half-drunk, sent him deeper into that soft, safe place in his head.

Steve licked and kissed, using his big hands to keep Tony spread for him, using his mouth to caress that sweet opening, not letting himself think of anything but giving Tony pleasure and getting his tongue up inside him. Bucky's hand threaded in his hair for a moment and then the weight on the bed shifted and the sounds changed, the feelings in his body changed. A physical pleasure that wasn't linked to what he was doing came brightly from Bucky and Steve realized he was fucking Tony's mouth, feeding their box his cock while Steve worked at his ass. Tony's feelings washed over Steve, too, so similar to his own state that he wanted to reel in those emotions, to twine them with his own and give them back made better for the connection.

Steve wasn't sure how long they stayed like that, but he was so deep down he didn't object to being pulled away, to curling around Tony for kisses while Bucky opened Tony with his hand, filled Tony with his cock. Steve held Tony's hands above his head, twining their fingers together so he could look down at Tony, so they could both look over at Bucky. Tony was already so blissed-out it felt amazing to Steve, tugged at the desire so heavy in his cock and balls already, and Bucky had this solid core of confidence, of control, that helped keep him from drifting away completely.

Bucky rolled his hips just the right way to make Tony gasp and start spouting science like it was dirty talk, making sure their box enjoyed every moment of his unlocking. Tony filled up with a feeling like fireworks, bursting up through the submission to light up everything inside all three of them. Steve moaned as it washed over him again that this was real, not a dream or a fantasy but their actual unlocking, their real soulbonding, all three of them getting exactly what they needed. Something in him must have bled over into Bucky, because his hips stuttered and he came, filling Tony up with his come and his pleasure both.

Tony and Steve made desperate sounds as the bond tried to get them off, too, but they resisted, wanting instead to be good for Bucky. To be just what each of them needed tonight.

Bucky pulled out and helped Steve slide inside, kissing him and Tony both. "I wanna see Tony ride your dick so I can sit on your face, Stevie, do you want that?"

"Fuck, yes," Steve gasped, hips going still with his cock buried deep in Tony's ass.

"Please, yes," said Tony, reaching for Steve.

With Bucky's help they got Tony into Steve's lap, got Steve laid back in the bed and his legs straightened out so Tony was on top and riding him with little rocks of his hips. Bucky beamed at them both, that pride rising up inside him along with a possessiveness that brought the same feeling roaring to the fore in Steve, and in Tony, too.

"My good boys," said Bucky, stroking Steve's hair and Tony's back. "I want you ta get him off an' not you, Tony, you got it?"

"Yeah, yes, fuck, just get, get on his face, I wanna see that, please," said Tony, little gasps between the words and his cock hard and wet as he worked himself on Steve. His ass was hot and tight and he kept doing something with his body that made Steve's eyes roll up in his head, it felt so good.

"Please," begged Steve, shameless. "God, I wanna lick you out, please, Buck, lemme come with my tongue in ya."
"Such good boys," said Bucky, smirking at him before he climbed on, let Steve help position him, bent over so he could kiss Tony while he rode Steve's face.

Steve palmed Bucky's gorgeous ass, spread him open and licked a stripe up his crease, then dove in and started tonguing away. He could feel them above him, that thread of affection and connection that rode above the physical pleasure somehow while Bucky drank in the words that Tony gasped out between kisses. The bond was like an extra tug on Steve's balls every time Tony thrust down on his cock, every time Bucky pushed back on his tongue. Steve was being used for pleasure at both ends, and it was so perfect, a fantasy he'd never considered he might get to fulfil when he figured out he didn't like to be fucked.

Steve could feel his own body's pleasure starting to outpace the others, so he licked deeper, met Tony's thrusts with his own, did everything he could to show him how much he wanted and loved this until he couldn't hold back a second longer and he came. Static whited out his mind and sang along the bond while he emptied himself into Tony, every drop that he'd get to lick right back out again later.

"F-fuck," Tony swore, clamping down on Steve and shuddering. "I am not gonna last too long inside you, Buckyboo."

Bucky chuckled, "I ain't gonna need long, baby, we're givin' our Stevie a gift, y'know?" Steve couldn't see what he was doing but he felt Tony calming, relaxing inside and out. "You're gonna do good for me, baby, just let Stevie open me for ya, you stay right where you are."

The warm lube tapped against the hand on Bucky's thigh and Steve took it automatically, got his fingers slicked and worked one in beside his tongue, then two, careful and patient despite the way Bucky never liked it too slow, because he never liked it too fast, either. Bucky and Tony kept kissing, spilling praise and pleasure out in words that washed over him, Tony desperate and Bucky soothing, loving, just what their keyed-up box needed.

Steve whimpered when Bucky finally moved away, only to be met by Tony's fond gaze, so full of love and affection that Steve beamed up at him.

"Fuck, look at how happy you are," said Tony. "I can't believe we did that."

"We're not done yet, baby," said Bucky, lounging against the pillows. "Stevie, help get him in me, then you can lick to your heart's content."

"You got it, babe," said Steve, his voice rasping in his throat a little. He'll have to steal some water before he got his tongue back into Tony, but he'd have a chance while Tony and Bucky got reacquainted. He felt such a surge of love at that idea, and he sat up carefully, pulling Tony into a hot kiss. "You ready to key our key, kitten?"

"So ready, honey badger," said Tony, kissing him again with a lot of tongue, taking more than giving in a way that made Steve's heart stutter with love. Tony knew Steve's place, too, and it wasn't on top of anyone, not tonight. He was there to service them both, to be claimed and used for his mouth and hands and dick.

He helped Tony off his cock, making them both moan, and then got him into position over Bucky, got Tony's cock rubbing against Bucky's hole. He paused to give Tony just a moment of being the playtoy that Bucky was using to get himself off, the way they'd given that to Steve. Tony sank a little deeper into the headspace he'd been sharing with Steve off and on, and then sank into Bucky's body, too, while Bucky tilted up his hips and demanded that their box unlock him good.
Steve gulped some water from the bottle Bucky'd left there for them, then trailed cool kisses down Tony's back, feeling the two of them deep into each other and barely aware of him for the moment. Steve basked in their love, the edges of it belonging still to him, bleeding over into him, and then slid down the bed and got his mouth where it belonged. He licked at Tony's balls and ass, getting the come that had already leaked out and chasing it back inside, turning his mind off completely while he put his tongue to work out his filthiest fantasy.

Steve let himself go entirely, nothing in his world but following the motion of Tony's hips, of the mingled come on his tongue and the tight furl of Tony's ass around him, the gasps and moans and whimpers that seemed to fill the room. Tony's voice was a high cadence of nonsense, Bucky's lower, genius and pleasure and praise that flowed past his ears without a word of it making sense to Steve's blissed-out brain. He floated on the afterglow of his orgasm and did what he loved best, and nothing short of an alien invasion could have broken through the cocoon of cotton candy sweetness he was wrapped in.

At some point he was vaguely aware of Tony coming, shoving Steve's face into his ass while he pushed deep into Bucky, and then he'd pulled out and Steve's got Bucky's ass in his face instead, with Tony's hot come leaking out for him to lap up. There was a bit of shifting and he bonked heads with Tony for a second, making them all giggle, the feeling bubbling through the rest and making him feel almost light-headed. But soon enough Tony was sucking Bucky's cock like he was born to it while Steve licked Tony's come out of him, and it satisfied something inside him that Steve had thought would never be anything but hungry for more.

When Bucky came, Steve felt echoes of it from Tony, from his own body, a pleasure that wasn't quite physical but tugged at his balls anyway, made his cock twitch and his hips thrust against the sheets. Tony pulled off and shared the come with Steve in a kiss, filthy and messy with lube and come and spit.

"Fuck if that ain't the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," said Bucky, a hand stroking through Steve's hair. "You boys just stay right there, it's my turn t'take care of you."

Steve sighed into the kisses and shifted so Bucky could move, so Tony could curl into him. There was warmth and satisfaction replacing the lust that had driven their bond so far, and even when Bucky moved physically away the sensation of him stayed right next to Steve's heart with Tony's.

"We got a good bond," said Bucky, running the first warm cloth over Tony's body, wiping away all the fluids with a tender touch. He got both their faces with a clean cloth, then let them go back to kissing while he cleaned Steve up, too.

"We really do," said Tony, curled against Steve's chest while Bucky cleaned himself last. "I can feel you both so clearly."

"It's real strong," agreed Steve. "We'll always know when you need us now, sweetheart."

"We'll be able to calm each other if someone has a panic attack," said Bucky, practical as always, though in a way that was a different kind of love declaration coming from him. Trusting his lovers not only to handle his own volatile emotions, but to let him handle the spillover from theirs. "And know when you've had a bad day and need more coffee."

"I always need more coffee," Tony protested, but it was halfhearted at best. "Can I have some cuddles before we eat?"

"We shouldn't sleep without dinner," said Bucky gently, "but yeah, we can snuggle." He pulled the covers up over them and curled around Tony, letting their box be the middle, tangling himself up
with Steve as well.

"JARVIS, can you remind us in half an hour that we should eat, please?" asked Steve, letting the warmth of them anchor him in that halfway state where he was still drifting, a little, just more aware and more verbal than he'd been earlier.

"Of course, sirs. And may I tender my congratulations for your successful bonding," said the AI, his voice as proud as any real person's.

"Thanks, J," murmured Steve, nuzzling into Tony's hair.

Tony and Bucky echoed his words, their voices warm and soft in the dim room, though the lights didn't go so low that it would put them all to sleep. Steve breathed in their scents, their emotions, anchoring his whole heart to the feeling of them and letting his own emotions flow freely to them, all the love and satisfaction, the tiny fear of the future and the huge, awestruck wonder. They were talking without speaking when Tony answered with a jitter of anxiety and his own bursting joy, the two things so closely intertwined that Steve didn't think Tony knew how to be happy without worrying. Bucky had his own sharp edges but they were awash in honeyed love and such sweet pride in his boys that it made Steve's own heart ache with how good it felt.

They all three took a deep breath and sighed together.

"When do we gotta start carin' about practical stuff, dollface?" Bucky asked, after a few more minutes of breathing in sync, of sharing newness of their feelings around the bond.

Tony huffed. "Practical. Hate it," he said, burying his face in Steve's chest. "Pepper will do the press release tomorrow, movers will probably be a few more days. I'll have to spend some time in the workshop, clearing out every possible secret item and locking it up before the washer and dryer get installed."

"We'll help ya with that," said Steve, humming happily at the thought of it. "Our reward'll be fucking you on our couch in your workshop. The best of all worlds."

Tony chuckled lazily. "Yeah, that will be. Not that I can even think of getting it up right now with how good you guys gave it to me, fuck, that was amazing."

"It was so good," said Steve, his voice sounding dreamy even to himself.

Bucky beamed. "I wouldn't have wanted my soulbonding night any other way," he said, and the truth of his words rang through their bond with pleasure and pride and some well-earned smugness. "I'm gonna love havin' a laundry service, I have to admit."

Steve snorted. "You're going to get so spoiled, never having to do chores at home."

"You'll spend all that extra time and energy on me," said Tony, his own smugness rising up with little prickles of nervousness hiding inside. Waiting to be taken down a peg, Steve thought.

"Yeah, we will," said Steve, determined to soothe those tiny stings.

Bucky grinned. "Fuck yeah, you're gonna be our favorite hobby, babydoll."

Tony melted into them, inside and out.

"It has been thirty minutes, sirs," said JARVIS, after another long, quiet cuddle.
"All right, thanks, J," said Steve. "Come on, let's get fed so we can sleep."

"And shower," said Bucky. "You two were kinda gross."

"You're the one that sat on my face," said Steve with a blushing laugh. "I probably have lube in my hair again."

Tony giggled. "Again?" He let Bucky and Steve urge him out of bed and into some pajama pants, though.

"Yeah, last night when I was suckin' Bucky off under your ass, I got lube everywhere," said Steve, getting redder but also enjoying the memory with a curl of warmth. "I had to take a military shower this mornin' ta get decent for work."

"You love being faceplanted in my ass," said Tony, proud as anything. "I have a great ass."

"I'm not arguin'," said Steve. "But you're still a messy fuck."

Bucky purred and kissed Tony's hair. "I love ya messy, both of ya," he admitted, a tiny swirl of embarrassment under the love and soft ardor. "But I also am in love with Tony's shower."

"Our shower now, Buckaroo," said Tony happily. "And now I don't have to worry you're with me for my bathing facilities." There was a spike of anxiety right through the satisfaction there, but it faded quickly, especially when Steve and Bucky both poured their own honeyed love into the bond to stifle Tony's worries.

"F-fuck, that's," Tony leaned into Bucky. "Don't do that while I'm handling dangerous tools."

"Feels good?" asked Steve, snuggling up for kisses, curiosity bubbling through his own emotions, the feel of them different now that they were shared. More solid, weighty, not just a vague feeling but a thing he could push and pull through the bond.

Warmth flooded through him, a love so solid and real it made his knees buckle and he ended up with his face pressed into their stomachs. "Fuuuck."

"I'm gonna sit down before ya try that on me," said Bucky, stroking Steve's hair. "But I wanna feel it, too, when I'm not holdin' up my fellas."

"It's real good, Buck," said Steve, breathless and a little hoarse. "Tony loves us so much, an' you, too, I always knew but I never felt it like this before."

"I, I haven't got words for how it feels to have evidence of being loved," whispered Tony. "It's not words or even actions, it's a sensation as real as a kiss." He kissed Bucky softly, and Steve made a sound of happy pleasure.

"I believe sirs have a very high-percentile bond already," said JARVIS. "Shall I put information on your tablets?"

"Put it up in the kitchen, J," said Tony, coming back to himself a little. "Let's get dinner going and talk about it."

"And show Bucky a good time," teased Steve, hauling himself to his feet and stealing kisses from both his soulmates on the way up.

They stumbled a little on the way to the kitchen, but Steve and Tony sat Bucky right down and then
held hands while they inundated him with love, watching his face melt into ecstasy.

"Holy fuck," said Bucky, shivering and then going boneless. "That's. Fuck."

"That's what we said," Tony teased, sliding naked into Bucky's lap for a kiss.

Steve laughed. "It's so distracting I forgot to put pants on," he said, shaking his head. "See what you two do to me?"

"I feel it," said Bucky, his voice a little hoarse and his face full of wonder and love. "God, Stevie, I can feel ya."

Steve did the only thing he could do and came to steal another kiss.

Eventually the three of them got untangled enough for Steve to find them pants and dinner to happen, feeding-appropriate finger foods that heated up or were served cold, lots of bite-sized goodies to share among lovers, most of it a mystery and all of it delicious.

JARVIS put up some articles about the scientific study of soul bonds up, and they paged through and did a few experiments, testing to see what they could and couldn't feel, though none of them were interested in leaving the room so it was mostly a fun experiment.

"Definitely in the 90th percentile, sir," said JARVIS, after Tony had jumped when Bucky pinched Steve's thigh. "Do you wish to pursue registration of your bond strength?"

"Nope," said Tony, before Steve could even form an objection. "This seems like an excellent secret for just the four of us to keep."

"As you say, sir," said JARVIS, sounding pleased as punch to have been included in the number of those in the know. "I'll download some protocols for more precise testing, should your curiosity extend to finding your specific place on the bell curve."

Steve couldn't stifle a giggle as curiosity bloomed in Tony like a stop-motion flower, tickling them all with its petals. "Tony wants that, thanks, J."

"I'm kinda curious, too," said Bucky, the feeling swirling through him and tickling at Steve from both sides now.

Steve beamed. "I'm always happy to learn new things." He sent that to each of them, a gentle feeling that was more like a climbing vine, reaching patiently for the next fact, the next story, the next new thing.

Tony and Bucky's curiosity inside him felt a little like having that vine suddenly blossom after years of thinking it had no flowers to give.

That thought started the love singing through the bond again, first from Steve and answered in a perfect circle by Tony and Bucky and between them, too. Tony smirked and brought out desserts, these more sticky or covered in cream or sauce, perfect for licking fingers and sharing in kisses until they were all three drunk on sugar and affection and the emotions they didn't have to name when they could share them. They tumbled into bed without having to discuss it, hands and mouths and feelings shared between them, sensations chased from one person to another until Steve could barely tell where he ended and his lovers began.

They drifted off to sleep in a tangle, warm and content and filled to the brim with love.
The First Day of the Rest of Your Life

Bucky couldn't remember waking so happy in his life, not even after he'd finally slept with Steve and not fucked it up. The afterglow of clumsy handjobs had nothing on the feeling of warmth and love suffusing him, melting away the cold lodged in his chest and replacing it with a surety of love. He'd known Steve loved him, of course he had, but knowing it and feeling it were two different things, apparently.

He raised up his arm and looked at the works of art, the bracelet his loves had chosen for him, the arm Tony had made him, and the ring that had belonged to him from the day he was born. He turned and kissed Tony's hair, letting himself Wallow in the heaviness of sleep a little longer, dozing on the edges of his lovers' slumber.

"You're thinking too loud," mumbled Tony a little while later.

Bucky chuckled. "Sorry, love." He kissed Tony's forehead, temple, ear. "Has Pepper put out the press release yet?"

Instead of a verbal reply, the wall opposite the bed filled with an array of smaller screens, articles and tweets and a muted video of people's reactions. There seemed to be a pretty stupid amount of anger going on, given that literally no one had ever been able to cheat their way into being someone's soulmate. There were also a lot of variations on slut-shaming Tony for having had two keys all along, which made Bucky shake his head.

There were good things, too: people were congratulatory, wistfully envious, or outright fascinated by their unusual bond. Tony had enough fans of his own that there were a lot of celebratory messages, though they were coupled with an equal number of people dismayed to find New York's most eligible box off the market for good. There were also a number of boxes quite upset to find out there had been two keys as hot as Steve and Bucky out there wanting a third and they hadn't had their chance, which made Bucky preen and chuckle.

"Yes, yes, you're very hot," mumbled Steve, rolling over and yawning, gathering Tony onto his chest like a teddy bear. "Oh, we're very hot, I see."

Bucky smirked. "And we're all Tony's, much to the regret of many boxes, apparently."

A text popped up in front of the screens, and JARVIS said quietly, "Clint sends his congratulations, he's sent identical messages to both your phones."

"Make a group chat with him and all of us," said Bucky.

"Title it 'Caffeine Addicts,'" mumbled Tony. He reached out and fumbled at Bucky until he was being cuddled by both of them once again. "Tell him thanks and fuck you very much."

Steve snorted. "Yeah, but make sure that's from Tony," he said, amused when the image shifted to show the thread as a group message with Clint's first and Tony's reply.

"Tell him we'll give him hazard pay if he makes sure nothin' goes bad in the fridge before Monday," said Bucky, yawning. "I wanna take the week off."

"Agreed," said Steve. "JARVIS, when did Pepper schedule the movers?"

"Friday, sir," said JARVIS. "She is counting today as the second day of your time off from the
Tony huffed but didn't argue. "When's the washer install happening and how much do I need to hide?"

"Friday afternoon, and there are only a few prototypes out where people could see them, sir. You have been working virtually quite a bit for the past week, and cleaned up ten days ago after your mishap with the body armor tests."

"Oh yeah, fuck," Tony laughed. "All right, maybe we'll take a break from sex today or tomorrow, then."

"We'll reward you with more sex down in the workshop," promised Steve, palming Tony's ass. Bucky sighed at the warm desire that threaded through him, dampening the vague irritation coming from Tony at having to be an adult so soon.

"It's weird to feel your feelings with my feelings," said Tony. "Good, but weird. Makes it hard to stay annoyed at the universe with you two all steady and loving, though. Work on that."

They shared a laugh that was as much the effervescence inside them as the outer expression, and Bucky spent enough time kissing his soulmates that Clint had replied several times when they were done.

_I will eat you out of house and home, no problem._

_Nat wants to know if you guys are gonna want a response to the media today, why am the one telling you this?_

_Nat says I shouldn't hang out in her office if I don't want to be her lackey. Lame._

_Are you having sex right now? You are, aren't you? Cold, guys._

Tony laughed. "Tell Clint we're not having sex yet but are going to ignore him to do so right now."

"But also that Pepper should decide about the media response," said Steve, already sliding down the bed.

"And close the window," added Bucky. "All of 'em. Give us Tony's sex mix, that was nice."

"Of course, sirs. Pink note protocol activated," said JARVIS dryly. The messages appeared, then all of it vanished as music washed over them.

"There's a protocol for that?" asked Steve.

Tony hummed, rolling over so Steve could kiss down his spine and he could drape himself over Bucky's body. "Put it in place, um, yesterday, oh yes."

Bucky couldn't really feel what Steve was doing, but he felt the sensual desire sparking in Tony, stretching into himself, catching onto Steve's banked lust and stoking the fires high in all three of
them. That creativity sparked along with it, faster today despite the early hour and making Bucky's heart thump in his chest with how amazing it felt to just be on the edges of Tony fucking Stark, to experience inspiration like that. Bucky kissed along Tony's jaw, biting his neck gently, letting his mouth start to spill out what sounded like an actual fucking equation as Steve's mouth found its own mark.

Bucky worked his way down Tony's front, wanting to repeat that first time in the shower, to let Tony be spoiled and pampered and pleasured without having to do anything but be his amazing self for his keys.

He felt Steve's sleepy-sweet satisfaction joining in with his own as they caressed their box with their mouths, tasting his body and smelling his skin, feeling his desire and innovation twined together ever tighter despite being spread out into all three of them. Bucky was hard but it didn't even matter when he had Tony's pretty dick in his mouth, Steve's pretty tongue up Tony's sweet ass and the thread of their adoration braiding into the rest to make something strong and real.

Tony came yelling something about kinetic energy, and Bucky and Steve shared a very satisfied kiss over his hip while he panted and came back down.

"Such a good box," purred Bucky, kissing over Tony's sternum and then up to his mouth. "I never felt anythin' like you when you're bein' smart, Tony."

"I'm always smart," gasped Tony, but the feelings inside him glowed with pride at their open admiration.

"Yeah, you are," agreed Steve, coming in for his own kisses. "But it's like drinkin' lava, feelin' you be smart inside me."

"Wanna make us come, baby, or watch us make each other?" asked Bucky, his own desire rising up now that Tony's was curled, sated in his belly for now.

Tony hummed thoughtfully. "I don't feel like being fucked," he admitted, stretching again. "Can I blow you both again? That was really fun."

"Anytime we're not in public, kitten," said Steve, beaming like a kid at Christmas despite the very adult lust he was twining around them both. "My cock is always at your service."

The sincerity of that surprised Bucky and then as it sank in, it fit some puzzle pieces together for him: the way Steve had always let him play with his big, gorgeous body however he liked, the way Steve had hated that he didn't like being keyed. "We're always gonna use you right, Stevie," assured Bucky.

Steve melted for them, the molasses-sweetness seeping out over the desire, clouding his eyes and loosening his muscles. "Please," he breathed.

Tony shivered and kissed Steve greedily. "Always, Steve. Starting with now, when I'm going to suck you like a lollipop. Can you fuck his mouth, Bucky?"

"Just one enough for you after all?" asked Bucky, but he sent a wave of approval to them both. Tony could play with both their dicks anytime, but Steve didn't always get to go under like this, wouldn't get to feel them both understanding him completely for the first time ever again. "I wanna fuck Steve's pretty pink mouth anyway, it's been too long."

The flood of honey-thick lust and sweet submission was even better than the moan that fell from Steve's lips, and Bucky felt that answering emotion rise up inside him, a protective possession that
was shot through with pure, physical wanting.

Tony jolted as a mix of the two emotions found a place inside him where he cared so much for them, for making them each feel the kind of good they needed. They all three moaned and adoration suffused their bond like the rich scent of sun-drenched roses, coming from everywhere at once.

Bucky moved up and fit his cock to Steve's mouth while Tony slipped down to take Steve in, both of them humming with pleasure as Steve gave his body over to their care. Tony loved sucking cock as much as either of them, a deep satisfaction thrumming through the bond as he got to work on Steve's big dick. Bucky let Steve get used to him and then started fucking his mouth, hand in his soft hair, his heart so full of love he thought he might burst. Steve's eyes were closed and his face was ecstatic, the emotions thrumming through the bond telling Bucky that it wasn't just from Tony's mouth, though that was a part of it, but also from the pleasure he was giving Bucky, from the pleasure Tony was getting out of Steve's body.

"Christ, just when I thought I couldn't'a loved ya more," said Bucky, the words soft as a breath. He let himself go a little more just to let Steve feel it, feel what he did to his key, his bondmate, when he took it like such a good boy. "So good, fuck, both my good boys."

A spike of smug satisfaction from Tony almost made Bucky laugh, but Steve did something with his tongue that pulled him straight back to the physical. It didn't take either of them long after that, their feelings building on each other. Tony's sated glow chased through the bond, beckoning them toward completion. Bucky shouted wordlessly and spilled into Steve's greedy mouth, and Steve went with him, giving Tony the treat he'd been working for. Tony slid back up and fed the taste back to Steve, let Steve have all of them on his tongue again, and Bucky curled into them and let sleep claim him all over again.

They'd have time for more after a nap. A lifetime's worth.

Tony woke the second time with only his own emotions for company, aside from the sleepy-sated glow of his bondmates. He squirmed out of their hold and went into the bathroom to clean up a little, cool off, and contemplate his own good fortune. "Time, J?"

"It is 10:34am, sir. You have had an excellent night's sleep for the eighth night in a row," said JARVIS, sounding pleased and a little smug.

Tony snorted. "You're not the one that picked them up, you know," he said, but he was teasing, happy. He could feel them starting to wake, and he'd go back out in a few, but for now he was basking in the moment in his own way. "That was all me and my poor impulse control."

"Indeed, sir. A distressing tendency that rewards you far too often for my comfort," said JARVIS. There was a pause, and then he asked, "Are you able to sense them as they awaken, sir?"

"I can, yeah," said Tony fondly. "They're happy, but someone's slowly realizing I'm not there, so that's my cue."

"Congratulations again, sir," said JARVIS.

"Thanks, J. That means a lot, coming from you," Tony saidsoftly. He slipped back out into the dim bedroom and went around the bed to bracket Bucky from behind this time, figuring they needed to make a habit of giving everyone equal time in the middle.

"Mornin', love," said Bucky, voice rough from sleep and his emotions all fondness and love with a slight edge of hunger.
Tony kissed him softly and snuggled closer, touching Steve gently and feeling the swirl of sleep dissipating, a very strange sensation when he wasn't the one waking.

Steve sighed and stretched and burrowed into Bucky's chest. "Donwanna," he said. There was a pause and then he sighed again and added, "Hungry."

Bucky chuckled, feeling so good in Tony's mind that he had to hug him tighter for a moment. "I could eat," said Tony, making it just a little plaintive.

Bucky snorted. "Yeah, fine, fine. But you two gotta come to the kitchen ta get fed," he said, voice and feelings both full of fond exasperation.

Tony nodded against Bucky's skin, then pressed kisses across it. "I'm really not used to all this, this feeling."

"You feel just as much as we do, kitten," Steve said, ruining his wise words with a huge yawn. "You just think way more."

"Way, way more," said Bucky with a soft chuckle. "I c'n kinda feel the edges of it, an' it just never stops."

Steve mmmmed. "Stops for a sec when he comes." He sounded and felt incredibly smug about that. "We'll do that again after breakfast."

Tony gave a smug, satisfied sound of his own at that. "It's a plan."

They lazed around a little more, Tony's mind spinning up and bringing his keys with him, and then got out of bed and slipped into jeans and shirts, not bothering with a shower. They had fruit and bacon and cheese scrambled eggs, and Tony did a tiny bit of email management while Steve cooked and Bucky made fancy coffees.

"What if we had Nat and Clint handle the movers from your house while we handled this end?" asked Tony, poking at Pepper's grumpy notes about the move. "We can pay Clint for a few days out of my funds, Pepper can hire him on as a consultant without too much paperwork, or just do it under the table."

"He'd prefer cash," said Steve honestly, and Tony could feel the contemplation and consideration as he and Bucky had one of their silent conversations. "I'm okay with it, there's nothing there I wouldn't trust Clint and Nat with."

"Agreed," said Bucky. "He's seen it all, anyway, he's a nosy asshole."

"JARVIS, text Pepper and Nat to make it so," said Tony, satisfied. "That'll mean less paparazzi problems for the move. Your landlord sent their congratulations and agreed to use your deposit to defray the cost of the next people moving in."

"He did? Did we offer that?" asked Bucky, looking adorably confused.

Tony chuckled. "We did, yes. Do you mind?"

Bucky and Steve let out a burst of proud warmth his way. "It's a good idea, Tony," said Steve. "We wouldn't've thought of that."

"You care about your fellow vets, and I care about what you care about," said Tony with a shrug. He also knew that even Nat's time was worth more than the deposit, let alone his or Pepper's, but he
wanted to hold onto that admiration a little longer. "Pep's looking into the ways we can get more
donation dollars out of our communal income soon, too, with three of us we might be able to dump
more cash a few places without taking too much of a tax hit."

"You'd do that for us?" said Bucky, bringing their coffees over and kissing Tony all full of wonder
and pride.

Tony kissed him softly, letting himself bask in it despite the fact that it was a financial decision as
much as a philanthropic one. "I already donate as much as I can get away with tax-wise to other
charities, both through myself and Stark Industries," he said honestly. "Pepper handles it all, well,
and the accountants. Having a three-person household changes up the taxes considerably, so she's
got to move things around so that we can add things on with the new wiggle room instead of
shorting anyone that budgets with our donations in mind."

"You're a sweet fella, Tony." Bucky sat down and pulled Tony into his lap, while Steve dished up
the food onto one giant plate with three forks. They snuggled up and fed Tony and each other, messy
and full of laughter and sweetness, talking about the charities Tony already contributed to through his
own name, SI, and the Maria Stark Foundation in between bites.

When they were done, the workshop was waiting and it was easy enough for Tony to slip into clean-
up mode, directing DUM-E and his keys with equal sarcasm. They got everything locked up and
cleared out a wall panel for the washer install. He was rewarded with a burst of amusement every
time he threatened to send JARVIS to the cafe's POS or donate DUM-E to a community college,
which turned to indignation from Steve and outright laughter from Bucky when he told Steve he'd
rent him out for manual labor if he didn't put down a delicate prototype.

Once everything was ready to go, Tony turned to Steve with an impish grin. "I think I need to
remind you why you put up with me," he said, sliding his hands up under Steve's form-fitting shirt.

Bucky slotted himself behind Steve and nibbled on his ear. "He'll be tellin' me I'm gonna be scrap
next," said Bucky, "so I think I'd better get back in your good graces before then, too."

Steve moaned and laughed, twisting to kiss Bucky first and then capturing Tony's mouth in a sweet
kiss. Tony could feel the joy and love radiating off him, and the heat, too, both through the bond and
the physical press of Steve's hardening cock against Tony's belly. "What're you two gonna do ta
make it up ta me?" drawled Steve, rutting up against Tony. "What if I wanna be on top this time?"

"Anything, baby," said Bucky, a thrill running through the bond as Steve took charge.

Tony melted into it. "I'm very comfortable with that," he said, rubbing his own hard cock against
Steve in a shameless rut of his hips.

Something shifted in Steve, and Tony felt him struggling with the decision, with wanting a change
and also wanting to sink back down into that peaceful place in his head. It wasn't as coherent as real
thoughts but there was a split longing, and those waves lapped warmly around Steve, trying to drag
him under.

Tony found it fascinating.

"What if you tell us what you want now," said Tony, "and then you can relax while we do it?" He
hoped it was the right call, a good offer. All the theories seemed sound but humans were much more
malleable and unpredictable than any equation.

Steve hummed thoughtfully, and Tony considered the night they all got off on him, which was gross
and good and Steve had been in control then and seemed to like it. Maybe his theory was flawed after all, but Steve didn't feel upset, just pensive.

"Or you c'n tell Tony what to do," said Bucky, "while you're both my good boys." He felt a little uncertain, like this game wasn't as familiar to him, but there was longing and lust in there, too, wanting to make it good for their Stevie and not obligate him into anything.

Steve chuckled. "You guys are too good ta me," he said, kissing one and then the other. "I think... I think I want what Tony's had a few times, both of ya on your knees for me."

As soon as he'd decided, the surety of Steve's desire sent Tony to his knees so fast it surprised them all.

"How 'bout that," said Tony, cocking his head and looking up with a little half-grin. He nuzzled along Steve's erection while his hands slid up his legs.

Steve grinned down at him, a feeling of power twining in with the lust, his smile wicked and dark.

"You belong on your knees for us, don't you, kitten?"

Bucky slid down behind Steve, tugged at his shirt in a way that Tony suspected involved Bucky's mouth along the waistband of Steve's jeans. "We belong ta you," he said. "However you want us, Stevie, baby."

Another heady rush of power and lust washed through the bond, not just from Steve but Bucky, too, and Tony thought he might drown in it. It was better than alcohol or any sex he'd ever had, just the sensation of it, being on his knees for these two men who loved him. Tony put his hands and mouth to work, getting Steve's pants open and sliding them down his thighs, getting his mouth on Steve's balls. Bucky echoed Tony's movements, fingers peeking from around Steve's gorgeous ass and pleasure singing along the bond from Steve, from both of his lovers.

Tony sank purposefully into the pleasure of serving, sending that joy back to Steve, to Bucky. He got the answering deluge from Steve and Bucky, of love and two different flavors of sexual power, Steve's from getting exactly what he'd asked for and Bucky's from giving it, from the sounds and sensations his mouth and hands could give. Tony was already addicted to the two of them, the three of them, and unlike most of the addictions in his life, this was one no one would ever ask him to give up.

Tony slid his mouth up the length of Steve's dick, wet and open and oh so slow as he moved up the gentle curve, as he felt Steve's pulse against his lips. He suckled at the underside of the head, making Steve's hips jerk and Bucky's hands tighten, making sparkles dance along the bond and moans drop from Steve's lips like diamonds. Tony took the full head into his mouth, suckling at it like a ripe plum, pressing his tongue at the underside to get a droplet of fluid from the tip before taking Steve down as slow as he'd slid upward.

Steve moaned again, moaned Tony's name and slid one hand in Tony's hair, locked his knees and trembled for his lovers. Moaned Bucky's name and ended on a whimper when he couldn't rock his hips at all, just had to stand there, trapped, and take what they gave him. Tony could feel ideas trying to rise up through the rest but this time he pulled his mind back to the task and splayed his fingers over Steve's hips, touching the tips to Bucky's on both sides, a cage and a promise that they'd keep him safe.

Tony drowned himself, drowned Steve along with him, using everything they'd learned about the bond so far to cycle the feelings through. He inundated Steve with love and submission, with physical pleasure and the emotional satisfaction of being the one to give it. Bucky did the same from
the other side, feeling the spillover and feeding into it, his own emotions similar but different enough to send sparks of heat through all of them.

Their mouths moved together now, and Tony had a niggling image of what Bucky was doing, a tongue thrusting in as Tony's head bobbed down, over and over the two of them taking and giving in perfect synchronicity. They all floated at the edge together for a good long time but finally it was too much and Steve let go, spilling into Tony's mouth, his pleasure echoing so closely along their soulmate bond that Tony felt his own body, felt Bucky's body, follow right after.

Tony swallowed every drop and then pulled away, panting and flushed. "I haven't done that since I was fifteen."

Bucky chuckled. "Stevie's done it ta me a time or two, but never like this, without a hand on me," he said. He moved his face around so they could kiss to one side of Steve's hips, the two of them still holding Steve steady between them.

"Did you guys, seriously?" Steve gasped, sliding carefully to his knees, pants still trapped around his thighs. "Both of you?"

"Yep," said Tony cheerfully, kissing Steve as soon as his mouth was in range. "Best blowjob I've ever given."

Bucky was still laughing when he got his own kiss from Steve.

Friday morning, Bucky was feeling as relaxed as he'd ever been in his life despite knowing there'd be strangers in both their spaces later. He woke up in the middle spot, muscles loose and just a little sore from all the very good use he'd put them to the past few days. His soulmates sent him soothing sensations of sleep and happiness through their mostly-dormant bond, and JARVIS' voice told him the time and day and weather quietly enough not to wake everyone just yet.

They'd spent the last two days in a delicious mix of sex, bonding, more sex, eating, and what he was secure enough in himself to admit was nesting. The apartment had been gently rearranged to make room for Steve and Bucky, until it felt more lived-in, more like a home than a showpiece. Tony had glowed inside and out, watching it happen.

That glow was starting to brighten in Bucky's, well, wherever it was he felt his soulmates through their bond. Tony woke in stages, and not always the same ones in the same order, Bucky'd found out. Heart first today, probably feeding off Bucky's contentment, and then at least one spin of brains going out before Tony's body began to catch up. Steve hadn't so much as twitched yet, still addicted to sleeping as much as possible. Bucky had been like that for a long time after he got out, and Sam assured him it was normal and would likely pass.

Tony made a sleepy little noise and shifted around until he was more comfortably octopus-wrapped around Bucky. "Stop thinking so loud."

"You like thinkin' men, dollface," said Bucky fondly, despite the petulant discontent trickling in from Tony.

Tony huffed and then hmmned, snuggling closer. "Too early. Stop bein' right."

Bucky laughed and kissed his hair, settling into the warm, sleepy glow just a little longer. Tony's brain had started booting up, and already Bucky knew him well enough to feel this was past the point of no return for waking. Steve would sleep as long as they let him with their busy day ahead. Bucky thought he might make some kind of mocha pancakes to give them a bright start, or maybe
fruit ones. He'd have to see what was left of their last Instacart order; they'd misused a fair amount of
their kitchen spoils when Tony declared he had a need to revisit food sex as a kink now that they
were bonded.

They'd also had to change the sheets. Again.

Bucky felt Tony's brain ticking at a higher rate and kissed his forehead. "Wanna help me make
Stevie a treat, or stay here an' be his cuddlebug?"

"Both. Both is good," said Tony.

"Trouble," teased Bucky. "I gotta get up now, babe." He'd been awake long enough that his body
was demanding he get moving one way or another.

Tony harrumphed sleepily but let Bucky rearrange them so it was Steve beset by their octopus box.
Bucky took care of things in the bathroom, cleaning up enough for moving day and slipping into a
long-sleeve shirt, some more of the new briefs from Kate, and a pair of jeans. Tony had slipped back
into sleep when Bucky emerged, thoughts turning to dreams as Steve's easy slumber drew him back
down once Bucky had moved his thoughts away. Bucky sent them both a tickle of love and
affection.

Bucky padded barefoot into the kitchen, enjoying the irony that the keys were the ones in their
relationship to do all the traditional box chores. "JARVIS, can I have some music that won't disturb
them?" he asked.

Bucky hummed along to the quiet tunes while he got cooking, setting up a proper breakfast in bed
for them. He ended up making mini mocha raspberry pancakes dotted with butter, no syrup or
whipped cream, figuring a non-messy finger food would be perfect for his sleepy boys. Once he had
a huge plate staying warm in the oven, he pulled three six-shot lattes with a touch of brown sugar at
the bottom, and then carried the lot into the bedroom on a tray.

"Breakfast, sleepyheads," he called, feeling them both wake this time around.

Steve sat up and stretched. Bucky took a moment to just appreciate him, to send his lustful
admiration through the bond, the proprietary pride that he was the one who got to keep Steve and use
that beautiful body for his own. Steve blushed and beamed at him, drifting on the sleepy-syrup
feelings left over from last night, taking Bucky's admiration for the permission it was. Tony poked up
out of the blankets after, just as hot in his own way, mussed and smiling and bright-eyed as ever.

"I love ya so much," said Bucky, giving Tony the same wash of love and possessiveness, feeling
him preen in return, a different but no less desirable response.

"Love you, too, Buckaroo," said Tony. "Now, gimme."

Bucky handed him the tray and gave him a kiss, making Tony hold it while he got in bed on Steve's
other side and got the pillows arranged. Steve ended up with it in his lap, an arm around each of his
lovers with the two of them feeding him bites and sips and kisses in turn. They didn't talk much; they
didn't really need to, with their bond so strong. It was a different kind of talking, insufficient for so
much of what went on in Tony's head especially, but it worked for this.

Once they were done, Steve lured them into the shower for spoiling, getting Bucky to orchestrate it
so that they each got blown by one lover and washed by the other, so everyone got to give and
receive pleasure before they had to face the real world. They were pulling simple espresso shots
when Clint called up with the first load, and JARVIS sent the elevator down to the garage.
"D'you want more than two shots, Stevie?" asked Bucky, handing off a quad to Tony. He felt Steve sloughing off the last of the sweet fog he'd been drowned in for the past two days and he regretted it, though this stand-up, take-charge Steve was as much the man he'd fallen in love with.

Steve glanced over with a warm smile and said, "That place is always waitin' for me with you two now, and two is good for now. Gotta pace myself."

"Two is only enough when it comes to keys, not caffeine," said Tony cheerfully, getting kisses from both of them. "Fuck, I can't believe I'm doing manual labor for you two."

"You do manual labor in your shop all the time, asshole," said Bucky fondly.

Steve laughed and stole a kiss. "Don't be a dick to service workers," he added.

"Yes, yes, sorry," said Tony, but Bucky could feel he was unrepentant. "I'm getting it out before they..." The elevator door opened to reveal Clint, two strangers, and several dollies full of stuff. "That."

Steve laughed and gave Tony a kiss, then went to help get things and talk to Clint about the furniture, especially the couch that Bucky and Steve had every intention of moving into the workshop personally. They'd decided to donate their bed and bookshelves to the landlord along with most of the other big things, but Bucky had made them bring all the kitchen stuff for now so they didn't have to participate in the packing. Tony had insisted they let him rent reusable plastic moving bins instead of using cardboard, so everything was in neat, stackable containers against one of the walls for now, with Steve sorting by the labels dry-erased onto the lids and Tony hauling things to wherever they belonged.

Despite the 'tour' Tony had given Clint, there were more rooms than he'd let on, so they'd kept their book collection and put it in Steve's new art studio with Tony's grand piano. After being assured that JARVIS could legally procure a copy of literally any movie or tv show they wanted, they'd left their dvd collection behind, but Tony had promised to build an entirely new case for their medals and hang it down in his workshop in pride of place along with some select pieces of Steve's art.

Bucky let himself putter around in the kitchen, figuring out what would go and what would stay. Tony vanished downstairs to talk to Pepper and glare at the guys installing their washer and dryer, Steve was in his studio with JARVIS shopping for furniture Tony would allow in his house, and Clint had taken the movers back for the last load of stuff. Nat was in their bedroom closet gleefully unpacking them into Tony's space, with a video chat open and a hanging rack ready to take suits out that were too narrow in the shoulders and therefore destined for donate to Kate's charity thing.

Bucky felt them all three busy and close as if they were right next to him, a glow that lit his heart up and kept him smiling even when he found a box that had clearly been dropped, kept Tony happy even while he was criticizing the installers, kept Steve humming to himself despite the price tags on the furniture JARVIS was willing to show him.

The workshop couch was the last item to be delivered, with Clint, Bucky, Steve, and Nat bringing it up in the elevator while Tony tested out their new washer on the giant pile of blankets both old and new that were destined to go on top of it.

Tony laughed the minute the elevator opened. "When you said ugly, you weren't kidding," he said, darting forward to help Nat with the ottoman.

"Yeah, but ugly can be covered," said Clint. "No couch will ever be this comfortable again."
"It's magic," agreed Nat. "I'll miss our movie nights."

"We can still have movie nights, once Clint signs his NDA," said Tony, gesturing to the space they'd cleared for it. His old couch had been taken away to go back to the duplex, leaving the space mostly furnished for its next residents, and they'd moved things around so that the couch would face a blank wall for JARVIS to project video with more solidity than the hologram interfaces allowed. The chairs from his conversation group would go against the back of the couch so the keys could sit and watch Tony work, Pepper could have meetings with Tony while he worked, and to facilitate the variety and comfort of the couch sex they intended to have.

Bucky helped get the couch in place, feeling so proud of how good his arm worked as they did, almost as good as his real hand and virtually painless despite the weight tugging against its attachments. "Your tech is so great, Tony," said Bucky, pulling Tony close for kisses. "This arm is the best."

"Where'd Pep go?" asked Steve, dragging two laundry baskets of cushions and blankets from their house out of the elevator, with DUM-E pulling a third awkwardly after him.

"She's up with Nat culling my wardrobe, I think," said Tony.

"Indeed, sir. They appear to have finished the suits and are working on your keys' socks and underwear." JARVIS sounded amused despite tattling on them. "I have quite a queue of new items to order in for you gentlemen."

"Steve, she's gonna get rid of my lucky boxers!" said Bucky, making puppy eyes at Steve and sending humor bubbling along the bond so they'd know he was kidding.

Steve snorted. "It's about time. You ain't gettin' any luckier than this." He gestured around the strangely-bare workshop, the cars and bikes, and included Tony in the sweep before going back to his task, which was returning their couch to its former, cushion-bedecked glory.

Bucky sighed dramatically to keep from cracking up. "Yeah, okay, they can toss anything but my jeans. No jeans may be culled until Tony's seen my ass in them."

"Agreed," said Tony, sending lust along their bond along with his amusement. "Especially ones with holes. In fact, you could go change into those now, if you wanted."

"You know," said Clint, "I was gonna hold out for pizza and a movie but I think it's time to retreat. We'll hang out when you guys are out of your honeymoon phase and I'm no longer in danger of watching you strengthen your bond from up close." He paused. "Unless you need help with that, because you know, I am a stand-up, hands-on kinda friend."

"He always makes it weird, doesn't he?" said Tony, shaking his head.

Bucky smacked him gently upside the head. "Stop hittin' on my soulmates, asshole. Go to Fields and get a token if you're so keen on gettin' your lock picked."

"I suppose I do have income now," said Clint, looking more thoughtful than Bucky expected.

Bucky felt a small wash of concern from Steve, and he got a wicked idea. "Tell you what, you go upstairs and help Nat and Pep for, like, fifteen minutes."

"Twenty at least," said Tony. "I am gross and want a shower."

"Half an hour," said Bucky with a laugh, "and bring down some fresh clothes for all of us after, and
we'll do the pizza thing."

"We're just a little antsy with our new bond is all," said Steve, blushing.

Clint groaned but there was a smile hiding underneath it. "Yeah, okay. But if I end up in that guest room of yours, I'm going to need headphones."

"I can provide you with whatever you need to not listen in on my sex life," said Tony, shooing him toward the stairs. "See if Pep or Nat wanna stay, too."

"I predict Nat yes, Pepper no," said Clint with a laugh. "But you never know."

"Pepper likes us," said Bucky cheerfully. "We wear him out so he sleeps."

"We feed him so he's got the energy to fuck," said Steve, with a wicked spike of humor through the bond. He also stripped his shirt off rather unceremoniously. "Now get outta here, I've got dick to suck."

Clint scampered off up the stairs with a laugh, and Bucky sighed and started stripping, too, making sure to get socks and shoes first.

"He's gonna miss havin' us close," said Bucky, trying not to let the worry dampen the rising ardor from his bondmates. He shook his head. "That's for later, for now it's gettin' Steve to service our dicks."

Steve grinned, letting the worry fall away from him, too, stripping off and laying himself out in their blanket nest. "How can I help you today?" he said in his best customer service voice.

Tony and Bucky both cracked up laughing. Bucky was still faster to naked, and he vaulted over the back of the couch to tackle Steve and press kisses all over his face. Tony watched, let them feel him watching, sent appreciation and love and want through their bond. The two keys turned as one to watch Tony strip more slowly, shoes and socks and pants and finally both shirts at once, hiding his scarred heart as long as possible.

"Is it big enough for us all to suck someone off?" asked Tony, squinting, mind working on some kind of ridiculous sexual geometry.

"Let's find out, genius," said Bucky with a laugh. He and Steve pulled Tony in for kisses, hauled him onto the couch and manhandled him into place, which Bucky was happy to feel that he secretly loved despite his protestations.

Bucky was happy to feel all of Tony's complex and contradictory reactions being loved, if he was honest.

Once Steve helped position them, Bucky sent him a wave of assurance and felt him melt into his quiet place immediately, perfect love and trust now that they all knew what he needed, what they wanted. He sent the same feelings to Tony, who fell differently but just as easily into his own hyper-smart arousal, and the two of them fed into Bucky's own desires so seamlessly he knew they'd all go off fast and hard. They got their mouths in place, Tony with Steve's big cock and Bucky with Tony's and around, Steve so comfortable with Bucky's cock in his mouth it was like sliding home. Tony still tasted new, smelled so good, it was easy for Bucky to forget the slight awkwardness in their positions and just enjoy the pleasures they were all sharing.

The sensation of sucking and being sucked at the same time was a familiar one, something he and Stevie did a lot, especially in the Army when they didn't have a lot of time. It felt so different now,
though, not just the shape of Tony's dick but the curl of his emotions, the wash of love and the brightness of his inspiration that lit them all up inside. Steve was glowing in the most beautiful way at the way Tony enjoyed his body, at the way Bucky enjoyed his mouth and his obedience. Bucky hoped they, too, got something good from him, all the things they made him feel that he could only helplessly send back in response.

Bucky wasn't surprised at all that he was the one who broke first, with Steve's perfectly eager mouth and hands and love. Steve came next, and then Tony, the three of them chaining easily off the bond, falling like dominoes through the haze of peak pleasure and landing soft and happy on the other side together.

Once they were all snuggled up together through some mutual motion that Bucky had barely had to think about before it was happening, he stole sex-sharp kisses from them both and grinned. "We fit."

They laughed and teased their way through the shower that followed, Steve coming out to grab the clothes mainly for Tony's modesty while Clint and JARVIS argued about pizza.

"Get what we got that first date, plus whatever monstrosity Clint wants," said Tony, emerging fully clothed and toweling his hair. "Are either of the ladies staying?"

"Nope, they elected to avoid the testosterone fest," said Clint.

Bucky could swear JARVIS sighed. "The order is placed, sir. It's busy tonight, and will be approximately 53 minutes. Someone will have to go upstairs to meet it."

Tony chuckled. "We'll make Clint go as his penance for annoying you." He flopped on the couch next to Clint and grinned. "It's nice not to be the only short one, isn't it?"

Clint laughed. "What do I owe ya for the pizza?" he asked.

Tony shook his head. "Bonus of knowing a billionaire, food is always on me."

Bucky kissed Tony's mouth and Clint's forehead. "Coffee or beer?" he asked. "Stevie wants beer so he's headed up to grab some."

"A triple espresso and a beer?" asked Tony. "Shit, I want to give JARVIS some notes. Has your puppy signed his NDA yet?"

"Mr. Barton's NDA is now on file, sir, though his DoD clearance is slower. Col. Rhodes is looking into it, however, in the interests of your work." JARVIS sounded smug and Bucky didn't blame him. "Ms. Romanoff's is also in progress."

"Oh, four ex-soldiers to test my shit on? Brilliant!" said Tony. "Actually my ideas were about the holographic interface miniaturization."

"Pink notes still?" asked JARVIS.

Tony chuckled. "Let's make these more of a peach," he said.

"I'll pull ya some shots. J, can you get Stevie to bring us all beer?" Bucky sauntered over to the little espresso machine in the corner, amused all over again that Tony kept coffee production devices on hand wherever possible.

"Done, sir," said JARVIS. "What films did you wish to inaugurate your new couch with?"
That started up another good-natured argument that lasted until Steve vetoed all of them and they settled in with the first Lord of the Rings extended edition, which he'd never had a chance to see, and plans to watch the rest with Clint over the next few days. Bucky watched Clint relaxing into things, getting comfortable with the idea that he wasn't going to lose his friends after all.

"So," asked Clint, when the pizza and beer were gone and he was looking relaxed and lazy. "Guest room?"

Tony laughed. "Come on, I'll get you settled in. And JARVIS, add him to the permanent yes list, along with Nat."

"Ms. Romanoff was already on the list as your assistant, sir, but I have also added Mr. Barton. What are his protocols for the workshop?"

Bucky and Steve sent Tony a wave of pure love, enough to make him go a bit swoony there on the couch. "Uh, I'll get back to you on that. For now, don't let him in unless I say so."

"Very good, sir," said JARVIS. "Protocols set."

"Awesome," said Bucky. "Let's get Clint settled in so we can fuck."

Clint's offended, "Awwww!" was music to Bucky's ears.

Steve had never had the luxury of spending so many hours, so many days, drifting in the safe harbor of his lovers' care and control. He felt loose and comfortable in his skin, anchored by the bond and the certainty it brought with him that he was loved not only as he was, but for who he was. Bucky and Tony both appreciated that part of him on a level he'd never really hoped for, even when Bucky was giving him the space to be that way before.

"I am stupidly in love with you guys," said Steve softly. No one heard the words; they were on their bikes headed out to see Fields about some tie pins and then Anna about pastries, but he sent a very gentle surge of the feeling through the bond and got echoes of it back on both sides.

They parked in front of the shop again, three bikes taking up one parking space even on a Saturday afternoon. "We didn't manage early enough for coffee, did we?" asked Tony, speaking practically before the helmet cleared his head.

Bucky laughed. "We'll give you more after, ya addict," he said. The way he reeled Tony in for a kiss had so much charm, so much of the old Bucky in it that Steve's heart skipped a beat for another reason.

Tony was so good for them, both of them.

"Come on, we've got an appointment to keep," said Steve, stealing Tony for his own kiss and waggling his eyebrows at Bucky. "We'll renew our bond some more when we get home."

"Oh, is that what we're callin' it now?" drawled Bucky, following them in.

"Isn't that what it is?" said Steve innocently. "Good afternoon!"

"Right on time," said Noah, coming around from behind the counter. "Over this way, if you please. Brandon will be here in a few minutes, he's run to get us a treat from Anna's." He gestured to the little conversation nook that took up a part of the storefront, a round velvet banquette with a circular table at the center already containing a velvet tray and several different styles of tie pins.
"Thanks," said Steve, tugging them around and finding somewhere to stash their helmets out of the way.

"Congratulations, by the way," said Noah. "I'm hoping I can ask you a few questions for the blog?"

"If we can ask you a few questions about our bond, sure," said Tony easily. "I've apparently been reading your blog for years, for reasons I assume are now obvious."

Noah chuckled. "Yeah, I can see why it'd be of special interest to a double lock. He turned back to the depths of the shop and called, "Eaton! They're here!"

"Coming!" came the reply, and then a tall, slender man emerged from the back, coming over to claim a kiss and offer his hand for shaking. "I'm Eaton, Noah's box."

Introductions were made all around, and then Brandon showed up with a tray of coffees and an entire princess cake, which bubbled delight all through their bond from Tony. Once everyone was settled, with Brandon on a chair in the doorway and the shop closed for the day, they chatted amiably about their plans for the tie pins, their party, and even the coffee shop's logo. It wasn't until the shop talk wound down that Steve braved the first awkward question.

"How do you keep it from overwhelming you?" he asked shyly. "The bond, I mean. When they both, um, send love at me, I can't even stay standing."

Noah looked utterly delighted at that revelation. "You've got a bond as strong as ours, then. I mean, part of it is not doing that when everyone's in public," he said, chuckling and winking at a pink-cheeked Eaton. "But it's also really better with distance, and distraction. When I'm working or grocery shopping or whatever, I'm far more present here," he gestured to the room, "than in here."

He tapped his chest, and Steve felt those twin glows in his curl warmth around his own heart comfortably.

"The honeymoon phase is really to get you used to it," said Brandon. "Two boxes was a lot to take at first, but we wanted our bond as open as possible, and that made a big difference. I'm guessing you guys are the same?"

They all nodded. "We don't want this getting out, obviously, but we're pretty high up the percentile scale, and we've been, uh, strengthening our bond several times a day."

Bucky snorted a laugh into his hand and Steve sent him the mental equivalent of a kick to the shins.

"It's been really good for us, obviously," said Steve, feeling his cheeks heat. "The close bonding."

"We were almost startin' ta bond even before we unlocked," said Bucky, which got a little burst of surprise from Tony, though Steve knew what he meant. "We didn't like bein' away from each other."

"It made me so grumpy," said Steve with a laugh. "But we fixed it, I mean, I hope we have."

"Bonding helps that a lot," said Noah, going a pink that made Steve feel a little better. "I was pretty grumpy, too, before Brandon unlocked us."

Brandon cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck. "This early tendency to, uh, unlock at the drop of a hat, it'll fade a little, but to be honest it never really goes away."

Noah looked surprisingly smug at that.

Tony practically preened like a peacock. "I will look forward to a lifetime of frequent unlockings,
then," he said, arms around both of his keys now that there was no more coffee to occupy his hands. "I am definitely the most satisfied I've ever been, and that's saying something."

"You were like that even before we saw your box, kitten," teased Steve, unable to resist with the way Tony's libido was purring happily through the bond. "But it's been real good for us, too, satisfying in a way nothing ever was before."

"I can feel what they need and take care of my boys," said Bucky, echoing their pleased expressions. "Tony's awful high maintenance, but that's why he's got two of us."

"That part, you can publish," said Tony with a laugh. "I absolutely require two keys' worth of spoiling and pampering."

"He really does," agreed Steve.

The other three laughed. "We kinda trade off who does the spoiling," said Brandon.

"But it's still more you than us," said Eaton, looking loving and amused. "Anyway, you can sort of dim down the bond consciously if it's ever really important to not be distracted, but mostly you won't want to do that to your bondmates. They'll feel it and worry."

"We would in fact worry," said Bucky sternly, giving Tony a gentle poke. "Don't do that."

"I don't need to, Buckaboo, I can concentrate as long as you two aren't deliberately trying to bring me to my knees," said Tony cheerfully. "Not that I object to being on my knees for you two."

"That won't go in the blog," said Noah dryly. "I'll leave it for TMZ."

Tony laughed. "Okay, so quid pro quo, ask us one for the interview," he said, gesturing expansively and then putting his hands on their thighs instead. Steve and Bucky responded by putting their arms around Tony instead, cradling him between them.

Noah nodded. "Steve and Bucky, you two got together when?"

"In high school," said Steve proudly. "We knew our keys kinda matched, and honestly back when I was a skinny little geek no box woulda wanted me. Bucky had alla them after him, but he only had eyes for me, a fact for which I am forever grateful."

"I've always loved Steve, and fantasies of a double-locked box aside, we were both sure early on that we were in it together. That's why it didn't bug us that we might not match Tony, 'cos we knew what forever felt like and he was it." Bucky sounded proud, happy, and Steve felt that and more from the bond, along with Tony's love and the lust he always got when thinking of them having sex when they were younger.

"Once I hit my growth spurt, we double-dated sometimes, but in the Army we were mostly just us again. Boxes would always try to push us apart, and we wouldn't put up with that," said Steve.

"Eaton and I tried to split up," said Noah softly, "but it never really took. We got back together not long before our unlocking, actually."

Steve could tell Noah envied them their long relationship, but he didn't push. Instead he mentally prodded Tony to ask the next question.

Tony sat forward, sliding his hands back just a little so those teasing fingers slipped up Steve's inseam. "So, the flipside, how can we keep it strong?"
"Just what you're doing," said Brandon with a smirk. "Touch them, make love a lot, send each other feelings, thoughts, whatever you can get through. We even get images every once in a while."

"Not often, but yeah," said Noah, smiling fondly. "Using it keeps the bond strong, along with physical contact."

"We can do that," said Bucky with a smirk. "Your turn."

"What was it like, growing up as a double lock?" asked Noah, sounding sympathetic rather than prurient.

Tony took a deep breath and Steve sent him the warmth of adoration, the kind that made him preen like a proud peacock and at the same time relaxed something in their affection-starved lover.

"It led to a lot of bad choices, and eventually to the right one," Tony replied.

They went back and forth for a few more questions, and parted not quite friends but more than just customers. The ride back to the tower seemed to take forever with knowledge humming along the bond, Tony's brain in overdrive and Bucky filled with warm confidence now that they'd all been reassured that the bond was as good, as real as it felt. They'd sent Steve enough love and assurance while they wrapped up that even on his bike he still had that grounded, safe feeling he always felt when he was between them.

He was eager to get home and sink all the way into it.

They parked in the garage and Bucky came over for a kiss and then said to Tony, "I think our Stevie's been in his own brain too much today."

"We do need to strengthen our bond some more," said Tony with a smirk, laying a hand on the back of Steve's neck. "I'm thinking something like this."

Steve gasped at the filthy image Tony sent through the bond, of Steve begging to come and being painted in their seed the way they'd done to Tony. "Fuck, sweetheart, you sure know how to make a fella feel special."

Tony laughed delightedly and gave Steve a very thorough kiss.

"I take it you approve of Tony's dirty mind?" asked Bucky, slipping his fingers along the top of Steve's jeans to tug at his shirt.

"Always," said Steve, grinning at them. "But let's go upstairs before you paint me in your come and make me yours."

"Oh, Stevie, you're already ours," said Bucky, slinging his arm across Steve's broad shoulders. Tony's arm slipped around his waist from the other side, and then strolled into the elevator together, trusting JARVIS to take them where they needed to go.

They didn't even wait for the doors to close before bracketing Steve, with Bucky at his back and Tony at his front, divesting him of his jacket and shirt, plying him with kisses and yet more pornographic ideas from Tony and Bucky both. All of them featured Steve, a Steve he barely recognized, so beautiful and blissed-out, flushed with need and love and trust.

"You, you really see me like this?" Steve gasped, melting against Bucky, feeling that he was ready to take Steve's weight just enough. "I'm so, so..."
"Ours," said Tony, his voice a possessive growl. "You're completely, one hundred percent ours."

Steve felt the waves wash over him, the two of them practically shoving him down under into that safe, fuzzy place with such fierce glee that he couldn't hold onto even a shred of guilt at wanting it. They'd shown him in the best of ways how good it was for all of them, not just an indulgence for him but what they needed, the way they'd been made to slot together.

Steve let himself sink into the rightness of it, for once finding no trouble at all doing the right thing.

Tony was lucky he hadn't actually lit the welding torch when the sensation licked through him, icy panic and desperate need that he could only breathe through for a moment before JARVIS' voice brought him back to his reality.

"It is 2:33 pm on Monday, and you are in your workshop in New York. The temperature outside is a balmy 67 degrees Fahrenheit, and you are alone. It is 2:34-"

"I got it, J," said Tony, taking a deep, shaky breath and sitting down. "It's not me." He closed his eyes and concentrated, not on pulling the feeling to him but chasing it down, sending his love with it.

It was Steve, he was at the shop and something had happened, something that sent him down into a panic spiral while Bucky had gone the other way, right up into furious.

"JARVIS, deep breath protocol. Echo it at the shop unless an employee shuts it off," said Tony. He shifted to the floor, took up a meditation pose the way he'd been taught, did everything to calm his own body's responses so he wasn't adding to the mix. He sent love and concern in soft waves.

"You must breathe, sir," said JARVIS. "Breathe in, breathe deeply. Breathe out, let it go. Breathe in, deep and slow. Let it out, exhale."

Tony felt a flush of pride for the way he varied his words, trying to coax the listener to pay attention to him, to their body, for the soothing tone and the feeling of kindness and concern he managed to put into a voice that was as artificial as the rest of him, and as real as anything else in Tony's life. He followed along with his own body, sending those feelings, too, breathing in the safety of his workshop and breathing out love and solidity to his boys. He had no idea what was going on, but it didn't matter enough to stop what he was doing. He'd find out soon enough.

It was a wrench when Steve took his first real, deep breath, a sensation that made Tony's own chest ache with the edge of memory. He breathed through it, breathed with Steve, felt Bucky fall in sync with them almost against his own will. JARVIS' voice guided all three of them, steady as only an AI could be.

Rather than interrupt the flow of his own words, JARVIS picked up as soon as Tony's phone began to play Steve's ringtone.

"Hey, sweet thing," said Tony, keeping his voice light. "Everything okay in caffeine land?"

Steve's laugh was tight but not hysterical, and Tony relaxed a little more. "It's better now," he said softly. "I'm in the office, but JARVIS is piped in here, too. Was that your idea?"

"Yeah, Stevie, I had him share one of my panic protocols with all of us. It helped?" Tony breathed when he wasn't talking, keeping the rhythm going, sending Steve reassurance and acceptance through the bond now.

"You helped so much, Tony," Steve's voice was warming now, grateful instead of anxious. "I
thought Bucky was gonna kill someone for a second, he was so mad."

"Is it too soon to ask what happened?" Tony kept his tone light, open. He didn't want to set Steve off again, and he knew how easy it was to tip back over that edge when you were still too close for comfort.

Steve let out another little laugh. "It's fine, it was just some reporters being assholes," he explained. "Conservative news types. Someone leaked a little bit of our service records, just enough to give them ammunition."

"Fuck, babe. I am so fucking sorry," said Tony, trying not to let his own guilt bleed through the bond. "I know you guys never asked for this."

"Shut the fuck up," said Steve sharply. "I'll take you and asshole reporters any day of the week over neither one."

Tony felt a wave of fierce love washing most of the guilt away, making his breath catch. "Yeah, okay. So, um, can I do anything else to make it better?"

"Can you come down?" asked Steve, a shyness in his voice and echoing through the bond. It was swamped by another rise in Bucky's anger that made them both gasp.

"Fuck, yes, I'm on my way," said Tony. He tried to stand too fast and had to brace himself against a moment of lightheadedness; too much deep breathing always did that to him. "Do I have time to change?"

Steve sighed. "Make it quick? I'd rather have at-home Tony than Mr. Fucking Stark, anyway. Bucky's got them intimidated enough for ya."

"He hasn't actually assaulted anyone, has he?" asked Tony, though he was pretty sure he'd have known if actual violence was being committed by one of his soulmates. He shucked his welding gear and headed for the elevator, the call following him thanks to JARVIS. The breathing protocol had stopped, and was replaced by a borderline-dirty song about threesomes that Tony was pretty sure was also being echoed into the coffee shop. Some days, he really loved his AI.

"Nah, kitten. Clint called Sam and there's already two MPs here havin' a little talk with them about where exactly they got classified info." Steve was sounding more like himself every minute, and feeling it, too, though there was a fragility to him that Tony knew from his own attacks might stick around for hours or days, depending.

Tony hit the bathroom with his clothes already half off, pleased to see he hadn't gotten himself dirty enough to require a full shower, just a little washing up. "I love you and your devious ways," he said cheerfully.

"Are you showering without me?" asked Steve.

Tony chuckled. "No way, sugar puff. Just cleaning the grease off, getting minty fresh, you know how it is. JARVIS, keep up with this theme on the playlist, please."

Steve was silent a moment, and then he laughed. "Tony! We get a ton of kids in here, you know."

"Kids deserve to know about threesomes, too," said Tony smugly. "It's educational. Horizon-expanding. Relevant to current events."

"Oh, god, Tony, just shut the fuck up and get over here where I can kiss you," said Steve, laughing
through the words and sending bubbles of love and laughter all through the bond. Tony sent smug pride over to Bucky, taking full credit for Steve's good cheer.

"Soon, muffin cup." Tony dried off and headed naked to find something fun to wear, ending up in ass-hugging jeans old enough they were comfortable commando and one of Bucky's few dress shirts. He found his ratty old Converse with skulls all over them and threw on his Alexander McQueen suit jacket, no tie and collar undone, shirt untucked and 'fuck you' written in every line of his posture. The jacket still needed retailoring but worked fine with the oversized shirt. He stole a little bit of Bucky's cologne from the bathroom, slipped on a pair of blue-tinted sunglasses, and headed out to see his boys.

Tony fucking Stark might not be what Steve needed, but he wasn't going to exclude the option that he might be required before he could give himself over entirely to comfort.

"All right, babycakes, I'm on my way," said Tony, heading down to his workshop to grab his tablet on the way to the lobby. "J, identify the reporters and dig up some dirt for Daddy."

"My pleasure, sir," said JARVIS, his voice in Tony's ear now along with Steve's soft breathing.

"Are you still breathing, loverboy?" asked Tony, watching the numbers go down as the elevator descended. "I'm about to hit public but I have no shame, so I can keep talking you through it."

"I'm breathing, sweetheart," said Steve, sounding softer now, warmer. "I'm in back on the little couch, remembering what you did with me before we unlocked."

"That's a good memory," said Tony, smiling as he stepped out of the elevator. "You're just as safe now as you were then, no one will bother you until I'm there to hold you, puppy." That got him a few weird looks but Tony strode through the lobby like he owned the place which, hey, he did, so fuck them.

"I can feel you getting closer," said Steve happily. "The elevator's always swoopy when it's just one of us." He was starting to drift a little, which was music to Tony's ears, softness in his chest that muted out Bucky's sharp anger a little.

"It feels good," Tony walked as fast as he could; they'd tested it out, and most of the time it really was the most efficient way there. He might be short but he could power-walk like a New Yorker, so it wouldn't be long until he was at Steve's side and in his lap. "You always feel so good to me, Stevie, always."

"I love bein' in you, kitten. Can I do that? Would you ride me?" asked Steve sweetly. "I can do all the work so you can just enjoy me."

"I'd like that, soldier boy. You can take orders and I'll just sit across your big thighs and have my wicked way with you," said Tony, voice low and sexy enough no one around him seemed to notice. "You can cup my ass with those huge hands of yours and lift me onto your cock and oh here I am going inside and shutting up now, but J will keep the connection open."

When Tony went in, the two MPs looked over at him and nodded, but neither of them stopped him. The reporters were bracketed in by both military and civilian police, and Bucky was standing in front of the office door radiating fury. Thor and Loki, who were supposed to still be in training, were instead doing all the work, with Thor's cheerful smiles at the register and Loki's clever hands at work making drinks. Tony nodded to them both, patting Thor's arm as he swanned past, and went right up to Bucky for a scorching hot kiss.
"Are you needed out here?" asked Tony, trying not to impale himself on that spiky anger or fuel it with his own burning resentment.

Bucky sighed. "I might be. Go on, I'll feel ya and that'll help," he said, getting another kiss and a wave of love from Tony with soft echoes from Steve.

"Keep the boys out of the back, then," said Tony, slipping under Bucky's arm. "And have JARVIS call legal, if he hasn't already."

"Miss Romanoff is in contact with them, sir," said JARVIS in Tony's ear.

"I think he did," said Bucky, getting one more kiss and whispering against his mouth, pride and gratitude spilling through the bond. "You did good havin' him talk Stevie down like that, thank you."

"Always," said Tony. Someone cleared their throat and Bucky turned away, letting Tony slip into the back office and lock himself in. He sent a wave of reassurance and confidence to Bucky and felt his key wrap it around himself before going to deal with the drama.

"Tony," breathed Steve, and oh, he looked wrecked and not in the good way. His eyes were red, hair a mess, and hand shook when he held it out for Tony to fold himself into Steve's arms and just cling.

"I've got you, baby, you're safe here with me and I'm always safe in your arms," babbled Tony, clinging and kissing along his cheekbones, over that full mouth and up the other cheek, kissing each eyelid and his forehead. He just wished he could keep his boys safe forever, not just from asshole reporters but the whole fucking world that had tried to tear them down before they'd ever found him and lifted him up.

"I'm better now," said Steve, breathing in the scent of his box and calming as Tony filled his senses and the bond. Tony felt his trembling stop, his muscles relaxing bit by bit as the adrenaline finally left his system. "You help us so much, Tony."

Tony kissed him full on the mouth, soft and lingering and chaste for now. "That's my job, honey badger."

"My job is to make you feel good," rumbled Steve, blue eyes hopeful while his big hands palmed Tony's ass through his jeans.

Tony kissed him again, deep and filthy this time, taking over Steve's mouth and putting every single one of his controlling instincts to good use as he pushed Steve under. "Yeah, that's your job, Stevie. Undress me."

Steve sighed and slipped into that soft place in his head, relaxing further with his box weighing him down both mentally and physically. Tony knew he did best with an order to follow and the promise of pleasure in reward, and while the back office of the cafe wasn't ideal, Tony had always been good at working with what he had. Fortunately, what he had included the lube and condom he'd slipped into his jacket pocket on the way out.

Steve got to work on Tony's clothes, jacket set aside once Tony'd pulled the supplies out, shirt over his head, shoes carefully untied and slipped off one-handed and at the same time, the smooth fucker. He did the socks the same way, and then slid his big hands all the way up Tony's thighs, ass, and back, hiding in his neck and breathing in Tony's permission, Tony's willingness to take over and let Steve give up control.
Tony gave him that and more, grinning and sending amusement to both Steve and Bucky when Steve figured out there was only one more layer to remove. Bucky sent back love and a different sort of permission, approval of them both for taking care of each other and letting him do the hard part this time. Then he gently shut them out, just enough that he could concentrate on something other than his bondmates fucking in the back room.

Tony moved just enough to help Steve manhandle him out of his jeans, but he left Steve dressed, only opening his clothes enough to get his cock out and the condom on. They'd been having enough sex that if it was Bucky, he wouldn't have needed any prep at all, but Steve was too big for such foolishness, so Tony got his cock and fingers both slicked and kissed him deeply. "Start with two."

Steve didn't answer, just melted into the kiss and followed orders, his oral fixation given second billing just this once. Even that, Tony could feel, was a sort of submission, letting Tony decide which pleasures to share. It didn't take long to get to three fingers, to get open enough that he couldn't wait.

"Hold yourself up for me, Stevie," said Tony, getting into position and sinking slowly down on Steve's cock until he was seated fully in Steve's lap, naked and full and entirely in charge. It was heady, delicious, and Tony enjoyed it just as much as Steve did, sent that feeling through the bond to chase away the last shadows of guilt lurking around the edges of Steve's thoughts.

Tony gave him soft orders, got Steve to help him move, made Steve concentrate on doing the work for them both, on servicing Tony instead of worrying about anything outside of their mutual pleasure. He didn't let Steve touch him anywhere else, though his cock was leaving wet trails on Steve's t-shirt, which would undoubtedly get him yelled at once he came all over it. He let their pleasure build slowly, whispering to Steve when to change angles, to shift him this way and that until he was clutching at Steve's shoulders with his hands hard enough to bruise.

"Faster, honey badger, I'm gonna help a little now," he whispered between kisses, keeping that connection going even when it was just gasping breaths shared in the minute space between their mouths. Tony started moving, too, clenching his body and speeding his hips until Steve could barely keep up, arms already tired and unready for the sprint at the end of his rather impressive workout.

Tony waited until he was right at the edge before stuttering the order into Steve's skin. "C-come, baby, come with me."

Steve went right over with no hesitation, following Tony into bliss or maybe pulling him along, moaning and filling him up, cock throbbing deep inside Tony and his love pulsing in Tony's chest at the same slow rhythm. Bucky sent them both a little tendril of love and amusement, because they'd washed that through the bond without meaning to, but none of them could ever be mad about such a wonderful feeling.

Even if it did sometimes lead to awkward boners.

A few more languorous kisses, and then Steve was the one to get them cleaned up, to change his shirt into one of the spares he kept at the shop in case of spills, to dress Tony reverently, one piece at a time. He looked up from tying the last shoelace and Tony could feel the last tendrils of submission falling away as he smiled that crooked, impish little smile.

"I gotta tell ya, kitten, that's about the best reward I've ever had for fallin' apart." He glowed with love and not, Tony was happy to feel, any real shame, though he was a little sheepish at all the drama it had caused.

"You'll always have us to help you back together, now," said Tony, kissing him. "You two helped me like this even before I was yours."
"Oh, Tony," said Steve with a smirk. "You were ours then, too, you just didn't know it yet."

When Tony strode back into the clinic with Bucky and Steve, he had Mikey's scans on his tablet and a vicious little grin on his face. Steve knew he had something planned, he'd cheerfully reported pissing off someone when he'd over-stayed his time in the med suite to adjust Mikey's leg a little yesterday and that seemed like it foreshadowed something bad for Mikey's tech.

"You'll be okay without us, right, Buckaroo Banzai?" asked Tony, kissing Bucky sweet as anything despite the thread of sharp anger running through the bond. "Just don't let Pers adjust anything or open the arm."

"I won't," assured Bucky with a laugh, sending a wave of calm assurance to them both. "He's fine, Tony. Go take care of Mikey."

"Hey, Steve!" said Mikey, getting up with a little grimace and coming over. "I ain't seen you here in a dog's age."

"We finally hired some people," said Steve. "Tony's gonna take care of you, I hear. Can I watch?"

"Yeah, sure," said Mikey, looking a little surprised but happy. "I almost never have company for these things, wife can't get away."

Steve grinned at him. "I like watchin' Tony work," he said, sending a little amusement to Tony, who was perfectly aware that Steve was there to keep Tony from doing or saying anything that would make Pepper mad at him. "He's got the best hands."

Mikey laughed. "That's more than I needed to know," he said with a snort. "Ah, that's me." The tech calling Mikey's name was tall, handsome, and had arrogance in every line of his body.

Steve was suddenly a lot less worried about Tony firing the guy.

"All right, honey badger, time to get a leg up," said Tony, hooking his arm around Steve's waist and tucking his hand into Steve's back pocket. "After you, Mikey."

"It's already better today," said Mikey, moving a little more smoothly than Steve remembered, less of a limp to his gait though it was clear the prosthetic was far from perfect. He let that thought go, though; with Tony's personal interest, it'd be a lot closer to perfect real soon.

"You got an entourage today, Mikey?" asked Rumlow, though the look he gave Tony said he was up on the gossip and had an idea of who he was.

"He's agreed to allow me to do some further work on his prosthetic personally, since his data indicates he's not getting everything he needs from his tech," said Tony, his tone mild but dangerous. Steve just loomed, taller than any of them and happy in this case to make use of his size for Tony's sake in a different way than usual.

"What's he been bitchin' about now?" asked Rumlow, still arrogant despite the obvious reprimand from someone so far above his paygrade that his personal attention should be making Rumlow feel like an ant about to get squashed.

Steve shook his head; some people.

"That's an interesting choice of phrasing," said Tony, swanning on past Rumlow and into the room.
waiting for them as if he owned the place. "You see, complaints about the prosthetic devices are meant to be logged and treated as serious, to be worked on and refined, and if it's something big, like, say, repeated infections at the attachment site from friction, then it's supposed to be flagged and sent up the line."

"Is that right," said Rumlow, trailing after Tony and Mikey while Steve brought up the rear.

"You know who I am," said Tony, already pulling up Mikey's files on the computer screen. "So I'm a little confused about the attitude here. I am, by definition, right."

Rumlow's face darkened, attitude shifting from arrogant to belligerent. "You're not my boss, Stark, and you don't have anything to do with this department."

"Au contraire," said Tony, turning around with every bit of the arrogance that Steve had once expected from Tony Fucking Stark radiating out of him. "I personally built this limb, and Bucky's limb, and a number of the other prosthetics you are meant to be servicing. This department is, in fact, one of my pet projects. You are correct about one thing, though. After this enlightening meeting, I'm no longer the boss of you. Get your things and get out."

Steve was more than a little turned on by Tony like this, but not so distracted that he missed the way Rumlow tensed up, shifted his stance, and readied himself to attack.

"You think you can just swan in here and fuck up my life, Stark?" said Rumlow, hands in fists now, all coiled aggression.

Tony snorted, taking a single step to one side. "I feel like you've missed whose name is on this building and your paychecks, Rumlow. Get out or be escorted out."

"You fucked your own life up," added Steve, stepping forward into the space Tony had occupied. "You couldn't even pretend to care about your job long enough to keep it."

That set him off, and Steve had a moment of pride for the way Tony moved to protect Mikey while Steve blocked Rumlow. The tech had obviously thought Steve was all brawn and no brain, but Steve hadn't been in a top-secret commando unit for his looks. It took him all of ten seconds to get Rumlow down on the ground and firmly restrained.

"Call security?" asked Steve.

"J already did," said Tony, huffing out a breath and sending pride and lust down the bond. "I can't believe you're not even breathing hard. No wonder you got all those medals."

"Shut up, kitten," said Steve, but he knew he was grinning a little. "If you tell him, I'll just have to kill him."

Rumlow snorted derisively, and Steve gave his hold a little twist tighter.

Security arrived with two cops in tow, which made Steve wonder if Tony had set everything up ahead of time and just given Rumlow enough rope to hang himself. Either way, he was cuffed and taken away while the three of them gave witness statements, starting with Steve.

Tony, of course, used that time to go over Mikey's leg with him and make a few more adjustments.

"I've got all your scans and everything, and to be honest the wear on this thing is pretty alarming, so I'm gonna be here for your next appointment with a whole new leg," Tony was saying, when Steve surfaced from the chat he'd been having with the cop about the hold he'd been using to keep
Rumlow subdued. "My fabricator at home can do most of the work, it won't really be a proper mark IV, more of a three-point-one, if you know what I mean, but it should be more comfortable."

"It's already way better, Tony, thank you," said Mikey, shaking his hand. "Oh, hey, you guys ready for us?"

"Yeah," said the cop. "Nice to meet you, Steve."

"Thanks, man. Come around the shop sometime, we'll treat you guys to a coffee." Steve wrapped himself shamelessly around Tony from behind and kissed him on top of his head.

Bucky slouched in and hung off Steve somewhat pointedly. "What's the commotion?" he asked, though of course he knew his boys were safe, with Steve getting equal parts curiosity and mischief from him through the bond. "You two been makin' trouble?"

"That's your job," said Steve, giving him a kiss. "Mikey's tech got himself fired and tried to hit our box."

"So it's true, there's really three of you?" asked the cop, pausing in his neat note-taking.

Tony was the one who answered, pride singing through all three of them. "Yep, bonded and registered," he said, holding out his hand. They all three lined them up, rings glinting in the light, blue and bluer and deep, sparkling brown in the diamonds. "To be honest, there was already a disciplinary record on Rumlow longer than there should've been for him to keep his job, so Steve insisted on coming with me instead of Bucky."

"I didn't need ya for Pers. He's calmer when it's just the two of us, anyway, goes faster." Bucky shrugged. "He did tell me to ask you ta stop in after, he's got a question on some other guy's arm."

"Will do, thanks, babe," said Tony, kissing him. "Actually, I'm all done with Mikey, can you come find us in the other lab when you're ready for me?"

"Yeah, of course, Mr. Stark," said the officer. "Just don't leave before I get your statement, please."

"You've got it, Officer," said Tony with a chuckle. "It's nice to be on this end of the cops for once," he added, winking before Steve and Bucky tugged him away.

"I had no idea how hot you are when you're bein' a dick, Tony," Steve teased, crowding him against Bucky for a quick, greedy kiss that spiked lust through the bond from all three of them. "I'm gonna have to rethink my stance on lettin' you be the one to yell at the reporters next time if it's that sexy."


Bucky gave a wicked laugh and kissed Steve, too, all heat and ownership and promise. "Good thing we made Happy drive. Now let's get finished up so we can get outta here."

They all crowded into Pers' lab and Steve basked in a different kind of stimulation while Tony's brain revved up to high, discussing the various challenges the patients been facing with Pers. Another tech wandered over, too, and Tony mentioned that Rumlow's patients were going to need to be redistributed while they trained someone new.

Steve snuggled up to Bucky and kissed his shoulder. "It's still hard to believe he's ours sometimes," he murmured.

Bucky turned for a soft kiss. "Yeah, but I think he feels the same way about us, so it's okay. We
"And we get to keep him, Buck." Steve sighed and relaxed, mentally sketching out the scene, Tony lit up like an LED, sparking from the inside while the rest of them were drawn in like moths. Maybe he'd do something more abstract with it in that new studio of his, paint Tony as a bright blue glow and everyone around him basking in the cool light of his intellect.

Steve sent a little wave of love Tony's way, grinning when his words stuttered for a moment before resuming, a twin burst of love and annoyance coming right back at him.

The night before the gala, Tony sent them a mysterious text not to be late getting home. Bucky was pretty sure their outfits were completely outfitted already and couldn't imagine putting up with any more grooming after their spa day on Monday, so he and Steve spent the entirety of closing tossing back and forth increasingly ridiculous ideas for what Tony might be planning for them.

"He decided at the last minute we all need dresses," said Steve, counting out the drawer. "Yours is gonna have a slit up to your hip so you hafta get your legs waxed."

"Yours would be one of those minidresses with the big metal zipper up the back that just says 'open here' to anyone lookin'," teased Bucky right back. "Gotta show off that ass."

"God, Tony's ass, though," said Steve, gazing off into the distance for a moment. "He'd be so hot in a miniskirt."

"We'll put it on your wish list," Bucky replied, cleaning the espresso machine thoroughly since they'd be off early tomorrow for the gala. "Maybe he built us new bikes in a fit of engineering madness."

"Maybe aliens tried to kidnap him and he seduced them into a big tentacle orgy." Steve paused to note something on the closing sheet. "You know how he likes those weird porn cartoons."

"He got tired of waitin' for his appointment and built his own particle accelerator in the basement, but now he's trapped inside the loop," said Bucky.

Steve laughed. "God, never say that around him. I bet our genius could do it, if anyone could."

"Maybe he invented a killer robot and needs us to come subdue it," Bucky mused, still hung up on the fantasy of their box as a mad scientist.

Steve yanked his chain a different way. "Maybe he wants to do our nails in front of the tv and have a pillow fight."

Bucky laughed. "Finish that up and we'll go find out," he said, moving over to do the crumb trays. "Maybe he invented us a self-cleaning pastry warmer."

"Maybe he learned how to fly," said Steve right back. "Now he's stuck on the ceiling or something."

"Why do all of these seem less unlikely than they should?" asked Bucky, only mostly rhetorical.

Steve chuckled. "Well, he did get kidnapped by terrorists and rescue himself with shit he built in a cave with a box of scraps."

Bucky shrugged. "I suppose that's what the papers said, anyway. But you're right, a fella who could do that could do anything he put his mind to."
"And somehow, we lucked out 'cos he puts his mind ta doin' us," drawled Steve, getting the drawer and deposit all set up for the safe.

Bucky chuckled and put back the clean-enough trays. "Let's go home and see if we can do him right."

They got out the door in good time, and Bucky texted Tony that they were on their way, as promised. He got a rainbow of hearts in reply and laughed, showing them to Steve. "He's definitely got something up his sleeve."

Steve snorted. "You can feel it in the bond, too," he pointed out. The secretive excitement had been leaking through no matter how Tony tried to hide it, anticipation and no small amount of lust going with the anxiety and nervousness that they'd learned were just a part of Tony's emotional landscape.

Bucky sent soothing love to him and then smirked. "Let's relax him together," he said, texting Tony to sit down and make sure he wasn't holding anything fragile.

Tony sent back question marks but through the bond he sent agreement, compliance. The feelings got clearer as they walked, especially the sense of a surprise, a secret he hoped they'd like, though they had to be touching for him to give himself away in actual images.

"He'll be a puddle if we do it together," Steve agreed, taking Bucky's hand with a grin.

"That's the idea," said Bucky. They breathed together, letting the bond sync up their bodies, and then they both sent love to Tony, love and lust and trust that his surprise would be good, that they'd love what he'd thought up because they loved him and his big brain.

Bucky's phone chimed again, JARVIS sending them a simple thank you, and he showed it to Steve with a grin. They kept up the waves of emotion, staying mostly silent until they were in the elevator, when they let it taper off so Tony could compose himself before they got upstairs.

"We're home, babydoll," said Bucky, scanning the room automatically for their box.

Tony sashayed out of the kitchen with a drink in each hand, wearing nothing but a pair of gold silk panties held up by a red bow tied at each hip. Tony had a tiny bit of high-end box lingerie, but he'd never worn any of it for them, and Bucky had a feeling this piece was brand new just for tonight. It fit him perfectly, the silk pouch shifting to display rather than hide Tony's half-hard cock as he walked toward them, handing them each a glass.

"Welcome home," he said, sly and sexy. "Thank you for the treat just now."

"Tony, kitten," said Steve, lust spiking through the bond that matched what was going on in Bucky's pants. "You look so good."

"You're gorgeous, dollface," agreed Bucky. "That's quite a treat."

"Oh," said Tony, doing a pose and gesture to show himself off just a little more, "these aren't the treat. They're just the wrapping."

Bucky's eyes went wide and he turned to Steve, grabbing his sleeve. "Toybox," he said, lust spiking a lot higher now.

Steve met his gaze and then looked back at Tony and asked, breathless and wide-eyed, "Toybox?"

"Yep. You can do anything you want to me tonight, sugar beans," said Tony, sly and full of sensual
power, glowing inside that his surprise was met with such enthusiastic wonder. "I'm just your little toybox."

Bucky glanced down to find Tony's cock fully hard already, riding off the high of lust from his keys and peeking out the top of his panties now. " Fucking hell, Tony, you're just so pretty."

"You're our sex kitten tonight," said Steve, moving in with a wicked grin and sliding his fingers over the plump head. "We're gonna take such good care of our little toy."

"And you'll take real good care of us," said Bucky, moving in for a hot kiss. "We'll use you so good, baby."

"Wanna start now?" said Tony, sending a little spike of pleasure and secretiveness to them through the bond. "Just tug the bows to unwrap your gift."

Bucky and Steve exchanged glances and then they each grabbed a ribbon end and tugged, making the bows unravel so Tony could wriggle his hips and make the silk fall away completely. Tony turned and bent himself over the back of the couch, legs spread, and Bucky heard Steve gasp as something blue glittered between his cheeks.

Steve went to his knees behind Tony and spread his cheeks wide, showing off the golden plug in his ass with a sapphire-blue gem in the base, matching Steve's outfit for tomorrow the way the red had matched Bucky's, with Tony's gold for both. "Oh, sweetheart, you've been such a good box for us today," said Steve, leaning in to kiss and lick.

Bucky got another hit of bright surprise and Steve laughed delightedly. "Is that peach lube?"

"You're the one always telling me my ass is like a peach," said Tony, giving a little cheeky wriggle. "There's also mint if you two are feeling adventurous. It tingles."

"I would think you'd be the one having the adventure there, babydoll," said Bucky. He sauntered over, stripping off his shirt and then giving Tony's pert bottom a light smack.

"If he tingles, we tingle," said Steve with a laugh. "Unless you don't wanna fill him up."

"I wanna start fillin' him right here. You want this end or that?" asked Bucky. He opened his button fly one-handed just to watch Tony's reaction to the sound, feel the little dip of lust and honey-soaked submission that went with it. "He needs ta be filled with cock all night, both ends."

"Or we could pass his mouth back and forth while we eat dinner," said Steve slyly, giving the plug a few twists and thrusts and making Tony whine. "Wait and have peaches an' cream for dessert."

Bucky chuckled wickedly. "That's a pretty good plan." He swatted the other cheek just to see it pink up to match, blushing like a ripe peach. "Maybe he'll be naughty and earn himself a real spankin' later."

Tony whined again as Steve gave one last lick and let his cheeks close, hiding the plug again. "But I've been so good!" he protested.

Bucky could feel that it was only half playacting, the rest of Tony somewhat desperate to get on with things after anticipating the evening all damn day. Frankly, he was pretty impressed that their box had kept the secret instead of teasing them with it, or letting them tease it out of him.

"You have been good, Tony-baby, but you're our toy an' that means us playin' the way we want. An' we wanna take all night ta mess you up right." He splayed his hand over Tony's ass, middle finger
Tony made a greedy noise and sank to his knees right there, turning gracefully to face them. "Please, yes."

Steve stroked his hand through Tony's curls. "Good boy."

"Sweet peach," said Bucky, tilting his chin up and looking into those pretty brown eyes. "Want a treat before we get the food?" He pulled himself out of his open pants, watching Tony's eyes go hungry, feeling the emotions from all of them prodding each other's arousal higher.

"You keep his mouth busy, I'll get dinner," said Steve, giving Bucky a hot kiss. "I wanna have a good long turn as my reward."

"Of course, Stevie," said Bucky, feeding his cock to Tony with the pretense of barely paying it any attention while he gave Steve another kiss. "We'll share our toy."

Tony made a delicious noise and sunk a little deeper into his headspace. It felt different than Steve's, Tony glowing with sensual power instead of devoted service, but the thick, sweet core of it was the same, coming up to drown their boy in safety and submission. Tony's mouth was as clever as anything on Bucky's cock, working slow and wet just around the first few inches he'd been fed without straining to get more. He wasn't concentrating on Bucky's hot spots, either, sharing a gentle pleasure rather than trying to get Bucky off.

Just like a good little toybox, he was giving his keys just what they'd asked for.

Steve gave Tony's hair a last ruffle and wandered off to the kitchen, talking to JARVIS about whatever treats Tony had waiting for them. Tony swayed at the caress and let out a little hum of satisfaction that shot through Bucky's cock. "Such a good boy. Let's get settled on the couch, babydoll, maybe put those pretty things back on for us?"

Tony hummed again and pulled away, snagging the panties by one ribbon and re-tying them with deft twists of his fingers. "I'm glad you like them," he said coyly.

"You knew we would," said Bucky, sauntering over to the couch and sitting, legs spread and wet cock poking out of his fly obscenely. "Crawl, baby, let me see you on your hands an' knees for us."

"Will I get to suck you more?" asked Tony, a hint of smugness in his tone and a sleek sensuality to his movements as he crawled, back arched to show off his silk-covered ass and strong shoulders. "I've been thinking about this for weeks."

"You've been thinking about it for years," said Steve, bringing a big platter of finger foods over, along with a huge mug of something steaming. "But we're the ones who benefit." He stripped his shirt off and nodded to Bucky, getting everything arranged.

Tony made a greedy sound and another rush of lust and honeyed sweetness flooded through the bond, which Bucky melted with his own fire. He wanted Steve on his side, not Tony's, so their toybox could get keyed up all night long the way they'd all fantasized.

"You'll get to suck us both," said Bucky, gesturing for Tony to put his mouth back to work while Steve got settled. "Oh, good boy."

"His mouth's as sweet as sin," agreed Steve, undoing his own fly and sitting, getting himself out for Tony. "Come here, kitten."
Bucky gently pulled Tony off by the hair, getting a moan as he literally passed Tony over to Steve, the sound cut off as Tony filled his mouth up with Steve's big dick. "Such a good toy," said Bucky, snagging and eating a bite of food.

Steve moaned and used Tony's mouth for a minute, just riding the waves of wanting and giving and taking. Bucky was still getting used to having them both there in his mind, anchored over his heart; it made him more aware of his own emotions as much as theirs. He concentrated on eating, on keeping his control and channeling his own need into the man they all needed him to be.

"Stevie, don't hog him," said Bucky, when he could feel the tension ratcheting up between them. "Here, try some of the green stuff, it's really good."

Tony and Steve allowed Bucky to trade off the platter for Tony, manhandling him like he was nothing and pushing his wet mouth down onto Bucky's waiting cock. Bucky was reassured by the feeling of contentment thrumming up from Tony, and he sent a trickle of love back. Tony was playful like this, trusting and pliant and so sure in his own skin even as he gave himself over to them.

Bucky was glad he was already in love, or he'd have been lost from the moment he saw their box in his pretty panties.

They pulled Tony off after a bit and fed him a few bites of food, messy and sensual, getting him to suck sauces off their fingers between sucks at their cocks. They drew the meal out, drew their need out, but eventually it was too much and the last morsels were abandoned.

"Off to bed with you, kitten," said Steve. Rather than let Tony walk or even crawl, Steve hauled Tony up and carried him off to bed with a smirk.

Bucky laughed and followed.

Steve tossed Tony onto the bed, rolling him face down so he could grab handfuls of Tony's luscious ass, fondling him silk and all. "God, I love your ass, sweetheart."

"All yours tonight, gorgeous," said Tony, snarky as ever despite the gorgeous, red wetness of his mouth, lips extra lush from having been around their cocks for so long. "Who's going first?"

"I am," said Bucky. "I'm gonna cream in your peaches an' then plug you back up and spank you for bein' a brat."

Steve picked up the thread and added, "And then I'm gonna add my own cream before I eat my dessert."

Tony moaned and wriggled in a very enticing manner indeed. "Better get to it, then."

Bucky barked out a laugh and swatted his ass lightly. "Brat," he teased.

Bucky and Steve tugged the ribbons off together, but this time Steve set the panties aside while Bucky toyed with the plug, teasing it back and forth without pulling it out. Tony whimpered and spread, arching up and getting his knees underneath him, putting himself on shameless display and begging with every inch of his body for more.

"Fuck, look at him," said Bucky, breath catching in his chest and cock hard as diamonds. "Such a little tart."

"Our slutty box," said Steve fondly, sliding his hand underneath to toy with Tony's balls and cock. "He loves it every which way we wanna give it to him."
"Only when you actually give it to me," said Tony, ending on a needy whine as Bucky angled the plug down and in for a moment.

"Toys don't get to say when they're used," said Bucky sternly. "Do you need your spanking first, instead?"

"I think he does," said Steve, licking his lips. "I wanna have him as soon as you're done, Buck."

"You do love my sloppy seconds," said Bucky. "Yeah, let's make the boy wait." Without further consulting Tony and ignoring his indignant noise of protest, Steve and Bucky got them rearranged so Bucky was sitting up against the headboard with Tony sprawled across his lap, ass tilted up just perfectly to get a right-handed spanking, hands held behind his back with the metal hand.

"Be good, or we'll switch so he's usin' the left," warned Steve. He'd stripped naked, though Bucky hadn't yet, and moved so he could rub his cock against Tony's greedy mouth. "You gonna be okay with this, kitten?"

"Yes, fuck, I'm gonna be really fucking okay with all of it," said Tony, arching his neck forward to suck in the first inches of Steve's cock.

Bucky and Steve moaned together, and then it was Tony's turn when Bucky pressed the plug in deep one more time.

"You and your fuckin' mouth," said Bucky, shaking his head. "You've earned this." He started the spanking in earnest, careful at first while he got used to what Tony's skin could take, then faster and harder. Tony made beautiful sounds around Steve's big dick, his ass going pink and then red and his cock leaving trails of wetness on Bucky's jeans. Bucky made sure to hit so the plug would get shoved in deeper every few strikes, but he was otherwise thorough, getting ass and thighs, making sure he'd have a glowing soreness as a beautiful reminder tomorrow during the gala.

Each smack set off a bright spark of pain-pleasure-yes through the bond that was as intoxicating as anything Bucky had ever felt.

"He's gonna come if you don't stop," said Steve, pulling out and tipping Tony's face up, staring into his eyes. "You don't wanna do that yet, baby, we've still gotta fuck you an' we'll do it either way."

Tony moaned and shuddered, balls growing tight but not quite tipping himself over the edge. Bucky gave them a little tug, and then a slightly harder one just because he could. "Yeah, I think it's time. He's gonna be such a hot fuck now, Stevie."

"Well, hurry up, then, or I'll take my turn first," said Steve wickedly. "Stretch him out too loose for ya."

"We'll find out when I fuck him again after you've licked him clean," said Bucky casually, helping Steve rearrange again and then stripping out of his jeans. "I wanna try the mint for my second go, see if that tightens his ass back up."

Bucky would've felt guilty about ill-using their box if he hadn't gotten a wash of pure want through the bond at his words. Tony had no objections whatsoever to being fucked out and used over and over, craved it as much as his keys had craved the permission to do it.

Steve moaned, kneeling heavily onto the bed. "Wow."

"Wow," agreed Bucky. He slicked himself up with the peaches, breathing in the sweet scent. He pulled out the plug and passed it to Steve, licking his lips and pressing in two metal fingers for just a
moment, long enough for Tony to mewl at the cold feel of them inside him. Then Bucky lined up and thrust in, hard and deep, and started working to get himself off, preferably without taking Tony over the edge with him.

The first time didn't last long, not after everything, but Bucky didn't mind a bit. Once he'd emptied himself into Tony and felt the desperate need drowning out everything else inside their box's head, even that feeling of power lost for now.

Bucky had no doubt it'd be back once he saw what he'd done to his keys.

Steve took over as soon as Bucky pulled out, just as eager, just as hard and fast. Tony groaned at the rough handling, groaned harder when Steve thrust in deep and held himself there. "Help me roll him over, I wanna watch him try not ta come yet," he said.

"Or come anyway," teased Bucky, the two of them moving Tony's limbs like a doll, keeping him impaled on Steve's cock and switching the position so he was draped over Steve's lap with his legs up over Steve's shoulders. "God, what a fucking slut, look at him."

"Such a pretty toybox," said Steve fondly. "He's got the best treats inside now."

"Yeah he does," said Bucky with a leer. He ran his hands over Tony's sweat-slick skin, teasing all his hot spots, finding himself wanting to see Tony come on Steve's dick knowing he'd still be used after. "Our pretty box."

"All yours," breathed Tony, giving Bucky the most adoring look before Steve's next thrust melted him into nothing but need.

Bucky pinned his hands overhead and kissed him like drowning, pushing all his lust and love into the bond, into Tony, and not pulling back until he felt Tony just starting to pass the point of no return.

"Come for us, sweetheart," said Steve, doing that thing with his hips that always drove Tony crazy. Tony shattered beautifully.

Steve followed right after, riding Tony through his orgasm and out the other side for both of them, folding him in half for a very hot kiss before he pulled out and slid down Tony's limp body. Bucky took it upon himself to catch up Tony's legs behind the knees and keep him folded up so Steve could concentrate on spreading his red cheeks and licking him clean, peaches and cream and Steve's favorite treat. Bucky felt the hum of deep satisfaction inside himself, too, making his boys make each other feel good, knowing he'd get another turn and they'd both be good for him all over again if he wanted them to.

He let that satisfaction resonate through the bond and got twin moans back along with trickles of honey-sweet satiation, satisfaction, and submission.

"Love ya both," said Bucky, the words unnecessary but appreciated all the same.

Between Bucky's love and Steve's tongue, the last bit of Tony's self-control cracked and inspiration lit him up like a sunrise, shining through the fog and opening the floodgates. Tony started spouting off in some direction Bucky wasn't even close to understanding, as much magic to him as physics or engineering. He felt a rush of pure affection from both himself and Steve that had nothing to do with their box's body and everything to do with that big, gorgeous brain of his. Steve redoubled his efforts, determined to make the most of Tony's burst of inspiration and, Bucky was pretty sure, lick every single drop of come out of him before letting Bucky fill him back up again.
Bucky let himself relax further into his own role, holding Tony for Steve, planning out their next set of moves. He was pretty sure Tony could take at least one more fuck from each of them, and could come one more time, too, after they'd let him rest a little, anyway. He'd been so fucking hot inside, and his ass and thighs were still practically glowing red from the spanking, which gave Bucky a wicked idea.

"Hold yourself open, dollface, I got somethin' I wanna grab," said Bucky, careful not to give himself away. He helped Tony grip the backs of both knees, keeping him folded in half for Steve. "Oh, good boy."

Tony accepted the kisses Bucky gave him, turning into a moan when Steve did something to recapture his attention, and then shooting off onto another gorgeous tangent inside his big brain, the ideas pinging around the bond like manic fireflies, lighting them all up from the inside. Bucky got them a bowl of ice from the kitchen, and a couple of bottles of cold water while he was at it, heading back in to find Tony unfolded with Steve's head on his stomach, as much a cuddle as clean-up duty.

"Takin' a quick break, Stevie?" teased Bucky, setting his prizes aside to join the backwards snuggle and get kisses from his lovers.

"I got all the things I wanted outta him for now," Steve shot back, smirking.

Tony looked pretty done in but he felt blissful, and he was quiet again while he smiled down at Steve and Bucky where they were pillowed on his torso together. "For now," said Tony, giving them a slow, satisfied blink.

Bucky chuckled. "I have a few more things in mind before we finish with you for the night," he said wickedly. "I wanna see if we can get you to invent somethin' really cool tonight."

Tony barked out a laugh. "And here I was worried you wouldn't want your toy to be spouting science at you."

"Oh, sweetheart, we love your brain even more than your ass," said Steve earnestly.

Bucky smirked. "And we love your ass a whole fuckin' lot."

Tony stretched and purred, showing off shamelessly for his keys. "Well, it is all yours, all night."

"Good thing I've got plans for it," said Bucky with a smirk. "Stevie, go get me a coupla those big bath towels."

"Sir, yes, sir," teased Steve, claiming kisses before he rolled off the bed to comply.

Bucky got his own kiss before rearranging the bed and pillows to better accommodate his ideas, spreading the towels over his little pillow mounds once Steve handed them over. They shared one of the bottles of water between the three of them, a quiet moment of rest between acts. Water gone, the two keys laid their sweet sex kitten out on his front, hips propped up on towel-covered pillows so his red ass and thighs were on display, face comfortably snuggled up to another pillow. Bucky spread him wider, as wide as he could go, and grinned.

"Comfortable, pet?" Bucky asked, teasing his fingers down the sweet arch of his back.

"Surprisingly so," said Tony, giving a little rock of his hips to rub his soft cock against the warm, plush towel.

"Need me to hold you down, sweetheart?" asked Steve, who'd put two and two together once Bucky
had gestured for him to bring the bowl of ice over.

Tony's breath caught, and lust and submission flared up all over again in the bond, only a little anxiety this time around. "We'll see."

Bucky chuckled wickedly and slid his tongue in a hot line down where his fingers had been, metal hand slipping almost silently into the bowl of ice. Steve took one cube out of the bowl and sent a little thread of inquiry to Bucky, who nodded agreement.

"Be good, now," said Bucky, sliding his tongue over one hot cheek while Steve swirled the cold ice over the other.

Tony gasped and bucked up, his whole body convulsing in aroused shock. "F-fuck, I, uh."

"Need that anchor now, kitten?" asked Steve, smirk on his face and in his voice and even echoing through the bond.

"Y-yes, fuck," Tony swore again as Steve drew the ice over a different part of his skin, the hot flesh melting cold rivulets that ran into sensitive creases.

Steve shifted so he was straddling Tony's leg, stretching out to catch both wrists in one big hand. Bucky followed suit, straddling the other leg, then put his now-cold left hand to work making his own music of Tony's cries, words spilling out in a crescendo of half-understood science and needily begging. He followed up with tongue and lips and even a little teeth, hot and cold over Tony's skin with Steve providing a surprising counterpoint with his own little bits of ice. One of the bottles of lube went into the bowl, too, and after taking his own turn licking at Tony's sweet entrance, Bucky smeared his cold metal fingers with mint-scented slick and buried two in their box's hot lock.

Tony wailed.

Steve soothed him with a big, warmed hand down his back, but Bucky fucked him unrelentingly with those two cold fingers. Bucky worked Tony open wide and then slicked himself up with the same cold, tingling lube before sliding inside. The cold-hot-cold tingle of lube with the heat of Tony's body was amazing, mind-blowing, and it was a good thing Bucky had already come once or he wouldn't have made it three strokes before ending things prematurely.

Steve had moved out of the way, and he wickedly scooped up another ice cube to run down Tony's spine, keeping their box's hands trapped while the ice slipped back and lower until it was teasing at the place they were joined. Bucky and Tony both gasped as the cold made the lube tingle more, and heightened the every time he thrust into the heat of Tony's body.

"Fuck, fuck, I don't wanna go too soon, Stevie," Bucky complained, trying to get his mind off of how good it felt. He used his strong legs to press against the heat of Tony's spanked thighs, to spread him wide and pin him down while his hands teased hot and cold over the curves of Tony's back.

Tony was so beautiful like this, out of his mind with pleasure, everything spilling out of him through words, through inspiration, through the bond and into them. It felt like having a solar flare pouring into him, the pleasure and pure intelligence that came out of Tony, the heat of Tony's body its own kind of overwhelming with everything else.

"Fill him up, Buck," said Steve, the words half encouragement and half an order. "I want my turn, too."

"Yes, fuck, want you ta feel, yes!" Bucky let go, pistoned into their boy and spent himself completely, letting Tony's body have every drop, letting both of his soulmates feel every bit of joy
his heart had to share.

He pulled out only to have Steve replace him, the movements as smooth as if they'd practiced it. Tony moaned in overwhelmed need as Steve filled him, bigger than Bucky but just what he'd need to go over the edge one more time. Bucky nuzzled under Tony's belly and teased the head of his dick with licks and kisses, waiting until the science was punctuated with begging before he sucked Tony down properly.

The explosion in his chest and behind his eyes was perfect, Tony's pleasure pouring into and through him, Steve's joining in and Bucky getting to drink it all down like liquid lightning. He stayed where he was, suckling tenderly, feeling rather than seeing as Steve pulled out and pushed in the plug. Bucky cooperated when Steve rearranged them into a cuddle, pulling a sheet up over them and laying his own head back on Tony's belly.

"Mine," said Steve, stroking over Bucky's hair while he kissed Tony.

Tony corrected him with a soft, hoarse chuckle, hand joining Steve's. "Ours."

"How do these actually look better now than they did at Kate's?" asked Bucky, admiring himself in Tony's mirrors.

"Her fitting room is lit to expose any flaws in the tailoring. I'm not that mean to myself," said Tony, emerging in his own suit. The golden fabric suited his skin, green accents stitched like climbing vines, the reverse of classical gold embroidery. His accessories all matched, from the expensive watch to an emerald and gold tie pin that Kate had dug up from somewhere and Tony hadn't blinked at the price of.

Bucky was in a rich, deep red with burnt orange accents that worked with his skin and hair in a way he hadn't been sure he could pull off until he did. He had rubies and copper and topaz for his accessories, submitting to having his ears pierced just for the mismatched earrings that went with his tie pin and the two rings she'd found to fit. Steve was like a dream of night, blues and purples scattered with just a hint of silver sparkle and more of those diamonds that matched his eyes, including a huge rock in one ear.

"How come you didn't have to get your ear pierced?" asked Steve suspiciously.

"I'm a wuss," said Tony cheerfully. "Also, I look too stereotypical in earrings. Super gay instead of tasteful gay."

Tony placed himself between his two keys, letting Bucky see the full effect, a subtle rainbow of pride and love hidden under a display of wealth and good taste. They were all tailored to within an inch of their lives, the trousers hugging in all the right places and even the coats accentuating rather than disguising their physiques.

"Kate does damn good work," said Steve, blushing just a touch as he shook his head. "We really look like that?"

"We clean up good," teased Bucky, stealing a kiss over Tony's head.

Tony chuckled wickedly. "You dirty up better," he said, sliding his hands down to cup each of their asses. "You got everything you need? She gave you guys nice wallets, right? Told you how not to fuck up the line of the jacket?"

"You were there, dollface," said Bucky, exasperated, sending a thread of comfort along the bond to
soothe the anxiety spiking through their box. "Why are you so nervous about this?"

Tony sighed and let himself be bracketed between them, let them kiss away some of the worries crowding his head. "I just want this to go well, for us and for the charities," he said. "I'm used to this shit, but it's your first gala and I don't want you to hate it because I want to be able to drag you to all of them."

Steve washed love and the sweetness of his desire to please over them both, and Bucky hummed his approval. "We won't leave you to the wolves, darlin'," he said, pressing soft kisses to Tony's face and mouth. "You asked us for this and we both want to give it, for our own reasons."

"Those reasons mainly being that we love you," added Steve, but he was serene and smiling anyway. They'd found new ways to nurture that core of peace inside Stevie in the past weeks, though they all knew it wouldn't last for too long out in public.

Tony chuckled and kissed them one last time, then took a deep breath and nodded. "All right, boys, let's get this show on the road."

Steve and Bucky let themselves be dragged downstairs and shoved into a proper limo, not just the town car they usually used, with Happy in front and the barrier down in an attempt to keep them from getting too mussed before they got there. Instead they cradled Tony between them and kissed, warm and soft, trading his mouth back and forth between them. They made sure to be kissing each other when the door opened, though, so Bucky's mouth held the imprint of Steve's as he got out of the limo first.

"I love how possessive you two are," whispered Tony, sliding out after him.

Steve smirked, knowing he'd projected that sense of 'mine' through the bond crystal clear. He slid out last and they lined up like they'd practiced, Tony's hands on the small of their backs as he escorted his keys up the red carpet. Cameras flashed and reporters called out, and JARVIS whispered calm in all their ears on tiny earbuds Tony had made just for this.

Tony fielded a very few questions, chose which reporters to stop for, and would send a prod through the bond if he wanted either of them to do more than look possessive and in love.

"What's it like, coming to a gay pride gala bonded?" asked one of the reporters.

Tony paused and smiled like the cat in the cream. "Incredibly satisfying."

Steve couldn't resist adding, "For all of us." He made the words a flirt, a tease, and winked over at Bucky with his gorgeous earrings and the hair artfully arranged around his face, the rest back in a neat bun.

"We've got the shop all done up for Pride," said Bucky. "Steve an' I were gonna do it anyway, but we're extra proud now."

Tony's approval curled in Steve's chest, warming away his nervousness.

"There's always been gay symbolism in GI Joe's logo, what will happen to that now that you've got a box?" asked another woman, her smile and tone both sharp as glass.

"It's not like it's changed much, it's still coffee and a pair of keys bein' gay for each other," said Bucky. "We're gonna put two keyholes on the cup an' leave it the same otherwise."

Tony smirked. "He means the socially polite sort of keyhole." He tugged them away from the
irritating blonde and her follow-up questions, using his power as the desirable interviewee to show
the rest of them that attitude wouldn't be tolerated.

The next reporter they stopped in front of was a young man Tony had clearly worked with before,
because Tony smiled and relaxed a little. "All right, Damien, you get questions."

"What specific charities are you supporting with the gala this year?" asked Damien, relieved and
happy not to have to fight for attention.

"It's all youth programs this time around," said Tony, sending a little wave of assurance to them that
they didn't have to talk. Tony gave a smooth spiel about the three programs, then added on a few bits
of personality to the end to give Damien a real quote.

"We coulda used somethin' like that when we were kids," said Bucky. "Me an' Steve hadta keep
pretty quiet, an' we still got a lotta flak for bein' each other's."

"Worth it," said Steve, sending love to both his beautiful men and not even flinching when cameras
went off all around them.

They moved on after promising Damien could arrange a follow-up, taking a few more pauses for
questions before an offensive yell of, "Where do they even stick it?" was fielded with Tony's snarky
reply, "Get that man some gay porn, stat."

Steve and Bucky both laughed and kissed him, one after the other, then each other, too, setting off
another flash grenade's worth of cameras in the space around them. They'd known those were
coming, though, and all breathed through it. The gauntlet was nearly over by then, anyway, just a
few more pictures, one more set of inane questions, and then they were all inside and headed for the
bar.

"Why the fuck does anyone care what I like for breakfast?" asked Bucky grumpily, though he let
Steve soothe him, let Tony send amusement into him until he'd smoothed out some of the prickly
edges.

Tony chuckled. "They want to spy on their idea of our lives," he said, sliding up to the bar and
getting whiskey for all of them. They'd had a fun time getting drunk on all of Tony's nice liquor the
other night, until they knew what would and wouldn't be a good idea to order, so they let their box
take care of them while Steve slipped a hundred into the guy's tip jar. Steve hadn't even protested it
much when Tony had shoved a bundle of money at both of them and told them to use it for tips all
night. Guys like this, that hundred-dollar tip could make their month.

Tony had made them practice walking, too, his own arm around Steve on his left, with Bucky's
metal hand on Tony's shoulder, all of them free to drink and talk but not easy to separate,
conversationally or otherwise.

"All right, this is my charity shindig, but no one trusts me to give a speech for good reason, so we
have to schmooze but we don't have to stay too long. Also dancing, but Pepper's promised to claim
whichever of you isn't with me." Tony gently led them into a protected spot in the ballroom, no
space at their backs but plenty in front. "People will come to us."

Tony wasn't wrong about any of it. People drifted along immediately, and Steve let himself be
prodded into conversation with some gentle guidance from both JARVIS and Tony. It wasn't
actually bad, despite the occasional warning jolts to either not give away too much personal info or
just avoid conversation altogether with someone, and at least three people tried to winnow one of the
keys away from their box, but eventually it was time for everyone to sit and eat terrible food and clap
"Next year, you're going to have to speak for us," said the woman next to Steve, her hand on his arm too familiar by half. "Your story is just so romantic, especially for those of us in committed gay relationships."

Steve thought he should relax at that, but at the same time there was something predatory about her that set off all his warning bells. He played up his Brooklyn aw-shucks persona and replied, "I dunno, ma'am. I'm not real good with public speakin', but Buck and I, we've been gay together a good long time. Tony's been a real big surprise to us both." He finished his little speech with a besotted look at his soulmates; that, at least, he didn't have to fake at all.

He did have to suppress a laugh at the humor bubbling through the bond from Tony, who had clearly heard the whole thing.

"You can send the invitation through my office," said Tony, leaning over and putting his soulmate-ringed hand on Steve's thigh rather pointedly. "My assistant handles all of our schedules these days."

"Outside the coffee shop, anyway," teased Steve fondly. He leaned in for a soft kiss, the woman basically forgotten in the face of Tony's sweetness.

"I do the shop schedule," said Bucky with a laugh. "It's too complicated with actual employees now, insteada just me an' my boy." That got him a Tony-kiss in reward, too.

"You should schedule Tony for a day sometime," teased Steve. "A day of customer service will..."

"Completely destroy my remaining faith in humanity," said Tony dryly. "But I wouldn't mind spending a day with my keys getting my hands dirty."

"I'm pretty sure that's what we did this afternoon," teased Bucky, low and flirty for the ears of his boys only.

Steve heard an offended sound from the woman to his left, but he couldn't really bring himself to care. He had his key, his box, and his whole life in front of him.

**End Notes**

PLEASE do NOT add any of my fic to GoodReads!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!