Camera Shy

by Katie_Kat

Summary

Struggling to pay his rent, Steve Roger's starts working as a Camboy on the side to earn some extra cash. It was never supposed to be more than just a side job, but somehow he got recruited to joining the porn industry.

Notes

I've really been into the Pornstar!Steve trope lately but there aren't that many fics, and the few there are haven't been updated in years so I decided to satisfy my own desires, and hopefully yours too ;)

~Enjoy
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Steve let out a quiet moan and bit his bottom lip to stifle the sound, letting out a soft grunt as he worked his hand up and down his cock.

Ping!

The muted chirp sounded through his laptop speakers, and Steve’s eyes shifted from the web cam to the text bubble on screen.

User Big_Daddy6969 has donated 5$

Steve sucked his bottom lip between his teeth, letting out a groan as he gave the base of his cock a squeeze, bucking his hips into his fist in a search for more friction.

Almost an hour he'd been going at this, slowly working himself up and making a spectacle of it while keeping an eye on the live chat that was up in the corner of his monitor. He wasn’t a popular streamer, he had less than a hundred followers and even fewer subscribers, but occasionally people would tune in to watch his shows, throwing him a couple bucks if he managed to please them.

Currently there was a total of 27 people watching him get himself off, only half of which had actually given him any sort of donation. A pretty dry night by his regular standards and not the greatest crowd, but if he played his cards right he might be able to scrounge up enough donations to make his half of the rent that he was already 2 days late on.

Steve tipped his head back, letting a breathy sigh slip out from his parted lips, twisting his fist around the head of his cock which made him spurt a drizzle of pre-come.

Jerking off for a group of perverts in front of a webcam wasn’t on his list of crowning achievements, but waiting tables part time didn’t earn a whole lot of cash, and it’s not like his Art degree was doing much for him aside from collecting dust in a drawer somewhere.

So yeah, not one of his proudest moments, but you had to make a living somehow, right? Steve glanced down at the chat, hand still curled around his dick as he went through the comments.

Fuckk bby ur so hot

Show us that pretty face

I wanna see you finger that ass

Nice tits

Steve had to physically restrain himself from rolling his eyes and scoff at the petty worship, he did want these peoples money after all, but it was kind of hard to keep his boner when all he could picture was a group of middle-aged, lonely guys desperately getting off to him on the other end of the camera. Still, the rent had to get paid somehow, so he just closed his eyes and pictured Leonardo DiCaprio.

Steve kept up the cock tease, panting heavily as he stroked himself, but when that didn’t earn him any influx he decided he needed to up his game.

Too lazy to grab the lube in his drawer, and honestly a little nervous the camera might get a flash of
his face if he moved too much, Steve sucked two fingers into his mouth instead, licking between
them. Spit wasn’t the most efficient lubricant, but the added imagery of him sucking his fingers might
act as a little incentive to get a few more donations out of his viewers. He’d never really been good at
the whole sultry thing, but apparently he was doing a good enough job, earning him a few more
bucks from the act.

He might actually be able to make rent if he kept it up.

Leaning back against his pillows Steve lifted his hips, spreading his legs so that he could get his hand
underneath himself. It wasn’t a great position, but he wasn’t a contortionist so his options were pretty
limited. It was uncomfortable at first, awkwardly trying to push a finger inside his ass while also
trying to stroke his cock. He wasn’t ambidextrous, so it was a little difficult to get the fell of it but he
managed.

Next Steve teased his hole, spreading his saliva around the pucker to ease the friction before pressing
inside himself. He let out a soft moan, tilting his head back in a show of pleasure as he fingered
himself. He was up to the second knuckle and about to add another digit when there was a knock on
his door.

“Steve?”

He heard the voice and scrambled to sit up, slamming the laptop shut as he hastily looked around the
room for his discarded jeans.

Shit!

“Yeah, coming.” Or rather not coming, he cursed under his breath, tossing his bedsheets aside in an
attempt to locate his pant. “Just uh….give me a second.” He hollered, finally finding the old, worn
denim and shoved his legs into them, doing up the zipper but leaving the button open in his haste. He
hurried to the door and opened it, seeing his messy haired roommate leaning against the door frame,
holding up a mangled can of ravioli in his hand.

“Gimme some help with this?” He asked.

A few months ago Bucky lost his arm in an accident and the poor guy was still trying to figure out
how to work his way around every day tasks. Can openers, as they were, did not seem to be amputee
friendly.

Steve glanced down and noticed the dents in the can where Bucky had probably gotten fed up and
just slammed it against the counter in an attempt to open the damn thing. Steve huffed put a laugh
because that was exactly the kind of ridiculous idea that Bucky would have.

Honestly, and he was supposedly the one with the Irish temper.

“Yeah, sure thing.” He said, grabbing the can from his friend and waddled his way towards the
kitchen while also making an effort to conceal the still prominent boner that was rather
uncomfortably chafing against the front of his pants. He wasn’t exactly too thrilled about getting
cock blocked for some processed beef and salty, vaguely tomato tasting paste , but he wasn’t about
to leave his friend to suffer defeat at the hands of a tin can. “Here.”

“Thanks.” Bucky muttered, still holding a teeny grudge against the little tin of cheap noodles as he
grabbed the now open can of Chef Boyardee. He didn't even bother to put the metallic, tomato
flavored slop in a bowl and heat it up and instead just set it down on the counter and shoved his
spoon right into the can like some sort of animal.
Not that Bucky ever had the greatest sense of table etiquette,

Steve hovered around for a few moments longer, arms crossed over his chest, not making any comment as the brunet struggled to get the floppy squares of beef ravioli to stay on his spoon long enough to make it to his mouth.

“You uh…you good?” He asked, voice ever so slightly laced with worry. He knew Bucky could handle himself for the most part, but he hadn’t been the same since the accident.

“I’m fine.” Bucky hissed, body tense and rigid in defense before his shoulders slumped and he left the spoon sticking up in the ravioli to run a hand through his loose, messy hair. “I’m just…still getting used to this, that’s it. I’ll be okay.” He added in a more reassuring tone.

Steve offered the other man a sympathetic look, leaning back against the wobbly refrigerator. Bucky had been his best friend since elementary school. They grew up together, they were practically brothers. Bucky had helped him through some rough patches, he hated that he couldn’t do more for his friend.

“Things will get better soon.” He promised, reaching over to give Bucky a clap on his shoulder. “You’ll see. We’ll get you one of those fancy, cybernetic arms. You’ll be just like Robo-cop.” He said, trying to lighten the mood.

Bucky scoffed, but there was a faint curl of his lips, hinting at a smile.

“Hm, yeah. And you can be my side kick, Captain Little-Ass.”

“If I’m Captain, that makes you the side kick.” Steve rebutted, earning a playful shove from the other.

“Yeah right.”

They shared a laugh, and Steve let the silence hang in the air for a moment before speaking up. “So, are you good?”

There was a beat of silence between them before the brunet nodded.

“Yeah, I’m good. You can go back to whatever you were doing with your pants down.” Bucky teased, nodding to his unbuttoned jeans which made Steve’s face go slightly red.

Thin walls were not ideal when you secretly jerked off on the internet as a part time job.

“Just eat your spaghetti.” Steve retorted, retreating to his bedroom and shut the door behind him.

He opened his laptop up again, noticing that his screen had gone black from inactivity. Not that it mattered, his viewers had all left at this point anyway. Regrettfully, he ended the stream, checking the total amount of donations that he’d received over the course of the last hour.

Damn, only 60$. That wasn’t enough to push him over what he needed for rent. He could ask for an extension but they were already on bad terms with the landlord for always being late. Steve let out a heavy sigh. Maybe he had time for another stream tonight? He was working the night shift tomorrow so he could stay up a little later, but he wasn’t really in the mood to give it another go.

He was pondering the idea when he heard the sound of a notification, one message lighting up his inbox. It wasn’t unusual for him to get a DM from time to time. Mostly they were from other users
asking to meet up in person or tell him how attractive he was, and of course there was the occasional hate mail from time to time. He should honestly just ignore and delete all messages, but Steve had been raised to always give people the benefit of the doubt so he read it none the less. That, and the gnawing curiosity of what people had to say about him.

He opened the email, expecting another gross comment from a ‘fan’, but already he could tell that it wasn’t just another perverted message by the body and length of the message.

Dear xXxBrooklynBoyxx,

We have been monitoring your activity and growing fan base over the last few weeks and our company has recognized your talents as a sexual performer.

If you are interested in pursuing a career in the adult film industry and would like to join our studio as an amateur pornography actor, please feel free to reach out to me personally. You may also visit our website for further information.

We hope to hear from you in the coming days.

Best regards,

Virginia Potts, Director's Assistant of Stark Studios

Steve started blankly at the message, mouth slightly agape as he read it over again to make sense of it, as if he hadn’t understood it right the first time.

He was being recruited. To be a porn actor.

He was speechless. This was a joke, right? It had to be. Yeah, sure, he’d been camming for the last few months, which was technically doing porn, but to actually have someone reach out to him and actually offer him a job at an actual porn studio?

Still in relative shock, Steve typed ‘Stark Studios’ into his google search, wondering if there was even such a company. For all he knew, this could be just another one of those Nigerian prince scams.

As expected, the very first link was to a porn site. Starkxxx.com.

Disregarding the risk of infecting his laptop with any number of malware and viruses, Steve clicked on the hyperlink, immediately affronted with a page full of thumbnails that had all sorts of images of salacious visuals in an attempt to get people to click on the videos. Like every porn site, a pop up window assaulted his screen in a matter of seconds, showing a video of a gorgeous redhead dressed (or not so dressed) in a scanty leather getup, her perky breasts hanging out of an intricate chest strap as she dragged her tongue seductively along the length of a leather crop with a caption that read ‘Sexy Russian Women’.

Ooh-kay, so this was a legitimate porn site. A legitimate porn site that he'd actually been offered a job to work at as a freakin' porn star.

This was absolutely ludicrous. Sure, you could argue that he was already selling himself on the internet, but it’s not like he put his face in the videos, or made a career out of it! There was still some sense of anonymity to his content, and if he signed on to a studio then his reputation would be shattered forever.

Nope. No way. Absolutely not.
Steve was about to click out of the website and forget any of this happened when his eyes caught some flashy text in the bottom corner of the screen.

*New stars will receive a 1000$ upfront bonus upon signing!*

The advertisement made him stop in his tracks, hovering his mouse over the red ‘x’ in the upper right corner.

A thousand dollars was a big lump of money to someone who was struggling to make a dime. That alone would be enough to cover his half of the rent and probably next months too. Not to mention if that was just a signing bonus, who knows what kind of cash this gig offered. Maybe he could even afford one of those shiny, state of the art WakandaTech prosthetics for Bucky.

Steve hesitated, biting his lower lip as he mulled it over, the promise of cash was a tantalizing wager in exchange for his dignity.

Maybe he shouldn’t shoot down the idea of being in porn so hastily. He’d already put his naked body out there for all the works to see, so it’s not like he had much shame left to lose, and working with an actual label had to make more money than he was earning on his own as a cheap Camboy. Still, if he agreed to do this than there would be no turning back.

Steve stared at the screen for a long time, contemplating the decision before finally clicking out of the window.

He pulled up his stream again and went to his inbox, hitting reply on the message.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Next chapter is out so enjoy! And I just want to say that I have no idea how the porn industry works, this is just how I imagine it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Steve stood outside on the busy streets of New York, looking up at the looming building with the words ‘Stark Studios’ etched in large, silver letters on the exterior.

Well this was the place.

He still could not believe he was going through with this. If he had any sense of self respect he should just turn around now, maybe go back to school and get a teaching degree or get a job in construction. Becoming a porn actor wasn’t in his top 10 list of career choices, but he was desperate for cash and this seemed like the best chance he had.

He hadn’t told Bucky that he was trying out for porn – the guy was stressed enough as it is, and could be a total mother hen sometimes. He was still trying to ingrain in Bucky's thick skull that he wasn’t the same skinny, sickly kid he'd been in middle school, Steve didn’t need to give him any more reason to worry about him.

Taking in a long breath to work up his nerve, Steve clutched the folder of documents in his hand and stepped into the main entrance of the building, blocked off from the lobby by a thick, glass door. He imagined it was an added security measure. Who knows what kind of crazed, horny lunatics would try to sneak into a porn studio.

On the side of the door there was a computer padlock, and Steve punched the extension number that was given to him in the email. He bounced on the balls of his feet nervously, and the line picked up after three rings.

“Pepper Potts, Assistant Director of Stark Studios. What can I do for you?”

“Hey, this is uh…its Steve. From the emails?” Wow, way to go Roger’s. You sound very eloquent there.

“Oh yes, Steve! Welcome. I'll be right down with you, just come on in.”

Before Steve could utter a reply the line cut off and there was a distinct clicking noise as the door unlocked and slid open to let him into the studio.

He half expected to be welcomed by some grungy space decorated with all sorts of sex memorabilia, but the lobby to his surprise was decorated pretty modestly.

Aside from the jar of dick shaped lollipops that were on the front desk, it kind of looked like a fancy hotel.

Steve turned his head at sound of an elevator door dinging, watching as a tall, strawberry blond woman stepped out in clicking heels and a business dress. She approached him with a big smile,
clutching a clipboard to her chest.

“Steven, hi, my name is Pepper. How are you today?” She asked, very friendly as she held out her hand. He shook it, still a little dumbstruck by the whole situation.

“I’m good, no complaints. But please, call me Steve.”

She smiled at him. “Okay then Steve. Did you bring the documents I asked for?”

Almost forgetting about the folder in his hand, Steve startled. “Oh, right.” He said, handing her the files. “STI screen, drug screen, criminal records check…it’s all there.”

She quickly flipped through the papers before clipping them to her clipboard. “Perfect. If you'll follow me I'll show you around the studio and then I'll take you to Mr. Stark’s office for the taped interview.”

Steve followed the woman down the halls, captivated by the sheer enormity of the place. It really was more like a hotel than a studio, he thought, looking at all the rooms and facilities. They had their own pool and spa, as well as a dozen other luxuries.

Who knew that an adult film site could be so swanky.

“So most of the shooting is done in the studio, though we are looking to expand upstate.” She explained, sliding her key card into the access panels as they passed them.

“As you can see we also have our own workout facilities and wellness centers on site that you can use, as well as registered trainers and dietitians. It's not anything really strict or rigorous, but our company does have a standard when it comes to self maintenance, not that you need to worry about that.” She said, offering him a sweeping glance that made him blush.

“Speaking of maintenance, we cover any and all expenses for personal grooming -- Haircuts, tanning, Brazilian wax….whatever you need. We're invested in giving our viewers the experience they pay for, and we try to make things easy for our stars.” She kept on, eventually coming to a halt just outside of an elevator and turning on her heels to face him.

“So, do you have any questions for me before you begin your screening with Mr. Stark?”

“Um, no, I think you covered all of it.” He laughed, and the nervous tension must be radiating off of him because Pepper gave him a reassuring look.

“Don’t worry about it, you'll do fine. Mr. Stark’s office is just at the top of this elevator.” She told him, sliding her key card and adding a secondary four digit code.

Geez, this place really took its security seriously, Steve supposed that was a good thing.

She handed him the clipboard before ushering him inside. “You can leave that on the boss’ desk. Good luck, and pleasure meeting you Steve.”

Steve barely had a chance to nod before the doors closed and the elevator shot him up to the top floor. He used the few seconds of solitude he had to calm himself down, taking in steadying breaths.

No turning back now.

The doors opened on their own, announcing his presence. The office was huge with floor to ceiling windows that only made the space look even bigger. The furniture was minimal and modern, only
making the space feel more expensive. There was a glass top desk in the center of the room and a man sitting behind it, scribbling what looked like product designs on the mess of papers strewn atop the desk in front of him.

“Pepper, I already told you, I’m not signing any of my assets over to Hammer. If he wants my designs he can kiss my – “ The man looked up mid rant, his brows furrowing in confusion. “You’re not Pepper.”

Taken aback, Steve sputtered for a moment before regaining his composure. “No, no I’m not. I’m Steve, I’m here for uh…the position?” He said, struggling to find the right way to put it.

Saying he was here for the porn just didn’t sound right.

There was a brief pause as Mr. Stark seemed frozen in time, but then he lit up, dropping the papers and pen onto his desk.

“Right, Steve! Hot, blond sex god with the gorgeous pecs – well actually, we already have a guy here who calls himself a sex god, his name's Thor, but you’re like, the classic boy next door type. Anyway, don’t listen to me, I'm rambling. Have a seat. Can I get you anything? Coffee, water, whiskey on the rocks?”

Steve blinked, trying to keep up with this guy. Jesus, did he even breath in between sentences?

He took a seat on the black leather couch. “No, I'm fine.”

Mr. Stark shrugged. “Suit yourself, I’m having a whiskey.”

The businessman got up to pour himself a glass, giving Steve the opportunity to really get a look at him. He half-expected the CEO of a wealthy adult film corporation to be some shifty, overweight lech but he was surprised to see the opposite. Mr. Stark was not old, but definitely aged, Steve could tell by the almost invisible silver hairs that framed his hairline. Taking a closer look, Mr. Stark was actually quite handsome, dressed to the nines in a well fitted and expensive looking three piece suit, his facial hair perfectly trimmed and the faint waft of cologne radiation off of him.

With a glass of what looked to be bourbon in hand, Mr. Stark rolled his office chair over to the tripod that was stationed directly in front of him.

“Okay, so I'm Tony Stark, owner of this lavish place. Now that we've got the formalities out of the way strip and lie back.” Mr. Stark said like this was some routine business, which to him it probably was, as he fiddled with the camera settings.

Steve falters, hands clutching the base of his sweater as he tries to work up the nerve to take it off. He knew the request was coming, but the bluntness still caught him off guard. The other man's gaze drifted to him as he just sat there, hands frozen at the base of his shirt.

“You ever done porn before, kid?”

Steve immediately feels heat wash over his face. “No, not really. Not like this.” He admits, looking anywhere but in front of him. He hears Mr. Stark mutter something about 'damn rookies' under his breath.

“Look, I’m not going to force you to do anything you’re uncomfortable with, but if you can't even get naked in front of the camera we're going to have a problem.” He says, not to be unkind, just simply stating facts.
Steve felt a hot wave of embarrassment wash over him.

The nudity wasn’t the problem for him, he played sports in college and generally didn’t have anything to be self conscious about, but the idea of doing this kind of thing with someone else in the room was a bit daunting.

Steve knew it was ridiculous, if he really did end up signing on there would be a whole room of people watching him jerk off and fuck strangers, this was just the tutorial level.

“Maybe I will have a drink.” He decides.

Mr. Stark gives him a questioning look but reaches over and grabs the whiskey along with a second tumbler and hands it to Steve.

The blond takes a sip and forces a straight face as the alcohol burns his throat. He's never been one to drink, but the warmth that spreads through him as the booze sinks in does help ease his nerves.

“Can we try this again?”

Mr. Stark didn’t seem convinced, but he flicked his wrist at Steve either way to signal the go ahead. “Whenever you're ready.”

This time Steve didn’t freeze up, pulling the navy blue wool over his head. He wasn’t quite sure where to set it down so he quickly folded the fabric and gently put it on the floor where it would be out of sight.

He does falter on his pants though, very aware of Mr. Stark taking him apart with his eyes. The man looks impressed at least, he thinks, catching the way that the businessman’s eyes drift over his pecs and down his solid abs.

Steve’s a modest guy, but even he's aware of how he looks.

Deciding to just screw it and go for broke Steve undoes his jeans, pushing them down along with his dark blue boxer briefs until they’re bunched around his ankles, lifting one foot out of them and then the other before doing the same thing he did with his shirt.

Fully nude, he leans back, draping one arm along the back of the couch. “Better now?” He said, voice challenging. He still felt apprehensive about this, but Steve could be a sassy little shit when he wanted to. Especially when he wanted go prove someone wrong.

Mr. Stark arches an eyebrow at him, clearly amused and a bit surprised at the sudden change of heart, but evidently appreciative of Steve’s cooperation. He fiddles with the camera for a second, probably making sure all of his good parts are in the frame and then reclines in his office chair, almost like this was just a casual chat.

“So, Steve.” The CEO begins, not making any attempt to hide his obvious ogling of the younger man’s body. “I’m not going to ask why you want to join our team, I think we both know the answer to that, so instead I’m just going to skip to the juicier questions. What turns you on?”

Steve hadn’t expected Mr. Stark to dive right into it, but he supposed the porn industry wasn’t exactly known for its conventionalisms.

He took a moment to think it over. He knows how this works. People don’t want the true, boring answers, they want hot, artificial answers to fuel their fantasies and push them over the edge.
“I like to be touched.” He shrugged, feeling encouraged when Mr. Stark hummed in reply. “I’m uh, really sensitive.” He added with a shy laugh.

Play to your strengths, Steve thinks to himself. If Tony Stark thinks he's some bashful, college twink than he’ll play along.

“How bout’ you show us exactly how you like to be touched?” Mr. Stark replies, sending a shiver rolling down his spine.

Had his voice always been that husky?

Swallowing thickly, Steve begins by running his hand down his chest, mindful to keep his face towards the camera. His nipples get hard when his fingers drag over them – he wasn’t kidding when he said he was sensitive, so he teases one of the nubs

Steve's not sure where this newfound boldness had come from. Maybe the booze, or maybe the encouraging look on Mr. Stark's face is settling his nerves.

“Yeah, just like that. Keep going.” Mr. Stark whispers to him so faintly he’s not even sure the audio will pick it up.

Biting his lip to really play up the innocent Christian boy angle, Steve’s hand skates over his stomach, skirting around his now half hard dick to instead give his balls a squeeze. He gives a small moan that cuts off shakily, then tilts his head back and lets out a louder moan, playing it up a bit. The whole time Steve’s hyper aware of Mr. Stark's eyes on him, and the thought is enough to make him instantly hard.

“That’s good Steve.” The brunet encourages him. Steve’s never been the type of guy that needed validation, but the praise left his skin prickling in the best of ways.

Aware of the camera pointed at him, Steve knows he has to play things up a bit more. He supposes this is where his limited experience as a Camboy comes in handy. He spreads his legs apart wider, planting his feet on the ground, exposing himself completely.

“What do you want me to do to myself?” He purrs in a voice that doesn’t sound like his own.

Mr. Stark’s expression goes from professional to intrigued, and Steve would swear that he could actually see the man's pupils dilate before his eyes. “This is about you baby, you do whatever you want.”

Steve had done his fair share of research on the porn industry since he'd first gotten the email. This was what was referred to as an intro tape – basically a prelude to the actual porn so that the directors would know how the actor handles being on camera and if they can pull off the sex appeal.

Porn was all about desire, Steve had to make the audience want him.

He had to make *Tony Stark* want him.

Steve wouldn’t consider himself a sex fiend, or really that much of a Casanova for that matter, but he was a red blooded man so he knew his way around a dick, especially his own.

Slouching back into the leather, which was starting to feel tacky from his own body heat, Steve closed his fist around the base of his shaft, giving himself a couple firm pumps.

It should be weird, maybe even off putting, stroking himself in front of someone else – Steve had
never really gotten into the kinky stuff with his sexual partners – but something about being under Mr. Stark's scrutiny was kind of turning him on.

He starts pumping his cock, slowly at first, his grip firm and steady. Mr. Stark's eyes are fixed on him, and Steve can't find it in him to look away, holding eye contact as his fist moves rapidly up and down his shaft, the wet sound of skin slapping filling the otherwise quiet room.

He should maybe be looking at the camera, but something about the other man draws him in like a moth to a flame.

His ego is so inflated Steve supposes it would be impossible not to be completely enraptured by it.

His breathing picks up as he tips closer to the edge, tiny noises of pleasure slipping past his lips. Steve's eyelids begin drooping, mouth slightly parted in a completely wanton expression as he feels the pressure in his abdomen start to tighten.

He doesn’t know how long Mr. Stark expects him to last, but if he keeps looking at him like that it won't be long.

Steve manages to hold out for maybe another 30 seconds when the coil snaps and his hips buck into his fist, pulsing thick white loads all over his hand and abs as he lets out a cry of pleasure.

Steve's body collapsed into the couch cushions, limbs feeling deliciously numb after the release of tension.

That orgasm was intense, he'd never been able to come that hard before just from his own hand, but the way Mr. Stark had watched him, spurring him on...he'd kind of liked it.

The other man stared at him for a few more seconds while Steve tried to kick start his brain again. Mr. Stark jolted, seeming to snap out whatever trance he was in. “Not bad blondie.” He admitted, leaning over to snatch a few tissues from the dispenser and handed them over to him, which Steve gratefully took and wiped the mess off his stomach.

“There’s a bathroom behind that door if you need to clean up a bit.”

Steve settled for the tissues, figuring he could just wash off whatever remnants of his session at home. He wasn’t about to use his boss’ personal washroom to clean cum off himself, even if he’d just gotten off in front of him.

“So uh…does this mean I’m in, Mr. Stark?”

Mr. Stark let out a snort. “Yeah, you’re in. And call me Tony, Mr. Stark makes me sound old and I really don’t need to add any fuel to that fire.”

Steve nodded, “Can I uh…” He muttered, pointing at his pile of clothes on the floor.

“Hm? Oh yeah, of course you can put your clothes back on. There are no shoots planned so I guess you’re done for the day. I’ll have Pepper send you some contracts I think you’ll be good for, you can take a look at them later.”

Still a bit high from climax, Steve clumsily reached for his pants and slipped them on, pulling his shirt back over his head. He was curious to know what kind of roles Tony thought he could play, but he decided to save it for later.

He finished dressing and stood up, briefly wondering what to do with the soiled tissues before
throwing them in the trash can.

He’d just let a man watch and film him masturbate, it’s not like he had much shame left anyway.

“Is there anything else you need me for?” Steve asked his boss.

Tony looked like he was about to make some sort of comment, but he held back whatever he’d been about to say.

“I love the enthusiasm but I think that’s enough for today. We’ll pick things up tomorrow. Until then go home and try not to jerk off, you’ll need the stamina for tomorrow.” He said with a wink.

Stamina wasn’t a problem, Steve wanted to say, but he decided against it.

“Oh right, and before I forget.” Tony chirped, heading to his desk and scribbled something down. “Here’s your pay. I threw in a little extra since you’re a newbie.” He said, handing him a cheque.

Steve had almost forgotten about the whole reason he came here in the first place, holding the cheque between his hands like some sort of holy grail.

“Thanks.”

“No need to thank me, that’s how jobs work Steve. Besides, you earned every penny.”

Steve folded the paper into his wallet and tucked it into his back pocket, double checking that his pants were zipped up before he left the office.

“But wait, before you go.” Tony spoke suddenly, making Steve snap his head up. “I don’t want to scare you away, but this industry eats up hot, young people like you. I hope you know what you’re doing.” He says with what almost sounds like understanding.

Steve let the warning sink in, not really expecting the words of wisdom. He pursed his lips together, acknowledging Tony’s concerns.

He's a 24 year old guy from Brooklyn -- fresh out of college and desperate for cash, Tony’s probably seen his type before and as the owner of a lustrous porn studio he's probably seen hundreds of folks just like him come and go.

There are a million ways that this job could ruin him, but Steve’s always been a hard nut to crack.

He pockets the cheque, giving Tony one last look before he leaves the office.

“I think I can handle it.”

Chapter End Notes

I got this chapter out a lot faster than expected. It's all thanks to your wonderful comments and kudos. Knowing people like my fic really motivates me to write more, so keep it up because the real porn begins in the next chapter....
“Alright cut the fucking cameras, we need to re-shoot. Rogers! Get your act together.”

Steve lifted his head up, trying his best to not glare daggers at the director as he yelled at him for what seemed like the fifth time today.

He was very aware that he was an amateur, but film director Nick Fury did not seem to give two shits that he was inexperienced in the art of adult filmography and would not hesitate to berate him for every little mistake.

“You’re supposed to be giving me sexy, but instead I’m getting ‘I just stepped in horse shit’. Are you a virgin or what?” He continued belligerently, and if Steve currently didn’t have a ball gag in his mouth he would have probably told him off.

Apparently there was no such thing as starting off easy in the porn business, because for his first gig Steve was strapped down to a bed, spread eagle with a silicone dildo attached to some machine placed between his legs. There were leather straps fastened to his thighs to keep them open, and with his wrists bound above his head he could barely move an inch.

Steve didn't know what he was thinking when he ticked off bondage as something he would be willing to do. Maybe it was curiosity since he’d never done it before, or maybe just his usual dumb decision, but the actual experience was really falling short to expectations. And then there was the mechanical contraption nudging at his ass.

The machine was…strange to say the least. Its metal pole made the silicone feel sort of stiff and foreign inside of him, and the diameter of the was a bit thicker than what he was used to but not too much so where it actually hurt, it was just uncomfortable. The thing felt more like what he imagined getting abducted by aliens would feel like, except somehow less arousing.

Not to mention that the half dozen film crew workers spectating every second of him getting rammed by a horny robot also wasn’t helping light his mood. Steve had never been shy about his body, especially not after he’d hit his second puberty, but this was next level.

Fury gave a few more orders to his underlings, who scurried around the set.

“3….2….1….Okay, action.”

The machine spurred to life once more, pumping in and out of his body at a steady pace. Steve grunted around the gag in his mouth, trying not to think about the rubber flesh dragging against his insides. It’s not that he didn’t enjoy anal, he did, but it was difficult to focus on the pleasure when he just wasn’t feeling it.

Steve let out a half hearted moan, trying to act ‘sexy’ while tilting his head back to look up at ceiling with a blank expression. Apparently his efforts came of as bored instead of alluring.

“Cut!” Fury shouted, and Steve thought that the man might actually explode in rage. “Everybody, take five. And somebody find Rogers some god damn talent.”

“Nick, what have I told you about verbally abusing the actors?”
Steve crane his neck up at the voice, spotting Tony standing across the room dressed semi-casual with a suit jacket thrown over a graphic tee and some jeans. Steve had thought the man looked good in a suit, but something about the more laid-back style made him look even more attractive.

“Its not good for morale.” Tony jabbed before adding pensively, “Or our HR department.”

“Do I look like I give a shit about morale, Stark? You pay me to direct, not to coddle your little gang of thespians.” Fury scoffed.

“True.” The CEO concurred. “But that’s no reason for misconduct. What’s got your britches in a knot this time, Captain Ahab?”

Ignoring the comment, Fury pointed his thumb at Steve. “Your little prodigy here can’t put on a show for shit.” He snapped.

Steve narrowly rolled his eyes at the slander. Of course, blame the newbie.

“I’ll handle this, take five.” Tony said with what looked like forced politeness.

Why he hired a prick like Nick Fury, Steve would never know, but since Tony was a supposed billionaire and could afford just about any Hollywood director to film his little snuff films he figured there was some reasoning behind it.

Steve felt the bed dip next to him as Tony settled down, reaching over to unfasten the ball gag.

“First day jitters, apple pie?” Tony teased, seeming to take enjoyment in playing up Steve's devoutly American persona.

“Would you be able to get hard taking orders from Mr. Eye patch over there?” Steve rebutted.

“I’m not going to answer that.” Tony responded with pursed lips before adding “But the Stark name does have a certain standard to uphold. The viewers want sexy torture, not actual torture. You gotta give me something to work with, Brooklyn.”

Steve, hands still bound above his head, deflated into the bed. “I'm trying.” He huffed, as if Tony would think he was sabotaging the film on purpose. Sure, he might not totally agree with his sudden career change, but at the end of the day he still wanted a paycheck.

“I see that.” Tony answered, eyes trailing over Steve’s form, which made the blond’s skin tingle. “You didn’t have any ‘performance’ issue with me though.” He added inquisitively with a tilt of his head which made Steve's cheeks flush.

Because you're hot, Steve’s brain supplied for him, but he shook that thought away just as quickly as it popped into his head. He couldn’t flirt with his boss, not even in his own head.

“I see that.” Tony answered, eyes trailing over Steve’s form, which made the blond’s skin tingle. “You didn’t have any 'performance' issue with me though.” He added inquisitively with a tilt of his head which made Steve’s cheeks flush.

“I don’t know, it felt less…clinical I guess.” He muttered. “All these people watching me…I feel like some sort of experiment.

“Then just focus on me.” Tony says in a low murmur, resting his hand on Steve’s knee.

Steve’s glad that Tony was looking at his face, because the amount of blood rushing south from just a touch was embarrassing.

“You good to keep going?”

Steve paused for a second before nodding his head.
“Perfect.” Tony chimed, slipping the gag back into his mouth and fastened it, not as skull crushingly tight as the other guy had. “Relax. Just look at me.” The billionaire added, retreating back towards the camera.

One of the attendants walked by to pour some fresh lube on the machine's dildo, making sure it was good and slick, and with a quick warning they were filming again.

Once again, the machine began to pump in and out, this time at a much slower pace. It still felt a bit weird, but not as bad as before. Tony stuck around by the cameras just as promised, acting as a familial crutch for Steve to direct his gaze. Steve knew it was odd, seeking comfort in a man he had only just met – the same man who was his boss, but something about him felt….reassuring.

Steve took Tony’s advice and relaxed, focusing solely on the brunet, like it was just the two of them in the room. The awkward tension slowly started to ebb away, replaced by prickling excitement. Steve could feel his half mast cock steadily swell as the machine continued to pump into him, drawing small moans of pleasure out of him.

He saw Tony lean over to whisper something into the director’s ear, all the while maintaining eye contact with him. Steve felt hot under those dark, chocolate brown eyes, the flush sweeping over his body from his throat to his chest. It was shameful just how much it turned him on to have Tony watching him when he was vulnerable.

Steve felt the fucking machine increased its speed, the piston punching deeper inside of him and making his hips undulate out of instinct as the head of silicone pummeled his prostate.

Okay, now he could start to understand why people were into this.

The pleasure began to take over Steve’s body, making him squirm and tug at the restraints until they were taut and looked just about ready to snap. He let out another muffled moan, tilting his head back and then dipped his chin forward, catching Tony watching him like a hawk would watch its prey.

The machine whirred as it accelerated, its piston jack hammering into his ass at a brutal speed, hitting his prostate dead on like it was target practice, each time sending jolts of electric pleasure coursing through every muscle fiber in his body.

Steve let out a howl, the cry subdued by the red, plastic ball between his teeth, arching his back against the pile of cushions he was draped across. The stimulation was quickly becoming too much, and Steve could feel the sticky pre-cum that had dribbled out of his cock and dribbled into his navel. He was close, so close it ached and yet not close enough to reach his climax. His dick was flushed a dark red, bobbing desperately in search of any touch that could give him the final push he needed.

Steve let out a muffled stream of incoherent curses as the robot continued to fuck him, fingers curling into his palms until his nails left crescent shaped dents in his skin. He moved his hips as much as he could with the leather straps keeping him tied down, humping the air with tiny, shallow thrusts, desperately trying to find some relief.

The slight change of angle made the toy pop out, nudging against his tight sack and rubbing furiously at the spot just below his balls. Steve’s eyes shot open, arms and thighs flexing as he pulled on the leather and chains. The shock of pleasure was just enough to finally tip him over the edge, heavy streams of white shooting out all over his chest and stomach.

The machine continued thrusting against his inner thigh throughout his orgasm before slowly coming to a complete halt, finally allowing Steve to catch his breath in the aftermath.
That had been intense. Way more intense than he would have imagined.

The sound of clapping snapped the blond out of his stupor, and Steve glanced up to see Tony applauding him.

“See? Look at that. Told you the kid had it in him.” Tony said rather smugly, patting the director on the shoulder.

“The film will still need to be edited, but I guess for a first shoot it wasn’t total bullshit.” Fury scoffed.

Tony lifted his hand, giving Steve a solid thumbs up. “Good work Brooklyn.”

***

Another late night at the office.

You’d figure someone who made as much money as he did, he could hire a night staff to take care of all this extra paperwork, but alas he couldn’t let every employee forge his signature and Pepper already had her hands tied with marketing so he took in the task.

It was his company after all, he had to pull his own weight from time to time.

As he was flipping through some contracts regarding their new sex toy line, Tony’s attention pulled from the work as the email notification chimed.

**New video pending approval. TheCaptain/BlackWidow BDSM**

The title of the file piqued the billionaire’s interest. He recognized ‘The Captain’ as the stage name they’d given to Steve. Stark Studios never used an actor's real name for legal and privacy reasons, and the new guy had earned that little moniker from the upright, militaristic attitude that seemed to radiate off of him. Besides, it had a nice ring to it – provocative, a little dangerous, and just slightly erotic. It seemed to suit Steve Rogers perfectly.

Tony stared at the title with curiosity, absently rapping the ball end of his pen against the glass-top desk. He loved producing porn, and as much as he prided himself in the content he provided for the public he usually had Pepper, or one of his other assistants approve the footage. Working in the porn industry, Tony saw other peoples dicks more often than he saw his own. Not that he was really complaining, as far as jobs went he had a great one, but they uploaded dozens of videos every week, it’s not like he could personally view and critique each one of them. He was a busy man.

That being said, Steve was an interesting new addition to their cast and the brunet was especially curious about this one.

He pushed the papers on his desk aside, setting his pen down. He opened the file and pushed the play button, reclining comfortably in his office chair with eyes fixed on the screen.

The computer's video software popped open, briefly flashing the Stark Studios logo before the screen faded to black, revealing Steve standing in the middle of a large, empty room, arms drawn up over his head with thick leather straps keeping him tethered to the ceiling. The rope was just long enough for Steve to touch the ground, but he had to stay on the balls of his feet to keep from dangling, showing off the powerful mass of his muscles as he strained to keep his balance.
There was no gag stuffed in his mouth this time, which was a damn shame, but the band of black silk fastened over his eyes still painted a pretty picture.

It was sinful how good Mr. Blond hair and blue eyes looked in bondage gear. Tony had never had a personal kink for the whole bondage tag, but watching Steve was seriously making him readjust his priorities.

A fiery redhead sauntered into view, dressed in skin tight leather that hugged her curves perfectly, the zip of the catsuit drawn all the way down to show massive amounts of cleavage that would make a playboy magazine weep.

Natasha Romaoff, one of Tony’s personal favorites. She was fierce, self-assured and smoking hot, a fan favorite of his clients as well.

The woman approached Steve slowly, leather whip in hand as she looked him over, much like a spider would observe its prey before striking.

“Have you misbehaved, Captain?” She purred, the slightest hint of a Russian accent wrapping around her words like silk.

“Yes ma’am.” Steve answered uncertainly. Shy. He was repeating the few lines of dialogue he'd probably been given for the scene. The studio wasn’t praised for it’s complex screenplays, but there was a general guideline for how the scene was supposed to play out. Most of the time.

Tony continued watching the screen with fervor, eyes following the diamond tipped edge of the leather whip as it trailed up the length of Steve’s creamy inner thighs, moving its way up and caressing every dip and curve of rock hard abdomen. Tony focused on the muscles jumping under the touch of cool leather, completely captivated by the Adonis-like figure.

Natasha brought the whip down on the spot just above Steve’s navel, compelling Steve’s body to jump at the sharp snap of leather against his ivory skin. The blond bit back a surprised grunt, squaring his jaw at the sting of pain but otherwise didn’t make a sound.

“Naughty boys need to be punished.” The mistress hummed, tiling her head as she slid the cusp of the leather up the middle of Steve’s chest, dragging it tentatively along his jaw.

Tony paid close attention to the way Steve’s body responded to her words, soft pink lips parting as his cock seemed to throb in anticipation. Even though the billionaire had seen him in action, he still gave off a certain innocence from his almost boy-scout demeanor. Natasha was tarnishing that innocence, and Tony liked it. That woman was a pro. She could make even Tony quiver in his shoes, Steve didn’t stand a chance.

He watched as Steve steadied his balance, preparing himself for the lashing. Even though he saw it coming, the first strike of the whip still made him jolt, grunting through clenched teeth.

“What do we say?” Natasha prompted.

“Thank you, Mistress.” Steve choked out between whips, stomach bright red from abuse with welts striped over his pecs, dusty pink nipples pert with arousal.

Tony palmed himself through his jeans, more turned on at the sight than he would like to admit. He unzipped his pants and let out a sigh as the strain of a metal zipper against his cock was relieved. He stumbled to find the bottle of hand lotion on his desk, fishing his dick out of his pants and started jerking himself off, eyes glued to the screen as Steve continued to take a beating.
After a dozen or so spankings, Steve was finally begging for mercy. Tony was about to beg himself, ridiculously close to coming after a short few minutes.

"Have you learned your lesson?" Natasha said, voice stern but sexy.

"Yes, yes, please….please…” Steve panted out of breath, tugging at his bonds.

"Good boy. ” Natasha said, touching her fingertips to Steve’s abdomen, black fingernails dragging against the vibrant red, leaving pale scratched in their wake. “So good, maybe I’ll give you a little reward, hm?” She sang, dipping her hand down to tentatively touch her finger to Steve’s desperate cock.

Steve’s breath caught in his throat at the touch, sending a ripple of lust down Tony’s spine all the way to his groin. The redhead wrapped her delicate fingers around his member, teasing at first, but then her strokes became harder and faster. Tiny sounds of pleasure flitted out of Steve, his own hand moving in time with the one on screen. Steve was getting off on the noises, his own hand moving in time with the one on screen. Steve was getting more and more vocal with his pleasure until he reached his peak, letting out a choked below and folding in on himself as much as the binds allowed him too.

Thick white globs spilled over Natasha’s fingers, dripping down the sides of her wrists. The woman made a small click with her tongue, pulling her hand away and brought up to her face as if to inspect it.

“What a mess you’ve made. Clean it up.” She crooned, pressing her fingers against Steve’s lips. Steve parted his lips with a small moan, inviting Natasha’s fingers into his mouth, tasting his own seed.

The sight of Steve licking his own cum was the last thing he could handle as Tony found himself coming just a few seconds later, the fingers on his other hand digging into the meat of his thigh as he bit his bottom lip to keep quiet.

Body feeling loose and completely spent, the CEO took a moment to compose himself, looking down at his sticky hand and cum splattered jeans.

What a mess.

He should have grabbed a towel, or maybe kept some wet wipes in his office. Then again, he didn’t usually make a habit out of jerking off to his employees. Tony grabbed for some tissues, cleaning himself off as much as he could before tossing them in the trash bin under his desk. The sound of a breathy gasp caught his attention back to the screen.

The video was still playing.

He’d missed a chunk of it, too busy seeing stars to pay much attention to it, but now Steve was untied and on his knees, Natasha’s catsuit pulled down past her thighs to expose her juicy bits while the blond went down on her. Tony turned it off and closed the browser.

He leaned back in his chair, finger and thumb tracing the contour of his beard. Well, shit. He didn’t usually get so attached to his stars, but something about Steve Rogers was harder to resist than the others. Not that he was a virtuous saint and hadn’t partaken in the fruits of his labor before, but he tried to avoid making it a habit.

But damn. Steve was a tempting piece of fruit.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took so long! Lot's of things getting in the way of writing at the moment, and that included some pretty severe writers block, but I managed to get enough to fill up a chapter. I'm thinking there will be 5, but that could change depending on how long it takes me to get to the conclusion (and how much porn you want Steve to go through). As always, Comments and Kudos are greatly appreciated! They help feed my motivation to actually get stuff written, so please leave me a word on how you like the story so far. Next time, Steve is going to be exploring a few more partners ;)}
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I know it's been a while but I'm not dead! The last few months have just been crazy busy. Between flooding, renting a new apartment, getting a new job and now having to plan a wedding surprisingly I didn't have much time to write but things have died down a little so I hope I can finish this fic soon.

Enjoy the porn!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Steve got his first pay cheque from Stark Studios he was certain that someone must have made a mistake in calculating his wages.

He wasn’t a finance major by any means – he could barely fill out his own taxes – so when Stark Studios offered him 12% of the profit made from his videos as well as a 7% cut of whatever merchandise they sold with his name or face on it he had no idea what those no numbers meant.

Apparently it meant big money.

The amount wasn’t insane, but it was way more than he expected to earn working a porn gig. He could easily afford rent, and even had enough money leftover to spend on a few more things. He used most of that money to pay bills, and even went out to get some decent groceries that didn’t come in a can. Steve wasn’t greedy, there wasn’t really anything substantial he wanted. Maybe when he earned a little more he might go out and buy the parts he was missing and finally get that motorbike that Bucky and him fished out of the trash working, but that wasn’t really a priority. Right now it was just nice not having to worry about making rent on time.

Of course, going from struggling to pay rent to practically throwing money away drew some suspicion from his best friend and roommate.

He hadn’t told Bucky about his new job. He’d always been overprotective, ever since they were kids, and he had a feeling if the other knew what he was doing to make cash he wouldn’t be too pleased.

It didn’t stop him from asking though.

Steve stumbles shirtless into the living room, fresh out of the shower and starts rooting through the laundry basket to find a clean shirt.

“This load washed?” He asked, rifling through mountains of balled up socks.

“I don’t know, maybe?”

Steve groans and rolls his eyes. He hates when Bucky does laundry. He never puts anything away so its always a gamble whether the clothes were clean or not. He picks up a red long sleeve and gives it a whiff, deciding it smells clean enough and slips into it.

Bucky turns down the TV just as Steve starts walking into the kitchen, a bowl of Funions nestled in
his lap. Even with a fridge full of fresh fruit and vegetable Bucky insisted on living his life like a domesticated raccoon.

“I went down to pay my half of the rent this morning. You know what Phil told me?” He spoke up.

“Mmm?” Steve hummed, only half paying attention to the conversation as he quickly makes himself a sandwich.

“Said the rent was already paid. In full.” He paused and looked at Steve, shoving a handful of crunchy rings into his mouth. “For the next three months.”

“Oh yeah?” A perfectly executed innocent smile tugged at the corner of his lips as he slapped the two halves of his sandwich together. “Well I am his favorite tenant. Maybe he’s giving me a break after I helped him put up all those shelves.”

Bucky snorted, eyes darting up to look at Steve. “Yeah right. So when did you become Mr. Moneybags?”

Steve knew this would come up eventually. Bucky was on medical leave and he quit bussing tables a few weeks ago, it made sense for him to wonder how they were still in the green, considering they only ever skirted past it before.

“Its my new job, I get a lot of bonuses.” He said between bites of tuna mayo, knowing Bucky wouldn’t buy it.

“New job, huh?” Bucky said, brow wrinkled. He sat up, setting the half-empty bowl of junk food aside to focus on Steve. “What exactly is this new job if yours anyway, how can we afford all this?” His eyes narrowed on Steve. “You didn’t join the mob, did ya? Or are you selling drugs on the side?”

Steve let out a laugh and rolled his eyes. “No, nothing like that. I’m doing…” He paused, racking his brain for an alibi. “Stock photos.”

Bucky raised an eyebrow at him, expression dumbfounded.

“Stock photos?” He repeated slowly.

Steve shrugged. “Yeah, you know. I go to a studio, they take pictures of me doing things, sell them to a company to use for marketing and then I get a paycheck.” He went on.

He was a terrible liar, but this wasn’t technically a lie because there were photoshoots involved.

His best friend just didn’t need to know that he was completely naked in said photos, aside from the occasional leather strap.

Bucky didn’t look totally convinced, but he didn’t press the issue either, so Steve considered his fib a moderate success.

“So you’re a model now?” Bucky said, letting that sink in for a moment with a bob of his head before going back to lounging on the sofa. “Guess that’s not too surprising. Always knew that pretty face of yours would make us some money some day.” He teased.

Steve cracked a smile at that. “Guess so.”

“But still Steve, all this stuff…I know I’m not very useful right now but you really don’t have to do
all this. I can pay you back.” Bucky said dejectedly.

Steve frowned. “Hey, don’t worry about it. You took care of me after my mom died, I’m just returning the favor.”

Steve remembered that painful time like it was yesterday. Struggling to pay his mom’s medical and funeral bills as a penniless art student. He’d be out on the street if Bucky hadn’t taken all those extra shifts down at the docks and pawned his dad’s old car. This was absolutely the least he could do for his friend. They looked out for each other because who the hell else would? Bucky was family to him, and he would do absolutely anything to take care of him.

Steve’s eyes flick up at the microwave, catching the time. “I have to head out.” He said, shoving the rest of the sandwich in his mouth before grabbing his coat off the back of one of the chairs. Tuna mayo may not have been the best choice of food to eat before filming, but luckily, he still had that pack of mints in his pocket. “See you tonight.” He said, heading out the door.

“Go make us some money pretty boy!” Bucky hollered after him.

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“Yeah, you like that?”

“Oooh, Fuck, yesssss…..”

Steve hissed, tipping his head back with a long, throaty moan as his ass was breached by a thick cock while another one pressed against his lips, spreading pre-come over them before gliding over his tongue to muffle his cries.

The last few weeks had certainly been a learning experience, and while Steve doubted that he would win an Oscar with his acting skills he could definitely put on a show worth watching.

A low whine was punched out of him as the man inside his ass started fucking him raw, fingers digging into his hips as he pummeled him.

He’s done maybe a dozen videos in the couple of months he’s worked at the studio, ranging anywhere from solo work, to bondage, to blow jobs to full on sex.

This is his first threesome.

The scene has him on his back, sprawled out on a big, cushy bed with one guy between his legs and one guy fucking his mouth. He’d never been in a three way before, let alone as the centre of attention. Steve thought he would be nervous or overwhelmed by the constant pumping in and out at both ends, but all he can think of as he’s being double teamed is fuck, yes, more. Harder.

The sensations coursing through his body right now are intense.

Thor -- the blond hunk of pure, solid muscle who is currently fucking his mouth, is massive in every sense of the word. His biceps, his pecs, his cock. Steve chokes as the blond reaches up to grab a fistful of his hair, pulling him down further on his cock until the tip is nudging against the back of his throat.

This man’s dick was by far the largest appendage he’d ever seen attached to a human body. It had to be roughly 10 inches long if not more, and girthy enough that his jaw ached from the stretch. Steve took it like a champ, working his throat muscles around the shaft, earning feral grunts of pleasure out of the bulky blond.
He never thought his dick sucking skills would turn out to be one of his greatest work assets, but hey, use what you got to your advantage he supposed.

Steve barely catches the director saying something and feels the man behind him stop his brutal thrusting to pull out. He almost whines at the loss but feels a tap on his ankle and gets the hint.

Steve shifts, letting the other guy pull back as he slides down off the bed and onto the carpeted floor, sitting up on his knees. The blond once again pushes past his lips while the dark-skinned man begins hastily jerking himself off inches from his face.

Steve wraps his fingers around each cock, listening to the sound of slick skin and heavy breathing as he pumps vigorously. Both men hovering above him are breathing hard, letting small grunts of pleasure slip through as Steve fists their cocks, working them to their peaks.

It doesn’t take long after that. Steve feels the first shot of cum hit the side of his cheek, prepared for it but still taken by surprise as it starts dripping down the side of his face. He opens his mouth, tongue lolling out to catch any stray spurts as his face is painted by streaks of translucent white.

The second guy cums not long after the first. His aim is a little lower, so he shoots across Steve’s tongue, hitting his chin and splattering on his heaving chest. Steve’s never felt so thoroughly coated before, and it’s not necessarily a bad feeling.

He's moaning softly, poking his tongue out to catch some of the cum dribbling across his lips. He was never a fan of the taste, but he still plays it up for the cameras, knowing the audience would lap it up.

The camera faces him, zooming in on his face, soaking in how raw and red his mouth is from overuse. Steve flicks his eyes up at the lens, staring straight on with the best ‘completely fucked out’ expression that he can muster, and then the video feed cuts.

“That’s a wrap, everyone take five.” The director calls, giving them a thumbs up to say that the footage was good.

Steve lifts himself up on wobbly knees, grabbing the hand that the big, blond man offers him as an anchor to hoist himself up.

“You were a most excellent participant my brother! I look forward to experiencing pleasure alongside you on our next venture.” He says proudly, grabbing Steve by the shoulder to pull him into a rough hug.

It’s strange how hugging this man felt weirder than having sex with him, though Steve wondered if that may be because he was naked and still had come on his face.

“Thanks. It was good. Uh, can’t wait to do it again.”

That’s not a complete lie. Thor’s hot, it’s hard to complain when you’ve gone 240 lbs of pure Adonis pumping into you and Steve did enjoy the sex even if big, bulky brutes weren’t typically his type.

The blond laughs deeply and gives him a slap on the back before strutting off without any speck of modesty.

As the rest of the crew dealt with um, ‘cleanup’, Steve moved off to the other end of the room to grab a warm towel off the refreshment table so he could wash his face. He dabbed at a spot in his hair, frowning as he tried his best to wipe it out. His hair still felt stiff and tacky when he’d managed to get most of it out. He was definitely going to need a shower.
“Hey, sorry bout' the mess. Usually I do that after the first date.”

Steve swiped over his face one last time with a chuckle, turning to see his other co-star walking over. “Don’t worry about it. It was uh, it was good. The messier the better, right?” He laughed, lowering the now soiled rag from his face. “I don’t think I caught your name earlier?”

The man gave an easy smile, reaching his hand out to shake. “It’s Sam.”

“Steve Rogers.”

“Oh yeah, I’ve heard of you. You’re that new golden boy that Stark signed on.” He said, pointing at Steve. “Think you’ve broken records with how many fans you got in just a few months, now I know why.”

Steve felt his cheeks heat up at the subtle admiration. “Oh, well I don’t know about that. Everyone here looks like they bring in an audience. I mean, look at Thor.” He said, pointing his chin over to where the other blond was flexing his biceps for a group of interns, still not bothering to put any clothes on.

Sam snorted. “Yeah, he’s definitely got the whole Herculean thing going for him, but huge muscles and a big dick doesn’t do it for everyone. Some people like a bit more substance and you –” He pointed at Steve, wagging his index finger up and down. “You have substance.”

Steve scratched the back of his neck, giving an embarrassed laugh. “Well, that’s good to hear, right?”

Before they could strike up another conversation the sound of heels clicking against linoleum caught his attention, and Steve turned around to see Pepper walking towards them.

“Steve?”

“Miss Potts.” He acknowledged, instinctively moving the towel to cover himself. She probably saw more nude men on a daily basis than a doctor, but porn actor or not Steve was still a modest guy.

The tight smile on her face showed she didn’t appreciate the formality. Please, just call me Pepper she kept telling him, but respecting women was a habit he’d gotten from his mother.

“I see you’re just finishing up, how was the shoot?” She asked, eyes very briefly jumping up and down to take in his physique, making him fight the urge to blush.

“Good. Great, actually. I think it’ll turn out to be a pretty good video.”

“That’s very good to hear.” She nodded, her gaze returning to settle on his face. “I just stopped by to say that Tony would like to see you in the conference room.”

“He wants to see me?” Steve asked dubiously.

“Don’t worry, it’s not about your performance. I doubt anyone would complain about that.” She smirked, and this time Steve could feel the blush spreading over his cheeks. “He just needs to have a word with you once you’ve cleaned up.”

“Right. Okay.” Steve nodded, grabbing a generic robe off one of the hooks near the wall. He turned to Sam. “Guess I’ll catch you later?”

Sam gave him a quick thumbs up before he headed off to the showers, wondering what this oh so important conversation Tony needed to have with him was all about.
After cleaning himself up Steve made his way to the conference room and was immediately assaulted with explosions of glitter and party horns the second he opened the door. He stood frozen at the doorway, completely dumbfounded by the hundreds of phallic balloons and party decorations littering the entire meeting area. It looked like someone’s trashy bachelorette party.

Steve recognized a few faces around the table – Tony of course, as well as Pepper, Natasha, Sam, Thor and some of the other people he’d had scenes with, but there were a couple unfamiliar faces thrown into the mix. After an awkward moment of silence, he realized that they were all here for him and that his ‘meeting’ with Tony had just been a ruse.

“What’s all this for?” He asked, taking a step towards the table. He noticed a tall, chocolate cake with ‘Rising to the top!’ written in thick, bright pink icing, the outline of a half-erect penis drawn crookedly next to the text with globs of white frosting shooting out of the tip. Very classy.

“It’s a celebration. You made it into the front page of the Stark Studios web page for top 5 favorite porn stars.” Tony explained to him, handing him a flute of bubbly clear liquid that looked like champagne. “I know, the décor is a little extra. You can blame Darcy for that.”

Steve made a face, glancing over to one of the monitors that showed a very raunchy picture of him next to a line up of four others, his name taking up the #4 slot.

“Are you serious?” He asked, a little awestruck.

“Completely serious. You blew right by Sam,” She said grinning at the mentioned actor. Steve glanced over to Sam apologetically, but he only held a hand up and shook his head.

“Hey, no hard feelings here. I’m still in the ranks.”

Steve was at a loss for words, extremely flattered and more than a little shock that he was one of the top actors on the site now. Sure, he knew he was a good-looking guy, but Stark Studios was a huge company, and to get a spot in the top 5 in just a few short months seemed completely surreal to him.

“I…I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t say anything, just party with us.” Tony told him as he came up to stand at his side, clinking his own glass of champagne. “You earned it.”

The rest of the night was a conglomeration of eating, drinking and lots of X-rated party games that only a group of people who spent a lot of time naked in each other’s presence would feel comfortable playing. Eventually everyone went their separate ways, but Tony offered to give him a ride home, showing off one of his (apparently of many) designer sports cars.

Steve had never ridden in, or even seen such an extravagant car in his life. The seats were firm, dark black leather, shiny and smooth and looking brand new. The interior even smelled new.

They pulled up just outside of his building, and Steve’s hand hovered over the door handle.

“Thanks for tonight Tony, I really appreciate it.” He said with a smile. The party was nice, but completely unnecessary. Steve didn’t need the recognition, but the fact that Tony felt the need to throw him a celebration for his little achievement was a nice gesture.
Tony gave a surprised smile, like Steve’s gratitude for some cake and a bit of champagne was completely unwarranted. “It’s nothing, really. You worked hard, you deserve a little compensation.”

Steve let out a short laugh. “I think you compensate me enough.” He said, thinking back on his new, lavish income.

There was a beat of silence between them, which Tony broke by pointing his chin towards the rundown brownstone and asked with mild disgust “This your place?”

Steve nodded, glancing up to the third-floor window. The lights were off, but there was bright, blue flashing light seeping out of the tiny window. No doubt Bucky had fallen asleep in front of the TV again. His hand was poised on the handle, gripping it but making no effort to push the door open. The evening had been nice. Really nice. He didn’t really want it to end just yet.

Tony must have sensed that he was meandering because he twisted in his seat, leather crunching under him as he moved.

“Actually, I live just a couple streets down if you want to have some drinks with Me?”

Steve glanced at him, head slightly tilted to the side and his grip on the door handle loosening as he settled back in his seat.

“I mean, I know you have work tomorrow, but I can put in a word with your boss, he and I are on pretty good terms--”

Steve cut him off by leaning over the gap between their seats, planting his hand on the back of Tony’s neck to draw him in for a kiss.

For a second he thought he misread the atmosphere when he felt Tony tense up under his touch. What the hell was he thinking? This man was his boss! What they were doing right now was probably a huge HR nightmare. Besides, the man was a successful billionaire, as if he’d want to sleep with someone who literally got paid to fuck strangers.

Panicking, Steve began to withdraw, but just as he was pulling away Tony seemed to finally snap out of his stupor and lunged forward, reaching out to grab a fist full of Steve’s shirt to pull him back in to the kiss.

Now it was Steve’s turn to freeze up, but he recovered from it much faster than Tony had. Steve felt the scratch of Tony’s perfectly primped goatee against his chin, sending tiny rivulets of pleasure running through his brain every time the short, prickly hairs tickled his skin. Their mouths slotted together for what felt like a solid few minutes until he felt Tony finally (regrettably) retreated. The air between them was hot and heavy, and Steve’s lips were left red and tingling from the kiss.

“So…is that a yes?” Tony asked with, the side of his mouth curving into a grin.

Steve answered by going in for another kiss, resting his open palm on the side of Tony’s neck to draw him in. It was a little less intense than the last one, but the firm swipe of tongue over the brunet’s bottom lip was probably enough to get his point across.

“Drive.”

Their trip up to Tony’s place was anything but graceful.
They tumbled out of the elevator, bumping into just about every piece of furniture from the entrance foyer to Tony’s bedroom. Normally Steve was a little more spatially aware of bulk, but it was hard to navigate with Tony’s tongue down his throat and a hand cupping him through his jeans.

Clothes went flying in every direction, leaving a trail behind them on their journey to the bedroom. Steve had lost his shirt somewhere between the living room and the hallway, and Tony’s vest was laying in a messy heap a few steps away. They got stuck at the doorframe to Tony’s bedroom. Steve could feel the brunet awkwardly feeling behind him for the door handle and he took this as an opportunity to start working on the older man’s belt.

Tony won the fight with the doorknob after a brief struggle and they fell into the room. Tony nearly tripped over his pants, but he managed to get them down to his ankles, stepping out of them and dragging Steve with him.

Once they were through the door, Steve aggressively shoved the older man back onto the bed, quickly stripping off his shirt and tossed it with a flick of his wrist before joining him, straddling his thighs.

“Fuck, you’re gorgeous.” Tony groaned, trailing his hand over the perfectly etched marble of Steve’s abs.

Steve smirked, muscles jumping under Tony’s touch. “Not nearly as good looking as you.”

He wasn’t exaggerating, at least not in his eyes. Tony was a beautiful man. Dark and handsome, perfectly groomed and radiating a heavy scent that made him feel dizzy with arousal. It was like his body pumped out pure sex pheromones out of his pores. Steve never felt so turned on by another person in his life but just kissing Tony was enough to make him painfully hard.

He reached out a hand to splay his fingers over the flat plane of Tony’s stomach where the two halves of his shirt fell open, feeling smooth, firm skin under his fingers. He moved upwards, trailing his touch along Tony’s flank and under his pectoral, stopping when his fingers brushed up against warm steel. He was about to ask what it was, but Tony grabbed his wrist and moved his hand back down.

“Just a fancy pace maker, ignore it.” He said, his voice tight but not angry.

Steve wasn’t going to press the issue, and when Tony realized that he sat up and delved in for another kiss, wrestling his tongue against Steve’s for a few moments before moving along. Tony dipped his head forward, and Steve felt wet, hot kisses along his neck and chest. He gasped when he felt the sharp bite of teeth against his nipple, the sound melting into a long, drawn out groan.

“So sensitive.” Tony cooed, and Steve could feel his lips quirking up into a smile against his skin.

“I’ve already told you I’m sensitive.”

“Yeah, but all this time I thought you were playing it up for the cameras.” He said, giving some love to Steve’s other nipple, earning another sharp gasp in response to the pinch. “Turns out you’re the real deal.”

Steve let out a small groan, arching his chest into Tony’s touch. For such a sensitive part of his body they often went neglected so even the light brush of Tony’s thumb swiping over them sent electric pleasure straight to his dick.

“Surprised you don’t have a camera rolling right now.” He teased.
Tony lifted himself up off the bed, his hand grasping the back of Steve’s neck to smash their mouths together, launching a fierce attack of teeth and tongue that Steve readily accepted. He pulled back with a sucking kiss, moving both hands to cradle the sides of Steve’s neck, tugging at the bottom of his kiss bruised lip with the pad of his thumb.

“No cameras.” Tony growled, and without warning he thrust and twisted his hips, catching Steve off guard enough to flip him over onto his back. “Tonight, you’re all mine.”

Tony punctuated his words by lunging at Steve’s neck, sucking and biting at the skin until Steve was certain there would be marks. When the older man was satisfied with his work, he began sliding down Steve’s perfect body, leaving a trail of kisses down from his chest all the way to his stomach before stopping comfortably nestled with his head between the blond’s thighs.

“Oh…oh my god…” Steve exhaled shakily at the first touch of a wet tongue along the crease of his ass.

He pressed his hips into the bed as he felt the slick muscle slide against his hole, licking its way inside of him. He’d never had anyone’s tongue down there before, never thought he wanted that, but Tony knew just how to curl his tongue in a way that made Steve’s brain turn to mush.

Tony’s beard tickled him in a way that only made him more aroused, and before long Steve could feel the sticky ooze of pre-cum dripping onto his belly.

“I’m gonna cum if you keep that up.” He warned, voice tight and breathy as he fought to keep his orgasm at bay.

Tony pulled back with a chuckle and glanced up at him through his lashes, swiping his tongue over his lips. “That’s sort of the point.”

Steve let his head fall back against the cushions with a long sigh when he felt Tony get back to work, rubbing the flat of his tongue along his rim and occasionally letting it prod inside. He’d never let someone eat him out before. The idea of someone’s tongue in his ass always sounded a bit too daring for him, but Tony was quickly changing his stance on that as he worked his magic.

He brushed one hand through his sweaty hair, the other going down to gently nestle atop Tony’s head, small little hums of pleasure slipping through his barely parted lips as he watched Tony’s jaw working him open.

Just when he started to think it couldn’t feel any better than this Tony wrapped his fingers around his dick, stroking him firmly while his tongue continued to flick and curl against his hole.

He let out a cut-off gasp, back arching and hips bucking into the brunet’s touch as the pressure quickly built until he was teetering on the edge of bliss. He came with a quiet grunt, spilling all over Tony’s fingers, coating them in streams of sticky white.

Tony didn’t pull away until he’d finished shaking through his orgasm, a stupidly proud grin plastered all over his face as he looked down at the spent and loose body beneath him.

“Enjoy yourself?”

Steve didn’t answer, just gave a long, pleasant hum and let his eyes slip closed.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Tony laughed, pressing a gently kiss just below Steve’s navel.

“Gimme a minute and I’ll do you.” He slurred tiredly, really starting to feel the beckoning haze of
drowsiness from those three glasses of champagne.

Tony smiled, scooting up to lay next to Steve, dragging the duvet over both of them. “It’s fine, you’re tired.”

Steve frowned with his eyes still closed, lips jutting out in a small pout. “That’s not fair.”

“How about you give me an IOU and I can collect payment in the morning?” Tony chuffed, offering him a lazy kiss.

If it wasn’t so late and he hadn’t already had sex three or four times since noon, Steve might have protested, but warm buzz from the alcohol was quickly lulling him into sleep and in less than a few minutes he was snoring softly.

Chapter End Notes

I wasn't going to end it here initially but the chapter was already long and would have gone on for quite a bit longer so I figured it was a good place to cut. Also I just wanted to get a chapter out since it's been a few months... Thanks to everyone who left comments and Kudos, it really helps make me want to write more so if you're exited for the next part please keep giving this fic some love!

Side note, for anyone curious about when Rumlow is coming in since he's mentioned in the character list, next chapter is for you!!

End Notes

So theres chapter 1. Things will get raunchier in the next chapters, so please leave me some comments! I get fed up of writing really easily, but I swear feedback helps. For anyone interested I my other fic, i am working on another chapter do dont worry, it's not completely abandoned so be sure to show that fic some love too. Until next time! XOXO

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!