Tony is a Ken Doll but no dress-up happens

by Serinah

Summary

What it says on the tin. PWP with slight plot, as in getting together, but mostly it's Pr0n. And it's very fluffy for me, I think.

Written for a Kink Meme:
https://cap-ironman.dreamwidth.org/1997467.html?thread=14738075

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Toy.

Sex aid.

A dream come true.

Tony was grinning from ear to ear.

Carefully, he took the piece of fake flesh off the station and found the pouch he was supposed to put his cock in. His dick was still appropriately-sized for the occasion but would start growing if Tony didn’t hurry, so without delay, he inserted the appendage and pressed the piece over his balls and sliding his hand over the whole thing, made sure it stuck to his lower stomach. His balls were kept snugly to his body and the narrow strip of the fake flesh clung to his perineum.

It was just for a bit, he told himself. I just want to try it out. Nobody will know.
See the end of the work for notes.
“So, what’s up, Cap?” Tony was always happy to see Steve, so he smiled, even though he was really, really... Busy. Yeah, he’d go with that one.

“You’ve been holed up in your workshop for days now, what are you doing?”

Steve didn’t sound curious, he sounded disapproving and Tony grinned.

“Wouldn’t you want to know,” Tony said, thinking of a flesh-coloured piece of nanotech waiting for the last touch. Literally. He turned his back to Steve to hide his excited grin. He busied himself with reorganizing tools that he hadn’t actually touched for days, thinking if it would be safe to let DUM-E dust all the main surfaces or just the one bench.

“What’s this?” he heard Steve’s voice from the back of the workshop.

Tony hummed as he turned to look. “Oh! Don’t touch it!”

For a second Steve looked startled, but thank god, he just stepped back from the station where the nano flesh was stretched out, still wirelessly connected to the computer he’d been programming with. Steve was looking at him, questioningly now.

“It doesn’t look too dangerous,” he said curiously.

Tony thought quickly, licking his lips. “It’s fake skin. To cover up bruises in visible places or whatever. It doesn’t really work like I want to yet.” Ha! It doesn’t, does it? Well, not until it’s applied, it doesn’t.

“Yeah? That could be good?” Steve didn’t sound as if he entirely believed him, but that wasn’t important. Tony would give the concept over to his R&D’s medical developers and let them muck around with it.

“I hope so.”

Tony smiled and hoped Steve would go away because he couldn’t wait to test the thing out, but... It was Steve, and Tony always felt like hanging out with Steve even if they never did anything truly recreational. On several occasions, Steve stood too close to Tony and he just wanted to touch so, so much. His cock inevitably twitched, but that he ignored; he wouldn’t be a creep.

Tony opened his mouth to say that he needed to get back to coding, but at the same time Steve said, “Dinner?” and Tony was so weak. So they got dinner. Then there was a time-sensitive situation with SI and then with shareholders in the morning. It was almost 11 am when Tony finally crashed on the sofa in his workshop.

JARVIS woke him five hours later because of the potential crick in his neck. Tony didn’t grumble, heaved himself up from the sofa and stumbled to the workstation where his groin piece was lying all ready for the first touch.

“Sir, I hardly think this is the time-”

“Mute.” Smiling to himself, Tony pressed his fingers to the surface of the nano skin.
There wasn’t a visible reaction, but there didn’t need to be. He glanced at the screen which said that the finger lock was activated and trailed his fingers over it. With difficulty, he pulled his hand away and stumbled into the shower. Quickly making sure he was clean and there was no excess hair, he doused himself in cold water, dried off and, still naked, padded off towards the toy.

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It was just for a bit, he told himself. *I just want to try it out. Nobody will know.*

It felt wonderful. Looked just like his own. Slowly, over the next twenty seconds it tightened over his own flesh and perversely, his cock started to swell against its confines. Although feeling soft, the nanotech didn’t allow for any actual changes in the girth or length, but the brief stab of pain subsided the moment his prick gave up and Tony moaned his appreciation. The feeling of his balls being pressed snugly up against his body made him shiver. In a total awe at his own genius, he just stood and stared down at his crotch.

He needed a full-length mirror.

Excited, he rushed to the door, realized he’d need clothes and darted back to the sofa. He was just in the middle of pulling a shirt over his head when he heard the door open.

“Hey, Tony, what are still doing-” Steve fell silent, staring wide-eyed at Tony’s naked… bare crotch.

“It’s not what you think!” Tony exclaimed as he turned around to put the pants on. “It’s fake flesh! The one you saw last night, remember?” Hurriedly, his heart beating in a horrific staccato, he pulled his pants up, started zipping up, then with his fingers shaking, opened them again. “Here, I can show you - I do have a dick, Wait-”

“No, no, no! Stop!” Steve turned around hastily. “Don’t show me. It’s okay, I believe you.”

It was hard to tell which of them was more flustered, but somehow, that allowed Tony to calm down and quickly, he finished dressing.

“Sorry, that was… Unprofessional of me… To dress here.” He turned around only to see Steve still turned away from him, shifting from foot to foot uncomfortably.

“No, that… Alright. I should’ve knocked.”

“I should’ve locked the door.”

Steve was blushing. Which… not surprising, but… Was he actually adjusting his pants?

“Steve…”
Steve visibly shuddered, dropped his gaze at Tony’s crotch, looked hastily away and swallow heavily. With astonishment and thrill, Tony noticed the bulge tenting the front of Steve’s jeans.

“Why would you…?” Steve sounded as if he was in pain, but Tony wasn’t entirely sure it wasn’t because of his own straining dick.

“Why?” Tony swallowed, embarrassed. “I kinda… I’ve been playing around with the idea-”

“It’s like…” Steve went on, his lips twisted into a grimace of what looked like distaste, but also not. “It’s like you’re… sexless… Like a doll.”

Tony felt himself blush while his stupid cock spurt a fresh wad of precum that the nanites immediately absorbed. He dropped his eyes and thought of how to escape the whole conversation, but then Steve’s hand reached out and almost touched Tony’s crotch before he snapped it back.

“Fuck. Sorry, Tony, I’m so sorry.” He stepped back. “I should go.”

“No!” Tony stepped to position himself between Steve and the door. “Please don’t go. Not if you liked what you saw, please.”

Tony’s pulse had tripled and his brain was yelling at him to stop embarrassing himself and shut the fuck up, but instead, he was staring Steve in the eye and thinking of how much he wanted Steve to like what he’d seen. If not him, then at least… this.

Steve stared back only for a startled moment before dropping his eyes to Tony’s denim-covered groin area.

“I don’t… I’ve never…” Steve sounded a little breathless and the shiver that wrecked his body now didn’t look like revulsion at all.

Tony gestured to the tented front of Steve’s pants. “That looks painful,” he said almost boldly. His own cock was trying to swell too, but there was no way it could. His hands automatically started to rise to adjust his pants, but he dropped them. He’d done chastity devices before, he knew the drill. “Need some help with this?” he nodded at Steve’s bulge. Shit, he wanted to blow Steve so much.

“What?” Steve’s voice was also shaky and his startled eyes snapped up again.

“Help,” Tony repeated. “I can.” He sounded like a Yoda, dammit. “I mean… I’d like to suck you if that’s okay.”

Jesus, and now I sound like a schoolboy, Tony thought, but then he saw how Steve’s eyes fluttered.

“Will you let me…?” Steve trailed off.

“Come?” Tony started smiling in anticipation.

“…touch,” Steve finished and now it was Tony’s turn to feel his eyes flutter closed for a moment.

“Yes,” Tony said. “Please.”

For a second neither of them moved, but then Steve grabbed Tony’s hand and started towards the elevator. They stepped in and for the duration of the ride just stared at each other; Tony felt as if his body was on fire and the same seemed to be reflected in Steve’s eyes.

In the penthouse, Steve took his hand again and to Tony’s shock, just guided him into the middle of the room and left him there, standing, as he himself sat into an armchair.
“Strip,” Steve ordered, in an uncompromising voice that was perfectly balanced with Steve’s pleading expression. Somehow, he managed to look both bold and scared at the same time.

Slowly, with his hands shaky and insides quivering, Tony pulled his T-shirt over his head. His fingers hesitated over the button, but then he just hastily undid it and dropped his pants before he had time to get even more self-conscious. He wanted to cover up, to turn around, he wanted to take a look at the mirror, for fuck’s sake! He’d never managed to do that; Steve had interrupted him just as he’d been on his way. Tony looked down at himself and from his vantage point there didn’t seem to be any distentions, no bulge; the flesh-coloured nanites had distributed themselves smoothly over the whole area, just as they were supposed to. He wanted to touch himself, to feel if he could feel his hand as a pressure or temperature through the layer of artificial skin; would it feel good if he rubbed himself through it? He had no idea - he’d been about to test all of that, but now he couldn’t, not with Steve watching.

“How does it feel?” Steve’s voice was hoarse.

“Like satin. But strong.” Tony had no idea how to describe it. He looked up at Steve and suddenly, a warm pleasure was spreading through his body, starting in the pit of his stomach and floating quickly towards his extremities. “Like I’m wearing underwear that’s flush to my body, like… glued on, but soft. Warm.”

His cock was pulsing and throbbing, but there was no visible sign of it. Tony looked like… a doll. Not meant to feel sexual pleasure, just something to be played with, enjoyed. Used. Tony’s breathing picked up and his hands twitched.

Steve’s voice was husky. “And when you touch it? What do your fingers feel?”

Gently, Tony slid his hand over his crotch. “Skin?” He swallowed and wondered if it would be alright to caress himself more, to put some pressure on it or if Steve would think he was weird. “It feels like regular skin. It’s designed to emulate the colour and temperature of the skin it’s surrounded by.”

Steve exhaled sharply. “Come here.”

As if pulled by a string, Tony moved.

With naked awe on his face, Steve brought his fingertips to where Tony’s dick was supposed to be and with a tiny sigh, he touched it. Tony felt the electricity course through the artificial layers and initially bypassing his cock, the tinglies spread through his whole body, belatedly arriving in the pit of his stomach and setting his whole crotch on fire. Tony bit off a moan, but as Steve’s fingers kept caressing over his stomach area. Briefly, Steve glanced at him, smiling.

“You can make noises, Tony. I like them,” he said.

He kept petting Tony’s flesh, real and artificial and then suddenly, Tony moaned for real, because he realized that all sensation he thought was in his cock, was just in his head. It was as if he was wearing his armour, no matter what Tony saw being touched, his cock and balls felt absolutely nothing. Instead of the pleasure of the touch, they were aching with the pleasure of the tease. Tony’s hips jerked and he moaned louder.

Steve grinned. “Do you feel that?” The obvious awe on his face was now warring with arousal.

“No,” Tony croaked. “Not really.”

Startled, Steve looked up. “But… Do you like it?”
Blushing, Tony looked away. “A little?”

For a couple of seconds, Steve stared at him, but it seemed that he saw through such an obvious understatement quite easily. His fingers tightening on Tony’s hips, he let out a quiet, but entirely delighted-sounding peal of laughter. Embarrassed, Tony tried to pull away, but Steve’s fingers only tightened more and slowly, telegraphing his movements, Steve leaned forward to plant a chaste kiss on the place where the head of Tony’s cock would normally be.

Tony trembled. “You… like it too?”

God, he sounded so pathetically needy. But it was okay, because Steve was there with him, each step of the way; so clearly into it too.

“Like it? God, Tony…” Steve laughed breathlessly and rested his forehead on Tony’s stomach. “You’ve no idea… My own, life-size Ken Doll… Perfectly beautiful, sweetly innocent and virginal… As if made for me… to make a mess of…” He jerked his head up to look at Tony. “That’s what you want right? Or was this… About something else…”

Tony couldn’t turn his eyes off Steve, the perfect picture of beauty itself, his eyes light blue, a pink flush high on his cheeks.

“Yes,” he breathed. “No. I mean, not something else. This. What you said - that’s what I want.”

Steve sighed. “Good,” he said calmly. “Good. Get on your knees then, doll.”

Tony shivered and dropped to his knees.

Steve’s cock felt divine in his mouth, as did the thighs under his hands and Steve’s fingers in his hair. Tony’s cock was still… somewhere, but like this, he really was like just a doll made for Steve’s pleasure and that felt like a high. Tony poured all his desire, love and longing into the blowjob, just hoping that... Even if he never made onto a potential boyfriend list for Steve, at least he could be one of his best sexual experiences. A fantasy to be remembered for years to come… Steve’s fingers tightened on Tony’s scalp and with a desperate grunt and a whine, he came.

Tony had no idea what felt better: that Steve came, or that he couldn’t. Oh god, why did he even like that?

For a bit they just rested; Steve reclined on the back of the armchair, Tony with his head on Steve’s thigh and his arms almost hugging the bigger man. Tony’s cock was still throbbing, and now that the active part of the blowjob was over, Tony was starting to feel it.

“You…” Steve murmured, “You want my help to get it off?” He seemed to be struggling for coherence. “Or… I can help you get off first?”

There was nothing Tony wanted more. Yes. Fuck, yes.

“You can’t. Not with this thing on.”

Steve hummed. “Take it off then?” he mumbled.

Yes. Impatiently, Tony sat up straighter, fumbled for the upper corner of the flesh piece and peeled an inch of it off his actual skin. He pressed his thumb on the underside of it and waited for a second. The fingerprint pad appeared as it was supposed to, but there was no relaxing on the skin and Tony frowned. He slid his fingers over the pad, leaned back to peer at it better, but it looked just like it did during the trial runs.
“Tony?” Steve still sounded high on pleasure and Tony made a concentrated effort to relax into his previous position.

“Everything’s fine. You rest for now.”

“And then I fuck you?”

Even though Steve’s words were still languid, there was also a note of genuine interest and Tony’s breath hitched. His arousal roared.

“If you’d like,” he said as calmly as he could. The idea of being fucked with this thing on definitely had its appeal. But maybe next time? His fingers resting on Steve’s thigh twitched and Steve hummed contentedly.

Tony tried to relax and breathe through his arousal. He couldn’t feel his cock, not even any stimulation through it, unless it was relatively strong pressure, and however good it felt, he wasn’t sure it wouldn’t hurt too much if Steve fucked him. It should’ve worked for any of his fingers; Tony had restarted the whole system last night and the first fingers that touched it straight after were his. Maybe his thumb had been greasy? Tony pressed his index finger to the pad, then the middle and a ring finger, but still, nothing happened.

Shit.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Trying not to alarm Steve, Tony shifted lazily and tried his other hand. But he knew that his hands hadn’t been greasy or dirty; he’d just come from the shower, for god’s sake! So, for the time being, he was locked in, he had no idea why, and his stupid cock found immense pleasure in it. Tony moaned.

Steve hummed with what sounded like utter contentment and sat up a bit to look at Tony, a pleased expression topped off by a happy little smile, and Tony buried his face into Steve’s thigh.

“Fuck,” he moaned again.

Steve carded his fingers through Tony’s hair. “Is that a request then? Are you ready?”

Tony shivered. “Yes.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

It’s been a while, but here it finally is. Also, the chapter got longer than I anticipated so I broke it up, but the story itself isn’t very much longer plot-wise than I intended and it’s not going to be 4 chapters the next time I update. I promise! :) Basically, here is some more PWP with a spot of aftercare. Or before-care. Or Steve generally being caring and kinky. I hope you’ll enjoy! :) 

BETA: Wynnesone - THANK YOU! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Getting fucked by Steve was an opportunity that he couldn’t pass up. What if this was a one-time offer? Still, he should go to the workshop, connect to the wifi and find out what went wrong. Taking deep breaths to calm his racing heart, Tony told himself that taking the thing off wouldn’t be a problem. It’s not like there were no other ways than the fingerprint, but if he told Steve that there was a problem with the piece now, there would definitely be no more sexy times.

Steve’s eyes opened and he peered down at Tony. “I think I’m rested now. You want that thing off or…?”

Tony swallowed, gauging Steve’s reaction, but it seemed that the novelty hadn’t yet worn off for the soldier.

“Nah, that’s okay.” He smiled, as he hoped, invitingly. “We can keep it on for a bit.”

Steve’s gaze sharpened with lust and his Adam’s apple moved convulsively. “Can you... Come like this?”

Tony dropped his eyes. “Not really. But I like it.” He did. He hated it a bit too, but he also liked it.

Steve made an impatient noise, leaned down and pulled Tony into his lap.

“Oh god, Tony.”

He started caressing Tony all over and kissing his neck as if he’d not come in a week. Tony wriggled on his lap, petting and stroking Steve back just as vigorously. Very quickly he was panting and when Steve put his hands on his doll-smooth crotch, Tony was trembling. Steve leaned in to kiss him then, and all his feelings of being powerful suddenly turned into a feeling of being helpless as a kitten in the storm, but it wasn’t a bad feeling at all. Tony felt also admired, wanted and cherished.

“God, I love this thing--” Steve said, ”what is it even made of? My own fucking doll, so sweet and pliant for me to play with, to use and despoil. Fuck Tony, the noises you make, fuck--”

Steve’s fingers found Tony’s hole then and spitting on his fingers, he started vigorously massaging it.

“Wait, wait, wait--” Tony broke free of the supersoldier’s arms and leaned over him to grab a hand cream tube form the table. “Use this.”
It wasn’t exactly lube, but it was better than spit. Frankly, once Steve’s fingers started rubbing it into his hole, Tony couldn’t even tell a difference. When the first finger breached the rim, Steve stopped and just let it sit there while he caressed Tony’s front with his other hand. Strangely, it was the skin around it that tingled the most and Tony’s breathing fastened. Compared to the gentle movements, the kiss Steve bestowed on Tony’s lips was heated, as if this was the main course, not part of the foreplay. The tongue in Tony’s mouth was the only thing stopping him from begging for more. Steve moved his finger inside, pumping it further in, and Tony tried to maneuver it onto his pleasure spot, but the finger was as stubborn as its owner.

“Shit, Steve. You promised to fuck me.” The damned fake skin was going to kill him; trying to fuck his own hand, Tony rubbed it vigorously a couple of times before Steve pulled it away.

“Shh,” Steve said gently. “You don’t have a dick, remember? No point in touching yourself there, sweetheart.”

“That’s so unfair,” Tony whined. A part of him was feeling horrified at how childish he’d sounded, but Steve seemed to only hug him even more tenderly. “At least fuck me,” Tony added more quietly.

“But dolls don’t get to have sexual pleasure anyway, honey,” Steve said, “You sure it’s a good idea? You don’t even have a dick, Doll.”

Tony shivered in a weirdly arousing humiliation. Why did he like hearing himself being called a doll? He wasn’t a toy, wasn’t supposed to like such belittling--

“We should get you a pair of white lacy panties to cover this smooth little crotch,” Steve continued. “Or maybe just plain white cotton like all good dollies wear? Huh? What do you think, sweetie?”

Feeling utterly humiliated and impossibly turned on, Tony closed his eyes and moaned.

“You like that, don’t you?” Steve said as he wiggled the finger further up inside and Tony moaned again. “Jesus, Tony, you were just made for me, weren’t you?”

“Straight from the assembly line,” Tony whispered and it was Steve’s turn to moan.

“We should get you a box I could keep you in, yeah?” Steve removed the evil finger from his ass and Tony whined.

“Shit, Steve, you fucking little-”

“Language, doll,” Steve chided him gently and put his fingers on Tony’s lips. Next, he pushed Tony to lie down on the sofa and, covering him with his own much larger frame, started rubbing himself against Tony’s smooth crotch.

“Oh, god, Steve, you’re killing me! Fuck!”

Steve smiled and leaned in to push his tongue into Tony’s mouth. The pressure and friction through the crotch piece was agony. Tony’s skin was on fire everywhere, his cock throbbing and probably leaking precome like crazy. His pants and moans were turning into grunts of almost pain and it felt as if he was on the brink of an orgasm, but it was impossible to get off with this thing on.

“Oh, god, oh god, oh god,” Tony babbled, holding on to Steve’s muscular arms. “I thought… there was… no point in… touching me there…”

“Yeah, no point... for you,” Steve parried, groaning in pleasure. “You’re just a fuck toy, made to take it, take it, yes, fuck, yes, oh god… oh…” His fingers tightened on Tony’s shoulders, probably
pressing ten perfect bruises into his flesh, and his warm semen spurted out of his beautifully hard cock. Tony cried out in pain and envy, his body spasming in a dry orgasm.

It was a while before either of them moved, Steve seeming content to remain in a relaxed stupor, while Tony was exhausted yet still feeling like a live wire, a desperate excitement still thrummed under his skin. He had never orgasmed quite like this before. It hurt, but at the same time it was weirdly pleasurable without being satisfying and Tony liked the feeling of his continuous arousal.

Aside from some very mild powerplay games, Tony had never indulged heavily as a sub; he’d never wanted to, but with Steve it was different. Tony had always figured Steve was vanilla or a service dom at best, but he obviously had a mean streak, and Tony thought he could get addicted to Steve’s brand of domming. The idea of doing this again… like this…

Tony was getting ahead of himself. What if Steve wouldn’t even want to play after tonight? Wouldn’t even want to fuck him now that he’d had two orgasms in a row? The thought was disappointing, but could Tony even take a superdick with this thing on? Maybe he should sneak into the workshop and take it off while Steve slept?

Carefully, Tony moved his left leg onto the floor and pushed his fist into the back of the sofa, trying to slide out from under the mountain of muscles.

“Where’ya goin’?” Steve slurred sleepily, and the cuteness of it made Tony’s heart swell with warmth, just as the press of Steve’s hips on his groin elicited another groan.

“Was thinking of taking the thing off,” Tony admitted. “But I need to go to the workshop for that.”

“Oh.” Steve sounded disappointed.

“I’ll be back…” He wanted to say in a jiffy, but what if he wouldn’t? What if there was a bug in the code he needed to find, or a physical problem with the nanites-- “Actually, it might take a couple of minutes…”

Suddenly there was a bit more tension in Steve’s body, some kind of awkwardness or maybe uncertainty. He rolled off Tony and sat up.

“Yeah, okay. If you want to go--“

“I don't want to, I just…” Did he really need to though? He sat up too, frowning at Steve’s tense expression. It seemed that maybe Steve would be willing to play a little more… The reason warred with want only briefly, because when it came to Steve Rogers, Tony had a will of a gnat, and his dick didn’t know what to want anyway. “Fuck it, when will you be ready to go again?”

Steve’s face lit up with a bark of laughter.

“It's not as if you're a supersoldier or anything,” Tony grumbled gamely.

Steve put his arm around Tony and drew him closer, still smiling. “You sure you're fine with this thing on?” He sounded concerned, but also hopeful and Tony was crap at letting Steve down.

“I like it.” Tony smiled back reassuringly.

Steve leaned in to kiss him. The expression on Steve’s face was so sweet that for a few moments while the kiss lasted, Tony was able to pretend that it meant something. But then it got too much and he pulled away. Pushing his useless crotch up, he said, “How about it, big guy, gonna put it in?”
Steve groaned. “You're supposed to be sweet and virginal!”

“How about a dirty temptation for your innocent Catholic sensibilities?”

Steve let out a surprised bark of laughter. “Like my very own blow-up doll? Alright then. If my little dollie wants to get fucked, it gets fucked.” With these words, he got up and heaved a squealing Tony over his shoulder. “But we’ll do it later. When we're back in bed.” Without asking the way, Steve carried him into the bathroom and deposited him just inside the door. “Stay.”

“What am I, a dog, now?”

Steve grinned, kissed Tony’s cheek and patted him on the butt. “I’m gonna take a quick shower, Doll. You just stand there and look pretty.”

Despite the ridiculousness of the situation, Tony suddenly felt shy. Standing motionless in the corner and watching how Steve washed and rinsed off while sending him sly glances felt like being on display and secreted away at the same time.

Steve was grinning.

And washing his cock.

And Tony was just standing there, watching. Wishing he could join Steve in the shower and put his hands on his soapy body. But Steve had placed him here, out of the way, like something precious. Like something to be looked at. Admired.

Steve did deposit Tony into the shower a short while later. Washed, rinsed and dried him, paying special attention to Tony’s groin. By the time he’d finished, Tony was a quivering mess of arousal again, and Steve had such an adoring gaze in his eyes that for the first time, Tony started to hope that there might be something more than just a new kink and a physical attraction at play here. He tried to not let himself hope, but it was useless.

After drying them both, Steve tied a towel around his own hips, shot Tony a mischievous smile, and grabbed his hand. Without saying a word, but still smiling softly, Steve led him into the kitchen and pulled a stool out from under the island.

“Sit, darling,” he said, smiling softly, and walked back out to the living room.

Tony couldn’t believe this was happening: no negotiation, no preparation and Steve was just killing him with the domming that just hit all Tony's kinky spots. Steve quiet confidence had none of the usual high-handed derision some of Tony's partners had tried to assume, and his enthusiasm was setting Tony’s skin on fire. Tony wanted nothing less than just to do whatever Steve wanted him to.

“JARVIS,” Tony suddenly remembered. “What time is it?”

“Four twenty-five, sir,” the calming British voice said. “All your meetings for today are canceled.”

“What? Why? Pepper’s gonna kill me!”

“Not to worry, sir. I smoothed it over.”

Tony frowned and asked cautiously, “How?”
“I told Miss Potts, you were taking a mental health day.”

Tony almost fell off his stool. “What? Why did you do that? She’ll think it’s a BS reason I made up because I didn’t want to go!”

“Quite on the contrary, sir. I told Miss Potts that you forgot the meetings because you seized the opportunity to do something about your hopeless crush—”

“Shh! Shut the hell up, Steve’s got super-hear—”

“—and Miss Potts said ‘finally’, so I do not believe her to be angry with you.”

“She said what—?” Tony almost hissed, but then the doorway was filled with Steve’s wide shoulders and an almost equally wide smile. Affronted, Tony noted that he was clothed.

“Something wrong, Doll?” Steve asked, frowning.

Tony swallowed drily. “You got dressed.”

Humming thoughtfully, Steve started prowling towards Tony. He grasped Tony by the chin and carefully pulled him over the island to press their lips together. His other hand caressed Tony’s face and hair and Tony felt like melting again.

“Clothes, Steve,” Tony tried saying reproachfully, but it came out husky, instead.

Steve smirked. “It’s unbecoming to walk around the apartment naked. Don’t you think?”

Tony raised his eyebrow. “You brought me pants, too?”

“Why? Sweet little dollies don’t really need to be proper in the same way.” Steve pecked him on the nose and walked to the fridge. “We need food.”

It was Tony’s turn to smirk. “You gonna play tea party with your doll?”

Steve shot him a smile. “Sure. Why not?”

Steve was an ass. He set the table with proper china, and then served food only for ‘humans’. When Tony tried to steal some food for himself, Steve slapped his fingers, put his arms around Tony’s torso and carried him into the corner. Put him on his feet and looked at Tony with such fondness, that Tony felt a whine start coming out of his chest, but before it turned into an actual sound, it died down. Just like in the bathroom, he simply stood and trembled with arousal, as if struck dumb by the intensity of Steve’s playfully stern gaze.

After Steve finished eating, he put together a plate and left with it to the living room. Just when Tony was starting to feel like an idiot, standing naked and alone in the corner of his own kitchen like a naughty dog, Steve came back.

“Finally—” Tony started to scold Steve, but Steve put his index finger on Tony’s lips and smiled.

“Shh,” he said in a low, calming voice. “Dolls don’t talk.” He looked questioningly at Tony, so eager and hopeful that any protest Tony might have had died on his lips, and he nodded.

Obviously relieved, Steve said, “Come, sweetheart. Let’s get you fed.”
What happened next was straight out of Tony’s darkest secret fantasies. In the living room, Steve deposited Tony on his knees, with his ass on his heels and hands on his thighs. Then, dishing out praises, Steve brought pieces of food to his mouth and smiled when Tony obediently opened up to be hand-fed. Steve’s fingers on Tony’s lips were ambrosia that he got to lick when he finished a mouthful, and Steve’s gaze on his face, tender yet intent, was mesmerizing.

By the time the food was gone, Tony was barely aware of his arousal anymore. It was there, but it was a pleasant sort of ache, a background noise, nothing that had to be dealt with, so when Steve pulled him into his lap, Tony just mewed. It was an embarrassing sound, but Steve made it all better by petting his hair and smiling. The kisses that followed were sweet and soft, until they weren’t. Quite soon, Tony was grinding against Steve’s crotch and they were both panting. The only part of Tony's body that Steve played with were his nipples and Tony was begging for more. Then, without a word, Steve stood up and with Tony still in his arms, walked into the bedroom.

“You sure about this, Tony?” Steve asked when they were finally lying on the bed together, Tony underneath the other man. “I can…” He swallowed. “Maybe you want to remove this now?”

“I don’t really want to waste time with removing it,” Tony responded quite honestly, despite his dick throbbing, but he was also desperate to have this if he could, because--

What if later, Steve didn’t really want to anymore? He’d probably agree to fuck him because he’d feel bad about disappointing Tony, but he wouldn’t be as enthusiastic any more. It would start up awkward and end up good, of course, it would, because nobody who Tony took to bed ended up being unsatisfied, but it wouldn’t be the same. Steve was, apparently, kinky, so kink, Tony would provide. If Steve liked it now, maybe there would be more…? And especially with the way Steve kept looking at him, maybe he could even be persuaded to make it a semi-permanent arrangement? Tony, really really tried not to get his hopes up for more.

Soon enough, though, there was no room left for thoughts of anything beyond the here and now, Tony lying on his back and being gently fingered open. The ache in his balls was becoming more insistent as the pleasure intensified.

Steve was keeping up a constant stream of encouraging words and praises.

"That's a good, Doll, just like that," Steve said, as he inserted the second finger, until Tony bucked up, wishing he could feel some real friction on his cock. "Ah, but that's not how good dolls act, is it?" Steve admonished, pushing his hips back down. "You want to be a good doll for me, don't you, Tony?"

“Yes, yes, yes, please,” Tony begged, desperate for more.

When Steve finally breached Tony with his cock, Tony’s mouth opened in a silent scream of pleasure which could’ve easily been pain, it was so intense.

“Is this ok?” Steve asked frantically, seemingly holding still with the iron in his will and muscles. “Tony, sweetheart? I’m not hurting you, am I?”

And Tony kept shaking his head: no, no no. “I’m good. It’s good, go on, Steve,” he encouraged back because nothing had ever felt as good or would ever feel as good ever again, even if the fucking nanites were merciless on his dick and the delicious pain was making up half of his pleasure. Slowly, Steve started moving inside him and all Tony’s mental anguish disappeared, replaced with pleasure at knowing that this was Steve; Steve Rogers who was fucking him, who wanted him tonight like this, just like this. Most probably it would be only for tonight and then never again, so today, he was going to enjoy it.
“Oh god, oh god, oh god,” Tony heard his own voice distantly.

"That's it, very good, sweetheart,” Steve kept saying. “You're beautiful like this, so very beautiful, doll. My little darling doll,” Steve praised him, but it didn’t even feel like the ‘doll’ was meant as anything else but an endearment anymore. Tony whimpered, panted, and held on, Steve's cock sliding in and out of him with pounding strokes that varied unpredictably from glancing brushes along Tony's prostate to direct hits, keeping him strung on the edge. After an eternity of the delicious agony, Steve’s movements went shallow, sharp and messy. His eyes widened just before stilling inside of Tony, his orgasm all-consuming. Steve’s eyes closed at the very last moment and his mouth opened on a low groan.

The picture would be burned into Tony’s retinas for the rest of his life. It was more than he could stand; the sight of Steve so obvious in his beautiful contentment, and Tony gave in to the spasms of ecstasy running through his body except for the different kind of intensity centered in his groin, as his orgasm went exactly nowhere, his balls trying to void, but his cock, still struggling and failing to break free of its confines, not offering enough of a channel. It was impossible; the artificial material was unforgiving, and Tony cried out in exhilarated despair. His brain reacted to the extreme stress his body was put under with a burst of endorphins, and Tony was floating on a wave of continuous arousal that he wished would never end.

Tony was high.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.
This is it! I have a couple of ideas for sequels, but I make no promises bc my fingers are just in so many different pies atm, it's crazy!

Thank you so much for BETA work: athletiger and Terrasilvershade! You are AWESOME!!

WARNING: this chapter had a discussion of bladder control. I'm, sorry if it's someone's squick, but it's not really happening in this fiction, so maybe tolerable? :(

His balls still ached and his cock pulsed with pain when he came to, but Tony must have been smiling because Steve’s whole face brightened as he leaned up on one elbow to look at him. Steve’s lips were moving, but the hum-like noise that was filling Tony’s ears was not filtering any real sound until Steve pecked Tony’s lips.

Tony frowned. “What?”

“I want to try it on,” Steve repeated.

Tony’s breath hitched. “You do?”

“Yeah.”

For a long moment they stared at each other with probably matching silly expressions, then Steve leaned in and they were kissing. The impossible feedback loop was agonizing: the more excited Tony got, the more it hurt, and the more it hurt, the more excited he got. Kissing was hell and kissing was heaven, and Steve’s hands were on Tony’s crotch again.

“Can I?” Steve asked breathlessly. “When Can I try it on? Do you need to reprogram it or…”?

“Ah!” Tony exclaimed, dismayed more by the fact that the touching had stopped than by the fact that he felt silly about confessing to being stuck in the stupid fake skin. He grimaced. “I have a confession to make.”

“Yeah?” Steve said, but somehow he was already looking disappointed.

“No-no, you definitely can wear it,” Tony hurried to reassure. “It’s not that. It’s just…” He took a deep breath. “This fucking thing isn’t coming off.”

“What?” Steve exclaimed as if alarmed. He sat up and turned fully towards Tony who was still lounging on the bed. “The… this thing?” Steve indicated the flesh piece with his hand, looking worried which was effectively dampening Tony’s arousal.

“Yes.” Tony closed his eyes and hid his face behind his hands, trying not to feel embarrassed. “I don’t know what happened. I programmed it last night, all the simulations worked fine and when I put it on today everything looked good.” He let his hands fall back on the bed and stared at the ceiling.
“Oh my god, Tony! Why didn’t you say something?”

Tony shrugged, his smile crooked. “I was embarrassed. Plus I wasn’t sure if…” He sat up, so that they were side to side and he could break eye contact. “I liked it. I like denial and you were looking at it as if it was the best thing that’s happened to you in a long time.” He tried to remember where his pants might be.

“So you didn’t do it just for me, did you?” Steve pressed. “It was good for you, too?”

Steve sounded so genuinely distressed that Tony turned back to him and palmed Steve’s cheek.

“Yes, Steve; it was good. I loved every second of it.”

“Good.” Steve didn’t look entirely relieved. “I’m glad you’ve been enjoying it, but… Tell me honestly: does it hurt?”

Tony rubbed his face. “Honestly? Yes.” He went on before Steve had time to start panicking. “But not too much. It was… just enough, I’d say.” He smiled. “I had no idea I would like it so much, to tell you the truth, but I did.” He thought for a bit. “The constant feeling of arousal might be addictive, too, frankly.”

Steve’s lips started twitching in delight. “Yeah? You aroused now?”

They stared at each other.

“What do you think?”

His eyes burning, Steve stared at him for a second more and then dived in for another kissing session. Predictably, the kiss had Tony panting and in no time at all, he was trembling. His hands were frantically petting Steve everywhere and the blond’s noticeably lower ardour made him only feel hotter. Steve’s smile looked sweet and drunk on power simultaneously, and if it were Steve’s choice to keep the piece on Tony or remove it, it would’ve been brill-

“Wait!” Still feeling delirious from arousal, Tony pulled away and blinked. “You didn’t touch it last night, did you?”

“Touch what?” Steve asked only to realize it the next moment. “Oh, you mean your fake skin for medical purposes?”

Steve looked gleeful as if he’d just now drawn the connection between the evening before and today. “So what if I did?” he asked cheekily, but then his eyes widened. “I didn’t break it, did I?”

Tony’s eyes narrowed. “You did!” he accused, but he was already starting to get dizzy from excitement. “You did touch it! I told you not to touch it!”

“Only after I’d already touched it!” Steve defended, but Tony could see clearly that he was feeling guilty. “How was I supposed to know—” he broke himself off. “Look, I’m really sorry I broke it, Tony,” he said more quietly. “I shouldn’t have touched it.”

Steve’s eyebrows were furrowed as he glanced down at Tony’s dickless crotch with worry. “Is there anything I can do to help with this?”

Tony shuddered again. “Yes, you can be all domly and tell me that you’ll only take it off if I’m a good doll.”
“What?”

Hope, arousal and a dawning realization were warring on Steve’s face and Tony smiled at him reassuringly.

“I was right, the nanites are working just as they are supposed to, don’t worry, it’s not broken.” He smiled at Steve beatifically. “I just programmed it to open to the fingerprints that touched it first after coding.” He paused for the effect but could see that Steve was already connecting the dots in his head. “I thought it was my touch, but it seems that a long-fingered miscreant got there first.”

The wide astonishment narrowed into a delighted glint and for an indefinite while they just stared at each other.

“You are… sure about this?” Steve licked his lips. “I’m in control of… this? I’m the only one who can remove it?”

Tony swallowed heavily, getting dizzy with pleasure again and nodded.

“Jesus, Tony.” Steve’s gaze was distinctly hungry again and Tony thought back on how many times he’d come already with his super stamina- “You mean I could keep you in it for days if I wanted to?”

Tony’s mouth went dry. “You better let me out for hygienic purposes,” he said, just to get some upper hand back.

“Wait-wait-wait! But how do you…?”

Tony laughed. “For a soldier, you’re surprisingly prude, Steve. This thing absorbs fluids.” He grimaced. “Up to a point. But the nanites can make a tube for the urine if I code it. I haven’t yet because it was supposed to be just for an hour or so…” He shrugged.

“No bladder control games then?” Steve asked in a weird tone and with shock, Tony realized that Steve was trying to hit a joking note, but failed miserably.

“You’d… want to do that?” Tony asked cautiously. He wasn’t sure he’d want to try it, but for Steve…

Steve was blushing. “Well, when I asked you to wear it…” he trailed off.

“Oh!” Tony’s mouth opened in an O shape in genuine surprise. “That’s…” He scrambled to say something calming. “Yeah, I’d be game if you wanted to try it out,” he said slightly in a too bright voice and toning it down to something more genuine, added, “I mean it, Steve. I like domming. Generally more than subbing, today has been… Anyway, yeah, we can certainly try it and see how we like it.”

“Yeah?” Steve was still violently red in the face, but he also had the beginnings of a pleased smile on his face.

“Yeah,” Tony repeated, smiling back at him.

Then, still smiling the same smile, Steve’s got a wicked glint in his eye. Tony had just opened his mouth to ask him what he was so happy about when Steve suddenly put his palm on Tony’s crotch and pressed.

“Oh, god!” Tony tried to jerk back, but Steve got the other hand behind his back and simply pulled him into his lap. “And how bad is it now?”
Tony blinked. “What?”

“Your arousal? Unbearable yet?” He was smirking.

“It’s been unbearable for a while now.”

Steve kissed his neck. “And yet,” he mumbled in between kisses, then nibbled on his skin and Tony whimpered.

“I absolutely love you like this, Tony,” Steve said, while Tony’s heart was elated a crushed in a matter of seconds. “But considering how long you’ve worn it, do you want this off or do you want to tell me your safeword?”

“Oh god, oh god, oh god. “I had no idea you knew about safewords,” Tony said in a breathless voice.

“I know a lot of things, that will probably surprise you, Anthony Edward Stark.” Smiling slightly, Steve reached out and slowly, as if telegraphing his movements, put his fingers on Tony’s groin.

“Your safeword?”

Tony told him and Steve’s hand started moving.

Tony’s body sang.

Some time went by and Tony was begging. Begging to be touched, to be released, begging for more and less and everything. He rubbed his groin against Steve’s cock and Steve came. Tony cried a little.

“So how does it come off?” Steve asked after he’d brought Tony a glass of water.

He helped Tony to lift his head and brought the glass to Tony’s lips. Greedily, Tony gulped down most of it.

“I don’t think I even can come any more, I’m so exhausted,” he mumbled, lying back down with a slight smile.

“Oh you’ll come if I want you to,” Steve promised him and as if on cue, Tony’s cock started twitching again.

Tony groaned. “Are you going to let me out of this thing or not?”


Tony groaned. “I’ve awakened the beast, haven’t I?”

“Of course not. I’m just hungry.” Steve slid his finger along the line of where he probably imagined the fake flesh started. “And of course, I am going to let you out of it, Tony. I promise! Which is not the same as getting off by the way.” He leaned down and planted a gentle kiss on Tony’s dickless lower stomach.

With a low moan, Tony pushed his fingers into Steve’s hair and massaged his scalp. Steve groaned, lay down with his head on Tony’s stomach and said quietly, “Thank you.”
After they finally ordered food, Steve made good on his promise and removed the fake flesh. The sensation was odd. It was freedom, but the area also felt cold and unaccountably exciting. Tony and Steve were both grinning like loons.

“If you just use the bathroom and not touch yourself otherwise, there will be a reward for you later,” Steve said with a promising smile.

Tony was in and out of the bathroom like a light, back on the bed even quicker and the next moment there was Steve’s mouth on his cock.

JARVIS told the delivery man to leave the food behind the door, but thankfully Steve’s stamina was good for more than just sex and he brought it in before it got cold. He also fed Tony. It was hard to chew through all the smiles, Tony found. After that, they slept.

A couple of days after that they went on a date and a week later, Steve wore the fake flesh and soon after that, Tony built The Box.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed. :)

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