The Faith in Me You Had

by SpiffyNoodles, Tonystarktastic (The truth is I am Iron Man)

Summary

Sequel to "It Was Your Heart on the Line"

Just when Tony Stark thought he had it all, he lost a big chunk of it. He won't give up, trying to get that piece back, and what comes after, well, that's the real trial. Doesn't really make sense unless you've read the first one.

Updates on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Notes

Welcome BACK! So here are the Chapter warnings: Tony forgetting to take care of himself, Sexual acts between Steve and Tony, and also Clint and Tony, a break up, Jealousy and lack of sympathy/empathy.

Please comment, let us know what you think of the first chapter, after reading the first one, what you like, what made you feel empathy/sympathy. What you think is going to happen, etc. And remember, if you want to send us Fanart, you can email it to Bockoverjack@gmail.com, along with your psued, and I'll post it on the top of the next chapter.

And don't forget our gorgeously awesome Beta randomwriter90
See the end of the work for more notes.
Strange how waking up alone was such a big deal now. Once, he would have sworn that he would never get used to waking up beside someone, but now? Tony Stark slowly opened his eyes, hand coming down to rest on the soft swell of his belly, three months in, and he already felt like a planet. He wouldn't be shocked if small objects started circulating his body, but then, he was having twins, and that added to the size, or so Bruce said. Bruce. Tony’s lips quirked in a soft smile, hesitant, that faded as quickly as it had come. He pushed the blankets down off of his hip, and slowly lifted his torso out of the obscenely comfortable bedding. The other half of the bed was cold, and empty. Shivering slightly, the omega stared at the untouched pillow, the blanket still tucked in.

“I’m gonna find you, Bucky.” He whispered, tears welling in his eyes, “Fuck. I’m gonna fucking find you. Jarvis, what time is it?” He tugged on a pair of loose jeans and a tank top, a t-shirt over that.

“Five am, Sir.” was the concerned reply his AI filtered out in comforting British tones.

“Get everyone up, and tell Tasha to power up the jet.”

“Sir, if I may? You must eat, to keep the twins healthy, sir.” Tony grimaced.

“I’ll bring something with me. Get everyone up, Jarvis.” He pushed into the kitchen, slipping his feet into shoes, and groaning when he bent to tie them. Twins. Bucky’s twins.

Everything was a haze, waking up with blood running down his face, to see the Hydra truck peel out through the rubble, and Bucky... he refused to think of it as his dom’s body, it was BUCKY, not a corpse, he was still alive, he had to be... but they’d taken him. The team dragged had dragged Tony home, and Bruce locked him in medical, checking him over thoroughly, sewing him up, taking blood tests. That was when he’d seen it, in Tony’s blood, the positive marker for pregnancy. As it turned out, Tony had reasonable cause to sue the company that sold his previous suppressants. Shady business deals, and illegal ingredients, added to replace legal, more expensive, parts of the equation, had been aborting every fetus he and Bucky attempted to fertilize. But others were suing them, and Tony had no desire to get into that. Three months without his alpha. Three months without Bucky. A hand gripped his shoulder, and Tony realized he’d been standing in the kitchen, tears slipping silently down his cheeks, for the better part of ten minutes. Turning, he caught Steve’s concerned blue eyes, and shrugged the hand off. Steve was quiet for a few seconds.

"We will find him," was all he said before turning and walking to the Jet; Tony swallowed, hand coming up to rest on his belly. Three months.

"He's alive..." He could feel it, but was it the bond, or was it his mind, so insistent? He didn't know. "Jarvis, plug in the coordinates for the next base." They had ripped apart six Hydra bases in the past three months, and no sign of Bucky. He wouldn't stop looking. Tony grabbed a protein bar, and made to leave, but Bruce stepped from the elevator.

"Tony... here, please, eat this instead?" The beta held out a breakfast burrito, full of potatoes, egg, bell pepper, onion, and cheese. Tony took it hesitantly, Bruce was just as insistent as he was, but of a different belief. Bruce believed, like Natasha and Thor, that Bucky was dead. Steve rubbed Tony's back softly, and helped him into a chair in the jet, buckling him in before checking on the others.

"Alright Coulson, let's move out." The omega chewed slowly at the burrito, eyes on his tablet,
flicking through the information they had on Hydra.

"There are only seven more bases...I think we should hit another before going home if he's not there." Coulson sighed, he didn't approve of having a pregnant omega on these missions, but Tony's suits now rounded over his stomach, extra thick, protected, and it wasn't Coulson's place to send him home.

"Jarvis, coordinates on the screen." Coulson ordered, "Agent May? Take us in." Melinda May slid her hands over the controls, and Tony focused hard on the tablet, taking in the same information over and over. Steve leaned over Melinda's and Phil's seats, watching the horizon, making sure all was well with the Jet. They had too much at risk to take things for granted; Tony shifted away from him.

"How long until we arrive?" He asked the dom, eying his newest suit, compressed into a backpack on the floor by his feet. A single tap at it with his toe and it would be on him. "We're going to find him and..." The omega's eyes clenched shut.

"About twenty minutes," Steve reported. "Okay guys, we do this just like we have been. No room for screw ups."

"Yes, sir." The pack chorused, and Tony's gaze flicked to Bruce, then Tasha, and finally Thor. Twenty minutes, and maybe, just maybe he would find his alpha.

"We're going to find him."

"Tony-" Bruce started,

"No! He's alive, Bruce!" The omega snarled, relaxing slowly when Steve's fingers slipped through his hair. Steve rubbed that spot at the back that made Tony relax.

"We will find him, no matter what state he is in," he said, and Tony's body went rigid, terror permeating his scent, but he would deal with that when the time came. He leaned into Steve's hand, closing his eyes, far more sensitive in pregnancy than he'd been before. And god, he needed. He was wet from the barest brush of fingers, the memories of Bucky touching him had him shifting uncomfortably in seconds. Steve had offered, as he had for Clint, to help Tony deal with those needs, but he couldn't. Steve closed his eyes, and tried to keep himself in control as Tony's smell infiltrated the room. "Calm down, Tony, we're nearly there," he said, sighing.

"I'm trying." Tony gritted, breathing deep, until his scent cleared. "He's...we'll find him." He insisted, eyes flicking to Steve's face, "We're not giving up on him."

"Right," The blond dom nodded. "I failed him once, I won't do it again."

"My father failed him, too." Tony made to get up, but Steve's fingers dug into his hair, and he slumped back, breathing slowly, ignoring the sad scents from their pack.

"Just relax," The super soldier said, sitting down besides him and rubbing his hand over Tony's belly, causing the sub to sniffle.

"He's gonna... he's gonna be happy, right? About the babies?" Tony mumbled, looking up at Steve.

"Very happy," Steve smiled, "You remember, he'd get mad 'cause you would give up on trying to get pregnant." Tony nodded.

"He's gonna laugh, when... when we tell him, right?" He swallowed thickly, as the jet began to
descend. Coulson glanced at Clint, glad that Pepper had agreed to watch Charlotte. The two had taken to each other like fish to water, and Pepper often watched her for their missions. Steve chuckled.

"Right, you'll see," he smiled and kissed Tony's forehead. Clint looked up at Phil and smiled a little. A lot had happened since Phil had saved him from the rubble, and he was slowly learning to trust the man again; Coulson smiled back, Clint's leg had only been severely sprained, and had healed well, no limping or leftover pains, and he was very glad the sub was healthy. He'd even been allowed to be there for Charlie's extremely extravagant first birthday party, Tony had gone all out, but... the omega had been distant and jumpy, and had vanished after cake and presents, shoulders hunched. The plane landed, and they'd done this so many times by now, that they just did as they were supposed to. They filed out and took their positions, circled around where they knew Bucky ought to be, paired in teams so someone had everyone’s back. Tony opened up a wall, repulsors flaring, eyes narrowed through the HUD.

"Take them down." His voice rang through the comm.

"Easy now, don't want to hurt any hostages there might be!" Cap reminded, and jumped in, attacking the members of Hydra, knocking them out with his shield. Tony kicked every door open, searching, and, like always, they found captives, children, families of Cyber warriors, used as incentive. But of Bucky, there was no sign. Steve did his job of getting the civilians out and protecting them as the others went in deeper, destroying the base from the inside out. When they found Tony, the pregnant sub had the head officer of the facility in his hands, and he was gripping him by the shirt.

"WHERE IS HE!?!" He snarled, "Where is my mate!?! James Buchanan Barnes! TELL ME!" Clint ran over and pulled Tony out of his grasp, letting Coulson take care of the Hydra agent.

"Stop, Tony! He won't tell and you know it, you'll just get hurt! Now you want to check out one more base today, then we need to go!" He shouted, and started pushing him; Tony shuddered as he was shoved and steered back to the jet.

"I have to try! One of them will slip!" He cried when Clint pushed him into his seat, the suit folded back into the corner.

"Coulson will try," he said, "You don't need to strangle Hydra agents," he said, rubbing Tony's belly softly. The brunette shuddered beneath his hands, it felt so nice, the soft gentle rubbing of a fellow omega's hands, and he slowly pulled his shirt up for more, relaxing into the seat.

"I... I want Bucky... he's not dead, Clint... he's not." Clint didn't know how to respond to that, so he just nuzzled Tony's belly with his face. Tony slipped his fingers into Clint's hair. "Twins." He murmured, eyes wide, "...two babies. Wow."

"Yeah," he chuckled, "Bucky really was super potent. I wonder if you'll have identicals," he said, and he ran his hands up Tony's thighs. "How do you feel? Do you want some help?" Tony twitched his legs shut on impulse.

"I gotta ask Bucky." He whispered, face twisting, "I have to..." The sub pressed a hand over his eyes, taking deep breaths, "Sorry... I... I'm okay, not here, okay? Not on the jet." He corrected slowly. Bucky wouldn't want him in pain, regardless of Tony's guilt, because Tony was the reason all of this was happening. Clint nodded, and smoothed a hand through Tony's hair, nuzzling him, and the other sub nuzzled back, taking comfort in his friend and pack mate. The lack of Bucky's scent on any of them except Tony was more difficult to deal with. It was a constant reminder that his mate had been gone more than a month, leaving Steve as acting Alpha of the Avengers pack, as
he had been Bucky's second. That position gave Steve control of the whole team, and Tasha's mate, Pepper. And the alpha was often brushing his scent over Tony, keeping him in his place in the pack. He had been Bucky's mate, and subs took their pack status from their mates. When the interrogation was done, and they got no more out of the Hydra agent than they ever did, Phil killed him and the boarded the plane.

"Alright, Which one next, Tony?" Steve said, getting the map.

"This one is closest," Tony pointed, "But they might be in lock down, if this place sent out a distress signal, then we should go further away." Hopelessness ate at his chest, and he pulled Clint closer to him, and nuzzled against him, begging for comfort. Clint nuzzled him, and pet his hair. Steve nodded.

"We'll go wherever you feel like is the best," he said, smiling.

"This one." Tony tapped the base in New Mexico, a three hour flight from their current location near Portland. He nodded.

"We have our coordinates," he showed them to Coulson, who nodded, and closed up the doors, before getting the plane into the air. Tony leaned into Clint's chest, and then Steve was stroking down his back, fingers dipping just below the acceptable level for non-bonded alphas and omegas. The sub gripped Clint's hands, swallowing, he knew it was necessary, that half the pack would drag him below themselves, and the other half, the half that believed Bucky was still alive, would fight them. Tony didn't want that, another distraction from their search for his mate. Even if Tasha, Thor, and Bruce thought they were looking for a body to bury.

"I'll keep you safe, you and your pups," Steve hummed, and nuzzled Tony's belly; the omega's lip trembled.

"We're going to find Bucky." He mumbled quietly, he couldn't bear to think about what would happen if... panic swirled in his chest, and he pushed past both his friends, huddling in the corner, gasping. Bruce walked over to him, and started to rub that spot at the base of his neck.

"It's okay, Tony." The sub shuddered in response.

"No... no... it's not okay... it's not...!" He whimpered.

"We'll find him, shh," he said, rubbing Tony's belly softly.

"You think he's dead! You think he's-!" The panic surged around him, spreading through his scent, black bitter coffee, and metal. Bruce gritted his teeth.

"We'll find him, dead or alive, we will find him, Tony!" He said, trying to keep him together, Tony wrapped his arms around his belly, whimpering, a third of his pregnancy was over, and Bucky had missed it.

"He's alive... I'd feel it... I'd feel it if... right, Clint?!!" Clint nodded.

"I went through the same thing when I thought Phil was dead... Everyone told me he was, but I knew he wasn't, but I couldn't find him..." Tony let the sub pull him away from the corner. Clint sat him back down in his chair, "We'll be at the base soon, relax Tony."

"Am," Tony muttered, rubbing his face against Clint's chest, trying to relax, "Have you checked in with Pepper?" The female alpha spent a lot of her time at the tower now, working from home, and trying to help Tony, but she sided with Tasha about Bucky's live or dead status. Clint shook his
head.

"I don't want to get distracted... do you think I should?" He asked, starting to get worried about his daughter.

"Just... to let her know we'll be a few more hours?" Tony worried briefly that he'd made the wrong call on that, "If you want, I mean, I don't know how long you said we'd be gone."

"I don't know... I'll call her," he said, going to sit down, his phone immediately held to his ear. "Hey Pep, how's Charlie?" Tony could hear the low buzz of her voice, but none of the words. The softening of Clint's features told him that Charlotte was fine, and he relaxed back in his seat, fixing his shirt over the smooth rounding of his belly.

"Twins." He mumbled again. Clint came back over when he was done talking, and he kept Tony calm with soft pets and comforting words.

Reaching the base was much like reaching the first one. They left it a pile of rubble, hurrying captives into cars Tony paid for, sending them to hospitals and shelters. Tony stood in the back of the jet, blank eyes staring at the floor,

"If we just... just one more..." At his words, Steve sighed.

"I think we've done all we can today. I don't want to be out here when it's dark, and it'll be dark by the time we get back to the tower," he said, putting a hand on his shoulder, Tony bowed his head. He wanted to argue, to say he was going alone, but Steve was alpha while Bucky was gone, and the dom wouldn't allow that. He stayed where he was, rubbing his stomach, as they turned back to the tower.

Steve ran his hand over Tony's back, helping him off of the jet.

"Are you hungry at all?" He asked, knowing the sub must be.

"If I say no, you'll just make me eat anyway." Was the sullen response, as Tony shuffled dejectedly into the kitchen, pulling up the maps on holograms, crossing off the two bases they'd eradicated. Steve set a sandwich full of things that were good for the babies, and for Tony, in front of the sub. The omega slowly took a few bites, one hand on his belly. "...Steve?" He whispered, lifting his gaze, though Steve was less comfortable with his lack of submission than Bucky, "Thank you." Steve gave him a genuine smile and nodded.

"You're welcome," he said, going to the fridge to make a shake for himself. They were doing better, so much better, than they'd ever done before. Steve stayed close to the tower, scent marked him everywhere but his scarred bonding gland, leaving Bucky's claim laid bare. But every time he tried to relieve Tony's need, the omega froze up. He needed Bucky, and without his dom, he felt helpless. Something he wasn't used to feeling.

"Can I have some of that?" Tony asked softly.

"Of course," The blond smiled, adding extra so there was enough for two. "Do you want anything else?" He asked, not sure if cravings were a thing yet.

"French fries." Tony whispered, cheeks flushed, "To... ah... to dip in it?" Steve smiled.
"They take a while to cook, unless you want me to just order from a fast food restaurant," he said.

"Could you?" Tony chewed his lip, "Order from a...? I like uh... burger king fries."

"Jarvis? You got that?" he asked, staring at the ceiling.

"Yes, sir. Shall I inquire of the others whether they would like to order as well?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

"Nothing for me," Steve said, and turned the blender on; Tony watched the ice cream smooth out into the milk, and rubbed a shaky hand over his face. The board of SI had put him on forced leave as soon as he'd reported his pregnancy, he had no work, no mate... shivers slid down his spine, and he twisted to stare out the window.

"I... I think I'll take a quick shower, while uh, while we wait."

"Alright... shakes will be done in a few minutes," he said, adding a few more ingredients. Tony nodded, and grabbed clean clothes, locking himself in his bathroom. Jarvis had the shower on already, as Tony stripped his clothes off, and stared at himself in the mirror, the scars on his chest, the curve of his belly, bigger than Clint's had been at three months.

"Hey..." He whispered down to it, "pretty babies... your daddy's gonna be home soon." His voice broke, and tears slipped down his cheeks, how had he messed up so badly?

When the food arrived, Steve passed it out to everyone. Clint thanked Steve, and brought his food over to the table, smiling.

"Does Charlotte want to try a french fry?" He asked, chuckling and holding one to her mouth. She babbled at him, a couple actual words, mostly just, "Mamamama!" As Tony slowly sank into his chair, pulling his fries over; he dipped one in his shake, chewing his lip at the look Pepper gave him. Coulson slowly knelt at Clint's feet.

"May I sit with you?" Clint smiled brightly and nuzzled her, when he saw Phil.

"Uhm... yeah," he said, scooting over, and making room for him. "I'm just trying to see if Charlotte will eat a fry..." Coulson sat beside Clint, leaning to stroke Charlotte's hair.

"She's old enough to." He commented softly, watching Charlotte determinedly take the fry from her mother. Steve rubbed Tony's back, and gave a slight glare at Pepper, who sighed at Steve.

"I'm allowed to think that's gross." She said, and Tony paused, hand halfway to his mouth, a fry dipped in milkshake between his fingers. It slowly lowered to the table, his eyes sliding down to the table. He didn't dip anymore of his fries, just nibbled on them, his shake melting. Clint laughed when Charlie pulled the fry away from him.

"I can't believe how strong she is." The omega beamed, until he heard Steve growled at Pepper.

"You also are allowed to keep your mouth shut," The blond alpha said, taking a fry, and dipping it in the milkshake, taking a bite. "Mmmh, this is actually pretty good," he smiled at Tony, and dipped the fry again, holding it in front of Tony's mouth. The brunette omega burst into tears, and pressed his hands over his face. His mind was full of memories of Bucky feeding him, particularly the first time, just after his heat, breaking snickerdoodles into pieces, and slipping them into his
mouth. Pepper and Steve were on either side of him in seconds, hands sliding over him, unsure how to help. Steve nuzzled him, unsure, putting the fry down and rubbing Tony's back. "It'll be fine, don't you worry," he said, wishing he could believe it himself.

"I'm f-fine. It's j-just the pregnancy... h-hormones." He scrubbed his hands over his face, "I'm fine. I'm fine." Tony shuddered between the alphas, and suddenly Tasha was pushing between him and Pepper, growling.

"She's still mine, Stark!" Tony flinched.

"I didn't do anything..." The brunette whimpered, and Clint growled at Tasha.

"Hey! We're pack! We take care of each other. Can't you see how upset he is!? Why on earth would he try to go for another alpha RIGHT NOW!? He's just looking for pack comfort," he said.

"His alpha is gone, he's sinking his claws into Steve, what's next, Thor?" Tasha growled, and Tony flinched away from Steve, too.

"I'm going to bed..." He whispered, ducking his head, and striding to his room as fast as he could, struggling not to cry.

"Could you be anymore insensitive!?" He growled at her. "Bucky isn't dead until we've seen the body!" he said, Natasha crossed her arms.

"I saw the body! The bullet was the same caliber as the ones Bucky used to use, the same ones he used when he shot the person I was... transporting right through my stomach. I nearly died, Bucky got hit in the chest. James Barnes is dead." Pepper pushed Nat to her knees.

"KNEEL!" She growled at the sub. Clint was about to respond about how she survived the gunshot, but his mouth snapped shut and he clung to his daughter tightly, just barely refraining from obeying the alpha; Pepper gripped Natasha's sleek hair, "You are not to say anything like that to Tony ever again!" Tasha whined.

"Yes Ma'am." And Clint stood up, feeling uneasy now.

"Going to my room..." he said, leaving Phil behind, even as Pepper looked up.

"Clint?" She sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose, "Steve, go make sure Tony's alright?" She phrased it as a question, so he wouldn't think she was giving him an order. Clint got to the end of the hall, standing in front of the elevator, wondering if he should go back and get Phil. They still had things they needed to talk about. Steve nodded, and walked into Tony's room.

"Tony...?" He asked, staring at him. "Pepper punished Tasha for saying such things, it's okay now..." Tony was curled around a pair of Bucky's jeans.

"Doesn't matter, that's what she thinks... what if I don't... find him? What if he is dead?!” Steve sighed and sat beside him.

"If he is dead.... Then we'll find his body and give him the funeral he deserves, and I will help you raise the twins, if you'd let me." Tony stared at him.

"You... but you hate me..." He whispered, "I don't think I can do this without him..." Tears slipped down his cheeks, and he sat up, holding the jeans, "I don't know what to do..."

"I don't hate you," he shook his head. "I have grown fond of you... And I will bring Bucky home,
but worst case scenario, you are having twins, and I would like to help," he said. "Just... consider it, please?" Tony bowed his head.

"I'll think about it." He mumbled.

"Thank you," he said, kissing his head; the sub swallowed, hands gripping the missing alpha's jeans.

"I... I need Clint." He whispered, then shook his head, "No, he's with Char. Never mind, I'll just..." he slowly lay back down. Steve sighed, and left the sub to himself.

A little while later, Clint came in and curled up against Tony, "Hey." He murmured softly, and the brunette slipped his arm over Clint's side.

"Hey." He mumbled back, "How's Charlie?"

"She's good," he smiled, "I...I actually left her with Phil," he said, feeling nervous, but he knew it would be okay. Tony's eyes widened.

"You... he can't... I can't have him in the pack, Clint. After what he did." The archer frowned, and nodded.

"I get that... but he's still my daughter's father... I just don't want Charlotte to grow up hating him," he said. Tony pulled away, hand on his belly.

"I know, I just can't pack bond him." Tony tried to smile, but his mouth just twitched.

"I know," he said, rubbing Tony's back, easing his muscles; the touch had Tony groaning, he was only three months along, and his back already ached.

"When you offered on the plane...?" Tony’s voice was soft, and Clint smiled at the reminder.

"I can help you... I can give you a blowjob, or just fuck you," he said, rubbing his hip; Tony slowly lay back down on his side.

"I don't know. I need...but I don't know if Bucky would be okay with..."

"I'm sure he would be... he wouldn't want you to suffer. You let me know if you want me to go further," he said, gently pulling Tony's pants down his hips, and licking at his cock. The brunette's hips jerked, and he was gripping Clint's hair in seconds.

"C-Clint!"

"Wow, you're tense," he said, taking the head of his cock in his mouth, and sucking on it.

"Fuck..." The other omega rolled his hips as best he could, whimpering, it had been three months, of course he was tense. Clint rubbed his balls softly, and moved his fingers down to rub at his hole. Slick coated the clenched pucker, and Tony nearly came from the gentle rub. "Oh god..!" Clint hummed, and inserted his finger, rubbing it against Tony's prostate, and the brunette arched, spilling past Clint's lips. A deep blush crept over Tony's features, and he choked on his own breath. "Sorry... I'm..." Clint spat it into a tissue, and tossed it into the trash.

"It's okay," he smiled and nuzzled him. "You did the same for me." Tony winced when Clint spit it out, he'd swallowed everything Clint had to give him, and it was just another reminder of the way
things were.

"...I don't want to do this again." He whispered, rolling back onto his side and tugging his pants back up. Clint frowned.

"What? Was I that terrible?" He asked, Tony sat up, his hand on his belly.

"You don't really want to do this, Clint, it's a job, and you don't owe me anything." He pressed a hand over his face, because he felt worse, slick wetting his pants, "I just... it was a bad idea..."

"I-I know it's not a job... you're my friend, and I like helping you," he said, holding his hand. "So I wasn't in the mood to swallow your cum, I'll swallow it later," he chuckled, and Tony clenched his teeth.

"Clint... that's not... look, I just feel like it's not a good...I need my dom, Ineed him, and it's just a reminder that... I didn't ask him, and I don't want to be a chore for you to deal with. For you... me and Tasha... we enjoyed doing that for you, but we had each other to help, and... Nat..." Clint pursed his lips and hugged Tony.

"I understand... and it never was a chore, but I won't do it again, if you don't want me to," he said, nuzzling him.

"It was, Clint. It was a chore. Charlie needs you." Tony shook his head, "I'm just a distraction."

"You're my best friend," he said, "and we're pack. If you need something, I'm more than happy to help you, never hesitate to ask," he said.

"Clint," Tony muttered, looking away, "I'll need the help once these two are out." He touched his belly, "Me and their daddy are gonna need some breaks." The sub nodded.

"Of course I'll help," he smiled, "I bet they're going to be super cute."

"They're Bucky's, of course they will." Tony closed his eyes, trying to keep himself from crying. Clint nodded, and hugged his friend tightly. "Charlotte needs you." Tony attempted, and then he smelled Steve in the doorway, and realized that it was open, that his own arousal scent must have leaked out of the room. Clint looked at Steve, and he gave one last nuzzle to Tony before getting up and going back to his daughter. Steve moved into the room, and sat down next to him, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. Tony shivered, "Steve?" He was glad he'd chosen a room on the shared floor, unable to handle being in their space alone. He didn't want Steve's scent all over their room.

"We'll go out again in two days, okay? We'll finalize everything tomorrow, make sure the weapons are prepped, cleaned and loaded, and then head out the next day." Tony nodded slowly, closing his eyes as Steve's hand trailed down his back.

"Two days..."

Clint returned to his room, and sat on the couch, watching his daughter play with her father. "Phil... think we need to talk..." The dom nodded slowly, stroking Charlie's wavy red hair, blinking when her little purple hair bow fell out. He clipped it back into place, but she just pulled it out of her hair, playing with it.

"We do." He finally spoke, "Clint, I'm so sorry. I can't explain what I was thinking. It all made
sense back then." The sub smiled at her.

"I don't want excuses. I-I want to know what your next course is." Coulson sighed, picking Charlotte up, and giving her a gentle kiss,

"I can't join your pack, Clint. And I can't give up on Shield, Fury trusted me with this, I have to build it back up." Clint looked down, and gently took his daughter back, hugging her.

"So you're leaving me again... Phil, I can't have you putting her in danger." The alpha hung his head.

"I would never put her in danger." He reached to touch her cheek, then dropped his hand to Clint's shoulder. "I did the wrong thing, to Stark, I'm not welcome in this pack. I can't take you and her with me, it's too dangerous. But I will... I will come whenever you call, for anything, Clint. As fast as I can."

"You're putting her in danger by being here," he said, staring at him. "If you continue as director... we can't see each other anymore," he said, a tear slipping down his cheek, as Phil froze.

"I... I see..." He whispered, "...then...can I hold her... just one more time?" The alpha asked softly, he wouldn't cry, he wouldn't make this any worse than it already was.

"I-I love you, Phil... I really do... but you can't have both us and your job. And you've chosen your job, so..." He handed Charlie over, trying to stay composed. Phil hugged her close, kissing her round cheeks, and her smooth forehead, nuzzling her little nose, so like Clint's.

"I love you, baby girl. Little Charlotte..." He whispered, rocking her against his chest, he slowly sat down with her. "You be good for your mama, okay? You're so beautiful, and I'm so proud of your mother... he's much stronger than I am." Phil's voice shook, and he smoothed her hair. Clint's resolve was breaking, and more tears poured down his face, he swallowed thickly. He couldn't believe he was saying goodbye for a second time. Coulson memorized her tiny fingers, the pout of her lips, how her eyes looked, observant like Clint's, but a light amber brown, clear and observant; he touched each of her toes, and measured her with his arms, until she fell asleep in his arms. "I don't have another option, Clint... Shield is barely surviving, and Stark is begging all our resources to search for Barnes. There is no one else." He held her a few more minutes, swallowing, then gently lay her down on the couch, standing up, he hesitated, "Clint... I have never loved another the way I love you. You are all that kept me going, and I am so sorry to have ever put you through harm." He slowly pulled Clint against his chest, "I wish things were different. I wish I were dead, so you could have some sort of reconciliation. So you could mourn and move on." The alpha gently lifted Clint's chin, wiping the tears away, "After this... I won't let anything else harm you, you won't see me again, and I won't kiss you goodbye, because it would only hurt you more. When Charlie is older... maybe you can find a mate who's worthy of you." The blond began to shake.

"You were the only one worthy of me..." he said, tears flowing freely, but apparently he wasn't worth more than a government agency. He wasn't surprised though, he was just some dirty street rat that SHIELD took in. Without Coulson... he was a dirty street rat with a child. "Goodbye, Phil," he said, slowly pulling his hands away and tearing his eyes away. This was by far the hardest thing he had ever done. Coulson gripped his hand.

"No, please, Clint. I'm not worthy of you, I'm not. You deserve someone much better than me, who isn't torn between two things, whose responsibility is to you, and only you."

"You don't get it! I was fine with you being a SHIELD agent, I was fine with you going on missions and being gone, but I can't be with you if you are a director!" He shouted at him, tearing
his hands away. "You can have a responsibility to me and to your job, but you chose your job over me! That's your decision!" Phil dropped his own hands to his sides.

"I wasn't given much choice." He said quietly, "It was me, or no Shield, and..."

"So no SHIELD!" he said. "SHIELD was overrun by Hydra anyway! You think that won't happen again? It will always happen!" Phil closed his eyes.

"You don't know that. If our people are loyal... it was Stark's father letting them recruit Nazi scientists that got us into that mess."

"Oh yeah? And how do you tell apart the loyal ones from the unloyal? You guys were in the dark about Hydra for DECADES," he shouted at him. "If you walk out that door to go back to SHIELD... don't look for us again. Y-you won't be m-my alpha anymore," he said, feeling like he was gonna puke when Coulson shuddered.

"Clint, we've found out who is loyal, SHIELD will be small, easier to contain...and unattached in an official sense to the government. I love you." And he stepped out the door. Clint fell down to his knees, and then onto his side, staring at the door.

"I-I love you too... fuck, fuck FUCK!" He shouted and cried out loudly, gripping at his heart, his left arm felt tingly. Coulson fell to his knees outside the door, gripping his chest. The abrupt decision was breaking their bond completely. "J-Jarvis!" Clint shouted, his heart racing, "M-my heart-!") He closed his eyes tightly, and tried to keep his breathing calm. He was having a heart attack. It was Bruce that burst into the room.

"Thor! Take Coulson away, they need separation!" He pulled Clint into his arms, "Jarvis, gather the pack! The whole pack, have Tony come get Charlotte!" He lifted the gasping omega into his arms, and seconds later, Tony skidded through the doorway, lifting the now-crying baby into his arms as Bruce ran with Clint to the elevator.

"Jarvis, cleanse Coulson's scent from Clint's floor," Tony ordered, stepping into the elevator as soon as it came back. He stepped onto the shared floor, bouncing Charlie in his arms, to the sight of their whole pack gathered around Clint except for Thor. Clint panted and stared at his daughter, choked sobs escaping through his breathing as he gripped his arm tightly, trying to calm his heart. Tony brought Charlie to him, and kissed his bonding gland gently, nuzzling against him. The pack kissed and stroked him, assuaging the mate-bond with the pack-bond. The archer hugged his daughter tightly, and leaned into his pack. Eventually his heart calmed down, and all he could do was cry. He knew he was upsetting his daughter, but he couldn't help the tears. Phil tore him apart and broke him. When Clint's tears slowed to a crawl, they had all moved to the couches and mattresses. Tony had the archer's head in his lap, and was dragging his fingers through Clint's hair, muttering nonsense about electronics, and specs for a new bow. The archer sighed and nuzzled his daughter.

"I don't want a new bow... Thanks though," he said, feeling depressed. He didn't want to shoot anymore arrows, or do anything anymore. He knew he had a responsibility to his daughter though, and he'd be the best fucking mother that he could be, but he was hanging up his bow. Tony's shoulders slumped.

"Oh...okay..." he swallowed, he'd been working on it for weeks, to distract himself. "Is there anything you need? Anything at all?" He attempted softly, shifting uncomfortably. It was two in the morning, and he was horny from Steve's touches, exhausted from their mission. But he wouldn't leave Clint.
"I have everything I need... thank you," he said, nuzzling Tony, and hugging his daughter tightly. "I should let you all rest," he muttered, and stood up, holding Charlie. "And it's past her bedtime... goodnight," he said, and he slowly started to walk to the elevator. Tony struggled to his feet.

"W-wait... Clint, can we all sleep together tonight?" He tried, but the archer was already gone. He dropped his chin, swallowing, as Steve touched his shoulder, and offered, as he did every night, to sleep in with Tony. This time, the omega accepted. Clint crawled into the bed with his daughter for the second time, and sobbed into his pillow, his chest aching in the worst way, and most of it wasn't from just getting over the heart attack... the other part was his bond breaking. He was no longer Phil's, Phil abandoned him and his daughter.

On the common floor, Steve lay down on the bedding in the living room, and helped Tony down on the bed as well, covering them both up with a blanket, and laying beside the omega. The rest of the pack had left to their respective floors and rooms, and Tony shivered, his back pressed to Steve's chest. If he closed his eyes, he could almost imagine that it was Bucky whose hand was stroking his belly in soft patterns. Steve pressed the smallest kiss to the back of his neck, nuzzling him; Tony's body relaxed slowly, and he pressed back against the dom.

"Please..." He whispered, gripping Steve's hand.

"What is it?" he asked, gripping his hand back, pressing more against Tony. The submissive swallowed thickly, and wriggled out of his pants.

"I need it... I need it so bad..." His voice was barely audible, and his eyes were clenched shut, as he moved Steve's hand back and down against his ass. The alpha shuddered.

"Want me to just finger you... or more?" He asked, sliding two fingers into his soaking wet hole; Tony whined, rolling onto his hands and knees.

"Please." He chewed his lip, "More than..."

"Okay," he said, slipping his pants down, and he removed his fingers, rubbing the slick on them over his cock. He pressed the head to Tony's hole, and slowly started to press in. The omega whimpered, burying his face in a pillow, it felt so good, the pain of being penetrated without enough prep, the thickness of Steve sliding into him. He kept his eyes shut, imagining Bucky.

"Don't... left hand..." He whispered, and Steve hated how he was being thought of as Bucky, but he knew Tony needed this. The dom thrust slow, and used his right hand on Tony's cock. Tony spilled his cum over Steve's fingers within four minutes, guilt and pain rippled through him. "Stop...stop!" He pulled off of Steve, shaking, tears slipping down his cheeks, "Oh god... why did I do that...?!" He pressed his hands over his face. Steve panted, his cock still hard, he hadn't cum yet.

"Tony, Tony it's okay! You were hurting, I was just taking away the pain, I was taking care of you like Bucky told me to!" Tony shuddered,

"When? When did he tell you that?!" He choked, "I'll..." He wrapped his shaky fingers around Steve's cock, stroking slowly, but he couldn't bear the thought of letting Steve knot him. Not if Bucky was alive.

"W-when you two were just starting out," he panted, and leaned his head back, thrusting into his hand, while Tony kept his eyes shut tight.

"What... did he say?" He whispered.
"He said... if anything happened to him... he wanted me to take care of you... he wanted us to get along," he moaned softly. The omega opened his eyes, stroking the dom with skilled fingers.

"Is that the only reason you're being nice to me?" He asked just as Steve's rhythm stuttered, and the alpha spilled his seed over the bedding. Steve shook his head, panting.

"I'm your alpha, the pack's alpha. I want to do what's right, and... well, you are attractive, and I do like you..." he said, and Tony pulled his hand away.

"Attractive..." He whispered. Steve would care for him, keep him in his current position in the pack, run them like he ran the Avengers, efficiently and with little trouble. He was easily the most dominant alpha in their pack, without Bucky around. "If..." He whispered, because Steve didn't, wouldn't, love him, but his twins would be cared for, "If he's dead... I'll let you bond me."

"Okay," he said, and he pulled Tony into a hug. "I promise... we'll look and look until there is no where else to look. I want to find him as badly as you do."

"There will be no bonding unless we find his dead body." Tony was stiff and tense in his arms. "We find him. Alive or... dead."

"Understood," he said, nodding his head and hugging him. "Until then... I want to keep helping you like this. Is that okay?" He asked; Tony shuddered.

"Wear condoms." He whispered softly.

"Okay," Steve replied, kissing his head softly. "Let's get some sleep now," he hummed and lay down, Tony avoided the spilled cum, and scooted into the blankets, and they both wriggled back into their pants, but he wasn't tired anymore. Steve rubbed Tony’s belly and hummed, closing his eyes. The omega curled up as much as he could, and lay staring at the wall; every time he started to drift, he saw Bucky's face, bloody, and the way they'd dragged his body across the ground. He jerked awake every few minutes, trembling. Steve was always there, hugging him and protecting him. "We'll find him."
What I Hoped Would Be Impossible

Chapter Summary

You're all going to cry.

Happy Friday.

Also, here's a Pinterest board of things that inspire us. If you're interested.
http://www.pinterest.com/bockoverjack/yhotl-ref/

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The final time that the nightmares dragged the submissive to the surface, it was six am, and Tony sobbed into Steve's chest for nearly an hour, hands grasping his shirt. Steve was exhausted, but he took care of the omega, rubbing his back as he whispered soothing things in his ear, and Tony struggled to calm himself down, one hand on his belly.

"I... I'm getting up now..." He whispered, shaking.

"Okay," he said, helping him stand up. "Are you hungry? Do you want to see Clint?" He asked softly.

"Clint needs space, I..." Tony stepped toward the kitchen, longing for caffeine. But he was only allowed decaf coffee, so he started the maker up, and slid shaky fingers through his hair. "I don't want to bother Clint. I'm fine. He's not. I'll take him some breakfast." Steve nodded and kissed his head, before going to sit on the couch. Tony probably needed a break from him. The submissive leaned over the counter, his hand over his eyes, taking deep breaths. He felt hideous for being with Steve, but he needed it, and he hadn't thought it through until he'd lost that heat-like edge of hormonal spiking. ".you two are already causing trouble." He told his belly, stirring milk and sugar into his coffee, far more than he'd liked before he'd gotten pregnant. "And you have terrible sweet tooths."

Clint was sitting on his couch, staring blankly at the wall with gaunt eyes, letting his daughter nurse from him when the elevator doors slid open, and revealed Tony, who was biting his lip.

"Clint? I brought breakfast... um...and oatmeal for Char, she likes oatmeal." He stepped slowly into Clint's living room, "I brought um, Steve made omelets, and-" Clint looked up at Tony, he wasn't really hungry, but he needed to eat. He patted the spot on the couch next to him, and sighed.

"Thank you." Tony set the tray down, and sank into the worn cushions with a groan.

"I had a question to ask you," Tony squared his shoulders, "If we don't find him, before I'm due, can I have them here?" He looked into Clint's eyes, then away, "Never mind, that was stupid, forget I asked, I have my own floor." Clint's eyes went wide.
"Of course you can," he smiled and nuzzled him. "I can't wait to meet your babies, I'd love it if you had them here." Tony tugged Clint into a hug.

"Are you sure? I don't want to encroach on your space, but I... Char's is the only birth I've been to, and-" He cut himself off, flushing, as Charlotte climbed off the couch, and waddled around to him, holding her little arms up for him to get her. Clint couldn't help but smile.

"Looks like she decided for us. You can feed her, if you want," he said, picking up the omelette; Tony hefted her into his lap.

"Will I always feel so winded?" He asked, smoothing her curls back and getting a spoonful of oatmeal. His friend chuckled and nodded, inhaling the omelette.

"Yeah, Until the kids are out."

"Crap." The brunette grumbled, "They're heavy for three months. Guess it's that there're two." He grinned when Charlotte opened her mouth for the spoon, "That's my girl, hmm?" Touching his nose to hers, he laughed when she giggled. Clint smiled, and kissed his daughter's head before going back to his food. "Is it good?" Tony purred to the one year old, feeding her more bites, she was one of the few people that could make him forget, just for a moment, that Bucky wasn't there to see his belly grow. "Yeah?"

"Dadadada!" Charlotte grabbed for the spoon. Clint frowned, and bit his lip, turning his head away to hide his face and tears. Tony handed her the spoon.

"Clint?" He murmured, "I know our... situations are different, but... do you want to talk about it?" He bounced Charlotte absentmindedly on his knees. The archer whimpered.

"He left me twice... Not even she was enough to make him stay," he said, tears falling down his cheeks, Tony let Charlotte down to play with her newly acquired spoon, and hugged Clint against him.

"It hurts, I know it does, Clint. It wasn't the same, but I... kind of get it, from Pepper." He rubbed Clint's scalp, "He's stupid." Clint was shaking in his arms, and he hugged Tony tightly.

"Pepper is in your pack though... she didn't abandon you with a pup you don't know how to raise."

"But she didn't give me a choice in... my own life, Clint. And any pack affection has Tasha on edge. Forget it, forget I said anything, okay? It's not as bad, I know, okay?" He rocked his friend back and forth gently.

"I'm sorry," Clint said, rubbing his neck over the bonding gland. "What am I gonna do...?"

"You're going to stay with your pack. Or, if that's not what you want... I'll get you a place wherever you want to go, Charlie's got her fund," He'd made a trust fund for her as soon as she had a name, she'd be comfortable and without want the rest of her life. "I can set you up. But... what you're going to do is move on, Clint. Focus on your beautiful daughter, and move on."

"I want to stay here," he said, "but... she's so smart, like him. I keep getting reminded of him...her baby blanket, the extra money..."

"Throw the money away, burn the blanket. She doesn't use it." Tony gripped Clint's shoulders, "He left, Clint, and I know that's hard, but you can do this." The blond sub sat up and rubbed the tears away.
"I still love him... I don't know if I can do all of that. Dammit!" He slammed his fists into the couch, trying to hold back tears. Tony watched with weary eyes, then grimaced.

"I... uh, I gotta pee, sorry." He pushed to his feet, and ducked into the bathroom, shivering. When he'd finished, he stepped back out, heart aching. He couldn't ask Clint to keep going on the missions, and Coulson was gone. He probably wouldn't let SHIELD work with them either. Tony's already slim chances of finding his soul mate were dwindling quickly. Clint had composed himself a little more by the time Tony came back.

"Sorry I freaked out..." He said.

"Don't be. It's not anything to be ashamed of. We're... heading back out tomorrow. You should stay here, with Charlotte." Clint's eyes shot up to meet Tony's.

"What? I want to help! If anything, it'll allow me to get some frustration out. I'll fucking need it... haven't had sex in a little over a year, isn't that fucked up?" Tony flinched.

"I... okay, if, if that's what you want, I thought you would want the... time." He backpedaled, shaken.

"The time to what, sit here and think about the man who left his mate and daughter!? No thank you," he said, shaking his head. "I told you I would help you find Bucky, I'm not leaving my pregnant best friend alone in the field!" The brunette's face twisted, and tears slipped down his cheeks, breath stuttering.

"I... I thought you wouldn't want to... oh god... I'm so scared...!" He dropped to his knees, arms around his stomach. Clint wrapped his arms around his friend.

"Shh, Tony we'll find him, it'll be okay," he said, nuzzling him.

"What if he's dead, Clint? Steve wants me..." Shudders worked down his spine, "...Steve wants me, and I don't know what to do if Bucky's d-dead-!" He was gasping, struggling to breathe, when a tiny hand smoothed over his cheek, and Charlotte whimpered.

"Ony?" Clint smiled and looked at Charlie.

"Yeah, this is Uncle Tony..." he said, kissing her head. "He's sad, can you hug him?" He asked, not sure if she understood; Charlotte climbed into Tony's lap, and he clutched her to his chest, trembling, her hands patted his back clumsily.

"Ony." She giggled, Clint smiled, and sniffed.

"We'll find him, Tony." Tony gave a watery smile as Charlie toddled off to play with the teddy bear.

"I... I'm scared." Tony whispered into Char's hair, "I miss him."

"I miss Bucky too," he said, pulling the pregnant sub against his side. He was fucking scared as well... but he would bring Bucky home. Charlotte leaned back, patting Tony's cheeks, until the sub filled them with air, and it all blew out in her face when she pushed on his cheeks. The baby giggled wildly, hands on his face. Clint smiled at them both, "You're really good with kids." Tony gave a watery smile as Charlie toddled off to play with the teddy bear.

"I just kind of... do what Jarvis used to do." Clint nodded,

"Jarvis and google have been my child-rearing friend," he said, rubbing a hand over his head.
"No, uh, not my AI." Tony whispered, "My butler, as a kid."

"You had a butler?" he asked, snorting, and Tony snapped his mouth shut, sitting up.

"I better go, Steve's nervous that the others aren't going to respect his claim on me."

"I slept with elephants," was all Clint said as he scooped up his daughter.

"Jarvis was all I had." Tony mumbled from the door, "I didn't choose to be Howard Stark's son, or to have money, or... but Jarvis took care of me. And he played with me, and I... until I went into my first heat."

"I had Barney, barely, I ended up alone on the street for most of my life," he said. "Jarvis sounds really special."

"He was." Tony pressed his fingers through his hair, "He wasn't supposed to drive them, you know? He wasn't supposed to. He should've been at home, but their regular driver was sick, and so Jarvis drove them." A soft, humorless laugh left him, "I was more... hurt that he had died... never mind."

"You can talk to me," he said, rubbing his back, Tony shook his head.

"It hurt worse that he died, than my own parents."

"Well, I honestly can't think of anyone that really liked your parents," he admitted. "Sorry..." He sighed and hugged his friend.

"Just my dad," Tony slipped his arms around Clint, closing his eyes and leaning into his warmth, "My mom was alright..." Clint sniffed and nodded.

"My dad... he would beat me and Barney... he killed my mother... I don't really remember them, I was so young." Tony winced.

"I... I'm glad you don't remember." His voice was soft as Charlotte held her arms out to be picked up again, starting to cry when they didn't immediately react.

"Would you believe they died in a car too? He was drunk driving, apparently," he said, picking up his daughter, and making a raspberry on her cheek; Tony reached to touch the little girl's hair.

"Cars, man." He murmured, brow pulling down, "Well... I really should go check in with Steve. Get everything ready for tomorrow." The archer sighed and nodded.

"I... I don't want to be alone... I'll come with you." Tony took Clint's free hand in his own.

"Okay." He lead the archer into the elevator. When they got to the communal floor, Clint let Charlie down, and held her hand, making her walk. The toddler pulled at her mother's hand, tugging in the general direction of the play area Tony had set up for her there. He chuckled and let go of Tony's hands.

"Alright, alright," he said, following her to the play area, and sitting down with her. Tony watched her amble around, picking up toys and handing them to Clint happily. He turned for the kitchen and found himself nose to nose with Tasha. She sighed, and tried to smooth her mussed up hair down a little.

"I acted poorly before... I'm sorry that I snapped," she said. Pepper had had amazing sex with her,
and reminded her that she was hers and she felt better now; Tony could smell the night's activities on her.

"...'s fine." He muttered, "I don't... my dom is alive, Natasha. I don't want a new one." She nodded at his words, lacking her usual sighs and protests.

"As long as you want to search for him, I'll help... god knows I've searched for people longer and with less to go on," she smiled, and Tony bobbed his head in a reluctant nod.

"Thank you." She rubbed her hand over Tony's shoulder, then went to go comfort Clint. The brunette omega gave a soft shiver, and chewed his lip as he headed into the kitchen, narrowly avoiding walking right into Steve, who smiled at him,

"Hey Tony, want me to make you something to eat?" Tony shook his head.

"You said we would check weapons and everything today, make sure it's ready for tomorrow."

"Yes, and we can do that while you're eating," he said, rubbing Tony's belly softly. The omega fought down a shiver at the comforting touch.

"Fine." He grunted, slumping into a chair. Steve smiled.

"After this, Tasha, Thor and I are going to clean and prep weapons," he said, making Tony a breakfast wrap.

"What?" Tony leaned forward, "And me. Tasha, Thor, you, and me." The alpha sighed and nodded.

"And you," he amended, going back to the food. "How many places do you want to hit tomorrow?"

Steve said, bringing the map over, the remaining known locations were circled; Tony turned it in his hands, eyes flickering over it, they'd taken out the ones furthest from them first, then closest.

"New Mexico... California... Washington... Salt Lake City... what do these all have in common?"

He frowned, puzzling, "We're missing something, I know it." Dragging his fingers over the map, he blinked, "They're all near some kind of city, Albuquerque... Seattle, San Francisco... the one we took out here, the one near Atlanta..." He swallowed, "Except this one. Isolated, far from any city... and near the border with Canada."

"Do you think he's there? We can look there first," he said, plopping the wrap on a plate in front of Tony, who picked it up absentmindedly.

"They use cryotanks, and the ones they have access to are old, and would work better in cold temperatures..." Steve shuddered,

"So we might find him alive... but he might be an icicle."

"If he's in cryo, I can..." Tony took a deep breath, "I can thaw him, I know how."

"Okay," Steve said. "We stick together, no splitting up. Last thing we need is you trying to thaw Bucky and getting caught off guard," he said.

"I wouldn't-!" Tony gritted his teeth, "I wouldn't be caught off guard, I know how to block doors." He took another bite, "If he's not... then they're containing him somehow...he'd be healed by now, even if he didn't have a portion of the serum in him." The dom nodded.
"I just want everyone safe. We go in with partners this time," he said. He wouldn't have Tony lose focus on the job if they found Bucky.

"Partners." Tony's jaw clenched, "We're not in kindergarten, Steve." He set the last bites of food aside, "If he's not there, we move to this base... and if that fails..."

"We keep looking," he said. "This one in Canada seems pretty major, I want everyone partnered," he snarled softly, and Tony pressed to his feet to fight the urge to drop that Steve's voice pressed into his chest.

"Being partnered is a waste of time! It'll double the time it takes us to search, and give more people a chance to take Bucky and leave! Satellite imaging shows that this building has far more entrances and exits than the blueprints I got hold of!"

"Can you carry Bucky!?" Steve snapped at him. "Even if you manage to unfreeze him without getting caught, you'd still have to get him out, and yourself!" Tony flinched, and gave up, sliding to his knees.

"No... I can't lift him... maybe in the suit, but not pregnant, sir." Steve sighed and rubbed that spot on the back of Tony's head.

"If you can prove to me that you can lift him in the suit, I won't make us partner up."

"I can lift a car." Tony tilted his chin up, still not submitting completely. "Stane threw a car at me in the first suit, I caught it..." The Alpha nodded.

"Okay... then I want all comms open, if you close em, so help me I will bench you," he said sternly; Tony stared at him.

"All comms open?" He frowned, they'd hear Jarvis, every question, every curse. Maybe partners were better.

"Yes," he said, staring him down. "You okay with that?" Tony chewed his lip.

"I don't know." He answered honestly, turning to look out the windows, "You'd hear every single exchange of power levels, targeting, everything I did. And if they hack the comms, so would the enemy." The sub ran his fingers through his hair, eyes closed, "Fuck. I can’t believe I’m agreeing to this... fine, we’ll go in teams.” The annoyance slipped out of his scent as Steve’s fingers smoothly dug into his scalp, rubbing and massaging. Steve smiled and nodded, bringing his head down to kiss Tony’s forehead.

““It’ll be fine, and if teams don’t work out, then we won’t do it again for the next mission,” he shrugged, and the omega struggled against the instinct to lean into Steve’s touch, to expose his throat, and let Steve take him, and have him. Instead, he tucked his chin against his chest, keeping his neck protected, and nodding at the same time,

“Fine.” He repeated softly, “Why can’t we go today?”

“Because the weapons haven’t been cleaned or checked, Clint just had something horrible happen to him, and by the time we get there, it will be dark. I don’t want to do a mission at night when we can’t see.”

“Then just me and.. one other person, I can see fine at night, with the suit, and I could make night vision goggles in about five minutes.” Tony shot back, “It would take them by surprise.” Steve ran a hand through his own hair.
“You really want to leave tonight?” At his words, Tony turned to glance into the living room, where Thor and Bruce were curled together on the mattresses, staring into each others’ eyes, what if one of them died because he couldn’t wait eighteen more hours? Then his gaze slipped to Natasha, kissing Charlotte’s face, her arm around Clint, and her hair mussed from her time with Pepper.

“No.” The sub whispered, pressing a hand over his face, “Fuck. Fine, okay…”

“Oh. First thing tomorrow morning, after you’ve eaten,” he said, rubbing his belly softly. “Good boy.” Tony, already on his knees, whined softly, and nuzzled his face against Steve’s thigh.

“Am I?”

“Yes, a very good boy,” he smiled and went back to rubbing his scalp. “Bucky would be so proud.” The omega whimpered, hands gripping Steve’s slacks, and tried to keep himself above the drop. He didn’t think he could handle having Steve knot him yet, not if there was a chance that Bucky was still alive. Keeping his eyes closed, he leaned into the hand in his hair, breathing shallowly through his mouth, so he could keep his mind from focusing on the fact that it wasn’t Bucky touching him. Steve petted him softly, watching him relax and pull himself back from the almost drop. “Okay, it’s time to clean weapons now.”

“Right.” Tony slowly climbed to his feet, a hand on his belly, and turned for the jet, but Natasha had straightened up, eyes concerned, and was walking toward him. “I didn’t do it.” Was his immediate response, and she snorted,

“I didn’t think you did. I don’t think you should help with the cleaning. I think that Thor and Bruce can help Cap with that, I’m going to give you a bath and a massage, and a foot rub, so you can nap for a couple hours. We all know you didn’t get much sleep last night.” The brunette bared his teeth.

“Says who?” His words had the barest hint of a growl.

“Says the shadows under your eyes. Come on, Tony... you deserve this.” As Natasha spoke, Clint grasped his daughter and stared at both of them, nodding at Tony.

“You do deserve it... sleep, and enjoy the relaxation,” he smiled softly. The sub wanted to protest, to be helpful, even if he knew it wasn’t shameful to need some relaxation. He knew that he had enjoyed rubbing Clint’s feet, smelling the contentment the omega had put off, and helping him feel better, and finally ducked his head.

“Okay.” His words were met with a soft smile from Natasha, and he returned it hesitantly, as he realized that she was trying to make up with him. Clint rolled his eyes a little when he saw the expression on Tony’s face, and he laid down on the floor, watching Charlie play more. Tony licked his lips as Natasha lead him into the room he’d been using in Bucky’s absence, the bathroom had a big round tub in it, and she settled on the edge, and turned the water on. The genius blinked, surprised, at the array of bottles and jars she’d set up before he’d come up to this floor; Tasha poured a clear solution into the flow of water, and thick white bubbles began to foam and froth over the surface. He hesitated, and she gently removed his shirt, pulling it over his head, pausing to rest her hands on his belly, once it was bare; She waited for him to step out of his pants, then helped him into the tub, despite his reluctance. When he was settled into the water, he groaned softly, relaxing back against the edge of the tub, eyes closed.

“Mmm.” He hummed, her fingers carding through his hair gently. Natasha gently started to work her way down his body, massaging his neck, his shoulders, and then she pressed a button on a
nearby radio, letting soft music flow through the room. She smiled at how calm he was, and worked his hips, his thighs, calves, and then she got to his feet, which she gently started to rub. Tony’s breath hitched, they were already sore, and it felt so nice to have her talented fingers press into the arches, rubbing into the wet skin, bubbles floating around his body.

“Nat…” He mumbled, his hand over the scars on his chest, though he knew she’d seen them, “…why are you doing this…?” She was quiet at first, working her thumbs and fingers into the delicate skin, when she let out a deep breath.

“I wanted to apologize, for the way I’ve been acting... I’m sorry,” She said; Tony forced his eyes open, looking up at her.

“It was a... you know, she left me for you... it was a logical response to…” He had heard her, through the door, what she had said about him, and Bucky, and how he was going to go after every alpha in the pack, “I... Steve promised Bucky he’d take care of me, Natasha… I didn’t ask for him to…”

“I know,” she said, interrupting him. “I wasn’t asking for an explanation... I just wanted you to know that I was sorry. I will help you find Bucky, and I will help you raise your beautiful children, no matter what happens,” she smiled, and hummed softly to the music. The other sub fell silent, embarrassed that he had said anything, he just felt stupid for defending himself. A whimper tore from his lips as she pressed a little too hard on a nerve in his foot, and he arched in the water, trying to pull away. She let go of his foot, and sighed. “I’m sorry,” she muttered. “Would you like me to rub the other one?”

“Y-yeah... sorry, it just... hurt for a minute.” Tony settled his body back into the bath, “You don’t have to do this, I can just bathe and take a nap, it’s not your responsibility to…” He fell silent when she took his other foot, and worked each toe with her fingers until he was whining and sinking deeper into the water. His toes had always been a weak point, like his hair. Tasha smiled again when he relaxed.

“It’s okay, we have to take care of each other, us omegas,” She hummed and the brunette closed his eyes again, breathing slowly.

“You’re really good at that.” He mumbled sleepily.

“Thanks,” she smiled, and grabbed a washcloth, lowering his foot back down. She poured soap into the cloth, and started washing the omega’s body down, not lingering anywhere she wasn’t welcome. He was nearly asleep in the warm water when her hands rubbed over his belly, cleaning the sweat away.

“Mmm... feels nice…” His words were sluggish and lethargic, exhaustion catching up to him.

“Good,” she smiled, and she started singing softly in russian, the music playing was instrumental only, which she secretly enjoyed. Tony blinked sleepily as she nudged him a moment later, and he climbed tiredly out of the tub, wrapping himself in a big fluffy beach towel, and shuffling out to the bed. He slowly sank into the thick bedding.

“I don’t want to sleep.” He murmured, too tired to resist the pull, dragging him from consciousness. Natasha smiled and gently rubbed his belly, crawling into the bed besides him. She would stay until she was sure he wouldn't wake up. Breathing deep and slow, Tony cuddled against her, before he slipped under, calm and easy.
The next morning, Steve had already packed everything, and they were all in the jet, breakfasts in hand, courtesy of Bruce. It would take a little while to get to the Canadian border anyway. Tony was curled up in his seat, eyes dull, he'd woken the whole pack with his screams, and had punched Steve, square on the jaw, when the dom touched him. He was so tired, but sleep hadn't returned to him after that, and he'd spent the night ripping Clint's unwanted new bow to pieces. Clint reached over and gripped Tony's hand, smiling at him as he took a bite of his breakfast. The brunette was starting to think Steve was psychic. The dom had taken one look at him when he emerged from the lab, and handed him a protein smoothie in a big togo cup. He'd finished it just after boarding the jet, but he hadn't been able to even think about eating. Clint looked over at him.

"How's the morning sickness?" He asked, grinning; Tony glowered at him.

"More like middle of the night sickness." He dropped his head back against the seat, and grimaced when Thor and Steve both shifted toward him, taking it as submission. "Back off." His voice was a low growl, and both dom's blinked the haze away, embarrassed. "I want a latte... I want a pumpkin spice latte from Starbucks..." Clint raised an eyebrow at him.

"Before or after we raid the Hydra base?" The blond omega asked, and Tony arched a brow.

"I thought we could take a break halfway through, you know? Grab coffee, come back, finish Hydra? By then they'll each have two heads." He wiggled two fingers, and slumped in his seat. "'Y'know, cut off one head...It just sounds good, and they only have it in October." Clint snorted at the joke,

"Yeah, we can stop and get Starbucks if we're not filthy and covered in blood," he chuckled.

"I dunno, going in covered in dirt and blood might get us free drinks." Tony quipped, Clint laughed and ran a hand over his face.

"Oh, that'd be hilarious."

"Then again, they might think Hydra's attacking again." Tony sobered at that thought. "How long until we get there, Steve?"

"Two hours," he replied, talking to Natasha, who had taken over Phil's spot in driving the jet, Tony shivered at the reminder of their lacking numbers.

"Is Falcon meeting us on site?" He asked softly.

"Yeah, but we won't see him, he's going to stay in the shadows until we initiate the first move."

"Okay," Tony chewed his lip, "you should all go home. I should go alone, you're risking your lives, we lost half our numbers, and." Steve turned to him and growled.

"We're all in this, Bucky isn't just your mate, he's our friend too." Tony's shoulders slumped.

"Yes." He whispered, closing his eyes, "I don't want to lose any of you, either."

"And you won't," Steve gripped his shoulder and kissed his head. Tony shuddered under his touch, trying, for a moment, to imagine a life spent with Steve Rogers as his mate, sleeping with Steve, eating with him, and raising his children with Steve, having more children with...but he could only picture Bucky, feeding him cookies, and biting his lips.
Hours later, they arrived and Natasha landed them a bit rockily.

"Sorry... not used to landing," she apologized; Tony pulled the suit on.

"Sweep the whole place, Steve picks hostages, and whoever finds Bucky, if he's here, calls me over the comms. We're in teams, me and Steve, Thor and Tasha, Bruce is with Clint." Tony looked at them all, his helmet in his hands, "Falcon will join Bruce and Clint." He settled his helm onto his head, the HUD a welcome light before his eyes. The group got into their teams, and moved into their positions, getting on opposite sides of the buildings so they could attack from different entrances.

"Go," Steve gave the order, and the fight began the second the cameras saw them. Tony's job, Steve at his back defending him, was simple. Take out whatever was in front of him, and break every door he came across. This base was larger than any of the others, and every room had come up clean on the main floor, except one. Tony cut the knob from the door with a laser, ejecting the cartridge, and kicked it open, but there was only a hard metal table, and a trash can.

"STEVE!" Tony screamed, darting forward to grasp the edge of black fabric sticking out of the can, "HIS UNIFORM!" Steve ran over and picked up the material, it had blood soaked into it, dried and old, it stunk.

"I hope he's still here," he said, running to the other side of the room to look at the papers scattered over the tables and floors. Tony was scanning the room, walls, ceiling, the HUD flashing negatives, until he started on the floor.

"Right there, Cap, hit that corner of the floor with your shield." His voice was deadly, as he waited for the alpha to comply, "We found his uniform, Northwest corner, last room, collect all related papers." He said into the comms as Steve started pounding away at the floor, making the crack larger until Tony and him could fit through it; Tony wrapped his arms around Steve's waist, and lifted him down, carefully controlling the repulsors.

"Oh my god..." There was no one in the basement lab, that Tony could see, but there was a small alcove, hidden around the edge, "...Steve..." He whispered, letting go and stepping forward. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight of his mate, his dom, locked into a metal chair, devices hovering around him, his hair lank and greasy, eyes dull. Tony had the suit off in seconds, and rushed forward, climbing into Bucky's lap. "Baby? Bucky? Honey?" He whimpered. "It's okay, I'm gonna get you outta here." He tugged and removed the restraints, cutting his hands in the process, "Buck, oh Bucky, oh god, I thought-!" He pressed kisses to the dom's face, slick with cold sweat, and then he was choking, metal fingers tight around his throat, staring up into cold grayish green eyes.

Chapter End Notes

We love you. *offers plate of cookies*
Not Letting Go

Chapter Summary

Happy Monday.

Chapter Warnings: Choking, memory loss, unaddressed Bond shock, lack of care for personal safety, claim sex in front of the pack, jealousy, abusive treatment, self blame, accidentally hurting someone who doesn't deserve it emotionally, and forgetting that someone isn't the same person.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Winter Soldier growled loudly, eyes unfocused, but directed at Tony, Steve quickly ran over and tried to pry Bucky's fingers off, but his grip was unbreakable around the sub's throat. Tony gasped, but he couldn't breathe, he gripped Bucky's forearm.

"Love you..." He wheezed with the last of his breath, legs jerking, eyes wide and locked on Bucky's face. He touched his bonding gland, struggling to stay conscious, then pressed his fingers to Bucky's nose; blackness ate at the edges of his vision, and he slumped in the dom's grip. So glad you're alive. Bucky felt the person go limp, so he loosened his grip, wrapping his arms around the body. This person smelled good, smelled like him... he didn't want to let him go. He growled angrily at Steve, and started backing up, looking for a way out, but he was weak and tired, and stumbling around the room, until he managed to get his eyes focused on the hole in the ceiling, and he bolted, dragging the omega up the ladder. Steve snarled back at him, and darted after him.

"BUCKY! STOP!" He was terrified for the pregnant sub in the assassin's arms. They had obviously erased his memories, and that pained Steve far worse, "TEAM! He's headed your way! He has Tony, he's been reprogrammed! Knock him out!" Bucky snarled when he heard what the alpha said, and he unsheathed his knife, preparing himself for the attacks. Tony stirred in his arms, choking on every attempted inhalation.

"...Bucky..." he wheezed, "...please...!" But a dart slammed into Bucky's neck, full of a sleeping drug that they'd tested on Steve to ensure it would work on Bucky's enhanced system. He gasped, and put his hand to his neck, stumbling to his knees and falling on the ground, Tony slipping from his arms. The omega twisted to avoid hitting his stomach, then pulled Bucky's head to his chest, "I got you..." He rasped out, throat burning. The dom slumped to the ground, wearing a simple black uniform, fast asleep with his head in Tony's hands. The team crowded around him and just stared, surprised he was alive; "Bucky... Bucky... I've got you, I..." Tony's chest was heaving, bruises blooming around his throat, "...suit, Steve... grab my suit...?" Steve nodded and ran back to get it, as Clint came forward, and rubbed Tony's back.

"I'll help you carry him on the jet." He offered, and the brunette nodded, bringing a hand up to test his throat, wincing.

"Okay."

"He goes straight into the Hulk containment unit," Natasha said quickly, without hesitation, "He's
not himself, and we need to be cautious."

"He's himself... he is, he's still Bucky!" Tony's voice was wrecked, raspy and gritty sounding. Clint shook his head.

"We have to rewire his brain first... he *choked* you," he said, lifting Bucky by his elbows, armpits, taking most of the weight.

"He... he was surprised and scared, it's..." Tony gripped his legs, and they hauled him out of the building, strapping him into a seat on the jet. The omega settled onto the floor against the unconscious dom's legs. Steve came aboard, and dropped the suit besides Tony; Sam and Thor came next, carrying the strange metal chair and all of its pieces.

"Home, now," Steve's tone brooked no argument as he stepped to the side, letting Natasha back into the cockpit. Tony wrapped his arms around Bucky's leg, his body shaking slightly, then more and more, until his teeth were chattering. Clint rubbed the base of Tony's neck.

"Hey, you got him back... yeah, he's gonna need some work, but he's alive." Tony's lips moved over and over, and when Clint leaned close, he could hear that Tony was just chanting "I love you," over and over. He rubbed his face against Bucky's leg, "Steve... his uniform... you got his uniform... right...?"

"Yeah, I got it," he said, handing it to Tony. He was sad that he lost the opportunity to mate with Tony... but he was happy to see his best friend back and to see Tony so happy.

"Gotta clean and repair it..." Tony mumbled, the shaking increased, and he gagged once, hand on his belly. Clint grabbed a garbage pale, and brought it over for Tony.

"You can fix it later, right now, just relax with Bucky, you both need it." Tony nodded slowly, nuzzling Bucky's leg, his knuckles white, the bruises standing out on his throat, he jumped when another dart hit Bucky.

"Stop! Stop! What are you doing!?!" He climbed into the unconscious dom's lap, shielding him.

"It would have worn off in ten minutes, we needed to give him another dose or he'd wake up before we got him into the containment room," Natasha explained softly, gently, as if speaking to a child; Tony curled tight against his alpha's chest, pulling Bucky's limp flesh hand up to rest on his belly.

"Don't do that.." She didn't speak anymore, not wanting to upset him.

When they got home, Clint worked his arms under Bucky's torso, trying to get a good grip under the unconscious dom's arms, as soon as Steve helped Tony stand up. The omega pulled away from them.

"I'm fine!" He growled, pushing his way to Bucky, and getting ready to help carry him. Clint glared at Tony, but started walking backwards with the alpha.

"You know, we're only trying to help you." The other omega struggled to lift Bucky, and Thor ducked between them, sliding his arms under the dom.

"If you would let me, Anthony, I shall carry him for you." At his offer, Clint nodded.

"It'd be faster, Tony," he said, panting a little. Tony slowly nodded, heading after him, eyes wary,
wishing he could hold onto some part of his mate. Steve watched them go.

"Unload the chair later, put it in Tony's workshop." He ordered, before striding after the others in his pack.

"Careful." Tony whispered, voice cracking in pain, as Thor gently lay Bucky down on the floor of the cell. "I'm staying here with him." Clint nodded.

"We'll be right outside, in case he tries anything," he said, knowing there would be no convincing him, but Steve's dominance swirled out from him like the ocean, irresistible and strong. Tony's knees went weak as Clint and Natasha dropped to kneel.

"You will stand right here, behind the glass, outside of the cage." he ordered the sub, staring down at him; Tony's legs held him, barely.

"You're not my alpha." He growled, voice rasping and painful, "I'm going in with him!"

"He could hurt you and your children! And until Bucky is better. I am alpha of this pack!" He growled back at him, but Tony locked his knees, standing straight,

"He won't hurt me! He stopped when he smelled the bond!"

"He doesn't know you! He strangled you!" Steve argued.

"He was scared!" Tony snarled, "He was scared and confused! He didn't mean to!"

"He's going to be scared, confused, and pissed off when he wakes up! He could attack you!" He snarled, and held his hand over the door lock; Tony stared at him.

"I've spent nearly three months without my soul mate. I need to mark him, I need to be with him!"

"Just let him wake up first! Let him get his bearings, then I'll let you in." Tony's legs finally collapsed, "Please... I need to mark him..." He whimpered, "Please, Steve...!"

"Just let him wake up," he said, pulling Tony from the room gently and locking it behind the sub. The omega whined, hands shaking, legs barely holding his weight, he'd fought the bond shock hard, with Bucky's scent on clothing, and his pack bond, but being pulled away after finding him just made it that much worse.

"No... please..."

"Just watch, then when he calms down, you can go in," he said, watching the alpha stir; Tony pulled away from Steve, pressing his body to the reinforced tank proof glass.

"I need to mark him..."

"And you will, soon," he said. Bucky started to wake up, his body trying to forcefully pull itself from its forced sleep. His eyes opened, and he looked around, shaking. He was scared and cold! That was when his eyes landed on the man that smelled so good. He lurched to his feet, running toward the sub, and he slammed into the glass, trying to break it. Tony flinched backward, chest heaving, as Tasha and Clint supported him.

"Bucky..." he whined; the dom growled and grabbed a knife from his boot, and he attacked the glass, the floor, whatever he could get his hands on. The shaking continued, but the adrenaline pumping through him hid his fear. Tony pulled free of his pack's hands, and hammered his hand on
the glass, "Bucky... Bucky, stop! Stop, I'm here, I'm here!" Bucky put his hands over his ears and ran at the glass again, slamming into it, staring at Tony with bared teeth. The omega's fingers slid down to the lock. "Bucky, I'm here, I got you, I..." He gripped the handle of the locking mechanism, "...Thor, can you get the knife from him if I open it?"

"Yes," he said, preparing to grab it, Steve started forward as Bucky started growling, he saw the hand touch the lock. Tony jerked it open, hearing Steve growling angrily behind him. Thor wrenched the knife from the assassin's hand, and Bucky tried to push against Tony to get out, to attack the alpha growling at him, but someone pushed on the omega and pushed him back in as well, the door locked behind them. With an angry growl, he ran at the glass again, punching it, though it wouldn't give, no matter how many times he slammed his metal fist into the seemingly glass surface. Tony stumbled, hearing the lock click behind him.

"Bucky, Bucky please...!" He held his hands out to the dom, desperate, "Bucky!" Bucky turned to the omega, panting hard. He took a step forward, but didn't move past that, sniffing him from afar; Tony hesitantly shifted toward him. "It's me... it's Tony..." He murmured, their pack watching nervously through the viewing window. He slowly tugged his shirt off, and then dropped his pants, kicking them away, "We're having twins, Bucky..." The dom glanced down at the huge belly, and at the omega's cock. The sub smelled like the other alpha, barely hidden with soap scent, and the smell of some type of lotion, and he didn't like that. Except where the bonding gland was. He walked closer, and sniffed his neck, smelling only his own scent, strong and thick.

"M-mine?"

"Yours." Tony tilted his head so that Bucky could get to his throat, "All yours. Forever." He reached slowly for the dom's hand, "We're having twins, Bucky, twins. We thought... but it was the suppressants, they'd messed up my hormones." He tensed when the alpha pressed his nose against his bonding gland. "Twins." Bucky hummed, and licked the soft skin, nuzzling his head, shaking. His head was clearing a little, but he still wanted to rip apart the others outside.

"Mine," he said, rubbing his hands over the sub's belly, and he began rubbing against him; Tony choked in relief, and tried to wrap his arms around Bucky.

"Yours. Yours." He whispered, tears slipping down his cheeks, "I missed you... I missed you so bad, Bucky." Bucky pushed Tony against the wall farthest away from the other alphas at the viewing, and started kissing him, rubbing his hands all over him. Tony moaned, leaning up into the kisses, trying to touch back. "Bucky, Bucky... I love you... I love you!" He pressed against his lover, his soul mate, and started tugging at his clothes, "Need you... Bucky, I need you...!" The dom groaned and stripped off the dark uniform, piece by piece, kicking off his boots so they were both fully naked. Bucky then gripped the omega by the hips, and turned him around, rubbing his fingers over his hole. He let out a loud growl when he smelled remnants of the other alpha, the one who had called the pack in; Tony whimpered.

"Bucky... they were just helping... like I did for Clint... remember?" He gave a cry as the alpha's fingers pressed roughly inside of him, spreading him open, "Ow... Bucky..." He pressed his palms to the wall, going slick immediately, just the smell of Bucky enough to arouse him. "Sir...!" Then he caught sight of the dom's reflection in the glass, and his heart clenched. His mate's chest more resembled his own, now, a mass of scarring from repair to the wound he had sustained when Hydra attacked the tower. Bucky shoved his cock roughly up into the sub, groaning loudly as he fucked him fast and efficiently. Tony cried out, every slide of the dom's cock was heaven, "Missed you... I've missed you...!" The omega reached back, trying to find Bucky's hand. Bucky squeezed his hand, and rubbed his other hand over his belly, grunting as his cock pounded away into the omega's hole.
"Ahh," he panted, and started nipping his shoulder; Tony whimpered, twining their fingers together.

"Please... Bucky...!" He gasped, eyes flicking up to see Steve's hurt expression, it was then that he realized just how much the blond alpha had wanted him. Bucky bit hard into his shoulder as he forced his knot in, already most of the way formed, and came inside of the pregnant sub. Whimpers rasped from Tony's bruised throat, and he choked as Bucky pulled him back to sit on the thick knot, his back against the cool, hard chest of his dom; he panted and slid down on the ground, letting Tony sit in his lap, leaning his head against the wall, facing the viewing window that made up one wall. He gripped Tony's legs and hooked them over his own, spreading them wide apart so that the team had a clear view of his knot in the sub's ass, so they all knew that this omega was **his**. Tony flushed, humiliated, because Bucky would never do that. Steve was visibly shaking, held back by Thor and Bruce, and the other omegas had pitying expressions on their faces. He tried to close his legs, but the dom gripped his knees tightly, holding him in place.

"Mine," he growled, and kept his arms around Tony, his legs spread wide, and his hands over the rounded belly. Tears slipped slowly down Tony's cheeks.

"Yours." He whispered, throat burning, his body limp in Bucky's grip. Natasha waved at Thor to remove Steve from the room, and slipped her arm around Clint's waist.

"They've wiped him, he doesn't remember Tony, Clint. He's claiming him, but..." Tony turned his face away from them, ...

...won't give up." His voice, ruined and painful, filtered out of the containment unit. Clint nodded, and turned his head away.

"There's nothing I can do... I'm just glad Tony has his alpha back. I'm going to go find Charlie and go to bed," he said, walking away.

"Tony? I'll be right outside, okay? If you need anything, just... Jarvis will tell me." Natasha stepped out of the room, into a small space made for the purpose of giving the cell some privacy. On this floor, there were many such cells, iron and steel reinforced rooms, with small and large viewing windows, for anything that might need containing. Tony squirmed.

"I don't care that you don't remember me..." He whispered, "It's what I deserve for... letting you get hurt, I'm just... happy you're alive." He fell silent, his head leaned back against Bucky's flesh shoulder, throat throbbing.

After everyone had left, Bucky let their legs go slack. He lay down on the floor, and tremors started shaking his body. The sweat from the sex was getting cold and he didn't like the cold. Tony twisted his torso over.

"Bucky...? There's a bed... over there." He pointed, "It'd be warmer..." Bucky looked over and nodded, he hadn't noticed it before. He pulled out, and lifted Tony up, carrying him over to the bed, and pulling the covers over both of them, spooning against him.

"Anthony . . .that's your name, Anthony Stark." He said softly, Tony's eyes widened.

"Tony." He corrected quietly, resting his voice, "Tony. I'm Tony, and you're James Buchanan Barnes, but you like to be called Bucky."

"My head hurts..." The dom muttered softly, ignoring the correction. He knew his mate's name was Anthony, and he was going to call him that; Tony slowly shifted onto his other side, facing the
dom. He slid his hands into Bucky's hair, rubbing gently, massaging his scalp.

"I'm sorry..." The sub whispered, as if it were his fault. Bucky closed his eyes and ran his hands over Tony's belly, relaxing a little more.

"Twins?"

"Yeah," Tony smiled, "They're yours. I dunno if they're boys or girls, or one of each... ultrasounds are harmful, you know? So I stopped letting Bruce do them..." He rested his forehead against the dom's. "You wanted kids." The assassin let out a soft sigh.

"Right now... I want to get out of here," he muttered; Tony flinched.

"I'm sorry... I... the rest of the team is worried, because you choked me. If it were up to me, we'd be on our floor. We have our own floor, it's at the top, because I built this tower, and it belongs to us."

"It does? Then I want out," he sat up, growling. "Let me out!" Tony whimpered when he was pulled out of the bed, and pushed toward the door.

"I can't...! They locked us in, Steve is alpha while you're... not yourself." A hand in his hair had Tony on his knees in seconds, "Jarvis... open it... open the door..." The second the lock was undone, Bucky rushed out of the room with his hand still in Tony's hair, his eyes wild and alert.

"Which way?" Tony's knees dragged.

"Ow... Bucky... ow!" He pushed to his feet, "Elevator... to the..." He pointed, struggling to keep up. Bucky pulled him into the elevator, flinching away from the cold metal hand bars. He wrapped his arms around Tony, nuzzling him. "Top floor, Jarvis, and once we're there, lock it down. Don't let anyone else onto our floor, unless I say otherwise." Tony forced out the words, throat ragged and burning, as the elevator started upward. Bucky hugged him tightly, grunting softly, as the floors flashed past. The doors slid open smoothly, and Tony let Bucky tug him into the large space. It still smelled of them, their combined scents, no one else had come in this way since the Hydra attack.

"It's okay." Tony whispered, "Jarvis? Raise temperature to seventy five degrees." Bucky relaxed as the temperature rose, and he dragged Tony to the bed, settling them both down on it. He nuzzled the belly, scratching his beard against it. Tony lay still, lips quirking into a smile, "Better?" He asked softly, stroking his fingers through the dom's greasy hair, "Do you want to take a shower later? You're kinda sweaty."

"Mmhmm," he replied tiredly, feeling more relaxed and safe than he had in months. Tony slowly twined the strands into a braid, tying the end with a piece of string.

"There," He murmured, kissing Bucky's forehead, "I got you, we'll be alright." He slowly wrapped his arms around the dom's shoulders, "We'll be alright."

"I wish I could remember," he muttered, and moved so Tony's head rested on his chest.

"I'm... I'll work on that, I promise, they brought the chair from... I'll try and fix it, undo what they did to you." Tony murmured softly, and Bucky let out a growl.

"I don't want to forget anymore!" Tony trembled as the dom's hands curled roughly in his hair.

"I won't make you forget anything!" He cried, trying to pull away, "I won't!"
"Good," he shivered and hugged the sub tightly, his hands shaking a little. He didn't like the way he had been treating Tony. "Anthony... was I a good alpha?"

"It's Tony, and... yes." Tony relaxed against him, "We had our problems, but everybody does, right, and they were mostly my fault." He bit his lip, "I'm a terrible sub."

"You don't seem terrible," The assassin muttered and kissed his throat. Tony leaned back slightly, stroking his fingers over the scars on Bucky's chest.

"It's my fault you have this." He murmured, "You... I was wearing armor, it wouldn't have done this to me, but you had to... why did you jump in front of me, Bucky? Why?" Tears slid down his cheeks. The alpha shrugged and rubbed his hands over his belly.

"Maybe cause I love the three of you. The vibrations hitting your armor might still have hurt them," he said; Tony blinked.

"We didn't know yet. We didn't know that I was pregnant." He murmured, "I was less than a month in..." The sub closed his eyes, humming under the gentle touches, the rubs to his belly, "I'm gonna get your memories back..." Bucky hummed, and nuzzled Tony softly, wishing he could remember.

"How long was I gone?" His words reminded Tony that Steve and Thor were going probably crazy downstairs, trying to find the two of them.

"Nearly three months." Tony whispered, "In a week it would've been three." He kissed the dom's chin, "What... what's the last thing you remember?"

"Uhm..." he tried to think. "Drinking at a bar with Steve... Peggy asked him to go out," he smiled.

"Peggy..." Tony sat up slowly. "Bucky... it's two thousand sixteen. That's the year." He whispered, "I'm Howard Stark's son." Bucky's eyes went wide, and he frowned, his heart starting to race.

"What!?" He gasped out, and Tony stroked his chest,

"Calm down, relax, relax. Shh." He murmured, "Bucky, relax. You and Steve... Steve is here, do you want to talk to Steve? I need pants for that, okay? But he can come talk to you, okay?" Bucky panted and then he growled.

"Steve betrayed me! He slept with you, I smelled him all over you!" he snarled, his eyes going black in anger; Tony cried out as Bucky's fingers pulled him to his knees by his hair.

"You t-told him-" Tony choked, "You told him to take care of me, Bucky, you told him to! I needed..."

"I wouldn't have told him to fuck you! Taking care of you doesn't mean fucking your best friend's mate!" The alpha snarled loudly, "I'm gonna beat the shit out of him." Tony whimpered.

"Please, Bucky, it was me! It was my fault! I asked him to!" The omega cried, hands on the dom's thighs, stretching up to try and relieve the pressure on his scalp, "Please... I needed it so bad... it wasn't his fault...!" He wouldn't let Steve take the fall, he wouldn't let the alphas fight, not over him. "Please..." Bucky panted and slowly undid his fingers from his hair.

"You wanted him to fuck you?" Bucky growled, Tony slumped, shivering.

“I needed it, Bucky.” He stared at the floor, submissive, docile. “Punish me, but Steve didn’t do
anything wrong. It had been months... and I needed it so bad…”

“Months... and I wasn’t there,” he said, his hand dropping, and his face to the ground. “I really fucked up, huh?” His omega slowly lifted his chin.

“No, no, Bucky, it wasn’t your fault.” Tony inched closer on his knees, nuzzling at the alpha’s thigh, “Hydra took you... they shot... they were trying to shoot me, and they shot you, instead, and then they took you.” Shudders slid down his spine, “And you don’t remember me…”

“I-I’m trying... I’m sorry,” he whined softly, and stroked Tony’s head just the way he used to. The sub closed his eyes, leaning into it.

“I missed you.” He whispered, wrapping his arms around Bucky’s thigh, “I missed you.” Bucky smiled and rubbed his hand over Tony’s cheek.

“Can I talk to Steve now?”

“Y-yeah, I... yeah. Just tell Jarvis to tell Steve to come up.” Tony murmured, one hand sliding down to rub his baby bump.

“Who’s Jarvis?” He asked, frowning, not liking that he had to go through someone else to get what he wanted. Tony hunched his shoulders, unsure how to respond to Bucky’s discontent.

“My... computer, for lack of a better word right now, keeping it simple, okay? So he’s my computer, and he’ll tell Steve to come up. Won’t you, Jarvis?”

“Yes, of course, sir. And may I say, welcome home, Sergeant Barnes.” Tony glanced warily up at Bucky.

“Jarvis.” He repeated, Bucky stiffened, looking around the room.

“Who said that,” he snarled, “What the fuck is a computer!?” The smell of his anger, discomfort, and upset had Tony’s breathing hyping up.

“Um... uh…” He swallowed, “A computer is an electronic device that... does things, like a... kind of like a typewriter? And I made Jarvis... so he’s a... okay, computers can find information and... I don’t know how to explain this right now.” Tony chewed his lip, “Can you calm down? Bucky? Can you calm down, I can’t focus.”

“Just get Steve in here,” he grumbled and gripped his head, he had a huge headache now. The omega reached to touch his thigh.

“Do you want something for your head?” He asked hesitantly, “Jarvis, tell Steve to come up, that his best friend needs to talk to him.” The omega slowly stood, his lip back between his teeth, and he grabbed a pair of sweatpants from the dresser, glad that the dom had taken him straight to their bedroom.

“No... god no,” he said, tired of it being messed with. He tried to keep calm, and take deep breaths while waiting for Steve to join them; Tony licked his lips at that.

“Yes, sir.” He muttered, sinking down to sit at Bucky’s feet, eyes on the floor, as he heard the elevator doors unlock and open. “He won’t come in here, we’ll have to go out into the living room. Do you... want me to walk or...?”

“Crawl, Anthony,” he said, getting up, and walking to the door, holding it open for his mate. The
sub ducked his head, and slid his hands to the floor, shuffling until he found the most comfortable way to obey with his slightly intrusive belly in the way. He crawled through the door, head down, shuddering when he felt Bucky’s hand slide from his hair down to his ass, giving him a soft, rewarding swat. Bucky smiled at the way his ass jiggled from the slap, and went to sit down on the opposite side of the couch Steve was on. He threaded a nervous hand through Tony’s hair, watching the other alpha, his supposed best friend. Tony knelt obediently at Bucky’s feet, resting his head in the still-naked alpha’s lap, and Steve determinedly kept his gaze on Bucky’s face.

“Stark, you know you weren’t supposed to let him out.” The super soldier growled softly, and Tony hunched his shoulders, pressing his face into Bucky’s thigh.

“I let myself out,” he growled at Steve. “You fucked my omega.” The blond’s eyes flickered over Tony’s body, half hidden by the dark grey sweats, then up to Bucky’s face,

“We thought you were dead,” His words had Tony whimpering, wrapping himself around his dom’s leg, “And you told me that if anything ever happened to you, I was to insure that Tony was taken care of in every way.”

“So you jumped on the chance?” He growled angrily; Steve glowered.

“It had been nearly three months, and you know as well as I do that pregnant omegas need sex often, the increase of hormones puts them into a semi-sub drop.” Tony whined again as Bucky’s fingers tangled in his hair, curling to grip the soft strands securely. “He needed it, and he asked, so I gave him what he needed.”

“Don’t you have your OWN mate?” he asked, his eyes staring at him piercingly, black swimming in them.

“No.” Steve crossed his arms, “I don’t have a mate.” He looked away, forcing himself to submit to Bucky, “Peggy... bonded someone else, had children, got old and... she passed away a few months before you were taken hostage.” The black left his eyes and he stared at Steve.

“I’m sorry to hear that... thought for sure you would’ve had someone with no problems after the serum,” he snorted. “Though Peggy liked you even before... didn’t she?” Steve nodded slowly.

“There’s been no one else since.” His gaze slipped down to Tony, and lingered for too long, he had begun to convince himself that Bucky really was dead, and that he would have Tony, and two children at the start, that he would take Tony every night. Steve’s throat worked as he swallowed, and jerked his gaze away. Bucky stared at him hard.

“Do you wish I were dead, so you could have him?” He asked; Steve jerked his chin up, defiant.

“No. You’re my best friend, and it hurt to think you were dead... again.” He avoided looking at Tony, who was nuzzling at Bucky’s thigh, unsure of himself.

“There’s an unbonded omega here,” he said, “Why not mate with him?”

“Barton just lost his bonded, and has a young child. I won’t force myself into a space where I’m not wanted. I apologize for doing the duty you requested of me, Sergeant Barnes, may I leave now?” Steve couldn’t help a glance at Tony. The sub’s eyes were a little hazy, and he was clinging to Bucky’s leg, licking occasionally at the skin of the dom’s thigh. Bucky started petting Tony’s hair.

“I-I thought we could talk... I was just really pissed off. So... is it really two thousand sixteen?”

“Yeah... I’ve been out of the ice since two thousand twelve, but...you were in and out of it, Bucky.
They used you as an assassin... I didn’t find out until about two years back, you were sent to kill me, and you didn’t.” The alpha tried to smile, but the way Tony was moaning under Bucky’s hand was extremely distracting.

“So... I’ve been gone a really long time...” he muttered. “I hope my sister was okay.” Steve bowed his head, but his eyes were still on the sub, he was having trouble getting his head to stop saying that Tony should belong to him. He hadn’t even knotted the sub, and his brain still wanted to lay claim.

“I... I think you looked for her, when you first joined up with Coulson, but I don’t know if you found her.” He muttered, “And then everything with Tony happened, and...” Bucky bit his lip.

“The last thing I remember was us at the bar, and Peggy said she wanted to go dancing with you,” he said, staring at him, feeling completely and utterly lost. Steve’s eyes widened.

“Really? That far back?” He shifted, crossed his legs so he could hide any arousal, for as long as it took his scent to cross the room at least. “You... we went on missions, you, me, and our pack. We built a pack.” He looked away from Tony and Bucky, his hands twisting together, “We were on a mission, and you fell... from a train, into a canyon.”

“Seriously?” He said, groaning and rubbing his head, feeling his headache get worse. “That just... seems so impossible,” the alpha muttered, Steve swallowed when Tony shifted against Bucky’s leg, and he caught the heady scent of omega arousal, and realized that the sub was thrusting slowly against his dom’s leg.

“I’m serious.” The dom mumbled as Bucky groaned, and smiled at Tony, moving his hand down to rub at his throat.

“I wish I could remember... I feel terrible that I haven’t been here...”

“You didn’t have a choice. They took you, you were pretty close to dead, Buck.” Steve had to look away as Tony shifted higher on his knees, and nosed at his dom’s cock, whining. “Is he in subspace?”

“If he is, I didn’t put him there... can subs put themselves in subspace?” He asked, moaning softly, pressing his cock into Tony’s mouth. The omega twisted until he was between Bucky’s knees, and gave a loving suck, moaning around his length.

“Jarvis?” Steve asked, looking away.

“Sir, some subs can fall into Subspace if they hold back their arousal for too long.” The AI answered softly, and Steve couldn’t help glancing at Tony, biting his lip as the sub’s mouth stretched over his best friend’s shaft. Bucky moaned, and thrust into Tony’s mouth, feeling him swallow around his length.

“Fuck, you want all of it, don’t you?” The sub swallowed eagerly around him at the question, sliding his hands down to rest behind his back, wrists crossed, he bobbed his head down, taking more and more, until it was sliding fully down his throat, and there were hands in his hair, holding him in place, his lips against Bucky’s pubic hair. The omega began to squirm after a long moment, but he didn’t pull away, despite the lack of oxygen that would have panicked him at any other time. Steve lurched to his feet.

“I want to leave, I can’t sit here and watch, Bucky.”

“Why, because you still want him?” he growled, “I smelled your arousal.” Bucky pulled Tony’s
mouth off his cock, and gently helped the sub onto his lap, “I want you to ride me, Anthony.”
Steve’s hands clenched into fists as the omega settled his knees on either side of Bucky’s thighs, and reached back to lift the dom’s cock, lining it up with his dripping hole. Tony’s breath left him in a low whine as he sank onto the thick length, and Steve wanted so desperately to turn away as he watched each inch of Bucky disappear into the omega’s wet hole.

“Because you’re both my friends,” He whispered at last, trying to ignore the way Tony was rolling his hips against Bucky, the cock sliding in and out of the sub’s gorgeous body, “And yes, I still want him, but I can deal with that, Bucky, I won’t try to take him from you, I won’t steal him, or seduce him.” The blond shuddered, “It isn’t necessary to show me that he’s yours. I already know.” Bucky frowned, and wrapped his arms around Tony’s middle, nuzzling the sub’s shoulder.

“Okay... sorry,” he muttered, rocking his hips into the omega. “I’m sure you could find a sub if you went dancing,” he teased, while Tony squirmed against him, agitated at being stopped.

“I haven’t had time.” Steve muttered, turning to face the huge bay windows, staring out over the tops of New York’s buildings. Bucky wanted to talk more, but it was hard with his sexy sub on top of him. He flipped and put Tony on his hands and knees on the couch, fucking him roughly. Tony whined, grunting with every inward thrust, his hands digging into the fabric of the couch.

“Bucky...” He breathed, and Steve clenched his eyes shut, and stepped closer to the windows.

“I can come back later. I’m glad you aren’t the assassin again.”

“Okay... seeya later, Steve,” he panted and wrapped his arms around Tony’s smaller body, holding him tight. Tony gave a pleasured cry as the elevator doors closed behind Steve, the submissive rocking back into the thrusts.

“Pleasepleaseplease...!” He whined, “Bucky... needed you so bad... needed you...!”

“I got you now,” he said, biting into his shoulder, and shoving his knot deep into him, moaning into the blood welling up behind his teeth. Tony’s whine was so high pitched that it was nearly inaudible, and he came all over the couch cushions beneath him, gasping. His mind kicked into existence, and tears dripped down his cheeks.

“What did I...?” He looked around, but Steve was gone, gone... recently, within the last minute. His throat worked as he swallowed, feeling Bucky’s knot, so perfect inside of him, built for him alone, he hoped Steve wasn’t in too much pain. “I don’t care... if you remember me or not... if you remember anything...” He whispered, “...just don’t leave again...”

“I won’t. You’re mine and I’m not letting you go,” he said, gripping him in a tight hug, his face dirty now. Tony choked on a sob, turning his head to nuzzle against Bucky’s face, his hands shaking.

“I missed you... I don’t know what I’m doing, and everything hurts...they’re already so heavy, and I...you missed... so much, and I couldn’t stop it from happening without you...”

“Couldn’t stop what from happening?” He asked, rubbing Tony’s belly, kissing it softly. “I will help you carry them, and I will massage you... you massaged me before, right?” He smiled, glad he was remembering something. Tony nodded fast, lifting a hand to touch Bucky’s where it rested on his stomach.

“The pregnancy... I wanted you to be there for it... for all of it, you wanted it so bad, and I... but I couldn’t stop it from... happening without you.” Tears continued to slip slowly down his face,
“And...fuck... poor Clint... I... Clint must be in so much pain... and I don’t know how to help him...”

“I’m sorry I couldn’t be there... but I’m here now,” he nuzzled the back of his head. “Is Clint the one who lost his alpha? What happened?” Tony felt the knot inside of him slowly start to shrink.

“Coulson... that was his alpha...Coulson took a position as Director of SHIELD, which is... it used to be huge, but it’s small now, because most of their members were Hydra.” The sub shivered as Bucky pulled gently out of him, “You can’t be director of something that big... and have a mate. It’s a security risk. Technically, we shouldn’t be a pack, but we had to be... we all needed it.” Tony sat up, it felt so good to have the heat of Bucky’s seed inside of him, but he was exhausted.

“Coulson chose SHIELD over Clint, left him willingly... but not before he bred him.” Bucky growled loudly.

“Fuck... what a scumbag,” he snarled. “You realize he’s pretty much doomed Clint to being single forever? No alpha is going to take in a used omega, especially one that already has a child that doesn’t belong to them.” Tony nodded slowly.

“Except Steve.” He mumbled, “Steve was completely willing to...take care of the twins. A rarity.” The sub turned to look at him head on, dark eyes locking with Bucky’s, “But I don’t know if that was because of his connection to you, or... just how he is.” Bucky shrugged, and kissed Tony hard.

“I hope he finds a mate... someone to make him happy, not just fill a void.” The words ate at something inside of Tony’s chest, because that’s what he was, something to fill a void.

“Me too.” The sub whispered after a moment, lips tingling from the rough kiss, “What else do you...remember?” His gaze lifted to Bucky’s face, “About me? A...anything? I... you’ve been... wow, and...” He flushed, pressing a hand over his face, “It’s different, but the same.”

“Not much,” Bucky shook his head, “I remember... a robot spider?” he asked, Tony’s lips twitched upward in surprise.

“I built it right after you bonded me. I was... in the drop for half of it, and you left to...” The genius trailed off, dropping his gaze, “...you left to do something, and I was there, so I built this bot, and I fucked up her code so bad, because I was, well, essentially high, and she scratched me pretty bad.” Tony dropped his head against Bucky’s chest, “I couldn’t fix her until you came home.” Bucky chuckled and kissed Tony’s head.

“She was fucked up that badly, huh?” he asked, nuzzling his mate, who nodded.

“Yeah... I kept accidentally replacing code with the exact number of hours, minutes, and seconds until you’d said you would be back.” Tony looked away, toward the kitchen, “I want potatoes and gravy...” Bucky blinked, and then realized why.

“Oh, uh, like, for dinner, or right now?” He asked, not sure if this was a craving or... whatever. Tony flushed.

“Sorry, Uh... I don’t know. It just sounds good. Or... you know, banana bread? I don’t know.” He snorted, “I sound crazy. Pepper was so grossed out when I was trying to eat the other day...” The dom laughed.

“What were you eating that grossed her out so badly?” he asked, helping Tony into his pants, and then he pulled him into the kitchen.

“I don’t want to say.” Tony leaned against the counter, eyes locked on Bucky, as if afraid that
blinking would make his lover vanish. “Avocados and gravy…” His brow furrowed, “Or... or bananas? Or bacon and... bananas, and syrup?” The sub rubbed his goatee, “It’s strange... before, when we first bonded, you had a lot of... issues with my gender.”

“Why would I have issues with you being a boy?” He asked, snorting. that didn’t sounds like him. He remembered, even in high school he would sneak peeks of the other boys in the locker room. He got out some bacon from the fridge, and started cooking it on the stove with practiced ease. Tony inhaled, swallowing.

“You made me hold myself like…” He frowned, “...hold my penis up so you didn’t see it, and you had me wear some of Pepper’s underwear...and shave everything.” Tony swallowed, “Jarvis? Do we have caramel sauce?” He didn’t want to think about the possibility of not going through what he had with Bucky, because it had been so strange in the first place.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good.” He’d had the whole kitchen restocked while they were gone on their mission to find Bucky, everything was fresh and new. It was just about then that the smell of the bacon reached his nose, and Tony lurched to his feet, and bolted from the kitchen, hand over his mouth. He choked up what little breakfast he’d had, gasping, one hand on his belly in the bathroom. “Ew…” Bucky frowned, and turned the stove off, before following him into the bathroom, crouching and rubbing Tony’s back.

“I guess bacon is off the menu?” He asked, getting a damp cloth and rubbing it over the pregnant sub’s neck. Tony slumped back against him.

“I’m sorry... it sounded good…” He whispered, wiping his mouth, “The smell…”

“It’s okay,” he said, wiping down Tony’s face with the cloth, cleaning his mouth. “I’ll get rid of it and open a window.” The sub nodded slowly.

“I’m sorry.” Tony repeated softly, “I don’t know what’s going to set it off... all I know is that I threw up from one bite of bread the other day...and potatoes are still good.”


“Can I have caramel sauce instead?” His eyes stayed locked on the floor, afraid that he would have similar reactions to Pepper, “On the potatoes?”

“Jarvis said we had some, right? So sure you can,” he smiled, and petted him. “Let’s get you to your feet.” Bucky leaned down and grabbed him by his armpits, helping him stand. Tony leaned into him.

“I’m alright, the nausea goes away as soon as I, well, get rid of what’s in my stomach.” The sub shuffled into the living room, to wait for the bacon smell to be gone, curling up in the most comfortable spot on the couch. Bucky didn’t call Tony back in until the potatoes and gravy were finished... but sadly they were pretty burnt.

“Aah, sorry,” he bit his lip, and handed him silverware. “You don’t have to eat it if you don’t want to...” Tony blinked down at them,

“How did you... burn mashed potatoes?” He lifted his gaze to Bucky’s face, “I mean, I can make them, which is... a miracle, really, I think it’s because you just boil them…” Scratching the side of his nose, Tony scraped a heap of the burnt mush onto his plate, digging through the cupboards for
the caramel sauce, and pouring it on top. One bite in, and Tony closed his eyes and *purred* with pleasure. “I take it back. Only you get to make potatoes.”

“But I burnt them,” The alpha laughed, and sat down, smiling as he watched Tony enjoy them. “I’m glad you do like them though... I’ll try not to ruin them next time, they’ll probably taste better without char.” Tony stirred the caramel in, and took a few more bites, a little too quickly.

“No... I like it, I like the char.” The omega bumped his foot against Bucky’s, offering him a soft smile, before it hit him that Bucky still didn’t really remember him; That his Bucky wouldn’t have done half the things Bucky had, thus far, done since his return, like make him crawl in front of others. “You’re a good cook, Bucky... it’ll come back to you.” The alpha sighed, and scratched his head,

“You really think so? I mean... that chair is supposed to make me forget... not remember. You can really fix that?” He asked, biting his lip, Tony abandoned his concoction, and leaned up to nuzzle his face.

“It’s me. If there’s one thing I know, it’s math.” He tried to smile, “I can... if I can get a good idea of what makes it do what it does, then yes, I can reverse it.” Brow furrowing, Tony chewed on the inside of his cheek, “I won’t let you in it until I’m absolutely positive that it will do what it’s supposed to.”

“Okay,” he said, nuzzling him back, and wrapping an arm around his waist. “I trust you.” The words had Tony shaking against him, clinging to him.

“Hey... I love you.” His voice was quiet, but not hesitant, he would never hesitate to tell Bucky what he meant to him again, it had been so painful, to realize that he’d been in love with Bucky for months and not said it to him before that moment. Bucky's eyes were wide and he smiled, kissing him.

"I love you, too." Tony ducked his head, rubbing his face into Bucky's chest.

"I didn't say it enough... before... you said something about being a thousand percent sure, and I... I wasn't..."

Chapter End Notes

Talk to us! Not what you expected?
"Oh," Bucky muttered, "but you're sure you love me now? Even though I can't remember?" He asked; Tony looked up into his eyes.

"I love you, James Barnes." His voice was sure and strong, "I love you a thousand percent. A million percent. Please... don't leave me." He twisted, and bit gently into Bucky's neck, the angle showing his dom the mess of scarring that was his bonding gland. Bucky gasped, and immediately sank his teeth into Tony's neck, shuddering and groaning as their bond increased and renewed. The omega clung to him, knees going weak, as he sucked gently on Bucky's throat, trying to call a hickey to the surface. Bucky wrapped his arms around him, licking the scarred, bloody mess, pretty sure his lips would be permanently stained with Tony's blood. The sub gave up marking him back and closed his eyes. "Bucky..." He whined, the smooth bump of his belly pressed against his dom's.

"Yeah, baby?" He asked, smiling at him, and rubbing his mate's belly.

"Love you. Don't go." Tony whispered, tucking his face into Bucky's chest.

"I won't leave you, I promise," he said, rocking him softly. Tony shuddered, and nuzzled against him.

"I should... I need to finish eating." The dom nodded in agreement, and kept his arm around him as he picked up Tony's fork, and fed him little bits of potato and caramel at a time; Tony licked the tines of the fork clean, humming appreciatively. Bucky smiled and continued to feed him until it was gone.

"Good?" He asked, nuzzling him,

"Mm." Tony hummed, "That was so good..." He relaxed under his touch. "I'm so tired all the time, it's weird." The sub leaned into Bucky's chest, and his dom smiled.

"Why don't we go to bed? I'm pretty tired too," he said, kissing his forehead.

"Bed... we didn't have protein, Bruce will be mad." But Tony just shuffled toward the bedroom, yawning.

"I'll let you drink my cum, then you'll get protein," he yawned, following behind him; Tony knelt on the floor beside the bed, eyes innocent in their sleepiness.
"Really?" He asked softly, "You'll let me suck you before bed?"

"Yeah, 'cause you've been such a good boy for me," he smiled and gently laid his flaccid cock against Tony's face, the sub whined.

"You're not hard...?" He slowly sucked the soft head, toes curling, his hands behind his back.

"That's your job," he grunted, and felt himself twitch. The omega's face fell at that, Bucky had always gotten hard for him, from thinking about him, or the offers he made.

"Yes, sir." He whispered, and sucked on the dom's length dutifully. Bucky groaned softly, rocking his hips back and forth, not overly concerned about Tony's comfort in this task. The sub grunted as Bucky gripped his hair and pressed further forward, hardening swiftly, until the shaft was sliding down his throat.

"You're talented," he moaned, and started fucking his throat, his balls hitting Tony's chin; the omega's hands twisted behind his back, and he kept his eyes open, staring up at Bucky, the length in his throat causing tears to slide down his cheeks, but he kept sucking. "You fucking love my cock, don't you? Fucking suck it real good," he grunted, Tony tried to bob his head into the thrusts, to show his agreement, to admit that it was true. He swallowed convulsively around the cock in his mouth, his own was dripping pre between his legs, slick threading down his thighs. Bucky pulled out of his mouth, his cock thick and fully erect, "On the bed," he growled softly. Tony gasped in a few breaths, and climbed onto the bed, watching Bucky prowl around the edge, then his eyes dropped to Bucky's cock, bobbing, fully erect, and coated in saliva. The sub licked his lips. Bucky grabbed a tie out of Tony's closet, and gripped his wrists, pulling them behind the sub's back and tying them together. "Do you have a collar?" Tony nodded.

"Top drawer of your dresser... the black dresser..." It was full of collars, fancy, simple, chain, Bucky had bought a wide assortment throughout their relationship. Bucky turned and grabbed a thick, heavy one, one that wouldn't make Tony forget he was wearing it anytime soon with small studs that would cause a little bit of pain if he pulled the collar, to keep the sub awake and alert. He smiled and wrapped it around Tony's neck, humming softly. Tony inhaled sharply when he felt the studs, this collar was just like the second one Obi had made him wear, it was something Bucky had been hesitant about using. He forced himself to stay calm, this was his alpha, his mate, Bucky would take care of him. As soon as it was on, Bucky swatted his butt.

"Tell me what you want," he hummed and swatted his ass more constantly, but inconsistently, so that Tony yelped, rubbing his face into the bedding.

"B-Bucky... please...!"

"That doesn't tell me anything," he growled and slapped his hole, watching it leak and flex. "What do you want!?" Tony flinched, arching.

"Y-your cock, sir!" He cried, shifting his knees, glad that his belly wasn't very big yet, only really showing because he was having twins.

"Where do you want my cock?" He asked, rubbing the head against his rim; The sub whined, trying to push back against him.

"Please, sir, sir!" Bucky smacked his ass hard and pulled his cock away.

"How do you ask!?" Tony arched, crying out.

"Please, sir, fuck my ass, sir! I'm your slut, your whore, please, use me, sir!"
"Better," he said, grasping Tony's balls and slamming his cock fully into his sub, until the omega shuddered.

"Just a hole, sir... I'm just a hole for you to use, a hole for your cock!" He gasped out, toes curling.

"Only mine, my cum hole," he moaned, squeezing his balls as he fucked him.

"Yes, sir, only yours, sir!" Tony's voice still had a raspy edge to it from being choked. He cried out when Bucky's fingers gripped the ring on the back of the collar. Bucky gave a few small jerks, just enough to keep Tony focused and pull him from the orgasmic haze; Tony whined, half dropped, struggling to focus, "...sorry, sir." He didn't know what he'd done wrong, but he apologized nonetheless.

"You're being a good boy," he cooed, and felt his knot start pushing his rim, Tony shifted his arms, trying to find some way to support himself.

"Thank you, sir." Bucky pulled on the collar, keeping Tony's neck exposed as he nuzzled him, and his knot slipped inside. He thrust a few more times before his climax swept through him; Tony groaned as the sperm flowed deep into his belly. "S-sir!" He panted, struggling against the pull of the collar. The studs pressed marks into his bruised throat. Bucky smiled and kissed his cheek.

"Take all my seed, fucking breed you even more," he moaned, Tony gasped in a breath, shivering.

"Yes, sir." His voice shook. Bucky rubbed Tony's belly, and slipped out of Tony's hole when his knot went down, immediately replacing it with one of the colorful cocks just sitting out on the table. Tony whined beneath his hands, "Sir...?"

"You don't like this?" He asked, looking at him.

"I do... I do, sir. I'm just a whore. Just your whore." Tony shifted his hips, "It, only, if you could turn it?"

"You want me to turn it?" The alpha asked, gripping the base of the plug, and twisting it; Tony whined, hips jerking.

"Yes...! Sorry... it was pressing on something."

"Something... was it your prostate?" he asked, smiling.

"No, sir." Tony murmured, "This one curves slightly, you shifted while making it, and it curves, so sometimes it presses on..." He gave a soft cry as Bucky swatted him again.

"I didn't tell you to stop talking. What does it press on?" he asked, swatting him again; Tony shivered,

"Si-sir, it feels like the base of my spine, sir." He shifted his hips, rubbed his face on the pillow.

"We're going to have to be careful then, huh?" Bucky grinned as Tony looked up at him.

"Yes, sir." He whispered. The dom smiled and leaned down, kissing him softly.

"Such a good boy," he hummed, and fell onto his side, yawning and pulling Tony against him. Tony whined softly, shifting his limbs to get comfortable. He closed his eyes, breathing in Bucky's scent, and relaxing. The dom ran his hands over Tony's belly, and pressed his nose into his throat, passing right out, his mate laying still against him, if this was the price for having Bucky back, he
would pay it willingly. With that thought, he tuck his feet against Bucky's shins, and drifted into sleep.

The next morning, when Bucky woke up, he didn't immediately know where he was. He sat up, and looked around, his heart beat racing. Tony stirred, mumbling sleepily, and touched Bucky's leg. A second later, he was wide awake, crying out in shock as Bucky spun on him, going for the throat, just under the collar. Bucky's eyes were black, but when they landed on Tony's face, the color started to recede from them.

"Anthony...?" He asked, panting, leting go of his throat, and the sub dragged a ragged breath into his lungs.

"Sorry..." He wheezed, "Sorry... I'm sorry..." Bucky hugged him tightly, kissing his cheek.

"I'm so sorry, so sorry, I-I got confused..."

"It's fine," Tony whispered, rubbing Bucky's back gently, though his hands shook. "It's alright." Bucky inhaled shakily, and kissed his neck, hugging him tight.

"I thought I was somewhere else..." The sub nodded, collar jingling, and kissed Bucky's forehead.

"Would a shower help?"

"I don't know..." He muttered and sat up, rubbing his head; The sub followed his example.

"Okay, just breathe." Bucky nodded, and leaned into his shoulder, taking deep breaths, while Tony gently slipped his fingers through Bucky's hair. Bucky let out a soft whine, and nuzzled him.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony hummed, stomach growling. The dom smiled.

"You hungry?" He asked, and the omega nodded slowly.

"Yeah, I am."

"I'll make you something after I shower, okay?" Bucky smiled, "You can join me if you want," he said, touching a dirt smudge on his cheek. The omega scrambled out of the bed, and tucked his body against Bucky's.

"That's more like it." Tony smiled, voice hesitant, "The collar?" It was leather, the water would ruin it.

"Okay," The alpha said, and he removed it, smiling at the indents on Tony's throat. "Let's get cleaned up." Tony reached up to rub his bruised and painful throat.

"Bucky?" He asked quietly as Jarvis started the water, "I'll have to do press soon... say that you're back, and... talk about the pregnancy...?"

"Press?" His dom asked, raising an eyebrow at the sub, and looking at all the soaps, trying to figure out which ones were which.

"Um... newspapers?" Tony attempted, rolling his shoulders forward submissively, he handed Bucky the scentless body wash, and separated the shampoo and conditioner from the others. "I
own a company, Pepper is CEO, and I'm on... pregnancy leave from being head of R&D."

"You own a company?" Bucky snorted. "Well, that's one I've never heard before, but it is the fucking future, I guess anything can happen," he shrugged dismissively. "Do you build giant spiders at your company?" Tony flinched, eyes hurt, at the disbelief and disapproval in Bucky's tone.

"No..." He swallowed, waiting, but Bucky made no move to wash him, so he slowly took some soap and rubbed it over his skin, avoiding the bonding gland, "I build arc reactor generators... and energy savers, phones, computers, tablets, intellicrops..."

"I guess that's all future stuff," he said, "Just sounds like gibberish to me." Tony ducked his head, nodded.

"Yeah... the spiderbot... I was dropped when I built her, and they might use her to deliver messages and supplies in battle situations." He wet his hair carefully, then soaped it up too. Bucky started to wash his chest.

"What else do you do?" Tony bit his lip.

"I'm a superhero." He carefully rinsed his hair, then started on the conditioner, it was so strange for Bucky not to touch him in the shower, "I built a suit, like armor, and I can fly in it... Steve leads the team, you're on it, they all live in the tower, they're pack."

"That sounds pretty cool..." He muttered. "Steve used to be my only pack."

"Yeah... you've told me. But then you guys built the Commandos, and..." Tony rinsed the conditioner out. "There are two other omegas in the pack. Clint and Natasha. Clint's unbonded, his daughter Charlotte is fourteen months old. Natasha is bonded to Pepper, uh... who's my company's CEO." He didn't know if he should mention that she was his ex or not, and so left it for the moment. "Then there's Bruce, he's a beta, bonded to Thor... and yeah, he's that Thor. And... Sam Wilson stops by sometimes, but he's not really... we haven't pack bonded him."

"Hmm..." He snorted again, not really believing the thing about Thor. "Why haven't we bonded this Sam guy?"

"He's a veteran, and he's not ready to join a pack, or... get back into fighting. He helps us when he can, because I rebuilt his flight suit..." Tony stood awkwardly against the tile wall, unsure of himself, "Thor really is... he's got the hammer, he flies, he makes it storm..." An angry growl rumbled in the alpha's chest.

"If some fucking Norse god exists then where's our fucking god!?" Bucky shouted. "Why am I the one being punished!? What have I done!?" Tony flinched back against the tiles, eyes wide.

"H-He's technically an alien...!" Tony tried to fix the situation, inching toward the shower door, Bucky was unhappy. Unhappy with him. Being with Tony was punishment. "I'm sorry..."

"I never questioned it!" He said, his shoulders shaking. "Not when my parents died! Not when I went to bootcamp! Not when I joined the army! Not when I watched my brothers die before me, and not when Hydra captured us and we all thought we were going to die," he said, tears rolling down his face, "I was a loyal believer... why has he abandoned me!?" Tony stared up at him, he'd never seen Bucky like this, the mind of someone so young in his body, he slowly inched forward.

"Bucky?" He whispered, sliding his hands up into the dom's wet hair, trying to pull his head down, to comfort him. "He... we've got each other, right? And... and a pack... and babies on the way, we..."
we were happy." He wasn't so sure now. Had Bucky always felt this way, and just hidden it?
"We're soul mates." The alpha sniffed and wrapped his arms around Tony.

"Fuck, I wish I could remember you more... I'm sorry," he shuddered, while Tony stroked his hair.

"It's okay." He whispered softly, "It's okay, I've got you now. I don't believe in god, Bucky. But if he... made all those things happen, then maybe it was for a reason, like me surviving... what I have. Maybe it was so that we could be together...?" His felt his tears fall onto Tony's shoulder.

"Maybe..." He said, not entirely convinced, but he hoped it was true; Tony's shoulders slumped.

"I know I'm not a prize." He murmured, stroking Bucky's dripping hair back, "Let me wash you?" Bucky smiled softly and nodded, taking a small step back.

"I'm glad you're my mate." Tony looked up at him, sable eyes meeting the gorgeous green of his alpha's.

"You are?" He asked softly, stretching up on his toes to rub the softly scented shampoo into Bucky's hair. Bucky leaned his head down more, to make it easier.

"Yeah... you smell familiar, even if I don't recognize you... and I've always wanted my own family," he smiled, and rubbed Tony's belly. Tony's fingers faltered in his hair, and then he started to lather the soap in, fingers rubbing gently at his dom's scalp.

"I smell like you." Tony murmured, "You did a number on my bonding gland, I don't know if I'll ever stop smelling like you." His soft smile was evidence of how much he liked the idea of never smelling like another dom again.

"Good, 'cause I don't want you to smell like anyone else, especially Steve," he growled softly, and Tony sighed.

"Yeah, I got that." He nudged Bucky's head up, "Rinse." The assassin smiled and shook his head underneath the water, getting the soap out, as Tony leaned back, one eye twitching closed to avoid the soap, then shifted himself behind Bucky, rubbing the body wash over his broad back, feeling the tense muscles. He used the soap like lotion, and began to work through the kinks and knots. "You're all of our alpha, you know. Once you...and Steve hash it out that you're capable." He licked his lips, "You're the head alpha of our pack." Bucky frowned.

"Maybe... I'll let Steve stay alpha until I get my memories back," he said, and Tony whined softly, because that put him below Steve, on level with the other omegas in the pack, and it changed a lot. He knew Clint wouldn't treat him any differently, but instinct would have the rest of the pack lose patience with him quickly, pregnant or not.

"Yes, sir." He tried to remedy his mistake, because Bucky's happiness and health were far more important than his place in the pack. Bucky twisted his torso to stare at him.

"Just until I get my memories back... I can't lead a group of strangers." Tony nodded.

"I know. I'm sorry, I had a selfish moment." He leaned up, bumping his nose with Bucky's, apologetic. "I'm sorry." He focused on rubbing Bucky's lower back, "Can... uh... I know it's really early," Four am, to be exact, "But can we eat breakfast? I'm so hungry all the time... your kids are gonna be fat." The dom snorted and smiled.

"Yeah, let's go eat," he smiled, stepping out of the shower. Tony hesitated, then followed him, reaching for a towel. It was hard to focus with six feet of dripping muscle and metal standing in
front of him. But Bucky wasn't hard, a first, Bucky always got hard when they showered. *I'm not... attractive pregnant?* His brow furrowed, and he slowly rubbed Bucky down with a towel, and then himself, eyes widening when Bucky buckled the collar back around his bruised throat. Bucky smiled and kissed Tony's cheek.

"Put some underwear on, and then crawl to the kitchen." The omega nodded slowly, and opened his drawer, reaching for boxers, but Bucky's hand slipped past him, and handed him a pair of tight fitting briefs.

"Yes, sir." He murmured, tugging them on, and sliding to his knees to crawl.

"Good boy," he petted his hair, and walked into the kitchen. "Are you craving anything today?" he asked as Tony knelt beside the table; the sub was racking his brain, because his memory was telling him something about omegas using low coffee tables to eat at in the early nineteen hundreds.

"I... more potatoes? Maybe... maybe french fries?" He lifted his chin experimentally, if Bucky were treating him how Os used to be treated, then he wouldn't like it.

"French fries..." He said, looking through the freezer, and then he took them out, when he saw Tony's chin. He growled softly at him. The omega pretended not to notice the reason for the growl.

"Yeah... there're more potatoes in that cupboard." Bucky growled and came over, grabbing a fistful of his hair and forcing his chin down; Tony whimpered, eyes dropping to the floor, "I'm sorry, sir." That would take some getting used to, the forties had been a very different time for omegas.

"Do you want caramel?" he asked, massaging his scalp a little before moving his hand away.

"No, sir." Tony took a few deep breaths to combat the urge to drop into subspace, "Chocolate sauce...?" He requested softly.

"Sure," Bucky smiled and nodded, going back to make more potatoes and fries; Tony scooted over near the window, and pulled up a keyboard on the sheer surface, typing in 'Omega nineteen thirties' the results had him closing the holograms within seconds, shivering a little. But he was determined to obey Bucky, to keep him happy and safe. So he would go along with it. Bucky was watching him put of the corner if his eye, making his potatoes. "Didn't you say something about protein before?" He asked, and Tony nodded slowly.

"Maybe sausage?" He tried suggesting, but accidentally lifted his head. Bucky growled softly.

"Keep that up and the only sausage you'll get is my dick." Tony flinched.

"Sorry, sir." He swallowed thickly, "I forgot, I'm sorry." He settled his hands in his lap, and ducked his chin. That would take some getting used to. The dom huffed and went back to the potatoes, trying to not burn them this time, while Tony fidgeted, twisting his hands together, shifting uneasily on his shins; he wanted to get up, to lift his head, to saunter, and pull arousal from Bucky. When the food was done, including the sausages, Bucky set a plate down on the seat, so Tony could still kneel to eat, and Bucky sat besides Tony's plate, his own placed on the table; Tony stared at it, "Bucky?" He looked up without thought. Bucky pushed his head down, nearly into the food.

"You will eat," he growled softly, the omega whined.

"Yes, sir." He whispered, and dug into his food, "I was only going to ask for some salt." He couldn't help muttering. Bucky growled warningly, and handed him the salt. Tony dropped his
shoulders, jaw clenching, and sprinkled some salt on his food, stirring it around with his fork. The sniper took the salt back, and set it on the table, calming down a little as he ate; Tony glanced up at him, then shuffled sideways, reaching for his tablet, laying near the edge of the counter. Bucky started petting his head.

"Are you thirsty?" The question caused the sub to pause.

"Yeah." He answered, sliding the tablet off the table, and settling back on his shins. "I just needed my..."

"What would you like to drink?" Bucky asked, getting up, pulling a glass from the cupboard.

"Juice?" Tony snapped his chin back down, realizing he'd lifted it a second too late, "Sorry, I'm sorry." Bucky poured him a glass, and gave him a straw so he wouldn't have to lift his chin up.

"Maybe I should fuck you in front of the pack again." Tony hunched his shoulders, but didn't take the glass.

"I don't like to be handed things."

"Why the hell not? It's just juice," he said, sighing.

"It's a thing, please, just set it down, I'll drink it." Tony clutched his tablet to his chest, keeping his head, down, when he really wanted to push to his feet and sit at the table. His dom sighed, and put the glass down.

"When you're done drinking that, I want you to start on dishes." Tony's head jerked up.

"What?" He stared, "But we have cleaning service, and-" Bucky turned his head, staring at him.

"Do I need to repeat myself?" Tony went quiet, chewing his lip.

"I just don't understand why I have to do them when we pay someone to d-"

"Because I ordered you to," he snapped, growl reverberating in his chest, until Tony's jaw clenched.

"But it's silly because we pay someone to-!"

"I don't care! I told you to do it!" He growled, Tony bared his teeth.

"I don't w-" He trailed off, pressing a hand over his face, "Okay... fine." Bucky flashed his teeth at him as well, and relaxed back in his chair, picking up the paper Steve must have brought in after his jog. Tony scraped his fork through his food, shoulders tense. He took a long gulp of juice, and slid his finger over the screen of his tablet, reading about the ideals for omegas in the thirties and forties. It was the cliche perfect housewife trope. Bucky would, and did, expect him to do the dishes, clean the house, make the meals, when not pregnant, and crawl for him, especially when others were near. Bucky pushed the newspaper aside and rubbed his hands over his face.

"Did we at least win World War II?"

"Yes." Tony ducked his head, "We won it, yes. And... everything after that." He set his tablet down.

"What happened after that?" he asked, staring at him. Tony shifted.
"Um... Vietnam... it was televised, they thought... it caused a lot of problems, with the draft, and people being forced to go or put in prison." He chewed his lip, "And the Korean war... and... well, there's been a lot, but the latest, well." He sighed, "It should've stopped, we had no place in it."

"Vietnam?" He sighed. "Are we at war with anyone right now?" He asked.

"We still have troops in the Middle East." Tony grimaced, "We shouldn't, but we do."

"What are they doing over there?" Bucky asked, growling. "We should be at war with Hydra!"

"Yeah, well, try telling anyone in the Government about that." His sub replied, gritting his teeth. Bucky growled and clenched his teeth.

"So what do we usually do around here?" Tony looked up.

"Well... I usually work, I have a workshop a few floors down, and I build things, work on my suits... and we spend a lot of time on the communal floor with the pack."

"Let's go," he said, snapping his fingers beside his feet, waiting for him; Tony tensed.

"I'm not a dog, Bucky." He sat up, "Besides, you said to do the dishes, didn't you?"

"Hurry up," The alpha growled, getting impatient. Tony started to stand, but Bucky's hand stopped him,

"I don't have a short sink, Bucky." The sub glowered as his dom scooted a chair up to the sink, "Seriously? You'd rather me kneel on a chair than stand?"

"Yes." He growled, and handed him a dishrag. "Get going." Tony arched a brow.

"How do I get on the chair?" Bucky grabbed him by his arms, and lifted him up; the omega grimaced as his knees were pressed onto the seat of the chair. He sighed, and turned the water on, looking around for soap, "Soap... where...?" He leaned opening the cupboard, brow furrowing, "Ah... why is it down there?" Bucky got it for him, and placed it in his hands, Tony sighed.

"This..." He shook his head, and started awkwardly scrubbing the rag over the glass of the dishes. Rinsing them clean, he stepped off the chair, grimacing as Bucky gripped his collar, "I'm just trying to get down!" Bucky nipped at his throat.

"Let's go to the couch now," he hummed.

"Not the...shared floor?" Tony stumbled to his knees, crawling after him. "I thought..."

"Yeah, the shared floor, isn't there a couch in there?" The dom asked, and Tony bit his lip.

"And you want me to crawl the... whole time?" He'd seen his mother's callouses, on her knees and palms, from crawling for his father.

"Yes," he said, squeezing the hair at the base of the sub's neck.

"We don't... the others won't be...crawling..." Tony whimpered as Bucky's grip tightened, "Yes, sir." He crawled as best he could with the dom's hand in his hair, holding him like it was a leash. Bucky pulled him into the other room, and let him kneel on the bedding, sitting besides Tony on the edge of the mattress. Clint was wide eyed and he gripped his baby tightly; Tony nearly whined at the sight of them, Pepper with her feet kicked out, her high heels sitting on the floor, and she had
been stroking Nat's hair while the sub lounged against her side, sharpening a knife. A jerk on the collar had Tony jerking his chin down, eyes closed. "Sorry..." He whispered. He could smell the discomfort of his fellow omegas.

"Tony?" Clint asked, holding his daughter so she didn't try to run over. "Are you okay?" Tony's eyes flicked up, then back down.

"Yes." He said softly, voice still a little raspy, "Bucky? Can I hold the baby?" Bucky looked at them and nodded, observing the two omegas and the alpha. Clint shuddered and slowly let his baby go. Tony held his arms open, "Hey, little lady." He beamed, hugging her close, "How are you today, Char?" Pepper shifted, her relaxation gone, eyes dark enough that Natasha moved to grip her hand.

"Mr. Barnes, why is it that you have a punishment collar on Tony?" The CEO asked, Bucky snarled softly.

"That's none of your business." The brunette alpha said succinctly, Charlie cooed and nuzzled Tony.

"Ony!" The sub tensed at Bucky's tone, and tucked his nose to Charlotte's neck.

"Yeah... yeah, it's me, Char Char." He attempted, but Pepper was shifting as if to stand, and Tony tried to shift out from between them, "Clint, Clint, get her, get-!" Pepper straightened up, looking down at Bucky.

"Tony is my pack mate, it is my business if he's being mistreated." She bared her teeth, menacing behind scarlet lips. Clint took his daughter, and ran from the room into the elevator. He had become much more protective now that he was unbonded. Bucky stood up and growled loudly at her.

"Anthony is MINE," he snarled angrily.

"Tony is a human being!" Pepper snapped back, pupils eating her irises, Natasha was still gripping her hand.

"Pep..." The brunette omega whined, Bucky's hand on his collar, "I'm fine, I'm alright, Pepper, stop! I don't mind..."

"You don't mind!? Tony, have you forgotten about Obi!?" The sub flinched.

"Please..." Bucky stood in front of Tony, his eyes going black, and he started breathing heavily through his nose.

"I'm going to rip your fucking head off." Tony pressed his his feet, wriggling between them.

"NO! Bucky, no, please!" He pushed at his dom's chest, trying to ignore Pepper, who was snarling like a chainsaw behind him, "Please! Please... she's my friend...!"

"She's a threat!" He growled, pushing at his hands and gnashing his teeth at her; Pepper crowded against Tony's back, and the omega fought down panic.

"You two are fucking idiots!" He snarled, turning to push Pepper back, aided by Natasha, "You're going to fight? And over what!? A collar!?" But Pepper was too riled, too angry, and she ripped her arm free of Tasha's grip, just as Bucky shoved Tony out of the way. They clashed beside the pack bedding, and Tony held out his arms, calling the suit to his body. Bucky roared and bit at her arm,
gripping her biceps tightly; Pepper slammed her forehead into his face, growls ripping from her chest, as metal plates covered Tony's body. "TASHA! WE HAVE TO STOP THEM!" He yelled, but Bucky's gaze flicked to him, and his expression alone had Tony falling to his knees, dropping into subspace. Pepper twisted free of his grip, and went for his throat, Nat trying to pull her back, but she refused to give up the fight. Bucky snarled and shook his head, slamming into her body and pinning her down on the ground with his metal fist.

"You are no match for me!" He growled, Pepper kicked and squirmed beneath him, still snarling, but he was right, even with Extremis; Natasha was raising her knife, eyes deadly, when Steve's dominance swept through the room, rending them all still and silent.

"You've made your point, Bucky. Let her go." Steve's eyes glowed gold with his strength, the energy he gathered from his pack as Acting alpha. "Her life is not required. She won't interfere again." Bucky's eyes lifted to Steve's and he growled loudly.

"Fuck you Steve," he growled, squeezing her neck.

"I am your alpha, James Barnes. I will not allow you to kill a pack mate." Steve's voice was still calm, "If you kill Natasha's bonded, she would have rights to kill yours." Bucky immediately let go of her neck, snarling angrily and nuzzling Tony's head. Tony slumped against him, the armor hadn't covered him completely, his head was uncovered. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Pepper... get up..." He whimpered, Tasha was already pulling her domme up, gently kissing her bruised throat, before they vanished into the elevator after Clint. Was this, then, the price of having Bucky back? Losing everyone else? Bucky stopped growling once they were gone, and he nuzzled his sub's cheek.

"I love you," he hummed. Tony slowly let the armor slide off of him.

"I love you, too." His voice was quiet, and he kept his head down, even when Steve stepped closer.

"I think it would be best if you stayed on your floor awhile. We're all on edge, and what just happened will only make it worse."

"Fine," Bucky growled softly and left, wrapping his arm around Tony and leading him away. "I wasn't going to kill her, you know..." Tony's shoulders shook, he barely noticed that he was walking, just stumbled along against Bucky's side, swimming in the drop still.

"Friend." Tony mumbled, "Pepper is... my friend... my... family..."

"I know, I sensed that you cared for her, but I needed to put her in her place," he growled softly.

Chapter End Notes

Oh ho ho.
The Time We’re From

Chapter Summary

Happy Friday.

Chapter Warnings: Rough dominating sex, revelations, possessiveness, Real marking, I mean...you'll see, I'm not writing it down, because it'll give it away. Just...Bucky does a very claiming thing, and it's an issue.

Downstairs, Clint had locked himself in his room with Charlotte, protecting his daughter from everything and anyone. Steve gently knocked on his door,

"Clint? Are you and Charlotte alright? The danger is over." Clint got up from the floor with Charlotte, his heart pounding dangerously as he opened the door. He let out a soft whimper as his heart started to hurt and he rested his head on Steve's chest, Charlie in between them. Steve gently rubbed his palms over Clint's back. "Hey, shh, it's alright." The archer closed his eyes tightly and took a deep breath, shaking. He was trying so hard to be strong for himself and Char, but omegas weren't meant to do this alone. "It's alright, Clint. It's alright. I'll protect you." Steve murmured softly, nuzzling Clint's hair, "You were so smart, to leave with Charlotte, good boy." The sub shuddered and whimpered softly, biting his lip and trying to hold his tears back.

"Thanks..." He said, slowly pulling away, and nuzzling his daughter's face. "I-I appreciate it." Steve gave a gentle nod.

"If you need anything, Clint, you can come to me." He smoothed Clint's hair back, offering him a smile, "I've had Jarvis clean the fight scent from the shared floor. Bucky and Tony are back on their floor, Pepper and Nat are on their own floor, as well. Bucky won." They all knew what that meant, no one could question Bucky's treatment of Tony unless Thor or Steve challenged him and won. Clint frowned and nuzzled his chest again.

"Can you... become alpha permanently?" He asked, frowning at the alpha.

"I don't know if I want to." Steve sighed softly, rubbing his fingertips over Clint's scalp. Clint removed his head from Steve's fingers.

"Ohh, okay... I'll just..." he shuddered and turned to go back to his room.

"Clint?" Steve followed after him, "What did you mean? I thought you meant of the entire pack, but you're offended." He paused at the bedroom door, watching Charlotte toddle into her nursery for books.

"I did, I don't want an alpha who could hurt my daughter!" He snarled, and shivered. "I already know you don't like me..." Steve frowned.

"I care about you a great deal, Clint. You're going through a rough time, and I didn't want to make it worse. If you had invited me in... neither of us would have known if we truly cared or if we were using the bond breaking to our advantage. As for Bucky, he would never hurt Charlotte on
purpose." Steve's eyes tracked the one year old as she carried a few books out to Clint. "Bucky... needs time. He's acting like it's...the time we came from." Clint petted her hair, and sat on the bed, taking the books.

"I know... I know he needs time, but at what cost?" He asked. "Who is he nearly going to kill next? And I saw the way you eyed Tony... I know you wanted him." Why would he want Clint instead? Steve pressed a hand over his face.

"When a dom takes care of a sub the way I took care of Tony..." He closed his eyes, "You get attached, it's instinct, but Tony and Bucky are soul bonded, and that need to have... claim is fading every hour." He dropped his hand, then blinked when he felt tiny fingers wrap around one of his. Clint watched Charlie hold Steve's hand.

"I don't want you to do this because you feel you have to... I've been unbonded for a while. I'm okay."

"I'm not doing anything I don't personally want to do. As for Bucky... he feels insecure, he doesn't remember a lot. Pepper tried to pry into his methods and they started a fight together." That made him feel even worse, knowing that if Steve hadn't gone after him yet, he wasn't going to.

"I know that, I was there for that part," he held back a growl. He didn't want to scare his daughter; Steve sighed.

"Clint... you just got out of a bond with... him. Neither of us would know if we were only compensating." He ran his fingers through his hair, "It's been three days, Clint. You're not over him yet, and it wouldn't be right for me to pursue you." He looked at Charlotte, "I attempted to, when you were pregnant with Charlie, but you didn't want me. I'm going up to make lunch, if you're hungry, please come up." He turned, and stepped from the doorway, heading for the elevator. Clint watched Charlie try to follow after him, giggling as she toddled towards the elevator. Clint looked up at Steve, and watched Charlie try to follow after him, giggling as she toddled towards the elevator. Clint sighed, and picked her up, kissing her head.

"I don't know what to do, Charlie... I thought he was only with me 'cause I asked." Charlotte patted his face, then squirmed, reaching for a book.

"Dadadadada..." She trailed off, "S'ebe?" He bit his lip and whined, pressing his face into her shoulder.

"I don't know..."

"Ono." She echoed, laying her face against his and yawning. He smiled and chuckled, kissing her cheek.

"Are you hungry?" He asked, tickling her tummy. He could let her sleep later if she was.

"Ungy!" She exclaimed, wiggling in his grip, "Ony?"

"I dunno, pup, we'll see if Tony is there," he kissed her cheek again and walked into the elevator, taking them up.

Tony trembled on the couch as Bucky thrust into him, rough and fast.

"Sir?" He whimpered, a swat making him jerk. Bucky snarled loudly, he was still mostly in **fight** mode.
"Fucking keep your mouth shut, unless you're begging for more!" He growled, Tony flinched, and buried his face in the arm of the couch, shaking, his hands were bound behind his back again, and he knew his ass was probably bruised. Closing his eyes was a bad idea, his brain flooded with memories of his vicious first dom, the sting of a belt coming down on his back. He tried to hold his panic down, not wanting to make Bucky any more angry. "You're fucking mine and no one will try to tell me how to treat you!" The dom smacked his ass again; Tony couldn't stop the yelp that left his mouth, and he curled his toes.

"Yes, sir." He whined, struggling not to let the tears free, even as Bucky pulled him back and up by his collar. Bucky snarled and bit deep into his throat, knotting him and relaxing a little, his black eyes draining back to the way they were; Tony gasped in shuddery breaths, his sore, bruised rear pressed to Bucky's hips and thighs, his body perched in the dom's lap, head back, arms smashed between them. His throat burned, from the bite, and the pull of the collar, but he didn't speak, even as the last hazes of subspace dropped away. Bucky pulled his teeth out, and licked his skin.

"Are you okay," he asked softly, nuzzling him.

"Yes, sir." Tony muttered, because at least Bucky was alive, right? At least he hadn't killed Pepper. "I'm gonna rip your fucking head off." Tony bit back a whine at the echo of Bucky's voice in his head, hands shaking and twisting in the leather cuffs Bucky had pulled out of the collar drawer.

"Sh, calm down," Bucky hummed and nuzzled him, kissing his cheek. "Are you in pain?" Tony thought about lying, but it wouldn't do any good.

"Yes." His voice shook, and he swallowed thickly; the inside of his throat felt like it was full of sandpaper. The dom blinked and looked at him, licking his lips.

"What's hurting you?"

"My arms are getting smashed, and... my throat hurts." Tony muttered, closing his eyes, trying to calm his heart. Bucky looked down and undid the cuffs.

"I can get you some water after my knot goes down," he said, and the omega slowly shifted his arms in front of him, rubbing his wrists.

"I... yeah, okay." He twisted a little, and nuzzled his face against Bucky's throat, scenting him. Bucky hummed happily and nuzzled him back.

"I love you, so much."

"I love you, too." Tony murmured, rubbing his belly, "I'm hungry..."

"Yeah?" He grinned and kissed him. "I'll make you some food, what do you want?"

"Chicken?" Tony requested softly, "And... and maybe some potatoes and...?"

"Uh, sure," he smiled. "If you come with me, you have to crawl." Tony slumped against the couch, feeling the soft shift of the knot deflating.

"Yes, sir." Tony muttered, "Can... sir? Can I work today? On the chair?"

"Yeah. I don't want to be in the same room with it though," Bucky shuddered, and bit his lip. Tony slipped off of his knot and turned to kiss him softly.

"I... it can wait..." He murmured, not wanting to be apart from Bucky yet. He had missed his alpha
so much, and could still remember how terrible it had been to be without him. "I can start tomorrow." The dom nodded.

"Okay," he beamed and pulled his knot out, standing up. Tony whimpered softly, shifting his knees until he was supporting himself.

"Bucky?" He murmured, looking up at him, his chin lifting before he could remember to keep it down. Bucky gripped his jaw and pulled him into a searing kiss before pushing his jaw down again. Tony bit his lip, "I... sorry." He climbed down from the couch, wincing, his rear was sore and bruised, his knees red from crawling on the carpet.

"Temptation on all fours," Bucky murmured, and smacked his ass, before walking ahead of the omega. Tony hesitated.

"Didn't Steve say to stay on our floor?" He whispered as Bucky lead him out of the elevator on the communal floor. Clint was waiting patiently for his food, his daughter sitting in his lap; the brunette sub whimpered, looking for pants, anything, to cover up with, "Bucky, I'm naked... the baby is here and I'm-" Bucky grunted.

"Go back and put on the underwear I picked out for you, then come back down," he ordered, going into the kitchen and staring down at what Steve was making. Clint tensed up tightly and whimpered, keeping his head down, and his arms tight around Charlotte; Steve shifted his body between Clint and Bucky, settling grilled cheese and tomato sandwiches onto plates, a bowl of applesauce and a plate of chicken nuggets for the baby.

"Clint, here you go," Steve settled the food for Charlotte and the sub before him. "Bucky? Why are you down here?" The blond alpha arched a brow, as Tony crawled out of the elevator in only a collar and briefs. Clint handed Charlotte a chicken strip, and watched the scene unfold, too nervous to eat. Bucky grunted,

"Making food for my mate," he said, grabbing the potatoes.

"You have a kitchen up there." Steve frowned, and Tony slowly crawled to kneel next to Clint's chair.

"Clint?"

"But no potatoes," Bucky said, grabbing the peeler. Clint looked at Tony, his eyes wide with fright and crazed with protective pheromones; Tony scooted away, head down.

"I'm sorry." The genius looked away, "...Bucky? Why... why don't we take the potatoes up to our floor?"

"I thought you wanted to be a part of this pack!?!" The alpha growled angrily, the omega flinched.

"I do... I do, Bucky, I'm sorry." Tony kept his head down, docile, submissive. His dom growled and started dumping potatoes in the pot; Clint stood up and in one arm he held Char, and the other was Char’s dinner, his own food left on the table.

"Thank you, Steve," he said quickly and he began to walk out; Tony began to shake, and Steve hurried to pick up Clint's plate.

"I'll walk you to your floor."

"Are you sure?" The archer asked, relaxing a little. "You should keep an eye on Bucky and Tony..."
"I can't interfere," Steve sighed, carrying the plate into the elevator. "I'm sure." He rubbed a hand up Clint's back, glancing back at Tony, Clint shivered and leaned against his hand.

"Sir? You're really... angry." Tony whispered, and Bucky sighed.

"I don't like being confined to one floor." Tony nudged against him, wrapping his arms around Bucky's leg.

"I... okay, but you're acting... in a way that makes the confinement seem necessary." He squared his shoulders as Bucky gripped his hair in warning, "Think about it, you fought with Pepper, you're snapping at Steve... you made Clint and Charlotte feel uncomfortable." The assassin frowned. "Am I... really so different from last time?" he asked; Tony ducked his head.

"Its funny, I used to say you weren't rough enough. You are now." He lifted his eyes, "It's okay... I'll fix the chair and you'll remember. Steve said you were sassy, in the time you remember... that you two insulted each other..."

"That was before I knew he had his cock inside of my mate," he snarled and Tony gritted his teeth, growling back, low in his throat, when Bucky's grip tightened in his hair.

"So... because he helped me stay sane, you're going to treat a whole pack that follows your lead like shit?" He kept his stare boring into Bucky's eyes, "That's big of you."

"I don't know anyone but Steve, and I know how things worked in the forties! I'm freaking the fuck out that I'm fucking alive!" Tony reached up to grip Bucky's wrist.

"Jarvis, pull up every video and image of me and Bucky. Lock the floor."

"Yes, sir. " The AI answered, and pictures and videos coated the windows

"We've been together nearly two years." Tony slowly pressed to his feet, ignoring the unhappy smell Bucky put off, "Here... this is the first picture of us. We passed you off as a bodyguard. It worked." It was the picture Jarvis had created. Next was the one Bucky had released onto the internet that had so riled Pepper. Tony splayed out, bruised, marked, owned... Bucky's suit-clad body visible. "We were on a jet to Malibu." Bucky stared at the image of Tony, licking his lips. "You look more marked now then you did then."

"You were still a little... overly gentle." He let Bucky grip his ass, "Then there's..." He hit play on the first video, and it was him and Bucky, just curled up together on the couch. He'd scoured the video feeds for it, and found this moment. They laughed every once in awhile, watching something funny on tv, happy. Most of the pictures after that were similar, "You made me smile a lot... really smile." He wasn't kneeling in any of them. He paused on one, he was plastered against Bucky, their mouths together, in the lab, eyes half lidded. "You saved this one." The alpha stared in awe at the picture.

"You look more marked now then you did then."

"I am." Tony murmured, "But you were still a little... overly gentle." He let Bucky grip his ass, "Then there's..." He hit play on the first video, and it was him and Bucky, just curled up together on the couch. He'd scoured the video feeds for it, and found this moment. They laughed every once in awhile, watching something funny on tv, happy. Most of the pictures after that were similar, "You made me smile a lot... really smile." He wasn't kneeling in any of them. He paused on one, he was plastered against Bucky, their mouths together, in the lab, eyes half lidded. "You saved this one." The alpha stared in awe at the picture.

"So... why am I so angry all the time? I don't look angry."

"You weren't." Tony whispered, playing the video of him doing yoga, Bucky's voice lifting in gentle commands, Tony's features flushed with pleasure. "You're... angry now. And I don't know why." The dom sighed and shook his head.

"I don't know... I'm just hurting and I feel threatened."
"So we stay in our home..." Tony stopped the video, "...but you don't like that. Hmm." He was surprised Bucky hadn't forced him down, and then he pulled up a grainy picture, one he'd stared at often, of them. Tony was grimacing in obvious pain, Bucky holding him up, supporting him, in the midst of a destroyed New York. Bucky flinched, and rubbed at his chest.

"Is that when...?"

"Right after. We were finally winning." Tony whispered, "I would have been fine, but you..." He whimpered, starting to shake against Bucky's body, "...fuck." Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony, kissing him.

"I would say I'm sorry, but I wouldn't have done it any other way," he hummed.

"You... they took you... they dragged you away, and I couldn't get to you in time...!" Tony's breathing was labored, painful, his chest heaving with it. "I couldn't... I tried!" He wrapped himself around Bucky's body, "Why aren't you freaking out about your arm being metal...? I..." He pressed kisses to Bucky's face, whining. Bucky kissed him back and he shrugged.

"I don't know. I figured it was normal, considering the technology today..." Tony buried his face in Bucky's chest.

"I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy." The sub promised, nuzzling the bare skin, "Whatever it takes." Bucky nuzzled his head.

"I love you, Tony... Let me make your food," he grinned and went back to the potatoes; Tony leaned against the window, his eyes following Bucky.

"Half the team thought you were dead... I love you so much... and... they kept saying..."

"...that I was dead," he sighed and stirred the potatoes. "I want to be a better alpha." Tony slipped over and knelt near his feet.

"You're a great alpha."

"You just said I was angry, I don't want to be angry anymore!" Tony hunched his shoulders.

"I make you angry, Bucky. I just did." He sighed, sitting on his heels, "It's me. So... maybe... if I weren't with you when you spent time with the others, it would be better?"

"I-I don't know," Bucky sighed, and put a lid on the potatoes, Tony swallowed.

"It's worth a try. Tomorrow... I'll work on the chair and you go spend time with the pack... maybe Bruce and Thor, to begin with?" The alpha nodded and kissed Tony softly.

"I'll try to get along with them." Tony leaned up to make the kiss easier.

"Please."

"I'll try," he said again with a smile, and nuzzled him, rubbing the sub's back; Tony lay his head against Bucky's knee when the alpha straightened back up.

"Thank you." Tony murmured.

"You're welcome," he promised and sighed. He wanted to be the kind alpha that he used to be; the omega stretched, yawning, and crawled over to the couch, curling atop the plush cushions. Bucky sat besides him, petting his hair.
"The potatoes?" Tony looked up to ask.

"Shit," he said, running to the potatoes, which were burnt again, to the omega's obvious delight.

Steve bounced Charlotte on his hip, doing the dishes one handed in Clint's kitchen.

"Was that a yummy lunch, Charlie? Hmm?" Clint smiled as Charlie giggled, and he ate his sandwich.

"You know, I can do that, you don't have to."

"I don't mind." Steve beamed down at Charlie, kissing her forehead. Clint grinned and smiled, eating happily.

"You ever been with a man before? In a real relationship?" Steve shook his head, shifting Charlotte so he could lean against the counter,

"I've never been in a real relationship."

"Never!?" The omega gasped and stared at him. "Why not!? You're fucking hot!" He said, and then he quickly shut up. The alpha's cheeks flushed.

"Well, I... thank you," He smiled wryly, "I loved this alpha, Peggy... but we only ever kissed once, and then I was frozen for... and Nat kissed me on a mission, but only to avoid being caught by Hydra... people don't like PDAs, and... well, I just haven't found anyone. I would have stayed with Tony, because Bucky asked me to care for him..." He shifted Charlotte higher in his arms, kissed her nose, and stepped into the living room, "He... I feel bad that I didn't realize how good of a person he is sooner. And I've always wanted kids. But we weren't right for each other regardless." Clint shrugged and smiled at Steve,

"So what kind of an omega are you looking for?" Steve slowly settled onto the couch, ruffling Charlotte's hair.

"I'm just looking for a person, Clint. A person who..." He looked down, submissive, embarrassed, "...who is like you. I thought maybe, when you were pregnant, that you asked for my help because you liked me, but then you asked me not to tie you, and... and I don't want to pressure you, it hasn't been very long." The sub blushed and nodded.

"Yeah, I'm not ready to be tied... but maybe we can start small," Clint muttered. He wanted Steve's scent around, and maybe small kisses. "This is a package deal though," he said, looking at Charlie; Steve's lips slowly spread into a breathtaking smile, eyes lifting to Clint's face. He hugged Charlotte against his chest.

"I wouldn't want it any other way." He practically purred, "Would you... would you come closer?" Clint breathed in deep, and slid closer until their knees were touching. He reached his hand out, and rubbed Char's back. He desperately didn't want to be hurt again. Steve slowly slipped his fingers into Clint's hair. "Hey, we won't bond, Clint." He held up a hand when Clint opened his mouth, "Not for awhile. People rush into bonds, and I don't want us to be rushed, okay?" Clint beamed and nuzzled his shoulder, leaning into his hand.

"That sounds amazing."

"It does?" Steve slipped his arm around Clint, "Good. That's... that's good." He closed his eyes,
feeling the omega at his side, the child in his arms, like a dream he'd had all his life. "Thank you... even if it doesn't work, thank you for giving me a chance." Clint just smiled and relaxed, now at least, he knew his daughter would be safe.

Bucky waltzed into the living room where Bruce and Thor were sitting, and he stared at them; Bruce tensed, but Thor's arm squeezed his waist, and he settled. "Hello, Bucky." The beta offered.

"Can we help you?" He'd seen Pepper's throat, before the extremis had healed the bruises, and he had no desire to see Thor and Bucky fight each other.

"Anthony wanted me to try to get along in the pack," he huffed and sat on the opposite couch. Bruce arched a brow.

"Anthony?" He knew Tony hated being called by his full name, but he wouldn't cause problems, "We were just going to watch a movie. Where's Tony?"

"Working on reversing the effects of the chair," Bucky muttered, and turned his head to the screen. "I've seen Wizard of Oz."

"It is one of my mate's favorite films." Thor said sagely, leaning to kiss Bruce's hair, the beta closed his eyes, enjoying the touch. It was strange to think that he had once been nervous of being with Thor. The alpha was gentle and kind, and, true to his promise, and Tony and Clint's words, he'd grown used to the dom's size.

"You're not going to sit with him while he works?" The beta asked, inching his eyes open reluctantly, to watch the movie, "Usually you do."

"I don't want to see the chair," he growled softly, staring at the screen.

"Understandable." Bruce murmured, falling silent.

"Brother, we meant no offense, your anger toward us is unfounded." Thor rubbed Bruce's shoulder. "We are your pack, we mean no disrespect or harm toward you." The stressed alpha lowered his eyes, and sighed.

"I'm trying to be better," he muttered.

"You are allowed to have issues, Brother." Thor offered, "You are doing very well, considering the perils you have endured. I have known many who did not make it through such trials." Bruce stroked Thor's bicep. Bucky snorted at being called brother, and he ran a hand through his hair.

"Yeah, but I'm not supposed to nearly kill a pack mate..."

"You are overwhelmed and unsure. And having your methods questioned by Anthony's former alpha must have been stressful." Bucky's head snapped up.

"What!?" He growled and stood up, his eyes turning black and his breathing getting heavier. "Fuck, I should have killed that bitch!" Bruce pressed to his feet.

"Bucky, wait, calm down! It's been a long time, she left him before you two got together, she-!"

"No!" The dom snapped at him, and growled, knocking over a table, a lamp smashing to the
ground. "Fuck! Who the hell else has fucked my mate!?" Bruce's skin tinged green, and Thor stood swiftly.

"What does it matter, Brother? He is yours without doubt or argument. What use is it to harm him over his past?"

"I don't remember my past! I don't remember him! How can I trust her!?" he said, not calming down, but he didn't understand the reason why Bruce was green.

"Because you trust Anthony! You trust your mate! Would he do such things to you?" Thor exclaimed, and pulled Bruce against him, "Shh, my love, be calm." He murmured, stroking his hair, "Shh, do not panic." Bucky snarled, but calmed down a little, shuddering. He licked his lips.

"Fine," he said, huffing; Thor continued to stroke Bruce's spine, until the beta calmed.

"She did not treat him well, they fought often, I am told. And you and Anthony are soul bonded. He would not betray you." Bucky's anger drained out of him, and he rubbed his face.

"Sorry I freaked out..."

"It is understandable," Thor kissed Bruce's face, the beta relaxed against him. Bucky sighed.

"I'll go check on Tony," he said, walking away from them. When he stepped into the lab, Tony was nursing a heavily bleeding scratch on his arm, teeth gritted, a portion of the chair gutted before him. Bucky greeted him with a low growl, emotions flaring, "What did you do!?" Tony glowered.

"There was an exposed screw. I didn't do it on purpose!" He grabbed his first aid kit, ripping open an alcohol wipe, "It's not that bad."

"Give that to me," The alpha said, sighing and taking the swab, gently swabbing the area. The omega sank into a chair.

"Sorry. I didn't see the... it was sticking out, but I don't think it's dirty or anything."

"It doesn't look too deep," Bucky said, putting the bandages around his mate's wound, and Tony quirked his lips.

"Yeah, it's just a scratch, it just bled a lot." The sniper nodded, and sighed.

"There you go," he smiled. "Do you want some help?" he asked, staring at the chair.

"You are many things, but an engineer? No." Tony smiled, and leaned to nuzzle at his dom's neck, "How was it with Thor?" Bucky nuzzled him back and sighed.

"I found out you were with Pepper before me." The sub leaned back,

"And? So what?" He attempted to project nonchalance, "We didn't work... she left me for Nat, and... well, we didn't work. I still don't know how you and I manage, I'm an awful sub." Tony rubbed a hand over the bandages, "I always get some kind of scratch when you've been gone."

"He didn't say that at first, all he said was that you had a previous alpha." He bared his teeth softly, and Tony frowned.

"Calm down, I've had two previous alphas, but I never bonded Pepper. My first alpha I was seventeen, and he ripped me apart on a daily basis until I was worthless. Pepper... was just frustrated with me constantly, it's not fun to have an omega who acts like a beta." His words drew a
snarl from Bucky.

"So I'm your third alpha?" He gritted his teeth, and Tony flinched.

"Bucky..." He dropped his eyes, "...you didn't used to care..." Now he just felt as if Bucky thought he was a whore, just like everyone else did. "I... Obi claimed me when I was seventeen, he... tried to have me killed, and I... well, he died instead. Pepper... was all I had, and dating seemed the next logical step, but we never bonded..." Bucky was still growling, eyes feral; the dom snarled and clenched his fist.

"I'm tired of hearing about your other alphas, you're mine!" He growled and stood up, "Come with me, now!" Tony slowly stood.

"Where are we going?" Tony asked, twisting his hands together behind his back, but his stance was hardly submissive.

"I'm getting you branded," he said, dragging him to the garage when he was met with a bunch of cars he didn't recognize; Tony froze.

"What?" He stared at his alpha, taking a step backward, trying to pull his wrist free of the alpha's grip, "Bucky, what are you talking about?" But the dom's hand closed around the collar, and Tony stumbled, "Bucky, wait! Please!"

"Drive to the nearest body art shop," he said, pushing Tony into the car. Tony stared at him.

"Bucky..." He gripped the door handle, "Look, I haven't- I won't-" But the alpha's look had him buckling his seatbelt and turning the car on. His teeth clenched as he pulled out of the garage, eyes locked on the road. "Why?" He whispered, knuckles white from the force of his grip on the steering wheel.

"Because I want to be the only one to touch you for the rest of our lives," Bucky said, and the omega's shoulders slumped.

"But the pack, Bucky... the pack, we have to bond with them, or..." Tony slowly parked in front of a small tattoo shop, his hand on his belly.

"We can bond later," he said, not concerned as he helped his pregnant sub from the car, and led him inside; Tony hesitated, then dropped his chin as Bucky tugged him through the door.

"Hello, how can I help ya?" A rugged man with only a few tattoos himself greeted them, "Lookin' to get inked? We got a few open chairs, unless you wanna wait for Chuck, he's doin' a back piece." Tony backed up a step, but Bucky's grip on his neck was strong and secure.

"Is Chuck a better artist than you?" Bucky asked, his head held high, showing off his power.

"All of our artists have different styles, Chuck's style is... he's good at tattoos that resemble watercolor paintings. Chelsea is best at lettering. I'd say I'm best at black and white tattoos." He gestured to the art on each station, "If you'll take a look, these books have photographs of the tats we've each done."

"I know what I want. Bring Chelsea forward," he hummed and led Tony into the depths of the shop, helping him into a chair, and giving him a look that promised punishment if he resisted. Tony gripped his hand,

"Bucky... please." He whispered, looking at him, "Please."
"You'll be okay," The alpha said, kissing his head. "And when we get home, you're going to engrave the same thing in your suits." Tony's hands clenched into fists, and a slim beta woman slipped into a seat beside the chair.

"Hey, how's it going?" When Tony didn't answer, she looked to Bucky. "What did you want done?" The dom smiled, and it was terrifying with his eyes so dark.

"I want my name written across his collarbones. James Bucky Barnes." Tony's eyes snapped up, and Chelsea hummed.

"Collarbones... that's a painful spot. He'll have to take his shirt off." Tony swallowed.

"Bucky, you... uh, your middle name is Buchanan... remember?"

"I've never liked Buchanan." He wrinkled his nose, and gripped the bottom of Tony's shirt, pulling it up. "Bucky is fine." Tony tried to stop him.

"Bucky, wait, please...!" But Bucky had already tugged the thin tee off his body. Tony tried to cover his scarred chest as Chelsea handed Bucky a book of different fonts and lettering.

"Here, pick out a font, and write out your name out, just to be safe, and I'll shave the area." Tony's eyes snapped up, and Chelsea hummed.

"Don't touch anymore than you need to," he growled loudly, and went to work, looking at letters. She snapped rubber gloves on,

"Sir, please put your arms down." Tony slowly lowered his arms, chest heaving, as she looked at his scars, "The scarring could be a problem, scars don't hold the ink as well. If we do it right against his collarbones then... it shouldn't hit the scars." She carefully ran the razor over his upper chest. Bucky watched her, and showed the style he wanted, and his name; "Good," She slowly sketched out the letters on transfer paper, then smoothed it over Tony's chest and peeled the paper off. "Look good to you?" She asked Bucky, Tony was tense and rigid in the chair, but he knew better than to argue with his dom. Bucky's eyes were still dark.

"Yes," he said, humming happily, and taking Tony's hand. He was pissed, not non-compassionate; Tony shook his hand free, looking down at the lettering, it was almost gothic, elegant, and dark, with swirls and patterns. Chelsea set up her gun.

"Just black?" She asked, "No colors?" Her hands lingered on the ink selections as she settled the black inkwell on her tray.

"Yes," Bucky said, imagining it on the gold and red suit he had seen Tony in. She settled her tattoo gun against Tony's chest, and the omega's jaw worked as he clenched his teeth. The gun buzzed to life, and he couldn't hold in a whine of pain as they needle pierced his skin. He curled his hands into fists so that Bucky couldn't hold them. Closing his eyes tightly, he steeled himself for the continuous pain that was to follow, he could handle this. Chelsea worked diligently, inking in the letters in thick black ink. Bucky watched to make sure her hands didn't stray.

"You'll be okay, Anthony," he said,

"I was okay before you decided I needed ink embedded in my skin." Tony growled as Chelsea wiped his skin clean with a wipe, and taped saran wrap over the tattoo. Bucky growled at him, and helped him out of the chair.

"How much?"
"Sixty. It took less than an hour." Chelsea handed him a paper of instructions for care of Tony's tattoo, but Tony was tugging his shirt back on, his scent full of anger, irritation, and beneath that, sadness. Bucky ignored the scent, handed her the money and took the papers before leading Tony back to the car.

"You can continue working on the chair when we get home." Tony slammed his door, glowering.

"Right." He muttered, wincing at the press of the seatbelt on his sore skin. Bucky sighed and shook his head.

"You'll get used to it."

"I don't have a choice," Tony grunted, shoving the seat belt under his arm to keep it off his chest, "I thought we were partners, but I'm just property to you." He started the car, cutting into traffic.

"I never said that," The dom snarled, his fingers scratching at the interior.

"You branded me like cattle!" Tony snapped back, "I'm an object to you, just like I was to Obi!" He clenched his jaw shut, he wouldn't say more, it wasn't Bucky's fault, it was his own fault for not saving his mate soon enough, for letting Bucky get wounded in the first place. Parking in the garage under the tower, Tony shoved his door open, head down. Bucky didn't understand, he just followed him to the lab, and watched him. He was treating him like a normal alpha would... Tony dug into the chair, hissing whenever anything brushed his chest, irritation and hurt building, but beside that was guilt, it was his fault that Bucky wasn't himself, he deserved whatever Bucky gave him. He pulled out wires, and ripped panels off, hooked the connected computer to Jarvis, and recorded information until he couldn't think anymore, two months twenty-seven days sixteen hours ten minutes and fifty three seconds, his brain reminded him, that was how long Bucky had been tortured, he deserved pain. Bucky watched on.

"Did you bring the mouthpiece?" He asked after watching for several hours.

"They brought everything." Tony muttered, gesturing to a nearby work table, "Look, I don't think I need the chair, I think... all I need are these panels and the computer they used. It's... I backed up everything on it, I think maybe..." He scratched at his chest, wincing.

"Don't scratch," Bucky growled softly. "And... okay. Whatever you think is right." Tony's hand dropped.

"It itches." He muttered, crossing his arms across his lower chest, eyes slipping closed, "I don't want to mess the... machine up."

"Do what you have to," Bucky said, rubbing his face; Tony hunched his shoulders, and that was when Jarvis spoke.

"Sirs, Captain Rogers is approaching."

"Bucky," Steve nodded to the alpha respectfully, "Tony, it's been hours since you've eaten." Bucky nodded at Steve, and then looked at a clock.

"Fuck... I'll make him something," he said, standing up. Steve held up a hand.

"I made dinner for everyone, if you two would like to join us?" He asked, keeping his head high. "Tony? Is something wrong with your chest?" The sub dropped his hand from his chest immediately.
"I'm fine." Bucky smiled proudly about Tony's chest, and clapped Steve on the back.

"Haven't had your cooking in years. What did you make?"

"It's not boiled, I'll say that much." Steve laughed back, "Steaks and baked potatoes." He grinned when Tony perked up at that, "You should get him changed," Tony's shirt was stained from the work he'd been doing.

"He just needs to take off his shirt and he'll be fine," he hummed; Tony tensed, brow furrowing.

"Bucky, I..." He trailed off at the dom's look, Steve frowned, looking between them.

"You want him to eat shirtless?" The blond clarified, arching a brow, and Tony swallowed thickly.

"That seems to be the idea." The sub muttered, and then he lifted his head, cocking it to the side, "You smell like Clint..."

"Ah, yes, well..." Steve looked away, cheeks slightly flushed, "I spent some time with him and Charlie today." Tony wet his lips nervously, glancing at Bucky.

"I really... have to take my shirt off?" The sub murmured, and the dom's nod had his chin dropping.

"Yes, sir." He grumbled, pulling the shirt over his head; the noise that Steve made didn't help. The blond turned to stare at Bucky.

"You had him tattooed?" Ignoring the blond's words, Bucky sniffed Steve, smelling the omega, and Steve's happiness. He grinned and nodded.

"Yes, I wanted everyone to see," he hummed, "You seem happy." Steve struggled to keep his smile on, and Tony stared at the floor.

"Tattooed with your name... no one was trying to take him, Bucky." He sighed, "The food is getting cold." The brunette dom pursed his lips,

"I don't care... I wanted him to have it," he said, nuzzling Tony and going up to get food with them; Tony made to step out of the elevator, but a growl from Bucky had him sliding to his knees, humiliation tinging the edges of his scent. The table, surrounded by his pack, fell silent at the sight of him, eyes latching onto the dark tattoo, the reddened skin around it. Bucky sat beside Clint at the table, making the omega tense and make a small distressed sound. Bucky snapped his fingers and pointed besides him; Tony's lip trembled, and he slowly crawled to kneel beside Bucky's chair, eyes closed.

"You branded him..." Pepper rasped quietly, tears gathering in her bright eyes, "He loves you, he'd never do anything to hurt you, can't you see that?" She sniffed, and pressed a hand over her eyes. Nat shivered, and nuzzled her mate, swallowing. Tony winced at Pepper's words, and lay his head on his dom's knee.

"Tattooed with your name... no one was trying to take him, Bucky." He sighed, "The food is getting cold." The brunet dom pursed his lips, "Clint? Would you mind if we switched seats? I wanted to talk to Bucky." Steve reached to touch the sub's shoulder as he spoke. Clint let out a soft sigh of relief, and he quickly moved out of his seat. Bucky growled softly at Pepper, and he wrapped his hand around Tony's jaw and throat possessively. The omega winced, tilting his head submissively so that Bucky would relax, and Pepper had to look away, tears spilling down her cheeks. Steve lifted his gaze to Bucky's, "Buck, eat, okay? So that Tony can eat? He needs to feed those kids, huh?" The assassin smirked at the thought of his kids, and he nodded. He filled up his plate, and made Tony one as well, setting it on the seat cushion.
"Enjoy," he petted Tony's hair, and he started eating, while Tony picked listlessly at his meal; even his cravings for potatoes weren't enough to make him hungry. Pepper pushed her plate aside, and left the room, crying silently, and guilt bloomed anew in Tony's chest as Nat followed her, and Bruce struggled against his anger and sadness. Thor's eyes held an unimaginable sadness. Bucky continued on like nothing was wrong, and in his eyes, there wasn't. He was acting like any typical alpha, a good one. Thor settled his hand against Bruce's lower back, trying to calm him as Tony chewed listlessly at his baked potato, before looking up.

"I'm fine." He attempted, "Clint? I'm okay. You'll tell Pepper, right? That I'm fine, that I'm not hurt or-?" Clint bit his lip and nodded, shoving another bite of potatoes in his mouth.

"I'll go after I'm done," he said, his eyes flicking to Steve. The alpha had not only made them all dinner, but he gave him dinner. Clint could fend for himself, but it felt nice to have an alpha cook for him... them. Steve slipped an arm hesitantly around Clint's waist, and Tony's eyes dropped to the floor again, he would not pity himself, he had to take whatever it was Bucky decided to give him. Clint smiled and continued eating, relaxing against the Captain. Bucky continued to pet his sub as he ate, his touches soft; Tony eventually just pushed his plate away, and huddled against his dom's thigh, closing his eyes.

"Bucky," Bruce spoke after their plates were nearly clean, Charlotte playing with her potatoes, "I need to do a prenatal on Tony, make sure the babies are alright, time their hearts. Can we do that tonight? You can listen for their heartbeats."

"Yes," he said, rubbing Tony's back softly. "That sounds exciting." Bruce nodded slowly.

"After dinner, then." His voice was soft, and Tony arched into the touch on his back, breathing slow. Bucky beamed and smiled happily.

After dinner, they went down to the lab, and Bucky helped Tony up onto the examination table; Tony lay back, and Bruce slowly leaned over him, eyes flicking over the tattoos, before he gently settled the cone-like stethoscope against Tony's belly, pressing and listening, before moving it, "Ah, there's one." He slowly leaned back, taking the doppler, and rubbing gel over Tony's belly, before he touched the mic to his skin. A quick wooshing heartbeat reached their ears. "Going strong." Bruce murmured, smiling. "Now, let's listen to the other." Bucky beamed proudly when he heard their heartbeats and he kissed Tony happily.

"Okay." Tony had his eyes closed, focusing, on the quick thudding of their tiny hearts, as Bruce held the doppler to the other side of his belly. Then the beta gently measured Tony's belly from hip to hip, and then from the bottom of his ribs to the top of his pelvis,

"You're growing just right for twins, Tony." At Bruce's words, Bucky smiled and nuzzled his mate.

"You're such a good boy," he hummed. "My strong mate." Tony shivered.

"Strong, yeah." He murmured, as Bruce rubbed at his belly, feeling for abnormalities.

"You're doing fine. Are you taking your prenatal vitamins?" The sub flushed.

"Uh..." When Tony didn't say anything more, Bucky stared at him and started growling softly.

"Jarvis, put his prenatal vitamins on a timed schedule, and inform me if he doesn't take them." Tony's hesitant smile, pulled into being at the sound of the twins' heartbeats, faded.
"Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?" Jarvis asked, and Tony fixed his pants and climbed off the table. He hummed and rubbed his hand up Tony's belly.

"I'm glad they're healthy." Bruce nodded.

"Did you buy a solution for his tattoo? To clean it so it won't dry out?" Bruce asked softly, Tony leaned against Bucky, head down, docile. It frightened him how easy it was to fall back into his behaviors from Obadiah's training, but he would obey his dom. Bucky nodded.

"Yeah, I bought all that stuff at the tattoo shop... I don't know how to use it though."

"Ah, they should've given you a paper saying how to do it. Why... why exactly did you take him? Did he want this?" Bruce kept his tone soft and conversational; internally, he was shocked by Tony's posture and behavior. He'd never seen the sub that... well, submissive before. The alpha snorted.

"He's mine. I don’t want anyone to have him ever again, and now, with my name on him, if he ever got captured, hurt, stolen or if he ran away... all those would know who was coming after him, or who would protect him," he said strongly.

"Stolen..." Bruce shuddered, "...that was awful." His words had Tony rubbing his face into Bucky's chest, distress clear in his scent.

"I'm tired."

"Wait, did that actually happen!?" The dom asked, wrapping his arm around Tony, and nuzzling him hard.

"He was gone a week. They took him just as his heat was starting, right after you two decided to try for kids." Bruce whispered, "Hydra had him. We destroyed their ship, and..." Tony was trembling, eyes glossy.

"They're dead?" Bucky asked, calming down. As long as the perpetrators were dead. The alpha petted his head and kissed Tony softly, "Shh, it's alright baby, I got you."

"They're dead. All but the one who ordered it done." Bruce muttered, and Tony tried to climb into his dom's arms. He pulled his sub into his lap, and nuzzled his head, hugging him tight.

"I will kill him for you," he said to his mate.

"Like Hammer..." Tony's voice was barely audible, and he curled his limbs in close, clinging to Bucky's body. "...can we go to bed? I'm so tired..."

"Yes," he said to both, and lifted Tony in his arms, kissing his forehead as he carried him to bed. Tony curled tightly against him.

"Don't go, please?" Tony requested, eyes worried.

"I'm not going anywhere," The alpha said, nuzzling him, and setting him down on the bed. He gently took off Tony's clothes, and then his own. Tony scooted closer, shivering, and Bucky's arms wrapped around him, cutting off his terror and loneliness, like Steve's shield against bullets.

"Thank you." He whispered, "I love you. I missed you so much." Bucky was right, he would get used to the tattoo. Bucky smiled and kissed his throat.
"I love you too. Sleep well, my mate." The dom murmured, and his omega wriggled down against him, closing his eyes, and inhaling Bucky's scent.

"I'm sorry for how I acted today. I'm sorry I had mates before you. I'm sorry I let you get hurt before."

"It's not your fault," he kissed him softly. "It was wrong of me to think you would wait for a man alive in the forties..."

"I... everyone thought you were dead, I didn't know to wait." Tony whispered, "If my dad had been alive when we bonded... he'd have been pissed." He looked up into Bucky's eyes, but it wasn't insolent or disobedient, the line of his throat exposed. "If I had known... there still wouldn't be a guarantee that I'd have waited." Bucky frowned at the hard truth, and looked down.

"Your dad wouldn't have liked me?"

"Howard Stark? No, I'd bet he would've tried to push me into Steve's bed." Bucky growled angrily at that.

"I would have stolen you back."

"I wouldn't have wanted to go with him." Tony muttered, "But dad? He made plans and... then those were the plans." Bucky hugged him tighter against his chest.

"Can we stop talking about Steve, please...?" Tony fell silent, guilt permeating his scent, apologies screaming from his eyes. Bucky kissed him gently, and then closed his eyes, trying to sleep. The sub fell into slumber surrounded by Bucky's scent, hands spread out over the thick muscle of his dom's chest.
Whatever He Asks

Chapter Summary

Hey guys! Spiffy here, I'm posting chapters for most of this week, so bear with me, I'm not so good at this XD Tonystarktastic tried to teach me how to keep the italics but . . . I'm so bad with computers haha. I was going to post at midnight, but I didn't get home until midnight, so you get it now XD

ANYWAY, chapter warnings, Uhm, rough sex, needy pregnancy, emotions? Let me know if I miss anything. Lots of OC's

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

How Tony looks with bruises and tattoos.

This and this are NSFW, links to two other pieces I did for this section of the story, where Tony's belly is still small.
In the middle of the night, Bucky started having nightmares. They started out subtle with just some grunting, some talking, but then his hands started moving. Tony jerked awake when Bucky's hand smacked, hard, into his cheek. His eyes snapped wide when he inhaled a noseful of unadulterated panic from his mate, and terror enveloped him for a long moment. Were they being attacked!? And then he realized what was happening as Bucky squirmed against the blankets, and he took a risk, straddling his alpha's arching hips.

"Bucky," he said sternly, "Bucky, wake up, James Barnes, open your eyes!" He gripped the struggling dom's wrists and kissed his chin, nose, and cheeks, "Wake up, you're home, you're safe, Bucky." The dom struggled, feeling the weight of straps holding him down, the pokes against his skin, the loud noises around him, and he fought harder, until he realized that the voices were calling out to him... he relaxed a little and opened his eyes, panting hard. Tony locked their gazes, holding Bucky gently. "Hey, hey, you're safe, you're alright." He murmured, stroking Bucky's hair, "It's okay." He kissed the dom softly on the mouth, feeling the cold sweat on Bucky's skin. "Shh, I've got you." A whine escaped the alpha’s mouth as he relaxed and rubbed his hands over his face, wiping away sweat off his brow and upper lip, when he saw the darkened skin on Tony's face.

"Did I hit you?" He asked, gently reaching up to touch his skin.

"I'm fine." Tony murmured, catching Bucky's hand, "I bruise easily." He forced a smile, and leaned down to rub his nose against his mate's. "Are you okay? That seemed like a pretty bad one." Bucky shuddered and nozed him back.

"I-it was... I'm having trouble remembering... I think they made me kill our pack... and then they froze me... and I was trapped in my mind." Tony choked.

"That's... oh..." He lay his body down on Bucky's chest, kissing his jaw, "I've got you, I won't let that happen." He whispered, "I promise. I've... the tower is way better protected, and..."

"And you've been kidnapped before," he said, hugging him, and nuzzling his mate's beard. "Please Tony... I don't want to hurt anyone anymore." Tony shuddered.

"I've been kidnapped probably twenty times in my life. I'm alright. You're not... you aren't hurting anyone."

"Everyone's afraid of me," Bucky muttered. "I'm sorry..." Tony kissed him gently.

"Hey, they aren't afraid of you." He nuzzled against Bucky's chest. "Clint is... he's got a baby, so he's nervous, and... and Bruce is mostly just trying not to Hulk out." He tried to explain; Bucky frowned.

"Hulk... out?" He asked, tilting his head.

"Uh, yeah. Bruce is the Hulk, well, becomes the Hulk. Big, green, rage monster. Once levelled a large portion of Harlem." Tony kept talking, because it seemed to be helping. It was helping to an extent, now he was more curious than afraid.

"So that's why his skin was green when I saw him... I thought it was weird lighting."

"Nah, he really... turns all crazy. Hulk's an alpha, too. Which is odd, because Bruce is a bet-mm..." Tony's words devolved into a contented hum as his dom kissed him, warm and sweet. The kiss lasted fairly long, Bucky only pulled away to catch his breath again before peppering his lips with a few more small ones. Tony's cheeks were flushed, and he kissed back enthusiastically, whining...
when Bucky pulled away. A second later, Tony found himself on his back, his dom settled between his legs, one hand on Tony's belly. Bucky leaned down and nuzzled the belly with his nose.

"We need to start thinking of names soon," he said, pressing a finger into his mate's hole, happy to find it slick and dripping for him. Tony whined, arching against the bedding.

"We h-have six months..." He panted, hands sliding into Bucky's hair, he wondered vaguely what time it was, but then a second finger nudged at his entrance, and he stopped caring. The alpha hummed and nodded.

"So you haven't thought of any yet?" He asked, surprised that the sub hadn't, though he knew it would be hard to think about now with him spreading his hole open.

"J-Jamie..." Tony gasped out, "...for a g-girl?" He spread his knees apart, whimpering, "And... and James for a boy... after you...?" He flushed, embarrassed. Bucky stopped at that, and stared at him.

"Are you serious?" He asked, beaming and he kissed him hard. "I'd be honored if we could name him James... and Jamie sounds beautiful." Tony licked into Bucky's mouth, keening.

"Really?" He whispered when Bucky leaned back, and a third finger breached him.

"Yeah," he beamed and pressed his fingers against Tony's prostate. "Though... for a girl... what about Antonia?" Tony stared at him.

"Are... are you sure?" He asked, gasping, his hands tight on Bucky's shoulders. He smiled and nodded, kissing him hard.

"It's a beautiful name." The dom hummed; Tony cried out as his body jerked from the fingers twisting inside of him, panting against Bucky's mouth, his hips rolling. "Wanna fuckin' breed you with more kids," he panted, and licked over Tony's nipple, causing the sub to whine.

"Yes... yes, Bucky, please!" He bucked against him, arching, "Need you, need your cock, Bucky, need-!" The alpha gave a hard suck on his nipple, and swiftly replaced his fingers with his cock, stretching his rim wider; Tony swallowed thickly, hands twisting in the blankets, as Bucky drove into his body.

"Big..." He breathed, "...you're so big... never got used to..."

"We'll work on it," he panted, and kissed him hard as he bottomed out.

"Have been..." Tony trembled beneath him, and leaned up, nibbling Bucky's bottom lip. "Feels so good...!" He groaned when the dom pressed his arms above his head, and started to pull back, the thick cock spreading his passage open as it pulled almost all the way free. Bucky let out a loud moan, and then he snapped his hips forward, crying out in pleasure as he slowly started pulling out again. Tony's legs jerked. "Oh... oh fuck... Bucky...!" He cried, the slow drag of Bucky's cock pulling out wound him up tight, and then the dom would slam back into him, fast and hard, leaving him reeling with pleasure, only to torture him with slow withdrawal again. This went on until Bucky himself couldn't handle it anymore, and proceeded to fuck him like an animal, hard and hungry for orgasm; Tony whined as his head hit the headboard, and Bucky's hips hammered into his thighs and ass, feral and wild. The dom's hands slide down to his thighs, pushing his legs up higher, and ramming into him until Tony jerked and twitched through an internal orgasm, head thrown back. He hissed.

"Tony, you're so tight!" He moaned and kissed at his exposed neck, nipping at the darkened bruised skin. A strangled moan left Tony's clenched teeth, and he thrust up against the dom, eyes
"Need... your knot... stretch me out...!"

"Fuck, stretch you so wide!" He cried out, and forced his knot in, gasping out as it was wrapped in a tight heat, and exhaling a moan as he came; Tony squirmed against him, his own cock still achingly hard.

"Haven't... had one of those... in awhile..." He gasped out, sliding his legs down to wrap around Bucky's waist.

"What?" He asked, not sure what Tony meant as the alpha stroked his mate's leaking cock.

"I came... but... but inside..." Tony licked his lips, toes curling, as he shifted beneath the dom's hand, ",...internal... orgasm... only you... make me... do that..." He was exhausted, from the lack of sleep and rough sex. Throat constricting, Tony whined as he spattered Bucky's hand, and his own chest, with cum.

"Wow," he smiled, his chest swelling with pride. He grinned, and nuzzled his mate, kissing him softly.

"I thought... they were a myth before you." Tony relaxed into the bedding, reaching up to stroke Bucky's face with shaky hands. Bucky closed his eyes and relaxed into his hand, humming happily.

"I love you." Tony breathed, smoothing his mate's hair back. "Can we go out for breakfast? To a restaurant? I promise I won't start a brawl."

"I wouldn't let my pregnant mate start a brawl," he chuckled and kissed him. "Of course we can go out."

"I don't do it on purpose," Tony smiled, and for a second, he almost forgot that Bucky didn't remember. Then Bucky frowned.

"Tony, you will NOT start a fight if we go out," he said thickly.

"I just said I wouldn't," Tony's smile faded, "we can stay in... I'm sorry... I don't do it on purpose, and it wasn't... I know it was my fault, and you got hurt, and..." Bucky frowned and put his hand over Tony's mouth.

"Stop... we're going to go to breakfast and enjoy ourselves, okay?" Tony flushed, and nodded slowly.

"Okay." He murmured; Bucky smiled and kissed him again before slipping out.

"Jarvis... what should I dress Anthony in?"

"Sir can wear whatever he feels comfortable in, though looking presentable is important." Jarvis offered, "Might I suggest dark jeans and a long sleeved shirt?" Bucky made a face at that.

"I don't know... if that's what he wants..." he said, getting out of bed, Tony looked up at him, trying to gather strength, though his limbs felt like noodles.

"I can wear whatever."

"If we're going into public, its probably the only way we'd get privacy," he said, and Tony blinked.

"Hmm? I go in public in jeans all the time." He yawned, "Jarvis, what time is it?"
"Five forty three am, sir." Bucky rubbed his eyes.

"Are you hungry or do you want to sleep more?"

"Uh... do you like donuts? Because I bet Randy's donuts is open, and if it's not, I can make it open, and we can get donuts." Tony tried to suppress another yawn, he knew how hard it was to go back to sleep after having an attack like that.

"Uhh, yeah, donuts are good," he yawned loudly and tugged on a long sleeve grey shirt. Tony crawled out of bed, and stood to rest his forehead between Bucky's shoulder blades.

"I love you." He murmured, "I love you, I love you." Bucky smiled and turned around, hugging him tight to his chest.

"I love you too." Tony didn't purposely close his eyes, but within seconds he was sound asleep, standing up, wrapped in Bucky's arms. Bucky chuckled and kissed his mate's head, "Back to bed then." he said, getting in bed in nothing but a gray shirt. Tony didn't stir, just breathed deep and slow, comfortable in his dom's embrace. Bucky stayed awake, just rubbing the sub's back.

"Oh..." Tony groaned, wriggling out of Bucky's arms an hour later, darting for the bathroom, and hunching over the toilet, gagging. "Oh..." his voice was barely a whine as he wiped his mouth, and flushed the sick down the toilet, "I... what happened? We were gonna get do-don..." He yawned widely.

"Wow," he said, rubbing Tony's back. "Yeah, you fell asleep in my arms." The omega yawned again.

"I did? I'm sorry..."

"It's fine," he smiled. "The donut place is probably open by now, if you still want to go." Tony nodded slowly.

"Let me rinse my mouth, and then we'll go, okay?" He stood up, slowly, ignoring the soft growl Bucky gave him for it. Bucky grunted when he was in the bathroom, and stood up, pulling on some boxers and pants. The omega leaned over the sink, rinsing his mouth, before he stepped out of the bathroom. He headed straight for his dresser, pulling out a slightly ragged AC/DC shirt, and a pair of jeans. Bucky let him wear whatever he wanted. He had been pushy lately and he figured Tony would be happy with the shirt with weird letters.

"Ready?" He asked as Tony slipped his newly socked feet into shoes.

"Yeah." He yawned again, and shook off the last calls of sleep, and nudged his body against Bucky's side. "We gotta clean the tattoo soon. And the plastic can come off."

"We'll do that when we get home," he said, kissing his head, and walking him towards the garage. "I need to learn how to drive one of these cars." Tony gave a soft happy sound at that.

"I can teach you." He kissed Bucky's shoulder, and smiled, "But not now, donuts now." The dom chuckled and kissed his forehead.

"Alright," he hummed, and got in the passengers seat; Tony rubbed his eyes free of sleep, and dropped into the driver's seat, turning the car on.
"Have you driven any car before?" He asked, as they slipped smoothly out of the garage and into the bare flow of traffic. Tony smiled, he had come out in the mornings a lot before, when he didn't sleep, the lack of people had appealed to him.

"Yeah, in the war, they taught me how to drive so I could transport men or senior officers if I needed to."

"Well, as far as I know, not much has changed. Though a lot of my cars are automatics, and that's easier, because they shift on their own." He glanced at Bucky, "No clutch." Was the explanation he gave, before merging onto the freeway.

"Really!? That's amazing... no flying cars, though?" He asked, chuckling.

"Well," Tony snorted, "Nah, my dad never perfected that, I did when I was... six, but he got really mad and ripped up my schematics." Bucky growled.

"You should try again."

"It just... didn't seem worth it. It wasn't my dream, I think it would unnecessarily complicate the roadways. Can you imagine having to regulate airspace for cars? And then, do you have to have a pilot's license to drive?"

"Yeah..." he wrinkled his nose at that. "Sounds complicated."

"Right? I said as much, and... solved his math, fixed his mistakes, and that... well, he was mad." Tony shrugged, "He liked me even less, most of the time, when it became clear I wasn't a beta."

"I think it's amazing that you've accomplished so much," he nuzzled him; exiting the freeway, Tony slowed to a stop at a red light.

"I have, but... you're so upset by the thought of anyone having touched me, and... so many have... but telling you about it before just made you hold me. Now..." He glanced over at Bucky, "telling you I lost my virginity to my father... that, his business partner bonded me after he died... that Hammer used me... until you came and took him out... that a group of Hydra men sent you a live video feed of them using me through my heat... you seem to get angry at me, instead. And that's okay, because it was my fault, all of it." Bucky frowned, pissed and upset.

"I don't blame you for any of it... You're amazing, Tony. I love you, despite your past."

"It was my fault." Tony cocked his head, pulling forward as the light changed. "If I'd been born a beta, like I was supposed to, then dad wouldn't have..." He sighed, "You should blame me."

"Well... I don't. That's almost like saying, 'If I had been born German, maybe I could have helped save more people in the camps.' I don't blame myself for not being born German... and I don't blame you for being born an omega." Tony's hands shook on the wheel, and he slowly pulled onto the side of the road.

"Sorry... pregnancy makes me all... emotional." He breathed, pressing his forehead to the wheel, eyes closed, and taking deep breaths.

"It's okay," he smiled and rubbed Tony's back. "You're being a good boy." The sub choked on his breath at Bucky's words.

"I am?" He whispered, "I... I feel like I'm just letting you down since you came home." Bucky grinned.
"I feel like I've been letting you down since I came home..." Tony's eyes flicked up to his face.

"What?" He laughed, wiping his eyes, "No, you... you haven't, if you want to... do more, then that's still not letting me down, Bucky." He shrugged.

"I don't know what I'm doing different... and I know you and everyone else is pissed at me for getting you tattooed..." Tony turned the car off.

"To me... to me it felt like you were saying I was going to cheat on you." He sighed, "And that I was property. I pretended to be a beta most of my life, Bucky. The last few years have been... so strange. And you're... a lot rougher than you used to be, I don't mind, it feels good, but in this age, subs aren't forced to crawl. We have jobs, we build, create, a lot of us don't do dishes..." He forced a smile at that, "I've never... it's been hard to... crawl in front of the pack." Bucky stared at him.

"I didn't know that... I apologize." The omega hesitantly reached for his hand.

"No, it's...it was what you wanted, so I did it anyway, but it's not really a normal practice anymore." The dom squeezed his hand, feeling stupid.

"So... what are the normal practices?" He asked as his hair blocked his eyes. Tony rubbed his thumb over Bucky's hand.

"Usually... we're pretty close to equals." He smelled the tang of annoyance from that, and shook his head, "But... but if you could just...not make me crawl in front of our pack, then I'll be good, I really will..."

"Fine... you don't have to crawl anymore," he smiled softly and kissed him. "Or do dishes," he teased and chuckled.

"Oh thank god, I'm terrible at that, I was scared we were all going to get sick." Tony snorted, "Besides, we have a cleaning crew who does that. They vacuum, and sweep, and mop..." He shrugged, not mentioned that this ‘clean up crew’ was comprised of robots, and pulled Bucky's hand up to his face, nuzzling the palm. Bucky scratched his jaw softly.

"Maybe I'll just have you make the bed, then," he smiled. Tony laughed, it was true, no one came into their private room.

"I think I can do that." He grinned, "If it weren't for my father turning me into a beta, I'd have gone to school to learn how to please an alpha, and do housework, and raise kids. If people had known what I was, I wouldn't have gotten to go to MIT, no matter how smart I was."

"You seem to do fine pleasing me," he hummed, and rubbed a hand over Tony's nipples.

"Do I?" Tony murmured, legs falling open unconsciously, tilting his head back, "We'll never make it to the...donut shop..." Bucky hummed and kissed his neck.

"Donuts and then sex. You need to keep our kids healthy." The omega looked down at the bump of his belly.

"Our kids," He murmured, lips quirking in a smile. "Once, we were both nervous about this... the very thought of having children. We've been so messed up..." The alpha smiled and rubbed his belly.

"At least we kind of know what not to do in child rearing." The omega flashed him an answering smile, and turned the key, guiding the car back into traffic.

"Yeah." He muttered, eyes on the road, "Mostly."
“It’ll be okay,” The dom nuzzled him, “We’ll be pretty good parents.”

“I know you will.” But Tony’s shoulders relaxed, and he felt reassured, calmer, as he parked next to the drive up window of the donut shop. Bucky squeezed his hand, and kissed his cheek.

“Why don’t we order donuts for the pack as well?”

“That sounds great,” Tony beamed, rolling down his window, “Hey, Mr. Stark,” The girl in the window grinned at him, “Long time no see! Been busy with board meetings and saving the world, huh?” Tony wrinkled his nose playfully.

“Yeah, yeah, sure, Tiff.” He waved a hand dismissively at the beta, and she laughed.

“What can I get you?”

“Uh, the usual, you know, and then about... six dozen, got a hungry pack sleeping away the valuable daylight in my tower.” His words had her laughing.

“I’ll get Sammy,” She stepped away, and another girl took her place.

“What can I get you, Mr. Stark?”

“Make it... a half dozen each of... lemon filled, cream filled, raspberry filled, chocolate cream, maple bars, old fashioned, glazed, chocolate bars, milk bars, and... let’s see,” He leaned to look through the window, “How about bear claws... cinnamon rolls, and powdered.” Bucky raised an eyebrow, wrinkling his nose at that.


“Sammy, give me an extra bear claw?” He held a hand out, and she carefully settled a paper wrapped object into his hand. “Here, Bucky, try it.” The omega set it in Bucky’s hand, eyes dancing with mirth. It felt so nice to see Sammy, to be treated the same as he always had. Bucky took the bear claw, and was almost afraid to unwrap it and see the contents. He slowly did anyway, and stared down at the oddly shaped pastry.

“Well... do you want to split it?” He asked Tony. It smelled pretty good. Tony nodded.

“Sure,” He leaned over, and took a bite out of it, licking at Bucky’s fingers, before sitting back up.

“Ew, get a room!” Sammy teased. Bucky laughed, and took a bite, groaning at the taste.

“Fuck, maybe we should get a room, I can use a donut as a cock ring on you,” he teased, and the beta at the window flushed scarlet.

“Uh.”

“You can advertise that, Sammy, donut cock rings,” Tony laughed to lighten the mood as her coworkers filled boxes with his order. Bucky smirked and kissed Tony’s jaw.

“We should make that your new product line,” he hummed in Tony’s ear, the sub shivered.

“I don’t think SI would go for that, plus, I wouldn’t want to put Randy’s out of business.” He licked his lips free of sugar, and Sammy cleared her throat, and started handing him boxes of donuts, still warm. Bucky grinned and pulled the donuts into his lap.

“Is that all of them?” Tony shook his head.
“Nope, four more boxes on top of those two.” He answered after a moment, pulling the boxes in through the window and passing them to Bucky. Bucky huffed and held them all securely.

“Alright, I got ‘em.”

“Good.” Tony twisted in his seat, getting a knee onto the center console, and pressed his mouth to Bucky’s, kissing him fervently, almost too rough for the confined space, his eyes mischievous when he slipped back into his seat. “Thanks, Sammy!” He handed her a wad of bills, “Keep the change, are you still in school?” She nodded. “Good, keep it that way.” Bucky groaned into his mouth, his cock hitting the bottom of the donut box.

“Thanks Sammy,” he panted and gave Tony a sexy look, the sub smirked, and turned deliberately to look at the beta in the window.

“Thank you, Tony.” She whispered. “I... I don’t deserve this, really,”

“Sure you do, how’s Tim?” Tony’s voice was soft.

“He’s... he’s okay, doing better now, he... there’s an alpha sniffing around, but we’ve got an apartment now, so…” Tony reached to touch her hand.

“If you need anything, if you need a place to stay, or food, you call me.” He pressed his card into her hand. “I’ve got a whole pack, Sammy, we’ll do what we can.” She sniffed, rubbing at her eyes.

“Thank you... thank you, Tony…”

“Don’t thank me, you just keep taking care of Tim.” She nodded, and he took his credit card from the counter, “I’ll see you soon, okay? Keep those grades up, huh?” Another nod, and he slipped the car into drive, and pulled out of the parking lot. Bucky frowned, watching Sammy as they pulled away.

“Who were they?” He asked, not feeling threatened because neither of the people he talked to were alphas.

“Friends.” Tony hummed, “Tim is Sammy’s little brother. Their mother... is an alpha and was abusing him, so she took him and ran away. They spent a night in the lobby of our tower, I’d just built it, before the Chitauri attack.” He paused, looking over at Bucky, before focusing on the road, “I hid them from their mother, and got Sammy into college, I paid for it, she didn’t want me to, but I did. Then I got them into a house, with Tiff, the first girl at the window? They fell for each other, been taking care of Tim between them ever since.” He grinned and nodded.

“I’m glad you befriended them, they sound like good people,” he muttered. “It’s a shame about their mother.” Tony nodded slowly.

“She doesn’t know what I’ve been through, when I came out as a sub, she didn’t say a word, just handed me my donuts, and said ‘See you next time, Tony.’ I talked to Tim a lot though... about it, you know? How to handle it... how to deal with it, what had happened. He was luckier than I was, had Sammy to get him out before…” The omega trailed off, a hand sliding down to his belly, “I’m just happy they’re okay.” The alpha nodded, it was very unfair how omegas were treated... he didn’t like it. He didn’t want Tony or any omega to ever have to go through it again. “Anyway,” the sub continued, taking surface streets for the drive back, the tower a beacon in the distance, “She never wants me to help, Tiff won’t even handle my orders, that’s why Sammy took over.” Bucky snorted.

“She should accept help when it is offered, not when she has nothing left.” Tony sighed.
“Yeah... well, Sammy may not care, but Tiff? She felt a little... betrayed that I hadn’t told them. Which, I guess, makes sense. How do you trust someone who isn’t honest with you, right?” He shook his head, “Sammy... I don’t care what they think of me, as long as they teach Tim that he’s perfect the way he is.”

“What if... there was a place where Omegas could go, get an education, and not be in fear of alphas?” He asked, his sub looked over at him.

“Well, the omega shelters certainly leave something to be desired, and... if a powerful enough alpha comes, they just let him take you.” Tony looked away, wishing the light would change, “I got in a lot of trouble for that one. No one says no to Howard Stark. Anyway, if there was a place... maybe with alphas who had been trained on how to deal with omegas without hurting them, or dropping them on accident… and a beta and omega integrated staff, for those who were hurt or... emotional, then... it could have an attached school, job training; maybe some outreach work.” Bucky filed that information away in his brain, and nodded.

“It would take a lot to get other businesses affiliated with a good program like that, to keep the omegas at work safe.”

“Yeah, and a good legal team, but no one’s willing to write up restraining orders against alphas for omegas. Betas, maybe, but not Os.” Tony bit his lip, “It would have to be an inclusive program, connected to good workplaces. The omega employee rate of SI is higher than any other company, and every company under our jurisdiction has nearly the same ratio. If there was such a place, hooking it to SI and its affiliated companies and businesses would be someone’s best bet.”

“Yeah... so how is the chair going?” he asked, changing the subject for now. He wanted to do something for the omegas... maybe this was it. Tony accelerated through the intersection.

“Slow, the coding... some of it is new, and some is really outdated, the meshing makes it hard to... calibrate, but if I just familiarize myself with it, I should be able to get it fixed.”

“Okay,” he nodded, and when they returned home, he plopped the several boxes of donuts onto the kitchen counter, the smell wafting through the communal floor, bringing everyone out of their rooms. Tony snorted at the sight, leaning against the counter, his new bruise dark against his skin, but his smile showing that he was content, and not hurt.

“I still can’t believe you all sleep on this floor, I built you each your own suite, and only Clint uses his on a regular basis.” He teased, shooting Bucky a look when Pepper leaned and kissed his forehead. She didn’t linger, just mumbled something about Tony’s taste in food, and snagged a couple of lemon filled donuts. Thor hefted a box in his arms, and carried it over to Bruce, who was sleepy eyed, his hair tousled; Tony offered him a smile, and the beta returned it. The only ones who hadn’t arrived yet were Clint and Charlotte, probably not yet aware of donuts in the tower.

Bucky’s eyes zeroed in on Pepper and he growled loudly, pulling Tony strongly against his side. Tony flicked him.

“Calm down, she didn’t do anything except thank me for the donuts, Bucky.” He rolled his eyes, and nuzzled the dom’s chest, “You said... something about donuts first, and...?” Reaching for a raspberry and a cream filled, Tony leaned back, and took a bite of each. “I want coffee.” He suddenly said instead. Bucky felt like he was going to get whiplash from the different things Tony wanted.

“Coming right up,” he said, grabbing the rest of his bear claw as he remembered what Tony did the other morning, and started setting up the coffee. It was Bruce that snorted that time when Tony whined and rubbed up against Bucky like a cat.

“He wants something special, or he’d have made the coffee himself. Spoiled little brat.” Bruce
muttered affectionately, and Tony stuck his tongue out at the beta.

“Bucky... I want starbucks, I want...” He pouted up at his dom, “I want a pumpkin spice latte.” Bucky turned and looked at him.

“Well... I can’t drive and I don’t know what any of that is... so Jarvis, can you get it delivered?” Tony practically purred against him.

“Steve won’t let me, he says it’s lazy.” He stage whispered.

“I have ordered it to be delivered, Sirs.” Jarvis spoke in answer, and Tony stuffed a bite of donut in his mouth. Bucky growled at Steve.

“He’s pregnant, if he wants it delivered, he’ll get it delivered.” Steve rolled his eyes.

“That’s not what I said.” He said defensively, “I told him that having it delivered, and then making the poor delivery guy from Little Caesar's come all the way up to his private floor to bring it to him was a little bit rude. I would have gone down and gotten it.” The alpha turned his glare to Tony.

“That is rude. You can always have one of us go and get it. Don’t ask him to travel into your home, you never know what kind of a person he could be.” Tony frowned, lips stained with raspberry filling, he swallowed thickly.

“I didn’t want to go down to the... I had morning sickness.”

“Which explains why you were buying food. You didn’t even eat the pizza,” Bruce put in.

“It tasted too much like bread,” Tony’s brow furrowed.

“What, and donuts don’t?” Pepper piped up.

“No, not Randy’s-" Tony interjected, Bucky actually agreed with that one.

“It’s a lot of sugar,” he hummed, and offered Tony the last bite of his bear claw.

“Sugar always did make Tones happy.” Pepper laughed, and Tony flushed.

“Not like coffee.” He corrected, nibbling the piece of pastry from between Bucky’s fingers.

“Sugar made Clint happy...” Bucky said, his eyebrows furrowed. It was weird that he remembered something like that. Something that really wasn’t all that important. Tony went quiet, stroking Bucky’s chest, despite the stickiness of his fingers.

“Yes, it did.” He murmured, “You made all kinds of sweets for him, cookies... cake... even I started to get fat, and everyone knows that’s close to impossible.” He tried to joke; Bucky frowned, he didn’t remember making cookies or cakes. With a shrug, he sighed and kissed Tony’s head. The omega looked up as the elevator doors opened, and he bent to catch Charlotte as she toddled as fast as she could into his hands. ‘Hey, beautiful!’ He lifted her up, settling her onto his hip. “Want a donut?” He glanced at Clint, asking permission. Clint laughed softly at how fast she moved and he nodded at Tony.

“Yeah, she can have just one,” He smiled, and stood beside Steve, dark circles around his eyes. Bouncing the little girl on his hip, Tony fed Charlie little bites of a cinnamon roll, grinning down at her, and murmuring praise.

“Hey... you not getting much sleep?” Steve asked softly, brushing his thumb under Clint’s eye, “Is
Charlotte having nightmares?” The archer pressed his face a little into his hands, and shook his head.

“No, not Charlotte...” he murmured. He couldn’t stop dreaming about Phil. Steve lifted his chin.

“Would you like to go to my floor... and have coffee with me, and talk about it?” He asked softly, “Just talk, I’m not asking anything, Clint. And you don’t even have to do that.” He looked into Steve’s eyes, and then glanced over at Tony and his daughter.

“Can you watch her for a little bit?” He asked, Tony leaned and kissed Clint’s cheek.

“Of course.” He smiled, “Go do what you gotta.” He leaned back, beaming at Charlotte. Clint grinned, and gave one last look at Charlotte before walking away with Steve, wringing his hands together. The alpha lead Clint into the elevator, slipping his arm comfortably around the archer’s shoulders.

“Do you want coffee? Or tea? I have a variety of tea. And I have juice... I could make smoothies?” Steve offered, hunching so they were closer to the same height, trying to help Clint feel comfortable. Clint snorted, and tried to put on a better attitude, not wanting to upset Steve.


“Sorry, I didn’t mean to come across as so desperate.” He smiled, and let Clint lead as they stepped out of the elevator on his floor. Setting up the coffee maker, Steve leaned against the counter, projecting calm. Clint looked around, a little overwhelmed by the pure scent of “Steve”, unlike his own which was him, Charlotte, and the faint lingering scent of Phil. He walked over to the counter, and watched the coffee pour down into the pot. “Sorry about the smell,” Steve offered quietly, “I have... I have trouble sleeping, and I panic scented this whole floor... I tried cleaning it, but it didn’t help.”

“Why do you have trouble sleeping?” He asked, “You seem like a pretty altogether kind of guy.” Steve blinked at him.

“I do? I was in bond shock from the moment I woke up from the ice,” He looked away, “My whole pack was dead and gone, except Peggy, and she had a new pack.” The blond sighed, “I have nightmares every night, getting Bucky back helped, and then he was gone again... and he’s so different. I don’t sleep much, probably... two, three hours a night? And I go for a run every morning when the panic gets to be too much.” Clint pursed his lips, and looked down, fiddling with a hangnail. He didn’t want to talk about his problems anymore... Steve’s were more important, and more serious.

“Sleeping pills don’t work on you, right? What about that tranq stuff we used on Bucky?” Steve grinned ruefully.

“The only thing worse than the nightmares is the idea of not being able to wake up from them.” He straightened up, pouring coffee into two mugs, and adding sugar and cream, gaze focused. “I do alright, the serum helps with the lack of sleep, and... having pack has helped a lot too. Sleeping all together like we did at the start was the best, but we don’t do that much anymore.” Clint took his mug and sipped at it, humming at the taste, curling his toes.

“Maybe after Bucky remembers and stops being a paranoid schizo, we can get back to living room sleeping.” Steve sighed.
“I don’t know. I don’t want to inconvenience the pack. Tony’s going to want his own space, since he’s... nearing the fourth month, you remember wanting your own space? It was about that time...” He flushed, “Not that I... kept track, or anything, but you needed me a lot, and then... you didn’t for a couple months, you just kind of hung out on your floor with Tony and Tasha... then you needed me again around the sixth month.” Clint flushed, and grinned a little.

“You were looking forward to the times when I needed you?” He asked, staring up at him. “To be honest... I wasn’t over Phil. I thought for sure... that once he saw our child’s face, he would come back to me...” he said, swallowing thickly and looking down again. Steve lifted his chin, cutting off the subconscious display of submission.

“He is the most stupid alpha I’ve ever met. He should never have let go of you, Clint.” Steve gently touched his lips to the archer’s, soft and noninvasive, “You’re amazing, and strong, and... the way you are with Charlotte... I already wanted you, but once she was born... I don’t think I could stop caring for you.” He breathed in deeply when Steve kissed him, and he stuck his tongue out, stealing a quick taste of his lips before they parted.

“Well... like I said before,” he said, licking his lips to get more of Steve’s taste, “I’m a package deal. You can’t just care for me,” he said, shrugging. “I know it’s a lot to ask for, hell, she isn’t yours, why would you want to? But I’m not getting rid of her... neither you nor SHIELD can make me!” He growled softly.

“Did you hear what I just said, Clint?” Steve asked softly, “I said seeing you with her made me care even more for you. I love Charlotte, I would never dream of making her leave, that would be terrible. I told you, your package deal is what I want, I want to be there for all her birthdays, and show her that you’re supported and loved. I want her to grow up knowing that she can be whatever and whoever she wants to, because look at her mother.” Steve pulled Clint into a deeper kiss, eyes locked on the sub’s, “Her mother... is a super hero.” Clint nodded, having a hard time believing it. This was a dream come true... which was not a reality for the ex-carnie, ex-hobo, supreme marksman/assassin. He kissed him back, perhaps not as enthusiastically as before.

“I’m not much of a hero, Phil was a hero... you are a super hero, even without the shield,” He muttered. Steve pulled away.

“Don’t, Clint. Don’t kiss me just to placate me. I know I have problems, but... I don’t want you with me just because I want you.” He looked away, “If you don’t want me... then stop, because I don’t think I can take it on top of everything else. I love Charlotte, I think you’re amazing... everything special about me came out of a bottle, like Tony said.”

“I just want us to be honest with each other,” he said. “Before the attack on New York, I was an assassin, a ruthless killer. I did a lot of dirty work, and I don’t think saving people from one alien attack makes me a hero. I don’t know what I want right now... I keep having these dreams, and I can’t get rid of the things Phil gave me... it’s too hard.” Steve touched his hair gently.

“Maybe we should wait, then?” He asked softly, “I mean, to try, because if you’re still... it’s only been a few days, you can’t expect to be over it that fast.” He rubbed at his eyes and took another quick drink.

“I thought... a bond meant something,” he shuddered, Steve’s shoulders slumped.

“It does.” He muttered, “You don’t want me, Clint, take some time, let the bond finish... releasing. And if you have any interest in me when it does, then... come to me. I’m sure Charlie is missing you,” He set down his full mug, “We should go back up.” The omega clenched his teeth, and he leaned up, quickly kissing Steve on the lips.
“Please... just give me a little more time. I do want you... I-I thought maybe...” he closed his eyes, and looked away so Steve wouldn’t see him cry. Steve’s face fell at the hesitance and discomfort in the kiss.

“Clint, it’s okay.” He murmured, “It’s alright, you... you take all the time you need, okay? And... and if you need someone to sleep by, then come sleep by me, I won’t hold you to anything.”

“I-I can’t leave Charlie unattended,” he muttered, and he took Steve’s hand, “Sleep in my bed tonight?” He asked softly. Steve looked down at him, eyes soft. He knew this could go very badly for him, his heart, his mind. But he had already grown too attached to lose Clint without damage.

“Of course.” He agreed, “What’s Charlie’s bed time? I don’t want to come in too late and wake her up.” Clint relaxed, and nuzzled his arm.

“Eight,” he hummed, “So if you come over by seven thirty, you can help me wear her out,” he chuckled, and grinned against the fabric of his sleeve. Steve smiled.

“Seven o’clock it is.” He murmured, “I’ll... can I make you dinner?” He grinned and nodded.

“Yeah, dinner sounds good... Charlie doesn’t like anything with mushrooms,” he said, that had Steve laughing.

“She and I have that in common. How about... meatloaf, does she like that? Or spaghetti?” He chuckled.

“She loves Spaghetti sandwiches, she can eat two of those,” he said, rolling his eyes. Steve nodded.

“Okay, I’ll make spaghetti and meatballs, and we can make her sandwiches. Do... do you like spinach?”

“Uh, I don’t know?” He asked softly, “I don’t think I’ve had it.”

“Hmm, I’ll make extra sauce without, and then if you don’t like it, you can have that, okay? I’ll see you at seven.”

“Seven... okay,” he said, finishing his coffee, and putting his mug on the table before getting back in the elevator. Steve watched him go,

“Okay.” He replied as the doors closed, dropping his chin to his chest, “What have you gotten yourself into, Rogers?” He muttered, “If he never wants me... damn it, I’ll still do whatever he asks.”

Chapter End Notes

Once again let me know if I forgot to warn you guys about anything, and please don't forget to comment!
Happy Wednesday! gonna be super busy in the morning, so I'm posting this in the middle of the night, so you guys still get to read this on time :D

crying, pregnancy troubles, rimming, reverse sex (sorta), self doubt, self harm, rough sex

Tony was bouncing with excitement when Clint came back, dancing around the kitchen with Charlotte, Bucky and Bruce were nowhere to be seen, and Pepper was sipping coffee, Tasha against her side. “Gonna get a latte,” Tony sang under his breath, kissing Charlie’s nose, until she was giggling. Clint was smiling a little when he saw them both together, still feeling pretty depressed, but he was looking forward to his date with Steve tonight... fuck, wait, he had a DATE TONIGHT!?

“Tony!?” He said, staring at him, shaking out of nerves. “Fuck... I think I have a fucking date!” Tony had frozen at Clint’s exclamation, afraid he was doing something wrong.

“So?” He answered after a moment, arching an eyebrow as Char squirmed in his arms, reaching for her mom, “You... with Steve, right?”

“Yeah... seven o clock,” he said, taking his baby and kissing her cheek. “Fuck... I haven’t been on a date in over five years! I don’t know what to do... what should I wear!?”

“Where is the date?” Tony asked.
“If it’s at home, then wear a t-shirt and jeans, nice jeans,” Natasha offered from the couch, Pepper’s hand in her hair.

“If it’s somewhere else, well, with Steve I’d guess a diner, that would be... once again, nice jeans, and maybe a button down?” Tony added after a moment’s thought.

“It’s at home...” he said, his fingers shaking, tapping against Charlie’s leg. “He wants to make us dinner... Are you sure a t-shirt and jeans is good?” He asked, biting his lip. Tony ducked into his previous room, and came back a moment later with a pair of dark jeans and a clean t-shirt, neither smelled like him.

“Here, try... try this, it’s nice material, won’t irritate your baby feeding devices,” He offered, “And the jeans are high end, so it’s a little fancier than just blue jeans. You’ll be fine.” He blushed a little when Tony talked about his chest, but he gave the omega a hug.

“Thanks... we need to go clean,” he smiled at Charlie. “You made a mess this morning.” Just as he turned for the elevator, it opened, revealing Bucky, a starbucks cup in his hand. Tony darted over to him, nuzzling against his chest.

“Gimme, please?” Bucky grinned and kissed the top of his head, handing him the beverage. “Enjoy,” he smiled. Clint disappeared down the elevator, going to go clean for Steve. Tony gripped the cup excitedly, settling himself on a chair at the island, his donuts right by him, he licked his
lips.

“Gonna be so good…” He hummed, inhaling the scent of the latte, before he took a long swallow. The omega’s expression contorted, and he stared down at the cup, examining the outside, checking the writing to make sure it said Pumpkin spice. “No.” He whined, tears gathering in his eyes, “What?” He took another drink, tentative, more of a sip, and set the cup down, tears sliding down his cheeks, “It tastes bad…”

“What?” Bucky asked, taking a sip of it himself. “It’s a little cold... it’s not too bad, we can reheat it.” Tony shook his head, wiping his eyes, but the tears kept coming, and soft little sobs interrupted his breathing, “No, it’s wrong. It tastes wrong.” He sniffled.

“Okay,” he said, holding Tony’s head to his chest, and hugging him. “I’m sorry. I can order you something else, if you want?” The sub shook his head.

“That was the only thing that sounded good.” He pushed his donuts away, sniffling against the dom’s chest.

“I’m sorry,” he said again, and put the drink aside, sniffing against the dom’s chest.

“Most of my favorite foods taste bad…”

“I’m sure you’ll like them again when the pregnancy is over,” he hummed, Tony whined. “But they’re only available in October...”

"I'm sure, if you pay enough money, they will make you one in the later months,” He kissed him.

"That's cheating." Tony muttered, "We had donuts... sex now?" He licked at Bucky's chin.

"Yeah," he smiled and lifted Tony up into his arms, kissing him all the way to the elevator. Pepper snorted at the sight of them, and Tony stuck his tongue out at her.

"Carry me away, my knight in shining armor." He lay back dramatically in Bucky's arms. Bucky immediately turned his head to Pepper and growled angrily, his eyes going dark in an instant; Tony gripped Bucky's chin, pulled the dom's head to look at him, "Hey, only you get to shove things up my ass, Buck." Bucky groaned softly at his words, and kissed him again, holding onto Tony tighter as the elevator doors shut. Tony shifted, slipping out of his arms, and kneeling at his feet, "Take me, Bucky. I'm yours, and only yours." He unzipped the dom's pants, sliding his hand into them, to cup Bucky's hard cock. The dom gasped and shuddered, rolling his hard length against Tony's hand. "Fuck."

"I want to take the elevator to the bottom and back. And I want your cock in my mouth the whole ride." Tony purred. "Anyone who opened the doors would see that I'm yours."

"Yes," he smiled and nodded, his cock fully erect by now as he pressed the bottom floor button. Tony licked his lips, and sucked lovingly on the flared head, rubbing his tongue against the slit. Flicking his eyes up, he stared insolently up at his dom, and swallowed him to the root. Bucky tossed his head back and moaned loudly. "Fuck! Tony!" He moaned, as Tony held himself there, not breathing, then pulled back to suckle the head again. He licked and sucked lovingly, still staring up at Bucky. "Fuck," he moaned and thrust into his mouth, fucking him carefully. Tony slowly crossed his wrists behind his back, letting Bucky take his mouth however he wanted. Bucky gripped a fistful of his mate’s hair, helping his sub meet his thrusts.
"Tony..." he panted; the omega moaned around Bucky's cock, sending vibrations up his shaft. 
"AH!" He gasped, and moved his hips faster, when the elevator stopped and the doors opened. Tony suckled at Bucky's cock, not even bothering to glance out the doors, though the lobby was likely crowded. The people outside the doors just stared, Bucky glaring at them until the doors shut again. Tony whined as the dom sped his thrusts, and the elevator started back up.

"Mine," the alpha growled softly, grunting as he thrusted, his balls slapping Tony's chin. Tony shifted his thighs open, trying to show Bucky just how hard his cock was, straining against his jeans. "Oh fuck, Tony, gonna fucking cum in your mouth and you're gonna drink it all down, like a good boy," he panted, his knot forming underneathe Tony's nose. Tony gave a long, rough suck, eyes back on Bucky's, and the dom moaned and came into his mouth, pressing his cock in as far as it would go, shuddering in pleasure. Tony stared up at him, eyes dark with lust; Bucky shuddered and pulled out letting the last few drops of his cum hit Tony's face. The sub leaned back, making no move to clean them off, strings of white on his lips, nose, and cheeks.

"So beautiful," he smiled and kissed his forehead, "My good boy." Tony licked his lips carefully, making sure to leave some cum on them. He crawled out of the elevator, swaying his hips as seductively as he could with his erection tenting his pants, though he knew that Bucky had eight minutes before his knot went down, and two more after that before he could be fully hard again. Bucky followed behind him, rubbing his hands over Tony's ass, smiling excitedly.

"Where do you want me, sir?" Tony knelt beside the couch, and slowly pulled his shirt over his head, revealing the glossy tattoo beneath the plastic. Slowly, he peeled the plastic away. Bucky grinned excitedly and sat on the couch, gently pulling Tony in between his legs, letting him rest his head beside his cock; Tony lapped at the sensitive head, shifting in his jeans. He moaned, and petted Tony softly, his cock twitching against Tony's lips; the sub scooted up higher, and sucked on the side of the thick, pulsing knot. He moaned when his actions drew a few more spurts of cum from the dom's cock, splattering onto his shoulder. Bucky leaned his head against the back of the couch, his hips rocking; Tony licked over the thick knot, then down, lapping at Bucky's balls, sucking them into his mouth one at a time, then, hesitantly he pressed Bucky's legs up and apart. The sub licked flutteringly over skin just below those, cautious and slow, as he worked his way down. Bucky panted and licked his lips, rolling his hips into Tony's mouth, when he felt him travel farther down.

"Careful," he said, not wanting Tony to stretch him too wide. The omega slowly, gently, dragged his tongue over the wrinkled flesh of Bucky's hole, soaking it with spit. The dom hummed and curled his toes, it didn't feel as good as it had when Tony was sucking on his balls, but it wasn't horrible; Tony smelled the drop in pleasure, and leaned back, frowning.

Sir?"

"It's okay," he said, stroking Tony's head, "You can keep going." The sub pressed back down, and lapped at the muscle there, flicking his tongue against it until it was slick with spit. Then he nudged one finger against the tight coil, and began to pressed slowly inside, licking up to suck Bucky's balls into his mouth again. Bucky was about to growl until he felt his balls get lapped at, and he moaned, his hips jerking in pleasure. Tony was gentle and slow, suckling the testicles in his mouth, rolling them with his tongue as he curled his finger, searching, and then Bucky jerked, and he smirked around his mouthful of flesh and rubbed his fingers over the spot again. The alpha grunted and moaned, twisting as electric shocks went up his spine and into his cock, triggering what should have been an impossible second orgasm, his hole clenching around Tony's fingers as his cum sprayed all over Tony's face. The sub leaned back, opening his mouth wide to catch as much as he could on his tongue, before pulling his finger slowly free. Slowly, he stripped his jeans off, and scooped some of the cum off of his face, shuffling around until his ass was presented to
the panting dom. Shifting to support his weight on one arm, Tony nudged his cum coated fingers against his own hole. Bucky moaned and leaned forward, lapping at the cum coated fingers and Tony's hole, not caring if it was his own cum. The omega cried out, moving his hand and pressing back against Bucky's face, as the dom lapped at his hole, pressing his tongue in until slick started coming out, and he moaned. Tony whined, his cock dripping between his legs.

"Bucky... Bucky...!" Bucky started stroking Tony's cock, lapping at his fluids, nipping at his rim occasionally. Tony jerked and twitched under his ministrations, moaning and crying out, "Buck... Bucky, sir, please!"

"Fuck, I want you to cum, fucking cum into my hand," he breathed into his hole, feeling slick drip down his chin; Tony bucked back against him, obeying mindlessly, his seed spilling over Bucky's fingers and the floor.

"Fuck!" At his cry, the alpha shuddered and let go of Tony's cock after milking him, licking the cum off his fingers. Tony whined when he rolled onto his back and saw what Bucky was doing. And then his dom pinned his hips down, and sucked his softening cock roughly into his hot mouth. Tony shrieked, gripping Bucky's hair and writhing beneath him, overly sensitive. He sucked whatever little bit of cum was left and moaned around the shaft, pressing his tongue against the slit. Tony bucked and jerked beneath him, gripping Bucky's hair tightly. "Fuck... fuck...!" He whined, his cock twitching, trying to harden again. Bucky pulled off of the sub's cock, humming happily.

"Such a good boy, letting me taste your cum."

"Thank... thank you, sir..." Tony panted, shivering, "Love you."

"I love you too," he hummed, and leaned up to kiss him; Tony pressed up to kiss him back, his fingers twisting in Bucky's hair, pulling him closer. He licked inside of the man's mouth, tasting his own cum. Bucky hummed, shivering in happiness. "Fuck, I just love you so much," he panted, and Tony looked up at him, rubbing his fingers against Bucky's scalp. The alpha closed his eyes and smiled, relaxing against his hand. Tony's lips curved in a smile, and he raked his fingers through Bucky's hair, smoothing it back.

"Hey..." He murmured, nudging their noses together. Bucky grinned and rubbed his nose against the sub's, kissing his lips softly.

"Hey."

"You wanna take a nap?" Tony murmured softly, "We could go lay down, and we could... maybe watch a movie?"

"Yeah, sounds good," he smiled and stood up, pulling his pants back up his hips, and he pulled Tony into his arms. Tony nuzzled against him, smearing cum against his skin.

"You know... before you, I didn't really know how a dom was supposed to treat their mate." He laughed. "I thought... I thought my father was right, and our pleasure meant nothing, only yours was important." Bucky shrugged,

"That's what I grew up thinking... but your slick tastes fucking amazing," he chuckled, Tony fell silent, for a long moment.

"Oh." He murmured after a moment, laying on the bed, "So... so that's true? That omegas are worthless except to give doms pleasure?"

"No!" Bucky said, kissing him. "Those thoughts are nearly a hundred years old... I had to learn that
they were more than that." Tony shuddered under his touch and wrapped his arms around the dom's shoulders, closing his eyes tightly.

"Are you sure?"

"Two thousand percent sure," he smiled, and grabbed the tv remote. Tony slowly shifted to rest his head on Bucky's chest, stroking the smooth muscles.

"You're so different... than anyone else..."

"That's a good thing, right?" He asked, kissing his head. "I'm sure I'm not that much different from Steve."

"Steve..." Tony muttered, "Yes, it's a good thing," He closed his eyes and took the remote from Bucky's hand, turning on the tv, "You...I think so, anyway." Bucky smiled, and hugged him tighter against him.

"My good boy." The sub relaxed immediately at the praise.

"It's kind of... sick, you know, that... our brains and chemistry tell us we need alpha praise to survive."
"I suppose," he muttered. "Sounds like a survival, breeding thing to me," he muttered.

"Survival...like we're so weak and..." Tony sighed and nuzzled him, completely ignoring the tv, "It's... your voice can just... make me lose my mind."

"Not weakness, survival of the race, reproduction," he hummed. "You're not weak."

"But losing my mind and kneeling just because you sound angry? That's a useless defense mechanism, and I have no idea how our species has survived."

"Yeah, I agree, but it has its sexual perks," he winked and chuckled. Tony rubbed a hand over his face, "I worked so hard to resist those things... and then you came along..." He sat up, touching his stomach softly, "You came and... my whole being wanted you..." The alpha smiled and kissed him, rubbing his belly.

"If you could go back to being a beta, would you?" Tony chewed his lip.

"Not without you." He breathed, sliding his leg over Bucky's thighs to sit in his lap. Bucky hummed and rubbed his thighs.

"I'm glad." The sub nudged his face against Bucky's shoulder, and relaxed into the embrace.

"Its just... biology that bothers me."
"Yeah, I get that," he said, nuzzling his face; Tony leaned up into it.

"Once... Obi kept me dropped for a week... it... every time I'd start to surface, he'd push me further under..." he shook his head, falling silent, "...it was awful... and the press made up all these stories that I was... you know, off partying, and I'd rather have been."

"We could have a party here, if you wanted," he offered, rubbing the sub's back. Tony snorted.

"It's okay, that's not what I meant." He huffed as Bucky lay them down against the pillows, Tony still on him, "At the time... I'd rather have been partying than being beaten, you know?" He
nodded, and kissed him again.

"I'm sorry you had to go through that." Tony scooted down a little to lay his head on Bucky's chest, hissing when his tattoo was pressed down on skin.

"Yeah... not anymore." He muttered, "Not anymore." Bucky nodded and rubbed that spot on the back of his head, feeling Tony melt like butter against him, "Mmn..." Tony sighed, eyes slipping closed, slowly, as he began to drift in comfort and pleasure. Bucky didn't stop until he was asleep, breathing calmly with fingers still buried in Tony's hair.

"Fuck-!" Tony grunted, straining at the wrench he was using to undo a bolt on the chair, "Stupid... stubborn... thing-!" And it finally budged, allowing him access to the last panel he needed. Two weeks of decoding, of rearranging wires, and digging through metal, and if this panel was what he thought... he'd be able to bring back Bucky's memories that day. Bucky was laying on a table, getting a physical exam before they attached him to a machine to mess with his mind. Bruce gently smoothed the sensors over the dom's skin.

"You squeeze this if... if it's too much, okay?" Tony whispered, settling a small object in Bucky's hand, "If you squeeze it, Jarvis will shut it down." He went back to the panel, nervousness swirling through his scent, making his throat dry as he rewired the last plate. The alpha swallowed thickly, hating being so close to the chair, but glad he wasn't actually on it. He nodded to Tony.

"I had a mouth guard before... Don't know if you want me to use one now."

"I... it's there. Bruce had it cleaned." Tony whispered, licking his dry lips, wishing he had some water. "Just... just lay here..."

"Okay," he said, grabbing the mouthpiece from Bruce, and pushing it past his lips, breathing heavily through his nose; Tony slowly leaned to kiss him, heart pounding.

"If... I... maybe we shouldn't..." He twisted his hands behind his back, "It... we shouldn't, what if it goes wrong?" Bucky removed the piece and kissed Tony hard.

"You're the smartest man I know. If something goes wrong, then..." he shrugged. "Won't be worse than what Hydra did to me."

"But what if it makes you forget more!?!" Tony whimpered against his mouth, "I..."

"Tony, is your math right?" Bruce arched a brow.

"My math is always right." Tony snapped at him.

"Then stop worrying." The beta offered; Bucky nodded, and kissed Tony again, before pushing the mouthpiece back in and laying down, gripping the object that would make Jarvis shut down. Tony slowly shifted the pieces he'd soldered into a helmet, and settled it onto Bucky's head.

"It... I hope it doesn't hurt." He murmured, "In three... two..." The helmet sparked, and electricity flickered over the surface. Tony tensed, though he knew it was supposed to do that. Bucky jerked, mostly in fright, having expected an insane amount of pain as always. He was breathing heavily, he had a bad headache, but it was nothing compared to how it used to be. Tony stroked his flesh arm, "Tell me... if you remember anything new..." The omega flinched when he felt Tony's hand on his, but then relaxed.
"Uhm... or ate igh igh," he grumbled through the mouthpiece, biting down on it; Tony looked down at him.

"If you remember... taking me dancing, then... lift your metal hand." It took several minutes, but he slowly lifted his arm into the air. Tony's knees shook, "Oh thank god..." he whimpered, "...do you remember... Steve coming to the Malibu house?" Bucky let out a soft whine, it was hurting, his brain felt like it was going on overload. Tony shuddered, "Bucky? Are you okay? Does it hurt!?" He reached for the shut off switch. The alpha let out a pained noise, but moved his hand away from Tony, so he couldn't press the button. Tony whined.

"Bucky...!" He leaned over him, stretching, trying to reach it.

"Argh!" He grunted in pain and he tried not to lash out and hit his mate, the speed of the memories increasing. Tony clung to him, shaking.

"Bucky! Shut it down! Jarvis!" He cried, but Jarvis was waiting for the sign from Bucky. Bucky pressed the button so hard that he broke it into a several pieces. The whole thing shut down immediately, and Tony pulled the helmet off, gripping his face. "Bucky? Bucky, answer me!" He cried, shaking. Bucky groaned, but kept his eyes shut, his head hurt too much; Tony stroked his face, "Baby..." he whispered, "...are you okay...? I..." He tore the sensors off, "Jarvis, lights to forty percent." Bucky spit the mouthpiece out, drool dripping from his chin.

"Head hurts..."

"Do you want Tylenol?!" Tony whispered, licking up the drool, a shudder sliding down his spine, "Are you okay? I... please...!" Bucky shuddered and rolled over the side of the table until his head was hanging off, and he puked all over the floor, and Tony's legs and feet. The omega gagged, but he wouldn't leave his dom. He held Bucky's hair out of the way, breathing through his mouth, "Shh, it's okay... let it out..." He shuddered, "I've got you..." The dom gasped and clutched the edge of the table, spitting out the last of it onto the floor, his face white as he slowly rolled onto his back again. Tony tried not to think about the hot throw up all over his legs. He leaned, and kissed Bucky's forehead, quickly braiding his hair, and slipping a hair tie around the end. "It's okay... it's okay, I've got you."

"Sorry," he choked out, not even caring that his hair had been braided, Tony shook his head.

"Don't be sorry, I'm fine..." He kicked his pants and shoes off, stepping away from the pool of vomit, he wiped Bucky's face with a wet cloth, "I'm sorry it... it shouldn't have done that." Bucky panted and wrapped his arm around Tony.

"It's okay... I remember stuff now... I think we might have to do it again though," he muttered.

"Again? No... no, I don't want it to hurt you!"

"It won't be for as long," he said, hugging Tony. "I-I think I got scared, in the machine, causing it to react." Tony swallowed.

"I... I don't..." He stroked Bucky's hair, "...are you dizzy?"

"Nauseous," he mumbled. The dizziness was starting to wear off.

"Okay... you wanna just... stay here?" Tony chewed his lip, and handed Bucky a small trash can, in case he threw up again. "I... I'm gonna clean this up, okay? You just stay right here, I'll get you a blanket." The dom was shivering hard against the table, Bucky nodded, and felt some tears land on his cheeks as he rubbed his hands over his arms; Tony sniffed, and wiped his eyes, "I love you."
He whispered, before hurrying to get a mop and some towels, and bleach. He paused to drape a blanket over his dom, kissing his cheek. Bucky grasped onto Tony and pressed his face into the omega's chest, breathing in his scent. The sub froze, and wrapped his arms around Bucky's shoulders, "Hey... hey, I'm alright." He whispered.

"You're alright." He murmured, "I've got you, baby." Tony rocked him gently, "I gotta clean the floor."

"Okay," he said softly, but he didn't let Tony go. The sub slowly maneuvered himself under Bucky's upper body, sitting on the table, and stroking the dom's hair.

"I have you... what's got you so worried?" He asked softly.

"I'm sorry, I'm just... I feel horrible about a lot..." he murmured, Tony kissed his forehead.

"Hey... I'm okay, Bucky, you didn't do anything wrong."

"I did a lot wrong!" He said. "I left you alone for so long, I fucking tattooed you, I nearly killed Pepper...!" Tony flinched,

"Bucky... you didn't leave on purpose, that's as much my fault as yours! And... if I hadn't wanted the tattoos, I would have put up more of a fight, you know I'm not some docile pet. Pepper... she's always started fights with you, and she's fine."

"Tony, I was serious, I wanted to kill her," he murmured and nuzzled his mate. The sub tried not to think about that.

"But you didn't. You're okay... she's okay." The dom frowned and just buried his face against Tony's belly... his belly. Bucky gasped and rubbed the rounded flesh.

"TWINS!" He exclaimed, making Tony jump. The sub grinned ruefully.

"Twins. Bruce was right, you're cum is strong." He laughed softly, gaze softening when Bucky kissed his belly, "Three and a half months."

"Wow..." he smiled, "We're gonna be parents in under six months..."

"Yeah." Tony swallowed, "I'm nervous, but... but it's better now that you're home." His hands steadied as he rubbed his thumbs over Bucky's cheekbones. "Twins..." Bucky beamed and felt a little better now. He sat up slowly and wrapped the blanket around his own shoulders, since he was still cold.

"I'll help you clean up."

"No, I can do it. I don't look like I've swallowed a watermelon yet, I can handle cleaning the floor." Tony kissed his cheek, "Why don't you go up and run a bath for us, brush your teeth? And I'll clean this and meet you up there." Bucky shivered, and rubbed his chest, slowly walking away.

Tony stepped into the bathroom half an hour later, blinking in the thick steam.

"Bucky? You in here?"

"Yeah..." A soft reply came, Bucky was sitting on the porcelain edge of the tub. Tony shed his briefs and shirt.

"It's really steamy in here, I'm sweating." He stepped closer, the tattoo dark against his skin, "Hey.
You okay?" Settling against him on the edge of the huge tub, Tony kissed his chest.

"Just thinking," he said, nuzzling him and pressing his nose in Tony's hair. "Jarvis... help me make
the bath water a suitable temperature for Tony?" Tony dipped his fingers into the water, and
yanked them back out, hissing.
"Fuck! What were you planning to do, boil us like lobsters?" He sucked his fingers, and Jarvis
turned the cold water on.

"I got distracted... my head feels full. Sorry," he said, kissing Tony's fingers.

"It's alright," Tony tested the water cautiously, and then smiled, "You want Tylenol? Or... I hear
having an orgasm alleviates headaches." The sub smirked, and slipped his hand down to cup
Bucky's cock. Bucky was about to ask for both, when he felt Tony touch his cock. He gasped and
arched his back, nearly falling backwards into the tub.

"Oh, fuck." Tony blinked at his response.
"On the floor?" He asked softly, "You wanna watch me stretch myself? My belly full of your
babies..."

"Yes," he said, grasping Tony's hips. "I want that." The sub slipped down to the floor, laying on his
back, he arranged his arm beneath his back, spreading his legs open.

"Watch me." He whispered, eyes half lidded, and worked a finger into his body.

"Yes sir." Bucky said, smiling as he watched the finger move, his cock responding. Tony arched
his spine.

"Mm... I could get used to that..." He smirked, "If I'm in charge... then maybe I want..." He rolled
onto hands and knees, "Your tongue."

"You want my tongue?" He asked, smiling and kneeling behind him. "You have to ask for my
tongue." Tony shivered as the water shut off, and he felt Bucky's body behind him. Laying his face
on the floor, Tony reached back and used his hands to spread himself open.

"Please, sir, I want your tongue." He attempted, and Bucky smiled and licked his tongue across his
balls, all the way up past his rim.
"Is that good?" Tony groaned, shifting his knees apart.
"Bucky... I want it!" He half-demanded, his hole flexing visibly. Bucky laughed and smacked his
ass. "Tell me how badly you want it." The dom's wet

"Fuck... please, sir, I want it so bad, need it, need your tongue inside of me, tasting my slick...!"
With a grin, Bucky pressed his face back between his cheeks, licking across his rim. Tony whined,
rubbing his face on the floor, "Bucky... fuck...!" He held himself open, feeling the dom's wet
tongue glide over his hole again, making it flare open, slick trailing out of it and down over his
balls. The alpha quickly licked it up, lapping at his balls and the skin in between, moaning into his
soft skin.

"You taste so good..."
"Fuck, sir, yes," Tony's thighs shook, "Bucky...!" His ass flared open again, as if begging for
Bucky's cock, and he curled his toes, cock hard, and hanging down between his thighs. Bucky
continued until he had slick coating his face, moaning at the smell under his nose. He moved up
Tony's body, and pressed his cock deep within him. The sub choked.
"Fuck... fuck... big...!" He arched his spine up, trying to make it easier on his body, the lack of prep
a little much when he was so sensitive. Twisting his torso so that he was looking back at Bucky, half his chest off the floor, Tony stared up at his mate. "Hey Bucky," he breathed, hole flexing tight around Bucky's cock, "I love you." Bucky's eyes went wide, and he smiled brightly, kissing him hard.

"I love you too, my beautiful sub. Fuck," he moaned, and started moving his hips, Tony whined, the weight of Bucky over his back, pressing him into the floor, felt so amazing.

"So good... fuck me, Bucky... fuck me til I can't fucking walk...!" Bucky placed his arms on the floor on either side of Tony's head, and fucked him hard, his bangs were brushing against Tony's back, since the rest of his hair was still tied. The sub whimpered, feeling every forceful thrust as Bucky rammed his hips forward, and Tony's knees slid a few inches on the slick tiles, his cock dripping pre. "Fuck, Bucky, Bucky...!" He whined, "More!"

"Ahh, Tony," he moaned, his noises were driving him wild.
"Bucky... Bucky, fuck me open...!" Tony babbled, "Fuck me so hard that I don't ever close...!" The dom shouted as he came, his knot growing huge in Tony's flared rim, locking inside of him. Tony gasped against the floor, his breath ragged.

"They're always hungry, Bucky... always." He laughed, "I eat way too much, and I sleep even more, but that's going away, you know? I heard it's just part of early pregnancy, you're just starting to grow them, and it makes you tired..." Bucky smiled and kissed his mate's cheek, and then he wiped away the blood.

"How are you feeling?"
"You mean having two babies in my stomach, or just in general?" Tony smiled, looking back at his lover, his mate. "They're always hungry, Bucky... always." He laughed, "I eat way too much, and I sleep even more, but that's going away, you know? I heard it's just part of early pregnancy, you're just starting to grow them, and it makes you tired..." Bucky smiled and kissed his mate's cheek, and then he wiped away the blood.

"I'm proud of you, you're being such a good mother." Tony's muscles relaxed at the praise, "They're not outside of me yet..." He muttered, "I still have time to fuck it up."

"We will work it out," he smiled and kissed his neck. "I'm sure we'll both make mistakes." Tony groaned, rubbing his face into the tiles.

"I missed you." He breathed, shifting, wiggling his hips until Bucky got the point, and they sat up together, the dom pulling him up into his lap. "You got all... emotional when I said we could name the boy James. If there's a boy, or... what if they're both boys? And then...what if they're both alphas? Or an alpha and a beta? Or..." He trailed off, laying his head back on Bucky's shoulder as gentle hands, one flesh, one metal, rubbed over the soft, barely there swell of his belly. "What if they're omegas, Bucky...?" Fear leaked into his scent. "I don't want them to be..."

"Doesn't matter to me if they're alphas, betas or omegas. They will be perfect, and I will not allow them to date until they're twenty five," he said.

"Twenty five?" Tony snorted, "Fuck... but omegas designate at twelve years old, Bucky!" Panic permeated his smell, and he tensed up, "I... twelve... twelve years old...and how do we handle that? How? Because I don't..."
"Uh-uhm..." he bit his lip. "We'll do some research... maybe Bruce can help us, maybe they can take suppressants until they're old enough... I don't know." Tony trembled against him.

"No..." He whispered, "No, no suppressants, not unless it's me and Bruce who make them." His hands clenched into fists, and he twisted to bury his face just under Bucky's jaw, "That's what stopped us from getting...pregnant sooner. I was on those... and because I used them so long, it... they stayed in my system, had me putting out dud eggs... aborted... fetuses..."

"Okay, well, I'm sure you and Bruce can come up with something," he smiled.

"Maybe." Tony mumbled, still tense, "I... I'm... I don't want them to be Os, Bucky. I don't want them to go through the things I've gone through... fuck, someone tried to proposition me when I went to the gas station last month! Just because I'm an omega..." Bucky hugged Tony tightly, a soft growl rumbling through his chest.

"I will keep our babies safe."

"How?" Tony whispered, looking up at him, "They'll have to go to school... and..." His shoulders shook, "I'm so scared..."

"It'll be okay," he smiled, and kissed him, and the omega shivered.

"We don't know that."

"We have an entire pack who will help us, no better babysitters than the Avengers," he hummed.

"Clint brought Charlotte to a battle in a front pack." Tony glowered at his dom as Bucky lifted him gently, and his body relinquished the deflated knot.

"Clint was a moron, and disobeyed us when we told him to leave her here. That wasn't because his pup was an omega, that was Clint's stupidity!"

"Bucky..." Tony leaned against the edge of the huge tub, "...that's not... let's just take our bath." The dom sighed, and nodded, helping Tony into the tub, and getting in behind him. The omega sank into the water, groaning, and leaning up against Bucky's chest, eyes sliding closed."What did you remember?" He asked softly, "Do you remember the fight in that cafe?" He hummed and nodded.

"I remember most of the stuff... I remember getting hurt, and getting stitches removed, but I don't remember getting the stitches."

"Lucky you." Tony groaned, "I remember getting the stitches." The alpha huffed.

"Yeah, I remember you getting them. I wish I could remember everything..." Tony turned over, belly down in the tub, and kissed Bucky's chest.

"Hey... it's okay." Bucky rubbed his metal hand over Tony's wet skin. "It's okay. I'm okay, and... you'll be okay." Tony murmured, and Bucky smiled and hugged Tony against him.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony slid his hands up to cup Bucky's cheeks, leaning up and kissing him. Bucky leaned into his hand, humming and kissing him.

"You were right about the orgasm, my head doesn't hurt as bad," he chuckled.

"You still want a Tylenol?" Tony sat up, sloshing water over the edge of the tub.

"Later," he said, grabbing Tony's arms and gently pulling him back down.

"You sure?" Tony blinked as he relaxed back against Bucky's chest.

"Yeah," he said, closing his eyes and relaxing; Tony shifted against him, wriggling down against
him, and resting so his head was barely above water.
Bucky had nearly fallen asleep when he heard the splash of water besides his head from Jarvis adding more to the tub; Tony blinked.

"Mm... I'm turning into a raisin." He murmured sleepily, sitting up, and rubbing a hand over his belly. Bucky sat up, and kissed his belly.

"Let's go get you and the babies some food," He smiled and Tony groaned.

"I could really go for a peach and tomato sandwich."

"Well, at least it's healthy," he said, smiling, and helping Tony out of the tub; Tony snorted when Bucky rubbed him down with a towel.

"Am I allowed to wear pants now, Mr. Octogenarian?"

"Not if you keep calling me that," he smirked and swatted Tony's ass.

"Oh, yes, sir, but just a reminder, the van from the old folks home is waiting for you and Steve." Bucky grinned.

"Jarvis, please have Dummy bring in a pair of Pepper's panties. She stole the last pair I had." Tony arched a brow.

"Yeah? Well, I got you beat on that one. I know, I know, we're supposed to respect senior citizens." He stepped out of the bathroom into their room, opening a low down drawer, "But maybe I shouldn't wear these, wouldn't want to send you into cardiac arrest." The drawer was full of lacy lingerie. Bucky raised an eyebrow. "Where did you get these?" He asked, bringing one up to his nose and sniffing them. "You realize, being a pervy old man, there's no way in hell I'm letting you wear anything but these." Tony arched a brow.

"Of course," He pulled out a few pieces, and slid a red lace thong up over his hips, bending so that Bucky could see it slide between his cheeks. "At your age, getting it up can be a challenge," he smirked over his shoulder, pulling a red garter belt up to his hips, as well. "And your pacemaker is gonna go wild." He rolled black stockings up his legs, clipping the garters onto them. Bucky felt his cock already rock hard, bobbing against his belly. He had never seen such sexy lingerie.

"Damn..." he said, speechless. Tony bent to look in the drawer, digging around, until he pulled out a lace corset.

"Should I?" He cocked a hip out, "Before I get huge?"

"No," he said, coming over and squeezing Tony’s ass, shaking it a little. "I don't want to hurt them
even a little." Tony shivered, setting it down.

"Yes, sir." He murmured, eyes insolent, a smirk playing about his lips. Bucky smiled.

"You realize I have to punish you for those old man jokes," he said, grabbing a bright pink version of his cock; Tony shuddered.

"You are an old man. Look at this," He punched Bucky's side, "All wrinkly."

"Hey!" He laughed, "I'm still sprightly enough to fuck you into oblivion, now turn around," he said, smacking his ass; Tony snorted.

"Are you?" He turned, slowly, showing off his ass, as he bent over and gripped his own ankles, shoulder width apart.

"I think I've proved to you that I am," The alpha hummed and began pressing the toy into Tony, who squirmed.

"Yeah, well, until you try and keep up with a marathon." He gasped softly as the rubber head of the toy breached his rim, and Bucky shoved the rest of the shaft into his body, and then left it there. "Wait, it's not knotted, it'll fall out!" He shivered as Bucky played with the string of his thong where he'd settled it over Tony's right ass cheek.

"You'll have to fix that," he said, snapping the string against his soft skin, smiling at the red mark it left; Tony arched, nearly losing his balance.

"Nn..." The smooth toy slipped out an inch, and he whined in response. Bucky didn't touch it at all. "You can do better than that."

"What?" Tony whimpered, "What am I supposed to be doing?"

"Hold it in, don't let that slip out anymore," he hummed, the omega groaned.

"I can't...Bucky...!" He whimpered as the dom gave his ass a soft slap, and it slipped a little further out.

"Clench tighter, you're so good at holding my real one in, this isn't any different," he hissed; Tony whimpered, clenching down.

"Yes, sir." He breathed, tensing, unsure what Bucky planned to do next. Bucky smiled and walked around, pressing the head of his cock against Tony's lips. Tony shifted, and looked up at him.

"Can I kneel?"

"As long as you keep that toy in," he said, smiling; Tony shifted, and slowly lowered himself to his knees, whimpering as he lost another inch of toy.

"Yes, sir." He opened his mouth, eyes half lidded. Bucky gripped his hair and thrust into his mouth, moaning softly. The length in his mouth distracted Tony long enough that the toy slid another few inches out, hanging from his rim by the head.

"Don't you dare let that fall out," he growled, slowly pulling out before thrusting back in; Tony clamped down on the toy, as Bucky's cock pushed down his throat, and one eye twitched shut.

"You okay?" He grunted, watching his eyes, Tony gave a hard suck in answer, bobbing his head as
he shifted his heel under the base of the toy, and used his foot to push it all the way back in. Bucky saw and chuckled, giving a hard thrust as a small punishment. "You weren't supposed to do that." Tony gagged, and shifted his foot back to where it had been, holding the toy in with his muscles, as he struggled to take the rough thrusts of his dom.

"You can do it," he moaned and gripped Tony's hair tightly, having him meet his thrusts. The sub moaned around his cock, struggling to keep his muscles clamped down on the toy. "Tony..." he moaned, his knot growing in front of Tony's nose. The sub sucked as skillfully as he knew how, crossing his hands behind his back. Bucky howled and pressed his knot hard against Tony's lips, as if trying to knot his face as he came. Tony's throat was flooded with cum, and the knot shoved past his teeth, his jaw popping, eyes snapping wide. His hands were on Bucky's hips immediately, gagging and struggling to find a way to breathe. "Nose, breathe through your nose, " he said, petting his head. Tony shuddered, jaw aching, as he sucked shallow breaths through his nose, eyes staring up at Bucky, the toy sliding out of him until just the head was inside again.

"Don't lose that dildo," he said, rubbing Tony's jaw; the omega glowered at him, his nails digging into Bucky's hips. Little whines left his throat every time Bucky moved in any way, pulling on his jaw and teeth. Bucky tried to stay perfectly still, but it was difficult. Tony whimpered when the dom listed back, pulling his head, and spurts of seed poured down his throat.

"Nnnn...." He gripped the alpha's hips tightly, and Bucky groaned, and he rubbed his fingers in Tony's hair, panting, and Tony bit down a little, choking, nostrils flaring. Tears slowly welled in his eyes, and he clenched them shut so the tears wouldn't escape. But his jaw ached. Bucky hissed and growled.

"Ow, don't bite me!" The tears spilled over, and Tony tried to relax his jaw, a muscle in his cheek twitching, making him shake softly. "I'm sorry... we won't do this again," he whined, wishing he could pull out. Tony shivered, shifting his knees, hands loosening on Bucky's hips. "Are you okay? Hanging in there?" He asked, feeling his knot deflate a little. Tony whimpered, jaw making another alarming pop sound when Bucky finally pulled out. The sub slumped a little, hands on his face, wincing. Bucky rubbed his jaw, "Can you move it?" Tony nodded.

"Hurts like a bitch." He grunted, leaning back and rolling his jaw in circles, grimacing. Bucky nodded.

"Let's go down and get you some ice," he offered a hand up, and Tony took it.

"What a let down." He grunted, reaching back to pull the toy out.

"Sorry," he mumbled, and lifted Tony into his arms, carrying him downstairs.

"I meant for you. Y'know, hot in theory, not so much when you've got a sub gagging on your dick for ten minutes." Bucky shrugged.

"Kind of felt good... but I felt bad that you didn't enjoy it," he said, pressing a bag of Pizza Rolls to Tony's face. Tony wrinkled his nose.

"Why don't we ever have actual ice?" He slumped in a chair, laying his head back, fingers rubbing into the uncovered side of his jaw.

"I don't know," he said, rubbing a hand over his face. "What would you like to eat?" The omega arched a brow, and sprawled his legs open.

"I'd say you, but..." He grinned ruefully, "I... could you make mashed potatoes again?" Bucky
I could put some of my cum in the potatoes," he teased, and the sub rolled his eyes.

"No, thank you, strawberry jam would do." Bucky rolled his eyes, and went to work, making the potatoes. Tony got himself a glass of cold water from the fridge, and settled onto a stool at the island, shifting in his lingerie, "You know...we should probably eat with the pack tomorrow." He trailed his fingers over his tattoos, "With shirts on."

"I'll consider it," he smirked playfully, and continued to mash the potatoes. Tony fiddled with his water glass, drawing patterns in the condensation.

"Okay." At his soft murmur, Bucky bit his lip,

"So, I was kind if an asshole to everyone before .... Are they all okay?"

"Everyone is fine." Tony assured his mate, "They're fine, they know you weren't all yourself." He nodded.

"Do you guys want me to be pack alpha again?" He asked softly; Tony slipped out of his chair, and wrapped his arms around Bucky from behind.

"Of course. But only if you're feeling up to it." Bucky smiled and continued cooking, enjoying the feeling of Tony's baby bump against his back.

"I'll talk to Steve about it."

"Okay." Tony hummed, kissing right between Bucky's shoulderblades. "You know, naked cooking is very dangerous."

"Yeah, I know, that's why I'm being careful," he smiled.

"Good, because... I'm very fond," Tony slid his hands down Bucky's smooth belly, to circle his cock, "Of certain bits of you." Bucky swallowed and hummed.

"Yeah, I'm kind of fond of it too," he smirked.

"Are you?" Tony curled his fingers around the shaft, giving one slow stroke, and the grin that followed as Bucky's cock hardened in his hand made his jaw throb, but he didn't care. Bucky closed his eyes and groaned softly.

"Tony..." The omega kept his finger curled around Bucky's length, rubbing his thumb over the head in slow circles.

"Yeah?" He asked, his smile clear in his voice, Bucky shuddered and leaned his head back.

"Fuck... gonna burn the food..." he groaned, rocking into the hand.

"I'll hold you to that, and rest assured, I'll be very disappointed if it isn't burnt." Tony slid his hand over Bucky in long strokes, "You feel so good in my hand, Buck." He murmured, "All I can think about... is how you stretch me open... how big you feel in my ass..."

"Fuck," he moaned, and thrusted into his hand, his body sweating a little. Tony licked a drop of sweat from Bucky's back.

"I love when you take a long time to knot...when I get to feel you moving in me...how good you
feel in me..." He purred, "You always feel so good... and that time when I was working out... and you put your whole hand in me..." Bucky bit his lip and moaned loudly.

"Fuck, and that chain..." he said, shaking a little.

"Yes," Tony purred, "That chain... so thick and cold..." He rubbed his own erection against the back of Bucky's thigh; the dom moaned and tried to give the potatoes a stir, his cock leaking down Tony's hand.

"Mmm, I love those toys, too...just like your cock, filling me up for you..." Tony licked over his spine between his shoulder blades, "I love being yours, James Barnes." Bucky felt his knot start to grow.

"Fuck, I love that you're mine!" He hissed, and Tony cupped one hand over the head of Bucky's cock, the other sliding around to keep stroking.

"That's it, baby, no one's but yours. Come on..." That had the dom panting, grunting with each thrust until he was coming, his knot growing large in Tony's hand as he cum shot out of him. Tony stopped the thick liquid from hitting the stove, keeping it cupped in his hand. "I love you." He whispered as Bucky's hips jerked one last time. Bucky moaned, and turned his head to kiss his mate.

"I love you, too." The sub lifted his hand once Bucky was looking at him, and tipped the cum into his mouth, eyes half lidded, some spilling down his chin. Bucky smiled, and kissed his cheek. "Didn't get enough of my cum earlier?" Tony licked his lips clean, then his palm.

"I like your cum." He shrugged, humming as his dom turned around to hug him. Bucky hugged him tightly, and nuzzled his head.

"Tony... I have to go after Hydra. They're still out there." The omega tensed in his arms.

"I know." He whispered, "They're stubborn, they won't give up. But... I swear to god, Bucky, if you don't come back..."

"I will always come back to you," he said, hugging Tony tightly. "I can focus better without having to worry about you getting shot." Tony sighed.

"God... why'd I have to bond with a hero, huh? Answer me that, Bucky." He rubbed his face against Bucky's chest, "I...I fixed the shielding on the tower." The dom shrugged.

"I don't consider myself a hero," he replied simply, and he kissed his cheek. "Good."

"Yeah, well, whether or not you consider it, you are." Tony pulled away, wiping his chin, "The potatoes are burning."

"Fuck!" he laughed and got them off the burner, putting a lid on it so it would stop smoking. Tony grinned, leaning back to rub his jaw.

"It's okay, hun, and if you repeat this to anyone, I'll deny it, the burnt stuff tastes the best right now." The dom smiled and sighed.

"Well, if you say so," he grinned. "I guess you get to eat it all your own." The sub wrinkled his nose.

"Strawberry jam, chop chop!" Tony waved his hands, and settled into a chair, "You're really going
to go after them, huh? Can you... look, at least take someone with you, don't go alone, and... I'm designing a tracker... I'm going to inject it into you. No, shut up," Tony growled when Bucky opened his mouth as if to reply, "I'm not... I'm not letting you leave without a fucking tracker!" Bucky closed his mouth and just smiled.

"Fine, but I want you to be able to remove it when I come back," he said, pouring the potatoes into a bowl, the blackened mush slumping into the bowl, and he got out the jam, setting it before his sub. Tony's brow furrowed.

"Why?" He stared, "You don't... why? I have one..."

"You do!? Then why the hell couldn't we find you when you got captured!?" He asked; Tony flinched.

"It used to be in a tooth, and they ripped it out, Bucky. Remember that!" Tony pushed the food away, "Because Bruce found my bloody tooth in the van, so I made a new one when I got home! What do you plan on doing that you don't want me to know where you are, James!?" Bucky flinched a little.

"No, I don't remember that..." he whispered. "If it really means that much to you, I'll let you put it in... but I thought you trusted me more than that," he said; Tony recoiled as if he'd been slapped.

"Really? You're... you're... fuck... did you miss where they dragged your body out of my arms and brainwashed you for three months, Bucky?" He fought back tears, "Is it wrong for me to worry when you just said you were going to leave to hunt them down!?" He took a step back, "You want to risk not being here for your kids?! Fine! I won't make you a tracker! Go wherever the fuck you want, Barnes!" He pushed his way into the elevator.

"Jarvis..." The doors slid closed. "Clint's...Clint's floor..." Bucky growled.

"Did you fucking miss where I asked you to take it out AFTER THE ATTACK!" He snarled at the closed elevator, and put Tony's food in the fridge. Clint was running his fingers over the soft baby blanket Phil had given Charlotte, and jumped when Tony stepped out of the elevator.

"Hey, you okay?" The omega stood shaking just inside the living room.

"I...y-yeah," He flushed, realizing he was still only wearing lingerie, tears slipping down his cheeks.

"Here..." Clint got up, and let Tony sit down. "Let me get you a robe so Charlie doesn't see," he said, going to his bathroom to grab his. Tony hugged himself, shoulders shaking.

"I'm sorry..." He whispered when Clint came back, "I didn't think... I should've gone somewhere else..."

"It's okay," he nuzzled him, and helped him slide the robe on, tying it in the front so it covered everything. "Charlie's taking her nap, but she should be up soon." Tony nodded slowly, wiping his eyes.

"Sorry... I'm sorry..." He swallowed, "Sorry."

"Do you want to tell me what's wrong?" he asked, wrapping an arm around him.

"Bucky's going after Hydra... and I wanted... I wanted to put a tracker in... you know? So I... but he said only if I could take it out when he got home..."
"Okay...?" Clint asked, not seeing the problem. "There would be no point to the tracker after the threat was neutralized." Tony stared at him.

"One threat. One." He dropped his gaze, "Aliens and... and all kinds of villains that Shield had... who are free now... and..." He fell silent, head down, "...fuck... okay, so... so I'm wrong..." Dropping Clint's bathrobe to the floor, he stepped back into the elevator, and hit the button for his workshop, collapsing against the wall as soon as the doors closed. Clint frowned, sad that his friend couldn't stay. Charlie came out with her blanket, and he lifted her up, wrapping her in the soft fleece.

"Steve might come over later," he told her.

"S'eye?" She rubbed her eyes sleepily, and lay her head on his shoulder, yawning.

"Yeah," he nodded, rubbing her back. "Do you like Steve?" She patted his neck in answer, and closed her eyes, just needing to be held. He smiled and hugged her, kissing her head. "I love you," he said softly. "I'm sorry you'll never know your real daddy." Charlie just yawned, sinking back into sleep on her mother's shoulder.

"Sir," Jarvis murmured softly, "Captain Rogers asks if he may come down and speak with you."

"Uhm," he bit his lip, seeing the blanket Coulson gave Charlie; he was supposed to have thrown it out days ago. "Sure, just give me a minute, and tell him to be quiet," he said, trying to shove the blanket into the crevice of the couch with his foot so he didn't disturb Charlie. Steve could smell it immediately when he stepped onto Clint's floor, but he said nothing, he had no right to.

"Hey," He murmured softly, "She must be growing, long nap today." The sub nodded, and rubbed his daughter's back.

"I'm surprised she's still asleep."

"Yeah," Steve avoided the couch, sitting in Clint's newest thrift store find, a soft worn arm chair, "I would... I'd like to invite you, and Charlie, on a date tonight. Somewhere outside of the tower." Clint smiled.

"Charlie's never been out of the tower before, except for that one time I took her into battle..." he murmured. "That sounds great."

"Wonderful!" Steve beamed, then lowered his voice, "I thought... we could either go to a restaurant...or, get burritos from this vendor near Central Park, and have a picnic? Char could feed the ducks?"

"I think Charlie would like the picnic idea, she wouldn't get bored sitting in the restaurant," he smiled.

"That's what made me think of it, though... when she's older, maybe a... a place with an arcade? And we could all play the games." Clint bit his lip, he had been hoping that by the time Charlie was older, they could get a babysitter.

"That sounds great," he replied simply. "She's gonna kick your ass at Skeeball." Steve frowned.

"You don't like that idea." He murmured. Where did I go wrong? He wracked his brain, "I thought..." Clint reached his hand out to squeeze Steve's hand, grinning.

"By the time she's older, I was hoping we could go on dates... just us. Adult stuff, ya know? We
don't need to drag her on every date."

"I hadn't planned on it... it was just an idea so she wouldn't always feel left out." The dom swallowed, "I want to do this right." He paused, "Was Tony here? I didn't think he'd leave his floor, since he got most of Bucky's memories back."

"Okay," he said, squeezing Steve's hand before pulling it away. "Only for like, five seconds," he snorted. "He ran in, complained, and left."

"Complained?" Steve arched a brow. "It smells like panic and..." He closed his eyes, "Was he crying?" The omega nodded.

"Yeah... he came in all upset because he wanted to put a chip in Bucky, and Bucky said he didn't want it to stay in after he fights Hydra, so..." he shrugged.

"Fights Hydra?" Steve frowned, "Wait... so he wanted to put a tracker in Bucky, right? And Bucky said he had to take it out, after, and..." The dom stood, pacing, "...I bet Bucky said something stupid, like that Tony didn't trust him, when Tony's just worried... god, they're idiots." Clint chuckled and nodded.

“Yeah, they should be thankful that they have each other,” he smiled sadly.

“I know they are.” Steve frowned, “Clint, they are, but I can see Tony’s point in this. He lost him for three months, he was feeling scared and alone enough that he gave me a second look, and we both know how crazy that is. And regardless, he still didn’t do anything with me. The one time we did, he panicked and... he’s terrified of losing Bucky again, hell, so am I, he’s my best friend.” Clint shrugged.

“My m... Phil disappeared for almost a year, and when he came back, I was so relieved to see him. I just figured that as a soldier, if he hadn’t gotten in contact with me sooner, it was because it would have endangered his life or the mission. That there was a good reason I was left alone, feeling that he was still alive despite everyone’s insistence that he was dead... I still trusted him, for a long time... maybe Bucky should let him keep the tracker in,” he shrugged. His trust had led to heartache, after all. Steve sighed.

“He’s stubborn, just like Tony, I hope they’re both okay.” He sank back into his chair, trying not to think about Phil, or how much Clint still cared for him, if the blanket peeking out from under the cushions was any indication. The omega sighed and buried his face in Charlie’s neck, before looking back up at the alpha.

“Steve... will you help me throw out the last stuff from Phil?” he asked, and Steve looked up, blue eyes wide.

“Are you sure?” He asked softly, reaching to touch Clint’s face, “Don’t rush yourself, it’s only been three weeks.” Clint whined softly and nuzzled his hand.

“If I don’t get rid of it, I never will,” he said, his hands shaking as he pulled out the blanket. He’d been bonded for many years... but he couldn’t keep torturing himself. Steve pulled him and Charlotte close, kissing the omega’s forehead.

“Hey, okay... okay.” He nuzzled Clint’s face, “How about this, lay the blanket down on the table, and just put anything you don’t want, including your own stuff you don’t need anymore, in it, okay? And then I’ll tie it up, and throw it away.”

“Okay,” he said, biting his lip, and rubbing Charlie’s back some more. “Uhm... do you want to
“Take her?” he asked. Steve held his arms out.

“I... what if I wake her up?” He whispered, carefully slipping his hands under her little torso, and trying to shift her onto his chest. She just curled her tiny fingers in his shirt, and slept on. Steve looked down at her, eyes shining, “She’s so beautiful, Clint...” His voice was barely a whisper as he rocked slowly from side to side, smoothing her ginger curls. He smiled brightly, he really enjoyed seeing Steve hold his daughter.

“She shouldn’t wake up,” he said, pulling the blanket out of the couch, and laying it on the table. His fingers lingered on it, and he brought his fingers up to his nose, inhaling the scent. Steve looked away, focusing on Charlotte, twining her hair around his fingers, and rubbing her smooth back.

“She’s a little sweaty.”

“Yeah, she runs hot, she always sweats, she’s okay,” he said, turning back to face Steve, and then he went back to his room. He pulled out the money Phil had given him, and he grabbed the bag with trinkets, which he hadn’t even looked in. It hurt too much. He grabbed some of his old clothes, and a worn out pair of shoes he had been meaning to get rid of, before setting it on top of the blanket. Steve had settled back into the armchair, and shifted Charlotte down into the crook of his arm; he was completely captivated, looking down at her face, her pouting lips.

“Look, look, Clint, she’s nursing in her sleep!” He exclaimed in a whisper, looking at Charlie’s mouth, moving as if she were nursing. Clint blushed bright red, and nodded.

“Yeah... she’s getting hungry,” he said, glad his chest was getting a little smaller now that she wasn’t feeding as often.

“Oh.” Steve stroked her hair back. “You sure she’s not just dreaming about it?” He asked hopefully, obviously not ready to give her back. Clint shrugged, and sat down beside them on the arm of the couch.

“I don’t know, she’s a bit of a pig,” he chuckled.

“Her? No, never. She’s just growing.” Steve bounced her gently, “She’s gotta eat to get big and strong.”

“You obviously haven’t seen her at breakfast,” he chuckled, and kissed her head.

“Is that an invitation?” Steve smiled softly, “Maybe... maybe I could make breakfast tomorrow morning? She loves pancakes, right? With strawberries? Or... or chocolate chips?” Clint beamed at him.

“You can put chocolate chips in it, and we’ll give her some chopped strawberries on the side,” he hummed. Steve rocked Charlotte happily in his arms, seemingly unable to sit still, too caught up in the baby in his arms, the comforting smell of Clint nearby.

“Alright, I’ll... I’ll do that. Should I cook it here? Or bring it down?” He lifted his gaze to Clint’s, “I could sleep over.” Clint looked over at the garbage on the table, and nodded softly.

“I think that will be good,” he said, running a hand through his hair. “Just... sleep only, though, I’m not ready for anything else.”

“I didn’t ask for anything else, Clint.” Steve murmured softly, “I would love to sleep beside you.” He blinked when Charlotte’s eyes fluttered open, and she patted his chest. “Hey, angel.” A soft
smile shifted his features. “Hey... ready to wake up? Oh, don’t worry, don’t worry, your mama is right here.” He stood as she began to cry, and held her out to Clint.

“He baby,” he smiled and lifted her up, bouncing her in his arms, “Do you need to go potty?” he asked her.

“You’re potty training her already? So early?” Steve’s eyes widened, “Wow.” But Charlotte was wriggling in Clint’s arms, trying to pull his shirt down so she could nurse. Clint blushed, and sat down, lifting his shirt up and letting her latch onto his chest.

“I... don’t really know what I’m doing?” He said. “I figured I’d try, I really don’t know when a good time to start is,” he murmured.

“Yeah? Me either, but I think... I was two.” Steve shrugged, “Which doesn’t mean anything, maybe I got a late start.” He leaned to smooth a lock of Clint’s hair back from his face, “I’ll go throw this away, okay? And then... I was going to clean my floor, if you and Charlie want to come hang out?” Clint grinned softly, and nodded.

“When she’s a little more awake, we’ll both come up,” he smiled, and stared at the stuff on the table. It was really difficult... but it was for the best. Steve wrapped the blanket around everything else.

“Tell Jarvis your music preferences, I’ll be waiting.” And he carried the bundle into the elevator.

Tony fiddled with the tracker he’d made, turning the tiny vial it was stored in over and over in his fingers. “Worthless...” he whispered, tucking it into a drawer of his desk, “...worthless.” Bucky knocked on the door softly, and slowly walked in.

“Tony?” he asked, walking in. “Can we talk?” The omega didn’t lift his head.

“What about? Clint agrees with you... everyone probably does, god, I’m such an idiot. You know... it’s stupid of me to try and keep you safe, isn’t it, Bucky? How would I possibly be any help?” Bucky sat beside him.

“I was egotistical... I thought I was strong enough that I didn’t need anyone’s help, but even if I didn’t need it... which I do... I want your help,” he said. “I want you to know where I am if you’re ever scared, so you feel comforted,” he nuzzled Tony’s shoulder. “I’ll let you put it in, and you can keep it in.”

“No.” Tony looked away, “What’s the point, Bucky? What’s the point?” He dropped his hand to his belly, shoulders hunched, “It doesn’t matter, you don’t need my help, you think I don’t trust you. I won’t give you more reasons to think that.” The alpha groaned and rubbed his head.

“I’ve had a really hard past two days,” he said, “I’m sorry I said that, it’s not true. Without you, I’d still be with Hydra and that’s frightening,” he held Tony’s hand. “Please?”

“I know you’ve had it rough... I’ve been here, Bucky.” He muttered, “Someone would have found you, if I didn’t. Someone.” The sub stared at the floor, “People usually speak the truth when they’re angry or worked up, and then they think better of admitting the things they’ve said, and they come and apologize and try and make it right. But it doesn’t change what they believe. How long have you thought that I don’t trust you?”

“When I came back... you were always on edge around me. I figured you were either frightened of me, or you didn’t trust me... and I didn’t want to believe that you were afraid of me,” he said. “Before I got kidnapped, I didn’t think either of those things,” he said honestly, Tony looked up at
“I’m pregnant, it comes with the fucking territory…” But there was no venom in his voice, “...everything is weird...I cried over a latte, Bucky... a latte.” Bucky smiled and pulled Tony against his chest.

“I’m sure you’ll cry about a lot more before the nine months are up. But I’m serious, I would like you to put the tracker in,” he hummed. “You deserve to know where I am.” Tony shook his head.

“I don’t.” He grunted, “I don’t deserve to.”

“C’mon,” he said, rubbed his arm. “I want you to.” Tony pulled away from him.

“Can you just drop it? I don’t want to be this, can’t you get that? I don’t want to be sitting at home watching your... your indicator mark on a screen, wondering if you haven’t moved in ten minutes because you’re waiting, or because you’re dead! I know you won’t let me go with you, it’s not even a viable option in your mind, and I already know that. So what was I supposed to do? Aliens attacked New York. Aliens, Bucky, and Thor’s a... and you thought that me wanting to have some way to know where you were was because I didn’t trust you!? Well, maybe it was so I would know where to go... to pick up the body.” Tony hugged himself, “You’re going, and it’s...it’s dangerous, and you’re leaving me here. So stop, please, you’re giving me whiplash.” He pressed his hands over his belly, his barely there baby bump. Bucky sighed and hugged him softly.

“I’m sorry. I won’t die, so don’t worry. I love you,” he nuzzled his cheek, and rubbed Tony’s belly. The omega slumped against him, eyes closed.

“I’m not used to being so useless.”

“You’re not useless,” he said, kissing his neck. “I love you very much, and you’re going through a lot right now.” The scientist, huffed out a breath.

“Right…” He muttered, “The tracker is in that drawer... you just put it in that gun, and shoot yourself in the leg or something... avoid veins and arteries.” Bucky got up, and put the tracker in the gun.

“Uhm, you know more about the body and stuff than I do... I don’t know where the veins and arteries are.” The sub cradled the silver device in his hands.

“Put your leg here,” he whispered, shoulders tense, as he pressed the end of the applicator gun against Bucky’s thigh, “It’s gonna sting.” He pulled the trigger, and with a soft pop, it ejected the tracker into his tissue. He grunted, and rubbed the spot on his leg, wiping away the little bit of blood before sighing, and sitting back down next to Tony. The omega twisted the gun in his hands, “Tell Jarvis if you want it off. He’ll switch the receiver off.”

“Okay,” he said, kissing Tony’s neck. He was relieved he had it in, actually. Now he didn’t have to worry about getting lost again, and never being found. Tony tilted his head back automatically.

“I never ate.”

“I put your food in the fridge, if you still want it, I’ll heat it up for you.” The sub shook his head.

“I don’t. Can we go somewhere? I never go anywhere anymore.”

“Somewhere to eat or just to hang out?” he asked, getting up and grabbing his jacket, his braid
messed up from all the sex.

“To eat.” Tony rubbed his stomach, “They’re needy little things, okay? Food is required. Like greasy food... like... at a sports bar type food.” Bucky grinned.

“I know the perfect place,” he smiled, “I saw it a few times I went running with Steve, It’s called Doyle’s Pour House.” Tony looked down at himself.

“I’m not going in this, and I don’t care what it’s called, as long as it has pickles, barbecue, and lots of greasy burgers.” Bucky pulled him into the elevator, taking them back to their floor, before he chose a pair of pants, not concerned about a shirt as he zipped up the jacket.

“I guess we’ll find out when we get there,” he said, grabbing an outfit for Tony. The omega slipped the soft, worn denim over his legs, and tugged the tee over his head.

“You know, most restaurants require a shirt and shoes.” He pointed out, tying his tennis shoes. The dom sighed, but he didn’t want to get thrown out, so he pulled on a long sleeve black shirt, his black gloves and his blue jacket, before tying on his regular shoes. Tony looked up at him, “If you don’t want to go, just say something, okay? I can eat the potatoes.”

“I want to, I just don’t agree with their clothing rules,” he chuckled and kissed Tony, lifting him up by his ass. Tony groaned, wrapping his arms around Bucky’s neck for support.

"Shirts are required most places."

"I wish they weren’t," he grinned, and smiled at him.

"Oh?" Tony arched a brow, "And why’s that?"

"Cause then I could flash my muscles at you all day," he teased, "My old man muscles, I know how much they turned you on earlier."

“Oh, sure,” Tony poked Bucky’s chest, “I just love wrinkly skin, and erectile dysfunction.”

“Now you’re just being cruel,” he laughed, and kissed him again before setting him back down.

“We should get going soon.”

“Yeah,” Tony agreed softly, nosing up the very prominent bulge in his alpha’s jeans. “But... we have a few minutes, don’t we?” He shifted, “And I’m still wearing the lingerie under my clothes.” Bucky grinned and nodded.

“Of course, what are you doing with those silly pants on?” He chuckled, and reached down to undo his pants. Tony leaned back on his arms, letting Bucky tug his jeans down to his knees.

“You know, you’re wearing pants too.”

“Yeah, I know,” he said, just pulling them down mid thigh so he could get his cock out, Tony groaned as his dom turned him to lean against the bed, chest down. His jeans pooled around his knees, holding his legs together, his ass presented perfectly.

“Bucky...” He breathed.
“Such a good boy for me,” he hummed, moving the string of the thong to the side, he pulled his cheeks apart to stare at his hole.

“For you…” Tony panted, pressing back against his hands, feeling the coolness between his cheeks. The alpha hummed, and rubbed Tony’s rim, trying to generate some slick so he wouldn’t hurt Tony. “I’m wet, Bucky…” The sub moaned, reaching back with one hand to spread his rim open, slick glistening just within.

“Oh wow,” he smiled and rubbed his hands up Tony’s back, grasping his hips, and pressing the head of his cock into his hole. Tony groaned, it felt so good, with his legs pressed together like that, as if Bucky were larger than usual.

“Love you.” He whispered, turning to look back at him.

“I love you too,” he kissed his back, and started slowly thrusting, pressing his entire length in until his balls were flush with his ass. Tony reached back, hand finding Bucky’s.

“I love you.” He repeated softly, laying his head on the bedding as Bucky’s body settled against his, “I love you.”

“Such a good boy,” he moaned and picked up his speed, rubbing against Tony’s prostate. Tony shifted.

“Thank you.” He whispered, “Thank you, Bucky.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” he moaned, stroking Tony’s cock. The omega gripped Bucky’s other hand, and rocked back into the thrusts.

“Yeah... yeah I do…” His breath was labored, sweat starting up on his skin, “You’re so good to me…”

“You deserve it,” he panted, and thrust as fast as he could, determined to give Tony a good fuck. Tony reached back and stopped him, pulling off of his cock slowly, he kicked the jeans off.

“Will you lay on the bed, Bucky Barnes?” He whispered, looking at his dom, “Please? And... take your clothes off?” The submissive stripped off his shirt, reaching to pull Bucky into a soft kiss. Bucky wondered what Tony was up to, mostly he wanted to keep fucking him, but he decided to play along with Tony. He undressed, and climbed up on the bed with him, laying down and kissing him back. Tony carefully removed all the lingerie, climbing onto the bed, and laying his head on Bucky’s chest for a moment. “All my life... I’ve been a dog, Bucky.” He whispered, “All my life I’ve been something to be used, something to be fucked, or... ordered around…” Slowly, he slid his leg over Bucky’s hips, and sat up, resting his weight on the dom’s pelvis. “With Obi,” he traced lines down the alpha’s chest, mapped his pecs and abs. “With Pepper,” he reached back, and helped Bucky into his body, but he didn’t thrust or move, except to lay down, chest to chest, and kiss Bucky. “But not with you. It seemed that way, at first, I thought…” Another soft, gentle kiss, “But... even your orders... are bendable, you watch me... you care.” He clenched his muscles down, “...I don’t feel so much like an animal anymore.” Bucky tried to listen, he truly did, but it was difficult with Tony’s hot body above him, his length sliding into that taut heat, and then the tight clench around him. He bit his lip and tried not to thrust to get carried away.

“I’m glad you’re happier with me.” Tony fell silent.

“Never mind.” He muttered, sitting up, “Go ahead, fuck me.” Bucky frowned, and gripped Tony’s hips.
“I don’t want to... I want to make love to you,” he smiled at him; Tony looked down at him.

“I was trying to do that, but you weren’t really listening.” He shook his head, “I could tell, your eyes glaze over when you’re pretending to pay attention.”

“I’m sorry,” he said softly, “I really am, and I wasn’t pretending... I was just having some trouble, you make me so hard...” he groaned, Tony’s shoulders slumped.

“I was trying... fuck, forget it, okay? I can’t say it right anyway.” He slowly rolled his hips, smoothing the motions into circles.

“It’s okay,” Bucky hummed and rocked his hips upwards, “I love you so much.” Tony swallowed, and slowly lay forward, chest to chest with the dom again, feeling his mismatched arms wrap around his torso, comforting.

“I love you, too.” He whispered, rocking slowly back into the thrusts, “We don’t ever do this…”

“We definitely need to do it more,” he said, being quick, but gentle, wanting to give Tony an inward orgasm as well. The sub kissed Bucky’s chest, slow, nervousness creeping into his scent.

“What if I’m not good at... making love?”

“Oh baby, you’re perfect, just enjoy,” he smiled and kissed him on the lips, threading a hand through his hair. Tony flushed, and relaxed into the movements when Bucky’s fingers rubbed over his scalp, closing his eyes and kissing his lover’s throat.

“Good boy,” the dom said, using his other hand to tread down his back, and he slipped a finger into his hole, lifting his ass up a little more. Tony whined softly at the stretch.

“Mmn... Bucky…”

“Like that?” He hummed, thrusting a little faster. The omega arched his back so that Bucky could reach his hole better.

“Yeah... feels... feels so good... the stretching…!” He moaned, shifting to suckle at one of the dom’s nipples. Bucky groaned and leaned his head back, his knot hitting his fingers as it pressed in and out of Tony’s hole. The sub’s tongue flicked over his nipple; Tony was bucking up against his fingers as his first orgasm rippled through him, “Ah... ah... Bucky…!”

“Fuck!” He moaned loudly as Tony clenched around him and slick dripped from his ass. The omega’s legs shook.

“Came... Bucky I came... it... fuck…!” He gasped out, his cock dry between them.

“Oh fuck, good boy!” He panted, through he was almost fully knotted. He reached between their stomachs, and rubbed Tony’s cock. The sub arched.

“Fuck... fuckfuck!” He cried, spilling over Bucky’s fingers, “How do you do that!?” Bucky forced his knot in, and moaned, panting roughly.

“I have no clue,” he chuckled, Tony leaned back, muscles twitching, as the motion drove him harder onto the knot.

“Nn…” He rubbed his belly, “I was thinking... about how... big I’ll be.”

“You’re gonna be so hot, filled with my pups, our pups, I can’t wait to see it,” he smiled.
“Hot... huh, that’s not what I was thinking, but…” Tony stretched his arms above his head, “Mm.” Bucky ran his hands up and down his chest.

“You’ll be gorgeous.” His words had Tony relaxing slightly.

“Maybe to you.” The sub murmured, laying back against him, stomach growling.

“Our opinions are the only ones that matter,” he said, smiling. “C’mon, let’s get some food.”

“Your knot isn’t down yet.” Tony pointed out.

“Oh,” he chuckled, and just rubbed Tony’s back until it did go down.
Chapter Summary

Hey all, it's Tonystarktastic, back for awhile~ Sorry for any inconvenience I caused, to any of you, Spiffy included. I know it was an unneeded stressful addition to her life.

Warnings for the chapter include: Weird foods again, a tough decision, some fighting, movie night with Clint Barton.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Tony groaned as he bit into the thick cut fries, dipped in jam. “So good…” He murmured, chewing slowly, “Why didn’t I do this yet?” Bucky chuckled, eating his chicken pot pie.

“I have no clue. Do you want some of my pie?” He offered, and Tony reached over and dipped a potato into it, sniffing before he tucked it into his mouth.

“Good?” He asked, smiling as he took a forkful of chicken and breadcrust.

“Not as good as the jam, but Bruce says I need to eat more protein.” Tony picked through a basket of breaded chicken, tearing pieces apart with his fingers and laying the meat out in the basket.

“Try putting jam on the chicken,” he said, shrugging. The omega wrinkled his nose.

“I don’t know, that doesn’t sound good to me.”

“Maybe some other sauce then?” He asked. “Ketchup, mustard, honey mustard, syrup, barbecue sauce…?” Tony sighed.

“I don’t know, I just want potatoes, which Bruce says is bad.” He tipped his cup back, and chewed the piece of ice that slipped out of it.

“What about gravy?” He asked, trying to get him to stop thinking of potatoes. Tony groaned, and leaned to bury his face in Bucky’s shoulder.

“Tastes really good on mashed potatoes... but I’ll try it.”

“Okay,” he said, and he ordered a small thing of gravy, having it brought out. The sub sniffed it, making sure it didn’t make him sick, and nudged Bucky’s leg with his foot in thanks. Bucky nuzzled his head, and went back to his own food, glad he could help his mate.

Three baskets of chicken later, and Tony was content to sit and crunch ice cubes between his teeth, shaking the glass occasionally.

“Would you like more ice cubes?” The alpha asked, having long since finished. Tony nodded.

“Can we get some bags of ice on our way home? It tastes really good.” Bucky gave him a wonky
grin at that, but didn’t say anything.

“We’ll get one bag, since we already have some in the freezer.” Tony shook his head.

“Two bags, because all we have in the freezer are pizza rolls and broccoli.”

“Alright,” he said, smiling and throwing a couple of bills on the table before standing. Tony pressed to his feet, and rubbed his stomach, suppressing a yawn. Bucky wrapped an arm around him.

“Want to take a nap when we get home?” The sub nodded.

“Bruce said... pretty soon I’ll get some energy back, but I’m just so tired all the time... and hungry.”

“It’s okay,” he said, smiling. “You can sleep in the car if you want, I’ll run in and get the ice.” Tony shook his head.

“No, I have to drive.”

“Right... okay, we’ll just have to be careful,” he said, getting in the passengers side.

“It’s not that far. Should I call Happy?” Tony frowned, “I’m not going to fall asleep at the wheel.”

“If you think you’ll be okay,” he said, “I don’t want to call Happy out here for just this.”

“He works for Pepper now, anyway.” The sub shrugged, and slipped into the car, turning it on. Bucky kept his eyes on his mate and the road, making sure he didn’t get overtired. “Maybe... you could go back out for ice?” Tony murmured, “Or...or we could have some delivered.”

“Sure, so just head home,” he said, putting on some fast paced music that he didn’t understand so Tony would wake up a little more. The sub snorted, and pulled into the parking under the tower, climbing out of the car.

“Buck?” He whispered once they were in the elevator, “When are you leaving?” He sighed through his nose.

“I was thinking by the end of the week. Was gonna talk to Steve about going with me,” he said, and Tony looked at the floor, quiet.

“That leaves Thor and Pepper for alphas... and Thor... who knows when he might pack Bruce up and go to Asgard, so... Pepper, who is often gone on business trips.” The dom bit his lip.

“Perhaps I’ll leave Steve here, and take Thor with me?”

“No, Steve is the logical choice. You two work well together, and you can get it done. Thor... just ask him to stay, he’ll listen, he respects you.” Bucky nodded, and kissed Tony’s head.

“Alright.” At his words, Tony relaxed.

“We’ll be alright, I’ll see if Pepper can rearrange some meetings.”

“Before or after I leave?” He asked, wondering what the meetings would be about. Tony arched a brow.

“Business meetings, Bucky, with the company? With the board? She goes on trips to Tokyo,
Russia, we have facilities all over.”

“Oh... so I don’t need to go to any of those?” he asked, leading Tony out of the elevator.

“No, we’ve... since I’m on pregnancy leave, then you’re on leave for a little while…” He chewed his lip, “Pepper said they’re... having some issues with me coming back as head of R&D, that they want to put... a longer leave on me as a requirement, but they haven’t decided how long.” He frowned.

“I thought, as your alpha, I was the head of everything?” He asked; Tony shook his head.

“No, you control me, you own the company, but Pepper runs it.”

“Oh, alright,” he said, rubbing his head. “I need to talk to Steve, then I’ll meet you in bed.”

“Ice?” Tony requested softly, head up, “I mean, could you put in the order?”

“Yes, I promise I will,” He smiled, and kissed him softly before letting him off on their floor, and getting back in the elevator. “Jarvis, please tell Steve to meet me on the communal floor.” Bucky ordered the ice before Steve arrived, and then he sat on the couch; Steve cocked his head when he stepped onto the floor.

“Hey, Bucky, what do you need? I have a date in an hour.” He grinned, “At least, I think it’s a... never mind.”

“Hey... I need to go after Hydra, and I wanted to know if you would go with me,” he said. Steve’s brow furrowed.

“Alone? You want to go after the rest of Hydra with a two man team and leave your pregnant sub?”

“We'll be back before the birth...” The brunette said.

“You want to just...” Steve pinched the bridge of his nose, "Bucky... why?” He crossed his arms, "Why now?” Bucky sighed.

"I want my kids to have a safe future... And neither Tony nor I are safe until Hydra is destroyed, which means my kids are in danger, too. I want them born in a safer world.”

"Buck, you know he needs you for the pregnancy, right?” Steve sighed, "Fine. If you're going, I'm going with you. But you have to find some way to guarantee that Tony and Clint will be safe without us.”

"I'm going to ask Thor to stay,” he said. "I know Tony will need me, I want to make visits in between raids..."

"Visits..." Steve closed his eyes, "...damn. I have to talk to Clint..." Bucky nodded.

"I want to leave by the end of the week.” Steve sighed.

"Yes, sir.” He stepped into the elevator, leaning against the wall, "Clint's going to kill me...” Clint was shaking a little, everything from Phil was gone; nothing of his scent remained, and here he was, trying to make everything okay with Steve. He wanted this to work with Steve. He smiled, and continued cleaning in the dom's living room. Steve swallowed as he stepped up to Clint, stroking a hand through his hair.

"Hey, I didn't invite you down here to clean for me.” The dom murmured, "I... have something I
"Sorry," he said, feeling like a nervous idiot, trying to show off to Steve by being a good omega, what kind of person was he!? "Uh, okay, what is it?" Steve sat him down, glancing at Charlotte, who was dragging a toy broom around.

"Bucky... Bucky needs me to go with him to take out Hydra. He wants to leave at the end of the week, and I can't let him go alone." Clint frowned, and his breathing increased. He gripped his arm, feeling his heart start pounding.

"C'mon, Char, we're leaving," he said angrily. Steve stared.

"Wait, wait, Clint, please!" He held his hands up, "We'll come back often, he said, I can't let him go alone, it's too dangerous! I'll come back-!"

"THAT'S WHAT PHIL SAID!" He shouted, tears falling down his face. "I don't want to hear 'I'll come back!' I don't want you to leave...!" He cut himself off and buried his face in his hands, before looking back up at him, his tears wiped away.

"Kind of stupid of me, actually, to think that Captain America would put me over his duty to protect the nation. Fuck..." he said, shaking his head. "I don't want to see you again," he said, picking up Charlie and getting in the elevator. Agony burned through Steve's scent.

"Clint! Wait... wait, please... please don't say that...!" He held the elevator door open, "Clint, please... I'll text you the whole time I'm gone, I'll call you every night, if Bucky goes alone he'll die, he's our alpha. I... please... I'm not putting duty above you, I'm... trying to support my friend and... keep you and Tony and Char and the twins safe." He clenched his eyes shut, trying not to cry. Clint hugged Charlie tightly to his chest.

"If America had a national emergency, you would leave..." he said, tears running down his face. "Just leave me alone, Steve! I can't handle this kind of pain anymore!" The dom shuddered.

"If America had a national emergency, we would all go, Clint. This is your job, too, you're a part of this pack, you understood what you were getting into..." Steve knelt at his feet, "Please... I'm going on a mission, why is that so terrible? I... I'll come home often... I'll make sure Bucky takes breaks... I'm doing it for my friend, Clint... not for America..." Clint shuddered.

"I told you... I quit the Avengers. I don't shoot anymore," he said shakily. "I gave it up for Charlotte... It's terrible because my last alpha went on missions, and left me and I thought that was okay! I saw Phil maybe TWICE throughout my entire pregnancy, he left me TWICE!" The omega sobbed and leaned on the elevator doors. "I can't do this again!" Steve shook his head.

"You never told me that you were quitting my team, Clint..." He whispered, "...there's nothing I can say to change your mind, Clint... but I'm not Coulson. You'd rather I let Bucky go get himself killed? Do you want me to tell my alpha that I won't go with him?" He shivered, "I... please... please don't leave me, Clint..." Tears slid down his cheeks.

"I told Tony not to bother making me a bow or new arrows... I thought he would have told you," he said, and he shook his head, "I'm not the one leaving, Steve... go with Bucky... because it's the right thing," he said, not looking at him. Steve's scent filled with pain, and his shoulders slumped.

"I..." he rubbed a hand over his eyes, "...Clint..." He felt like the floor had been ripped out from under him, like he had no stable ground. Clint had been his focal point, the lighthouse keeping him on course.
"Say whatever you want, but you are leaving, Clint... I want this to work... more than anything in the world. I want to... to be worthy of you... but going to help my alpha makes me unworthy..." Clint felt backed into a corner, and he just wanted to leave, to get out.

"Do you really blame me for this? I wanted this to work too! I was fucking trying to show you how good of an omega I was by cleaning your impeccable flat! Do you know how hard that is!?" He dropped to his knees, and leaned on the wall. "My alpha left me for a COMPANY," he shouted at him, "Why wouldn't you leave me as well!?" Steve shuddered.

"I don't want a company, I want you." He whispered, "Do you want me to leave my team, to abandon them instead of going to help Bucky so we can all be safe? Say the word, Clint... and I'll put up the shield." He leaned, dropping his forehead to Clint's feet, "Please... it's been so much better since... I've been s-sleeping better and... and panicking less... I..." Clint shuddered and pressed his face into Charlotte's neck.

"How can you even stand me?" He asked, shaking. "I'm used... I have scars from alphas even before Coulson... Is it just so you can sleep better and panic less? Are you just using me until you can find a better omega who isn't so fucked up...?" He choked on his tears, "Tell me why you like me! Why you would come back...!?" Steve pressed to his feet, and pulled Clint against his chest.

"I like you because you say what you want to, because you do whatever it takes to keep Charlotte safe, because your past doesn't define you any more than mine does me. I sleep better because I'm thinking about you and Char when I lay down, about what you'll let me make for breakfast for you. Because I care so much about you..." He slid his fingers into Clint's hair, "I don't want anyone else, I just want you and Char. You're not ruined, Clint, everyone has scars, especially in this tower..." Clint was shaking harder as Steve ran his fingers through his hair, making him whimper.

"I-I'm afraid you'll leave me," he said, "I can't handle that... not after throwing out all of those things..." he said, burying his face in the alpha's chest. Steve hugged him close.

"I promise you Clint... I will not willingly leave you." He smoothed Clint's hair back, "Shh, hey," He rocked Clint gently, kissing his head, "I'll come back as often as I can, Clint... I promise."

"Don't make promises you can't keep," he warned, and nuzzled Steve's chest some more, "I want this shirt before you go." Steve nodded.

"Of course, anything you want." He murmured, kissing Clint's forehead again. The sub shuddered and gently kissed Steve's chin.

"Is the date off?"

"No, no, of course not," Steve hugged him close, "The date is still on. I... Bucky wants to go at the end of the week."

"So... we have time," he said, relaxing a little against him. "I'm sorry I freaked out," he said, letting his squirming daughter go; Steve lifted Clint once Char was back in his suite.

"We have time." He murmured, "It's okay to freak out, Clint." Clint clung to him and smiled, it'd been so long since he was higher up than normal. He missed being in a nest, surveying a scene from above.

"Okay... Are you cooking? 'Cause I can't do much more than sandwiches in this state," he grinned.

"I'm buying us dinner, and we're taking it to Central park so Charlie can feed the ducks." Steve murmured.
"Okay," he said," I can help pay, if you want," he murmured back, was Steve upset with him?

"No, no, I want to," Steve held the sub against his chest, and nuzzled him, "Come on, let's watch a movie, and then you and Charlotte can get ready and so will I." He nodded and smiled down at his baby.

"Charlotte! Tell Steve what movie you want to watch," he grinned; Charlotte just went back to playing with the broom, and Steve smiled. Clint chuckled and blushed when Steve didn't let him down.

"Uh, maybe we can put in Brave?" He asked.

"Sure," Steve smiled, "Jarvis? Can you put Brave on, please?"

"Yes sir."

Tony chewed his lip, slipping out of bed, he tiptoed to the doorway and peered out. Bucky was sitting on the couch, surrounded by holographic maps covered in data on Hydra. Where their members had been sighted, what they'd been doing, bases, everything. The sub wet his lip, "Bucky?" Bucky looked up after a few seconds past and looked at Tony with concern.

"Is everything okay?" The alpha asked softly, Tony leaned against the doorframe.

"You said you were coming to lay down with me an hour ago." Bucky looked down at the time, and sighed.

"Okay, sorry, I'm coming," he said, saving his files in a folder before getting up and wrapping an arm around Tony, the sub frowned.

"Not if you're going to act like that." He shrugged Bucky's arm off, "It was you who said you were going to nap with me, don't act all dutiful."

"I-I'm not! I just lost track of the time," he frowned and looked down. "I want to nap with you, it's not a chore or a duty."

"Then why did your scent turn annoyed when I reminded you!? You went down and talked to Steve and never came to lay down. I napped already, Bucky..." Bucky sighed and rubbed a hand over his face.

"I just want to make this trip as safe for Steve as I can... I was frustrated, not annoyed." The omega glowered at him.

"Safe for Steve, but not for you?" He brushed a hand over the tattoos sprawled from shoulder to shoulder, "Is this to get rid of Hydra? Or yourself?" Bucky frowned.

"I'm not suicidal... It's for both of us to be safe, but it's on MY hands if Steve gets hurt, or worse," he muttered, and Tony swallowed.

"And if you don't come back?" The sub lifted his gaze to Bucky's, "What then?"

"I will come back," he said, not wanting to think about that, Tony looked away, turning for the kitchen.

"Fine." Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony, nuzzling his neck.
"I love you."

"Bucky..." Tony whispered, "I love you, too, but how long is this vendetta going to take?"

"I don't know... I'll give up before the pups are born if I don't finish before then," he said.

"Months..." Tony whispered, "You want to be gone... for months?"

"It's not a day thing," he whined. "We'll visit back several times." Tony stared at him.

"Did I do something? Did I misbehave? Why don't you... want to be around me?" He hugged his belly, "You don't want them? What is it?" Bucky whimpered.

"Oh baby, my Tony, I love you so much, and I love our pups, I'm doing this 'cause I want our family to be safe." Tony looked away.

"Are you? Because all you're talking about is leaving me until they're born."

"What can I do to prove myself to you!?" He said, getting upset. "I love you and the pups so much that I want them to be born in a safer world!"

"So you're risking your life before they're born!? So that they might be born without a father!?" Tony shoved his fingers through his hair, "There are more dangers than we can ever possibly combat, Bucky! And I'll be able to fight even less alone." He clenched his teeth.

"Fine... I was doing this for us, but if you don't want me to go, I'll tell Steve the trip is off..." Tony's shoulders hunched.

"Go then, Bucky. Go hunt Hydra... I'll... I'll move in with Clint or something..." He touched his belly, head down, "...it's what you want... but don't tell me that leaving for months is for us."

"It is for us!" The dom shouted. "This is so I don't have to worry about that, if my family is going to be in danger every step of the way!" Tony shook his head.

"It's not. It's not for us, it's for you." He slumped into a chair at the kitchen table, his head in his hands, "Stop saying it's for us, Bucky. Leaving me for... however many months is not for us, leaving me..."

"I'm not leaving you," he whimpered, and dug his nails into his hands. "I could never leave you, stop saying I don't care! YOU went on a three month long search for me! Why can't I go on a few month long spree to make sure we STAY safe!?"

"I was trying to get you back, Bucky..." Tony's face twisted, and he buried his head in his arms, "...fuck..."

"And I'm trying to make sure none of us get taken ever again," he said, nuzzling. The omega pulled away.

"Right." He mumbled, "We're supposed to have dinner with the pack... when are you leaving?"

"Two days," he said, hating how Tony was always mad at him. The sub sniffed.

"Two days..." He trailed back into the room, head down, and changed his shirt, before shuffling into the elevator.

"Tony?" Bucky asked softly, unsure if he was welcome.
"Dinner... with the pack?" Tony reminded him, "You're part of the pack." Bucky moved forward, and kissed Tony softly on the head; Tony struggled to hold back tears, sadness permeating his scent.

"Darling, I love you," he cooed, Tony shoved his face into Bucky's chest, shaking hard, one hand twisted in Bucky's shirt, the other on his own belly. "My good boy," he smiled and hugged him tightly; soft, dry sobs shook the sub's body, but he refused to let the tears free. The doors opened, and Bucky led Tony out into the living room, where everyone else, minus Steve and Clint, were. Tony straightened up, rubbing a hand over his face, and Bruce looked between them.

"I made raviolis, from scratch. Cheese and beef?" Tony nodded slowly.

"That sounds... really good."

"Thank you, Bruce," Bucky smiled, and made Tony and himself a plate before sitting down with the pack. They were gathered around the table, and Pepper's eyes kept flicking to Tony's tattoo, peeking out of his tank top.

"Pep, uh... how full are the next... couple months for you?" The sub asked softly, and Nat's brow furrowed. Bucky sighed softly.

"Steve and I are taking a trip to the other Hydra facilities to finish them off once and for all. Thor, would you do me a favor, and keep charge over the pack while we're gone?" Bruce frowned.

"Tony? Why did you...?" Pepper asked.

"Because Bucky's going to be gone for months... and he wasn't sure if Thor was going to be here."

"We will be back, visiting several times, and then back for good when Hydra is neutralized," he said. Pepper looked as if she'd like to say something, but her gaze flicked to Bucky, and she rubbed her throat. Bruce frowned.

"But Tony's pregnant." Bucky stared at Pepper, and then looked back at Bruce.

"If I don't finish my mission before he gives birth, I'll come back in time."

"Bucky, the hormone spikes, the urges and needs... have you forgotten what Clint was like?" Bruce opened his mouth to say more, but Tony held a hand up.

"Stop, Bruce. I'll be fine." Bucky bit his lips.

"I didn't forget, but I want my kids to grow up safe." Bruce's eyes narrowed, but Tony gave him a look, and the beta remained silent. Natasha leaned into Pepper's side, giving Tony a sympathetic look. The omega growled.

"I'm fine! I can fucking take care of myself!" He shoved a forkful of ravioli in his mouth. Bucky frowned and hunched his shoulders.

"Do you all also think this is a bad idea?" The pack was silent, forks scraping on plates.

"I think it's a good idea." Natasha spoke up, "Taking out the threat." Thor nodded slowly,

"Aye." Bucky smirked a little at Tasha.
"But the rest of you think its a bad idea."

"Yes." Bruce replied, "With your sub pregnant with twins, I think leaving is a bad idea." Pepper just nodded slowly. He sighed.

"I'd rather leave now than miss out on my babies lives after they're born."

"You're missing out on the pregnancy, on feeling them kick, and helping Tony through-!"

"Stop!" Tony snapped, "It's decided! You're not helping, Bruce."

"I know what I'm missing out on!" Bucky said, obviously upset. "But what's more important!? Ensuring the safety of my family and the pack!? Or letting the enemy run free!?" Tony flinched, and pushed his plate aside.

"I'm... I'm going to bed." He stood up; Bucky cursed.

"Fuck, Tony, please come back and eat!" Tony froze, head down.

"Yes, Sir." He slumped back in his chair, and poked at the ravioli. Bucky sighed and plopped his head on the table. Nothing was going right. Tony ate every bite on his plate in record time, "May I be excused, Sir?"

"Yes, Tony," he grumbled, he hadn't lifted his head. The omega slipped out of his seat, and into the elevator, his hands on his belly.

"Bucky..." Bruce murmured, "...are you sure about this?"

"I want to do this! Is it so wrong I want my family and pack to be safe!?" he said, looking for advice. Didn't these people understand!? Natasha stood, touching his shoulder.

"No, it's not wrong, Bucky." She murmured, despite Pepper and Bruce's looks.

"It's not wrong to want them safe, but you're leaving, you'll be gone for weeks at a time, and Tony has already had an extremely hard time making it through the needs." Pepper finally spoke, and Bruce nodded. Thor touched Bucky's hand, gently assuring him that he would stay and care for the pack.

"Well... I can't do both," he said. "Right now, I think Hydra is a more serious problem." Bruce's face fell, and Pepper fell silent, her sub patted Bucky's arm.

"I agree." And then they started to clean up the dishes, settling them into the dishwasher.

Tony slowly changed into yoga pants, and slid through a few pregnancy safe poses, taking deep breaths, trying to keep calm. When Bucky still hadn't come back, he curled up on the couch and flipped through channels, but nothing held his interest. He didn't care that Beyoncé was an alpha, or that her omega was pregnant. Ten minutes of that, and he turned it off, and crawled into bed, staring at the wall, on top of the blankets. There was a soft knocking on the door, Clint was waiting outside, wondering if he should just walk in.

"Come in." Tony slowly sat up, "Oh, hey Clint... sorry about earlier..." He swallowed, "Did you need something? Where's Char?"

"Charlie is asleep with Steve," he said, coming over and sitting on the bed. "How are you?"
"I'm fine." Tony twisted his fingers together, so that his hands wouldn't shake, "We ate dinner... and he must have gotten busy after, because it's been... an hour..." Clint sighed, and nodded.

"Probably. So uhm... Steve and I are dating... and he's leaving... but he still likes me..."

"Yeah... Bucky... that's my fault, I'm sorry, I... he was gonna take Thor, but Steve is..."

"Steve is better..." he said, biting his lip and nodding, fear still rippling through him over it. Tony pressed a hand over his face,

"I... I should've just let him take Thor... I didn't mean for you to get..." A few deep breaths, and Tony relaxed into his seat on the bed, "What did you need?" Clint shrugged.

"Just wanted to hang out, really."

"Oh." Tony shifted the blanket behind him, "Do you want to... to eat ice cream and watch a movie?" Clint smiled and nodded.

"I'll get the ice cream, you pick the movie?" He asked.

"Um... will you grab the relish, too?" Tony flushed as he made the request, but Clint grinned, knowing only too well, and raced to get the food. Tony curled up on the bed, "Jarvis? Pull up a list of movies... take away everything depressing... overly violent..." He tapped his fingers on his knee, "...scroll. Stop. Right there, uh... The House Bunny." Clint ran back in and flopped on the bed, smiling; he had two cartons of ice cream, two spoons and a jar of relish. Tony pulled the ice cream and relish over, opening both, and dipping his spoon in the relish. "Is this okay?" He asked, leaning against the pillows on the headboard.

"Yeah," Clint smiled and nodded, eating his ice cream normally as he watched the movie. Tony slipped out halfway through his carton for peanut butter, and settled into his spot again, munching on his cold treat, trying not to think about why Bucky hadn't come back up yet.

"This movie is so unrealistic... she's got alphas all over her, and gets with the beta guy?"

"Why is that unrealistic?" Clint asked.

"One of those alphas would drop her and that'd be that." Tony muttered, "Besides that, she really messes up their... never mind. I don't know." The former agent shrugged.

"I like the idea of a beta getting the omega." Tony fiddled with his empty ice cream carton.

"Yeah..." He murmured, Clint sighed, and slumped against the bed when the movie ended. He fiddled with his ear and looked at Tony.

"Steve and I threw out everything of Coulson's..."

"You did?" Tony blinked at him, "That's...good for you." He tried to smile, screwing the lids on the relish and peanut butter. Clint nodded slowly.

"It was really hard to do..." he said, not sure if Tony even really cared.

"Yeah... I remember packing up all of Obi's crap. He had things everywhere in my house, and...even though he'd fucked me over, I still had a hard time packing it, letting it go." He scooted over to lay a hand on Clint's back. Clint let out a deep breath.

"Yeah... fuck, I hate that I still miss him," he said, pressing his face into his knees; Tony pulled the

sub against his side.

"Hey... I know..." He whispered, "I know. And it's okay, it's okay that you miss him, even though he did the things he did."

"For four years... he was a good alpha... except for that year he was supposedly dead, and all those times he didn't call..." Tony nodded, rubbing the other omega's back.

"It seems that way. You know... I thought Obi was a good alpha." He snorted, "Sorry... I'm not trying to make this about me, sorry. Keep... uh... keep going, if you want." He sighed and shrugged.

"I hope Steve will be different. That's all I'm worried about."

"Yeah... me too." Tony whispered, "How was your date? You two weren't at dinner, so I assume..."

"It was a little rocky at first, but Charlie helped to lighten the mood by farting on the blanket," he chuckled, and Tony nodded slowly.

"Was the food good? Did you laugh?" He asked softly, "How are you?" Clint smiled.

"It was really good, Steve's a great cook. I think... I really like him. I kind of freaked out on him before the date though, when he said he was leaving..." Tony winced.

"Yeah... fuck." He pressed a hand over his eyes, taking deep breaths, "Sorry..." Clint leaned forward and hugged Tony.

"Sorry... didn't mean to upset you."

"It's not you." Tony rubbed at his eyes, "It... I'm fine. I'll be fine." The other sub nodded, and let him go.

"I should go check on Charlotte," he said, getting up, and grabbing the dishes. Tony's shoulders slumped.

"Okay... see you around." He shuffled into the bathroom, glancing at the clock, it was two am, and Bucky still hadn't come up yet.

Bucky was fast asleep on the couch on the communal floor, shivering a little.

"Barnes," Bruce murmured, nudging the alpha with his free hand, "Hey, what are you doing down here?" The scientist was holding a mug of tea, and had the look of someone who'd woken from nightmares. Bucky jerked from his sleep, and stared at Bruce before rubbing his eyes.

"Hey... sorry... fell asleep..."

"Yeah, I figured. Where's Tony?" The beta slowly settled into his usual chair, sipping his tea, "He kick you out?"

"No, I guess he went to bed after dinner," he shrugged and put away his holograms. He had been working on the mission again. "You okay?"

"I'm fine, usually it's Steve I find awake, snacking or something." Bruce sighed, and pinched the bridge of his nose, "A lot of us have trouble sleeping."
"Oh," he said, seeing Clint sneak past to get to the elevator. "Thor doesn't help with your nightmares?" He asked the beta.

"He does, but I didn't want to wake him." Bruce sighed, "He's nervous about being in charge, protecting the pack... all that. We were going to take a trip, but... this is more important." Bruce set his mug aside; Bucky frowned and looked down.

"I'm sorry I ruined your plans..." Bruce didn't look at him.

"It's not my plans that were important." He smiled when Thor ambled out of their room, looking for him, "Tony's probably waiting for you." Bucky sighed, and stood up, before turning back to Bruce.

"Your plans are important... but this is to protect the pack, I'm doing it for everyone," he said.

"If you say so." Bruce flicked his eyes up, "Just think about this, Tony has had you back less than a month."

"And what if Hydra comes and attacks us in two months?" He asked, shaking his head. "I don't want to give them a chance to regroup."

"What if their severely diminished forces attack our excellently shielded tower in two months? You, me, Steve, Thor, Tasha... we take them out, Sam comes to help... I think, Bucky, that you're running from something."

"I just want this to end! I've been fighting Hydra since the nineteen forties. I'm tired of it, I want to end it as soon as possible!"

"Be aware what else you might be ending." And Bruce closed he and Thor's door behind them. Bucky growled and clenched his fists, before going to bed, and getting in besides Tony, huffing angrily. The omega was wide awake, and rolled immediately, excitement in his scent, to nuzzle against Bucky's chest.

"Thought you weren't coming," he murmured, before he smelled Bucky's anger, and his body tensed. Bucky tried to calm down, and he nuzzled Tony lovingly.

"I'm angry at what Bruce said to me... I'm not angry with you, baby." Tony relaxed against him, cuddling as close as he could get.

"Okay..." He whispered, closing his eyes.

"My good boy," he said, nuzzling him, and rubbing his back. "I might... not be going on the trip," he murmured; Tony looked up at him.

"What?" He whispered, "Are you... why?" The dom sighed.

"Bruce said I might lose something else if I go... and I think he was talking about you," he looked at Tony. "I don't want to lose you." Tony shivered.

"You won't lose me... you can't lose me." He wanted to keep Bucky there with him, but he knew the dom wouldn't be happy if he didn't go.

"I just want to be a good alpha, and I thought doing this was the right thing," he whined. "I ruined Bruce's and Thor's plans..."
"Thor wouldn't have agreed if he had a problem with it." Tony sat up, pushing his fingers through his hair, "You want to do this, Bucky, you don't... feel safe. And that..."

"Then why is Bruce guilt tripping the shit out of me?" He asked, keeping his arms around Tony's waist.

"Because... I'm pregnant, and he sees that as the... more important thing." Tony forced himself to say it, he couldn't believe he was convincing his dom to leave. Bucky frowned and pulled Tony down, so the sub’s head was on his chest.

"Our pups are important... but I just feel like this is something I have to do," he said; Tony fought back a whimper at that.

"Okay. So... so if you feel that way... then go." Bucky nodded.

"I just, don't want to risk losing you," he said. "I love you so much. I'm going to call and text whenever I can."

"Mhm." Tony sighed, Pepper had always said things like that, the dom nodded.

"Let's get some sleep, " he yawned, and closed his eyes; Tony tucked his face into Bucky's chest, breathing in his scent.

"Do we have to? Can... can we have sex instead?" But Bucky was already asleep.

Clint walked back into Steve's apartment, lifting up his sleeping baby girl from her makeshift bed on the couch. Steve stirred from his chair.

"Hey." He murmured, "Hey, sorry... I didn't mean to fall asleep. She okay?" The omega nodded.

"She's okay. We're gonna head back now... If you want to come with us?" Steve nodded.

"I'll be right up... pajamas." He murmured, yawning, "Unless you want to wait?"

"I can wait," he said, sitting down and moving Charlie's curls out if her face; Steve quickly changed into pajamas, and came back out.

"Hey," He murmured, opening the elevator for the omega. 

"Hey," he grinned at the alpha and walked in with him. Steve rubbed Clint's back, and let the omega lead him out into the living room.

"Are you sure, Clint?" Clint nodded, and nuzzled him softly before crawling into the bedding, Charlie wrapped securely in his arms. Steve flipped the blankets over the two, and slowly settled himself in the empty space, sliding under the blankets. Clint shuddered, and pressed his back against Steve's chest, humming softly. The dom slowly rested his arm over Clint's waist. Clint let out a deep breath, feeling happier than he had in a long time as he closed his eyes.

"Good night." Steve murmured softly.

"Night," Clint smiled, and had no problems remembering that this was Steve, now that Coulson's scent was out of the tower completely.
Don’t forget to comment, and to tell Spiffy how well she did!
Hey y'all it's Spiffy again.

Some fighting and pregnancy angst, lesbian sex, and I think that's it :D

Also my second job starts this week, so we will still post three chapters a week, but our writing will be slower... we'll still probably finish this story in time XD we're almost done with it. Enjoy!

Tony jerked awake, screams rippling through his chest and out of his mouth. He swallowed the sounds, hugging himself, and slowly stood, looking around the dark communal living room. It had only been a week since Bucky and Steve had left. Clint and the others jerked awake, and Charlotte started crying. Clint whimpered and hugged his daughter, rocking her softly. Tony chewed his lip, shaking, as the pack surrounded him, one by one, where he stood by the couch.

"Sorry... I'm sorry... I'll just go upstairs, I shouldn't have..."

"Tony!" Clint called out, and he held out his hand for his friend. "Please... it's okay," he said, just as tired and upset as the brunette. Tony stared, eyes bleary, then slowly took Clint's hand.

"Are you sure?" He whispered, "I woke up Charlie..." Bruce leaned to smooth his hair back.

"Tony, Clint's right, it's okay."

"But..."

"We really need the pack to be together right now," Thor said, feeling the anxiety from the two omegas. Clint nodded, and gently pulled Tony to sit besides him.

"It's okay, she'll fall back asleep soon." The brunette sub shuddered, and hunched down into Clint's side, tears slipping down his cheeks.

"Sorry..." He whispered, as Bruce settled beside him, yawning, and Thor reached around him to stroke both the subs' hair. Clint shuddered and gently laid back down, helping Tony down with him, wishing the hand in his hair was Steve's. Tony rubbed his belly, clenching his eyes shut, trying to calm down, but the dream had been so vivid... Bucky dead on the ground, eyes staring blankly upward. Shudders wracked his form, and Thor frowned.

"Anthony, do not fear." Clint sniffed and nuzzled Tony softly.

"Focus on your bond... you can feel he's still alive," he whispered, and the omega struggled, breathing through his nose, burying his face in Clint's chest.

"I'm sorry..." He couldn't believe he'd woken the whole pack. And yet, he heard no protests; everyone had simply climbed into the bedding on the communal bed, and lay down with him and Clint, who nuzzled him, his daughter had quieted down to soft whimpers.
"It's okay. Sleep," he said.

"Can... can I hold Char?" Tony whispered hesitantly, swallowing thickly. Thor and Bruce shifted to cuddle closer, the beta stroking Tony's side, and the alpha keeping a hand in Clint's hair. The blond sub nodded.

"If she's bratty, she's just tired," he smiled and handed her over, clutching Steve's shirt which he had had between the both of them; Tony curled his body around Charlotte's, taking deep breaths. He stroked her hair, and tried to focus. She squirmed a little but eventually she just fell right back asleep. Tony tucked his face against her hair, and closed his own eyes.

She woke up in the morning patting his face, and trying to squirm away, whining softly. He blinked awake.

"Oh, sorry, Char..." He let go of her, and watched her climb onto Clint, tugging at his shirt. Clint sat up with a groan, and lifted his shirt, gently petting her hair as the pressure was relieved from his chest; Tony sat up, "I...I think I'll go work in the lab..." He murmured, looking around and noticing that Thor was gone.

"No, Tony, breakfast first." Bruce yawned; Clint hummed and started to fall back asleep as she was nursing, when she bit a little too hard and made him flinch.

"Ow..." he groaned, and Tony leaned against the couch.

"I'm not hungry..." He muttered.

"Bull. You want to keep those babies alive?" Nat piped up, and Tony glared at he.

"Yeah, thanks for telling my mate to leave for the pregnancy, Natasha." Clint tensed up as the fighting stirred.

"Tony, I'll make you whatever you want, please don't be mad." Tony flinched.

"I don't want anything..." He whispered, pushing to his feet, "I'm going to the lab..." Clint got up and stood in front of Tony.

"Um, maybe you can feed her for me, then?" He asked, biting his lip. Maybe Tony would get hungry by the sight or smell of food. The brunette looked down at Charlotte, clinging to Clint.

"She doesn't want me..."

"She's always a little clingy in the mornings," he said. "If you don't want to, then fine," he grumbled; Tony's lip trembled, and he hugged himself.

"What if my kids don't want me...? What if he doesn't come back and... and they don't love me...?" Clint nuzzled Tony.

"If you feed'em, burp'em and change their diapers, they will love you." Tony licked his lips.

"And if they don't?" He whispered, "If they don't? If I'm just annoying and... and bother them like I do all of you?"

"You're my best friend, Tony. You don't bother me," he said. "Your babies will love you, as long as you love them back." Tony rubbed at his eyes, shaking.
"I... I... Bucky left..." He whispered, ".he left...why...?"

"You know why..." Clint said, getting upset as well. He couldn't do this, it was hard, being Tony's shoulder to cry on when he didn't even have his own alpha. "He's killing bad guys so we all stay safe." Tony flinched when he scented Clint's upset.

"Fuck, I'm sorry, I'm going, okay? I'll go work for awhile..."

"Your pups need food," Clint said again. "You should feed them..." he murmured, and the brunette shoved his fingers through his hair.

"Yeah... I know..." He ducked his head, and slouched into the kitchen, swallowing. Clint sighed, and followed him into the kitchen to get Charlie some solid food, while Tony slumped at the table, head on the surface, picking at the eggs Thor had made, moving them around on his plate. Clint rubbed Tony's back, and whispered in Charlotte's ear. Charlotte giggled and grabbed Tony's arm, leaning up to kiss his cheek. The omega raised his head, and gave her a gentle kiss back, "I'm really not hungry... I don't feel very good." He rubbed his stomach, closing his eyes, "I just don't... never mind, look, I'll take the eggs with me, okay? I don't-"

"Tony," Pepper's voice echoed with authority as he made to stand up. "Sit down, eat the eggs, and then you can go to the workshop." Clint glared at the domme.

"Tony's a good mom. If he's not hungry, then don't push him. He knows what he needs, when he needs it," he said, smiling softly at Tony. "It's instinct."

"He didn't eat dinner last night either," Pepper arched a brow at Clint, "And he only had one bite of lunch, you saw." Clint sighed and looked at Tony.

"I think he'll be okay... Just, please don't starve your babies," he said to the sub; Tony glowered.

"I'm not... I'm not starving them, they're fine..." He picked up the plate of eggs, grimacing as he looked down at it, "...I feel nauseous... all the time..." Clint nodded, and stood up, putting Tony's eggs down. He went to the cabinet and got down dry, low salt crackers.

"Try these. They'll make the constipation worse, but they won't make you nauseous." Tony took the package.

"Do they taste like bread?" He chewed his lips, "Bread makes me throw up." Pepper shook her head.

"No, they're saltines." She touched his hair, and Nat growled softly from the doorway. Clint glared softly at Tasha, but he understood her worries.

"Go down to the lab and munch on those, drink lots of water." Tony nodded, clutching the package.

"And Tony? I put an outfit on your couch for the press conference. Thor will be there with you, alright?" Pepper spoke, and he swallowed.

"Right." And turned for the elevator, 'Clint? I made... a play area for Charlotte in the workshop, if you two want to come down after you eat...?" Clint smiled and nodded.

"We'll be down soon, okay?" He grinned, and went back to feeding her. Char had tried to feed herself and it had gotten everywhere! Pepper turned to Tasha and pulled softly on her hair, making her chin tilt up.
"Easy, my sweet." Natasha clenched her jaw.

"I'm fine. It's him who's not, and you all keep encouraging it. It was a good move, going after Hydra, and if you'd have let me go with them" The domme growled.

"I'm not sending you on a several month long trip with two alphas!" She said. "You're mine, baby."

"Then why are you rubbing up on Stark?!" Nat spat back, "You think I'll cheat on you? And why, because you're cheating on me??"

"What!? I'm not cheating on you!" She said, sounding hurt. She led Tasha out of the room, realizing the others were still there, listening in. "I left Tony for you! and no, I don't think you'd cheat on me... I don't know what they could do, Steve is still unbonded," she snarled.

"So you don't trust me or your pack?" Natasha crossed her arms, "You're all touchy on Stark, and yes, I was... the reason you left him, so why wouldn't you leave me for him? Especially now that you know he can have children!?" Pepper pulled Natasha into the elevator, and waited for the doors to close before she kissed her hard.

"I would never leave you, especially not because Tony can have children. I'm done with him, but I still care about him, as his friend. Are you going to get jealous over every friend I have!? Tony is so much happier now." Nat growled into her domme's mouth.

"Only the ones you've fucked, Pepper!" She backed against the elevator wall, "He's not your responsibility anymore! I... I am."

"I know that, and thats why I didn't want you going on that trip..." she said, sighing. "Tony's my longest friend, that's all we are...

"Except that you mated with him," Natasha grunted, "And I can take care of myself, I'll have to go on missions eventually, Pep."

"And I threw him to Barnes when I didn't want him anymore..." she said sadly, "I have a lot of regrets... but Tony and I won't stop being friends," she said, and ran a hand through Natasha's hair. "I know you'll go," she sighed; Tasha shivered under her hand.

"I could have helped..." The omega huffed, "We'd have gotten it done in a shorter amount of time, and... look, you're attracted to him, I can smell it, and last week you suggested having him sleep in with us until Barnes comes back."

"Because he's suffering," She said. "I do care for him, but as a friend! You are my only omega, and I love you," She smiled.

"Pepper..." Nat sighed as they stepped off on their floor, "You smell of attraction... arousal when you see him." The alpha sighed, and rubbed her head.

"Tony's putting off a scent, and I think it's because of the pregnancy. Smell Thor and Bruce, and they'll smell the same as me. It's a normal reaction of omegas to send out pheromones when they're in need." She said softly, hating how her O was doubting her. Natasha pulled the dom to her.

"I love you, Pepper. I'll do that, I'll focus on their smells next time. I'm..." She took a deep breath, "I'm sorry, it's no excuse but my heat is close... and I get... jealous." Pepper smiled and ran her hands up Tasha's hips, and she cupped her breasts softly.

"You're close to your heat, hm?" She asked, smiling. "I bet you're pretty hot under this blouse."
Tasha looked down at the thin white shirt, the slim jeans.

"I am," She murmured, lips quirking, "It's less than a day."

"Is that so? I see no reason why we can't start early," she hummed and started to unbutton Tasha's shirt, being slow and careful about it. The redhead groaned as inch after inch of milk-white skin was revealed, her light pink nipples were hard and standing out from her breasts, just above the edges of the low bra cups.

"Mistress..." She murmured, letting Pepper pulled her shirt down her arms. Pepper handed the shirt back to Tasha.

"After I've taken off your pants, I want you to fold them, and put them on the chair," she said, slowly unbuttoning her pants, and shimmying them down her slender hips. Natasha nodded.

"Yes, Ma'am." She murmured, taking the garments and carefully folding them, kneeling to stack them on the seat of the chair.

"Leave your shoes and panties on," she smiled, watching her little slut move around the room. "Come back onto the bed for me." Tasha strode over to the bed, her lace underwear had always been a favorite of Pepper's, and the tapping of her heels seems to make Pepper hard faster than most things. "Undress me," she ordered her omega, wanting to tease her a bit now while she could. The redhead flicked her hair over her shoulder, and leaned to kissed Pepper's collarbone, before her fingers went to work, smoothly removing her jacket. Tasha nosed the visible well between Pepper's breasts, and flipped button by button open with her teeth and tongue, before pulling the cloth from her alpha's body.

"Yes, Mistress." She purred, nuzzling the exposed breasts until Pepper's nipples were hard and poking through her bra. Only then did she kneel, hands flipping the button on Pepper's slacks open, groaning as she slid them down and beheld the bulge in the alpha's panties. Pepper tutted.

"Don't be hasty. You know you have to remove my bra first, and then you can have a taste of my lady cock," she hummed; Nat slid her hands up to the strap of Pepper's bra, all the while nuzzling the bulge. Pepper rubbed her crotch against her omega's face, "You're such a slut for my cock."

"Yes, Mistress." Nat moaned, her own breasts still held down by her bra. Once her breasts were free, Pepper reached around, and undid Tasha's bra, bringing her fingers down to pinch her nipples. Nat leaned up into the slight pain, "Yes, Mistress! Thank you!" She purred, slipping her thumbs into the band of Pepper's panties. Pepper chuckled.

"You're such a naughty girl," she smiled, and moved her hands, letting her slide her panties down, her cock fully hard and sticking in the air. Natasha licked at the tip.

"Mistress, may I suck you?" It was one of the things that had drawn her to Pepper, the woman dominated her completely, took her to the edge of the drop, and held her there. And Nat felt free.

"Yes," she hummed, and threaded her fingers through Tasha's hair, "My little bitch, suck that cock so good for me." Natasha suckled the slender shaft, Pepper wasn't thick, but she was long. The omega bobbed her head, reaching up to stroke her balls. Unlike male alphas, female alphas' testicles were tight against their bodies. She kept her eyes down, moaning around Pepper's length as the domme pulled at her hair. Pepper moaned and thrust her hips. "Oh Tasha, you feel so good," she hummed and ran her hands down the sub's back; Nat licked at the underside of her alpha's cock. It felt so good to just be Pepper's, to do as the domme demanded. "That's good for now, my beautiful sub," she smiled and lifted Tasha's chin, "I feel like I should punish you." Nat whined
softly, looking up at her.

"Mistress?" She murmured, not complaining, but asking why she was being punished.

"You don't trust me... you think I love Tony," she snarled softly; Nat closed her eyes, she wanted to argue, to fight, but she didn't.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Turn around," she smiled, and grabbed her flogger, the handle was dark red silicon, in the shape of a penis. Natasha shuffled around on her knees.

"Yes, Ma'am." She lay her torso against the bed, wrists above her head.

"Do you like to be punished?" She asked, rubbing her fingers against her pussy lips. Natasha's back arched.

"Yes, Mistress." There was no point in lying, Pepper already knew.

"Already so wet for me," she smiled, and rubbed some of her wetness against her asshole before removing her fingers completely. Nat quivered, because the flogger was one of her favorite punishments. It had two uses, and she loved them both equally.

"Mistress...!" She widened her knees, biting her lip. Pepper quickly brought it down on each cheek, smiling at the way her ass jiggled. Nat clench her teeth, but kept entirely still, focusing on her training, even as Pepper trailed the tendrils up her sensitive skin, and then brought it down hard again.

"Your pussy is quivering."

"Yes, ma'am." Natasha whispered, repressing shivers.

"You smell amazing," she grinned and leaned down, licking up her pussy, and pressing her tongue into her entrance until Natasha groaned.

"Thank you, Mistress." She struggled to remain calm, "I love you, Mistress."

"I love you too, Tasha, don't forget that. Now hold this for me," she smiled, and inserted the handle of the flogger into her sub's pussy; Nat groaned, clenching down.

"Yes, ma'am." She breathed, her clit twitching with need. Pepper brushed her thumb over her clit, but that was all she did as she got up, and laid herself down on the bed on her back. Natasha kept herself stretched out in her required position, waiting.

"Do you want to taste me? Clean me up? Make me cum?" She groaned, rubbing her hands down her cock, past her balls to the small hole nestled underneath. Natasha nodded enthusiastically.

"Yes, mistres...!" She climbed onto the bed, the flogger trailing on the bed, the handle fully inside her slick-dripping pussy.

"Go ahead," she smiled, letting her legs fall to the side. The sub settled against the mattress, and nuzzled up Pepper's cock, before licking back down the long shaft, and inhaling right at the base of it.

"Mistress..." She moaned, before sliding her tongue along the edge of the hole she found there. She had a thing for female dommes, how they tasted and smelled, how they had a vaginal entrance, as
she did, just below their cocks. Pepper smiled, loving the time that Tasha took to admire and inhale her scent, her body.

"C'mon baby, lick my wet pussy," she moaned, and Tony had done so well at this, but he'd never taken to it like Natasha. The omega let saliva well in her mouth, then slipped her tongue out, and nudged it inside of her domme's cunt, licking her inner walls, nose pressing to the underside of her cock. She gasped, and arched her hips, pressing more against her omega's face, "Ahh, good girl!" Nat clenched down on the flogger's handle, wondering if her domme would use it more, or... she shivered at the thought of Pepper playing with her other hole, something she had never allowed a domme or dom to do before her lovely Ms. Potts. "Tasha..." Pepper leaned her head back, rolling her hips against her mouth; Natasha slid one hand up, and rubbed a thumb over the head of Pepper's cock, licking faster within her, tasting her insides. Pepper moaned and ran her hands over her breasts, pinching her nipples as her cock twitched. The sub licked and moaned, the moved further down to lick over her clenched ass, groaning, and then she took Pepper's cock into her mouth, running her tongue over the head, and letting her saliva drip down the shaft. "Tasha!" She shouted and sat up, gently pulling her head off of her cock, and kissing her lips softly. "Hmm, I love you so much," she smiled, and squeezed her breast softly, "Turn around, baby." The omega shuffled around on hands and knees, showing off the flogger's tails, the rest invisible within her; reaching back, she spread her cheeks open, showing her mistress her tight anus, chewing her lip, her hair spilling across the bed like flames licking at the blankets.

"You are so beautiful," Pepper smiled, and moved the flogger in and out, rubbing a thumb over Natasha's other entrance. "Do you want me to fuck you here?" Nat whined softly. "Both, please, mistress." She requested softly, knowing that if Pepper didn't want her opinion, she'd get a few more hits from the flogger. Slick dripped over her pussy lips, and down her thighs. Pepper smiled and lubed up her finger with the slick on her thighs before gently pressing it within her anus. The omega arched her back. "Yes, Mistress, thank you!" She moaned, feeling the slide of the flogger's handle inside her pussy.

"I can't believe how turned on you are," she chuckled and moved the finger in and out before pressing in a second one. "Must be because of your heat coming up." Natasha's heats had been pretty irregular for their first year or so, and they were both still getting used to the schedule of a proper cycle.

"Always turned on by you, Mistress." Natasha moaned, wincing slightly, but she knew her domme would take care of her.

"Tell me if it hurts, baby," she said, rubbing Natasha's clit as she let her adjust to her two fingers.

"Yes, ma'am." Natasha breathed deep, hips rolling slowly, the handle of the flogger still inside her.

"You're so full, can't wait to be inside of you," she hummed and scissored her muscles; Nat pressed back against her.

"Mistress... please... I need you...! Put something in my ass and... and knot my dripping cunt, mark me as yours and only yours...!"

"Such a good girl, asking me in such a pretty way," she smiled and removed the flogger from her dripping cunt and started to press it into Tasha's ass. The omega bucked.

"Ma'am, may I... may I touch my clit, Mistress?" She pleaded softly, shifting her knees to support herself better as the thick handle of the flogger pressed hard against her ass. Soft whines left her throat as her rim smoothly swallowed the head of the fake cock.
"Since you’re being a good girl, you can," she beamed and inched the flogger in further; Natasha worked her arm under herself, dragging her fingers through her own slick, her empty hole flexing for Pepper's cock.

"Yes, Mistress!" She cried, rubbing her slick clit between her fingers.

"So wet for me," she said, pressing her cock in one thrust, the handle going In all the way at the same time; Nat cried out.

"Mistress...! Can I cum... can I cum!?” She rolled her hips back against Pepper's, hand rubbing her clit wildly.

"Not yet, wait for me!" She shouted as she thrust quickly, her chest bouncing; the omega whined, her ass clenching around the toy as Pepper fucked her pussy roughly.

"Mistress... feels so good...! So good inside... my ass and cunt...!" Pepper felt her knot increase in size the more she thrusted, moaning happily, and her sub rolled back against her, moaning, her breasts swaying.

"Ahh, cum now, Tasha!" She moaned, pressing her knot inside of her mate, the tip of her penis pressing against her cervix as she came; Natasha bucked hard against her domme.

"Y-yes, Mistress!" She cried, jerking and twitching through her orgasm. Pepper moaned and rubbed her mates ass, smiling happily.

"My beautiful sub, I'm so proud of you," she beamed, Nat shivered.

"Ma'am... please... the toy..?" She was sensitive now, and wanted it out. Pepper gently removed it, and held it in front of Nat's face.

"Clean it." Natasha lapped at it, eyes closed, sucking and bobbing satedly. "Good girl," The domme said, setting the toy to the side, and carefully laying them both down, her arms around Tasha securely. The sub breathed deep, trying to relax, feeling the knot pulsing inside of her, and it felt so good.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"You're so welcome, my love," she hummed, and rubbed her hands over her mate's flat belly; Natasha reached down to lay her hand over Pepper's, and closed her eyes tiredly. Pepper kissed her bond mark, and closed her eyes as well, her nose buried in thick red locks. The sub murmured with pleasure, and let herself drift.

When Clint and Char had eaten, they went down to the lab and smiled at Tony, "Hey." The omega was nibbling on the corner of a cracker, a half empty water glass at his elbow.

"Hey." He tried for a smile, the package crackling.

"What’s up?" Clint asked, setting his daughter in the play area, and then he sat down with her.

"I... nothing, I'm fine." Tony murmured, watching Charlotte, who made straight for the little shelf of board books he'd brought down for her. Clint smiled brightly.

"She loves books, for some reason. I never liked to read," he snorted,
"It might be the pictures. Does Steve read to her?" Tony stood, and joined them in the play area as Charlotte turned pages and pretended to read. Most of it was baby talk, but a few words and phrases slipped out. Her mother smiled and nodded.

"Yeah, she loves it when he reads to her," he said sadly, but it wasn't with the same kind of sadness he used to have. Before, it was because he was alone and he felt unwanted, and confused to be handling this baby alone. Now, he just really missed Steve. Tony hunched his shoulders.

"Hey, sorry." He slipped an arm around Clint's waist, "It's going to fine, right? Right." He lay his head against Clint's.

"Yeah," he nodded, and wrapped his arm around Tony, sighing softly. "They've handled worse."

"Yeah... so've we, for that matter." Tony's smile was a little less forced as Charlie climbed into his lap with her arms full of books. Clint laughed.

"She's going to need her own library by the time she's five."

"I'll get right on that." Tony murmured, and then his eyes lit up, he knew what he could do with his empty time, he could design her library, and get started on the twins' nursery! His fingers twitched with the need to start, but Charlie was holding a book up hopefully; Tony kissed her cheek, and took it, trying to open it with one hand. Clint saw his face and chuckled.

"Please don't build her a library. Read her this one story, and then I'll take over so you can do whatever you want," he smiled, and Tony's smile faltered.

"No?" And that, that small ache in his chest at Clint's refusal, was absurd. It shouldn't hurt him to not build her a library. He swallowed, the nausea twisting in his throat, and removed his arm from Clint's waist to open the book properly. "Okay... Char, so..." He shifted her on his knee, and began to read. When he was done with the book, Clint took the other ones from her pile.

"Tony... Maybe when she's a little older you can build her a library or something," he said. "Right now, I don't need to be chasing her up alleys of books, reading all night long." Tony brushed it off, giving her a hug, and setting her down.

"Don't." He muttered, standing up, mentally pressing the half made plans for the library into the part of his brain where Clint's new bow lay. Clint didn't want his creations anymore. Tony settled at his desk, and focused on the new suit he'd been building, but he couldn't get his brain to latch on, and he ended up just eating saltines trying to think. Clint frowned and hugged Charlotte.

"Tony... You're my best friend. Why are you upset?"

"I'm not." Tony pressed his palms to his eyes, grinding them in until he saw sparkles of light, electricity. "I know... I don't think, okay? The whole pack is happy, but then someone mentions a swimming pool that... has heat sensors, and the tiles change colors, and I build it... and they look at me like I'm crazy." He scrubbed his hands through his hair, I need a shower. "I get it, okay? Normal people don't build an eighteen month old a library." Clint smirked.

"When she can read, you can ask her yourself," he said. "Did you really build that pool?" Tony looked away.

"I took you all to see it, no one has gone down there since." He grunted, "Drop it. You said no, so no."

"I didn't know it flashed and stuff, I've been a bit busy," he murmured, rubbing Charlotte's head.
"Whatever." Tony leaned back in his chair, hands over his face.

"Fuck. Jarvis, pull up empty blueprint plans... name it... Nursery." Clint grinned softly, and opened one of his daughter's books to read to her. Tony watched the hologram take shape, "Take the Study... yeah, okay... and the spare bedroom..." The two rooms converged, "Knock out the main separating wall..." Clint looked over at him.

"That sounds like a lot." The archer pointed out, Tony frowned,

"What?" He crossed his arms, "There's two of them..."

"I mean, to knock out a wall," he said. "Of course you'll need the room, but I hope you don't try to do this on your own." Tony glowered.

"I built most of this tower alone." He growled, "I can damn well knock out a wall."

"And risk hurting your pups?" He asked. "Just... we're your friends, your pack. Let us help."

"It won't hurt the..." Tony's shoulders slumped, ",..the point is to do something myself..."

"I just wanted to help you with the wall," he grumbled. "I wasn't going to do anything else unless you want the help." Tony dropped his face onto the table, groaning.

"Sorry...I keep... making you upset..."

"I'm just trying to help you," Clint said. "If you really don't want my help, it's fine."

"I don't want to bother anyone, okay? The whole pack is on edge because of me, and..." He touched his belly, nearly four months along..." Nat's heat starts tomorrow, Thor and Bruce gave up a trip, and your alpha left with mine. I just... wanted to start..." Clint sighed, and hugged Charlotte tighter.

"Well... I don't think you built this play area for Charlotte down here so you could be alone," he said, and Tony rubbed a hand over his face.

"That's not..." He whispered, "I built this when you were pregnant."

"Oh... so do you want us to leave?" Clint arched a brow.

"No!" Tony jerked upright, "No... I invited you down..." He swallowed, "I... I don't want to be alone."

"Okay," he smiled and nodded, laying down on the bed Tony had had brought in, letting Charlotte do her thing; Tony slid his fingers through the hologram.

"Turn it... pull up a paint palette in greens and blues... nothing too dark." Jarvis made the adjustments, "Maybe Steve would paint a mural on one wall..."

"I'm sure Steve would be honored," Clint smiled.

"Jarvis... remove the largest wall from the model, save that for Steve..." Tony chewed his lip, ",...aqua for these three walls... no, remove that, too bright. Something more subtle." Clint came over, leaving Charlie to play herself, and he pointed to a nice medium blue, "I don't know..." Tony scrolled through the palette, eyes weary, rimmed with shadows. "I... wish Bucky..." He shook his head, "Yeah... that's a good color, Clint. Thank you."
"What if you make it the similar color to his uniform?" He said.

"His uniform is black," Tony frowned, "I don't want them to get depressed."

"I said similar," he chuckled.

"What's similar to black? Grey. Still depressuring. White... overwhelming." Tony sighed, his first room had been white.

"Well, the blue is good," he shrugged. "Do you know the genders?"

"No, and we won't till they come out." Tony muttered, "I did a lot of research, and decided against having ultrasounds. Bruce says they're growing perfectly, so... what's the point?"
"I was just wondering," he held up his hand. "What about a soft purple? A mix of pink and blue?" Tony dragged his teeth over the hair under his lip, thinking.

"Maybe... in swirls over the blue?" He swept his hand over the hologram, making swirls and loops, "Or... what if we did green, and did leaves with... purple flowers? Or... or did a purple background, and green leaves and white forget me nots?"

"Are you going to ask Steve to do that?" Clint's voice was curious.

"Ah... no, I... if I... have good reference, I think I could..." Tony winced, "...maybe."

"Practice it first, on paper," he smiled, "That way you won't get mad if it doesn't look good on the wall."

"No, I'm not... it wouldn't come out good. Fuck." Tony dismissed the ideas, "What about...? And I could hire Steve to paint it..." He flicked through pictures, "What if we did the room in sections that melded into each other... trees... and nature... for each season?"

"That would be cool," he smiled, "But Steve won't let you pay him... and didn't Bucky go to art school?" He asked, causing Tony to look up,

"He... he did?" The awe in his eyes faded, "He won't be home early enough to do it and neither will Steve..."

"So... get a base coat done," he said. "Maybe paint some trees... Bucky can do the finishing stuff later." Tony sighed.

"Yeah..." He mumbled, "...okay..." He saved that template, and spun the scheme, "Pull up the site I bought Charlie's furniture from." Clint sat nearby, watching him work, it was always fascinating, to see him lose himself. Tony's fingers flicked and shifted pieces, eyes focused on measurements, and within hours he had virtually arranged the entire nursery, and ordered all the pieces, including carpet and paint. Clint nuzzled Tony.

"I'm going to take Charlotte up for her nap, call me if you need anything," He smiled, and walked over to his daughter, lifting up his tired baby. She patted his face, and nestled down on his shoulder, yawning.
"Oh, okay." Tony swallowed, and watched them go, pulling his legs up into the chair with him.
"Bucky!" Tony exclaimed, pushing up out of his arm chair, paint streaked on his arm from his paint session, it had been over a month, and Tony's belly had grown exponentially. He was at five months and three days. "You're home!" He hurried over, holding his belly, to throw his arms around the alpha. Bucky beamed happily and wrapped his arms carefully around Tony, giving him a big kiss.

"Wow... I was going to lift you up and spin you, but I don't want to hurt you," he chuckled and knelt down in front of Tony, nuzzling his belly. "Hi babies, I'm home," he grinned, Tony watched him, eyes wide, hands in Bucky's hair.

"Oh... oh." He whispered, "They're getting so big, and they kick me inside all the time."

"They're kicking?" He asked, grinning brightly and waiting for them to kick against his hand. "C'mon babies!" Tony flushed,

"You can't feel them from the outside yet, Bruce says another month." He slowly sank to his knees, and pulled Bucky into a kiss, desperate and tinged with tears. Bucky looked at Tony and kissed him back, gripping his mate, rubbing his hands over him.

"I missed you so much..."

"I missed you too." Tony whispered, burying his face in Bucky's shoulder, breathing in his scent, shaking. "Can we... can we just... I want to show you something." He pulled Bucky into the elevator.

"Okay," he smiled, feeling exhausted, but he couldn't wait to see what Tony had to show him. The omega pulled him into what had once been the study, and guest room.

"I... if you don't like the base color, I can change it." He gestured to the walls, the carpet, thick and plush, was covered with drop cloths. "Once it's painted... all the furniture and stuff is downstairs in an empty room."

"Wow," he smiled, looking around. "This is the nursery?" He asked, smiling. "Didn't there used to be a wall here?"

"Yeah," Tony cradled his belly in his hands, a subconscious movement, he'd been doing way too often. "I thought... you know, since there'll be two," The omega trailed off, "But if... if you'd...?"

"I love it, Tony." he beamed and wrapped his arms around him, kissing him. "My good boy, getting ready for our babies," he nuzzled him; Tony closed his eyes, leaning into it, just taking in Bucky's scent, mixed with paint.

"You're tired," He murmured, "I could nap," That wasn't necessarily true, he'd gotten past the tired
"Food first, if you're hungry, then a nap," he smiled.

"I'm not hungry." Tony nuzzled against him, "I wanted to know if you would paint... the walls. All except this one, um... like the four seasons? With trees?" He chewed his lip, looking down at his belly. Bucky raised an eyebrow.

"You want me to paint?" he asked, staring at the walls. "I'm honored that you asked me, but Steve is a better artist. Are you sure you want me to?" Tony glanced up.

"I want you to. It's for your kids. And... Clint and I thought maybe Steve could do this last wall?" He touched it, "You're... you're home, right? So... so we could start on it? I did some trees on the... winter one, the white wall?" He turned to look at it, "They're not good." Bucky smiled at the trees and kissed Tonys head.

"They're not bad, but they're a bit small," he nuzzled him. "I'll paint them for you, my beautiful sub." Tony dropped his gaze.

"I love it," he said, kissing his belly button. The sub let Bucky pull his pants off, and arrange him in the bed.

"I... Bruce thinks my belly button is going to stick out soon." He chewed his lip, "I'm already huge, and I still have four months. At least you're home now..." His head lifted as he realized that Bucky's scent was full of exasperation. "...you're not. You're leaving again." Bucky sighed and nuzzled Tony's jaw.

"There's only six more bases... We can get that done quickly. We'll be back before you know it," he muttered; Tony closed his eyes.

"Right... six more... until their intel gives you more locations..." He took a few deep breaths, trying to calm down.

"I'll send SHIELD after them if we find more," he said, "I already promised Steve, only six more... and now I'm promising that to you." Tony curled up in the bedding, kicking the blankets off.

"Okay..." He whispered, burying his face in Bucky's chest. Bucky smiled and kept his arms tight around his mate, nuzzling his hair. The omega breathed deep, hoping they at least had a couple of days, maybe a week.

Charlie was playing with some blocks, when she saw Steve pop out of the elevator. "S'EVE!" She
giggled and grabbed her favorite puppy book, running over to him. The alpha scooped her up, holding her close.

"Hey! You're even more beautiful than I remember, princess!" He was wearing a backpack, stuffed full. "Clint?" He'd been calling the omega every night, they talked about an hour usually, and he had yet to see Bucky talk to Tony for more than ten minutes. "I brought presents?" Clint had fallen asleep in the kitchen, standing up at the sink, his hands still in the soapy water. He had Jarvis on an instant alert system to notify him if Charlie needed help, but he hadn't been getting much sleep. Steve smiled. "You been tiring your mom out?" He whispered to Charlotte, "Can you sit and..." He set her down, and dug in his backpack, pulling out a small picture book, "Read this, while I help your mother?" She smiled and plopped down on her butt, flicking through the pages.

"Mama," she muttered happily. Steve gently nudged his body up against Clint's to support him, and cleaned the soap from his hands, before lifting the exhausted sub into his arms, and gently laying him on the couch.

"Shh." He held a finger to his lips for Charlotte, and stepped back into the kitchen. Finishing the dishes, he dried them and put them away, before coming back to the little girl, and pulling more gifts from his backpack, though these were all wrapped. Charlie giggled over, scooting her butt on the ground and using her legs to pull herself towards the gifts, patting the paper, and looking at Steve. Clint groaned from the sounds of the wrapping paper crinkling as he took it out of the backpack, and he knew he should wake up and see what Charlie was doing, but he was tired and Jarvis' alarm hadn't gone off. Steve beamed, "No, Char. Not till your mama is awake." He set them up higher, and looked to the potted christmas tree in the corner, a few gifts already beneath it. "I'll put them there." Char frowned when they got out of reach, and she started to whimper which quickly turned into a loud cry. Clint shot up off the couch, looking around blearily.

"Unnn... Charlie, what's wrong...?" He said, picking her up. He hadn't seen Steve yet, Steve smiled.

"Hey, gorgeous." He said softly, "Merry Christmas. I know it's early, but..." He stuck a bow on his chest, grinning. Clint jumped and made a small noise as he turned around, his heart pounding in his chest, and he stared at Steve.

"Oh- Y-you're back!" He smiled brightly and ran to him, hugging him tightly, squishing the bow, but he didn't care. Steve wrapped his arms around both Clint and Charlotte.

"Yeah... Bucky wouldn't agree to more than a week, though..." He frowned, "I don't understand him."

"I'll take a week," he said, pressing his face hard against his neck, shivering happily. "Fuck... I missed you," he admitted, breathing in his thick, heady scent.

"I missed you, too, Clint." Steve stroked his hair, smiling when Charlie patted his face. "Yes, you, too." He laughed, "Both of you. Now, shall we have Christmas tonight? Or on the day before I go?"

"Uhm, tomorrow night?" He asked. "That way we can have a real dinner and desserts... I've never had a real one before," he smiled brightly.

"Really? Bruce sent me a picture of your Thanksgiving dinner... I was sorry to miss it." Steve stroked Clint's hair lovingly, then slowly tucked his face into the unruly strands, inhaling. "You smell so good..." He blinked, leaning back, "How long until your heats come on again? It... it should be soon."

"Phil and I had Thanksgiving once together... but never Christmas dinner," he said, humming
happily. "Don't worry about that... you just kill those people and come back to me alive." Steve pulled Clint to the couch, settling into the plush material.

"Hey... it's my job to worry about it, and I would even if that wasn't true. Look, you call me, or text me... and I'll come home for it, alright?" Clint bit his lip, and nuzzled Steve. "I know you have a lot going on with Bucky... but I haven't had a heat in two years, 'cause of a lot of factors... it's okay if you don't show up. I already have a plan in motion... and I can't handle it if you leave me at the end of heat," he said, shaking his head. 'I'd rather you not be there at all.' Steve winced.

"I'm so sorry, Clint... I don't know what's up with Bucky... he really doesn't want to be home..." The sub nodded and hugged Steve tightly.

"Bruce and Tony are gonna watch over Charlotte when it happens."

"Are you sure? I'll... I'll take two weeks, I'll force Bucky to come home..."

"My heat's at the end of this week..." he murmured. "It synced up with Tasha's..."

"Tasha..." Steve nodded, "...tomorrow I'll talk to Bucky." Clint shuddered.

"I can't handle it if you go through heat with me and then leave!" he said again, getting upset; Steve pulled away, shoulders shaking.

"Clint..." Clint started shaking when Steve pulled away.

"Fuck... I fucking want you, Steve! I spend every fucking second thinking about you and my heart aches when I talk to you on the phone! But I can't handle it if we have mind blowing sex, and then you have to leave me!" He cried out, trying to make the alpha understand. He set Charlie down so he didn't accidentally hurt her. Steve swallowed.

"I know... I know, I get that... if we share your heat, Clint... I won't be able to go back out with Bucky..." He dropped his chin, submissive, trying to show Clint that he loved him, that he felt no need to dominate him. "I understand. I just hate to think of you alone..." The omega breathed in deeply, and ran his hands over his arms.

"M-maybe... we can make those dildos that Bucky made...?" He asked, hunching his shoulders. "Of your cock," his eyes trailed down to Steve's crotch. Steve groaned at that.

"Clint... you want that? Are you sure?" He stepped forward, cupping Clint's face in his hands. "Jarvis?" The dom asked softly, peppering the sub's lips with soft kisses, "Is the machine Bucky used here?"

"Yes, sir." Clint nodded and kissed him back.

"It's not you... but it is... kinda..." he said in between kisses, gripping the blonde's shirt tightly.

"Yes, oh god... can we... can we before I leave...? So that... so that it's not a fake version of me the first time I knot you?" He glanced at Charlotte, "If Bruce would... watch her?" Clint took in a deep breath, and nodded slowly.

"Yes, Steve, yes!" he grinned excitedly. He picked up Charlotte and smiled, kissing her head and taking her into the elevator. Steve stared.

"Now? Right now?" He grinned nervously, "I'll... I'll get ready, uh... in the bedroom? In-?"
"Yes! I'll be down in ten minutes," he said, shaking with excitement as he pressed the elevator door closed. He was so horny... especially since he hadn't had sex in nearly two years; sure he'd masturbated, but it wasn't the same. Steve laughed, and snagged the bow off his shirt, before he stepped into the bedroom, smoothing his hair back. He remembered how it felt to take Clint, to slide inside of him... he could only imagine what it would be like to knot him. He pulled his shirt over his head, and kicked his pants off, glad he'd showered in the last hotel room. Sticking the bow on his chest, and sat on the bed in his boxers, trying not to put off too much excited scent. He knew extremely dominant excitement could panic omegas.

Clint carefully ran over to where Bruce was and stood in front of him. "Can you watch Charlotte for an hour or two?" He asked.

"However long you need." Bruce laughed when he scented Clint, "Go on." Clint kissed the top of Charlie's head and waved at Bruce, before hopping in the elevator and leaning against the wall, his heart beat escalating.

"Fuck..." he moaned, trying to think of the last time they had sex. He was already starting to get wet. Steve was nearly panting when he heard the elevator doors, he wanted Clint so badly.

"In here," He called softly, "I'm in here." Clint ran into the room, and stopped when he saw Steve's naked body sprawled out on the bed with the bow on his chest.

"Fuck," he moaned and quickly squirmed out of his shirt. Steve looked up at him with heavily lidded eyes.

"May I?" He slowly sat up, and lifted Clint's shirt off, "Come here, oh Clint, so beautiful..." He knelt to kiss Clint's belly, to trace his slight stretch marks, "So beautiful." He slowly unbuttoned Clint's jeans, slid them down his legs with his underwear. "You... are magnificent," He groaned. Clint shivered and groaned as his cock sprang free, nearly whacking Steve in the jaw.

"You are too," he moaned, "Look at the size of that thing! I don't remember that fitting," he chuckled, looking down at the dom's crotch; Steve laughed.

"Would you believe it's the only thing the Serum didn't change?" And with that, he sucked Clint into his mouth. Clint gasped loudly and gripped Steve's shoulder.

"Ah, Fuck Steve!" He moaned loudly and thrusted his hips. Phil would never have done this! Steve sucked gently, bobbing his head.

"Mm." He hummed, sliding his hands up to cup Clint's ass, rubbing gently. Slick dribbled from his hole, making him moan as his cheeks flushed.

"Steve...!"

"Clint," Steve pulled his head back, licked over the head of his cock, "You taste amazing. How do you want to do this? Would you like to ride me?" He knew that would make it easier for Clint to control the pace.

"Fuck, yes, please," he moaned, and pushed Steve down. "You know, this should really be on your cock," he chuckled and tossed the bow to the side, swinging his legs over Steve's waist. He was so horny, and he knew he was being pushy, but he needed this so bad. Steve let himself sprawl back on the bed.

"Next time," He promised, "Wait, Clint, let me stretch you first, I'm not small." Clint looked up at him, their eyes meeting.
"You actually want to do that?" He asked, and Steve sat up,

"Of course... every dom should." He kissed Clint softly, letting him taste himself. "There," he murmured sliding a hand down Clint's back, "You're so wet... was I the last...?" He rubbed a finger over the pucker of Clint's entrance. Clint hummed in his mouth, and shivered as the fingers rubbed his hole.

"Ah, yes, Steve, you were the last," he groaned and rocked his hips; Steve's scent was proud, happy.

"Mine." He whispered, sliding his finger into Clint slowly, "Oh... so tight...!" He kissed all over Clint's chest, keeping his head below the sub's. Clint arched his back and let out a loud moan, his hole clenching tighter around him.

"Fuck... Steve! more!" He panted; Steve sucked a nipple into his mouth, and flushed in surprise when a small amount of milk hit his tongue; he thrust the finger gently, and nudged a second against Clint's rim. Clint gasped loudly and came all over Steve's chest, groaning as his orgasm wracked his body, Steve's fingers soaking wet now. "Fu-uck!!" Steve suckled his nipple happily.

"You like that?" He licked his lips, looking up at Clint, as he worked the second and third fingers in, "You're so beautiful when you cum, Clint, so beautiful." Clint put a hand on his abdomen, shuddering as the fingers continued to work themselves in, even though he was over sensitive, it felt amazing.

"M-my insides convulsed when I came..." he muttered.

"They did?" Steve's fingers went still, "Are you alright? Do you want to go have Bruce check you over?" There was worry in his eyes.

"No... I'm okay," he said, smiling. "It felt amazing," he nuzzled Steve's cheek, clenching down on his fingers. Steve moaned.

"Oh...!" And twisted his fingers against Clint's prostate, "So good, you're so good, Clint." Leaning up, he kissed Clint's chin, and slowly removed his fingers, "You're in control, Clint. I won't do anything you don't want."

"I want you," he whined at the loss of fingers in his hole, and he quickly lifted Steve's cock up, and against his hole. He hesitated for only a second before allowing it to slip past his rim. His eyes closed, and he moaned happily, his body shaking in pleasure. Steve fought the age old urge to get Clint beneath him, to take him hard and fast, and knot him. He wanted to show Clint that his mind was stronger than his instinct, his rut. He slipped his hands up onto Clint's hips, supporting his weight.

"So... hot..." He gasped out, staring into Clint's eyes, "You're taking me in so deep... so well...!"

"Yes!" He groaned and leaned his head up, exposing his throat as he bounced on his cock. Steve helped him slide up and down.

"Can I... move?" He asked softly, wanting Clint to feel safe and secure.

"Yes please," he grasped Steve's shoulders again, wanting more; Steve shifted his body down to get leverage, bracing his feet on the bed, and rocked his hips up into Clint, groaning.

"You're so good, Clint, such a good..." He broke off, "Good boy." He whispered, a loud cry escaped from the submissive as the cock thrust in deep, Steve's thighs smacking against him.
"Oh god, Steve!" He panted, clenching down on his cock. The alpha gave a strangled groan, and sped his thrusts.

"Yes, oh, yes, Clint, so tight... so hot...!" He was close, already, to knotting. "I'm going to... Clint, I-!

"Fill me up!" He ordered and lowered his head to rest against Steve's shoulder, wishing for a bond mark, not in his right mind; Steve cupped his neck, thrusting smoothly, his knot sliding, catching on Clint's rim, and pressing in. And he wanted to bite him, but he wouldn't. Not while Clint was half dropped. He licked the gland, shuddering, as he locked inside, then pressed his fingers against it, to give Clint pleasure without bonding him.

"There... my beautiful Clint..." Clint panted hard and mewed loudly, coming for a second time, his hips shaking on Steve's knot.

"So good...!" Steve arched as Clint clenched and spasmed on his knot. "Oh... Clint...!" He kissed the omega, gentle and loving. Some day, if Clint wanted it, he would dominate him, and sink his teeth into that beautiful gland, untouched for two years, "I love you." The omega panted slowly lifted his eyes to meet Steve's, smiling widely.

"Mine...?" He whispered; Clint shuddered and nodded tiredly.

"Yes, all yours," he hummed, and Steve looked into his eyes.

"Clint. I love you. But I won't bond you, not yet. I want us both to be sure. I want you to be as sure as I am. I want to adopt Charlotte, claim her as my daughter, and you as my mate. I want..." He touched their noses, "I want to give her brothers and sisters." Clint looked like he was about to cry, until he heard the final part of Steve's words. He smiled and sunk down against his chest, nuzzling him.

"Fuck, I love you too," he moaned and kissed him hard; Steve arched, and rolled them onto their sides, legs tangled, and kissed back, licking at Clint's tongue, then down to suckle at his throat, marking him gently just beneath the jaw line.

"Can I spend my heat in your room?" He asked softly.

"While I'm gone?" Steve asked softly, eyes wide with awe, "Wow..." It was barely a breath, "Yes. Yes you can." Clint grinned and nosed his cheek.

"Thank you... I want to be surrounded by your scent as I take your knot. And Charlotte doesn't really need to smell that," he chuckles; the dom slid his fingers into Clint's hair, soothingly rubbing his scalp.

"Definitely not," he shivered, "I want that for you. Whatever makes you comfortable." Clint
groaned happily and smiled.

"Thank you, Steve... I love you."

"I love you." Steve nuzzled against him. When Steve's knot went down, he hummed and slid off slightly, keeping his leg over Steve's waist and falling asleep. Steve traced slow spirals and loops over Clint's hip, kissed his forehead before joining him in sleep.

Tony shifted in the bed, sweaty and uncomfortable.

"Jay... bring the temperature down five degrees..." He mumbled, barely opening an eye. Bucky curled closer against Tony as the room temperature decreased, shuddering softly; the omega slowly relaxed, curled around his belly, breathing in Bucky's scent. Bucky nuzzled him, and kissed his cheek softly, rubbing Tony's belly, and the omega blinked a little more awake. "Mmn." He stretched out his limbs so that Bucky could touch him. Bucky wrapped his arms more around him, rubbing Tony's back and nuzzling his neck.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, "How long are you staying?"

"I want to leave tomorrow morning," he mumbled, the sub swallowed.

"But you got here yesterday..."

"Yeah... I know. The sooner we get out there, the sooner we can come home," he hummed.

"Bucky... is... it's December... it's..." Tony shuddered, "It's only the fourth, and... Christmas...?"

Bucky had forgotten about Christmas.

"I've never really celebrated it... My mom died when I was four... And my dad got sick, and died when I was twelve..." he muttered. "I don't know how to celebrate it, but... I'm sorry," he sighed; Tony sat up,

"You missed Thanksgiving, too." He climbed out of bed, pulling on a pair of stretchy grey pants. "I did press while you were gone... did you see it?"

"Pieces of it," he said, holding his head in his hands. "I've never really celebrated Thanksgiving either. We were too poor!" He stared at his mate, "I'm sorry I'm upsetting you... I'll definitely be around for the next ones and you can teach me all about them." Tony stared at the floor.

"I... why did you even come home, Bucky?" The alpha frowned.

"D-didn't you want to see me?" He asked.

"Yes! I've been waiting over a month to see you! But you don't want to be here, Bucky!"

"I wanted to see you! I told you I would make trips!" He said, standing up and regretting it. It was cold! Tony scrubbed his hands over his face.

"If you wanted to see me, you'd stay more than one day." The dom winced, but nodded.

"Okay then, I will stay longer." Tony glowered.
"Only because I said something, Bucky."

"I do want to be with you," he shivered and wrapped a blanket around himself. "Please..." he held his hand out to him. Tony wiped his eyes, and slowly sank onto the bed, his head in his hands.

"I thought... you'd be here long enough to help me paint..."

"We can paint when I come back... I'll be here before the birth," he muttered.

"Before the birth... how long? A day? An hour? Bucky... in the next couple months I'm not going to be able to paint and stand around and move baby furniture! I wanted..." He trailed off, "I wanted to do it with you..." Bucky sighed and ran a hand in his hair.

"Steve wanted to stay the week... Maybe we can do that," he said,

"Maybe." Tony's scent filled with disbelief, loneliness. Bucky scooted closer to him and nuzzled his shoulder.

"My good boy..." The omega closed his eyes in pleasure, but it wasn't enough. He swallowed, *I have to... to enjoy it while... he's here...* He told himself, and turned to kiss his dom. Bucky smiled softly and he kissed him back. "Are you hungry?" He asked.

"Yeah," Tony mumbled, "can we have eggs? And potatoes...? Scrambled together?" He'd been eating it a lot lately, to get protein, while still eating potatoes. And Bruce, who'd found him munching on ice cubes, had started feeding him copious amounts of leafy greens full of iron.

"Sounds great," he chuckled and wrapped an arm around Tony. He pulled his boxers on, but nothing else, before leading Tony to the elevator. The sub hesitated, if they went downstairs, he'd have to share Bucky, and Bruce would probably tell the dom, but Bucky nudged him in, and the doors shut behind him.

"Where've you and Steve been staying...? Hotels?"

"Yeah," he said. "Hotels and camping," he said, pressing the button and waiting in the elevator with him.

"Camping?" Tony licked his lips, "I've never been." Bucky smiled,

"Maybe we can go after the pups are born, we can buy tents and camping gear."

"With babies?" The omega rubbed his chin, and then groaned, closing his eyes, "Please... don't kick mommy..." He panted softly, holding his belly.

"Yeah, or we can have someone babysit when they're a little bit older," he beamed and rubbed Tony's belly, trying to feel something; Tony whimpered softly.

"It kind of hurts." He mumbled, "In a weird... fluttering way." And the elevator doors opened, just as he straightened up.

"Tony, Bucky." Bruce greeted them, there was a big pan of eggs, potatoes, and sausage on the stove, and all the weird condiments Tony had been craving were on the table. The omega paused.

"How long have you had Charlotte?" The little girl was trying to turn the pages of a board book in Bruce's lap. Bucky smiled at her, and pet the girls head; Bruce shrugged.

"A few hours. I was going to have Jarvis wake Clint up soon, she's going to get hungry." Tony
nodded, and dished up his plate, grumbling when Bruce pointed to a skillet full of dark green leafy slop with onions and garlic.

"Bruce..."

"You need it, Tony." The beta replied, and Tony sullenly scooped some into a bowl. Bucky nuzzled her, and then he kissed Tony's cheek, getting the same food and sitting down. Tony ate the egg mixture easily enough, but toyed with the vegetable slop in his bowl, nose wrinkled.

"Come on, Tony."

"I don't want to." He muttered as Bucky took a bite of his vegetables,

"What if you put something in it?" He asked.

"Doesn't help, I've tried everything," Tony growled, "I hate them!"

"But you shouldn't! You're anemic, you need iron, all of this has iron, it should taste good to you!" Bruce exclaimed, hefting Charlotte higher in his arms, Tony swallowed, looking away.

"He's anemic?" Bucky asked, rubbing Tony's back. Charlotte giggled and clung tightly to Bruce,

"Yes." Bruce sighed, "It was pretty bad... I checked when I noticed he was eating ice cubes all the time. I've been trying... feeding him greens and red meat, but he doesn't want to eat it. He throws a fit every time." Tony grimaced.

"I do not!"

"Oh? And when I made broccoli?"

"It smelled like an outhouse!"

"And when I made spicy mustard greens?"

"They were sour!" Bucky smiled and laughed softly at their back and forth.

"Have you tried drowning it in chocolate?" Tony glowered at him,

"I. Have tried. Everything." The dom held up his hands.

"Well... I do know one thing you haven't tried," he said, putting a mouthful in his own mouth, chewing it around. He pressed his lips to Tony's, pressing the greens mixed with his saliva into his mate's mouth; Tony whined, because that was kind of gross, but it tasted so... so much better. Bruce grimaced, and looked away.

"Come on, Charlotte, let's go wake up your mom and... Steve." Tony swallowed his mouthful and looked up.

"Wait... they...?" Tony exclaimed, and Bucky grinned.

"Did that taste better?" The omega nodded reluctantly.

"But that doesn't help, because you're gone most of the time." The alpha frowned softly and sighed.

"Can't Bruce give you iron pills?"
"I throw them up." Tony grunted, moving the remaining greens around in his bowl. Bucky rubbed Tony's back.

"Do you want more greens?" Tony just dropped his head against Bucky's chest, breathing deep.

"I don't know. I just... the ice tasted good, and it felt nice between my teeth... I'm hot all the time... but Bruce won't let me have the ice, he says it's bad for my teeth and a bunch of other shit."

"What if you just drink ice water?" he asked.

"I crunch the ice. And ice doesn't have iron in it." Tony rubbed a hand over his face, "And I'm getting really bad headaches... Bruce says it's because I accidentally drank caffeinated coffee for a week, and I'm having withdrawals." The omega leaned back in his chair, and rubbed his belly, whining softly between clenched teeth. "They wake me up kicking..." Bucky started to feel guilty.

"I'm so proud of you," he said; Tony closed his eyes, waiting for the twins to settle.

"They're already squashed in there-what?" He looked up, eyes confused.

"I'm proud of you, for how well you're handling this," he said, rubbing his belly. The sub groaned when the babies moved again, as if in response to Bucky's touch, but the dom obviously couldn't feel it.

"They like your voice..." he whispered in awe, "They move when you talk...!" Bucky smiled brightly and pressed his face to Tony's belly.

"Hi babies, I'm your daddy," he grinned. "I can't wait to meet you, I already love you." he beamed; Tony whined a little, sliding his hand into Bucky's hair, as the twins kicked and wiggled.

"Moving... they're moving all around..."

"They seem strong," he beamed and rubbed his tummy.

"I... yeah, they do." Tony murmured, "Bruce says I'm measuring just right... but I feel like a beached whale, and I have four months left."

"I can't wait to see how big you are in four months," he hummed. "And then we'll be parents."

"Yeah..." Tony shifted in the chair, "...f... could uh... would you rub oil on my belly? Bruce and Clint gave me this cocoa butter, to stop stretch marks?" His stomach barely had any, which he maintained was due to the oily substance.

"I would love to, is it in your room?" He asked, standing up, Tony nodded.

"Yeah, it's in the empty room down here, the one I... stay in when you're gone." He nodded to the hallway, "Remember which one?"

"Yeah, do you want to go there?" He asked, "or stay here?"

"There." Tony sat up, and used the table edge to haul himself to his feet, trudging toward the hall, and through the door into the bedroom. It smelled of him, with faint undertones of Clint, but no one else. The main scent, permeating the room, was Tony's slick. He was unbearably horny, all the time, needing his alpha, but he couldn't let Clint help him, he hadn't asked Bucky, and he didn't know if he could handle having Clint touch him. So he tried to deal with it alone. Bucky breathed in deeply, and he couldn't help but stare at Tony.
"I'm so sorry ..."

"What for?" Tony blinked, he was used to the thick arousal scent, tinged with desperation, it barely phased him. He lay on the bed, stretching, "The cocoa butter is right there." Bucky grabbed the cocoa butter, and sat besides him.

"For not being here when you obviously needed me."

"Bucky, don't." Tony looked away, "Just don't." The dom swallowed and opened the jar, smearing cream on his fingers. He began to rub it over Tony's belly, rubbing it in softly. Tony breathed out, it felt nice, so good to have Bucky's hands on him, but Bucky wasn't going to stay. Bucky smothered it over his skin and smiled softly.

"This smells really good."

"Yeah?" Tony glanced up at him, "Feels good, too." He hummed, letting his eyes slid closed, and then he felt Bucky's hands move up to rub more into his chest. Fingers swirled around his nipples, and he arched into it, dropping immediately. Bucky smiled in awe, and rubbed his nipples carefully.

"Does that feel good?" Tony's heels braced against the bed in answer.

"Yes, yes, oh god, sir, yes!" He panted, his cock filling out between his thighs. Bucky leaned forward and sucked the nipple into his mouth, sucking on the tender nub, and the response was instant, Tony arched upward hard and fast, and came all over his rounded belly. Bucky let go and beamed at him.

"Did that feel good?" he asked, nuzzling him; Tony groaned.

"Felt... so good... felt amazing..." He slumped against the bed, trailing his fingers down to run through the cum, bringing it up to his mouth. Bucky's cock twitched in his pants and he moaned. It always got him hard to watch Tony eat his cum. The sub licked and sucked his fingers clean, before sliding them back down for more. Bucky smiled and slid his hand down to rub it over Tony's cock; the omega trembled. "Sensitive..." He panted, before bringing another fingerful of cum up to his lips, slick creating a spreading wet spot across the bedding.

"And horny," Bucky hummed and slid a finger into his hole; Tony's hips lifted, and he moaned around his fingers.

"Please...!" Bucky quickly moved in between his legs, pushing his face against Tony's balls, licking at his hole. The sub nearly screamed, the flow of slick increased noticeably. "Bucky! Bucky, please!" He cried, gripping Bucky's hair tightly, trying to get his legs up and out of the way. Bucky moaned and fucked him with his tongue before climbing up his body, and he pushed his cock into Tony's hole, moaning loudly. The omega whimpered, he wasn't nearly stretched enough, but he didn't care; bracing his knees against Bucky's chest to protect his belly, by instinct, he threw his head back. "Fuck... sir...!"

"Tony!" He cried out from the tightness and began to fuck him nice and hard; the sub gripped Bucky's biceps, gasping for breath, he needed! And then Bucky's cock brushed a space that had been empty for over a month within him, rubbing his prostate, and nudging against his cervix all at once, and he came hard, jerking, his cum splashing against Bucky's abs. Bucky groaned loudly and scraped his finger up his abs, licking the cum off his digits. Tony's eyes widened, and he tried to buck up against him, but the dom had him pressed to the bed, and that was fine. It felt good to be dominated, to be held down and taken, by his dom. "I can't believe you've already cum twice," he
moaned and started moving his hips again. Arching his head back to give Bucky a better look at his untouched throat, Tony panted hard through his mouth.

"Feels... so good... needed it...!"

"I did too," he groaned and leaned forward, nipping the bonding gland. Tony groaned when it pushed his legs further apart, and Bucky's hard abs rubbed against his belly.

"Oh...!"

"You look so fucking sexy," Bucky cooed and sucked on his throat; Tony jerked against him, and all his internal muscles convulsed, lifting him on a wave of orgasm without ejaculation.

"Fuck... fuckfuck... oh fuck...!"

"Shit!" Bucky gave a hard thrust, knotting him swiftly, the base of his cock growing. His sub arched, and, gasping, spattered another load of cum between them, eyes rolling back. "Tony, hey," he said, wanting to make sure he was okay, touching his face softly. "You with me?" The engineer blinked up at him.

"Yeah... oh... that was..."

"Good?" He asked, chuckling and nuzzling his cheek.

"Yeah..." Tony whispered, and without warning he was crying, tears streaming down his face, hiccups catching in his throat. "S-sorry...!" Bucky jerked and stared down at Tony, before softening and wiping away his tears.

"Hey, it's okay, it'll be okay," he smiled; Tony scrubbed at his eyes,

"It j-just happens... sometimes... I fucking cried over... a commercial..."

"Was it a sad commercial?" He asked, petting his head softly.

"No..." Tony muttered, "...it wasn't...just someone coming home from the army to their dog."

"Oh..." he nodded, and kissed his cheek. "Maybe when our pups are older, we can get a pet?" The sub dropped his head back, trying to will the tears away.

"Maybe..." He mumbled, Bucky smiled and kissed him.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony's voice was quiet, barely there, as Bucky's knot slipped out of him. And then they were both looking down in surprise. "That was short." Bucky frowned,

"Maybe it's 'cause of the pregnancy?"

"Yes, sir. Pregnant omegas release hormones to force a knot down in four minutes instead of eight, Sir." Jarvis announced.

"Oh." Tony frowned, "But it didn't before..."

"My apologies sir, it begins at four months of gestation."

"I guess so that we don't hurt the babies, or your back," he smiled, and kissed his tummy. Tony
frowned.

"I guess." He looked down at his belly, closing his eyes, "Mmn..."

"They kickin' again?" He asked, rubbing Tony's hips.

"Kind of... but... something's different..." The sub rubbed his belly, "...go get Bruce?"

"Yeah," he immediately ran out of the room, and followed his scent down into Clint's room. He barged in, "Bruce! Something's wrong with Tony!" He said, completely naked, in front of Clint, who quickly shielded Charlie's eyes and growled loudly. Steve lifted both omega and child, and tucked them to his chest, carrying them into the nursery.

"Bucky? What is it?" Bruce ignored them, "Is Tony okay?" He pushed into the elevator, "Jarvis, to the common floor!"

"I-I don't know what's wrong with him, he just said he felt weird," he said, a hand running through his hair. Bruce touched his shoulder,

"It's fine, everything is fine. Go to him, and... put some shorts on, I'll go get my kit." He pushed into the elevator, "Jarvis, to the common floor!"

"I-I don't know what's wrong with him, he just said he felt weird," he said, a hand running through his hair. Bruce touched his shoulder,

"It's fine, everything is fine. Go to him, and... put some shorts on, I'll go get my kit." He stepped quickly out of the elevator toward he and Thor's room. Bucky nodded, and stepped off the elevator as well, going to find his underwear. As soon as they were on, he was back at Tony's side. Tony gripped his hand.

"You didn't panic, right? I'm sure it's fine, it just feels... weird." He shifted his hips, sitting up and pulling a pair of shorts on. Bruce stepped in a moment later, hunching himself down with practiced ease, putting off submissive signals like nobody's business.

"What seems to be the problem?" He asked, settling the stethoscope earpieces in.

"They're... moving, but it feels different," Tony flushed, and Bruce gently settled the receiver on his belly. The beta chuckled, and passed the earpieces to Bucky.

"Want to hear your babies' first hiccups?" Bucky gasped and quickly took the earpieces, putting them in. He grinned and laughed,

"Oh wow, that's amazing," he said, beaming; Tony's cheeks warmed.

"They're... hiccuping?" Embarrassment flitted into his scent. Bucky chuckled, and kissed Tony's belly.

"Were you guys laughing at me? Laughing so hard you got hiccups?" Tony slumped against the bed, pressing a hand to his mouth.

"So... I'm feeling their hiccups?" Bruce nodded, tucking his stethoscope away.

"Did you remember to take your vitamin this morning?"

"No." Tony swallowed, "Sorry, should I take it now?"

"Vitamins," Bucky hummed. "I might have to call you every day to remind you," he said to Tony, and the sub looked up.

"Would... you...?"

"Yeah," he smiled and kissed him. "I'll try to, anyway. Whenever I get service, or get to a phone
"Try to..." Tony mumbled, sighing, "I'm... I'm going to take a nap."

"I will when I can," he helped him sit up. "Let me help you to bed." Tony nodded, letting Bucky support him into the elevator.

"Bye, Bruce."

"Don't forget, your next prenatal is in a week." The beta reminded him, Bucky frowned, but continued on, getting back in the elevator.

"What's with the face?" Tony muttered, "I get them every two weeks, make sure they're okay."

"I'm sad that I have to miss it," he muttered; Tony's shoulders hunched, and he looked away.

"Right."

"Sorry," he nuzzled him softly.

"Uh huh." Tony pushed out of the elevator, feeling a little trapped, his hands twitched and his fingers curled in. "Nn..." He whined, hunching over his belly, "Calm down..." Bucky laid down besides him, gently rubbing his belly. And Tony sighed, trying to stretch out, to get comfortable.

"You don't have to stay a week..." He grunted.

"I want to help you paint," he replied simply.

"No you don't." Tony muttered, staring at the wall, "You don't. And you don't want to be home for Christmas, and you didn't even call on Thanksgiving and..."

"I know I'm horrible, I don't need you to remind me," he grumbled. "I want to get out there and end them..." Tony climbed out of bed.

"Then go! What's stopping you from just leaving tonight!?" He hugged himself, "I don't get it, you said you wanted kids!"

"I do!" He whined, "I'm trying to keep them safe!" Tony shuddered.

"I'm not tired anymore, I'm going to take a shower." He locked himself in the bathroom, and the tears overflowed, "Jay... turn the shower on..." Bucky frowned and held his head in his hands, whining. Tony showered quickly, and dressed in one of Bucky's t-shirts, and some loose shorts, before crawling into bed, swallowing his prenatal pill, and sprawling in the twisted blankets.

"Sorry..." He whispered, pulling a pillow down to hug it against his chest, pressing his face into it. "...I'm all... emotional, and..." Bucky nodded softly, rubbing Tony's thigh.

"I'm getting a shower, then I'll come to bed," he said; Tony curled around his pillow, sighing. At least, if he was to spend this alone, he didn't have morning sickness anymore. When Bucky came back from his shower, he curled up underneath the blankets, pressed against his mate's overheated body, and Tony reached to grip his metal fingers.

"Sorry for sleeping so much... it's barely six..."
Early Christmas

Chapter Summary

blah, its been a long week! Sorry for all the late updates, three a week anyway, as promised for our lovely followers!

Some fluff! Christmas times, and sad confessions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Steve beamed as he and Clint settled the last of the food onto the table, "Beautiful!" He leaned to kiss Clint's cheek, and glanced at the locked box that had Clint's new... toy in it.

"Ready, Charlie girl?" The alpha hefted the toddling child from the ground, and settled her in her high chair. "She's getting big enough not to need this now. Pretty soon she can sit in a booster." He kissed her forehead, and pulled out Clint's seat.

"A booster..." Clint nodded, he would have to keep that in mind. He had been worried what he was gonna do when she grew out of the high chair! He flushed softly and sat down, grinning at Steve. "I mighta over cooked the ham... And the chicken... And everything else."

"Shh, hush. You're a great cook, and everyone knows it." Steve leaned to kiss the sub's shoulder, "Everything looks and smells wonderful." Clint grinned and gripped Steve's chin before he could pull away entirely.

"You missed," he hummed and kissed his lips.

"Maybe I was waiting for something," Steve chuckled into Clint's mouth, "Now, Charlie, don't fall asleep!" He added, mock stern, as he settled her tray of food before her. She lifted her head and stared at him with bright eyes, giggling and smiling at the food presented before her. Clint's heart melted, but he would never admit it. He loved seeing an alpha care for her. He looked at Steve and started to fill up his plate.

"She really likes you."

"Oh good!" Steve exclaimed, putting on a relieved expression, "I was terrified that she wouldn't!" He leaned over, kissing all over her face until she was giggling wildly. Clint beamed and laughed with her, nuzzling her head.

"Do you like Steve?" He asked her a second time, wondering if he was gonna get an answer this time; Charlotte giggled.

"Lub S'eve!"

"Oh you love him, do you?" He chuckled, "I love him too." Steve turned to attack Clint with his kisses, blowing raspberries on the sub's neck.

"Good! Because I love both of you..." He let Clint catch his breath, voice serious, "So much more
than I can express. Merry early Christmas." Clint laughed when his neck was blown on, and oh it felt so fucking good, he couldn't stand it. He stared at Steve and his cheeks flushed again, so he leaned forward and kissed him on the lips, humming softly.

"Merry early Christmas." Steve's response was slow and gentle, loving and kind.

"Now, let's eat before it gets cold! I want our bellies happy before open presents!" He waved his hands excitedly; Clint smiled and watched Charlotte as he ate, making sure she didn't just play with it or eat too much and choke on it. Steve was extremely attentive, refilling Clint's cider, and keeping Char from flinging potatoes everywhere. When Steve went to refill his glass a fourth time, Clint held out his hand to stop him, chuckling.

"Thank you, I'm okay." Steve sank back into his seat.

"Alright," He murmured, leaning to kiss Clint's jaw. He did that often, leaning to smell his gland, and placate the stubborn knot in his chest that demanded he claim Clint. And Clint always leaned his head to the side, exposing his throat when he did that, groaning softly. Steve stay there a moment, just breathing against his skin. "Mmm... sorry, Clint... it's... needed." The sub hummed, and nodded.

"I know," Clint smiled weakly and stood up, starting to clear the table, Steve shook his head.

"No, Clint, you're not my servant, you cooked most of this meal, go get relaxed in the living room, I'll clean up Charlie and bring her to you, and then I'll do the dishes." Clint stared at him and shuddered,

"Oh, you are definitely a keeper," he winked at Steve. "At least let me help a little, I can put the leftovers away," he smirked, and grabbed some extra plates and plastic wrap since he didn't have tupperware; Steve smiled softly.

"Hey," He pulled Clint close, "My mom always said to be that. To be a keeper. To be someone who a mate could rely on and trust. I pray I can be that for you." He kissed Clint gently, lovingly, "I want to take care of you, but mostly, I want you to know that you can care for yourself, and that I am here to support you. That doesn't mean you can't support yourself. You're so strong." Clint shuddered and clung to Steve's shirt.

"I've been strong for so long... I'm glad you're here," he smiled and kissed him deeply, before pulling away to put the potatoes in a bowl; Steve smiled back at him, and hurried to clean Charlotte, wiping her face, though she squirmed and complained.

"Go on," He let her down, "Don't touch the presents." Clint smiled as she rambled away.

"I don't remember her growing up so fast," he sighed.

"She's not a grown up yet," Steve said, slightly panicked, imagining her going off to her prom, or watching her get married. He scooped her back up, "Stop getting big, that's not fair." Clint just laughed.

"You have to do as Da... da man says, Charlie," he said, biting his lip and quickly going back to cleaning the table; Steve looked over at him.

"Clint..." He murmured softly, "If... she wants to call me that... that's alright." And he let her go, and slowly cleared the table, running the dishwater, "Go uh... relax with Charlie."

"Okay," he said, giving him one last look before lifting up Charlie and going to the couch. Steve
cleaned the kitchen until it was spotless, then cleaned himself up, and settled in a chair.

"Ready?" He lifted the presents down, "One for Clint, and one for Charlotte." Clint smiled, and handed Charlie hers.

"Go ahead, sweetheart, rip that paper off!" She waved the package up and down, making Steve laugh,

"Should I help her?" Clint laughed and nodded.

"Just start a corner for her, she can do it." He murmured, and Steve leaned forward, and tore a corner.

"There you go," she began to rip the paper, eyes sparkling, as she pulled out an art set, "I started young... I thought she'd enjoy it, and all the markers wash out."

"Wow! Charlie, can you say "thanks"?" He asked, smiling widely.

"S... sank...!" She exclaimed, mostly entertained by the colors on the front.

"Now mama opens one." Steve smiled, looking up at Clint. The sub petted her head, and smiled as he ripped his open, wondering what it could be. "It's not much," Steve flushed lightly as Clint pulled the paper off the framed portrait, "I've been sketching you and Char for ages, and... I liked that one."

"Wow," he smiled down at the picture. "Thank you so much, I love it," he beamed at him. "I can't believe this is a drawing!"

"Really?" Steve reached to touch Clint's hand, then dug through the presents, "Ah, this next for Charlie," He tore an edge, and passed it over to the baby. Clint squeezed his hand back and set the photo on the coffee table, watching Charlotte figure out how to rip paper and not drop her markers; Steve grinned when she realized it was a set of toy horses. "I noticed she liked that... uh... pony show." He offered in explanation. Clint beamed and smiled at Steve,

"It teaches good life values," he said, taking the box, and removing the horses from their plastic prisons for her.

"Does it?" Steve lifted another gift for Clint, the package was small. The sub nodded, and stuffed the small plastic pieces into his pocket so Char didn't pick them up and try to eat them, before taking the small present. Steve held his breath until Clint opened the wrapping, and the jewelry box within. "It... my mother had one like it, a long time ago." It was a necklace, with purple jewels, "It's amethyst." Clint slowly lifted the necklace, staring at it in awe,

"I-is this.... Bonding jewelry? Or just regular jewelry?" He asked, wondering what Steve's intentions were, Steve swallowed,

"I promised you I would wait... but this one piece I..." He closed his eyes, "I have the rest of the set, put away, for the day we..." Clint's eyes went wide and he grinned, gently putting it around his neck. He straightened it out and smiled.

"How does it look?" Steve leaned to flip one piece over.

"Like it was made for you." He breathed, "Beautiful, Clint." He smiled back, and lifted the last two presents, one for Char, one for his lover. Clint beamed and kissed Steve hard before taking the two
presents, and handing the one for Charlie to her.

"C'mon, open it by yourself now," he smiled; she patted the paper, eyes wide, trying. Steve leaned to smooth her curls back.

"You can do it." The little girl was pulling at the paper with great determination, and Steve cheered when she finally ripped it open. "There you go, Charlie!" The dom grinned, and helped her open the plastic covering the little bangle bracelets, "Every beautiful person needs a little jewelry." Clint flushed and smiled as she picked them up.

"They're perfect," he said, helping one into her wrist. She waved her arm, excitedly.

"Good. Now..." Steve watched Clint carefully as the omega unfolded the beautiful blanket, scented entirely with the scent of Steve. Clint buried his face in the blanket, humming softly in it.

"Thank you," he smiled and kissed him again, "I-I have a gift for you as well, it's not much," he shrugged, and got up to go get it from his room. Steve watched him go, feeling relaxed and calm. He handed Charlie a piece she'd dropped. Charlie giggled and took the piece, putting part of it in her mouth.

"Good, there you go." Steve smiled; she hummed and grabbed another pony, shaking it. Clint came back out with a small rectangular box, and handed it to Steve.

"It's not much..." Steve held it in his hands, eyes wide, and hesitantly slid the box open. Inside were three tickets, 2 adults and 1 child. "In New York there's a museum called the MOMA, the Museum of Modern Art," he smiled, "Though maybe you'd want to see it?" Steve's jaw dropped.

"Really? Really, Clint!?" He stood, scooping the omega into his arms. Clint laughed and nuzzled his jaw.

"You look as if I've just given you a puppy," he laughed.

"Better!" Steve exclaimed, "No one has wanted to go to an art museum with me since I got out of the ice!" The sub chuckled.

"Well, I ain't ever been to one, and it'll be great for Charlie to socialize and get fresh air... it'll be great," he beamed at him; Steve kissed him, holding him tight.

"Thank you, Clint, thank you!" Clint kissed him back and nuzzled him,

"The tickets are for tomorrow... you're gonna be here, right?" Steve buried his face in Clint's shoulder.

"I hope so. I... I hope so." Clint nodded and kissed Steve's cheek, rubbing his head; "I... Bucky hasn't talked to me today, and he changes the plans often, maybe..." Steve's shoulders slumped with the possibility of losing this chance, "I'll talk to him in the morning, alright? And if... i f he... then we can refund the tickets and go another time." Clint looked down and nodded.

"Okay," he said, laying his head on Steve's shoulder, Steve shivered.

"Clint?" He kissed his hair, "We're supposed to stay a week..."

"Okay," he said, nodding, "I hope you do... I really want to go with you."

"Me too, Clint." Steve whispered, nuzzling his hair, "It's late, honey, I'll clean this up, if you want
to bathe Char." He smiled at the nickname and kissed him once more before nodding, and picking up his daughter.

"C'mon, its bath time," he smiled, Charlotte squealed, clinging to her toy horse.

"It's okay, they're waterproof," Steve offered, bending to clean up the wrappings.

"Awesome," he laughed and carried her into the bedroom first to grab her pajamas, and then he carried her into the bathroom. Once they were in there, Clint caught his reflection in the mirror and gasped. The necklace... he didn't understand why Steve wanted something so gorgeous on something like him. Steve peeked his head in.

"She still not in? Want me to give you a hand?" He asked, eyes hopeful. Clint looked at him, and nodded.

"Sure, if you want to grab her a towel and washcloth?" He asked, going over to the tub, and he started to fill it. He then undressed his daughter, and set her in the tub, throwing out her diaper. Steve folded a towel and set it by the sink, before he knelt beside the tub with the cloth.

"Hey, Charlotte!" He poked the laundry basket she was sitting in in the tub, "This is brilliant!"

"What, the laundry basket?" Clint asked, blushing. "She kept squirming and falling and I was afraid she was gonna drown..."

"Yes, it's... amazing." Steve kissed Clint's cheek, "And stopped Tony from building her a tiny bathtub."

"Yeah, I didn't really need two," he chuckled. "I was joking about her love of books, saying how she would need a library when she's older. . . and Tony almost did build her one."

"I don't know why he does that." Steve muttered, "Maybe he feels like he doesn't contribute enough? Which is crazy, since this is his tower."

"I know... he got upset when I told him no..." he sighed, and took a small cup, pouring plain water over Charlie's head. Charlie giggled, wiggling around in the water.

"Hmm... maybe the pack should talk to him." Steve hummed, soaping up the washrag, and rubbing it over her back.

"Yeah, before you guys leave," he said, nodding, and smiling at his daughter. He took the tear-free baby soap, and started to rub it into her locks.

"Or when we come back. Give us more time to decide what to say." Steve hummed, "Look up, Charlie girl, look up at the ceiling, princess." She tilted her head back, and He rinsed her hair. Clint smiled and helped to rinse her off, and Steve lifted her out of the tub, wrapping her in the thick fluffy towel. "What do you think we should say to Tony?" He asked, using an edge of the towel to dry her curls. Clint took out a fresh diaper, and waited for Steve to finish so he could put it on her.

"I don't know... that we care about him?" Steve slowly nodded, laying her on the bed and watching the omega pin the cloth diaper on.

"I'm guessing Tony bought those?" He asked, "That's all we had when I was young. I hear..." He wrinkled his nose, "That the disposable ones were causing a lot of problems, and everyone still uses them." Steve blew a raspberry on Char's belly, making her flail and giggle. Clint shrugged.
"As long as we don't get anymore poop in the bed, I don't care what I use," he chuckled.

"You got that right." The alpha smiled, and kissed Charlotte while Clint hefted her into her pajamas. Clint smiled once she was in her footie pajamas covered in giraffes.

"Want Steve to read you a bedtime story?" He asked her; she clambered off the bed, and ran for the little bookshelf, stuffed so full of books there wasn't room for another. She grabbed her favorite books, and pushed them into Steve's.

"Dese!" Clint gave her a stern look.

"You know we only read one book at bedtime. So pick one," he held up a finger; Charlotte's lip trembled, tears welling in her eyes, and Steve looked at Clint.

"Could... could we read two? Just for tonight?" He asked, heart melted by her tears. Clint sighed and held up two fingers to her.

"Pick two," he told her, chuckling. She leaned to touch his fingers,

"Ooh!" And Steve chuckled, and helped her put the rest back, wedging them into the shelf, before pulling her into the bed between them.

"Okay, ready?" He opened the first book, "Three little ducks..."

Steve woke to Bucky's voice, it was dark, the windows blacked out by Jarvis, and when he looked up, Bucky was in the doorway.

"What? Buck, it's early, what do you need?" He had his arm under Clint's head, Charlotte laying half on his chest.

"I want to get going... tonight," he said softly, trying not to feel bad about pulling Steve away from Clint. Steve stared.

"Bucky, it's two in the morning, you said we'd stay a week." He felt Clint stir against his side.

"I-I know... but I can't stand watching Tony's face anymore. He's so sad and... and I hurt him a lot," he muttered. "I want to get going, so we can be back here sooner." Steve slowly freed his arm, settling Charlotte against Clint.

"Bucky..." He glanced at the tickets on the bedside table, the sleeping omega and baby, but Clint's eyes were open. "One more day, please, Bucky, one more day. We're... we're going to an art museum..." Bucky whined softly, and nodded.

"Tomorrow night, we're out of here," he said, sighing and shaking his head as he backed out of the room. Steve smelled his hurt, his desperation, and looked down at Clint, he knew the sub smelled it, too, and stronger than he did.

"Clint?" Clint hunched his shoulders, and lowered his head.

"You should go... the museum will still be here when you get back." Steve leaned to kiss Clint.

"We'll come back... I'll call and text, like I always do." He whispered. "I'm so sorry..." He kissed Charlotte's face, "Tell her I love her, okay? And I'll send you postcards." He gave Clint one last kiss, and sighed, "I'll miss you so much... I love you." And he glanced out where Bucky was
sitting, head in hands, on Clint's couch. "I love you." He had his bag packed, so he simply got
dressed, and picked it up. Clint choked on a cry.

"I love you too, Steve," he said, hugging Charlotte to his chest, trying not to cry. As soon as they
were gone, he got up, and grabbed the blanket Steve had given him earlier, and laid it on top of
him and Charlotte. "Daddy will be back soon," he whispered to her, nuzzling her head.

Tony stirred, his hand on his belly, and his eyes snapped open. "Bucky! I can feel them on the
outside!" He exclaimed, laying still, "Bucky! Come feel!" He twisted, looking at the empty bed,
the bathroom door was open, and it, too, was empty. The clock flashed 3:04 am at him. "Bucky?"
He sat up, the babies kicking against his hand, voice echoing in the empty room. "Jarvis...?" His
voice shook.

"Sergeant Barnes left one hour ago, sir." Tony felt like his lungs were collapsing, and he hunched
over his belly.

"Oh." He whispered, hands shaking, he wouldn't cry. It took him a few tries, but he stood up, and
shuffled out into the equally empty living room. "Fuck." He climbed into the elevator, and stepped
out on the communal floor, also empty. There was a ding, and the elevator across the room opened
up, revealing a teary eyed Clint and a fussy baby with a blanket around them that smelled purely of
Steve; Tony was still just standing blankly next to the couch, hands on his belly. "They're k-
kicking..." He whispered, "...do you want to f... f..." He fell silent, tears slipping down his cheeks,
and held his arms out in offer, "I can hold her if you want..." Clint bit his lip and nodded, handing
Charlotte over, and pressing his hands to Tony's belly, rubbing softly.

"Wow... they're strong," he smiled; Tony slowly nodded.

"Did...?" He closed his eyes, "...no, don't tell me... I don't want to know." He rocked Charlotte
slowly, "Hey, pretty girl, what's wrong?"

"Daddy!" She wailed, clinging to Tony, "Wan' S'eve...!" Clint whimpered and stared at Charlie.

"That was... the first time she called anyone daddy..." Tony hugged her close.

"He'll come home, Charlotte, don't you worry your pretty little head, huh? Your daddy will come
home." She sniffled against his neck, "But you have to be really good while he's gone, don't you
think he'd want you to smile?" He tickled her side, and she gave a watery giggle. "That's what I
thought." Tony wiped his eyes quickly, "How about... we have a little snack, you and I, and then
me and you and your gorgeous mama go back to bed?" He stroked her hair, and she nodded.
"Good." Clint sniffed and smiled a little too, following them into the kitchen. Tony settled
Charlotte on his hip, leaning against the counter for a second, breathing through his nose, "Hey...

calm down littles..." He swallowed, "They're kicking up a storm." He leaned back, "What shall we
have, Charlie? How about... crackers and cheese?" Charlotte cheered. "Alright, should we share
with mommy?"

"I think I'm okay," Clint smiled and just got himself some water, and grabbing the cheese while he
was in the fridge, before slipping a knife from the kitchen rack, and sitting down at the table.
"Want me to take her?" He asked.

"No, it's alright. I'm about to have two, I gotta get used to it." Tony kissed her nose, and got out the
crackers, sitting down and settling her in his lap, "Okay, you hold those crackers, alright? It's very
important." She rubbed her eyes and gripped them tightly, smiling at him; She rubbed her eyes and
gripped the crackers tightly, smiling at him. "Good job," Tony smiled back, and cut the cheese into slices, stacking them on a plate, and scooting the knife and the rest of the block away. "Okay, can I see those now?" She watched him cut with fascination, and handed the crackers to him, yawning loudly; Tony opened the package, and shook some onto the plate. "Okay, great job!" He exclaimed, ruffling her hair, and handing her a slice of cheese. She munched on it happily, and Tony forced himself to take a few bites of his own, "Did..." He took a deep breath, "Did Steve say um... when they were coming back? Or... goodbye?" Clint sniffed.

"He didn't say when he'd be back, but he did say goodbye," he said, shaking his head. "I thought about taking my hearing aids out tonight... I would have been so pissed if he left without saying goodbye." Tony's shoulders slumped.

"He said goodbye... I'm happy for you, Clint..." He looked down at Charlotte, her eyes closed, a cracker still clutched in her tiny hand, "...Bucky didn't. I woke up alone..." Clint sighed and nuzzled Tony.

"I'm sorry."

"It's fine." Tony pulled away, "It doesn't matter." He closed his eyes, taking deep breaths, and lifted Charlotte, standing up, "Here... lay down and I'll put her by you? I have to clean this up."

"Let me clean it up," Clint said, standing. "You've had a rough night," he muttered, already putting the cheese in the fridge; Tony held Charlotte to his chest.

"I... I can do it... I should... he said he was staying a week, and we'd paint the nursery." He lifted the child higher, kissing her head to calm himself. Clint nodded.

"I got tickets to a museum... Charlotte and I were supposed to go tomorrow," he said, shaking a little. Tony nodded slowly.

"But he left? It's not Steve's fault, Clint."

"I know it's not... and it's not really Bucky's either. I know what it feels like to go on a trip based on revenge..." He said. "Tony... I told Steve that I had a plan for my heat, but I really don't. Could you watch her?" He asked softly. "I'll asked Bruce and Thor to help you..." Tony cradled her body in his arms.

"I... yeah, sure... where are you gonna spend it? In your rooms? I can take her to my floor... or the workshop... we'll go to the park..."

"I'm going to Steve's room," he said. "I'll spend the week in there, and if I get a break between heat rounds, and I can walk, I'll try to visit."

"You could have Jarvis tell us, and we'll come to you?" Tony murmured, slowly kneeling on the bedding in the living room, trying to lay her down.

"I don't want her to smell it," he blushed, and came over, helping Tony lay her down, then he collapsed next to her; Tony sighed.

"I know the feeling..." He murmured, slowly laying down beside them, "...and she'll sleep with me? I... we'll sleep here, so you know where to find her."

"Okay," he sniffed and nuzzled his daughter's cheek. "I feel bad about leaving her for a week."

"We don't get a choice in this..." Tony whispered, sitting back up, too tense to lie still, "I'm...
working on something, okay? I'm trying, but..."

"What if I take a suppressant?" He asked, biting his lip. He had stopped, because they were making his heart weak. "What are you working on?"

"A safe suppressant." Tony whispered, "Just in case... for Char... or the twins... but..." He shoved his fingers through his hair roughly, "The old ones are... dangerous. Something changed in them, and we can't risk it."

"Okay..." he nodded, "It's probably better for me if I don't do suppressants anyway..." he sighed; Tony's hands shook, and he leaned against the edge of the couch.

"When did everything get so fucked up, Clint?" Clint shrugged.

"My whole life has been pretty fucked up."

"Yeah... but I meant..." Tony lay his head back on the cushions, "Never mind." Clint hunched his shoulders,

"What did you mean?"

"I meant... we were doing okay... right? We were doing okay... and then Hydra and... Coulson... and then he was home, and we were trying, and he wasn't... and then..."

"Maybe you were doing okay," he muttered softly. "Coulson broke my heart twice... left me and his daughter behind with nothing but a few things and some money... and his betrayal..." he whimpered, and pressed his face into Charlotte's hair. "Then I raised her with you guys' help, but honestly, none of us knew how to take care of a baby," he said; Tony felt like ice was sliding through his veins.

"I'm a fuck up..." He whispered, clenching his eyes shut, "Why do you even put up with me, god, my father was right, I'm worthless. I didn't... I'm sorry for not... fuck." He pushed to his feet, holding his stomach, "I'm gonna... go back to my floor... I'll... you should have Bruce and Thor watch Charlotte..."

"What?!" He asked, sitting up, staring at him with a hurt look on his face. "Tony... I don't think you're a fuck up... please, don't leave me..." he cried, Tony hugged himself, standing still in the middle of the empty space of floor.

"Bucky left to finish a job," he said softly. "He started killing Hydra men back in the forties. If I was him, I'd want to be out there too, getting rid of the men who tortured not only him, but his mate as well." The brunette omega just sat on his knees, hunched over his stomach, eyes on the ground.

"And that definitely makes sneaking off in the middle of the night without saying goodbye okay." He muttered, "Forget it, I won't talk about me, I won't, please, just don't stop being my friend. You're all I've got right now..."

"It doesn't excuse it... but he's not leaving you. It's not goodbye," he smiled and nuzzled Tony, "I won't stop being your friend, who else am I gonna tell my bad jokes too?" Tony wondered when Clint had gotten out of the bed.
"I don't... people still don't make sense, you know?" He tapped his temple, "I won't... I'll stop talking about me." And he leaned into Clint's chest, "I will. One time... Pepper said she was gonna hurt me if I said the word 'I' again."

"Yeah?" He chuckled, and flicked Tony's arm, "There, that's about as much as I'll hurt you."

"That's... it's funny to think back on, I was trying to tell her, simultaneously, that I was dying of palladium poisoning, and that I was in love with her." Tony attempted to smile, "You know..." Tears obscured his vision, "I'm happy for her... that she has Natasha, they seem really good together, and Nat doesn't make her cry all the time."

"You don't make Bucky cry at all," he pointed out, and helped Tony back to the bed.

"Don't I?" Tony sighed, curling up on his side, "Sorry, I'm gonna shut up."

"You don't," he said sincerely, and pressed his nose into Charlie's hair. "She has the same hair color as my brother..."

"Is that a good thing?" Tony asked softly, "You've never really talked about your family." At that, Clint shrugged.

"I don't know anymore. My parents died in a car crash when I was just a kid, Barney and me went to an orphanage, but that wasn't really our style so we ran away and joined a circus."

"I heard about that bit," Tony reached to slip his fingers into Clint's hair. Clint nodded, and took a deep breath.

"We met two men named Swordsman and Trickshot. Swordsman took me under his wing... but I caught him counting the carnival's money, he stole it. He asked me to join him..." he shook his head, "Well, we fought, and then he left me for dead when I fell off the tightrope," he said. "Trickshot saved me, but he asked me to do bad things, and he raped me the first time I went into heat... said that it was payment for saving my life," he whispered. "On a raid at another circus, I hurt a guard... it was Barney... I ran away, and didn't look back." Tony scratched at Clint's scalp.

"I'm happy that... that you ran, because I... you're a great person, Clint." The sub attempted, "That's... if I... tell you something, can you promise not to tell anyone else...?"

"It was you that inspired me to be a hero... but it didn't work out," he chuckled, remembering it. "What is it?" Tony licked his lips.

"My... when I went into heat the first time..." His voice shook, "My dad locked me up... and on the last day he... c-came in..." Tony was starting to tremble, "...and he used me... and I... I got pregnant..." He closed his eyes, taking deep breaths. "And I took my mom, and we ran away to a shelter, but he came and got us... and he had it ab-aborted...!" Clint winced and hugged Tony carefully, nuzzling him.

"Aborted... I'm sorry," he frowned; Tony shuddered.

"He put me on suppressants, and he... forced me to be a beta... and everyone thinks I did it, to... run the company... but he did because having an omega son was..."

"Yeah... Barney was disgraced we weren't both alphas," he snorted.

"And then he died... and he took Jarvis and my mom with him... and Obi... Obi said he loved me... and then he took me off suppressants, and... he hated me... and I thought Pepper... but I messed that
"Yeah... so we're both lonely fuckers." Tony nodded slowly.

"Seems that way... the fucked up thing is... I wanted that baby, Clint...I wanted my father's bastard child."

"It was an innocent, good life. Why wouldn't you have wanted that?" He asked.

"Because my dad put it in me." Tony shuddered, "And my mother... god... she spent a week teaching me how to pleasure him..." Clint wrinkled his nose.

"Delightful."

"It was... I asked her to help me... to... leave with me, and she... brought me a plug and... made me stretch myself... god... it was... moms aren't supposed to do that! I...I can't... what if Charlotte's an O? What if the twins are...?"

"No one is going to rape our children," Clint growled softly, "We won't teach them to pleasure alphas, or about sex toys, that's what the internet is for," he huffed. "If they're omegas, they'll be the fucking cutest omegas in the world." Tony hiccuped.

"Yeah... but... we get hit on when we go to the grocery store... and I... I'm afraid..." He leaned and kissed Clint's cheek, "I can't imagine... and..."

"We can teach them to defend themselves and fight... to stay safe," he shrugged, and let out a loud yawn. Tony fell silent, looking at Charlie, and then he slowly looked up at Clint.

"We... yeah. And me and Bruce are working on safe suppressants... if they work then...they won't have to go through a heat until they're ready." Clint smiled softly and nodded.

"That sounds amazing," he said.

"Doesn't it?" Tony whispered; Clint beamed.

"Okay, bedtime now," he said, stretching out.

"Bed time." Tony mumbled, fingers still rubbing away at Clint's scalp. Clint hummed contently and was asleep in no time. Tony stroked Clint's hair until he succumbed to sleep as well.

Chapter End Notes

Please Don't Forget To Comment!!!
Hey all! I have returned!
I wanna thank my Spifferous co-author for posting chapters while I've been gone!

Chapter warnings: Abuse, anxiety, accidental cheating.

When the time came, and Clint felt the heat beginning to pool in the heat of his belly, he walked over to Charlie and he gave her a big hug. "Hey baby... I gotta go for a few days. " The little girl stared up at him, not really understanding his words, until Tony stepped onto their floor a few moments later, eyes rimmed in bruise-like shadows.

"Do you want me to stay here? She might be more comfortable." The brunette omega murmured, holding his arms out. They'd known Clint would start either on this day or the following one. Clint was shaking a little.

"If you want, whatever is comfortable for you," he said, kissing her head. "I'll be back soon," he said, handing her to Tony. "She likes to take her horses into the tub with her, and she doesn't like to eat carrots," he said, going over to the locked box with Steve's dildo in it.

"I know." Tony murmured. "Everything is going to be alright, Nat said she'd come down if she finishes before you." It figured that their heats would sync up. He knew that once his first heat hit, it would probably match up to theirs. "It's going to be okay. We made sure everything you needed was in Steve's apartments."

"Thanks..." He said, shaking. "It probably won't be enough... but it'll be better than nothing." He smiled weakly and kissed her head once more before walking to the elevator. Tony lifted Charlotte into his arms, and she looked to her mother in surprise, then reached for him, her whole body leaning out of Tony's arms.

"Whoa, hey, it's okay Charlie," he attempted.

"Mamamama!" She wailed, and Tony took her hand in his.

"Mama has to go for a couple days, baby girl, wave, look, see?" He waved her hand, then let go, waving to Clint with his own hand. Char looked at him, then slowly waved her hand, tears glistening in her eyes.

"I'll be back soon, Charlie," he whimpered and waved before shutting the elevator doors, trying not to cry as he rose up to Steve's room. Clint inhaled as soon as he was in Steve's room, and he moaned, slick dripping from his hole. He worked slow, setting up the blankets how he liked them, and slowly undressing as he sprawled out on Steve's bed, just rubbing his hands over his chest, cock and hole. When it began to be too much, he whimpered and removed the dildo of Steve's cock from its box. He got on all fours, on his hands and knees, and placed the cock at his entrance,
groaning loudly as he sank down on it, leaning his head back and arching his spine. "Steve..." he whined and rode the toy endlessly for days, the heat constantly building in his belly, the toy never enough.

Eventually the heat ended, and Clint collapsed on the bed, thoroughly exhausted. After sleeping for a few hours, he managed to limp over to Steve's shower, and clean himself off. He couldn't wait to see his baby, he missed her so much. Tony was exhausted. Nat's heat hadn't ended yet, and Charlie was throwing yet another fit on the floor of the living room, crying and twisting her body around; the twins kicked inside of him, and he forced a breath out through his teeth.

"Come on, Charlie... I made pancakes..." He'd put all the burnt ones on his own plate, he'd been trying, and no one else came. Bruce was supposed to... but he hadn't shown up. The omega hadn't showered since Clint's heat began, his hair was greasy, and he was so tired... Charlotte lurched to her feet, and Tony scooped her up. "Hey!"

"NOOO!" The little girl squirmed, and Tony whined.

"Please... please Char..." Clint walked out into the living room, achey and hungry. "Charlie?" he asked, staring at her.

"Are you being bad for Uncle Tony?" She shrieked, and kicked Tony, hard, in the belly. He dropped to his knees and she was out of his arms running to Clint; Tony's eyes were watering, hands on his belly.

"Ow..." He breathed, dropping his forehead to the floor, "...ow..."

"Charlie!" Clint said sternly and he refused to pick her up. "You kicked Tony! Say you're sorry!" He said, going over to his friend and rubbing Tony's belly. Charlie screamed and flung herself on the floor, kicking, and Tony shuddered.

"I'm fine..." He whispered, "Get her...she wants you... and... there's breakfast in the kitchen."

"She needs to learn," he shook his head, "Charlie, come here!" The toddler went quiet at his tone, sniffing and toddling over to them, Tony pushed up to sit on the couch, hands on his belly. "Good," her mother said, petting her hair. "Now, say you're sorry to uncle Tony," he said.

"A'sorry." Char patted Tony's thigh, and the brunette touched her hair.

"It's okay." He replied, "Go eat breakfast with your mom, okay?" Clint picked Charlie up and nuzzled her, kissing her cheek.

"Good girl," he said, going into the kitchen and seeing the burnt food. "Tony? Do you want me to make pancakes?"

"I already made pancakes." Tony leaned forward on the couch, "Fine... yeah, I know they're crap, but Bruce never came down, and we needed..."

"Bruce didn't come down!?!" He said, frowning, "I'm so sorry, I asked him to help you! I can't believe he bailed," he shook his head and dumped the burnt pancakes. "Do you want anything in your breakfast, Tony? I'm going to put chocolate chips in Charlotte's." But when Clint leaned into the living room, Tony was sound asleep, head leaned back against the couch. Charlotte whined, trying to climb Clint's legs, pointing at the small plate of pancakes that weren't burnt. Clint smiled, and set Charlie down, preparing and cutting up her pancakes for her before going out into the living
room, propping up Tony’s feet, and covering him in a blanket. The little girl wiggled in her high chair, trying to use her fork for the bites of pancake. "Good girl," Clint hummed when he came back in and started to make himself breakfast. "Jarvis? What was Bruce doing all week that he couldn't help Tony?"

"There was a slight emergency, the Captain required Doctor Banner and Thor." Jarvis announced. Charlie was already covered in syrup. Clint gasped, shaking and wrapping an arm around Charlie.

"So there's only one alpha in the house and she's in heat with Natasha!?"

"No, sir. Mr. Wilson is on the communal floor. However, Doctor Banner and Thor left four days ago, and Mr. Wilson just arrived." Clint whimpered loudly, he had been vulnerable for four days during his heat. Someone could have come in.

"Okay... Tell Wilson that if he wants breakfast, I'm making it."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied. Sam came striding out of the elevator ten minutes later and paused when he saw Tony asleep, his belly round and full.

"Clint?" He called softly, stepping into the kitchen, and had to take a moment to breathe. Clint's heat scent was still there, under the smell of shampoo and soap.

"What?" He asked, slightly angry but mostly hungry as he made chocolate chip pancakes and handed a stack to Sam. The alpha blinked.

"Uh... thank you. I was just wondering if you were here. You know, Stark's asleep on your couch." He settled at the table, "Are you alright? They only called me an hour ago."

"I'm fine," he grunted, pouring more batter on the skillet, and dropping chocolate chips into the circles. "I'm pissed at Steve for leaving us with no available alphas while he knew I was in heat, but," he shrugged, "whatever."

"Steve? Steve didn't call them out." Sam frowned, "Barnes did." It was clear from his expression that he didn't much care for Bucky. Clint growled.

"Jarvis said the Captain called them out. Steve is the only Captain," he muttered.

"Yeah, Barnes used Steve's signal to call them. Steve called me an hour ago, flipping out because Thor told him Nat was in heat, and you had no one to protect you." The sub sighed.

"It's fine, I guess," he said, sitting down after turning the skillet off with his stack of pancakes, and he started to clean Charlie up a little. Char reached for him, whining, and Sam stood, lifting her from the chair once she was clean.

"Eat, Barton. I'll hold her." Clint stared at the man before slowly deciding to trust him, and he started to eat.

"So why didn't they call you out to help them?"

"I get the feeling Barnes doesn't like me much."

"Bucky doesn't like a lot of people... and you did attack him when he was under Shield control," he chuckled.

"I didn't know he'd switched to SHIELD." Sam snorted, "And I still worry about Stark."
"I think Tony will be fine... I mean, Charlie kicked his ass over the past week, but when he wakes up, I'll make sure he eats and showers."

"That's not what I mean," Sam sighed, "I saw that press conference, the one Stark did, about the pregnancy?" Clint looked up at him.

"What happened during it?" He asked.

"You didn't see?" Sam frowned, "Maybe you and the rest of your pack should watch it. His new brand showed, for one. He was in... well, let's just say they've forced him into male omega fashion." He frowned, "Sexist bullshit if you ask me, to force male omegas into those clothes."

Clint winced, and rubbed his arms.

"I only wore those when I was tryin' to make a little extra cash on the street," he murmured.

"Yeah, well... whoever dressed Stark for the conference... put him in scoop necked pants suit crap. With a collar, and ear cuff, and bracelets..." Sam shook his head. "He used to command your attention on tv, you know? With his words and attitude. Now... it's how awkward he looks."

"Yeah, well, I hope maybe Tony will find the confidence to do something about it," he muttered.

"Will he? If an alpha is waiting just off screen to drop him? He branded Tony Stark." Sam's teeth clenched, but his hands were gentle.

"Wait, what?" He asked. "Bucky would never drop Tony for sticking up for himself."

"Who was standing off screen for that conference?" Sam asked, brow furrowing, "Stark looked uncomfortable, and... he kept glancing back..."

"I don't know," he shook his head, "Bucky was out fighting Hydra!"

"Then who-?"

"Get out." Tony's voice was like thunder in the distance, low and menacing, from the living room, "Get out of my tower." Clint stood up.

"Stay here and protect Charlotte," He said, grabbing his bow from a secret cabinet next to the fridge, and coming out, arrow prepared at whoever Tony was talking to, but Tony was pushing into the kitchen, tugging Charlie out of Sam's hands,

"You heard me, Wilson, OUT!"

"Wait, What?!!" Clint asked, confused, "I invited him in for breakfast!!"

"You're sitting in here talking about me!" Tony snapped, on edge from hunger and lack of sleep, "You want him here? Fine!" He set Charlotte down, snatching his small bag of clothes, and stepped into the elevator.

"What the hell, Tony! Where are you going!?" He growled and put his bow down.

"To my floor!" Tony snarled, "You wanna sit and talk shit behind my back? Have a blast!"

"We're not talking shit!" He growled angrily, "You know what, FUCK YOU! I've been nothing but nice to you and you ALWAYS throw it back in my face!" Tony stared back at him, something breaking in his expression.
"You were... about the press conference. Want another tidbit? It was Pepper who dressed me and stood off camera." Agony poured into his scent as the doors closed. Clint frowned and sighed.

"I just wanted him to be safe," he grumbled, and pulled Charlotte into his arms. "I'll talk to Pepper as soon as she's done with Tasha, She has no right!"

"Pepper... Potts? His ex-domme?" Sam's eyes widened, "I can't see Barnes being happy about that... poor Stark." He touched Clint's shoulder, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have talked about that. I didn't mean to start a fight between you two."

"It's fine," he grumbled. "Tony's always arguing with me about something..."

"Mr. Barton, if I may, your last argument with Sir Stark was nearly a year ago. Perhaps you are thinking of his arguments with other team members?" Jarvis intoned softly, Sam shook his head.

"Dang computers talking to you." He sighed, "I'll stay in the tower until they come back, alright?" Clint rubbed his head and sighed.

"Alright... I need to go apologize to Tony... I think I'm still on edge from the heat," he murmured.

"He watched Charlotte alone for five days? While... five months pregnant?" Sam asked softly, "And you said she kicked his ass... he's probably exhausted, too. Eat something, before you go up."

"I already had pancakes," he said, throwing out his plate and putting his dishes in the sink before leaving Sam and going to the elevator. Sam held the toddler against his side.

"Well. Seems like it's just you and me for a minute, huh?"

Tony wasn't crying. He was having an allergic reaction to staring out the window, and he'd stick to that no matter what anyone said! He watched the snow drift lazily down past the tower windows, so high above the city, and scrubbed at his face a third time, trying to get the tears to stop. He tensed when he heard the elevator doors open.

"Tony..." Clint said, walking over and sitting besides him. "I'm sorry I snapped." The omega pulled a pillow into his arms, and buried his face in it. The twins kicked and wiggled around inside of him, and he groaned, pressing a hand to his belly, trying not to let his silent sobs shake his body. Clint wrapped his arm around Tony, and let the boy lean on his shoulder. "I'm sorry..." Tony pulled away, hugging his pillow tighter, tears wetting the cloth.

"Don't..." He whispered, "...don't... I can't... it was my fault... I know that... please don't..."

"I was pissed at Steve and Bucky, and Sam kept scenting the air and I'm just really high strung, I reacted badly," he said; Tony shook his head.

"Stop making excuses for me, please." He muttered, muffled by the pillow, "I mess things up with you all the time... all the time."

"Well, I don't care. You really came through for me this week, I really appreciate it. So c'mon, you need a shower, and I'll make you a healthy breakfast, 'cause you need to eat." Tony tried to shake him off, he didn't want Clint to see his tears.

"Please stop..." He whispered, clenching his eyes shut, smushing the pillow against his face. Clint frowned and shook his head.
"I'm only trying to help..." The brunette rubbed his face on the pillow, Bucky's pillow.

"And I'll only mess it up... like I mess up all the press conferences, and the board meetings, and..." He shuddered, "...sorry... promised I wouldn't talk about me, didn't I?"

"You have a lot going on, I don't mind hearing about it," he said, rubbing Tony's back. "I'm going to yell at Pepper for making you wear that sub clothing. That was cruel of her." Tony was suddenly tense under Clint's hand.

"Don't." He pulled away, lifting his face from the pillow, "Pepper does what she has to."

"Pepper was trying to act like your alpha again," he growled, "She had no right!" Tony threw the pillow on the ground.

"Maybe she thinks someone has to." He muttered, "Look, she does what the board tells her is required."

"The board is a bunch of fat stinky alpha's and I hate that you listen to them," he muttered. "This is your company. Yours and Bucky's." Tony gritted his teeth.

"Did you come here to do this, Clint? Because you have no idea what it takes to... if I don't do what they say, they file an injunction, saying my alpha isn't keeping good enough control of me, I've already lost head of R&D until the twins are born..."

"I don't know..." he sighed, he didn't know anything about companies. "Phil let SHIELD take over his whole life... I just don't want you to lose your family because of the board."

"I wouldn't let that happen." Tony muttered, "I've been... I've been doing this since I was young..."

"Okay," he said, nodding. "I believe you." The brunette slumped over sideways on the couch, eyes dull.

"Not Pepper's fault..." Clint frowned, and sighed.

"C'mon, you need a shower."

"Thanks for pointing that out, I hadn't noticed." Tony grunted, pushing to his feet, "Where's Bruce and Thor? I stopped on the communal floor, but... no one was there."

"They left to help Bucky and Steve, that's why Sam is here," he said.

"They didn't say anything before they went." Tony trudged into his room, and straight to the bathroom, stripping his clothes off. "Why do our pack mates keep doing that? Just leaving and not saying bye?"

"I don't know," he said, going to Tony's dresser and pulling out a change of clothes for him. The omega was quiet as he stepped into the water, closing his eyes, and letting it pour over his chest.

"I'm tired... how do you do it, Clint? She threw like... thirty fits a day...

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "She usually doesn't throw many fits, it was her first time away from me for so long. I don't blame her for acting out, but kicking you was unacceptable." Tony glanced out at him.

"It was fine. I didn't care." He muttered, turning to wet his hair, making sure not to let the water drip onto his face. Clint smiled at the obvious lie.
"Still, kicking is bad. Was she okay besides the fits?"

"Yeah... she had issues going to bed... but otherwise she was fine." Tony sighed, rinsing the shampoo out of his hair, and soaping up his body, grunting when he tried to reach his feet. "This is not fun." Clint just smiled.

"Want some help," he asked, standing just outside the doorway.

"What I *want* is to be able to reach my feet." Tony grumbled, leaning one shoulder against the wall, and pulling his foot up to clean it. Clint only smiled wider and tried to clean up around Tony's room a little, changing the grimy bed sheets, while Tony dried himself off, and pulled on the clothes Clint had brought him; but when he stepped out into the bedroom, his scent filled with panic so strong it made his *own* nose burn. "Clint? No! No put the sheet back! Put it back!" He grabbed the dirty sheet, balling it up in his arms, and clinging to it. Clint flinched and stared at Tony,

"I know it has Bucky's scent on it... but so do the other blankets. It's filthy," he said; Tony's lip trembled.

"It smells the most..." He whispered, reluctantly letting Clint take it out of his arms, humiliated and embarrassed. Clint nuzzled him, and put the sheet in Tony's hamper.

"Hey, it's okay. He'll be back soon."

"Christmas sucks." Tony muttered from his seat on the couch, "New Years sucks... and you know what? Valentine's sucks, too, or it's going to." He was six months along, midway through January, his belly growing still. "I'm not going to the damn gala." Clint chuckled, watching a movie with him.

"Oh c'mon. Pepper's making me wear the stupid sub clothes too. We can take sexy pics and give'em to our alphas."

"Right." Tony growled softly, shifting in his seat, "This is bullshit. I don't want to go. I'm not going. I'm staying home and eating ice cream."

"It can't be that bad, can it? Aren't galas supposed to be fun?" He asked.

"Not when you're six months pregnant." Tony glowered, and Pepper gave him a look.

"Tony, you're going. And that's the end of it. Go get dressed." She was already immaculate in her suit, cut to make her intimidating and beautiful, and Natasha was in a sleek black number that covered her from knees to cleavage. Clint sighed, looking at Tasha.

"I wish I could've been an alpha," he said, smacking her ass playfully and then he ran away to get dressed before she could shoot him; Tony refused to budge from his chair. He'd seen the outfit Pepper had picked for him. Loose slacks, a shirt and jacket that showed a large portion of his chest, and a choker made of diamonds. A collar, if ever there was one.

"I'm not going." He said stubbornly, and Pepper growled at him.

"Get off your butt and get dressed," she said firmly.

"No!" Tony snapped, "I should have some say in whether I get forced to go to an event or not!"
"Well you don't! A lot of people are going just to see you!" She said.

"I'm not an animal in a zoo, Pepper!" Tony's voice was a snarl.

"No, you're an omega who should follow an alpha's orders! Now go!" She ordered. Tony slunk out of his chair, glaring at her, and inching toward the elevator instead of the room where she'd lain out his clothes. Pepper growled angrily at him, "Go. Put. Your. Clothes on!!!" His shoulders hunched, and he stepped into the room, biting down on the "Yes, ma'am" that tried to leave his mouth. Clint came out moments later in black pants, a revealing shirt, and the necklace that Steve had presented to him on Christmas hung around his neck; Tony had yet to return, and Natasha kept her chin down against the sleek jewels Pepper had wrapped around her throat as the dom grew increasingly more angry.

"Tony, c'mon before Pepper gets even more mad," Clint muttered, hating the tense air. He was glad Bruce was with Charlotte; Tony emerged a minute later, his jaw clenched. His 'suit' was black, with a white shirt, his throat burning under the collar, and his belly outlined dramatically from the purposeful cut of it. The shoes were very high heel like, but with short wedge heels instead of the stilettos that Tasha and Pepper were wearing. Clint whistled, trying to lighten the mood. Tony wanted to rip it from his body.

"I hate you." He growled low, under his breath, at Pepper as she pushed him toward the elevator.

When they arrived, Clint stayed behind Tasha, suddenly feeling quite exposed. "I agree with Tony, it's not too late to turn around." Pepper just glared, and let Happy open the door for her so she could get out. Tony glowered from the limo.

"Pepper, I swear to-" She gave a low snarl, and he stepped out of the car, seconds from baring his teeth angrily. Clint sighed and nuzzled Tony.

"C'mon, we can hang out together, right?"

"No, no we can't, because the point of this shit, is to drag me all around and show off my stupid stomach, isn't it, Potts?"

"Shut up Tony, this is also about getting more money from our benefactors. If you don't show, you won't get more money." Tony bristled.

"I don't need more money." He muttered, but he couldn't help but think of the twins inside of him. He looked away when Natasha latched herself onto Pepper's arm, eyes deadly. He didn't understand the hostility that still hadn't been fixed between them, they'd once at least been able to speak to each other. Holding his head high, he took a step toward the doors, but Pepper caught his shoulder. Pepper sighed softly.

"Please... just behave. This is really important to Stark Industries." He spun on her, glad they were in a parking garage.

"Behave? That's all you have to-!? I've been doing this my whole life, Ms. Potts, and you're dragging my children into it before they've even been born!" He pulled his arms in against his sides, so he wouldn't lash out. "This isn't me..." He gestured at the feminine suit, "This is... the most hideous thing I've been forced into, and all you have to say to me is behave."

"Yes, because you're doing a piss poor job of behaving right now," she growled softly. "You look fine." Tony wanted to rave, he wanted to snarl.
"I LOOK RIDICULOUS!" He cried, "I look awful, and hideous, and my stomach is the size of a god damn planet, Potts! I told you no! I told you I didn't want to come! And you forced Clint into coming too!" Her slap caught him off guard, and he stumbled back a step, silent. Clint gasped and growled, getting in front of Tony.

"I've tried to be patient and go along with this for Tony's sake but you are out of control! YOU AREN'T HIS ALPHA so BACK OFF!" Tony refused to touch his cheek, to show that weakness.

"Pot calling the kettle black, Pepper." He forced out, "How does it look, fit with your color scheme for my outfit?" The omega twisted his head, showing off the blooming bruise. "Always did bruise easily. Come on, Clint." He slid his arm around the other omega's waist, pulling him toward the door. Natasha was watching Pepper with a blank expression, careful, when Tony glanced back at them. Pepper snorted, and gently took Tasha's arm, following behind them. Clint followed with Tony.

"Let's go see if they have any brownies."

"They don't." Tony muttered, "We need a bathroom, I have cover up." He pulled Clint gently to the nearest bathroom, pulling out the compact. "Wow. That looks horrendous. Way worse than it feels." He attempted. Clint hunched his shoulders.

"Yeah... I hope you can cover it up," he said. He hoped Bucky came back soon.

"I can." Tony wrinkled his nose, "I've covered worse." He rubbed the perfectly tinted make up over his skin, biting his lip, "Wish I didn't bruise so easily." He snapped the compact shut, tucking it into his pocket. "I want to go home, you know? I don't want my kids in the spotlight like this." The archer nodded.

"I can sneak us out, if you want." Tony shook his head slowly.

"She's right. SI needs the benefactors. They put a lot through the Maria Stark Foundation, it goes to people in need." He rubbed his stomach, taking a deep breath. "Calm down... why are you always awake?" Clint smiled and rubbed Tony's belly.

"Alright, c'mon baby mama, let's go mingle."

"Ugh. Mingling sucks." Tony stepped out of the bathroom, lips curving into his usual smirk, and let Clint follow him, tapping his phone, "Happy, Tiberius Stone is here," he alerted the head of security, and a moment later the man was escorted out. Tony's jaw unclenched, and he turned his almost seductive smile on an older alpha, "Mr. Leads, and how is Leads International doing?" But the Alpha gave him a look that clearly stated he had no intentions of talking business with an omega. Clint stared up at the man expectantly.

"He asked you a question, mister."

"I don't discuss my business with just anyone." And Mr. Leads stepped away through the crowd.

"Clint, stop, it's alright." Tony muttered, "Don't flip out, I... I'm getting used to it, okay?" Tony's eyes raked the crowds, "Okay...let's see. Okay. Richards, ugh." He turned away, "Miles? No, too Pro Collar." Clint huffed.

"I hate this," he grumbled, looking around at the crowd.

"I know." Tony muttered, "Fucking Justine Hammer." He sighed, "Justin Hammer's daughter... I didn't think he was old enough, but she's started Detroit Steel... it's new, but blooming. Weapons
manufacturing." He shook his head, "What else... who else?" His gaze caught on a beta woman, "How are you this evening, Ms. Crot?"

"It's Mrs. Crot now," She smiled, but it wasn't a kind gesture, as she pulled a scantily clad omega against her side, "My sub and husband, Michael Crot." Tony struggled not to let his smile slip, holding his hand out.

"A pleasure." Michael held out his hand, shaking Tony's hand firmly.

"My mate and I have been looking into your latest project." Tony quirked his lips.

"Have you?" He made to glance at the sub's mate, but she was gone. "Which one? The newest jet? Or the Warzone bots? Or was it the radio frequency replacement systems?" The heavily jeweled sub smiled and fixed his heavy necklaces.

"Well, she was looking at the Warzone Bots, but I found your radio frequency systems absolutely fascinating. I'm trying to convince her," he chuckled.

"We can always use the investment," Tony refused to brush this man off as he'd just been, so he stayed, and spoke to... Michael. "What's Creation Investments up to these days?" Michael shrugged.

"She's investing in a new missile from Detroit Steel, I don't know why," he sighed softly.

"Justine Hammer's company?" Tony knew just when to inflect, to lean in, to keep Michael interested, "And they've been doing well?" If a company wasn't doing moderately well, they didn't get an investment loan from Creation Investments.

"Yeah, apparently Hammer's Daughter has been coming up with quite a few good ideas, much better than anything her father could have come up with."

"Hopefully not close to what I used to build," Tony quipped, just to see Michael smile, the omega couldn't be over twenty five, and Mrs. Crots was in her late forties, he deserved to smile. "If you ever need a job outside of investments..." He trailed off, the boy was brilliant, even Tony could sense that. The way he bantered was intelligent, and knowledgeable. He did his research. Michael's smile became weak, and he looked nervously over to where his mate had left.

"Even if I wanted it... I don't think that's a possibility for me," he muttered; Tony gripped his hand, "Well, if you don't want it, then no, it won't be." He cocked his head. "You change your mind... let me know." He stepped back, "It was very nice to meet you, Mr. Crots." He slipped a business card into Michael's hand, and stepped away. "Shit." He grunted to Clint, "No go. He's got a good mind, he's been wasted in investments." Clint looked back at the sad man.

"What do you mean? He's bonded to an alpha lizard. How could he leave her to work for you?"

"Everyone wants a mole in SI," Tony gestured, "If I could... talk her into letting him attend college, get him into an omega friendly one, then..." He tucked his hands into his pockets, "I don't like when smart people are forced to play dumb." And then She was in front of him, leaning to kiss his cheek.

"Omega Stark, how lovely to see you!"

"And you as well, Alpha Strine." He simpered, fluttering his lashes, until she laughed.
"Always the charmer, my omega, Martin?" She stepped sideway, beckoning another slim male sub forward. Martin wrapped his arm around Mrs. Strines' waist, and smiled at Tony, holding his hand out. Tony took it.

"A pleasure to meet you, Martin." He widened his smirk, tilting his head in such a way that Martin's breath caught. Tony wasn't a fool. He knew what to do. "And how long have you been hiding this delectable man away, Julia?"

"Oh, a year now," Strine grinned, "I'll leave you two to get better acquainted." Tony fought back a protest. Martin grinned when she left.

"Wow, Mr. Stark, you look amazing," he said.

"Thank you, I wear it well, I know." Tony flicked his eyes up to Martin's face, semi-seductive, "And how did you catch Julia's eye?" Martin smirked.

"I was shaking my ass on a bar table," he chuckled. "She wanted to try to reform me."

"And did it work?" Tony trailed his hand up to tuck a strand of hair behind Martin's ear. Martin leaned easily into his hand.

"Not hardly," he said softly, winking at him. "Maybe tonight I'll do it just so she can punish me later."

"Maybe." Tony hummed, he was feeling a little need for punishment as well, and he needed, and Bucky wasn't there. Clint had wandered over to the bar, and had met up with Natasha, "There are private rooms upstairs, that I know of." He licked his lips.

"Sounds fun, but I doubt they have the toys that my mistress likes to use," he laughed softly.

"I wasn't asking for your mistress." Tony tried to make himself a little more clear, "You wanted to be punished, why not make it a punishment worth gaining?"

"Hmm," he smirked, "What exactly did you have in mind?" he asked, taking a step closer and listening to the sub's words.

"I happen to know," Tony purred, leaning in closer, and he caught Pepper's gaze over Martin's shoulder as he inhaled next to the sub's ear, "That those rooms are..." His breath blew against heated skin, "Fully stocked with toys. I used to come here often."

"Hmm," he smiled, and wiggled a little in excitement. "My mate would hate that, seeing a dick in me that wasn't hers."

"As would mine." Tony hummed conspiratorially, "Shall we?"

"Of course," he smiled, "And your other omega friend? He seems to be enjoying himself elsewhere..." he mused.

"Yes, he thinks these benefits are boring." Tony smirked, holding his arm out until Martin took it. The brunette omega was taller, just barely, than Martin in his wedge heels, and he steered the blond into an elevator. Immediately, he pressed the sub against the wall, and leaned in to scent his throat, feeling the body beneath him roll up. Martin shivered in excitement and hummed, rubbing his hands over Tony's body, breathing in the other sub's scent gland as well. Tony leaned back as the elevator doors opened, and he smirked, backing out of it, leading Martin into the second room on the right hand side. He closed the door behind them, and kissed Martin roughly on the mouth.
He hadn't spent years pretending to be a beta for nothing. Martin hummed into his mouth, a fully certified slut, rubbing his body against the pregnant sub’s.

"You feel soo good," he smiled; the omega groaned, and leaned to pull open a drawer, revealing the highly sterilized toys.

"Take your pick," he hummed, licking into Martin's mouth, before backing away toward the bed. Martin tasted his tongue and hummed, pulling out the toy that had a remote to it, and whoever had the remote could make it vibrate.

"I want this one," He shuddered, Tony nosed up his throat.

"Sounds wonderful." He purred, pulling Martin to the bed, and pressing him down, "Are you wet, Martin?"

"Yes, always," he moaned and brought his hands up to rub his nipples, arching his back. Tony smacked his hand away.

"No." He ordered softly, stripping Martin's clothes the rest of the way off. "You're mine until your domme shows up." He growled softly, nudging Martin's thighs open, and that was a lot harder six months pregnant.

"Are you sure about this?" He asked, bringing his hands up to rest above his head. "You might lose her as a potential benefactor," he panted.

"Does it matter? Julia loves me, she's always wanted to fuck me, but she'll never get to, and that's why she doesn't... mm... invest." Tony rutted softly against Martin's thigh, and suckled a nipple into his mouth. Martin gasped and moaned, rubbing his thigh against Tony's crotch and arching his back again.

"Please, more, Mr. Stark, I'm so hard..." Tony swirled his tongue over Martin's nipple, and slid a hand down between them, rubbing over his cock, and then dipping his fingers down.

"Ahh, Oh fuck, please," he moaned and rutted his hips, wanting those fingers inside of him. He was so wet. Tony slid his hand lower, and crooked his fingers to rub against his entrance. "AH!" Martin gasped loudly and dug his nails into the bedding, moaning loudly; Tony pressed his fingers inside, and the door slammed open. Pepper snarled, moving over.

"What is wrong with you!?" She growled, and Tony choked when she gripped his collar and pulled him back.

"Fuck you!" He snarled.

"You need to be down there socializing!" She snarled, "Not playing Beta with someone else's bonded!" Tony was still fully dressed, and he growled wildly as she pulled him out of the room. Martin sat up, and bit his lip, sighing as he pulled his clothes back on.

"You're NOT MY DOMME!" Tony snarled, "LET GO!"

"I'm in charge of you until he gets back!" She snarled at him, and didn't let go until he was in the middle of the room; Tony straightened his suit jacket.

"I'm in charge of myself."

"Hardly," she snorted.
"Fuck you, Pepper!" Tony slapped her. Pepper growled angrily as she turned her head to look back at him.

"I've had enough of you," she said, holding her arm up to slap him when Bucky caught the fist, sleek metal hovering right above Tony's shoulder. Tony stared up at him, mouth open wide. Well, shit.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to tell us how much you love us!
Chapter Summary

So, I, Tonystarktastic, start college today! Technically.

Warnings for: some fighting, a relatively severe punishment, a shooting, smut (as per usual).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Bucky?" Tony whispered, and Pepper turned on him.

"You have no idea what he's put me through!" Pepper snarled.

"YOU WERE GOING TO HIT HIM!" He roared at her, his eyes had black bleeding into them.

"HE HIT ME!" She growled right back, and Tony sank to the floor, pulling his legs up to protect his belly, eyes terrified, as they gripped each other. "HE'S DONE NOTHING BUT MISBEHAVE AND-!" Tony fought his fear, inching forward, touching Bucky's leg, wincing when he realized there was slick from Martin on that hand.

"Not here... not here, Bucky, the guests...!" He attempted.

"You dressed him in clothes you know he hates, taking him to events he despises!" He growled angrily. "You aren't his alpha, stop trying to force him to do things," he said, and the forced calm was terrifying, he turned to Tony. "Are you okay?" Tony swallowed.

"I'm... in a lot of trouble..." He mumbled, "Can we go home, please? Before you guys tear each other apart, and I get the shit beaten out of me?" Pepper growled low in her throat, and touched her ear.

"Natasha, collect Clint, and meet us at the limo." Bucky leaned down and picked Tony up off the ground, carrying his mate to the car. The omega grunted, but otherwise made no protest, as he was settled in the seat. He tried to wipe the slick on his pants, head down; Clint slid in beside him, Nat moving to sit across from them with Pepper, who was putting off angry alpha scent so strong that Tony gagged. Bucky growled angrily at Pepper, and pressed Tony’s nose into his chest; the omega breathed deep, tears gathering in his eyes, because what had he been thinking? He dug his fingers into Bucky's tuxedo jacket, and how had he gotten one of those? Had he stopped by the tower while Tony was schmoozing his guests? Bucky rubbed his hand over Tony's belly, and gasped when he felt the kicks, so strong.

"My good boy," he said, nuzzling his mate. "I love you." Tony flinched.

"I love you, too." He breathed, trying not to think about what he’d done. Bucky gripped his arm.

"Bedroom, when we get home. I want you naked." Tony swallowed,

"Yes, sir." He croaked out, and Pepper relaxed a fraction in her seat and Bucky growled loudly at
"Stop. You're scaring Clint." She said, voice calm and even. Tony's panicky scent wasn't helping either. And then the limo pulled into the tower's garage, Steve was pulling the door open; he tugged Clint into his arms, hugging him tight.

"Oh... oh Clint...!" He cried, Clint gasped and smiled at him, a little tipsy from his shots at the bar, but he nuzzled him lovingly none the less, kissing him hard. Bucky glared at Tasha when they stepped out of the car, but he had stopped growling; Steve whisked his sub away, smelling the impending fight, while Pepper followed Natasha out of the car, watching Bucky the whole time. She was too angry, running on too much instinct, to turn her back. Bucky did the same, his arm wrapped around Tony securely, a hand on his mate's belly protectively.

"Tell me what happened!" Tony huddled into his side, and the CEO straightened up.

"He took a bonded omega to the private rooms," Pepper glanced at Tony, and the barely there pleasure at seeing him in trouble made the sub shudder. "And was planning to fuck him." Bucky's eyes widened and he growled dangerously at the sub.

"Bedroom. Now!" He snarled, and turned back to Pepper. "You're still not off the hook, bitch! Who do you think you are, bossing Tony around, making him wear that omega crap!?" Tony hurried into the elevator, shaking.

"It's a requirement of the board! The stock was dropping every time he showed in public!" Pepper snapped, "He wasn't complaining!"

"BULLSHIT! I saw the feed from Jarvis!" He roared at her, "I saw you growling at him, ordering him, you weren't acting like a friend at all! Just his alpha! I'M HIS ALPHA!"

"YOU TOLD ME TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!" Pepper burst out, hands gesturing, "And you weren't here."

"Yes! I did! I didn't tell you to act as his alpha in my stead!" He barked at her. "I would NEVER have said that!" Pepper bristled.

"No, you just left him with no other choice."

"Steve didn't order you to act like Clint's alpha! Just to protect him! That is ALL I told you to do!" Pepper bared her teeth.

"Clint behaves!"

"Tony would too if you just treated him like a person! An equal!" Natasha gripped Pepper's arm to stop her from lunging.

"Come, Mistress, let's go." She murmured; Bucky snorted at Pepper, before turning his back to her and going to the elevator.

Tony was kneeling, his ass lifted, completely naked, in the center of the living room head down, when his dom reached their floor. Bucky took off his belt, and growled softly when Tony began to shake at the sound of it sliding free of his belt loops. It was a narrow strip of leather.

"You're being punished for cheating on me," he snarled and whipped the belt across his ass; Tony
let out a shriek, back arching, as the leather stung across his skin with a thunderous CRACK! He leaned forward, shaking, but obedient, hands on the floor, ass exposed for his mate. The second hit burned a stripe across the first, and Tony clenched his teeth. "WHAT were you THINKING!?" Bucky roared angrily at him, and brought it down against his other cheek; Tony jerked.

"I'm s-ah!" He broke off with a high pitched cry, "I'm sorry, sir!" He shuddered, hands digging into the carpet, "I have no excuse." Bucky snarled, and spanked him five more times, before dropping the belt on the ground, still seething. Tony was shaking hard, and the last lash had split his skin, right across the bottom of his ass, where his legs connected. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I don't know what I was... I was so f-frustrated...and I th-thought if I gave h-him pleasure it would... I don't know... it's not an excuse."

"I'm out there trying to stop a terrorist group to keep our family safe AND THIS IS HOW YOU ACT!?" He shouted; Tony hunched over his belly, “I told you months ago that you had to have permission to touch another sub!”

"I'm sorry..." he whispered, closing his eyes tightly, "I'm so sorry, Bucky, I'm sorry! I wasn't thinking, I'm sorry!" And the belt came down on his back in response, a line of fiery pain across the middle. Tony went silent. Bucky growled and grabbed Tony's hips, pressing into his hole angrily and fucking him hard; Tony cried out, it burned, he was mostly dry, and unstretched. Every slam of Bucky's hips into his sore, bruised, and bleeding ass cheeks burned and stung. "I'm sorry." He whispered again, refusing to cry, holding the tears back. The sex was rough, powerful and dominating, and that was all it was meant to be. Bucky had no intention to make this pleasurable for either of them. As he came, he bit deep into Tony's throat, growling into the skin; Tony's breath shuddered out of his body, and he went limp under his dom. Bucky panted and pulled his teeth out, his knot keeping them locked together. The sub swallowed thickly, trembling when Bucky's palm flattened against his back, and slowly pressed, pushing Tony's face down into the floor more. A soft whine left the sub's throat, and he shifted his knees, burning them on the carpet, trying not to squish his belly. "I'm sorry... I love you..." Bucky leaned down close to his ear.

"Prove it." Tony flinched, and the dam broke, tears pouring down his cheeks.

"How?" He choked out, "How?" He clenched his teeth, trying to make it stop.

"I don't know, Tony. I don't," he said, pulling out, and standing up. Tony didn't move, and the cum that dribbled out of him was tinged pink.

"Don't go..." he whispered, "...please... please don't go... I... I'll figure something... I'll f-find a way to..." The dom sighed, and held out a hand to him.

"C'mon. Let's get you cleaned up." He was pissed off, and he felt betrayed but he wasn't a cruel alpha. Tony's limbs shook hard, and he gripped Bucky's hand, burying his face in the dom's chest as soon as he was on his feet.

"I'm so sorry... I wasn't thinking... it... I thought... because it was an... I just wanted to..."

"You wanted to what!?" He snarled, his anger rising again.

"Give someone pleasure..." Tony whispered, stumbling backward, "...I... I g-got caught up in... in the benefit... and people kept shoving me at their omegas... and..." He kept his head down, the most submissive he'd ever been out of a drop, "...it's not an excuse, you should keep punishing me... I... I'll never...make it up to you...I'm so sorry... I don't know what... I'm sorry..." He sank to his knees. Bucky growled softly, but he could see why Tony had done it.
"If you had done it to Clint, I wouldn't have minded so much," he said. "But you did it to someone else's bonded omega," he snarled. "A stranger."

"I know..." Tony whispered, "...punish me... I deserve to hurt... I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry... I didn't mean... I didn't want... I was only going to make him feel good... I didn't take my clothes off... I was so stupid... and..." The tears continued to drip onto his thighs, his ass burned from the hits of the belt, and he just sat there. "...I'm so sorry... I'm sorry... I love you... I'm sorry..."

"Alright," he said, lifting Tony into his arms, and carrying him up to there room. "Ssh. Let me clean you up."

"No..." Tony moaned, "...I was so bad... I was so bad, sir, pu-punish me..." He shuddered in his dom's grasp.

"I already did punish you," he said. "I made you bleed..." he sighed, feeling guilty about it; Tony looked up at him.

"So?" He whispered, "It's not enough... I hurt you... I'm so sorry...!" He buried his face in Bucky's neck, clinging to him, "I'm sorry..."

"Okay," The alpha said, kissing his head, and taking him to the bathroom, sitting him in the tub, and turning on the warm water. The omega hissed when his sore lashes hit the cool bottom of the tub, but he made no move to get out.

"Okay?" He whispered, he didn't understand.

"I accept your apology... I'm still upset, but I'm calmer," Bucky muttered, Tony hugged his belly.

"I..." The genius sniffed, rubbing his eyes with one hand, "...I don't deserve to be forgiven..."

"Well, I love you, and couples forgive each other." The sub shuddered hard, pressing both hands over his face.

"You were gone... you... they were kicking, and I... I called for you... and you were... you left... you left without saying..." He choked, "...I missed you so bad..."

"I missed you too," Bucky said, nuzzling Tony's head, "I'm sorry. I love you so much, It hurt to say goodbye..."

"I w-woke up alone..." Tony whispered, "...Steve... Steve said goodbye to Clint..." He swallowed, "...and I don't care... I don't... I just... I just want you... I... I love you..." He dragged his hands down his face, and the makeup covering the bruise from Pepper smeared.

"You have me-WHAT is that!?” He grabbed Tony's cheek, growling angrily, and Tony flinched.

"I was mouthing off..." Tony whispered, "...I... I mess everything up..."

"Who. Hit. You?!” he growled, eyes bleeding black again.

"P... Pepper..." Tony couldn't lie to Bucky, he clung to his dom's arm, "...it was my fault... it was my fault, Bucky, I was causing trouble, I'm sorry!"

"You could have fucked that omega and you STILL did not deserve to be hit!" He growled and stood up to go after Pepper, and rip her throat out; Tony clutched at him, not pointing out that Bucky's punishment for almost fucking the omega had been lashes.
"Don't! Don't go..." He gasped out, but Bucky was already pulling free of his grip, leaving Tony in the quickly filling bath. Bucky ran down to the common floor, and roared as he banged on Pepper's door. Natasha had her knives in her hands in seconds.

"Pepper?" She asked, waiting for instruction from her domme, but Pepper just opened the door, standing tall in her high heels. Bucky barged in and tackled her to the ground, fist slamming into her cheek; Pepper snarled, kicking and punching him in the ribs, but they already knew who would win this fight. Natasha bared her teeth. "GET OFF OF MY MATE!" She growled, dropping one knife to pull a gun from under her tight black dress. He roared at her, not feeling the punches to his ribs as he forced Pepper's neck to the side and bit deep into her throat, his legs straddling her body; Pepper screamed, raking long nails over his face, trying to pry him off, shoving with all her weight at his shoulders. Her instincts screamed at her to get off her back, and she managed to push him back a fraction. And that fraction was all Natasha needed. She fired without hesitation, as the Winter Soldier had once done to her. He jerked when he felt the fire of a gunshot to his stomach, and he slumped against the wall, keeping his hand firmly pressed against the wound, his teeth gritted. He growled angrily at Natasha, blood dripping into his eyes from where Pepper had slashed his face. Nat fired again, but Thor slammed into her, ripping the gun and knife from her hands.

"HOW DARE THEE HARM OUR ALPHA!?" Bruce caught Bucky, pulling him away from Pepper.

"Bucky? Bucky, are you alright?" His stomach was bleeding, but from the angle, it seemed to have missed all major organs, but the spot of the second bullet was barely bleeding. "What?" Bruce touched the site, and the bullet came away in his hand, "Bucky, talk to me, keep your eyes open." Bucky hissed, gripping onto Bruce's shoulder.

"I just need a bandage... to stop the bleeding," he gasped and let out a soft groan of pain, hair hanging down in front of his face, sticking in the blood.

"Thor, carry him to the lab. Natasha... take Pepper. Go. I know she still has her house, go there. I'll... we'll contact you." Bruce kept the two women pinned with his stare until Thor had lifted Bucky and carried him away. "Where's Tony?" Bucky jerked in his arms as he lost more blood, growling weakly at the girls.

"In the tub..."

"Upstairs? Okay." Bruce followed them to the lab, "Jarvis, tell Tony to get dressed and get down to my lab."

"Yes, sir." The AI said quickly, and Bruce nodded.

"Here, lay him right here," He pressed a wadded up cloth over the wound, pressing on it, "You're going to be fine, I'm pretty sure it missed all the vitals, but I... Bucky, your chest is... Jarvis, do a full body scan."

"Yes, sir." Lights flared, and swept over Bucky's body, and images of his skeleton and form were suddenly all around them. The bullet was sitting quiet in his belly, and Bruce sighed.

"I have to take that out." The beta muttered; Bucky flinched a little from the scan, just not used to seeing all the bright lights and technology. He gritted his teeth and nodded.

"Do what you have to do," he grunted, Bruce shivered, and dug through his kit for a pair of long tweezers, his suture kit already waiting. He winced as he pressed the sterile instrument into Bucky's wound, the x-ray holo guiding him, and pulled the bullet out. He was quick and efficient
sewing up the entry site.

"You're extremely lucky." The beta murmured, Bucky hissed and cried out softly as the pain filled his belly, and he was sewed up quickly without pain relievers.

"Ah... gee, thanks," he panted.

"You said do what I have to." Bruce grunted, "Would you rather have bled out before seeing your pups? Didn't think so." He swiped numbing ointment over the sutures, and bandaged him up. Thor looked up as the lab doors open, and Tony limped painfully inside.

"Bucky? What happened!?" Bucky huffed and put his hand over the wound so Tony wouldn't see.

"I'm fine, how are you, baby?" He smiled; Tony trembled.

"F*ck you, don't lie to me!" He pried Bucky's hand up, "They shot you." He sucked in deep breaths, eyes lifting the the x-rays. "Jarvis, why are there x-rays of my chest up?"

"There are not, sir, that is Sergeant Barnes's chest." Bucky growled softly at Tony's language.

"Natasha shot me."

"Bucky..." Tony stared, "...you... they did..." He touched Bucky's chest, and how had he not noticed before, beneath the muscle, the feeling of metal? "Your sternum is rebuilt with metal..."

"What?" he asked, feeling his chest, frowning. "Why? What was the point?"

"When they shot you, Hydra, it must've taken out a big chunk of your rib cage... mine's the... same way, from the reactor terminal." Tony tensed, "Jarvis, if Pepper and Natasha aren't out of here in three minutes, call SHIELD to pick them up."

"Shield is on standby," he informed the room; Bucky sighed, and rubbed Tony's back.

"I didn't know."

"I... I... you're the idiot... going to fight her again..." Tony attempted, pulling a chair over as Bruce injected Bucky with some kind of painkiller, and stitched up the second wound. Bucky jerked and growled softly, staring at Bruce, relaxing as the pain went away.

"She hurt you... I'm tired of her hurting you."

"You should've calmed down first... you were just getting over being so mad..." Tony lay his forehead on Bucky's shoulder, "...damn it..."

"Sorry," he said, wrapping his arm around him.

"Shh." Tony closed his eyes, breathing his scent, shivering at the blood smell that saturated it until Bruce wiped everything down with alcohol, and started cleaning the cuts on Bucky's face.

"They're not deep, they shouldn't scar." The beta offered, and Thor grumbled something, pacing back and forth.

"What?" Tony raised his head, looking at the demi-god.

"To harm the pack alpha is unheard of in Asgard! An act of treason! If we were upon my home world, they would not live!" He rumbled, and Tony felt a little lightheaded as the smell of ozone
clogged his nose. Bucky growled.

"I knew it was a risk inviting her here... the fault was my own."

"No it wasn't." Tony's responding growl rumbled in his chest, "It wasn't, it was... it was mine, I was the one who... forgave them... I didn't see a problem." He pressed a hand over his face, "And neither did you. Fuck." He pulled Bucky's chin until the dom turned enough to kiss him. "Missed your eyes, that's good, I... I like your eyes." The alpha kissed him back, and beamed happily.

"Yeah," he asked, chuckling. "I'm sorry... I almost killed her, I was so mad." Tony rubbed his face on Bucky's throat, shaking.

"Fuck."

"I'll be okay," he said, kissing his head. "We're both fine."

"Are we?" Tony whispered, sliding his hands into Bucky's hair, "Are we fine? I fucked everything up, like I usually do, and... you have two bullet wounds." He gently untangled a strand of hair.

"I'll live," he shrugged. "Bruce sewed em up, I'll be better in no time."

"Gunshot wounds don't heal that quickly." Tony grunted,

"With the bastardized serum in Bucky's body, they do." Bruce offered, "He heals at three times the rate of the rest of us, minus Pepper, and Steve heals at... maybe twice that?" He shrugged, "I've done a lot of research. Those should be gone in a week, with proper care. That's also why I think the nail marks won't scar."

"See? I'll be better in no time," he smiled and petted Tony's head, the sub shivered.

"No time... right." He shifted, and winced as fire bloomed from the last lash to his ass, right at the top of his thighs. "Bucky..." He swallowed, "...don't go... please... until it's healed...?" The dom bit his lip and nodded.

"Okay. I'll stay till it's healed, I promise," he said.

"We could... maybe we could all go to... to the mansion? The one upstate? It's still snowy up there." Tony murmured, "It's... big, and... and we could pack bond a little more...?" Bucky nodded in agreement.

"I like that idea. I think we all need it," he said.

"Yeah... Bucky...?" Tony stroked his hair, "I'm sorry..." He swallowed, closing his eyes, and Bruce frowned.

"What happened?" The beta asked softly, his tone stating clearly that if they didn't want to tell them they didn't have to, and he wouldn't be offended.

"Tony needed to do something that I disagreed with, that's all," he smiled. "It's okay," Bruce arched a brow.

"And Pepper?" The beta asked, Tony swallowed.

"Gave me this bruise," He muttered after a moment, eyes sliding closed, "I didn't realize... even Clint saw it, and I didn't... really." He rubbed a hand over his face, making the bruise throb. Bucky moved the sub's hand away and kissed his cheek, Tony sighed, and leaned against him. "You didn't
"Tell me you were coming back." He murmured, "I would've skipped that party..."

"Jarvis sent me footage of you and Pepper... I didn't like what I saw," he grumbled and nuzzled Tony's head; Tony glowered at the ceiling.

"I did say, did I not, sir, that I would not allow you to be abused again?" Jarvis murmured, and Tony growled.

"I wasn't being..." Tony started to protest, Bucky growled loudly, cutting off his sentence.

"You were being abused, and I won't let you defend her!" Tony flinched.

"I wasn't... I was... I was fine!" He flinched when Bucky tapped his bruised cheek, "You know I bruise easily."

"Unless the bruises are from rough sex, your body should not be marked," he growled; the omega's shoulders slumped.

"And this, Bucky? Is this from rough sex?" He tugged his shirt down to show the tattoo of his mate's name, "What about this?" He shifted to show the mass of scarring that was his bonding gland, "Or these?" A trio of scars on one hip from leaning against something hot in the workshop, "What about this?" A scratch from Bucky, a scar from the battle, the three thin scars from creating Troublemaker, "I'm Iron Man, not some helpless sub. A bruise is nothing."

"When it's from Pepper, it bothers me," he grumbled, rubbing Tony's hip; the sub breathed in deep against Bucky's throat.

"She didn't do even a quarter of the things Obi did." He muttered, "You're overreacting... just like Clint... and you almost got yourself killed."

"If a missile to the chest can't kill me, a bullet is nothing," he chuckled softly and pulled Tony against him, "I'm sorry. I love you. We should only be gone about a month more."

"And to the stomach? Shredding the vital organs? What about then? I know the math, Bucky, even with your healing, if that bullet had gone any other path, you'd have bled out before the serum could fix you! You can't just..." He grimaced, "...about a month, huh? After the week at home?" He touched the bandages gently, "Jarvis, arrange for the Upstate Mansion to be cleaned and stocked for a one week stay by what's left of our pack."

"Yes, sir." Bucky nodded solemnly.

"I'm sorry I joked about it," he muttered, and he slowly got to his feet, keeping his hand pressed against his stitches on his stomach. "Are you hungry?" Tony glowered.

"If I am, you're not cooking." He muttered, "I'm sorry..." The sub mumbled, closing his eyes, "You sit on the couch, and... Bruce...?"

"Yeah, I'll cook. Steak tacos sound good?"

"Mm. That does sound good." Tony agreed softly, hoping his mate didn't feel undermined. With a huff, Bucky kissed Tony's cheek and sat down carefully on the couch. The omega hovered near him, unsure. "Can... I sit by your feet?" He asked softly.

"Yes," The alpha hummed, holding his hand out for Tony to help him get on the ground. "Are you okay?" he asked softly.
"I'm..." Tony hesitated, "Not really, but I will be..." He leaned against Bucky's shins, "...if I just sit low for awhile..."

"Okay," he said, rubbing Tony’s head softly, the sub shivered, and lay his head on Bucky's knee.

"Bucky... I... I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry..." He swallowed thickly, and Bruce paused, looking at them.

"You two alright?" Bucky just nodded, and rubbed that spot that made Tony purr.

"How are those tacos coming?" He asked softly, Tony arched into the touch, and relaxed.

"The meat is cooking, and the taco shells are in the oven," Bruce smiled, "It's good to see you two together." Bucky smiled at the beta,

"Thanks, it's good to be home," he hummed; Tony's eyes slid to half mast, and he whined, laying his head back.

"He's been so stressed... the twins kick a lot, and he's still having trouble getting enough iron."

"Maybe I can help with the iron this week," Bucky murmured.

"That would be good... I'm trying spinach, to get him more folic acid, too." Bruce smiled, "He doesn't seem to mind it."

"Can hear you..." Tony mumbled, his scent still streaked with the burnt coffee tang of guilt. Bucky laughed joyously, holding his stitches so they didn't burst.

"Good! You will have spinach then!" Tony's shoulders tensed.

"Yes, sir." He didn't much like the spinach either, but it was better than the mustard greens.

"Hey, it'll taste good, especially if I feed you like last time, right?" The sub shivered, anticipation entering his scent.

"You mean...?" Bruce asked, arching a brow, "Could I... take a sample of your saliva?" The alpha nodded and smiled at Bruce.

"If you really want to, it's not special," he chuckled.

"It might be." Bruce blinked, "Ah, the-" and he vanished back into the kitchen. Bucky snorted and settled back, keeping his fingers tangled in his omega's hair. Tony shifted, and whined when it tugged at the scabbing skin of the lash nearly on his thighs. His eyes slid open, and he licked his lips, trying to relax.

"Would you be more comfortable on the couch?" He asked; Tony shook his head, biologically, the idea of being equal to Bucky after what he'd done was repulsive.

"No... I'm good down here."

"Okay," he hummed, and continued to pet him softly. "After dinner we will pack for the mansion." Tony nodded, he was going to be obedient, somehow, at least while Bucky was hurt. There was no way he could make up for what he'd done, but he would try regardless. Within minutes, Bucky was dozing on the couch, breathing softly. Tony looked up at him, and something squeezed in his chest. He hadn't thought that Martin would say yes. He hadn't thought that his gala would go that way, he'd felt so alone it was hard to imagine that with Bucky here, sleeping.
Clint came down with Steve and his daughter when dinner was called, looking much happier. The dom froze in the doorway, taking in all the smells, beneath the food. At least, Bucky smelled content, but Tony... Steve sneezed, shaking his head, Tony's scent was saturated in guilt, with underlying pain, and upset, and happiness. The alpha guided Clint to his seat, kissing his cheek, and letting Charlotte sit in his lap. Clint was used to those scents floating around Tony, but he did smell an increase scent of guilt. He just brushed it off for later, and got Charlie set up for dinner. Tony growled at anyone above omega that came near Bucky while the dom was asleep, and Bruce sighed.

"Tony, just tell him food is done, okay? He needs to eat to heal."

"Heal? What happened?" Clint asked, staring at him, Tony shivered.

"Bucky and P... Pepper fought." His scent overflowed with guilt, "Nat shot him, twice." Clint gasped, "Oh... I'm sorry Tony," he said, taking a piece of steak and putting it in Charlotte's mouth.

"He'll be okay." Tony muttered, he still didn't want to wake his dom up. Sleeping helped healing, didn't it? He nuzzled against Bucky's leg, Tony nodded softly, and nuzzled Steve softly, feeling bad for the couple. "He'll be okay." Tony repeated, closing his eyes, his scent scream 'my fault!' to all in the room. Steve shifted Charlie onto one knee, and leaned to add cheese to his tacos.

"Bruce is right, Tony, he should eat." The blond alpha offered, as Clint put six tacos on a plate, and brought them out to Tony.

"Wake him up and eat, let me know if you want more." Tony took it in shaky hands.

"I did something really bad..." He whispered to Clint's back, before gently nuzzling Bucky's thighs, trying to wake him up.

"I know... It's okay," The other sub said, turning back to pet Tony's head before leaving him alone with a slowly waking up alpha; Tony shivered.

"Clint got you food." He nudged the plate onto Bucky's lap, sitting back. The alpha looked down and hummed.

"Good, you should have one," he said, handing one to Tony, Tony's hands shook.

"I don't.." He swallowed, and cradled it in his hands, the thing was stuffed with raw spinach leaves.

"Want me to feed you?" Bucky asked, Tony shook his head.

"No... no, I'm okay."

"I can't eat all six," he said, taking a bite of the first one. Tony forced himself to take a bite, chewing slowly, and Bucky beamed happily at him, wincing as he inhaled. The sub arched up on his knees, worry clear in his gaze and scent. In the kitchen, Steve sneezed again. "I'm alright," Bucky assured him, trying not to sneeze as well. "Just gotta be careful." Tony relaxed back onto his previous seat, trying not to drip taco innards on the carpet.

"Okay."
"Yeah," he hummed and kissed Tony's cheek, "I love you... I know you did wrong, but please don't beat yourself up too much over it." Tony hunched his shoulders.

"That doesn't make sense. I was bad, and that wasn't enough punishment for... what I did..."

"I don't know how to punish you for cheating on me," he muttered; Tony flinched, dropping back onto his heels.

"I'm sorry..." He whispered, "M... maybe... maybe if... you...?" He swallowed, "Maybe you could... pierce something on me...? Last time you got really upset, I got the tattoo..." Bucky nodded.

"I wasn't sure about tattooing again, because I'm not the same person I was before... but I really want you to get more tattoos," he said. Tony blinked up at him.

"More? Like... like what?" He asked softly, licking his lips, "Would it make you feel better? Maybe... something visible even with clothes on?"

"That would make me feel better," he said, humming and nodded, looking at Tony's hand and wrist. "I want to put a star on your hand." Tony nodded.

"Like your arm?" He asked, letting Bucky shift his hand this way and that; he chewed another bite of spinach and steak taco.

"Yes," he hummed, and rubbed between his fingers.

"Okay." Tony whispered, "If... if it makes you feel better." He reached hesitantly for the other spinach-filled taco. Bucky smiled and offered him the other taco.

"Okay..." he nodded; the sub took it, stuffing it hungrily in his mouth, eyes down, he just wanted to be done, but the twins demanded food. "Help yourself to more," Bucky said, picking up a second one for himself. Tony scooted a little closer, eating another, and then another, before he could stop himself.

"Sorry... they're hungry..."

"Its okay," he smiled, "Have as many as you want. We can always put more on the plate."

"The plate is empty," Tony mumbled, "And I... I think I've had enough." Knowing the children in his belly, he'd be scavenging in the kitchen within the next hour.

"Alright," he said, tossing the plate against his lap, sighing. Tony dropped his chin to his chest.

"I can get more." He whispered, taking the plate, and shuffling awkwardly toward the kitchen on his knees. Bucky watched him, and sighed.

"Can you get me a glass of water as well?"

"Yes, sir." Tony only stood when he was in the kitchen, a hand on his belly. "Are... are there more?" He asked, looking from Steve to Bruce and Clint, Thor was leaned against the counter with his own plate. Clint nodded.

"We're heating up more shells in the oven, so we have to wait," he said, rocking his sleeping daughter. Tony swallowed.

"Okay..." He set the plate down, taking deep breaths, and rubbing his belly as the twins started to shift around, "...just like their daddy... so much energy..." He murmured, picking up pieces of meat
absentmindedly, and eating them. Bucky appeared in the doorway after five minutes, walking carefully.

"No, go sit, I'm getting it...!" Tony whined, sliding to his knees, "The shells are cooking...!" He chewed his lip, "Please? I can..." But Bucky settled into a chair at the table, and he shuffled closer, and lay his head on Bucky's thigh. Steve frowned.

"What happened? Why is he acting like that-?" He broke off to sneeze at Tony's smell. Bucky rubbed Tony's head and laughed at Steve.

"You getting sick on me again? I thought you were a super soldier," he teased. "Eh, Natasha shot me twice, it's okay though, didn't hit anything serious." Steve shook his head.

"Tony's... making me..." Another smell sneeze, "Jarvis said we're going to a mansion upstate? I think I'll go pack." Tony frowned, sniffing at himself curiously.

"Do you want anymore food?" Bucky asked, rubbing his mate's back; Tony shook his head, closing his eyes, trying to force his ever spinning mind to be quiet.

The heat scent hit Steve like Bucky's metal fist to the chest when he stepped onto his floor, and he groaned. "Oh... wow..." Shifting forward, he followed the scent deeper into his home, finding the bedding rumpled. "Oh..." He stretched his body out on the bed, pressing his nose into the blankets. He shifted, breathing in deep, and rutting his hips against the mattress, and twisting through them like a cat. Clint was standing against the doorway, smiling.

"Wouldn't you rather something a little more firm to rut on?" Steve moaned, rolling onto his back, the thick bulge in his jeans enough to tell Clint what he wanted. Clint came over and ran his hands over the bulge, kissing him softly. "Charlotte's with Bruce," he hummed.

"Really?" Steve panted, pulling Clint against him, "You smell so good..." He whined, rubbing his body against the blankets, "And we get to go upstate together for a week..." He kissed Clint desperately, pupils blown, very nearly sliding into rut.

"Yeah, fuck, I broke that dildo, I can't wait to feel you inside of me," he whimpered.

"You broke it?" Steve arched up against him, "Clothes... clothes off, now!" Clint nodded And quickly ripped off his clothes.

"Please Steve, I need you to fuck me," he whined; Steve flipped Clint onto his back, nose full of heat scent, and tore his own clothes down the seam, showing exactly how much strength he was holding back around them all. He pressed Clint's legs up, and buried his face between the sub's legs, licking at the slick leaking out of his hole. Clint's cock twitched at the show of strength. With a gasp, he grabbed onto the back of his knees and cried out in shock, pleasure spiking through him. Phil never did this! Steve pressed his lips around Clint's hole and sucked. His eyes flicked to Clint's face as he did, and he felt something his chest rumble happily at the way the sub writhed and bucked. Clint's spine arched and he cried out in pleasure, coming hard over his belly, his hips rocking.

"Mine." Steve's voice was like thunder in his chest as he pressed two fingers into Clint, thrusting them slowly in and out, his eyes completely black, but for the tiny sliver of blue around the rim. "Mine, Clint." He spread his fingers open, and added a third.
"Steve! Yours!" He shuddered and moaned loudly, his body super sensitive as he was stretched; Steve pulled his fingers free, hitching Clint's legs higher, and guiding himself in.

"Mmn... so tight." He groaned, burying his face in Clint's throat, "Mine. All mine." But, despite the drop into rut, the need to claim Clint, viciously if the occasion called for it, he didn't bite. The dom gripped Clint by the hips, and pulled him down the bed and fully onto his cock, hissing in pleasure. Clint moaned and writhed on his cock, shaking hard.

"More! Please Steve I fucking need...!" The alpha growled low in his chest, and pulled his hips back, before slamming forward. Their hips crashed together, but Steve had no intention of pausing, and he started a punishing pace. Clint pulled his legs up more, panting hard as he rocked his hips to meet the alphas. "Want to be filled! Breed me Steve!" He closed his eyes, his face twisted in pleasure; Steve rocked deeper, and the head of his cock nudged Clint's cervix. Because he was one of the most dominant alphas there was, and he was *built* to breed easy. Long and thick, and filling Clint's passage, and his knot wasn't even in yet. But with the heat scent around him, he was guaranteed to fill Clint's womb with seed.

"Going to knot you now." He rumbled, lifting Clint's hips higher and grinding his knot against his hole. The sub gasped as the tip pressed against his cervix and he gasped, letting go of a leg to grip Steve's shoulder.

"Knot me, please, Steve I need it," he said, even though he was scared. He'd never been so filled before, not even when they'd had sex before! Steve rocked forward, and his knot slid inside, and swelled, locking his length into Clint's body, the head of it *inside* of Clint's cervix. Clint gasped at the sudden penetration and he came again all over his belly, clamping down around Steve's knot. "Ahh," he ground, rubbing his lower belly, shaking a little. Steve's cum poured into his womb, and the alpha groaned and licked at Clint's chest, nibbling on his nipples, and finding flecks of semen from the sub.

"You're so good, Clint, good boy, my good boy." He hummed, and the omega panted and moaned, sliding his fingers in Steve's hair.

"Mmh, that feels so good, I'm so full!"

"Are you alright?" Steve's pupils dilated slowly, "Clint? Did I hurt you?" Panic filled Steve's scent, and he held himself perfectly still, "I'm so sorry!" He held back, always, clamping down on that over-dominance the serum had given him, on his strength, and scent. He worked hard to keep it buried, especially around Clint and Charlie. "I bruised you! Oh god, Clint, I'm sorry!" He stroked his hands worriedly over the dark bruising blooming on Clint's pale hips. Clint put his hand on Steve's cheek and laughed softly, leaning up to kiss him.

"It's okay, I'm not in any pain, I feel amazing," he hummed; Steve breathed a sigh of relief, testing the air to make sure that Clint's scent held only contentment.

"Sorry."

"It's okay," he smiled, and tried not to shift. It was a little uncomfortable, coming down from his high but he didn't regret it at all. Steve kissed over his chest, and twitched his hips, tugging the head out of his cervix on instinct, now that he'd stopped loosing seed like a fire hose. Clint hissed a little, and gritted his teeth as the knot was tugging at his hole, Steve's cock squeezed in his passage. Steve groaned.

"Sorry... sorry... I can't stop myself... your heat smell... it's..." He dropped his face to Clint's chest, taking deep breaths. Clint petted his head.
"Just don't move anymore until your knot goes down." He shuddered; Steve went rigid, tensing all his muscles to hold himself still. "You're going to be here for my next heat, right?" He asked softly. Steve bit his lip,

"When is it?" He murmured, "I don't know how long it's been... it was... three weeks into December? So... it should be starting in about a week, right?" He frowned, "Maybe I can convince Bucky to stay a month." Clint sighed and shook his head.

"I want you to be here for Charlie's birthday party." Steve whimpered.

"Clint... I... I'm so sorry... I don't know what to do... I can't leave Bucky out there alone, he's reckless, and he's healing two gunshot wounds... he says another month of... but he's always saying that." Clint sighed and rubbed his hands over Steve's chest.

"Just go, and in a month, you'll be back in time for her party."

"I don't want to leave you." Steve whispered, feeling his knot shift and start to deflate. The serum had given him an amazing refractory period. Clint frowned when the knot went down, he didn't want Steve to leave either.

"He's your best friend...."

"I know." Steve slowly pulled out, and rubbed Clint's thighs, laying against him in the bed, "I feel like I'm failing you as a mate, but it's not enough to stop me from..." He kissed Clint's shoulder, "Loving you... the only thing that will make me stop courting you... is you saying you don't want me." He nuzzled his mate, trying to focus on his normal scent, "I love you. I'll be here this whole week, and I'll make you more toys, okay? Better ones... and..."

"Sirs, I may be able to help in one area," Jarvis offered, "Sir Stark has each of the packs' scents saved and catalogued. Perhaps I could add scent to the devices, and permeate whichever room Sir Barton decides to occupy?" Clint flinched when Jarvis spoke, he didn't like the robot intruding on their moment, but Jarvis had good ideas.

"That would be helpful, thanks," he said, and nuzzled Steve. "I love you, too."

"Yes, sir. My apologies for the interruption, sir." And Jarvis went silent. Steve stroked his hair.

"I'm so sorry that I can't just stay..." Clint nodded.

"Not the first time an alpha's left me," he laughed weakly, "At least you're coming back."

"I don't want to be like him." Steve growled softly, "I want to be an alpha you can be proud of..."

"I am proud of you... You're at your best when you are out there helping people."

"Am I?" Steve whispered, shifting Clint's body so he could spoon behind him. Clint nodded, holding Steve's hand, just trying to make the alpha feel better.

"I know you enjoy it... it's okay." Steve nuzzled him.

"I do... but I enjoyed it more with you at my side." He flushed, knowing that comment would reveal far more than he'd wanted to reveal. Clint tensed up and shuddered.

"I stopped fighting because of Charlotte... I don't shoot anymore."

"I know, that's not..." Steve sat up, "I meant... it's not as enjoyable when I'm missing you..." Clint
hadn't caught the true meaning of his slip. That he'd been in love with the archer for far longer than Clint knew. The omega hummed.

"So how long have you been chasing my tail, turnpike?" He asked, looking at him cheekily. Steve rubbed a hand over his face.

"I haven't been chasing... I... I... tried to flirt, and you shot me down, so I respected that." He looked away, "You were still technically bonded to him." Clint nodded.

"Well... I loved him for four years... Stupid of me, really," he snorted, "Considering all the things he did or didn't do."

"It's not stupid." Steve sighed, "I'm sorry... it's not my place. And I didn't want to... cause problems, so I didn't pursue you, even though he was gone, and you were unhappy." The archer swallowed thickly.

"I thought maybe he'd retire, then we could have kids... I can't believe I was prepared to wait," he snorted. "I'm tired of waiting... If you were staying, I'd make you bond me right now," he smirked; Steve's arms wrapped around him tightly, pulling him up and close.

"I wish I could stay..." He nuzzled him, "Soon, alright? I want to bond during our first heat together, so we can spend the whole week together, and I can just... scent you and hold you..." Clint smiled and nuzzled him.

"That sounds amazing," he said, "And... I know you want kids... I don't know when I'll be ready for more." Steve nodded.

"I'll buy condoms." He promised, "I'll wait. We have one already." He flushed, "I mean... I love her, Clint, and you know I intend to... to adopt her." His sub smiled and nodded.

"She already calls you daddy."

"She does." Steve agreed, smiling, "That... I can't tell you how amazing that feels." He kissed Clint lovingly, "There's no rush for more children."

"Okay," he smiled and nuzzled Steve happily.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to comment.
Taking it Away

Chapter Summary

Hey friends, Happy Wednesday, this afternoon is my third day of college! Bear with me! I...could really have used some comments on the last chap. -Tonystarktastic

Warnings: Self punishment, large toys, Jealousy/possessiveness, too much stretching, guilt,

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony struggled with his bags, stepping down into the snow, that crusted his pants legs, "Almost..." He hated stairs, really, vindictively, hated stairs. He opened the front doors, and hesitated. It had been years since he'd been there, and the mansion was filled with smells and memories...the last time he'd come had been to install Jarvis. "Everything is a little outdated." He offered, forcing himself to step inside. Bucky shivered and practically ran in, shaking off the snow and cold.

"Ahh, warmth," he said, taking a second to relax before he took his mate's bags. Tony pulled them back.

"I can carry them... you're hurt." The house was warm, unbearably so for the pregnant submissive, but the rest of the pack seemed happy with it, especially Charlotte. The little girl was pink cheeked and excited, running around the giant entryway. "The bedrooms are mostly in this wing... Bucky... uh, the Master bedroom is here." He opened the door, it was the one room he'd had redone. He couldn't stand the sight of his father's room, or the smell. This had been two smaller rooms before he'd had it remodeled into the new Master. Bucky picked up the other bags he had come in with, and followed Tony into the bedroom, smiling at it.

"Wow... this is great," he nuzzled his mate. Tony set his bags down, and closed the door.

"Thank you." He glanced at the plastic taped over his new tattoo, the dark star on the skin between finger and thumb. Bucky hummed and kissed Tony softly, helping the sub remove his jacket. Tony swallowed, he still felt unbearably guilty. "I had this room rebuilt a few years ago." The floors were light pine, sealed until they shone, the walls a soft pale yellow, with pine baseboards. The bed was monstrous, with a canopy, all pale light coloring, and pine. "You like it?"

"I love it," he hummed, and threw Tony's jacket onto the bed, rubbing his thumbs over the sub's cheeks. Tony leaned into the touch.

"Thanks." He murmured, and threw Tony's jacket onto the bed, rubbing his thumbs over the sub's cheeks. Tony leaned into the touch.

"Thanks." He murmured, "Want to go play in the snow?" Bucky pursed his lips and shook his head.

"No... wounded, remember?" he played it off, hating the cold.

"Okay." Tony mumbled, kneeling at his feet, "Since we can't have sex..." Bruce had said no to that, that it would be bad for Bucky to thrust or be ridden, "Can I suck you?"

"Yes," he said, petting Tony's head. He sat down on the bed after pulling his pants and boxers
down so he'd be less likely to thrust; Tony shuffled between his knees, and wrapped his lips around the head, suckling softly, eyes flicking to Bucky's face, then away. He wanted to make Bucky feel good, didn't care about his own raging needs, because he deserved to be punished. Reminding himself of that, he took Bucky into his throat, and started bobbing his head fast and hard, gagging himself. Bucky immediately gasped and groaned in pleasure, leaning his head back, trying not to thrust; Tony swallowed him repeatedly, abusing his own throat as thoroughly as Bucky usually did, even taking the knot past his lips and teeth. He trembled a little with his intention, bobbing quickly, and when the knot started to swell, he swallowed him down, and let it settle within his mouth, holding him against Bucky's crotch. He steadied himself, breathing through his nose, eyes watering. Bucky was surprised Tony took his knot again.

"I thought you hated taking my knot, 'cause it hurt your jaw," he rubbed his mate's hand. Tony closed his eyes, swallowing convulsively around the shaft in his throat, cum spurting from his mate's cock. He would do whatever made Bucky happy, gave him pleasure. His own didn't matter. But he couldn't say that with a knot stretching his jaw open. Bucky relaxed happily, petting Tony's head softly. The omega held down his whimpers, keeping his teeth from closing too much, and concentrating all his focus on keeping Bucky happy. "Such a good boy," The alpha smiled and rubbed his cheek,feeling his knot through the skin. Tony shifted his knees, the pressure on his cheek forcing his jaw further open, but the knot wouldn't last long, due to the pregnancy, and in no time at all, Bucky's knot was shrinking, his cock slipping out of Tony's mouth. The sub rolled his jaw, and licked his lips. He nuzzled against Bucky's thigh.

"You okay?" He asked, eyes searching his dom's.

"Yes, I'm okay, thank you," he hummed, "How's your jaw?"

"Fine." Tony lied softly, laying his head down. Bucky frowned, he was getting pretty good at catching Tony's lies. The sub winced at his look, guilt spiraling through his scent, "Sorry, I'm sorry... it's sore, I'm sorry..." The dom nodded.

"We'll put some ice on it," he hummed.

"I don't need ice, I'll go out in the snow..." There was something the sub needed to do outside, something important.

"Oh, okay," he nodded, Tony leaned back, shivering a little, he needed a thicker jacket for what he was planning.

"I'll... I won't stay out long, okay? I...if you need me, have Jarvis call."

"Okay," he nodded, "I'm going to start on dinner soon."

"Thor and Bruce can do it. You shouldn't be up and about so much." Tony murmured hesitantly. His dom sighed, and kissed Tony's head.

"Alright." At his easy agreement, Tony chewed his lip.

"I can stay in, if you want me to. I don't have to..."

"You're not a prisoner here," He smiled softly, "If you want to go out in the snow, you can."

"I don't want to leave you if you're going to be bored or..." Tony whimpered as his dom's hand slid down his back to pat the base of the plug inside of him. Bucky had pressed the thick piece of rubber into him before he'd gone to get his tattoo, and, unlike their other toys, this one wasn't shaped like Bucky's cock. This one was more standard, a pointed head, getting thicker the further
down it went, then suddenly dipping in, and out again with the base. The widest point was at least three inches across, and it had taken a lot of getting used to.

"I'll be okay, you just be careful walking around," he hummed softly. Tony shifted, Bucky was still rubbing over the base of the plug, and as far as punishments went, it was the best Bucky could have thought up in his current state. He was dripping wet all the time, every movement shifting it inside of him. He gave a soft cry as Bucky tugged at the base a little, then let go, and the inch that had pulled out snapped back in.

"Yes sir." He panted, struggling to his feet, legs shaking.

"Good boy," The alpha patted his rump softly, before standing up and fixing his pants. Tony reached back to touch the base of the plug, and Bucky's quick swat had him jerking his hand back in front of him.

"Thank you, sir." He murmured, digging a thick coat from his bag, and tugging it on.

"Have fun outside, be careful," Bucky said again.

"I will." Tony leaned and kissed him, "Thank you, for the punishment, Bucky." And then he shuffled out of their room, bumping into Clint, who smiled at him.

"You goin' out? Wanna have a snowball fight!?"

"With your crazy aim?" Tony snorted, "Let me put better boots on, I'll meet you out there. But I get Thor on my team." Bruce and Thor glanced up from the couch, and Steve chuckled.

"Then I'm on Clint's team."

"YES!" Clint fist pumped. "Supreme offense and defense!"

"Ugh." Tony grunted, and Thor patted his shoulder.

"Fear not," The demigod assured him, "For we shall show them an offensive as yet unwitnessed!" Tony laughed.

"Alright."

"I'll be the ref, I suppose." Bruce set his book aside, lifting his thermos of hot tea.

"That's the spirit!" Clint smiled and ran to get his coat and boots. Tony grunted as he tried to get his shoes off, shifting to try and find a way that didn't press on his stomach. Bucky came over.

"Let me help you get those off," he said, the sub shivered.

"I... don't hurt yourself, please." He whispered, sitting on the floor, so Bucky would be above him. Bucky nodded and carefully helped him get his shoes off, and he helped Tony get the snow boots on; Tony watched him, he didn't deserve Bucky's kindness. Bucky laced them both up, and then held his hand out to help Tony stand up, the sub took it, letting his dom pull him to his feet, and all that left his mouth was, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," He kissed his head. "Go have fun. kick their asses for me."

"I'm probably going to lose." Tony sighed, and leaned up into him, shivering, "I love you." He pulled away and lead the others outside through the archway into the huge living room, and out the back doors, all glass, to the backyard. Bucky sighed; realizing that no one was left to make dinner,
he went to the kitchen to see what he could whip up; Tony's boots crunched in the snow, and he stood, just outside of the manor, staring out at the huge oak tree, he knew what lay by its roots. But it would have to wait.

"Okay... twenty minutes to build defense, and arsenal!" He clapped his hands together. He and Jarvis had had many snowball fights out here before he turned twelve. Clint quickly pulled Steve over to a pile of snow.

"Start building a fort while I make snowballs," The marksman said, Thor had had the same idea, and had nudged Tony to make snowballs of their own. He knelt in the snow, and gathered snow to him. And when he looked up, proud of his pile, he choked.

"Wow... uh..." Thor had built what seemed to be a huge castle wall, all the way around them. Clint worked furiously in response,

"Fuck, Thor is good at this," he said begrudgingly.

"My brother and I had such battles!" Thor exclaimed, kneeling to help with their stockpile, he looked as at home in the fluffy parka like jacket and jeans as he did in his armor.

"Ah, don't kill them." Tony warned, lifting his first couple of snowballs. Clint shot immediately at the bottom of the wall, trying to weaken it and bring it down, but Thor had built it thick, and sturdy. Tony flung a snowball, and grimaced when it fell a little short,

"I'm useless." He grumbled, kneeling to build more snowballs for Thor, who was hitting Steve's carefully built wall with deadly accuracy. Clint waited until Thor would peek his head out, and he would toss them at the norse god's head. Thor's laughter echoed through the backyard when one hit his face, and he managed to smack one into Clint's shoulder just as Bucky leaned out the door to say that Charlotte had woken up from her nap.

"I'll get her!" Tony climbed the icy wall, scrambling over the top, and hurried over to lift the sniffing toddler. "Wanna build a snow man?" He asked, bouncing her on his hip. Immediately her sniffling ceased and she wiggled happily.

"Yeah!"

"Okay, let's go over here, out of the way," He carried her, sliding in the snow, over to a space away from the snowball fight, and settled her little boot-clad feet into the snow. "Alright, so we need... to make a BIG ball of snow, and we do that like... this!" Tony started scooping snow together. "Come on, help me, we're gonna roll this little ball around, until it gets big!" She smiled and helped him push it, giggling as she fell on it and broke the ball once. "Whoops," Tony smushed the pieces together, and packed more snow around it, before they got it rolling again.

"Oops," she repeated and laughed, helping him get it nice and big.

"Beautiful!" He exclaimed, "And now we do it again, but smaller." She huffed, getting tired from the work and walking, and continued to help him, smiling as she squished the big chunks of snow on the ground. Tony sat down in the snow, and helped roll the last one, before he hefted the medium one onto the big one, and then the smallest one on top. "There we go... it needs arms, and a face, and some clothes, it's gonna get awfully cold."

"No!" she whined and grabbed a stick no bigger than her own arm and held it up to Tony.

"No?" Tony lifted the stick, "For an arm? Can you find another one?" She nodded and ran around the tree, giggling a little as she tried to find another pretty one. When she tripped over something,
Tony snatched her off the ground, "No! Don't go over there, Charlie," He kept his voice soft, so she wouldn't feel hurt, "That's a special place, okay, baby?" She looked up at him and whined, pointing about a foot away, there was a stick poking out of the ground. "Okay, okay. Go get it." He let her go, and looked down where she'd tripped on a small stone. "I'll come back later." He murmured, before hurrying after her. She giggled and grabbed it before coming back over and going around the stone his time. Tony frowned, but didn't say anything, she was being careful. "Okay, right... here!" He helped her press the stick into the snowman. "Now we need little rocks for it's mouth and eyes!"

"Rock!" She laughed and looked down, finding none. They were all covered in snow! Tony checked her mittens, then his own, and started digging.

"Here, you hold these, okay?" He murmured, tucking each rock he found into her hands.

"Otab," She murmured, bouncing on her heels as she held each rock; Tony scooped her up, grunting as he stood, holding her up.

"Put them in, like this," he stuck one into the snowman's face. She laughed and stuck the eyes close together, and put the other dots around in mouth area; Tony grinned at the jumbled mess, "Uh oh, it needs a nose!"

"Uhh," she whined and stuck another rock there.

"Perfect, good job!" Tony exclaimed, "You're so good at this!" She beamed and hugged him, bouncing happily in his arms. "You're so smart," He hugged her back, and carried her around the edge of the snowball fight, to the house, "Let's go see if your uncle Bucky needs help with dinner."

"Bubby," She smiled, and kept her arms tight around him.

"Yep, Bubby." He agreed, stepping into the house. She was mostly perched on top of his belly, and it was surprisingly alright. Bucky was making chicken pot pie, and a side of potatoes, throwing in bits of spinach in everyone's to make it healthier; Tony leaned in the doorway, "Hey," he couldn't kneel with Charlotte in his arms, "Do you... do you want any help?"

"Hey," Bucky smiled at him. "Did you enjoy your snowball fight?" He asked.

"Turns out... hard to have a snowball fight pregnant." Tony shrugged, and hefted Charlotte higher in his arms. Bucky beamed at the girl in his arms.

"I see. Well, I'm almost done here, if you want to set the table," he said, covering the pies in crust to put into the oven.

"Okay," The huge, extravagant table was already covered in a tablecloth, and he handed a box of spoons to Charlotte to play with, and went about carrying the dishes and setting them out, "Do we have cottage cheese?"

"Uhrm, I haven't looked," Bucky said, unsure as he closed the oven lid.

"Jarvis?"

"Yes, sir, we do." The AI answered swiftly, "As per your grocery list."

"Thanks, Jay." Tony picked the toddler back up, huffing, "You're getting heavy." She just smiled and shook her box of spoons. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Spoons are great." Tony laughed softly, then went quiet, glancing at Bucky, who just raised an eyebrow at him.
"What?" The alpha asked, Tony shook his head,

"Nothing..."

"What is it?" Bucky asked softly, concerned.

"I don't deserve to be happy." Tony finally muttered, eyes on the ground, hugging Charlotte to his chest.

"We all make mistakes," he said, kissing his head. "I want you to be happy... Besides, I have one more punishment lined up for you. Let me punish you, don't punish yourself," he hummed, Tony looked up.

"You do?" His shoulders relaxed, it made him feel better.

"Yes, but you're not receiving it until the end of the week," he kissed his cheek, and Tony nodded.

"Yes, sir." He murmured, Bucky kissed him again and petted Charlie's cheek before going to wash his hands free of the smell of spinach. Tony bounced Charlotte against his belly, he still did, and probably always would, feel guilty.

Time passed and Bucky told Tony to get everyone for dinner; the sub sputtered as, when he stepped outside, snowballs hit him from every direction.

"Assholes!" He called, Charlie started to cry and murmured something almost like 'assholes' in between her tears, just copying Tony, who groaned, "Crud." He wiped the snow off her face delicately, "Pay attention! Dinner is done!" Clint frowned and ran over to his daughter.

"Hey, you're okay darling, it's just snow," he hummed; she was still crying, her hands fisted in Tony's shirt, the brunette sub bit his lip.

"Uh... Charlie, go to mama, okay?"

"C'mon Charlie," he said, trying to pull her off of Tony. "It's okay." But she clung to the brunette, sobbing against his chest.

"Oh... um... what do I do?" Tony asked, eyes nervous. Clint whimpered, wanting his daughter back.

"Charlotte, let go of him!" He said, getting possessive of her. She was his daughter. Tony winced when Clint pulled her out of his arms, and she screamed, reaching for him.

"Clint..." The archer whimpered and handed her back before running inside, slamming the bathroom door shut behind him. Tony stumbled, and Charlie wiped her nose on his shirt. "Hey... I... I don't understand..." He carried Charlotte inside, giving Bucky a bewildered look. Bucky shrugged.

"Uhm, alright, maybe we can just go with it for now," he said.

"I... Clint's upset, but she wanted me, I don't..." Tony slowly sat down, rocking Charlie, "Hey... little girl... what's wrong?" Charlie just whimpered and didn't speak, keeping fistfuls of his shirt. "Okay... okay, baby," He stroked her curls, "Your mama is sad..."

"Noo," She whined.
"He is," Tony lifted her chin, "He's sad, in the bathroom." He lifted her higher, "Tell me what's wrong, please?" She whined some more, and rubbed her cold, red cheek where she got hit, "I know, they got me, too." Tony showed her his forehead, "It'll be alright." She reached up and touched his forehead, letting out a deep breath. "See?" He nuzzled her, "All good, right? Go get your mama, I bet he's hungry." And he let her out of his lap. She was a little hesitant, but then she went over to the bathroom door.

"Mama!" She called out, flopping on the floor when he didn't immediately come out. Clint took a few seconds before opening the door carefully so he didn't hit her, and he picked her up, hugging his baby girl tightly. Tony tried to offer Clint a smile, but the other sub must not have seen. He leaned back in his chair, flushing with guilt when Bucky served him his food. Bucky petted his head.

"Just give it time, they'll be fine," he said, kissing his head. Clint shuffled in, and took a seat besides Steve at the completely opposite side of the table, keeping his daughter far away. Tony nodded slowly.

"Okay." He murmured, "I... this smells delicious, Bucky."

"I hope you enjoy it," Bucky smiled and sat besides his omega after feeding everyone. The sub leaned into his side, murmured "I'm sorry" against his ear, and heaped cottage cheese right onto his pot pie.

It was nice, if strange, memory filled, in the mansion; when he'd see Charlie running up to him, he wondered if he'd looked like that, little, happy, running up to Jarvis. And then he'd be ripped into semi-reality when Clint snatched her away. The first time it happened, Tony thought that she just needed a nap. The second, probably a diaper change. But by the third, he understood, and his heart dropped. For three days, every time she came near him, Clint picked her up and walked away; Tony had heard him muttering under his breath the last time. Working up his courage, the evening of their third day there, the pregnant sub inched closer to Clint.

"Clint? You wanna watch Frozen?" He asked hopefully, "Bucky and Steve haven't seen it." Clint glared softly at Tony, but he really didn't want this entire trip to be hate fueled toward Tony. He sighed softly, and figured he should enjoy it a little.

"Sure," He murmured, and went over to couch. Tony settled at Bucky's feet, and leaned against his legs, as the movie started, and Charlotte squirmed.

"Tone!" She demanded; Clint just whined, and slowly let her go, burying his face in Steve's arm. She plopped into Tony's lap, and pressed her face to his belly, "Baby." She announced, and Tony snorted.

"Two of them, yes." He replied, laughing.

"Two of dem?"

"Yes. Two." Tony assured her. Clint sniffed and watched her, and rubbed his hands over his own empty belly. Steve caught his hands, lifting them to kiss the palms.

"I love you," He murmured softly, and Charlotte ran back over to them, climbing into her mother's lap.

"Lub you, mama!" Clint looked up at him and smiled, and wrapped his arm around his daughter,
"I love you too, Charlie!" He smiled and kissed her cheek; she squirmed.

"Mama! Squishy!" Steve hugged them both, making them laugh, and Tony smiled, feeling Bucky's hands pull him up to sit on the couch.

"Are you sure?" The sub asked softly; Bucky nodded, and kissed his sub's head.

"I like having you against me," he said, pulling Tony against his chest.

"Okay." Tony murmured, nudging his body into Bucky's, and closing his eyes as he looked up at the screen.

The hours passed, and the pack seemed less tense, and happier now, as Tony peeled Bucky's bandages off; Bruce was watching from his spot in Thor's arms.

"They look really good." The omega murmured, kissing next to them, and wiping the pink, newly healing skin clean.

"He's right, you don't need the bandages anymore," Bruce added.

"That's good, 'cause they were itching," he said, bringing his hand down to scratch. Tony stopped him.

"Don't scratch them..." The dom grumbled and stopped, moving his hand away; Tony curled against his side on the couch, and gently rubbed his calloused fingers over them, alleviating the itch. Bucky let out a soft sigh as he relaxed, the wounds feeling better already. "You're not going to leave, are you? Just because they're almost healed?" Tony asked nervously; Bucky bit his lip.

"I promised a week," he said, and the omega nodded slowly.

"You did..."

"So I will stay four more days," he hummed, Tony's scent washed with relief, and he closed his eyes.

"Bruce?" The sub called, "Can we fuck now?" Bucky looked at Bruce, completely serious. This was an important question. The beta snorted.

"You two..." He shook his head, "Let me check them," He leaned over Bucky's stomach, poking and prodding, when Bucky didn't wince, much, he sighed, "Yes, sure, if you feel any pain, stop."

"Okay," he said, immediately picking up Tony and going to the master bedroom. Tony yelped in surprise.

"Now?" He felt his cock stir as he was settled into the bed, "Bucky..." He arched up a little, noticing his mate shivering, "Jarvis, turn the heat up." Bucky relaxed a little again as the temp warmed up.

"Thank you," he hummed, and started to remove Tony's pants. Tony shifted, trying to lift his hips.

"Ugh... belly is in the way." He twisted to get the pants off, and flushed, "Sorry."

"It's okay," he kissed Tony's belly and then removed the sub's shirt; Tony sat up.
"Bruce said to be careful laying on my back." He murmured, "Uh... maybe hands and knees?" He chewed his lip, and Bucky nodded.

"I can handle that," he said. "If your back hurts too much, I could even fuck you laying down." Tony shook his head, smiling.

"It's not my back that hurts, it's... he said after a certain point, it could hurt the babies." The dom nodded softly.

"Okay... well, even if it is your back," he smiled; the omega shifted onto his knees, the base of the plug nestled between his cheeks.

"That looks so nice," The alpha hummed, and gently started to pull it out, watching his hole stretch. Tony whined, shifting his thighs apart, trying to relax, but the plug was always difficult to remove. "If we keep playing with this toy, you won't have any trouble giving birth," he hummed, and continued to gently pull. The omega flushed scarlet.

"Nnn..." He was saved from replying as his muscles finally parted over it.

"There we go," he smiled, and sat the plug down on the table, dripping with slick; Tony whined, shifting his hips, his entrance flexing.

"That always feels weird..."

"Yeah, you're so loose," he hummed, and felt his cock grow fully hard.

"Not supposed to be loose, Bucky." Tony muttered, "You could damage my muscles."

"Hmm," he hummed, "I'd hate to have you go down a size," he said, and Tony flinched a little at that, so much like Obi used to say, and do.

"Bucky..." He shifted his knees. "Yeah... hate to go down..." He ducked his face into the bedding. Bucky frowned, and rubbed Tony's back.

"Hey, I only said that 'cause I thought you liked the bigger plugs, I don't mind if we take it down a couple sizes," he frowned, and Tony shivered.

"It... it's nothing... okay? I... it was just... reminded me of Obi, okay?" He slid one hand down to rub his belly.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, rubbing Tony's belly, "I didn't mean to make you remember him... how can I fix that?" Tony sat up slowly, leaning back against his mate.

"It's fine, okay? Just... it's fine." Bucky stared at his face, and hugged him against his chest, nuzzling him. "Look, I don't... just do whatever you want, okay? It's not my place to tell you no."

"I want you to let me know, if it's too much," he kissed his cheek. "I don't like it when you're in pain."

"I'm sorry." Tony muttered, "Are... uh... are we going to have sex?"

"If you're still up for it," he smiled.

"Well, you already took the plug out." Tony wiggled his hips; Bucky smiled and laughed, kissing him.
"Yes I did. Hands and knees," he said softly. The sub leaned forward until he was in position.

"Like... uh... is this good?"

"Very good," he smiled, and gently pressed his cock into Tony's stretched hole. The sub groaned, it had been so long since Bucky had been inside of him. Bucky rubbed Tony's belly as he thrusted, "So loose," he hummed, loving the gross squelching noises. Tony clenched his eyes shut at the reminder, trying to clench, or anything. He needed those muscles to give birth. Bucky continued to thrust, panting as his knot grew. He reached between the sub's legs, stroking his cock. The omega arched, whimpering, and coming all over Bucky's fingers immediately, flushing with embarrassment. Bucky smiled and kissed his shoulder as he thrust a few more times, and knotted him, cumming into his hole. The usual relief of being knotted was not strong enough; he could barely feel the knot, it wasn't a stretch, and Tony was forced again to remember Obi, taking the pleasure out of everything. "Tony?" The alpha asked when he smelled a change in mood.

"I can't feel it very much." Tony mumbled, but it was his own fault for cheating, in whatever way, if he was never going to feel the pleasure of Bucky's knot again, it was his own fault.

"We'll keep the plug out for now, then," he said, a bit sad that Tony couldn't feel it. The sub sniffled.

"Sorry..." He brought a hand up to rub at his eyes, "...sorry... I... it was supposed to be a punishment... I'm sorry..."

"It's okay," he pulled out carefully, and kissed his cheek. Tony cried even harder at that, because Bucky was still knotted. "It's okay," The dom repeated, holding him, and rocking him softly.

"I'm bad..." Tony whimpered, "I was being s-so good for you, I was! I was trying so hard, Bucky, and I messed it all up, and I don't deserve your knot anywhere but my mouth, I'm bad..."

"You're just stretched open, you'll close up again," he said, pulling him against his chest. The omega sobbed into Bucky's skin, shaking hard.

"I didn't mean to... I didn't mean to mess it all up, Bucky... I love you... I'm so sorry..."

"I love you too, my darling," he hummed.

"I wasn't thinking... I'm... I was just... I just needed... I'm so sorry..." Tony's tears slid down Bucky's chest, "I'm so sorry..."

"I'll knot you soon, it's okay," he hummed.

"No..." Tony whimpered, "You don't understand..." He scrubbed at his eyes, shaking.

"Tony, shh, it's okay, my darling, I love you so much," he nuzzled him.

"No..." Tony shuddered, "No... I messed it all up... I needed... and it messed everything up..."

"I don't think anything was messed up," The alpha offered.

"But it was..." Tony whispered, "...it was my fault..." He mumbled, "...I just needed...to make someone feel good..."

"Oh," he said, and he kissed Tony's head. "Let me be the one who punishes you," he reminded him, for the hundredth time. "Don't get yourself all worked up."
"But I messed up... really bad..." Tony whispered, "I can't... it hurts... here..." He pressed a hand over his chest. The dom nodded, and kissed his chest.

"You won't cheat on me again, will you?" Tony shook his head hard.

"I didn't know... I didn't... I used to do that with other subs... when I was with Obi, and it never felt wrong, I didn't know..." Tony's shoulders slumped, "...I didn't know until..."

"I told you months ago; If you want to touch another sub, you have to ask," he said firmly.

"I didn't think he'd say yes..." Tony whimpered, "I'm sorry... I know what you said... I know... it's my fault..." Bucky nodded and kissed his head.

"I'm glad you won't do it again," he hummed.

"I won't... I would never... never again..." He whimpered, "Never..." He rubbed his eyes, shuddering, "...I'm so sorry..."

"I forgive you," he smiled, and leaned against the back of the bed, pulling Tony to lean against his chest.

"No..." He whimpered, "...no..."

"I'm your alpha, I'm allowed to forgive you." At that, Tony flinched.

"Yes, sir." Bucky nodded, and kissed Tony, rubbing the omega's shoulder. The sub slumped against him, watching Bucky's knot go down against his leg.

"How are the babies doing?" The alpha asked, after a moment.

"Still moving a lot," Tony pulled Bucky's hand down against his belly, "...see?"

"Yeah," he smiled, moving his hand around, wanting to feel the constant movement.

"Getting big, too. Bruce says that twins usually come out at thirty six weeks. Instead of forty... so they'll be small."

"Small... but healthy, right?" He asked,

"They should be." Tony bit his lip, "I don't know. I hope so, they feel healthy... and I've been eating good..."

"Yeah," he beamed. "You're being such a good mommy." Tony tucked his face into Bucky's neck.

"Thank you..." He whispered,

"Sirs, Ms. Potts is... on the line, with what she claims is very important information."

"She has thirty seconds," he said, keeping his arm around Tony. The sub bit his lip, and clutched at Bucky.

"The contract has been finished," Pepper said quickly, "Tony is removed as head of R&D, and all affiliations with Stark Industries, until the twins start school. Five years." And she hung up. Tony's body was rigid.

"What? What!? NO!" He cried, "Five years?! Five!!"
"Contract!? Did you sign something?" He asked, looking at Tony.

"No! I didn't! I didn't sign anything, you're supposed to have to sign it! The pregnancy leave contract was-I read the whole thing-!" Tony's breath cut off, "...you were gone... everyone thought you were dead... Pepper signed it... a pregnancy leave contract... it was only supposed to be until they were weaned..."

"Well, I'm back, doesn't that void the contract!?" he asked. "Since Pepper is no longer your active alpha and that contract is not signed under my name?"

"No... because the pregnancy leave clause at SI is... solid. And you were gone when it needed signing, and she's CEO. So she signed it as CEO, not as my alpha... I'll call the lawyers in the morning, see if..."

"Okay," he nodded, and kissed Tony's cheek. "I really hope we can fix this."

"I don't want to be locked out... that's my company..." Tony growled, "Jarvis... call the lawyers."

"Just keep them on standby," he said, nuzzling Tony, "I know you want your company back, and I want you to have it back... but can it wait until morning?" Tony shuddered.

"O-okay..." he clenched his eyes shut, trying to calm himself from the emotional trauma of the day. Bucky nuzzled him and closed his eyes, trying to sleep; The omega shifted, heart pounding, upset. He couldn't focus, couldn't relax.

"C'mon baby," Bucky brought his arm up so Tony was resting his head on his bicep, and he started to pet his head and rub that spot. Tony whined, pressing against him, and arching his head back, and submitting.

"Sir..." He trembled, closing his eyes.

"Good boy," he hummed, and kissed his throat, his eyes closed; Tony shifted his hips, rubbing his belly, the twins kicking and moving around, upset by his distress. "Are those pesky pups keeping you awake," he said, touching his belly.

"Yes..." Tony whispered, sniffing, ".... I... I wanted to go back once they were weaned... I wanted..."

"I know baby," he kissed his cheek. "We'll call the lawyers in the morning."

"What if they can't do anything?" Tony sat up, shaking, "What if they can't? I'm just an omega...!"

"No, you're not, you maintained this business... You're powerful, you fueled everyone for years,"

"And as soon as I was outed, it ended." Tony scrubbed a hand over his face, gritting his teeth, "Fuck. Everything changed... everything, and half of it, I don't mind, I... I love you, and having you, and the way you treat me... and the twins... but... I feel like half of myself is gone..."

"I will help you get it back," he promised, hugging him tighter against his body; Tony shivered.

"With Pepper in charge? How?" He hunched his shoulders, and nuzzled Bucky's shoulder as the alpha pulled him back into the bedding, and kissed his cheek. "I thought... you know, that I could trust her. I've always trusted her." The dom nodded.

"Steve is a big American icon still. Maybe, with him at our side, rooting for omega freedom with
an army of lawyers, we can do something."

"The law isn't in our favor." Tony whispered, "It's not. The pregnancy leave is a requirement in all companies, and... if this is what they put in the contract, then... I can't see a way to fix it."

"Well, we'll talk to the tomorrow," he sighed softly, rubbing his eyes.

"Tomorrow..." Tony mumbled, closing his eyes, the twins started kicking again; Tony groaned, rubbing his stomach, "Hey... shh... hey..." Bucky chuckled and groaned softly.

"C'mon pups, let mommy sleep," he said to Tony's belly. They kicked energetically against Bucky's hands.

"They're gonna be up half the night when they come out, watch." Tony grumbled, "Jarvis said I kept him up till four every night." Bucky groaned.

"At least we can take turns."

"Are you making milk?" Tony laughed, "Anyway... I was bottle fed, regardless. My mom was... she had really bad postpartum depression... didn't see me as hers." The alpha blushed and kissed him softly.

"We'll be okay, right? You won't get postpartum depression on me?" Tony swallowed.

"I... Clint didn't, I don't know what causes it." He twined his legs with Bucky's, "I can't promise I won't, but I... I hope I won't."

"I hope you'll be too busy to be depressed," he chuckled, and continued to rub his large belly. "I bought that cream you like, I can rub it on you in the morning."

"While I call the lawyers?" Tony smiled softly, and the ache of guilt was still beneath his breastbone, he was sure it would never leave, but he felt better than he had since it had happened.

"If you want," he nodded and nuzzled him lovingly.

"Okay." Tony yawned, but the babies had yet to give up their play. "Ha... gotta pee." He rolled out of the bed, groaning.

"Okay," Bucky groaned and rolled onto his side, closing his eyes. The sub yawned widely when he shuffled back out.

"Stop kicking my bladder, little pranksters."

"Don't want any pee in the bed," Bucky grumbled, and Tony arched a brow at him.

"I'm not going to pee in the bed, Bucky." He climbed into the blankets, and tucked himself back against his dom, "Mmm... they stopped moving..."

"Good," he hummed and kissed his cheek; the sub pulled a pillow to his chest, and within seconds he was asleep.
Please please please comment.
What I've Done

Chapter Summary

uh...stuff. You'll probably cry. Just sayin'.

Warnings: Mostly just general stuff. Misunderstanding a punishment/order.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was their last day in the manor that Bucky gathered his courage, and decided that he would join his mate out in the cold. He dressed very warmly, and ventured out, glad the hat he had on kept the wind from whipping his hair around too much. He walked over to Tony and hummed. "How are you?" The omega twitched, chin jerking up, as he tried to shift and hide whatever he'd been sitting in the snow to look at.

"Bucky? You never come outside."

"I wanted to spend the last day with you... why are you acting weird?" He asked.

"I'm not!" Tony said too quickly, hands shaking, "I just..." He swallowed, closing his eyes, "...I..." Slowly, the sub shifted out of the way, his hand brushing over the clean headstone. Bucky frowned, and kneeled down.

"Baby?" He asked, reading it off the headstone, and looking up at Tony, who nodded slowly.

"My..." He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, "...mine and my dad's."

"Oh..." he frowned, and ran his hand over the grave. "How old?"

"Me or... or it?" Tony's throat worked as he tried to find words, "I... was twelve... and the baby... he forced me to have it aborted after less than a month..." Bucky nodded, and stood up, pulling Tony into his arms.

"I'm sorry."

"Why?" Tony mumbled, "It wasn't your fault." Bucky shrugged.

"If I had... stopped being a mindless pig for Hydra and found you sooner... it wouldn't have happened."

"What?" The omega stared at him, his belly a thick obstacle between them, "Look, there's no way you could've gotten to me before... it was my first heat, Bucky."

"I-I was alive... I should have gone searching," he shook his head.

"You didn't know." Tony stroked his cheek, "Hey... hey, you didn't know." Leaning up, trying to balance with his heavy belly, he kissed the corner of Bucky's mouth, "Hey... shh, don't do that to yourself. Shit happens, shit happens to everyone, if I got some... Clint's got worse in his past, do
you think Steve blames himself for that?"

"Steve was frozen in ice," he said. "I wasn't... part of the time," he murmured.

"Part of the time." Tony smiled wistfully, "Bucky... if you'd found me, what do you think Hydra would've done to us? Their soldier, and a twelve year old?" Bucky closed his eyes and shook his head.

"I don't wanna know..."

"It's alright... we figured it out, we have each other, don't we?" Tony pulled Bucky's hat over his face. "Stop thinking about it. Let's... let's go inside." Bucky grinned, and fixed his hat, covering his ears.

"Okay," he wrapped his arm around Tony's waist, walking with him. The pregnant sub slipped in the snow, pausing only once to glance back at the tiny grave.

"Bye..." Bucky smiled softly, and kissed Tony's head, feeling sad for him. Tony sneezed. "Stop that," he nudged the dom's side, "I'm fine, okay? I have you, I... okay?"

"Okay," he chuckled and rubbed his back, "Let's get you inside before you get sick."

"I'm not-" Tony grunted, knocking the snow from his shoes, "Are you alright? The cold gives me... trouble, makes my chest ache, from the metal." The alpha nodded.

"I wasn't out for very long," he said.

"Oh." Tony rubbed his eyes, "How long was I out there?" He asked, bending to untie his boots, huffing for breath by the time he got one done. "Fuck." He straightened up, holding his belly, "I'm huuuge...!" The sub suddenly wailed, "I can't even... untie... my boots...!" Bucky jumped a little in surprise.

"Hey, it's okay!" He smiled softly, "It's my job to help you, right?" He said, kneeling down to undo the other boot; Tony pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes.

"But you're leaving..." Bucky frowned.

"I'll be back before you know it.""A month, Bucky," Tony shook his head, "Yeah... before I know it. Okay." The sub took a deep breath, pressing his hands to his chest, "They make it hard to breathe. Bruce says they're squishing my organs up into my rib cage, and it's pushing on my lungs."

"Does it hurt?" The alpha asked.

"Not uh... not really, just hard to get breath, and it's only going to get worse." Bucky nodded.

"Okay, well, you better take it easy while I'm gone," he kissed him.

"That's all I do." Tony mumbled, leaning against the wall, to kick the loosened boot off his foot. "The... Bucky, the lawyers are sure they can't change the contract?" He sighed softly, and nodded his head.

"I'm not real smart though... if anyone can find a way past the lawyers and rules, it's you, Tony."

"I haven't yet. Jarvis is looking, too... but nothing." Tony grimaced, "Fuck."
"You'll find something," he smiled and nuzzled him. "Hungry?"

"Always." Tony muttered, touching his stomach, "Five years... they'll have found a way to keep me out by then."

"We'll dig," he said, smiling. "Cmon, I'll make you anything you want."

"I want cheesecake." Tony grumbled, shuffling after him, "Clint wasn't even this big at nine months."

"I'll see if we have any," he chuckled, and helped Tony to a chair.

"We don't." Tony groaned, leaning his head back, "I didn't know I wanted it." The soldier hummed,

"Jarvis? Is cheesecake hard to make?" He asked.

"Yes, sir. However, we have all required ingredients, if sir is willing to sacrifice his s'mores." Tony chuckled, it was always funny to hear Jarvis say s'more, is came out Suhmore. Bucky grinned.

"Do you want me to make cheesecake?" Bucky asked him.

"Yes," Tony huffed out, shifting to get comfortable, "but do it by me..."

"Okay," he hummed, and moved the ingredients over to the table. Tony watched him curiously as Jarvis detailed exactly how to make cheesecake. When the batter was made, Bucky took a fingerful of the goo and slid it on Tony's nose. The omega whined, trying to wipe it off.

"It has raw eggs in it, I can't eat it." Tony looked at the fingerfuls of goop longingly. Bucky smirked and helped him get it off.

"I could get the flour out again."

"Oh, ha ha." But Tony was smiling, leaning up to kiss him, heaving his heavy body out of his chair. Bucky smiled brightly and kissed him back, before going back to the cheesecake and putting it in the oven for a half hour. "Bucky?" Tony half-waddled after him, holding his belly, "Am... uh... am I still attractive?" Bucky turned after putting it in the oven, and he gave him a look.

"Tony, you are incredibly sexy," he said, grabbing his omega's hips. "Carrying my babies, being such a good omega... I love you." The sub leaned into him.

"Promise?" He whispered, a little petulantly, "I don't feel sexy."

"You are," he smiled, "I promise, you are very sexy," he kissed him softly.

"But I'm a whale." The sub whined, nudging his face against Bucky's chin afterward, nuzzling his chin and neck like a happy cat. Bucky nuzzled him back.

"You're pregnant with twins. You're not a whale."

"I am..." Tony whimpered, leaning his head into Bucky's hands to be petted, "I'm a whale... and I'm gonna be beached on the couch in a week." The dom couldn't hold back his small laughs.

"And you will still be sexy on that couch."

"No..." Tony's voice squeaked in his indignant whine, and he rubbed against Bucky.
"Don’t argue with me," Bucky smiled, his chest rumbling; the sub went silent, eyes sliding closed.

"Yes, sir..." He hummed, scent happy, content, needy, as he slipped into his first sub drop in months.

"That's my boy," he smiled and led Tony over to the chairs so they could just cuddle for a little bit. The sub followed easily, and obediently, content to do whatever Bucky asked him to. When he tripped climbing onto his dom's lap, he flinched softly, but there was no scolding, so he must not have done anything wrong. He tucked himself under Bucky's chin.

"Mmm." Bucky smiled and wrapped his arms around Tony, nuzzling him happily.

"I love you, and our babies." Tony curled tighter, he wanted Bucky's cock, but it was a small want, niggling in his belly, and he could wait for it. The need to be held, and stroked, and loved was more important. "You smell really nice," he said, smiling happily. "A nice pregnant smell." The sub yawned happily, so out of it all he wanted was Bucky to be pleased. He tilted his head back, arched his throat in submission, everything felt soft, fuzzy around the edges. Bucky hummed happily and rubbed his nose against Tony's expansive column of skin. The omega went limp against him, pliant and obedient, sleepy and content. It was only a few moments later that Bucky was fast asleep with Tony on top of him; the sub half-purred tiredly, nuzzling his dom's neck and chest.

When the oven timer went off, Bucky slipped himself out from under Tony; the pregnant brunette whined in protest, left curled up in the chair, his hair tousled, and eyes sleepy.

"I'll be right back," he said, kissing Tony's forehead and going to the kitchen. Tony rested his chin on the back of the armchair, his eyes open wide and hazy with the drop. He was putting off 'cuddle me' as efficiently as if he had a big flashing sign above his head. Bucky put the dish on top of the oven to cool, before turning off the oven and going back to Tony, squirming back under him and cuddling him happily.

"Mm." Tony shuffled contentedly in his lap, and tucked his head beneath Bucky's jaw again, nibbling at his skin affectionately. Bucky chuckled a little, before just relaxing again. The sub settled his legs on either side of Bucky's, facing him, and started grooming the dom's collarbone, scenting him, and relaxing, his belly a firm presence between them, the twins only giving the occasional kick. Bucky smirk only grew everytime he felt the kicks, and he kissed Tony's cheek, licking at his throat. The omega dropped his head back, contentment an audible rumble in his chest, "love you."

"I love you too," he hummed, and kissed the spot he had been licking. Tony whined, shifting his hips, and holding onto Bucky's shoulders, pleasure filling his scent as Bucky groomed his throat, then moved up his chin to his mouth. Bucky slipped his tongue in Tony's mouth, moaning softly as he rubbed his hands down his thighs; the probing touch of Bucky's tongue against his had the sub trying to press closer, eyes half lidded, groaning, wanting, and slick leaked from his healed and tightened entrance, staining his elastic waisted jeans. Bucky groaned loudly, and started to roll his hips, "Pants... off... now." Tony struggled to obey, his belly getting in the way, as he managed to wiggle them down, kicking them off.

"Yes... yes, sir..."

"Good boy," he smiled and wiggled his own pants off, "Wanna get on your hands and knees on the couch?" Tony's happy scent faltered, he'd thought they were alright how they were. But the drop
swallowed his confusion, and he climbed onto the couch, thighs trembling; he tucked a pillow under himself, instinct to protect his children. "Are you okay?" He asked, not understanding the small shift in scent.

"Yes, sir," Tony arched his back, or tried to, his belly heavy beneath him, as he tried to entice his alpha closer. Bucky smiled and lapped at his hole, spreading Tony's cheeks apart. "Ah...!" Tony whined, rubbing his face against the pillow. The dom nipped at his rim, and pressed two fingers in, stretching him open. The sub bucked back against his hand, his cock hardening fully, rubbing between his belly and the pillow.

"I can't wait to be inside of you," he hummed, lapping around his fingers.

"Pleasepleasepleaseplease...!" Tony arched, crying out for him, even his scent begged. Bucky couldn't resist it, he moaned and plunged his cock in, groaning loudly, and the omega bit his pillow, feeling his muscles part over Bucky's cock, every inch working him open, and it felt glorious.

"Ooh," he gritted his teeth, and pressed all the way in. "Fuck, Tony," he moaned and rocked his hips faster.

"Please... Bucky... please... sir...!" He arched his back, but he couldn't move well, with the pillow, and the edge of the couch giving way under his knee. The alpha felt his knot start to form, hitting against his rim. He was so glad Tony was tight again, god bless omega healing factors. The sub groaned as the swell of flesh nudged his rim, pressing against him, and into him. Bucky let out a thick stream of cum, panting as he reached around and stroked Tony's cock, and then the knot swelled that last inch, just as his dom's metal fingers stroked him down to the root, and he cried out, hole spasming around the cock inside of him, as he came.

"Tony..." he hummed and kissed his spine as more of his cum spurted out.

"Bucky..." Tony whispered, clenching on him. Don't go... He pressed the emotions down, he wouldn't make Bucky feel more guilty than he already did.

"Hmm?" He asked, rubbing his mate's hips.

"Love you." Tony breathed out only when he knew his scent would be clear and happy, "Can... when your knot goes down, can I have cheesecake?"

"Only if you want warm cheesecake," he said. "It has to go in the fridge after it gets to room temperature." Tony swallowed.

"The fridge?" Bucky would be leaving in less than two hours, a driver was coming to take him and Steve to the Quinjet, and set them loose again, and then another would take the rest of the team back to the tower, so Clint could be comfortable for his heat.

"Yeah..." he sighed. He knew he wasn't going to get a piece of the cheesecake.

"Okay." Tony whined when Bucky slowly pulled his softening cock free, and stayed where he was, "That was the weirdest drop I have ever experienced."

"How so?" He asked, helping him off of his belly.

"It felt... so nice. Like... like floating, just having you hold me. And I wanted sex, but it wasn't an immediate need." Tony frowned, "I've never had that happen before."
"Maybe it's the pregnancy?" He asked.

"It's... have you dropped me since I've been pregnant?" Tony asked, cocking his head and leaning against the back of the couch.

"Maybe in the beginning? Not recently though," he said.

"No, I don't think you have... maybe... I don't remember. So it's possible." Tony stifled a yawn. Bucky helped Tony get onto his side, and he stuffed the pillow underneath his belly.

"Comfy?"

"I don't want to sleep." Tony mumbled, but he was too tired to sit back up.

"I'll wake you up before I go," Bucky said, "I promise."

"I don't wanna." Tony groaned, struggling to keep his eyes open.

"Okay," he said, petting him softly.

"Not... gonna... slee..." Tony's last word trailed off into nothing, breathing evening out, if a little shallow. Bucky smiled, and decided to get a few hours sleep as well, his phone had an alarm on it.

Tony jerked awake, panting, his hand on his chest, nails digging into the skin, he had no pants on, and Bucky wasn't... His chest heaved, and he swept the room with his gaze, and only relaxed when he saw Bucky in the chair, pants back on, leaned back. "Fuck." He whispered, scenting Bruce in the kitchen, he forced his breathing to slow. Bruce walked out into the living room and smiled at Tony.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. I'm fine, just, little short breathed." Tony hummed softly, "God, I wish I could still do my workout." The beta nodded,

"I was wondering if I could take a blood test?" He asked, it had been awhile, and it was a good idea to keep Tony's blood under observation, with the serum running through his uterus.

"A... yeah, sure." Tony shifted, watching Bruce pull his kit out of the baggage by the door; the omega held his arm out obediently, eyes locked on Bucky, "I don't want him to go, you know? But..." Bruce nodded as he inserted the needle,

"I think Bucky will be different in a good way when he comes back."

"Do you?" Tony hid a wince, "How much bigger am I going to get, Bruce?" He attempted to change the subject, clenching his hand when the beta nudged his fingers. He removed the needle after he had enough blood.

"Oh, I'm afraid you're in for a trip," he patted his arm.

"A trip." Tony sighed, rubbing his belly, "I was beautiful... I had a great stomach, like abs, and..."

"You are beautiful, Tony, and if you breastfeed, the belly will go away in no time," he smiled. "You're glowing."
"Why would I do anything but breastfeed? I've been locked out of my company for the next five years." Tony grunted, "I'm not glowing, I'm... beached on the couch, just like I said I would be. What time is it?"

"Bucky was planning to leave an hour ago," he said, a bright white light beaming from the sleeping dom's jacket pocket; Tony hobbled over to the chair, leaning over him.

"Bucky... baby?" He nudged him, stroked his face, and kept his head lower than the dom's, "Buck... you're late..." Bucky hummed, and leaned into the hand.

"Ugh. What?" He asked, stretching his back.

"You're late. It's... it's seven." Tony whispered hesitantly.

"But my phone..." he took it out and groaned. He had forgotten to take it off of silent mode. Bucky stood up, and kissed Tony lovingly, "I'll be back in a month." Tony clenched his eyes shut.

"That's... that's your goodbye?" He grabbed Bucky's arm, "Wait... wait you said you had another punishment for me!" He was grasping at straws, but it gave the dom pause, and Bucky nodded.

"It's in here," he took Tony's hand, and led him down the hall to the bedroom; Tony's breath stuttered, he hadn't thought that would work.

"Jarvis, tell the driver just... a little longer, and... if the others want to put their stuff in the other car..." He closed the door behind himself, and nuzzled Bucky a little desperately. Bucky hummed and kissed him hard.

"I want to fuck you before your punishment," he groaned, Tony whined, parting his lips for Bucky's tongue.

"Please, yes, fuck." "Yes," The dom groaned and undressed his mate, helping him on his hands and knees before sliding his cock in his still stretched passage from earlier; the sub groaned, knees rubbing on the hardwood floor, hand reaching for the bed to grab a pillow. Bucky helped him get the pillow, and then he continued fucking him, "Aah, you feel so good."

"Mmn...!" Tony arched in response, and Bucky's hips kept hitting the barely healing bruises and the one lash that had broken skin.

"Fuck, gonna knot you so hard," he moaned, his knot catching on his rim; Tony pushed back against him.

"Y-yes, yes, fuck, Bucky!" It was almost enough to make him forget Bucky was leaving.

"Aah!" He pressed against his prostate and moaned as his hot cum filled his sub, his knot rubbing on Tony's insides.

"B-bucky!" Tony choked out, nearly writhing beneath him, his cock was dripping, achingly hard.

"C'mon baby, come for me," he hummed in his ear, rocking his hips; the sub cried out, hips jerking, and his cock twitched without a touch, spurting over the floor.

"Oh... oh fuck...!"

"Ah, good boy," he smiled and licked Tony's sweat off his back, while the pregnant man shivered
beneath him, breathing harshly, and gripping his pillow. When his knot was gone, Bucky pulled out gently and went to get the punishment; the sub slowly sat back on his legs, rubbing his belly, and licking his lips as Bucky opened a drawer and dug around. "Open your legs wide," he hummed, and kneeled in front of him, the cage in his hand; Tony stared at it,

"What?" He kept his legs firmly shut, "A cock cage?"

"Yes," he said, growling softly. "Open your legs," he said with more command in his voice. Tony's knees shifted on the floor, but not far.

"But..." The omega whispered.

"I don't want anyone touching you while I'm gone," he said, forcing the sub's knees a little wider. "Not Pepper... No one. And I want you to wear a collar while I'm gone. If I see a single mark on you caused by another alpha... or omega, so help me," he growled; Tony sucked in a shuddering breath, tilting his head back to expose his throat. He was nearing the hardest time in his pregnancy, if Clint was any indication. He shivered as Bucky settled the two halves of the metal device over his soft cock, the bottom half looping around his balls, and then his dom locked the pieces together. Tony's shaft was sheathed in a thin layer of metal, impossible to get hard, or cum, and forbidden from letting anyone touch him. Bucky smiled and kissed the head softly before standing up. "That doesn't hurt, does it?" Tony shook his head.

"No, sir." he whispered, trying to keep his voice steady as Bucky patted his ass to get him to lean forward, and slid one of the plugs shaped like his dom's cock inside. His hole clenched around it, and he shuddered, "...a month, sir?" He swallowed, mouth and throat dry. A month without masturbation or assistance. Bucky rubbed his head softly.

"I want that plug to stay in, but you can take it out to go to the bathroom, just make sure you put it back after you're clean," he hummed, as Tony's shoulders shook.

"Yes, sir." He whispered, I don't want anyone touching you his mind replayed Bucky's words, over and over, and he waited for the order to stand up. Bucky helped him get redressed, and then he picked out a simple collar with a tag that simply had his initials, and he put it around Tony's throat. The sub's heart was pounding in his chest, as his dom picked up his suitcase, and moved for the door, Tony followed him, walking awkwardly; the metal was cold still, a sting of iciness against his cock and thighs, he wished Bucky wouldn't go.

"Take..." His voice broke, and he swallowed convulsively, "Take a piece of cheesecake with you?" Bucky bit his lip, looking at the warm cake. It would taste better cold, but it wouldn't taste horrible the way it was now. He smiled softly, and cut two slices, one for him and one for Steve.

"Enjoy the cheesecake, I'll be back in a month," he smiled and kissed him hard, and Tony clung to him, pressing his lips against Bucky's, and fighting tears, and then Bucky was gone; Tony was left standing alone next to a warm cheesecake, shivering from the touch of cold metal. The collar was tight around his throat, but not unbearably so; packing the cheesecake up, Tony fought the absurd urge to throw it into the garbage.

"Bruce?" He called, voice shaky. The beta rubbed Tony's arm,

"Are you okay?" He asked, taking the cheesecake before Tony decided to throw it across the room. The sub jerked away from him, shaking.

"Don't touch-!" He cried, backing into the counter, his chest heaving. Bruce frowned.
"I'm sorry... Are you hurt?" He asked, extremely concerned, but Tony shook his head, hugging himself.

"Bucky said... Bucky said... no one touches..."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, putting his hands down at his sides; the omega shuddered hard.

"For a month... no... touching..." He whispered, and the panic in his eyes was clear. Before Bucky, Tony hadn't accepted a lot of physical contact, especially from Alphas and Betas. It made him uncomfortable, and the scent markings they automatically tried to leave behind were... annoying, to say the least. Now he was pack bonded, and they brushed each other unconsciously all the time. When Bruce cooked dinner, packmates often patted his shoulder, or just leaned against him to see what he was doing. Often times, the others would drop by the lab, and ruffle Tony's hair, Bruce did prenatal exams, and the thought of losing that physical aspect of his pack was daunting. "No prenatal, no... no..."

"Tony... I'm sure he didn't mean simple touches. He just doesn't want anyone touching your... bits and your throat." Tony shook his head hard.

"NO! He said 'I don't want ANYONE to touch you!'" The submissive shuddered, "Please... I have to obey, I have to..."

"Okay... But for your pups' health, I think we should do the prenatal... And I will try my hardest not to touch you." Tony swallowed thickly.

"I don't know..." He whispered, hunching his shoulders and tugging at his collar.

"It's for your pups... Just think about it," Bruce smiled softly.

"It's not up to me." Tony whispered, "M-maybe with rubber gloves?" But it felt wrong, like cheating had, it felt wrong.

"If that's what you'd rather do," Bruce agreed softly, but Tony shook his head hard.

"He was specific. No one." He stepped away, "I... I don't th-think Charlie counts."

"At least you can hold her," he smiled.

"I... yeah... I have to, Clint's heat is coming up." Tony swallowed, steeling himself, "Did everyone else pack up the car?" He bent to lift his bags.

"Yes," The beta said, grabbing his last bag off of the table.

"I'll take the front seat." Tony whispered, carrying his belongings out, Bruce behind him with the cheesecake in its box.

Tony shuffled around his floor, making sure that the baby proofing was still in place, any minute now Clint would be bringing Charlotte up. Any minute now. He checked his list of Disney movies, moved her favorite books around on the table, and moved the basket of toys three times. But nothing. Clint's heat must be running a little late, that was fine, he'd make food, or... six hours later, Tony sat listlessly on the couch, the mac and cheese he'd made so carefully was congealed and cold. "Jarvis... is... is Clint in heat?"
"Yes sir," Jarvis replied, he had been afraid this would happen, and his observations told him that Bruce was having a really hard time with Charlotte. She didn't listen to him, and she did a lot of crying. Tony's shoulders shook.

"Oh." He whispered, "Bruce... and Thor..." He picked up the mac and cheese, and threw the whole bowl in the trash, "...that's... that's fine, right... that's... Clint's a big boy, he can pick who watches his daughter. I'll just get some lab work done." He stepped into the elevator, and chewed his lip; getting off in the workshop was hard, he stepped into the big empty space, and closed his eyes as the bots all rolled over to him, nudging him, gently.

Several hours later, Jarvis informed Tony that Bruce was at his door, asking permission to enter.

"Sure, Jay, let him in." Tony muttered, twisting the hologram of the library he'd never build. Charlotte burst into the room, running for Tony, crying loudly. The omega caught her without a second of hesitation.

"Hey, hey, calm down, what's wrong?" He whispered, petting her hair, "Shh, shh, don't cry, shh." He rocked her softly. Bruce walked in moments later.

"She just really wanted you. Nothing I could do could keep her happy and stop the crying," he sighed as she started to calm down,

"Were you being mean to Uncle Bruce?" Tony bounced her softly, "That's not very nice, he's doing something really kind for your mama, see. Your mama needs Uncle Bruce to watch you while he goes through the same thing as last month, remember? We played a lot, and you threw fits?"

"No I want Ony!" She said, clinging to his shirt, staring at him with water filled eyes; Tony swallowed thickly.

"I... honey, your mama wants you to stay with Bruce, so you have to be nice to him, okay?" He carried her over to her little space in his lab, and picked up a brush, running it through her curls gently. "It's not Bruce's fault." She rested her face on his shoulder, letting him brush her hair. Bruce smiled softly.

"I'll explain to Clint why you watched her instead of me. It's okay." Tony tensed.

"Bruce, that's not a good... Clint asked you to watch her, not me..." But his hands kept moving, gently smoothing the tangles from her hair, and then awkwardly braiding the short curls into two tiny braids, so it would stay that way.

"She only cries for me," he shook his head, smiling at how happy she looked.

"Bruce... I don't..." Tony swallowed, "Go up to my floor with us? I... have it all set up for... and if you're there, uh... we can just say you watched her..." Charlotte was singing under her breathe, yawning, "She's about to conk out for a nap."

"I have work I wanted to get done anyway, Tony," he said. "Please? I'll explain to Clint why you're watching her." Tony swallowed.

"But..." He bounced Charlie softly, "...please... I don't want Clint mad at me..."

"It would be pointless for both of you if I hang around," The beta muttered, and the sub shivered, but Charlotte was sound asleep, dead weight on his shoulder.
"Fuck. Fine, go." He carried Charlie into the elevator, "What am I getting myself into?" He couldn't even bend over and breathe simultaneously. When Charlie woke up from her nap, two hours later, nestled on Tony's couch in blankets, she sat up and looked around.

"Ony?"

"Right here, baby girl." The pregnant sub groaned, heaving himself out of his chair, "You hungry?" She smiled and nodded, holding her arms up to be carried; Tony braced himself, bending his knees, and lifting her into his arms. "Alrighty," he huffed, settling her against his belly, "You want cereal?"

"Magic!" She smiled, bouncing against him. Tony frowned.

"Uh... magic..." He opened his cupboard, digging through the boxes, until he found one, "...this one?" She smiled and reached for the box, hugging it awkwardly, "Oh good." Tony settled her in a chair, getting a bowl and a little spoon, and the milk. "Can I see that?" She let go of the box, staring at it carefully, gripping her little spoon; Tony poured a little in the bowl, then added milk, scooting it over to her. "Tadaa!"

"T'ank you!" She replied politely, giggling as she watched the colors turn from white to chocolate. Tony settled in a chair, holding his belly so it wouldn't press to the table. She hummed as she ate. "When mommy come back?"

"Four days. Can you count to four?" Tony held up his fingers, "One, two, three, four." He showed her, "And then your mama will come back." He rubbed his belly, sighing, "Is your cereal good?"

She held up four fingers, and went back to her cereal.

"Mmhm!" She said, making a small mess as milk slid off her spoon every other bite; Tony leaned and tucked a napkin into her shirt.

"You want to take a bath after this?" He asked softly, relaxed and calm for the first time since bucky had left.

"My ponies," she said, nodding, and finishing her food, even drinking most of the milk.

"Your..." Tony frowned, "Are they in your room?" He didn't have ponies. Maybe he should get her a real pony? No, stop that. A voice that sounded suspiciously like Clint's admonished him in his head.

After five days, the pregnant sub was exhausted, already nearly twice as big as Clint had been, he was sound asleep, his head and arm resting on the edge of the tub where Charlie was playing in about three inches of water with her ponies. Clint knocked on the door, and growled at what he saw.

"Charlie, are you okay?" He asked, lifting her out and drying her off.

"Mama!" She exclaimed, "Unca Ony seepy!" The sleeping sub had bubbles in his hair, and shadows beneath his closed eyes. He looked miserable, even asleep. Clint frowned, really pissed off, but he felt really bad too.

"I missed you baby girl," he said, kissing her cheek. "Can you put your clothes on and I'll wake up uncle Tony?" She ran naked into the living room, hugging her clothes to her chest and squealing. He smiled and then turned back to Tony, shaking his shoulder. The sub jerked awake, panic filling
his scent.

"Charlotte!" He tried to push to his feet, whimpering, then realized Clint was touching him, and flinched, scooting back. "Don't... don't touch... Bucky said no touching." He whispered, eyes tracking Charlie's running. Clint growled.

"Go get some sleep, I'm taking her back to our floor," he said; Tony's shoulders slumped.

"Okay..." He whispered, eyes filling with tears, "...I'm s-sorry... Bruce said he couldn't handle... and he brought her to me..." A hiccup broke through his words, and the tears slipped free, "...sorry..." He waddled past Clint, leaning on the wall for support, and climbed into his bed, hugging a pillow. Clint sighed and scooped up Charlotte and the rest of her clothes, walking out.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget to comment.
I'm Saying Goodbye

Chapter Summary

Thank you to Spiffy as per usual, for being an awesome co-author, and to our wondrous Beta, randomwriter90.

Warnings: Non consent (For a prenatal), bond shock, misunderstandings, abandonment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony didn't leave his floor for the next three weeks, just stayed, curled on the couch with Disney movies playing on loop, eating whatever Bruce brought him. The whole floor smelled of bond shock and need, and it set the beta on edge enough that he started sending Thor to feed the O. But Thor handled it no better, his instincts telling him they needed to cuddle the omega, and reaffirm their pack bond. Bruce, taking pity on his very sad alpha, walked in with a plate of spaghetti.

"Tony... I'd really like to do that prenatal exam now. You should've had one weeks ago."

"No." Tony whispered, the acrid scent of bond shock wafting off of him, "Bucky said not..." He waited for Bruce to set the plate down, swallowing.

"I promise I won't touch you... I just want to put the machines on you. See if I can check on them. Please?" Tony slowly pulled his shirt up, shaking and tensing, sweat breaking out on his skin.

"Ow..." he groaned, holding his belly, then slowly relaxing when the sharp pain went away.

"Ow?" Bruce asked, staring at his belly. "Tony, describe to me what you just felt. Was it a hard kick?"

"No... it... like... like a cramp?" Tony panted, "It... my whole stomach."

"Okay," he sighed, "might just be a Braxton hicks. Please tell me if you have more," he said, opening his kit; Tony nodded slowly.

"Don't... don't touch..." Tony shivered under his hands, "Please."

"I won't," he said, putting the stethoscope in his ears, and pressing the other end against Tony's belly; twin hearts beating fiercely within the sub, and then Tony whimpered.

"Ow... again... it's... ow..."

"Wow, that was... pretty close together," he frowned, "If you feel one more, you're going to have to take off your pants." Tony shuddered.

"No! No I...!" He pulled away, tensing up, "...it's nothing... it's..."

"It could be early labor! We don't know, Tony!" Tony trembled.
"No... no... Bucky's not here! I can't be-!" He shuddered, and gripped his belly, "Oh... oh fuck... fuck ow...!" He climbed off the couch, waddling painfully back and forth. "I'm only... seven and a half months... it can't be...!" He gripped his belly, hunching over.

"Tony!" The beta shouted, getting his attention, "Listen to me, this could be fake contractions, or real ones, but in order to find out you need to calm down!" He said. "Now, get comfy on the couch," Tony dropped on the couch, shaking.

"Please..." He whispered, "Bucky said no...!"

"I won't touch you unless it's for the well being of your children," he said firmly. "Now, get on the couch and take off your pants!" Tony took them off with shaking hands, kicking them to the floor.

"Please... please please..." Bruce stared at the cage, and he could see the plug, peeking out from between Tony’s cheeks. The beta shook his head.

"Okay Tony, lay down and take the plug out." The sub shook his head hard.

"You have to! You could seriously hurt your pups!" He growled. "Do it or I will!!" Tony could barely reach it, tears streamed down his face as he tugged at the base, struggling with it.

"Bucky... need Bucky...!" Once it was out a little bit, Bruce grabbed it and pulled it out the rest of the way, while Tony whined, pressing his hands over his face. "P-p-please...! He said not to! He said no!"

"Tony you might be in labor! Calm down!" He growled, staring at his hole, trying to figure this out; Tony sobbed, pulling a pillow against his chest.

"I'm s-sorry..." he gasped out, as the elevator doors slid open, "...please..."

"Fuck, Tony what the hell?!" Bucky growled, staring at him. "Why are you in bond shock!?!" Bruce whimpered, and Bucky's hands fluttered.

"Bucky, he's either having Braxton Hicks, or he's in labor, and he won't let anyone touch him since you left except Charlie! I need to check if he's dilated!" Bucky dropped his bags and went to Tony's side, grabbing the omega's hands and kissing him hard.

"Calm down!" Tony choked, gasping, Bucky's touch and scent like water in the desert.

"Oh... Bucky...!" He whined, kissing back desperately, longingly, as Bruce nudged his finger into the sub's entrance. Relief scent mingled through the two lower designations.

"Braxton Hicks. He's having false labor... probably sparked by the bond shock." Bruce pulled his finger free, cleaning it off, "We need to get the pack up here, reaffirm bonds, he's stressing himself into this." Bucky just gave Bruce a thumbs up, his mouth too busy kissing the hell out of his mate to speak. The omega tried to lift himself, gripping Bucky's shoulders, clinging to him. Bruce sighed, "I'll go get everyone, okay?" Tony trembled against his dom's chest.

"I was good... I was a good boy... I was...!"

"I know you were," Bucky smiled, and kissed him again, "My good boy, I love you so much." The sub couldn't stop crying.
"No one... no touching... touched Charlotte... Clint hates me...!" He curled his legs up as another false contraction rippled through his belly. Bucky rubbed his hand over Tony's belly and nuzzled him.

"Why does Clint hate you?" He asked.

"I don't know... hurts, Bucky... hurts... no touching... need...!" Tony babbled, he couldn't think.

"Relax," He ordered, and nuzzled him. "We have to get you out of bond shock first." The sub whined,

"Bond shock... but... it's my p...punishment..." He gasped out, as the pack piled hesitantly into their living room.

"No, your punishment was just to wear the cock cage... I didn't mean for this," he whined softly. "We're a pack, this shouldn't have happened." Tony stared at him.

"But you said... no touching... you said...!" Panic filled his scent, his month of agony, had it been pointless? Thor knelt beside the couch.

"Please, Brother Barnes, allow me to help? Please, I cannot bear his pain any longer!" The demigod begged, Bruce nodded slowly.

"Please," Bucky nodded, and he kissed Tony's cheek. "I didn't want them to touch you where you belong only to me, I never wanted to hurt any of you," he said sadly. Tony rubbed his hands into his eyes, and then Thor and Bruce slid their hands over his skin, kissing the insides of his elbows. But Clint stayed near the elevator with Charlie, who was reaching for Tony.

"Clint... he's in false labor and bond shock, please, what are you waiting for?" Bruce whispered, they'd lost Pepper and Natasha, he didn't want to lose Clint, too. Clint bit his lip, and stared at Tony, gripping his daughter securely.

"I..." he sighed, feeling ashamed that he wasn't helping. Tony shuddered, and Bruce stared.

"Clint... really...? You don't want to... why?"

"Because I'm pissed off and mad at him!" He said, getting upset. He knew he should get over it, and he almost was over it until Tony endangered his daughter. Tony stared up at him with agonized eyes.

"Why?" He whispered, tears sliding down his cheeks. Bruce growled,

"I brought her to him, Clint! I knew it was too much, and I brought her to him!"

"And he fell asleep with her while she was in the tub! What if she drowned!? Or something had happened!?" He shouted back, tears sliding down his cheeks as well. "Fuck, I can't lose her! I-I can't lose anyone else...!" Tony flinched.

"Jarvis was... he would've woken me up... I didn't mean to... I didn't mean to..."

"Sir... there were less than three inches of water in the tub, Master Stark was asleep for thirty two seconds."

"Does it matter!? Thirty seconds, thirty minutes... he wasn't watching her!" He said, wishing Steve was there. He was just trying to keep his daughter safe! Tony curled his body up, horrified.
"I... I don't deserve to... be part of the pack...!" He cried, shaking, "I-!"

"Sir, I was watching her!" Jarvis burst out, the loudest they'd ever heard him, "Sir stayed awake with her, when she had nightmares, and he took care of her, he had barely slept, and he did it for you! Dr. Banner could not handle her, and Master Stark has done all he can to keep her safe! But sir is pregnant with twins, suffering bond shock, and going through false labor! Data I've gathered indicates that YOU, Mr. Barton, should know how he feels!" The pack was silent, Jarvis had never done that before. Clint was on his knees, shaking under the loudness of Jarvis' voice.

"Fine... fine," he said, crawling forward and clinging to Tony's leg, letting Charlotte go to do what she wanted. He whimpered and cried, and he couldn't wait to leave. Tony's guilt burned their noses, and Bruce couldn't understand what had happened. He stroked Tony's belly, his sides, but the omega was trembling in Bucky's arms, fighting the bonding. Bucky growled softly at Tony.

"Don't fight this," he said, kissing him. "You could hurt the pups if you don't relax."

"I was bad... I was bad... I was so tired... and... I asked Jarvis for h-help... but no one came...!" Tony sobbed, "I tried..." Clint sniffed and stayed quiet, not moving from where he was against Tony's leg.

"I know you did, baby," Bucky kissed him and rubbed his arm.

"bad... I was bad... bad..." Tony's voice rasped, but he couldn't push the bond down any longer, and he felt the threads of his pack tighten, thickening into steel cables, bonds to keep him connected. His eyes rolled back, and he slipped out of consciousness, as Charlie climbed into his lap. Clint pulled her off his lap since Tony was still very much naked, and he stood up, prepared to leave. Bruce and Thor looked at him, and Thor stood.

"I do not see the point in hurting Brother Anthony over something he could not control, Brother Clint." He said as quietly as he could, "As if anyone would have blamed you for the same."

"Yeah... right. I've given up everything for her... and I've fixed the bond between the pack," he said. "I need to be alone right now so... yeah. See ya later," he said, getting into the elevator and leaving. He had given up everything for her. "Jarvis, lock my room down. Don't let anyone in."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis's voice was sad. Thor frowned.

"I do not understand." He turned to Bruce and Bucky for answers, eyes softening at the sight of Tony obviously exhausted, breathing with his nose pressed to Bucky's chest. Bucky shrugged.

"I don't know either," he said, he had too much to think about with Tony.

Hours later, Tony squirmed against them, shivering, and whimpering, "Bucky..." he shuddered,

"...he can't have much longer... he's at thirty weeks... a month at best, before he goes into labor." Bruce mumbled, Bucky nodded,

"I've completed my mission... as far as I know, Hydra is dead," he hummed, and nuzzled Tony's head. "And I'll stick to my promise. If they somehow come back, I'll leave it to SHIELD to go after them." Bruce nodded slowly, letting Thor hold him, both their hands resting on Tony's skin. The sub whimpered, arching a little, and they stroked and petted, trying to help soothe him. Bucky kept his arms around Tony, hugging him securely. "I love you," he whispered.
"Buck..." Tony breathed, relaxing, as the elevator doors opened.

"I'm so sorry, Clint didn't tell me, and Jarvis just asked why I wasn't-" Steve's shoulders slumped, "poor thing..." Bucky nodded, and brought Steve closer.

"Help me with his bond," he said. Steve had no hesitation. He wedged himself between Tony and the arm of the couch, and tucked his face close, breathing his reassuring scent onto Tony's skin.

"How did it get so bad?"

"He didn't let anyone touch him for three weeks," he said.

"Three weeks? Why?" Steve slid his hand under Tony to massage his back, "We'll pamper him, massages, food, treats... you can take a good bath with him, and he'll... he'll be alright." His voice sounded sure, and it helped Thor and Bruce focus on keeping Tony content. Bucky nodded.

"It's my fault... I told him I didn't want anyone to touch him... I meant his privates!" he grumbled.

"He just misunderstood. It's not anyone's fault. Does... anyone know why Clint's spitting fire at me?" Steve frowned, "I missed him, so much, and he... wasn't happy to see me." Bucky scrunched his eyebrows together.

"He was acting really weird up here. It took Jarvis yelling at him to reinstate the bond with Tony. He was really mad," he shrugged.

"He... wouldn't bond with Tony? But they're best friends..." Steve breathed out, trying to stay calm as Tony started to whimper between them, pressing his hands to his belly. But he didn't wake, and Bruce gently checked him.

"Still no dilation." Bucky let out a soft sigh.

"Thank goodness," he hummed, Steve nodded in agreement.

"Too early..." he lay his head on Tony's shoulder, "...I hope they work it out, Tony and Clint need each other, especially with Nat gone." Bruce nodded.

"It was my fault... but Clint was already angry at Tony. He asked me to watch Char instead of him, but she wanted Tony." The beta slumped, "I brought her to Tony, and I didn't help him with her... he was too tired by the last day, and fell asleep while Jarvis watched her in the bath."

"I don't blame you, Bruce," Bucky shook his head, "Clint shouldn't have reacted like he did."

"And I should've stayed to help Tony. Seven months pregnant with twins? That was too much to ask of him... but she wouldn't stop crying." Bucky shrugged.

"It's in the past now." The alpha's words brooked no argument; Bruce nodded slowly and Steve murmured softly in agreement, but Thor, like Tony, was sound asleep. The stress of Tony's bond shock had taken its toll on the demi-god alpha. Bucky smiled, resting his hand in the blonde god's locks. Tony slept deeply, surrounded by his pack, until nearly six am, when he started to dream. Terrifying dreams, of Charlie disappearing under a river of water, and Clint leaving, and no one helping, and he couldn't get to her, he was too tired, and starting to slip under himself-! Tony jerked awake, eyes huge, fear souring his scent.

"Tony?" Bucky gripped his arm, "You okay?" He nuzzled him, he was awoken by his mate's distress.
"Charlie- she was drowning she was-!" Tony gasped, choking on his breath.

"Charlie's okay," he said, hugging him tightly. "Just a bad dream."

"Oh..." Tony slumped against him, "...m'hungry..." He rasped, voice wrecked, and realized that Bruce was gone from by his feet, "...where's... Bruce and Clint...?" He mumbled, even as Steve stroked his hair.

"I don't know," he yawned softly; he had already removed the cock cage. "C'mon, let's get you in some loose pants." Tony clutched at him for support.

"Pants... yeah..." He shuddered, glancing at the plug, he was sore and tired.

"C'mon," The alpha repeated, leading him over to the dresser, where he helped him step into some pants. The sub stumbled, his belly was huge, and always in the way.

"I'm giant... what happened? I feel awful..."

"You went through false labor and bond shock," he said, helping him to the elevator.

"Oh." The submissive hesitated, "Clint's mad at me... I shouldn't go where he might be, I don't want to upset him."

"Jarvis, is Clint on the communal floor?" Bucky inquired, arching a brow.

"Mr. Barton is in his quarters, sir." Jarvis responded, voice deadpan, and Tony swallowed, Jarvis must have been angry, too, to speak that way.

"I want to cook you something, we should go to the kitchen," the dom stated, giving him a look.

"Yes, sir." Tony ducked his head, he didn't feel very good, everything was kind of hazy, confusing, and his stomach had a soft ache in the muscles. "Are the babies okay? I was freaking out, wasn't I? I'm sorry."

"The babies are okay," he smiled and kissed him. "I love you."

"You... I love you, too... you're not mad?" Tony flicked his eyes up, concerned, "I... fuck, I tried so hard, Bucky, and I..."

"Not really." He shook his head, "It's my fault you even went into bond shock, I should have been more clear."

"You... that wasn't what you meant. Shit." Tony rubbed a hand over his face, clarity was slow to come back. "I just... you said no touching, and... I touched Charlie, she came and... I was ready, I had it all set up, you know, but Clint thought Bruce was a better choice? Which, you know," he huffed for breath, holding his belly, "was fine, because that's up to Clint, but Bruce couldn't." The sub had to pause in his step, take a break, halfway to the kitchen, "Couldn't handle her fit throwing, and she said she wanted me. I told him Clint would be mad."

"Yeah... Clint said you fell asleep while she was in the tub, and Jarvis freaked out on him."

"I hadn't slept..." Tony picked up his pace again, clutching at the counter as the rest of the pack joined them on the common level, "I tried to call, but Bruce was busy, and Thor was with him."

"Yeah," he nodded, "I know. I don't blame you," he said simply.
"It was my fault though." Tony muttered, tensing a little when Bruce touched his shoulder, and Steve sat beside him, their thighs touching, while Thor stroked his hair so that Bucky could cook. "So... I'm the family cat now?" Bucky grinned.

"You're my pussy cat," he winked.

"Meow." Tony glowered. "My feet are swollen, Bucky. Swollen. It's your fault." He attempted, the humor stilted. Bucky chuckled.

"Yeah yeah. What do you want to eat?"

"I don't care, as long as it doesn't have spinach in it." Tony's voice trailed off as Bruce gently dug his fingers into the sore muscles of his shoulders, and started to rub the knots out. Bucky nodded, and went to make pancakes.

"Put fruit in them, Bucky, there's a bag of cut up peaches in the freezer, but he prefers banana." The beta rubbing Tony's shoulders called out, "And crack at least two eggs in the batter, he needs the protein." Tony grumbled a protest, but Steve was rubbing his lower back now, and Thor was untangling his hair, which was in need of a trim. Bucky snorted playfully and saluted Bruce.

"Yes sir," he smirked, and started doing as told; the beta blinked.

"Hmm, maybe we should just keep Tony pregnant, it's nice to be listened to." He teased the alpha softly, while the omega beneath his, and the others', hands slowly melted into a puddle of relaxation.

"I want to try two kids for now," Bucky grinned, "We'll see about more later on."

"I get some say in that..." Tony mumbled.

"You're doing so well, Tony. It must have been spending that time with Charlotte, kept enough bond to let you reaffirm quickly." Bruce hummed, rubbing a little lower, "After you eat, you should catch a bath, and then get your belly rubbed." Tony snorted at that.

"Not a cat."

"I'd feed you mice if you were a cat, not pancakes," Bucky grunted from the counter.

"The tails are itchy." Tony answered, as if that should mean something.

"What tails?" The alpha asked, laughing softly, "You've eaten mice?"

"Mm mm... no..." Tony's face twisted, "...held my roommate's pet mouse... first boarding school I went to...tickled." He yawned widely, feeling sated and comfortable, cradled in Pack bonds.

"Oh," he smirked, and shook his head, wondering why Clint wasn't up.

"Wanted one... dad said no." Tony kept his eyes open by sheer force of will, even though Steve's hands on his lower back were turning him into a limp noodle. Bruce patted Tony's shoulder.

"After you get a bath, we should watch a movie, do a proper prenatal." The beta murmured.

"Kay." Tony yawned again, and sat up straighter, groaning when Bucky set a plate of food in front of him, "Jam? Can I... can I have jam?"

"Sure," Bucky hummed and set it besides him, and went to work on everyone else's breakfast. The
omega stuffed bite after bite into his mouth, he hadn't realized how hungry he was. Steve shifted beside him.

"I'm going to go get Clint and Char for breakfast." He stepped into the elevator, impatient to be with his omega, he had missed Clint so much. "Jarvis? Clint's floor, please." The AI silently complied, and Steve practically bounced into the floor, "Clint? Baby? Bucky's making breakfast, wanna come up?" He frowned at the empty living room, and meandered over to check the equally empty kitchen, "Clint, darling? Charlotte?" He sped his steps, pushing open the bathroom, Clint's room, then the Nursery door. Nothing. "Clint...?" Steve's voice broke off, "CLINT! CHARLOTTE!" The alpha spun desperately, "JARVIS, WHERE ARE THEY!?"

"They left, Captain, an hour ago." Steve relaxed in the middle of Clint's former home.

"Did they go to the store?" He asked, smiling, he'd wait for them to get back.

"No, sir. Mr. Barton packed money and a few clothes, and vacated the tower. He left his belongings, and his cell phone." Steve's body went rigid.

"What?" He felt numb, the portrait he'd painted was still on the wall, the ponies he'd bought Charlotte. "What? No! No! Where did they go, Jarvis?!" He lurch toward the elevator.

"I do not know, sir." Jarvis responded, Steve's legs shook. He pushed into the elevator.

"Take me to the ground floor!" He rushed out of the tower, as soon as he reached it, panicking, "CLINT! CLINT, CHARLIE! COME BACK!" He searched frantically with his eyes, but gone an hour? He had no way to find them. Fifteen minutes after he realized that, he was curled up in Clint's bed, hugging Charlotte's ponies, wrapped in the blanket he'd given the sub. "Clint..." He whispered, tears sliding steadily down his cheeks. Bucky came down after Steve didn't come back, hoping he wouldn't walk in on anything important.

"Steve?" he asked, entering Clint's room, hearing snuffles coming from the bed. He walked over, "Steve?"

"He left..." Steve whispered, looking up at his dearest friend, "...Clint... he packed and he took Charlie... and he moved out while we were helping Tony..." He clutched Charlotte's ponies, "He left everything I got him and Char... he..." Bucky frowned, and moved over to the bed.

"Want me to help you look for him?" He asked. It was the least he could do after dragging Steve around the world to fight Hydra for nearly seven months.

"He doesn't want me to find him..." Steve whispered, "He didn't say goodbye... what did I do wrong, Bucky?" His heart was breaking, he could feel it, chipping and cracking in his chest. "I tried... Jarvis is... sweeping everything...but nothing..."

"I'm sorry Steve... I hope it wasn't because of Tony," he said, rubbing his friend's shoulder. Steve shuddered.

"Doesn't matter... I thought... I was... we were... I was going to adopt Charlie, I was going to have a family..." Steve's breath choked off, "I got her these ponies... she loved them... and Clint... he slept with this blanket I got him, and we..."

"Maybe there's a good reason he left," Bucky offered softly, "he loved you..."

"Don't... don't say that." Steve sat up, "I have to go to... my floor... and Tony's probably waiting for you..." He gathered up the ponies, carefully setting them up by the toy chest, in the little corral
Clint had bought to go with them. "He didn't even... maybe he left a note in my room?" He darted into the elevator, but his floor was even worse, filled with residual heat scent, and empty of all other touches of Clint. He slid to his knees in his living room, and sobbed.

Clint was wiping his tears away as he walked down the street in a thick jacket, everything he needed was in his backpack on his back, and Charlotte was in his arms, as he walked to find a cheap apartment. It was temporary... but it would do. He wasn't an Avenger anymore, and even though he would miss Steve, he was sure the alpha would move on. He sobbed, not wanting Steve to move on, but he couldn't be selfish. He had given up everything for Charlotte. If this is what it took to keep both of them safe, then that was what it took. He would go back on suppressants, and try to take pills for his heart so to counteract whatever damage that would be caused by the suppressants. He continued down the street. This wasn't the first time he'd been alone. Everyone was better off this way.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter was a few hours late, friends! Please don't forget to comment, and discuss anything that's upsetting etc. Don't hold it in, we're here to talk.
Bucky sighed and came upstairs, sitting down at the table and holding his head in his hands. Tony was curled on the mattress on the floor, trying to do some easy stretches, since he couldn't do his workout.

"Bucky?" He looked up, dark eyes curious, "What's wrong?"

"Clint's gone, along with Charlie," he muttered.

"What?" Tony's strengthening smile vanished, "What? No! No... why!?" He pulled himself to his feet. "Jarvis."

"Captain Rogers already has all cameras being swept, there is no sign of them, sir."

"He left Steve? Why would he do that? Is it my fault?" He pulled his phone out, and dialed Clint, but the sub's phone rang from the coffee table, "Oh... oh no... it is... it's my fault, isn't it?"

"I don't know why he decided to run," Bucky said, shaking his head, "but this is my pack. If anything, it's my fault, and I will gladly take that blame as alpha." Tony leaned into Bucky's arms.

"No... no, it's me... you have to find him... tell him I'll n-never bother him or Ch... her again... tell him... he can c-come home... and I'll leave him be..."

"I don't know," he said, hugging Tony tightly. "There could be hundreds of reasons why he left... if I knew how to contact him or find him..." he sighed.

"Please..." Tony whispered, "Please go find him... please... Steve loves him... he loves Steve...! Please...!" Bucky sighed.

"I will go out and look, okay?" He said, kissing him.

"Okay." Tony nuzzled him, "I'll stay here... I don't want to upset him..."

"Okay," Bucky stood up. "I'll be back soon." Tony nodded.

"I... I love you... I'm sorry." And he lay down on the couch, rubbing his eyes, "Why couldn't you have just kept me awake, Jay?" He whispered.
"Daddy?" Charlotte asked, she'd been asking for Steve non-stop for the past six weeks, that and her ponies. She had cried for hours over the toy ponies. "Where daddy?" Charlie tugged at Clint's sleeve, whining, "Want daddy!"

"No more daddy, Charlie," he said, crying silently to himself, shaking and curling up in a ball on the shoddy apartment floor. "Please... No more..."

"But mama..." Charlotte wailed, "Want daddy! Daddy come home, why leabe!!?" She tugged at his shirt, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I want my daddy! Want daddy!" She cried. Clint just stayed on the floor, he was tired of fighting and yelling back at her, he had just given up.

"I know I should have left you there, you would've been happier," he cried, "I was too damn selfish..." Charlie sobbed into her tiny hands, and dug through her mother's backpack, pulling out a board book she'd been holding when Clint had picked her up to leave. She hugged it tight to her chest, Steve had given it to her.

"Daddy..." She whispered, it was a teensy weensy spider book. Her mommy had left all her toys, and her things from her daddy, and she wanted to go home where it was warm, and smelled like pack, and uncle Tony let her touch his belly. The submissive forced himself to sit up, shaking a little. He hoped he wasn't sick.

"Charlie... You turn two in a week... wanna go see if we can find cake mix at the store?" He asked weakly, she shook her head.

"Daddy..." She whispered, nose snotty, turning the pages of the book. He shivered, he had to get her away from that book.

"C'mon... L-let's go," he said, putting his jacket on, which seemed looser on him. Charlie cried out when he took the book from her.

"No! Daddy!" She reached for it, but he set it aside, and picked her up. Clint got her jacket on her, and made sure he had some money before taking her out of the room, and slowly he treed to the store, dragging his feet; Charlotte buried her face in his jacket, shaking, "Mama... why?"

"Because I messed up... it's my fault, baby," he said, hugging her close as he walked. Eventually they got to the store, after many degrading looks. He hadn't realized how shameful it was to be unbonded with a child. He kept his eyes lowered, and he moved towards the cake aisle. Charlie lifted her tearful eyes, watching the other shoppers they passed; she gripped Clint's jacket tightly, but her mother was tired, and slowly set her down, holding her hand. Charlotte sniffled pitifully, staring down the aisle, and then she saw something, a flash of blond, and broad shoulders, disappearing through the crowded store.

"DADDY!" She cried, pulling her hand free of Clint's, and running after the blond. Clint's eyes went wide.

"CHARLOTTE!" He cried and took off after her, glad his burst of adrenaline allowed him to catch up to her, and he caught her, lifting her into his arms, "You can't run off like that, do you hear me!?" Steve's head lifted, he'd heard Clint's voice, and Charlie's, he was sure of it. He turned in a slow circle, eyes wide, heart pounding.

"Charlie?" He called, hearing, faintly, a cry of,

"DADDY!" Charlotte sobbed, eyes searching for Steve, for blond and big and-there he was.
"Charlie, Clint, oh thank god!" Steve stepped from the crowd, and he had them in his arms in seconds. "Oh god..." He inhaled Clint's scent, just holding onto him as Charlotte tried to climb onto him. "Clint, oh, Clint..." Steve shuddered, leaning back to look down at the sub, Charlie wrapped around his neck like a monkey. The dom looked as terrible as he could with the serum running through his veins. There were shadows under his eyes, and he looked... broken, the way his eyes lowered, and he stepped back was heartbreakingly sad. "S-sorry... I just..." He hugged Charlotte's tiny body. Clint was shaking, he had been fighting bond shock, heat, and the common sense just to go home.

"Hi..." he squeaked, wrapping his arms around his thinner frame, watching them hug. He'd never be able to get her back now... maybe she'd be happier to return without him. Steve reached slowly to smooth Clint's hair back.

"You're barely an hour from heat, Clint... where do you live, I'll take you there..." It was clear that was hard for him to say, he wanted his mate home with him, he wanted to pick up Charlie, and Clint, and carry them back to the tower, "...please." The sub groaned and nuzzled the hand.

"You're better off without me Steve... all of you are. I'll be okay," he said, his stomach growling softly.

"No." Steve pulled Clint against him with one arm, pressing their foreheads together, "You don't get to make that choice for me, Clint. You left, and I... I looked for you, and so did Bucky, Tony just... sent us out. If you could hear the pack... the things Tony's been saying... he's offered to never leave his floor again if you'll just come home..."

"No," he said, shaking, "It's the Avengers tower, and I'm not an Avenger. I gave that up..."

"Like you gave me up? Well, I'm not something to be given up so easily...you're... please, Clint, if you don't want me that's all you have to say... but you just left..." Charlie was crying, her face buried in Steve's neck, "You..." The dom's shattered heart was visible in his eyes, "...please... we're your pack... Pepper wasn't an Avenger, if you don't want me... at least come home... I won't do anything you don't want to do... but I... unless you have a plan for Charlie through this heat, you're coming to the tower for it." "I do want you, I do... maybe I was wrong and I still wasn't over Phil. I feel horrible... I just felt so alone. I couldn't handle you leaving, coming back, and leaving again, it made me feel like everything was just a joke!" His hands scrambled to grasp the alpha's jacket. "Then everyone was mad at me 'cause I'm just trying to protect MY daughter! Fucking Jarvis yelled at me," he gritted his teeth, and pulled away. "I've lost everything... and yet Tony is constantly reminding all of us of his troubles of his past. Mine sucked too, you don't see me crying about it all day long! He has an alpha! He's pregnant with twins that BOTH parents want! When Charlotte ran away from me, I-I couldn't handle that, being completely alone... you weren't there..." he turned his back to Steve, sniffling. Steve's scent was full of pain.

"Did you ever think that maybe Tony talks about it because he's never had pack he could talk to before? That he finally felt safe enough with us to share what had happened and try to find closure? You left because he whines, Clint? I was finally home..." He nuzzled Charlotte, "You put a two year old through bond shock, Clint. She's pack too, we've all scented her, how do you think she's been feeling? This isn't... I'm not trying to guilt you, please, I love you, Clint, I love you and you were just gone, and..." Charlotte sniffled against him, but she was so exhausted from losing everything for so long, that she was falling asleep against his shoulder, "Please... Tony has sworn to never bother you or Charlotte again if that's what you want, we'll do anything, please... no one was mad at you, honey, they were scared of the twins being born early... everyone was just really tense
because of... and Jarvis... Tony is his creator, and I won't pretend to understand how he works, but he's very protective of him." Steve touched Clint's shoulder, and he could smell the scent of the bond shock slowly fading, very slowly. "Please... I miss you... if you don't want to live in the tower... I'll move in with you, wherever you want to live, Clint, I'll... we'll just make sure that... if the... please."

"I left because I felt unwanted!" Clint said, shivering. "You kept saying you loved me, but then you would leave! I know I said I was okay with it, but I was so scared you'd find someone so much better. I've never had a pack before either, you aren't allowed to pack bond at SHIELD. My first friend got kicked out of the mansion with her alpha, you were gone, and apparently I'm the only one able to take care of a two year old," he growled. "I trusted them to keep her safe, what if something had happened!? Jarvis couldn't even keep Tony safe!" He panted, and leaned into the hand, wanting to bury his face against Steve's shoulder. "I thought about returning her so many times... but I was just too selfish to give her up... I didn't want to be alone anymore..." Steve pulled Clint close, he couldn't keep from scenting him, from trying to heal that bond shock burning in his nostrils, from both Clint and Charlie.

"Nat shot Bucky. No, no one was in the right there, it's a huge mess... and Pepper's been... ripping pieces of Tony's life away ever since... look... what exactly happened, Clint? Tony fell asleep half a minute before you came in? That's what happened? You want to play it that way? I came in and you were asleep, had been for at least five minutes, standing at the sink, Clint. It's not something you could control, but there was a lot she could have gotten into and hurt herself with. Tony's at fault because there was water involved? You hold others to a far higher standard... I want you. I want you so much more than I can ever express, Clint Barton... I'm talking this out with you in a grocery store..." Charlotte was completely out on his shoulder, snoozing, "What did you plan to do with her for your heat? Did you have a plan? Are you any better than Tony, really? He did all he could, just like you're doing all you can, every day." He shook his head, "Please come home... whether you admit it or not, it is your home, Clint. We love you, I love you, and I... I came back... I did everything I could to get back to you, and I came back, and I won't ever leave on a mission longer than four days ever again, I told Bucky that, and he agreed to it, please, come home... please... I miss you so bad..."

"I knew my reasons were stupid... I know I'm not the only one with issues, we all have them... keeping Charlie safe while I was in heat was the only thing I've asked for, and I just felt betrayed when I walked in and saw her not being supervised," he said. "If she got hurt on my watch, then it'd be my fault. If she got hurt on Tony's watch..." he clenched his fists and sighed, into his chest. "It's stupid... the tower is Tony's home. I'll stay on my floor, and Charlie can go with you to the other floors to see everyone," he said, sighing. Steve nuzzled him.

"And for the heat?" He asked softly. "Do... if Bruce and Thor and Bucky watched her, would you feel alright?" Tony was too pregnant now, and Steve wasn't going to abandon Clint for this heat. "I... I bought condoms, like you asked, and... I cleaned my whole floor... I've been... you know, clean, but... if you want to in your floor that's... unless you don't want me to share it with you...?" Clint gasped.

"I do want to spend the heat with you!" He said, hugging him. "Please! Don't leave me anymore," Clint clung to shirt, nearly ripping it. "She needs all of them, they can all watch her this week... whatever she wants." Steve kissed him, and even desperate, he was soft and gentle,

"Shh, hey, I won't leave you, Clint... I searched for you... Jarvis too, and Bucky... and Thor." He rocked the omega gently, "Come on, let's go home, and you can get ready, okay? It's going to be alright, you're my..." Steve trailed off, "...you and Charlie... please don't ever leave like that again." He tucked Clint into his side, and nudged him toward the door of the store, projecting alpha
pheromones so strong that the other shoppers parted before him. Clint clung tightly to Steve, feeling comforted by the intense alpha power.

"I'm your what?" He asked.

"Family." Steve whispered softly, "If... that's alright..." He hefted Charlotte a little higher, they weren't far from the tower. "Are you alright to walk, Clint?"

"Yes," he smiled, ache burning in his belly. "You're her father after all... and my mate," he hummed. "Wait, I forgot to buy cake! And Charlie's book is at the apartment!"

"Shh," Steve kissed his head, "I'll bake Charlie a cake, I bought all the stuff on my way home last... last month." Steve stroked down his back, growling at an alpha who sniffed their direction, "I'll take you to your apartment after your heat, before the party." He lead Clint into the tower, "How long do you have? Long enough for Charlie to nap first? If not, I'm going to wake her up, because I don't want her to feel abandoned."

"I don't know..." he said, swallowing thickly. "Maybe if she takes just a small nap?"

"I don't want to risk it. Do you want to keep her away from Tony?" Steve asked softly, as the elevator rose through the tower to Clint's floor. It was clean and perfect, Steve had kept it that way, hoping, waiting. "And... do you want to be here? Or in my room?" He nudged Clint out of the elevator and lifted Charlie off his shoulder. "Hey, baby girl, my sweet darling, you gotta wake up, baby." Clint nodded.

"I don't want to hurt her anymore and she needs to pack bond with him," he swallowed thickly. "Your room, please."

"Okay, do you want to grab a change of clothes?" He packed the sleepy toddler's ponies and a few books and clothes for her into a bag.

"Daddy..." Charlotte yawned, brow furrowing.

"Yeah, baby girl, I got you. You want to go see the pack for awhile? I bet they're all dying to see you!" She nodded tiredly.

"Unca Tony..." She yawned, and Steve kissed her cheek.

"Yup."

"Baby inna belly?"

"Mhm, two babies in his belly, still." Steve chuckled; Charlotte's eyes widened, and she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Clint smiled weakly, and he kissed her cheek.

"Baby, I have to go for a few days... Okay? You be good for the pack?" She nodded.

"Like afore?" The little girl yawned, and Steve stroked her cheek.

"Got what you need, Clint? Everything you need? Because... we're not coming back here for awhile." He kissed Clint's hair, and stepped into the elevator, his nose full of heat scent, "Need you, Clint." He murmured. Clint quickly grabbed a change of clothes, and threw them into a bag so they wouldn't get heat scent on them.

"Yeah," he smiled and walked into the elevator with him. He was still in bond shock, but it would
have to wait; Steve pulled him close, kissing him lovingly.

"You're not going to do that again, Clint. You're mine, Clint, and I won't let you put yourself and Char out like that." He kissed the sub, dominating, claiming, "You're not going to leave again without good reason."

"I-okay," he said, grinning, enjoying the orders. They were making him slide deliciously toward sub drop, and he felt so much better. Steve stroked his throat.

"My good boy, trying to do what was right." He licked Clint's lips, "Go get a quick shower, and get ready for me, I'll take Char up." He let Clint off on his floor, "I want you naked on my bed," he whispered in the sub's ear. Then leaned back, the doors closed, and the elevator slid up to the common floor. Tony was huffing, holding his belly, as he walked to the living room from the kitchen, Bucky's hand on his back.

"Bruce...sex isn't working... I'm ready, they need to... come out..." Tony breathed, as Bucky panted.

"Maybe we should try going again?" he asked, looking at Steve. His eyes wide. "You have Charlie!?"

"I have Charlie." Steve beamed, but his eyes were hazy, half in rut, "Clint's home. I found them in the grocery store, and his heat is about to start. Charlie's got bond shock." He held her out, and she reached for Tony, who was, luckily, dressed.

"Wow. Busy day, huh?" Bucky smiled at Steve and took Charlie. "Hey sweety," he smiled and handed her over to Tony, who rested her weight atop his belly.

"Hey, darling, hey." He kissed her, leaning to scent her neck automatically, the bond shock smell was terrifying on a toddler, too much like his childhood. Steve shifted from foot to foot.

"She needs her bond reaffirmed... with everyone. I have to go." He slipped into the elevator. Tony looked at his pack, and suddenly they were all pressed around him, stroking Charlie's hair and cooing.

Clint was a bit thinner than when Steve had last seen him. He was on his hands and knees, three fingers embedded in his ass. "Ah. Steve," he whined, his legs soaked in slick; Steve shucked his clothing in the doorway.

"That's it, good boy. Nice and clean and wet for me. Are you under?" He was barely resisting the rut, with Clint's scent all around him, "God, I missed you, I've waited so long..." He stroked down Clint's back, "Take your fingers out, good boy." He kissed one cheek, then spread him open, licking over his hole. "So good... you taste so good." Clint gasped and spread his legs wider, reaching back to spread his cheeks apart.

"Please... Ah, that feels so good," he groaned; Steve closed his lips over Clint's hole, and sucked. After a moment, he licked again. "Good boy." He purred, kissing up his back, "I'm going to bond you, Clint. And maybe some day I'll prove myself to you..." He rolled a condom over his thick length, "I promise to stay with you," The dom nudged Clint onto his back, looking into his eyes, "To cherish you," He kissed him, "To protect, love, and support you. To keep you and Charlie as happy as I'm able." He promised, "Can I
enter you?" He rubbed a thumb over Clint's hole, "I won't bond or enter you without permission."

"Yes, fuck Steve I want both, please bond me, stay with me," he said, clinging to his shoulders, and suddenly he was hugging him. "Steve... I promise I'll be better... I'll give you more children one day," he whined.

"Hey, no, shh." Steve murmured, "Hey." He stroked Clint's face, lifted him into a kiss, pulling him up into his lap, his cock rubbing against his hole. "You are amazing, just how you are, don't change yourself for me." He kissed him again, lining up and slowly pressing his length up into Clint. Clint gasped and kissed him back. Moaning loudly as he felt his cock press in, filling him up.

"Steve!" he arched his back.

"Mine, Clint." Steve lifted his chin, "Look at me. You're mine." he rolled his hips smoothly, "Look at me, Clint." When his gorgeous eyes lifted to Steve's, the dom kissed him once, "I'm yours. I want a promise, Clint. The promise I want from you... is to talk to me before acting. If something happens, and you feel the need to run, talk to me first." The dom nosed against his face, pack bonding first, to calm him, "Promise me you'll try to trust me, that you'll let me help, at least sometimes." Clint swallowed thickly and nodded, rubbing his face against Steve's neck.

"I promise," he smiled and grabbed Steve's hand, holding it tightly; Steve gripped Clint's hip with his other hand, and slowly began to thrust. The heat was barely beginning, they could be sweet and leisurely, before rut set in.

"My beautiful love." Steve whispered, twining their fingers as he moved smoothly within him. A soft whine escaped his lips, and he started to roll his hips softly.

"Fuck... feels so good, Steve, I love you so much."

"I love you, too." Steve murmured, kissing him softly, sweetly, "I love you. Please don't leave me again." He wrapped his arms around Clint's waist, holding him close as they moved together, in harmony.

"I won't, I promise," he smiled brightly and kissed him some more, slipping his tongue into his mouth.

"I'm going to knot you," Steve murmured against Clint's mouth, feeling himself swell, timing it so he was inside before it did. As it pressed all the perfect places within his sub, he leaned and sank his teeth into Clint's bonding gland, embedding his scent there, and staying. Clint gasped, feeling the head of his cock pop into place past his cervix and his knot grow heavy and thick against his rim, he let out a shout, pleasure coursing through him as he arched against Steve, cumming hard against the alpha's belly. He panted, and suddenly his thoughts were all Steve!Steve!Steve! He couldn't even think about his last alpha if he tried. Steve ground his teeth softly until the slick oils of the gland filled his mouth, barely tinged with blood. And then he just sucked, scenting Clint's neck where his nose was pressed. Mine. Only mine. All mine. His mind chanted, as he dropped a little further into alpha rut. But Clint's first wave hadn't hit yet, and he was perfectly content to sit and wait. He knew that heat was different, that having his cockhead in Clint's cervix wouldn't hurt for the next five days. Clint purred happily as he clung to Steve's arms, leaning his head up so Steve could have more access to his throat.

"Hmm... love you..." he smiled, and he looked down at Steve's throat, wondering if he should mark him now. Steve slowly removed his mouth, licking the bite once.

"I love you, Clint. I trust you, too." He kissed him, shared the taste of their bond, then leaned his
head back, baring his throat to Clint, though it screams against his instincts. Clint gasped, and wrapped his mouth around Steve's throat, breaking the tiny bonding gland with perfect precision; the alpha groaned, hips jerking, only extreme malties had bonding glands, small as they were. Malty sevens, some called them, though the scale ended at six. They were prone to going insane, or contracting extreme depression without a committed mate. Steve knew none of that. Before the serum, he'd been a five. He slid his fingers into Clint's hair, pressing up against him, nipples pebbled against Clint's chest. Clint let go of his throat, groaning loudly and rutting his hips firmly against his alpha's belly, running his hands up Steve's sides. Steve gasped in deep breaths. "Oh... oh god... I've never..." He gripped Clint's hips, "...cum on me, Clint... mark me with your scent." Clint gasped, and arched his spine as he came a second time, clenching down on his knot like his life depended on it. Steve groaned, flopping them onto their sides, face to face, still buried in Clint. "This knot's going to last awhile." He murmured, touching his throat, "Oh... Clint... I can't believe you're back, I missed you so much...!" Clint grinned up at him, and ran a hand through his hair.

"I missed you too, I thought I was gonna die... I was trying so hard... I don't know what I would have done when I went into heat."

"It's alright. I found you." Steve murmured, eyes shining with unshed tears, "I found you, and I won't let you get lost again."

"Thank you," he said, rubbing his other thumb against Steve's cheek, and he leaned up, kissing him hard. Steve opened beneath his kiss, running his tongue against Clint's, his hands soothing on the sub's hips, as they wait for the heat to begin.

"Exhausted..." Steve laughed softly, a huff of tired breath, "...you must be... huh?" He trailed his fingers over Clint's belly, they were squeaky clean, freshly showered, when another, final, wave had surprised them, and Steve was gently rocking into his omega, his lover, his mate.

"Yes, and starving," he said, moaning, his eyes struggling to stay open, but he had Steve's arm in an iron grip, making sure he stayed. "Love you..." he hummed.

"I love you, too." Steve purred, "We're almost done, babe, and then we'll rinse off, and I'll cook... lunch, and you can go get Charlie."

"I miss her so much," he whined softly, and groaned as he neared his orgasm.

"Me too." Steve murmured, "Me too."

"Gonna cum," he moaned, and bit his lip, a small amount of fluid leaking out of the tip as he came, he was dried out; Steve rubbed his fingers through it, and sucked them into his mouth as he knotted the sore sub.

"Mm. Sorry." He murmured, "Sorry. Here," He handed Clint a sleeve of crackers and cracked a new bottle of their carefully rationed water, handing that over as well. The sub winced softly, and took the crackers and water, chugging half the bottle first.

"Thank you," he panted, and offered Steve some, but the dom shook his head.

"I'm alright, I can wait."

"Okay," he said, taking another sip before munching on some crackers, humming happily. Steve rubbed his sides, and massaged his hips, and chest, relaxing him.
"You were so good, baby, so good."

"You were amazing," he chuckled, shoving a whole cracker in his mouth, Steve wiped a crumb from his lip, and smiled.

"Thank you." At his words, Clint smiled and stuck his tongue out, licking the finger. The dom groaned. "Do you want my knot to go down?" He licked Clint's nose. The sub chuckled, and swallowed the cracker.

"If I didn't have Charlie, I'd say no," he smiled, and rubbed Steve's shoulders. The super soldier laughed, and kissed him softly.

"My boy. My good boy." Clint hummed and kissed him back, nuzzling him happily. "Ooh..." Steve groaned as his knot finally went down, and he pulled out and carefully removed the condom. "That was... long." He grinned at Clint, "It'll be three weeks until the next one. Oh! Charlie's birthday is day after tomorrow!"

"Yeah," he nodded, and sat up carefully, rubbing his belly. "My two year old," he smiled and shook his head.

"Our two year old. I have the paperwork all set up. They just need your signature."

"Do you have them with you now?" The sub asked, rubbing his eyes, staring at him.

"They're in the big drawer in the kitchen, right on top. I'll get them out, you rinse off and go get Charlie, okay?" Steve kissed him, "I'm her dad, Clint. She's mine, and you're mine, and I'll keep you safe."

"Okay," he smiled, and kissed him again, before standing up and stretching his back as he headed to the bathroom.

"I love you!" Steve called, wiping himself off with a rag and pulling a tank top, boxers, and shorts on before padding into the kitchen. He was pleasantly sore in all the best ways. Clint responded back cheerfully, and then got into the shower. When he was done, he walked out in Steve's bathrobe, which was huge on him. "Bucky said everyone's decent, come on up," Steve called, the smell of sauteed meat and vegetables wafting through the kitchen, "I'm making quinoa, Bruce says it's a good energy booster."

"Quinoa..." Clint hummed, he didn't know what it was, but it smelled amazing. "Where are the papers?"

"On the table now." Steve checked the quinoa to make sure it was simmering, went back to scraping vegetables and chicken around in the skillet, dribbling soy sauce over the top. Clint sat down, and after he read through it all, he signed them, and smiled.

"Congrats, Steve, you are now the proud father of a baby girl," he smiled, Steve kissed him, a soft, thankful press of lips on his.

"Thank you. Thank you so much, I... you have no idea what this means to me." He chuckled, "I'm gonna... not burn the food." Clint grinned and kissed his cheek before putting the papers back in a pile on the table. "Go get our baby." Steve smiled, "I'll make her cake tomorrow, or we could buy her one with ponies, a big one." Clint grinned.

"We can make her one and you can draw a pony on it, how about that? I'm sure she'll be getting lots of presents tomorrow." He hummed, and went to go get Charlie.
"Okay." Steve agreed.

Bruce looked up as the elevator opened, "Hey Clint," He said quietly, "Tony's asleep."

"Okay," Clint whispered, walking in, his scent still tinged with the worrisome scent of bond shock. "Where is Charlie?"

"Where do you think?" Bruce smiled, and stood up, holding his arms out, "I missed you." He pulled gently until Clint hugged him, then nodded to Charlotte, asleep right on Tony's huge pregnant belly. Clint smiled and hugged him back tightly, nuzzling his neck softly.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "Is she hurting him?"

"No, she wants to feel them kick, she's always right there. And Tony figured out if he ate lemon, they squirm. So she keeps bringing him lemons." Bruce chuckled, "That's the only way she'll sleep, on his belly. He says it's fine." Tony was sound asleep, comfortable and content, breathing shallow, "Looks like he's gonna pop any minute, doesn't he?"

"Yeah," he chuckled, glad she wasn't hurting him. He walked over, and ran his hand over his daughter's back. She stirred.

"A... kicka..." The toddler mumbled sleepily, and Tony nodded in unconscious response. Clint swallowed and removed his hand, standing up. He felt like he was losing her... all he wanted was for her to be happy. He stood up, letting her sleep.

"I'm gonna go, and make sure Steve isn't burning breakfast," he mumbled, heading back to the elevator.

"Wait..." Tony's eyes were partway open, "...wait... Clint..." He huffed, trying to breathe, as the little girl rolled off of him, hearing her mom's voice.

"MAMA!" She cried, climbing Clint's legs. Clint was genuinely surprised, and he pulled her off his legs, falling to his knees as he hugged her.

"Hey baby..." he said, nuzzling her face affectionately, renewing their family pack bond.

"Mamamamamamama!" She clung to him as Tony struggled into a sitting position, holding his belly.

"She missed you..." He whispered, "..Clint? Am... uh... am I allowed to talk to you? If not, just say so, I can leave... the pack needs to b-bond you. I'll just go." He forced a smile, using Bruce's arms to drag himself, panting, to his feet.

"No... Don't go... I'm sorry," he said to Tony. "I just needed some alone time, to sort through everything. I'm okay now... I'm sorry I got mad at you about that tub thing. I'm sure Jarvis would have alerted you." Tony swayed, and Bruce caught him by the shoulders.

"Whoa there,"

"I'm alright, stop treating me like I'm made of glass, Bruce. I'm just pregnant."

"Yeah, at thirty one, with twins, from a super soldier." Bruce grumbled, letting go. Tony hobbled forward, and touched Clint's shoulder.
"I didn't mean to fall asleep. I tried really hard not to... it was my fault, and I'm sorry, Clint." He bit his lip, "I've missed you so much."

"I missed you too... The whole pack," he smiled and wrapped his arms around Tony, nuzzling him softly. "I know you tried... Thank you." Tony clung to him.

"Seriously, none of these jerks knows what it's like to be pregnant, and I don't know how you managed it, I'm going crazy." Clint laughed and smiled, pulling away so he could hug his daughter more.

"Well, I wasn't pregnant with twins, and I was basically depressed and horny through the whole thing, so I appreciated whatever I got," he shrugged, and Tony groaned.

"You're a saner person than I am," He tried to laugh, but it was breathless, "Phew, can't really breathe, but, whatever, it'll be worth it." Charlotte nuzzled her mother, reaffirming their own bond, "Come up, maybe, after you eat and get some sleep? And... we can fix that bond?"

"Okay," he smiled and nodded, "we'll all come up in a little bit," he said, humming, and carrying Charlie to the elevator; Tony groaned as he sank back into the couch.

"Where's Bucky...?" He asked Bruce, "After we fix the... bond, maybe we can jumpstart these kids...?" Bruce grinned.

"Bucky said he went to get a shower, I'm sure we can arrange that," he nodded; Tony rubbed his stomach.

"Fuck. You said thirty six weeks... we're at thirty eight, and they're just chilling in my uterus." He slumped against the back of the couch, and grunted when Bruce started to rub the soles of his painful swollen feet. Bucky came out, hair still wet, but he was fully clothed.

"Hey sugar bear," he kissed Tony's forehead, and sat beside him. The sub leaned against him.

"You fucked these kids into me, you're gonna fuck them right back out." He groaned, whimpering at the pressure on his feet.

"Okay," he smiled, kissing his cheek. "Let me know when you're ready."

"Been ready for a month." Tony arched, whimpering, as the beta added lotion to his foot rub.

"I know," he said, glaring softly at Bruce, but he knew Tony would feel better after the foot rub. The omega nuzzled his face against Bucky's ribs.

"Nnn... they hurt... come on, come outta there, or I'm gonna start charging you rent!" Tony joked at his belly, and Bucky chuckled.

"Want me to fuck you now?"

"Mm. No, Clint's still in bond shock. We gotta fix that, first..." He'd have been more worried about Pepper and Natasha if his CEO hadn't locked him out of his company, and her mate hadn't shot his. "Bucky..." He whined, "My back hurts... and I want nachos... and strawberry smoothie..." Bucky smiled, and set a small pillow against his back.

"Could you settle for tostitos instead of nachos?"

"Nchos are yummier. Is yummier a word, Jarvis? Never mind, I don't care." Tony leaned on the
pillow, "Nachos." He repeated, "Nachos, with chicken. And black olives, onions... beans..." He tapped his giant belly, grunting as the twins kicked. "Make it taco salad..."

"Okay, I'll make it for you," he smiled, and stood up, going to the kitchen. He hoped Tony ate it. The sub grunted when Bruce moved to his swollen ankles.

"Ow... why does everything have to be swollen?" Bruce just smiled, and continued working.

A half hour later, Bucky came out with a small bowl lined with nachos, the center had a mix of beans, olives and onions, and in a glass he had a strawberry smoothie. "There's more of this... dip, in the fridge." Tony groaned.

"You are a fucking angel," he scooped some up on a nacho, and stuffed it in his mouth, chewing with his eyes closed, as if nothing had ever been so good. Bucky had nearly thrown up making it in the kitchen, and it was hard to watch him actually ingest it; Tony smelled his distaste, and slowly set the bowl down. "What?" He asked, "What's so gross to you, Bucky?" He hugged his belly, swallowing thickly. Bucky frowned and made a soft whine.

"I'm sorry... please eat, I made it for you."

"You smell like you just watched someone eat throw up." Tony gritted out, "Nachos are a perfectly normal food! And... and..." He'd always liked a good plate of nachos, with beans and rice on the side, and black olives, everything cooked in with the chips. This was more... bean dip and nachos, but still.

"I just don't like the bean and olive combination... I've never liked olives," he said. "Just because I don't like it doesn't mean you can't enjoy it."

"With you smelling like that, it's hard to enjoy anything." Tony whispered, picking through his nachos. He avoided the dip after that, swallowing. The elevator came up, and Clint walked out with Charlotte in his arms, and Steve behind him. The pregnant submissive forced himself to smile, he wouldn't give Clint any reason to be upset. Pushing his almost empty bowl aside, he took a few sips of smoothie, and scooted to the end of the couch, with much huffing, to make room. Steve smiled, and sat down.

"We mailed out the papers today, there's no one to protest it but Phil, and I doubt that he will. Charlotte's my baby now." Clint smiled and nuzzled Steve.

"I'll send him to court to make sure you get custody if he does," The archer said, humming as he sat, and he let Charlotte crawl over to Tony. She splayed her tiny hands on his belly.

"Kicka kicka kicka." Tony laughed,

"Yeah, they like you." He shifted, breathing a little labored as the twins squirmed around inside him. "Bruce... Thor, we gotta... for Clint." He pushed out another rough breath, closing his eyes, and reached to take Clint's hand, remembering their conversation, so long ago, about how they'd always be friends. How strange. Clint smiled, regret in his eyes as he squeezed Tony's hand.

"You don't have to if you don't want to... we should help get these babies out."

"No, we need to, hmm? You're... my friend." He knew better than to say family, knew he'd only been an annoyance, "C'mon, it's important, you're hurting." He lifted Clint's hand, and nuzzled his wrist, smelling immediate relief in Clint's smell. Clint closed his eyes and hummed, and nearly passed out when Thor, Bucky and Bruce all touched him, reinstating him in the pack. Tony kept his grip on Clint's hand, rubbing soothing circles, doing everything he could to help. And then, as
his bond with Clint solidified, that age old need to have another omega for safety and understanding sated, he choked. "Ow..." His stomach cramped, and his grip tightened on Clint's hand, "...oh... um... so..." He glanced around at the quiet, happy pack, "I think my tenants are vacating their apartment."

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to comment, we love your feedback. And if anyone knows if there's anything (a tag, what have you) for our story on Tumblr or otherwise, please let us know.
Vacating Tenants

Chapter Summary

WOOO! Happy Friday! Well, it's technically Thursday still, but hey!

Warnings: Home birth, obviously. Breastfeeding (or pectoral feeding, if you so choose), and sleepiness.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took Bucky a second to understand just exactly what his mate had said.

"What!?!" He asked, sitting up straight. No matter how much he had thought about this, he was nervous. Clint just smiled at Steve.

"C'mon Tony, time to get undressed," The blond omega said, petting his hip. "Thor? Can you take Charlie into a different room?" Bruce touched Tony's shoulder.

"It's all okay, just be calm, like we talked about." He checked the time, jotted it down, "Bucky? Will you go get the robe he picked out for it?" Tony's scent was calm, and he let Clint help him out of his clothes as soon as Thor had taken Charlie to the playroom.

"I gotta get up," Tony pressed to his feet, naked, gripping Bruce and Clint's hands.

"Okay," Clint smiled and rubbed Tony's back, helping Tony slip the robe on once Bucky came back,

"It's... look, it's just starting, it's not a big deal," Tony touched Bucky's cheek, before reaching down to tie his robe shut, "It could be hours, days even." Bucky smelled slightly panicked still, "It's going to be fine, why don't you pick a movie, hmm?" The sub walked back and forth with Clint's help, taking deep breaths, and humming on the exhales. He held up a finger, and Bruce jotted it down.

"Twenty two minutes apart." The beta announced; Bucky really hoped it didn't take days, they'd already been waiting so long. He put The Lion King on, and walked to Tony, trying to help. Tony allowed the dom to follow him around for an hour, before he sighed.

"Bucky," He set a hand on his alpha's chest, "You don't have to hover over me, I'm alright, fifteen minutes apart... why don't you go have a drink with Steve?" He saw the worries in Bucky's eyes, "Stop, stop thinking. There's beer in the fridge, sit in the... oh..." He closed his eyes, humming, as another contraction clenched his uterus, "...sit in the kitchen, have a drink, relax." Bucky bit his lip, and looked at Bruce.

"Let me know when they're five minutes apart if I'm not back?" He asked; Bruce smiled.

"Of course. Jarvis will tell you." He watched the pair of super soldiers retreat into the kitchen, and Tony sighed.
"You'd think I was made of spun sugar, huh?" He shuffled over to the couch, thought better of it, and turned to amble to the bedroom instead, "Maybe if I could just fold something... or draw a schem..." He shook his head, the bedroom wasn't right either. "Can I take a bath, Bruce?" Bruce nodded.

"Sure, I'll get the water running, and Clint can help you into the tub," he said. Tony was almost unbearably calm, as the tub filled with water, and he slipped his robe off, and climbed into the tub, groaned as he sank into the hot, clear liquid.

"Mm..." He rubbed his belly, "Can't wait to see you..." Clint smiled and helped pour water on the top of his belly.

"Do you want me to wash you?"

"No, I... I think I just want to float." He was trying to keep himself calm, patience wasn't really his forte.

"Clint, I made him that same tea I made for you, it's in the fridge? The one marked with today's date, please, and there's a few bags of different kinds of trail mix, so he can eat." Bruce reached into the water, checking his dilation, "Four, that's good, you're doing so well."

"Please take your fingers out of my ass before you say that next time." The sub grunted, shifting as another contraction had him groaning.

"There... that was... seven minutes from your last one, and it lasted... ninety seconds." Bruce said softly, when Tony's jaw unlocked.

"Fucking ow. That's what it was." Clint smirked, and got up to get the tea. He smiled at Steve and Bucky,

"Seven minutes apart, boys." Bucky let out a deep breath, running a hand through his hair as he sipped his beer, Steve touched his shoulder.

"Deep breaths, Buck. It's going to be alright." He smiled, sipped his own beer, and slid his hand through Clint's hair, "Have fun." When Clint got back, Tony was grumbling, shifting around in the water.

"It's alright, Tony, six minutes for that one, just relax, the contractions are going to be shorter soon." Tony growled at Bruce.

"Shut up for a bit, would you? Ugh." He sat up in the tub, closing his eyes, and taking a drink of tea, until another contraction had him shaking softly for another minute.

"Jarvis, tell Bucky." Bruce hummed, "Do you want to stay in the bath?" He checked the omega again, "You're dilated to eight, it'll be a quick birth, hopefully." Tony shook his head.

"I want out of the..." He gripped Clint's hand, trying to get up. "The..." Bruce smiled.

"It's alright, I'll go grab the birth kit, and you just relax, okay? Have Bucky massage your back."

"Where do you want to go?" Clint asked, helping Tony out of the tub. He quickly grabbed a towel and started to dry him off so he wouldn't soak any furniture.

"Living room, I think." Tony plodded slowly out as Bruce finished covering the couch with the plastic cover and a sterile sheet, with thick absorbent pads lining the cushions beneath it. "Just...
gonna sit here." He sat down slowly, as Bucky knelt on the floor by his legs, hands jittery, "I'm fine, Bucky just..." He closed his eyes, groaning, through the next contraction, "Just fine."

"Hey," Bucky smiled, taking his hand.

"Fine. I'm fine." Tony repeated, "But um... could I... have a back rub? This really hurts a lot worse than I was expecting." He smiled, then paused, sucking in a breath, as another contraction rendered him speechless for over a minute. "Stronger... that one was stronger, Bruce?" Bucky stood up, and helped Tony reposition himself, so he could rub his back. He began working the tight muscles, focusing mostly on his hips and lower back. "Oh..." Tony breathed, closing his eyes, "...that's... yeah." He leaned a little of his weight against the arm of the couch, waiting for the next contraction. "I'm bored. I want them to come out." Bucky just smiled.

"I can't wait to see them as well." He said, kissing his neck; the sub whimpered when another contraction hit.

"Three minutes apart, but you're still at eight centimeters." Bruce murmured after he'd checked him, Tony looked down.

"There's blood coming out." He arched a brow at Bruce, "Is that normal?" Bucky shot his eyes at Bruce, getting scared.

"I don't think that's normal," The alpha said, stressing out.

"It's perfectly normal," Bruce held his hands up, "He's having his bloody show, it's part of labor. How's your back, Tony?"


"Y-yeah, sure," he said, his head swimming at the sight of his mate's blood.

"Bucky, I'm okay," Tony reached to take his flesh hand, and then suddenly clenched his fingers around it way too tightly, knuckles turning white, as he tried to breathe through the next contraction. Bucky gasped and let him squeeze his hand, mostly he had just been taken off guard by the sudden force.

"Um, okay, you're doing good," he said, gritting his teeth; Tony's jaw was clenched too tightly to say anything, and he just clung to Bucky's fingers, soft noises leaving his throat, until it ended.

"Oh..."

"Not too bad, huh?" Clint chuckled softly. Bucky only relaxed when Tony did, and even then he wasn't that relaxed.

"Um... a lot of blood is coming out now..." The worried dom babbled nervously, Bruce gently checked Tony again.

"Ten centimeters, and your water broke," He indicated the now very wet bathrobe, "You're almost there, Tony."

"Doesn't f-feel like I am..." Tony panted, shoving the bathrobe off, uncomfortable, breathing harshly.

"Deep breaths, you're going to be fine, Tony, just breathe."
"Easy... for you to... say..." Tony nearly broke Bucky's fingers with his grip as another contraction tore whines from his throat, and he leaned back into his mate for support, eyes half lidded, free hand reaching for Clint. Bucky closed his eyes tightly and kept his hand around the top of Tony's round belly, helping to keep him up. Clint took his outstretched hand.

"You can do this."

"Ow..." Tony groaned when it ended, laying his head back on Bucky's shoulder, "...how... how much longer...?" He asked, looking to Bruce.

"Probably around two hours, Tony, I'm sorry."

"Alright... two hours can't be that bad," the omega's mate said, trying to reassure himself. "We've waited this long." Tony glowered at him, but didn't say anything, just closed his eyes, and shifted his hips.

"I want..." He tried to roll over, "My back hurts..." Bucky let go of him except for his hand.

"Go ahead and get readjusted." Tony twisted and groaned, getting his knees under him,

"Ow..." He climbed half into Bucky's lap, tucking his forehead against the dom's collarbone,

"You're going to need to push soon, Tony,"

"But you said two hours..." The sub whined, toes curling, he could feel how low his babies were in his belly.

"Two hours of helping them come out. By pushing."

"You can do this," Bucky hummed, and started to rub his back, gently working his fingers over the aching muscles.

"I..." Tony's voice cut off, and he gripped Bucky and Clint's hands again, shaking, through the next contraction.

"Push, Tony, come on, push, you can do it," Bruce rubbed the omega's belly, pressing gently. "Come on, there you go," he felt Tony trying, bearing down, and then the contraction ended, "Stop, okay, that's it, good job." Tony panted against Bucky's chest, sweat beading on his skin.

"No... I want back in the bath..."

"Back?" He looked at Bruce, "I'm not so sure that's a good idea, Tony..."

"Tony, you can't avoid this, if you get in the tub now, they'll be born in the tub." Tony hesitated, and rubbed his face against Bucky's neck, the memory of Afghanistan causing him to hesitate.

"Okay... stay here..." He whispered, taking deep, shaky breaths. "...ow..." He clung to his mate and friend as another contraction cut through him, and he struggled to push, "...am I p-pushing? I can't... how do I...?" He gasped when the contraction ended.

"You were doing great, you still are."

Which was all well and good, until four hours had gone by, and there had been little to no progress. Tony dozed fitfully, his knees on the floor, head on Bucky's knee, he kept moving around, unable
to settle in one spot for very long, uncomfortable, and sweaty.

"Please..." He whispered, exhausted, as Clint and Bruce rubbed his back, and Bucky held a straw to his lips for the tea, "...I don't care if they're born in the water... I want in the bath..." Bucky nodded, getting worried about the pups.

"Okay, I'll try to keep them above water," he said, lifting Tony up, since he knew his mate was tired.

"Bucky, that's alright, babies live in water until they're born, they'll be fine until they break the surface," Bruce informed him, "Sometimes newborn babies swim around before they're brought out of the water." Tony clung to Bucky, eyes half closed. He was so tired, and he had to stop halfway to the bathroom for another contraction, hand on his belly.

"You can... come out... please... it's time..." He gasped out, to the babies inside of him, "...please..." The sub shivered once before he managed to climb into the tub, trying on his back first, but it obviously wasn't comfortable, or helpful. He struggled onto hands and knees, chest on the edge of the tub, head against Bucky. "Hurts... m'tired..." He breathed, feeling Clint's hand in his hair.

"Tony, you need to push, so they can come out."

"I know..." Tony swallowed, forcing his eyes open, and when the contraction hit, he bore down, teeth gritted, barely making a sound.

"The first one is crowning!" Bruce exclaimed, "Breathe, Tony, and... three... two... one... push!" Tony struggled, face turning ashen, as he pushed and tried to remember to breathe, "One more, Tony, one more good push..."

"Oh Tony, c'mon baby, it's almost here, please!" He said excitedly, holding his hands out to catch, exactly how Bruce was telling him to. Tony nearly sobbed, and gritted his teeth, and then the head was out, and he pushed so hard the body quickly followed.

"Good job, Tony! A girl!" Bruce patted Tony's back soothingly; Bucky gasped and caught her, pulling her up out of the water,

"Hey baby... " he smiled, and held her in front of Tony. The sub reached for her tiredly, but the contractions hadn't ended yet, and even as he got her in his arms, he gave a soft cry, and another push.

"Good job, good job, Tony." The second baby came easier, sliding out, and beginning to wail immediately, as it was passed to Tony, who shakily cradled them against him, trembling as he pushed out their shared placenta. "A boy. They may be identical." Bruce hummed as he cut and tied the cords, and Tony shifted, with Bucky and Clint's help, to sit up, holding them.

"Hello..." He rasped, "...I've been waiting... so long... for you two..."

"They're beautiful," Bucky hummed, and rubbed his hand over his babies. The boy immediately started to cry again, and Tony's arms shook with fatigue.

"They need to get cleaned up, and then their daddy can hold them until Tony's cleaned up." Bruce gently cleaned out their throats and noses with a bulb syringe, wiped them gently down, diapered them, weighed them with a hand held scale, measured them, and wrapped each one in a soft receiving blanket. "Wow, seven pounds each. Bucky, come here, here's the boy," He was wrapped in a blanket the color of the night sky, with stars all over it, and Bruce tucked him into Bucky's right arm. "Support his head, there you go." The girl was wrapped in a blanket patterned in yellow
roses, and green leaves, both were wearing soft white hats. "Ready for her?"

"Yes," Bucky smiled brightly, and took her carefully, hugging her close. "Hi babies," he beamed happily, and stared at them.

"Let me know once you two have decided on names, and I'll get the paperwork sent out." Bruce said tiredly, writing down all the measurements and information, making sure Bucky had their heads supported, and that his metal arm wasn't chilling the baby girl. The beta and Clint helped Tony gently out of the tub, washing him down, and wrapping him in a soft, clean robe. Tony leaned heavily against Clint, eyes barely open.

"I wanna hold them..."

"We already have the names picked," he smiled. "Antonia, and James," he hummed, and stood in front of Tony, kneeling down beside his mate, and pressing the babies into his arms. "Got em?" Tony sniffed.

"No..." He whispered, "I can't...I'll drop them..."

"Tony, let's get you all settled in bed, and we'll lay them down with you to nurse, then you won't be afraid of dropping them, I know you're tired." Bruce helped Bucky lift the infants, then turned and helped Tony out of the bathroom into the bedroom he and Bucky had chosen on the shared floor. He whined tiredly as he was helped into the soft bed, and Bruce settled his children into his arms one at a time. "Bucky, you'll need to help him feed them, so they don't smother." Tony, however, had the now crying twins well in hand, he shifted, nudging them onto his nipples, and they latched on and sucked hungrily.

"Mmm." Tony started to drift, Clint's hand on his shoulder woke him. The other omega smiled down at the new mother.

"Everything I know, I figured out on my own... So I can help you with diapers and stuff if you need it," he grinned, Jarvis spoke up as well.

"Congratulations sir, all scans indicate that the children are perfectly healthy. Thor and Charlotte are requesting permission to enter and see them." Tony licked his dry lips.

"They can... and Steve... for a minute..." He swallowed, everything seemed to be in slow motion, he was so tired.

"About the names?" Bruce nudged Bucky, "Middle names? And the last name, Barnes? Stark? Or hyphenated?"

"Barnes-Stark." Tony mumbled, "James Edward... Antonia... Marie..." Bucky smiled at the last name, but he didn't argue. he was okay with it.

"I like those middle names," he said, softly.

"Edward is my middle name... my mom's name was Maria... but... I changed it to Marie..." Tony's eyes slid closed, trying to catch sleep, but then the door opened, and Steve and Thor hesitated there. Charlotte walked slowly to the bed, and stared up at Tony. Bucky smiled, and picked up the little girl, setting her on the bed.

"You can look, but don't touch... you can touch later." Charlie sat obediently a few inches away, and Tony shifted so she could see.
"Babies not inna tummy?"

"Mmm... no, they're finally out." Tony said sleepily.

"Hair?" She asked, and he slipped their hats off, both babies had a full head of thick, unruly black hair.

"Just like their daddy." Tony carefully replaced their hats.

"When... when I holdem?"

"Soon. Maybe tomorrow." He touched her face.

"Okies." She was quiet as she sat and looked down at the infants nursing, then she turned to look at her own mother. "I wan' babies inna tummy." She pointed at Clint's midsection. Bucky beamed, puffing his chest out a little, feeling proud of his hairy babies. Clint smiled and he couldn't help but chuckle and blush.

"Um, maybe?" He grinned and pulled her close to him. "You want a brother or sister?"

"Babies." She demanded, "Inna belly." Tony laughed softly, clearly exhausted.

"Look... the alphas are scared... of babies..." He teased, and Steve eased his way forward, looking down at them.

"They're beautiful, congratulations." The soldier whispered, smiling wistfully, before he lifted Charlotte into his arms, and kissed her cheek. Thor took a moment longer, and he gently pressed a kiss to Tony's forehead.

"You have done well, Brother, all submissives should be proud, the battle you endured to give these children life will be sung in the halls of this tower." Clint frowned a little, and tried not to be jealous by whatever asgardian crap Thor was spewing; Bucky smiled softly and nuzzled Tony, rubbing his shoulder softly.

"Okay, out." Tony breathed, "Need some family time... go... shoo." He waved a hand exhaustedly, and only Bruce remained behind.

"Bucky? For the first week or so, you might want to sleep on the floor, just so he has space. And... he'll need your support, to hold them so he can use the bathroom... and that'll hurt for awhile, they're going to cry a lot, to get his real milk to come in. There's a bottle of sterile liquid, for you to clean your entrance with, Tony, after using the bathroom. And Bucky, there are wipes to clean the seat off with after you use it." Tony nodded tiredly, and closed his eyes, the blankets pulled up to his waist, so the babies wouldn't have them over their faces as they stopped nursing and fell asleep for the first time outside of the womb. Bucky nodded and grabbed an extra pillow and blanket, throwing it on the floor.

"I-I can do this... It'll be okay," he smiled.

"Mhmm..." Tony yawned, achey, but content, "You can... love you..." He wished Bucky were in bed with him, but he was too tired to try and logistically figure it out.

"I can't do this..." Tony sobbed, his nipples were sore, his chest ached, and they wouldn't nurse, they were just crying and crying, a week after being born. He was so tired, he could barely think,
as he carried James out of earshot of Antonia, who was finally asleep in Bucky's arms, "C'mon... just... nurse... please, Jamie boy... please...?" James just cried louder, wailing and wriggling in his arms. Bucky's eyes were bloodshot and he felt drained as he watched over Antonia. How did Clint do this by himself!? Tony burped the squawling baby, checked his diaper, scented him, he tried everything. "Please..." Tears slid down his cheeks, and he tried again to get the baby to latch on, "I know you're hungry... come on..." He didn't even hear the elevator open, whimpering when James sucked for a second, then pulled off to keep crying. Clint walked over, and rubbed Tony's back.

"It's rough, huh?" The genius shuddered.

"They won't nurse... it hurts... they won't... and they just..." Antonia's wail joined James's, "...Bucky's going c-crazy... maybe Steve could take him somewhere... he needs a break..." Tony held his arm out for his daughter, and, for once, she latched right on, suckling while James screamed. "Ow... oh... thank god... there you go, Nini, that's... ow... that's it..."

"Here," Clint held his arm out, "Let me take James for a walk, see if I can't calm him down," he said. "If I can't at least it'll give you two a break for a few minutes." Tony hesitated, they were so small, he felt a little overprotective. 

"Okay... maybe... take him to see Charlotte?" He held James up, glad that Clint knew how to hold him properly, "It's a miracle... she's nursing..." He panted, looking down at Antonia, who was determinedly suckling away. Clint smiled.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he said, getting in the elevator, and going down to the common room where Charlotte was playing. Steve looked up at the loud crying.

"Is that Jamie?" He stood from his spot at the little round table, where Charlotte was serving him pretend tea. "Come on, Charlie," She bounded over to her mother, "Jamie Jamie-!" She bounced up and down, "Why cry?"

"Because he's hungry," he said ever his crying. "Uncle Tony needs him to wait a few minutes, so we thought we'd bring him down to say hi," he said; Steve fixed James's hat.

"Don't want your little ears to get cold. He's so cute, look at all that hair... curly." He lifted Charlotte up, to look at the scrunches up red face. Clint smiled, and bounced James softly, trying to get him to settle a little. He squirmed in his blanket, and Charlie grabbed his little hand where it waved, "Careful, Char." But James had quieted as soon as she'd touched him, and Steve's eyes widened, "They're... they're pack bonding!" He exclaimed. Clint smiled brightly, and nuzzled Charlie.

"Good girl. Now he can feel like pack," he smiled, and Charlotte played with his little fingers, smiling.

"Jamie." She said simply, and he peered up at her, then yawned. Steve shifted his grip on the little girl.

"I'm proud of you, Char, that was very smart and grown up of you." He smiled, "Just like waiting to have your party. My big girl." Clint rubbed her back.

"Okay, I'm going to take him back to his mommy now, you can see him later," he promised, and stood up. Charlie gently let go of his hand, and waved.

"Buhbye, Jamie." She curled against Steve, "Hava birsday wiss Jamie?"
"I'm sure Uncle Tony will bring Jamie and Nia to your party." He reassured her.

Tony was just laying Antonia down on the couch, pillows lining the outside so she couldn't fall off, when Clint stepped in. "Oh... he's quiet..." The sub whispered, reaching for his son, "He smells like Charlie," He smiled, glancing at his mate, asleep in a chair, "He needs a break." The omega murmured again, attempting to settle James against the same side as Antonia had been on. He squirmed, then, latched on and started to suckle. "...oh my god," Tony flopped his head back, "finally..." Clint grinned.

"He wouldn't calm down for me either until Charlie grabbed his hand... They pack bonded," he said, smiling softly. Tony turned to look up at him.

"They did?" His gaze slid back to his son, "Did you pack bond? Your very first one?" He bounced the baby gently, and tried not to fall asleep. "Thank you, Clint... their birthday is the day before Char's." He shifted, he was still extremely sore, and utterly wrecked sleepwise. The other sub nodded.

"Charlie wants them to come to her birthday party," He smiled.

"Yeah..." Tony yawned, "...she said it could wait, right? She's so... selfless." He watched James suckle, then, nervous, switched him to the other side, he fussed a little, but it was so full, he needed them to nurse from it. James finally calmed, and went back to nursing, pressing his tiny hand to Tony's chest. "Relief..." Tony groaned. Clint smiled and nuzzled Tony softly.

"I was thinking, now that your milk has come in, maybe we could have the party tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow...?" Tony leaned up to scent Clint's neck, tilting his head to allow Clint to do the same, "I... I don't know how long we can... they're still just... yes, okay, tomorrow." He groaned as Antonia stirred, and began to cry. Bucky was so deep under that he didn't even twitch, as Clint picked up Antonia and gently started to bounce her.

"Shh, do you need to burp?" He asked, setting her on his shoulder, and rubbing her back. She cried loudly, and then spit up all over his shoulder and back.

"Sorry," Tony winced, "She... she swallows a lot of air, crying, she's always spitting up." He dug around and handed Clint a receiving blanket.

"It's okay," he said, and he lay her back down between the pillows and blankets, cleaning off his shoulder. She waved her little fists, and Tony put his free hand on her belly, and patted her softly, until she settled.

"They're too much like me," He murmured, "They stay up till four, and they complain and cry." The sub smiled softly, "Clint? I couldn't have done this without you, I was... thank you. Ask Steve about taking Bucky somewhere, after he sleeps." Clint smirked.

"I doubt Bucky will want to leave your side... but I'll tell Steve," he shrugged. "You're welcome."

"I'm not giving him a choice." Tony grunted, carefully laying James down, and moving on sore legs to kneel at Bucky's feet, taking the dom's shoes off, and setting them aside, "I feel fat." He muttered, standing up, and looking down at himself, "I want to work out, but I feel like I've been run over by a truck, and I can't use the bathroom without crying, so..." Clint rubbed his back.

"Don't worry about working out, just keep breastfeeding, the fat will just fall off."
"Yeah, right. After my body saves up every calorie it finds for the next year or so." Tony grunted, sitting back on the couch, and wincing, and then Bucky was blinking, looking up at him, concerned, "I'm okay, Bucky, go lay down." Bucky blinked tiredly, and looked at the couch. When he realized both pups were okay, he leaned back in the recliner, and closed his eyes, passing out; Tony snorted, "The bed is empty." He was so tired, but he couldn't sleep, in case the twins woke up. Clint touched Tony's shoulder.

"You need to sleep while they're asleep. They'll cry for you when they need you. You're no good to them fully asleep."

"But what if I don't wake up?" Tony chewed at his cuticle, "I don't want them to get hurt... but... oh... okay..." He stood slowly, groaning, "Will... you keep an eye on them while I wrangle Bucky into bed?"

"Sure," Clint said, sitting down on the floor in front of the pups. Tony nudged his dom.

"Bucky? Wake up, come on, to the bed, we need it..." Bucky groaned and looked at Tony, and slowly got to his feet, following him to bed. "There you go," Tony murmured, nudging him into the right spot, and shuffling back out for the twins, "Jarvis... the minute either of us seems to be rolling or... anything... wake us up." The AI monitored the twins' breathing and heartbeats all night every night. "Gonna... lay down with Bucky." He picked up Antonia first, shifting her around, then hunched to scoop up James. "Never thought I'd have two at once." The sub yawned, and shuffled into the bedroom, carefully laying James by his father, then Antonia beside him, and lay on the other edge, reaching over his children to take Bucky's hand. Bucky was trying his hardest to stay awake, he squeezed Tony's hand, and then fell right back asleep. The sub linked their fingers together, and then, as he heard the sound of Clint leaving in the elevator, he slipped, at last, into sleep.

The moment Antonia started to cry, Bucky was up and awake, groaning as he rubbed his eyes; Tony groaned, slowly sitting up and scooting against the headboard. "C'mere Nia..." He lifted the baby girl into his arms, letting her latch on. "Hmmm." Bucky rubbed his eyes, and started to rub James's belly.

"Shhhshh."

"Can you put him in my other arm?" Tony mumbled, shifting a little, "Just let'em nurse till..." He was having a hard time keeping his eyes open.

"M'kay," he said, kissing Tony's cheek, and lifting the baby up, setting him in Tony's arm. The sub struggled for a long minute, then his son finally latched on, and Tony breathed a sigh of relief.

"You can... sleep more... Bucky..."

"I'll wait till they're done," he said, watching. He could at least help by burping them. Tony nodded slowly.

"S'funny... I used to sleep... like two hours a night... never gave me trouble... I'm so tired now..." He leaned up a little so Bucky could tuck pillows under his arms to support the infants, "They're going to have Char's birthday tomorrow... she wants them there... I said yes."

"Okay," he yawned, and nuzzled his mate. "Maybe we can take shifts."

"Shifts?" Tony's mouth stretched in an answering yawn, "At least they're nursing." Bucky nodded.
"Yeah... You take the pups to the party for a few hours while I sleep, and then I'll take'em and you can sleep... or we can both take one pup."

"They nurse like every... we'll go together, and I'll try... maybe nursing them one at a time..." He looked down at his children, ",..that's... we made these..." Bucky smirked.

"Yeah, I love them, and I love you," he said, wrapping his arm around the three of them. The omega leaned into him.

"I'm scared of... raising them wrong." He mumbled, clenching his eyes shut. Then they slid open, "They both need new diapers." He observed.

"I'll change'em when they're done," he said, getting up, and going to get the changing table ready. He hadn't known how to change diapers before, but with Clint's and Jarvis's assistance, he was pretty good at it now. Tony breathed a sigh, tired and sore.

"Bucky?" He blinked, trying to stay awake, "I love you."

"I love you too," he said, coming back over and kissing him on the lips. "Let me know when they're done, I'll burp them."

"Nia is done," Tony let Bucky take her out of his arms, then slowly fixed James's hat, "Hey little boy... you sure are hungry, aren't you?" He breathed, feeling his tiny hands, touching the little button of a nose. "You're so perfect..." Bucky smiled, and put the towel on his shoulder, setting his daughter on it and rubbing her back. When he heard her burp, he cleaned up her mouth and kissed her head before carefully taking her over to the changing table.

"My pretty girl," he hummed, and started to undress her, and remove the dirty diaper. She squirmed and cried, and Tony winced.

"I... I don't want them to cry..." He whispered, clenching his eyes shut, "I'm... I..." and then Bucky was nudging his arm open, settling Antonia back against his chest.

"She was just cold, and missing her mommy," he smiled, and kissed Tony's head when she settled down. Tony let him take James, and it was a true struggle to keep his eyes open by then, just holding his daughter; Bucky made quick work of cleaning up their son, and soon laid him down on the bed, taking their daughter and putting her on the bed as well. "Sleep, Tony."

"Mmn." Tony tried to protest, but he was already mostly out, still sitting up. Bucky smiled, and helped Tony lay back down, and he moved his omega's hand to rest on top if their daughter's belly, who was a little fussy. The sub patted her lightly, breathing slow, until he was fully asleep, his arm over James, hand on Nia. Bucky settled down and watched them for a bit before passing out.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment.
From Tony's side

Chapter Summary

...I like to assume that people who don't like the story just leave and stop reading it, so...really, if you don't like it, no one is /forcing/ you to read it.

Warnings for the chapter: Talk about Tony's past, not by Tony. Over the top gifts, some focus on Clint and Steve, over protectiveness, sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony twisted his hands together nervously, both his children were in Thor's arms, and Charlie was begging for him to pick her up. "He's still too sore, honey," Bruce said, ruffling Charlotte's hair; she nodded and touched Tony's stomach lightly, before running off. Steve's hand rubbed over Tony's shoulder, and the omega looked up at him, blinking.

"You look exhausted,"

"Eh, well, you know, lack of coffee." Tony waved a hand, stifling a yawn; Bucky smiled, and watched from a doorway, leaning on the doorframe. Clint came over and smiled at the babies, touching them both softly, trying to pack bond them; Thor beamed at them all.

"I am so happy that my blessing upon you was fruitful!" He exclaimed, and both infants stared up at him with huge eyes.

"Blessing?" Tony frowned, "What blessing?"

"I gave to you my blessing of fertility, Anthony," Thor smiled down at the babies, and then, slowly transferred Antonia to Clint's arms and James to Bruce's. "It was slow to come to fruition, but it was sound." Thor pulled Tony into a hug, "To bring two new members to our pack... a true embodiment of my blessing."

"Well I think I had something to do with it," Bucky murmured softly, a little offended. Clint just laughed, and bounced Antonia gently.

"Of course!" Thor boomed, and Tony snorted.

"Well, uh, thanks." The sub slipped out of his arms, and tucked himself against Bucky's chest as his pack bonded the week old infants.

"Have you read the Norse myths?" Bruce asked, "He's the god of fertility." The beta smiled a little wistfully. Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony, nuzzling his head and looking at Bruce.

"Oh... I didn't know he was a god of anything," he said, shrugging.

"Ah, well, he is." Bruce laughed softly, and awkwardly held the baby boy out to Tony, who took his son readily.
“Right.” Tony shook his head, and tugged his shirt down to nurse the slightly fussy boy. They'd been up till four again the night before, and they were all tired, parents and babies alike. Bucky hummed.

“Tony, what would you like to eat?” He asked.

“I can wait, Bucky. Until everyone's ready for dinner.” Tony tried not to whine, nursing took a lot out of him and he found himself snacking a lot more often to keep up with how much his children consumed from him, energywise. James suckled contentedly at his chest, and he slowly moved to sit down on the couch. But Bucky knew, and brought him a plate of crackers, cheese, and turkey lunch meat.

“Please have some,” Bucky smiled, setting the plate on his lap, and holding a rolled up turkey slice to Tony's lips. The sub took it without complaint, leaning into his dom's side, smiling softly when Antonia began to cry. Charlie was watching him curiously as the baby was settled into his other arm to nurse.

“Two babies.” She climbed up on the couch beside Tony. "Whenamama have babies inna tummy?” She asked, looking over at Clint.

“That's up to your parents, baby girl.”

"I wan baby inna tummy.”

"I know, sugarpie, but it's still up to them.” Bucky smirked, and petted her head before giving Tony a cracker.

"Go ask your daddy,” he said, wanting to see Steve get all flustered. She clambered down from the couch, and ran over to him.

"Daddy! Daddy, put babies inna tummy?” He pointed at Clint, "Two babies, inna... mommy tummy?” Clint laughed, and smirked at Steve, who was beet red.

"Yeah, put two babies in my tummy, Steve," he winked. The soldier flushed.

"I... uh... well..."

"Mama wants." Charlotte nodded sagely as Steve picked her up,

"W-well, if your mama wants... he gets." The blond glanced at Clint, and then back at Charlie, "But he has to really want it.” Clint smiled and kissed Charlie's cheek.

"Maybe one day, baby girl.” Clint offered, and Steve swallowed and touched Clint's stomach; Charlotte squeaked.

"But daddy wants babies inna tummy, too!” Tony smiled from his seat on the couch, where his children were sleeping soundly, one in his arms, one in Bucky's. Clint smirked.

"I know he does, and I do too, I just don't know if I'm ready right now,” Clint said simply. Charlie whined.

"They grows inna tummy looooong time. Ready whenna come out.” She patted Clint's face. Tony could see that a distraction was needed.

"Charlie, do you want to hold Antonia?” Clint sighed, and kissed Charlie's cheek before setting her
down, so she could run over to Antonia. "Okay, get right up here, there you go," Tony helped her position herself against his side, then, helping her to hold the baby's head, he settled Antonia into her lap. The sub kept his hands on the baby, Charlie was still a little young for holding a newborn alone. Bucky watched over them carefully, and continued to place food against Tony's lips. "Shh, shh." Tony patted Nia when the baby started to fuss, then glanced at Charlie's face. The little girl was mesmerized, her eyes shining, as she looked down at Antonia.

"Hey baby... not inna tummy." She babbled softly. "Baby... Nini..." Clint came over, and nuzzled her head softly.

"You know, you used to be this small."

"I did?" Charlotte's little forehead wrinkled, then she leaned down, and, extremely gently, rubbed her face on Nia's. The baby stopped fussing immediately, and stared up at Charlie.

"You're so smart, Char." Tony murmured; Clint smiled and kissed his daughter's head. It was then that James started to cry, and Tony whined, because it made his chest ache, though it wasn't a hungry cry.

"Is he wet, Bucky?" Bucky put the food down, and cleaned off his fingers really quick before checking his diaper.

"Yeah. I'll be right back," he said, lifting him up. Tony swallowed,

"Bucky, I can do it, if you want to sit for awhile."

"You stay and watch Charlie and Nia," he smiled, and carried him to the changing room. Tony settled back into his seat.

"He does too much," the sub muttered, gently lifting Nia into his arms when she started to cry. "Sorry, Charlie, she's really hungry today, but I can't get her to nurse more than five minutes at a time." Clint looked at him.

"Maybe if you tried nursing in a quiet room alone? Maybe she's too distracted."

"Probably," Tony sighed as she stopped nursing, again. He settled a receiving blanket over his shoulder, and gently burped her so she wouldn't spit up. Clint smiled, and kissed his girl’s cheek.

"Wanna have some cake now?" The sub asked, as Steve picked Charlotte up.

"We should have dinner first, shouldn't we, big girl? Then cake, ice cream, and presents?" She frowned.

"Cake...?" Clint bit his lip.

"Daddy's right, dinner first," he said, tickling her tummy; the toddler whined, and Tony stood up slowly.

"Uh, go ahead and start eating, I'm gonna try nursing her in another room." He didn't want to delay the party. "Uh... will you tell Bucky where I went?" Clint nodded, and as soon as Tony had left, Bucky came back into the room, looking for his mate and pup; Steve laughed.

"He's in the bedroom, that one." He pointed, "We're going to eat dinner, but Antonia was giving him some trouble." Bucky grinned, and nodded.
"Who's cooking what for dinner?" he asked.

"I made enchiladas, they're one of her favorites, and they've been cooling for about fifteen minutes," the super soldier informed him. "Can I... could I maybe hold James for a second?" Bucky looked at him and nodded, pressing James into his best friend's arms. Steve shifted, trying to figure out just how to hold the infant. "It's been so long since Charlie was small, I... I don't want to break him." The blond soldier bounced the baby gently. "They have so much hair, and it's already curly, yours wasn't curly, is it from Tony's side?" The other dom shrugged.

"I suppose," he said, petting his son's head. "I think the quantity of hair is mine though."

"Have you asked if Tony has baby pictures?" Steve asked, "Jarvis? Do you have any baby pictures of Tony?"

"Yes, sir, and childhood photographs. Shall I display them?"

Yes!" Bucky said a bit too enthusiastically, wanting to see them badly.

"Dear god," Steve stared at the window covered in pictures, "It's from Tony's side." The pictures all had one thing in common, curls. The baby in the three oldest pictures was in the arms of first a butler, then a maid, then alone, in a crib. After that, every single one was with the butler, or alone. Tony with his curls carefully slicked back with gel, holding a science award; Tony graduating different schools. Always alone.

"Jarvis... what the hell are you doing?" Tony's voice was unamused as he stepped into the living room.

"We're looking at baby pictures," Bucky said, in awe of how absolutely adorable Tony was.

"I see that." Tony pressed Antonia into Bucky's arms, "I have to pee."

"You're always alone," Steve frowned, bouncing James gently.

"I am not, someone has to hold the camera, right? And I'm not alone in these-"

"Where are your parents?"

"Busy." Tony glowered.

"Who took care of you?" Steve asked softly.

"Jarvis." Tony answered tersely; Bucky already knew all of this, he just took Antonia and kissed her head, nuzzling her softly.

"Jarvis? You built-?"

"No, my butler, Jarvis." Tony crossed his arms, "Rogers, it's... you don't want to know this, okay?" He turned away. "As I said before, I need to pee, and everyone is waiting for us to eat dinner."

"But Tony, what about-?" Tony just walked away, grimacing, "Bucky...?" Steve turned to him. Bucky shrugged, and looked at Steve,

"His parents were jerks. His dad was possessive and busy, and forbid his mom from seeing him after he lost that pup when he was twelve..."

"What?" Steve tensed, "What pup?" The soldier's eyes were wide as he looked down at James,
snoozing in his arms, his stomach clenching; he was sure he knew the answer, but he didn't want to believe it. "Bucky, what pup?" Bucky bit his lip.

"His father's pup..." Steve's scent filled with horror, pain, then anger.

"How could he, Bucky!? Howard... he was a good man... what could have-!?" He cut himself off as Tony stepped out of the bathroom.

"Can I have my kid back, Steve? Yeah, thanks." He settled James in the crook of his arm, "We gonna eat? Charlie's going crazy in there." Bucky nodded.

"We'll be right there, Tony," he said, and when the sub had gone back, he rubbed Steve's shoulder, "I know it's hard... but Howard is dead now and there's nothing we can do."

"He... but Tony is... was..." Steve touched Antonia's hat covered head, "I knew he neglected him, but... it's... nothing we can do, yes, I... yeah." He swallowed, fighting to calm his emotions and scent, and stepped into the kitchen, "Who wants enchiladas?" Clint and Charlie whooped excitedly. Bucky smiled, and sat besides his mate, kissing his shoulder. The new mother leaned against him, holding James securely in his arms, as Steve handed out plates of cheesy enchiladas; Bucky smiled, and started eating happily.

"These are amazing, Steve."

"Thank you." The blond rubbed his hand through Tony's hair as he walked by, and the sub frowned, until Steve settled beside Charlotte and Clint. When Bucky finished his first one, he looked at Tony, "Want me to take him so you can eat?"

"No, it's alright." Tony hummed, "I've got it." He pressed a forkful into his mouth, bouncing James easily.

Charlie stared in awe at the cake, with its carefully done ponies, and frosting, as her pack gathered around her.

"Happy birthday, baby girl!" Steve lifted her up so she could blow out the candles while they sang. When the song was over, they cheered, and Clint gave her a big kiss on the cheek.

"First slice goes to the birthday girl!" He said, cutting her a small slice; Tony was nodding off in his chair, both babies nursing diligently, as Steve dished ice cream onto everyone's cake, and then went to pull all the presents out of their corner, arranging them in the living room. Clint nuzzled his daughter, helping her eat all the food on her plate since she stuffed herself with dinner. Steve smiled as Bucky nudged Tony, feeding him a bite of cake, before helping him move into the living room where he'd be more comfortable. Bucky chuckled and took one of the babies when they were done feeding, and he kissed James's cheek. Clint put Charlie in his lap.

"Whose presents do you want to open first?"

"Unca Tony!" She exclaimed, and Steve started checking tags, separating the gifts from Tony out. More than half the pile was shifted, and Steve sighed. Clint raised an eyebrow at Tony, and just smirked softly.

"Alright baby, go pick one out. All of those are from Tony." She hurried over to the biggest one, peeling the paper off of a huge doll house, complete with furniture, and dolls. Tony sat up a little straighter.
"I thought she could pass it down to the twins later?" He offered, "It's a nice one." Clint nodded. 

"If she's willing to give it up," he chuckled softly.

"Yeah, there's always that." Tony smiled as she unwrapped a set of books, and a pair of brand new, shiny leather cowgirl boots. Then a build it yourself bookshelf, a set of miniature tools, for in the workshop, and then she opened the princess dress. Big fluffy skirt, and hand sewn bodice, custom made to look legitimate, as if for a renaissance fair, and a crown made of silver. Clint gasped.

"That's a gorgeous dress, Charlie, why don't you let me hold it so it doesn't get ruined or wrinkled?" Tony frowned.

"It's for her to play in." He mumbled, she opened a box with a picture of a horse inside, and jumped up and down excitedly. "That one's not here, darling," Tony beamed at her. Clint gave Tony another look.

"Where is it at? And is it going to be a problem?" He asked, gently pulling her over so he could read what the paper said. "Horse care and riding lessons?" Tony nodded excitedly.

"She'll learn to ride and how to do the tac, but just the simpler stuff for a few years. It's once every other week, and I scheduled them around your heats so you could..." He trailed off, Clint and Steve didn't look all that happy. The sub leaned back, and shifted Antonia in his arms, "...unless you don't want her to... I could cancel it..." Clint shook his head.

"It's just... a lot, for a two year old. I'll take her to this though, see if she likes it. It's an opportunity to get outside," he shrugged at Steve, and the dom sighed.

"It's... excessive, Tony." The sub wilted under his words.

"I just... I did the riding lessons at one of my schools and..."

"She doesn't need everything you had as a kid, she has family to pay attention to her." Steve's scent burned dark with regret the moment he'd said it, and Tony pushed to his feet, taking James from his father.

"I understand. I'll... I'm not going to take it away, though, because she has it, and that would be cruel, so... I'll try and tone it down." He managed to sound completely calm.

"Thank you, Tony. It is a lot, but I'm sure she'll find time to play with it all." Clint replied, diplomatically; Tony pressed his scent into calm as well, and carried his babies toward the elevator.

"I gotta sleep while they do." He murmured in explanation, before he stepped into it. Clint frowned, but tried to stay happy with Charlie still there.

"C'mon baby, let's see what else you got from the rest of the pack." She looked at the rest of the unopened presents from Tony, and hesitantly moved to open her other gifts first. "Whichever ones you want darlin'," he corrected himself. "You can keep opening the ones from uncle Tony if you want." She pulled another of Tony's toward her, opening up a toy of Steve's shield, about the size of a frisbee, her excitement warmed the dom's heart, and made him feel even worse about what he'd said to Tony. Of course Charlie had a family who paid attention to her. Tony was a huge part of that family. Clint rubbed Steve's shoulder, and smiled at Charlie, "Pose like daddy!" She worked her arm into the strap and struck a pose, running to hug Bucky after, because Tony wasn't in the room anymore. The next package was a camping backpack, filled to the brim with heavy duty gear, all miniaturized. A water bottle that could filter pond water into safe to drink liquid, a little tent,
and flashlight, a food canister, everything she would need to camp. And then she opened the last
gift from him, and squealed in delight at the sight of the twin baby dolls, with their onesies and
diapers.

"TWO BABIES!" Clint burst into laughter.

"They're not in a belly, is that okay, Charlie?" He asked, grinning brightly.

"Uh huh! Later babies inna belly." She hurried over to put the babies in Clint's arms, then moved
on to open her brand new watercolor set from Steve, her green cloak from Bruce, complimenting
the blue of her princess dress from Tony, and several books from her mother.

"Happy birthday," Clint smiled and kissed her cheek, and she hurriedly opened a pair of beautiful
shoes from Thor, also matching her dress, and Bruce smiled.

"We all kind of... coordinated with Tony for that one. He wanted her to have something...
something that she could play in that would last, and everything but the shoes can be let out as she
gets bigger." The beta smiled, "He had the idea because when he made her nursery, he had one
wall painted like a castle."

"It's perfect," Clint smiled. "Expensive, but perfect. I have one more gift for you, Charlie, it's for
the three of us," he pointed to him and Steve as well; Steve blinked at him, and lifted Charlie into
his lap as she squirmed.

"What it, mama?" Clint smiled and pulled out three tickets.

"It's those tickets to the museum we were supposed to go to back in the winter..."

"Musum! Arty?" She patted Steve's face as excitement buoyed back up in her scent.

"Yep! We go this weekend," he smiled and kissed her nose, Steve pulled Clint against his chest, the
little girl stuck between them, and kissed the omega silly.

"Thank you. Clint, thank you so much, I can't... I... thank you!" The sub beamed and kissed him
back.

"I told you I'd get more tickets."

"I love you, thank you, Clint, thank you!" He nuzzled all over the sub's face. Clint laughed and
nuzzled him back, smiling happily. "This weekend... Saturday? What time should we go?" The
excited Dom kissed Charlie's cheek, "Should we go eat something bad for us, Charlie? Like
McDonalds?"

"Yeah, McDonalds, we can get you chicken nuggets and frenchfries, or a happy meal," Clint
hummed, Charlotte beamed at them; she smelled of pure happiness, so glad to have her parents
together. Her mother smiled and wrapped his arms tighter around Charlotte, breathing in her scent,
and for the first time in a long time outside of the heat... he felt truly happy.

Steve adjusted Charlotte's backpack, making sure it was zipped all the way, and not too heavy for
her. "Ready?" He asked his daughter, turning her around to nose at her face, keeping their bond
fresh and concrete.
"Reds!" She cheered, "Showders!" The little girl demanded, and Steve lifted her easily.

"Uuuupp you go!" He settled her onto his shoulders, holding tight to her feet, so she wouldn't fall. Clint pulled on his jacket, and shoved his hands in his pockets.

"You ready, Charlie?" He asked, smiling up at her.

"Reds," She replied sagely from her perch upon broad super soldier shoulders; she pointed imperiously ahead. "GO!" Steve laughed, and ducked down to step into the elevator, making sure she didn't hit her head. When they arrived, Clint gasped at the gorgeous entrance.

"Wow... now remember Charlie, no touching."

"It's alright, we have a plan." Steve grinned, "Hold onto my hair." The little girl gripped his blond locks tightly. "There we go, hands occupied." He leaned to kiss Clint, making Charlotte giggle at the tilt. Clint chuckled and kissed him back.

"Don't let her hurt you."

"I don't think that's possible. Though that one bite came close." Steve snorted, and bumped Clint with his hip. "Hold onto me, please?" The alpha requested, a little uncomfortable in the crowd, he didn't want anyone to even look at Clint, and he was working on that.

"You were crying," the sub teased and nodded, knowing Steve was acting like this only because he ran away. He wrapped his arm around Steve's waist, keeping a hold of him.

"I was not crying, I got something in my eyes simultaneously, at the same moment our teething daughter bit my hand." Steve intoned innocently, relaxing once Clint was holding onto him.

"Uhuh," he smiled and walked through the museum with his family.

"It's true," Steve said gravely, "The dust motes in our floor are in desperate need of wrangling." He grinned, unbelievably happy to have moved into Clint's floor of the tower.

"Hey! I keep that place pretty frickin clean, mister," he countered, and flicked his side gently.

"Okay, okay, I was crying." Steve snorted, "You do, it's so clean, Clint, so very clean, I've never seen a place so clean," he half sang, grinning at his mate.

"Maybe I just got tired of living in a trash heap with beer cans strewn everywhere," he snorted, and slipped his hand down into Steve's back pocket, the alpha frowned.

"I never kept my space that way." He grumbled, but it hadn't offended him enough to be a problem. He faltered in his stride. "Oh wow..." The dom stared up at a painting, all bright colors, and swirls.

"I wasn't talking about your place," He said, lowering his eyes, before lifting his eyes to stare at the painting. "It's pretty, right Charlie?" The little girl had a similar expression to Steve, liking the brightness.

"S'pretty!" She exclaimed, causing a few of the people around them to smile. Clint beamed and rubbed her leg. He wasn't much into art, but seeing their expressions and reactions made it worth it. Steve let go of one of her feet.

"See how it moves in an arc? The whole picture is moving like..." He gestured with his hand, trying to show Clint what he was seeing.
"Like what?" He asked, not seeing it.

"Look," Steve moved Clint into his spot, and leaned over him, Charlie clinging to his hair, "See how everything is rotating left? The movement...?"

"Oh yeah," he said, tilting his head to the side, staring at the colors. Steve beamed.

"It's beautiful." He murmured, "Just like my mate." Clint blushed and wrapped his arm back around Steve. He never thought he was very attractive, he didn't know what Steve saw. The alpha meandered through the museum with his family until Charlotte was complaining and squirming too much to continue; the alpha didn't even seem disappointed to have to cut it short as he pulled her down into his arms. "Are you hungry, baby girl?" He settled her on his hip, and took Clint's hand in his own. Clint squeezed his hand.

"Maybe we can come back and see the rest of it soon?" He asked, Steve, hoping he wasn't upset.

"Yeah, and then we can come back when she's older, too, or maybe just the two of us?" Steve hummed, eyes hopeful.

"Either one," he said, waving their arms in between them. "Charlie, what do you want to eat?"

"Hamham!" She exclaimed.

"Alrighty, hamburgers it is," Steve had a soft glowing look on his face as Clint swung their clasped hands. He lead them out of the museum, and down the street, keeping Clint against him when it got crowded.

"I'm okay, Steve," he said, rubbing his hand against the alpha's chest.

"I know." Steve sighed, "Sorry, I'm not trying to be overbearing, it's... my instincts are really..." He pressed Clint to a nearby wall gently as a burly alpha pushed by. "These people smell... I don't like it." He wrapped his arm around Clint's waist, holding him close. "You still have a week before your heat... I shouldn't be this antsy, I'm sorry." Clint smiled and leaned up, kissing him.

"Hey, just cause I'm not an Avenger anymore doesn't mean I can't kick some alph tail," he smiled. Steve groaned.

"I know. I know. My hormones have me on edge, and... having you and Charlotte with all these people..." He squared his shoulders, curling his arm to move Charlie to his chest, so he felt she was safer. "We're almost there, and we'll get a cab home, I don't know what's got my... stuff all messed up, I'll figure it out."

"Okay," Clint nodded, and let Steve drag him and hold him however he wanted until they got to the restaurant. The alpha relaxed when they reached the McDonalds, it was mostly Omegas with their children in the play area, and he chose a table there.

"Happy meal for my baby girl, and for my darling mate?" He lifted Clint's chin, kissed him gently, and looked over at the menu. "What would you like?" Clint kissed him back.

"Double quarter pounder with cheese," he smiled.

"Fries too? And do you want a milkshake?" Steve asked, Charlotte perked up immediately.

"Shaky shaky!" She exclaimed.
"Alright, milkshake for Char," Steve grinned.

"Just fries for me, and a large coke, apple juice for Charlie," he smiled.

"Oh, not a milkshake?" Steve paused, and Charlie screwed up her face to cry, "Or juice first, milkshake after?"

"I-I meant both," he said, nodding. "I'm sorry Charlie, didn't mean to make you upset." She sniffled.

"Play?" She asked, looking at the toys. Steve leaned and kissed her head.

"Please, please, don't leave this area." He whispered, expression apologetic, before he stepped over to the counter in the main restaurant area. Clint sighed, and rubbed a hand over his face, feeling pretty shitty about making her upset. Charlotte patted her mother's face.

"Mama? No sad." She climbed into Clint's lap, and nuzzled his neck, as if worried he needed pack bonding. He smiled and nuzzled her.

"I'm okay baby. I thought you were playing?" He asked.

"You sad." Charlotte tucked her head against his chest, and snuggled down, obviously tired. She hadn't moved an inch when Steve came back with three trays of food and drinks.

"Uh... so yeah, I'm hungry." He flushed slightly, still a little embarrassed by how much he needed to consume to have energy. Clint smiled, staring at all the food.

"That's okay, I'll help you burn it off later," he winked, and then looked down at Charlie, and he kissed her head, "C'mon, I have your burger here," he said, grabbing the happy meal, and opening it up. She yawned, and shifted excitedly.

"Wanna hamham."

"Yeah, it's right here," He smiled, and unwrapped it, leaving it in front of her. She picked it apart eating just the bun. Steve sorted their food, and started eating french fries, sipping his tea. Clint picked up his massive burger and hummed, taking a giant bite out of it. Steve watched him with happy eyes, then chuckled softly when he realized Charlie was nodding off over her food. Clint kissed her head. "Gotta eat your burger if you want your milkshake." Charlotte tried, but she was mostly asleep and soon she was sound asleep in Clint's lap.

"We'll get ice cream and make milkshakes at home." Steve murmured.

"Okay," Clint said, packing up her food, not sure if they should keep it since she hardly ate any of it. Steve leaned and added it to his bag.

"She's so tired. We should've gone home," He rolled the top of the bag. "Do you want me to carry her home?"

"I got her, you've been carrying her all day," he smiled and kept her tight in his arms. Steve gathered the bags, and stood up, rumbling approvingly in his chest at the sight of Clint carrying Charlotte. Yes, that's much better, I can protect them so much easier like- Steve shook himself.

"Huh." He murmured, and Clint looked back at him.

"What?" He asked.
"I think I... know what's wrong with me. Let's go home, and I'll tell you." Steve murmured, kissing his head. The omega nodded, and followed him home, happily nuzzling his baby along the way.

When they were in the elevator, Steve nudged Clint against the wall, careful of Charlotte. He kissed Clint all the way up to their floor, almost desperate. "How long are her naps?" Clint hummed, kissing him back.

"About two hours," he said, panting softly from the heated kiss.

"That's plenty of time." Steve murmured against Clint's lips, "I need to drop you."


"No, no, Clint, you're so good, my good boy, I need... I need..." Steve groaned, pressing his forehead to Clint's.

"I don't understand... but okay," he said, sighing softly. When the elevator doors opened, Clint walked over to Bruce. "Can you watch her again, please?"

"Of course," Bruce gently took her from her mother, "Go ahead." Steve pulled Clint back into the elevator.

"My instincts are... telling me I'm in a warzone, Clint... I need to... to show them that I'm not... you're so happy in subspace... I thought... you'd want to...?" The omega shrugged.

"I just didn't know why you wanted me to," he said. "Phil... liked to keep me in subspace for hours, and it hurts afterwards," he put his hand over his heart; Steve pulled him up against his chest.

"I would never do that to you," He kissed the sub, "My darling, my partner, my mate. I want to pleasure you."

"Good," he smiled and kissed his chin. "He liked to make me train, in case I ever got dropped during a battle." Steve's growl rumbled in his chest.

"Disgusting." He grunted, "To torment you for work." He pulled Clint's legs up, until they wrapped around his waist, and he carried the sub into their room. "I won't train you. You're my partner, not my... pet or subordinate."

"At the time, I thought he was trying to keep me safe," he blushed and wrapped his arms around Steve's neck; Steve gently settled Clint on the bed.

"Jarvis, lock the floor, unless it's an emergency." He instructed, "Please, strip for me, Clint... I need you." Clint groaned, and wiggled out of his clothes, laying naked before the alpha, feeling himself accept the partial sub drop, Steve dropped his own clothes to the floor. "Come here, Clint. You're going to ride my face, I'm going to eat your ass, and... and you're going to cum for me." Clint's eyes went wide and he shuddered.

"Steve... Give me one more order," he said, not fully in sub drop.

"Kneel at my feet, Clint." Steve let his voice drop into pure alpha tone. Clint moaned and dropped down to his knees, his eyes fully blown as he kneeled at his feet and nuzzled his thigh. "Suck me, and then I'll eat you out." The dom stroked his fingers through Clint's hair as he spoke.
"Yes sir," he hummed and leaned up, taking the head of Steve's cock into his mouth, when he wiped his tongue over the slit.

"Mmm... good boy." Steve groaned, gripping Clint's hair, Clint let out a soft whine, it'd been so long since someone called him that while he was in sub drop. He moaned and bobbed his head faster, taking half his cock; Steve struggled not to thrust, it felt so good, to be in Clint's mouth. "Good... good boy. Get on the bed." He followed the omega onto the bed and laid down, "That's it, sit on my face, Clint, while you suck me."

"Ahh," he quickly crawled back onto him, and plunged the cock into his throat, loving the pure taste of his alpha, his ass hanging over Steve's face. The dom gripped Clint's hips, and pulled his gorgeous ass down, until he could lick over his glistening hole. "Mm good boy, Clint." He said before he pressed his tongue in. Clint gagged a little on his cock from accidentally taking too much. He pulled off his cock and moaned loudly, rolling his hips. The dom pressed his tongue deeper, while Clint groaned loudly and rolled his hips against his face, taking his cock back into his mouth and moaning on the shaft; Steve sucked and licked as if Clint was the best thing he'd ever tasted. Clint was having trouble sucking, he was in so much pleasure.

"Ah um," he groaned around his cock, jerking his hips more, and then Steve felt Clint's cum spatter over his chin, throat, and chest.

"Good boy, Clint!" Clint shuddered and collapsed on his chest, his hole spasming as he suckled on Steve's knot. The dom arched, and dragged Clint off of his body, flipping him onto his back, and pressed between his legs. "Good boy. Such a good boy." He thrust smoothly into Clint's body. Clint mewled and clung to him desperately, moaning against his shoulder.

"Please fuck me sir, fuck me hard!" Steve gripped his hips.

"You are so beautiful," he didn't move, just kept himself sheathed inside of Clint's body, leaning down to kiss him, "So good, so beautiful, my gorgeous sub. I love you." He kissed the sub again, then, pressing Clint's knees up, marvelling at the flexibility his O had, he began to roll his hips. "Do you like that, my good boy? Look at that... you're clinging to my cock, like you never want to let go." Steve groaned, watching his shaft slide in, and then out, Clint's rim gripping tightly; he had no idea where the words were coming from.

"I don't want to let go, don't pull out," he groaned, and gripped his legs, pulling them down so they rested besides his head. Steve pressed fully inside again and rubbed a thumb around Clint's rim.

"I love you." He whispered, then braced his arms on either side of Clint's body, and started to thrust rough and fast into him.

"I love you too!" He gasped out and felt his cock bob against his belly, his orgasm nearing as Steve slammed into his prostate again and again. The alpha leaned and sucked a nipple into his mouth, groaning when a tiny bit of sweet milk hit his tongue, and he sped his pace.

"Cum, Clint... cum from my cock alone...!" The sub tilted his head back and cried out, his cum spraying and splashing against their chests. "Good... boy...!" Steve grunted out as he pressed in deep, and knotted his sub. Clint panted and leaned up, peppering his chin with soft kisses. Steve slide his hand into Clint's hair, watching the clarity cleanse his gorgeous eyes of the drop. "I love you. Good boy."

"I love you so much," he murmured, smiling happily at him.

"That was... how do you feel? Was it good? Was it too much?" Steve carefully rearranged Clint's
legs, and rolled them over, so Clint was on his chest. Clint panted and shook his head.

"No, it was so good," he said. He had never been fucked so hard in his whole life. Steve leaned up to kiss him.

"Oh... oh good." He breathed a sigh of relief, wrapping his arms around Clint and hugging him down against his chest. "Love you... thank you, Clint..."

"I love you too, my alpha," he kissed him and sucked gently on his ear lobe. Steve groaned, back arching, pressing up into Clint.

"Mmmnn..." Clint smiled and kissed his jaw up to his mouth, just softly making out, their tongues tangling into each other's; Steve slid a hand up to the back of Clint's neck, and scruffed him gently. "Mm. All mine..." His voice was full of awe, "Mine."

"Yeah, you can't get rid of me now if you tried," he hummed.

"I would never." Steve whispered, eyes sincere, as he rubbed Clint's sweet spot, just behind his ear.

"Cheater," he groaned, and closed his eyes, Steve kissed along his jaw, then pressed one last kiss to his forehead.

"Never." He murmured, "You are all I need, you and Charlie. I would never." And he nuzzled his face against Clint's, and closed his eyes. Clint hummed and kissed his cheek again. "My good boy..." Steve murmured, mostly asleep; his knot slowly went down, but the alpha made no move to pull out. Clint gave him one last nuzzle before falling asleep, his nose pressed under his chin.

Chapter End Notes

Comment if you want to, I guess.
"No! No, I'm not doing it!" Tony growled, bouncing his six month old twins, his eyes tired, shadows beneath them. They still stayed up until four, regardless of what he did, and Tony was sure without coffee, he would've died of sleep deprivation by then.

"Ms. Potts says you do not have a choice." Jarvis droned, obviously angry at Pepper, "Unless you want your account balance to drop drastically." Tony nearly snarled at that, crouching to lay the babies on a thick blanket on the floor.

"Get some tummy time," he patted their backs, watching their little legs kick as they tried to learn how to crawl. "Fuck. When?" He glanced at his mate, sprawled out on the couch, equally exhausted, and the board was pulling to make him come to a meeting, as well, Tony was fed up.

"Tomorrow, November fourteenth, at four pm, sir." Tony shoved his fingers through his messy hair, and as it had grown out, it had curled up just as his children's hair did.

"Right." He muttered, "Where?"

"The Stark Industries building in Malibu."

"What!?" Bucky growled, "The funds can't drop. If we go, so do the pups. They still need Tony, we can't be gone for a long time." Tony grimaced.

"Bucky, that's the point, don't you see it?" He folded his legs under his body, sitting down to watch his children wiggle across the blankets. "The interview... plus photographs..." He was tense when Bucky's fingers slid into his hair, "...they want the babies there so the journalist can comment on how sweet a parent I am, how I'm oh so distracted when they want to nurse." He took a deep breath, pressed it out through his nose. "While sending you to a meeting I can't attend simultaneously." Bucky growled louder.

"Tell them were a team. We will attend both together," he hummed.

"Bucky..." Tony leaned back against the couch, then immediately switched direction to roll his fussy daughter back onto her belly. "Stubborn little thing." He muttered, "I'm not allowed in board meetings, I'm legally on child-leave."

"Fine... Then you're waiting outside of the board meeting. I don't want you to do that interview alone."

"Fine." Tony grunted, "I don't see what input you can have on an interview for Mother Omega Magazine." He checked the twins' diapers, "Why do you have to poop at the same time?" The sub whined, lifting his babies off the floor as they burbled and gripped his shirt. "Come on, stinky
"butts." Bucky shrugged.

"I don't like you being unsupervised with paparazzi," he grunted, following him.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence." Tony grumbled before he could think better of it. He handed James to Bucky, "Hold him while I change her, will you?" Bucky took James.

"I know you can handle yourself, Tony... It's them I'm worried about. I don't want them getting out of hand with you." The sub sighed, wetting two washrags in warm water, before he unpinned Nia's diaper. She immediately began to squirm, kicking her little legs.

"No, little girl, you have poop! Be still!" He exclaimed, grabbing her feet in one hand, "No, don't touch it-! Annd... now I have to clean your hand off." He grumbled, pulling the diaper from underneath of her, and opening the washing machine he'd made specifically for the diapers, he dropped it in, poop and all. "Don't start it yet, Jarvis." Without his AI and the machine he'd built, Tony and Bucky would have been drowning in dirty diapers constantly. Carefully cleaning his baby, he pinned on the new diaper, and slipped a plastic cover over it, "Trade me, and... her clothes are laid out on the dresser top, next to his, we have to fly out tonight, I don't want to do an interview after traveling with them all day."

"Okay," Bucky bit back a yawn, and traded babies, taking his daughter over and dressing her in her clothes. Tony changed the quiet and easy to deal with baby boy, glancing up at Antonia, who was kicking her little legs in Bucky's arms, clad in thick purple pants, and a pink onesie with a purple sweatshirt over the top, and a crocheted hat with a big flower on it.

"Socks, don't forget socks, and her shoes are over here." He hit start on the diaper washer, and got his son dressed in little blue jeans, a white onesie, and a brown sweatshirt. "And a hat," he purred playing with Jamie's plump little legs, "You want a hat, cutie?" He tucked the brown cap onto his son's head, "We're goin' on a trip," he half sang to his babies, taking Antonia from Bucky. "Nap time, so we can pack for it." Bucky smiled and kissed his babies.

"They're gorgeous, and so are you," he hummed and kissed Tony next; the omega wanted to lean into him, to just be held, but they had to pack, so he curled his body into an armchair in the living room, pulled his shirt up, letting them latch on.

"Shhh," he rocked automatically from side to side while they nursed, hoping to lull them into sleep, as he sang softly under his breath. Bucky beamed at them and grabbed Tony's suitcase, starting to pack for him. The omega's voice grew a little louder, when Bucky had left the room, singing out a soft Italian lullaby his mother had sung to him as a child, he vaguely remembered her explaining that it was about the stars. By the time the twins were asleep, Tony was halfway out as well, and it took severe effort to get up, and lay them on their thick blanket on the floor to sleep. "Bucky?" He called tiredly, glancing at his suitcase, "If that is full of lingerie, so help me, Barnes..." He tugged out a suitcase for the twins, and packed them each enough clothes to last two weeks, by Bucky's estimation.

"Not all of it is," a snarky sounding Bucky said from where he was working on his own suitcase; Tony grimaced.

"I'm not sexy, Bucky... not right now." He had stretch marks that were stubborn on his stomach, and he was still curvy and slightly plump.

"It's only for me," he said, poking his head out. "You wear them under your suit... I think you're sexy as hell," he muttered. Tony grimaced, hands shaking on the suitcase latch.
"Right." He sighed, packing two diaper bags, "I don't feel..." Bucky walked out of the room, and nuzzled his jaw, hugging him close.

"Can I help you feel sexy again?" He asked, squeezing Tony's ass. The omega whimpered, pressing back against him, and leaning his head back. It was rare that they got to touch, and they still hadn't managed to have mutually releasing sex yet.

"I... I want..." He whispered, cock showing a definite interest as it tented his loose pants.

"I do too," Bucky hummed, and pulled Tony closer, "Does it still hurt to go to the bathroom?" He asked, unsure if Tony was up for an ass fucking, or if he should stick to oral for now, until Tony shook his head.

"N-no, hasn't for awhile... what if they wake up...?" He went quiet as Bucky's hand slid up his neck and rubbed at the submissive pressure points under his jaw. Bucky kissed him softly.

"If we're quiet, they should sleep a little while more."

"Should, b-being the operative word..." Tony mumbled.

"I think it's worth a try," he said, lifting up Tony's shirt; the sub whined, his chest was tender, and when Bucky's fingers brushed his nipples, he arched against his mate.

"Oh...!"

"Shhh," he hummed and kissed him softly, before leaning down and sucking on his nipple, getting a nice taste of milk; Tony cried out, bucking back against him.

"Pleasepleaseplease..." He chanted, Bucky hummed and kissed Tony, milk still on his tongue.

"I love you so much," he said, laying him down on the bed. The omega trembled.

"Ah... ah s-slower... I c-can't... tooo s-sensitive...!" He groaned, legs falling open. Bucky took off Tony's pants and underwear, and slipped a finger into his hole. The sub jerked. "Please...!" He cried, snapping his legs shut, "Ah... ah... gonna... please...!" Bucky put a finger to his lips, and then he kissed him softly.

"Are you okay? Please open your legs. I want you to cum." Tony was shaking against him.

"O-okay... y-yeah... I'm alright..." He forced himself to open his legs, so sensitive, eyes closed tight. Bucky kissed him, and rubbed his prostate gently with one finger, and Tony spilled over his belly, shuddering with pleasure. "Oh... oh fucking... fuck!" He cried, toes curling, "W... you didn't... fuck me..."

"I want to," he smiled, "Just wanted to get you ready." Tony's chest heaved with every breath.

"That... um, sorry, god, I feel like a teenager. That was way too..."

"It's okay," he smiled, and nuzzled his jaw, the sub swallowed.

"I want you." Tony whispered.

"I want you too," he hummed, and nuzzled him, pressing in a second finger. Tony whimpered.

"Wow that's... you're going to feel giant...!"
"Yeah," he smiled, "Am I hurting you?"

"No... not really... but it feels..." He shifted his hip, "...big... and that's only t-two..." He licked his lips, and then the wail rose from the living room, telling him Antonia was awake. Bucky groaned and flopped his head on the bed.

"At least I got you off," he hummed, and kissed his ear before pulling his fingers out. Tony choked, and sat up, legs trembling as he quickly wiped himself off.

"I'm sorry... let me..." He tugged his pants on, and shuffled out to pick up his daughter, "Shh, baby, shhh... shh..." He had to sit down, legs unsteady. Bucky groaned, and crawled into the bed, breathing in Tony's scent. The sub shivered, he felt bad, disobedient, and unworthy, as Bucky hadn't cum. "Shh... Nini... come on... sleep..." Antonia whimpered and stared up at him, tears in her eyes. His panicked bad boy bad boy bad boy scent was making her cry more, strong enough that James woke up, and tears tracked down Tony's cheeks as he sang shakily, standing to pick Jamie up too. Bucky came out and kissed Tony's cheek, taking the pups.

"Go lay down," he said, smelling the scent, as Tony shuddered.

"I can't... I can't, I'm b-bad..." He gripped his hair, "...I'm sorry..."  

"Go to bed, Tony, I'll be there as soon as they're calm." The omega slunk into the bedroom, hands shaking, and curled up in the bedding. Bucky bounced them, and eventually calmed them down enough that they could be put back on the blanket. He walked over to Tony and huffed, "What was that about?"

"You didn't c-cum... I'm bad..." Tony was half dropped, still scenting shame.

"The babies were crying. You seriously can't think that's your fault." Tony flinched, curling up tight.  

"Is... isn't it?"

"No," he said, kissing him. "You can't control when they cry, and it's our duty to keep them happy." The sub whined, and nuzzled up against him.

"I'm sorry..." He whispered, "..please... fuck me... please sir...!

"Okay, you have to be quiet," he kissed him again and pressed his two fingers back inside of him; Tony jerked, clinging to him, but he couldn't, whines and noises bubbled from his mouth.

"G-gag me, please, please, I don't want to w-wake..." Bucky shoved metal fingers into Tony's mouth, running them over his tongue. The omega sucked them obediently, hips rocking, eyes clenched shut. And then Bucky's mouth was back on his nipple, and he was gripping the dom's hair, trembling. Bucky swirled his tongue around the hard bud, occasionally suckling milk out of them, making them even harder.

"So good, such a good mother, and omega," he hummed. Tony groaned around his fingers, pressing his achy chest against his mate's mouth. And then a third finger pressed into him, and he bit the metal in his mouth, shuddering through a second orgasm. "I'm not even inside of you yet," the dom groaned, flicking a nipple with his tongue; Tony whimpered, fingers tightening in Bucky's hair, his toes curling in the bedding. He needed Bucky inside of him, needed relief for the indescribable stress he was under. Once Bucky had him nice and loose, he pressed his cock against his entrance and pressed in, moaning at the tightness. Tony clenched his eyes shut tight, shaking as his mate pressed inside of him, stretching his body open. "Does it hurt?" Bucky asked again, stopping half
way, and pulling his fingers from the sub's mouth. Tony shook his head.

"I don't know..." He panted, "...s-sorry... I... kind of?" He rubbed his face against Bucky's shoulder, "...big..."

"Yeah, I know," he nuzzled him, and began rocking his hip softly, "I'll go slow." Tony shifted against him, closing his eyes again.

"Ow... oh... oh there that's...!" He began to roll his hips down.

"Yeah?" The alpha smiled and thrust his hips faster, moaning against his nipple.

"Y-yeah." Tony let Bucky take over, feeling the nudge of his deprived mate's knot with every thrust. Bucky panted and started to get rough, he was so hard inside of Tony, he wanted to cum so badly. The sub bit his lip, it was a little much, but he wanted to pleasure his dom so much, he didn't say a word. The knot rubbed against his rim, sliding into him, then pulling back out, his rim stretching a little painfully. Bucky's eyes fluttered in pleasure, and snapped his hips forward to bury himself back into Tony, moaning a little loudly as he fucked him hard. Tony pressed his face to Bucky's hair, the dom's mouth back to suckling at his nipples, and he shuddered, panting, gasping for breath.

"Gonna fucking cum, fill you up with my seed," he moaned, flicking his tongue over his nipple.

"Please...!" He panted, and Bucky leaned up, and arched his back, biting off a loud moan as he knotted Tony and came inside of him with thick hot ropes of cum; Tony whimpered, loud, shaking, "Oh... fuck..."

"Shhhhh," he shushed him shakily, rolling his hips softly. "Fuck..." Tony fell silent, a little hurt, and clenched his thighs against Bucky's. He shivered, wrapping his arms around Bucky's shoulders. "Are you okay?" The dom asked, kissing his collar bone, petting him gently. "You're such a good boy, for taking all of my cock..."

"M'fine." Tony whispered, quiet and soft, trying to keep obeying. The praise had him melting against his mate, nuzzling him lovingly, still partially in the half drop, "I'm a good boy."

"A very good boy," he smiled, and kissed him again, "I love you so much."

"I love you, too." Tony panted, rubbing at his lover, "Love you... so big... stretch me so good..."

"Mine," The alpha hummed and licked at his throat, nuzzling right behind his ear.

"Yours." Tony panted, "All yours..."

"Good boy," he hummed, and closed his eyes, trying to stay awake. "I love you."

"I love you." Tony whispered softly, sinking into sleep. Bucky slowly fell asleep after him, snoring softly.

It was fifteen minutes before Nia woke again, and Tony hurriedly woke, cleaned himself off, and picked her up. "Hey baby... shh... hey..." He murmured, "It's okay, you hungry?" He settled her on his hip, and smashed up some banana in a bowl, "I bet your brother's gonna wake up soon." Soft sniffles were heard from the blanket on the floor, indicating that James was awake. "Okay, hold on
baby boy," Tony settled Nia in her high chair, and picked him up, "Want some banana?" James calmed down once he was in his mother's arms, breathing softly, and watching Tony, just happy to be off the floor; Tony kissed his nose. "I see." He nuzzled his baby's throat, bonding him as he did every day, before sitting down and flying a spoon of banana into his daughter's mouth. "There you go." After a few spoonfuls were flown over James's head, he started wiggling, wanting to be fed too. Tony lifted him up. "Now, Jamie..." The baby was extremely clingy, wanted always to be in Tony's arms, "I have to put you in the high chair to feed you." James whined and started crying when he was in the high chair, reaching out for Tony. The sub groaned.

"Okay... okay, hold on, let me..." He shifted in his chair, and settled James upright in his lap, feeding him a bite, before moving to feed his daughter another spoonful. James relaxed instantly, and started munching the food, making small noises. The omega sang old folk songs under his breath, about alphas losing their subs, and brave omegas fighting dragons. James started to yawn, and he nuzzled his mom's arm. Tony smiled, stroking his hair, removing his hat. James smiled up at him, and reached up for the hat, and so Tony handed it to him to play with. "There you go." He hummed as Bucky shuffled out. "Can you feed Nini?" Bucky looked at him with bleary eyes.

"I don't think my nipples work like that," he said, and Tony snorted.

"She's eating banana, here." He handed Bucky the spoon, "I have to change Jamie."

"Kay," he said, taking the spoon and sitting down next to the high chair, scooping up a few spoonfuls of banana, and holding it to her lips. Tony changed James's diaper, and carried him back into the kitchen.

"I scheduled the quinjet to leave in an hour, from the landing pad up top."

"Okay," he said, putting another spoonful in Nia's mouth. "How long is the flight?"

"Long." Tony muttered, "It's... I packed some toys, and... books, Clint said we should be reading to them."

"Great," he said, rubbing a hand over his face. "We got baby food on the plane?"

"I was gonna bring bananas and... some puffs?" Tony murmured, "I... they still nurse, so..."

"That should be good," he hummed and nodded.

"Okay." Tony relaxed, chewing his lip, and pulled up his shirt to nurse James. The baby latched on happily, suckling for about ten minutes, he still had banana in his belly, "I've gotta get dressed, and this little guy doesn't want to let go of me."

"Let me take him?" The alpha asked, holding his arm out; Tony held him out, and James immediately began to cry.

"No go." The sub pulled him back in, kissing his nose.

"I ain't that bad, kiddo," Bucky smiled weakly, wishing he could hold his son. Tony sighed.

"Hold on, I...have an idea." He rubbed his face all over Bucky's chest and arm, then tucked James there, "Bond him, rub... there, yeah." James still whined, but it was less. Bucky smiled, and kissed his son's head, nuzzling him happily.

"Hey buddy..." James whimpered, hands waving, and Tony hesitated.
"I..."

"Go get dressed." Bucky said, nuzzling his son. Tony obeyed, pulling on jeans and a t-shirt, shoving his feet into shoes.

"Are you going in that?" He asked, looking at Bucky tiredly.

"I'm going to change my shirt," he said, since it was creased and crumpled; Tony nodded, cleaning Antonia up, and taking her out of the chair. He cradled both babies against his chest.

"We're gonna fly, little ones, allll the way to California." James rubbed his eyes, and yawned softly. "To the Malibu house... which is not baby proof." Tony muttered. "Jarvis?"

"Working on it, sir. The main bedroom is currently safe for infants, however most of the house is not."

"Well, great." Tony muttered.

"We'll work on it," Bucky said, nuzzling him, before he grabbed the bags. Tony stepped into the elevator, to head to the roof, gripping his children tightly, to keep them safe.

"Shh," he hummed when Nia started to fuss, "We're going to have fun, it's alright, darlings." Bucky pulled the bags onto the plane, and helped Tony on board and into a seat. The omega watched him run back for the car-seats, shaking his head softly, as the pilot waited impatiently. "We got everything?" Tony asked when Bucky came back, holding his children close.

"I think so," he nodded, and placed the bags in their holder, and the carseats in an empty area of floor, before taking a seat. The jet lifted off, and Tony was glad he'd built it, more or less, and that the airport hadn't been a requirement. The kids hated driving anywhere. He let Bucky take Nini, and leaned back in his seat, standing James up on his knees. The baby bounced in his mother's hands, and Tony beamed up at him. Bucky smiled proudly at his son, and looked down at Nia, kissing her head. The baby girl kicked her little legs, babbling at her daddy, and Tony smiled, though it was tinged with sadness.

"You're... not bothered that neither of them are alphas?" He asked hesitantly. Bucky shook his head, and took his daughters tiny hand, just holding it softly.

"They're perfect just the way they are." Tony nodded slowly.

"Yeah," he hugged Jamie to his chest, and the baby held onto him. "You hear that, baby boy? You're perfect!" He kissed the thick curls atop Jamie's head. "Hmm, I need to get my hair cut, before the interview, Bucky."

"Okay, maybe we can stop at a place in California," he nodded.

"Hmm," Tony settled James down for a quick nurse, "Yeah, that's..." He yawned widely, "...a good..." Another yawn stretched his mouth, "...idea." Bucky yawned as well, and chuckled.

"Hey darling," he smiled at Antonia, and he lifted her up to stand on his legs. She waved her hands at him before letting her legs collapse under her, dropping in his hold. Tony twitched, but Bucky had a secure grip, and she didn't fall, just bounced on his knees afterward. The alpha chuckled, and smiled, kissing her forehead. "You're going to be sprinting around the tower soon, I know it."

"Oh god, don't remind me..." Tony whimpered, "It's a good thing Jarvis can lock the elevator, it's going to be so enticing for little waddling mini-people."
"I'm surprised we didn't see Charlotte running around the floors on her own," he chuckled.

"Oh, me too, believe me." Tony stretched, "She's something, that Charlie."

"Oh yes," he chuckled and kissed his daughter's head. "You're gonna be a stinker too, aren't ya?" She waved her tiny fists, and Tony smiled.

"Lemme see if she wants to nurse?" Bucky nodded and handed her over carefully; Tony settled her against his chest, "There you go, darling." She squirmed a little, but then once she was comfy, she latched on. Humming a little, the omega shifted in his seat."They're getting so big..." he murmured, "Jamie boy, you're sleepy?" James ran his hand over his mother's face, and struggled to keep his eyes open. "Shh, go ahead and sleep, pretty baby, I won't let anything happen to you." Tony hummed softly. He yawned and gripped his shirt, eyes closed. "I'll be seeing you... in all the old familiar places..." Tony sang softly, and even Antonia's eyes drooped. Bucky smiled, watching his mate with soft eyes as he sang to their children. "That... this heart of mine embraces... all day through..." He kissed James's hair, then Antonia's, "In that small cafe... the park across the way..." A smile curved Tony's lips as Nia stopped nursing to yawn. "The children's carousel... the chestnut tree... the wishing well..." Nia rested her mouth back against his nipple, but she was too tired to suckle, and she fell asleep. "I'll be seeing you... in every lovely summer's day... in everything that's light and gay... I'll always think of you that way..." Tony trailed off, both his children were fast asleep against his chest. "Bucky?" He whispered softly, "You want to... help me lay them down on the cot?" All the quinjets had a small cot built into the wall, and Tony had altered this one to have a padded lip so the twins wouldn't fall off of it.

"Sure," he smiled and kissed Tony's head, before going over to the cot, and making sure it was safe, before easing Antonia into his arm. Tony leaned up to make it easier, then slowly stood and, bouncing slightly, he laid Jamie on the cot, and laid a blanket over his children. It was November, after all. Bucky nuzzled both of them, making sure his scent was still on them, so that maybe James would learn to like him as well. Tony took his hand, and slowly tucked himself against Bucky's chest, breathing in deep.

"Hey."

"Hey," he smiled and kissed him softly. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, closing his eyes with a hum of contentment, "Jarvis... how's the baby-proofing going?"

"Slowly, sir."

"I'll work on it more when we get there," he said, kissing the top of his head. "I'll work on the bedroom, first."

"Jay says the bedroom is safe, but everywhere else is..." Tony sighed, "I didn't plan on taking them to Malibu until they were older, and... I hope we don't get held up."

"I'd really like to spend Thanksgiving with the pack this year," he smiled, and nuzzled him.

"Me too. We'd have to get really held up to miss it." Tony mumbled. "It's the twins' first one, and..." He was so tired of the board trying to run his life, and he worried that sitting demurely outside the board meeting might give the wrong impression. Bucky smiled.

"I don't want to miss it, so I refuse to stay here for that long. We don't want to go into bond shock anyway... so we'll get out work done and go home." Tony nodded, and lay his head against Bucky's
chest, looking down at their children.

"We have kids, Bucky... two of them..."

"I know, I can't believe we’re parents." He smiled, and stared down at their kids as well. "They're perfect."

"They are." Tony whispered, "They really are." He reached to remove their hats, to toy with their curls, "I wonder why Jamie's so... clingy."

"He's just a mama's boy," Bucky smirked, "Like his daddy." Tony snorted, reaching up and back to rub his fingers over Bucky's cheek.

"Dork." He mumbled, relaxing against him, "I can't help but worry... for their future." Bucky chuckled, and nuzzled his head.

"We have time to figure it out."

"Do we?" Tony sighed, and lay his head back against Bucky's shoulder. "It... doesn't feel like we do." Bucky shrugged.

"C'mon, let's get some rest." Tony hesitated.

"But... what if we hit turbulence, or...?" He touched Jamie's chest.

"We'll do shifts, you sleep first," he hummed, Tony bit his lip.

"I'll sleep up with them, and you take the bed." He murmured, climbing up to settle himself between the twins. Bucky sighed, knowing better than to argue. He sat on the bed, prepared to take the first shift; Tony pulled him down. "Lay down, come on."

"You can sleep first..." he said, yawning.

"No, just... lay with us, okay? We can all sleep." Tony murmured, stroking Bucky's hair tiredly.

"Oh... okay," he smiled, and nuzzled Tony, getting cozy; the sub pulled Bucky's arm over his waist, Jamie between them.

"Jay... protocol ten." He murmured.

"Yes, sir." Bucky kissed the back of Tony's neck, and smiled down at his son, closing his eyes.

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Chapter End Notes

Hi.
Believed

Chapter Summary

warnings: Discrimination for public feeding of the kids, talk of pretty bad abuse, Coulson being a douche monkey, eh.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Wow." Tony sniffed at the blank interior of his once-home, they'd been away from it so long. He carried Jamie, who had screamed and cried the whole car ride, into the manor, bouncing the still upset baby on his hip, "Sshh ssh ssh, it's okay, Jamie boy." His eyes flickered over all the sharp corners and open spaces, "Crap! We'll have to make a barricade, they're trying to crawl."

"I'll work on it," Bucky walked in with Antonia, and kissed Tony's cheek. "Go calm him down while I get our stuff unpacked." Tony nodded, and carried Jamie down to his old workshop, it felt so empty without the bots.

"Jarvis? Pull up a schematic. Any schematic." He settled into a chair, bouncing James in his lap, as the blue holographic wireframe of the Mark 60 came up. James waved his little hands at it, and Tony lifted him up, and he played with the schematic, calming immediately.

Bucky laid Antonia on the bed, and started to unpack all of their clothes, smiling at his happy girl. She kicked her chubby legs and rolled onto her belly, holding her head up and trying to get her knees under her, and then, once they were, she rocked forward and back, trying to jumpstart herself into crawling. Bucky smiled and came over to the bed, holding his hands out a little away from her.

"C'mon Nia, you can do it," he beamed. "Jarvis, are you recording this? Send it to Tony."

"I am always recording, sir." Jarvis replied kindly, and Nia fell forward on the bed, whining. She determinedly got back on hands and knees, eyes locked on her daddy, she scooted a hand forward, and then a knee, just as Tony carried a happy contented Jamie into the room, eyes lighting up. Bucky smiled brightly.

"C'mon, Nia, come to daddy," he beamed; Tony bit his lip, anticipation roiling in his chest, she'd done this before, but she was trying so hard, and then she shuffled forward, into Bucky's arms.

"Oh my-Jarvis, tell the pack!" He hurried forward, "You see that, Jamie? You're gonna do that, too!" Bucky smiled and lifted her into his arms, hugging her and nuzzling her head.

"That's a good girl, crawling." He hummed and kissed her nose.

"Let's lay out a blanket in the living room, and we can move the furniture and see if Jamie will crawl too!" So far, they'd started doing everything within a few minutes of each other. Bucky nodded, and carried her out, laying down their soft blanket. He set her down on it, and started to move furniture; Tony gently settled James on his belly beside her, and moved to help Bucky. "Maybe I could work out, today. If we set up a corner of the gym for them, then I can see how much of my old routine I can do still."
"If you want," Bucky shrugged, "We can do that." It didn't take very long in their excitement to push things out of the way, and go back over to Jamie. Tony settled cross legged on the floor, and rolled his shoulders back, taking the opportunity to do a few stretches, before he scooted to lean against Bucky's chest.

"Look, look!" He exclaimed as Nia pressed up and crawled a few inches before falling, and then Jamie was up on his knees, rocking gently. "There you go! Go babies!"

"C'mon Jamie!" He smiled and beamed at them, "They're so smart."

"Yeah they are," Tony leaned up to kiss Bucky's chin, content and happy, as they crawled and fell, and crawled and fell. "Can we go check out the gym? Get it figured out so I can go through my work out?"

"Yeah, sure," he smiled, and picked up both pups, handing James over to Tony. The sub kissed all over his son's face.

"Mama's gonna do yoga, get some stretching done." James smiled and patted his face, while Tony murmured softly to him. James burst out laughing, liking the way Tony sounded when he murmured. The omega grinned, and tickled the baby's sides, "Cutie! Come on, let's get you and Nini set up, hmm?" Bucky handed Nia over to Tony, and started to get the exercise equipment out for his sub. "No, Bucky, I just need the padded spot in the middle," Tony chuckled, "But the twins need a spot that's safe to play in."

"Oh, okay," he said, looking around. He grabbed two yoga mats, and tossed a blanket over them for the pups. Tony kissed him gently.

"Just make sure they don't crawl to something dangerous."

"I will," he smiled and kissed him back, before sitting beside the yoga mat; Tony hummed, and changed into some of his old yoga clothes, grimacing at the tightness, as he did a few warm up.

"Jarvis? Start the usual." And music filled the room, soft and slow, as Tony let his body spill forward over his legs. Bucky smiled, watching them try to crawl some more. James was trying to crawl to Tony. The sub moved carefully through his routine, saddened when he realized it wasn't as easy, that some of the poses made his muscles burn.

"Its okay, Tony," he said, smelling how he was getting upset. "You'll get better again."

"I've been doing this since I was fifteen," Tony grunted, uncurling his body as Jamie reached him, and he sat up to pick up his son, "It just... takes some getting used to."

"Yeah," he smiled, watching his son.

"I don't know," Tony lay James down to tickle him, "I just... it used to relax me. It kind of hurts now."

"And it will again, in time," he said, watching James laugh. The omega nodded slowly.

"I guess. I really don't... want to do that interview. I have no idea how to... talk about being a mom... I'm a businessman."

"I'll help you," he said. "I've been watching you be a mom."

"But you're not supposed to be there." Tony sighed, "And I have no idea what kind of questions
they'll ask, and I can't have Pepper send a list, she hates us, and..."

"And I already said I was going to be there, no matter what," he growled softly. "I don't like you being alone with reporters." Jamie began to cry at his growl, and Tony lifted the baby onto his shoulder, bouncing him.

"I know, I know." He waved a hand at Bucky, as he spoke, "I get it, you don't like it, so... you'll be there, and..." He trailed off, "...Nia is headed for the treadmill." Bucky turned and quickly got up, and he lifted her into his arms.

"Where do you think your going, squirt?" He smiled.

"Babababa!" Antonia exclaimed, kicking her legs as Jamie blew spit bubbles in Tony's arms.

"Let's... let's go upstairs, and I'll get their toys out, they probably need their diapers changed." The alpha smiled and tickled her belly softly, carrying her upstairs.

"Bababa... d... dada...!" She squealed, wiggling in his arms, and Tony froze.

"Did you hear that!?"

"I did!" He beamed and kissed her chubby cheek, "That's right! I'm dada!"

"Dada!" She exclaimed again, hands catching in his hair, and Tony bit his lip.

"They don't say mama." He mumbled, brow furrowing; the sub shook himself what a stupid thought to have, "See, they love you, Bucky." Bucky sighed, and kissed his head.

"Just wait. James does things a few minutes after her..."

"It's fine, it's... I'm not bothered." Tony nudged him, "See? Fine." He stared at Tony, and nodded softly.

"Alright..." he smiled and kissed his mate again when the sub smiled back.

"So... what should we do today? Be seen as a family? We could go to the Santa Monica pier, or we could go..." He scratched his chin, and James patted his face, "To, I dunno, the mall, buy the twins some things... an outfit each, hmm? Or some new toys?"

"The mall sounds nice," Bucky smiled, knowing there would be security around. "You want a new toy?" He asked Antonia.

"Dada." She said simply, laying her head on his shoulder.

"Let me change Jamie... and she'll need a thinner sweater, it's not as cold here." Tony carried James over to the bed, and tickled his belly. "Ready? Change your clothes! Can you hold these pins for me?" He handed the baby the safety locked diaper pins, smiling as he waved them around, "That's my boy."

"Mmm... ma!" He smiled, up at him, kicking his feet; Tony blinked, hands stilling on his baby's legs.

"Jamie?" He leaned close, staring down at him, "Jamie? James?" James stared up at him, pressing his lips together, making 'mmm' noises; Tony ruffled his hair, and cleaned him off, pinning the new diaper on, and putting his little jeans back on. "Wanna go shopping, honey?" He kissed the baby's face as the boy started blowing spit bubbles again. He wiggled in his mother's arms, holding
onto him tightly. "Cutie pie." Tony wrinkled his nose, and nuzzled his son's face, "C'mon, but you gotta behave in your car-seat, honey." He kissed James's cheek, and carried him down to the garage. He started to wait as soon as Tony set him in the car-seat, and the sub sighed, "I'll carry you in the mall, Jamie, don't cry." Jamie wailed, his face turning pink as he kicked and flailed, trying to get out. Tony pressed a hand over his face, because that set Nia off, and he hadn't even buckled in her seat yet, let alone put her in. Bucky frowned.

"C'mon guys," he said, nuzzling Antonia, before Tony took her, and buckled her seat quickly.

"Let's just get there, and... our kids are spoiled."

"Yeah," he smiled and got in the car, the omega fixed both the babies' straps, and climbed into the driver's seat, pulling out of the garage. Bucky tried to get them to calm down, but he wasn't able to. It was a huge relief when they arrived. The couple unbuckled their babies, sighing, and heading into the mall, each with a diaper bag slung over one shoulder.

"Welcome to mommyhood." Tony teased, nudging Bucky, who laughed.

"See? Now I can get interviewed by mommy magazine."

"I don't think they'd accept that." Tony snorted, shifting James up, so he was resting against the sub's chest. Bucky just laughed and kissed his cheek, holding Antonia securely. The sub carried James through the crowd, grunting when Bucky caught the back of his neck with one strong hand. "Bucky..." He could smell tension, knew that the dom wished he were wearing a collar by the way his hand curled around Tony's throat. Bucky breathed in deep, hating that he forgot Tonys collar at home.

"C'mon," he said, pulling him over to a sub shop that conveniently also sold sandwiches; Tony frowned.

"Okay." He murmured, letting Bucky lead him, and the shop had him relaxing, filled subtle scents that would relax any omega. Bucky smiled and kissed his cheek.

"I know you have a lot of collars at home... Do you want to try one of those new necklace collars?" He asked. They were more fashionable and weren't tight at all, Tony held his son close.

"Necklace... uh... sure." He felt a little disoriented by the smells filling the shop. "Bucky..." He pressed close to his dom's side, vaguely uncomfortable. Bucky pressed Tony's head to his chest.

"Sssh, I got you. C'mon. This red one is nice... Ooh I like this diamond one," he smiled, and Tony nuzzled against his chest, barely noticing the soft sound of cell phones taking pictures, as Bucky slid the diamond encrusted choker around his throat, and buckled the clasp. Bucky smiled and nuzzled his head.

"You look beautiful in that," he said, holding up a mirror for Tony to see. The sub blinked.

"It... thank you, Bucky." His eyes flicked over the jewels, the diamonds clustered over his neck. "It's... thank you." James reached up to tug at one of the edges.

"Careful," Bucky smiled and let his son carefully touch it. "Are you hungry at all?"

"No," Tony shook his head, "I'm not, but... we should probably find a spot to sit so I can feed the twins."

"Okay," he walked Tony to the register, paid for the necklace, and then walked them out and over
to some comfortable couches. Tony sank to the cushions, and settled the twins in his lap, pulling his shirt up.

"Here, littles." He beamed, and guided them to take his nipples into their mouths.

"Excuse me," An alpha's voice said, impetuously, "You can't do that here, it's inappropriate."

"Excuse me?" Tony looked up, his children nursing happily. Bucky stood up and got in the alpha's face.

"My children are hungry, back off!"

"There are rooms for it! It's not appropriate for subs to... expose their chests in public!"

"Yeah? And what about the models in those posters lining all the stores!?" Tony growled, refusing to cover his children.

"At least put a blanket over them!"

"I don't give a rat's ass what's appropriate or not, get the fuck away from my family before I throw you into that fountain," he snarled, pointing to the giant fountain that people threw pennies into. Tony tucked his shirt up out of the way, but he felt awkward and uncomfortable. Every alpha that passed looked down their nose at his family.

"Bucky... take Nini," He held her up, "I don't want..."

"Don't want what?" He asked, taking her anyway, nuzzling her head.

"Let's just go to one of those rooms, okay?" Tony murmured, shifting Jamie in his arms, "It... I don't want the kids around people like that."

"It's okay, they'll leave us alone now," he said, nuzzling him. "You have every right to be here, fuck them." Tony sighed.

"Bucky, Jamie needs a diaper change, and I'm not changing him out here where people have their phones out." He pressed, and Bucky sighed and nodded.

"Alright then," he said, holding out his free hand to help him get up; Tony gripped it, standing.

"Sorry." He muttered, searching for one of the omega symbol signs marking the nursing/pampering rooms for submissives. Bucky saw one near the bathrooms, and he gently pulled Tony over to it.

"Don't apologize, it's not your fault."

"It... right." Tony breathed out through his nose, "I'll be right back, is... is Nia wet?"

"Yeah," he said, he could smell it through the diaper cover, it was so bad. Tony held his arm out.

"You can't come in here, gimme her, and I'll change them both."

"What do you mean I can't go in there?" He huffed, stopping at the door.

"It's like... a safe space. Os only, lovebird." Tony cocked his head teasingly, "Clean air, no scent but O. Or so I hear. Think of it like a women's bathroom." He carried the cubs in, and paused, "Well." There were six or seven Os in the room, lounging on fainting couches, or on stools in front
of mirrors with tiny cannisters of perfume, and makeup lining the counters. Tony snorted. "It's a freaking lounge." He sighed. "C'mon, kids, let's get this over with." A slim brunette O looked up at him, and his eyes widened, "Yes, I'm Tony Stark, no, I can't give anything or... because I have the twins of wet diapering in my arms." The young sub blushed.

"I wasn't going to ask for anything," he smiled softly. "Your babies are very cute." Tony blinked.

"Uh... thank you, I grew them in my stomach, so I'm relieved that they're, y'know, good looking." He settled Nia onto one of the changing tables, "No, stop the squirming, daddy is outside, and he's going to carry you all over the mall, until he's very tired." Tony unpinned her diaper, one handed, holding James to his hip, and trying to keep Antonia on her back, "Hey... be still, baby." The other sub stood up.

"Would you like some help?" He asked softly.

"Um... well, Jamie doesn't like anyone else to hold him, and Nia wants her dad, and..." Tony sighed, "Yeah, please, just... he'll cry, but just hold him while I change her and I'll trade you." He knew Bucky was right outside of the bathroom, and if anyone tried to take Jamie, he'd rip them to shreds.

The younger omega nodded, and gently gripped the little boy, watching Tony change their daughter.

"I've always wanted my own kids."

"Yeah?" Tony glanced at him, wiping Nia off and pinning her new diaper on, "It's time consuming, but... yeah. I never really thought about it, as an adult, I was a bit... busy." He slipped her pants back up. "Here, hold the rascal." The submissive boy smiled, and switched babies with him. Tony cleaned his son off, changed his pants, and hefted the boy onto his hip after tying their wet diapers into a waterproof bag. "I can uh... get her now. Are they serious, with the makeup and perfume?"

The other man shrugged.

"Some Omega's like it..."

"Huh." Tony mumbled, "It just, no offense, but I don't get it." All the other subs had left while he was changing Nia, and the brunette boy, with his big expressive brown eyes shrugged.

"I lost my alpha in the crowd... and I'm afraid he'll find me, so I'm hiding in here."

"Is he abusive?" Tony touched his hand, "Come with me, I'll take you somewhere safe." The sub nodded and hunched his shoulders.

"I don't want to go to an omega home... alphas just find you and drag you back." He whimpered.

"I'm not suggesting an O home, I know how those go." Tony gripped his hand, "I'm saying, come with me. To my house, I have the best security in the country."

"Your house?" He asked, hunching his shoulders. "You don't even know me... I can't hide at your house forever."

"Not forever, we could relocate you to New York, and you'd be alright after awhile. I have a lot of houses." The young man shrugged.

"I-I'm scared..." he muttered.

"I know." Tony looked into his eyes, "Hey, focus on me, I had an alpha like that, shh, don't ask, just believe me, I did. It's better to leave, tell me his name, and I'll make sure he never comes near
"Justin..." he said softly. "Justin Hammer is my alpha." Tony went rigid.

"No... no, he's dead, he's..." The sub stumbled backward, hugging his twins to his chest, "...we'll... look, we can keep you safe, we... but you have to come with us, please." The sub shook his head.

"No... Justin's very much alive," he said, pulling down his shirt, showing the extreme possessiveness of the alpha. Bite marks littered his chest, along with several tattoos of his dom's name, nipple piercings, and a thick black collar around his throat. Tony resisted the urge to touch his own chest.

"Come with me, please, I can protect you." He pleaded, eyes desperate, "I... my alpha needs to know that he's alive... and I know some very skilled laser tattoo removers."

"I-I'm not allowed to remove them," he said, biting his thumb. "What if he's out there looking for me?"

"He won't get to you." Tony looked around. "Okay, here," he pressed the twins into the sub's arms, and grabbed the perfumes mixing a few together, then dusted powder through the sub's hair giving it a grey look. "Okay," he rubbed makeup along his cheek bones, changing the contours of his face, and then, taking the twins, handed him the perfume. "Spray." The young man quickly did as told, and covered himself in thick omega perfumes. He sneezed and wrinkled his nose, looking at Tony, who sneezed, too, "Good. Look in the mirror." He walked over and looked, and gasped.

"It doesn't even look like me!"

"Yeah, I've picked a few things up." Tony shrugged, "My dom's going to put his arm around you, okay? And we're going to go to a store, and buy a toy for my twins, and then leave. Just... smell the perfume, and stay loose, okay?" He shook his head.

"You probably came here to have a good day... I can get out," he said. "I can run... and not stop."

"What's your name?" Tony set his twins down, tugged the sub's shirt off, and swapped his own with it. "Tell me your name," He settled the babies on his hips, "The biggest mistake subs make is to hide in an O space. He won't stop because the sign says Os only, kid. You're going to come with me, and we're going to cut the property ideals with a machete." His eyes stared up at him, and he slipped the shirt on, swallowing thickly.

"Um... my name is Peter."

"Peter. Okay, I need you to focus, keep your eyes on Bucky, that's my alpha, and smile, okay? You're happy, you're sharing a dom." Tony nudged him toward the door. "That's Bucky," he got Peter between him and the wall, handing Nia to Bucky. "Babe, we're skipping shopping. This is Peter. We're taking him home with us, we're going to keep him safe, relocate him. Put your arm around him, and meander to the car," his eyes were locked on Bucky's, begging, "Please." Bucky gripped Nia in his arm, looking back and forth between them. He growled softly, but did as told, putting his arm around Peter.

"You better explain this to me in the car," he snarled.

"No," Tony squared his shoulders. "No. At home, Bucky." He stayed close, "Slow, meander." Bucky growled even more, not liking this at all as he led Peter out of the building. "You call that meandering?" Tony attempted, hurried buckling his babies into their seats, "Here, sit between them, there you go, it's okay." He stroked his neck and shoulder to relax him, then slid into the
"What the hell is going on?" he asked Tony.

"Just... please, Buck, trust m-ow..." Tony grabbed Bucky's fingers where they were tangled in his new choker, "Hey, calm the fuck down, alright!? I said I'd tell you when we got home, this sub is in danger, and I think it's more important to get him to safety. I'm going to get him out of here, take him to New York, and get him set up somewhere safe. I need you on my side to do that! Not off chasing-" He closed his eyes, starting the car. Bucky was going to be good for the car ride until Tony said that last part.

"Chasing what!??"

"Bucky, please." Tony hit the gas, "I'll tell you at home, please."

"Fine," he growled, hunching down in his seat. Tony wove through traffic, tense and worried, but doing his best to keep calm so Bucky wouldn't get more antsy.

"Peter, are you doing okay?"

"Yessir..." he said, though his face was pale, and the pull on the bond was stressing him out. Tony pulled into the garage, and Jarvis locked down the parameter immediately.

"It's gonna be okay, Peter." He murmured, unbuckling his kids one at a time, though Bucky's annoyance and anger were making his hands jittery. Bucky took Antonia, and wrapped his arm around Tony, nuzzling his head. He didn't like having another Omega's scent on him. "His alpha is abusive, he was hiding in the O room, and... Hammer's alive."

"Hammer... Justin Hammer!??" He growled loudly, and if James hadn't been crying before, he definitely was now; Tony held his son tight against his chest.

"Yes." He glanced at Peter, "That's his sub, and he..."

"Why aren't I allowed to go kill him!?" He asked, Tony dropped to his knees, Jamie wailing loudly.

"You promised, after the last one..." He pressed, though his instincts scream submit at him. "Please. Not yet, we can't... think of the twins..." The dom let out a sigh, and got on his knees, bringing Tony to his chest.

"I did promise... I'm sorry," he said, kissing his head. The sub shuddered.

"I can't lose you right now..." He whispered, "I... we'll do the interviews... and we'll go to New York... and I'll help Peter get somewhere safe. You can call SHIELD."

"I'm calling SHIELD right now, so they don't lose his trail," he said, kissing his forehead, "And I promise I won't go after him." Tony nodded.

"Yes, sir." He slowly climbed to his feet, "Peter, let me show you to a room where you can get changed and... I'll do what I can to help with the bond shock."

"Okay," he said, shaking as he followed Tony to a room, while Bucky opened his phone, and dialed Coulson's number.

"It's going to be okay," Tony murmured, Jamie on his hip, as he showed Peter the little stockpile of
extra clothes, "You should shower. And once we're New York, a haircut and dye job." Peter nodded softly, feeling absolutely horrible.

"M-maybe I should call him, let him know I'm okay?" He asked, frightened and nervous.

"Peter," Tony touched his shoulder in reassurance, "Would you being okay make him happy? Judging by the tats, I'm guessing not." The smaller omega shrugged softly.

"He's scary when he's mad," Peter whimpered.

"It's going to be alright. We won't let him near you, just relax. The shower's in there, you need anything, just ask Jarvis."

"At your service, sir." The AI added. Peter looked up at the ceiling.

"What?" He asked.

"Not a person," Tony reassured him, "AI. Now, a shower will help, and there's water in the mini fridge. Please, relax." He sighed, and nodded, trying to relax as he took a shirt and pants, and walked into the bathroom. Tony hugged Jamie to his chest, bouncing him softly, as he stepped into the living room. He could hear his dom speaking.

"No, you can't see him!" Bucky growled on the phone, "You aren't his alpha anymore!"

"But Charlotte is still my daughter!" Phil growled back.

"Not anymore!" He growled, "Steve's adopted her!"

"What?" That gave Phil pause, "Steve?"

"Yes," he said. "You left Clint and Charlie. They've moved on."

"She's still my daughter," Coulson forced out, "I'll send a few agents after Hammer." And he hung up. Bucky growled louder, and hung up, before going to Tony.

"Phil is going to handle it." The sub was struggling not to panic, Hammer wasn't worth it, and if he had known that Hammer knew he was a sub then he could have avoided being dropped that first time.

"I've ordered anti-anxiety pills for Peter... the ones I used for the bond shock of... Obi's death."

"Okay," he said, wrapping his arm around him, and kissing his head; Tony nuzzled against his chest.

"I know of six shelters in New York city alone... but none would turn Hammer away, not even if we paid them..." He rubbed a hand over his face as Jamie and Nia both began to fuss. "I have more than enough houses... if we sent Peter to one of them, until Hammer is apprehended, then... Peter could go to a shelter afterward, and move on."

"That's fine with me," he smiled. "I want him to be safe as well." Tony nodded.

"I should nurse them, they're fussing so bad." He swallowed, "The fact that Os are still... property, it's appalling, really, Bucky. There's nowhere safe, your alpha just comes and gets you. Not to mention you're going through bond shock, and there's no help for that in the shelters." The alpha nodded.
"I want to create a shelter to fix that," he smiled.

"But how, Bucky? There are laws about acceptable shelter parameters," Tony settled himself on the couch, letting Jamie latch on before holding his arm out for Nia. Bucky bit his lip.

"Maybe we can find a way to build one within the laws?"

"If we did, it'd be the same as the rest." Tony murmured, letting the twins nurse to their hearts' delight. "Just like I could build a small time company, but once it took off, it'd be illegal for me to act as CEO."

"So let me be CEO," he said, staring at him.

"Bucky... you don't know how to be a CEO." Tony bounced one knee up and down, lulling the twins to sleep. "It was just an example. What we need... is to schmooze it up at stupid parties and find sympathetic senators, congressmen... what have you. See if we can push through some law changes." His dom sighed and nodded.

"We can do this."

"Can we? And leave the twins at home?" Tony's expression showed he didn't like that at all.

"N... We'll figure it out," he sighed, feeling lost.

"We have five years. That's our... deadline."

"I still want to keep fighting Pepper on that five year thing, it's not right."

"The lawyers have tried every loophole, every approach..." Tony shook his head, "They were thorough." Bucky growled.

"What if I threaten Potts?"

"Then you get us into more trouble." Tony lay Jamie and Nia on the couch, sighing. His mate growled softly, and ran a hand through his hair, pacing. "Yeah... I know the feeling." Tony stood and tucked himself into Bucky's chest. Bucky hugged him tightly, nuzzling him. "I'm sorry... he was so scared, Bucky... and he was hiding in that O room like Hammer wouldn't just come in their after him..." He glanced toward the bedroom door. "I had some of those pills left over, hidden away, just in case... and so he's on them already, and he showered and put on clothes that don't smell like..." Tony frowned, tugging his borrowed shirt off, and throwing it, "Yeah."

"I wish you would have told me... texted me or something while you were in there, just so I wouldn't have been so surprised when you came out, but it's okay. You did good," he smiled.

"I didn't have my phone. Shocking, I know." Tony shook his head, and kissed the underside of Bucky's chin, submissive and obedient, trying to help him relax, "I like the choker."

"Yeah?" He smiled, thumbing his fingers across the diamond necklace.

"Yeah. You know, expensive things." The sub shrugged in explanation, trying to smile, "I don't want to be in the same city as Hammer, and that's stupid, because there's no way in hell he could drop me again..."

"Trust me, I don't want you anywhere near that bastard... but we just need to do the board meeting and interview."
"I know." Tony sighed, dragging his fingers through his hair, "You said... once... that if I was ever ready to talk about..." He swallowed, "...what happened with him... and... on the ship... the Hydra one..." Squaring his shoulders, he struggled to continue, "That I could talk to you about it?"

"Of course," he said, sitting down on the couch, and pulling Tony into his lap. The omega tucked his face into Bucky's neck, inhaling, his hands shook.

"I don't... it's really hazy..."

"Just do what you can," he said, holding his hands gently, rubbing his back with his other hand.

"I..." He glanced over at the door Peter was behind, "...I'm trying, just..." It had been well over a year, and it was still terrifying to try and talk about, "I wanted you... I needed you so bad... and they kept... but there was... a man behind a... a one way mirror? He was watching... and giving the orders..." The alpha nodded, staying quiet, letting him speak. "...he... I don't know who he was... but he knew us, Bucky... he knew us." The omega clenched his eyes shut, "They kept... every time a wave would end... it hurt so bad... the whips and... I needed you..."

"I'm sorry I couldn't get to you sooner," he muttered. "I tried."

"It's not your... I'm gonna... I can't, I was wrong, I can't t-talk about it." Tony curled in on himself, fighting down the feelings, the words, because Bucky was blaming himself, and it hadn't been his fault. It had been Tony's fault, for going into the fight regardless. Bucky hugged him tightly.

"Shh. It's okay. You tell me when you're ready," he hummed. "A little was better than nothing."

"O-okay..." The sub hadn't realized he was shaking until he'd tried to lift his head, and had to press it back against Bucky's skin, "...sorry..."

"Don't be, my wonderful sub. I love you," he kissed his head.

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, eyes clenched shut, struggling to get a hold of himself. "Jarvis... what time is it...?"

"Eight forty-five, sir." The AI's voice soothed him, and Tony nodded slowly, sitting up a little straighter.

"I'm going to check on Peter, and then we should... since the twins are asleep, we should go to bed, it's... nearly midnight where we live."

"Okay," he nodded, and he started getting ready for bed.
Peter was in the spare bedroom, sitting on the bed, his arms wrapped around himself. "Hey," Tony knocked softly as he opened the door, "is there anything I can get you? The twins have a lot of stuffed toys, and... that used to help me, when I was younger." He touched Peter's dark hair, soft with curls after the shower, and he could see all too well the resemblance between them. Fucking Hammer. This poor omega was hurting, and all because Justin couldn't have Tony, so he had found one who looked like the one he wanted. Peter shook his head softly.

"They're your kids' toys..." he said quietly, and he looked up at him. "Can I take my piercings out?"

"Yeah, you can do anything you want, Peter." Tony slid his fingers through the slightly curling locks, glad to see he'd removed his collar. "Anything you want. The kitchen is fully stocked, and you have your own bathroom, there's a closet full of spare clothes, take whatever you need. My workshop is locked down, so you can't go in there, and the main bedroom is off limits, but... otherwise... watch some movies, and, Tony looked around, "I think there's a body pillow in the closet." Peter smiled softly, and nodded.

"Thank you, Mr. Stark. this... it means a lot to me. How can I repay you?" He asked, gently reaching his fingers under his shirt, and wincing as he took out the slightly infected nipple piercings.

"Take care of yourself, that's all the repayment I need right now," Tony pulled a first aid kit from the bathroom, "Let me clean them?" The younger sub nodded, and gently removed his shirt.

"And... I have one more piercing..." he said, holding his hand over his cock.

"It's alright, Peter." Tony touched his cheek, then went about cleaning the first two with rubbing alcohol. "Do you want me to clean it, or do you want to do it?" He asked softly, offering him the kit.

"I would like to," he said, softly, pulling his underwear down softly. He reached under the head of his cock, undid the simple screw that held the whole thing in through a piercing in his shaft, and easily slid out the sound in his urethra. "H-he called it a Prince Justin..." Tony kept a hand on the base of Peter's skull, rubbing gentle circles, scruffing the fellow sub to keep him calm until the anti-anxiety medication built up enough to allow him to survive the bond shock without mental damage.

"He's... do you know what he did, Peter?" He asked softly, "Three years ago?" Peter shook his head.

"I met him two years ago..." he said, hands shaking as he grabbed the stuff Tony was using to
"He's a criminal, he was supposed to be in prison... for what he did." Tony kept up the gentle
rubbing. "He raped me, on a live feed, Peter, it's how I was outed as an omega, it was... suffice to
say, I... vaguely know how you feel. I've known him a long time, and... you never have to see him
again, Peter." Peter sighed, and leaned into Tony's chest.

"Thank you..." he said, nuzzling him softly; Tony just stroked his hair gently.

"My family is waiting, we need all the sleep we can get. We have to go somewhere tomorrow, but
I'll make sure the whole mansion is locked down and no one can get in. Jarvis, my AI, will protect
you, and if there is an emergency, he'll get you out."

"Okay... thank you, Mr. Stark," he smiled up at him, and placed his jewelry into the garbage.

"It's Tony." The other sub corrected softly, "Tony. Not Mr. Stark." And he squeezed Peter's neck
once more, comforting, before he slipped from the room.

"Tony..." he smiled, and went to the closet. He grabbed the body pillow, and turned the tv on low,
trying to sleep.

"They slept." Tony whispered in awe the next morning, at six, which would have been nine, had
they been at home, "They slept all night, Bucky, they slept!" The twins had just woken him,
squirmiring and whining for milk.

"Oh thank god, I thought it would never happen," he said, almost crying from relief.

"Me too." Tony shifted James onto his other side so they could nurse while he finished waking up,
"I don't think we've slept that long since they were born." Tony yawned widely.

"We haven't," he said, rubbing his eyes, feeling very happy.

"I hope it wasn't a fluke." Tony mumbled, eyes sliding back closed. "That would suck..."

"You just jinxed it," he teased.

"Nnn..." Tony flopped his head back, "Hope not." Bucky chuckled, and, once the twins were done
nursing, he started changing their diapers. The omega slowly sat up, watching him with affection
in his eyes, "Your meeting's in three hours."

"Alright." He said. "The second it's over, we're going to the interview."

"That's how it's scheduled, yes." Tony muttered, "I think I can handle-" He fell silent at Bucky's
look, rolling his eyes, and climbed out of bed, "I'll go get some uh... breakfast." Bucky's look
turned into a smile and he nodded.

"Good." Tony sighed, and plodded into the kitchen, still shirtless, his tattoo standing out starkly
against his skin, as he dug through the fridge for bread and eggs. He'd gotten pretty good at making
degress toast. Bucky came out once both pups were diapered and dressed, and Tony was sliding his
dom's food onto a plate.

"Tadaa, only partially burnt." He snorted, "I smashed up some more banana for them, if you wanna
"Yes, sir." The AI replied quickly.

"Tell him I'm making breakfast if he wants some." Bucky smiled, and took both the French toast and banana.

"This looks great, thank you," he beamed And ate a few bites before grabbing a small spoon, and scooping up some banana, pressing it into his babies mouths. Peter appeared a few minutes later, fully clothed and with terrible bed head, and Tony was struck again with just how much the sub looked like him, though at least ten years younger.

"Here," He held out a plate of food, "For you."

"Thank you Mr... Tony," he smiled sheepishly, and he sat down at the table, eating quietly. The other omega piled up his own plate, and settled at the table, smoothing his own curly bedhead.

"No problem, I was making it anyway." Peter smiled and hummed, eating happily. He felt a lot better now that he was being taken care of and was on medicine. Tony reached over automatically to ruffle his curls, too used to continuous pack bonding. Peter stared at him strangely, not at all used to excessive touching, but it felt nice so he didn't complain, "I was thinking, Peter, of sending you to stay with my pack awhile, so you can feel safe? There are two other alphas, another O, and a beta. You know of my pack, I'm assuming?"

"I know of the Avengers," he said with a mouth full of food. "That's them, right? They're pretty cool."

"Yeah, that's them. How old are you, Peter?" Tony's brow furrowed, the boy seemed so young.

"Twenty," he said, smiling. Tony blinked, he'd been close.

"Twenty. Alright, I'm going to put you on a jet straight to Avengers tower, today, alright? I'll ask Clint and Steve if they'll get you some clothes, and things, there's tech, uh... but you'll have to stay away from it till I get back, Jarvis will lock anything you touch till I do." He leaned back in his chair, scenting the air to make sure Bucky didn't mind, "If you pack bond with us... then the law states that our alphas have say over who can come near you, and you can't be taken away." Peters eyes sparkled.

"That sounds amazing," he hummed. "But... I can't touch any of the tech?" He asked, pouting. He was sure the Avengers had some pretty awesome stuff!

"Not til I get back." Tony repeated, "But if you like it, I'll set some up for you. It's a precaution, I'm sure you understand." The young sub sighed.

"Yeah... I get it," he nodded. "Thank you," he said, cramming more food in his mouth; Tony dug into his own food, trying to get himself fed so he would have the energy to survive his mommy magazine interview.

"Jarvis, arrange for the quinjet to take Peter to Avengers tower in an hour, and then to return here. And send a notification of my intentions to every member of the pack."

"Already done, sir," Jarvis replied. Bucky just continued feeding his kids, smiling at his mate, as Tony relaxed.

"Bucky? Am I picking my clothes for the interview, or you? Pepper sent over 'acceptable' attire to
"Pepper can go to hell. You'll wear what I give you," he said calmly; Tony nodded slowly.

"Yessir," He quirked his lips in a teasing smile, noticing the matching one on Peter's face, "Oh, we're going to get along just fine." He laughed. Bucky raised an eyebrow at the laughing subs.

"Did I miss something?"

"Nope, nothing at all," Tony snorted, and grinned when Peter did. The alpha shook his head.

"Fuckin' doppelgängers," he growled and continued feeding Jamie banana, and Tony swallowed.

"Bucky? Would you mind if I spoke to Peter alone, in the other room?" He wasn't accustomed to asking permission, but he felt that it was important. Bucky looked back and forth between them.

"Talking only. No kissing, no sex," he said, and Tony rolled his eyes,

"I'm not that narcissistic." He grumbled, leading Peter into the living room, "I have to talk to you about something before you... agree to join the pack. You might have noticed that... we look extremely similar... well, I believe Hammer chose you because he couldn't have me. And I don't want you to feel obligated to join my pack if... that makes you uncomfortable."

"I didn't feel obligated," he said, "I felt safe... ya know, living with Iron Man, Captain America, Thor and the Hulk will do that to ya," he smiled softly, Tony smiled.

"Good, I... I want to change how this world works for our designation..." Peter frowned and stared at him.

"That would be really hard to do..." The older omega shrugged.

"You know me, I love a challenge."

"Yeah," Peter chuckled, "You'd be changing the world."

"That's the way to do it." The twenty year old nodded.

"So... I guess I'll live with you until Justin is gone..."

"And after." Tony gripped his hand, "If you want. You could be our live in babysitter?" The joke was shaky. Peter blushed.

"I did tell you that I liked babies, didn't I?"

"How do you feel about two and a half year olds?" Tony quipped, "My pack mate has a young daughter." Peter smiled.

"I bet she's really cute," he chuckled.

"Adorable, really." Tony agreed. "And, well, with twins, it's a lot harder to watch her for his heat." Peter nodded.

"Yeah, I can babysit her," he smiled.

"I'll talk to Clint about it, because Bruce just can't handle it."
"Clint? As in Hawkeye?" he asked, smiling. "I haven't seen him around."

"Yeah, he's focusing on her right now." Tony shrugged, "He's invaluable to our pack." He smiled, eyes softening, "I wouldn't be here without him. Now, the jet will be here soon, we have a couple hours before our business, and I think Bucky needs help with the twins." James was crying, loudly, obviously upset.

"O-okay," he said, going back into the kitchen, staring at the twins. "Hey..." he said, reaching out to touch them when Bucky's hand shot out and grabbed his hand, glaring at him; Tony sighed.

"Bucky," he lifted James out of his chair, uncaring of the banana all over the baby, "he's not going to hurt them, and we're both right here, relax."

"I don't trust after only twenty-four hours," he grumbled, and Tony sighed.

"Alright, fine." He muttered, "I'm sorry, Peter." Peter bit his lip and sighed, backing off.

"It's fine..."

"He'll get over himself." Tony muttered, holding James to his chest to nurse. James latched on hungrily, gurgling happily around the nipple, while Tony sank into a chair, and leaned back. Bucky started cleaning Nia's face off, making sure her clothes weren't too dirty. "I'm going to bathe them, Bucky, before we go." Tony murmured.

"Alright..." he grunted, yawning and kissing his daughter's cheek.

"Did I do something wrong, Bucky? Because you're really prickly." The alpha shook his head.

"No, it's not you... it's being away from pack, being near Hammer, the meetings... I'll be fine once were back home."

"Okay, well... could you not bite me and Peter's heads off, if possible, before then? Because I'm a bit stressed too." Tony was working hard not to let himself panic over Hammer.

"Fine. Sorry," he muttered and he nuzzled Nia's head; Tony sighed.

"Lemme see her, she needs to nurse before we get to SI."

"Okay," he handed her over, and went to get the bath water drawn.

"Thank you, baby." Tony called, looking up to see Peter looking longingly at the pups. Peter caught Tony's eyes and quickly lowered his eyes to the floor, sighing. "Hey... don't worry about Bucky, okay? He's been through a lot, and... okay, we've been through a lot, he's stressed out. He's not always like that." The younger omega nodded, and rubbed his eyes.

"Can I have more of those pills?"

"Yes, of course, shit, I'm sorry!" Tony made to stand up, then realized he was trapped. "Uh... babies. Open that drawer, and hand me the bottle? And look, I'm having some shipped to the tower, but these are addictive, and I'm having an alpha regulate them, okay? Bond shock usually takes two weeks to wear off, for me it... it was a lot longer, because I let myself get addicted." Tony swallowed, "In a week, Steve will lower your dose by half. And then again three days later, and then none at all, okay?" He sniffed and nodded, grabbing the bottle and handing it to Tony.

"I can regulate my own pills."
"I don't know that." Tony sighed. "Come on, Peter, just... humor me?"

"Fine," he said, rubbing his bonding gland. Tony shook four pills into his hand.

"Two now, two in six hours, okay?" He tucked the bottle in his pocket, shifting his babies, to stand up. "I gotta bathe them, and get dressed. I'm trusting you. Jarvis, send the message to Steve, in fact, the whole pack, tell them... I'm sending them a new pack mate." Peter nodded. He put the two in a small paper cup on the counter so he wouldn't lose them, and then he took the other two.

"Sent, sir, and opened by every pack member."

"Where are you from, originally?" Tony asked, "Because I'm pretty sure it's not California."

"New York," he smiled softly. "My girlfriend had just passed away, and then Justin came along. He said I was pretty... and he could make the hurt go away..." he shuddered. Tony wished he had a free arm, to hug him.

"Yeah... I know the feeling. Well, I guess it's time you went home, huh?" He offered a smile, "Any family?" Peter looked up at him, eyes nervous.

"I thought you were sending me to your place?"

"I am, I meant home as in the city? And I'm asking about family, because I thought, if you had anyone close, important... you could get them to move in, be safe." Peter grinned.

"Really?" He said happily. "My aunt May is my only family left."

"When you get there, give her a call. It's safer if she's in the tower. Hammer is low, she might be in danger." Peter's eyes went wide.

"Okay, I'll do that," he said, biting his lip. "I hope she'll be okay..."

"I can have Thor go pick her up, if you'd like." Tony offered, "He loves rescuing damsels."

"I don't want him to frighten her," he replied. "I-I haven't seen her in two years..."

"He can be a bit much. What if he takes you to get her, huh?" Tony understood, he'd been in pain, and Hammer had whisked him away, and... then he'd lost everything. "Wait... two years ago... wait... and your alpha girlfriend died..." His eyes flickered up to Peter's face, swept over his body, "Oh my god..." Peter's eyes widened and he kept his head down.

"Whatever you're thinking, it's not true." Tony hefted Nia higher on his hip.

"Oh, but I think it is true. And it means you suit our pack even more." He smiled, "Is your suit at your aunt's? Does Hammer know?" The young O blushed.

"It's at my aunt's... I don't do that kind of thing anymore. Justin doesn't know," he shook his head.

"I know you don't, but you haven't been in your city, either. Peter, you don't have to do anything you don't want to, but if you change your mind, please, let me know." Tony shifted his weight around, "I have to go, Bucky is waiting." Peter swallowed thickly, and started to feel some bond loss from Gwen. He put his head on the table, shaking a little, Tony paused, chewing his lip. "It's going to be alright." Peter shook his head, and got up, wrapping his arms around himself.

"I'm gonna go pack..." he said, and he left despite only having a toothbrush and his shoes to pack.
"Peter... any of the clothes in there that you like, go ahead and take them." Tony called after him, before joining Bucky in the bathroom, "Okay, can you hold them, and get Jamie undressed? I'll bathe him first." Tony handed the twins over, and slipped his clothes off, climbing into the bath. Bucky smiled and undressed Jamie, handing his naked son to his mother; Tony held him close, "Hey, let's get you all clean." Lowering James partially into the water, Tony watched his face. "That's my good boy," he washed Jamie's body one handed with a washrag, before he took his naked daughter from Bucky, and handed their son to him to be dried off and dressed.

"Alright alright," Bucky said as he fussed, and he quickly diapered him, trying to calm his son; Tony cleaned Antonia gently then washed himself as best he could, before climbing out with her, and wrapping her in a towel. Bucky smiled, and took Antonia, handing Tony a towel of his own. The omega dried himself off smoothly, before heading out to the bedroom. Bucky dressed Nia, and brushed her hair carefully, putting a small bow in her hair; the omega yawned, before pulling on slacks and a button down. Bucky smiled.

"See? You didn't need Pepper's clothes," he hummed.

"Bucky..." Tony smoothed the light grey cloth over his stomach, "I hope so."

"You look fine," he smiled, holding up a blue jacket, and the omega slipped it on.

"To you, Bucky. But appropriate? I don't know." He lifted James up off the bed, and bounced him. "I think it's appropriate, it's an interview," he shrugged.

"With pictures," Tony muttered. "And I'll need to nurse them at some point, and..." He shook his head, "It's fine, I'll figure it out." Sighing, he kissed his son's cheek, and made sure Nia's clothes were on her right, before scooping her up, too. "Jarvis? Did the jet come yet?"

"It will arrive in three minutes, sir." Bucky wrapped the diamond collar around Tony's throat, kissing his cheek. The omega took a deep breath, trying to stay calm, Not Obi. Bucky. Bucky loves me. He told himself silently, and carried the twins out to play in the living room. Bucky beamed, and got himself into a business suit, feeling nasty in such constricting clothes.

"Tony... can you do my hair?" The omega nodded.

"Yeah, of course," He agreed easily, handing the twins to his mate to hold, and brushing his mate's thick hair, then twisted the strands together in a braid. Bucky sat patiently in a chair while Tony worked, and hugged his kids to his chest. "There," the sub yawned once, and kissed just behind Bucky's ear. The alpha smiled, and reached around to feel his hair.

"Thank you," he hummed, and kissed him again.

And, as the small family stepped into the living room, Peter came out with a small bag, having decided to keep some of the clothes; Tony heard the tell tale sound of the jet landing.

"Your ride is here." He smiled, and pulled Peter into a quick hug. Peter smiled softly and hugged him back.

"Thank you... for everything," he said and he grabbed his pills off the counter from earlier, and walked outside to get on the plane. Tony watched him go.

"I have a good feeling." He murmured, taking James from his mate, "A good one."

"Yeah?" He smiled, "Good. 'Cause I'm not comfortable with sending a stranger to the mansion...
but Steve is there. He'll protect the pack."

"He's not exactly a stranger," Tony grinned, "I've worked with him before, but we didn't know it, that's..." His grin widened, "That was Spiderman, Bucky." Bucky just shook his head.

"What's a Spiderman?"

"Never mind." Tony sighed, "It's fine, he's a hero, I've worked with him."

"Okay," he smiled, "That makes me feel a little better."

"He lost his alpha... she died, and he vanished right after that, you know? Apparently that's when Hammer took him." Bucky sighed.

"Poor kid..."

"Yeah." Tony sighed, "Yeah. But we... we're fixing it, right?"

"We're gonna try," he nodded, and hugged him.

"He looks like me, Bucky. Too much like me, and from the footage of Spiderman, and the time we worked together...? He thinks a bit like me, too." The alpha nodded.

"I'm sure you guys will be good friends," he said, rubbing his back.

"It's my fault, Bucky. Hammer took him because he's like me."

"Oh," he muttered, and nuzzled his head. "We'll fix it... we'll make sure he's happy, and we'll make sure Hammer is dead this time."

"Will we? Because I thought SHIELD was handling it." Tony narrowed his eyes, "Bucky, you promised."

"Yeah, They are, I just mean that we'll have the confirmation this time... fuck, who did I kill in that cell...?" He asked, groaning. "I won't go after him... I just want to see his dead body."

"I don't know, but I worry about... it must have been SHIELD who put the decoy there, Bucky... fuck." Tony rubbed a hand over his face. "We'll have to... we'll have to..." He closed his eyes, "We can't trust SHIELD, Bucky." The dom bit his lip.

"We're going home tomorrow," he said, grunting softly. "Board meeting, interview, sleep, and then home. Then we'll talk to the pack about Hammer." Tony nodded.

"Okay." He leaned to kiss his mate. "He's... god, he's an idiot, but he has resources, and he's fucking stubborn! What if he comes after the twins!?" Bucky growled loudly.

"No, we're leaving tomorrow, all four of us!" Tony nodded, but he was tense and uncomfortable.

"Tomorrow." He whispered, "Okay..." He pulled Jamie close against his chest, and kissed Antonia's head, "I... the suitcase armor is in the bedroom, I'm taking it with me."

"Okay," he nodded, and kissed his cheek. "We should each take one of those baby slings, so if we need to make a get away or fight, we're able to have one hand free."

"Bucky..." Tony swallowed. "Pepper will be nearby, she would take them, I'm not fighting with my children in harm's way." He chewed his lip, "I can't do that." His mate growled softly, but nodded.
"Fine." Tony pressed up against his chest, their children between them, and nuzzled his dom's throat.

"It's that, or one of us takes them and runs, and I..."

"Nobody is running," he growled, holding Tony tightly. "We'll stick together." Tony breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good." He whispered, "Good. We should go, we don't want to be late, can't give them any excuses."

"Alright," he nodded, "Are you driving?" He asked, grabbing the diaper bags.

"Yeah, but I called Happy, and he's going to sit in the waiting room with me while you have your meeting."

"Good," he smiled, and nuzzled him happily.

"Yeah, I... I thought it would help." Tony breathed, touching their noses together, "Jamie's going to cry the whole way there."

"I know... I wish we knew how to make car rides easier for him..."

"Me too." Tony sighed, running his fingers through his hair, "I never got my haircut."

"You look beautiful," he hummed.

"I look... sloppy." Tony grunted, frowning, "Really." Bucky frowned.

"You can change, if you want..." he said.

"No, my hair, Bucky." Tony touched his shoulder, "The clothes are fine."

"Okay," he let out a soft sigh. "I'm not much of a stylist... do you want to stop at a barbers before we go?"

"It's... we don't really have time, it's fine." Tony shook his head, "Let's go." He lead the way to the car, and buckled the twins in; true to his word, Jamie immediately began to wail. Bucky frowned.

"What if we gave him something to hold? Or something that smelled like you?"

"I don't know," Tony took a teddy bear out of the nearer diaper bag, and rubbed it over his bonding gland, before twisting to hand it to Jamie. The baby boy whimpered, and grabbed the bear. Whimpering was an improvement! Tony slowly relaxed into his seat. "Good." He closed his eyes, "Good." Bucky smiled.

"C'mon, lets get going," he kissed him, and got in the passenger's seat.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for the late post, I was sick yesterday.
So I Can Be Happier

Chapter Summary

Warnings include: Omega-ism (The belief that only alphas are worthwhile, and subs are only toys or playthings, along with the 'housewife' ideal), weight loss questions, etc.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Getting the kids out at Stark Industries was surreal, carrying them through the levels, every O exclaiming over them, hurrying forward to touch their hair, or to shake Tony's hand, thanking him for the opportunity to work in a prestigious company. Bucky supervised this, making sure nobody was a threat to his family. When he saw Happy, he led Tony over to the chairs; the omega shifted, sinking into a seat, and Happy gruffly picked up Jamie, looking him over.

"Looks like you," he set him back down, and picked up Nia, "I'm guessing by the pink, that this one's the girl?" Tony snorted.

"Sit down, Hogan." Bucky rolled his eyes and kissed Tony's head.

"I'll be back soon."

"You better be," Tony teased as Happy moved to stand near the entryway to the waiting room. Bucky smiled and kissed him once more on the lips, before heading to the board meeting. Pepper gestured to a seat down the table from her, deceptively calm, as he walked in, and the board shifted in their seats.

"Mr. Barnes," one man, the same who had lead the questioning at Bucky's first meeting with them, spoke. "I see you ignored instructions to leave your... submissive at the interview?"

"Yes," he said, taking his seat. "I refuse to allow him alone with the paparazzi, with strangers, with my two children."

"Mother Omega Magazine is hardly paparazzi, Mr. Barnes." An old alpha grunted, unamused, his seat at the far end of the table showing that he was the speaker this time around. "As you well know, your... omega has been signed onto Child Leave until the aforementioned children reach five years of age." His voice was dry, raspy, with a shaky quality that old age brought on.

"Signed by someone who had no right," he growled at Pepper. "She is no longer his alpha."

"Signed by the CEO of the company, as was completely within her rights," the old alpha droned on, "We do not accept displays of dominance within the board room, Barnes." Bucky breathed out heavily through his nose.

"My apologies. As Mr. Stark's Alpha, and owner of the company as Anthony's alpha, I want to change the Child Leave."

"Impossible." The old alpha meandered on, as if every word took him half an hour to say, "It is a
nearly standard contract, signed by the acting CEO of the company, and as such, while you and your... plaything, do own the controlling shares of Stark Industries." He continued dryly, "Every matter of such contracts must be voted upon by the entire board, and we have all voted to extend his Child leave longer than the standing five years." Pepper kept her gaze resolutely on the speaking alpha, "However, as it is clear you will not sign it, it will stand at five, ending upon the day the... results of copulation begin school." Bucky didn't like the way he talked about his kids.

"My children will be starting school as soon as possible, most likely before they are five."

"Let me make this more clear, the shortest amount of time is five years, if the... products have not begun school, within the five years, then the time will extend until such time as they do begin school." The alpha cleared his throat, taking a short sip of water, "Continuing to fight this, Mr. Barnes, will extend it only." Bucky wrinkled his nose.

"My children are not 'Products' or 'results', sir."

"Neither of your... children... are alphas, Mr. Barnes." The old man leaned forward, "Therefor, they are products, and incomplete ones, of your copulation with omega Stark. And unmarried products, on top of that."

"And without Mr. Stark, you wouldn't be here today, would you? He is an intelligent, strong hero, and you're quite lucky he still needs you. Men like you are... replaceable. I am proud of my children, no matter what is between their legs. Our marital status is none of your business."

"You and Omega Stark have been bonded three years, Mr. Barnes." The man's voice was monotonous, rambling, "Marriage is what will secure your personal vote within the board meetings. Without it, you are simply the keeper of a very unruly omega with two children, who causes more trouble than we can currently contend with."

"Did you really call a board meeting to talk to me about getting hitched?" He asked.

"We called a board meeting, Mr. Barnes, due to the constant search for nonexistent loopholes within the Child Leave contract. And to remind you that you do not have voting power within this board until you have married Omega Stark." The man stood on shaky legs, "Beyond that, the matter of Omega Stark's accounts. The Child Leave is completely paid, as if he were still... attending work, but there will be no design submissions, and no contact to the company beyond that."

"If I marry Mr. Stark, " Bucky said, "Will I be able to override the standing vote of five years?"

"No. You will have one vote, and to override such a matter, six board members would have to vote the same as you. As our current vote stands united in the need to have him... caring for those products for the next five years, the chances seem slim." Bucky nodded, his expression carefully neutral.

"I believe Mr. Stark and I can handle our children just fine without the five year leave."

"Regardless," The alpha droned, "The leave is legally held at five years, and will not change."

"Unless I marry Mr. Stark and get the board to vote for what I want, get the majority," he said.

"Yes." The elderly alpha settled back into his chair.
Tony settled comfortably into the couch, his shirt unbuttoned so that his children could nurse, and they were suckling contentedly, two hours later, when Bucky finally emerged from the meeting. "Hey, how'd it go?" He asked, "They're eating, so we gotta wait a little bit."

"I got us a way to get rid of the five year dilemma, but it's going to be difficult," he kissed him. Tony frowned.

"Okay." He swallowed, "Tell me about it later, I don't want to talk about anything important here."

"Okay," he said, frowning a little. He thought Tony would have been more excited. "C'mon, let's get you to that interview." The sub gestured at his nursing children.

"Not yet. Look, I'm interested, you know I am, but this isn't the place to talk about it." He whispered. "Too many ears." Bucky nodded in understanding.

"Okay," he smiled, and sat down besides him, "Jamie's still got a hold of that bear, huh?"

"Yeah, I... don't want him to get too attached." The omega worried, chewing his lip, and then both the twins pulled off, yawning and gurgling. "Here, hold them while I button up." He hoped they'd nursed enough that he wouldn't leak. His alpha nodded, and held his kids.

"Well, now he's associating the bear with you, maybe he'll be okay as long as he has the bear?"

"Maybe." Tony sighed, and quickly buttoned his shirt, "Let's... let's go downstairs then, shall we?" The interview slash photo shoot was supposed to take place in a lower board room. Bucky nuzzled him, and handed James over, holding Nia in his arms. "Brace yourself," Tony muttered as the elevator started down.

The board room was one of the largest in the building, and the long table had been removed, replaced with a variety of soft furniture. Tony hesitated in the doorway, James patting his chest, just below the collar. Bucky rubbed Tony's back, and pressed in, keeping an arm around Tony's waist. The sub swallowed, and straightened his spine, as the interviewer, a motherly looking older omega took his hand in both of hers.

"Welcome, Omega Stark, thank you for attending." Tony flashed his brilliant press smile, dazzling her.

"Of course, pleased to meet you, Omega...?"

"Lanes, but please, call me Dee."

"Tony, then." He twisted the words smoothly, and she smiled, flattered.

"I am his alpha, Bucky," he said, making sure his presence was well and known. She held a hand out, shaking his hesitantly.

"If you would please take a seat near the door while I interview him?" It was clear she found him dominating and suspicious. Tony took Antonia from her father, and carried the twins further into the room.

"You want pictures, right?" Bucky growled softly, but was okay with omegas being the interviewers. He sat down, content as long as Tony was in his sight.

"Yes, we need a few shots of you with the babies." Dee waved her hands, and Tony shifted the twins in his arms until they were comfortable and not squirming.
"This alright?" Susan, the camera lady smiled and nodded, taking several pictures; Tony kept his chin half cocked, not submissive, but not overpowering or dominant either, and Dee clapped.

"Perhaps one of them eating?"

"They're not hungry right now, and I don't feel being shirtless for this interview is necessary," Tony replied, smile fixed in place.

"Oh, of course," she quickly nodded. "How about you kissing them?" Tony hefted the nearly sleeping twins a little higher, laughing when he pressed a kiss to Nia's face, and she tilted up, Jamie nuzzling him clumsily. "Awe!" She smiled and took several pictures, while Tony flushed, because he hadn't intended to be that open. He schooled his features.

"Was that enough?"

"Yes, I'm sure, we can always take more later," Dee exclaimed, and Tony huddled the twins to his chest, watching them yawn, barely noticing the still clicking camera. "If we could begin the interview, Omega Stark?"

"Of course," He replied, bouncing a knee automatically to jiggle them to sleep. Susan had someone take over her job on the camera, and she came over, perching in a chair beside Dee's.

"How do you handle taking care of your alpha and your children? Must be stressful," she said.

"What?" Tony arched a brow. "Bucky's a grown man, he takes care of himself," he went quiet, thinking hard, "We've found having twins to be... tiring, sleeping habits are difficult to establish."

"Mnhm," she said, writing that down. "Surely he sets tasks for you though?"

"My alpha?" Tony frowned, and pushed his hair back from his face. "We're a bit busy for that, with the twins. We don't see the point of... look, Bucky's a better person to ask this question." Susan looked at Dee,

"I'm fine with asking the alpha questions," she said, staring at the omega.

"Bring him over, then." Dee sighed, looking Tony over, "Do you formula feed?"

"No, I breastfeed." Tony grunted, "I'm pretty sure that's common knowledge." Antonia stirred, and began to cry for her daddy. Bucky was over in seconds, sitting down and staring at Antonia, the cameras flashing at the Stark/ Barnes family. Tony handed her over, and Dee gasped, seemingly shocked that the baby wanted her father. The alpha smiled and nuzzled his daughter's head, beaming at her.

"To answer your question, I don't really give him tasks. He knows what's expected of him, he's a good omega," he hummed; Tony shifted James up against his shoulder, relaxing, because Bucky was spectacular at dealing with reporters. Susan had another question for Tony.

"What are you doing about your figure? To lose weight?" Tony blinked.

"Are you serious?" He patted James's back, "I'm not doing anything, really. I do yoga, like I always have, and I chase a toddler around sometimes, but... that's literally all."

"You don't have an exercise routine?" She asked, frowning.

"Uh... no?" Tony frowned right back, "Why would I?"
"Most celebrities do, to get as thin as possible as quick as possible," She shrugged, Tony glanced at Bucky.

"Well, I'm not concerned about-"

"But the weight you gained from having twins! I've seen the photographs of the pregnancy, dear." Dee exclaimed.

"What are you talking about? I don't even weigh that much!" Tony pressed, and Bucky growled softly.

"My mate is fine the way he is."

"Well, surely you want him to go back to how he was, for his health?" Dee leaned forward, looking at Bucky.

"He will, in time," he said. "If I push him too much, it won't be healthy for him."

"Being overweight isn't healthy for him,"

"I am not overweight! I feed twins every day, I'm a perfectly normal size!" Tony growled so loudly that James began to cry, "Hey, shh shh, baby, shh, it's alright."

"That's enough questions about his weight. He's fine," Bucky gave a warning snarl.

"Yes, sir." Dee murmured, cowed. Tony gave the photographer a sharp look, and pulled his shirt up for his son. Bucky looked at Tony with wide eyes, but it was his omega's choice to do this.

"May we take pictures!?” Susan asked excitedly, Tony shifted, unsure.

"I... look, I'm not sure I'm comfortable with..." He trailed off as Nia began to reach for him, whining, "...one. Bucky has complete control over whether or not any of these pictures are used."

"If Tony doesn't want it, then it doesn't happen," he snarled again. Tony took Antonia, and let her latch on.

"Bucky, it's fine. As long as every picture goes by you before the article is published."

"If you don't want them posted, then there is no point in having them taken," he argued softly. Tony closed his eyes.

"Bucky, I don't care if there's one picture, as long as it's not... objectifying me and my children." He was more comfortable with it, because his tattoo was covered. The dom sighed and nodded, the cameras flashing wildly. Tony tried to focus on his twins, and ignore the flashes.

"That's plenty." He grunted, the light was bothering the twins, they squirmed against him.

"Enough," Bucky growled when the flashing didn't stop immediately. The omegas hunched over, the camera tucked away, and Tony sighed.

"Do you have more questions? If not, I'd like to leave."

"Ah, yes, why do you deny your designation?" She asked, causing Tony to blink.

"What? I don't, I just don't see why what's in my stomach and and between my legs should dictate where I work and how I'm perceived."
"Wouldn't your children follow in your footsteps?" She asked, writing his responses down.

"My... children? We don't know their designations, as of yet, and won't until they turn twelve." Tony shifted, holding his children protectively, "Are you implying that, if they're Os, they'll act unbefitting their... station? Well, yes, probably, because I don't intend to teach my children that they are worth less than any other designation."

"You don't find it cruel to teach them that they are better than what they are, despite the world thinking otherwise?" Tony handed Nia to Bucky, eyes narrowing.

"Better than... how can you, as an omega, say that we are less than betas or alphas?" He lifted James to burp him, "How does creating life make us less?" Dee stared at him, and shrugged.

"That's just... the way things have always been. I've heard that you want to change that. What are your ideas?"

"Well, first of all the abolition of the property laws that govern omegas. We're human beings, not dogs. Secondly, how are O shelters supposed to function if the subs they're supposed to protect are given back to abusive alphas as soon as they come knocking?" She shrugged.

"You have ideas to counter these laws?"

"I have some ideas, but I'm not yet willing to share them. Suffice to say, I hope to change how we're treated, at least when seeking asylum from abuse and rape."

"Okay," She said, writing away. "Do you have any other ideas for O rights?"

"Legal ability to work in higher paying jobs, and... pregnancy slash child leave that they agree with." Susan smiled softly, and nodded.

"Anything else?"

"I plan on challenging suppressant companies." Tony straightened up, eyes sly, "The current available suppressants are unhealthy and harmful to the reproductive organs. On top of that, the O anxiety pills are unsafe, and highly addictive."

"Do you speak from experience?" she asked; Tony tensed, realizing his error.

"I have no comment on that subject."

"Uh huh," she said, jotting things down. "Are you going to create a pharmaceuticals section in Stark Industries?" Tony ground his teeth.

"Not necessarily, it's too early, really, to discuss." She nodded.

"Well, Dee, do you have any questions?" Tony glanced at her.

"Well, I wonder how you dealt with the pain of hiding your designation, and nature for so long?" The motherly omega asked.

"Look, isn't this a mothering magazine?" Tony interrupted, Susan wrinkled her nose.

"Right. how are Antonia and James doing?"

"Extremely well, they started crawling yesterday," Tony forced a grin, "They learn everything within a few minutes of each other."
"Is that because they are twins?" She asked.

"I think it's because we give them equal attention." Tony bounced James on his knee distractedly. "Jamie loves to be in my arms, and Nia is more attached to her dad, but we do a pretty good job, I think." Bucky nodded.

"I think so too."

"Was it a difficult birth?" Dee asked, writing diligently, "I hear twins can be hard, how many hours was it?"

"Uh... how many was it, Bucky? Eight?" Tony shrugged, "Maybe less? It wasn't that bad, tiring, but..." Bucky nodded.

"Around eight. We had the entire pack around to help." Tony bobbed his head in a nod.

"And it wasn't difficult? You have extremely slim hips, as male omegas go, Omega Stark."

"No, it wasn't all that difficult." He frowned.

"Twins are smaller," Bucky hummed, and nuzzled his daughter's head. The baby yawned, and Tony smiled softly in response.

"Yeah," He agreed, "Twins are... they felt huge when I was pregnant, though." Bucky chuckled.

"He was adorable. " Tony flushed.

"I was not."

"How did you, as his alpha, handle the stress of pregnancy?" Dee asked, and Tony swallowed, convulsively. Bucky shrugged.

"I guess about as well as any other alpha. My cooking skills got better," he smirked.

"You cooked?" Dee looked scandalized, "For him?" Tony fought the urge to bare his teeth.

"Yes," The alpha said. "It was only fair. He had buns in the oven, he was doing enough cooking."

"It is... extremely odd that... were there no other omegas in your pack?" Dee gestured at Tony, almost dismissively.

"Our packmates have their own lives." The sub tried not to growl.

"They do have their own lives, and our other omega had just been through something horrible... I would not have asked him to do anything." Dee frowned at the explanation.

"But an alpha doing the cooking?"

"I enjoyed it," he said, "I'm all for omega rights. Part of that is not making the omega do every menial task."

"I've never been much of a cook." Tony added a shrug, Bucky hummed and nuzzled him softly. The sub closed his eyes, and relaxed ever so slightly, and Dee pressed onward.

"You didn't send him to cooking classes?" Tony glowered at her.
"No, get off the cooking subject," Bucky said, "If you don't have anymore questions for Tony about the pregnancy or children, then we're leaving." Dee hunched her shoulders, submissive, but Tony now saw it as the placating ploy that it really was.

"How... are their sleeping habits difficult?"

"Oh, they have been, yes," Tony answered, "They're the kind that stay up way too late."

"They've finally started sleeping through the night... we hope."

"Hope being the keyword," Tony shifted James against his chest, as the baby started to whimper, he was tired but the spotlights on them were bright, "Look, your questions are... fascinating, but it's time we left." Tony rocked his son gently. Bucky stood up, and hefted Antonia higher into his arms, and the omega followed. "Thanks." He murmured to Bucky, and kissed James's hair. James calmed down once they were out of the room, hugging the bear. "Bucky?" Tony asked softly, "You okay?" Bucky let out a deep sigh, and nodded.

"Yeah, I'm alright. Let's go home." His omega nodded softly.

"Yessir," He mock saluted, and Bucky grinned, and kissed his cheek, wrapping his arm around him and walking out. Tony leaned into his side.

"I thought it was never gonna end." He groaned once they were out in the fresh air, and Bucky smiled.

"Wasn't as bad as I thought it would be," he hummed and nuzzled him softly.

"I guess." Tony sighed, "I need to... can you take Jamie? I have to pee."

"Yeah," he smiled, and went over to a nearby bench to sit down while his mate left; Tony pressed into the bathroom, doing what he had to, and it was then that he smelled it, the scent of...

"Hammer." He turned, but the man was between him and the door, smirking. "Get out of my way." Tony growled reflexively, and then a needle bit into his neck, a beta, male by the scent, was behind him! He spun to keep both the men in sight, but his vision blurred. "Buc..." Tony's mind went hazy, and then he was out. When Tony was taking too long, Bucky stood up and walked in to find nothing. He growled loudly and sniffed the air, scenting Hammer.

"Fuck, Tony!" He shouted out, and started searching the building for them, following Hammer's trail, the babies wrapped tight in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry.
Affect Him

Chapter Summary

SO SO SO SORRY FOR NOT POSTING YESTERDAY! I really meant to, but I fell asleep, and then I had to leave early! SORRY!

Warnings: Slapping, hitting, forced bonding, drugging, a severe beating (it's not who you're expecting), induced heat, helplessness,

Tony groaned, inching an eye open, but bright light burned his retina and he clenched it back shut.

"Nnn..." He shifted uncomfortably, his chest aching to feed his twins, as he realized that he was tied to a chair. "Hammer..." He growled weakly, jerking his chin up, and forcing his eyes open. He was in a brightly lit room, in... a parking garage? Hydra base, his mind supplied, abandoned one. Hammer smiled brightly and clapped his hands together.

"It's good to finally see you again, Tony baby," he hummed, and the sub glared up at him.

"Can't say I feel the same," he swallowed, throat dry, neck throbbing at the injection point. The slim alpha chuckled.

"You're going to be punished for what you did to me," he said, taking a step closer. Tony bared his teeth in a growl.

"I didn't do shit to you, take responsibility for your own actions, dipshit." He kept his head up, but low enough that his throat was protected, refusing to submit. "You're the one who broke Vanko out of prison, he's the one who took over the drones. And really, Hammer, drones?"

"Drones don't mouth back!" He shouted, slapping him hard across the face; Tony's head snapped to the side, and he tasted copper, his tooth had cut open the inside of his cheek. The sub twisted his wrists in the ropes holding him still, and raised his head to stare at Justin.

"I don't know, almost killing half the population of New York was a bit of a downer."

"If you had just acted like a good little sub and become my mate, all of that could have been avoided," he waved it away, and then snapped his fingers. Two men came out of the shadows, and started to cut away Tony's clothing. When he was fully naked, Hammer smiled, and ripped the diamond necklace off, the clasp and some of the chains breaking, diamond clumps scattering over the floor.

"I've never been a good little sub, Hammer, and you know it. Also, my dom's probably going to rip you limb from limb, he liked that collar." Tony clenched his thighs together, trying to find some way to cover himself. Hammer smiled softly.

"Poor thing, what did he do to you? You were so beautiful," he ran his hands over the stretch marks on his belly, his nipples and then the tattoo, and his eyes grew dark. "I was supposed to be the one to break you!" He growled angrily; Tony, who had let the blood and saliva pool in his mouth, spat in Hammer's face.
"No one breaks me." He growled, losing his nonchalance for a second, "You're an idiot, Hammer, you can't have me, and your... slave... you went too far with that one, Justin, he was too similar to me. Or did you not know that you were domming for Spider-man?"

"Of course I knew he was Spider-Man," he chuckled. "He was quite impressive until I managed to break him. And then he became the perfect decoy, even if he didn't know it himself. No, you will be mine," he growled and tilted Tony's head to the side, biting hard into Tony's bonding gland. Tony arched, bucking against his bonds wildly, clenching his teeth against the screams building in his throat, waiting for the pain of a forced bond, but... nothing.

"Fuck you. Get off of me!" Tony snarled when he found his voice, "I SAID GET OFF OF ME!"
And he reveled in the safety of his soul bond, Bucky's scent pouring from his gland. "You made a mistake, Hammer. You can't break a bond between soul mates," Hammer growled loudly, blood dripping from his chin.

"Fucking prick! Think you can stay away from me!"
"Submit!" Tony ground his teeth, skin crawling with Hammer's touch.

"Fuck you!" He snarled, "You made a big mistake, Hammer, I live with a fucking god and two super soldiers! You think your weak little alpha commands do shit to me!?"

"I'm not weak!" He shouted, jerking him faster, "You will be mine, and then you will go back to weapons manufacturing!" Tony smirked, fighting pleasure and disgust.

"Me? You're crazy." He winced when fingers plunged into his mouth, forcing his jaw open. The goons pressed a square of paper to his tongue, like the acid he'd done when he was in college, and he shuddered as ice slid through his body, making him shiver with cold. Then, a few moments later, he realized what it was meant to do as slick pooled on the seat of the chair beneath him. Hammer snarled.

"That's right, bitch, submit to me, get nice and slick for my cock," he groaned, already hard; Tony gasped in breath around the fingers holding his mouth open. Everything felt horrible, intensified, as if every touch were all he could feel. Overstimulation had him groaning in pain, toes curling, but still, he refused to submit to that man. Agony rippled through him as metal clamps were pressed onto his tender nipples, and he gagged and choked on pained cries. Hammer smiled as Tony's cock swelled into his hand, "Damn, I wanna fuck you so hard right now, good thing I put that hole in the seat," he hummed; Tony growled angrily around the fingers, biting as hard as he could, and the goons jerked their hands back as bloody saliva dripped down Tony's chin. Then Hammer tugged the chain connecting his nipples, and the omega gave a cry of pain and rage, struggling wildly in his bonds, the drugs making everything hurt. "Stop being such a whiny bitch!" He snarled loudly and kicked his chair so the nipple clamps popped off. Tony glared up at him, unable to keep his hips from rolling, thrusting against the chair, cock bobbing in empty air.

"I'm going to kill you this time, Justin. You've gone too far in your dominance ploys, you whiny piece of dog shit. Compared to my alpha, you're a worm in an apple, Hammer, a useless weapon that jams every time someone tries to use it. Just like your company. You're worthless, Justin Hammer," his nipples throbbed, hole flaring and clenching, and everything was too loud, too much. Submit submitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsubmitsuch
teeth to stop from crying out at the touch. He felt like bugs were scratching and crawling under his
skin as the goons forced him to his knees on the rough concrete; slick dripped onto the floor as his
hips bucked and rolled, it was like a cruel mockery of heat, without the pleasure, knees scraping on
the floor as Hammer stroked a hand down his back, over the scars from the whippings the Hydra
agents had given him. Vaguely, he heard the order to gag him, and realized that he was screaming
just as a rubber ball was forced against his teeth. Tony thrashed his head from side to side as
someone struggled to buckle the strap of the ball gag, and Tony's vision blurred, agonized sobs
ripped from his throat when fingers pressed inside of him, and anger filled his scent. Hammer
chuckled.

"You will submit to me whether you like it or not," he grunted and slid a finger inside of Tony,
who growled around the gag, bucking and struggling, fighting hard. Everything burned, and itched,
and ached. "And when I'm done fucking you, I'm going to send my men out to kill your mate and
pups. Those abominations won't threaten us anymore." Tony ripped free of their grips, and, gag still
between his teeth, he flung himself onto Hammer, punching every inch of him he could reach.
Bucky peeked into the entrance, gun at the ready, when he saw Tony beating the shit out of
Hammer, the dom simply leaned on the wall, and watched him. The goons didn't seem to know
what to do as the gagged submissive beat Hammer bloody, knuckles bruising and splitting. He
paused to rip the gag off, and the stared down at the bloody mess beneath him.

"Fuck you. You'll never touch my kids! You'll never touch Peter again!" And he slammed his
forehead into Hammer's face.

"Okay," Bucky placed a hand on Tony's shoulder, "Easy," Tony shuddered.

"His helpers... get the..." He gagged, scrambling backward away from Justin's unconscious form,
slick pouring down his legs, "...ow... ow, Bucky..." Bucky growled and set Tony down in a chair
after picking it back up.

"I'm going after the other assholes." Tony nodded, shaking hard, he needed... and he was fighting
the drop with everything he had, watching Hammer's chest rise and fall. He wished he had killed
him.

"Fuck..." He whined, gripping his cock, trying to calm himself, but the drug was driving him crazy,
skin crawling. Bucky swiftly killed the two men, and then he came back over and stared down at
the man he had thought he'd killed. There was no hesitation, he raised his gun, and the bullet
slammed through Hammer's forehead. Bucky wiped his hands clean, before going back over to
Tony.

"Such a good boy," he kissed him; Tony was gasping for breath, shaking.

"They gave me something... they... ow... fuck.... it hurts, like... heat... but no... pleasure..."

"Okay, uhm... if it's like heat, should we have sex?" He asked, confused.

"I don't know... shh..." Tony pressed his hands over his ears, "...ow... loud..." He whispered,
"And... fuck... I don't want to have sex by his... b-body..."

"Okay," he said quietly, and he lifted Tony into his arms, carrying him out to the car, which held
Happy and the pups; Tony curled into his chest, crying out in agony when the light hit his eyes.

"Oh god..." He sobbed, "...fuck... home... take me home, I have to go home... that bastard... that...
he bit my bonding... gland...!" Bucky growled softly.
"I wish I knew how to help you," he said, nodding to Happy, telling him to get his ass moving.
Tony buried his face in Bucky's chest.

"Are... twins... okay...?" He panted, thrusting jerkily against his dom's clothed thigh.

"They're fine, they're up front with Happy in their car seats," he said, rubbing his hand against
Tony's ass. The omega choked, shaking hard, and mouthed desperately at Bucky's chest through
his shirt.

"Ow... I don't know what to do!" He cried, straddling the dom's lap, and grinding down against
him. Bucky didn't know either, but he knew one thing, he had to get rid of Hammer's scent. He
growled and bit into his mate's bloody bonding gland. Tony screamed, coming all over Bucky's
stomach, nails gripping the dom's shoulders, his head thrown back. Bucky groaned, and pulled his
Teeth out, panting softly.

"Sorry," he whimpered, as Tony writhed against him, tears sliding down his cheeks.

"Hurts... Bucky... shit... c-call Bruce... I don't... fuck...!" His slick soaked through Bucky's slacks,
and dripped down onto the seat of the car. Bucky nodded and scrambled to grab his phone, hitting
speed dial.

"Jarvis, transfer me to Bruce!"

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied.

"Bucky?" Bruce sounded drowsy, Jarvis had obviously woken him. "What's wrong?" Tony muffled
his panicked litany in Bucky's shirt, hips rolling, still crying.

"Tony got injected with a medicine that makes him go through a non pleasurable, very painful heat.
What do I do!?"

"Oral..." Tony gasped out, "...like... acid paper...!" He choked, "Not inj..."

"A drug?" Bruce was instantly alert, "There are only three things that could have done that,
Xylenile and Pherenxil will wear off on their own... a couple hours, maybe six, at most. But if it's
Berentithol..."

"What does Berentithol do!?!" The dom asked, shaking a little.

"Full heat. A week, at least." Bruce whispered, "I need a blood test, I think... Jarvis could analyze,
look for each one." Tony shifted, and Bucky's pants rubbed against his extremely sensitive hole;
his scream echoed through the car, and the twins started to cry. "Damn, that doesn't sound good...
look, I'm sending the jet, get him home, Bucky, where the pack can take care of the twins.
Hopefully it's one of the few hour long ones." Bruce said in a rush. Tony couldn't stop thrusting his
hips, cock purple and engorged, his knuckles bloody and bruised, but everything hurt.

"I hope so too," he whined, and hung up the phone. He softly nuzzled Tony's jaw, but the light
touch had Tony jerking backward, head hitting the window dividing the front and back of the car.

"Ow...!" He sobbed, bucking, "...please... please sir...!"

"I don't want to hurt you..." he whimpered.

"Please...!" Tony cried, rocking up against him, tears sliding down his cheeks, but Bucky didn't
budge. He slid out of his dom's lap, and twisted, forcing his fingers into his body, but that had him
screaming, and jerking his hand away, sobbing against Bucky's slick-soaked knee. Bucky started shaking, he couldn't go through this, this was torture to not be able to take care of his family, his babies screaming in the front seat. Tony shoved his hand into his mouth to stifle the noise, struggling to control himself. When he could breathe again, he looked up at Bucky's face, "I'll b-be okay... when we get home... take care of the kids... I'll be okay, I'll be..." He covered his mouth with a hand, breathing hard through his nose.

"Just take it easy," he said, staring at him. "I can take care of the pups while you get through whatever's pumping through you." Tony nodded quickly.

"Okay. Y-yeah, I'll be fine." He closed his eyes, and curled on the floorboard, shaking with every breath, trying to hold it all in until Bucky was away from him.

When they arrived, Bucky grabbed the kids, and gently took Tony's hand, helping him to his feet. Tony slumped back to his knees, his legs wouldn't support him.

"Happy... carry me... please..." He whispered, biting his tongue to hold back the screams. "Bucky... take the kids in... feed them b-bananas... a-and applesauce..."

"Okay," his dom whined, and walked in, propping the door open with his foot for Happy. Tony was a trembling mess in Happy's arms.

"My workshop... Happy..." He ordered, and when the man had set him down, he curled into a ball on the floor, shaking in agony. Happy hesitated, watching Bucky set the pups in their highchairs, shaking as he smashed up bananas, before he stepped outside to sit in the car.

"Fuck..." Tony choked out, dropping the sample needle for the fifth time. "Fuck... fuck... Bruce... I can't...!"

"You can," Bruce said, through the speakers, "It's going to be okay, you need to get the needle into your vein, and insert the capsule."

"I kn-know..." Tony choked, his hole clenching around the handle of a screwdriver. It had been the closest object he could find.

"You've got it, you're tied off, just-"

"I'm t-t-trying!" The omega shuddered hard.

"...hurts...Bruce...Bruce it..." Agony, utter agony, alone in the workshop, tears streaming down his cheeks,

"I know, Tony, I know. It's going to be okay, just...just put the vial in the machine, okay?" Bruce attempted through the feed,

"...okay..." Tony struggled to reach it, shaking like a leaf, his pupils dilating.
Bucky came down after the pups were asleep.

"Tony...?" The omega was trembling on the floor on his side, in a puddle of slick, a screwdriver laying nearby, his arm clumsily bandaged, and blood draw needles lying around him, all used. One vial of blood was in a device, feeding Bruce information.

"Sir?" Tony’s eyes were inky pools of black, and he was obviously so deep in subspace that nothing aside from knotting would draw him out. Bucky sighed, and came over.

"How’s it looking, Bruce?"

"It’s one of the lesser drugs, Pherenxil, I think." Bruce answered, stressed out and worried, "But they must have given him a high dose... he must have fought the drop, refused to submit for..." He closed his eyes, "I haven't told the rest of the pack, Peter... he's just starting to relax. I don't know what else we can do, except... give him some water, and... take care of him. There's a reason heats stop until babies are old enough to eat."

"Okay... so this should be over by the end of the day?" He asked.

"It’s strong, but... yes." Bruce answered, as Tony dragged his overheated and painful body across the floor. The sub kissed Bucky's feet, shaking, exhausted.

"Sir... please... sir..."

"Just a few more hours, honey," Bucky said.

"Please... please sir... please please please...!" Tony begged, gasping in breath, trailing slick, "...I'll be good! Please! Let me be your good boy, please, Master!" Bruce choked on the line.

"I have to... I'm hanging up." Bucky slammed the phone shut, and he knelt down, staring at Tony.

"You are, you are my good boy, and I love you... and that's why I won't touch you," he said. "I can't stand to hurt you." Tony sobbed.

"Please...!" He pleaded, "...please sir... please...!" He wrapped his arms around Bucky's leg, tears streaming down his cheeks, but the alpha shook his head.

"I won't hurt you." Tony clung to him, thrusting his cock against the concrete floor, and his chest ached and burned with the need to feed his children. Bad boy, bad boy, bad boy-! His mind chanted, because why else would his Master leave him in this agony?

"P-please...!" But Bucky was carefully disentangling his arms from the sweatpants clad leg, and backing out of the workshop. Tony wailed, crawling across the floor, but the doors shut, and he slumped on the floor; he was lost, lost in his own mind, so deep in the drop that he wasn't Tony Stark anymore, just an omega, being punished. He tucked his burning body underneath a desk, and hugged his knees, staring at the wall.

Bucky returned hours later, when Bruce had said it would wear off.

"Tony?" He called out, not seeing him. The omega crawled from under the desk, head down with shame.
"Sir." He whispered, still deep in the drop, but he was no longer dripping slick.

"Hey, how do you feel?" Bucky asked, kneeling down.

"I'm sorry, sir," Tony whispered, eyes still dark, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." He sniffed, keeping his body hunched over, lower than his Master's.

"Come here," he said, holding his arms open; Tony burrowed into his chest immediately.

"I can be so good, sir, I can be a good boy!" He promised, nuzzling up against him, "Let me... please... let me be your good boy?"

"I know you can," he smiled, and kissed his cheek, "I love you so much... show me how good you can be," he said, biting his lip; Tony kissed and nuzzled down Bucky's body, pulling his cock free of his sweats, and taking the soft length into his mouth without hesitation, eyes down, docile, as he sucked and licked at his Master's flesh. "Good boy," he groaned softly, keeping his hips still, while the sub bobbed his head obediently, the praise sinking him even deeper, and he reached a hand back to push three fingers into his hole, stretching himself as Bucky's cock hardened on his tongue. "Don't hurt yourself," he hummed, petting his head softly, carefully. Tony rocked his hips, pulling back to lap at the head of Bucky's cock.

"Am I good? Am I good, sir? Your good boy?"

"You are, my good boy," he nuzzled him happily, and kissed him softly, tasting himself on his sub's lips; Tony purred, low in his chest, and rubbed up against him.

"I'm a good boy." He hummed, eyes sliding closed, "Is my punishment over, sir? Did I do good? I was good? I was a good boy?"

"It... wasn't a punishment, Tony," he sighed, and hugged him tight. "You were given a drug, and I couldn't touch you without hurting you... and I didn't want to hurt you." Tony whined.

"Not a... but I'm a bad boy... I was a bad boy...?" He tried to make sense of it, but he was too far under, his brow furrowed, "I... was bad... other alpha touched and touched... and bit... bad boy bad boy."

"No, you were a good boy, for beating the shit out of him. He was a bad boy," he smiled, and nuzzled him. "I love you."

"But..." Tony rubbed his face on Bucky's chest again, "...I'm a... good boy?" He shuddered, confused, hurt, "Then why... why alone?"

"I told you, I didn't want to hurt you... you were given a medicine that made touch and loud sounds unbearable." Tony shook against him.

"I don't... I'm sorry, sir." He slumped, bowing his head, cocked sideways, so that he simultaneously bared his throat to his alpha.

"It's okay," he sighed, "My good boy... let's get you upstairs to feed our kids, hmm?" Tony nodded.

"Yes, sir." He crawled toward the door to the workshop, still swimming in subspace. His knees were skinned, his palms, too. His knuckles had scabbed over, and the entire left side of his face was bruised from Hammer's slap. Bucky gently petted his head, and helped him up to where he had the babies down for their nap. Tony climbed into the bed without hesitation, eyes glossy and dark with the drop, as he wriggled down in the bedding, toes curling, squirming a little. He needed, but
his alpha said to take care of their cubs, so he would.

"I'll fuck you after you feed them," he hummed, nuzzling his unbruised cheek. Tony nodded docilely, and his children stirred, and reached for him. The omega lifted each baby, and let them latch on, tears sliding down his cheeks, he was so sore, Bad alpha hurt my nipples. He remembered. Bucky nuzzled his head softly. "Good boy, you're such a good omega, taking care of your family," he smiled. Tony sniffed, it hurt so much, he squirmed, legs curling up, eyes clenched shut as they suckled hungrily; he snapped his teeth shut when he realized that he was whining, high pitched and constant. Bucky bit his lip, and nuzzled Tony's head, "It'll be over soon, you're being so good." The sub nodded quickly, holding his babies against himself, he wanted to scream, but he wouldn't, his alpha had called him 'good boy'. He was a good boy.

"I'm a good boy... I'm a good boy..."

"You are," he said, kissing his jaw gently. Tony rubbed his feet back and forth against the bedding, trying not to make it hard for the twins. The drop was so deep, he felt as if he were at the bottom of the ocean. When both twins were done, Bucky rubbed their backs, and let them go back to sleep, "C'mere," he said, standing up. Tony crawled over, and climbed down to kneel at his alpha's feet.

"I'm a good boy." he whispered, his nipples burning, sore and red from the clamps and having them ripped free.

"Yes, you are, now follow me, I'm going to take care of you," he hummed, and led him to their main bedroom, away from the guest room where the cubs were sleeping. Tony moved across the floor after him, shoulder blades prominent, hips swaying back and forth as he crawled, obedient, pliant. Bucky hummed happily, and petted his head. "Such a good boy," he hummed, and slipped his pants down. Tony nuzzled against Bucky's cock, rolling his bare hips, ass bouncing softly, as he tried to earn more praise. "You wanna ride my cock?" He hummed, and pulled him up to sit on his lap; Tony whined, nodding.

"Yes, yes, sir, please, please!"

"C'mon baby," he hummed, and rubbed his hole softly, grinding against him.

"Thank you, sir!" Tony lifted Bucky's cock reverently, and nudged himself down, taking the head inside, his legs shaking. He was so exhausted, but he was a good boy, and he would do what his dom wanted. Slowly, he sank down onto Bucky's length.

"Good boy," he hummed and kissed his throat, moaning loudly.

"I'm a good boy." Tony beamed, eyes hazy and half lidded, as he braced his legs, and lifted, feeling the thick, heady slide of Bucky's shaft pulling at his rim.

"Does it hurt?" He asked, groaning softly, thrusting up hard into him.

"Yes, sir," Tony rolled down against him, so deep in subspace that he didn't even consider lying. He was a good boy, good boys told their doms the truth.

"Yeah? I'm sorry," he said, rolling them over, and fucking him hard and fast. He wanted to get this done and over with, get Tony out of subspace so he could stop hurting him. Tony moaned, pulling his knees up, scabs brushing against Bucky's ribcage before he spread them far apart, showing his alpha how much he loved it, how he could still stretch.

"Love you, sir. I love you, sir, I'm your good boy."
"I love you too, baby," he moaned kissing him hard, and slowing his thrusts down; Tony looked up at him, gaze worshipping, as he spread his legs as wide as they could go.

"Thank you, sir. I'm your good boy... you're good boy." He breathed, although his muscles burned, and his back ached.

"Cum for me, baby," he moaned, stroking his cock softly. The omega bucked, and spilled obediently onto his alpha's fingers. Looking up at him, Tony purred contentedly in his chest, waiting for the alpha to tell him he did good. "Good boy," he hummed and kissed him, and rubbed his hips as he knotted him. The pure pleasure of being praised bloomed in the sub's chest, and then it suffused out like a candle flame in a wind storm. Panic enveloped Tony's mind, he wished he'd been left in subspace, where everything was soft and clear, and he just had to follow Bucky's commands. He shuddered, humiliated, when he realized he was crying silently, the image of Hammer standing over him was seared into his mind. The pain of teeth sinking into his bonding gland.

"Sshh," Bucky kissed him softly, "I got you, my beautiful sub, my good boy." Tony's chest heaved with his frantic breathing. His eyes clenched shut, and he pressed his arms over his chest.

"Fuck...!" He cried, knees curling against his chest, "...fuck... why!? WHY!?!"

"I don't know," he said, hugging him close. "I love you so much, he's dead for real this time." Tony shook and trembled.

"I can't breathe... I c-can't...!" He panted, gasping and choking on air.

"Jarvis!" He shouted, he didn't know what to do.

"Sir, breathe with the rhythm." Jarvis attempted, playing a series of beeps, but Tony couldn't focus. He pressed his knuckles into his mouth.

"Ow... can't... Bucky...!" He sucked breath through around his fingers, choking, panic scent filling the room.

"Sir, focus, recite pi!" Jarvis's voice boomed through the haze of rasping gasps.

"Th-three... point... o-o-one..." Tony struggled.

"Four," Bucky said, trying to be helpful in anyway he could, and the sub began to sob.

"I... I c-can't... can't r-r-remember...!" Bucky reached behind his head to scratch at that spot.

"How old are our children?"

"S-six m-m-months and th-th-three d-days..." Tony trembled, "...he t-took me f-from the b-b-bathroom...!"

"I know, shh, they're okay," he hummed. "How many days till their next birthday?"

"I don't... I... f-five...m-months... I... I can't th-think...!" Tony hunched his shoulders, gulping in deep breaths.

"How many weeks until then?" He asked, rubbing his cheek.

"T... twenty..." Tony gasped, shuddering, "I... th-think..." He bit his thumb, trying to focus, "...n-no... no... they're... they're a hundred and... eighty one d-days old... their b-birthday is in... one
seventy seven... days... Twenty f-five weeks... four thousand two hundred and f-forty eight...
hours... two hundred fifty four... thousand... eight hundred and... eighty m-minutes... one five...
two... nine... two... eight... zero zero... seconds... till their... b-birthday..." Tony's chest rose and feel
smoothly, if a little fast still.

"And what about Charlie's birthday?" He asked, petting his head softly.

"Charlie's... two... add one day... twenty four hours... one thousand... four hundred and forty...
minutes... eighty six... thousand... four hundred seconds... m-makes... one...seventy e-eight days..."

"And your own birthday?" Bucky asked, wanting him to fully calm down.

"I..." Tony shuddered, "...I don't want to..."

"What about mine, then?" He asked; Tony shook his head.

"Please... I'm so tired..."

"Okay," he said, kissing him, and pulling his deflated knot out, nuzzling him softly. The omega
stared blankly at the wall, trying to press all the terror and pain down, locking it away beneath his
ribs. Bucky nuzzled him, "I love you so much." The sub shivered, eyes dull.

"Love you..." He whispered.

"Are you a little better now?" The dom nuzzled him.

"Better..." Tony mumbled, laying still, he nodded mechanically.

"Good," he hummed, and snuggled with him, while Tony lay there, limp and blank.

"Are the babies okay...?"

"The babies are fine," he nuzzled him, kissing his cheek. Tony was soft and maleable, making no
effort to do anything, just staring at whatever was in front of him. Everything hurt.

"Jarvis... erase all footage of... my time in the workshop... from every server." He couldn't stand
the thought of it, video evidence of him fucking himself on the screwdriver handle, whining 'I'm a
good boy, I'm a good boy' and crying.

"Yes, sir." Bucky hugged him tightly.

"Please... I know he hurt you but... I love you so much. Don't change." Tony's eyes dragged slowly
to focus on his dom.

"I... I can't... I can't..." He pressed his hands to his face, shaking, "I can't-!" Gasping in a pained
breath, Tony struggled to get a handle on himself. If Bucky wanted him not to be affected, he
wouldn't be affected. "I... I'm okay. I'm alright, let's... let's go home." Bucky let a tear slip from his
eye.

"I love you... I'm really proud of you." Tony leaned up to kiss the tear away.

"No, I'm okay. I'm... I'm okay, I won't change, please?"

"I just, I love you, and I want you to be okay," he said, pressing his face into his shoulder. "I was
so scared."
"I'm sorry." Tony shivered once, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, I tried to stop him, and he-

"You did good," he said, hugging him tight. "You were so brave..."

"I didn't! I didn't do good, because he got me, he did, and he threatened the twins!" Tony pressed a hand over his face. "Please... I need... I want to go home, I'm trying to be okay, I'm trying, please."

"You did do good, 'cause you beat him up, and you didn't let him win, you won," he said, holding him tight. "I have the plane booked for the morning... but you can call them and request it earlier."

Tony shook his head.

"No... no, it's... I'm fine, I'm the same, I'm normal, okay? Let me just... shower..."

"Okay," he said, kissing Tony softly before pulling off of him. "I love you." Tony nodded.

"I love you, too. I'll come to bed."

"Okay," he smiled softly, and pressed a hand to his cheek softly before going to get the pups. Tony turned the water boiling hot, he had to get the feeling of ants off his skin, he had to burn away Hammer's touch, and be normal for Bucky. He couldn't let it affect him.
Before You Wake Up

Chapter Summary

The song I based this chapter title on is called "Hyper-Ballad" by Bjork. And it really gives insight on Tony's mental processes throughout the rest of the series, I think. And I'm posting this early to make up for the last one, sorry about that again.

Warnings: Unintentional self harm, hiding mental and physical pain, feeling the need to be punished, inability to make others understand, saying horrible things in a monotone and very matter-of-factly, fear, and letting things out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Sir, it has been an hour, your alpha's pheromones are scenting distress." Tony lifted his head, his skin was deep red, and he was panting in the steam.

"Oh... an hour... tell him I'm coming." He stepped out, shivering with cold, and rubbed a towel over his body, taking deep breaths, regulating. "Bucky?" He murmured, climbing into the bedding. Bucky hissed when he touched Tony's skin.

"Why are you so warm?" He asked, frowning at how red his skin was.

"Water got hot, I'm fine." Tony scooted back a little, "It's... just give me a couple minutes, it'll go away." He reached to stroke each of the twins' hair. The dom sniffed, and reached around to pet his head.

"Are you okay?" He asked softly,

"Yes." Tony forced himself to say, "I'm fine. You said to not be different, and I'm not, I'm fine." He shifted, and pulled James over against his chest to nurse, hiding whimpers of pain. Bucky sighed, and kissed him softly, before closing his eyes.

Tony didn't know how to act like himself anymore, he stumbled over words, stuttered, on the plane; simple things were challenges, because he had to think about every action, and whether it would be considered 'okay'. Nursing was still painful, but he didn't make a sound, and that seemed to upset his dom further.

"Bucky, look," he forced out, sitting in his seat on the jet, "I'm doing my best, what did I do wrong?" Bucky frowned.

"I wanted you to be okay... but you're not," he said, shaking his head. "You're acting weird." Tony swallowed.

"Weird? How am I acting weird? What am I doing wrong?" He shifted the twins, wincing, before forcing his expression to smooth over.

"Whining about everything isn't 'okay', Bucky. I don't know what you want from me. I'm trying."

"I know," he said, kissing his forehead. "Talk to me?"

"About what? I don't want you to be upset and..." Tony closed his eyes. "Look, it's not... I'm okay, I've been through worse, and this was like a walk in the park, so can we drop it and go back to living? I'm not going to sit and cry about nothing."

"It's not healthy for you to keep it all bottled up. Just... like I said before. If you want to talk... I'm here to listen," he kissed him, and Tony swallowed.

"I know." The sub muttered, looking away, taking deep breaths. "It shouldn't affect me... like..."

"It's okay," he nuzzled him, "I know. but... Hammer's been a thorn in your side for a long time. I know it fucked you up, seeing him back from the dead." Tony took a deep breath, struggling not to let it hitch in his chest.

"I'm fine."

"Okay," Bucky said softly, petting his head, and Tony was horrified to feel a tear roll down his cheek.

"I'm f-fine." He repeated, hugging his children close.

"Okay," he said again, and he wiped the tear away, kissing his forehead, and nuzzling him softly.

"I'm fine..." Tony leaned forward, dropping his face against Bucky's shoulder, tears wetting the dom's shirt, "I'm fine. It was nothing. It was nothing, I'm fine, I should be fine..."

"It's okay, baby," he said softly, "I know it was difficult." Bucky wanted so badly for his mate to be okay.

"It's... it is... it's okay... his eyes... his eyes were open... you shot him... I saw his face, he was dead, his eyes..." Tony whispered. "Why were his eyes open?" The omega looked up at his alpha, his own dark eyes full of horror.

"Some people just die like that," he shook his head, shrugging.

"Looking at me..." Tony whispered, "...I just want to go home... I wish I'd never come back to LA, I..." He chewed his lip, and let Bucky lift the twins from his arms laying them on the bed. "...will you punish me?"

"What for? I really don't want to..." he pouted, Tony's shoulders slumped.

"I... I feel like I did the wrong thing." He whispered, pulling his legs up against his chest in the seat, looking far younger than his thirty odd years.

"You didn't," he said, petting his head. "We were in the wrong place at the wrong time... we won't trust SHIELD with anything anymore. We are officially disbanded from them, I'll tell the team tomorrow. We follow my instructions." Tony shook his head.

"No... I didn't take the suit with me... I didn't... and they took me, it was my fault, I was bad..." He didn't know how to explain that his entire being was shouting at him that he needed to be punished for what he'd done. Bucky shook his head.
"You shouldn't have to feel like you have to take the suit everywhere. Hammer was the bad man. You did nothing wrong, Tony."

"I did..." Tony pressed a hand to his mouth, biting his scabbed over knuckles, "...yes, sir." He corrected. "I didn't do anything wrong." But it was clear he didn't believe that, "Can... can I sit in your lap?"

"Yes," he said, helping him crawl over their children. The omega hesitantly curled his body up into Bucky's lap, inhaling against his chest.

"I'm sorry." He mouthed against the dom's shirt, knowing Bucky wouldn't accept his apology. He twisted his fingers into the fabric, clinging to him as if his alpha were his only lifeline. Bucky kept his arms wrapped tightly around him, nuzzling his throat.

"I love you so much, baby."

"I love you, too, Bucky." He whispered, tilting his head back obediently, "I love you." Closing his eyes tightly, Tony focused on Bucky's smell, on the soft scents of his babies, and the familiarity of the Quinjet.

When they were back home, Bucky helped Tony carry the pups in, and called a meeting into the common room, exempting Peter; Tony's mouth was dry, tongue sticking to the roof, his children squirming in his arms. The pack filed into the common living room, and he knew that Bruce must have told them, because most of the pack gently touched his hair upon entering. No one sat too close to him, giving him space, as was the custom when something extreme had happened to an omega.

"From now on," Bucky started his words, "We are going to stay away from SHIELD. As far as I'm concerned, they're just as bad as Hydra. I'm going to be calling the shots around here, about missions, so if anyone from SHIELD contacts you, I want to know about it immediately." The pack nodded, eyes flickering to Tony, concerned, and the sub struggled against the urge to curl up on the couch. "Okay. We're just gonna lay low for a while, and stay calm," he said, turning back to Tony, and nuzzling his head. The sub leaned up into it, swallowing.

"Lay low." He repeated, voice soft, and he felt Clint shift closer on the couch, "Where's Charlie?"

"Taking a nap," he whispered, and smiled softly at Tony.

"Oh." Tony fell silent, he didn't know what to say, or do. And when Clint's hand brushed his arm, he flinched, pulling his children closer. Clint bit his lip, and pulled his hand away.

"Peter seems nice."

"Does he? He... how is he...?" Tony's voice shook, "Is he okay?" Clint nodded.

"He will be. The bond loss is really hurting him."

"Yeah... yeah, of course it's... yeah." Tony bounced the twins, then, shakily, offered Jamie to Clint, and Nia to Steve, "Bond needs... they need..." He pulled his knees up. "Sorry." Clint nodded, and worked on pack bonding the twins, passing them around. Tony hugged his knees, wishing Bucky would sit down with him, hold him. The dom was busy talking to Steve and Thor, and then he beckoned Bruce out of the room, panic seared through Tony's scent, and he tumbled off the couch, scrambling to his feet, to follow. Bucky was talking to Bruce about what they had force fed Tony,
how to make him better, when he saw Tony crawling towards him. He smiled and kneeled down, lifting Tony into his arms, kissing his head. The omega clung to him, breathing in deep, and Bruce swallowed.

"Tony, are you alright with us discussing this?" The sub glanced up at Bruce, and nodded. "Okay, if it bothers you, tell us." The beta turned his attention back to Bucky. "They're like... date rape drugs gone wrong." Bucky wasn't sure what a date rape drug was, but it seemed pretty self explanatory, so he didn't ask.

"Okay... what do I have to do to make him happy again?" Bruce swallowed.

"I... I really don't... I'm not that kind of doctor, Bucky." He watched Tony nuzzling awkwardly against Bucky's throat, "I've never seen him react like this."

"Okay..." he sighed. "I guess we'll just cuddle on the couch for a while. That seems to be what he wants," he hummed, and turned away from the doctor; Bruce touched his shoulder.

"Whatever you think is best." He murmured, Bucky nodded, and sat on the couch, holding Tony tight against him, rocking softly. The pack shifted around on the other couch; the twins were in Thor's arms, their eyes open, looking around while their mother tried to calm himself down. Bucky kissed his cheek softly.

"My good boy..." Tony tucked his face in Bucky's chest, mumbling,

"Good boy... good boy..." To himself, his body relaxing against Bucky's until he was breathing deep and slow, sound asleep. Bucky smiled happily, and stood up.

"I'm going to put him in bed," he said, walking to the bedroom. Steve, now holding Jamie, sighed sadly.

"Why can't the world just leave Tony alone?" He muttered, reaching for Clint with his free arm. Clint shrugged, and nuzzled his chest.

"I don't know... we just need to keep Tony in a bubble."

"Is that possible? Where shall we acquire this bubble?" Thor asked, Antonia cradled in the crook of his arm.

"No, it's not possible, there is no bubble, sorry Thor." Bruce murmured from beside him, "And he would hate that." Clint laughed, and rubbed his hands over his face.

"It was a joke, Thor. If such a thing was possible, I'd force him into it."

"All we can really do is support him," Steve's voice was soft, and he closed his eyes, remembering the way Tony woke them all screaming at night when they slept as a pack. Clint nodded, and rubbed his hand over Jamie's face, smiling at him. The baby gurgled, big eyes on Clint's, and Steve lay his head against his mate's. "SHIELD needs to pay."

"How?" He asked, nuzzling Steve's head. He didn't want Steve to fight anymore... the alpha had told him he wouldn't leave anymore, but he would understand if he did.

"I don't know... but they need to learn that omegas aren't toys or tools to control alphas with." Steve kissed Clint a little desperately, "I agree with Bucky, we lay low, we stay away from SHIELD, and... we protect our assets." He quirked his lips into a smile, looking into Clint's eyes. "Jarvis? Tell Peter we're all in here, and he can join us if he wants, we're going to watch Brave." Clint
beamed brightly, and kissed him back when Jarvis' voice spoke again.

"Peter has yet to take his medicine sirs." Steve winced.

"Crap, here, take Jamie, I'll go give him the pills, and bring him and Char up for some pack bonding with the twins."

"Okay," Clint said, sighing and taking the pup. Peter really was too much like Tony.

Steve stepped into his and Clint's floor, where Peter was watching Charlotte for her nap. "Hey, I'm sorry that took so long, here." He held out the little pills. "How are you doing?" Peter was curled up tightly on the couch, shaking softly.

"I-im fine..." he said, turning his head away from the pills. Steve crouched beside the couch.

"Hey, you're not fine. I've been through bond shock, Peter. Besides, you're going to get your aunt today, right? You want her to not worry, don't you? Come on," He stroked the young omega's hair. Peter whimpered and rubbed the tears from his eyes.

"I-I miss G-Gwen so much... and fucking Justin... I don't know why..." Steve handed him the pills.

"I know. You really should talk to Clint... and Tony... they know what you're going through, kiddo." The sub took the pills, his hand shaking, making the pills rattle in their tiny cup. He swallowed them quickly, and took a small sip of water.

"I really miss Gwen... and my aunt."

"Well, one of those has a solution, the other..." Steve pulled Peter into a hug, "We've all lost someone. I'm not going to lie, it's hard, and you never stop missing them, but it gets better, I promise." He kissed the boy's hair, "Now, let's go packbond those little babies, hmm? And give that heart of yours some new attachments, huh?" Peter hugged him back, and nodded his head softly, rubbing his eyes and making himself look better. He walked over to Charlotte, and picked her up out of her bedding, and carried her over to Steve. "Do you have her? Or do you want me to carry her?" Steve asked softly, smiling down at his daughter. Peter bit his lip, and held her closer to his chest.

"I can carry her."

"Okay," Steve held the elevator door open for him. Peter walked in, and nuzzled Charlie's head, feeling a small connection; it had Steve smiling. "Tony's home, he's not doing so well."

"He's not? What happened?" He asked, staring up at him.

"He had a bad time in LA, but it's not my business to tell," Steve sighed, "He had it rough, and he needs our support, just like you." The omega sniffed and shrugged.

"I'll be okay... m-maybe I'll visit Gwen, bring her some flowers... haven't done that in a while."

"I'm sure Thor would take you, on the way." Steve murmured, touching Peter's hair gently, and then the doors opened to the main floor; Tony was curled up around his cubs on the couch, eyes wide, blank and staring at nothing. "What happened?" Steve whispered, Peter stared back and forth between them, very confused. Tony twitched, sitting up.
"Sorry. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, I was dreaming, I'm sorry." He pressed a hand over his face, "I'm sorry." Clint gently took his daughter from Peter, kissing his girl's head softly.

"Where is Bucky?" Peter asked, looking around.

"He took Tony to go to sleep, but Tony's out here, and Bucky's not." Steve muttered, settling onto the couch with Charlie, "Tony? What happened."

"Dream." The sub whispered, Clint at next to Tony, petting his head softly.

"Take your pups, and go back to sleep with Bucky," he hummed.

"No... no I..." Tony whispered.

"Then at least go lay down with him," he said, helping him put the pups in his arms. "You don't have to sleep, but you need to be with him right now." Tony's shoulders shook.

"But I did something bad, and he won't punish me..." He whispered, eyes frantic.

"You stood up for yourself and beat the shit out of a bad guy. You didn't do anything wrong," he said, glad Bucky had informed them of what happened, before they'd arrived. Tony swallowed, shoulders hunching.

"But I feel like..." He glanced at Peter, and went quiet at the upset expression on the young sub's face. "Okay... okay," he pressed shakily to his feet, hyper aware of the visibility of the scabs on his knuckles and knees, and the heavy bruising on the side of his face. Slowly, he plodded into his room, crawling into the bed with the twins, trying to keep his emotions calm.

Peter shuddered, glad he was no longer holding Charlie. He wrapped his arms around himself and rubbed his head.

"Can I go see my aunt now?" He asked Steve. It was Thor that stood up.

"I shall accompany you," He held a hand out, "Are you opposed to flying?"

"No," he shook his head, "Seems kind of silly to get on a plane though... can we stop at two other places before we go see her though?" Thor beamed.

"We will not be using a plane." He stepped to the window, and Jarvis unlocked and opened it. Thor gently wrapped his arm around the sub. "Where to first?" Peter instantly clung to his side.

"I didn't know you could fly!" He said, a little more excited then he should be. "Flower shop first!"

"I can, I am Thor." He held out his hand, and Mjolnir came flying from the living room, and then they were lifting into the air.

"This... Gwen Stacy, she was an alpha?" Thor peered down at the grave, now absolutely covered in flowers, as he had insisted upon 'utilizing his magic plastic square of credit', and bought half the flower shop for her grave. Peter nodded softly.

"She was going to be a great scientist... she was so smart, and she was going to go to college..." he knelt by her grave, and placed a red rose at the base of the headstone. "It... it's all my fault," he shuddered, keeping his head down; Thor touched Peter's shoulder.
"There are many things that happen, Peter Parker, that we cannot do any differently. We must learn to live on, and make our existence something those we lost would be proud of."

"I would take her place in a heartbeat, if I could," he shook his head, sniffing. "I-I just wish there was something I could do for her, to justify this... Should I confess?" Thor gripped Peter by the shoulders.

"What would she want you to do, brother? Would she want you to wallow? To be imprisoned for something you did not intend? After you have suffered so long already?" He pulled the sub up into his arms, "Nay, I do not think so. I believe, if she were as good and virtuous as you say, that she would want you to live." The omega pressed his face into Thor's chest, getting his tears on his shirt.

"I miss her so much, Thor..." he said, his entire body shaking as he tried to hold back his cries.

"I know, I understand," Thor murmured, "Verily do I miss my brother, but we cannot give up our lives because that someone else has given up theirs. We must continue on in their memory, would your Lady Stacy have wanted this world to be a better place? If so, there is no more noble a man to work with than Brother Anthony, for I sense great change from him, and from you as well." Peter bit his lip. From what he saw earlier, Tony was in no shape to be making any changes around there. He inhaled shakily.

"Thank you, Thor," he said, rubbing his eyes, and staring at the grave a little longer, saying a silent goodbye. "There's one other grave I'd like to visit... if that's okay?"

"Of course," Thor sensed his hesitation, "Peter Parker, I do know that our Anthony is not so strong at the moment, but he is an amazing man, and he will make change." Peter stared up at him, and nodded.

"He's already done some amazing things," he said, believing him for now. He took the last rose out of his pocket, and slowly started to walk down the lanes of graves, until the got to the far end, next to the wrought iron gates was two graves. One for his Uncle Ben, which simply read "He was loved" on it, and the second grave for when Aunt May died... so they would be buried side by side. He placed the single rose on his uncle's stone. "I hope I can make you proud of me..." Thor stood back for that, he didn't want to invade Peter's private moment. When the omega was done, Thor gently wrapped an arm around his waist.

"To your Aunt's home, and then we shall return to the tower." He lifted Peter into the air, and soared toward the building Aunt May lived in, "Ah, I see Anthony has prepared for this moment." The street was lined with four moving trucks, and a crew of men, all betas, waiting for help move Aunt May's things out. She was still inside, oblivious. Peter looked around, and bit his lip.

"What if she doesn't want to go with me?" He asked. "This was Uncle Ben's house..."

"Do not worry, young one, if she does not want to leave, then you may either move back in with her, or visit her often." Thor beamed at him, "There is always a solution." The sub inhaled deeply, and nodded, walking toward the front door. He hadn't seen her in two years, and he was nervous, but anxious. With a deep breath, he rapped on the door, and waited.

"Oh my god... oh my...!" Aunt Mary stared through the glass, frozen, and then tears poured down her cheeks. She wrenched the door open, and tugged him forward into her arms, "PETER!" Peter gasped as he was pulled into her arms, and he smiled, hugging her tightly.

"I'm so sorry Aunt May," he said, shaking again, nuzzling her lovingly.
"Oh, my boy, my sweet boy, I thought... I thought...!" She sobbed into his shoulder, stroking his hair. "Oh, my darling, my little boy, I thought you were... I thought you were...!" She kissed over his face. "Where were you? What happened?" She towed him inside, touching constantly, as if to make sure he was really there. He let her touch him, and he touched her arms and hands, swallowing thickly.

"A-after Gwen died... There was this alpha that would visit me at her grave. He said such nice things, and he said he would make the bond-loss hurt less!" He whimpered. "I was so wrong, Aunt May, I'm sorry, he didn't let me have contact with anyone."

"Oh, Peter..." She whispered, "I know, I know, come here, shh," May pulled him close, and kissed his forehead, "I know... if I hadn't had you when Ben died..." He nodded, and bit his lip, trying not to break down in front of her.

"Aunt May... I think it's time I told you the whole truth." She stroked his hair back from his face.

"You're so thin..." He smiled and nodded.

"Just... stay here, okay?" He said, slowly breaking apart from her. "I'm going to my room for a second, and I'll tell you everything." She reached after him, hands shaking, then hugged herself, waiting for him to come back. He ran up to his room, threw his spiderman outfit into a bag, and grabbed his fathers suitcase before coming back downstairs. He sat on the couch, and gently took her hand. "This is a lot to take in. Are you ready?" She rubbed his hand.

"I thought you were dead, Peter." May whispered, "I can handle anything." He smiled and sat closer to her.

"First thing... I figured out what my parents had been up to. They were agents of SHIELD, which is a secret government organization. They were spies, and they were in trouble, which is why they couldn't keep me." May nodded slowly, swallowing, and rubbing his hand lovingly. "And... even though you are the one who raised me..." he smiled, and squeezed her hand carefully. "I can't help but think that maybe I'm not so different from them." Shakily, he reached into the bag, and pulled out the red and blue suit. May gave him a watery smile.

"Did you think I wouldn't notice that you turned all the laundry pink and blue?" She laughed shakily, "Or that when I lost you... he vanished, too?" He smiled weakly.

"You knew?" He asked, hugging her tightly. "I love you, Aunt May."

"How could I not?" She kissed his cheek, and then she heard heavy steps in the front hall, and gasped. "Thor? Thor is in my house? Why?"

"W-well, there's a lot more I need to tell you, but firstly... I just want to start over," he said. "I want things to be clean between us... Aunt may... I killed Gwen," he said softly. "It was an accident, I tried to save her...!" May was still for a long moment, then slowly, she wrapped her arms around him.

"My boy, you would never do such a thing on purpose, I know, I know." She rocked him gently, as she had done for him as a child, "Shh, I know..." Finally the dam broke, and he let it all out, crying hard against her shoulder.

"I miss her, Aunt May!" he cried, and hugged her tightly.

"I know, oh baby, I know, I never wanted you to have to go through this." She rubbed a hand up his back, and into his hair, that soft spot above his ear that made him go limp and relax, rubbing
with her thumb. "Shh, my boy, shh." He panted and whined softly as he relaxed against her, until he was able to calm back down several minutes later. He grabbed a tissue and cleaned himself up a little before smiling back at May, feeling raw and open.

"Aunt May... Now that you know that I'm Spider-man, and of the good and bad things that I've done... I've been living in the Avengers Tower, which is why Thor is here. He flew me over," he sighed softly. "You are invited to move in as well, and Tony won't let you have to worry about scrounging to pay those bills anymore," he smiled weakly. May frowned.

"I don't want charity, Peter, I'm not some weak omega who can't take care of herself." Thor blinked.

"Of course not, Lady Parker!" He exclaimed, voice booming through the house, "It is a simple gesture from Brother Anthony, as he desires to care for Peter, and pack lives with pack, do they not?" He took her hand, kissing it, "We would be honored to have one such as you within our pack home, Lady Parker." Peter flinched at Thor's booming voice, he didn't like loud noises.

"Please Aunt May.... Don't you want to be part of a pack again?" He asked. "If you don't want to... I'll stay here with you. And I'll give up being Spiderman," he said.

"No you will not," May looked scandalized, "How will we get all my things over there?" She looked around, "And I'll need a storage for Ben's things." He swallowed thickly.

"Tony sent over moving trucks in case you said yes, but I don't want you to feel pressured," he said, biting his lip. "You'd get an entire floor to yourself, he has more than enough room, I'm sure he can set up a place for Uncle Ben's things."

"Just me?" She touched his hair. "You don't want to share a floor with an old lady?" He smiled and chuckled softly.

"I'd love to share a floor with you," he smiled, "I just didn't know if you'd want your own."

"As long as we have our own bedrooms, I'd rather be around you." She nuzzled him, "I missed you, oh, Peter, I missed you."

"I missed you too," he said, hugging her tightly. "Tony helped me get away..."

"I'll have to thank him." She whispered, rubbing his back, "It'll take me a while to pack all this up and move it over..." Thor lead the head of the moving team inside, and he bowed his head to May.

"Ma'am, we've been instructed to pack for you, and move it all, we've brought all the supplies we need, if you would like to go ahead, we will bring everything to the tower and place it in the floor Mr. Stark has prepared for you." Peter smiled, and nodded.

"How about it?" He asked, "Want to go to our new home with me?"

"I'd like to meet this Tony Stark," She nodded, and stood up, "Please don't break anything, dear." She patted the beta's shoulder, and let Thor lead them both outside. Peter gave Thor a thumbs up, and then he held onto his aunt's hand like he used to when he was a boy, carrying his father's briefcase, and his bag with his suit in it in his other hand. Thor lifted them, and took off into the air, toward the tower.

Tony was waiting in the living room when they arrived, dressed in jeans and a long sleeved shirt,
but he hadn't covered up the bruising on his face, his throat was bandaged from the biting, and he had Jamie in his arms. The baby boy had refused to fall asleep, and Tony hadn't been able to refuse him, so he had brought him out with him. "Mrs. Parker," He held out a hand, "I apologize for not being more professional,"

"Nonsense!" May hugged him, one hand on the baby, and leaned back. "Thank you. Thank you for bringing my boy back to me." Peter blushed, and rubbed the back of his neck.

"C'mon Aunt May, I'll show you where my floor is," he said, smiling.

"Give me a minute, Peter," she smoothed Tony's hair back, "Your dom didn't do this, did he?" Tony shook his head, speechless, as she mother henned over him, "Good, I'd have had to have a talk with him." May turned his head this way and that, and inspected the bandages, "Oh dear, come on, I'll make you and Peter something to eat, you both look like you could use it." And she trotted happily into the common kitchen, and started looking through the fridge. Tony was left with red cheeks and a confused expression.

"What just happened?" He asked, hefting Jamie higher on his hip, Peter blushed and shrugged.

"She hasn't been able to mother and fuss over anyone in two years... I think we should just go along with it," he smiled. "Her cooking is good."

"Uh... alright." Tony bounced Jamie gently, "How are you? Doing okay?" He leaned to look at Peter's face, "I mean, with the, uh..." The sub shrugged again.

"I'll be okay," he smiled weakly, and moved past him to go to his aunt. Tony fell silent, holding his son, unsure of himself, as they nuzzled and touched. Then Thor's hand smoothed through his hair, and Tony relaxed, looking up at the god.

"Hey." He swallowed, "you can show them the... floor, right? I think I'm going to take Jamie down to my lab." Thor nodded.

"Perhaps you should indulge in the Lady May beforehand? She did say she was going to make you food..." The sub swallowed.

"Ah..." He shifted James up onto his shoulder, patting his back, "You're right..."

"Just a few minutes," Thor said, petting his hair.

"Right." Tony muttered, shifting to hold James more securely. He blinked when May settled a big mug of strong coffee in front of him, along with a plate of scrambled eggs with vegetables and sausage mixed in. "I don't uh... know if I'm supposed to have caffeine."

"Nonsense! You're nursing, not pregnant, drink your coffee. Just don't over do it." May kissed his forehead, and he tensed, swallowing hard to keep from crying, "Oh... I'm sorry, are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, wonderful, actually, always good, right? Right." Tony took a long drink of coffee, groaning happily. Peter smiled, and ate his eggs happily, humming at how wonderful they tasted. Bucky came out of the room in nothing but loose sweat pants, rubbing his head.

"Tony, where is Jamie...?" He said, eyes growing wide at the old woman in his kitchen. His first instinct was to be violent, but this woman didn't smell like a threat at all. He was frozen in his confusion. Tony looked up from his coffee, holding his arm out for the squirming baby girl his dom held.
"Jamie's right here, she hungry?"

"Yeah..." he said softly, letting him hold both of the babies, "I-I'm going to go put a shirt on..."
Tony nodded slowly, and nudged Nia against his chest, letting her latch on, sighing when Jamie whined for more.

"I'll eat later," He excused himself to sit on the couch. Bucky came back into the kitchen, wearing a long sleeve shirt and a glove.

"Bucky Barnes," he introduced himself to the stranger, holding out his hand. "I'm Tony's alpha, and the pack alpha." Tony blinked at him, and May took his hand without hesitation.

"May Parker, I'm Peter's aunt." She smiled, "It was so kind of you to invite me to live here with your pack, I've been alone a long while." He smiled weakly.

"Not a problem," he said. "Glad to have you. You're free to go anywhere in the tower, except other people's floors, of course, unless you have permission. We have a pool, a gym, and several other activity-type areas." May smiled.

"Thank you." And pulled him close for a hug, "If you ever need someone to watch those twins, I've gone through the change, no more heats," She added at his confused look, "so I'll always be available." Bucky stiffened at the hug, and slowly relaxed.

"Thank you," he said softly, glad he wouldn't have to always interrupt Thor and Bruce, or Clint and Steve. He hugged her back. "Sometimes we all sleep together on the community floor... You and Peter can join us any time."

"Thank you," She repeated softly. "Would you like some lunch?"

"Yes please," he smiled, "I'm going to see if Tony wants to eat." He picked up the plate that was in front of Tony before. The sub was staring at the far wall, obviously zoned out, and he jumped when Bucky stepped in front of him.

"Oh. H-hey, sorry, I was thinking." Bucky hummed and kissed him.

"Can I feed you while you feed them?" He asked, the sub flushed, and the heat in his face felt nice, relaxing, reassuring.

"Yes," The omega murmured, remembering how he'd been after their first shared heat, the heady sweetness of Bucky feeding him cookies on the couch. Bucky smiled and got a forkful of egg, holding it to Tony's lips, the plate resting on his lap so he could hold his other hand under the fork, so nothing would drop on the pups. Tony arched forward, mouth open, cheeks still warm. He flicked his eyes up at Bucky, before lowering them submissively. Bucky chuckled soft, but when he spoke, there was a tinge of dominance to his voice.

"Look at me, Tony." The sub's eyes slid up to Bucky's face obediently, and he took the fork into his mouth. "I love you," the alpha hummed again, and continued to feed him small bites until everything was gone. Tony didn't look away from him once, trusting him explicitly.

"I love you, too." He murmured after he'd finished eating. He felt soft and safe, Bucky's gaze dominating him, holding him there, just above a drop; the omega's lips parted slightly, and he licked them. Bucky slowly leaned forward, and dragged his tongue across Tony's lips before pressing deeper, kissing him lovingly. The sub arched up into it, moaning softly, and then Bucky's mouth was gone, and Tony whined at the loss. Bucky chuckled softly.
"Later, I promise. Not with the pups near us," he smiled. "May has offered herself as a babysitter." Tony blinked hazily, then looked down at the twins, now sleeping soundly in his arms.

"Babysitter." He nodded.

"Later, okay?" Bucky kissed the top of his head, getting excited for whatever May was cooking for him, Tony nodded again.

"Yes, sir." He floated at the edge of the drop, relaxed and quiet.

"Okay. I'll be right back, my good boy. Also, later you're going to get a few lashes as punishment for inviting May to live with us without asking me," he rubbed his cheek gently; Tony's eyes lifted, shining with the drop.

"Yes, sir." He whispered, embarrassed and nervous. And then Bucky was gone, and he was alone in the living room.

"Here you are, dear, you look like you need a lot," May smiled, handing Bucky a huge plate, with steak and mashed potatoes. Bucky's eyes went wide and he beamed at her, it'd been a long time since he'd had steak!

"Thank you," he smiled, and hummed happily at the smell, before taking a seat and digging in.

"We might need you for babysitting tonight, is that okay?"

"Absolutely," She beamed, "It's been so long since I had little ones around, and Peter can help me, of course."

"Of course," he chuckled at Peter's happy face, inhaling his food. He groaned happily the whole time, and at the end, he buttered a slice of bread and dragged it through the blood and left over potatoes until his plate was clean. May smiled.

"After or before dinner? I was thinking casserole? Perhaps enchiladas with green sauce." Tony perked up a little in the living room.

"Sounds wonderful, May," Bucky grinned, "Definitely after dinner, then."

"Perfect, Peter? Why don't you get these dishes done with me, and we'll go check our floor, see how it's coming?" She kissed Peter's hair. Peter nodded, and felt incredibly calmed by doing the dishes with his aunt, like falling into an old routine. She washed, passing them to him to rinse, and nudging him with her hip. She still remembered when he'd designated, at twelve years old, skinny and gangly, and she'd done all she could to care for him. May kissed his cheek. He smiled and nudged her back, laughing softly.

"I bet my Spider-Man suit is too big on me now."

"Probably, you're so skinny." She passed him another dish, and blinked when Tony inched into the kitchen, his scent nervous and unsure.

"I..." He glanced at Bucky, seeking approval, "I could make you a new one?" Peter looked at him and smiled.

"I don't think I'm ready to be Spider-Man again just yet," he muttered. "I need to be physically and mentally ready... which I'm neither. Maybe when I am ready to go back out there?" He asked; Tony was quiet, still waiting on Bucky to tell him if that was alright. May rinsed her hands, drying them on a towel, and pulled the nervous sub over to her.
"Tony, how are you feeling? You smell a little nervous, do you want to talk about it? O to O?" His shoulders relaxed, he knew what she meant, that she would take him somewhere private, and he could say whatever he wanted.

"No, I'm alright." He tucked a strand of hair out of her face. "Thank you, though." Peter put the last dish away, and hanged the towel back up.

"C'mon aunt May, let's go check out our floor." She nodded, and took his hand.

"Any time you need it, Tony, you just come find me." The omega watched her go, chewing his lip. "Maybe... maybe if I..." He shook his head, banishing the thought, he didn't know her, and he wouldn't bother anyone else like he had Clint. Slowly, he sank down to sit at Bucky's feet, needing the submission, to keep himself calm and on track. Peter bit his lip, and pulled his aunt along. Bucky raised an eyebrow at Tony and pet his head.

"You are more than welcome to talk to her about anything, and that goes for Peter and Clint too. We're all friends here."

"I don't need to talk about anything." Tony muttered, tilting his head into Bucky's thigh, the fingers gliding over his hair were incredibly relaxing. It felt nice, to submit, to just sit and be Bucky's sub for a little while, the twins asleep on the couch.

"Okay," he sighed and continued to pet him, "I love you." Bucky's disappointment burned in Tony's nose and chest.

"I'm sorry..." He whispered, "I don't want to talk about it... do I have to t-talk about it?" He looked up at Bucky, eyes nervous, wary, "If you want me to, I will..."

"I do want you to," he said, staring at him, "I want you to feel like you can talk to anyone here if you need to, but I won't force you to." Tony's shoulders slumped miserably, and he dropped his gaze to the floor.

"Yes, sir..." He crawled out from under the kitchen island, and slowly stood up, "...I'll... not Clint... because he gets mad... I'll... talk to her." And he stepped into the elevator, the doors closing behind him. Panic overtook him as soon as he realized that he'd have to talk about it, what had happened, why it was affecting him this way. "Oh god..." He pressed his forehead to the cold metal of the wall, shaking, "...Jarvis... t-tell... no... ask Peter if I can... speak to his aunt for..."

"Mrs. Parker has already instructed that if you need to speak to her, you may, sir."

"I..." Tony's teeth clenched, and he struggled to stop the shaking, "...I know, but she... please, just ask Peter, he just got her back, Jarvis."

"Young Mr. Parker has deemed it okay, Sir," Jarvis replied.

"Thanks, Jay." Tony muttered, taking deep breaths, "Let me off on their floor, please." He leaned heavily against the wall, hand over his face, unable to quell the shaking any longer. Peter greeted Tony, and took his hand, walking him over to his aunt.

"You guys sit out here and talk, I'll hang out in my room and unpack," he said, running to his room; Tony hesitated.

"Bucky wants me to talk about it... don't get me wrong, it's not an order, he said he wouldn't force me, but I can't stand the..." He fell silent, "I don't know you, and you don't know me... and if you
leak any of this to anyone..."

"I won't leak this," she said smiling gently. "Just like I won't leak that my nephew is Spider-Man and was stolen away by a nasty alpha." Tony's throat worked as he tried to swallow.

"This isn't... but there's no one else... to..." Pressing a hand over his eyes, he took a few deep breaths, "...how much do you know about me?" She shrugged softly.

"Only what the papers say, I know you are Iron Man, I know the little things that they've told us about your time in Afghanistan, and with your enemies... I know you have two lovely children."

"Two... yeah..." Tony tried to smile, but he was back to shaking, "...talk about it. Talk... talk about it." He had his eyes closed, trying to force himself to continue, "I got kidnapped by Hydra, and they tried to pack bond me, and raped me through my heat for a week, I still have nightmares, and I don't sleep well regardless. Before that... Peter's alpha kidnapped me and outed me as a sub on live TV, he also raped me. While I was in Malibu, after I saved Peter, and sent him here, Justin Hammer took me from the bathroom of SI, and force fed me drugs to try and force me to submit to him. My dom shot him between the eyes. He was looking at me." She nodded slowly, taking it in.

"You seem incredibly brave, to keep standing back up again and again after all those hardships."

Tony shrugged, but it wasn't fluid, he felt like a pixelated image. Glitchy.

"I don't know how to talk about it."

"Just start from the beginning, and let it pour out," she suggested, taking his hand softly. He tensed, breath picking up.

"Beginning..." He whispered, "...seeing my mother get the shit kicked out of her for not handing dad a glass fast enough? I don't even know." He looked away, "You shouldn't have to deal with this, I should go..."

"Tony," She kept a gently grip on his hand, "Please? You're hurting... let me help you. Just start where ever you like, and I will just listen." Tony chewed his lip, he wanted to pace, to move, but she had a hold of him, and... and that didn't actually feel too terrible, so he slowly sank onto the couch.

"I don't know..." He whispered, "...I remember... thinking she was weak for not... not standing up... but I know now that..." He shook his head, "I don't like it." She nodded.

"It's difficult being an omega... I'm sure she did all she could to protect you." Tony shuddered.

"Right." He looked away, fingers twitching in her grasp, the urge to pull away intensifying. "I can't... I can't do this..."

"You're doing very well," She smiled and kept her fingers and hands loose, so they were still touching, but he was not restrained. The younger omega dragged a shaky breath in.

"I'm not, and you know it, I'm not doing well, I can't..." He slid to the floor, to his knees, "And I feel like I did something wrong, but I don't know what, and Bucky won't punish me for it, and I-!"

She started to pet his head softly.

"Poor thing... maybe you'll feel better tonight?" She asked; Tony shuddered under her hand, and then, as if some switch had flipped inside of him, he slumped against her leg, eyes half closed.

"I see their faces, all those doms, that did those things to me, and I love Bucky, I love him so
much, and he takes... care of me, and that was hard, for a long time, to get used to, because I take care of myself..." The words poured from his numb lips, "I see their faces... and I'm not really sleeping, and Afghanistan... and I miss my reactor, because it was always light... even if it hurt..." She smiled softly.

"Let Bucky be your light, Tony. You have two gorgeous children and a loving mate. Yes, your past was difficult, and yes, you still suffer from them, but don't let them overpower you. You are strong, Tony," She smiled, "Focus on what is important." He whined softly against her knee, tears sliding down his cheeks.

"But what if I fail them? What if I fail them like I failed Yinsen in Afghanistan? And it's... what if they're omegas, and their lives are hell?"

"As long as you try, and keep trying, you won't fail. Like Einstein," She smiled. "He didn't fail, he just found ten thousand ways to not make a lightbulb. We learn from our mistakes," She said. "If your children are omegas, they'll be the prettiest omegas ever. No one will harm them with the Avengers backing them."

"But they'll have to go through heat..." Tony whispered, shaking, his tension returning, and he made to pull away.

"Yes, they will, and we will make sure they are prepared and knowledgeable about it beforehand."

"I don't..." Tony whispered, slumping back against her, "...how? I won't do that to them... what my... I WON'T...!"

"Okay, easy," she said, petting his hair, "then suppressants." Tony's trembling returned.

"Bad... bad..." He whispered, "Not safe, unsafe ingredients, drugs, not... causing minor infertility, bad for heart..." He chanted, panicking.

"Then... I saw in an interview you are working on making new suppressants?" She asked.

"Trying." Tony whispered, and he was losing himself, panic-drop, something he hadn't experienced since college, "Trying to... me an' Bruce... trying..."

"I know you are," she smiled brightly. "You and Bruce are so smart, I'm sure you'll figure it out. You have plenty of time."

"Eleven years... five months... fifteen days, ten hours-" He cut himself off, swallowing, eyes glazed. "Not working yet... not good... dangerous..."

"Listen to me, Tony," she said, getting his attention. "Even if you don't succeed in eleven years, you have your entire life to figure it out. Heat really isn't that bad, if you take appropriate measures," she said, "We've been going through heat for millions of years, with no medicine at all. Your children will be fine."

"But..." Tony whispered, shaking harder, "...but I wasn't... I wasn't fine... I... what if Bucky...?" He was shaking so hard his teeth were chattering, panic scent filling the living room.

"No one here will touch your children," she said, trying to get him to calm down.

"But what if they do!?!" Tony cried, surging up onto his knees, gripping his hair. "What if someone does!? And and i-if not... if not then what do I do? Do I give them toys? Do I...? I won't. I won't do what mama did... I won't do it..." She winced and shook her head.
"No, a first heat, while strong, is not something your kids should go through alone. Spending a day with omegas would make them feel safe and comfortable, and ease their heat. It's just hormones surging." Tony sobbed into the side of the couch, shaking.

"I did... I did... alone... alone with nothing... hairbrush handle... alone..." He choked, "...scared... I'm so scared..."

"I know," she said, petting his head, "I know."

"Mama... mama and the touching and... and... p-plug... and the sick... ow... the sick and cutting... cutting cutting it out..."

"It's okay, Tony, it's over, you won't do that to your kids," she hummed, he sucked in painful sounding breaths, shoulders shaking.

"So scared..."

Chapter End Notes

I...hope that wasn't too unrealistic? Speaking from personal experience, breakdowns like that rarely make sense.
What You've Done

Chapter Summary

Heyo,

Warnings include: Ignoring emotions, punishment, (and enjoyment of that punishment), and something...else.

You're going to be like "Why?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hours. It had been hours, and Tony was exhausted. He had never been more tired, not even in Afghanistan, building the suit, refusing to sleep, mind chanting not safe, not safe, at him. Eventually, he had just curled up on the couch, and talked until his voice was a raspy mess, and his eyes were red, and she unpacked her home into a floor of his tower. Now he had to go back to Bucky, his head throbbing from crying, residual panic-drop skirting around the inside of his mind, as he stepped into their room. "Sir?" He whispered, "Sir... dinner is... dinner is done, sir." He slid to his knees fluidly, crawling over to his dom. Bucky dropped to his knees and pulled Tony tightly to his chest.

"I was getting worried about where you were... I'm so proud of you." Tony trembled at the praise, he was emotionally drained, and he didn't feel any better, just raw. Scratching at wounds irritated them, it seemed.

"Yes, sir..." He whispered, too tired to fight the drop any longer, he slumped against Bucky's body, "...yes... sir... yes, sir..." Bucky kissed his head, and lifted him up.

"C'mon, let's go eat dinner."

"Twins?" Tony mumbled, looking for his children, as he was carried out into the elevator, and then into the common living room he'd just left. The rest of the pack was there now, and Steve and Thor were holding the twins, feeding them cereal puffs. Clint was watching, admiring the way his alpha could handle children, and Tony slowly climbed out of Bucky's arms, kneeling on the carpet at the end of the couch. He needed to... he just needed to submit, to stay down for awhile, and let Bucky take care of him. But that wasn't good behavior, it wasn't up to Bucky to care for him because he was afraid. Tony took deep breaths, forcing the drop back, and, standing on shaky legs, he slowly perched beside Clint on the couch. Clint smiled and gently took Tony's hand, holding onto it.

"We missed you." Why? Tony's brow furrowed.

"Missed you, too." He finally said, that was the correct response, wasn't it? Clint smiled and nuzzled his shoulder, the other sub chewed his lip as May came out of the kitchen, and smoothed his hair back, pressing a kiss to his forehead.

"Dinner is on the table, everyone, if you'd go sit down?" Tony made to stand up, and May stopped him with gentle hands, "Honey, I know that was hard on you, do you need some time alone? Or is
"I'm okay, I need to... to be by Bucky, I think," he slowly stood, hunching his shoulders in submission. Bucky smiled, and stood up, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"C'mon, you seemed pretty excited about her dinner." Tony ducked his head.

"Yes, sir." He murmured, brushing his knuckles down Bucky's side. "Punishment after?" The sub asked softly, looking up at him, they were alone in the living room now.

"Yes," he smiled, and kissed the top of his head before helping Tony to his feet and walking to the kitchen. The omega blinked at the empty seats between Clint and May, and slowly sat down closer to Clint, Bucky at his side. He leaned into the other sub's side, hesitantly, as Bucky dished up two plates, and set one in front of him. Clint rubbed Tony's back, nuzzling him softly as he ate. Tony mumbled something, but he was slowly lulled into a calmer drop, chewing whatever bites of food Bucky offered him, eyes mostly closed, until Charlotte climbed into his lap. Charlie smiled up at him, giggling, until she saw his blackened cheek.

"Ooh," She reached up to touch it, and Tony fought the urge to flinch, and wrapped his arms around her, letting her touch.

"Yeah... it's an owie, Charlie." He cleared his throat, voice too dreamy from the drop.

"Snow?" She asked, looking at him.

"Yeah, like with the snow." Tony swallowed, forcing his eyes to focus, and that wasn't good, because pushing the drop back had a flood of emotions bursting into his chest, and his scent. Nearly everyone at the table tensed at the sudden roiling scents of panic, hurt, fear, exhaustion, anticipation, agony. Tony pressed his face to Charlotte's neck and shoulder, focusing on calming down. Charlie was a little scared, but she hugged Tony around his neck, letting him nuzzle her.

"Sorry... I'm sorry, Charlie, I'm just tired, okay, honey?" He smoothed her hair, "I didn't mean to scare you."

"Okay 'Ony," She smiled, and kissed his boo boo cheek; Tony smiled softly, and if his eyes were a little wet, no one said anything.

"Go eat your dinner, Char, I'm alright. Love you." He sent her toddling back over to Steve. "Rogers? Can I have Jamie now?" The baby was squirming in Steve's arms, gurgling, obviously wanting to nurse. Steve blushed and nodded, passing the baby to Clint, who passed him to Tony. Peter smiled softly, and swallowed thickly, looking down at his plate, trying to ignore the feelings of Bond loss beginning to echo through him again, but Steve knew, and leaned forward, gently pressing pills into the omega's hand.

"Take care of yourself," the dom murmured, and Tony's smile grew a little, he had known Peter would fit here. The kid was similar to him, but different enough to get along with everyone, where Tony just seemed to grate on all of their nerves. Looking down as Jamie latched on, Tony sighed and stroked the baby's hair; Nia was in her daddy's arms, cooing contentedly. Peter nodded and smiled softly, taking the pills quickly, hoping his aunt didn't notice. He didn't need her to worry for him. Bucky smiled, and bounced Nia softly, kissing her head, and his omega gently reached for her.

"She needs to nurse before..."

"I know. You finish with Jamie, then you can nurse her," he said, pressing more food to his lips.
Tony slowly opened his mouth, accepting the last few bites of food from his plate.

"Yes, sir." He leaned his head back, exposing his throat, and relaxing simultaneously, as James nursed. Bucky smiled and kissed just beneath his jaw.

"Good boy." Tony relaxed even further at the praise, eyes sliding closed. When Jamie was done nursing, Bucky switched babies, burping his son as Nia latched on. The omega stroked Antonia's back and hair, and she yawned around his nipple. Bucky chuckled, "Looks like you're going to have an easy night," he said to May, and the elderly omega smiled.

"Whether it's easy or hard, I look forward to it." She reached up to touch Jamie's hair. Bucky smiled.

"He usually cries unless he has his bear. Or Tony."

"Oh? Is his bear here, just in case?" She asked, "I wouldn't want to bother you for it."

"Yeah, I think it's in his diaper bag, I'll get it for you before we leave." Tony was silent, eyes closed, head leaned back again, just letting Nia nurse. Until Jamie began to cry for him. He blinked awake slowly, and held his arm out for the squirming baby. Bucky sighed, and handed him over, bummed that his son didn't like him. The omega seemed to shrink under the smell of his disappointment.

"I'm sorry..." He whispered.

"It's not you," Bucky said, kissing Tony's cheek; Tony bit his lip, and nodded.

"Yes, sir." He didn't catch the concerned looks Thor, Steve, and Bruce gave him. They rarely saw him so docile.

When the food was done, Bucky helped May clear the table. The other alphas had retreated to the living room, and their private rooms, Steve had taken Clint to bed, and Thor and Bruce were on the couch; Tony hesitated, holding his two children, he wasn't sure if he should kneel, or stand, or set them down and clean. Bucky smiled.

"Hand the twins to May, so we can go to our room." Tony ducked his head, glad of the order, and held the sleeping babies out. May took them easily, and cooed as she bounced them to make sure they stayed asleep.

"Let me know when you're ready for them, Jarvis can tell me." She'd become fast friends with Jarvis while Tony was spilling his guts and shelling out his mind in her floor, as the AI had told her exactly where every object she needed was located. It had made unpacking so much easier. Bucky smiled, rubbed their son's teddy bear over Tony's throat, and placed the Tony-scented bear on his son's chest.

"Thank you," he hummed, and wrapped his arm around Tony, pulling him away; Tony went willingly, all the nervousness gone from his scent now that they were moving, and he didn't have to wait anymore. The elevator ride was shorter than he would have liked; he knelt as soon as they reached their floor.

"Sir?" He kept his gaze down, head cocked to the side to expose his throat.

"Undress," Bucky said, quickly stripping of his own clothes.
"Yes, sir." Tony smoothly removed his clothes, setting them aside, neatly folded for once. He did all of it on his knees, then settled his weight onto his legs, head down, back hunched slightly, and wrists cross at the base of his spine.

"Punishment first," he said, grabbing his belt again. "Do you know what you did wrong?"

"I invited someone to live in the tower without asking, sir." Tony whispered meekly, "And I allowed someone to kidnap me, sir."

"You are not being punished for getting kidnapped," he leaned down and kissed his cheek. "We all make mistakes," he said. Tony swallowed, eyes lifting.

"But..." He trailed off at Bucky's look, "...yes, sir." The alpha smiled, and pressed Tony's head down, so his ass was in the air.

"Count for me," he said, swatting his ass with the belt.

"One, sir." Tony bit his lip, cheek pressed to the carpet, arms still crossed behind his back. "Two," He forced out as the leather came down on his quickly reddening ass again. "Three..." Tony's voice was barely a whisper, the next hit making him jerk forward.

"Louder," Bucky growled, and swatted his thighs.

"F-four!" Tony's face rubbed on the carpet, he clenched his eyes shut; the belt snapped against his skin, and he felt the skin it touched start to swell into a raised welt. "Five!" He gasped out, unsure exactly how many his dom intended to give him. Bucky stopped at five, only because the reason for his punishment was not that bad. He hummed, and pulled Tony up, kissing his lips.

"Present yourself on the bed." Tony whined.

"Y-yes, sir." He crawled slowly to the bedroom, his ass throbbing from the lashing, and climbed onto the bed, he resumed position from his punishment, but widened the set of his knees, and reached back to pull his red and welted cheeks open for his alpha, waiting.

"Good boy," he hummed, and shoved two fingers into his greedy hole, reaching in to rub his prostate and get his slick going. The sub whimpered, shifting his knees, and trying to push back onto Bucky's fingers. "I want you nice and wet for what I have planned for you," he smiled.

"Y-yes, sir," Tony panted, toes curling, his cock heavy between his legs. Slick drooled from his hole when Bucky spread his fingers open, spreading his ass as if to look inside.

"That's my good boy," he hummed, and used his slick as lube to stroke Tony's cock, making him nice and hard. The sub squirmed, hips rocking.

"Please... please, sir..." He breathed, rubbing his face against the bedding.

"Such a good boy," he hummed, and lapped at his hole as he stroked him. Tony had to bite his lip to keep from begging for a moment, as pre gathered in opaque beads at the head of his cock. And then Bucky wasn't touching him anymore, and he jerked his head up disobediently to look for him. "Keep your head down," he said from behind him, "It's okay. Do you trust me?" Tony dropped his head to the blankets.

"Yes, sir." He answered without hesitation, he trusted Bucky, more than anyone else in the world.

"Good," he said, taking a cloth, and putting it over Tony's eyes, tying it behind his head. "Just
focus on me, my touch, and my voice, if it's ever too much, just say 'Red.'" He hummed and reached down to grab his cock again, stroking it nice and slow as he slipped his own cock inside his hole. Tony's breathing sped up as soon as his vision was taken away.

"Sir..." He whimpered, and then Bucky's hands trailed over his skin, gripping his cock, and he felt his dom's shaft nudging into his body, filling him up. His panic lessened, and he closed his eyes behind the dark cloth, rolling his hips slightly to try and show he wanted it.

"Does that feel good?" He cooed, thrusting slowly, wanting his orgasm to slowly be built up.

"Yes, yes sir...!" Tony whined, rolling his hips back, but Bucky kept the pace slow, unbelievably slow, until the sub felt he was losing his mind. The second he felt like Tony was going to come, he moved his hand away, and stopped thrusting. Tony squirmed, bucking against him, but his dom's hands were like iron on his hips, holding him still. "Please, pleasepleaseplease, sir, please, I need-!

"I know you do, and you will come when I tell you to," he smiled, kissing his neck. Tony's chest heaved, and he shook as his dom gently wrapped another strip of cloth around his wrists, binding them together behind his back.

"Y-yes, sir." He whispered, cock achingly hard against his thigh. Bucky smiled and nipped at his hole, teasing the sensitive skin before pressing his tongue in, groaning at the taste. Tony choked, he hadn't been expecting teeth, and then Bucky's tongue slipped inside the slightly stretched ring of muscle, and Tony arched, twisting his wrists in their bonds, "Fuck... fuck...!" Bucky pressed his tongue in as far as it could go, fucking him with his tongue, loving the taste of his omega's slick, and the sub squirmed desperately under him. "Sir, please, please, sir, my... please...!" He was dripping precum onto the bed, hips shaking, back straining as he struggled with the tie on his wrists. Bucky slid his hand against the underside of his cock, collecting his slick, and sucking it into his mouth, humming, but he didn't swallow. Instead he pulled Tony's ass cheeks apart with his hands. The dom looked down as he stretched the cheeks open, the sub's entrance flared from the strain, and he spat the string of Tony's precum into his small gape. Tony jerked, shaking, his cheeks burned and throbbed in Bucky's hands, and he felt the hot liquid in his hole, sliding down into his passage.

"Pleaseplease, sir, please-!" He gasped, squirming hard. A rough slap to his sore, and bruising ass had him tensing, an obvious message to stay still. Bucky grinned and slipped his cock back into his hole, before quickly pulling out, making him wait a few seconds before doing it again. The sub sucked in hurried breaths, his ass flaring open every time Bucky pulled away, panting and begging like a slut. "Please, sir, please, fuck me, fuck me until I can't sit down, please, please, sir, use me! I don't care, just please, please let me cum!" Bucky smiled and began fucking him hard like he asked, his knot slapping into his rim.

"Don't you dare cum until I say so." Tony jerked and shuddered.

"Please, sir, please!" He tried to brace his knees, sliding on the bedding, and then his dom gripped his hip, and his wrists, and flipped him onto his back. Suddenly, Bucky's knees were on either side of his head, and the dom's cock, coated in so much of Tony's slick that it was dripping all over the sub's face, brushed across his lips. He couldn't see, but he knew the smell, and he opened his mouth, feeling Bucky pull his head up, and onto the slick drenched cock. The pulsing length pressed relentlessly into his mouth, and down his throat, which was difficult with the angle, but Tony took it without protest. Bucky groaned and felt his balls drag against Tony's chin, thick and tight with the need to cum. The sub licked and sucked, desperate to please his alpha, because then maybe he would get to cum. He laved at the thick cock, wishing he could see Bucky's face, as the
dom gripped his hair and began to thrust into his throat. The alpha smiled and loved how his knot dragged on his lips, and was tickled by his facial hair.

"You wanna cum?" Tony whined around the shaft in his throat, wiggling his hips, but still sucking obediently. He began to thrust up against air, arms uncomfortable beneath his body. The dom smirked and let out a moan. "Tony, when you feel me come, you can come," he panted and thrusted faster, not caring if Tony's throat would be sore. Tony struggled with his arms, and managed to get two fingers inside of himself, all the while sucking breath between Bucky's painful thrusting. It felt so good. Bucky gripped his hair, and panted hard.

"Tony..." he moaned and his cum ripped from him, making him groan loudly; Tony gasped and choked, the knot catching behind his teeth, and fuck, that pain felt so good, but he couldn't get enough purchase to finger his hole, at least, not well enough to cum. Bucky panted and reached behind him, grasping his sub's cock and squeezing maybe a little too hard, stroking it. Tony's hips jerked up, and tears slid down his cheeks, but he needed to cum, so badly, and he was having trouble breathing with Bucky's cock lodged down his throat. "Cum, Tony," he growled, stroking faster. His seed pouring down Tony's throat. The omega's tears wet the blindfold, and his seed spurted into the air, all over his belly.

"Mmm!" He choked around Bucky's cock, hands drenched in slick, fingers going numb. Bucky groaned and cleaned off his cum covered hand, before gently removing the blindfold around Tony's eyes. The sub stared up at him, jaw stretched wide by the knot, and tried to shift his body so his arms would get more blood. Bucky felt him shift around.

"Want me to release your arms?" He asked, the omega gagged a little, one eye twitching closed. He had no way to answer, and the way the knot pulled at his teeth had him arching up in pain. Bucky unlooped the tie, just in case, trying not to pull too much on his teeth. Tony's hands gripped Bucky's hips immediately, but he didn't pull or squeeze, just struggled to breathe with the awkward angle. "Breathe through your nose, take it easy," Bucky petted his head softly. The sub's eyes slid closed, and he obeyed without movement or protest, swallowing occasionally around the object in his throat. Because Tony kept swallowing and stimulating his cock, it took the normal eight minutes for his knot to go down. He gently slid out, and let Tony catch his breath. The omega rubbed the bruised side of his face, but his scent was full of contentment. It had felt so good to be punished, even if it hadn't been for what he felt he'd done wrong. Bucky smiled and slid down, until he was laying besides Tony, kissing him softly. "Better?"

"Yes, sir." Tony yawned, jaw popping, and curled against his dom's chest, sliding one leg hesitantly over Bucky's hip. "Will...will you spank me? Before we go get the twins...?" Bucky grinned and quickly spanked his ass.

"Like that?" He chuckled and nuzzled him, being playful. Tony groaned, hips jerking forward against Bucky's, and felt the dom's fingers brush over the raised welts on his ass.

"Yes, yes, sir, please!"

"Yeah? You get six spankings, five because you want it, and one more for good luck," he hummed and kissed him, smacking his ass again; Tony whined, licking over Bucky's nipple.

"Thank you... thank you sir, please, so good...!" He was rock hard against his alpha by the third slap, the fourth and fifth stung, and he thrust desperately against Bucky's hip. And with the sixth slap, turning his ass to flames, he came all over Bucky. "Oh... oh..." Bucky smiled and nuzzled him softly.

"My good boy, I love you so much." The sub rubbed his face against Bucky's chest, then scooted
down to clean the white liquid from his dom's hip.

"I'm your good boy." He was still half in the drop, as Bucky hadn't knotted his ass.

"Yes you are," he said, stroking his head. "Is there anything else you'd like?" Tony blinked hazily, what he wanted was to stay in subspace, to take orders, and never have to think again.

"Will... you put your fingers in... and make it feel like a knot...?" He knew that staying in subspace wasn't healthy. Bucky frowned, he knew this as well.

"Wouldn't you rather have my real knot?" Tony hunched his shoulders.

"I... I just thought you might be tired, sir." He whispered.

"I'm never too tired for you, darling," he smiled and tilted his chin up, kissing him softly. The sub whimpered against his mouth.

"Can... can you... can we stand up? Like that time in the shower?"

"Sure," he hummed and stood up, helping Tony to his feet. The omega slowly wrapped his arms around Bucky's neck, and groaned as his dom lifted him up; rough hands, one flesh one metal, gripped the inflamed globes, and hefted him upward until he wrapped his legs around Bucky's hips. "Such a good boy," he moaned again as he slid his cock into his loosened hole, groaning softly; Tony clung to him, trying to be good, to be what Bucky thought he was, as he tried to ride the cock breaching him. Slick dripped around Bucky's shaft, sliding down Tony's thighs, and scattering droplets on the floor. And then there was the reason Tony had requested this. Bucky's hands gripped his throbbing ass, red and bruised, to lift him after every thrust. Bucky's knot appeared faster since he had just come, and he started to sweat a little as he fucked his knot against his ass. Tony arched his throat, begging silently as he submitted, and Bucky's knot popped into him, and back out, several times. The alpha groaned and pressed his nose against Tony's throat. Moaning loudly as he pressed in, and knotted him, his seed flooding Tony's ass. Tony shuddered, his dom's nails biting into the sore flesh of his ass, and the knot stretching him, just inside his rim.

"Jarvis... save... save video file of... tonight..." He panted, clenching around his alpha. Bucky panted, and nuzzled Tony's throat, sitting down on the bed. The sub panted as he settled onto Bucky's thighs, tied together, his sore ass pressed to the dom's skin.

"How do you feel?" He asked, rubbing his cheek.

"Good." Tony whispered, "Good, I feel..." He pressed his face against the dom's chest, "I mean... if I could just stop thinking..."

"Sirs!" Jarvis's voice was loud, shocked, and afraid, "Sirs! The police are in the lobby, they have a warrant for the arrest of Sergeant Barnes!" Tony jerked upward.

"WHAT?!" Bucky's eyes were wide, and he hugged Tony tightly.

"No... No I didn't do anything wrong!" He shouted back. The omega clung to him, shaking hard.

"The warrant is for the murder of Justin Hammer." Jarvis sounded frantic, "Sirs, what do I do?"

"L-lock them out, Jay!" Tony cried, panicking, "No nonono, fuck, no! I won't let them take you, Jarvis, prep the fucking suit!"

"Th-the suit!?!" Bucky panted, and pressed his face against Tony's shoulder. "Tony... I've murdered
a lot of people... not just Hammer... " Tony shuddered, clutching at him.

"I... s-so have I, then, they don't know that, you're not going to p-prison over fucking Hammer!" He sobbed, shaking and struggling with his emotions, "I'll defend you, they won't take you, they won't!"

"I-I don't want to kill policemen," Bucky whimpered. "I don't know how to get out of this one."

"You can't go, they can't take you!" Tony clutched at him.

"Sir, they're preparing to disconnect the Arc reactor, and disable power to the tow..." Jarvis's voice fizzled out, and all the lights shut down.

"No! FUCK!" He pulled himself off of Bucky's knot, crying out in pain, and dragged jeans over his hips. "JARVIS!?" He wished he still had his arc so he could see, "Bucky, come on, we'll... we'll get on the jet, we'll leave!"

"We can't abandon the pack!" He said, standing as firmly as he was able, holding his cock. Tony fell to his knees, the policemen were likely climbing the stairs by now.

"The pack... what if they shoot...!?" He clawed his way back up, using the bed for support, "What do we do? What do we do, Bucky? The twins... I have to get to the twins...!"

"Go get the twins," he said, "Take the other elevator. I'll go to the police, and tell them not to shoot," he sighed, and pulled his own pants on. Tony grabbed his arm.

"NO! No, you can't... you can't go!" He gripped him tightly, "It was...you're... it was in defense of me... it was... it was...!"

"Then tell that to the lawyers," he said, kissing him deeply. "I can't always shoot people... I gotta do the right thing." Tony's chest heaved as Bucky pulled away from him.

"I'll get you out." He whispered, shaking, "And they have to a-allow visits, because we're b-bonded, they have to... the elevators are down with the power... please... please be careful...!" He hugged Bucky from behind, sobbing against his back, "Please..." Bucky nodded.

"Once I leave with the police, I want you to go straight to the pups, understand?" He asked, turning around, and kissing him one more time, before backing out. Tony braced himself against the doorframe, his legs shaking.

"I love you." He whispered, "I'll... I'll g-get you out..."

"I love you too," he said, smiling and grabbing his knife off the table before running towards the police in nothing but pants.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry
Chapter Summary

Warnings: Mistreatment of prisoner, public sex, non consensual drugging, rough sex, BAMF Tony, and rude ass guards, sneaky bastards.

"James Buchanan Barnes, alpha of the infamous omega Tony Stark, was arrested late last night for the murder of Justin Hammer, long thought dead alpha CEO of Hammer Industries," the reporter continued on, and Tony nearly broke the phone in his hand.

"Fuck that! He was in fight, and everyone knows that opens a temporary insanity plea," he snapped, and the lead Lawyer of his team was quiet for a second.

"Yes, but only in Malty fives and sixes, Mr. Stark."

"Then we get him tested on the Malty scale. Come on, people, this guy was raping me, and Bucky came in... what would any other alpha have done!?" The pack shifted restlessly around him, they needed their alpha home and safe, and the lawyers were balking. "Quit dragging your fucking feet, and bully a god damn Kinsey tester into that shit hole of a prison! NOW!" Tony hung up, chest heaving. "Fuck!" The omega flung the phone at the wall, gripping his hair, "Fuck..." Clint rubbed Tony's back.

"Want to go visit him?"

"I can't, I can't yet, they haven't taken him out of confinement... it's twenty one hours, and he's still sitting in the fucking tank!" Tony paced restlessly back and forth. "Fuck..." He whined, shoving his fingers through his hair.

Bucky was in his cell, pacing back and forth, growling loudly.

"Let. Me. OUT!" he shouted, feeling absolutely feral. Alphas like him were not meant to be in small spaces alone for long periods of time.

"Shut up!" A guard snapped at him, "Filthy murderer!" And then someone gripped him by the shoulder, and moved him out of the way.

"Excuse me, but that's no way to treat anyone. Alpha Barnes will be moved to general population, and if we hear of mistreatment again, you'll have a lawsuit on your hands bigger than the one I'm implementing right now." The lawyer alpha beckoned to Bucky. "Mr. Barnes." He said, "We have an interview. Your omega sent me."

"Get me out of here," he growled at the man through the doors, his hands handcuffed behind his back.

"Calm down, Mr. Barnes, we're doing our best." The lawyer stepped aside as a more trustworthy guard unlocked the door, and lead the prisoner to a small room with a table.
"I'm going to shackle your wrists to the table, Mr. Barnes, it's a requirement, I'm sorry." The guard unlocked his cuffs, and guided him into a chair, locking his wrists into the thick metal cuffs on the table.

"I'm sorry," the lawyer repeated, flicking his folder open, "I'm Jonathan Brin, your omega hired me, along with the rest of my team, and I must say, switching from a Stark-less SI was the best decision we've made yet. Rest assured, we have a plan. Now, tell me what happened, all of what happened, Mr. Barnes." Bucky tested the cuffs, hardly listening to what the man had to say.

"Where's Tony!? Where's my omega!?

"Currently? I'd guess on the phone finding the best Kinsey/Malty specialist in the country to do your survey." Brin replied, "Please behave, sir, I need you to tell me everything that happened. It's very important that I know the truth, so I can plan your defense with my team."

"Not until after I talk to Tony. I don't know you, I don't trust you," he growled. "If he says he hired you, then I'll tell you everything."

"Right." Brin sighed, "I was afraid of that, I'll...I'll try." He murmured.

It took two hours, and then Tony stepped into the room, all tense lines, and seriousness, cutting a striking and intimidating figure in his gorgeous suit. "Brin," he gave a soft nod, waiting for the door to close behind him, and then he slowly stepped to Bucky's side. "Shh, be calm, be calm." He whispered, kneeling beside his alpha's chair. "It's going to be alright, I said I'd get you out of here, didn't I?" Bucky reached out to him, easily breaking the bonds shackling his wrists, and he hugged Tony, nuzzling him.

"I missed you... how is everyone? And the pups?" The omega sighed against his chest.

"They washed my scent off of you." He growled angrily, "Brin, we're suing the prison." He slid his hands into Bucky's hair, rubbed, to embed his scent there, "Everyone is alright, the pups are outside in the Rolls with Steve and Happy." He pulled Bucky's face to his. "I need you to... behave, and focus, alright? I know it's hard, but the better you behave, the easier this will be." He nuzzled Bucky's neck, "I hired Brin, and his team, so... whatever he asks... and I'm having a Malty/Kinsey specialist come and do your testing." Bucky swallowed thickly, and nuzzled Tony's throat, feeling better now that his Tony was there.

"Okay..." he nodded, and kissed him a few times before sitting back down in his chair. Tony knelt between his legs, laying his head on Bucky's thigh. "Relax. Talk." He rubbed the tense muscles there, and Brin leaned forward.

"Tell me what you remember happening, Mr. Barnes, so we can get this moving." Mr. Brin had his pen ready, his file open, pictures of Hammer's body, medical reports, everything on the case. Bucky slipped his wrists through the broken shackles, so at least the lawyer could see his hands.

"Tony went to the bathroom, I had the pups... after ten minutes passed I got worried so I checked it out, and I smelled Hammer, who has raped my sub before, so I got Hogan and we tracked him down. By the time I got there, Tony was beating him up, he'd been drugged, as I walked in, and killed the other two men who were running away from my naked, beaten omega, and then I shot Hammer." Brin nodded through the story.

"Alright, but what do you remember, Mr. Barnes? What do you remember feeling? Did your vision
tunnel? Did you feel disoriented?” He glanced at Tony, respect in his eyes. Bucky growled.

"I saw red, I did get tunnel vision... I couldn't calm down until the threat was gone," he said, digging his fingers into the table.

"Of course, any alpha would have dropped into fight. And you're the main alpha in your pack?" Brin asked, Tony stroked Bucky's thighs.

"Relax." He reminded the alpha, baring his throat docilely. Bucky looked back at Tony and smiled, kissing his throat, taking a deep breath.

"Yes, I am," he said, nodding.

"We had every member of your pack's Kinsey/Malty results examined, you have a... well, technically a strong Malty six in your pack, though the term used by most is Malty seven." Brin tapped his pen on his folder, "In order to give him any kind of command, you would have to at least be matched to him." Tony nodded.

"That's my thought." He murmured, touching Bucky's ears. The alpha smiled and leaned into his hands, focusing mainly on Tony, since Tony was his only concern. He didn't give a rat's ass about Brin.

"Bucky, honey... please, you have to play a role in this, you can't zone. I only have an hour... then they'll make us leave." Tony leaned up, kissing his forehead, "Focus."

Bucky frowned and nuzzled him, before looking back at the lawyer, sighing.

"The specialist will be here in a little less than two weeks, I've gotten you moved to general population, but you'll still be in a cell, don't attack anyone, and avoid fights if you can." Brin attempted.

"Okay," he panted, and nodded his head. "I can do that..."

"Make sure that you can, Mr. Barnes." Brin sighed, and shuffled his papers. "Now, the other two men...” He ran his fingers through his hair, "Their bodies were not recovered, so it's best we don't mention them. However, the fact that you were born in the late twenties..." He smirked, "That might work in our favor. You see, the laws were very different back then, if an omega was in danger, it wasn't murder."

"I know that," he said, huffing, "So what? That's considered murder today!?” He asked, genuinely surprised. Tony blinked up at him.

"Not if you're in fight, which you were," the omega attempted, "But no one knows you were born in the twenties, everyone thinks you were named after Bucky." Bucky laughed at that.

"Who would want to name their kid after me!? It's a horrible name, and they should name their kid after Steve."

"That was your cover, Mr. Barnes, I believe Ms. Potts had it arranged?"

"Bucky? He's right, that's what she came up with. We'll have to reveal who you are..." The alpha shrugged,

"We kept my identity a secret to keep you safe. If they can accept Steve... Why not Steve's best friend?"
"Exactly." Tony attempted, and Brin offered a nod.

"I'll get to work on that."

"Get in touch with the Avengers PR team," Tony ordered.

Bucky swallowed and leaned into Tony's shoulder, nuzzling him.

"Hey, it's going to be alright." Tony hummed, stroking his hair.

"With your birth year, it should be easier to build your defense, I'll get right on that, Mr. Stark." Brin, unlike most alphas, seemed to have no issue taking orders from an omega.

Bucky smiled and nuzzled his hand, "I love you"

"I love you, too, but you have to focus, please. At the trial... you..." He glanced at Brin.

"If he acts how he's acting now... well, it can only encourage that he was reacting out of protective instincts."

"I'll focus," he said, keeping his eyes closed as he wrapped his arms around Tony.

"No, he's saying this is good, Bucky. He's saying that having you being overly focused on me is good."

"Oh, okay," he grumbled, and pulled Tony into his lap, trying to cover himself in his scent. Tony licked against his cheek and ear, helping as best he could.

"That's it, I've got you." He purred,

"Now, the Kinsey/Malty specialist will do a survey, with images, and questions, while monitoring you for responses. Be as honest as you possibly can."

"Okay," he groaned softly, thrusting his hips into the omega's, not caring that the lawyer was right there; Tony swallowed.

"We're not allowed to have sex, baby." He whispered, wincing when Bucky's grip on him tightened roughly.

"Please..." Bucky whined softly, "at least suck me?" He pleaded. He was so tense and high strung, he needed a way to relax, Tony shuddered.

"It's..." He glanced at the guard, and Brin, "...okay, okay." The sub whimpered when Bucky's nails dug into his back where his suit had been rucked up. He slid back to his knees between Bucky's thighs, and pulled down his prison uniform pants, sucking the thick head into his mouth. Bucky grunted and slid his hand through Tony's hair, letting Tony do all of the work for now. The sub bobbed his head, and Brin arched a brow when the guard shifted uncomfortably.

"Well, I'll get it all worked out, release your identity, talk about the lack of public appearance, socialization," The lawyer offered, and Tony swallowed, embarrassed to be doing this with others in the room, and talking as if he weren't there. Bucky started to growl at the guard, who was starting to smell aroused. He thrusted into Tony's mouth, glaring daggers at the man. Tony closed his eyes, shaking softly, as Bucky thrust against his already sore throat. And the guard looked away.

"My apologies, sir." Bucky hummed, glad the guard submitted to him. He looked back at Tony,
and held onto his knot so he wouldn't thrust it into Tony's mouth. Tony's shoulders relaxed, and he sucked dutifully at Bucky's cock. Then the dom pulled out, his cum splattering over the sub's face and neck. Tony barely managed to close his eyes in time, and then Bucky was rubbing the cum roughly into his skin.

"Nn..."

"Shhh," the alpha smiled, kissing the top of his head, working his cum into his skin until his skin was shiny. "Beautiful." Tony licked his lips, checking to make sure his suit was clean, and Brin stood.

"Our visit is over, we have to leave," The lawyer said, "But I should be able to bring your mate to most visits." Tony nodded, pushing Bucky's hair back, smoothly braiding it, to the very end, so it would stay awhile.

"Thank you, my good boy," he smiled and kissed his hand. "Take care of yourself and the pups." Tony stood, smoothing his suit.

"I will. I... Peter and May are a big help." He whispered, kissing his alpha softly, "I'll be back, we're soul bonded, they can't deny me visitation." Brin stared.

"Soul bonded?"

"Yeah, we're... soul bonded." Tony blinked.

"That... can you prove that?" Brin asked, and at Tony's nod, he grinned, "Perfect, that makes things even easier!" Bucky growled softly at how loud Brin was being, his was sated and calm, he didn't want to get stressed out again.

"I love you," he said to Tony, and the sub kissed him once more.

"I love you, too, baby." He murmured, "I have to go, I... I'll be back, sugarplum." He straightened his shoulders, pulling his beta persona around him until even the guard straightened in respect.

"Okay... Wait, where are you going?" He asked, getting up and moving to Tony. He wasn't doing well in prison.

"I have to go home, Bucky. Work on your case." The sub reminded him. Bucky licked his lips.

"I have to stay here?" He asked, gripping the table, now behind him.

"Yeah, baby, you have to stay here." Tony swallowed, "It's going to be alright."

"Okay," he said, pouting as his mate walked out of the room.

"Come on, you have to get processed for general population," The guard cuffed Bucky's wrists, and lead him out.

"What...?" Tony frowned in confusion when, a week and a half later, he was allowed in to reassure their bond, "Bucky?" The dom was glassy eyed, beautiful hair shaved into a sharp military cut, and the sub turned on the guard. "WHAT DID YOU DO!?!"

"He's on anti-fight meds!" The guard snapped back, "A requirement for high risk criminals in Gen pop!" Tony brushed him off, stroking the shorn hair.
"Bucky..." They had washed Tony's scent off him again, leaving him feeling lost. He hadn't noticed Tony at first, until the fingers went through his hair. He looked up, and his eyes shown with recognition.

"Tony..." He whined and pressed his face against his chest, "Where were you? I've been so alone..." Tony choked.

"Oh, Bucky... I know, I know, I tried, they won't let me in often, and... Brin's been working so hard, baby, I'll get you out... we have three hours to... to bond." He kissed Bucky's hair, and it was prickly against his lips. Bucky couldn't pull his hands out of the shackles on the table this time, they had been reinforced. He nuzzled him, and purred happily.

"I missed you so much... kids... How are the pups? How's the pack?"

"They're... they're alright, worried, but alright. We miss you a lot at home..." Tony whispered, rubbing his short hair, shoulders tense, "I arranged a pack visit, since you're alpha, they allowed it... even the kids, for... for a couple hours next week."

"Okay... I miss them," he smiled softly, and wished he could hug his mate. "Please..." he stared at the guards, shaking his wrists.

"No." Was the rude answer, and Tony worked his way under the table, and into Bucky's lap, "How do you expect him to pack bond with his arms shackled?" He growled, Bucky growled at the man, but stopped when Tony was in front of him. He smiled and his entire body relaxed. With a soft sigh, he pressed his face to Tony's chest, nuzzling him.

"I love you..."

"I love you, too, Bucky..." Tony whispered, Bucky nodded softly, and shuddered.

"When can I go home?" He asked, kissing his cheek. "Can you lean on me, please?"

"I don't know yet, baby, the... the trial is in a month," Tony tucked his body firmly against the dom's, sucking and licking his throat. "I've got you, I'm here." Bucky relaxed a little more, sniffing.

"I can't be in here anymore, I wanna go home," he said, he stank of pack bond-shock, and Tony sniffed.

"I know, I know, baby, but I... there's... I'm doing everything I can... I... this is all my fault... and SI won't help, and... I'm trying...!"

"I'm the one who murdered," he said, nuzzling him some more. "I know you are, my good boy," he shuddered, and dug his nails into his palms, Tony stroked down his arms.

"Y-yeah... but it's... I got kidnapped, so it's my fault..." He whispered, "A-and maybe if I'd just been... nicer..." He shook his head. Bucky frowned.

"Don't for even a second try to change yourself. I love you just the way you are."

"I... I meant to Hammer, I was so... rude all the time... maybe if..." Bucky shook his head.

"Maybe he should have stopped trying to steal your ideas and stopped making faulty products." Tony nodded slowly, sucking a mark into Bucky's throat, his body shaking.
"Yes, sir."

"I love you," he nuzzled him, feeling more like himself then he had been all week.

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, nosing up his face, and rubbing his hands down Bucky's sides and hips.

"No fucking." The guard drawled, and Tony flushed dark red, embarrassed. Bucky growled loudly at the man.

"I will fuck if I want to!" He said, when he closed his eyes and groaned softly, the pill making him dizzy anytime he got angry, the rush of hormones signaling for the pill to trigger itself again and again until he was calm. Tony kissed him, worry clear in his scent.

"Bucky... Bucky, baby, are you okay? Baby?" He whimpered. "You!" He snarled, turning on the guard, "Give me the goddamn name of the pills he's on! Now!" Bucky panted and pressed his head to Tony's shoulder, nuzzling him softly. The guard snarled.

"Do I look like a fucking doctor!? I'm not the one who gives him the pills!"

"Then go get the person who gives him pills, you useless piece of Police Academy throwback!" Tony's growl was loud and low pitched. The guard snarled.

"I don't take orders from you," he growled right back. He was trained to deal with the toughest of alphas. Some snot nosed omega was nothing; Tony pulled out of Bucky's lap.

"You wanna be a mall cop, douchebag!?" He hissed, "I'm already suing the prison, you want a personal lawsuit for misconduct!? Because I can do that! Giving a prisoner medication without the consent of themself and their bonded mate is illegal, Officer Merin." Tony arched a brow, "And I never received any request for medication." He sounded far more dangerous now that he was quiet. Bucky let out a low whine when Tony left his lap, his head sagging. Merin growled, and grabbed his walkie talkie, calling the doctor in. "Thank you." Tony wrapped his arms around his mate, kissing his neck and hair, stroking his nape, and waiting for the doctor to arrive.

"Sir, it's a requirement-"

"To ask a bonded mate before prescribing medication? I know." Tony straightened, keeping his hand on Bucky's shoulder, "I want a full medical report, and immediate ceasing of medication until I say otherwise." Bucky swallowed thickly.

"Th-they'll throw me back in solitary... Off of the drugs... I'm too dangerous..." Tony shook his head.

"No, no they won't, there's a ward for things like this, I've done my research, just relax." Tony stroked his dom's hair, "Doctor?"

"Yes, Omega Stark, I'll have him transferred to the Median Ward immediately," Tony glowered,

"You'd better. He needs interaction. You know that. The interviewer is coming in two days, to determine his Malty designation, if he's a high range malty six... I'll add purposeful mental abuse to my lawsuit." Bucky stared up at Tony and smiled, nuzzling his belly.

"What would I do without you?" He asked, letting out a deep breath.

"I have no idea. Let's not find out." Tony muttered.
"Okay," he pulled at the metal restraints again, but they wouldn't budge.

"You, unlock his wrists." Tony growled at the guard, "You know it's illegal to chain an alpha during a bonding visit! On top of that, it's also illegal for you to stop us from consummating, as he's a soul-bonded alpha." The guard looked livid, but obeyed; Bucky immediately wrapped his arms around Tony, pulled the sub back into his lap, hugging him tightly. His metal fingers weren't working well, but he didn't care. He just needed Tony. The sub straddled his lap, and kissed his chin, so submissive that the doctor and guard did a double take, because where had the strong willed beta-ish man gone? "I've got you, hmm, I've got you, not much longer, my love." Tony purred, leaning his head back so Bucky could bite his bonding gland. "Go get those files, Doctor. And I'll give you fifteen minutes to verify the law on soul bonded alphas." Bucky sank his teeth into Tony's throat, and he stood up, groaning as he put Tony on the table, and ground against him; Tony shuddered. "Fuck... oh...!" He panted as the door closed behind the doctor. "Not yet... Not yet, Bucky." The alpha shuddered, and pulled his teeth out, whining.

"When? I need you..."

"Fifteen minutes, darling, okay?" Tony glanced at the wall clock, that would give them an hour and a half. He leaned up to lick and nip the underside of Bucky's chin, calming him down. Bucky eased himself back down in the chair, keeping Tony in his lap. He pushed his hands down the back of Tony's pants, but did nothing else, just keeping them there. "That's it, it's alright, we're going to be okay, I have you." Tony murmured softly. "I'm gonna take you home, you'll see."

"Okay," he nodded, "I'll be okay... I love you so much... How's Peter?"

"Peter is doing really good since May moved in, and they... they play with the twins a lot. Nia is determined to stand up, but can't do it yet, and..." Tony shifted his knees on the seat of the chair, "He's doing good... Clint and Steve seem happy... and Bruce and Thor are going to Asgard to stay calm for a week after they visit you." He nodded.

"Do you have a video of Nini trying to stand?" He asked softly.

"Yeah, Jarvis is recording everything, don't worry." Tony nuzzled him, shivering, "Don't worry. I won't let you miss anything."

"Thank you," he smiled and kissed him, nuzzling his face.

"I'm gonna get you out, baby, the trial is in a month, then... if it goes well, they'll release you the next day." But it had already been two weeks, that would make six weeks in prison for Bucky, and with only a visit a week... Tony worried for his dom. Bucky didn't seem to realize the issue, he would just sit patiently in his cell as he had been, waiting for his family. He clung to Tony and rubbed a finger over his hole. The sub arched. "F-five more minutes, Bucky..." He whispered, resolve weakening as Bucky lifted slick covered fingers and sucked them clean. "Fuck..." Tony whispered, leaning to clean Bucky's lips as the fingers slid back over his hole.

"I had to have a taste," he groaned, kissing him hungrily, sucking his sub's lower lip in his mouth; Tony shuddered against him, and his slick was dripping onto Bucky's fingers as two pressed against his hole, and then in.

"Oh..." Tony whined, "W-wait... we have to w-" The guard's radio crackled, and he listened for a moment, said something back, and turned to face the wall.

"Go on, fuck him." Bucky lifted him up again and laid him on the table, pulling his mate's pants down and taking a long heady suck on the head of his cock. Tony squirmed against the metal
"B...Bucky...!" He panted, feeling three fingers drive into him roughly. He knew Bucky needed to dominate him, to feel like he had some control, so he didn't protest the painful fourth finger, or the bites to his sensitive cock head.

"Gotta fuck," he growled, and gave him an apologetic look before driving his cock into his hole. Tony arched upward, back bowing off the table, clenching his eyes shut, and then Bucky was thrusting wildly inside of him, and he was scrambling for something to hold onto as he was fucked roughly open. Suddenly, the dom gripped his hips, and flipped him over, slamming him into the table, and raking his nails down the sub's back, leaving dark scratches behind. Tony cried out, a weak, submissive sound, and gripped the edge of the table, shuddering, as blood pooled on his back from the scratches, and Bucky gave his thick ass several hard smacks. His cock was trapped between his belly and the table, offering no release, as his dom slammed into him repeatedly, working his hole open.

"F-...!" Tony rubbed his face into the table, shaking, as fingers pried his cheeks apart to stretch his hole, and his thighs shook, because more slaps quickly followed; Bucky flipped him back over, and grabbed Tony's hand, pulling the sub's arm to hold his own knees up, the dom gripped his omega's feet for leverage, and continued to fuck into him dominantly, Tony's cock bouncing against his belly. "Please...!" At his whine, Bucky panted and pressed his teeth into Tony's throat, growling at the guard in the room as his balls slapped roughly on Tony's red ass, his knot popping in and out. Tony whimpered, the position bending him in two, it hurt to stretch that way. The guard was openly watching then, smirking at the sub, who was squirming as he was fucked roughly into the table. Bucky growled louder, pulling his teeth out and baring bloody fangs at the man. The guard just looked on as Tony pressed a hand to his throat, trembling. Bucky knotted Tony and groaned through his growls as he came. The sub shuddered, trembling as Bucky sucked his bloody fingers clean.

"Bucky..." He whispered, trying to sit up, but the panting dom planted a hand firmly in the center of his chest, pressing.

"Don't. Move." He warned, feeling threatened by the guard; Tony went still, swallowing.

"Yes, sir." The guard chuckled. Bucky growled louder, his hackles raising.

"What're you laughing at!?"

"Nice to see a sub put in its place." The man shrugged, smirking, and Tony arched his head back when Bucky's nails dug into his hips.

"I'll put you in your place as soon as I can," he barked, Tony shuddered, quivering.

"Bucky... don't, Bucky, he's not fucking worth it." Bucky quieted down, and nuzzled Tony's throat, licking up the blood. The sub winced, shivering when his dom's mouth moved to the dark tattoo on his chest, as if making sure it wouldn't wash away. Bucky suckled on the skin, licking it gently.

"My good boy"

"Yeah... yes, sir." Tony murmured, closing his eyes. His knot went down after a few minutes, but he didn't pull out, even though Tony shifted. "Buck." He tried not to pay attention to the guard, but his muscles were protesting the position.

"Yeah?" He asked, kissing his jaw, and the submissive rolled his shoulders.
"Can we move?" He huffed as he was lifted up, and placed on his belly on the seat of the chair. "Wonderful." He closed his eyes as Bucky worked his softening cock back inside. Bucky sighed, and kissed his shoulders.

"Sorry I just... Really need this," he said, feeling nauseous from the pills forcing down his anger.

"I know." Tony's erection was wilting against the chair, and he swallowed. "It's okay."

"Thank you," he groaned softly, just rebelling in Tony's scent, the submissive whined when Bucky pulled his arms behind his back, using them for leverage for the renewed thrusting.

Bucky thrust for another hour, fucking him slowly, and then finally knotting him, leaving himself a shaking mess. They only had about twenty minutes left together. Tony's cheek was on the seat of the chair, his hips pulled back onto Bucky's thighs.

"...shh," He murmured, sitting up and leaning back against his alpha. "Hey, you're a good alpha. I love you." The guard snorted, and Tony's irises vanished as his pupils expanded. Defensive drop hit him like a train, like it hadn't since Tasha tried to pack bond Bucky. "You shut the fuck up!" Bucky felt confused now. Was he a bad alpha, or a good one? He'd only been trying to do what was right, not even he was above the law. Tony reached back to stroke his dom's hair. "Shh, it's the stupid guard, shh, you are a good alpha." He mumbled. "Shh." Bucky smiled softly and nuzzled him, feeling a lot better now.

"I don't want you to go," he said.

"I know," Tony whispered. His whole body ached, he had bloody scratches down his back and sides, and his hole was sore from the amount of thrusting. Bruises had bloomed across his hips and back and chest, and his bonding gland throbbed. But he had never felt better. "I missed you. I'll be back in two days with the pack..."

"I thought you said you were bringing the pack in a week?" He asked.

"A week... yeah... sorry... it's the interviewer who's coming... sorry." Tony struggled to calm down, pupils dilating. Bucky hunched his shoulders and nodded.

"Okay. Let me hold you until you have to go," he said, flipping them, and pulling Tony into his lap; Tony stayed against him, breathing his scent deep.

"I'll be back, I promise, I'm not leaving you in here." He was glad the guard didn't say anything.

"I know," he said, nuzzling him, "I'll be waiting for you."

"Please." Tony closed his eyes, "Be as honest as you can when they test you. Everything's going to be alright."

"I will, I promise," he nodded, letting out a deep calming breath, Tony's muscles were still tense, until Bucky's fingers gripped the back of his neck, scruffing him.

"Oh..." He went limp, eyes half lidded.

"Oh, you have got to teach me that." The guard smirked, "Maybe I'll claim your O once you get put down." That was the last straw for Bucky. He growled and quickly slid out from under Tony so Tony was in the chair, and he leaped at the guard, gnashing his teeth at him, the pills had worn off;
Tony grabbed Bucky by the hips.

"Stop! Bucky!" He launched himself onto Bucky's back as he towered over the guard, "Stop! Bucky, stop it!" He bit the back of the dom's neck, trying to get his attention. Bucky growled loudly and turned to stare at Tony, fury in his pitch black eyes.

"No one will have you but me!!!"

"No one," Tony agreed, "No one, hold me, Bucky, feel me, claim me. All yours and no one else's, why bother with that little worm?" Bucky panted and tried to relax again as he wrapped his arms around Tony, pressing his nose to Tony's bonding gland.

"Sorry..."

"No, don't apologize. I want to beat the shit out of him myself, but it's not worth it." Tony nosed over his face. If only he hadn't been drugged when Hammer... Tony shook himself. Bucky nuzzled him, and kissed his cheek.

"I love you so much."

"I love you, too." Tony murmured softly, kissing him. The guard was still cowering against the wall. Bucky snorted at the guard.

"I guess I'm walking myself back to my cell."

"No, the doctor is coming to bring me the paperwork. You can ask her to escort you." Tony tugged his slacks up over his hips, while still in his dom's arms. He nodded and smiled.

"I miss your pancakes."

"God, no you don't." The omega snorted, "They're always awful." He looked up as the door opened, and he snatched his watch from the floor, quickly buckling it on.

"No, I love your pancakes," he smiled and kissed him.

"Ugh." Tony rolled his eyes, and snagged his shirt, "Doctor." He greeted, and the female beta set the folder of files on the table, "Copies?"

"Yes."

"Good." Bucky hugged Tony tightly.

"I guess I'll see you soon?" He asked

"I promise." Tony murmured, "We can write letters, and I'll send you that pillowcase, okay? With the pack scent." The doctor glanced at the guard.

"I'll escort you to your new bunk." Bucky held out his wrists, he hadn't been allowed anywhere yet without handcuffs. Tony held his files as Bucky's wrists were shackled, and he was lead from the room. "I love you, Bucky." The sub called, before looking down at the guard.

"Pitiful." He was sweaty, dirty, uncomfortable, and sore when he slipped into the waiting car.

"Jarvis?"

"I have been uploaded, sir. And video of your visit has been saved on the private server."
"And it's permissible?"

"In court? Yes, sir." Tony's lips spread into a feral grin.

"Thanks, Jay." And he tapped the watch.

Bucky walked with the nurse, wrinkling his nose when he walked into a room with betas and alphas.

"It's alright, Alpha Barnes. This will be your bunk. Every alpha is paired with a beta. This bed is yours," she showed him the empty bunk, the sliding bars that acted as a door. "You'll not be given any medication until it's determined that you're under Malty five." He nodded and sat down on his bunk, letting her take off his cuffs before he laid down, and sighed.

"Your... if I could do an exam, on your arm?" She interrupted, and he raised an eyebrow.

"What kind of an exam?" He asked.

"A few tests to see how strong..." she hedged evasively. He shrugged and rolled up the sleeve of his flesh arm, sitting up.

"How do we do this?" The doctor swallowed.

"Ah, no, the other arm." She clarified. He frowned, and rolled up the sleeve of his metal arm.

"I don't think you're gonna get a good reading of my strength from this arm."

"Oh, I'll get the readings I need." She moved forward cautiously.
The Gravity of Helplessness

Chapter Summary

More prison! Hooray!

Warnings: Illegal-ness, decisions, bond shock.

Sorry for not posting this earlier.

Tony blinked down at his son, crawling over to him where he sat, slumped and exhausted on the couch. "Hey Jamie..." he lifted the baby into his arms, and kissed his head. "Clint?" He called tiredly. Clint walked into the room Tony was in, and he wrapped his arms around the sub.

"Hey."

"Hey." Tony murmured, hugging back with one arm, "Ugh, I'm so tired. And I really want to get that guard fired..."

"You will," he smiled, "How was he when you saw him?" He asked, picking up Nia.

"Terrible." Tony whispered, closing his eyes, "They had him on anti-fight drugs, illegally, like they think we're fucking idiots." The archer winced and nuzzled Tony's shoulder.

"Wow. And you said they shaved his head?"

"Yeah..." Tears gathered in Tony's eyes, "...it was getting so long... they gave him a fucking crew cut and..." He rubbed a hand over his face. "I've got Jarvis in their systems now, and... they're way too interested in his arm right now..." He shook himself, "But they haven't tried to remove it yet, and he's still in the mixed ward."

"That's good for now," he said, nuzzling his head. "Bucky won't let them remove his arm."

"No... he won't." Tony relaxed slowly, "Its... I just... I feel like we're moving too slow, not doing enough, you know? And they'll only let me visit once a week to reaffirm the bond, and..." He bounced Jamie softly, "I wonder how he's sleeping, and... if he's eating enough... he wasn't thin, so I hope so, and he said he missed my pancakes, which is... you know, stupid, because they suck." Clint laughed.

"Your pancakes have improved. Don't sell yourself short. Maybe we can bring him some food, like pasta so they can easily inspect it."

"It's not allowed. No food, no items, no nothing. I sent him that pillowcase... and some photographs." Tony grumbled, and he sank back into the couch, shifting Jamie to one side, and shifting a few papers. "They had him on Menixiphil. God, I didn't even know that drug was still legal. It had such awful effects on Os and Bs."

"I can imagine," he grunted. "Bucky's something of a super soldier though. I think even if the
medicine had side effects on alphas, he'd be okay."
"You didn't see him." Tony muttered, "God... every time he started to get riled up it left him all..."
He shuddered, "And seriously, what is Perinol? And why were they giving it to him every other day? Jarvis assures me they're not giving him anything now, but..."
"Perinol?" Clint asked, he hadn't heard of either of these pills. "Jarvis? What is Perinol?"
"It is an extremely strong sexual inhibitor." Jarvis replied, "Though I believe it was taken off the market for untold side effects, such as increased temper, and muscle/pheromone weakness." Tony bristled.
"They were trying to make him seem like less than a Malty five." At Tony's words, Clint growled.
"Hopefully he'll do good on his test," he shook his head. "He'll be alright, he's a tough one."
"His test is today, and I just..." Tony scrubbed his fingers through his hair, "This copy is incomplete, according to Jarvis, there's some record of injections of anti-anxiety medication... and some form of liquid medication for..."
"Mental disorders, sir."
"So they were giving him antipsychotics, and that's... they were trying to alter his mind..." Tony swallowed, "I hate this... if it were even thirty years ago, there would've been no question of what happened." Clint rubbed Tony's back.
"At least you have Jarvis on the inside," he said, sighing, "Poor Bucky..." Tony shuddered.
"I'm just... fuck, he just did whatever they said, and..."
"Maybe they lied to him as to what the pills actually were?" He asked. "Maybe they threatened him?"
"It's possible... but he didn't mention it." Tony muttered, "And they haven't done anything since..." Clint shrugged,
"Maybe you can talk to him in a week when we see him."
"Yeah... maybe." Tony grunted as Jamie tried to get to his nipple, "I gotta nurse them. Could you possibly take this folder to Bruce? I want his opinion." Clint nodded and set Nia down, and he went in search of Bruce. When he found him, he gave him the folder.
"Tony wants you to go over it."
"Ah, the medical file?" Bruce flicked it open, "Wow... this is so illegal." He shook his head, "Tell Tony I'll write out a report for the trial, Jarvis."
"Yes, sir."
"How does... how does Tony seem to you?" Bruce asked Clint, who shook his head.
"He's not good. He's really angry, and worried for Bucky."
"And he uses anger to hide pain, dang." Bruce sighed, "This is... I can't believe this is happening."
"I know," Clint said, biting his lip and rubbing his bonding gland. It was becoming a habit of his,
when he needed comfort. Bruce nodded.

"Alright, Steve's making dinner tonight, so..." He looked up as Tony stumbled into the lab with both twins.

"I... uh..." He hugged them to his chest, and both were crying, "...I just... um... I can't find Peter, and Nia's is poopy, and..." Clint turned and took Nia.

"I'll change her for you," he said. Tony's shoulders shook.

"I'm sorry, it's not, I just... usually Bucky switches with me and... holds one while I change the other..." He whispered, and Clint nuzzled him.

"It's okay, does Jamie need to be changed?" He asked.

"Yeah, but it's just pee, and I can... just not at the same time." Tony whispered, and carried Jamie over to the couch, setting the diaper bag down. Clint nodded and held onto Nia, rocking her as Tony set about changing Jamie, "I'm sorry." Tony muttered, holding James out to Clint, and taking Nia. "I don't want to be a burden, I just... need to get Bucky out..."

"I know, it's okay," he said, taking James, and nuzzling the boy's head. How lucky were they, to be born into a pack, a loving family; Tony cleaned Nia off, eyes apologetic, then tied the diaper into a bag, so it wouldn't get on anything.

"I... I think I need a nap." He mumbled, "Or... or something."

"Okay," Clint nodded, "I can watch them, no problem," he hummed. "You get some sleep."

"I... but they... I think if I..." Tony rubbed his eyes sleepily, "I... they..."

"Sleep, you can think later," he nuzzled Tony softly.

"But..." Tony forced his eyes open, "But Bucky needs me... and I have to-"

"You can't do anything for Bucky if you're too tired yourself, Jarvis will alert you of anything serious is happening."

"Okay..." Tony's shoulders slumped, and he just slowly lay down on the couch, and was out within seconds.

"Why don't you take them to see Charlie, I'll make sure he sleeps a while." Bruce offered, Clint nodded, carrying both babies to his floor with Steve and Charlie.

"Hey!" Steve beamed, leaning to kiss his cheek. "Oh, look at you! C'mere, little boy!" He picked Jamie up out of Clint's arms where he was crying for his mom. Clint smiled and watched him with Jamie, as he rocked Nia.

"Where's Charlie?" He asked.

"She's sleeping, we were watching Frozen, and she just passed out." Steve chuckled, and lifted the baby over his head, "Hey, no more crying, little boy, we're gonna have fun so your mama can have a break!" Jamie blinked down at him, then started to giggle, "I hope he's getting some sleep?"

"Yeah, Tony passed right out," he said, nuzzling him. "I can't believe you got him to stop crying."

"He wants to fly like his mama," Steve purred, lowering Jamie to his chest, "Besides, he's just a
little over attached." Clint grinned, and nuzzled Nia.

"The twins will be a good surprise for Charlie."

"When she wakes up? Yes." Steve murmured, "C'mon, James, let's get you and your sister a snack, hmm?" Nia was trying to eat her fist, and Clint smiled, carrying her into the kitchen behind Steve. "Remember when Charlie was this size? She was crawling, got into everything. Poor Tony, with both of them..." Clint laughed.

"Yeah, she was a big twerp," The archer agreed with a smile, and set Nia down, so he could mush up bananas. "Do you... Miss it?"

"Her being littler?" Steve smiled, "A little, but... I love her how she is now. I'd love to have more kids, eventually, but not if you aren't ready. It's a big responsibility." The sub nodded.

"I know. Thank you," he smiled, Steve bounced Jamie on his hip, and stirred the cream of wheat he was making.

"I bet Tony really needed this break."

"Yeah, I'm glad I could help him," Clint sighed happily, and brought a spoonful of banana to Nia's mouth; Nia chewed it happily, and Steve let Jamie chew on his finger.

"Oh! He's got some teeth coming in!" Both twins had their front top teeth, but James was getting his bottom fronts. "How exciting! Jarvis?"

"I have made a note of it, sir."

"He finally beat Nia at something, huh?" He chuckled.

"Check her," Steve laughed, "Poor kid, always second. He deserves a first, don't you think?" He scooped the cream of wheat into two bowls, with a tiny bit of sugar and butter, and passed one to Clint. The sub smiled and put his finger on her gums.

"I can feel em, but they're not poking through yet, soon," he hummed.

"Ah, Jamie wins!" Steve held Jamie over so Clint could feel, "They've broken through, just barely." He settled at the table. Clint grinned.

"He's a big boy now," he said, scooping up some cream of wheat, and putting it at Nia's lips; the baby girl chewed contentedly at the spoon, and Steve began to feed James, wiping his face occasionally.

"That's it, nice new teeth, we can feed you meat soon!"

"I betcha he's gonna like steak, be a big carnivore," he hummed, pulling the spoon from her mouth, to get a bit more.

"If Tony's anything to go by, it might be hamburgers." Steve rubbed Jamie's back, then looked up as Tony stumbled out of the elevator.

"Oh... um..." he went still, rubbing his eyes, "...just... I thought..." Clint smiled and put the spoon down, holding his hand out for Tony.

"We've got bananas and cream of wheat. Come join us." Tony slumped into a chair, and lay his head on the table.
"Okay... sorry." He closed his eyes, and Steve sighed when the sub slipped back into sleep. Clint rubbed Tony's back softly, before going back to feeding Nia.

"Here, hold Jamie, and I'll carry him to the couch." Steve handed the baby to his mate, and slipped his arms under the brunette sub, settling him onto the couch. "Poor thing..." Clint smiled, and nuzzled the pups. He liked the way they felt in his arms, Steve tucked a blanket over Tony, and touched his hair. "Can't catch a break, can you?" He murmured, before going back to Clint. "You got them? I can feed them while you hold them." Clint nodded, and nuzzled the pups, bonding with them.

"If we have more kids, what gender would you want them to be?" Steve looked at him, eyes wide.


"You want to be a daddy that badly? I mean, you already are, but... biologically?"

"With you?" Steve lifted Clint's chin, kissing him, "Yes." Clint chuckled and kissed him back.

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Clint, my darling, I want to see you rounded with my baby... I want to see Charlie hold her baby brother or sister." He flushed, "I want..." Clint blushed, but he was getting excited by the ideas.

"What else do you want?"

"To see... to see you look at our baby and...and smile. And know I'll be here to help raise them, just like with Charlotte. To watch her teach them about life, and read to them..." Clint smiled at him.

"Sounds very domestic of you." Steve flushed.

"I watched my mom struggle... and... I don't..." He rubbed a hand over his face. Clint nuzzled Steve's shoulder.

"During my next heat... I want you to put babies in my tummy." Steve stared.

"Babies..." His eyes lit up, "Really!?" His scent had the pups giggling and kicking, absorbing his excitement. Clint laughed and nodded, standing up and kissing him hard.

"Please, I want that, so much."

"Oh, Clint!" Steve pulled him in close, gripping his hips, "I love you, I love you so much!" Clint beamed and pressed his forehead against Steve's.

"I love you too, Steve."

"I can't-I'm so-!" Steve ran his fingers through his hair, "Oh... oh, Clint!" Clint grinned and closed his eyes, rebelling in this nice, positive response about wanting kids. And then, in the living room, Tony began to whimper, twisting in the blankets, clawing at the couch. Steve's head turned.

"Tony? Hey, hey, it's okay, you're safe, Bucky will be home soon." He called softly. Tony squirmed, tears sliding from beneath closed eyes, but he stopped making noise. "Damn it, Bucky had better be home soon."

"It's not Bucky's fault... I mean, it is, but he'll be home as soon as the lawyers get everything sorted
"I know, but Tony's barely making it through everything that's been happening lately." Steve whispered. "It's hard, to watch, you know? He deserves a break from..." He shook his head, and kissed Clint's forehead, "Let's get these pups cleaned up." Clint sighed and nodded, hating that Steve's mood was ruined. The alpha kissed his omega again. "Hey, beautiful boy, don't be sad." He whispered, "We're going to make this pack a bit bigger, and it's going to be amazing." Clint sighed and gave him a weak smile, nodding his head.

"Okay."

"Okay." Steve kissed his cheek, "I have you."

"Yes, you do," he said, pressing his head against his arm.

"Mhm, and I'm not letting you go," Steve nosed against his cheek, and wiped the twins' faces and hands. "There we go, so clean." Clint nodded.

"How long has Charlie been asleep?" He asked. "If she sleeps too much now, she won't sleep later."

"About half an hour now, I've been keeping an eye on the time, she has fifteen minutes," Steve held Jamie on his hips, "I can't wait to see you all big... my baby inside of you." He blushed, and rubbed his hand over his belly.

"I hope you realize that we're going to be having a lot of sex."

"I do." Steve beamed at him, "I'm looking forward to it, I love sex with you."

"Yeah?" He grinned and kissed him again, "I-I'm pretty excited."

"I'm so glad." Steve nuzzled him, "I... I really am, I'm so happy, Clint, to... to further our bond." Clint wrapped his arm around Steve.

"We should go on more dates before the heat."

"Of course." He hugged Clint to him, the cubs kicking happily, "Where would you like to go?" The sub shrugged.

"Surprise me?" He asked,

"I will accept that challenge!" Steve exclaimed, mimicking Thor's tone, and then Tony's phone rang. The sub jerked upright, fumbling for it.

"Tony Stark," he answered, listing to one side, and then he went slack with relief, "malty six... extreme six? Thank fuck. Wait... what?" His mouth twisted with anger, "Right... thanks." He hung up, head in hands. Clint beamed up at his mate, and then frowned again when Tony's mood penetrated the atmosphere.

"Tony... what is it? What's wrong?"

"They postponed the trial..." Tony mumbled, shoulders shaking, "For another month." Clint's eyes went wide and he ran over, hugging Tony.

"I'm so sorry..." he said, nuzzling him.
"It's... they're trying to make him feel hopeless... it's working... he's wasting away in there... Malty extreme Sixes need strong bonds..." Tony whispered, "I'm taking them down." His voice grew, anger and possessiveness curling into it. "That's my Alpha, and they're hurting him, and it's unacceptable!" His pupils spun out, turning his eyes black. Clint's eyes went wide and he took a step back, actually a bit scared of Tony.

"I'll help, if you want it... but Charlie is gonna wake up soon, so calm down or go upstairs." Tony flinched, shoulders slumping. He dropped his head into his hands again, shaking.

"I'm sorry... I'll go..." Clint bit his lip, before handing the baby to Steve and going to his room, shutting the door. This was his floor! Yes, Tony was his friend, but he didn't need the stress! The brunette omega flinched even harder. "Oh... I... I'll g-go..." He held his arms out for his children, lips trembling, "...I promised C-Clint I wouldn't... do this anymore..." Steve handed the kids over.

"He said he would help you, I think he'll be okay."

"He has enough on his plate," Tony whispered, backing toward the elevator, his twins laying their heads on him. "He... I'll just go... I shouldn't have come down here..." He always upset Clint, he needed to stop making his friend's life harder.

"We're more than willing to help you, Tony," he said, sighing.

"I know," Tony swallowed, mouth dry, "but Clint... I keep... every time... and I don't want that, he was my friend, and I ruined it. Sorry... I have to..." He stepped into the elevator, and the door closed behind him. He was still shaking when he reached his floor, and curled up on the floor with his cubs, tears dripping down his face. "Shh... babies... shh... Daddy will be home soon..." He hiccuped, smelling May before he saw her. The female sub gently lay a hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, you alright?" She asked.

"No..." Tony whispered, "...I need him... and I upset Clint again... and..." She nodded.

"When can you visit him again?" she asked.

"Next week we're all going... they only allow one visit a week, a-and he needs his pack..." Tony slowly sat up, hugging his children to his chest. The wiggled eagerly, and he tugged his shirt up.

"Then we will be there as often as we can," she said. "We're doing everything were able." Tony shuddered.

"I know... I... but they pushed his trial back a month and...!"

"And we will do what we can, okay?" She said, gently petting his hair.

"I miss him... he's hurting..." Tony whispered as his babies nursed.

"I know," she nodded, and petted him some more. Tony shuddered.

"Jarvis... has Pepper answered any calls yet...?"

"That would be a negative, sir," Jarvis replied haughtily, Tony hunched his shoulders.

"Did I piss you off, too, Jay?" He whispered.

"No, sir, Ms. Potts has by not returning your calls."
"Oh..." Tony dropped his chin, "...I need SI behind me... and only she can... Natasha either?"

"No, sir... Would you like me to try them again?"

"Send them a message..." Tony straightened up, "Send... I know you hate me, but please, if you
won't talk to me, send help for Bucky."

"It is done, sir," he replied respectfully.

"Thank you, Jarvis." Tony whispered, rubbing a hand over Nia's hair, gentle and loving. Jamie
started to whimper. "Hey, hey, it's okay..." Nia started to whimper as well, her face scrunching up.

"Mamama!" She whined.

"I have you, I have you, don't cry..." Tony whimpered, ignoring May's hand in his hair as he tried
rocking them. She whined but clung to his shirt, tears streaking her face, "Nini, what's wrong? I
don't understand...!" He checked their diapers as Jamie began to wail, but they were both
miraculously clean. Nia pressed her face against Tony's, and the sub jerked, sniffing them. "No!
Nononono! No! Jarvis! Call Pepper, the twins, bond sh-shock for B-!" He lurched to his feet,
panicking. "No! Not you guys, no!" He burst into Clint's floor. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I need-I need
help, the t-twins are going through bond shock for Bucky and I-!" He choked, the cubs starting to
cry that unmistakable pained cry. "What do I do!?" He cried. Clint gasped, and swallowed thickly.

"Okay, for now, wrap them in a shirt or anything that has Bucky's scent in it, Steve and I will call
the prison." Tony nodded jerkily, and rushed back into the elevator.

"It's okay, it's okay, babies, my loves!" He dug through the dirty clothes hamper, and piled
everything of Bucky's on the bed, nudging them into the pile. "There, it's gonna be okay...!" He
stroked them, rubbed the dirty jeans and t-shirts against their skin, tears streaming down his face.
They breathed in the scent, and looked around as if looking for their father, whining softly as the
pain abated temporarily. Tony kissed their faces. "Shh, shh, it's... it's going to be alright." He
pulled the pile around them, kneeling beside the bed. "Jarvis... alert me once Steve gets off the
phone with the prison." He ordered, and slowly leaned forward, singing to them softly, trying to
stay calm for them. Nia gripped the dirty clothes, yawning softly, rubbing her wet cheeks. "F-fair
young maid... all in a garden..." Tony sang, soft as he could. Nia yawned softly, burying her nose in
the clothes, and Jamie rolled a little to breathe in her scent.

"Sir," Jarvis announced, "Sir Rogers has made contact with the prison. You may bring your
children in tomorrow morning." Tony trembled.

"Tomorrow?" He whined, tucking the clothing around them, his hands shaking.

"This is yet another illegal act, sir, harming children. Children have the right to visit anytime
during visiting hours... so you may leave now and explain this to them." Tony nodded.

"Thank you, Jay." He was already moving, wrapping the twins securely in the clothes, and carrying
them to the elevator. "I need Steve and Thor."

"On their way, sir," And soon enough, Thor and Steve were there, coming out of the elevator into
the garage, Tony bounced his children.

"They said tomorrow, that's illegal, abuse of children. We're going now." Steve's eyes were wide.

"Alright, do you want me to drive?" He asked.
"Yes." The sub climbed into the back seat, hugging his children to his chest, refusing to put them in carseats. "Go." Steve got in, leaving Thor in charge of the tower and he drove the four of them to prison.

The omega was livid, standing in the waiting room. "You get him in a visitation room now!" He snarled. "You're forcing six month old babies to go through bond shock! It's illegal!" The guards were bustling around, trying to get Barnes moving and everything set up; Tony pushed through the different gates, snarling angrily at anyone who tried to say his clothes weren't regulation. And then, there he was, Bucky, unchained and exhausted. "Bucky!" He sped his hurried pace, and pressed the babies between their bodies. Bucky gasped and wrapped his arms around Tony, breathing in deeply.

"Ooh, Tony," he hummed, and kissed him rubbed his cheek.

"The twins, the-" Tony panted. "Bond shock-!"

"Really? Okay," he smiled, and gently took his children, sitting back down in his chair and nuzzling their heads. "Hey, babies," he smiled happily, the twins patted his face, clinging to him, tears clear on their cheeks. Tony slid to his knees at Bucky's feet, nuzzling the alpha's thigh.

"Fuck... that was terrifying."

"I'm sorry," he said, kissing both of his twins' cheeks, "I never wanted to hurt them."

"It wasn't your fault." Tony growled. "It wasn't!" The sub rubbed Bucky's thigh, their children relaxing as they were bonded lovingly. The alpha shrugged, and smiled at his kids.

"I'm glad they don't hate me... They look great."

"They don't. They love you." Tony assured him, and Jamie clung to his daddy, eyes big, focused on Bucky's face. Nia just buried her face in his neck, and stayed still. He smiled and kissed James' cheek.

"I think he only recognizes me by smell. I look strange, huh?"

"Extremely." Tony murmured, "Still sexy as hell, though." Bucky blushed, and nuzzled the top of Nia's head.

"You're still bringing the pack in a few days, right?"

"I hope so, they'll try to stop me, I'm sure." Tony shuddered, "They tried to tell me we had to wait until tomorrow for babies with bond shock." Bucky growled softly.

"I'm glad you came today. Poor pups," he hummed.

"Jarvis told me..." Tony yawned, shaking softly, for a moment. "To come. It's illegal to keep bond shocking children from their pack, as long as it's during visiting hours." The dom nodded, and sighed.

"Well, I'm glad they're okay... they don't deserve to be hurt."

"No, they don't." Tony mumbled, closing his eyes. "It was awful... it was horrible."

"C'mere," Bucky said, motioning for him to get on his lap. Tony climbed up onto his dom's thighs,
shaking.

"They were crying and crying."

"Okay, they're okay now," he said, wrapping his arms as best he could around Tony.

"It was... I didn't know what was..." Tony swallowed hard, adding his arms to Bucky's to support the children.

"It's okay baby," he kissed Tony's cheek and nuzzled him.

"I should have..." Tony whispered, "And I upset Clint again... and they pushed your trial back a month...!" Bucky frowned.

"I'll be okay... Just make sure you visit often." He hummed, and Tony nodded, eyes flicking down.

"I know, I-" He shook his head, kissing Bucky's chin. Bucky sighed and kissed him again.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." The omega breathed, kissing each of his children's faces.

"When I get out of here, I'll buy you a new necklace."

"A necklace?" Tony blinked up at him, "Why?"

"Because Hammer broke your other one," he said, sighing; Tony winced at the reminder.

"Oh. Oh yeah..." He slowly nuzzled his alpha's throat. Bucky nodded and hugged them tighter.

"They have me roomed with a beta."

"That's good, that's supposed to be a requirement." Tony growled a little at the end. The dom chuckled.

"You're really sexy when you're mad." Tony snorted at him.

"Then prepare for two months of sexy."

"I can handle that," he smirked and kissed him softly.

"You sure?" Tony tried to smile, as the door opened.

"Five minutes." A guard warned. Bucky growled loudly.

"They'll stay as long as they need to!"

"So long as it's visiting hours, and those close in five minutes." The guard kept remarkably calm. The alpha growled again and nuzzled his kids, making sure they were both covered in his scent.

"My babies... you'll be good for mommy, right?" The twins yawned.

"Oh!" Tony exclaimed, "Look! Jamie is getting bottom teeth! Nia's haven't broken through yet." Bucky smiled and nuzzled Nia.

"Good boy!" He hummed,
"Yeah, finally first at something, huh, Jamie?" The sub kissed Jamie's hair, "I don't want to go..."

"I know," he said quietly. "I don't want you to go either." Tony swallowed, closing his eyes, and kissed Bucky a little desperately.

"Is the pillowcase helping?"

"Yes, very much," he said, kissing him back. "You be safe, okay?"

"I... I will." Tony murmured against his lips, "I love you."

"I love you too," he said, unwillingly moving his arms and handing the babies over; Tony shivered, and hefted them against his chest, snorting. James was wrapped in a t-shirt, and Nia in a pair of jeans.

"I dumped your hamper on them." His alpha chuckled at that.

"I noticed. They'll need a bath."

"I know." Tony murmured, "Poor things..." He shifted them on his chest, "C'mon, darlings, we have to go." He struggled with his emotions, so tired of having to leave Bucky. Bucky stood up and frowned, watching them go. "Bucky? I love you." Tony hesitated in the doorway.

"I love you too," he said softly, waving softly.

"B-bye." Tony whispered, hugging his children to his chest before he was lead out. "They're alright," Tony assured Steve as he stepped out of the visiting center. "They're fine." Steve rubbed Tony's back, and led him back to the car. "I... don't ever want that to happen again." Tony whispered, slumping in the back seat after he buckled them into their seats.

"Will they let you visit often?" He asked.

"They're only allowing one a week, and... we have... the whole pack is supposed to visit, and they're going to try and stop that... but the pack, and Bucky, need it." Steve nodded.

"We'll make sure we visit once a week."

"Yeah..." Tony muttered, then closed his eyes, he was so tired.
These are the Things We Lost

Chapter Summary

Warnings: Arguing. I'd really like to hear all your thoughts on both sides of the argument.

The next thing he knew, Tony was waking up in his room, the twins on either side of him, and it was morning time. He blinked tiredly up at Bruce, who was standing in the doorway, saying something about breakfast. "What?" Tony mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

"It's breakfast time, I made waffles," he said. "Are you alright?"

"Waffles... yeah, I'm... yes." Tony rubbed at his eyes, "Sorry, I'm just... stress..." He shook his head, "Let me just nurse them, and..."

"Okay, take your time," Bruce smiled and left; Tony lifted his son into his lap, since Jamie was awake, and let him latch on, Nia was still asleep. Jamie smiled and suckled hungrily, mouthing a little.

"That's my handsome boy. Feeling better?" He murmured, rocking softly, looking into soft, intelligent eyes. "You gonna have brown eyes like mommy?" Nia's were bluish green and he wondered if they were going to be like Bucky's. James giggled a little, pressing his hand to Tony's chest. "My boy." Tony stroked his hair, "I love you, Jamie." The baby hummed around the nipple, making soft noises, and then Nia woke up. She looked around for her daddy, and, finding the bed devoid of Bucky, her little face twisted. "Hey, hey... I know, I miss him, too." Tony lifted her up. "Here, want a nunna?" She fussed a little before latching on, but she didn't nurse a lot, Tony sighed. "Nini, it's okay... wanna eat waffles with mama?"

"Mama..." she said, leaning her head against his.

"Yeah, baby. I love you." He murmured and Jamie stopped nursing, "Let's get you changed, and we'll go have waffles."

There was a stack of four waffles waiting for Tony when he finally came out. "Hey." He murmured, avoiding the beta's eyes, as he settled the twins into their high chairs. He cut his top waffle into tiny pieces, and spread them over Nia and Jamie's trays.

"Good girl, you eat that waffle." Tony smiled, and cut his own up, picking at them listlessly as Jamie blinked; he'd gotten whipped cream on his nose. Nia tried to shove the waffle and her hand in her mouth, "Ni..." Tony sighed, leaning to help her, and Jamie gave a wail when Tony's back was to him, and Nia opened her mouth, whining for more waffle; Tony tugged both chairs to face him, ignoring his own food, and started feeding them waffle, little by little. Nia hummed happily, and wiggling in her seat, while Jamie whined and turned his face away. "James... you have to eat, darling, tomorrow we're going to take the whole pack to see daddy." Nia babbled, trying to mimic Tony's words, laughing. The sub smiled at her, and put his finger in James's mouth. "That's the problem, isn't it?" He sighed as Jamie gnawed on his finger with his new teeth. Nia picked up a
waffle on her own and put it in her mouth, successfully feeding herself. "Good girl, Nini!" Tony exclaimed, feeling proud. "Jarvis, did you get that?"

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied, and Tony rubbed gently at Jamie's bottom teeth until the baby was cooing and relaxed enough to try eating again. "Sir?" Jarvis spoke after a moment, "I have received no responses from Ms. Potts or Ms. Romanoff, and there has been no extra assistance sent from either them, or SI." Tony nodded slowly.

"Thanks, Jay. Send them a small video of the twins going through bond shock, lock it to show only to them."

"Yes, sir." Tony looked up to see Bruce frowning at him. The beta just sighed. "You should eat before it gets cold."

"Any suggestions as to how I do that, Bruce?" Tony gestured to his children, "It's more important that they eat, than that my food is warm."

"Would you like some help?" Bruce offered.

"It's okay, Bruce, I don't mind them being cold." Tony tried to smile, "I..." He trailed off at his friend's look, "...okay, fine... maybe May and Peter would come up and...?"

"Alright," he said, sighing, "Jarvis? Can you call May and Peter up?"

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied, and Tony let Nia have a turn having her gums rubbed.

"Jamie beat you to it, this time." He commented with a soft smile. Nia tried to put a piece of waffle in with his finger; the sub snorted. "Silly, here," he slipped his hand away, and smoothed Jamie's hair, taking a hurried bite off of his own plate. Nia watched him and bounced in her seat, chewing slowly. The omega groaned at the taste of his waffles, and leaned back in his seat to chew for awhile. "Mm."

"Mama!" Nia called out, waving her arms.

"Yeah, sweet cheeks?" Tony pinched her cheek lightly, grinning. Nia giggled, just happy to get a response. "You're a cutie, aren't you? Aren't you, cutie pie?" Tony fed her a few more bites of waffle, laughing when Jamie kicked his legs, pouting. Nia yawned and happily ate the waffles, ignoring her brother, but Tony reached over and tickled Jamie's feet with his free hand. "We need your papa, don't we, littles? Yes, yes we do," He beamed, and kissed each of their heads as May stepped out of the elevator.

"Peter isn't feeling well, so he stayed on our floor." The woman offered, reaching to touch Tony's hair; he relaxed against her hand, eyes sliding closed, until both his children were whining for him. Steve looked at May.

"Does he need more pills?" He asked,

"Pills?" May blinked, "What pills?" Tony grimaced.

"God, he's too similar to me. Steve, go check on him, would you?" He glanced at May, "He's on... he's on anti-anxiety medication, for the bond shock of... Hammer. Steve's been controlling the dosage, tapering it down." Steve patted her shoulder, and moved past him, going down to Peter's floor.
"Peter?" The super soldier called. "Peter, please come out?" Peter stayed on his bed, his head and whole body ached with the resounding loss of his last mate.

"Peter," Steve knocked lightly on his door, "Peter, come on, you have to take your pill."

"I don't want to anymore," he whined.

"Peter." Steve sighed, and opened the door, "This isn't healthy, come on, you only have a couple days left, and this will stop, I promise." Peter sniffed and sat up.

"It hurts... I just want to forget about him!"

"I know," Steve handed him the single pill, "I know." He stroked a hand through Peter's hair, "It's hard, but you'll get there, Peter." The sub sniffed and sighed, taking the pill.

"I'm sorry... I'll leave you alone now," he said, laying back down. Steve frowned.

"You and Tony," he muttered, "Come up, spend some time with the babies, we'll watch cartoons. We're all on edge." The omega shrugged, and wrapped a blanket around himself as he sat up. "Please?" Steve murmured, "I think we all need it."

"I'm up," he said, pressing a little against Steve's side, a blanket wrapped around his body; Steve gripped his shoulder, comforting him.

"Okay... Jarvis, call the pack together, we're going to watch a movie. Peter's choice." Peter shook his head.

"I'm just gonna take a nap... watch whatever you want."

"Alright... Tony's choice, then." Steve grunted, helping Peter into the elevator. Tony was snoozing quietly when they stepped onto the main floor, his head on the table, next to his full plate of food, barely touched. And May was holding the twins, hushing them easily.

"Hey," she said softly, "Steve, could you possibly move Tony to the bed?" She nodded toward the mattress on the floor that Peter had just lain down on. Steve nodded and laid Tony down besides Peter. Peter looked up at Steve.

"I guess... Pocahontas could be a good movie?"

"Of course. Jarvis?"

"Starting it now, sir." The AI turned the television on, and started the movie, the volume low, as the pack filtered in, one at a time, and sprawled around each other on the couch and floor, leaving the bed to the two omegas. Peter watched the movie, falling asleep about halfway through the movie, while May stroked his hair, and then leaned back to watch the end of the cartoon, Thor's hand on her shoulder. Five minutes later, Tony rolled over, and hugged Peter to his chest, still sound asleep. Peter nuzzled his chest, and groaned softly; the older omega just rubbed his back automatically, breathing deep and calm. Thor smiled, and kissed Bruce's hair, glad that the two were helping each other, even unconsciously. Bruce smiled up at him, nuzzling him softly.

"I am glad." Thor murmured, kissing Bruce's forehead, "I love you, my strong beta." Steve smiled, rubbing Clint's back, and watching the twins crawl around, Charlotte trailing them protectively. Clint beamed.

"She's going to be a great older sister."
"Yes," Steve practically purred, "She is. Look at her go!" She was taking something gently from Nia's hand, then she carried whatever it was to Steve, and set it in his hand. "A hair tie? Good job, Char! Nini could have choked on this!"

"Yup." The two year old smiled importantly, puffing out her chest, then hurried back over to the twins. Clint smiled and rubbed her head before letting her run off.

"She's amazing..."

"I'm so proud of her." Steve murmured, "And of you." He kissed up Clint's neck, sucked his earlobe gently into his mouth. Clint blushed and groaned softly.

"She's good hearted, like you... a protector."

"And you." Steve smiled, kissing his cheek before going back to his ear, and then Charlie was climbing onto the arm of the couch, half in Clint's lap.

"Mama." She said very seriously. "What..." She took a deep breath, shaking her red curls back, "What is... the thing in you ears?" Clint smiled and pulled her into his lap, and then he blushed at the question. He let out a soft breath, and removed one, showing it to her.

"I can't hear very well, these help me to hear." She took it carefully in her tiny fingers, looking at it.

"Hear?" She held it by her ear, as if trying to hear it, and Steve stroked her hair.

"Your mama has a little bit of trouble with the insides of his ears, and he wears these so he can hear us talk, and hear your beautiful voice." Charlotte held it out to her mother, eyes shining.

"So you hear me?" She beamed. The omega smiled and nodded, he didn't hear much of what Steve had just said. He put the piece back in.

"There! Now I can hear you," he smiled and kissed her head. "I'm gonna start taking them out at night though, when it's sleepy time."

"Take... take dem out bed time." Charlie filed the information away for later, and climbed out of Clint's lap, "I like." She hurried off to the corner the twins had gotten into, and took the toy screwdriver from Jamie. "Danger." She scolded, and Steve snorted, because that was what he and Clint said. 'That's danger.' When she got into something. Clint grinned and squeezed Steve's hand.

"At least all three of them are learning," he said, holding his hand out for the screwdriver.

"It's adorable." Steve murmured, and then Thor was suddenly in front of them, a grin stretching his mouth, he touched Clint's stomach.

"I have seen what you want, Brother Hawk, and you shall have it." He beamed, and Steve blinked. Clint looked down at the hand on his belly, and he looked at Thor.

"What are you talking about?"

"The gift I gave to brother Anthony, I have given to you as well!" Thor exclaimed, nodding to Bruce when the beta hushed him kindly.

"The gift of what?" He asked, looking back at Steve, eyes wide.

"Dear god, Thor, please tell me you're not helping them get pregnant..." Tony mumbled, eyes still
closed, and Steve stared.

"What?" The alpha blinked, and Clint's eyes went wide and he burst out laughing.

"Seriously? You're trying to make me pregnant?" Thor blinked, a little hurt.

"I am the god of fertility." He sounded slightly defensive as Bruce touched his back.

"It's alright, Thor, you want to go to bed? We have a big day tomorrow, pack bonding Bucky."

"Wait seriously?" Clint asked, grabbing his hand back, "I didn't know... so you're legit helping?" Thor frowned.

"I assisted in the creation of the wondrous two who crawl about the tower." He insisted and Tony twitched one eye open.

"If you say so, big guy. Thanks a heap." He wasn't teasing, he sounded sincere.

"I didn't know..." he shrugged, "Um... thank you. I hope it works out." Tony, who had been starting to drift again, opened his eyes.

"What? You two are...?" He grinned. "Wait til Bucky hears, he'll love that! More pack members! Oh and the twins can play with-!" He fell silent, sucking his lip between his teeth. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that." He rolled back toward Peter, hugging the smaller sub. And no, Peter Parker was not a replacement for the friend Clint had once been to him, but it was better than having no one, especially with Bucky gone. Clint blushed red, and shrugged.

"It's okay, it will be great, our kids can play all the time," he smiled, but the shrug had said more than his words, and Tony just nodded.

"Yeah. The kids can play." He fell silent, forcing his eyes closed, trying to lose himself to sleep again, but it didn't want to come.

"Tony..." he sighed, feeling guilty now about wanting kids. He looked down and shook his head.

"What?" Tony sat up slowly, "Did I do something wrong again, Clint? Because, honestly, I'm losing track." He clenched his jaw. "I get excited, and you get upset, I... feel hurt, and you get upset, and I don't know how to stop it from happening, and you don't like me anymore, Clint." He shoved his fingers through his hair, "I know you don't want to be around me, you don't have to shove it in my face. Yes, the kids will definitely play together, Nia and Jamie will be old enough to come down and play..." He pressed to his feet, "But I'm taking them to bed now, because I just... I'm really tired, and I don't want to sleep without them." He paused, glanced at Peter, wondering if maybe he would come up and lay by him awhile. Clint looked like his heart was being ripped in half.

"What!? I WANT us to be friends! I want to hang out with you! I want to HELP you, but I'm not an alpha. I need space, and sometimes I get overworked when I think of our problems together... I'm trying!" Tony hunched his shoulders.

"Clint... please don't... every time I try to talk to you... you get angry, or you go in your room, or... we used to talk, and it was okay, and I can't... I can't talk about this here..." He shuddered under the gazes of his pack, and picked up his children, "...I'm going upstairs." Clint sighed and turned his head away.

"Fine..." he muttered. According to him, there was no "We" used to talk. Even when Clint did try to
talk, it always circled around back to Tony. The other sub could smell the emotions, and he hugged his children to his chest.

"Yeah, like that, Clint. I know what you think of me, and I know what I did wrong." He shuffled toward the elevator doors. "You were the only person I could tell those things to... and it was a mistake, that much is clear. Because it was all about me, wasn't it?" He tried hard to stop the tears brimming in his eyes, "I get that, okay? I won't bother you again..."

"I just wanted your support, Tony!" He said, picking up Charlotte. "I just wanted you to rub my back and tell me it was okay! Not tell me a sad story about you and Obi to try to make me feel better cause my life wasn't as bad as yours!" Tony flinched hard, and tears poured down his cheeks.

"Okay..." He whispered, and they were all looking at him, knowing how fucked up he'd been, how he'd been selfish, because he had deserved what Obi had done, what Pepper had done, what Hammer had done. "I'm sorry..." He backed toward the elevator, "...I'm sorry... I won't... I didn't... I... I told you I wouldn't anymore... and I didn't... after that... I had Jarvis o-on alert to tell me if I did... I..." He shivered as his children started to cry in his arms. "I'm sorry..." Clint hunched his shoulders, trying not to cry.

"I want to be your friend Tony... I really do... but you need to prove to me that you can be a friend back to me." Tony slid to his knees, the elevator just behind him, eyes on the floor, humiliated. It poured into his scent, humiliation and guilt and pain, loneliness burned the back of his throat, and he hugged his babies closer to his chest.

"I'm... I can't... I... I can't... because I'm not... I'm not g-good..." He snapped his mouth shut, that was exactly the kind of thing Clint was talking about, he was sure. He half wished Pepper were there to punish him, he deserved it right then. Clint frowned.

"So... you won't even try?" He asked, sitting down on the couch again, rubbing his cheeks, which were wet. "Am I just an outlet for you?" The brunette's scent gained hurt and pain from that.

"I've b-been trying..." He whispered, "...I've b-been... been trying so hard... I..." He bounced the sobbing babies in his arms, "...I've been... Jarvis... Jarvis haven't I been...?"

"Sir only slip up in the last two months was uncontrollable emotion upon finding out about further abuse of his incarcerated alpha. While it was clear that Sir desperately wished for the comfort of Agent Barton after his most recent attack, he did not approach Agent Barton, nor speak of anything that had happened." Jarvis stated, and Tony swallowed, rocking back and forth. Clint let Charlie go, and he wrapped an arm around his belly, the other around his chest.

"I... I don't understand..." Tony whispered, "...I don't... if I c-come around, you get upset...and now if I... I'm trying... I don't know what you..." Steve touched Clint's shoulder, offering him support as Tony tried desperately to calm his children. He wished Bucky was home, to hold him, and tell him it would be alright. But it wouldn't, he didn't know how else to act. Clint shrugged off Steve's hand, and walked over, kneeling besides Tony and touching his shoulder.

"I don't want you to change... I just want you to comfort me when I have issues like when I comfort you. Don't... don't let this be the end of our friendship."

"I th-thought I did... I... I t-tried..." Tony glanced up at the rest of his pack, and the humiliated scent increased. "I'm not good... I'm bad... I'm bad..." He backed up, pushing to his feet, and stumbled into the elevator, clinging to his children.
"You're not comforting me when you tell me about your past," he said, shaking his head. "I-I just... If anyone is bad, it's me, Tony! I shouldn't have said anything, I shouldn't have overstepped myself." Tony looked like he'd been slapped.

"You were the only person I could tell... because y-you understood..." He whispered, miserable, as the doors closed and he vanished from sight. Steve groaned.

"That really should have been done in private..." The dom whispered. "Are you alright?" He hesitated, holding his hand where Clint could take it if he wanted to.

"I was okay with him telling me things!" He snapped at Steve, "I just didn't want to hear them when I was pouring my own heart out! I know his past was worse than mine, but he just makes me feel guilty by even bringing it up!" He unleashed, and put his hand over his heart, it was pounding. Steve saw Peter jerk awake, flinching, and May looked saddened as well.

"Clint, I don't think that was what he intended at all." She murmured, "He saw in you someone who had been through bad things, too, someone he could talk to who would understand..." Thor ushered Bruce out of the living room, and May helped Peter to his feet to take him back to their floor, "You're the first person he really talked to about any of it, Clint." She brushed his shoulder on the way by, and her and Peter vanished into the elevator, leaving Steve standing there, unsure.

"Okay." The alpha murmured, "What do you need, Clint? I... I hope you know that you can talk to me... but I'm afraid I've done the same thing Tony has. It's hard not to, when you hear similarities, and when you came to have coffee on my floor... I talked about myself. I apologize for that." The omega gripped his head.

"It's when he does it all the time!" He whined. "It can NEVER be just about me, he always has to include something about himself! Why can't I just be a little bit selfish!?!" He wiped away his tears. "I do listen to Tony talk, he doesn't shut up half the time! And that's fine! But I don't need to hear about how much his life sucks when I've just had Phil leave me!" Steve ducked his head submissively.

"Okay." He mumbled, "Okay." He would just let Clint vent, and rant, even though it sounded like Tony had just felt like they connected. He understood both sides, and wondered sadly if it could ever be repaired. Clint sighed.

"I-I'm going to the gym..." he said, walking to the elevator. Steve picked Charlotte up, sighing.

"Alright, I'll start lunch on our floor." Charlie was whimpering.

"Mommy mad..."

"Not at you, darling," Steve kissed her head, "Not at you. It's just a misunderstanding, it will get better."

Tony was withdrawn and pale as they stepped into the waiting room of the prison. He held his children against him, but something in his eyes was vacant, and Steve could smell the anti-anxiety pills on him. "Tony..."

"Don't. I couldn't sleep, I needed... I'm fine, I only took one, and I won't ever take another." He signed them all in, "I should go in alone first, Bucky's going to need..." They agreed to wait, and Bruce took Jamie and Nia to the side to wait. Tony tried to straighten up as he stepped into the visitation room, wetting his lips. It was so different from the first two rooms, it had chairs, and
couches, for pack bonding, and felt a lot more relaxed. "Bucky..." He whispered, darting across the room to tuck himself against his mate's chest. Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony and pulled him down on the couch with him so that Tony was laying on his chest. The sub breathed his mate's scent in deep. "Hey..." He whispered softly.

"Hey." The dom said, nuzzling him and rubbing his hands over Tony's body. "My good boy." The omega's tense muscles unwound at the praise, and he squirmed. Bucky smiled and kissed his cheek. "You didn't bring the pack?"

"I did, they're in the waiting room," The sub explained.

"Okay," he smiled and nuzzled Tonys cheek. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony's breath hitched, "I came in alone... in case you needed..." the sub rolled his hips. Bucky smiled.

"I do want that," he nodded, and he slid Tony's pants down over the omega's hips; the sub shivered as fingers spread his cheeks apart, exposing his hole. Bucky groaned as the smell of slick permeated the air. "Tony..." he moaned and sat up, the sub whined as he was moved, his chest on the arm of the couch, knees on the cushions, and Bucky spread his cheeks open again. Bucky groaned and lapped at his hole a few times until he was hard, and Tony shuddered.

"B-bucky...!" He whimpered, toes curling. Bucky leaned up and bit into his bonding gland, pressing his cock into his hole; Tony jerked, face twisting from the lack of prep. He held tight to the side of the couch. Bucky panted and wrapped his arms around him, rutting his hips. He groaned into his throat, licking at the skin there, and the sub bit his lip, breath hitching, it hurt, but he would give Bucky whatever he needed. Bucky pumped his hips faster until his knot popped in and Tony let out a stifled moan, slowly retracting his teeth, and Tony shivered, reaching for his own cock, but Bucky slapped his hand away, holding onto his wrists with one hand, and started stroking his cock for him. "Sir..." Tony whimpered, arching, "...p-please...!" And then he came, a shivering mess on the couch. Bucky kissed his head and smiled happily.

"I love you, my beautiful sub."

"I love you..." Tony breathed, swallowing thickly, "...I took an anti-anxiety pill last night... and one this morning... and I told Steve I'd only taken one and...!"

"It's okay," he said, hugging him tight. "I don't want you to take anymore, okay? That can't be good for you or the pups..." Tony nodded.

"I won't... I just... had a fight with Clint... and it was t-too much."

"What were you fighting about?" He asked.

"It's not important. Something I did." Tony shrugged, forcing his emotions to calm so Bucky wouldn't smell his feelings on the subject.

"What did you do?" He asked, concerned for Tony. "I'm an asshole, that's all, we already knew that, it's not a surprise." Tony clenched his eyes shut, body tense.

"Tony," he said, kissing his mate's cheek. "Tell me what's wrong."

"Please... I don't want to ruin the visit, I already messed up everything else. Please." Tony shivered
as he was pulled up and back against Bucky's chest, sitting in the dom's lap. Metal fingers gently
turned his head until they could see each other. Bucky kissed him softly on the lips.

"Alright... alright, shh," he hummed, the sub took deep breaths, but the pill was wearing off, and it
was harder to stay calm.

"Okay." He whispered, laying his head back against Bucky's shoulder. Bucky nuzzled him, and
waited until his knot went back down. He pulled up Tony's pants, and then his own.

"Please bring the pack in?" Tony nodded, throat working to swallow, as he knocked on the viewing
window the guards were behind. A moment later, the door opened, and the pack slowly stepped in,
one at a time. Tony took the twins from May, and slowly tucked himself against Bucky's side with
them. Bucky smiled and hugged his kids, scent marking them, making sure they didn't go into
bond shock. "Hey guys," he said to the pack. It was Steve that settled against Bucky's other side
first, laying his head on the other dom's shoulder to lend him strength.

"We've missed you." He said softly, and the rest of the pack gathered close in their plain t-shirts
and black pants, requirements for visiting. Bucky smiled and relaxed, breathing in all their scents.

"I'm sorry I've been locked up here." The pack murmured angrily.

"Not your fault-"

"Defending your mate-"

"Bastard deserved-" Tony curled closer, chewing his lip, and Bucky smiled and shrugged.

"Murder is murder ... I guess."

"No." Tony growled softly, "No it's not." Steve rumbled in agreement, and the rest of the pack was
nodding. Bucky smiled and hugged those he could reach.

"I just can't wait to be home."

"Us either." Tony mumbled, and Jamie, who was wide awake, nuzzled his daddy's face. Steve
laughed, and touched Bucky's hair.

"It's a little shorter than when we were young, but... I like it." Bucky smiled and nuzzled Jamie's
face back, and grinned at Steve.

"Yeah?" He chuckled.

"Yep." The soldier laughed, "We both had it about my length, I think. But this is a good look for
you." He smiled, and Tony tucked his face against Bucky's ribs, breathing in deeply. "We've got
some serious bond work to do when you get home," Steve glanced at Clint, then Tony, and the
brunette omega flinched. Bucky nodded in agreement.

"Sounds great. I'm tired of everyone fighting," he smiled, "They might be cutting my hair again...
at least I can fight them this time." Steve gave a slight nod.

"I'm tired of the fighting, too." He muttered, shifting to let Thor nuzzle Bucky's neck and hair.
Bucky chuckled softly and nuzzled Thor back, wrapping his arms around him.

"I missed you, big guy."

"I have missed you much," Thor beamed, "You are an honorable warrior, to face such
imprisonment." Tony shifted up a little to nurse the twins, flushing in humiliation whenever Clint looked at him. Bucky snorted,

"I don't think myself brave when you all suffer." Clint bit his lip, and moved closer to Tony, nuzzling him.

"And yet, you are. You are enduring much." Thor nuzzled him, "I am proud to follow you." Tony swallowed, chewing his lip, nervousness and fear in his scent. Bucky smiled and nuzzled him back before looking at Tony.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Tony whispered as Nia latched on to nurse, and Thor settled down to sit on the floor, Bruce leaned to scent his alpha. Bucky leaned over and rubbed his hand over Bruce's cheek.

"Thanks," the beta murmured, closing his eyes. As an established pack, they really only needed to bond each other every few months. Bucky smiled, and looked at May.

"Are you enjoying the tower?"

"Very much. Though the... upset is a little stressful." Tony shrank against Bucky's side, who else was he upsetting?

"What do you mean?" Bucky asked, scratching Tony's head.

"I..." May squared her shoulders, "Tony and Clint have been arguing. Tony talked about himself too much, and Clint... didn't say anything for too long." Tony trembled against Bucky's side, scent filling with guilt, humiliation, embarrassment. Bucky wrinkled his nose.

"You two are friends! You both need each other." Tony clenched his eyes shut, his scent of humiliation increasing.

"So it would seem." May offered, sighing, before she came forward to pack bond Bucky, who smiled and hugged her carefully, and then he hugged Peter. The young sub slumped against him, and Tony shifted the twins in his arms, nervous of what Bucky would say to him for upsetting Clint again. Bucky smiled and nuzzled Peter before looking at Tony.

"Listen... all we have is each other." Tony's shoulders hunched.

"I know..." He whispered, swallowing.

"So you both better make up, soon," he huffed, Tony ducked his head.

"Sir..." May sighed, and sat on Tony's other side.

"They need to talk it out," she murmured, Tony winced softly, and Clint ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

"I'm sorry, Tony." Tony swallowed thickly.

"You didn't do anything wrong..."

"I was insensitive and jealous," he shrugged.

"No you weren't..." Tony whispered, "...you weren't."
"I'm trying to apologize," Clint laughed. "I just want to be friends again."

"You didn't do anything wrong," Tony turned his face into Bucky's side, "I did. I did everything wrong. I deserve to be punished. I deserved everything that happened to me." Bucky wasn't happy with that statement.

"Tony, you don't deserve to be punished." The sub hunched up,

"I do... I messed it all up... I just thought that... since things had happened to Clint, he would... understand if I told him... but I was wrong, I should never have opened my stupid mouth..."

"I did understand... I just wanted you to be more sympathetic. It's okay," he smiled softly, Tony shook his head.

"No... it's not okay, it's not okay, I was bad, and I talked too much, and you... I messed it up, I did, I..." Tony clenched his eyes shut.

"It's in the past..." Cliny muttered, not overly concerned. The brunette sub's scent burned through the room, humiliated, guilty, and Steve sneezed.

"It's not... you don't like me anymore...because I talked about myself too much... and I made the same damn mistake with May... Bucky told me to talk about it... he said to..."

"Tony I'm fucking apologizing to you and asking you to be my friend again! I like you!" He exclaimed, Tony flinched at the loudness of Clint's response.

"Then why are you so angry at me all the time...?" He whispered, "I'm trying... I'm trying, Clint... I don't want to talk about this here... please..." Clint shook his head.

"I dunno... but I do like you," he said, getting up, and crawling into Steve's lap. Steve stroked his hair immediately, helping him shift Charlotte until she was comfortable as well. Tony struggled to control his scent, pushing his hurt and humiliation down under the surface, so the pack would relax. Bucky was starting to fall asleep, proof that he hadn't been sleeping well. The pack gathered as close as they could just offering him strength and relaxation, so he could feel safe. After a while, Tony started to rub and massage Bucky's side, his scent finally calm, though it was a fake calm, to keep the atmosphere calm. Bucky fell into a deep sleep, completely calmed by his pack, snoring softly.

"Another month and a half," Steve sighed, his head back on Bucky's shoulder, "We can do this, can't we?" Tony nuzzled his sleeping mate's side.

"Yeah..."

"Any word from Pepper and Tasha?" Bruce asked softly.

"Nothing... no help sent, either." Tony whispered. Clint nuzzled Bucky softly.

"We'll be enough, I hope..."

"Yeah." Tony whispered, "If we're not..." He shuddered, once, then closed his eyes, focusing on his alpha, right there against him. They had five more hours before their visit would be forcibly ended.
Bucky slept for three of those hours, waking up to a whining baby, Tony blinked.

"Shh, Jamie, Nia... shh... daddy's sleeping..." He attempted, but the twins were determined.

"Dadadada...!" Jamie wailed, and Nia's voice joined his a moment later. The alpha chuckled and smiled.

"Hey babies, you tired of me sleeping?" He asked them.

"I'm sorry..." Tony whispered, "They... they miss you." He handed them over, one at a time, and stretched his aching body, sore from staying in the same position for so long. Most of the rest of the pack was dozing as well. Bucky took them, and kissed their heads.

"It's okay. I've slept long enough."

"Are you sure? It's... it's the easiest way to renew the bond." Tony sat up, looking at his mate, holding their children, "I'm getting you out, okay? It won't be..." Bucky kissed him.

"I know, just do what you can." He smiled.

"I am." Tony mumbled, shifting to lay his head in Bucky's lap. "They haven't injected you with anything, right? No pills, either? Nothing weird?"

"They keep inspecting my arm," he shrugged.

"That's all?" Tony asked, eyes concerned, "I just want to be sure... as long as they don't try to take it, we're alright." The dom nodded and kissed him again.

"They just want to know how it works."

"Okay... if anyone tries to take it apart or..." Tony forced a breath out through his nose, "How was your interview? They said you're an extreme Malty Six."

"I didn't like all of the questions, and... the pictures, except the ones of you, but it was okay," he smiled. "So I'm a super alpha?"

"Same as Steve." The sub yawned softly, nuzzling Bucky's thigh. "Yeah." Bucky smiled at Steve.

"First time I've even come close to besting ya since I shot you in the ass."

"Don't remind me." Steve snorted, sliding his fingers through Bucky's hair, he was obviously tired, but hiding it well. "And I don't think getting the same result as me counts as 'besting'." The brunette chuckled and shrugged, enjoying the fingers in his hair.

"I can't wait for it to grow out more."
"You gonna grow it long again?" Steve asked, looking down at Tony, who was sound asleep. Jamie patted his daddy's face, eyes big, and Nia yawned widely.

"I don't know if I want it as long... but longer than it is now," he nodded, and kissed Jamie's head.

"Yeah, maybe my length?" Steve touched Nia's hair. "Our subs don't seem to understand each other anymore." Bucky shrugged, and sighed.

"I noticed. Maybe we need to send them on a mission together."

"They both have children, and Clint's not an Avenger anymore, or so he says."

"Maybe they can spend the day at an amusement park?"

"Maybe, but do you really feel safe sending them somewhere without us?" Steve sighed, "Bonded or not, people are going to give them trouble."

"So we go as a pack?" He asked, staring at him.

"Yeah, but how would that help Tony and Clint?" Steve frowned. "I'd say make a project for them, like... planning you, the twins, and Charlie's birthdays, since... well, they're all at the same time. But I don't know, because Tony's so extravagant."

"Maybe Clint will help Tony not go overboard."

"That sounds like a way to start more fighting." Steve muttered, Bucky sighed and nodded.

"You got any bright ideas?"

"Me?" Steve laughed, "If I did, I'd have implemented them a long time ago." Bucky chuckled and smiled, rubbing that spot on the back of Tony's head; the omega arched against the couch, murmuring contentedly. Bucky yawned and closed his eyes again. "Bucky?" Steve said softly, "We're going to get you out." Bucky nodded.

"If you can't, it's okay."

"No it's not." Steve replied, "There's no one to take care of Tony, Bucky. He'll waste away. He doesn't eat enough as it is..." Bucky whined, and nodded.

"Okay... I can always escape, too," he shrugged.

"No, that's..." Tony leaned up against him.

"Alright then," he said, and the sub yawned, back asleep in seconds. Bucky smiled and kissed his head.
"He's... oh good," Steve sighed, relieved.

"Yeah," Bucky chuckled.

"Just... we can talk more easily if he's asleep. What are you going to say on the stand?"

"What do you mean?" The assassin asked.

"I mean, they'll question you about what happened, what do you plan to say?" Steve sat up a little. He shrugged.

"My omega was stolen from his pack and alpha. And I acted in his defense."

"Okay, but they'll ask you for details, what happened, all of that."

"Okay, so I tell the truth," he shrugged.

"Well... what is the truth?" Steve asked. Bucky sighed.

"Well, when I showed up, Tony was beating up Hammer. I chased after the two other men in the room, took them out, and then I shot Hammer."

"You can't say it like that. Was Tony dropped? Was he bloody? Bruised? What was your vision like? Details, Buck..." The dark haired alpha scrunched his forehead.

"Uh, Tony was bloody, bruised and naked, I think he was tied to the chair, but he'd gotten free. I don't know if he was dropped. My vision went red when I saw the men run away."

"Okay, red vision, that's important." Steve offered. Bucky nodded, and leaned his head on Steve's shoulder.

"Not much else to tell. I turned on Hammer and shot him."

"Okay," Steve murmured, nodding slowly, "Then what? How was Tony? What did you see? What did you hear, and smell?"

"Tony was frightened and mad... I could smell that much. And arousal," he growled softly, "But it wasn't Tony's arousal. He definitely didn't want it."

"That's good, that's important. Of course he didn't want it." Steve stroked Bucky's hair gently, watching Jamie chew on his fist. Bucky relaxed and rubbed his son's belly.

"Tony loves me."

"Yes, he does. Tony loves you so much." Steve reassured him gently. "He does." At that, the alpha smiled, and kissed his mate's head.

"I love him, too."

"Yeah, I've never seen you happy like you are with him. And your twins are adorable. Nia looks so much like you, well, they both do, they're close to identical." Steve laughed softly, knowing the subject of what had happened was difficult for Bucky to talk about. Bucky nodded, and hummed.

"They have Tony's nose... it's adorable."

"Huh, I didn't notice that until you said it," Steve replied, grinning. The other alpha laughed softly,
and kissed his children; Tony stirred against his side, mumbling something under his breath.

"No... don't..." Before he tucked his face into Bucky's rib cage, and fell silent, heart rate slightly elevated. Steve sighed, and leaned to tickle the twins' bellies until they were squirming and giggling. Bucky laughed with his babies, hoping the positiveness in the air made Tony feel better. James stared up at him, and sniffed the air, ignoring the tickles.

"Ah, a serious one, huh?" Steve laughed softly, and switched his attentions to Nia.

"Nah, you just gotta find the right spots," Bucky smiled and started to tickle James's feet; Jamie flailed his little body, kicking his legs, and giggling hard.

"Ah, I see, sneaky tickles!" The blond exclaimed, Bucky laughed and nodded.

"Yeah, he's got sensitive feet, like Tony."

"Good to know." Steve echoed his friend's laugh, "I really miss you, Buck." He said after a second, lifting Nia into his arms, "Me and Clint... we're trying for another baby, and..."

"I miss you too, Stevie... I'll get out of here soon enough."

"I know." Steve breathed in through his mouth, and blew it out his nose, "It's just, with Pepper gone, and you gone, that leaves me and Thor, and four subs and a beta." He tried to smile, "All the pheromones are a bit much."

"Yeah, I can imagine," he chuckled.

"And then Tony taking that anti-anxiety pill..." Steve sighed, "I know he was addicted at some point, that much is obvious."

"Make sure he stays away from anymore," he said.

"How am I supposed to do that, Bucky? He's got them somewhere, but where? Do you want me to raid your private floor? Because then my scent would be all over, and we both know that's a bad plan. Who do I send? May? She doesn't deserve that burden, and Clint... well."

"You could just ask Tony to give them to you," he shrugged. "I already ordered him not to have anymore."

"I'll try, Bucky." Steve agreed quietly.

"Thank you," he smiled back.

"Hey, it's what friends are for." The blond ruffled Bucky's hair, and bounced Nia on his knee. Bucky laughed and tried to fix his hair. "Nini, you happy to see your daddy?" Steve asked the baby, smiling when she beamed up at Bucky from his arms, "We're getting you out, Buck. There's no way they'll find you guilty."

"I can only hope," he smiled and nuzzled his daughter.

"Yeah." Steve agreed quietly.

The time slipped by, and soon it was time for everyone to go. Tony hugged Bucky tightly, breathing in his scent, trying to memorize it even more than he already had, his throat working as
he swallowed. The twins were in Bucky's arms, their heads on his shoulders, sound asleep, and he hated to leave with them like that. He didn't want them to wake up looking for Bucky. His alpha hugged him tightly, the babies between them, and kissed him lovingly, before kissing both of his babies.

"Here..." he said, handing them over. "Be strong for me, just for a little while longer." Tony held them in his arms.

"I am," he mumbled, "but I don't think I'm very strong, Bucky." He dropped his chin, eyes sliding closed for a moment, wishing he didn't have to go, "I want to stay with you..."

"I wish you could stay too," he frowned and kissed him again. "You are very strong. I love you." Tony growled when a guard touched his back.

"Can't I fucking say goodbye!?!" He snapped, "Don't touch me!" Bucky growled softly at the guard, and gave Tony one last big kiss and hug.

"I'll see you next week."

"Okay." Tony whispered, closing his eyes, and then he slowly followed Steve from the room. After saying goodbye to everyone else, he was left standing there, alone in the big room.

"Hey, Mr. Barnes." Another guard said softly, touching his shoulder. "Ready to go back to your bunk?"

"I guess," he huffed, and pulled away from his touch, not wanting to lose his pack's scent.

"Alright, come on," The beta guard was kind, letting Bucky go without much touching, except to lock the cuffs on. He nodded, and followed him to his room, letting him take them off once he was inside, and he crawled into his bunk.

"Here," The guard pulled a ziplock back from his side, and handed it to Bucky, "Your pack scented it while they were in the waiting room, it's your pillowcase. I didn't touch it." He waited for Bucky to open it, then took the empty bag back. "They really care about you." He shook his head, "Gotta lock you in for the night, they'll bring you a tray later." And with that, he was gone.

Tony jerked when a hand touched his shoulder, and he lost his already shaky precision, the soldering iron melting several delicate wires together that really needed to stay apart. "Fuck!" He jammed it into its holder, and glanced, first, at where his children were sleeping in the child area of his workshop, and then up at Clint, who had tapped his shoulder.

"Um, sorry about that, I shouldn't have interrupted you," he blushed, but didn't leave; Tony slowly cleaned the soldering iron, making sure it was off.

"Do you need something?" He muttered, ripping the ends of the wires out of the arm of the newest iron man suit, and throwing them in the trash, that was eight hours of work, split over six nursings, twelve little board books, and two double diaper changes, ruined.

"Sorry," Clint said again. "I was wondering if you wanted to do some yoga?"

"Yeah," Tony tried to smile, standing up, "I'll... start this over later." He stood up, glancing at his twins. Clint smiled.
"Want to bring them into the gym?"

"I have mats in here, can we do it in here?" Tony asked softly, "I don't want to move them, they'll wake up." The other omega nodded, and tried to be quieter.

"Yeah, we can do it here," he said, finding the mats, and bringing them over. Tony chewed his lip.

"Which uh... poses? Do you want music?"

"Music might wake them. And I can follow your lead, I'm flexible," he smiled, and Tony sighed.

"I'm not." The brunette mumbled, standing at the end of the mat, glad he'd chosen to wear loose fitting clothes.

"Oh," Clint said, slowly following whatever he did.

"It's, just, since the twins. I'm getting back into it." Tony attempted to sound cheerful, "How are you?" He bent to touch his toes, breathing deeply, then up to flat back, and stood, before sliding into triangle pose. The blond sub followed his movements.

"I'm okay," he smiled, "Steve is really looking forward to my heat."

"Yeah? That's in two weeks, right?" Tony grimaced as he bent to place his hands on the floor. "Used to be able to put my forehead on the floor for this one." Clint nodded, and put his head on the ground, laughing a little. He'd never done this move before; Tony bit the inside of his cheek, reminding himself that Clint's daughter was five months away from being three. Sliding into the next form, Tony winced when it pulled at his muscles. "That's all I can do," He said just as Antonia began to cry, loudly, "And she's probably wet." He pushed to his feet, and hurried over to her, picking her up before she could wake Jamie. Clint sighed, and sat down on the ground, stretching his legs. Tony glanced at him. "I'm sorry, Clint. Uh... Jarvis could lead you through some poses," He offered, and Dummy wheeled out excitedly, and started waving his arm, bending it up and down, as if demonstrating poses. "Not you, Dunce, come on, let Jarvis do it." Clint laughed, trying to stay quiet.

"Oh c'mon! Dummy can do yoga with me!"

"You sure? Last time he tried, he hit me in the face." Tony shrugged, "Your funeral." He changed Nia quickly, settling her on his hip. "And mama's not gonna get any more work done today, is he?" He nuzzled her face, Nia smiled and laughed, nuzzling him back, "Yeah, that's what I thought, pretty girl." He settled into a chair, offering her his nipple so she could nurse. She latched on happily, humming as milk flowed and Tony watched Dummy and You try and demonstrate yoga poses, while Butterfingers rolled around the work stations. Clint laughed, enjoying his yoga with the bots; Tony sighed, fiddling with the cord on his soldering iron, contemplating the work he had to do over, how long it would take, how many times his children would reach for him, how often they would sleep, how long until Bucky's trial, and Clint's heat, and was he supposed to watch Charlotte? Or was someone else going to? And if they did, would she demand he watch her? Would Clint be mad? He closed his eyes, and Antonia patted his face. James was squirming in his bed, yawning softly, taking a long time to wake up, Tony blinked.

"Okay, okay, let's go get your brother." He pushed to his feet, sighing, and walked over to lift Jamie from the blankets, "Hey, honey pie, it's alright, you two hungry? Did mama keep you in the workshop too long? Yeah... I'm a terrible parent, I probably did. Let's go eat actual food, huh?" The baby boy yawned again and curled into his mom's arm, nuzzling his chest. Clint stood up.
"Can I follow?" He asked, and Tony turned to arch a brow at him.

"Thought you were doing bot yoga?"

"Yeah but... bots don't talk," he murmured.

"And you said yourself, I talk too much. Look, the tower is your home, too, you want to follow me to the communal floor and watch me burn toaster waffles? You have every right." He carried his children into the elevator, shoulders hunched.

"I know I have the right... but would you like me to be there?" He asked, frowning. Tony sighed, bouncing the twins on his hips.

"Why are you doing this, Clint?" He asked, lifting dull brown eyes to the other omega's face, "Really, it doesn't make any sense, I'm selfish, and self-centered, and made a mistake, so shouldn't I be the one awkwardly tip toeing around you constantly? You didn't want me there, I left, so what's the issue? I can't guarantee that I can be what you want, so this is all probably pointless, and you'll just get mad at me again."

"It was wrong of me to try to make you change..." Clint said with a frown. "I want to be your friend again... but I want to make sure you are okay with me hanging around." Tony hunched his shoulders, Jamie was starting to cry, and the twins weren't light.

"Look, I promised I wouldn't do that stupid shit, and I hadn't done it since I'd made that promise, so maybe if you could explain exactly what I've done in the last nine months that made you upset with me, then we could..." He trailed off, "Forget it. I'm not a good friend, we both know that, I should've kept my mouth shut. Anyway, Bucky's all 'Go talk to someone about what happened' now, which is crappy, so there's that lesson learned, huh?"

"NO! It's not crappy!" He said, going to stand next to Tony. "I was acting like an insensitive jerk, and I'm sorry... I just wanted more pity... and I'm sorry." Tony's muscles tensed.

"It is crappy, look, you didn't do anything wrong." He looked away. "I've said this before, but I guess I can repeat it. You. Didn't. Do. Anything. Wrong." The brunette hefted Jamie higher on his hip, "We both know it was me. We've both said it was me. So can you stop trying to turn that around, please?" Clint swallowed thickly.

"Fine... So it was you. I don't care anymore. I want to be your friend."

"What are the rules, Clint?" Tony finally looked up at him, sighing, as the elevator started up toward the top floor. "No talking about myself? No gifts for Char? No building things you talk about?"

"There are no rules," Clint said, shaking his head. "I just... want you to talk to me before you start planning a library for Charlie," he smiled. "Just talk to me more, so you don't get disappointed." Tony stepped out of the elevator, setting his children on the blanket in the play area, and pushing his fingers through his hair when James started to cry again. The sub hefted him back up, pulling the wide collar of his shirt down so the baby boy could nurse.

"When I talk to you, it..." He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, "I don't even know, Clint, I don't know, okay? Because we used to talk, right? And I'd tell you something, and you'd tell me something, back and forth, and then one day I said something back, and you just got... but there was no warning, and I kept trying to talk to you, because it feels like someone is cutting me apart inside, but you hated it." He rubbed a hand over his chest. "So I deserve that cutting, because this..."
making you feel upset... that hurts way worse." Clint nodded.

"I'm sorry. I had a lot of issues I had to work through... I was going through a lot." Tony's chin dropped to his chest.

"I know..." He muttered, "...look, I hurt you, over and over, and it was my fault. If I were you, I'd stay far away from me."

"But I don't want to..." he said, kissing Tony's cheek softly, the brunette sub shivered.

"Why?" He clenched his eyes shut. "Why not? I don't understand, three days ago you were..."

"I told you, I had issues. I worked them out though," he sat down.

"And I didn't help you." Tony muttered, eyes still closed, and he suddenly winced. "Ow! Ow, Jamie, fuck, teeth!" He pulled the baby off his nipple, taking deep breaths to try and calm down. Jamie immediately started to cry loudly, his face turning red. "Baby boy..." Tony sighed, settling him back against his chest. "Please, please, please don't bite me." The baby whined and latched back on, suckling hard. "Clint?" Tony bounced Jamie gently, glancing back at Nia, who was chewing on a book, "I still don't understand." The archer sighed and shook his head.

"I was mad because you wouldn't give me the attention I wanted... I was alone and horny and upset... you gave me more attention when I was pregnant," he snorted. "So when I kept going to you, and you kept turning it back on yourself, I got mad, and I have trouble letting go of stuff like that... but I'm over it now."

"Turning it back on...?" Tony chewed his lip, "Look, I was trying, trying to do the right thing for you... and... you... look, you had her, and we were so busy with Hydra, and then Bucky got taken..." He hunched his shoulders, "...fuck, right, I was awful. I'm going to just..."

"I told you I was being selfish... I know you had a lot going on, I just... really needed some attention that wasn't from a baby," he muttered.

"And what was Steve, chopped liver?" Tony attempted, but his scent was still full of guilt and pain. Jamie sneezed against his chest.

"I didn't want to be around alphas at that time!" He tried to get Tony to understand. "I was suffering bond loss!" Tony flinched, guilt scent increasing.

"Okay..." He whispered, stomach growling. Clint growled and gripped his head.

"Fuck, I'm sorry..." The brunette stared at the floor, chewing his lip.

"Don't... don't apologize, it's me that..."

"It's both of us, please Tony... I just want this to end."

"How is it supposed to end?" Tony was quiet. "Clint... this is how I am, I mess up everything, and..."

"So just let it go," Clint insisted, gripping his arm. "Just forget it. Clean slate," he said.

"And then what? When I inevitably have another stupid breakdown, then what? Or you try and talk to me and I try and relate?" The blond shrugged.

"I want to be a better friend. I think our friendship is worth trying again," he said, standing up. "If
"You don't want to be my friend anymore 'cause I had issues... then say so." Tony smacked him, softly, on the arm.

"Shut up." He grunted, "I want to be your friend, I've always... but I hurt you! So I shouldn't..."

"Nope, too late, you said it, you want to be my friend, no take backsies!" He smiled and kissed his cheek before running off, Tony sighed, bowing his head over his nursing son.

"Fuck." James let go with a piercing yawn, and nuzzled him. "Oh, you're sleepy now? Great." Tony bounced him softly. James looked up at him and giggled softly. "Shh, shh shh..." Tony rocked him gently, "...what am I gonna do, huh, Jamie?" He pulled the tired baby up against his chest, patting his back to relieve him of gas. The baby burped and started to fall back asleep, yawning again.

"That's my good boy," Tony murmured, rocking him gently to sleep; Jamie huffed and was soon fast asleep; Tony lay him gently on the mattress and tiptoed into the kitchen; he couldn't think of anything he wanted to eat, and he ended up sitting at the kitchen island, watching Nia chew on her book. He sighed, and shuffled over to sit by her. "You wanna hear a book?" Nia smiled and waved the book at him, "Yeah? Okay, come here." He lifted her into his lap, and opened the book, "Let's see... there's a wocket in my pocket," Tony snorted, "Weird book." Then he kept reading, listening to her giggle. She reached out and slapped her hand on the wocket. "Yeah, in his pocket! Crazy, right?" Tony exclaimed, tickling her sides, "Just you wait till you tell your daddy about those wockets." He kissed her cheek, "Let's get your brother, and take a bath," Tony pressed to his feet, as Jamie began to cry again. Nia pressed her face against Tony's side, trying to drown out the noise. "Hey, come here. Are you having bad dreams?" Tony pulled Jamie into his arms. "Let's... oh... you're hungry." James was chewing on his hand, "Okay, come on." He slipped them into their high chairs, giving them each a thin slice of cheese while he made quick oats. James nommed on the cheese, smiling happily. Tony filled two little bowls, adding butter, and a little bit of sugar, before he set it aside to cool, forcing himself to prepare the rest for himself. He had to eat to feed them, and oatmeal was as good a choice as any. Slowly, he added peanut butter, for extra protein, and stirred it in, checking Nia and Jamie's with his fingertip. "Hungry babies?" He sat between them, his oatmeal congealing, as he fed them little bites, until someone touched his shoulder, making him jump.

"Oh! Steve, sorry, fuck," He'd spilled oatmeal down his chest. Steve handed him a napkin.

"Would you like some help?"

"I, no, I mean, I've got it." Tony grimaced as he tried to clean himself off.

"Alright," he said, nodding and going to make himself breakfast Tony set the dirty napkin aside, leaning to scoop a bite into Nia's mouth. Nia hummed around the spoon, wiggling at the taste as she swallowed it.

"That's my cutie." Tony beamed, taking a short break to rub his eyes before he fed James a bite. Steve smiled.

"You sure you don't want help?"

"Steve? I'm perfectly capable of feeding two babies." Tony sighed.

"I know... but not two babies and yourself," he said, holding a spoonful out for Tony, whose eyes narrowed; he shoved Nia's bowl into Steve's chest.

"Feed her." He snatched his own bowl, and scooted toward Jamie. Steve sighed and started to feed Antonia, smiling at her enthusiasm; Tony chewed his lip, just as focused on feeding Jamie as he
had been on feeding both of them. His son kicked and giggled, oatmeal sliding down his little chin. 
Steve grinned.

"I can't wait until Clint and I have another baby."

"Yeah?" Tony glanced at him, "Maybe a big ol' alpha to even the balance, huh?" He scraped the 
last bite from Jamie's bowl, feeding it to him.

"Maybe," he shrugged, "A beta or omega would be just as great."

"Really?" Tony arched a brow, "If you say so." The alpha nodded, and hummed, giving Nia one 
more bite. The sub cleaned Jamie off, and settled him on the floor in the play area to crawl around. 
"That's my boy." Jamie smiled and belched on his own, grabbing a toy. "That's it," Tony 
straightened up, stretching a little. Steve put Nia's bowl down, and set her in the play area with 
Jamie. "So... what changed Clint's mind?" Tony pulled a small box from his pocket, slapping it into 
Steve's hand. "Anti-Anx." He explained, shrugging. Steve smiled and put the box in his pocket.

"He missed what you both used to have."

"We didn't ever have anything different." Tony grunted, taking a rubber band from Jamie. The 
little boy started to whine when it was taken away.

"He regrets fighting," Steve said.

"Does he?" Tony bounced James on his hip, sighing, "He doesn't like me, Steve, it's not healthy for 
him."

"If he didn't like you, he wouldn't have come up here begging to be your friend."

"Steve," Tony looked up at him, and there was nothing submissive about his pose, "He just thinks 
he does." Steve sighed.

"I think you should be happy, and accept his friendship."

"You think I should? Oh, then of course I will! Because the big bad alpha says so!" Tony set Jamie 
on the floor, standing and planting his hands on his hips, "Because what does it matter if I lose his 
friendship again? What pain that'll put us both through pales in insignificance when compared to 
what you want." At his outburst, Steve frowned.

"Clint is going to great lengths to make this right again! Are you that afraid of getting hurt again 
that you don't want to risk it?"

"Don't you people get it!? For once, it's not fucking about me! It's... Clint... when he gets hurt..." 
Tony ground his teeth, "...it's so much worse than anything else. And he will get hurt, because I'm 
an asshole, we all know that." Steve sighed, and wrapped his arms around Tony.

"You're a good friend." He corrected, and the submissive squirmed in his arms.

"Are you an idiot!? Did the ice linger in your brain!? I fucking hurt Clint!" Steve smiled.

"Yeah, but he got over it. You're only hurting him now by not being his friend."

"Shut up! That's not true!" Tony snarled, and the alpha shrugged.

"He told me you agreed to be his friend, he was really happy."
"I'm going to mess it up." Tony pushed Steve off of him, "Please don't fucking touch me again."
Steve frowned, and sighed, taking the dishes to the sink.

"Please, don't make this harder for both of you." The alpha stated gently, Tony shuddered.

"Yeah? You gonna tell me how to do that, big guy?" He leaned against the counter, going for nonchalance.

"Stop assuming this is going to be a shitstorm," he shrugged,

"It already is one." Tony snapped, leaning back on his elbows. "Worse than, actually, and you're being an idiot if you think I'm good to have around your sub, pregnant or not." Steve frowned.

"It only is because you think you're a disaster, which you're not. We all care for you. Stop pushing us away."

"I'm pushing you away now?" Tony clenched his teeth to stop the emotions of that revelation from pouring out. "When every time I try to initiate anything with the pack I'm pushed away and scolded!? That's rich, Rogers!"

"No one has done that to you!" he growled. "We're not trying to initiate anything, you just need to stop thinking so low of yourself, because you are a great omega with a lot of things going for him, and befriend the one omega who shares your feelings about omega rights and can relate with you!"

Tony growled at him.

"You have done it! You have! All of you! I asked you one by one to go swimming a week ago, and you all said no! I just wanted to do something together!" He threw his hands up in aggravation as his children began to cry. Lifting them onto his hips, he bounced them a little rougher than usual, "I upset Clint every time we're around each other!"

"I'm sorry I wasn't in the mood to go swimming! It had nothing to do with you, you can't force people to do things with you, we just want to be your friend... Your pack mate." Tony stumbled backward, struggling not to drop to his knees,

"I wasn't trying to force anyone." He muttered, "But that's how you all see it, so what am I supposed to do?"

"Stop doubting us and yourself," he smiled softly, "Why don't we all do movie night tonight?" He asked, Tony glowered.

"How am I supposed to do that when you see me asking six different people to go swimming as trying to force you into something?"

"You're mad at us because we turned you down," Steve tried to hold back his anger. "Thor and Bruce probably won't join us tonight, they've been preparing for their trip, but you, me and Clint, May and Pete, with the pups..."

"I'm not mad!" Tony snapped, "Can't you see that!? Are you fucking scent-blind!?" He hugged the twins to his chest. "I'm lonely..." He looked away. Steve bit his lip, it was hard to tell with Tony, he was always hiding himself away, and his emotions.

"C'mon, watch a movie with us tonight. Well get burgers." Tony's shoulders slumped.

"Why, though? It's so obvious that I make you and Clint angry..."
"We're not angry either, Tony..." he said, reaching out hesitantly to touch his shoulder. "We miss Bucky too, we're all a little high strung... and we miss you." The sub shivered.

"You smell angry. And Clint... he smells annoyed whenever I'm around. I don't know how to not be myself."

"I'm not angry at you, I'm angry at the people holding my best friend, and Clint is annoyed cause I'm annoying him about baby shoes," he laughed. "Just be yourself, and eat a burger with us."

"He's always been annoyed." Tony grunted, chewing his lip roughly, and trying to calm his children down. Steve shrugged.

"I don't know about that."

"No, you don't, so why are you up here lecturing me about it?" Steve frowned.

"You say you're lonely, so why are you pushing yourself away when I'm trying to invite you?" Tony was tense and uncomfortable.

"Bucky wouldn't like it... me being around you a lot... after..."

"He wouldn't like you going through bond shock either," he frowned. "Please?"

"I'm not, I bonded all of you when you bonded Bucky." Tony mumbled.

"Fine," Steve sighed. "Join us this evening if you'd like. We'd both like to see you there." The sub bit his lip, because would they? He didn't feel like they would, but he was so lonely. He hugged the twins against him.

"I don't feel like that's true."

"It is," he said. "Well order your favorite burger for you, even," he smiled before walking away. Tony was left standing there alone, his head down, unsure.
What Works and What Doesn't

Chapter Summary

Warnings for: sentimentality, emotional trauma, you might cry.

When they came up several hours later, Tony was asleep, sitting up, against the wall in the play area. The twins were crawling around playing. Clint smiled a little, and laid down on the floor to play with the kids while their mama slept, and Steve patted his shoulder.

"Mind if I move him to the mattress? That can't be comfortable." Clint nodded.

"Go ahead," he whispered.

"Okay," He set Charlotte down to play, and scooped Tony up against his chest, carrying him over to the bed and laying him down. Clint smiled at Charlotte, and held a finger to his lips, telling her to be quiet, she copied him.

"Shh." Then burst out in quiet giggles. He chuckled and shushed her again, hugging her.

"Uncle Tony is sleeping."

"Uncle Tone. Sleepin'." Charlotte bobbed her head in agreement, and Steve grinned.

"Yeah, Char." He chuckled as she shushed him. Clint smiled and kissed her cheek, before rolling a small ball to Nia. Antonia started to chew on it, big greenish eyes on Clint's face.

"Adada?" She paused to request. "Uppapa!" Steve nodded.

"Yeah, I'll pick you up, hold on." He lifted her up, throwing her in the air, and catching her as she giggled.

"Uppapapapapapapa!" Jamie cried from the floor.

"We're supposed to be quiet," Clint reminded Steve, and lifted up Jamie, throwing him up just a little bit. Jamie giggled happily, and Steve flushed.

"Sorry...it's their favorite thing." He gave Clint a matching pout to Nia's. Clint laughed.

"Just be careful."

"I will." Steve tossed her in the air, and she giggled wildly as she flew upward, and then dropped into his arms again. Clint tossed Jamie up again, smiling at the beautiful boy, who laughed excitedly, and then clung to Clint when he landed again.

"I see how it is, fall asleep, and ruffians start throwin' your kids around." Tony was sitting up in bed, hair tousled, groggy. His face was a little flushed. Clint blushed and chuckled.

"They were demanding it! How can I refuse such cuteness?"

"I don't know, if you figure it out, tell me." Tony stood with a groan, muscles achy, and rolled his
eyes as both twins reached for him. Clint smiled and brought Jamie over, setting him in Tony's arm. "Hey, little." Tony kissed his nose, "I'm sorry I fell asleep, darlings," Steve settled the baby girl into his other arm, and Tony sat down, "At least we were in the play area." It was semi-securely fenced in with low bookshelves.

"They would've been fine, Charlotte would have taken good care of them," he beamed at his daughter.

"Charlotte wasn't in here." Tony muttered, sinking into the couch. "Also, if you didn't order burgers, I don't wanna hear it." He tried to smirk. Clint sighed when his joke wasn't met with humor, but grinned again.

"Oh, we got the burgers, and we ate them all. There's totally not some on the kitchen table." Tony snorted.

"Of course not, just like there's not coffee in the fridge waiting to be added to vanilla ice cream." At Tony's words, Clint crooned. Steve must have done that.

"I am so having some of that before my heat." Tony grinned, trying to be happy, he'd worked so hard on the coffee, getting it just how Clint liked it. Steve kissed the sub's forehead.

"Do you want me to make you a coffee?" He asked, and Tony chewed his lip, bouncing his twins as the alpha waited for Clint's answer.

"I want some of Tony's ice cream, if that's okay with him," he said, staring at him.

"That's what it's for." Tony waved a hand, "Go ahead, just save me some." Steve kissed Clint gently, and carried Charlie into the kitchen, to fix Clint a bowl of ice cream. Clint grinned excitedly, holding Charlie in his lap as he waited, and Steve patted their heads lovingly, smiling.

"Ice cream for Charlie, too?"

"Pwease!" She said, folding her fingers together.

"Of course, baby girl, you ask so nicely!" Steve set out two bowls, one small one large, scooping ice cream into both. She wiggled and reached out for her bowl, happily taking her spoon and eating. "Hey, ready to watch that movie?" Steve beamed, and Tony hovered awkwardly in the doorway.

"I should go." The brunette murmured; Clint slumped.

"What? Why?" Tony hung his head.

"I just... I don't feel... um..." He felt like he was intruding on their family, and then the elevator opened, May and Peter spilling out. The sub's shoulders relaxed, and he closed his eyes as May stroked his hair. "Sorry, Clint, I'm just... stupid. I'm fine. What movie are we watching?"

"Peter wanted to watch a movie the other night, I think we'll watch that one," he said, smiling.

"Pocahontas?" Peter exclaimed, throwing his hands up excitedly. Clint laughed and nodded.

"Yep, that's the one!" The blond sub answered, and Tony nodded.

"Alright." He let May take Antonia, and Peter scooped up Jamie, pausing, a little woozy. Clint smiled and handed Tony a burger wrapped in paper, and grabbed himself one. The brunette sub dug his coffee out and made a coffee shake with it, before curling up on the couch. Clint sat next to
"Is this okay?" He asked, Tony was going to protest, and then Clint's fingers nudged into his hair, and he leaned into it, eyes closing. It was then that Steve leaned to touch his forehead.

"Tony, you have a fever."

"Mm. Do I...? Gimme some Tylenol... I'll be fine..." Clint shook his head.

"Let us take care of you, you nut." Tony frowned, eyes inching open.

"Doesn't giving me Tylenol count as taking care of me?" May snorted.

"Of course not! Well, we will give you some, I'm also going to make some soup."

"And I'll try to keep you warm," Clint said, and Tony blinked.

"I'm not cold." He whined, but he shivered as Steve plucked his coffee out of his hand.

"What'd you do that for?" Clint asked.

"Coffee is not good when you're sick, sleep is." Steve poured it into a jar, and tucked it into the fridge. Tony tried to sit up, and slumped back against Clint, eyes half lidded.

"That hit quick..." Clint nodded and nuzzled him.

"Sleep now."

"I..." He glanced tiredly at his children, his breathing slowing, becoming more labored, "...I don't... the kids..."

"We've got the kids, Tony," May smiled, "Take the Tylenol and sleep."

"But..." Tony blinked as Steve set two tylenol and a glass of water within reach.

"It'll be okay," Clint nuzzled him again, and helped him grab up the pills.

"But..." The sub repeated tiredly, beginning to shiver softly, "...I hate being sick..." He slowly swallowed the pills, grimacing, and lay his head on Clint's shoulder.

"I know," Clint said, hugging him, and rubbing Tony's arm.

"Mnnn..." Tony mumbled, shaking softly, and trying to burrow into Clint's side. Clint hugged him tight, nuzzling him, the brunette shifted around, shivering lightly. "Ow..." He whined, and suddenly he was cold, freezing cold. Steve tucked a blanket around his quaking form. Clint hugged him tight, trying to keep him warm. The sub's teeth chattered, and he shifted, rubbing his feet against each other, unable to sit still, until, finally, the pills started to kick in, and he passed out against Clint's side. The blond sub smiled, and gently petted Tony's head.

"Does he have slippers?"

"I don't know," Steve offered, and the rest of the pack shrugged in agreement. May and Peter were bouncing the babies, keeping them happy. "Socks would help, though." The blond alpha continued. "Should I go get some?" His omega nodded.

"Yes, please."
"Alright," Steve headed for Tony's old room on the shared floor, coming back with a nice, thick pair of socks, and sliding them over Tony's feet.

"Mmm..." Tony stirred, and Steve quickly tucked the blanket back around his feet.

"Thanks," Clint smiled.

"Of course." Steve murmured, sighing, "Trying to hide being sick..." The blond sub smiled a little.

"That's Tony for you."

"Yeah... I just hope the kids don't get it." Clint nodded.

"Yeah... the kids have been nursing off of Tony, though..."

"Yeah, breastfeeding lessens their chance of getting it, since his body's antibodies are in his milk," Steve nodded, "If they do get it, it'll be mild." His sub hummed and curled up against Tony, closing his eyes.

"Thank you, Clint," Steve stroked his hair, "You're such a good boy, and I'm proud of you for fixing things between the two of you." Clint beamed happily.

"I hate fighting with my best friend."

"I know." Steve kissed his forehead. "Ah, ah Charlotte. Uncle Tony doesn't feel good." Charlotte whined, wanting to climb up into his lap. Steve lifted her into his arms. "Hey, c'mere. Why don't we sit down here and watch the movie?" May smiled, leaning to feel Tony's forehead. "He's cooled off a little... Jarvis? What's his temperature?"

"One hundred degrees." Jarvis answered.

"He must have been at one-oh-two, at least. How long was he hiding it?" May frowned. Charlotte smiled and curled into his arms watching the movie.

"That's it." Steve kissed the little girl's hair, and leaned against the couch.

"Daddy," She hummed, curling up tight against him.

"Yeah, baby." Steve murmured.

"Captain, there's a process server in the lobby for you." Charlie looked up at her dad, gripping his arm, he didn't want him to go.

"It's okay, darling, you can come with me. I'll be back, Clint." Steve stood, carrying her into the elevator. When they exited into the lobby, Steve eyed the legal server. "I'm Steve Rogers," he spoke crisply, without hesitation.

"Steven Grant Rogers, you're being taken to court for custody of Charlotte Rose Barton by Phillip Coulson." He handed Steve the summons, "You've been served." He turned, and strode from the tower, leaving Steve frozen in the lobby, his daughter held close against his chest. Charlotte looked up at him.

"I do something wrong?"

"No, darling, no." Steve rubbed her back, "Shh, hey, it's just... I should have expected this, it's going to be okay." He looked down at the papers, "Crap, it's really close to Bucky's court date." He
kissed Charlie's cheek, "Let's go back up to mama, alright?" She nodded, and let Steve pour her into her mom's lap. The alpha paced back and forth, gripping the papers, and Tony stirred from his scent, nervous, worried.

"What's up, blondie... am I dying or something?"

"No." Steve shoved the papers into his pocket. Clint woke up to from Tony's voice, and saw the flash of papers.

"What's that?"

"A court summons." Steve shoved his fingers through his hair, "Well, crap..."

"Court summons!? For what?" He asked, sitting up, Tony bit back a whimper, curling against the arm of the couch.

"Coulson's taking me to court over Charlotte."

"What?" Clint asked, whining, "He can't do that! You're her father!"

"He can, and he is. He's contesting the adoption." Steve swallowed. "It's going to be alright, Clint, I'll fix this."

"I want to help," he said. "We're a family now." Steve looked at him.

"Yeah, yes, we're a family. Of course." He leaned to kiss Clint, and Tony pulled the blanket over his head. Clint kissed him back, and sighed, petting Charlotte's head.

"Daddy." Charlotte touched Steve's face, and he bit his lip, trying not to cry.

"Yeah, Char. My little girl, my princess."

"He's your one and only daddy," Clint nodded.

"Only daddy." Charlotte bobbed her head serenely, Steve kissed her forehead, stroked her curls.

"I'm going to fix it." Clint nodded.

"I can't believe he's doing this," he sighed.

"Me either." Steve sighed, they hadn't heard a peep from Phil since he'd left Clint the second time, "Me either." The sub swallowed and buried his nose in Charlie's hair, Steve kissed his forehead. "Hey... I promise, Clint, I promise. I won't let this happen."

"Okay," he said, wrapping his arm around his neck, nuzzling him.

"I love you." Steve murmured, smiling in gratitude when Peter and May moved so he could sit on the couch. Clint curled against Steve.

"My baby..." he said against his daughter's head, Charlotte yawned widely, and leaned more heavily into her parents' chests, wiggling so she was on both their laps. Clint smiled softly, and closed his eyes. Steve lay his head atop Clint's, his hand on Charlotte's shoulder, and watched the movie blankly, worrying about the papers in his pocket.
"Ow..." Tony whined, twisting in his blankets, he was drenched in sweat, shaking with cold, as the Tylenol left his system, and the fever roared back into existence. His whole body was achy and painful, and the twins were crying. A headache throbbed in his temples, giving off spikes of agony, and he shuddered harder, hands too cold to remove from the blankets. Clint woke up, and felt Tony's head.

"Shit... here, Tony," he said, handing him some more medicine. The sub choked.

"No... no my throat hurts... I don't wanna..." He tugged the blanket up, sobbing softly when it let cold air in against his skin. "Owie... ow..." He whined. Clint smiled, and pet his head softly.

"C'mon, one swallow, and then you'll feel better." Tony whimpered softly.

"Don't wanna..." He whispered, and May rocked the crying twins, chewing her lip. "Babies... babies crying... why?" He tried to sit up, shivering increasing exponentially.

"Shh, don't move, they're going to be okay," Clint said, petting his head. 

"But..." Tony swallowed hard, wincing, and Steve caught his gaze.

"Tony, take the pills." His tone left no room for argument and the omega slowly put them in his mouth, swallowing them with another pained expression. Clint smiled and bundled tony back up in the blanket.

"There you go." The sub shook and shuddered, clinging to the blanket.

"I want Bucky... I don't feel good... I want Bucky...!" He whimpered, sniffing against the blanket, his eyes dull with the fever.

"I know... Bucky will be back soon," he frowned a little. Tony curled up in the blanket, licking his dry lips, and trying not to cry.

"Sorry... I just... need to... I just need to... sleep or..."

"I know, go back to sleep," he said, petting him softly.

"Mmn..." Tony whined, closing his eyes, they burned. "...but... the twins..." He tried to sit back up, reaching for his children, but he was so cold. Clint put his arm down.

"You don't want to get your kids sick..." Tony's shoulders slumped.

"They need to nurse... antibodies... and..." He swallowed, grimacing.

"They will, later," he said, petting him. "We're going to give them some food in a few minutes, they can nurse when your fever goes down."

"But..." Tony mumbled, rubbing his eyes, and curling up tighter. Clint got another blanket, and lay it on top of him as well. "Sorry... f'getting sick..." The brunette's lips barely moved, "...need... m'babies..." And then he was asleep again. Clint smiled and went to go make the babies food, Steve settled the sleeping toddler on the couch, and followed after him. "Clint? You okay?" Clint shrugged.

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be?" Steve touched the papers in his pocket.

"Just... getting our lives butted into again." He muttered, kissing Clint's cheek. "Want me to make them some food?" The sub sighed, and nodded.
"Figures... right? He'd bother me more now than when we were ever mated..." he muttered. "Food sounds great." Steve pulled the omega into his arms.

"Hey, I love you. We're going to be okay." He kissed him once more, and then leaned to open the cupboard, one arm around Clint. "I think... cream of wheat for them." Clint smirked.

"Sounds good," he said, nuzzling him.

"What about... a snack for us, huh? Like some french bread and... I think we have spinach dip?" Steve kissed his nose, "I love you."

"I love you too," he hummed and kissed him. "And I love spinach dip."

"Oh no, competition!" Steve grinned, "I'll get that all done, alright? Why don't you go relax? I don't want you getting sick."

"I'll be fine," he smiled, rubbing his chest, "I'll make the cream of wheat, and feed the twins."

"Are you sure? I can do it." Steve felt his head, "I really don't want you getting sick... not right behind your heat."

"I'm okay," he smiled and kissed him again. "Making cream of wheat won't make me sick."

"Yes, but if you get sick from Tony..." Steve stroked his hair, wanting to just hold him. Clint hummed, and shrugged.

"I'll be okay. We have three hungry babies to feed," he smiled.

"Well, one's asleep." Steve pointed out, "Okay, okay. I'll... I'll get out the dip and bread." The sub smiled and nodded, going back to the cream of wheat. He really hoped he didn't get sick either. Steve arranged all the food on a plate, setting an extra portion aside for Clint, as he took it out to the tired omegas watching Tony's twins. "Hey," he murmured quietly, "here, I brought you something to snack on, and we're making food for the kids."

"Thank you," Peter smiled, taking them carefully.

"No problem. Gotta keep our pack going, don't I?" Steve ruffled his hair, "I know it's hard, caring for the twins, we've done it a couple times, y'know? Just know, we're here to help. And... really, look at Tony." Steve sighed, looking back at the sub, who was curled up in a ball, shivering. Peter nodded.

"I don't mind watching them, they're good babies," he smiled.

"They are. He really made a spectacular mother." Steve murmured, "Hey, we're glad to have you, Peter. Thank you so much for helping." Peter smiled, and nodded.

"No problem... thank you for letting us stay."

"There was never a question, Tony trusted you, so we trusted you." Steve stroked his hair, "I'm glad you're here. But I'm going to go help Clint. If his shaking gets worse, Jarvis, tell me." Steve patted Peter's shoulder and stepped back into the kitchen. Peter nodded, and smiled, eating some dip. Clint rubbed his head, and stirred the cream of wheat, hoping it came out good. "That looks great," Steve kissed his cheek, "Almost as great as you look." He nibbled at the sub's neck, chuckling. Clint groaned and leaned his head to the side.
"Y-yeah?" He asked, smiling.

"Yeah." Steve sucked a mark into the skin, rubbing his thumb against the pressure point on the other side of Clint's neck. Clint gasped and shuddered, rubbing against the cabinet doors. "Mm, our daughter is asleep, Clint." Steve murmured against his throat, before sliding his hand down to cup the sub's ass. Clint groaned, and closed his eyes,

"Would P-Peter and may be okay if we...?"

"I'll ask. Finish the cream of wheat." Steve nipped at his throat, and stepped back. "My gorgeous sub." Clint groaned, watching him step back. He was already really horny. He added the finishing touches to the cream of wheat, and then grabbed a bag of licorice, he always craved sugar before a heat.

Tony jerked awake, eyes wide, shaking. "What?" He panted, sweaty and achy, confused and unsure, "What...? Where... my...?" Shifting, he rolled slowly to the side, seeing the twins, between him and Clint, who looked content and happy, and was sound asleep, Charlotte on his other side, and Steve on her other side. "Oh... mnn..." He slumped back into the bedding, shivering hard, but the twins were awake, which must have been what had woken him up.

"MA! Mama!" Nia whined, holding her arms out for him.

"Y-yeah..." Tony shuddered, chills sweeping down his body, and pulled her close. "C'mere." He settled her on his other side, trembling, and helped James latch on. "There..." Nia nuzzled him, wanting to nurse too. "Oh... oh sorry darling..." Tony forced his eyes open, head pounding, mouth dry, and scooted her up, "...get... get it..." She hummed and latched on too, drinking big gulps, Tony felt like they were draining out the little bit of energy he had. How long since I've eaten? He let his head slump back against the pillow, breathing raggedly through his mouth, eyes half closed and burning. "Ow... ow, baby, don't bite..." The sub whimpered. Clint woke up, and blinked, watching Tony.

"Hey... how are you feeling?" He asked, petting him.

"I think I'm dying..." Tony panted, "...they're chewing my nipples..."

"Alright, that's enough babies." He said, gently pulling them off. "They ate earlier, they'll be okay," he sniffed, shaking a little. "Are you hungry?" Tony tried to sit up, but he was shaking so hard that it took him several tries.

"Yes." He rasped, "What time's it... J'rv...?"

"It is currently three twenty six am, sir. Your fever is at one hundred and two degrees, I recommend taking another dose of Tylenol." Tony waved exhaustedly.

"Yeah, yeah." Clint reached over, and grabbed the pills, giving them to him, with some water. Tony spilled the cold water over his chest, his hands shaking so badly he nearly dropped the pills. "God... I'm so... ugh..." He propped himself against the couch, swallowing thickly, and taking the pills.

"There you go," The blond said, smiling weakly and setting the glass down.

"Ugh..." Tony repeated, laying his head back as his children reached for him, "...hungry..."
"Yeah, I can get you some crackers, or some toast...?" Clint said, standing up and waving off a small bout of dizziness, Tony reached for his hand.

"Clint... sit down... Jarv's... temp...?"

"Master Clint's temperature is ninety nine point four degrees. It seems he has caught the fever." Jarvis replied.

"I'm sorry... Clint..." Tony whispered, "...didn't mean to... get'chu... sick..." Steve stirred at Tony's words, and he sat up.

"What? What's happening?"

"Clint... fever..."

"I'm fine," he said, waving it off. "It's not even a full degree over the normal body temperature... I'll get the crackers," he said, slowly going into the kitchen, Tony slumped against the couch, shaking.

"Steve..." He couldn't keep his eyes open, the alpha stood.

"I'll make sure he's alright, Tony. Just... hold on, eat a little and go back to sleep." Clint put a hand on the counter, and a hand to his forehead, trying to stop the dizziness. "Clint," Steve touched his back, "Please, go lay down, take some Tylenol, and rest. I'll get Tony some crackers and a bowl of soup."

"I-I can do this... I don't have a fever, and you can't take care of both of us and three kids alone, it isn't right..." he murmured. "I want Tony to know I'm a good friend..."

"Baby, you're a wonderful friend, but forcing yourself to stay up when you're obviously dizzy isn't good. Go lay down. The kids are sleeping, hopefully it's a twenty four hour thing, and Tony will be feeling better by tomorrow." He patted Clint on the butt, "Go."

"Fine," he sighed, "Wake me up if Charlie needs me," he muttered, and went to go lay back down on the couch. Tony blinked tiredly up at him.

"You okay...?" He mumbled, trying to hold his hand. Clint nodded.

"Just a headache," he said, holding his hand back.

"Tylenol..." Tony crawled away from the couch, trying to find the bottle, obviously exhausted, and then brought it back, "Here... Tylenol..." He mumbled, taking Clint's hand again, and closing his eyes, slumped on his side against the couch. Steve knelt beside him.

"Tony... here, take a bite."

"Okay..." Tony mumbled. The archer was glad the tylenol had an easy to open cap, so he could swallow two and close it; Tony struggled to open his mouth, and let Steve feed him bites of soup, until he was too tired to eat anymore. He gripped Clint's hand, and drifted back into sleep. Steve kissed Clint's forehead, covering him with a blanket, and lay back down with the babies. Clint was out in seconds, his head throbbing.

Waking up was agony. Both the twins, and Charlotte, were crying, and Tony felt like his head was splitting open, but it hadn't been six hours yet, and he couldn't take more Tylenol. He heaved
himself shakily onto the couch beside Clint, who was obviously in the worst of the cold, whereas Tony was nearing the end of it. Clint was shaking underneath the blanket, having woken up from the crying, feeling like crying himself. Tony tried to pet his hair.

"I'm sorry..." He mumbled, mouth dry, "...maybe..." May stepped out of the elevator.

"Peter's sick too." She sighed, "I haven't gotten it yet, don't know if I will. But maybe we should just have Peter, Tony, and Clint go into another room where they can rest?" She picked up the twins, rocking them.

"I'm better... I can help..." Tony gripped the arm of the couch, trying to push to his feet. Steve held out his hand.

"You're still weak, and we don't know if it's completely out of your system yet... May is right." Tony sank back into the couch, reaching to touch his clammy forehead.

"Okay..." He mumbled, and May smiled softly.

"If Steve can hold the twins, I'll get some water bottles, and bring Peter up, you can all stay in the spare bedroom up here." Steve nodded, and took the twins, bouncing them softly. "Alright, let me go get Peter. Tony? Help Clint into the spare room." May vanished into the elevator, and Tony worked his way to his feet, panting by the time he was standing.

"Come on... Clint..." Clint put a hand over his eyes.

"Wh-where's Charlie!?!"

"She's playing, right there, Clint." Steve nodded toward the bookshelves, "She's alright, go with Tony." The brunette sub stumbled, gripping Clint.

"We can do this... walking, you know, because... walking is a thing, right?"

"I don't know anymore," Clint said, trying to keep his eyes open, shaking from the cold. "W-why was she crying?"

"I took a toy from her," Steve sighed, "Clint, go lay down and get better." Tony struggled to support his friend.

"It is... it is a thing, okay?" The sub grunted, "Come... on." He fumbled with the doorknob, grimacing. Clint groaned, and slumped once he was on the bed, kind of curious about why Steve was taking things from his daughter, but too sick to care right now; Tony wobbled toward the bathroom, dripping cold sweat, hands shaking. By the time he made it back out of the bathroom, Peter was curled up in the bed with Clint, and the two were wrapped around each other for warmth. "Jarvis... alarm for... pill times... Peter... Clint..." Tony mumbled, climbing in on Clint's other side, and trying to tuck the blankets in. Clint was already fast asleep, shaking with the cold, his skin clammy; Tony tucked his face against the back of Clint's neck.

"Jarvis... heat up... eighty degrees..."

"Sir, the current temperature of this room is eighty five degrees." Tony whined, cuddling against Clint.

"Then make it ninety."
Clint was woken up later on by Jarvis to retake more medicine, but he couldn't get up; Tony squirmed out of the blankets, grabbing the Tylenol, passing two and a bottle of water to Clint, before swallowing two himself.

"Sorry..." He mumbled, trying to lay back down, limbs trembling. Peter was still sleeping, face exhausted, sweat shining on his forehead. Clint swallowed quickly and nuzzled Tony.

"S'okay."

"Mmn." Tony nudged him back into his spot in the bed, and curled up against him. "Feels like... never gonna... end." He panted, hands trembling as he fixed the blankets around Clint and Peter. His friend nodded a little and closed his eyes, his face pressed into the pillow. "Didn't mean... to... get everyone... sick..." Tony mumbled, "...s'ry..." He closed his eyes, but he was too hungry to keep sleeping. Clint was fast asleep, not hungry at all, he was still too sick. Tony lay there, sweating in the bedding, too cold to get out, shaky and in pain, wishing he had something to eat. "Jarvis...?" He whispered dryly, "...will you... hold me... Jarvis...?" He slipped back into sleep, dreaming of his butler cradling his fevered body, stroking his hair, and telling him he would be alright.

"Of course, sir," his AI said, taking control over one of the new Iron man prototypes, having it march into Tony's room, and wrap his arms around the engineer. Tony blinked awake as he was pressed to the cold metal.

"What?" He shuddered hard against it, "Jarvis?" Tears cascaded down his cheeks as he realized what he must have said, and how much his creation cared for him, that Jarvis would use this to hold him. "Thank you..." He whispered, ignoring his shivering as he tucked his face against the metal, "...thank you, Jarvis..."

"Of course, young sir," he said, using the inner core system to heat up the metal just a little, since his scans noticed the cold metal did nothing good. Tony closed his eyes, imagining the immaculate suit, the smell of his oldest friend. Jarvis used to stroke his hair, and read him bedtime stories; when he was sick, Jarvis would hold him like this, and rock him gently, and feed him soup, and sing to him.

"Can... Jarvis... can you... tell me a story...?" He whispered hesitantly.

"Yes," he said. "There once was a boy, a prince nonetheless..." he trailed on, it had been Tony's favorite story from Jarvis, back when Tony's main goal was to make him an exact replica, he had embedded this story and a few others into his programming, but that was years ago. Tony sucked his lip between his teeth, trying to stop the tears, because he was a grown man, and he could deal with having a cold. But it felt so nice to just be held, in a platonic way, to remember the one person who had truly cared for him as a child. He didn't realize Jarvis was carrying him somewhere until the armor stepped into the workshop, and sank down to sit on the floor; Dummy wheeled over, concern clear in his worried beeps, and trailing a blanket, stained with grease, in his claw. You nudged a pillow across the floor, and Butterfingers stooped to help Dummy with the blanket. Together, all the bots managed to make some kind of bed, and began to whir together, as if to sing a lullaby. Tony lifted his head, looking up at them, his first children, his creations in the height of his loneliness.

"Hey..." He mumbled, "...I'm sorry... I'm so sorry I got busy... that I don't... spend enough time down here anymore..." He began to whimper when the armor rocked him gently, wrapped in a blanket, the thermostat moving up to ninety. Dummy moved closer, and wrapped his arm around Tony as best he could in a hug. "Oh." Tony whispered, tears increasing, as You and Butterfingers pressed close. Slowly the spider robot ambled over and curled up on Tony's belly. "You too, Troublemaker?" Tony blinked, and cuddled the bots, shivering hard, as Dummy wheeled off to...
bring him crackers. After a few attempts of crushing the crackers in his robot claw, he finally managed to hold up a whole cracker. Tony took it, chewing it up slowly, and it made him feel better immediately. Dummy whirred happily, and continued to feed him one cracker at a time, until Tony waved them away, taking Dummy's claw in his hand, and falling back asleep.
"Tony!" May searched every room on the common floor, and nothing, she checked his floor, and asked Jarvis, but he seemed distracted.

"Workshop." He said eventually. Steve followed her, and relaxed when he saw the robots circled around him. The sub was still asleep, every bot curled in close, beeping in warning when Steve and May got close.

"Jarvis? What's his temperature?"

"Ninety nine." Jarvis replied. May relaxed a little.

"They seem to be helping... and he looks happy. Should we leave him?"

"Jarvis? If he needs anything, bring him upstairs." Steve turned for the elevator. May smiled and followed her up.

"I'm glad he's better."

"Me too, it also gives us a timeline for Clint and Peter." Steve was glad that all the kids were napping, it was late afternoon. May nodded.

"They should come around by tomorrow."

"Yes," Steve sank onto the couch. "How are you feeling, May? Thor said Bruce has it."

"I am fine," she smiled, "I've taken care of Peter plenty of times when he was a sick little boy."

"I meant, are you cold? Or... I'm worried about you catching it, May." May patted his leg.

"I am fine, thank you."

"Promise you'll let me know if you start feeling sick." Steve looked her in the eye, she reminded him too much of his mother. He heard a soft call from the bedroom, "We'd best get some soup in them while the babies are sleeping." He picked up the bowl of tomato soup he'd cooled for Clint, and headed into the bedroom. "Hey, darling, how are you feeling?" Clint was still shaky, laying there, dark circles under his eyes.

"Not good... Duh."

"Okay," Steve frowned, he'd only been asking because he was worried. "I brought you some soup, you feel up to eating a little?" The sub shrugged and held his arms out for him, trying to sit up; Steve set the bowl aside, and helped Clint up, settling pillows behind him. "There you go, here, I'll feed you." He dipped the spoon into the soup, and held it to Clint's lip as May settled on Peter's side of the bed. Clint slurped the soup, his throat hurting.
"Sorry..."

"What for?" Steve asked, "It's acidic, it should help the soreness."

"For snapping ... At you," he whined and pressed his face to his chest, Steve kissed his forehead.

"Hush." He stroked Clint's hair back. Clint whimpered and nuzzled him.

"Don't be mad at me."

"I'm not mad, Clint. Please eat your soup." Steve murmured. The archer nodded and slowly started eating, wiping the tears from his eyes. Steve kissed a tear from his cheek. "Hey, shh, I'm not angry. It worries me to have you sick so close to your heat..." He nuzzled Clint's face. "Tony's supposed to take the whole pack to visit Bucky tomorrow, and everyone's sick but May and I." He sniffed and rubbed his nose, holding Steve.

"I dreamed that you were like Phil... It was horrible." Steve whined, setting the soup aside, and lifting Clint into his lap.

"Oh, darling... never, I'll never be that way. If I'm ever... tell me. And I'll stop." He kissed his nose. He nodded and nuzzled him happily, weakly trying to kiss him back.

"Love you." Steve rubbed behind Clint's ears, his sub's equivalent of Tony's purr/relax spot.

"I love you, too." The alpha murmured, "How about some more soup?" Clint nodded, and tried to eat some more, almost finishing it. Steve wiped his mouth, fed him two more Tylenol, and tucked another bottle of water by the pillows. "You want me to put a movie on really quiet? For distraction?" The sub shook his head softly.

"Can you stay?"

"Oh... darling... the kids are sleeping-"

"I can handle them, Steve. When Tony comes up I'll have him shower, and he can feed them soup with me." May cut him off.

"Are you sure?" Steve asked, but he wanted so badly to stay with Clint that he was already tucking his body under the blankets.

"I'm sure." May smiled, kissed Peter as he slipped back into slumber, and stepped out. Steve reached slowly to stroke Peter's hair, "Hey... how you feeling?"

"Lonely..." he admitted, rubbing his eyes, and burying farther into the blankets, with one foot sticking out cause his body couldn't make up his mind if he was too hot or too cold.

"I'm sorry," Steve murmured, "I've been trying to have more pack time, so that none of us will feel
"I'm not... lonely here," he said, "I just... want someone to love me like how you love Clint," he muttered, Steve sighed.

"I waited years for Clint," He murmured quietly, "I know it's hard, but there's someone out there, Peter, who'll treat you right. We're your family now, and we'll make sure of it." The young sub nodded, and closed his eyes, hugging a spare pillow. "We'll take care of you, Peter." Steve murmured, before he allowed himself to slide into sleep against his fevered omega.

Peter was really confused when he woke up next to Bruce.

"Mm." The beta hummed tiredly, blinking. "Thor?" He sat up a little, spotted his alpha on the other side of Peter, and relaxed down into the bedding. "Peter? How are you doing?" Bruce asked tiredly, obviously just getting over the worst of the cold. Thor reached over Peter to rub Bruce's side.

"Steven asked us to come and keep you warm." He explained. Peter blushed.

"You didn't have to do that, I didn't mean for Steve and Clint to leave," he groaned and rubbed his head.

"The kids needed them, and Clint was all better," Bruce yawned, "It's alright, we wanted to."

"Aye," Thor agreed, taking a moment to gently rub down Peter's side. Peter wasn't sure he liked having his back to an alpha yet, even if he was a pack mate. He slowly rolled onto his back, and he tried to fall back asleep. Thor withdrew his hand, feeling a little disheartened, then shifted to ruffle Bruce's hair, before relaxing against them, waiting for them to need something. Peter sat up, and rubbed his head.

"Thank you but... I'm going back to bed," he said, trying to get up, Thor frowned.

"Have I offended thee? I can leave, this is your place, and I did not mean to intrude." He was out of the bed in seconds, backing against the wall. Peter frowned and hugged himself, shaking.

"No, it's okay... you're mates, you should be with each other... I don't want to intrude," he said, going to the elevator; Bruce groaned, curling up in the blankets, and the elevator opened to put Tony and Peter face to face.

"Whatcha running from, Parker?" The genius ruffled his dirty hair, he, himself, was squeaky clean, and dressed in soft washed jeans, and a tank top, "Wanna talk about it? You need a shower, and then I have something to show you. But that depends on..."

"Temperature holding steady at ninety eight point six, sir." Jarvis replied.

"Wonderful." Tony patted Peter's shoulder, and scooped up his babies.

"I'm not running," he said, now feeling a little bit guilty. "What is it you wanted to show me?"

"It's a surprise. Do you feel up to it?" Tony didn't look as if he'd allowed himself much rest after the sickness. The other sub nodded and rubbed his eyes.

"Can I take a shower first?"
"Yeah, that was the idea, kid." Tony carried his children to the couch, settling down to nurse them. Peter nodded and walked off to his floor to shower. When he came back, he was in a pair of warm pajamas and his hair was a wet mess. Tony was rocking the twins slowly on the couch, trying not to let himself get more sleepy. He looked up, and smiled when he saw the other sub, pressing to his feet.

"Shall we?" He nudged Peter carefully toward the elevator, glancing at the doorway to Bruce first. When they stepped out, it was into lab five. "Tadaa! So I fitted it with all the standard tools, and I set it up open, in case you're like me."

"Wait what?" He asked, smiling. "What is this?" Tony hesitated, eyes sweeping Peter's face, scenting the air to make sure Peter wasn't annoyed.

"It's your workshop." The younger sub gasped.

"Mine!? Are you serious!"? He asked, running forward and running his hand over the table, the telescope, the tools.

"I'm completely serious. Jarvis is omnipotent here, though, remember that. If you make something dangerous, he very well might shut it down. He does it to me, too." Tony watched him inspect the tool boxes, and work spaces, the connections and screens, "Fully equipped with holographic interfaces, too." Peter laughed and played with the hologram until he had a small artificial cat running around the table top. He laughed and ran forward, hugging Tony. The older sub stumbled slightly, holding the twins, who patted Peter in question. "You... you like it?" Peter laughed and petted the babies.

"Are you kidding? It's amazing! Thank you!"

"You... did you not have a lab space before?" Tony asked, "In your old house? Because you built those webshooters, and I assumed..." He swallowed, "Is this your first workshop?" Peter shrugged. "I built everything in my room. I would go to the junkyard for pieces ... "

"You... well." Tony flushed, bouncing the twins on his hips, "Um... so... I made your first..." He flushed darker, "Its got everything you need, and, well, if it doesn't, tell Jarvis, and he'll order it in, uh... and I wasn't sure if you'd want the kids in here, so I didn't build a play area. I meant to show it to you sooner, but... we got busy." He smiled and hugged Tony again, nuzzling him.

"I'd be okay with you... Or me, building an area for them," he grinned, "I'd be good at watching them! I used to have to be careful aunt May never walked in on me before," he laughed.

"Oh? We don't hide our science here!" Tony mock exclaimed, and when Peter grinned, he felt something loosen in his chest, "I'm... if you want to build it, that's fine by me. Or... you know, together."

"Together," he nodded, "they're your kids."

"Well, and Char." Tony shrugged, "But yeah, more or less. I... you know, we really appreciate you and May watching them. But... I'm worried about your heat syncing up with Clint's. How... how long has it been?" Peter frowned, and scratched the back of his head.

"Uhm, I was supposed to have it with... Gwen but... Stuff happened and the heat didn't happen."

"What? You mean... did Hammer put you on suppressants?" Tony asked, "Are you still taking them, Peter?" The younger sub but his lip, and handed Tony the small bottle of blue pills, the same
kind that Clint used to take, and now left his heart weak; Tony sucked in a deep breath. "Baby blues... these are illegal, Peter..." He shoved them in his pocket, "...you have to let your body come down, okay? It's not... you'll just have a slightly more intense heat, but... look, whatever you need, if you don't want to tell me, tell Jarvis, he'll get it for you. When would it have been, Peter? What time of the month were your cycles?" Peter scratched his head.

"I think the third week of every month," he muttered.

"Third... okay," Tony chewed his lip, "So the same as Clint's... okay." He shifted the twins on his hips, "Okay, we can do this, Peter, but I need you to let Bruce check your heart, okay? These pills...."

"Clint was on those pills for most of his life, which is why he had a bad heart," he said. "I was only on them for two years... I'm okay."

"It effects everyone differently," Tony sighed, "Please, humor me. It'll take five minutes."

"Fine," he said, running a hand through his hair; Tony hunched his shoulders.

"Sorry... I... you were excited and I messed it up, I didn't mean to..." But Peter smiled and hugged Tony again.

"After Bruce checks me out, do you want to start on the play area?"

"Are you sure?" Tony asked softly. He nodded and smiled.

"Yeah! I want to."

"Okay, but... I can't believe I'm saying this, we should be careful because we just got over a cold."

"Sure," he said, shrugging.

"Okay, well... I think... Jarvis? Do we have a playpen?"

"Yes, sir, we do." Tony chewed the inside of his cheek.

"Where?"

"In the nursery closet, sir."

"Could you hold them while I go get it?" The older sub asked hesitantly, looking to Peter, who nodded and carefully took the babies, sitting down in his new plush swivel chair; Tony hurried to his task, struggling to fold the contraption out into shape when he brought it back. That done, he spread a thick blanket in the bottom, and dumped plush toys inside, alone with a few teething toys. "There. That should keep them occupied." He lifted the twins into the playpen, and they wiggled around in the toys. "So... what should we use? I have spare carpet, with extra thick padding... but to surround it, what?" He tapped his chin, then frowned, "I need to shave." Peter smiled.

"What if we used pillows?" Tony laughed.

"What about padded seats? Like benches in a square? And we could pad them? In my workshop, it's bookshelves."

"The seats sound good," he nodded,

"Alright, and we could have them open, and put some toys in them." Tony smiled, "Jarvis, pull up
"a scheme." Peter smiled and ran over to the scheme, adding a few things, and Tony shifted it, moving pieces. "So against that wall."

"Okay," he said, nodding, making it look nice.

"That means we only need three walls of benches."

"Right," he smiled and showed him the completed version.

"Yeah, and carpeted, so they won't get hurt."

"Yeah," he chuckled and added a nice blue carpet.

"Perfect." Tony saved it, and lifted James out of the playpen, to nurse. Peter started looking at some skateboards online.

"Hey Tony... can I ask you something?" He asked.

"Hmm?" Tony looked up from his baby, where he was sitting on the couch.

"What... what if I decided I wanted to go to college?"

"College?" Tony straightened up, "Which one? I went to MIT, but there are some great ones nearby, like-"

"I don't really care." He said softly. "I just... want to prove Jus... Hammer wrong." At that, Tony hummed.

"Well, what are you interested in? Science? Which kind?" He bounced James against his chest. The young man shrugged.

"I really like photography... and spiders... maybe something to do with a little engineering..."

"Okay, Jarvis, pull up NYU's class lists." Tony moved to sit closer to Peter, "So... take a mixture, Jarvis, sort out their photography classes, the engineering department, and... biology." The rest of the classes vanished, "What about... a major in photography, and a minor in biology, with an elective Engineering class? Maybe... what kind of engineering?"

"Maybe... robotics?" he shrugged, "I liked building the web shooters."

"Alright, robotics." Tony waved, the other engineering classes vanished. "Now... NYU offers... heat leave, because I give them a substantial donation for their omega dorms every year. Jarvis, pull up the application for Peter, please, with these... four classes to start with." Peter put a hand out.

"Wait! I don't even know how much it costs!" He said.

"Peter?" Tony touched his shoulder, "You're part of my pack, I'm paying for it." The other sub smiled timidly.

"You really don't have to... I mean, you've done so much already."

"Peter, come on, I have an entire college fund set aside for every child already born, and enough for each of use to have two sets of twins... I'm a billionaire, let me..." Peter let out a soft sigh, and he wrapped his arms tight around Tony. "Thank you."
"Hey... it's the least I can do. Besides, the more Os we can get into school, the better we can work on change." Tony hummed, the hugging was taking some getting used to. The young inventor nodded, and nuzzled him.

"Wow... so, the application! I'll fill it out today."

"Good, the turn in date for Spring is... January first." Tony patted his shoulder, "I think... I'm going to nurse Nia, then go to my lab."

"Okay," he smiled, "I guess I'll go see Bruce..."

"Okay." Tony replied, smiling, as he picked Antonia up, and settled the contented Jamie into the playpen. He nodded and left, going to knock in Bruce's door.

"Don't say it." Tony mumbled, rubbing his face against Bucky's chest, the next day. "I know I look like shit. I'm sorry," His scent had the bitter, cloying scent of residual sickness.

"What the hell happened?" Bucky asked, nuzzling to top of his head.

"What do you mean?" Tony frowned, "I'm fine, I just... we got a cold."

"Oh, okay," he nuzzled him, and sighed. "I'm sorry I wasn't there."

"It was... Jarvis took care of me, and Steve and Clint. But then Clint got it, and Peter... Bruce... all of them. The kids got it pretty mild yesterday."

"I'm sorry I couldn't take care of you," he nuzzled him.

"It's alright." Tony whispered, "Focus on you, okay? Please?"

"It's hard," he shook his head. "I shouldn't be here."

"I know," The sub rubbed his shoulders, "I know. It's going to be alright. You didn't catch a fever from us, did you? You're feeling okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine," he smiled and kissed him.

"Okay." Tony nuzzled him softly, "I... wow, it was the worst flu I've gotten in a while." The alpha nodded and hummed.

"Well, at least you're better now."

"Mm." Tony shivered as Bucky's hand wrapped around his throat, gently dominating him.

"I love you," he hummed, and scooted them so he was on top of Tony.

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, letting Bucky press him into the floor, covering the sub with his body. Bucky nuzzled his neck and hummed.

"Not too much longer."

"Y-yeah." Tony mumbled, feeling Bucky rolling his body gently, flexing muscles, checking him over inch by inch.
"Has Steve been good to you?" He asked, and Tony tensed.

"In what way? What did you tell him to do!? Is he only being nice because you s-said to?" The sub began to shake, "Of course, yeah... they're only... because you said to..."

"No! That's not it at all, I just want to make sure that you're being taken care of," he kissed him, "If Steve and the others are being nice, it's of their own will." Tony slumped against the floor, shaking softly.

"Oh..." He breathed, tears in his eyes, "...Clint... made up with me..." He whimpered as Bucky's hands travelled up his sides and over his chest and neck. Bucky kissed him again.

"That's good. I'm happy for both of you."

"Okay... do you... do you need...?" He still felt weak from the sickness, but he'd do whatever Bucky needed. The dom shook his head.

"I'm okay, thank you."

"Kay..." Tony closed his eyes, taking a few shaky breaths.

"How are the kids?" His mate asked.

"Tired, but they're here, and the pack." Tony murmured.

"Let's get them inside," he hummed, Tony nodded, trying to get up, but Bucky growled softly.

"Honey?" The sub murmured, and Bucky pressed him back down on the couch softly.

"I will get them... you stay there, looking sexy." Tony swallowed.

"Yes, sir." He stayed down, obedient, as Bucky let the rest of his pack in, taking the pups from Steve, smiling as he nuzzled them.

"Hey, Buck." Steve hugged him gently. Bucky nuzzled his shoulder since his arms were full.

"Hey, you been good?"

"Me? Yes. They were all sick, it was... tiring. But..."

"Yeah," he nodded, "Thanks for looking after them."

"I had May's help, and Thor, and Clint." Steve smiled, hugging his sub to his side. Clint nuzzled Steve, still a little fatigued.

"C'mon, everyone in!" The guard ordered. The pack growled, pushing in, and gathering around Bucky, nuzzling him. Bucky growled at the guard, and nuzzled his pack mates, feeling himself become so much more relaxed. The omega sat up on the couch, holding his arms out for Bucky, and the pack settled around them on the floor and cushions, nuzzling him.

"Five more weeks." Tony whispered.

"It'll be okay, right Nia?" He smiled; the baby girl clung to her daddy, bright eyed and happy, while Jamie lay his head on Bucky's chest, yawning, and tired. He hummed them a soft song, bouncing them a little. Nia bounced happily, patting his face.
"Dadada!" She exclaimed, and Jamie just yawned again. The alpha chuckled.

"Have you been good for mommy?" Tony was snoring softly against Bucky's side, shadows under his eyes. James rubbed his eyes sleepily, reaching for Tony, and gave a loud wail when Tony didn't take him. Bucky chuckled and kissed his son's head before gently easing him against his mother; the baby patted Tony's face, and sniffled, before laying down, and falling asleep. Bucky smiled and kissed Nia's head. "My pretty girl," she giggled and nuzzled against his chest, pulling at a stray thread on his shirt, and with his prisoner ID. He hummed and let her pull it, he didn't really care.

"So," Bruce smiled up at him, "Tony's encouraged Peter to go to college, and he's sending him to NYU."

"Yeah?" He smiled and winked at Peter. "Good for you, education is important." Peter flushed.

"He... I was going to save up, go to... I don't know..." Bruce patted his shoulder.

"NYU is the only school in fifty miles that admits Os." He reminded the omega, "And Tony wants to pay for it."

"Mnn... friends go there..." Tony mumbled, Bucky nodded.

"The school will be good for you, Peter. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"I... yeah." Peter let himself smile, leaning up against Tony's side. The imprisoned alpha smiled and nodded.

"And how are you, May?"

"Perfectly well, I must have already had the cold, because I didn't get it." She stroked Bucky's hair, "It's been... amazing not to have to work at the diner," Tony blinked at her reluctance, not sure why she sounded slightly sad. Bucky nodded, not noticing.

"I'm glad you enjoy it," he said, stretching out, letting Nia sprawl out on his chest; Tony shifted, wiggling to lay his body between Bucky's lags, his head on the dom's belly. May smiled, and leaned to continue stroking the alpha's hair, eyes calm. It was Thor who tucked his body under his alpha's head and shoulders, Steve and Clint under Tony's legs, trying to just feel their entire pack as much as they could. Bucky smiled brightly and hugged as much of the pack as he could, his eyes closed as he breathed in their scents. Hands stroked and brushed each other's skin, fingers carded through blond, brown, and red locks, until Charlotte was happily yawning in May's lap on the floor against Thor's legs. Bucky fell asleep, he felt amazing, being surrounded by those he loved and was loved by; but it couldn't last, eventually, they all sat up, heads down, and Tony gripped Bucky's hand.

"Look," He put his mouth to Bucky's ear, "Jarvis is imbedded in the prison security system, I've seen them talk about taking your arm. Don't let them." Bucky's eyes went wide and he nodded.

"I won't let them, I swear." "If they try, tell me." Tony insisted. "Tell Jarvis."

"I will," he nodded, kissing him softly.

"Promise." Tony nuzzled his face, "I love you. I... I'll see you next week, without the pack."

"Promise," he nodded, "okay, I love you so much." Tony hesitantly lifted the twins from the floor,
and stepped out. Bucky frowned when he was led from the visitation room into a room filled with machines.

"Mr. Barnes, please lie down, we need to remove your... prosthetic, to be sure it houses no weapons." The doctor gestured to the table, obviously hoping complacency from pack bonding would make him cooperative. He gasped and growled.

"No! Jarvis!" He shouted, digging his feet into the ground. All the lights shut off immediately, machines refused to work, and alarms sounded, along with a very not Jarvis like voice.

"Step away from James Barnes. Illegal removal of prosthetic limb will not be allowed!" Bucky managed to elbow the guard in the face, and he took a step back, panting. Other guards opened the door, and pulled him out.

"Don't fight, look," He tapped a tiny pin under his badge, the colors of the iron man armor, "Hurry, this way." Bucky growled angrily until he understood what was going on, and he followed them.

"Where are we going?!"

"A more secure cell area, we're here to stop them from taking your arm until the trial." The man, obviously a beta, informed him. The alpha nodded, and let him take him.

"I won't let them take my arm, not even at the trial."

"No, of course not. But your mate is working through three lawsuits against the prison, and it's taking time. He needs someone inside to say they saw them trying to take your arm."

"Ah... okay," he said, nodding his head and following him the rest of the way in silence.

"Just be calm, be quiet, we can't give them any reason to say you disobeyed or caused problems."

"Okay," he said, nodding.

Clint was sitting in his living room, sharing cookies with Charlotte. "Mama... can we watch the snow movie? With uncle Tony?" She asked, nibbling her cookie.

"You mean Frozen?" he asked, nodding his head. "Sure, why don't you go ask him?" Charlie looked at the elevator.

"Alone?" She asked, nervous.

"You can do it," he smiled, "Just press the very top number, do you want me to go with you?" Char hesitated.

"Top." She stood, padding over to it, and pushing the call button, before ambling into the boxy structure, and stretching up on her toes to push the top button.

"Good luck," he smiled at her, waving as the door shut; Tony blinked when the elevator doors slid open on his floor.

"Hello?" He straightened out of his yoga pose, trying to learn to be flexible again, "Charlie? You came up all alone? C'mere, the twins are napping." Charlie ran over and leaped into his arms, smiling.
"Wanna watch the snow movie with mama and me?"

"Both of you?" Tony hefted her up against his chest, "I guess, sure." He needed to relax, Bucky's trial was in a week and a half, Clint and Peter's heats would start within days, stress had gathered in his muscles. "The twins are asleep, let me get them, okay?" Charlie smiled and nodded, crawling out of his arms so he could get the twins. "Wait by the couch." Tony stepped over to the bedding in the play area, and gently lifted the sleeping twins out, "Alright, let's go." Charlie smiled and ran into the elevator.

"What one?" She asked, pointing to the buttons.

"Hmm, well, your mama lives on..." Tony pointed to a middle button. She pressed the button and smiled up at Tony, grasping his pant leg. "Great job!" Tony bounced softly, quietly.

"Thanks!" she chirped up, and ran out of the elevator when the doors opened up, Tony followed more slowly.

"Um... where can I lay them down?" He asked softly. Clint smiled.

"Um, I guess in Charlie's bed, if she doesn't mind? I can set up the baby monitor if you want." Tony hesitated.

"I don't know... what if they need me...?" At that, Clint hummed.

"You can lay them down in the recliner," he shrugged, Tony shook his head.

"They could fall... sorry, I'm just... sorry." he chewed his lip, "Can we lay a blanket on the floor?" Clint nodded, and grabbed a spare, laying it down flat, the submissive settled the babies into it, and stroked their heads when they stirred. Clint smiled, and set up the movie, pulling Charlotte into his lap. "You sure you want me...?" Tony asked quietly, chewing his lip as he sank down to sit on the edge of the couch.

"Perfectly," he smiled, pressing play, and he offered him some cookies. The sub slowly took one, and let himself lean back, Charlotte climbing happily into his lap. "Your gonna sing all the words, right Charlie?" Char pulled Tony's beard playfully.

"Uncle Tony sings too!" She demanded.

"Maybe if you ask nicely, you'll get what you want," Clint grinned.

"Uncle Tony," Charlotte settled her hands in her lap primly, "Sing wi'me?" Tony sighed, trying not to smile.

"Yeah, okay." Clint smirked and continued eating his cookies; Charlotte clung to Tony as the movie progressed, poking at him when he didn't sing loud, "Shh, though, the twins are sleeping, Char." He attempted after one such poke.

"Yeah, quiet singing," Clint told her, Charlotte pouted, and leaned up against Tony's chest, and hugging his arm.

"Trolls!" She exclaimed, "Trolls are... his pack? Krisoff. Krissof's pack... is trolls?" She tried to clarify and Tony nodded.

"I guess so, little lady."
"But..."

"But they gotta fix Anna's heart, remember?" He smiled at Charlie.

"Her heart?" Charlie climbed over into Clint's lap, "Mama? Did daddy fix you heart?" Her tiny palm spread open on his chest, "You... sad, and... then daddy..." Clint hadn't realized they were going to have this conversation. He nodded and kissed her head.

"Yeah, daddy fixed my heart," he smiled.

"What happen... to it afore?" She said, careful and meticulous. Tony bit his lip.

"Charlie? Don't ask your mama that, it's... like with Anna, okay?" Clint shook his head.

"She has to be present at the trial... She has a right to know." Tony ducked his head.

"Sorry..." He scooted away, swallowing, and Charlotte cocked her head.

"Mama?" Clint have her a big hug,

"There was a man before daddy... I loved him a lot, and I begged him to give me a daughter. He finally gave me you... But he told me because of his job, he couldn't stay. He broke my heart more then once... and then you were born, and after almost a year, your daddy and I finally started to be together," he hummed. "I know it's wrong to be with more than one alpha..." Tony tried to hide his flinch at that, pulling one knee up to his chest, and putting his hand on Clint's shoulder to support him.


"Thanks baby girl. We have a little bit of a problem though," he told her. "In a week and a half... you, me and daddy are gonna go meet my old alpha... He wants you back." Charlotte clung to him.

"No! No... no, mommy, I don't wanna go!" She burrowed under Clint's chin, eyes wide.

"I know, and we won't let you! Daddy and I love you so much. I won't let him take you from me," he said, hugging her tight. She sniffed against his neck, shaking softly, and Tony jerked as Nia began to cry.

"Ah..." He hurried to pick her up, but she'd already woken Jamie. Clint nuzzled her.

"It's okay baby girl, shhh," he tried to calm her down. Jamie whimpered and rubbed his eyes; Tony lifted him up, and hugged them to his chest.

"I..."

"Mama... why?" Char whined.

"I don't know," he shook his head. "He wanted us to be a family... Maybe he thinks he can change his mind? But he can't," Clint muttered, Charlotte nuzzled her mother's skin, and Tony sway awkwardly to quiet Antonia's crying.

"I should, uh, go..." Tony mumbled, biting his lip, "Maybe?" Clint shook his head, and rubbed his eyes.

"No, please stay? The movie is only half over." Tony bit his lip.
"She's crying, it doesn't bother you?" He asked timidly, struggling to hold Nia up. The other sub shook his head.

"I mean, if you want to go calm her down and then come back..."

"It's... if it doesn't bug you, I'm just... going to nurse her here." Tony sat down, shifting the twins in his arms.

"Yeah, go ahead," he smiled and patted the spot besides him. The other omega settled him back against the cushions and pulled his shirt down, letting both the twins latch on.

"You okay?" He asked Clint quietly; Clint nodded, letting out a deep breath.

"Yeah... the trial is going to be difficult," he said softly, Tony nodded, trying not to think about it.

"Yeah... but I meant... about your custody hearing."

"What do you mean?" he asked, frowning.

"I didn't mean Bucky's trial? The court date you have to attend is just a hearing, to see if there's any case against you keeping Char." Tony explained, "You'll just walk in, the judge will talk, ask a few questions, and... if they decide that... he deserves a chance, then you'll go back to court over custody. If not, the judge will dismiss the case, and you'll keep custody." Clint nodded in understanding, and hugged Charlie, surprised Tony was worried about them.

"Even if he is given a chance... he can't be her father. Steve is her father."

"Of course not," Tony tried to get an arm free so he could scratch his shoulder, but he was covered in nursing baby, "I... I have a lawyer, he'll work your case and Bucky's if the judge lets Coulson fight for her." He nodded at Charlotte, who had, miraculously, fallen asleep. "You're not alone in this, you know we'll all fight for her." Clint smiled and nuzzled Tony's shoulder.

"Thank you..." The brunette omega blinked.

"Um... you're our pack, Clint... we would never let him take her..." He slowly shifted and kissed Clint softly on the lips, "We're here for you. I know it seems like... I guess like we're all focused on Bucky's trial, which, I'm not gonna lie, is really stressful... but we won't ignore this." The archer smiled and gently kissed him back.

"Thank you. I know Bucky's trial is important... I'm really nervous about seeing him again as well," he muttered. "I haven't seen him since the last time he visited when she was only a year old." Tony nodded slowly.

"I know." Tony sighed softly, "It just... when it rains it pours, right? It's a lot to deal with, but... I'm a multitasker, so I'll be there with you. I... uh... unless you don't want me to be. I mean, I'm sure having the unpredictable and horrible sub Tony Stark on your side at the hearing won't give you any good points..."

"Probably not, but what are best friends for?" He chuckled and squeezed his hand, Tony sighed.

"Yeah... I know, I'm not a helpful case point. But I'll... if you want, I'll go, and wait outside of the..." He gripped Clint's hand. Clint chuckled.

"Tony I was joking. I'd like it if you were there... you know a lot more about law."
"Sadly, yes," Tony nodded, "But it's true, I'm not... when judges see me, they tend to rule in the other person's favor." He ran his fingers through his hair. Clint shrugged.

"I guess it's up to you whether to go or not," he muttered.

"Clint, I'm just letting you know so you won't be surprised by... how they treat us if I'm with you."

Clint nodded and leaned on his shoulder. "I don't want to jeopardize your chances. You and Steve... you're like... the picture of happy, perfect couple." The blond snorted.

"I wish we were," he hummed.

"You're not happy?" Tony turned, looking up at him, "You guys seem happy..."

"I am! We are happy... I just wish we could have gone on more dates and stuff, we don't really do much together besides occasionally sneak away to have sex, which is great! But..." he shrugged,

"But not what you're built for. I get it," Tony sighed, "Lack of... you know, dates, is an issue all around. Bruce and Thor go on dates once a week, and... they seem so..." He laughed, "But they don't have kids, or heats, so..." He rubbed his thumb over Clint's hand, "Hey, uh, after I get Bucky out, we'd, you know, we'd gladly watch Charlie one night a week."

"Yeah?" He smiled, "I just wish Steve and I could go before this week, before my heat, before I get pregnant..." he shrugged. "Maybe after morning sickness ends, we can go out."

"Morning sickness doesn't start for a couple weeks, so..." Tony chewed roughly at his lip, "...maybe you could go tonight, I can watch her." As he spoke, Steve stepped out of the elevator.

"Hey, baby." He leaned to kiss his mate's forehead, "Want me to go lay Charlie down?"

"Maybe," he muttered and smiled at Steve, "sure, I told her about the hearing... so I hope she's okay," he said.

"Well, I could nap... maybe I'll lay down with her." Steve smiled softly. Clint sighed and nodded, smiling at him.

"Sure, Tony and I will finish the movie," he said, handing Charlotte to him; Steve lifted her gently, and carried her into the bedroom; Tony lay Nia and Jamie back on the blankets.

"So...?" The brunette asked, and Clint shrugged.

"He wants to take a nap, so I guess we’re not going anywhere," he muttered.

"Are you serious? Clint, you didn't tell him you wanted to go, how is he supposed to know?"

"I want him to take the initiative and ask me out." He muttered. "We only go out if I say something..."

"Uh..." Tony blinked at him, "...Clint, he's taken you on dates he chose and planned... remember the picnic he took you on? And the date to that Italian restaurant? I watched Charlie for that one, and then he took you to that cute little diner..." He trailed off, "He's a little distracted, you might have to drop a hint. He's not a mind reader."

"The picnic was my idea," he muttered, and sighed. "Okay... maybe we can go after Charlie's bedtime." Tony dropped his hand.

"Okay." He looked up at the screen, the movie nearing the end, and tried not to speak. He pressed
down the words that wanted to come out, about the one disastrous date he and Bucky had gone on, because he knew Clint wouldn't appreciate hearing about it. Clint looked at Tony's face and grinned.

"You're gonna explode if you don't talk." The brunette omega winced at his words.

"No I'm not." He pulled a knee up, "I was just thinking you two should talk more, since you... well, there are things you want that he doesn't know about." He avoided Clint's gaze.

"I just want to be surprised, I guess," he sighed. "Everything is always strategically planned out with him." Tony lay his head on his knee.

"That might just be how Steve is." He muttered, "It's hard to be spontaneous when you have kids." Clint shrugged and rubbed his eyes.

"Yeah, I know. It's okay," he smiled.

"It's not okay, obviously, since you're upset." Tony shrugged a shoulder, "Talk to him, Clint. Maybe he could plan in the background, you know, without telling you, then surprise you with it once he'd done that."

"It's not much of a surprise if I know it's coming," he chuckled,

"I did say 'without' telling you. I mean he could ask me to watch Char, make reservations, whatever, then be like 'surprise, we're going out' but then, y'know, he won't know if you want to, or if you'll like the place, or if you had other plans..." Tony chewed his lip, it was really hard to talk about this, when his own dom was in prison, "It's worth a try."

"I don't want to stress him out," he chuckled, "I'll just ask him tonight." Tony nodded slowly.

"If that's what you want." He lay his head back, closing his eyes for a minute, "mnn..."

"Are you okay?" He asked.

"Yeah, just a little headache." Tony shrugged, "It's fine. Just... yeah." Bucky didn't have sex with me, so I'm having fucking knot withdrawals. He thought, but said nothing.

"I got some medicine in the cabinet," he said, pointing his thumb to the kitchen.

"Okay. Wanna watch another movie?"

"Uh... I guess. Can it not be about... true love and all that? Because I'm not really in the mood for..." He trailed off, "Unless you are, which, you know, by all means-" Clint smiled and put on breaking bad, hoping they both would like it, Tony blinked at the screen, "Oh." He relaxed, laying his head on Clint's shoulder, and rubbing his hand automatically over his thigh. A noise behind him had Tony tensing.

"Clint? Can I talk to you?" Steve's eyes were focused on Tony's hand, still on Clint's thigh. Clint turned his head and nodded, getting up and going over to Steve, where Tony couldn't hear them.

"What's up?" The alpha brushed his hand over where Tony's had been,

"I just... I don't like..." He took a deep breath, trying to push his dominance down, "I'm not like Bucky, I can't handle you and Tony fooling around. Please? If... if that really bothers you, then you
can keep... I'm not trying to control you." Tony was curled up in a tiny ball at the far end of the couch, hugging his knees to his chest as he waited for Clint. The blond sub swallowed thickly and kissed Steve on the lips.

"If it bothers you, then we won't do it anymore. Okay?"

"I... sorry." Steve hugged him tight. "It does... it bothers me, I don't like..." He kissed Clint softly, on the forehead, the cheeks, nose, chin, then suckled softly on his throat. "I... I want to take you somewhere, after Char wakes up, if May will watch her." Clint hummed softly, and dug his fingers into Steve's arms.

"Tony says you're not a mind reader, but I think you are," he teased. "I was gonna ask you if you wanted to go out."

"You were?" Steve blinked in surprise, "Well, why don't you finish this episode, because I want to be here until Char wakes up." He kissed Clint's nose. "And... thank you for understanding... about the touching." The archer smiled and kissed him back.

"No problem, go sleep," he smiled and nuzzled him before walking back to the couch, where Tony smiled hesitantly up at him.

"What'd Steve want?" He asked, wriggling down against Clint's side contentedly.
When All the Doors Close

Chapter Summary

Shortish chapter this time around, some sad stuff, we really enjoy your comments.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clint smiled at Tony,

"He saw your hand on my leg and got over protective... I'm sorry, he doesn't want us to touch each other like that or kiss anymore... but this is okay," he said quickly before Tony could move. If it wasn't okay with Steve, he'd have to talk to the man. He was a cuddler by nature! Tony's muscles tensed, and he fought down the hurt before it could enter his scent. Bucky had told him he could ask for relief from Clint, and only Clint, but that option was gone now.

"Okay." He cleared his throat to try and stop the melancholy tone, "Um... so... sometime could you watch the twins for me...? So I can... it's been awhile since I showered." Clint nodded,

"Of course... we're also going out tonight," he said.

"Oh, alright. Maybe I'll have May and Peter... never mind, I said I'd watch Char." Tony slowly removed himself from Clint's side, rubbing a hand through his hair. Clint nodded.

"I'm really sorry..."

"What for?" Tony attempted a nonchalant tone, fixing his shirt, "I can shower tomorrow, uh, am I watching her for your heat? Because Peter's should be picking up... and it's the same basic time as yours."

"For Steve's rule," he muttered and nodded, "I'd really like it if you would watch her during that time." Tony looked down at the twins.

"I'll do my best. I just... I'm afraid of messing up like that... time..." He hunched his shoulders, "...and whatever, about Steve's, I mean, uh, there's not an issue with, it's not like we really-" Clint shrugged.

"If our alphas went on another mission together, it would've been nice to know I could come to you like when I was pregnant..." he shrugged; Tony looked away, fighting the urge to curl up miserably.

"He can't tell you not to... if you're pregnant. It would be cruel to not give you any relief." He sucked in a breath, realizing what he'd just said, and how it could be taken, as Bucky had left him alone most of his pregnancy. The archer nodded.

"I tried to help you out... you didn't really let me." Tony swallowed.

"It's not important, and... once he was back, I mean, I thought, and then he left. It's not important." He pushed that aside, "Forget it."
"It is important..." he said, nuzzling him, "I think he's been really trying to be good." Tony shivered, closing his eyes.

"It was fine. He wanted Hydra gone, it was more important than me being in need, we've established that." Clint frowned.

"He did it for his pack's safety..." Tony turned to look at him,

"Did I say he didn't? Did I say anything wrong? I said it was more important, I'm not being resentful, or sarcastic. I'm stating a fact." Clint shrugged.

"I dunno..." he muttered and watched the TV, Tony ran his hands over his face.

"You're upset, and I don't really understand why. I wasn't trying to complain, I was just trying to say Steve wouldn't..."

"I'm not upset, I just don't think Bucky really meant to prioritize you and Hydra... you are important, to the point where if there was a problem, and you called him, he would have been there in a heartbeat."

"Clint, that's not true." Tony sighed, "I asked him, we were talking, and he said he had to. Even though I asked him to... forget it, I'm not talking about this." Clint pulled Tony against his side and nuzzled him.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?" Tony asked again, his hands shaking.

"For upsetting you," he muttered,

"You didn't." The brunette muttered, "I'm fine."

"Okay," he said, yawning softly. When the show ended, Clint turned it off and went to see if Steve and Charlie were up. The alpha was dressed in a dark pair of jeans, and a tight shirt, shoes on, hair smooth. And he was carefully braiding Charlotte's hair.

"Hey, baby, get dressed, I'll help Tony get the kids upstairs." At his alpha's words, Clint hummed and smiled at how hot Steve looked. He nodded and walked over to his closet, grabbing his nicest pair of jeans and his cleanest shirt; Steve lifted the sleepy two and a half year old, and headed out to where Tony was picking up his children.

"Hey." Tony muttered, "Where you two going?" Steve smiled.

"Out, we'll be back soon. Are you still willing to watch her?" He asked.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Tony frowned, Nia was pulling at a strand of his hair, and Jamie was trying to pull his shirt down to nurse. Steve smiled.

"Just wanted to make sure, I know your hands are already full." Tony arched a brow.

"My hands are always full, it's just babies this time around." Steve nodded, then turned his gaze to Charlie.

"You be good for uncle Tony, understand?" She nodded, reaching for the omega.

"Hands. Full." Tony sighed, "Okay, let's see, Charlotte, you want to ride on my back?" He asked,
"Or can you be my big helper and push the elevator buttons?" He saw her eyes light up, and grinned down at her, "Alright, I'm gonna need all your help taking care of these babies tonight, how about it?"

"Yeah yeah!" She climbed down from Steve's arms, and jabbed the call button for the elevator.

"Brush your teeth tonight!" Steve told her, earning a disgruntled look from the young girl.

"It's alright, Charlie, remember our secret?" Tony flashed a look at Steve, and leaned down, "The super special toothpaste?" It foamed up bright colors when you brushed, and Charlotte loved it. She gasped, and looked at Steve.

"I will Daddy! I pwomise!" Tony smiled as the doors opened, and Steve's face hardened into a frown.

"What did you say to her?"

"It's a secret." Tony stepped into the elevator, but Steve grabbed his arm.

"I told her to brush, that should be enough, I don't need-"

"And I didn't tell her not to!" Tony pulled away, "Calm down, Rogers." Clint came out when he heard raised voices.

"What's going on!?"

"Ask your he-man." Tony grunted, and Steve's eyes narrowed.

"I told Charlotte to brush her teeth, and he whispered something to her, and I want to know what." Clint looked at Tony.

"Was it about the toothpaste?" He asked. Charlie loved to tell him about it.

"Yeah..." Tony muttered, "...why should it...? It's our secret, and I don't want her to be upset."

"It's fine, thank you, Tony, I'm glad you can get her to brush her teeth," he said, trying to pull Steve away from the elevator; Steve resisted.

"Clint, I have every right to ask him not to keep secrets with-" Tony grimaced as the elevator doors shut.

"It's toothpaste, Steve!" Clint said. "Their secret is that the toothpaste changes colors when you brush! That's how he gets her to do it!" Steve hunched his shoulders.

"Okay." He muttered, "I just... I'm on edge, and I don't... if he's saying things..."

"Why are you on edge?" he asked, frowning. "Cause Tony put his hand on my leg nearly an hour ago?" Steve ducked his head.

"Your heat's coming up, and it made me uncomfortable... and I don't want him undermining me to Char..." Clint let out a soft sigh and gripped either side of Steve's face.

"They're just playing. Tony knows better than to go against my rules with Charlie... He knows them, and he enforces them, but he tries to find fun ways to do it."

"You're sure? He's not really a rule-" Steve fell silent, "Okay. I trust you, Clint. I really do." He
lifted the sub into a kiss, "Let's go, and you don't get to know where we're going until we get there." He wrapped his arm around Clint's shoulders. Clint relaxed and smiled, kissing him back. He wrapped his arm around Steve's waist and nodded.

"I think you are a mind reader."

"Me?" Steve blinked, "I... don't think so? I've been trying to plan this for awhile, but... the other days you asked to watch a movie, or do something else." Steve grinned, handing Clint a helmet as they stepped into the garage, "We're taking the bike." Clint shrugged and smiled, pulling the helmet on his head, he secretly loved the way the bike made him feel, it got him all tingly; Steve settled onto the modified Harley, and beckoned Clint to get on behind him, "Let's get going." The bike rumbled to life, and he grinned when Clint's arms wrapped around him; it was one of the main reasons he liked taking Clint on the bike. He accelerated out onto the streets, and out through the city. Clint tightened his arms around him and smiled brightly, enjoying the feeling of the wind on his body. He missed archery sometimes, being up in high places, being perfectly still until he had the perfect shot. Steve pulled the bike up to a diner, "I thought food first."

"First?" He asked, sliding the helmet off of his head.

"First." Steve repeated, laughing, "C'mon, in here." He kissed Clint's head, "I found this diner with Jarvis's help, they pay omegas equal wages to betas and alphas." Clint's eyes were wide.

"Really? That's incredible," he smiled and looked around. It was a nice place, small, permeated with good smells. The staff seemed happy, smiling, and chatting with each other and their patrons.

"Yeah, I want to support places like this." Steve beamed.

"Hello, two?" A beta waiter asked softly.

"Yes, two, thank you." The alpha nodded, leading Clint deeper into the diner, "Their head cook is a sub."

"I bet he makes amazing food," Clint said, taking a seat across from Steve, smiling happily. "Can I get a coke?"

"Anything you want," Steve beamed, "Tony had new debit cards issued, so-"

"You mean Tony Stark!?" The waiter exclaimed, dropping his pen, "He's amazing! If not for his foundation, we wouldn't exist! His lawyers have been pushing for these law changes that allow omegas more freedom in their jobs!" Clint nodded.

"Yeah, Tony's pretty awesome," he said, smiling weakly.

"Wow... that's wow. Just, sorry." He grabbed his pen, "Uh, a coke, and-?"

"I'll have a root beer, and we'll need a minute to look at the menus."

"Thanks," Clint said, and opened his menu, letting out a deep breath, Steve reached to rub his neck.

"You alright?"

"Yeah... I'm okay. I love Tony, but I really don't want to talk about him while we're trying to have a date," he smiled. Steve nodded.

"I see, alright." He flicked through the menu, and smiled, "I think I'll have a steak, and a baked
potato. Don't get dessert."

"Alright," he snorted, and looked through the menu, "I guess I'll have a rare cheeseburger, with curly fries," he hummed.

"That sounds great," Steve smiled as the waiter wrote it down, and hurried to get their drinks. "So, I thought we could just... relax for the evening." Clint shrugged.

"Yeah, okay," he grinned.

"Well, as much as we can relax with what I've planned." Steve laughed softly, and took Clint's hand in his own, sipping his drink as soon as it was set on the table. Clint squeezed his hand.

"Are we going to an amusement park or something?"

"You'll see." Steve's eyes shone with amusement, "You'll see." He stroked Clint's knuckles with his thumb, "I love you, Clint. I'm so excited to... to make our family bigger." Clint's cheeks turned red and he nodded.

"I'm excited too, I can't wait to give Charlotte a little brother or sister."

"She's going to love it." Steve nodded happily, "I can't wait, it's going to be amazing."

"Yeah," he smiled and leaned over the table, nuzzling him. "It's gonna suck that I can't sprawl out on the couch buck ass naked anymore."

"Says who?" Steve laughed, "You can in just boxers," He nosed against Clint's cheek, "Anyway, I know we haven't been... getting to go out much, and I want to change that. So, during the pregnancy, I'm going to take you out, often." The sub grinned.

"I think you just want to show me off," he teased him.

"Of course I do! Look how lucky I am, how much I got that I didn't deserve. I have a beautiful family, and I want everyone to know it. Especially you." Clint smiled and kissed him again.

"Thanks... I hope we get to all stay together... just us."

"We will." Steve growled softly, then took a deep breath, relaxing himself, "We will, I promise." He blinked as the waiter settled their plates in front of them.

"Can I get you anything else?"

"Coffee, please," Clint smiled and took a large sip of his coke, he needed more sugar. The waiter hurried to comply, bringing him coffee, and a little pitcher of cream. The alpha leaned to cup Clint's face.

"I love you." Clint hummed and smiled at him.

"I love you too," he said, nuzzling the hand. They chatted easily, over the course of their meal, until Steve lead Clint outside, and kicked the bike back on.

"Next location," He laughed, and they took off. "Tadaa!" He helped Clint remove his helmet in the parking lot, "Look, paintball!" He exclaimed, "And what's that, next door? An ice cream parlor?"

"Paintball!? Are you serious!?" He beamed and kissed Steve hard, wrapping his arms around the alphas neck, "Paintball first then Ice cream!!"
"That's the plan," Steve's excitement was scentable, "I'm so glad you like the idea!" He pulled Clint toward the indoor paintball arena, paying for two suits, and two guns. "You wanna be against each other? Or join someone else's arena?"

"Against each other," Clint laughed, taking his gun, wondering how his skills, although rusty, would compare to the super soldier's skills.

"Pick a course," Steve kissed his cheek, "There are... three open." Clint picked the first one, and he ran in, smiling, aiming at Steve; Steve pulled his gun up, laughing happily as they shot paint at each other. Clint laughed, he missed the first few times, but he could feel himself getting back into it as he ran around the walls and blockades, shooting at Steve, who snorted with mirth when one hit his arm, marking him purple. His were blue, and there was a splatter of the vibrant color on Clint's shoe. Clint giggled and ran around the blocks, getting him again in the leg; Steve chased him, ducking behind things.

"Ooh!" He popped up, catching Clint in the shoulder.

"Ah!" Clint laughed and did a forward roll, nailing him right in the chest, and Steve dropped his gun.

"Oh no! I'm dying!" He stumbled around dramatically, and flopped half on Clint. The sub laughed and caught him, but Steve was too heavy and they fell on the ground together, laughing loudly; Steve groaned. "I'm a... zombie!" He exclaimed, pretending to bite Clint all over, growling between laughs.

"Oh my god!" He laughed, enjoying the bites, and then he growled. "Now I'm a zombie too!" He said, lurching at Steve. The super soldier faked a scream, and ran off, scooping up Clint's gun, so they'd swap colors. Clint gasped at that and laughed, chasing him with the blue gun. "Braiiinnss!!!" he called out.

"Oh no!" Steve spun, catching Clint twice. Clint continued to amble forward.

"Only a headshot kills zombies!!" He laughed and shot him a few times too, Steve burst out laughing, and splattered Clint's goggles with paint. Clint groaned and fell backwards onto the plush floor, pretending to be dead, and Steve fell to his knees dramatically.

"No! Why?!" He fake-wailed, pulling Clint up against his chest. Clint suddenly surged up and started kissing Steve's throat, nibbling at the bonding gland; the alpha whimpered, clinging to his mate, "Ah...Clint..." Clint hummed and rubbed his hand over Steve's crotch, licking over the sweet scented skin. "Clint..." Steve groaned as he hardened within his jeans. Lifting Clint's head, he kissed the archer fervently, rolling them so that Clint was on the ground, Steve hovering over him. "Here? In the paintball arena?" He asked, pulling his goggles off, and loosening the buckles of Clint's gear.

"I just wanted to rile you up," he chuckled, "there are cameras in here, I'm not much of an exhibitionist."

"Well, you succeeded." Steve took a few deep breaths, sitting up and rubbing a hand over his face. The omega chuckled and sat up, kissing him again before using the opportunity to shoot Steve again, making bright blue nipples on his armor; Steve glowered at him. "Why thank you." He stood, stripping his gear off, "Ready for ice cream?" Clint frowned, and hoped Steve wasn't mad at him. He nodded, and slowly took his gear off as well. The alpha leaned to help, kissing Clint's ear lovingly. "Sorry, I'm... sorry." He rubbed his neck, over the spot Clint had been teasing. Clint smiled softly.
"Relax, I won't leave you horny all night," he hummed.

"How will you not? Once we get home we'll have Char." Steve gathered up the gear, and carried it out. Clint shrugged.

"Maybe we can find a bathroom without a camera."

"You're killing me here." Steve mock groaned, pulling Clint tight against his chest. The sub chuckled and kissed him.

"Or we can let Charlie sleep over Tony's for the night."

"We'd have to ask Tony about that one," Steve pulled Clint to the door, and they turned in their equipment. Clint scratched the drying paint off his skin.

"Can I get a vanilla and chocolate swirl with sprinkles?" He asked.

"Anything you want." Steve kissed him softly, and they walked, Steve's arm around his mate's waist, over to the ice cream shop. Once they had their ice cream, they took a seat at a bench.

"Thanks for tonight. It was fun."

"Really?" Steve smiled, "I'm glad. Obviously paintball isn't a... pregnant sport, so I'll have to find other activities." At that, his sub chuckled and nodded.

"Or you can just fuck me."

"Clint," Steve licked a drip of ice cream from Clint's lips, "I will be doing a lot of that. However, I meant for dates." Clint hummed and shrugged.

"Maybe the three of us can go to a park, you can go on all the rides with Charlotte, and I'll stick to the ferris wheel."

"That wouldn't be very fun for you," Steve stroked his face, "I love you." The sub shrugged and leaned into the hand.

"I love you too," he hummed.

"Our dates are for both of us. That's not going to change when you get pregnant." Clint smiled and kissed the hand.

"Okay."

"Okay." Steve laughed softly, "I love you. However, an amusement park could be fun. We could take Charlotte on the kiddie rides, and play all the shooting games."

"That sounds like a lot of fun," he beamed.

"Yeah? You can win me a giant teddy bear." Steve kissed his cheek.

"Yeah, I could win you and Charlie one," he beamed and hummed. "You know, I used to work as a carnie?"

"Mmhm," Steve watched him attentively, "I heard, but... want to tell me about it? I'd love to hear more." Clint shrugged, and looked at his ice cream.
"It's not exactly a happy story,"

"Baby, I love you, and if you want to talk about it, you can. I'm willing to listen." The sub sighed softly and nodded, retelling his story, even telling him about how he was raped during his first heat and how his brother thought he betrayed them all; Steve gently rubbed his hand, listening without interruption, until Clint stopped talking. "My sweetheart..." He kissed Clint's cheek. "You've been through so much."

"That's not even half of it," he said, shrugging.

"I know," Steve murmured, eyes sad, "I wish I could have found you sooner... but... Charlotte is... so amazing, I..." Clint kissed him.

"I'm glad we got together when we did. And soon we'll make another beautiful child."

"Yes," Steve kissed his lips, gentle and soft, "I won't let anything like that happen again."

"Thanks," he smiled and scooted over, crawling into his lap, Steve wrapped him in strong arms.

"You're mine now, Clint, all mine. I've got you." He whispered, kissing Clint's neck. The archer beamed and leaned his head back.

"Yours..." Steve suckled lovingly at his bonding gland.

"All mine." He whispered, stroking Clint's hair, and his sub shivered and groaned, stopping only to take a quick lick of his ice cream before it melted everywhere. "Mm," Steve kissed up his neck, "Ready to... find a bathroom?"

"Let me finish my ice cream real quick," he hummed and took a bite of the cone. The alpha took a bite of his own vanilla waffle cone, and hummed. After the ice cream was gone, Clint stood up and squeezed his hand.

"You're sure about the... bathroom thing?" Steve asked, following behind Clint.

"Sure, why not? Nervous?" He winked at him.

"Just making sure," Steve grinned, and kissed Clint's nose, letting the sub pull him into the bathroom. Clint hummed and rubbed his hands over Steve's ass, kissing his jaw. The alpha leaned and pressed the lock, before pressing Clint against the wall, biting gently at his throat and shoulder. "Pants... pants off." The omega moaned and nodded, moving his hands from Steve's ass to his pants, quickly sliding them and his boxers down; Steve pushed his own down to his knees, lifting Clint's legs until the wrapped around his waist. "I'm going to breed you... for your heat," Steve panted, already smelling the heat on his sub's skin. He hefted Clint higher, and pressed two fingers into his slick hole. The sub nodded and gasped loudly, his hole immediately flaring open, wanting more.

"Steve!" He gasped, his head swimming.

"Good boy." Steve purred, stretching him open, then, smoothly sliding his fingers out, and the head of his cock in. A garbled sound of pleasure escaped Clint's lips and he moaned loudly, shaking.

"Fuck, oh Steve, shit," he whined, Steve held Clint tightly around the waist. "Mine." He growled softly, and sank his teeth into Clint's bonding gland at the same moment that he thrust up into the sub. Clint gasped, his mouth open in a silent scream as he was penetrated, his body going fully
limp. Steve pressed him into the wall.

"Come on, baby, hold yourself up for me." He purred, nuzzling Clint's neck as he gave a soft thrust. He groaned and straightened out his leg, digging his nails into Steve's skin. "Good boy." Steve kissed him, and began to roll his hips, smooth and steady and strong. Clint moaned and kissed Steve's bonding gland, feeling so relieved to have the thick cock deep inside of him, hitting his womb with every thrust. Steve shifted his legs, and began to speed his thrusts, pounding Clint into the wall.

"Ah!" He cried out, his skin rubbing against the hard wall.

"Good boy, shh," Steve claimed his mouth softly, gentle, even. Clint opened his mouth wide and hummed into the kiss, humming happily. "Gonna knot you." Steve groaned into his mouth.

"Yes, please," he moaned and sucked on his lip, clenching down on him, Steve gripped his sub's hips, and bucked harder into him, and then he felt himself swell in the unbelievable tight heat of Clint's passage. Clint hissed a little, his skin wasn't as ready to take it as it would be when he was actually in heat. When he thought he'd tear or explode, it finally stopped, and he groaned at the glorious feeling of cum pumping into his body. Steve stroked his chest and shoulders.

"Beautiful." He murmured, "My beautiful sub." Clint smiled and nuzzled him.

"My big, strong alpha..." Steve smiled crookedly at him, sliding down to sit with Clint in his lap. Clint closed his eyes and moaned, feeling Steve go even deeper, if that was possible. The alpha nuzzled his neck, and kissed his jaw lovingly.

"I love you."

"I love you too," he said, shuddering a little, humming happily.

"No, no, Char, lay down, it's bed time, come on!" Tony lifted the little girl down from the shelf she'd been scaling, "Please? I'm sure they'll be back soon, just lay down..." The omega was exhausted, trying to care for three children. Charlie huffed and whined in his arms.

"I don' wanna sleep!"

"I know, but it's past midnight, Char, and you're mom's gonna be mad at me if you aren't in bed." The twins had, luckily, crashed out an hour earlier. "Go pick five books, and I'll read them to you." Charlie beamed and ran to grab the carefully counted out five books, handing them to Tony and crawling into bed; Tony lay atop the blanket, and yawned. "Okay... the eensy weensy spider..." He snorted when she commanded that he sing it, "Fine, fine." She smiled and her eyes began to droop at his soft sing song tone, easily falling right to sleep; Tony sang the long variation of the song, and closed the book, sighing in relief when he realized she was asleep. He tucked her bear into her arm, and covered her with the blanket, "Jarvis, nightlights on." The ceiling lit up with soft twinkling stars, and Tony stood up. "They're not home yet?" He asked the AI.

"No sir." the AI replied softly, "Shall I track them for you?"

"No." Tony muttered, "Pull up the usual video on the main living room screen." He scooped up his tablet, and wandered into the living room of the common floor. The twins were asleep on the communal bed, and Charlie in the nursery/playroom. He settled onto the couch as Jarvis started to play the videos of him and Bucky, just doing their usual day to day routine. Changing the babies, and brushing against each other periodically. Bruce came into the living room.
"You alright?" He asked softly, Tony flicked a switch, and the screen switched to a movie.

"Yeah, why do you ask?" He fiddled with his tablet. Bruce raised an eyebrow.

"You can keep watching your home movies, I miss him too."

"It's stupid." Tony muttered, "I'm stupid. God, what am I doing? I don't..."

"It's okay," Bruce smiled and petted his head, Tony felt like he was going to crumble from the simple affection.

"It's not okay... nothing is okay..." He set his tablet down, shaking. Bruce nodded.

"It will be okay. Your mate will be home soon."

"Will he? With me trying to get him out? Thor knows nothing of Midgardian laws, and Pepper... fuck... Pepper won't return my calls, I need... but there's no one, Bruce. So it's me, and they tried to take his arm again, yesterday. Dale says he doesn't know how much long he can hold them off."

"I will help in any way I can," he smiled. "I told Thor I want to put off anymore trips until after Bucky's and Clint's court dates."

"You don't have to do that." Tony muttered, "Everything is... I've got it, it's fine." Bruce's fingers scratched at his scalp, and the sub arched and stretched out on the couch, flushing with humiliation when he felt his channel slicken. "Stop. Don't do that." He pulled away, shaking. Bruce frowned and pulled away.

"Sorry."

"Not your fault, you didn't mean to." Tony breathed deep, trying to press down the idiotic incurable arousal. "And Steve said me and Clint aren't allowed to..." Bruce frowned.

"I never really thought Steve would have a problem with it... But he is a super alpha."

"So is Bucky." Tony muttered, "He's the same designation and scale as Steve." The sub sighed, curling on the couch, "Forget it, it's not important. But... I'm supposed to visit Bucky mid-week, Wednesday actually, but... I have to watch Charlie for Clint's heat, and..."

"I can watch her while you visit him," he smiled.

"It's not just her." Tony glanced at the sleeping twins, "That's the issue." The beta nodded.

"We can watch all three, as long as you're okay with it," he smiled.

"I... I have to ask Clint, be sure." He whispered, "Before I can say yes."

"Okay," Bruce smiled and nodded, Tony curled his legs to his chest, shivering.

"I'm so tired... I just want..."

"I know," Bruce said, pulling him against his chest. The sub whimpered, needing the close contact, he closed his eyes. And then, suddenly, Thor was sinking into the seat beside him, rubbing his shoulder. Bruce smiled and nuzzled Tony's cheek, sandwiching him between them.

"You don't have to..." Tony attempted, but Thor shushed him, and went back to rubbing his shoulder. "Really..." The sub whispered, shivering as the couple rubbed and stroked him, avoiding
any and all erogenous zones. Bruce smiled and just contently held onto Tony, closing his eyes; Thor echoed his mate's smile, it felt nice to have a sub between them, to care for Tony, even platonically; he blinked when he heard a sniffle from the sub, and twisted to look down at him.

"Brother Tony?"

"'M fine..." The omega whispered, Bruce nuzzled him and took his hand, holding on softly, Tony shuddered once more, and tears dripped onto Bruce's shirt. "Sorry..."

"Shh, it'll be alright," he hummed.

"It..." The sub whispered, shaking, "...it's not..." He whispered, and Thor cupped his jaw, lifting his chin.

"It will be alright." He assured the omega, "Rest assured," And the demi-god gently wiped his tears away. Bruce nodded, and let Tony use him as a pillow.

"I'm sorry... I'm... so sorry..." Tony whispered, "I didn't mean to..." Thor shook his head.

"No, shh." He murmured as the elevator doors opened, and Clint and Steve stumbled through, reeking of sex. Clint chuckled as he walked through, and then frowned when he saw Tony, Bruce and Thor sitting together.

"What's going on?" Tony flinched under the couple's looks.

"Tony was sitting out here alone, and he was feeling sad, so we came to sit by him, pack bond a little." Bruce explained, voice calm. Thor nodded in agreement.

"He is missing his alpha." The god offered, Clint nodded, and frowned, sad to have intruded on their moment.

"Oh, okay. Is Charlie in bed?" He asked.

"Yeah," Tony wiped his nose, humiliated, and stood up, "I... I can bring her down if... uh... you two want to shower..." Steve reached to touch Tony's hand, tentatively adding to his pack bond.

"That would be wonderful." The alpha replied, Clint smiled and nuzzled Tony softly, leaving it at that. The sub hunched his shoulders.

"Okay... have Jarvis tell me when." He nodded, and started walking back to the bedroom with Steve.

Chapter End Notes

What do you think? Any ideas on why Steve is how he is?
"Clint," Steve woke two days later to the unmistakable scent of heat. "Clint, darling," he gently stroked the sweaty omega's side, "Darling?" Clint groaned, panting in his sleep, shaking when Steve touched his hot skin. The scent of alpha infiltrated his nose and he moaned, leaning into the scent, his cock throbbing already. "Jarvis, tell Tony to come get Charlotte, and that she's on the toddler bed in the living room." He lifted the little girl, and lay her in the living room, before locking himself back in he and Clint's room. "Baby, wake up," Steve gently stripped his omega's clothes off, blowing on his overheated skin. Clint gasped, and opened his eyes, his face turning red at the flux of the heat.

"Ahh, Steve ... the hell?"

"You're in cycle, baby," Steve stroked his naked skin gently, soft and caring as he was every time Clint's heat had first started. Though, on that note, he was rock hard and dripping to breed his lovely mate. "Ready? Ready to make this baby?" The sub gasped as a wave of heat swept over his body, and groaned loudly.

"Fuck, Yes S-Steve, please!" He said, letting his legs fall open wide, holding them by the knees; Steve kicked his boxers off, shivering in anticipation for their first heat shared without condoms. He gently settled his body between Clint's legs.

"Sir has taken Charlotte up to the communal floor." Jarvis announced and Steve slid three fingers easily into Clint's body. Clint groaned and felt his body open up easily, slick pouring out onto his fingers as his hips rocked.

"Ahh, Fuck Steve! I want your knot so bad... please!" He panted.

"I know." Steve groaned, sliding into rut, he pulled his fingers out, lined up, and thrust himself fully into Clint, groaning at the wet, tight, heat of his mate.

"STEVE!" He cried out and held his legs up higher, his hole was so slick, the alpha's cock easily penetrated him, going all the way in with no pain at all. Steve settled his hands on either side of Clint's head, and began to thrust, strong and smooth, muscles rippling.

"Mine. Gonna breed you, Clint."

"Yes," he moaned and looked at him with heat fevered eyes. "Please, more Steve!" The dom leaned to claim his sub's mouth, biting and thrusting hard, and he arched as his knot swelled, stretching Clint, and connecting their bodies. Clint let go of his legs and wrapped them around Steve's waist, moaning loudly into the kiss, his eyes closed as he felt the cum shoot up into him, making them a
baby.

"That's it... good boy." Steve groaned, nuzzling his mate, "My good boy."

Tony tried to relax his tense muscles as he buttoned his suit jacket, having just finished nursing the babies. He wasn't wearing omega fashion, didn't see the point if he was locked out of SI anyway.

"Mamamamama!" He turned.

"Hey, beautiful, you're awake for good? Good, daddy's trial is today." He picked Nia up, setting her on his hip, "Let's get you changed." He dressed her carefully, sighing, because this would be the first time he left the twins for more than an hour, of his own volition. "Jarvis? Tell Bruce they're up and I'm ready to leave." Bruce was upstairs in seconds, smiling at Tony.

"Let me know how things go, okay?" He nuzzled him.

"Yeah." Tony took a deep breath, "I can't lose him." The sub closed his eyes, focusing on being calm, relaxed. He fixed his press smile onto his face, and handed Antonia to Bruce. "They've both nursed and they're clean, you know where the diapers are... there's puffs in the cupboard and bananas on the counter..." He looked around, feeling as if he were forgetting something. He nodded.

"Are you bringing the iron man suit with you?"

"The briefcase one, yeah." Tony picked it up, "Just to be sure, and... just... they like music... uh... Jarvis knows which songs?" He huffed at Bruce's knowing expression, "Okay okay, so I don't want to leave them, but I have to, this is important and... I need to be entirely focused on the trial."

"Thor and I will take good care of them," he smiled, and nuzzled him.

"I know." Tony kissed Bruce's cheek, "I love you, littles," He kissed Nia, in Bruce's arms, and then James, who was playing on the floor.

"Ma!" James cooed and giggled at him.

"Yeah, my little sweetie," He kissed him once more, and picked up his briefcase, "Uh... make sure you give them water." And he stepped into the elevator.

Cameras flashed, microphones were shoved in Tony's face, but he simply grinned at them, and strode forward, as if they weren't there asking him a million questions a second. He stepped into the cool interior of the courthouse, and settled his shoulders back. Bucky was sitting on the other side of the room, smiling and giving a small wave; Tony gave him a soft nod, and settled slowly into the front row of seats, directly behind Bucky. "Hey, I love you. Be calm, be collected. It's going to be alright." Bucky nodded.

"I love you too," he hummed, and let out a deep breath.

"We've got the best lawyers, we're going to be okay." Tony slowly leaned back as the lead lawyer settled himself beside Bucky.

"Ed Cane." He shook Bucky's hand, "Let's do business." There was a mass shuffling as everyone stood for the judge, and then sank back into their seats on command. Bucky sighed as he sat back
down, trying to stay cool.

"Do you know what you’re doing?" He asked the lawyer, pretty much at a loss as to what to do.

"Yes." He replied quietly, "As your mate said, calmness is important. I have every report on your Malty scale results, on every case that there is on Malty sixes defending their mates, everything." Cane assured him.

"Okay..." he said, hoping this all worked.

"Shh." Cane hushed him, and looked up at the judge, the picture of attentiveness. Tony desperately wanted to take Bucky's hand in his own, but knew better. It was over an hour of description of the crime, photographs of the crime scene, and then it was Cane's turn. He stood, and, with one of Tony's phones, slid documents onto the large screens they'd brought in. "If you would all turn your attention to the screens." He announced, "This is a simple case, there have been many like it, this is the first report of Mr. Barnes's status as a Malty Six alpha, not only a six, but an extreme six." There was murmuring from the jury, "In nineteen sixty-three, a Malty six alpha was found innocent of the murder of a rapist that attacked his omega. We've all been hearing his name ever since, Bryan Yolts," A few people scribbled notes, "Ten years later, Mark Deens was found innocent of the murder of a serial killer who kidnapped and tortured his sub. There have been many cases of Malty sixes, whether extreme or not, dropping into fight at signs of danger to their mates." Bucky nodded, and looked at the screen of his crimes, wincing a little at how brutal he was. "All of these cases, Bardley in eighty three, Chark in ninety two, every alpha had dropped into fight, every alpha was found innocent." Cane continued, "I call James Barnes to the stand." Bucky swallowed thickly, and stood up, marching over to take a seat besides the judge.

"James Barnes, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you god?"

"I do," he said, removing his hand off the book, and staring at his lawyer.

"Please describe exactly what occurred on the night of the incident." Bucky tried to remember what he had practiced saying.

"I walked into the warehouse where my mate was being held, I saw him naked with ropes around him, beating up Hammer, blood on the floor and I got really angry, and I saw red, couldn't see very well. Hammer's goons tried to run, but I took them out, and then I took Hammer out, and I took my mate home back to his pack and family."

"Took Hammer out? How exactly?" Cane prompted, lifting an eyebrow.

"I shot him in the head," he said, letting out a deep sigh.

"When you saw your mate, what was going through your mind, knowing this man had raped Mr. Stark before?" In the audience, Tony flinched, struggling not to panic. Bucky growled into the microphone, his vision going red at the thought of it.

"I wanted to tear him apart! I wanted him to suffer and NEVER be able to do that ever again!" Cane held a hand up and Tony pressed to his feet.

"Bucky, calm down, baby, calm." He called.

"Mr. Stark, sit down." The judge ordered, and Tony sank into his seat, embarrassed. "Mr. Jeans, your witness." The lawyer against Bucky stood.
"Mr. Barnes, how, if you're so dominant, have you allowed your sub to be taken so many times?"
Bucky calmed down a little, but clenched his fists at the man's question.

"When he was kidnapped by Hammer, the man stole him while he was in the bathroom. I was
holding our two children. Outside of the room."

"A Malty six, holding babies like a docile sub?" Jeans smirked, "How quant." Cane's lips pursed,
and he tapped at the table in annoyance, Tony gripped his briefcase armor nervously. "No further
questions, your honor." Bucky grabbed the mic.

"I'm their father! I love them, I take care of them the best I can! Why not hold my own offspring!?
Especially when my own mate needs a break!" Cane tried not to smile, helping Bucky down from
the stand, and back to his table.

"You did good." He murmured, "Try and stay calm." Jeans stood up.

"I call Anthony Stark to the stand." Tony swallowed, and stood up, striding to the stand, he placed
his hand on the bible, eyes on Bucky, begging him to stay calm as he recited the oath. "State your
name for the record."

"Anthony Edward Stark." Tony tensed his shoulders.

"Ah yes, please describe the events of the crime."

"I... we had just finished an interview with Omega Mother magazine..." He swallowed thickly, "I
went to the bathroom, and... and Hammer was there, along with a beta man, I have no idea who he
was, and they hit me with some kind of injected drug." His heart was pounding, and he could
hardly breathe. "I woke up tied to a chair, and... he... Hammer was trying to get me to drop, but
since Bucky... I mean, James, because he's s-so dominant, it was like Hammer was a fly." The jury
chuckled at that, "So... they... they gave me some... well, a heat inducing drug." He was too
panicked to remember the name, mind devolving into numbers. Bucky "accidentally" kicked the
table, making a loud bang, getting Tony's attention. He gave the omega a soft look, and a thumbs
up, trying to help him stay calm. Tony shuddered. "Uh... I... I used a move my former team mate
had taught me, to...break the chair I was tied to... but Hammer's goons grabbed me, and... and they
gagged me, and he... Hammer was trying to stretch me, but I got away and I started to punch him
and his goons left, everything... hurt." Bucky looked at the lawyer, hoping that what Tony said was
good. "And... and then Bucky was there, he smelled... so angry, I've never smelled him that... way
before." He swallowed, "And I could barely think, but Hammer was unconscious, and he took out
the other two, who ran... and then H-Hammer was looking at me... he was... staring right at me...
and he... and Bucky shot him." Bucky gave his mate an encouraging smile. "...and... and he took
me home." Tony whispered, falling silent.

"Please describe what happened the previous time you encountered Hammer."

"What?" Tony stared, "It was broadcast live, hasn't everyone seen...?"

"He doesn't need to see that," Cane protested.

"It's a requirement." Jeans replied, and Tony shrank in his chair as it started to play on the screen,
certain pieces censored out. "I see no resistance," His voice had Tony shaking in his chair.

"Please... please turn it off... he dropped me, he... he dropped me, and I didn't have a chance to
protest."

"With a 'come here'? And yet he couldn't drop you when he took you this time? How do we know
this wasn't all a setup by Mr. Stark to get rid of competition?"

"James Barnes was NOT his alpha at this time, my client's omega was much more susceptible to alphas!"

"Mr. Stark? Can you explain what's happening, in the video, please?" Jeans smirked, and Tony was shaking so hard his teeth were chattering.

"H-Hammer... dr-dropped me... and t-took me there... b-broadcast... him raping me..." Tears welled in his eyes, and he clenched them shut, gagging.

"Rape is a strong word for what happened in this video, Mr. Stark, as you neither said no, nor protested." Tony stared at the lawyer, chest heaving.

"I didn't g-give consent outside of the drop, that's the l-legal definition of r-rape, isn't i-it?"

"Mr. Stark, are you saying you don't know the legal definition of rape, and yet are claiming you were raped?" Tony couldn't breathe, he was white as a sheet, sweating in his suit.

"The legal definition of rape is to have sex with an omega without out-of-drop consent given by that omega." Tony spat, tensing his muscles, "I gave no such c-consent." He flushed when the stutter broke through. Bucky growled loudly from his seat, he was getting extremely worked up from the video.

"Your honor, Jeans is harassing my client's mate!" Cane exclaimed.

"Mr. Jeans, I suggest you turn that off before our defendant attacks you." The judge droned, "Mr. Cane, your witness." Tony gulped in a huge breath of air, and the judge sneezed. "If I couldn't tell from his answers, Jeans, his scent of blind panic is enough to prove he was being honest." Cane forced back a sneeze as well.

"I would like to call Harold Hogan to the stand." Tony was gasping as he tried to climb shakily down, legs trembling beneath his weight. The alpha portion of the audience sneered at him as Hogan stepped onto the stand, and was sworn in.

"State your name for the record."

"Harold Hogan." Happy said without hesitation, eyes tracking Tony as the omega sank into his seat. Cane nodded.

"Now Mr. Hogan, is it true that you were a chauffeur for my client James Barnes to get to scene of the crime?"

"Yes, sir." Happy replied, "We followed the tracking transmitter Mr. Stark has." Cane nodded.

"Would you please tell the jury how my client acted between the time of the discovery of his mate's absence to when he got out of the car at the crime scene?"

"Frantic. He was absolutely frantic, pacing, and starting to run toward location before I could buckle the kids in." Happy replied, "As in fight as I've ever seen an alpha."

"Acting no less than expected of a Malty six, correct?" He pressed.

"Yes," Happy nodded, expression serious, "I was worried about the boss, obviously, but I could keep my head, Mr. Barnes dropped into fight immediately, searching for a threat."
"And who would you say was the threat?" Cane inquired.

"Justin Hammer." Happy tried not to growl, "And his thugs."

"No further questions at this time, your honor," he smiled, and stepped back, Jeans grunted,

"No further questions," and leaned back in his chair. Tony curled in his seat, feeling nauseous, the video playing over and over in his mind. It made him sick to think about the lawyer, trying to say it wasn't rape. The judge called for a fifteen minute recess, since a lot of people were put off from the rape video. Bucky immediately stood up and held his arms out for Tony, who climbed over the divider, gasping in terrified breaths, trying not to panic.

"I'm okay..." He attempted, burying his face in Bucky's chest. Bucky wrapped his cuffed hands around his omega, nuzzling his head.

"I love you," he kissed his head, forehead, cheek and then lips.

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, "The... the next part is... hard, because I have to show the video of you attacking the guard..."

"I'll be okay," he said, nuzzling him. "I just... can't stand to see you being hurt. I'd refused to watch that rape video until today." Tony shuddered, face twisting; he bit Bucky's shirt to stifle his panic. "I got you, my darling," he hummed and nuzzled him.

"Love you..." Tony shivered, and hugged him tightly.

"Love you too," he muttered, hugging him tighter as well. "I'll be home soon."

"Ye-yes." The sub swallowed, and pulled away, taking deep breaths, to wait. Bucky reluctantly let Tony go, but not before kissing him. When the judge returned, Tony was mostly calm, and had handed Cane every piece of documentation he needed to legalize the use of recording equipment in the prison visitation rooms.  Cane stood,

"I have here evidence recorded within the prison, or Mr. Barnes's need to protect his omega." He handed the necessary papers to the security guard, who gave them to the judge. The scene began to play, Tony flushed softly as Bucky grabbed the guard, the man's words having just filtered through the speakers. Bucky grinned, proud of his actions. Tony sighed, rubbing a hand over his face.

"Ignoring the blatant disregard for the law regarding respectfulness from guards, I've seen enough." The judge said, and the screen shut off. "I take it you're working on that, Mr. Stark?"

"Yes, your honor." Tony ducked his head.

"Good. In the case of James Buchanan Barnes, born as he was in the early nineteen hundreds, and suffering from Fight, I declare him not guilty." She pounded the gavel against the base, and Tony climbed over the divider, clinging to his alpha. Bucky beamed brightly, pretty amazed at how easy that was. He swung Tony in a big circle and kissed him hard as soon as the guard undid his cuffs. Tony kissed back fervently.

"Oh god, thank god, oh!" He gasped out, clutching at him, "I don't know what we'd have done, Bucky, if you hadn't... that was... fuck...!" He whined, kissing him again. The alpha groaned into the kiss, and squeezed Tony's ass, moaning into his lips.

"Please... bathroom, Tony? We gotta..."
"Bathroom." Tony agreed, pulling at Bucky's arm. He didn't care about protocol. Shoving the bathroom door shut behind them, Tony locked it tight. "Bucky, oh, Bucky...!" The alpha ravaged him, forcefully removing his shirt and pants, sliding his boxers down and off. He moaned and lifted the smaller man up, pressing him against the wall.

"Wrap your legs around me."

"Wait... Buck... there's..." Tony reached down, whining, and pulled a small plug from his ass, arching against the wall before he wrapped his legs around Bucky's waist. Bucky sniffed the toy and moaned at the scent of his mate's slick.

"Keeping yourself open for me?"

"Y-yeah." Tony shifted against the wall, "Please, please, Bucky? Please?" He was barely above subspace, hovering on the edges of his mind. "Please...!" Bucky nodded and pressed his stiff cock past his hole, sliding in in one thrust, gasping loudly. "Fuck... sir..!" Tony whined, trying to rock against his alpha, "Needed you, missed you, Bucky, love you!"

"Ahh, love you, too," he moaned and bit into Tony's bonding gland to prove to him how much he missed him, and he slammed his hips into him; Tony bit his hand to stop himself from screaming, bucking against Bucky as best he could.

"Mmmn...!" The alpha growled into his throat, his knot growing rapidly inside of Tony, desperate to be locked inside. The sub keened, head falling back, as he was stretched brutally by the knot sliding into him. "Bucky..." He panted, smashed between his dom and the tiled wall. Bucky let go of his throat, and moaned as he grasped Tony's cock, stroking it softly. The sub shuddered through an orgasm, his cum dripping over Bucky's hand. "Missed you..." he panted as they slid down to sit on the floor. He only nodded softly a little out of breath.

"Missed you too, my good boy, my strong omega."

"I'm not..." Tony panted, trembling, "Oh god, I was so scared..."

"I know, and yet you got me out of jail, and you took care of our babies," he kissed him. "I know you are strong." Tony stared at him.

"I'm not though..." He lay his head on Bucky's chest, inhaling deeply. Bucky chuckled.

"Let's not argue right now." Tony wrinkled his nose and stuck out his tongue, before nuzzling his dom's chest.

"Missed you." Bucky chuckled and rubbed Tony's back.

"I missed you too." The sub shivered, and slid his hands over the chest of Bucky's suit.

"Thank god they let me provide court clothes. They probably would've put you in a polyester monstrosity." He grimaced, "Not that mine fared well." The alpha shrugged.

"I think you look amazing."

"You ripped my favorite suit to bits." Tony grunted, nuzzling him.

"It was your favorite?" He asked, frowning softly.

"Yeah." Tony shrugged, "It's fine, I'll have them custom another. If... if they'll still make them for
me." His dom let out a soft sigh.

"I'm sorry," he said, kissing his cheek.

"It's fine. I'd rather have you than a suit any day." Tony whimpered as Bucky gently pulled out of him, "Did you... like the plug?" It was small, and gold, with a red jewel at the base.

"It's gorgeous," he hummed, and gently worked it back into his hole so that his cum wouldn't pour all over the floor; Tony groaned, reaching for his pants with shaky hands. Managing to pull them on over his hips, he picked up the shredded shirt and boxers.

"Shoulda brought a spare."

"Here," Bucky hummed and handed him his shirt. "I really want you to wear it." Tony slowly pulled the dom's larger shirt on.

"I look ridiculous, and we have to go talk to camera crews. Jarvis," He pulled his phone out, "Have Happy pick me up a spare shirt and bring it here?"

"Yes, sir." Bucky frowned, but he understood.

"C'mon," he hummed, pulling on his pant and walking out of the stall, Tony shuffled after him.

"Was that bad? I... I'll wear this one, I don't mind." He pulled his phone back out.

"I don't want you to look bad in front of the press... But I really want you to wear my shirt," he hummed.

"Jarvis, cancel that."

"Very good, sir."

"It's fine, Buck. I don't care." Tony buttoned the shirt up, and slipped his jacket over it, touching Bucky's bare chest before letting the alpha lead him to the door. Bucky smiled brightly, and kissed him before wrapping his arm around his waist, and leading him outside. Cameras flashed from every direction, Tony gripped his alpha's hand and stood tall and strong. Bucky smiled, and after a few seconds, they proceeded down the stairs.

"Mr. Barnes! How does it feel to be found innocent?" One reporter exclaimed.

"Mr. Barnes! How did you manage to wrangle this ruling?" Tony nudged Bucky past them, and sighed.

"Hyenas." He muttered. Bucky just laughed and helped his mate into the car, getting in beside him. The new driver just pulled away from the curb, driving them slowly home. "Ready?" Tony asked as they stepped out of the car in the garage beneath the tower.

"To be back home? Yes," he groaned softly.

"Your pack is waiting for you." Tony kissed his cheek, and cleaned Bucky's hand, "Let's go." He pulled Bucky to the elevator, leaning into his mate's chest. Bucky smiled and hummed happily, hugging Tony as they ascended. "Mm..." Tony mumbled, "...feels nice..." He nuzzled against Bucky's chest, two months was too long without his mate.

"I can't wait to just... sit on something comfortable," he hummed.
"Heh, well, prepare for screaming babies." Tony smiled, "They're crawling really good now, and..." The elevator doors opened, and Tony reluctantly let go of Bucky. Bucky walked in, and breathed in deeply, humming happily. He turned and looked at Tony.

"Where're our kids?"

"Bruce?" Tony called, "Bruce? Thor?" He started to panic, and then Bruce stepped out of the kitchen, the twins on his hips; there was oatmeal in his hair, and he looked tired.

"Bucky!" He exclaimed, "Hey! You're out! You're!" He let Tony take the twins, then, pulled Bucky into his arms. Bucky laughed and hugged Bruce, rubbing his back and nuzzling his head.

"It's good to see you, doctor."

"And you, Bucky." Bruce breathed in deep, "Tony, you're a miracle worker." He stepped back, "Oh! You'll wanna hold them, sorry." Tony laughed, Nia was leaning out of his arms toward Bucky, and Jamie was staring up at the alpha. Bucky beamed at his kids, and slowly took them both, nuzzling his daughter immediately before turning his gaze to his son.

"Do you recognize me yet?" he asked him, Jamie's eyes were wide, dark like Tony's, and he sniffed Bucky.

"I think he does." Tony laughed softly, and Jamie lay his head on the dom's chest. Bucky smiled and sat down, nuzzling his son softly.

"I love you guys," he said, snuggling them. "Maybe we can play later."

"Any time." Tony murmured, kissing Bucky's short hair, "Any time... you have the rest of your life." He murmured. Bucky beamed and kissed Tony softly.

"Yeah, I do."

"Yeah." Tony whispered, sliding to his knees at Bucky's feet, and nuzzling his thigh, "I love you."

"I love you too," he smiled, and pressed Nia's head against his chest, so both his kids were laying on him. Tony shivered and he couldn't stop; teeth clenched and hands gripping Bucky's pants leg. Within seconds, he was shaking like a leaf, tears sliding down his cheeks. "Hey," Bucky said, patting his lap for Tony to come up, "C'mon, family cuddle," Tony slowly climbed up against Bucky, burying his face in the alpha's shoulder, and sobbing hard.

"I was so scared... I was... so sc-scared... and then they t-turned... that... on..."

"I know, fucking assholes," he grumbled. "It's over now... I'm home," Tony continued to shudder and shake.

"Fuck... I couldn't... and they... what if it w-wasn't... r-r-?" Bucky shook his head.

"Don't think about what could have happened. It didn't, and now we're all here, safe and happy."

"But what if it wasn't rape!?!" Tony cried, flying upright, "What if it wasn't!? And I'm this fucked up over nothing!" He rubbed his hands over his face, trembling. Bruce stared.

"Tony... why would you think it wasn't...?" Bucky growled and grabbed Tony's face, the babies tucked in his arms.

"Listen to me, you NEVER liked Hammer!?!" He growled. "He gave you a drug! Nothing is
consensual about that!" Tony's lip trembled,
"He didn't drug me the first time..."

"Sub drop is not consenting," he said, hugging him. "Omegas have killed people because they were ordered to in sub drop." Tony shuddered harder at that, and pressed his body against Bucky's side.

"S-sorry..." Bruce leaned and gently stroked his hair, trying to help him relax. Bucky sighed and kissed his head, rocking him softly. The babies shifted, but they were well on their way to sleep. "I... just... what they said... and..." Tony nuzzled his alpha's shoulder.

"I know. Ignore them. You didn't enjoy a damn thing from that bastard."

"But I did..." Tony whispered, hands shaking, "...it felt so g-good to be d-dropped... to j-just obey..." He pulled away from Bucky, hugging his knees. Bucky didn't let him go far.

"That was before we were together." Tony shuddered, choking on his next inhalation.

"Y-yeah..." Bucky nodded,
"I can make you feel so much better."

"Yes," Tony let Bucky pull him back over against him, "sorry... I didn't mean to mess up your... first day home..."

"You didn't mess it up," he hummed. "It's okay to talk." The omega swallowed thickly, lifting his eyes to Bucky's face.

"I..." And then Steve stepped from the elevator, Charlie in his arms, grinning like the cheshire cat.

"Welcome home, idiot." The blond clapped Bucky on the shoulder.

"Hey, who're you calling an idiot?" He laughed, and grasped his arm in return. "Where's Clint?"

"He's taking a nap. His heat only ended yesterday." Steve set Charlotte down to play, "He'll be up as soon as he wakes up. We..." He was practically vibrating with excitement, "We're trying for another baby." Bucky's eyes went wide.

"Are you serious? That's awesome. Did you have Thor do his god mojo?"

"He gave it." Steve laughed, "At least I think so." Thor beamed at him, choosing that moment to come out of the kitchen, a bowl of eggs and potatoes in his hand for Bucky.

"For me!?!" He gasped, taking the bowl, "Thanks Thor, this looks amazing," he said, and shoved a large forkful in his mouth, moaning loudly.

"My mate informed me of the poor quality of food within the prison." Thor boomed, the babies stirred, and Nia began to cry.

"I got it," Tony sat up, lifting her onto his own chest, and unbuttoning his shirt. Bucky chuckled.

"Thank you, Thor, it's delicious," he hummed. "Where are May and Peter?"

"Ah, Peter's heat synced with Clint's, and it took a lot out of him, since Clint's was a little long." Tony answered, wincing as Nia chewed on his nipple, and Jamie started to cry for him. Bucky nodded, and he offered Jamie a little of his potato and egg, and the baby wailed louder, "It's okay,
"Okay," he said, nodding, and eating the spoonful himself. Tony settled Jamie down to nurse, and leaned his head into Bucky's shoulder, trying to maintain as much contact as he could. Bucky took Nia back when she was done, and he nuzzled Tony, kissing his head.

"Love you." Tony murmured, bouncing Jamie soothingly as he nursed, "I missed you so much."

"I missed you too," he hummed. "We should all sleep together tonight, get a good pack bond."

"Mm?" The sub hummed, yawning softly. Bucky chuckled, and nuzzled Tony.

"Sounds good," Bruce agreed quietly, letting Thor pull him close, and Tony nodded, eyes half closed. He didn't sleep well without Bucky. Bucky finished his food, feeling so much better now. He put the bowl down, and snuggled up on the couch.

"Jarvis? Tell May and Peter to join us when they're ready."

"Of course, sir." Jarvis replied, while Tony tried to get more of their bodies touching, desperate for contact from his alpha.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? Comments? Questions?
"It's going to be alright Clint," Steve fixed Charlotte's hair one last time as they stepped out of the car at the courthouse, Tony at Clint's side.

"Hold on." The brunette sub leaned to straighten Clint's tie, "There. Let's go." Clint swallowed thickly. He couldn't really speak. He was ultra uncomfortable in his clothes, and he REALLY didn't want to be in Phil's presence. He hugged Charlie before taking her hand, and walking inside with her. Tony stayed at his side, supportive, and quiet, Steve a comforting presence at their backs.

"It's going to be alright." The alpha murmured, opening the door for them, and following them inside. Clint nodded, and lifted up his daughter, hugging her, and walked into the courtroom.

"Okay Charlie... you have to be quiet, and be nice." She nodded slowly, reaching for Steve's hand; the alpha twined their fingers together.

"I gotcha, Char." He murmured as they were lead up to stand before the judge, Tony hanging back in the audience section. Clint avoided looking at Phil, and smiled softly at the judge.

"State your names," the judge requested.

"Steven Grant Rogers," Steve wrapped his arm around Clint's waist.

"Philip J. Coulson." The agent responded, and Steve struggled to stay calm.

"You're here over custody of Charlotte Rose Barton?" Steve nodded, "What is your claim upon the child, Mr. Coulson?"

"She's my biological daughter."

"And your claim?" The judge looked at Steve.

"I consider her my daughter for all intents and purposes, and am mated to her mother. I've been her father figure since she was one year old, more than half her life-"

"That is enough, Mr. Rogers. You," She turned to Clint, "State your name, and... opinion." Clint nodded.

"Clinton Francis Barton, and seeing as how Phil has left me and Charlotte twice now, Steve is her father."

"Left you and her?" The judge asked, and Charlie snuck a quick look at Phil, and buried her face in Clint's neck, "I would like to speak to her alone." The judge requested softly, and Charlie looked up at her with wide light brown eyes. Clint nodded and kissed Charlie's cheek.

"You'll be okay," he smiled, "just tell the nice lady the truth." He said, setting her down in the
chair besides the judge's so they could talk, and he backed away. Tony took Clint's hand gently when the judge waved them away.

"Hey, darling," The judge smiled down at Charlie, "It would be really helpful if you could tell me all about your family." Charlie smiled and stood up in the chair so they were eye level.

"My mama takes good care of me and we play a lot of games and daddy plays tea party with me, but when mama and daddy are away, then uncle Thor and uncle Brucey play with me, and I really like my uncle Tony, he had two babies in da belly but they're out now and I like to play with them and watch them 'cause I'm a good big sister..." She took a deep breath to continue. The judge smiled down at her.

"Oh? Tell me more. Are you happy? Does your daddy spend a lot of time with you? Do they ever hug too much in front of you?" She nodded.

"Daddy and I play all the time, except the other night when he took mama out, but uncle Tony let me sleep over and read me a book which I liked," she grinned. "We hug a lot, 'cause I love him, he's my daddy."

"Do your mommy and daddy ever hug too much in front of you?" The judge repeated calmly, but she was sure that this little girl was perfectly happy and well taken care of. "Never mind, darling, go to your mama, alright?" She sat up, "Mr. Coulson, come here please." She hopped down and ran into her mother's waiting arms. Phil got up and approached the desk, "I'm going to be honest with you, visitation is a maybe, but full custody isn't going to happen, Mr. Coulson."

"She's my daughter, don't I get rights over Mr. Rogers?"

"Mr. Rogers has been caring for her longer than you ever did." The judge sighed, "And is mated to her mother, it's a solid bond, and there is no reason to take custody from Mr. Barton, you never even requested that, so regardless, she'll be around him. If you take legal guardianship away from him, that simply means that he loses the technical terms of parenthood, such as signing field trip permission forms, and signing her into an ER in case of emergency." She arched a brow, "What are your intentions? You work full time, you've stated that, do you truly want to take full custody of her from them? I'll allow the case to continue onward, but your chances are small. She doesn't know you." Coulson sighed.

"I will settle for visitation rights," he said.

"Then I'll grant those, on the grounds that Mr. Barton has control over which days and times, along with location." She replied, beckoning Steve and Clint back. Clint came back over, held Charlie against his hip, biting his lip nervously, "I'm granting visitation, on your terms. However, I'm also granting full parental rights to Mr. Rogers." The judge explained, "This means, Mr. Barton, that you control which day, what times, and the location of the visitation." Steve swallowed thickly.

"With all due respect, your honor, this man put this baby and her mother through bond shock when Charlie was barely a year old..." Clint smiled and squeezed Steve's hand.

"Thank you, your honor." The omega cut his mate off; Steve was tense, unhappy.

"Bond shock at one year old?" The judge turned to Coulson, "You stated you caused no harm to the child, that you were refused the chance to be in her life-"

"Refused the chance?" Steve stared, "He left Clint and Charlie twice! Once when Clint was still pregnant, at which point he stalked my sub for months, and then once more after Charlie was
"I told you Phil..." Clint sighed. "It was us, or your job... You chose your job. How DARE you say I didn't give you a chance!" The judge was wide eyed.

"By any chance do you have proof?" She asked and Tony shot up from his seat.

"Your honor, I do! May I approach?" Clint moved out of the way when the judge allowed him to approach.

"I begged you to stay..." The blond sub muttered as Tony pulled his phone out.

"Jarvis, show the footage of Coulson's last night in my tower." As it began to play, Coulson and Clint trying to hash it all out, and Coulson leaving, the judge shook her head.

"I dislike dishonesty, Mr. Coulson." Clint gave Tony a quick hug before the man returned to the audience. Phil shoved his hands into his pockets.

"I wasn't given a chance to balance work and family." He attempted.

"I've heard enough. Full custody granted to Clinton Barton and Steven Rogers. No visitation." She smacked the gavel down, and stood up to leave. Clint gasped and smiled brightly, leaning up on his toes and kissing Steve full on the mouth; Steve hugged him and Nia tightly.

"Oh...!” He kissed them both and Phil shuddered, and turned away. Clint beamed and kissed Charlie before turning to look at Phil.

"Phil... You know your job wouldn't have allowed you to balance a family. You made that decision to step in," he shook his head. "You can say goodbye to Charlie," he said softly, Charlotte clutched at Steve, sniffling when Phil got close, and Steve was reluctant to hand her over. "It's okay," Clint told both of them, "Charlie... let him say goodbye," he smiled softly. Charlotte reluctantly uncurled her fists from Steve's suit shirt, and Phil took her in gentle hands. The girl was wary and unsure, looking to Steve for approval.

"It's alright." Phil took in a deep shuddering breath, and breathed in her scent.

"I'm sorry," he said softly; Charlotte bit her lip, whimpering, it made her uncomfortable. Steve's fingers clenched into fists. Phil gave her head a tentative kiss, "Bye, Charlie," he said, carefully handing her over. Clint breathed out a soft sigh, watching him, Steve clutched her to his chest, then pulled Clint close.

"Do you think... maybe we should let him visit...?" Clint shrugged, and shook his head, they didn't need Phil near their newborn, interrupting their life. He had no desire to be there for Clint and Charlotte the previous three years. Speaking of newborns.

"Steve, I'm pregnant," he blurted, Steve went still, staring at him.

"What!? You're-!? Are you serious!?” He tugged Clint to his chest, kissing all over his face, "Oh my god, oh-!" Clint beamed and laughed, trying to kiss him back. He turned away, and regrouped with Tony.

"Mama's got a baby in his belly," he beamed at his daughter; Charlie screamed, and Tony pulled Clint back into his grip.

"Congratulations!" He exclaimed, "Let's go home, we'll make a big dinner tomorrow, celebrate!
Thor really must have used his mojo for you to know three days after heat!" Clint grinned and hugged Tony tightly before pulling Charlie into a big bear hug.

"Bruce did a blood test, and he said it's in there. Charlie, what should we have for dinner tomorrow?" He asked, leaning his head against Steve's arm.

"Las'a'na!" She exclaimed, and Tony started toward the car as the bailiff ran out, and handed Clint his papers.

"Lasagna it is." Tony grinned, "And french bread?" He asked.

"Yeah, yeah!" Char flailed.

"Mind if we stop at the store?" Clint took the papers, and handed them to Steve, since his hands were full with his daughter.

"Sure," he hummed. Tony slipped into the car.

"Happy?" He blinked, "What are you doing here?"

"Came to give you a ride, sir." Clint raised an eyebrow, but got into the car as well, leaning against Steve once the alpha was inside.

"Let me just..." Steve buckled Charlotte into the booster, and smiled down at her.

"Where to, sir?" Happy asked,

"A... grocery store." Tony muttered, "Happy, why are you-? Shouldn't you be with Pepper?"

"I heard your messages... to her and Ms. Romanov." Clint swallowed.

"So are you on Tony's side now?" He asked.

"After hearing what they didn't respond to?" Happy grunted, "Yes."

"Welcome to the pack, Happy," Clint beamed.

"Sorry I ever left." Happy replied into the mirror, and Tony stared back at him.

"I..." He looked away, twisting his hands in his lap, "...I..." Steve smiled softly.

"We're happy to have you, Mr. Hogan." Clint nodded and slowly took Steve's hand to lay it across his flat stomach; Steve's eyes widened in awe, and he rubbed softly. "You're sure?" He asked softly, looking up into Clint's eyes. Tony's mouth twitched into a smile.

"I'll go in the store, you can be lovey in the car." The archer hummed and nodded.

"Thanks, Tony. Charlotte, do you wanna shop with uncle Tony?"

"Yeahyeah!" She wiggled around in her booster, and Tony unbuckled her as they pulled to a halt.

"Alrighty, come on." He let her climb onto his back, and carried her over to the carts, "Okay, you have to ride in the cart." She nodded and let him pick her up, and she sat down happily in the cart, looking around. "Okay, Jarvis, gimme a list. Everything we need for lasagna."

"Might I suggest purchasing a frozen one, sir?"
"No, Jarvis. It's a celebration. And I don't like the attitude."

"Yes, sir." His phone lit up with the list, and Tony ruffled Charlie's hair as they started to move through the store, gathering items.

"I knew there was a reason I didn't do this myself..." He sighed as yet another person snapped their picture while he perused different pasta sauces. Charlie smiled for each picture, giggling softly. "Yeah, yeah. You're a princess." Tony settled a few jars of sauce in the cart, before moving on to the cold section, pausing when the first brave omega asked him softly for an autograph.

"I wanna sign!" Charlie said, beaming at the omega. Then she looked at Tony, "Why all da pictures?" Tony tapped her nose.

"Because you're a princess, right? And can she sign, too?" He asked the slim omega, who must be extremely brave, as there was an obvious bruise on her cheek. He quickly scrawled his signature onto the ripped out page from her datebook.

"My turn!" She giggled, and stuck her tongue out, making a scribble on the page like Tony's. Tony smiled, and offered his hand to the omega, she took it carefully, obviously nervous.

"If you need help..." He murmured quietly, and slipped his card into her hand, "I can help." She shivered, and looked at his card, before glancing up at him.

"Thank you... I-I will consider it," She smiled.

"If you can't call, go to Stark Tower." Tony murmured.

"Thank you," She smiled, and gave Charlie a nice smile before backing away.

"Any time," Tony sighed, and started piling more food into the cart. Charlie yawned, and rubbed her eyes, trying to stay awake.

"I didn't like tha' man."

"What man?" Tony asked distractedly, before realizing who Char was talking about, "...oh."

"The man who tried to take me away," She whined softly, staring up at him.

"I know, honey..." Tony kissed her forehead gently, "...oh honey..." She started to cry, and she reached her arms out for him; Tony lifted her from the cart.

"Darling, no, don't cry... don't cry, shh..." He whispered. She cried until she couldn't cry anymore, and she sniffed, whimpering occasionally.

"I'm tiredddd," she whined. It was past her bedtime.

"I know, pretty girl," Tony pushed the cart one handed, and gathered the last few things, "We're almost done, we just have to stand in line, okay?" He settled the cart into the line, and rocked her gently on his shoulder. She whined, but was relaxed by the rocking motion.

"Caannddyyy," she whined softly, seeing it on the shelf.

"Not tonight, sneaky girl." Tony knew she'd be asleep before they reached the tower, it was pointless to get any for her, at least, that's what he told himself. She only whined louder, reaching for a pack of M&M's; "Char, come on," Tony shifted her away from the candy, and started unpacking the cart onto the conveyor belt, but she kept leaning to grab candies, "Charlotte Rose
Barton, you put that back right now." He said in his serious voice. She wailed louder and threw the candy back, rubbing her wet eyes, Tony sighed, and pushed everything onto the belt, "Please, Charlie... it's past your bedtime, and you know your mom won't be happy if I buy you candy..." She continued to cry, her voice getting scratchy as she tired herself out. "Shh, shh," he nudged the cart through with his foot, "I'll tell you what... tomorrow, we can go get ice cream, how does that sound? But you have to be really good, and brush your teeth." She sniffed, and nodded her head.

"I want spwinkles..." she said, leaning her head on his shoulder.

"Of course." Tony patted her back, and swiped his card, watching the numbers run, not that it mattered much, he could buy six mansions a month and they still wouldn't run out of money, and that was excluding the funds put away for all their children. She closed her eyes, and tried to fall asleep. "That's it," the sub bounced her gently as the checker bagged his groceries. "Thank you," he offered quietly, before pushing it out of the store smoothly. Charlie was fully asleep the second she was put in her booster, breathing softly. Tony smiled and, slowly, tugged Happy into a hug when the man came to help him put the groceries in the trunk. Happy rubbed Tony's back.

"Glad to see you looking well, sir," he said, helping him put the bags in the trunk. Tony offered him a smile.

"Well, I managed to wrestle a whole team of lawyers away from SI, and get my hus-... mate out of prison." Happy nodded.

"I will be more than happy to help out in anyway I can," he said.

"I know." Tony looked up at him as the beta closed the trunk of the car. "I know." The beta patted his shoulder, and got back into the car. Tony followed at a slower pace, wondering where that had come from, the word 'Husband'. They were perfectly happy as mates, bonded, with two beautiful children... why would he think of that word? He shook his head, and leaned to touch Clint's stomach, "I know how you feel." He laughed. Clint beamed and chuckled, his lips a little bruised from the intense kissing.

"This is really exciting. I can actually have a nice pregnancy."

"I'll make sure of it." Steve kissed him once more, closing his eyes and scenting Clint's neck. Clint hummed and tilted his head to the side, closing his eyes, enjoying the shivers going up and down his spine; Steve only stopped when Tony looked away, uncomfortable.

"We're here, sirs." Happy announced, "I'll carry the groceries up, Mr. Stark."

"No, that's okay, I can-"

"I insist, sir." Happy sighed, "Let me be useful." Clint frowned when Steve stopped, and sighed, lifting his daughter from the booster seat. He carried her into the elevator, and waited for Steve, before pressing the button for their floor. Steve was immediately back to kissing and scenting Clint's throat.

"I love you. Do you want me to take her? I can." He nosed at Clint's face, and kissed him softly, "Mmm, my darling."

"I love you too," he hummed and shook his head, "I'm going to put her to bed."

"M'kay." Steve kissed him softly, he'd been worried, at first, having Char sleep alone at such an early age, but she didn't seem to be afraid, and when she was, she simply climbed in bed with them. Clint smiled into the kiss, and then took Charlie to her room, he tucked her in and kissed her head,
before turning on her nightlight and leaving the room; Steve was waiting for him, in boxers and a
tank. "Hey... brush your teeth with me?" Clint raised an eyebrow.

"Uhh, sure?" He shrugged.

"I love you." Steve kissed him once more, then nudged him into the bathroom.

Tony put all the groceries away, yawning, before he made his way up to he and Bucky's floor,
blinking when he found his mate, sprawled on the couch, their children asleep on his chest. Bucky
was obviously asleep, but the TV was playing the same 'home movies' it had played for Tony
while Bucky was in prison.

"Jay, turn it off." He murmured, before he gently kissed Bucky's chin, then his forehead, and then
his lips. Bucky woke up slowly, humming and kissing him back on the lips.

"That... is a really nice way to wake up."

"Was it?" Tony murmured, kneeling at his feet and laying his torso over Bucky's lap, "I missed
you."

"I missed you too," he hummed, his cock stirring a little at the sight of Tony's mouth so close to his
crotch. The omega blinked at the arousal scent curling through the air.

"Hmm." He stood up, and lifted Nia and Jamie from Bucky's chest. "Don't move a muscle, I'll be
right back."

"Okay," he beamed, and moved his arms behind his head once the babies were taken, Tony
returned a moment later, having settled the babies down to sleep, and slid fluidly to his knees
again.

"I love you..." He murmured, "...use me?"

"I love you too," he hummed, and ran a hand through Tony's hair. "Soon, suck me," he said,
undoing a button, wanting Tony to do the rest. Tony gripped the zipper between his teeth, pulling it
down slowly.

"Yes, sir." He murmured, using his teeth to tug the band of Bucky's boxers down, "They're out for
the night."

"Good," he hummed, his cock springing forward, getting stuck on Tony's jaw, the sub nuzzled
against his alpha's cock, giving little nips and licks every few seconds.

"Mm." He breathed, and closed his mouth over the head, laving it with his tongue. Bucky groaned
and petted Tony's head, occasionally pushing on the back of his scalp to press him further onto his
cock. Tony swallowed around him, bobbing his head smoothly up and down, his lips and nose
brushing the dark curls of Bucky's pubic hair.

"That's my good boy," he moaned and thrust a few times before pulling Tony's mouth off of him.
He kissed him on the lips, and flipped them over, gently stroking Tony's cock a few times before
easing down, rubbing his balls, and then getting to the plug in his ass. He played with it a little,
bringing it in and out at its widest point, stretching him a little, before sliding it out completely;
Tony arched as his muscles spread over it repeatedly, and then his hole flexed and clenched around
air.
"Bucky... sir...!" He panted, rolling his hips against nothing. A light slap to his balls had him jerking, and moaning. "Please, sir... please, yes, more...!"

"You like that?" He growled softly. He slipped the head of his cock into Tony, nothing more, and slapped his balls again, Tony bucked.

"Y-yes, sir!" He whined, shifting, "Please!" Bucky pulled out, and pushed back in, fucking him with only the head for a while, watching him writhe beneath him. The sub quivered, arching with every soft swat, and the feeling of his muscles parting over Bucky's cock head. Then Bucky reached up and pinched his sore nipples, and he came all over his belly.

"Wow..." he beamed and kissed him, slamming his entire length deep within his hole, Tony had to bite his hand to keep from screaming, his body bucking up off the ground.

"Ah ah!" He tried to wrap his legs around Bucky's waist, but Bucky grasped his legs and started fucking him roughly, groaning against Tony's skin. "Mmmnah!" Tony cried, pressing his hand over his mouth, back bowing off the floor. A soft smack to one of his nipples had him biting his finger hard. Bucky wrapped his mouth around a nipple, and gave a hard suck, swirling his tongue around the bud, groaning at the taste of the warm milk, speeding up his thrusts. Tony jerked and bit harder. "Mmmm!" He bucked and arched, legs jerking in Bucky's grip. The alpha lapped at the leaking bud, and did the same to his other nipple. He reached between Tony's legs, and stroked his cock as his knot slid in and out of him, stretching him as it grew.

"N-n-!" Tony shuddered against him, hands gripping Bucky's hair. Bucky let out a loud gasp as he pushed his whole knot into Tony's entrance, his thighs shaking a little as he pulled back, releasing his cum in torrents. Tony whimpered, pulling at Bucky's hair desperately, quivering. Bucky stroked his cock harder, and continued to suck on his nipple. "Nn!" Tony whimpered, spilling a second time.

"Good boy," he groaned, kissing him gently, panting over him. He kind of missed his hair hanging down in his face, Tony slid his hands over Bucky's face.

"Oh... Bucky..." The dom smiled and leaned into the hands, wishing Tony could push his hair out of his face like he used to. "I love you, too," He murmured, kissing his dom, "I love you... so much... and... and what... what happened... I'm so sorry, I still..."

"Ssh," he hummed and nuzzled him. "It's okay. It's over and done with."

"It's... but I... I..." Tony whispered, shaking, "...I'm... so sorry....!"

"Oh baby, this wasn't your fault!" He petted him, "Don't you for even a second blame this on yourself."

"No... no the... before... before the twins were born..." Tony whispered, and the dom gave him a weird look.

"Don't worry about it, baby," he kissed him.

"But I... it's... I... I ch-ch..." Bucky kissed him, and hummed.

"Forget about it, it's in the past."

"But..." Tony whispered, staring up at him. Bucky shook his head.

"It's over."
"It's..." Tony scrubbed a hand over his face, "...it doesn't feel over..." He whispered. "Then with H... Hammer... and you say it's n-not my fault... but... but it is..."

"It was rape, you didn't consent," he sighed softly and hugged Tony.

"But what if-?!" Tony cried, jerking up, "What if I... what if...? And it's m-my fault you killed him!" Bucky shook his head.

"He deserved everything he got. Even if the first time wasn't rape, which it WAS, then the second time I would have killed him either way," Tony shuddered.

"But I let him..." The alpha shook his head and hugged him.

"You were under drop. Omegas can't even consent legally while in drop."

"I..." Tony whispered, "...I crawled..." He rubbed his face against Bucky's chest, shaking.

"You were in drop," he rubbed Tony's back, and nuzzled his head.

"But I-" Tony shuddered, swallowing thickly, "but I... crawled to him..." Bucky growled softly.

"You didn't consent to Hammer. I don't want to talk about that bastard the rest of the night." Tony flinched hard.

"Sorry..." He whispered, "...you said I c-could talk to you... but... sorry... never mind... I..." The dom sighed.

"You can talk to me, but you're not believing me when I say it was rape." Tony looked away from him.

"Yes, sir." He mumbled, falling silent. Bucky hugged Tony against him.

"It's my first night back... we can talk more about it tomorrow."

"It's... fine... I don't need..." Tony muttered. Bucky nuzzled him lovingly.

"Please don't... you can talk to me. Just... trust me when I say it wasn't consensual." Tony shrugged one shoulder, rubbing a hand over his face shakily. Bucky kissed his cheek. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, groaning as his dom pulled gently out of his body. He lay down beside him, and hummed. "We should shower and get in bed with the kids." Tony murmured. He nodded, and lifted Tony up, carrying him to the bathroom. The omega wrapped around him like a squid, shivering once, softly. Bucky set him into the shower before climbing in. He turned it on, making sure it didn't hit Tony. The sub ducked his head, rubbing his face clean with a wet rag, before he slipped under the spray, trying to be quick, so he could get to the twins. Bucky helped him wash, shampooing his hair for him. "Mmm..." Tony whined, leaning up into his hands, "...take... uh... take as long as you want... to shower..."

"Okay," he smiled, and scrubbed his scalp really good, making sure he rubbed that special spot before tilting his head back to rinse. The omega gripped his arms tightly, nervous fear permeating his scent as the water hit his scalp. "I got you, baby," he hummed, and rinsed the shampoo out before pulling his head out of the spray. "Good boy." Tony was trembling, but he offered Bucky a soft, shaky smile.

"Thank you." Bucky kissed him softly.
"Thank you for trusting me to do that." The omega stared up into his eyes.

"I love you."

"I love you too," he hummed and patted his ass. "Go take care of our pups." Tony nodded, and climbed out of the shower, drying himself off quickly, before he tugged on briefs and a pair of loose pajama pants. Bucky whistled softly at his sexy omega, and started washing himself; Tony flushed softly, climbing into bed with the twins, who stirred, and reached for him, wanting to nurse. Bucky came out a few minutes later, and he crawled onto the bed, sprawled out against his mate's side, Tony blinked over at him, the babies nursing happily.

"They missed me."

"I can tell," he smiled.

"They missed you, too." The sub yawned. "We're making lasagna tomorrow." Bucky hummed and nodded.

"We are?" He asked,

"Mm. The pack is." Tony shifted softly, a little uncomfortable, until he could press more of himself to Bucky.

"Oh okay," he nodded, wrapping his arms around the babies and Tony

"Mm." Tony hummed quietly, eyes already closed. Bucky was asleep in seconds, snoring softly.
Watch What You Say

Chapter Summary

So warnings are...the horrors of little kid birthday parties, surprise fisting, and...a fight.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Ow!" Tony grunted, sucking his burnt fingers into his mouth, "Why can't we just buy a fucking cake?" He turned to ask Bucky just as Jamie exclaimed.

"Puckin'!" Tony went still.

"Crap." Bucky tried not to laugh as he went over to Jamie.

"We don't say that, James. That's a grown up word."

"Puck." Jamie said very quietly, and Tony sighed, closing his eyes.

"I'm a terrible parent." He whined, stepping over the baby gate across their kitchen doorway, to pick Nia up off the floor from where she was toddling around. "But seriously, why are we baking a cake for their birthday, when we could buy them a crazy monstrosity cake, and not have to worry about burning it, and slash or ourselves? Because really, it's Charlotte's birthday today, and this is ridiculous." Bucky growled softly at James, but he knew the boy didn't really understand why he shouldn't say that word. He picked him up, and nuzzled him.

"It's supposed to be more special this way..."

"Supposed to." Tony sighed, "It's still jiggly in the middle, and Char's party starts in ten minutes." He checked Nia's diaper, and groaned. "Poopy booty." He grumbled, carrying her into the bedroom to change her diaper. He bounced Jamie softly.

"Just throw it back in the oven for a few more minutes."

"It's in the oven. It's got like... half an hour left." Tony sighed, "Rrr... Nini! Stay still!" She kicked her legs, and tried to grab the diaper pins.

"No! Nono didi!" Bucky took the pins away with his free hand.

"You have to wear a diaper!" He blew a raspberry on her belly.

"No didi!" She cried, kicking and struggling, flipping her body over.

"Antonia Marie!" Tony snapped, and she went still, "You have to have a diaper!" He pinned the new one on quickly, and settled her little pants back up, "You don't get to pee pee on the floor." Bucky shrugged at Nia.

"Gotta do as your mama says." Tony nudged Bucky with his foot.

"Check him." He nodded to Jamie, who was pulling at Bucky's three inch long hair. Bucky winced
a little, and checked his diaper.

"He just peed." Tony arched a brow.

"Your turn." He muttered, carrying Nia into the living room and trying to tame her curls into pigtails, while she screamed and thrashed in his arms. Bucky chuckled, and lay his son down, taking off his diaper; Nia flailed, face turning red, and Tony grimaced. "Come on! It's just... pigtails!" He exclaimed, fixing one, then pinning hair bows to them. "You're sure you don't mind sharing a birthday party with them?" He asked, setting Nia down. The nearly one year old girl wrapped herself around Bucky's leg, sobbing.

"I don't mind," he smiled, petting Nia's head after fixing his son's diaper. "Hey, pigtails don't hurt, right?"

"Are you asking me, or her?" Tony grunted, watching James waddle toward him.

"Her," he laughed, and picked Nia up, kissing her head.

"Bebet..." She whined, bottom lip trembling, and Tony snorted, and lifted James from the floor.

"Jarvis, turn the oven off when the cake is done. Or if anything catches on fire."

"Bebet?" He asked, not real good at understanding baby talk yet.

"Bebebet!" Nia whimpered, patting her head.

"Uhm, you want a barrette?" He asked, grabbing the small butterfly hair clip, Nia shook her head, tears sliding down her cheeks. Tony sighed.

"She's asking if you like it."

"Bebet." She nodded serenely.

"I think, anyway. Come on, we're late."

"Oh!" Bucky blushed, and put the barrette down, "I do like it, you look gorgeous," he hummed and nuzzled her cheek. She pulled on one of the bows in her hair, and nuzzled his face back; green eyes, nearly identical to Bucky's, flicked to watch Tony step into the elevator with James.

"'Ame... no... no pig?" She asked, patting Bucky's face. Bucky smiled and shook his head.

"James isn't a pig either," he said, rubbing her back. He really hoped he would get better at this baby talk; Antonia waved her hands, and Tony leaned over and kissed her nose.

"James doesn't have to have pigtails, because James is a boy, which yes, I know, makes no sense." The little girl blinked, then sighed and laid her head on Bucky's shoulder.

"He doesn't have as much hair as you, and he's not nearly as cute," he chuckled. James looked up at his daddy, eyes exactly like Tony's filling with tears.

"Nice." Tony grunted, carrying him over to the window, "He didn't mean it, baby, you're so
"handsome, and you and Nia are both super cute!" Jamie began to wail, and the omega sighed. The alpha winced, and walked over, nuzzling James.

"You're really handsome, 'cause boys are handsome! Cute is for girls," he hummed, "Boys are handsome."

"You call me cute." Tony glowered at him, "Let's just... let me calm him down, and you take Nia to say happy birthday to Char."

"I give up! I can't make anyone happy," he said, shaking his head, and he took Nia downstairs. Tony frowned,

"Right." He muttered, bouncing James on his hip. Bucky smiled as he entered the room, and he set Nia down, "Go tell Charlie 'Happy Birthday.'" Antonia toddled off through all their pack mates' legs, and up to Charlotte.

"Birsday." She said softly. Charlie giggled and hugged Nia, smiling.

"Thanks." Tony carried a hiccupsing Jamie over, and bent to kiss Charlie's cheek.

"Happy birthday, darling." He straightened up, setting Jamie down to play.

"Thanks!" She beamed at Tony, and grabbed Nia's hand, leading her and Jamie to the playpen.

"Clint, how are you feeling?" The omega asked softly, smirking at the smooth curve of Clint's pregnant belly. Clint groaned and rolled his eyes.

"Fat... I don't know how I'm going to handle twins..." he sighed and shook his head, Tony arched a brow.

"Thor's mojo is too strong. But you'll do fine. Knowing Steve, they'll be perfect angels and fall asleep at nine pm and I'll hate you for eternity." He pulled Clint into a hug. Clint smiled and hugged his friend back.

"If they're anythin' like I was as a kid, they'll be nightmares."

"Yeah... mine took after me. Four am bed time." Tony snorted. Clint chuckled, and nodded.

"Yeah, that sucks. Charlie usually fell asleep by one... or I fell asleep," he shrugged, 

"I know." Tony reminded him gently, "They'll be fine. Charlie can read to them. And you have Steve."

"Yeah..." he smiled and sighed softly, "It'll be better this time. It already is."

"I bet." Tony smiled, even if it was a little strained, "Annd... there goes my son." He darted past Clint to scoop James out of the bathroom doorway, "No, we don't play in the toilet!" James let out a loud wail, fingers pointing to the toilet, "No, darling, toilets are yucky gross!" Tony closed the bathroom door just in time to hear Nia start to throw a fit. "Why?" He whined, carrying the crying Jamie over, "Nia, stop that. It's just a shoe!" She was trying to pull her sandal off. Charlie looked like she was starting to get upset by all of the crying. Bucky sighed and picked his daughter up.

"Why do you want that to come off?" Nia kicked her feet, flailing and kicking.

"I'm sorry," Tony bit his lip, "We can... I can take them and go..."
"I'll take her out to calm down, then I'll be back," Bucky said, walking outside with Nia, "Talk to me, pretty girl, what's wrong with your shoes?"

"Chuus." She whined, kicking and crying, too young to tell him how she was feeling.

"Look," he gasped, and pointed down, "Daddy has to wear shoes. Which means you do too." She screamed, kicking him, and trying to get down so she could throw her fit. He sighed and let her down, rubbing his arm where she kicked him. She lay on the floor, kicking her legs, and shrieking.

"Bucky." Tony stepped out. "Trade me," he held the sniffling little boy out to Bucky. "Go ahead and go back in, I'll deal with her."

"Ya sure?" He asked, taking the little boy.

"Positive, I think she's t-i-r-e-d." Tony watched her flail around on the floor, and then bent to pick her up, gently slipping her shoes off of her feet; her crying calmed a little, and he pulled his shirt up, holding her to his chest. She latched on, tears glistening on her cheeks.

"Okay," his alpha nodded, and walked back into the room, bouncing James against his chest.

"Is Nia alright?" Steve asked, his mate's pregnancy had him glowing as much as Clint. "We're having lunch, which is pizza, and then cake and presents." Bucky nodded.

"She was just overtired," he said. "Sounds good. How are you doing with the hormones?" Steve laughed.

"Great, actually! Peter and May watch Char, and... it's great, Buck. You remember Tony's-? Oh... uh... you didn't do much of that, never mind. I have to serve the pizza, you want to make a plate for Tony?" The brunette dom nodded sadly.

"Yeah, I'll make him a plate," he said.

"Okay, I'll dish all the kids' plates." Steve hurried to spread the paper plates out, settling little slices of pizza onto them for the kids, beside little scoops of fruit salad. "There's green salad for the grown ups."

"Aww, but I wanted fruit salad," Bucky snorted, and took a plate for Tony.

"You can have some," Steve shrugged, "Up to you." He set the little plates on the coffee table. "C'mon kids," he set Nia's plate aside, smiling when Tony slipped back into the living room.

"Clint? I put Nia down to nap in your room, I hope that's alright?" Clint nodded.

"Yeah, it's fine," he smiled, sitting down on the couch. Bucky smiled and handed Tony a plate with a large slice of pizza on it. The omega looked down at the plate in his hands, wondering when that had happened.

"Bucky?" He lifted his gaze to his dom's face, "You handed it to me." Bucky gasped, and beamed at Tony, giving him a huge kiss on the lips.

"YES!" The sub stared.

"How long have you been doing that?" He asked, picking through the salad, "How did this happen? Oh, darling, that's lovely." Tony smiled as Jamie rubbed pizza sauce into his mother's jeans. Bucky chuckled.
"Maybe it's from handing our children back and forth?" He asked, picking Jamie back up.

"Maybe." Tony scrubbed his napkin over his pants, but it didn't make much difference. "I... uh... I'll be right back." He stood, carrying his plate into the kitchen, and looked around for salad dressing. Bucky nodded and smiled at how Steve kept bringing Clint slices of pizza with LOTS of green salad. Tony sank down against Bucky's side, suppressing a yawn, and picked up Jamie's pizza.

"C'mon, honey, eat." He glanced at Steve, happily feeding Clint bites of salad. Jamie held his mouth open, leaning against his mom's other side. Clint groaned.

"Steve, I've had enough salad." Steve's shoulders slumped.

"Alright." He set the plate down, and Tony swallowed thickly, trying to focus on his son. He didn't want to think about how nice it would've been for Bucky to be there for him. Clint grasped his mate's hand.

"Don't be mad... I just don't want anymore," he muttered. Bucky nuzzled Tony's cheek, and kissed his shoulder, while Jamie whined and tried to bite a chunk off the slice. Tony held it still.

"There you go, honey." He murmured, Thor bent down.

"May I feed him?" Jamie gasped when he saw Thor, bouncing a little in his seat, chewing on his food in his mouth.

"Yeah, I... yeah." Tony tried to smile, and handed Thor the pizza. Bruce was at his side in seconds, helping him feed the baby.

"I'm not mad, Clint." Steve sighed, "I just... I'm trying to... I'll just go help Charlie." Jamie wanted to play more than eat, but eventually they got him to take more bites. Clint frowned, and looked down, hating that Steve wouldn't talk to him. The alpha paused, halfway out of his seat. "Clint? I... what did I do?" Tony dropped his pizza on his plate, fingers twitching, feeling extremely uncomfortable. Clint noticed Tony was getting uncomfortable and everyone was staring at him. He didn't want to ruin his daughter's third birthday! He breathed in deep, and smiled, patting Steve's hand.

"Go ahead and help Charlie," he said, getting up. "Just need to use the bathroom." Steve offered a hand in help.

"You alright?" He hovered, concerned.

"I'm fine, thanks," he smiled weakly and kissed him before walking to the bathroom.

"Okay." Steve settled onto the floor next to Charlotte, "Hey, pretty lady! So grown up! Happy birthday!" Charlie beamed at him and laughed, crawling into his lap.

"Thanks, daddy," she giggled and took another bite of her pizza.

"I'm so proud of you, darling. Are you excited for your cake?" The decor this year was princess themed.

"Yeah! I bet it's gonna be so pretty!" She said, rubbing her eyes. "You want?" She asked, offering him a bite of her slice.

"Oh, no thank you, darling." Steve kissed her hair, "I had my own."
"Okay," she smiled and squealed when she found out the crust was stuffed with cheese. "I thought you'd like that." Steve grinned, and glanced up at Tony, who was picking his pizza apart with listless fingers. Charlie giggled and hummed, nuzzling his chest. Bucky nuzzled Tony, not sure what the omega's problem was. "All done?" Steve asked, booping her on the nose; Tony set his uneaten food aside.

"Yeah," she smiled and nodded, only a little piece of crust was left. Bucky frowned at his mate. "Why aren't you eating?" Tony's fingers twitched.

"I'm not hungry." He muttered, "Saving room for cake." He leaned into Bucky's side, breathing in his scent. Steve scooped Charlie up, cleaning her face and hands.

"When your mama comes back, it's cake time!" She smiled and wiggled in his grip.

"Then presents?"

"Yeah, then presents." Steve promised, glancing at the pile, smaller this year. She clapped her hands, and smiled up at him. Moments later, Clint came out, and retook his place on the couch; Steve immediately leaned to kiss him, smiling.

"Ready for cake?" He asked his mate. Clint smiled into the kiss. "Yes! You guys didn't have to wait for me," he chuckled.

"We wanted to." Steve smiled, and settled Charlie next to her mother on the very couch she was born on. Clint hummed and wrapped his arm around Charlie, nuzzling her head.

"Babies," Charlie cooed, pressing her face to Clint's belly. She looked up as Steve carried the cake out, with its candles and princess crown decorations.

"Yeah, you realize that because you wished so hard, you got your two babies in here," he hummed, "Look, daddy has your cake!" He smiled. It looked pretty good! He gave Tony a thumbs up, trying to show he was alright; Tony blinked at him, trying to smile, as Thor handed Jamie to him.

"Come on, Char," Steve beckoned her over, and began to sing. Clint's sang loudly and off key, making everyone laugh. "Okay, Char... make a wish, and blow out the candles!" Steve patted her back. Charlie came closer to the cake, and closed her eyes, wishing hard before taking a deep breath, and blowing them all out at once. "Good job!" Steve beamed patting her back, and the pack leaned to give her kisses and happy birthdays. The super soldier gently wrapped his daughter's fingers around the handle of a knife, his own fingers over hers, and together they sliced the cake into pieces. She gasped and giggled, vibrating excitedly over being able to cut the cake! "Alrighty, let's serve this up," Steve helped her lift slices of cake onto plates, and pass them around to people; Tony blinked down at his piece, twice the size of anyone else's, and suppressed a sigh, picking up his plastic fork. Bucky chuckled and kissed Tony's head, Clint kissed his daughter's cheek when she handed him one, and made room again for her on the couch when she finally had her own slice. Steve settled beside them beaming, and took a bite, humming. "It came out good," he kissed Char's cheek, they'd made the cake together. Tony chewed slowly, leaning closer to his mate. Char giggled and nodded.

"It's soo good!" She praised as Bucky offered a forkful of cake to Tony, humming. The sub arched a brow.

"I have-" But the fork pressed past his lips, he frowned, chewing and swallowing. Bucky smiled
and nuzzled him.

"I enjoy feeding you." The sub's frown smoothed off of his features.

"I... yeah." He smiled softly, and nuzzled his mate's side. The dom smiled and nuzzled him back, kissing his cheek. Tony shifted James in his lap, "Oh, you found mommy's cake?" He snorted, the baby had a fistful of frosting, and it was smeared over his little face.

"Jarvis, take a picture," Bucky chuckled, smiling down at Jamie, "You like frosting, huh?" The little boy chewed happily on his hand, and Tony chuckled, setting his plate out of reach.

"Presents!" Char squealed, and Steve kissed her cheek.

"Yes, presents." At that, Clint chuckled.

"This one is from uncle Tony." Charlie tore at the paper, opening the small, beautifully crafted jewelry box, and exclaiming in delight when she found a beautiful necklace inside.

"What's it made of?" Steve asked Tony, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Her birthstone." The omega arched a brow, "Don't worry, I didn't get her anything too... you know... like horseback riding lessons." He looked away, leaning into Bucky, and sighing when Jamie rubbed frosting into his shirt. Bucky grabbed Jamie’s hand, and cleaned it off.

"What do you say to uncle Tony?" Clint asked his daughter.

"Thank you!" She exclaimed, Steve was quiet at her side, mind on the comment Tony had made. "More!" Charlotte demanded, waving her hands. Her father blinked, and picked up another from Bucky and Tony. Clint patted her head.

"That's not how good girls ask for more," he scolded softly, Charlie looked ashamed.

"Please?" She attempted, and Steve gently handed it over. It was small, a shoebox, and she squeaked with excitement when she realized it was a larger size of the princess shoes she'd gotten from Thor the year before.

"Those tiny ones were hurting, huh?" He smiled, and beamed at Thor.

"I did not purchase these, it was Anthony." Thor bowed his head in Tony's direction, then handed his own gift over.

"Nice, Tony," he smiled and squeezed his hand; the sub smiled, and leaned to kiss Char's forehead.

"It was Bucky's idea." The sub deferred, and Charlotte excitedly opened Thor's gift of hair bows, all different colors; big and fluffy.

"He wanted to have armor made for her," Bruce stage whispered, and Thor laughed.

"When she is of age, she shall have glorious armor!"

"Armor? What do you think she'll need armor for?" Clint asked. "She's not going into battle." Thor's grin faltered.

"You do not wish her to know the ways of the warrior?" Tony touched Thor's hand.

"It's alright, Thor. You can get Nia and Jamie armor when they turn ten." The brunette omega
offered; Clint shrugged.

"She's only three."

"That's why he said 'when she's of age.'" Tony murmured, and Bruce handed Char her next gift, trying to diffuse the slight tension in the air. Clint rubbed a hand over his face, and tried to stay calm, Charlotte seemed completely unaffected as she opened a small box set of books.

"Thank you!" She started trying to tear the plastic covering off, and Steve plucked them from her hands.

"Open them later, Char. You have a few more presents to open."

"I'll hold them for you," Clint said, taking the books so they didn't get stepped on. She held her hands out for the next gift, a big one from Steve.

"Art!" She exclaimed, opening the beautiful wooden box, full of child appropriate art supplies.

"Yes, but only in the art space, right?" Steve smiled at her.

"Yup!" Clint beamed, and handed her a box as well. Inside was a horseback riding Barbie complete with moveable horse. She squealed, and pulled at the pieces of the box, trying to get it out, as Jamie began to cry, and an echoing cry came from the bedroom.

"Ah... I think it's time for me and Bucky to go up, they need a real nap." Tony pulled Clint into a hug, laughing as the four month pregnant belly pressed against his. "I don't envy you, Barton, have fun with the next five months." And he hurried to retrieve his daughter. Clint smiled and hugged him back, sighing softly. Bucky smiled and hugged Clint, Steve and Charlie, handing her one last small box from Tony before leaving. Steve helped her untie the ribbon, and she exclaimed over the shiny bracelet inside, asking her mom to help her put it on. Steve blinked, and pulled a paper addressed to him from the box, "Steve, the bracelet has a tracker in it, synced to Jarvis, that will turn on every time she leaves the tower." Clint smiled and wrapped it around her tiny wrist.

"Gorgeous." Steve nudged him, and passed over the paper, holding a finger to his lips. Clint nodded and read it, smiling and tucking it into his pocket. "C'mon, Aunt May and Peter got you a gift, and then you can play." Charlotte looked up at the two omegas, who were settled together in Clint's favorite chair.

"Here you are, darling." May handed the package over, smiling, and Charlotte exclaimed over the red, white, and blue dress, "We bought it a little large, so she could wear it to her daddy's birthday in a few months."

"That's gorgeous!" He smiled, and held it up to Charlie's body. "Yeah, you should be big enough to wear it by then."

"Big!" Charlotte stretched her little body up, "I'm big 'nuff!" Her mother smiled.

"Almost, darling."

"A'most." She took the dress, looking it over, happy and putting off contented sleepy scent like nobody's business.

"We should get going, unless you want help cleaning up? We have another party to get ready for tomorrow." Clint hugged Charlie.
"I'll put her to bed, and then we'll come back and help clean up." She started to whine.

"But mama, no! No sleeping! It's wake up time, go to the park, and play! We have to see the turtles!" Steve chuckled, he loved it when she babbled about things that made no sense.

"What? Who said anything about turtles?" He laughed, and pulled her into his lap, letting her lean on his belly.

"Turtles." She repeated, face entirely serious, as she rubbed his belly with her hands. She loved helping Bruce do the prenatal exams, and rubbing the cocoa butter on her mother's belly.

"Do you think you can stay awake long enough to see turtles?" He asked, Charlie yawned widely, and nodded, laying her head on Clint's stomach, and mumbling something. "Maybe we can see turtles tomorrow," he said softly, petting her head.

"Turtles." Was all she said, patting his belly.

"C'mon," he said, slowly getting up, holding her against his hip as he walked her to her bedroom, Charlotte yawned, and leaned against her mother, nuzzling her.

"Croca..." She whined, reaching for her stuffed crocodile. He smiled and stuffed the animal underneath her chin.

"Sleep tight," he hummed, Charlie blinked sleepily up at him.

"Story?"

"Sure," he said, grabbing the one he didn't finish last night. He picked up from where they left off, "And the great big brown bear came lolloping over the mountain..." Charlotte nuzzled her croc, and was sound asleep within two pages, still in her party clothes. He smiled and kissed her cheek, setting the book back down. "Goodnight, Charlie," he hummed softly.

Tony sighed as he tucked the blanket over his twins, both sound asleep at last. "Phew," He shuffled out of the bedroom, "Jarvis?"

"All monitors are on, sir."

"Good." The submissive wandered over to Bucky, his mate was pulling the cake out of the oven, and setting it atop the stove to cool.

"We'll put icing on it in the morning," he smiled and kissed his mate.

"Mhm." Tony hummed as Bucky pulled him around in front. "Sorry we waited to have your party... it's weird, having you all, three days in a row."

"It's okay, I don't need a party," he smiled, he really didn't want to celebrate turning ninety seven.

"But..." Tony started to protest, when Bucky's hands slid down to cup his ass, rubbing and massaging him through his jeans.

"It's up to you," The dom hummed, "I don't care one way or another," he said, kissing him.

"O-okay." Tony murmured, a little dazed, they didn't get to do much often, as the twins demanded attention and time, and it had been a few weeks since Bucky had so much as fingered him. On top
of that, it had been two months since Tony had been dropped. "Mnn..." He whimpered softly as Bucky's hands slid into his jeans, and spread his cheeks apart.

"So wet... I can feel the heat," he hummed, and slid two fingers in easily. Tony squirmed against him, feeling every minute shift, sensitive from lack of sex.

"Mnn...! Sir...!"

"So wet, I'm surprised it didn't leak all over your pants," he mused, the sub gripped Bucky's shoulders.

"P-please...!" He quivered, trying to get more inside of him as Bucky teased his hole with two fingers, and slick dripped out of him to wet his jeans, "Leaking... it's...!"

"So dirty," he said, pulling his fingers out, and licking them clean. "Take your pants off." Tony shoved his jeans off, leaving the shirt on, as he hadn't said to remove it.

"Sir...!" Bucky smiled, and stroked Tony's cock once, before helping his mate with his shirt. The omega's legs shook. "What if they wake up?" He whimpered, gripping the edge of the kitchen island.

"Then we can finish when they fall back asleep," he said, shoving his fingers back in his ass; Tony gave a soft cry as Bucky used one foot to nudge the sub's legs apart until he was in the stance his mate wanted him in.

"B-Buck...!" He shivered, the dom pulling his arms behind his back, and tying them with... "Where did you get rope?"

"I had it on the chair, guess you didn't notice," he chuckled, and shoved three fingers into his hole, moving them in and out, Tony was panting, chest heaving where it was pressed to the counter of the island.

"Mnn... didn't..." He breathed, feeling Bucky's metal hand spread one cheek open. In the year since the twins had been born, Tony had lost almost all the weight he had gained, though his hips were a little thicker than they'd been before, he was generally back to his original slim stature. Bucky easily slipped the next finger in.

"Gonna shove my whole hand into your greedy hole." Tony yelped, shifting his legs.

"B-but...!" He whined, trying to move, but Bucky held him firmly in place.

"You've pushed out two babies, you can do this," he grunted. The sub winced.

"You know we tighten back up, right? We don't fucking stay loose enough to push out a baby..." He groaned, rubbing his cheek on the counter as Bucky thrust the fingers smoothly, in a steady rhythm. "Fuck... fuck, Bucky... fuck!" He started to rock back into it, it felt so good to be stretched.

"I know, but if you can stretch for that, you can stretch for me," the alpha hummed, Tony whimpered, remembering the last time Bucky's hand had been fully inside of him, how full he'd been, how he'd cum without warning.

"Sir...!" He gasped in a few breaths, toes curling against the floor. A soft swat of Bucky's metal hand over his ass had him whining, and arching. The alpha got a fourth finger in at last, and slapped his balls.
"They're so thick... you gonna cum soon?" He teased, the sub tried to clench his thighs together, but Bucky gave him another swat, and he let them fall open, panting against the counter.

"Fuck you." He grunted out, determined to last.

"What? That's no way to speak to me," he growled, and slapped his ass hard around his fingers. Tony arched, hands clenching into fists on his back.

"Fuck you twice." Bucky growled angrily and slapped his ass three more times consecutively. The omega whimpered softly as bruises bloomed beneath the metal fingers, and he twisted to look back at Bucky. "Fuck. You." He repeated, enjoying riling up his alpha. Bucky snarled and shoved the rest of his hand in angrily. The sub sucked in a pained breath, eyes clenching shut. "Fuck... fuck fuck...!" His dom growled softly.

"Should wash your mouth out."

"It's pretty fucking dirty... I mean, shit, I spew fucking expletives like nobody's god damn business." Tony spouted, voice rasping, his hole spasming around Bucky's wrist. Bucky growled, and jerked his fist, making it go deeper.

"Or maybe I'll just have Steve come down here so you can suck his cock. Wanna suck your idol's cock?" Tony swallowed thickly, snapping his jaw shut on the words bubbling under the surface, wincing in a mixture of pain and pleasure as Bucky's hand uncurled inside of him, spreading open.

"Nnn..."

"That's what I thought," he said, slowly moving his hand back until Tony was stretched around the widest point. The sub's scent burned with shame at the spike of arousal Bucky's threat had wrought. He moaned through clenched teeth at the stretch that his dom was inflicting on him. His legs were shining with slick, dripping onto the floor. "Do you wanna suck his cock? Or do you wanna suck mine?" He hummed, Tony whimpered, biting his lip, he didn't want to answer. "You want to suck his!?!" He growled. It wasn't supposed to be rhetorical! Tony winced as Bucky tugged his hand free, hunching his shoulders as best he could with his wrists tied behind his back.

"Bucky, I love you... you know that..." He forced out after a long moment, "...you're the one suggesting this crap, okay?"

"You were supposed to say MY cock!" He huffed, running his soaked hand through his hair on accident, Tony swallowed.

"I didn't say anything."

"And why not!?" He snarled.

"Because maybe I don't like being a hand puppet!" Tony tried to straighten up, but Bucky's hand was on his back, and he felt something big, and cold, nudge against his hole. "W-wait-!" But the dom was already pressing it in, the thick clear plug they had never used before popped inside, and Tony's legs gave out beneath him. "Maybe..." His voice shook, "Maybe it would be... I don't... you suggested..." Bucky growled loudly.

"Shut up. It's not going to happen," he said, spreading Tony's ass cheeks, and tapping the base of the plug. "You're so pink inside..." Tony pressed his lips together so he wouldn't make a sound, eyebrows pulling down.

"It was you who said it..." He whispered, hanging his head as Bucky inspected him.
"Yeah, I wanted to hear about how you wanted my cock over his. I don't think Steve would betray his omega like that," he snarled, and pressed a finger in alongside the clear toy; Tony flinched as if he'd been slapped, pressing his face to the floor.

"I didn't... I didn't think he... I didn't think you were s-serious... I didn't...!"

"I wanted you to answer me!" He snarled and slipped the plug out, pressing his cock in roughly. The sub cried out, tears sliding down his cheeks, face scraping across the floor.

"Yes, sir... sorry sir... I want you. I always want you."

"Good," he said, slowing his thrusts, and kissing his back. Tony stared at the floor, tears slipping down his cheeks. Bucky kissed his cheek. "Sorry... I didn't mean to be mean." The omega didn't respond, he just lay still, arms tied securely, still crying. His toes were curled in, hands clenched into fists, trying not to sniffle. The alpha pulled out and pulled Tony against his chest. "I'm sorry..." Tony breathed shakily through his nose, trembling in Bucky's arms.

"I want what you want... if you wanted... that... I'd do it..." He whispered.

"I wanted you to enjoy sex, not cry..." he said softly.

"Gimme a second..." Tony tried to wipe his face on his shoulder, "...fuck." Bucky chuckled, and kissed his head.

"I love you."

"I love you, too, but the way you've been acting is... really confusing for me..." Tony muttered, twisting his wrists in the ropes. The dom nodded.

"I'm just... I think it's Clint's pheromones," he blushed. "I know I wasn't really around for your pregnancy, but I've been feeling really weird... I think it's 'cause I'm the pack alpha."

"Right." Tony muttered, sitting awkwardly in Bucky's lap, "Can you do me a favor, and not suggest sexual acts that you don't want while I have your hand up my ass?" Bucky nodded sheepishly.

"I won't, I promise... sorry," he said, kissing his chin. Tony looked down at the floor, he wasn't hard any longer, or wet enough to drip.

"Do you want me to suck you? I should shower and get dressed... for the kids."

"Yeah," he hummed, "Suck me, please." Tony scooted down, arms still tied uncomfortably behind his back, and slid his mouth over Bucky's cock, sucking dutifully. Bucky groaned softly, thrusting his hips into his mouth, he had been so close earlier. The omega lay still, letting Bucky use his mouth, unable to move much with his arms tied anyway. After he came, he pulled out and untied Tony's arms. The omega rubbed his wrists, wiping his mouth, and stood up.

"I'll go shower."

"Okay," he kissed him again and hummed; Tony washed quickly, roughly scrubbing his skin, before getting dressed in another pair of soft jeans. Bucky had his pants back on, he was drinking a glass of milk. The air between them was charged with awkwardness, insecurity.

"They're... uh... still asleep."
"Oh, okay," he said. "Do you want to eat some dinner, then?"

"Yeah." Tony mumbled, pushing his fingers through his hair. The alpha hummed and nuzzled him.

"Want some Mac 'n cheese?"

"Sure," The sub kissed his cheek and slumped into a chair. He smiled and grabbed the box, setting it up on the stove. "Bucky..." Tony leaned forward, looking at him, "...do you still... I mean, am I still...?" Bucky gave him a look.

"What?"

"You seem bored of me." Tony forced out, and his mate frowned.

"I'm not bored, why would you think that!?"

"I... I dunno... you used to... like... pet me? I don't know. You just don't seem..." Tony looked away, "Forget it, I must just be being dumb." Bucky set the water for the noodles, and then came over and started to pet Tony's head.

"Is this what you missed?" Tony's eyes slid closed, and he began to whimper, rubbing up against Bucky's hand. "I'm sorry, we've all been so busy lately," The alpha said, kissing his forehead.

"I don't know... I've been... k-kneeling by your feet whenever we have free time... and you don't..."

"I'm sorry," he said again, and he kissed him softly.

"It just... I'm... I'm getting... old..." Tony whispered, "...I'm thirty two, Bucky... and you don't seem to w-want me as much..." The dom shook his head.

"I do want you, age has nothing to do with it," he said, kissing him. "Thirty two isn't old."

"Feels old when you don't..." Tony whispered, shivering as Bucky picked him up. The alpha sat on the couch and nuzzled him.

"I love you, so much."

"I love you, too. I just don't know wh... it's... I don't know." He nuzzled Bucky's chest. Bucky laid them both down and curled up against Tony, his leg over the sub's hip. "Love you." Tony murmured again, closing his eyes, feeling so calm, claimed and owned, dominated by such simple gestures.

"Love you too," he hummed and closed his eyes as well, falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Awkward crap, huh?
Birthdays and Unexpected Visitors

Chapter Summary

What the chapter title says.

Warnings: Unexpected stuff, jealousy, issues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony handed out plates with tacos on them, to all their pack mates as they gathered around the twins, ruffling their curls; both had their hair down. "Hey, yeah, two? Is two good? I can do three, there are extras," he hurried to give Clint a plate, barely any vegetables in sight, and winked.

"Thanks," the other sub mouthed silently, chuckling as he went to go sit at the table, rubbing his round belly. Bucky kissed his mate's cheek.

"Make four more, and we'll just set 'em on the table for people to grab." Tony nodded.

"Alright, can you get them?" The twins were running on wobbly legs toward the elevator as Peter stepped out.

"Shit, Peter, grab them!" Bucky exclaimed, running over. The omega crouched, catching them, one in each arm and carried them back to Bucky.

"They're excited for their birthday?" He laughed as Bucky lifted Nia out of his grip. Tony spread the food out on the table, gently nudging Bucky's plate into his hand. Bucky laughed and nodded, taking the plate from Tony, and taking a baby from Peter.

"Yeah, little twerps," he smiled.

"I'm glad they're enjoying it." Peter tossed Jamie in the air, catching him as he fell, and the baby giggled and kicked.

"Eer!" Peter blinked, then grinned.

"Yeah! Peter!" He exclaimed, hugging Jamie close. The brunette alpha smiled, and took Nia into the dining room where all the tacos were.

"You gonna be a good girl and eat a taco today?" He asked his daughter. She kicked her feet excitedly.

"Ta!" The little girl exclaimed; Jamie was playing with Peter's hair, beaming up at the omega. Tony served drinks, and made sure everyone had enough food, taking bites of salad when he had the chance. He ducked into the kitchen, and spread the last of the frosting onto the cake. Bucky was trying to eat and feed Nia at the same time, it just kind of got them both covered in taco grease. The sub carefully wrote their names on the cake, then settled the candles in, chewing his lip. Bucky sighed and got them both cleaned up before Tony came back out. The omega beamed, looking exhausted.
"Cake!" He exclaimed, carrying it out to the island, and moving to clean off the table. "May? I hate to ask, but there's ice cream in the freezer, could you get it out?" May smile.

"It's no trouble," she said, going to get it; Tony wiped the table down, sweating from the exertion, he wiped his forehead, and hurried to move the cake.

"Tadaa!" It was really not a beautiful cake, and he swallowed as everyone looked at it, twisting his hands in front of him, "Bucky insisted I make it."

"Yes, I did, because you made our children, in your womb, and you should make their first real birthday cake as well," he smiled and kissed his cheek. "Would you like to cut the first slice?" Tony shook his head, feeling nervous and uncomfortable.

"But we could've gotten them a cake that tasted good from the store, and the first one is supposed to be special, so why would you have me make it? And-" Clint's hand on his shoulder helped him calm down a little, wiping sweat from his forehead.

"Because it is special. It doesn't have to be professional to be special," he hummed. "and I'm sure the cake tastes fine, you worked really hard on it." Tony rubbed a hand over his face, shaking, and whimpered when Clint pulled him into the kitchen.

"I know it's bad, it's so bad, and it's... god, I begged him, but he said no, he said I had to, and it's their first birthday, and it's awful!" He sank to the floor, back pressed to the drawers, and hugged his knees. Clint frowned, but got to the floor anyway, straining his back as he hugged Tony.

"Hey, it's just cake. Like Bucky said, even though it doesn't look amazing, it'll probably taste good! Don't judge a book by its cover."

"But it's their birthday..." Tony whispered, and Clint shrugged.

"I never had a cake on my birthday before I moved here. Didn't make my birthday bad." Tony swallowed.

"Are you sure?" He whispered, looking up at Clint.

"I'm sure," he nodded, and nuzzled him, "Okay... I think I need help getting up," he blushed, but Tony stood, legs shaky, and pulled Clint to his feet.

"Sorry... I didn't mean to... uh..."

"It's okay," he said, smiling and rubbing his back.

"But I don't want to... to mess up our friendship..." Tony swallowed again, rubbing more sweat from his forehead, "...I'm really stressing about... this." He tried to laugh. "God, I'm an idiot, I kept them waiting."

"You won't ruin our friendship over cake," he chuckled, "C'mon, let's not keep them waiting any longer." Tony shuffled out, picking Nia up, feeling suddenly clammy, cold.

"Mm... happy birthday, baby girl! And baby boy!" He kissed Jamie's face, hoping he wasn't sick. Jamie smiled and wiggled, reaching for the cake. "Wait, baby." Tony hefted Nia higher, and the pack began to sing Happy birthday, Jamie looked up, and basked in the attention, beaming at them all. Bucky chuckled at his face, and kissed his cheek, singing softly in his ear, and then he lifted him up.
"Blow out the candle!" He said, making sure he didn't try to touch it, Nia just looked at hers.

"Blow it out, Nini," Tony attempted, arms a little shaky. Bucky helped Jamie, and clapped for him, before he caught a scent and looked at Tony, who looked clammy. He narrowed his eyes.

"Steve, Can you take Nia?" He asked, grabbing Tony. The sub whimpered as his daughter was scooped from his arms.

"Hey-" And then he was in Bucky's grip, eyes wide, "What'd I do?" Bucky grabbed his hands.

"You're all shaky, maybe you should sit," he said, kissing his head. "I'll get you some water." Tony's shoulders slumped.

"I'm... okay... I'll..." He sank into a chair, head down, ashamed. "I think I have a cold..." Bucky came back with a glass of water.

"Just take it easy," he hummed, and petted his head softly before picking his son back up from Peter's lap. "Okay, who wants a slice?" Tony stared at the floor, he didn't want to mess up the twins' birthday. Everyone hesitated about the cake except Clint, and Steve, who helped slice it into neat little squares. Bucky passed a plate to everyone, and then sat down, and took a happy bite out of his mate's cake, before offering small forkfuls to his babies. Bruce hesitated, looking at the dense inside of the cake, and Steve arched a brow and took a huge bite. Bucky enjoyed it one way or another, and even had a second slice. Most of the pack set their pieces aside after only a few bites, but Steve stoically finished his piece, and Charlotte seemed to enjoy it. Clint was having mood swings about food (food swings?) and was being a big picky eater. He put his aside as well, but he ate most of it; Steve kissed his cheek.

"So, shall we do presents now?"

"Yep," Bucky smiled, petting Jamies head, glad he was putting up with him. Clint hummed, and watched him go grab the presents.

"Okay, let's see," Steve sorted through the gifts, "Here's one from your mama." He helped Nia open it, passing a matching gift to Bucky for James.

"C'mon," Bucky hummed, and tore off a corner, putting James's hand on the tear. "Pull it off!" Jamie pulled, and giggled, eyes wide, at the sight of a bracelet just like Charlie's. Nia had gotten the same thing. "Wow!" Bucky hummed, and pulled it out of the box for him, placing it on his wrist. "That is so pretty!" Jamie waved his arm around, while Bucky chuckled, and nuzzled his son. The presents were piled around them, opened to reveal sets of books, and two tiny art sets from Steve and Clint, miniature toolkits from Tony, foam swords from Thor, and plastic armor and shields. "You guys are all set," Bucky smiled and waved around a foam sword. The babies reached for them happily, Tony shuffled past, looking over-warm.

"I'm gonna go lay down." Bucky frowned, and nodded.

"I'll be in in a few minutes," he said, worried, Charlie walked over and pulled on Thor's sleeve.

"Hello, princess." Thor beamed, picking her up. She smiled and cupped her hands around his ear. "I wanna be strong girl!"

"And so shall you be," Thor grinned, "Do not fear." She smiled and hugged him around his neck, nuzzling him; Thor rocked her, loving her happy scent, it made him feel so calm. "Was that all of the gifts?" Bucky smiled.
"I'll give my gifts to them later. I need to check on Tony. Can one of you watch over them for a few minutes?" He asked.

"Of course," Steve lifted James into his free arm, "I expected them to get more from Tony, really." He murmured.

Tony curled up in a ball in he and Bucky's bed, hands on his stomach, "Ow..." He whimpered softly, before the cramp faded. Bucky came in with a glass of ginger ale, and he nuzzled his face.

"Hey, you feelin' sick?"

"Y-yeah..." Tony whispered, "Fuck! Fuck... I can't be sick right now... I can't I have to... there are things I need to do... and the twins... and..." He shifted, grimacing as another cramp twisted his stomach. Bucky smiled and petted his head softly.

"That's probably why you're so sick, you're overworked." He hummed and grabbed a bucket, "Just in case you need to puke." Tony groaned, whimpering softly.

"But the kids..."

"I will take care of them, and bring them in when they need to nurse," he hummed, Tony shuddered.

"Okay..." He whispered, swallowing hard.

"Okay," the dom smiled and kissed his forehead, brushing his hair away from his face. "Do you want anything else?"

"Uh uh." Tony took deep breaths through the pain in his stomach until it faded again. Bucky nodded and kissed him again.

"Have Jarvis alert me if you need anything," he hummed and stood up, the sub watched him go, shaking.

"How is he?" Steve asked softly.

"Sick," he said, taking one of his pups back. "Gonna let him rest."

"Poor Tony." Bruce murmured softly. Bucky nodded.

"He's been working hard," he said, nuzzling his daughter; Nia patted his face, and went back to chewing her bracelet.

"He always is," Steve set Jamie down so he could play, and leaned to kiss Clint, who hummed and kissed him back, holding Charlie against his side. "Well, I hope no one else gets sick." Steve settled himself onto the couch, "You want us to stay and help take care of the twins?"

"You don't have to," he shrugged, "I can handle them."

"If you're sure." Steve replied, reaching to stroke a hand over Clint's belly. The sub rested his head on Steve's shoulder.
"They should be kicking probably within the next month."

"I can't wait." Steve beamed, and rubbed his face against the soft swell of his mate's stomach, "Let's go give Charlotte a bath, it's nearly her bedtime."

"Do you mind doing it?" He asked, trusting him. "I don't think I can get on my knees... I can get her pjs out."

"I don't mind at all, Clint." The blond alpha stood, and kissed Clint's head, "Come on, I'll give her a bath and... once she's asleep, how about a back massage for you?" The archer groaned softly, and nodded.

"That sounds amazing," he said, smiling and using the armrest to help him get up. They headed for the elevator, all three of their scents happy and content. Thor looked up, watching them leave, then went back to talking to Peter.

"If you wish, I only mean that we would be... willing to assist you should you ever require it, with anything. Even if it is only moving furniture, I would gladly assist, and my mate feels the same." Peter blushed and wrung his hands together.

"Thank you... um, it means a lot to know that, I can move just about anything with my webs... but thank you." Thor nodded slowly.

"Of course, we do not mean that you are incapable." He stepped back, "We should go to bed, dear one, for we leave in the morning."

"You guys are leaving? Are you going back to Asgard?" He asked,

"Only for a week," Bruce answered, smiling, "It's been a few months." The sub nodded, and slumped into his seat.

"Have fun," he said. He had been hoping Thor would accompany him on his reappearance as Spiderman, he hadn't worked up the nerve to ask him, but he supposed he would have to do it alone. Thor paused, scenting the air.

"Bruce?" He pulled his mate close, "We should wait, visit Asgard another time." Bruce frowned, "What for?" He asked, confused. Peter looked up, trying not to seem earnest.

"I believe Peter requires our help, and I feel as if we should wait." Peter blushed, he hadn't realized he was giving off such strong scents!

"I-I just... you guys should go, I can wait." Thor shook his head.

"We can wait." He kissed Peter's cheek, "We shall go sleep, will you come speak to us in the morning?" Peter blushed and nodded.

"Okay, goodnight," he waved,

"Good night." Thor lead Bruce away, smiling. Peter smiled and walked back to the floor with May.

Tony felt quite a bit better the next morning, he still had a few soft cramps, but nothing he couldn't hide. "Bucky, we're out of milk." He said from the fridge, Nia on one hip. "Could you go get a gallon?"
"Uh, sure, yeah," he said, grabbing his motorcycle jacket, and his gloves. "Anything else?" He asked.

"Ch... cheesecake?" Tony requested hesitantly, closing the fridge and setting Nia in her high chair, before sitting between her and Jamie to feed them cream of wheat.

"Sure," he smiled, and went down to the garage to get his bike; Tony slumped back in his chair, taking a few deep breaths.

"Jarvis... turn the cooler on." He wiped his forehead, and sat up straighter, trying to feed the twins; he kept losing his trains of thought, numbers stuttering through words. And then a cramp rolled through his stomach, leaving him gasping as he shifted, and realized that his pajama pants were wet, the fabric clinging to his ass and thighs. "Oh... oh no!" He shuddered, dropping the spoon. "Fuck... fuck, no, okay, I just... have to..." He slid to his knees, gripping the spoon in shaking fingers, "...can't call Clint... he can't h-handle all three at once...Bruce? May? J-Jarvis... call May and Peter...!" Within minutes, Peter was running into the room, and he sneezed at the ridiculously strong heat scent.

"Shit, Tony! Why didn't you get one of us sooner!?!" He said, grabbing the pups, Tony was curled up on the floor, trembling.

"Thought it was the flu..." He whimpered, "...I... Clint didn't... till Char was two.... wasn't expecting..." Peter nodded, and petted Tony's hair.

"Go get in bed, I'll call Bucky to come back," he said, leaving with the twins; Tony struggled onto his knees, trembling, he'd never had a heat hit him so hard without warning except his first. He shuddered, choking softly.

"Jarvis... turn the heat down..." He tugged his sweat-drenched shirt off, and kicked at his pants, leaving them in a wet pile on the floor. All he could think of was Bucky, Bucky inside him, Bucky's knot; he whined when he realized he'd been fucking himself in the bedroom doorway for ten minutes.

When he got the call, Bucky nearly dropped the milk as he ran to his bike, he forgot the cheesecake, but managed to get home in record time. He threw the milk at Steve, which landed in his lap and raced into the elevator; Tony was sobbing into the carpet, his whole hand buried inside himself, trying to simulate a knot. Bucky's scent hit him like a ton of bricks as soon as the elevator opened. Bucky stripped of his clothes and was on Tony in seconds, removing his hand from his hole, and replacing it with his cock. The inward thrust was smooth and fast.

"Sorry I'm late." He soothed, and Tony cried out, arching up against him.

"Pleasepleaseplease!" He sobbed, bucking back, knees rubbing red on the carpet, "Oh... oh, sir, please! Please, I'll be good, so good, please...!"

"I know, my good boy, I love you so much," He said, thrusting hard against his mate, grasping his hips, Tony whined into the carpet.

"Hot... I'm too h-hot..." He panted, "...Bucky... sir... my alpha... being so good... waited for...!" He crossed his wrists on his back, rubbing his face on the carpet. His skin was drenched in slick and sweat. Bucky groaned, and pressed his teeth against Tony's throat, not biting hard yet, just making sure Tony stayed still as his knot slid in and out. The sub went mostly limp, obedient and still, feeling the torturous slide of Bucky's knot stretching his rim repeatedly. "Hot..." Tony whispered, every time he closed his eyes everything became too overwhelming. He stared at a blank spot on
the wall, shaking, and then, glorious fullness! Tony looked back at Bucky, "Oh... oh god, I'm so sorry! I didn't... think...!" Bucky panted and shook his head, his limbs shaking.

"We shoulda known... it wasn't a cold..." The sub swallowed, feeling Bucky's hands rub down his sides.

"But Char was two when... I didn't expect..." He shuddered, sweating profusely, "...it's hot... everything's... fuck..." He had forgotten how horrible heats were.

"I know," he panted, and kissed him. "Just... lay on your side with me," he said, letting him use his bicep as a pillow, Tony closed his eyes, muscles trembling, as he pressed against Bucky.

"Bed...?" He mumbled, "The twins... I don't wanna leave them for a week... they're too little..."

"We'll go to the bed when I pull out," he said, kissing his neck. "Between breaks, they can come in and nurse." Tony chewed his lip, already tired.

"With this scent...? I... they don't need to..." He frowned, rubbing a hand over his face, "...damn it..."

"They can put up with it long enough to nurse," he grunted. Tony slumped against him, feeling the knot within him start to deflate.

"Mmmm... you're so big..." He breathed, whining as Bucky slid out of him.

"Yeah, I know," he smiled and kissed him, lifting him up off the floor, enjoying the way cum leaked from him as he set the sub down on the bed; Tony slumped back on the bedding, groaning.

"Bucky... I'm sorry." He rubbed his face on the blankets, mind already fading, the heat so much more intense now that it was back.

"Don't worry about it, my good omega. You just keep raising that perky ass for me, and it'll be okay." Tony blinked hazily up at him, twisting against the blankets like a cat.

"Is it really perky?" He asked, rolling to press his ass up, rolling it in circles, as if he were riding Bucky already in his mind. "Need... need you..."

"It's perky and pretty," he hummed and squeezed it, making nice hand shaped bruises, Tony groaned, slick and cum dripping down his balls, and the insides of his thighs.

"Please..."

"Show me how bad you want it," he groaned and kissed his hole, Tony whimpered, shaking and rolling his hips.

"Please... please, sir...!" He reached back, spreading himself open, the heat demanding that he be filled, and he could understand now how Clint had broken the dildo in his first heat after Char. Bucky slid right in.

"Keep those cheeks spread," he groaned, fucking him with his hands behind his head, Tony held himself spread wide, toes curling, and face against the bedding as Bucky's cock slid roughly in and out of him, giving him blessed relief with the movements. "So wet," the alpha panted, and stroked his sub's cock, "Gonna fill you up so good, breed you," Tony moaned, pulling his cheeks wider.

"Please, yes, yes, Bucky...!"
"Make you so full of my pups." He groaned loudly and slammed his knot in, biting his shoulder, Tony cried out shaking, the heat of Bucky's body over his didn't hurt like the heat of everything else did. Bucky panted and slumped against him, rolling his hips, and the knot ground deeper, until the head of Bucky's cock nudge Tony's cervix, and cum flooded into his uterus, making the sub groan in relief. "You like that? Your alpha spreading you wide open?" He moaned.

"Y-yes, yes, sir!" Tony moaned, "Can feel it... in... in my... so full...!

"Better than Steve," he growled softly, Tony twisted to look up at him with hurt eyes.

"Yes." He looked away, shivering softly, and examined the weave of the blanket; there was no comparison between Steve and Bucky for him, because with Steve the emotion wasn't there. Even if he was a little bigger than Bucky, and he wasn't by much, the love Tony felt for Bucky cancelled it all out. Bucky hummed and snuggled him tightly.

"Good. I love you so much."

"I love you, too... I know I deserve it, but I... I wish you didn't doubt me." Tony whispered as his alpha nuzzled his back. The heat was incredibly intense in his belly, still cramping occasionally, and he could already hardly think.

"I-I really don't... just jealous from earlier still, I'm sorry," he hummed, Tony shifted a little, uncomfortable under Bucky's weight, though his instincts screamed safety and perfection at being so dominated.

"I didn't do anything, though... forget... it..." He whined as Bucky pulled smoothly out of him. No cum escaped this time, all of it caught within his uterus. Bucky hummed and slipped onto his side, pulling Tony to his chest. The sub relaxed when Bucky's leg slid over his, dominating and protective all at once. "The breaks between... are short... can't think, Buck..."

"Then don't, just relax, my beautiful mate."

"But... the kids..." Tony whispered, whimpering when he started to leak even more slick, wriggling against Bucky's crotch. The alpha rubbed his hip, not yet ready to knot again, just gently sliding his cock into place.

"They'll be okay." He assured the omega as Tony groaned, rolling back against him, trying to get more friction. His alpha hummed, one hand on his hip as he lazily thrusted, making Tony do some of the work; the omega scratched at the bedding, trying to get purchase to push back against his mate, nearly sobbing with need.

"Buck... Bucky... Buck... sir... sir... sir... please...!"

"Okay, I got you," he said, quickening his thrusts and slapping against him. "Be loud for me." Tony whined.

"L-loud?" He panted, arching and rolling his hips, Bucky's cock bumped up against his cervix and he cried out. "Fuck! Sir! Sir! Fuck me! Yes! Breed me!" Bucky panted as he was encouraged, and he slammed so hard into him, that the head of his cock popped into his cervix, pulling on it as he knotted and came; Tony's voice was muffled in the bedding as he screamed, coming helplessly, and for the first time since entering his heat. "B-B...!" He cried, legs trembling. The dom panted and placed his head on Tony's back, shaking.

"Damn..." Bucky groaned, and the sub whimpered, hand sliding back to catch in Bucky's hair.
"Heat is... it's..."

"It's amazing," he muttered, "I love making love to you." Tony flushed, twisting, trying to kiss him.

"I love you."

"I love you too," he said, kissing him hard.

"This is... intense, though..." Tony breathed, shivering, "...mmnn... it's... like my m-mind comes back, between... but the need doesn't stop."

"M-maybe it will later... gotta feed the pups." Tony whined softly at the reminder, slumping against the bedding.

"Jarvis, tell Peter to bring the cubs up, and...wait in the living room. I'll come out and f-feed them..." He looked to Bucky, "...m-maybe with a knotted plug?"

"Maybe..." The alpha grunted, hating the idea of anything else in Tony's ass right then, Tony shifted, shivered.

"I... I don't think I'll make it long enough to feed them otherwise, Buck... I don't want to feed them with... with you in me..."

"Okay..." he sighed and nodded. "Alright."

"Do you want me to... not have anything...?" Tony swallowed, "I... I don't need anything, I'll go without."

"Sir, master Parker has entered the living room."

"No, you'll wear the plug, we don't need you leaking all over the couch, and for them to smell it," he said, gently pulling out. He slid a knotted dildo into Tony's ass, slapping it once. Tony winced.

"Right... leaking..." He mumbled, embarrassed, as he tried to pull a pair of sweatpants on, hands shaking. "I... sorry..." Bucky stood up.

"Do you want some help?" He asked.

"I can do it." Tony mumbled, pulling them over his hips, and shuffled out into the living room. "I'm sorry, Peter..." He whispered, sinking down to sit on the couch, reaching for his children. Peter shrugged and slowly handed them over, helping Tony support them. "I got it, I... I got it." Tony protested, holding them to his chest, though he was shaking hard, trying to keep them in place. "Come on... nurse..." The twins were sniffing around, not really liking the smells, but they finally latched on out of hunger. Tony's shoulders slumped. "I'm sorry, my darlings... I'm so sorry... I love you, babies, I do." He bounced them gently, shaking, "Is that good? Yeah? Cuties..." Peter smiled, shifting his feet, kind of jealous of Tony and Clint. "Peter?" Tony looked up at him, "I'm really sorry... I know this can't be... comfortable for you, but they're so young..."

"It's okay... I just," he sighed, "I really miss Gwen sometimes," he muttered softly. "I know you have to feed them, it's okay."

"I'm sorry..." Tony whispered, "That she's gone." He looked away, "I'm sorry." Peter put his head down, and tried not to blame himself anymore, because it wasn't what she would have wanted, but it was a lot harder some days than others. Tony bowed his head. "They're out, if you want to take
"What?" He asked, not understanding.

"They fell asleep, can you get them?" Tony attempted, "I'm... my mind's going... hazy."

"Oh, yeah," he said, gently lifting them back up, "Are you going to be okay?"

"Hmm?" Tony mumbled, "I hope so... this has been... so strange. I'll be alright, go on." Tony pressed up on wobbly legs, "If they start giving you trouble... tell Jarvis."

"Okay," he nodded, and stepped back into the elevator, sighing softly. Tony stumbled.

"Buck..." he called, legs trembling, "Bucky!" The alpha was immediately on him, pulling the toy out and plunging in, fucking him rough like a rabid dog, while the sub keened, gripping the edge of the couch. "Sir sir sir sir!"

Chapter End Notes

Please comment.
"Fuck... ew..." Tony panted, gagging over the toilet, but nothing else came out, so he rinsed his mouth, and pushed out of the bathroom. "Bucky? I think I'm sick..." He lifted Nia into his arms, frowning, because the nausea was gone now, "...hmm." He kissed her cheek, and stepped closer to the kitchen, catching the scent of bacon, he hurriedly set Nia down, and darted back to the bathroom. "Nononono! No...!" He whined, pushing his fingers through his hair, counting days, "...shit... Bucky!"

"What!?!" He asked, turning to stare at his frantic omega, "What's wrong?"

"How long has it b-been since the heat?" Tony wiped his mouth, "How long-?!"

"Thirty eight days, sir." Jarvis answered, and Tony's hand flew to his stomach.

"Shit."

"What?" He asked, turning off the stove, and going to Tony. The sub was staring down at his stomach.

"I... I think I'm..."

"I thought you knew," he smiled, "Tony, we had unprotected sex through your entire heat, and you've had morning sickness. you seriously didn't suspect pregnancy?" Tony stared at him.

"But... but the twins won't even be two...!" The omega pressed a hand over his mouth, "I didn't... I don't...!"

"It'll be okay!" He said, hugging Tony to his chest. "Shhh, it'll be fine, we'll work it out," he nuzzled him.

"Who... who knows?" Tony whispered, "You're not gonna leave again, are you? I can't... I can't do it alone again...!"

"No, no I'm not leaving, I promised, didn't I?" He smiled and kissed him. "Why don't we go on a nice date tonight? I'll ask the guys to watch the kids." Tony rubbed a hand over his mouth.

"I'm... I'm... pregnant..." He whispered, "...what if Clint is mad?"

"Clint won't be mad," Bucky said, kissing him.

"But..." Tony whispered, "Ew, I just threw up." He grunted, leaning back as their toddlers clung to his legs. Bucky chuckled and shook his head.

"C'mon, go on a date with me tonight."
"I..." Tony looked down at the twins, "If they'll watch... but..." He chewed his lip.

"We can go after they go to bed," he said softly.

"I'm more worried about throwing up at wherever... they'll be okay." Tony murmured, "Let's... I want to, it's been a long time."

"I know it has," he hummed and nuzzled him. "I wanna take you somewhere nice."

"You... you sure?" Tony asked, bending to pick up the kids, "Um... I'm gonna uh... go talk to Clint, can you get rid of the bacon smell?"

"Yeah, sorry," The alpha kissed his cheek and quickly ran over to the bacon, eating it and trying not to burn his mouth, as Tony stepped into the elevator with the twins.

"Jay? Tell Clint I'm headed his way." He swallowed nervously.

"Yes sir," Jarvis replied, Clint was sitting in his favorite chair, scratching at his itchy stretched belly.

"Hey Tony!" Tony settled the twins down to play, carefully sniffing the air to be sure there was no bacon smell.

"Hey." He sank onto the couch, "So... uh... so..." He twisted his fingers together, "Um... I had a heat last month, y'know?"

"Yeah, I know," he hummed, and then looked back at him, "Are you pregnant again?" Tony swallowed, and bobbed his head in a nod.

"I... Bucky... and the... and I didn't mean to... and...!"

"Are you not happy?" He asked, frowning.

"I..." Tony cut off the flow of words, "...you're not upset?" He shifted his hand subconsciously onto his belly. "I don't want to... uh... make it... I don't know. I thought it would bother you, since..." He smiled nervously. "I'm a little... apprehensive, since the twins are so young, and I'm trying to get through those lawsuits, and..." The other sub gave him a look and laughed.

"No, I'm not upset that we're bringing another baby in the tower. I'm sure you'll work it out. Hopefully you won't have another set of twins," he chuckled, Tony groaned, flopping his head back.

"Dear god, please no." He shoved his fingers through his hair, "I don't know, I'm still in shock. I thought I had a flu."

"Strangest flu, huh?" He laughed before pausing and rubbing his belly.

"Yeah, it has a swelling factor." Tony looked down, "You look beautiful. Steve treating you well?"

"Yeah, speaking of Steve, can you get him for me, please," he let out a deep sigh.

"Oh... yeah, do you want me to go? I should've asked..." Tony stood up, twisting his hands, then hurried off to get Steve.

"Darling?" The blond kissed Clint's hand, "Are you alright?"
"Tony, I want you to stay too," he smiled, and beamed up at Steve, gently placing the hand down on his belly, right above where one of their babies were kicking, Steve's eyes widened.

"Oh! Oh!" He knelt at Clint's feet, pressing his face to his belly, "Hello... hello, babies, oh, I love you! Daddy loves you! I can't wait to see you!" He nuzzled the smooth skin. Tony swallowed.

"They're kicking?" He hesitantly reached to feel. Clint nodded excitedly, and placed Tony's hand in the spot as well, giggling at Steve's happy scent wafting in the air. "Oh..." Tony whispered, tears gathering in his eyes, scent wistful, happy, and excited. "Oh, Clint, I'm so excited! I... wow!" He put his hand on his own belly, and Steve looked up.

"Wait, you're-?"

"Yeah," Clint smiled, "Tony's pregnant too!" He grinned, "Oh! You have to go get Charlie! She'd love this!"

"I'll get her!" Steve paused to give Tony a hug, "Congratulations!" And then he ran to Charlotte's room. She was sleepy eyed, and yawning, but when he mentioned kicking, she ran out to her mother, and sprawled her body over his belly.

"Kicking!" She cried, "Babies! Hi! Hi babies!"

"Hey sleepy girl," he laughed and hugged her warmly, gently taking her hand and putting it on the spot. She kissed his belly beaming, while Steve grabbed his sketchbook and started to draw. Clint didn't notice at first, until the scritches of pencil on paper got louder. He looked over and blushed, "Are you drawing m-me?" Steve looked up.

"Yes?" He smiled slowly. "I love drawing you, and you look so beautiful right now." The sub blushed and petted Charlie's head.

"I'm fatter than ever and you think I'm beautiful?"

"Clint, you are downright gorgeous. And you aren't fat, you're growing two new lives inside of you." Steve let his hand move, continuing to sketch until Jamie ran into his leg.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Tony scooped him up, "We should go, I have to ask Peter and May to watch the twins and..." Clint chuckled.

"Are you going out?" He asked Tony, Steve's words mulling through his mind.

"Bucky wants to take me on a date." Tony beamed, lifting Nia onto his other hip. "It's been... wow. It's been a long time."

"That's great, I hope you two have fun," he smiled, "Do you think maybe you can ask either May or Thor to watch Charlie for a little bit tonight as well?" He asked, looking at Steve and winking; Steve grinned. "It's a possibility," He offered, "I'll accompany Tony to the communal floor and ask."

"Okay," he hummed, pulling Charlie into his lap, rocking in his chair. She was back asleep in seconds, hand over the kicking baby feet. Tony followed Steve into the elevator, holding his children in his arms.

"Another baby..." The sub murmured, smiling.

"I'm glad you're excited," he smiled, and rested a hand softly on Tony's shoulder as he pressed the
"I'm nervous, too... the twins won't even be two yet." Tony bounced them on his hips. "But... but Bucky will be..."

"He will definitely be here to help you this time," he smiled. "He didn't ever break a promise when we were kids."

"I know." Tony smiled wistfully. "It's... just nerves." He kissed Jamie's nose, until the baby giggled and patted his face. The sub stepped out of the elevator, looking around, surprised to see Peter curled up against Bruce's side. "Hey." Peter smiled and sat up.

"Hi! What's up?" Tony set the twins down, and smiled back.

"I'm..." Thor looked up at him, and Bruce turned to give him his full attention as well, "I'm pregnant." The omega's smile widened. Peter glanced down at his belly and grinned, getting up to hug him.

"Congrats! I can't wait to meet him or her," he smiled. Tony squeezed him.

"Me either!" He laughed, "We've got a while to wait though, which... uh. So would... would one of you watch the twins so... Bucky wants to take me on a date."

"Yeah, me and Aunt May can watch them," he smiled and nodded. "She loves them." Tony hugged him tighter.

"Thank you. I don't know what time he wants to go, or... or anything."

"Maybe you should go ask him," Peter chuckled, hugging him back.

"I can't. He made bacon." Tony grimaced, wrinkling his nose, "And apparently, this baby is just like the twins, because I can't stand the smell of bacon right now."

"Oh," he smiled and pet Tony's head. "That sucks."

"Yeah... I'm not eating copious amounts of potatoes yet, so..." He turned, catching a delicious smell, to see Thor lifting a bite of steak to his lips. "Oh..." Blood dripped onto the plate, and Tony's eyes followed its descent. His stomach growled. Bruce looked at Thor, and grinned,

"You have competition for your food." At the beta's comment, Thor smiled.

"If you would like some-" Tony made grabby hands at the plate.

"Well, that answers that question," Steve laughed, "Bruce? Would you mind watching Char later tonight?" Bruce shook his head.

"I don't mind, it's just for a few hours, right?" He said.

"Yeah," Steve smiled, "The babies kicked today." Tony settled into a chair, practically gnawing on Thor's steak, his pleased scent making Steve sneeze, and smile wider. "Not the same as the twins, then, is it, Tony?"

"No." Tony answered concisely, swallowing another bite. Bruce smiled.

"That's great! Their last scan showed them to be pretty healthy." Steve grinned.
"Yeah, anyway, I'm going to go back down." He hurried into the elevator, anxious to get back to his drawing. Tony flushed when he realized there was blood dripping down his chin.

"Bruce can we do an exam?" Bruce nodded and stood up.

"I'll go get my stuff set up, meet me down after you've cleaned up." Peter scooted over to sit by Thor, nuzzling his arm; Thor smiled, and automatically started to stroke and rub his hair.

"Perhaps it is an alpha." The demi-god chuckled, as Tony chewed a piece of the steak.

"Hmm?" The sub blinked up at him.

"It is said, in Asgard, that alpha fetuses ask for rare meat in the womb." At Thor's words, Peter was wide eyed at Tony.

"A baby alpha would be so cute," he chuckled.

"I guess." Tony chewed his lip, "I... yeah." He wiped his mouth, sucking his fingers clean, "I'd better go do the prenatal." Peter nodded, and looked up at Thor.

"So um... I know I keep chickening out about getting back out there as Spiderman... but I picked out a date that I definitely want it to happen." Thor smiled down at him.

"I am glad to hear it!" He kissed Peter's forehead gently, and stroked the base of his neck, helping him relax. He smiled softly.

"It's the day that she died... I think it might be a good way to honor her," he said softly.

"I can think of no way I would rather be honored if I were in her place." Thor nuzzled him, fighting down the absurd affection growing in his heart. He loved Bruce, and Bruce loved him, but seeing Peter curled against Bruce's side made his heart soften; likewise, feeling Peter against him, relaxed and happy, made him feel happier. The omega smiled, glad Thor didn't think his idea was lame.

"It's in four days," he said softly, resisting the urge to crawl into his lap.

"Four days," Thor repeated, "Perfect, and you would like me to come with you?" He nuzzled him once more, gentle and kind, strengthening their pack bond.

"Yes, please," he nodded, closing his eyes with a soft smile. He needed to be a little more careful. Thor wasn't his and he didn't want to appear as a threat to Bruce.

"Of course." Thor smiled softly, "I am so glad you are here, Peter."

Tony breathed slowly as Bruce worked the needle into his arm for the blood draw, eyes twitching closed. "Ugh." He sighed, clenching his fist like the beta told him to, until the needle was withdrawn. Bruce smiled and put the sample away to do tests on later.

"How have you been feeling so far?"

"Sick." Tony grunted, "Really sick. Worse than with the twins." He rubbed his stomach, "Thought I had the flu." The beta nodded.

"We need to get you on a healthier eating track for the pup, no more junk, no coffee, gotta get out that spinach again..." Tony grimaced.
"I don't eat *that* much junky stuff, Bruce. In case you hadn't noticed, I didn't eat the stupid pizza at Char's birthday. And I ate salad at the twins' party." He sighed, "Decaf..." The beta chuckled at his response.

"I know, I'm just saying, more healthy food and more iron to help regulate you, and you should be okay." The omega ducked his head.

"Right." He sighed, "Fuck. I have three lawsuits going against that damn alpha-beta prison, and... fuck. And I've spoken to survivors of the Omega Safety Act..." He grimaced. "And opened a lawsuit against them for mistreatment of imprisoned submissives... and I've got to-" Tony's body relaxed as Bucky's fingers slid through his hair gently, "Hey... didn't hear you come in."

"That's 'cause you're talking," he teased and kissed him. "Can you be ready to go in two hours?" Tony glanced at the twins, playing dutifully in the play area.

"Yeah," he murmured, leaning into Bucky's chest.

"Mhm, pregnant without a doubt," Bruce spoke from his desk where he'd been testing a tiny portion of the sample. "Congrats, Bucky." He offered the pack alpha a hug; Tony slipped off the table, gathering his pups into his arms.

"Hey, darlings... you're going to have a baby brother or sister." He murmured, hoping against hope that it wasn't another set of twins. Bucky hugged Bruce and smiled.

"Thanks, it means a lot that you do this for us," he beamed.

"I don't mind," Bruce stepped back, smiling, "Go love on those babies, I have a feeling they're going to be awfully jealous in about eight months." Tony crossed his legs under his body, sitting on the floor and playing ponies with the twins. Bucky beamed and petted Tony's head, before kneeling down besides him. The sub leaned into his side.

"You're... you sure you're happy? You want this?" He touched his stomach, eyes wary.

"I do want this," Bucky said, kissing his head. "More then you know."

"What, hoping for an alpha?" Tony mumbled, closing his eyes, "Mm. Sorry, I'm just... feeling... you know. It's part of it, I'm sure."

"I'm just hoping it's healthy," he shrugged and pulled Tony to his chest; the omega hummed and nuzzled the dom's chest.

"Me too. Sorry. I... I'm not easy to deal with in the first three months, I've been told."

"I guess I have something to look forward to," he said smiling. "C'mon, you need to start getting ready, I want you to dress in a nice suit." Tony stood, pressing to his feet, he bent to pick up the kids.

"Come on, lovelies, let's go take a bath, hmm? Wanna get all clean with mama?" He headed toward the elevator, pulling the toddlers up to kiss their faces. Bucky squeezed his ass softly, and moved his hand to his hip, walking out with him.

Two hours later, Bucky was fixing his tie for the upteenth time. "Happy said the car is waiting for us out front, you still plan on driving?"
"Yes. And gimme a minute," Tony grunted from the bathroom, trying to figure out what to do with his unruly curls. Bucky hadn't been letting him cut his hair, and it was getting soft curls amidst the jumble of strands. Peter and May were already in the living room with the twins. Bucky hummed and nuzzled him.

"You look gorgeous." Tony shifted, turning in his sleek dark suit, diamond studded collar around his throat, and undid Bucky's tie.

"No I don't, but thanks for the thought." He flipped his alpha's shirt collar up, and easily looped and knotted the tie, smoothing the collar over the sleek tie. "There." He patted Bucky's chest, and stepped back, turning for the doorway, and stepping out. "Come here, my darlings." He leaned to kiss Nia and Jamie, "I love you, shh, I'll be back." He straightened up, rubbing a hand down his belly, "Fun times ahead." He arched a brow at May, who leaned up and kissed his cheek.

"Have fun, alright? We'll put them to bed, and make sure they stay happy."

"Okay. Thank you, May." Tony's lips twitched into a tense smile, "Bye."

"Thanks Peter, May," Bucky smiled brightly, and walked outside with Tony. When they got to the car. He opened the door for his omega.

"You... where are we going?" Tony slowly slipped into the car.

"To a nice restaurant," he hummed. "I hope you are hungry," he said, getting in beside him. Tony buckled himself in, touching his stomach, lip between his teeth.

"I'm not sure what this baby likes yet." His alpha nodded, understanding the point of the observation.

"Well, the menu is big, so I'm sure you'll find something. It seems to like steak."

"Seems to being the keyword." Tony turned the key, sighing in contentment when Bucky's hand slipped to rest on his thigh. Bucky smiled and kissed him.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony smiled, and for another moment, his mind latched onto the word 'husband.' He shook the thought away, and pulled out onto the street, "You're going to have to tell me the name of the restaurant, since I'm driving." Bucky smiled mischievously.

"Just drive forward."

"I am." Tony grunted, "You're being awfully cryptic."  

"Well I want it to be a surprise," he smiled. He gave him directions for twenty minutes until they pulled up in front of a brand new four star restaurant. Tony parked, and allowed the valet to take his keys, and car, looking up at the building.

"This is nice," he leaned into Bucky's side.

"Yeah, I got us a reservation," he hummed and led him past the line of people, going straight to the front desk. "Reservation for Barnes."

"Yes, sir, right this way." Tony smirked.

"Oh god, I've rubbed off on you, you're so haughty." He laughed, and leaned up to kiss Bucky's
cheek. "I like it." He chuckled and nuzzled him, pulling out his mate's seat so he could sit; Tony sank into the chair, trying not to touch his belly too much. Bucky sat on the other side and handed Tony a menu.

"We will both have a glass of water, and maybe a little wine," he said, knowing that wasn't bad for pregnancy, in moderation.

"Red or white?" The waiter asked.

"Red." Tony said without hesitation, tapping a wine on the list, "This one, and I'll know if it's not up to par." The waiter bowed his head.

"Of course, sir." Tony felt his heart lift when he wasn't treated differently. It almost felt like being a beta again. Bucky beamed at him.

"This is the finest omega run restaurant in the state." Tony's happiness melted.

"Oh." He fiddled with his fork. "I thought..." He pressed a hand over his face, taking deep breaths, "...I gotta... I... bathroom..." He forced out, trying to stifle his tears until he was out of Bucky's view. In the bathroom, he sat, sniffing, tears sliding down his cheeks. It took him fifteen minutes to calm himself down, the happiness of being treated fairly was ruined. Bucky frowned, he had thought Tony would have been happy by the progress omegas were making! He whined, and took a sip of his wine, fingering the small square box in his pocket; Tony sank into his chair. "Sorry... emotions..." He mumbled, grabbing his glass and taking a swift drink, "Sorry."

"I thought you would have been happy here..." he said, looking down. "We can leave if you don't like it." Tony shook his head.

"No, Bucky, it's not that!" He gripped the alpha's hand, "It just... it felt like... and it wasn't, okay? It felt like someone respected me, like they used to, and..." He sniffed, rubbing his eyes, "Stupid hormones..." Bucky moved his seat to sit next to perpendicular to Tony rather than across the table, and he wrapped his arm around his mate.

"I know..."

"It's okay, let me just..." He closed his eyes, taking deep breaths, "...I'm okay. I like it, it's a nice restaurant."

"Okay," he smiled and handed him his menu again, altering the table a little so he could stay sitting closer to Tony. The omega slumped into his side trying to relax while he read his menu.

"You're right, it likes steak." Tony set his menu down, "Steak and... bloody stuff." Bucky smiled.

"Great. I'm going to have the steak and seared scallops, are you okay if I eat seafood? Or is the smell going to set you off?" Tony shrugged.

"I literally have no clue, Bucky." He fiddled with his menu again. "Maybe... steak sounds really good..."

"Yeah," he smiled, and ordered two steak dinners for them, with scallops for himself. Tony picked a breadstick apart, nibbling on pieces nervously.

"It likes bread, too."

"Good," he smiled and kissed his cheek, before taking another sip of his wine. The omega looked
up at him.
"Still no bacon, though." Tony sighed and kissed Bucky's stubbled cheek.

"That's okay, I'll manage somehow," he chuckled and hummed at the kiss.

"You'd better." Tony straightened up as the waiter deposited their plates on the table.

"Thank you," Bucky smiled, and started to cut up his meat. "Is yours rare enough for you?" Tony pressed on it with his fork, and shook his head.

"No."

"Okay, I'll get him to take it back," he said, flagging the waiter down. Tony sipped his wine, looking around the restaurant.

"It's... so is it omega owned? Or just omega run? I want to talk to... I want to..."

"I'm not sure," he said, smiling at the waiter and handing him Tony's meal. "I need that to be very rare, lots of blood, okay? Also, is the manager an omega?"

"Yes, sir. And... and yes, sir." The waiter looked extremely nervous. "Did I do something wrong, sir?" Tony touched his hand.

"No, it's alright. I just want to speak to the manager for other reasons."

"Just have the cook change the steak and it will be okay," Bucky said softly, trying not to make him too nervous.

"Yessir," He hurried off quickly, and Tony nudged Bucky.

"Poor guy." At Tony's words, Bucky shrugged.

"He'll be alright, I think. Just scared him a little."

"Yeah." Tony swirled his wine gently in his glass, taking another small sip. The much rarer steak was brought out in minutes.

"Is that better, Tony?" He asked the sub, making the waiter wait for Tony's approval. Tony pressed on it gently, and practically started to salivate at the sight of the blood.

"It's perfect, thank you." He cut into it, struggling not to just shove the whole thing in his mouth. Bucky smiled and nodded at the waiter.

"Thank you," he said, going back to his own meal. The waiter hurried off to serve other tables, and Tony stuffed a bit into his mouth, groaning.

"Oh my god... can we just... can we buy steak from here for dinner every night?" He babbled, chewing happily. Bucky chuckled.

"Maybe, we'll see," he said, smiling when the manager approached the table.

"Is everything in order, sirs?" He asked. Tony set his fork down reluctantly.

"Yes," He wiped his mouth, "I just had some questions. I'm currently trying to... make some larger changes in omega rights, and had a few questions for you." He glanced at his steak hungrily. The
man nodded, and saw Tony's eyes.

"Perhaps I should come back when you have finished your meal? I'd hate to interrupt your evening," he said.

"No, it's fine." He held his hand out, "I'm Tony Stark. And I wondered, first off, if this is an omega owned company?" Bucky stared between them, he had really hoped the manager would have gone away. The man smiled.

"It is, something we are trying to be proud to admit... it is difficult in this day and age, but we think it's a good stepping stone for the customers." Tony grinned.

"That's really amazing," He leaned forward, "And it's O run, but... occasional beta waiters?" He went still, scenting Bucky's emotions automatically, "Uh, maybe we should wait till I've eaten."

"It's equal opportunity employment," he said, "though we try to make schedules so that alphas aren't at the same time as omegas," he informed them. "Of course, I shall return when you are presented with your check." he smiled, and Tony's lips curved in response.

"I'd love to hear more." He slid his phone out, typing quickly, and grinned, "Look! Look, we sponsored this company's startup costs!" The screen showed records of the Maria Stark foundation's transactions. Bucky stared at Tony, and nodded.

"Excellent," he said, smiling softly.

"That's... wow. We helped them start..." Tony beamed at Bucky, "We should look into it more! See if there are other-" Bucky quickly grabbed his hand.

"It is amazing that we helped them, and I'd be more than happy to help you look into it more... tomorrow." Tony fell silent.

"...okay." He swallowed, and picked up his fork, "Sorry."

"It's okay," Bucky smiled, and rubbed his omega's cheek. "It was nice to see you really excited about it." The sub hunched one shoulder up in a shrug.

"It's... I don't know. If I can't have my company... at least I can help others have theirs."

"We can do both," he smiled, and wrapped his arm around him.

"Bucky..." Tony sighed, "We can't do both, I can't see a way to get my company back."

"I do, but... I want you to know that I'm not doing this for the company, I'm doing it for us," he said, going into his pocket. He pulled out a small box, and got down on one knee. "Anthony Stark... Will you marry me?" He asked, and Tony's eyes widened.

"Wh-what?" He stared down at Bucky, in that submissive pose beneath him, and his breath stuttered to a halt when his dom, his mate, his lover opened the ring box. Nestled inside was a gloriously beautiful silver ring, with a design so like the arc reactor he'd once had that tears poured down his cheeks. "B-Bucky!" He gasped. Bucky's hands started to sweat a little with nerves.

"U-um, so is it a yes?" He asked, inching a little closer, trying to show he could be more submissive, even though it was so against his nature. Tony blinked, and shook himself.

"Yes! Yes, of course it's a yes! Oh my god-!" He dropped to his knees in front of Bucky, kissing all
over his face, hands shaking. The room erupted in applause, and Bucky smiled, hugging Tony tightly, and kissing him happily, before helping Tony back into his seat.

"Here," he hummed, and with slightly shaky hands, he slid the gorgeous ring onto his mate's finger. Tony stared down at it, wiping his eyes with a napkin.

"Oh... it's...wow...!" He nuzzled into Bucky's side, "You... and...!" The alpha beamed and sat closer to him, nuzzling him back.

"I love you so much," he muttered.

"How did you-?" Tony examined the ring closely, the dark sapphires set in the precise placement of his first reactor, the band overlapping like his armor. "This is amazing..." That drew a chuckle from Bucky.

"I found a jeweler who made custom rings, it took a while to make, to get the design right, which is why I didn't ask sooner." Tony swallowed.

"You... wow... you're... wow." He whispered, feeling the slight weight on his finger, the sleek metal. "What's it made of?" Bucky shrugged.

"Oh, I don't know, some kind of titanium alloy..." he smirked.

"You..." Tony nudged him, and closed his eyes, "I love you. How long have you been...?" The dom chuckled and nuzzled him.

"I started designing it with Jarvis's help when I came back from my trip, before the twins were born... I wanted the ring to be perfect."

"Oh..." Tony whispered, "Wow... I..." He scrubbed at his eyes, "I'm gonna... I'm gonna eat."

"Please," he smiled and shoved a scallop in his mouth. Tony flushed, people all around were staring at them, smiling wistfully, or typing on their phones.

"I think we just made the cover of the gossip mags."

"Good. I want them to know we're sealing the deal. Also... I will take your last name, if you want, so Stark Industries name doesn't change." Tony stared.

"Are... are you fucking kidding me?" He buried his face in Bucky's chest, "You're driving me insane! I don't deserve all this! What about... what about Barnes-Stark, like the kids?"

"Whatever makes you happy," he smiled and wrapped his arms around him, nuzzling him fiercely.

"Then Barnes-Stark... because I want your name..." Tony admitted in a whisper, "But my name is too awesome to give up."

"It is pretty awesome," he laughed, and kissed him softly. Tony didn't even care that Bucky's hand was on his belly, that cameras were going off, and his half a steak was getting cold. Bucky was starting to get a little irritated at all of the flashing lights. "Why don't you finish before your food goes cold, and we can take your leftovers home," he smiled. Tony fiddled with his ring, smiling down at it.

"Yessir," He laughed, and dug into his steak, eating happily, scent completely clear of any other emotion. Bucky beamed brightly at him, breathing in as much of Tony's scent as he could. This
pure, happy scent was so rare, and he never wanted to forget it. The sub chewed thoughtfully, and then someone walked by with a tray of steaming seafood and he gagged, turning to bury his nose in Bucky's shirt, whining. Bucky rubbed Tony's back.

"I guess a lot of seafood at once is off?" He asked, since he was eating scallops. Tony shuddered.

"Mnn..." He whined quietly against Bucky's shirt, but his scent was still inherently happy. The dom rubbed his back.

"Do you want to share a slice of chocolate cake after our meal?" The omega looked up at Bucky, and shook his head.

"I don't like chocolate cake." He hooked his foot behind Bucky's, relaxing back against him, and eating another bite.

"Vanilla then? I think they might have cheesecake," he winked. Tony's eyes shone, and he wanted so desperately to climb into Bucky's lap. To just be held and petted, and cuddle his wonderful alpha. Bucky kissed him and pressed their chairs as close together as they could get, nuzzling him.

"You're... just... I..." Tony shook his head, "I'd love some cheesecake, I think."

"Me too," he nodded, "Finish your steak and I'll order it," he hummed, and shoved the rest of his scallops in his mouth to get rid of them quicker; Tony picked through his meat for the bloodiest pieces, then started soaking up the juices with bread, chewing the soggy food happily. When their food was done, Bucky ordered a large slice of cheesecake, and let the waiter take their plates, Tony touched his ring.

"When should we have it? The wedding, I mean? After the baby? Or before I get huge?" Bucky shrugged.

"I'm not sure yet, our wedding also makes a loophole in that five year maternity leave contract..." he said. "Now that we are married, we can go back in front of the board and ask them to change it, challenge them."

"Bucky..." Tony swallowed, "...even if we do, I... I'm pregnant again, so... they'll try something else." He closed his eyes, rubbing a hand over his face, "But if we changed it to one year, maybe..." Bucky nodded.

"If they can take off any time at all, it will be better," he smiled.

"Yeah." Tony muttered, "Since I work from home anyway." Bucky rubbed Tony's cheek.

"We'll talk more about it tomorrow,"

"Okay." Tony hummed, leaning into his touch, eyes sliding closed contentedly as the waiter gently deposited their cake on the table. Bucky smiled and grabbed his fork, taking off a bit of cake, and holding it in front of Tony's mouth. The omega took it between his teeth, and then searched frantically for a napkin to spit it in, wiping his tongue, "Crap." He swallowed thickly, "No cheesecake." Bucky frowned, and nodded his head. It was a shame to let the cake go to waste.

"Okay, I'll get the check then, unless you want a different dessert?" Tony shook his head.

"You eat it, it's fine. I... it's fine." He took a few swallows of water, shuddering.

"Okay..." he said, rubbing his back, and having a few bites before he was done with the cake. He
took the check when it was brought, and the manager came back over.

"If you'd like, we could finish our conversation, or you can give me a call tomorrow," he said, holding out a business card. Tony slipped the card into his pocket.

"We run the Maria Stark foundation," He smiled, "I'll call, maybe we can set up a meeting. See, we're trying to show the benefits of allowing omegas to work how they want, and we're also fighting against the treatment of every designation in prisons... your restaurant is a perfect example of... let's just say I'd like to speak to the owner as well."

"I do not know the owner's number off of the top of my head, but if you call, I will be more than happy to get it for you," the omega smiled.

"Thank you," Tony offered him a smile in response, "Really, we appreciate it. He doesn't look it, but he's a big advocate for equality." He nudged Bucky playfully. Bucky smiled and shrugged, giving the manager a small wink.

"We should get going," the alpha smiled and dropped a couple of bills onto the table, more than enough to cover the cost of food and tip; he held his hand out to Tony. The omega let Bucky pull him up, admiring his ring as they headed for the exit.

"Mr. Stark?" A timid omega stood to the side of their path, and Tony paused.

"Hello, oh! I met you in the grocery store, how are you?"

"Not good..." She whispered, "I w-wondered... if.."

"If my offer of help was still open?" Tony finished her sentence, Bucky was extremely surprised to see this woman here, of all places, she looked out of place.

"We'll discuss help in the morning. I'll call our chauffeur. Happy will set you up with a room at Stark Tower for the night, and we will talk in the morning. You will be safe there. We have a good doctor on the premise if you need help." She began to shake, and Tony gently pulled her into a hug.

"Hey, shh, it's going to be alright." He leaned against the front desk. "Bucky, please call Happy. I'll wait with her."

"I... you just got engaged... and... I don't want to..."

"You're not a bother, okay? If we don't protect each other, who will?" Tony smiled wistfully and Bucky stepped into the lobby, the omegas still within his sight as he called Happy and explained the situation. The beta boxer made it to the restaurant in record time, and stepped into the lobby.

"Ma'am? Is there any reason you don't want to walk out the front door?" Happy asked her softly, and Tony patted the chauffeur's shoulder in thanks.

"N-no, no one knows I'm h-here." Bucky nodded.

"Happy, have Banner check her over if she's hurt and please set up a room for her," he smiled at the chauffeur. Happy bobbed his head.

"Yes, sir." He leaned closed, "How'd it go, sir? He say yes?" Tony blinked, and gave the other omega one last hug.

"You can have breakfast with my pack, and we'll move you somewhere else tomorrow." The sub
offered to the nervous woman, Bucky beamed proudly.

"He did," he nodded to Happy, and wrapped his arm happily around Tony.

"Congratulations, sir!" Happy gave Tony a big bear hug, and the sub squeaked embarrassingly.

"Get going, Hogan." He shook his head, and stepped outside, giving his ticket to the valet, and gave the frightened female omega a nod.

"You'll be alright," Bucky tried to reassure the girl as they waited for their car.

"Th-thank you." She whispered, and Happy gently guided her into the rolls, and drove away just as the valet produced Tony's red Audi. Bucky tipped the valet, and got into the passengers seat.

"I was thinking, perhaps we could go to a park and enjoy some quiet time, but if you want to get back to the pups, that's okay too," he hummed.

"A park?" Tony blinked, "Let me... just... Jarvis? How are the kids?"

"Sleeping soundly, sir." The AI answered, and Tony smiled.

"Alright... we can go to a park." He pulled away from the curb. "There's one near here."

"Okay," he smiled, and watched Tony's new ring glint in the moonlight, glad that he'd picked somewhere nearby for his surprise. Turning a few corners, Tony parked along another curb, and let Bucky help him out of the car.

"You're so romantic tonight."

"It's a special night," Bucky smiled and kissed his cheek, taking his hand in his arm and he walked to a bench besides a lake; Tony sank down beside him, and nuzzled into his side.

"I feel special," He murmured quietly, closing his eyes, "we never did go on many dates, I shoulda known something was up." Bucky's smile widened.

"I want us to go on more dates. This is nice."

"I... well, I'm about to turn back into a whale." The omega mumbled, cheeks flushed, "I... and the kids... I... yeah, we should." He nuzzled Bucky's side, relaxing into the safety of his dom's arms and scent. The combination of Bucky's happiness and the smell of wet earth from the lake shore had him slipping down into a contented trance. A shot of light shot up into the sky a few minutes later, followed by several other fireworks; Tony blinked, jerking upright, fear sliding through his scent until he realized what the sounds and flashes were and took deep breaths to calm down. "You went all out."

"I did," he hummed, "I didn't mean for them to scare you," he pulled him back against himself.

"I'm okay, it just surprised me." Tony leaned up against him, marveling at how Bucky always made him feel so short. "What were you going to do if I said no?" His dom chuckled.

"Probably strut around the house naked for the rest of the week, to try to get you to change your mind. Happy helped me set this up, which is why he asked me if you said yes." Tony pulled himself up Bucky's body, gripping the dom's shirt, and kissed him, hard and desperate, fireworks lighting up the sky behind him.

"I love you. Oh god, I love you, Bucky." He panted shakily against his alpha's mouth, "I don't
deserve you... I... I can't believe I...!" Bucky hugged him tightly, and laid him down on the park bench, he was hovering over him.

"God I love you so much." The omega looked up into his eyes, collar glittering in the fireworks, his ring smooth and warm on his finger.

"I never thought I'd have this..." He whispered, "I'm still afraid I'll wake up and... be nineteen again, stuck under Obi..." Bucky growled at the name.

"Don't bring up his name again tonight," he said, kissing him softly, Tony winced.

"Fine." He looked away, tense as the finale of the fireworks lit up the night. Bucky whined.

"I'm sorry... I'm glad you're with me, cause I'm not ever leaving you..." The omega licked his lips, sighing.

"It's just... you get angry, and I don't know how to deal with that, because..." He closed his eyes, "I don't know, Bucky. You keep saying I can talk to you about what happened, but you don't like it when I do. And Clint keeps encouraging me to talk, but..." Bucky nodded.

"You can talk to me... I just didn't like that you talked about him tonight. There's a time and a place for everything... talking about Obi after I proposed to you..." he sighed, and shook his head.

"Tomorrow I would have been more than happy to talk about it all." Tony wiggled out from under him.

"Time constraints. Great." He stood, staring out over the lake, "I can't help what makes me think of..." He scrubbed a hand over his face, ".fuck."

"It's not time restraints! It's not much different if you were puking in the bathroom and I waved bacon under your nose! Just don't talk about him when we're on dates." Tony flinched.

"Wow..." He shuffled down toward the lake, pulling at his collar, "...that's... I... I was saying... fuck. God damn it, Bucky, what the fuck? I mean, really! I just said I was glad to be with you, and you're-! And I wasn't asking to talk about it, but you got all angry and...! Fuck. You do that to me every time I mention anything that's bothering me!" At that, Bucky ran a hand through his hair.

"Okay... I'll try to be more open about it... I'm really glad you aren't with him either, I'm sorry I snapped," he said, holding his arms open. Tony hugged himself.

"You don't have to be open... that's not the fucking point, okay? You were the one who said to talk about it." He sucked in a breath when Bucky's hands slid up his back. "Just be honest... you can't handle hearing about it."

"I can!" He said, taking Tony's hand. "I really can, I might not be the most calm... but this was a special night between us. I just really wanted us to relax and I'm sorry I freaked out. Obi is a little more difficult for me to handle than Pepper is... but I love you, you can talk to me." Tony stared at the ground.

"I can't... I can't talk to you about it... you do this every time." He pinched the bridge of his nose, taking deep breaths. "Just like we don't talk about you being gone for the twins' whole pregnancy, or... what happened with Hammer... or what happened with Hydra..." Bucky sighed, and squeezed his hand.

"Alright. I'm all ears. Go ahead and talk, I didn't mean to upset you," he nuzzled him. The omega pulled away.
"Forget it. I don't want to. I wasn't even trying to." Bucky looked down, and let out a silent curse.

"I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry I'm not perfect, I'm trying!" He snapped, and Tony flinched, shoulders hunching.

"I... I want to go home."

"Okay... fuck, I'm sorry," Bucky said, shoving his hands in his pockets and leading him to the car. The submissive followed behind him, head down.

"It's my fault, I'm sorry... I shouldn't have tried to talk... I always mess it up when I talk..." He whispered, "...I'm sorry..." He had to sit for a few moments in the drivers seat before he could start the car. Bucky leaned over and kissed his cheek.

"It was my fault. I wanted to end this night with mind blowing sex before we took the twins back, if you're still interested." Tony twisted his ring around on his finger.

"Mind blowing?" He attempted, glancing up.


"Really?" He turned the car off, taking a deep breath, and climbed into Bucky's lap. Gently tucking his head under the alpha's chin, Tony breathed in his scent, and closed his eyes. "Can I just... for a minute?" Bucky nodded softly and wrapped his arms around Tony, letting him just do what he needed to do. Tony nudged his nose against Bucky's throat, and inhaled, relaxing bit by bit, "'M sorry." And he climbed back into his seat, turning the key.

"Me too," Bucky beamed, it felt like progress, and he stroked his sub's hair, stopping when the car started so Tony could focus.
Happy Mondays.

warnings: Well, it starts with a very D/s sex scene, adorbs baby scenes, and some hinting.

The sub cuddled up against Bucky the whole elevator ride up to their floor, nuzzling his chest, and kissing his shoulders and neck, just calm and content. When they got to their floor, Bucky picked him up again, and lowered him down softly on the bed, kissing his throat as he undid the buttons of his suit; Tony focused on breathing, watching Bucky's face.

"I... wow." He lifted up so the dom could slide his jacket and shirt off, and groaned when Bucky replaced the diamond collar with a thick collar made of brown leather, with tags dangling from its D-ring, engraved with Bucky's initials. Bucky hummed, and rubbed his hands over his chest and thick nipples. The sub groaned, shaking. "Buck..." He whimpered, trying to wriggle out of his slacks. Bucky smiled and helped him pull his slacks down, and removed his socks.

"I can't wait to see you all big and round," he hummed, Tony quivered as heavy hands rubbed down his abs, over his belly, still very faintly lined with stretch marks.

"Really?" He panted, trying to get Bucky between his legs somehow. The dom nodded and pulled Tony's legs up over his shoulders, and he slowly sank down his thighs until he was licking at his balls. Tony choked, "Mnah!" He gripped Bucky's hair, legs sprawling open. "Oh, god... oh, Bucky!" Bucky pressed his tongue in and groaned, swirling his tongue around the building slick. "Buckyyyy...!" Tony whined, shaking beneath the attention, "Please, oh, Bucky...!" He arched up, whimpering when Bucky's tongue ran up over his balls and the dom sucked one into his mouth. The alpha swirled his tongue around it, and then popped off, and teased the slit with his teeth before smiling at Tony, and pressing his cock to his hole, while Tony shuddered. "Fuck," He swallowed, "Already... sensitive." The sub panted, pulling his knees up and apart, "Need you..."

"I know," he said, rolling his hips and sucking on his nipples. The omega bucked and whined, as Bucky breached him extremely slowly, letting him feel every inch. "I love you so much," the dom hummed and bent nearly Tony in half as he kissed him. The omega trembled.

"I love you." He whispered, looking up into Bucky's eyes, feeling the thick length inside of him, filling him so perfectly, "Say goodbye to flexibility..."

"Maybe not," he hummed and kissed him, "If it's just one maybe... I don't see why you can't do yoga."

"I did yoga when I was pregnant with the twins. The poses I do are dangerous to the baby, and nearly impossible to do with a pregnant belly." Tony panted, slumping back against the bedding.

"Okay," he said, kissing along his throat as their hips slapped together. The sub lay his head back.

"Sir..." He panted, gasping when Bucky pinned his wrists above his head with one hand. "Oh! Yes,
Bucky!" His dom panted and sucked on his lower lip, his knot forming at the base of his cock; Tony thrust his hips up, and, as Bucky's knot spread his walls open, he convulsed with an internal orgasm. "Oh! Oh...!" He panted, shuddering through intense waves of pleasure. Bucky twirled his tongue around his nipple, and stroked his cock as he thrust; Tony squirmed, bucking, the knot stretching him as Bucky kept thrusting, and then he arched and whined through a second orgasm, cum spurting out of his cock onto his chin and chest. "Fuck!" The alpha groaned and rolled his hips a few times before cumming as well, pulling at Tony's hair, his grip forcing the sub's head back further, and making Tony roll up against him in pleasure.

"Good boy," he panted, and kissed him hungrily. Tony quivered.

"Th-thank you. Thank you."

"You're welcome," Bucky nuzzled him, hugging him happily. The sub lay his head back.

"Mmm... I love you."

"I love you too," he said, pressing soft kisses to his lips and cheeks. Tony nuzzled up against him.

"You said... new toy?"

"Yeah, after I pull out," The dom hummed.

"So it's an... inside toy?" Tony shifted his hips, rubbing his sore scalp and humming, "It's been a long time since you were that rough on my hair." He licked the corner of Bucky's mouth. "Rethinking your... lack of punishment for recreational purposes, are you?"

"Something like that," he chuckled, and kissed his chin. "Fuck, you are so sexy," he said, brushing his thumb over his nipple. Tony sucked in a breath.

"Mm... enjoy it while it lasts." He panted, leaning up to kiss Bucky's neck, sucking a soft mark into the skin. "Give it three months and..." He bit at the dom's shoulder, "I'll be a hot air balloon."

"I think hot air balloons are sexy," he grunted and gently pulled out, "clench down." Tony whimpered, tightening his muscles obediently.

"Wait... you've... you've rethought the punishment... you're gonna...? Really?"

"Maybe," he hummed, and smacked his hips gently. "Can you turn over without spilling cum?" Tony wriggled onto his knees, ass up, face against the bed, presented perfectly.

"I don't know, can I?"

"I didn't doubt you for an instant," Bucky hummed and played with his rim a little, grabbing the new toy. The sub shifted his hips, groaning.

"Mm..." A light slap from Bucky's flesh hand had him moaning, biting his lip with pleasure.

"Let me know if it hurts, okay?" He hummed, and slid the tip of the toy into Tony. The sub sucked his lip between his teeth, hands gripping the blankets tightly, as cool metal slid into him.

"Fucking... fuck... that's... so good...!" He rolled his hips back to take more of it, "A m-metal plug?" He tried to guess.

"Shhh, you'll like this," Bucky smirked, and once it was in all the way, the sides came apart, and slowly started to open, spreading him wide. Tony squirmed, biting the pillow, his hole was
clamped around the narrow, plug-like base; the sections spread his inner walls, stretching his insides open.

"B-B-B-Bucky!" Was all the warning he gave before he came all over the bedding.

"Oh, so you like it," he hummed, and stroked his soft cock before locking the toy in place with a small padlock; Tony panted against the bedding, and then he jumped when he felt the flat edge of a riding crop trail up his thigh. "I told you, tonight was gonna be good," his alpha hummed, and smacked the inside of his thigh; Tony yelped, toes curling.

"Nn... sir... sir... yes...!" He panted, crossing his arms behind his back. Another smack stung the edge of his ass, and he felt the weight of the padlock holding the toy in the open position. The dom hummed and brought it down on his left cheek, before massaging it softly. The omega groaned, shifting his knees, and then he felt his cock stir between his legs when Bucky gently buckled padded cuffs around his wrists.

"Let me know if anything hurts," he heard the alpha say, smacking his perineum; Tony bucked, cock thrusting against empty air.

"Good, so good...!" He whined against the pillow, the simulation knot keeping him from dropping. "So... good... Bucky... so good...!" His voice deteriorated into whimpers when the crop dragged over his ribs and circled a nipple. The alpha didn't want to hurt Tony too badly, he just slapped it gently over his nipples, smiling at how Tony jerked, and babbled. "Please, yes, thank you, oh god," Tony babbled, "I'm good, be so good for you, so good." He arched when Bucky rolled him onto his back, and attached his wrists to the headboard, before gently buckling leather straps around his thighs, just above the knee, and hooking them to the headboard as well, so that Tony's filled hole and cheeks were perfectly presented, cock hanging just above Tony's chin.

"Oh wow," Bucky smiled and massaged his omega's ass. Tony looked him deliberately in the eye, and tilted his head, letting his tongue flick out, licking up the single bead of pre gathering in his slit.

"You like that, sir?" He asked, lips brushing his cock, "You like seeing me suck myself?"

"Yes," the former assassin groaned, pushing gently on his hips to make his cock go further against his mouth. Tony parted his lips over the head, moaning, and sucked. Bucky's hands settled on his ass, and began pushing in a gentle rhythm, thrusting Tony's cock into his mouth at a steady pace; the dom was ever watchful for signs of discomfort, but Tony displayed none. He sucked and bobbed his head awkwardly, hole spasming around the base of the toy. "I want to see you drink your own cum," Bucky panted, and bit Tony's ass softly. The omega whined and sucked harder, eyes hazy despite the spreader toy; then one of Bucky's fingers worked his rim open, and he cried out around his own cock. "You like that? Bob your head if you do, don't do anything and I'll pull it out," Bucky hummed, Tony bobbed his head quickly, sucking himself, eyes wide with pleasure and desire. "So glad we did this," the alpha hummed and licked his balls. Tony groaned, and cum flooded his mouth, dripping from the corners. "Good boy," his alpha smiled, and petted his hair before letting his legs down. Tony whined, licking his lips, hands still chained to the headboard, he let his legs sprawl apart.

"Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome," Bucky replied and nuzzled him.

"Is that... all?" Tony asked, shifting his arms, "Or was there more?" He licked his lips again.
"Uhm, well..." The dom shrugged, "I hadn't really planned anything past this point..." Tony sucked his lip seductively into his mouth.

"Oh?" He hummed, "Thank you. It was... wow." The sub shifted his feet, "Can you untie my arms? We gotta bathe and change the bedding, get the kids."

"I mean, just because I haven't planned anything, doesn't mean we can't go one more round," Bucky amended, and undid his arms; Tony looped them around Bucky's neck.

"What if..." He pushed Bucky down on the bed, and sucked another mark into his chest, "...I..." He licked over a nipple, and wiggled his ass, the lock jingling. Bucky wasn't sure what he was asking, but he liked where this was going. The sub kissed and licked a trail down Bucky's body. "Suck..." He murmured, and laved his tongue over the dom's cock.

"Yes," The alpha agreed immediately, his cock twitching against his tongue; Tony laughed, and, quickly, turned his body around, sticking his filled ass in Bucky's face, and sucking the dom's cock into his mouth. Bucky moaned loudly and pressed his face to Tony's ass, licking his rim. The sub sucked hard at his cock in response, thighs quivering.

"Such a good boy," Bucky groaned, "My good omega." Tony suckled diligently, whining around the spit-slick shaft every so often as Bucky stretched his rim with fingers, rubbing around the thick spreader inside of him. "Do you like your new toy?" His dom inquired, voice wrecked, rocking his hips, Tony pulled back.

"Yes, fuck... yes, sir!" He whined, Bucky's fingers were driving him crazy around it.

"Don't stop," Bucky ordered, gently trying to add another finger. The omega shivered, and sucked Bucky back down, bobbing his head happily. "Ahh," he squeezed Tony's ass with his metal hand, his knot swelling, and Tony pulled back slightly, so it wouldn't catch in his mouth. He swallowed around the pulsing shaft, and moaned when cum poured into his mouth. Bucky moaned and squeezed Tony's thighs, panting, as Tony swallowed. He held the last of Bucky's cum in his mouth, sitting up, his cock rubbing against Bucky's chest, twisted around to look at his lover, his fiance, and swallowed purposefully. "I know how much you like the taste of my cum," the dom breathed, nuzzling him. The omega slipped off of Bucky's chest, and slowly curled his body against Bucky's side. "I do." He murmured, kissing gently over his chest.

"Are you gonna take the toy out?" Tony looked up at Bucky with sleepy eyes, his erection pressed against his dom's thigh. Bucky reached down and rubbed his shaft slowly.

"In the morning, I was."

"Oh." Tony rolled his hips, thrusting into Bucky's hand, "Mmm... fuck... needed this..." He panted.

"Yeah," The dom said, kissing his lips, the sub groaned, and arched when Bucky squeezed his cock a little roughly.

"Mmnn... Bucky...!" Gasping, he twisted to lick over Bucky's nipple, bucking against him. Bucky moaned and stroked his cock faster, watching his mate squirm. After a moment, he came against Bucky's hip, and trembled through aftershocks.

"I love you," The alpha hummed.

"I love you, too." Tony mumbled, tucking himself against Bucky's side. "We should shower... change the sheets..."
"Okay. You go shower, I'll change the sheets." Tony pouted in protest of that.

"Shower with me." He nuzzled Bucky's ribs.

"Okay," he nodded and smiled, lifting him up and he carried him to the bathroom. The omega nosed over the marks he'd left on Bucky's throat.

"I love you."

"I love you too," he smiled, and sat his sub down in the tub. "Do you want a bath?" Tony shook his head.

"I want to shower... so you can wash my hair." He hadn't let Bucky do that again, had panicked at the very thought of it, but he felt relaxed and calm, and he was going to get over that. The alpha beamed and nodded, turning the shower on after angling the head toward the wall; Tony climbed to his feet, yawning softly, and looking at his ring as he pressed his body against Bucky's, head nestled just under Bucky's chin. Bucky smiled and slowly turned the shower so it was hitting their lower bodies, and couldn't get Tony's face wet at all, and then he started to wash his mate's body. Tony shifted whenever Bucky nudged him, obedient and calm. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," The dom replied, and when he was done with his body, he grabbed the shower head. "Are you ready?" Tony took a deep breath, and locked his gaze on Bucky's face.

"Yes." He murmured, Bucky nodded, and was careful with the spray, making sure it only hit his hair. When it was wet, he put it back on the hook, faced away from them, and rubbed shampoo in his curls. Tony let his eyes slide closed, gripping Bucky's arm tightly. His fingers relaxed their vice-like hold while the shampoo was worked into his hair, and then, when the water hit it again, he jerked, clinging to Bucky, eyes wide.

"I got you," The dom reassured him, running his fingers through the hair, making sure all of the soap was out. "Want me to condition?" Tony's throat worked as he swallowed.

"N-no." He forced out, shivering.

"Okay, it's okay, you did so good," The alpha hummed and rinsed his body down after all the soap was out of his hair. "You're all done." Tony pressed his body against Bucky's, closing his eyes tightly, trying to calm himself down.

"Sorry... I'm sorry... gimme a..."

"It's okay. You did really good," Bucky praised, hugging him.

"Thanks." Tony flexed his stiff fingers, and climbed out of the shower, drying himself off quickly, his hands shaking. Reaching back, he felt the base of the plug, clean and jingling, before he pulled his pajamas on. "I'll... go get the kids."

"Okay," his dom smiled, and started washing himself, proud of his mate. The omega yawned widely, still shaky, when he reached Peter's floor.

"Hey," He murmured quietly, smiling down at the sleeping toddlers, "How were they?" He gently lifted Nia into his arms, then James, bouncing softly to keep them asleep.

"They were good," Peter smiled, and saw the flash of silver on Tony's hand, "What... is that what I think that is?!" Tony smirked.
"Apparently I'm in need of a tether." He laughed, shifting the children and holding his hand out, "Because, yes, that is, in fact, an engagement ring." The younger sub smiled and stood up, hugging Tony around the kids.

"Congrats!"

"Thanks, I don't know when it'll be, y'know, since I'm pregnant, and... that's not really cohesive to looking good in a suit." Tony shifted the kids again, "But I should get going, it's late, and these two rascals are gonna be up early, I just know it."

"Okay," Peter smiled, and gave him one more hug. "Congratulations again!"

"Oh! That reminds me, we... there's a female sub in the tower, we're finding her somewhere safe to go, she might eat breakfast with us." Tony leaned to nuzzle Peter's cheek, glad that the other omega had decided to wait for the next fall semester to start school. It gave him more time to settle.

"Oh? Is she nice?" Peter asked.

"I think so, mostly she just seems afraid." Tony shifted his weight, "Well, good night." He stepped into the elevator.

"Night," he waved, and sat back down on his couch, feeling awfully alone.

Tony bounced Jamie on his hip as he watched coffee drip into the carafe, "What's the reason I can't have caffeine again?" He asked the pack, gathered in the communal living room and kitchen. Nia was sitting with Charlotte, reading a book at Bucky's feet.

"Because we're pregnant," Clint grunted, his head leaned back and resting on Steve's shoulder, Tony sighed.

"So?" He whined, foot tapping against the floor unhappily. Steve chuckled.

"Bad for the baby, I hear." The super soldier nuzzled Clint's head, and rubbed his belly. Clint let out a deep breath, he was having trouble breathing as clearly as he used to, now that the babies were pushing a lot on his organs. Steve kissed him. "Hey... I'm so proud of you, carrying our babies," he murmured lovingly, "I love you." Tony swallowed, looking away, and poured himself a cup of coffee just as the elevator opened.

"Tony? What's that on your hand?" Bruce asked, leaning forward in his seat; Happy lead the nervous female sub out of the elevator.

"Oh, a ring." Tony replied flippantly, sipping his coffee, "Oh! Hey, how'd you sleep? Alright?" He asked. "I have a few friends who are going to take you in, and keep you safe. You can get a job, or go to school..." Tony smiled, "I don't think you ever told us your name?" Clint's head snapped up at the word ring.

"Whaaat? You guys are getting hitched!?" he beamed and held his hand out for a high five since there was no way in hell he was getting up for a hug. The girl blushed, and kept her head down.

"Congrats, Mr. Stark." She mumbled, Tony laughed, and kissed Clint's cheek.

"Yeah," He shrugged a shoulder, "It was a... surprise, and man, he's confident." Tony teased,
before turning back to the abused omega. "Uh... so... I'm Tony, obviously, and this is Clint, Steve, their daughter Charlotte... these are my little cuties, Antonia and James... my mate Bucky, uh... Bruce and Thor, Peter and May." She waved shyly to them, and kept her gaze lowered.

"So um... you said something about a job?" Tony plopped James into his father's lap, and took her hand.

"Or school." He smiled, "What's your name?"

"Christi..." She shrugged, hesitantly lifting her eyes to his face.

"It's good to meet you, Christi. Would you like some coffee?" Tony lead her into the kitchen, "So, you can get a job, we'll help with that, or you can go to college, whichever you like." She nodded her head.

"Work is fine," she said quietly, and watched the coffee in the pot finish brewing. He showed her where the mugs were.

"So, you'll share an apartment with a couple friends, have your own room, and once you get on your feet, you put in on rent and stuff, but you'll be protected." Tony swallowed a long drink of his coffee. "No alphas in the building, I know, I own it, but the rent all goes to the Maria Stark foundation." She smiled and nodded, letting the sub pour coffee into her mug.

"That sounds nice," she said, breathing in the warm scent. "W-would it be too much to ask... to not be roomed with a male?" She whispered, and Tony smiled in understanding.

"Of course not! The friends I'm talking about are female betas. Is that alright?" She nodded, and took a small sip of her coffee, humming happily.

"Thank you."

"Of course." Tony patted her shoulder, and stumbled when his children crashed into his legs. "Whoa!"

"Mamama!" Nia wailed, and Jamie sat on his mom's foot. Christi hunched her shoulders and backed away a little from the loud cries, as Bucky came in.

"He ran off my lap to chase her." The dom offered by way of explanation, Tony lifted Nia up.

"Hey, hush darling." He kissed her cheek, "Um... sorry." He inched away from the nervous omega. "Sorry, I... you can have breakfast delivered, and go to another floor if you're feeling uncomfortable, Christi." Jamie held his arms out to Tony to be picked up. Christi shrugged.

"I kind of... don't want to be alone," she said softly.

"Oh, you just seemed stressed out." Tony lifted Jamie with one arm, grunting, "Crap, I'm not gonna be able to do this much longer." He settled each child on one of his hips, and sighed, "Why so clingy? Is it 'cause me and daddy went on a date?" Jamie's lip wibbled a little and he wrapped his arms around his mom's chest. Christi smiled.

"They're adorable."

"Thanks, I worked hard on 'em," Tony laughed, "They are not happy that we left them for our date." Christi nodded and tentatively reached out to pet one of them; Nia leaned into her hand automatically, humming, and Tony smiled. "They're sweet... but they can be rascals." She smiled
and petted her gorgeous hair.

"I think the pigtails are adorable."

"She hates them, but they're so cute." Tony made to touch one, and she made an upset sound, "Fine, fine."

"I didn't like them at her age either, apparently," she winked at Nia and the little girl tossed her head back and forth happily, and Tony laughed. Christi smiled and nodded. "I think I'll take you up on that offer of... delivery breakfast, if that's okay?" She said, starting to back away.

"That's fine." Tony stuck a piece of croissant into each of the twins' mouths. The nervous sub smiled and waved as the kids munched on the soft bread. They watched her go, and then wiggled on his hips. "Come on, what is it that you want?" Nia whined and put a hand over her mouth, moving her jaw.

"B-bwead?" Tony laughed.

"Yeah, bread, alright." He ripped two more pieces off his croissant, and pressed one into each of their hands. Both wiggled, wanting down, now that they had food. "Oh, I see how it is." He let them go, watching them toddle off to the living room, before he bit into the croissant. Nia munched on her piece and toddled to Charlie, looking at the pictures in her book.

"Ooh! I want some!" Charlotte exclaimed, Nia stared at her, and slowly gave her a small piece, remembering when her dad growled at her for not sharing a candy bar with her brother. She stared at her dad, making sure he didn't get mad; Charlotte beamed. "Thank you! She's sharing!" Tony settled onto the couch and smiled.

"Good job, Nini." The sub patted her head. Nia smiled brightly and nuzzled her mom's hand, giggling as she wiggled closer to Charlie, trying to turn the page in the book. Charlie pushed the page back.

"No! I'm reading it!" She stood up, and ran away, and Tony picked Nia up as the baby began to snuffle.

"Hey, shh, it's alright." Nia whined loudly and buried her face in her mother's chest, hugging her bread in between them. Tony patted her back gently, "It's alright, shh shh shh." He kissed her curly hair, "You want me to read to you?" She shook her head and pointed to Charlie, taking a small bite out of her bread. "Char's reading that book right now, honey." Tony checked her diaper automatically, "Bucky?" He looked around, but his mate was nowhere to be seen, "Well, fine." He lifted Nia up, "You wanna take a bath?" She whined and nodded, shoving the rest of the bread in her mouth. "Okay, let's..." Tony bit his lip, Jamie was playing happily in the corner. "Peter?" The sub was napping across Bruce and Thor's laps, "Okay, May?" She was gone, too. So Tony picked Jamie up, sighing when he started to cry, and took them upstairs. Nia started to whimper at Jamie's crying. "Jamie, please..." Tony hefted him higher, "We're gonna take a bath, it'll be fun!" He settled James on the floor, and undressed Nia, wiping her off and putting the diaper in the washer. "Okay, stay right here while I get brother naked, kay?" He turned to Jamie, gently taking his clothes off, and leaning to turn the tub on.

"Brudder," she said, standing up and walking over to the tub, trying to peer inside.

"Want bubbles?" Tony asked, unlatching the baby lock on the cupboard, and adding some to the water. He lifted Nia up, kissing her face, then turned to stare at James. The baby had found a screwdriver, and unscrewed a screw from the changing table. "Jamie, hey, how'd you...?" He
looked up as the door opened. "Where've you been, Bucky?" He handed James over, "We're taking a bath." Bucky shrugged.

"Just talking to May," he said, taking the screwdriver from James, frowning.

"He took this screw out. He used that tool, Bucky. That's..." Tony stripped his clothes off, and picked Nia back up, holding his arm out for James. The alpha raised an eyebrow and nodded.

"Wow... guess we know who he's taking after," he kissed Tony's cheek. The sub stepped cautiously into the tub, sinking down into the bubbly water.

"Could... you want to get in with us?" He asked, "Hold Nia?" She was excitedly reaching for her daddy, but Bucky didn't seem keen on the idea. Bucky was going to say no, but he loved the look on his daughter's face. He got undressed, but he kept his underwear on and he got into the tub. Tony arched a brow at him, "You're wearing boxers in the bath?"

"I don't feel comfortable being that naked around my children," he shrugged. "Some things are only meant for your eyes." Tony frowned.

"That's... they're babies, Bucky, and they've seen you naked... whatever, fine, I don't care." He settled Nia down in the bubbles and gently wetted her hair with a washrag. Bucky shrugged and helped to hold her still. The little girl just played happily in the suds, and Tony washed her gently and lovingly, rinsing her curls, and kissing her chubby cheeks. She giggled and smiled up at her mom, reaching up for him, Tony lifted her up onto his chest, passing Bucky the rag to wash James.

"Hey, beautiful girl."

"Mama!" She said, nuzzling him. Bucky smiled, and pulled his son on his lap, rubbing a cloth over him; Tony kissed Nia's nose.

"Look! What's this!?” He pulled a squeaky turtle out of the toy basket. Nia squealed with happiness and reached out for the turtle, giggling as it squeaked. "What is it called?" Tony held it up, "If you can tell me what animal this is, we'll go see real ones!" She reached up, whining a little.

"P-purple!" She exclaimed, and Tony blinked.

"No, it's a turtle." He handed it to her, "We'll go see some soon, I promise."

"Purple," she smiled and took the toy, squeezing it happily.

"Oh!" Tony grinned, "Turtle, yes, good job!" He tickled her tummy, and dumped more squeaky animals into the tub. She giggled wildly and grabbed a dolphin, which when submerged, took water inside its blowhole, and then when squeezed, it shot water out, Tony snorted. "Good job, Nini!" He chose a shark, making it swim through the water. "See, sharks swim like this, but dolphins swim like... this." He showed her, hearing Jamie giggling. Tony looked up, and beamed, because Bucky and Jamie were playing with an octopus and a seahorse. Nia just splashed them in the water, giggling. Bucky beamed, and took the seahorse, making its snouted mouth kiss his son's cheek. "Sometimes I wish we were the seahorses." Tony muttered playfully, finding pelican, and squeezing it.

"Why?" The alpha asked, giving him a look, while Nia waved her turtle at Tony's pelican.

"Because then you would be pregnant." Tony laughed, and commenced a mock battle with his daughter. His mate's eyes went wide and Bucky coughed.

"Um," he snorted, and nuzzled his son. Tony rolled his eyes.
"Male seahorses carry the young. It was a joke." He kissed Nia's hair, and she yawned, "Hmm, looks like somebody's ready for a nap." Bucky nodded, and looked at his son, whose eyes were drooping.

"Same thing over here."

"Good." Tony climbed out of the bath, and wrapped Nia in her blue shark towel, the fin sticking up off her head, and teeth on her forehead. "So cute!" He purred, kissing her nose, and trying to wrap a towel around his own waist. Nia bounced and wiggled in her towel, smiling brightly up at her mom. Bucky got out of the bath, his underwear clinging to his skin, not leaving much to the imagination.

"Can you give me Jamie's towel?" Tony passed the cat towel over, and before striding over to flop on the bed, Nia in his arms.

"Want a nunna?" He asked, grinning when she nodded tiredly. Bucky wrapped his son in the towel, the ears flopping around on his head. He smiled, and kissed his head, wrapping a towel around his waist.

"Nununna?" Jamie reached for Tony as Nia latched onto her mom's nipple.

"Yeah, come here baby."

"Yeah," Bucky picked him up, and handed him to Tony, before going to the corner of the room. He took off his underwear and dried himself off, before pulling on dry boxers and sleep pants. Tony lay his head back, relaxing while they nursed sleepily, but, though Jamie was out like a light in ten minutes, Nia stubbornly stayed awake, following Tony around, crying and throwing a fit whenever he set her down. "Why, Nini?" Tony groaned, picking her up from her sixth fit in the last hour, Jamie was back awake, playing with dinosaurs. Bucky was sitting up, trying to stay awake, rubbing his hands over his face. "Why are you tired?" Tony grunted, trying to feed Nia her lunch; Bucky glared at him, he was allowed to be tired. "Why won't you just take a nap...?" He whined, "Come on, Nini..." she shook her head back and forth, crying, and Tony stuck his finger in her mouth, "...new teeth? Oh, baby girl... come on." He pulled a bag of frozen blueberries out, and squished one, putting it in her mouth. Nia jerked at the sudden cold on her gums, but after a few seconds she calmed down, and moved her tongue over the sweet taste. "There, is that better?" Tony asked, knowing the cold felt good on her growing teeth and sore gums. He glanced at Bucky, and frowned at the glare his dom was directing at him. The alpha sighed and laid down, watching his son play. Nia yawned, and drooled around her mother's finger. Tony pressed another few berries into her mouth. "She's getting molars...it's early for that." He kissed her forehead, watching as she slowly slipped into sleep against him.

"Yeah? How old are they supposed to be?" he asked.

"Nineteen months. They're only thirteen months." Tony mumbled, rocking her softly, and then slowly lay her down on Bucky's chest, "Here, take a nap with her." He lifted James into his arms, and nuzzled his face. Bucky smiled and placed his hand on her back, closing his eyes. James yawned and nuzzled Tony. "You're not sleepy again, are you?" Tony gently checked his gums, "You, too? But you're not crying." He carried the little boy over to the bookshelves, "Wanna read some books?" The little boy nodded, and reached out for his puppy that was lying on the floor. "Okay, here," Tony settled Jamie's puppy into his arms, and picked up a book, "who brought this in here?" It was on robotics. "Did Peter bring this?" He set it aside, and picked out another book, reading quietly to his son. James whined softly, hugging his puppy tightly. "Hmm? You okay?" Tony paused, setting Heckedy Peg down, and lifting Jamie up. "You're so cute!" He kissed him, "So cute, I love you, I loooove you, baby." The omega nuzzled his face happily. Peter walked out
moments later in his new and improved spidey suit that he and Tony made, smiling through his mask. "You look great!" Tony exclaimed quietly, pulling him into a hug, "You going out?" Peter hugged him back and sighed, nodding his head.

"Yeah, today is the day," The young sub said, stretching his arms out. He had been preparing his body for this. "Are you ready Thor?" Thor, who had followed him in, lifted Mjolnir, already clad in his armor.

"Yes, I am prepared. Let us go defend the citizens!" That had Peter grinning, and rubbing the back of his head.

"I don't know if we'll be saving anyone today... I just want them to know that I'm back," he smiled, and gave his aunt a hug, before going over to the open window.

"So says you." Tony laughed, and ruffled his hair, "Good luck!" He was still being as quiet as he could be, nervous of Nia waking up. Thor stepped up to the window, beaming when Jarvis opened it for him.

"Onward we go, Peter!" Peter nodded, and leaped out of the window, shouting in excitement as the wind blew around his face, and he could see the ground coming up to meet him. He shot a web up at the building and laughed as he nearly hit the ground, shooting right back up into the air. Thor flew above him, protective and happy, whooping along with Peter. The sub smiled and stared down at his citizens, wondering if he would have more issues with James Jameson and if they missed him. Cheers spread through the people on the street, excited cries of,

"It's SPIDER-MAN!" Spider-man waved as he zoomed by, courage blooming in his chest. Everyone who saw him waved, some even crying at the sight of him, so glad to have him back.

After flying around the city, announcing his presence to the people, he landed on top of a roof, grinning brightly at Thor, panting softly.

"That was amazing!" Thor pulled him into a hug, nuzzling him.

"I am glad for you!" Peter smiled and hugged him back.

"Thanks for believing in me..."

"You are worth believing in, Peter." Thor kissed his cheek, and nuzzled his head lovingly, "Shall we return home?" The omega nodded.

"Yeah, I'm ready... though I doubt I'll be home for long," he chuckled.

"Probably not," Thor agreed, "We have seen an unprecedented length of peace, I worry for the future."

"Me too," he nodded and a wild idea crossed his mind. "Last one home is a rotten egg!" He laughed and jumped off the building. Thor leapt after him.

"I shall win!"

"No way!" Peter laughed and made his webs stretch farther, Thor chased after him, cape flowing, laughing uproariously. Spiderman laughed as he slid right back through the window he jumped out of. "I WIN!" Tony glowered at them.
"Thanks." He lifted a screaming Nia off of Bucky's chest, her cries causing Jamie to start wailing, too. "Crap, come on, shh, shh..." Peter frowned and took his mask off, his hair sticking up.

"Sorry..." he said, hunching his shoulders.

"It's okay, they're getting new teeth, and I'm just... feeling stressed. I didn't mean to snap." Tony struggled to help his children, shivering.

"Do you want help?" Peter asked.

"Please." Tony whimpered, looking close to tears, "There's frozen berries... it helps." The younger omega ran to the kitchen, and grabbed the frozen berries, bringing them back over. Tony sat down in a chair, trying to arrange the twins on his lap so that he could feed them the berries. "Jarvis, order teething gel..."

"Yes sir." The AI replied, as Bucky sat up and took one of the pups to help Tony, putting cold smushed berries on his son's gums. Tony rubbed a hand over his face.

"And we're having another one." He sighed, rocking Nia while she chewed contentedly on the cold berries.

"I know," Bucky sighed, "It'll be okay..." Peter slowly backed out of the room, feeling depressed. He went to his room and shut the door, quickly changing into regular clothes and tossing his Spider-man suit in his closet. It was Thor who found him.

"Peter? Would you care to watch a movie with Bruce and I?" He murmured, reaching to touch the sub's hair. Peter sighed, and shrugged.

"I just... really wanted today to be perfect for Gwen... and I made two babies cry, and I stressed Tony out." Thor pulled Peter to his chest.

"Peter... the babies have been crying all day, they are working hard to grow new teeth, and it was only noise that woke them." He nuzzled the sub's hair, "Tony holds no anger toward you." The omega nodded and rubbed his eyes.

"I-I know you're right... I'm sorry," he said, trying not to cry. Thor stroked his hair.

"You are alright, Peter, come, relax with us. You shone like the sun on this day." Peter nodded softly, and stood up, following him over to where Bruce was. He sat and nuzzled into the scientist's side. The beta smiled, and kissed his head.

"We're watching Top Secret." He offered, and Thor settled on Bruce's other side. Peter nodded and watched the screen, sighing softly. Thor tucked one hand into Peter's hands, wrapping the other arm around Bruce's shoulders and relaxing. Peter relaxed, and smiled at them, steadily growing to enjoy the evening.
"I look ridiculous." Tony frowned down at his belly, already very obviously rounded at four months, and picked up his keys. The suit was stretched over his stomach, a collar tight around his throat. Jamie and Nia ran over to him, crying loudly; Tony sighed. "Hey, kiddos." He lifted them gently into his arms, huffing, "Mama has to go, but I'll be back, I promise, because we're going to see the turtles tonight, right?" Nia whined and nodded her head, pressing her head against his shoulder.

"Purtles..."

"Yep, turtles." Tony kissed their foreheads, and James sniffled, giving him a snotty kiss. Bucky came over and pulled them both away from Tony.

"Good luck today."

"Thanks," Tony gave them each one last kiss, "Hope Clint doesn't pop while I'm gone."

"I'll text you if he goes into labor," he smiled and kissed him.

"Good." Tony nuzzled his face, and stepped into the elevator.

"Clint? Darling?" Steve wandered through their floor, looking for his mate, "Baby? Where'd you go? Charlotte drew you a picture." Clint came out of the kitchen with icecream and relish with caramel sauce.

"A picture?" He smiled.

"Yup," Steve pulled the very pregnant omega to him, and kissed the corner of his mouth. "Come see."

"Okay," the sub nodded, and slowly walked with Steve to where Charlie was. She had papers all around her, but was holding one excitedly.

"Look," Steve lifted Charlotte up, "It's beautiful." It was Clint, obviously, with his round belly.

"Oh yes," he said, taking the picture, wincing a little at how huge she made him. "We're gonna hang it on the fridge, okay darling?" He smiled, Charlotte beamed and gripped the hem of her mother's shirt.

"On the fridge." She agreed readily.

"Yep," he smiled, and petted her head as he walked into the kitchen, and placed it next to the other drawings, feeling a little light headed. "Steve..." The alpha was holding him immediately, setting
the ice cream aside.

"Are you alright?" Clint nodded, but his grip was firm on his arm.

"Help me to the couch?" The sub asked, needing to lay down. Steve gently supported him to the sofa, kissing his forehead.

"Are you sure?" He knelt beside him, stroking his hair, as Charlotte rubbed her mama's belly. Clint nodded, and let out a deep breath.

"Yeah, I feel better now," he smiled, "Can I have my ice cream?"

"Of course." The alpha hurried to get it for him, carrying it back as if it were completely normal.

"Thank you," he smiled and nuzzled him, when he felt a sharp pain in his belly. He groaned and rubbed the spot, "I know it's cramped guys... I know." His dom frowned.

"Clint? Are you sure they're just cramped?" Steve felt his forehead, and rubbed his belly, "I'm calling Bruce down, just to be sure. Charlotte, go draw for a few minutes, please." Charlie nodded and ran back to her papers and pencils, Clint bit his lip, and curled his toes.

"It's probably just them wiggling around."

"I want to know for sure." Steve pulled Clint's sock clad feet into his lap, and started to rub them gently with his thumbs. "Jarvis, have Bruce come down, please." He requested softly; the AI silently complied.

"Hey, what seems to be the problem?" The beta asked as he stepped out of the elevator, carrying his kit, "How are you feeling?"

"He's acting as if he has pains in his stomach," Steve said without hesitation. Clint rolled his eyes, but he didn't move, his foot rub felt amazing.

"I think they're just moving around," he said, and then he let out a small gasp and rubbed the spot where it was hurting, his toes curling; Bruce sighed.

"You and Tony are always trying to pretend things aren't happening." Clint glared at him.

"Hey, I've actually had contractions before, I know what they feel like, and this doesn't feel like that."

"Then what does it feel like?" Bruce asked, and Steve's hands dropped to his lap.

"Okay... I'm sorry..." The blond alpha mumbled. The omega sighed.

"I think they stopped... but I wouldn't go far," he said softly, glancing at Bruce, who stood up.

"You know, we're only here to help you, Clint. You don't have to bite our heads off." He left his kit where it was, "Do you want me to take Charlie up to Thor and Peter? Or will you let her stay for the birth?" Clint flinched, he hadn't meant to sound mean to them. He swallowed hard, and shrugged.

"I don't know if she should see it or not..."

"Well, what if we call Tony down, he just got back from the courthouse, and when you go into active labor, he can take her up?" The sub nodded and hugged a pillow to his chest.
"Okay, that sounds good," he smiled softly, "sorry..." Steve hesitantly reached for Clint's hand, and Bruce began to rub his belly gently.

"You're very close, they're all the way down here." Bruce murmured.

"Yeah, I can feel it," he said, trying to breathe evenly. He closed his eyes and made a face of discomfort, letting out a shaky breath. "Yeah... That was a contraction..." Bruce nodded, unsurprised.

"Jarvis, please send Tony down."

"Yes, sir." Steve reached to rub his mate's shoulder.

"Hey, wanna get changed while Bruce sets up the couch and the bed?"

"Can I do this on the bed?" He asked, struggling to sit up. "I'm a lot bigger this time around."

"I'm going to set the bed and the couch up." Bruce assured him, "Just in case you change your mind." Tony stepped out of the elevator just then, in slacks and a suit shirt.

"Are... are you in labor?" Clint bit his lip, and nodded softly.

"I think so," he said, holding his hand out for him; Tony was at his side as fast as he could manage with his own pregnancy. He took Clint's hand.

"Well," he smiled tentatively, "Let's get you changed, do you have a robe picked out?" The archer nodded.

"Yeah but... I'm gonna let Charlie watch until it's time to push, so I also picked out underwear."

"Clint," Tony helped him up off the couch, "That's a little impractical, since Bruce will have to check your dilation." Clint groaned and gripped his belly.

"I don't want Charlie to see my parts..." Tony lead the omega into his room and bustled around, stripping the bed; pulling out the birth box with its sterile sheets and chucks.

"Okay, well, he'll just have to pull them aside to check you. Jarvis? Time the contractions, please."

"Yes, sir."

"Anything I can do?" Steve hovered nervously in the doorway.

"Okay," Clint nodded, and started to take his shirt off before he saw Steve. "Hi," he smiled, holding his arm out for him. The alpha hugged him close, obviously nervous.

"Hi," he whispered, kissing his mate's cheek, "Need any help?" Tony stood awkwardly to the side with the birth box.

"He needs to change his clothes, and..." He took out everything for the bed, and nudged the box over to Steve, "You could take this out to Bruce, to set up the couch." The brunette omega began to make the bed with the sterile bedding. Clint smiled and patted Steve's arm.

"It'll be okay, I've done this before," he said, letting out a deep breath as he removed his pants.

"I know," Steve nuzzled him, "Sorry, I've just... I worry." He kissed Clint's nose, and bent to pick up the birth box, "Okay... well, um, I'll just go help with the couch." Clint smiled and nodded. He
went to the bathroom, and then came back, and he pulled his robe on; Tony was panting, the bed made, his hands on his belly.

"Hey..." He straightened up, "Sorry it took so long, but it's... it's ready for you. How are you feeling?" He asked, reaching to take Clint's hand. Clint took his hand and slowly sat down on the bed.

"I'm okay, I think, I'm sore," he smiled and pulled him into a hug. "I can't wait for them to be out." Tony huffed, and smiled, kissing Clint's cheek.

"I know the feeling. Luckily, I'm only having one this time. Bruce confirmed it." He leaned back. "When was your last contraction? Make sure you tell Jarvis when you have one."

"It was when I was in the bathroom," he said, nodding.

"Okay, they're pretty close already then, maybe... ten minutes?"

"Eleven minutes, thirty one seconds." Jarvis announced. Clint nodded and let out a deep breath, rubbing his belly.

"Can you get Charlie please?"

"Of course." Tony stood up, and headed for her room, just as Steve stepped back into he and Clint's room.

"Hey, baby, how are you doing?" The alpha asked softly, stroking Clint's hair.

"I'm just trying to relax," he said, moving to lay down on his side. Steve settled down on the floor beside the bed.

"Yeah," The dom reached to stroke and rub behind Clint's ears, his most relaxing spot. "I love you. I'm so excited." He kissed his mate's nose, "You're so calm... Tony was calm, too, wasn't he? Bucky was acting like he was having a heart attack the whole time." Clint chuckled and nuzzled his hand.

"I was really scared the first time... but you're here, and I know I don't have to be afraid," he nuzzled him.

"I would've come the first time, if you'd asked." Steve murmured, "I was a wreck, helping Bucky try and catch... y'know." He didn't want Clint to think about that, so he went back to stroking his hair gently. "You're going to do just fine, they'll be in our arms before you know it."

"I know," he nodded and kissed him. "Will you be able to catch them?" He asked.

"Catch them? Are they going to shoot out?" Steve laughed, and Clint chuckled and shook his head.

"I don't think I can reach down and grab them, I'd like it if you grabbed 'em."

"Isn't that what Bruce is planning on doing?" Steve murmured, kissing his cheek. Clint shrugged.

"I guess... I love you," he muttered.

"Clint..." Steve sighed, "I want to do it, okay? But I'm afraid, I... and Bruce is trained for this, so... it's... I want to, and I'll do whatever you want me to."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he smiled and petted his head. "Or you can just cut the cord, I'd
"I just... I feel like you're unhappy with me, Clint. I'm... I'm trying." Steve rubbed a hand over his face. "Now isn't the time," He muttered as Tony carried Charlie through the door.

"Mama!" Clint frowned and shook his head, taking Charlie into his arms.

"Steve! I'm not upset with you!" He said, trying not to cry, Steve swallowed.

"It just... seems like you are a lot of the time." The alpha admitted softly. "It's alright, Clint," He kissed the omega's hair gently, "It's probably just me."

"I'm tired and sore and really fucking tired and I'm trying to stay calm and not blow up on everyone because I'm having two babies and I'm scared and..." He put his hand on his belly as a contraction rippled through it; Steve took his hand, shoulders hunching, and Tony shifted uncomfortably by the door.

"Do you want me to leave?" The brunette omega asked softly, "I thought you wanted me here." Steve sighed.

"That's not what I mean, baby," He climbed into the bed, pulling Clint against his chest, and massaging his belly through the contraction until it faded. Clint cried into his chest, and nuzzled him.

"I'm sorry, I'm not upset, I love you so much," he clung tightly to him, and he looked back over at Tony. "Don't leave!" Tony hunched his shoulders.

"I won't." The brunette promised softly, and Steve carded his fingers through his mate's hair.

"Eight minutes." Jarvis announced.

"I'm so scared," he admitted and hugged Charlie against him, Charlotte stroked his face.

"It's okay, mama. Don't be scared." She kissed his chin, "I'll hold your hand."

"Okay," he sniffed and took her hand, kissing her forehead. "You're so brave, my darling." Charlotte beamed.

"Uncle Tony said you pushed me out of your belly, so you can push out my baby... sibles too." Tony smiled.

"Siblings," He corrected softly, and she nodded.

"Sibins."

"Yeah," Clint smiled and kissed her cheek. "Though I think I'm gonna have someone take you out of the room when it's time to push them out." Charlie's face scrunched up, and she struggled not to cry, because Uncle Tony said she had to be a big girl for this, and Daddy said she had to behave for her mama.

"Okay, Mama." She managed, lip trembling. The laboring omega smiled and ran his fingers through her curls.

"It's really gross, and I'm gonna be yelling a lot... you can come in the moment they're both out of me."
"Okay." Charlie swallowed, and Tony hesitantly knelt next to the bed, feeling a little as if he didn't belong. Steve rubbed a hand over Clint's side soothingly, kissing the back of his neck as Bruce carried in a bottle of tea, and set a bowl of trail mix where Clint could reach it.

"How long apart are the contractions?" Bruce inquired softly. Clint rested his head on Tony's shoulder, snatching a raisin from the trail mix.

"Jarvis said eight minutes," he muttered.

"When was that?" Bruce asked,

"Six minutes ten seconds ago, sir." Jarvis replied eagerly, and Tony buried his fingers in Clint's hair,

"It's going to be alright, Clint. We're built for this, remember?" He nuzzled his friend gently, "If I did it, we know you can, huh? Because I'm not much of one for going with nature." Clint chuckled and gently squeezed Tony's hand.

"I love nature," he grunted, feeling the contraction build up in his back.

"I know." Tony smiled, "Jay."

"Timed, sir. Seven minutes." Jarvis responded; Bruce gently nudged Clint's boxers aside, and checked him.

"Already to eight, you're progressing very quickly, Clint."

"Is that good or bad?" He asked, staying laying down this time, but he moved to lean up in the pillows.

"That's great, Clint," Bruce smiled, "That means it'll be fast and easy."

"Oh good," he said, pulling Charlotte against him and nuzzling her head. "What do you think your siblings should be named?" He asked her.

"Silbins." Charlie nuzzled her mother, gentle and calm. "What bouts... Tony?" She asked, and the brunette sub chuckled.

"I don't think that'll work, since we already have me and Antonia." At Tony's words, Clint smiled and hummed in agreement.

"How about when you go outside, you write a list of names?" He said.

"Okays." Charlie nodded sagely, and nuzzled him, blinking when he tensed up with another contraction.

"Four minutes, sir."

"Ahh," he panted, and rubbed her head, "M-maybe you should go now, things are speeding up," he groaned, rubbing his belly, feeling a wetness between his legs.

"That's it, Clint, your water broke. You're doing great, and you've had your bloody show... good." Bruce patted his side, and Steve stroked his hair.

"You can do this." The alpha murmured, watching Tony carry their daughter out of the room.
"I'll be back, Clint."

"Okay," he said, whining and gripping Steve's hand, clenching his teeth as the contractions got faster and more painful. Tony returned just as Clint shed his robe and underwear.

"She's watching Frozen with Thor." He murmured, settling beside the omega, and taking his hand.

"Get ready to start pushing, Clint, they're ready to come out," Bruce smiled, and handed Tony the tea so he could help his friend get a quick drink. Clint took a long drink before rolling over and getting on his hands and knees, hissing at the weight in his belly.

"Fuck, Steve..." he whined and spread his legs apart, waiting for his contraction to push, Steve knelt in front of him, reaching to rub his back.

"Shh, you can do it." He kissed Clint's hair, "I'm going to help Bruce, but Tony's right here, so..." He moved down by Bruce, and Tony offered his hand to the laboring sub. Clint panted and nodded, squeezing Tony's hand and closing his eyes as he pushed, gasping when he felt them only slide an inch forward.

"It's alright," Tony murmured, "Breathe, Clint. You're alright." He wiped sweat from Clint's forehead, and Steve went back to rubbing his lower back.

"And... push, Clint, that's it, six... five... four... three... two... one. And relax." Bruce's voice was smooth, soothing. Clint cried out as he pushed, whining in pain. He took another sip of tea and ate a cracker, before he felt like he could push again.

"Shit!" he shouted, and bore down, concentrating on Bruce's counting, his thighs quivering.

"Almost, Clint, I see a head!" Bruce praised him, Steve gasped.

"Wow!" He beamed, "Wow, Clint, I see it, come on, you can do it!" Tony sighed, at Steve's volume, and smoothed Clint's hair back.

"That's it, Clint, just a little more," The brunette sub murmured. Clint stared at Tony and sighed, taking a couple more quick breaths, pushing and feeling it spread him wide open, making him shout and start to cry.

"Owowow!" He sobbed; Tony stroked his face.

"It's going to be okay, you've got this, Clint." He murmured soothingly, Steve gasped again.

"The head is out, Clint! One more push!" Bruce exclaimed, "Come on, nice thick hair...push, Clint!" And then the baby was out, cradled in Steve's arms, crying. Clint let out a yelp, his hole twitching in pain, and his instincts calling for him to care for his pup.

"Steve..." he whined, wanting his baby, but he wasn't sure he could hold it in this position; Steve gently shifted, and, cord cut and tied, settled the baby under Clint's chest on the blankets.

"One more, baby." He murmured, as Tony gently cleaned the baby.

"An alpha boy, Clint."

"Hey baby," he beamed at his son, nuzzling him happily, "Oh gosh, I love you so much-," he grunted as his body started contracting again, forcing him to push, Tony lifted the little alpha boy up against Clint, and Steve exclaimed over a second male alpha baby. Clint clenched his eyes shut
in pain, the placentas following after the boy, leaving him throbbing and extremely empty. "Ow," he whimpered and slowly tried to turn over, finally taking his son from Tony and nuzzling him happily, holding him in his arms. "Another boy?" He sniffed, smiling.

"Yes," Steve smiled, and settled the clean boy into Clint's other arm. "How funny... one's got Charlotte's hair color, and one has blond hair." He kissed kissed Clint's sweaty face, and nuzzled the babies, bonding them softly. Clint panted and tried to not cry, burying his nose against his babies tufts of hair.

"I love them so much," he sniffed, and looked at Tony and Bruce. "Thank you... can you get Charlie for me?" Tony nodded.

"Jarvis, have Thor put Charlie in the elevator." He headed over to the doors. Clint let his head slump against Steve and he just panted.

"Can you please cover me so she doesn't see my penis?" Steve gently slipped a blanket over his mate's lower half, and stroked his hair. Tony carried Charlotte over a moment later.

"Look, Char." Steve smiled at his daughter and motioned for her to come close, "Say hi to your two new brothers."

"Brothers?" Charlotte reached for her father, eyes wide. Clint nodded.

"Did you think of any names with uncle Thor?" Charlotte was lifted into Steve's lap.

"Names." She nodded, "...John...Johna..." she frowned, and Steve patted her back, "P..Patrick." She leaned forward, "I touch 'em, mama?"

"Those are good names," Clint smiled, and nodded to his daughter. "See this spot on their head?" He said, being very careful of the soft spot. "That spot can hurt them if you touch too hard, so gentle," he smiled. She crawled closer, eyes shining, and gently touched their noses, their eyebrows, and thin hair, their tiny hands.

"Mine?" She asked, tucking herself against Clint's side, her mother smiled.

"They're your brothers," he clarified, using his hand to carefully pet her head. "I think it's time to feed them," the omega hummed, and with Steve's help, he pressed them to his nipples. They latched on easily, hungry and tired from being pushed out. Charlie peered at them, reaching to touch their bodies.

"Once they've eaten they need to be weighed and diapered." Bruce murmured.

"Okay," Clint smiled, having forgotten that Bruce still there. "Which one is John?" He asked Charlie. Char touched the red head,

"John." She nodded happily, and Tony inched out of the room. Steve kissed Charlie's cheek, then leaned to catch Clint's mouth gently.

"You're amazing." The alpha murmured, Clint moaned into the kiss, and smiled.

"Not too bad yourself. Do you like the names?" He asked his alpha.

"I love them." Steve murmured, "What about... Jonathan instead of John and Grant for a middle name?" Charlotte nodded happily, "And Patrick Francis? And... Barton-Rogers?"
"Barton-Rogers is perfect," he smiled and leaned up, kissing him hard, Steve rubbed his scalp soothingly, and blinked.

"Char's asleep." He chuckled, "I'll put her to bed, you feed those cuties." Clint let out a content sigh and nodded.

"Thank you... so much," he said, just relaxing. "Can I have more tea?" He asked, and Bruce held the bottle to his lips.

"Here, you did great, Clint. Smooth and fast, no tearing."

"Thank you," he hummed and took a nice long drink before letting him know he was good. Bruce set it aside, and Steve gently lifted Charlie from the bed, and carried her to her room, tucking her in.

"I love you, pretty big sister." He whispered, kissing her curls, and slipping back into he and Clint's room. "I'll sleep on the floor, alright?" Clint shook his head.

"I really want you with us..." he said, staring at him with big eyes. He hated having to wake up the next morning all alone with his one day old Charlie, no mate in sight; he wanted Steve to be there for him.

"Are you sure? I don't want to crowd you guys." Steve kissed his forehead as the twins yawned and stopped nursing, "Alphas... both alphas." He murmured thoughtfully, and kissed their head.

"Alright," Bruce smiled, "Let's weigh them and get them dressed, hmm? Come here, Steve, I'll teach you how to diaper them. And then you can hold them while Clint cleans up and I make the bed with clean bedding for you." Clint smiled and let Steve take them ever so carefully over to Bruce, sighing softly.

"Ahh, I feel so light!"

"You need Tony to help you clean up?" Steve asked, "I... think he went into the living room." Bruce carefully weighed them, Jonathan coming in at seven pounds three ounces, and Patrick at seven points six ounces. "Big and healthy, my cuties." Steve purred, watching Bruce carefully diaper them.

"I think I can clean up," he said, slowly sitting up, "I'll just take a bath..."

"Honey..." Steve looked over at him, "I don't know if that's a good idea..." Clint placed a hand on his abdomen and winced.

"Ow... okay... I'm a lot sorer than I was last time..." Bruce patted his shoulder.

"Bathing is fine, the tub is sterile, and you're not torn."

"Okay but... I don't know if I can stand," Clint said, shaking a little. Bruce gently helped him up.

"Good job, okay, sit right here on the toilet, and I'll run the bath."

"Okay," he nodded softly, and rubbed his hands on his thighs, wishing the pain would end.

"Tony said his soreness lasted about a month," Bruce murmured softly as the hot water poured into the tub. "Just... it'll get better." He reached to rub Clint's shoulder, and glanced out at Steve, who was rocking back and forth, eyes practically glowing with happiness as he gazed down at the twin
boys in his arms. Clint smirked softly.

"Let him have his fun now, 'cause he's on active diaper duty until I feel better," he said, Steve glanced up at Clint with his best kicked puppy face.

"Are you in that much pain?" He asked, concern clear in his voice. Bruce arched a brow, and helped Clint to his feet.

"Nice and slow now, that's it, and this will feel really nice, relax all those muscles. But Steve might have to lift you out, okay?"

"I'll feel better later," he waved it off, and nodded at Bruce, groaning as he sank down into the warm water.

"That's it, how's that feel?" Bruce asked softly, watching him relax. "Just, take it easy, you know? And have Jarvis call me if you need anything. The diapers are all folded and ready, and Tony made you that diaper washer, like he has, I checked out the specs, and it's quiet, and washes them really well."

"Thank you," he said, sitting up to nuzzle his face.

"Of course, Clint." Bruce kissed his forehead, and stepped out of the bathroom, pausing to let Steve lean their foreheads together, just bonding calmly, before he headed off to bed.
"They're gorgeous, Clint," Tony murmured softly, when Clint finally came out of his private floor a week later with the twins. Nia and James were clinging to Tony's legs, peering up at the babies in his arms. Clint smiled tiredly,

"Thank you," he hummed and bounced them softly. "Do you want to hold one?" Tony held an arm out in response,

"They're a handful, huh?" Clint nodded, and gently lifted Jonathan over.

"He's a bit of a squirmer." Tony gently nestled the red headed baby into the crook of his arm, supporting the tiny head with his other hand,

"Hi, little boy." He murmured, swaying back and forth automatically. Then Nia began to cry, both toddlers reaching for Tony to pick them up.

"Aw," Clint smiled, "Somebody is jealous," he chuckled softly, rocking his youngest son,

"Two somebodies." Tony chuckled, "They're going to have to get used to it." The omega sighed softly, "Bucky? Will you hold them?" Bucky smiled and nodded, picking up his babies and holding them to his chest. Jamie leaned out of his arms,

"Mama! Mama!" Tony stepped closer, and nuzzled his son's face,

"It's alright." Bucky smiled, and stared down at Jonathan,

"Cute."

"They're adorable." Tony cooed, kissing the baby's head gently, "When are we going to pack bond them? Oh! Do you need me to make one of the guest rooms into a new bedroom for Charlie? She could help me design it, a big girl room? And then the twins could have the nursery?"

"That would be amazing," he smiled, and looked down at Charlie, "Do you wanna have your own big girl room?" He asked her. She peeked up at Tony, face splitting into a huge grin,

"I'll take that as a yes. How about me, you, and the twins go down to my workshop today, and you and I will design this new room?" Charlotte wrapped her arms around Tony's leg,

"Really? A new room?! Can it be princesses?! With a dragon on the wall?"

"A dragon?" Clint asked, not sure if that was a good idea. He didn't want her to get scared in the middle of the night. "How about we get some dragon toys?" he asked, looking at Tony, begging with his eyes for his friend to not go too overboard. Tony's excitement fizzled out like a firework in water,

"...yeah...uh...dragon toys." He gently handed the baby back to his mother, "I...yeah." He lifted Charlotte up, panting at the effort it took, "What about that, Char? And...and we'll make the walls like a castle, okay?"

"...but..." Charlotte whined, "I wanna dragon sticking out of the wall! And unicorns!"

"Well...it's up to your mama, and...well, we could paint unicorns, but we might have to ask your daddy to do that." Clint nuzzled Charlie's head,
"How about you guys draw the design, and then before you start building, have Jarvis show it to me?" Clint asked. Tony's last little piece of smile slipped away,

"Yeah, of course." He muttered, "Let's...let's go, Char." He looked to Bucky, "Will you carry the twins down, please? And...Jarvis, put Ponyo on the big screen down there."

"Yes, sir." The AI replied as Tony stepped into the elevator.

"Wait," Clint said, putting his foot against the elevator door. "I'm sorry . . . you two have fun building the room, okay? Go all out . . . I don't mind. I want you both to have fun," he said, wishing Tony would smile. The brunette omega shook his head,

"It's fine, Clint." He shifted Charlotte in his arms, waiting for Bucky, "...come on, Bucky, please?" Clint whimpered, and left the elevator. Bucky slowly walked in, and kissed his omega's head, the twins whined, reaching for him, and Tony closed his eyes, taking a few deep breaths, "...what's the point, Bucky? Really...what's the point..."

"Point in what?" The dom asked, staring at him. "Making a room for your friend's daughter? He just wants to make sure she's safe, that's all. I mean, I big dragon protruding from the wall . . . " he shrugged, Tony arched a brow,

"She asked for it painted on the wall, first." He muttered, "Forget it, you're of the same opinion as him, clearly." He shifted Charlie to his hip as he stepped out of the elevator, and then gently set her down, pausing to take a few deep breaths before he moved further in, setting up a desk for her. Bucky rolled his eyes and followed Tony,

"Can you really blame him for just being concerned about his daughter?"

"No!" Tony turned on him, "That's not what I'm saying and you know it! What happened to the horseback riding lessons, Bucky? And the dollhouse? It's not in her room, I looked! What happened to everyone wanting that pool that the tiles changed color and lit up on? It never gets used, and they just...stared at me when I showed them! All of you do this to me all the time! And...I know what you all say behind my back, too, 'Tony went overboard again' 'that's way too much for a child' 'just because he had everything, he wants to spoil all the kids' 'I have ears, you know.' He rubbed a hand over his face, "...I just...how many kids get the chance to design their own room? How many kids get the chance to...?" Tony closed his eyes, taking calming breaths, "Forget it. They want boring crap, that's what they'll get." He settled next to Charlotte in a chair, "Give me the twins, they want to nurse." Charlotte started to whimper, staring at him,

"I don't want borin' crap!" She cried, "Th-the doll house is in my closet so it didn't get broke!" Tony thumped his head against the table, gripping his hair,

"I didn't mean you, Charlie." He sat up, and wrapped his arms around her, "I mean the boring grown ups, not you. You get to have whatever room you want, okay? See, here's the room, and you get to pick what goes in it, and how it gets painted and everything!" She stared at him, her eyes still filled with unshed tears,

"You're mad . . ."

"I'm not mad, baby girl, I'm not, I promise." He kissed her cheek, "I'm not angry."

"Okay," she rubbed her eyes and nuzzled him, "Can it be pretty purple!?"

"Of course!" Tony pulled up a palette of purples on another screen, "So, touch the color you want, and then touch the spots you want to be that color. Do you want purple walls? Or purple carpet?
And what color do you want the ceiling? And we have to ask your daddy VERY nicely, to paint unicorns, if that's what you want, and maybe one really fat silly dragon, if your mama says yes." She smiled and giggled, touching the nearly pink purple swatch, and then touching the walls. She clapped and touched the pink next, and then she touched the bed. "Ooh, beautiful. Is that the bed you want? Oooor," Tony pulled up a site with princess furniture, *Fuck what they think, she deserves something special.* He thought, showing her the beds with canopies, and curtains, "We could build a pretty toy chest as a window seat right here by this window, see?" He showed her, "Do you like that? A little spot you can sit and look out the window, and read?" Charlotte gasped and nodded excitedly,

"Yes! Yeah, that one!" she giggled,

"Yeah? Perfect, then it'll need some princessy lights, right?" He flicked through a few chandeliers, "Look, how about this one for your new nightlight?" It was a snowglobe of a castle, and glowed a pretty purple when turned on.

"Yeah! That's pretty," she said, smiling at it, and touching the hologram,

"Perfect, Jarvis, put it in the order list." Tony smiled, and kissed her cheek, "So...what about...these two things, see this bed built into the wall? We can do that, because you have two closets in that room, so we can replace one with your bed, do you like that?" Charlie wiggled, and bounced in his lap,

"Yeah, with books!" She giggled.

"Well, we could do..." Tony switched to the other picture, "See, we could put all your dress up stuff up here, on top, this is a loft, and what if underneath we did a library and art space?" Her eyes went wide and she nodded,

"B-but do I still get the window thing?" she asked,

"Of course!" Tony beamed, "That's your reading spot, but the books will be here," He pointed, "Does that sound good?"

"Oh yeah!" she said, grinning. "Uncle Tony . . . will you take me to pony lessins?" she asked, Tony swallowed,

"I...it's up to your mom, Charlotte, I can't just..." He sighed, "I'm sorry, baby girl." She whined, and bit her lip,

"Mama thinks I fall off," she huffed,

"...yeah, I bet he does." Tony muttered, "It's okay, we'll...figure it out, okay? What kind of carpet do you want?" He paused, "...what if we made a whole wall that you could draw on with chalk? And when it was full, your daddy could just wipe it off?" She scratched her head,

"Can it be marker?" she asked, showing her ink stainde fingers, 'cause she hadn't washed her hands yet.

"Ah...hmm..." Tony flicked through screens, "Well...if it was a certain kind of marker...we could do dry erase, but you would have to promise only to use the special pens on it, darling."

"Special pens?" she asked, cocking her head,

"Yes, there'd be a box of special markers for the wall, darling." Tony explained, "Markers that
draw on that wall, and nothing else, because they wash off. And other pens don't wash off."

"Okay," She smiled, "Special only."

"Okay." He added the dry erase walling to the list of purchases. "Here we go, so...what if the walls are that color, and over them we put some trees?" He added a few, "And some grass," From the ground up, "And some unicorns, if your daddy will paint them. And what if we put the dragon inside the library? That way, you could go in and see it?" Charlotte gasped and nodded,

"Yeah, we can read together," She giggled,

"Yes!" Tony added a picture of a dragon reading a book, "There we go." Charlie beamed and smiled at Tony, hugging him tightly, "Perfect, huh?" Tony ruffled her hair, reaffirming their bond after a moment, "I love you, Charlie, I'm so glad your mama and daddy had you." She nodded and hugged him, the fact that Steve wasn't her real father didn't even cross her mind. Tony stroked her hair, "Well, how does it look?" He finally asked, pulling back as Bucky finally brought the now-crying twins over to him to nurse.

"It's perfect!" she smiled, staring at her dragon,

"Good." Tony tugged his shirt up, yawning once as the twins latched on, sitting on his thighs, "You like it? Do you need more for your room? What about a princess dresser?"

"Yeah! and can I have makeup and princess jewelry?"

"Hmm, we have to ask your mom about the makeup," Tony hummed, opening a jewelry site with nickel-free jewelry, all rounded edges and costume jewels.

"I like em all!" she giggled,

"Well, how high can you count to?" Tony grinned, turning it into a game. Char whined and looked at her fingers.

"Uuuhmm . . . s-six?"

"Then count six pictures, and I'll buy them for you." Tony leaned back to let her count. She sighed and nodded, slowly counting, and pointing to each picture she wanted; Jarvis added them all to the purchase list, "Good job! Now, we have to make that into your room, and it's going to take a while," Tony explained, "So we have to get paint, and buy the furniture, and build it in, before you can move in there, and that has to wait until your mama feels good enough to spend a day on another floor."

"Gotta ask'm if he feels good!" She said, climbing out of his lap,

"Right now?" Tony hit send on the finished picture so that it would show up as a message for Clint, "Wait, honey, he might be napping with your brothers." She whined and stomped her feet a little,

"Mommy's always sleeping!" Tony arched a brow at Bucky, trapped as he was by the nursing twins,

"Honey, your mama went through a lot. Remember when I pushed out these two? Remember how I was really tired, and owie? And I couldn't pick you up?" She sighed and nodded,

"Yeah . . ."
"Well, that's how your mama feels." Tony explained, "He's got lots of owies, and so he needs to sleep whenever your brothers do, so that he can have the energy to take care of them when they're awake."

"What about me?" she frowning, Tony blinked,

"...honey, the WHOLE pack is taking care of you, princess. And you took your nap with mama and the twins, didn't you?" He leaned down a little, the twins yawning sleepily in his arms, "Your mama takes care of them mostly by himself, but he still loves and takes care of you, kiddo. No one can replace you." She smiled and nodded, sniffing and hugging his legs.

"Okay."

"...are you worried?" Tony blinked when Bucky lifted the sleepy twins out of his arms, then took advantage of it to pick Charlotte up, "Come here, darling, talk to me." Charlotte sniffed and wrapped her arms around him,

"I don't want mama to forget me . . . I keep asking to go see the ponies!" Tony hugged her tightly,

"...baby girl," He nuzzled her, "Your mama won't forget you, I promise! I know it's hard, and it seems like he's too interested in the boys, but I promise you, he loves you just as much as them, and he won't ever forget you. Just like your daddy loves you, and would never forget you. They're just adjusting to having new babies, it's hard." She nodded, and rubbed her eyes,

"I can't wait to have my big girl room."

"Charlotte," Tony lifted her chin, looking into her eyes, "Getting a big girl room doesn't mean you can't be with your mama anymore. You know that, right? The reason you're moving out of the nursery is because you're big enough to pick your room, and you need more space to play. It's not to keep you away." He rubbed her back, and nuzzled her once, "It's a good thing, okay? It's a big space just for you to make your own." She smiled and nuzzled him,

"Okay! So mama and I can still play?" she asked,

"Of course!" Tony promised, "And me and you, and your daddy can still play with you, too!" He kissed her forehead, "And when your brothers get bigger, they can play with you, too, but you'll have somewhere to go if you need to be alone." He knew she understood that, because she'd told him so before. The twins had been pulling at her, wanting to play, and she'd looked up at him and said, 'I need alone time'. She nodded and grinned,

"And I can keep all my toys, right?" she asked, holding his hand. "I do play with the doll house, it's a lot of fun!"

"Do you?" Tony stroked her hair, "I...I'm sorry, Char." He kissed her cheek, and rocked her in his arms, "Yes, you get to keep all your toys." She smiled and hugged him tightly,

"Thanks, uncle Tony," she beamed at him.

"Of course." Tony murmured, hugging her once more, "Okay, let's go see if he's awake, huh? And you can tell him all about the room."

"Okay," She smiled, and beamed when she saw her mom, who was fast asleep on the couch; Tony smiled, and picked her up, grunting, Bucky hadn't followed them into the elevator, so it was just the two of them, and Clint, knocked out on the sofa. The sub glanced into the kitchen, and chuckled quietly; Steve was holding the twins, sitting where he could see Clint, and they were
looking up at him with curious eyes,

"Clint needed a nap?" He asked, "Me and Char are going to look at the room, okay?" Steve smiled and nodded, being quiet so that his omega did not wake up. Charlie giggled quietly, smiling at her brothers, Tony lifted her up to see them, their little reddish faces, and big grey eyes, still bluish, unsure what color to be yet. "They're beautiful," Tony mumbled, "Come on, Charlie, let's look at that room." She nodded softly, and waved to her brothers, letting Tony carry her away. The babies gurgled as if in response, and Tony smiled. "Here we go." He let her down inside the room, "See, the window seat goes here, and this wall will be for drawing with the special markers, and this wall will have the library on it." She looked around and smiled, and she pointed to a spot on the wall,

"And my dragon!"

"Yup, we'll put that dragon right there, inside the library." Tony beamed, he'd decided on a giant wall sticker, so that, if it scared her at any point, they could take it down. Charlie smiled and hopped around in her room, "Right now it's empty," Tony smiled, "But I'll fix that as soon as your mom feels good enough."

"I hope mommy feels better soon," She smiled, and sat down at her pretend boudoir. Tony groaned as he settled onto the floor beside her,

"Me too, darling." She giggled and crawled over to him, touching his belly. "Yeah, a baby in the belly." Tony laughed, "My kids aren't going to be happy when I have to take care of him or her." He stroked Charlotte's hair, "You want to go upstairs and get a snack?" Charlie let out a soft sigh and nodded,

"Yeah, please!" She said, standing up. Tony leaned heavily against the wall, pushing to his feet, hand on his belly.

"Alright, let's go." He took her hand, and let her pull him out of the room, only to find himself nose to nose with a grumpy looking Clint, "...uh..." Clint yawned and rubbed his eyes, just tired from lack of sleep and he was still sore.

"The room looks great," he muttered.

"It's empty, Clint." Tony laughed softly, and pulled the sore omega into a gentle hug, "I was just going to get Charlie some lunch, do you want something to eat? And I sent you the idea for the room..." Clint chuckled,

"I meant the idea, the one Jarvis sent me, it looks good," he nodded, "Yeah... soup would be great," he said.

"The dragon is a sticker." Tony said quickly, "And...wait...you're not...upset?" He cocked his head, submitting unconsciously, "...about the library?" Clint shook his head,

"She's old enough now, I think... and the dragon is cute," he said,

"...old enough..." Tony hunched one shoulder up, and left Charlotte there to go make something for her and her mother to eat. Steve was snoozing in the arm chair in the living room by then, the twins tucked safely into his arms.

"Mama, when can I go ride the ponies?" Charlotte asked,

"Ponies?" he asked, groaning and sitting back down, "Darling, I thought I told you, I don't want you to get hurt..."
"But I'm a big girl, and I wanna ride the ponies, and Uncle Tony said I could ride them, and he-!" She stomped her little foot.

"Keep your voice down," He said, sighing angrily, "He said that?" Charlotte looked a little hurt at the angry sigh,

"...Uncle Tony said that I'm a big girl, and big girls can ride the ponies." She crossed her arms, her mother had never smelled like this over her before.

"Let me talk to uncle Tony," He said, standing up again, wincing, and walking into the kitchen. The archer glared at Tony, "You told her she could ride the ponies?!" Tony jerked, dropping the spoon he was using to stir the soup,

"What?" He turned to look at Clint, "...Clint, I didn't mean...I didn't...uh..."

"I told you I was nervous about her being near them, since she's only three!" Tony's eyes narrowed, "First of all, she's nearly four, Clint! And secondly, do you think she's an idiot?!" He turned the soup off, and pulled Clint into another room, closing the door so Charlie wouldn't hear them, "Don't talk in front of her like she can't understand you, Clint." He crossed his arms, "She's not stupid, she hears us talking, she knows that I bought her those lessons, and she knows you didn't let her go to them." He held up a hand to stall Clint's response, "Which is fine, it's up to you, and when she brings it up, which she does all the time, I tell her that." He shoved his fingers roughly through his hair, "She's really smart, she knows that she's getting older, and she's worried you don't love her as much as you love the boys." Clint flinched a little,

"Of course I love her . . . I . . . I can't believe she's even thinking that," he whimpered, and pressed a hand to his face, trying not to cry, "fuck, I just want her to be safe!"

"...do you really think I'd sign her up for something that wasn't safe, Clint?" Tony sighed, "She'd be wearing a helmet, and elbow pads, and padded clothes, and there'll be someone leading the pony, and someone holding onto her while she learns to ride." He let out a long breath, relaxing himself, "She needs something special, since she's not the only baby anymore. That has to be hard for her, she's terrified of being forgotten, because you and Steve are so focused on the twins." Clint glanced up at him, and nodded his head,

"Steve would have to take her . . . until the boys are a little older, at least," He said, biting his lip. "She's growing so fast . . ."

"Yeah, she is." Tony touched Clint's shoulder, "Please stop assuming I'm undermining you, because I really am here to help." He leaned back, rubbing his belly, eyes sliding closed, "...mmm...kicking..." He groaned, hyper aware of the baby's movement, though it still couldn't be felt from the outside yet. "Look, she needs to know that you love her as much as the twins. Maybe...maybe just take a break to read to her, or something. Do something with her, and have Steve draw with her while you nap, or..." Clint let out a soft sigh, and he nodded, holding his arms out and hugging Tony.

"Thank you . . . I'm sorry I snapped."

"It's okay." Tony muttered, "I should be used to it by now, I frustrate everyone." He tried to smile, "Look, just...maybe ask me before you assume I've done something, in the future?"

"I can do that," he said, holding his hand, "I'm not frustrated with you, by the way . . . " he waved his hand in the air. "You know, just tired," he smiled softly. Tony nodded slowly,
"...I made you soup." He stepped out of the bedroom, and blinked down at Charlotte, waiting nervously for them. Clint smiled, and sat down in a chair at the table, holding his arms out for Charlotte,

"Hey, I'm sorry about getting mad earlier." She hesitantly climbed into his arms, nuzzling him, and sniffling quietly. He nuzzled her, and kissed her cheek. "You really wanna learn about ponies?" he asked her.

"Please!" She whined, cling to him, "Please, mama, ponies! I want to ride them!" Clint smiled and hugged her,

"Do you remember where the papers are? We can pick a date you can start while we eat." Tony swallowed,

"Those will have expired on her birthday, Clint. But I can get her new ones."

"Oh . . . sorry," he winced, and kissed his daughter's cheek. "Uncle Tony is gonna get you another set of lessons, okay?" Tony shrugged one shoulder, and looked away,

"Okay." Charlotte sniffled, burrowing her face into her mother's neck.

"Jarvis?"

"I'll set it up as soon as I have a start date, sir." Jarvis responded calmly, and Tony stepped into the kitchen, dishing up hearty chicken soup into two bowls.

"Thank god for leftovers." He muttered, nose wrinkling at the smell of the chicken. It was one of the things he couldn't stand with this baby.

"Thank you," Clint smiled softly, and looked at Charlotte, "I love you, you know that, right?" She sniffled, and tears slid down her cheeks,

"...do...you do?"

"I do, and that won't ever change," he said, kissing her cheek, and petting her hair. "Maybe we can play after lunch?"

"Please?" Charlie hugged him tight as Tony set their bowls down, and stepped away, hand over his mouth.

"I'm uh...gonna go."

"Okay!" Clint said, hoping he didn't get too sick as he waved to Tony. The brunette sub swallowed thickly, and rubbed his stomach, as he stepped into the lab.

"Bucky?" Bucky looked up from the book he had balanced on his thighs, the pups in his arms, "Hey babe, you alright?"

"Nauseous." Tony shrugged dismissively, "You want me to get one of them?"

"If you want, I'm reading to them," he smiled. Tony slumped into a chair,

"It's fine." Bucky smiled, and nuzzled his children before going back to reading Dr. Seuss. The twins were barely awake, yawning widely occasionally, and Tony slipped his phone out stealthily, taking a few quick pictures. Bucky slowly smiled, seeing Tony in his peripheral as he continued on
reading, holding onto his twins. The sub smiled, watching his mate. He looked so happy with the kids. When the kids were fast asleep, Bucky closed the book with his knees, and let it fall to the ground, standing up.

"I'm going to put them to bed," he whispered.

"I'll come with you." Tony stood, holding his belly, and pushing the elevator button.

"Okay," The alpha smiled and kissed his cheek as he walked into the elevator; Tony huffed, following after him,

"Ow..." He whimpered, gripping his belly, and leaning against the wall, chest heaving. "...ow...stop kicking me..." He rubbed the stretched skin, "...it's strong."

"Yeah?" Bucky smiled and looked at his belly, walking to the bedroom, "I hope I can feel them soon," he sighed.

"It's just one." Tony reminded him, "And I'm sure you'll be able to soon." He straightened up, "Maybe if you tell it to stop, it won't kick me so much." The dom smiled, and tucked his twins in, making sure they were safe before coming back out and kneeling in front of Tony, nuzzling his belly,

"Listen here, pup. You have got to stop kicking your mommy so much, he's just trying his best." The pup kicked, hard, right under Bucky's hand, and Tony whimpered. Bucky gasped, "Oh wow, we got ourselves a boxer in here," he smiled and kissed the spot, Tony slumped in his chair, shivering,

"Yeah, I feel that." He grunted, "...and big, too. Bruce says it's really big."

"Yeah, amazing," Bucky smiled and kissed his belly, Tony let out a slow breath,

"I'm...a little nervous." He reached to stroke Bucky's hair. The dom nodded,

"Me too . . . It'll be okay," he smiled.

"How do you know?" Tony mumbled, laying his head back, "...tired...but this little beast barely lets me sleep. Bet it's an alpha."

"Probably, but that's okay," he said, lifting Tony and carrying him to the couch. "It'll be okay because you have friends and pack, and me this time," he hummed, Tony clutched at him, nuzzling his chest,

"I wanna be thin and flexible again..." He pouted. Bucky chuckled, and kissed him,

"And you will be, right after this one comes out."

"After months of working out and figuring out intake values times export and-" Tony grumbled into Bucky's kiss, huffed when the dom settled them onto the couch. "...Jarvis, pull up the wedding plans." Bucky smiled and started rubbing Tony's feet as the wedding plans descended before them, "...okay," Tony muttered, groaning and arching his back in pleasure at the foot rub.

"Do you want to buy a suit or a dress?" he asked Tony, and the sub glowered at him,

"I'm not wearing a dress." He growled, "...I'll wear white, but that's as far as I'll go."

"That's cool." he shrugged, and worked on his toes,
"...mm.." Tony whined, trying to relax as Bucky popped his toes, "You are way too good at that." He murmured, sliding through screens, "...what about this cake?" A three tiered monstrosity shone on the screen. Bucky raised an eyebrow,

"I didn't know cake could be so tall." Tony sighed,

"...are you interested in this at all? Or was this," He held up his ringed hand, "Just for props at SI?" Bucky frowned, and stopped rubbing his feet,

"I'm just trying to have some fun, you don't need to make is sound like I don't care," he growled, "I would NEVER do that to you." Tony pulled his feet away,

"Well I'm trying to show you ideas, and it's like you don't have an opinion on any of it." At that, Bucky shrugged,

"It all looks good to me, I can't decide." Tony's shoulders slumped,

"...there are differences...and...and there are flavors and...fabrics and..." He sighed, "...forget it..why don't we just get married at the courthouse and forget the wedding." Bucky shook his head,

"No, I want a wedding, I'm just . . . not used to this stuff. Weddings back then were very simple, especially since we weren't rich," he shrugged,

"...well, I'm sorry that I'm rich, okay?" Tony pressed to his feet, "...fuck, it just makes everything I say sound stupid, doesn't it? Clint does the same thing. 'Char doesn't need all that' and Steve does, too! So yeah, I grew up with money, and weddings are big things and...fuck....that makes me the fucking snob, doesn't it?" Bucky growled loudly,

"No, it doesn't! Fuck, we were LUCKY if we had cake back then, Tony! So to ask me if I like a three-tiered cake is like asking you if you like robots! Yes, I like cake! What it looks like doesn't matter to me!" Bucky growled loudly,

"...I just..." His lip trembled, and he pressed a hand over his mouth, clenching his eyes shut so he wouldn't cry. Bucky frowned and leaned over, nuzzling him softly,

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get angry . . .I'm just not good at this stuff, but that doesn't mean I don't care." Tony dropped his chin to his chest,

"...I...I just...I love you...and I want...I want you to h-help me pick..." He twisted his hands together, "...because that's what people do when...they're excited to get married....they pick things out together...and...and if you don't like any of it, then...

"I like all of it, that's why I can't pick," The alpha smiled and lifted his chin softly, and kissed him. "Let's try it again, okay? Three tiered vanilla cake, Jarvis." Tony sighed, and cuddled into Bucky's side,

"We're just...looking at designs for cake...we have to go taste all the different flavors and then order it and..."

"Taste it?" He asked, "We know what vanilla tastes like . . ."

"Bucky...there's different types of vanilla, like...vanilla bean, and...french vanilla, and...they have different fillings, and different frostings, like...buttercream, and..." Tony trailed off, "...this is what I mean." Bucky shrugged,
"I had no idea there were so many flavors. I'll go taste em with you . . ." Tony frowned,
"...but you don't really want to, and..." Bucky sighed,
"It'll be fun, the four of us can go," he smiled.
"...you're missing the..." Tony slumped against him, "..forget it, I'll go alone or something."
"What? No, I just said we can all go," his mate huffed,
"You don't take babies wedding cake tasting, Bucky." Tony sat up, "It's...just...I want to do more just you and me, and I thought that would be the...and...if you don't want to go without the kids, then...me and Clint will go, or we'll make someone send the samples here." Bucky shook his head, and he took Tony's hand,
"I want to go with you. I love you."
"But..." Tony touched his belly, "This just..." Bucky kissed him softly, and put his hand on his belly,
"It'll be fun, to go cake tasting."
"Please don't pretend." The sub whispered, closing his eyes, "I..."
"I'm not pretending," he said, nuzzling him,
"It feels like.." Tony sighed, and leaned back down, "...okay...cake tasting. Jarvis, at Continesto's, schedule it for...three months after the baby is born."
"Yes, sir." Bucky smiled,
"What else do we need to look at?"
"Invitations...and...napkins...champagne flutes, wedding china, table cloths, venues, and caterers," Tony bit his lip, "...guest lists..."
"Ooh, let's work on that," he smiled, and added all the names of the people living in the tower. "Want to invite Rhodey?"
"...Yeah." Tony bit his lip, "...I...here's a...You know, a list of who I thought.." He pulled it up; in glowing blue letters were the names James Rhodes, Gemma Simmons, Leopold Fitz, all their pack mates, and a few company leaders, CEOs, etc that he had known over the years. "I couldn't...think of..." Bucky nodded, looking over the list,
"What about Christi?"
"Oh...I didn't think she'd be comfortable." Tony chewed his lip, "Plus, she just started her job. Sammi and her mate and brother are coming..." He pointed to their names, "And I thought maybe...we could have that restaurant do the catering?"
"Belgiosi's? Sure," he smiled, and nodded, "That sounds lovely. You should invite Christi . . . I think it'd be good for her to be out and about."
"Okay." Tony murmured softly, "I will." He frowned, "...I tried to contact my...mother's family, but...they didn't reply, and Howard had no other family." Bucky nodded, and bit his lip,
"Jarvis... Is Rebecca Barnes alive?" he asked,

"...accessing." Jarvis replied softly, and Tony looked up at him,

"Who's-?"

"Rebecca Barnes is living, sir."

"Yeah?" The alpha smiled softly, and twisted his fingers. "Thanks... but I won't invite her," he said, sighing. Tony swallowed,

"...Bucky?" He inquired softly. Bucky glanced at him and sighed,

"She's my younger sister... I'd probably just give her a heart attack if she knew I was alive, she's in her early nineties." Tony looked at him, eyes soft,

"...you don't think she'd want to meet her niece and nephew? Bucky, your existence isn't a secret, after the trial... your face was everywhere, and your story." The alpha snorted softly,

"Do you really think she'd remember me?" he asked, biting his lip. "She's... god, she's gonna look really old," He muttered, Tony reached to touch his face, stroking gently,

"Let's go and find out." He suggested softly, "When the kids wake up. Jarvis? Where does she live?" Bucky smiled, and closed his eyes, comforted by Tony's touches.

"Okay," he said, nodding. "I... didn't realize how much I missed her." Tony kissed his forehead,

"Yeah..."

"She currently resides in Birchem Omega Nursing home." Jarvis answered softly,

"I know where that is... our foundation supports that center," The sub nuzzled Bucky's face, "Aaaand, the kids are up. Lemme get them dressed, and we'll go!" "Okay," Bucky smiled, and grabbed his black boots, slipping them on. He then pulled on his jacket, and tried to think of what he'd say to her. Tony carefully dressed the twins, and sent them walking out to Bucky, with hats on, and little boots.

"I'll be right out!" The sub called, Bucky chuckled and held his arms out for his kids, scooping them up,

"Okay!" He replied, and Nia kissed his cheek, a big sloppy kiss,

"Daddy," She nuzzled him, and Jamie waved his hands, and pulled on the zipper to Bucky's jacket.

"Hey," Tony leaned to kiss his mate, wearing a pair of jeans with an elastic waist, with an AC/DC shirt, and a soft jacket, "Ready?"

"Yep," he smiled, and stood up, nuzzling his daughter back. "Are you guys ready to meet Aunt Becca?" The toddlers patted his face, and Tony laughed.
Stepping into the small, but beautifully furnished room, Tony held back, the twins in his arms, as the wizened old woman shakily stood from her chair, "....Bucky....?" She half-wheezed, "...I've...been waiting." He whimpered at that, and immediately went over to her, grabbing her hand,

"Have you? I'm so sorry Becca, I-I was afraid . . . I wasn't sure if you were even alive," he muttered. She smiled, and slowly shuffled into his arms,

"My big brother," Rebecca murmured, "I...missed you..." She raised wrinkled, arthritic fingers to his cheek, "You're so handsome...oh!" She turned, eyes rheumy and faded, "Are you his mate?" Tony swallowed,

"Y-yes, I'm Tony Stark," He smiled, "These...these are our children, Antonia and James." Bucky smiled when her old fingers touched his, she still smelled like his baby sister.

"And we are expecting another," he smiled, and wrapped his arm around Tony. Rebecca's old eyes widened, and she touched each of the young children's faces, though they were quiet and wary in their mother's arms.

"They're beautiful, Buck." She looked up at Tony, their eyes meeting, "All of them. Lucky. He's treating you right, I hope?"

"Yes. Yes, of course, he...he treats me great, I..we're getting married." Tony offered, and Bucky nodded,

"Yeah, and speaking of marriage, I would really like it if my little sister was there," he smiled. She looked up at him,

"...you would bring an old omega?" The old woman smiled, and kissed his cheek, "I would be honored," Becca turned to the children in Tony's arms, and she cooed to them happily. Within fifteen minutes they were patting her face and babbling at her.

"'scuse me, Ms. Becca? The visitin' hours are almost over," A nurse leaned in to speak, and the family nodded in understanding.

"Bucky, take those babies and get your pregnant mate some water." Becca ordered, smiling. Bucky
chuckled and nodded,

"Yes ma'am," he said, taking his pups, and leaving his sister and his mate alone to talk. Tony shifted awkwardly as she patted the bed, and he gratefully sat beside her,

"...I...I hope this was..." She shushed him, cradling his face in her hands, and laying their foreheads together. Tony's eyes slid closed, feeling safe and calm as her hand moved to his belly,

"Thank you, for bringing him back to me," She murmured, "Welcome to the family." Tony swallowed, shivering, "Thank you...he loves you, it's good to see him so happy."

Bucky smiled at his kids,

"What'd you guys think of aunt Becca?" he asked, setting them both down for a minute so he could fish a dollar out of his pocket for the vending machine

"Beccabec." Nia replied happily, and Jamie tugged at Bucky's pants leg, chewing on his hand.

"Yeah," he smiled at her, and looked down at Jamie, "You hungry, little man?" he asked.

"Monomnom." James babbled around his hand, and Antonia very promptly pushed him over. Jamie wailed, bursting into tears, and Nia, looking down at him crying, began to cry too. Bucky looked back for Tony, but he wasn't there. He knelt down, and looked at Nia,

"Why did you push? We don't do that, that's not nice," he said, giving a small growl so she knew he was unhappy with her, and he helped his son back up, holding him to his chest. Antonia's crying only grew louder when he growled, but Tony still didn't appear. "Alright alright, come on now," he said, lifting them both up, bouncing softly. Maybe he could get her to apologize after they both stopped crying. Nia sobbed, wriggling to get down,

"Mamama...!" She cried, as the bottle of water dropped out of the dispenser.

"Crud," he sighed, trying to shush them. What kind of a father was he if he couldn't even calm them down. "I'll get both of you some food if you quiet down." Nia's cries raised in pitch and volume, though Jamie was calming down, already getting over it. Bucky winced as she wailed in his ear. "Alright time to see mommy," he sighed and started walking them back. Tony stirred from the soft contentment he'd been drenched in, Becca's arms around him, just talking softly to each other about Bucky, Jarvis recording through Tony's watch. He stood,

"Nini, what's wrong?" She flung herself toward him so hard that Bucky nearly dropped her.

"Shit," he growled, sighing. "She pushed him, and I told her that wasn't nice, and this happened," he sighed, and looked at Jamie, "do you want some food, or do you wanna stay with mommy too?" Tony lifted Antonia out of his arms,

"...you told her? Or you growled at her?" He asked, eyes narrowed, as Nia sobbed into his chest, smearing snot into his shirt.

"Both," he muttered. "She doesn't take me seriously if I don't growl!"

"She's only sixteen months old, Bucky." Tony settled into a chair, and settled her down to nurse, but she was too upset. The dom sighed, and shook his head, taking Jamie out of the room and back to the vending machine to get him some crackers and to retrieve the water. Tony rocked Antonia gently, but she wanted him to stand up, to walk around with her. His breathing was labored, steps slow, "Shh, shh, Nia, shh...he didn't mean to scare you...daddy loves you," She sniffled harder, "He
"does, he loves you, pretty lady." Bucky grabbed the water, and bought three packs of peanut butter
crackers before walking back. He sat besides his sister and sighed. Tony nuzzled Antonia gently,
"Hey...he didn't mean to, baby girl," He repeated, kissing her cheek, "Daddy loves you so much, so
much that he shares his ice cream with you." The baby sniffled, looking up at him, "Oh, you want
some ice cream?" Bucky rolled his eyes,

"I brought peanut butter crackers ... do you still want me to go find ice cream?" Tony arched a
brow at him,

"...Bucky...you seriously don't get that you scared her?" He shook his head as the nurse leaned in
again,

"I'm sorry, visiting hours are over."

"I've growled at her before!" he said, shaking his head and he turned to his sister, giving her a hug.
"I'll have a real invitation sent out as soon as we finish the guest list," he smiled. Tony leaned and
kissed her cheek,

"Thank you, for the stories." He whispered, carrying Nia out to the car, "...I'm going to walk to an
ice cream shop, or something. And yes, Bucky, you've growled at her before, and she always
comes to me and cries."

"She doesn't listen to me if I don't," he grumbled and threw the peanut butter crackers in the car,
"Do you want ice cream?" he asked his son; James nuzzled against him, nodding. Tony sighed,
hugging his daughter to his chest,

"...you haven't really tried. She pushed him over, right? Toddlers do that, Bucky. She doesn't
understand, how do you know she's not listening?" The dom snorted, figured she wouldn't
understand now, but she could understand when he told her she was cute with pig tails.

"Alright, let me see her," he said, holding his arm out. Tony held her out, but Nia wailed, clinging
to his hand and arm, shaking.

"...you have to remember that she's either a beta or an omega, and that she's just a baby, Bucky."
He took James, who leaned into him contentedly, "A lot of what you say, she doesn't understand.
They barely talk...and it's hard for them, like it's hard for us." The alpha bit his lip, and nodded,

"Okay . . . sorry," he said, looking down. He hadn't even had the chance to catch up with his sister .
. . Nia sobbed in his arms, afraid, and unsure.

"Please..." Tony whispered, "...please don't make her feel like a disappointment." Bucky winced at
that,

"I never meant to do that." he said, wanting to make it right, Bucky bounced his daughter, and
nuzzled her softly, "I'm sorry, baby girl, I'm sorry. I love you so much," She whined, face twisted
as she continued to cry, and Tony rocked his son back and forth to keep him calm.

"Daddaadaa..." Nia whimpered.

"Yeah, c'mon darlin', dry up them tears and we can share an ice cream cone," he hummed, rubbing
her back.

"...dadaa..." She whispered, looking up at him with big green eyes, "...daddaadaa..."

"Yeah, I'm your dada," he said, kissing her cheek. "what ice cream do you want?" She buried her
face in his shirt, and sniffled, hiccuping. Slowly, Tony reached to stroke her hair, trying to help her calm down,

"...let's go. I don't want to put her in the car when she's upset." He turned, and started off down the road toward a nearby ice cream shop.

"Alright," Bucky hummed, and kissed her cheek as he walked, nuzzling her, letting her know he loved her. Antonia gripped his shirt, trembling softly, but calming down, slowly but surely. Gently, Tony nudged his hip against Bucky's, once they were in the shop,

"Okay, Jamie boy, let's see...how about..." He hefted his son higher on his hip. "How about..." A grin split Tony's features, "We'd like a half scoop of cotton candy flavor in a cone, and also a double scoop of medieval madness in a cup with a spoon." The omega requested, bouncing James on his hip, knowing his son would love the bright colors. Bucky smiled, and looked at the flavors,

"And we will have a tall vanilla cone covered in strawberry hard sauce," he said, Nia cuddled against his chest, and looked up at the beta behind the counter,

"Oh, did someone get a booboo?" The man asked her, "Someone so pretty shouldn't be crying, hmm?" He handed Tony the ice cream for James and himself, then started on Bucky's cone, handing it over happily, "Have a nice day." Bucky smiled at the beta, and took the cone, thanking him and going to sit down with his mate.

"Here we go," he said, biting off the top for her so she could get a bite. Tony was chuckling, watching James chew on his, multiple colors spreading over his face, staining his cheeks and mouth purple and blue. The omega took a bite of his own ice cream, and glanced up in time to see Antonia bite into Bucky's ice cream, finally happy. Bucky beamed at her, and rubbed a napkin across her jaw to prevent ice cream from getting on her dress. Nia immediately grabbed the ice cream with her hands, getting it everywhere, and Tony snorted as a big drip landed on Bucky's crotch. Jamie was happily smearing his all over, chewing on the bottom of the cone. Bucky let out a sigh, and quickly cleaned up his crotch stain before it looked like he came in his pants. He helped her eat it, trying to lick up the drips, but she just smeared a handful over his shirt,

"I...ic..." The little girl frowned, "Ic'eam?" He frowned, and lowered his head. This was what he deserved.

"Yeah, Ice cream," he grumbled, trying to rub the cream off of his leather jacket; Tony sighed, and leaned to help, wetting a napkin with his bottle of water,

"Here, let me."

"Thank you," he said, trying to prevent anymore from leaking down onto him; Tony, however, was covered in multi-colored drips of ice cream. He carefully cleaned Bucky off,

"I can take her, if it's an issue."

"No, it's okay." he said, smiling a little, "This jacket is special to me, that's all," he said, letting Nia take another bite of ice cream,

"...take the jacket off?" Tony suggested, laughing, "And then it won't get anything on it." James smushed his ice cream into Tony's cheek at that moment, and the omega's mouth twisted into a frown, "Thank you, honey." Bucky laughed, and leaned over, licking the ice cream from his cheek. Tony closed his eyes, humming, "It's alright, I actually don't mind."

"Okay," he said, shrugging, and he helped his daughter eat a chunk of the frozen strawberry shell;
She sucked on it happily, the pink shell melting in her mouth, and Tony cleaned Jamie's hands off. Bucky smiled and quickly ate the exposed vanilla. The baby whined, and reached for the cone, and Tony handed it back, watching. Bucky watched their children, his mood lifting at their happiness.

Half an hour later, Tony felt his phone buzz in his pocket, and, wiping his hands clean, he pulled it out,

"...oh." He sighed, and set it down.

"What's wrong?" Bucky asked, staring at him,

"...stupid people. It's been awhile since we've been out with the kids, and..." He slid the phone over to Bucky, showing the hundreds of posts with pictures of them and their kids.

"Oh," he laughed, and looked around them at all the people who had their phones out. He chuckled, "Wanna go home? They're not really bothering us . . ."

"Yet." Tony muttered, nervousness clear in his scent. Bucky stood up and kissed Tony's head,

"C'mon, let's get going." The omega stood, just as an alpha pushed through the doors, headed straight for them,

"You! Stark! I lost my omega because of you!" Tony twisted so that James was behind him, shielded. Bucky growled loudly, and bared his teeth at the man,

"Back off!"

"No! Christi was the best O I've ever had, and then this bitch started putting ideas in her head! Jobs and school! Pah!"

"Yeah!" Another alpha stood up, his omega cowering at the table, "You're ruining Os!"

"It's stupid! He belongs in the kitchen, not in college!" A female alpha snarled. Tony held his ground, but he wished he didn't have his son with him. Bucky bared his teeth angrily when a small omega man stood up,

"What if I want to go to college?!" he squeaked, shaking hard. "I-I'm no different!" he said, hoping this would be worth the punishment later.

"We want to l-learn!" A female omega stood at his side,

"Why shouldn't we? You send us to O classes to learn to cook better! How is this different?!"

"I want to be a teacher!" An omega stood up, and soon most of the omegas who weren't in bondage gear were standing up, and standing in front of Bucky, pushing the alphas back. Tony stared, shocked, as they made a wall between the alphas and him,

"What is wrong with all of you?!" The alphas started to growl, but then the alphas who were mated to the happier, braver omegas stood to join their subs,

"Go on, Mr. Stark. We'll keep them back." One said, "Get those kids home safe. And...and thank you, I've never seen my wife happier than she is now with her job." Bucky smiled, and quickly threw out the melted ice cream, holding his baby to his chest, who was scared out of her wits.
"C'mon, Tony," he said, wrapping an arm around him, watching out for any stray alphas; Tony pushed out the door, nervous because there was a distance between their car and the shop.

"Thank you." The omegas chorused behind him, and the four alphas who disagreed growled and paced. Bucky quickly pushed Tony over to their car, and opened the door for him, getting him in the drivers seat. He then took the twins, and put them in their carseats, before moving to get into the passengers side. Tony's hands shook as he started the engine,

"...fuck. Just..." He leaned his head back, taking deep breaths. Bucky leaned over and kissed him, petting his head,

"C'mon, You can do this."

"I know." Tony buckled in, and pulled away from the curb, racing home.

"It'll be okay." he said, rubbing Tony's thigh; the sub didn't stop shaking until they were in the garage under the tower,

"...fuck...just..." He hurried to get his children out, hugging them to his chest, "...I don't w-want them around that..."

"I don't either, but . . . think about it, Tony. All those omega's who stood up for what they believed in . . . that was for you. You did that, omegas are making a stand!"

"And being beaten when they get home, Bucky..." Tony whispered, kissing the twins, who were obviously exhausted, "...we need to feed them dinner." The dom sighed, and kissed Tony's head,

"Alright. I'll cook tonight. you keep them calm." Tony leaned against the wall of the elevator, sighing, and bouncing them tiredly. When they got on the floor, Bucky went to the kitchen to make something that didn't have anything that would make him throw up. Tony settled onto the couch, the twins in his arms, and let them latch on to nurse,

"...Jarvis...Rebecca Barnes...care...repo..." And he was sound asleep, head lolling back against the couch. Bucky came out with a simple steak and potato dinner, only to find his mate fast asleep. He smiled, and took the pups when they were done nursing. Nia whined,

"Amamama eateat?" She asked, touching his face.

"Sir, Master Stark requested these care records from Ms. Barnes before falling asleep, sir." Jarvis pulled the hologram up, "It would appear she has been well cared for and happy, sir." He smiled, and nodded,

"Yeah, She was always strong, I didn't doubt it," he said, but he was relieved to know that for sure now. "C'mon, Nia, let's wake up mommy," he smiled, and kissed his omega's lips. Tony shifted, turning his head, and curling up a little, until his belly got in the way. Nia leaned and patted Tony's face,

"Mamama!" Bucky smiled, and pulled Nia away,

"Mama can eat when he wakes up." Nia pouted, but lay her head on his chest, and fell silent as Jamie, who was playing with the buckles on Bucky's jacket. "Come on guys, let me introduce you to steak," he smiled, and lifted them up, setting them in their chairs.
Tony blinked awake an hour later, holding his belly, "...Bucky?" When there was no answer, he sat up, "...Jarvis...play all news broadcasts relating to me." A hologram appeared and the news broadcasts started playing. Bucky was in the bathroom, trying to give his pups a bath; Tony watched the newscasting alphas and betas tear him and Bucky to shreds, and then, when he was ready to give up, hands shaking, one alpha spoke.

"-Is the best thing that's happened for omegas in the history of our civilizations." The woman said, staring into the camera, "Mr. Stark is opening opportunities for equality, and that is something this country, and many others, sorely need! If you want to help, but aren't sure how, donate to the Maria Stark Foundation." Bucky heard the tv running, so he knew Tony must be awake. He laughed, and sent a picture to Tony of their twins with matching soap mohawks. Tony snorted, "Save that broadcast." He ordered, checking into it, it was a famous cooking/talk show, where celebrities came on and cooked. Very liberal and supportive of Omega rights. Pushing himself off the couch, Tony stumbled into the bathroom, "Hey."

"Hey! did you get the picture?" The dom chuckled. "Oh oh, watch this!" he said, grabbing soap, and making their daughter a beard with it. Tony laughed,

"Nia, you look so handsome!" He knelt beside the tub, and groaned, "..your newest one is kicking up a storm."

"Yeah? I got some food in the fridge for you, just pop it in the microwave," he hummed and nuzzled him.

"Mm." Tony kissed his cheek, "You sure you've got them?"

"Yeah, go eat," he smiled, and rinsed the soap off of Nia.

"Okay." Tony stood slowly, gripping the counter. "Jarvis?" He said, as he watched his food revolve in the microwave, "...put on the latest episode of 'the food and I'." The show started to play, and Tony stirred his food around, humming. "Get the whole show." Nia came running out a few minutes later in her shark towel, giggling, with Jamie following soon after. Tony scooped them up, kissing their heads. "Watch," He nodded to the screen when Bucky followed, "It's good. I like it, I think...I should go on." Bucky looked at the screen, holding two clean diapers.

"Yeah? I think it'd be good," he smiled.

"I want to watch all of it first, go after I have the baby, maybe...six months after? Be sure they don't change their tune." Tony abandoned his food to pin diapers on his toddlers, letting them run around otherwise naked in the extremely baby-proofed kitchen.

And that was how the Barnes-Stark floor became the center of the tower, the pack often gathering to watch the show, piled on their couch, and the floor, the children playing more and more as they grew. Tony went to seven charity galas before he reached eight and a half months, and stopped going out. Happy was extremely protective, taking up his old role of Bodyguard, and taking him from place to place. By nine months, Tony was wan and drawn, shadows under his eyes, and eating near constantly, never seen without some form of snack, eating cheez-its while tucked between May and Clint on the couch, the five month old alpha twins getting some tummy time. Charlotte came running into the house, in her pony-riding gear still, giggling wildly,

"Stardust and me galloped!" Steve was right behind her, dusty and grinning, he'd started taking
lessons alongside her over the past month, and was enjoying it more than he'd expected,

"They were glorious, baby," He kissed Clint's cheek, and leaned to nuzzle his sons before picking Charlie up; the lessons, and daddy time, had worked wonders for the three year old, bringing back her vibrant confidence that they all loved. Clint beamed happily,

"I'm so proud of you, Charlie!" he felt a lot happier with Steve riding beside her.

"She's made leaps and bounds, they say she's a natural. The ponies all love her." Steve settled onto the floor with Charlie in his arms, "But this little girl needs a bath. She learned how to brush the horses today, too. She's so good at it, Clint." Steve beamed, and Tony felt his lips curve in a smile,

"I knew it." The brunette teased, laughing. Clint rolled his eyes and laughed,

"Want me to wash her?" he asked, "I want to hear all about it." Charlotte's eyes lit up,

"REALLY?!" She exclaimed, bouncing out of Steve's arms to climb onto her mother; Tony leaned to kiss her cheek, before leaning back, whimpering, his hand on his belly.

"...Bucky? How was Becca today? She feeling better?" The elderly omega had gotten a brief, but concerning, cold. Clint hugged her tightly, and stood up, leaving Steve to watch the twins. Bucky smiled and nodded,

"Much better. She actually took her pills," he chuckled,

"Good," Tony had learned in the last few months that Rebecca Barnes was nearly as stubborn as he was. Another kick from the baby inside of him had him wincing. Bucky smiled and kissed his cheek,

"You feelin' okay?"

"...kicked me again, that's all." Tony muttered, leaning into Bucky's side, his eyes sliding closed. "Mn. I'm done being pregnant, Bucky." He stuffed a few crackers in his mouth, feeling a little shaky. Bruce had been extremely worried at the last prenatal, since he'd been watching Tony eat, and yet the sub was losing weight instead of gaining. Bucky nuzzled him warmly,

"I know, I can't wait to meet our baby," he smiled. Tony nodded tiredly, and Bruce pressed a bowl of nachos into his hands.

"Chicken, no." The sub pushed them away, looking sick. Bucky petted Tony's head,

"Do you want to do it?" he asked softly. "Maybe speed things up?" Tony huffed out an exhausted breath,

"...maybe..." He nuzzled Bucky's side, and Bruce bit his lip,

"I'll make something else...Thor can watch the kids. Go ahead." Bucky smiled and kissed Tony, rubbing his belly and pulled his shirt up; Tony gripped his hands,

"...bedroom." He tried to stand up, panting, his legs a little shaky. Bucky lifted him up, and carried him to the bed, placing him down and quickly removing his shirt. The sub shifted, whining, his belly was huge, almost as big as it had been with the twins. "...nn..." He whimpered softly, shaking as Bucky tugged his yoga pants down. Bucky licked his lips, and sucked on the head of Tony's cock. "F-fuck!" Tony panted, rolling half onto his side, hands on his belly, "...Bucky...!" The alpha hummed and bobbed his head a few times, pressing a finger inside of his mate. Tony shuddered,
trying to get his leg out of the way, "...I'm hideous...!" He sobbed suddenly. Bucky gasped and pulled out, looking over Tony's belly,

"What? You're beautiful!" he said, moving up and hugging his mate. "I love you so much."

"...m'not...not beautiful...I'm horrid...look at...!" Tony shuddered, "...why do you even want to?"

"Because you are beautiful, this..." he rubbed Tony's belly, "Our child does not make you hideous." Tony sniffled, rubbing his eyes,

"...but these..." He touched his swollen chest, the stretch marks on his stomach, his bony hips.

"Side effects of carrying, that's all. I think your marks are beautiful, Tony. I love you so much." Tony swallowed,

"...I wanna be done..." He whispered.

"I know, let me try to help," Bucky said, pressing his finger back into him. Tony arched a little, and rolled carefully onto his hands and knees.

"..okay..."

"Okay " he hummed and moved the finger in and out; reaching for the lube, Tony bit his lip,

"...am I not w-wet enough?"

"I just don't want to hurt you," he nuzzled him, "You're really tight." Tony lay his head on the bedding, whimpering softly,

"...I can feel that..."

"Yeah," he said, rubbing lube on his finger and slowly working it back in. The sub groaned, rolling his hips back as best he could, and then he whimpered, tensing up,

"...ah...ah!" He pulled off of Bucky's finger, gripping his belly, "Owowow...!" Bucky pulled his finger out,

"What is it? Kicking? Or ...?!" He asked, Tony gasped in a few pained breaths,

"...Bruce...need Bruce...!" He hugged the pillow, and reached for Bucky's hand, "I th-think....it's time."

"Alright," he said, "Jarvis! Get Bruce!" The beta stepped into the room to see Tony curled around his pillow,

"...time. It's time, I think?" He panted, and Bruce stepped closer,

"Jarvis, time them please."

"C'mon Tony, can you stand up so I can change the sheets?" Bucky asked, much more calm this time around, Tony nodded, and crawled out of the bed to lean heavily against Bruce's side,

"It's okay," The beta assured him, "You're alright." Bucky quickly worked to lay down the other sheets, and helped Tony back onto them when it was done. The sub curled back around his pillow, shaking,
"...I'm tired. I'm gonna sleep." He mumbled.

"Okay," Bucky said, sitting besides him on the bed, rubbing his back. Bruce gently took his blood pressure, and checked him over,

"Dilated to three, that's not much, but..."

"Well, it just started, right?" The alpha asked,

"Yes," Bruce frowned, "But..." He checked to make sure Tony was really asleep, "I'm a little worried." Bucky nodded,

"I know his first pregnancy didn't go well... but it's just one baby this time, right?"

"His first pregnancy...aside from being left alone and going through bond shock, was fine." Bruce waved a hand, "He gained the right amount of weight, ate pretty well...but he's lost weight this time, and it's not for lack of trying, he eats like nobody's business."

"I know... Are we sure there isn't another baby in there? Or do you think he's sick?" he frowned,

"I think...I think the baby is big, Bucky." Bruce sighed, "I'm worried it will be a hard labor." The alpha bit his lip and nodded,

"Okay... what if I helped stretch him?"

"It wouldn't help." Bruce shook his head, "It's...he has to push the baby out, Buck. It's just...worrisome. I'm sure everything will be fine. For now, why don't you get the tea and the trail mix?" Bruce arranged his bag nearby and went to the sparklingly clean bathroom to wash up. Bucky nodded and left the room to go do that.

Tony was in good spirits when he woke, contractions ten minutes apart, a little more energized. He lay his head in Bucky's lap, just breathing through it, as he waited for active labor to begin. Bucky gently brushed his hair,

"You okay?"

"Mm." Tony yawned, "Just waiting." He looked up at Bucky, "Why? Are you nervous?" The sub smirked, but it faded into a grimace when another contraction had his stomach burning. "...ah..."

"Just a little," he said calmly, taking Tony's hand. "They're getting faster." The omega squeezed his fingers,

"It's fine. I've done this before." As he said those words, the door opened, and his children ran in to hug him, climbing onto the bed.

"Hey!" Bucky smiled and helped them up onto the bed, Tony huffed as they flopped on him,

"Mama! Mama! Frog?" Jamie had a squeaky frog in his chubby little hands, and Tony sat up, groaning,

"Yeah, it's a beautiful frog, darling."

"Can'ee catcher frugs amorrow?" Antonia asked excitedly,

"Maybe, your daddy would have to take you, though."
"We'll see, hun," He said, leaning down and nuzzling her head. Tony let Jamie climb all over his lap,

"You ready to be a big brother?" The sub asked his son, the little boy was so sweet and gentle, whereas Nia liked to throw things, and climb them, and screeched when excited. Jamie nodded softly and squeaked his frog, smiling at him,

"Brudder," he muttered, patting his mom's belly; Tony stroked his hair, and then he whimpered, hunching over,

"...mnn..." He panted through the contraction, his son patting his face worriedly, and Nia staring at him. Jamie started to whimper, and he got up, hugging his mom carefully. "I'm okay, baby, I just have to...let your little brother or sister out, right?" Tony kissed James's cheek, "Want to play a game? Thor will help you, I want you to go to the window, and play a game on it, in the living room, you and Nia, my little smarties." He took a few more deep breaths, "And Jarvis will put pictures on the screen, and you tell him what they are, okay?"

"Tor," he murmured, and looked at the door, before looking back at his sister to see if she was going. Antonia crawled to her mother, and gave Tony a big sloppy kiss on the cheek,

"Lubs you." She announced, very seriously, before climbing down and running to Thor.

"wub too!" Jamie said, kissing his other cheek, and running after his sister, holding up his frog and squeaking it when he saw Thor. Tony buried his face in Bucky's chest as another contraction wrenched through his stomach. His teeth clenched, and he kicked the blanket from around his waist,

"...gotta...ow..." The sub gasped out as it faded from his body,

"Three minutes, sir." Bucky rubbed his back,

"Want some tea?"

"...no..." Tony closed his eyes, taking deep breaths, and Bruce gently checked him,

"Ten, Tony. You're about to be there. It'll be time to push soon."

"...yeah...gonna see you soon, honey..." Tony rubbed his belly, breathing slow. Bucky squeezed his hand,

"I'm gonna be down here . . ." he said, watching his opening. The sub slumped against the pillows,

"...okay..." He mumbled, wishing he had Clint's hand to hold, but the sub was busy with his daughter and his own young twins. Bucky rubbed his back in smooth circles.

"Alright, Tony, are you ready?" Bruce patted his side, and Tony breathed out,

"...yeah. Just...yeah." He bit into the pillow under his head as the next contraction hit, and he bore down, groaning into the pillow. But...nothing. He could feel the baby moving down, but not enough, it was going to take a lot more than one contraction. Bucky realized this, and he nodded at Bruce, going to Tony's side, and taking his hand.

"You got this, baby."
"...yeah...I know...pushed for...three hours...with the twins...remember?" Tony panted, pulling the dom's hand to his face.

"Yeah," he said, rubbing his omega's cheek.

"It's fine. I'm ready for this." Tony nuzzled Bucky's hand, and closed his eyes, waiting.

Bruce frowned, when, after six more contractions, Tony was still showing no signs of progressing. And then, much to all of their surprise, the contractions simply ...stopped. "...Jarvis?"

"Eighteen minutes since last contraction, sir." The AI responded, and Tony whined, sitting up and drinking some tea, Bucky sat up and looked at Bruce,

"What's going on? Is everything okay?"

"It just...happens sometimes." Bruce shrugged, "They might pick back up, or they might not. You might start up again tomorrow, or in a week..." Tony slumped against his mate, cursing under his breath.

"What? So . . . it might not happen today?" Bucky muttered,

"Exactly," Bruce answered, sitting on a chair he'd dragged in, "It's possible." And Tony whimpered, rubbing his belly, his head down,

"...I'm sorry, Bucky..."

"Shh, it's okay," he said, kissing him. "It'll happen soon."

"...you're disappointed." Tony whispered, swallowing.

"No, I'm worried for you and the pup," he said, the omega looked up at him, and cuddled into his chest,

"...I'm okay...and I'm sure the...the pup is fine." He took a deep breath, trying to stay calm, "...I guess I'll sleep a little more...see if..." Bucky nodded, and kissed his cheek.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony mumbled, closing his eyes and relaxing against his mate. Bruce stood slowly,

"I'll go take a rest on the couch, and Jarvis can wake me up if they start back up."

"Thank you, Bruce," Bucky smiled.

"No problem." The beta replied.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment, what do you think will happen next? Do you think there's more than one baby?
The contractions picked back up three hours later, stronger than before, and Tony's muscles quivered and trembled as he struggled to push, and gritted his teeth through the pains. "Gotta just..." He panted, when the seventh hour of pushing rolled around, "...come on...!" He choked, pressing his face to the bedding. He'd tried bathing, letting Bucky massage his back and belly, they'd even tried stretching him, but, as Bruce had said, it wasn't the part that needed help. He was drenched in sweat, gasping for breath between pushes, and Bruce was getting a little anxious.

Which only got worse as the hours passed, and then Tony just... stopped. He curled up in the sweat-drenched bedding, face ashen, and hugging a pillow, they were nearing the twenty-two hour mark from the time the contractions had picked back up, and the omega was too tired to keep trying.

"Tony, you have to push, come on, you have to push this pup out."

"Uh uh..." Tony mumbled, skin shining in the low light, trembling with every inhalation. He whimpered through contractions, barely pushing, and Bruce struggled to get him to drink tea, to be responsive. Bucky got underneath Tony and got him into a kneeling position, supporting his torso on his chest, hoping the new position would help.

"C'mon. Just push!" Tony slumped against him.

"Nnn..." He shook his head weakly, closing his eyes.

"Tony, if you don't push I'm taking you to the hospital, and they'll have to cut the baby out." Bruce snapped, and Tony gripped Bucky's shirt, terror joining exhaustion in his scent.

"I know you can do this, c'mon," The alpha said, kissing his head, rubbing Tony's belly in a down motion, trying to help without pushing the baby, Tony shuddered, and, as the next contraction hit, he struggled to push, and Bruce choked in relief.

"Good, good boy, Tony, you can do this!" The sub redoubled his weak efforts at the praise.

"C'mon," Bucky said, nuzzling him, "That's my boy, I know you wanna meet your new pup, just a little more." Tony was panting hard and fast.

"Focus, Tony, you're almost there." Bruce rubbed his back. Bucky supported Tony, so all his omega had to do was just push, Tony sobbed against his dom's chest, breath wheezing.

"Can't... can't do it...." He whimpered as he bore down again, face turning red.

"I see the head!" Bruce exclaimed, "Only a little more, Tony!"

"You hear that? Almost done baby," he kissed his head, "you got this!" Tears trailed down Tony's cheeks, and he struggled through another contraction, shaking.
"There you go, good job, good boy," Bruce soothed as Tony managed, at last, to push the head out. "One big one, Tony."

"It's beautiful," Bucky said, reaching down to touch his newborn's head; Tony shuddered, and clenched his teeth, pushing as hard as he could, feeling pain jab through his skull, eyes locked on Bucky, and the rest of the baby slid out of him slowly, but surely. Bruce lifted the healthy baby in his hands, quickly cleaning him off and suctioning his throat and nose.

"There you go. A son, Tony, an alpha son." But Tony didn't hear, his eyes had rolled back in his head as soon as the little boy was out.

"Shit, did he tear, Bruce?" Bucky asked, carefully laying Tony down, before moving the baby and placing him against his omega's chest, knowing they needed to bond first before he bonded with him; Bruce lifted Tony's chin, slapping his cheek lightly.

"Tony, wake up, wake up, Tony, you have to wake up!" The sub's eyes flickered.

"Wha... happened...?" His head lolled, and Bruce swallowed.

"Tony, stay awake. You tore a little, and you need to push the placenta out so I can stitch you up." Bucky kissed him.

"C'mon, our baby boy is here, and you're almost done." Tony shuddered.

"Boy..." He slurred.

"Focus, come on, Tony," Bruce tried to stay calm, as Tony touched the baby, and pushed. The placenta slid out, and Tony choked in pain.

"Go ahead, Bruce," Bucky said, leaning so Tony couldn't see what the Beta was doing. He smiled and gently touched his son's face, who was squirming a little. "What should we call him?" Tony trembled, wincing as Bruce cleaned him up and then started to sew.

"C...all..." He whispered, voice thick, and he shifted, trying to pull away from the pain of the stitches.

"Easy..." his dom hummed, "Focus on our son." The sub swallowed thickly.

"...hurts... stop... stop it hurts...!" He whined, and the baby started to cry against his chest.

"You have to be stitched," Bucky said, angry that Bruce didn't give him anything to numb down there. Tony nodded slowly.

"...baby..." He mumbled, shivering, "...alpha?"

"Yeah," he nodded and kissed his cheek.

"Ow... nnn..." Tony quivered as Bruce tied off the thread, and swiped antiseptic and numbing gel over the stitches. The beta cleaned his hands and brought a pen light up to Tony's face, checking his eyes.

"Burst blood vessels." Bruce muttered, seeing the bright red spots in Tony's eyes, "But he's tracking it fine. He'll be alright."

"Yeah?" Bucky asked, hugging his mate. "How long will it take for his eyes to heal?"
"A couple weeks," Bruce shrugged, "It's not a big deal, mostly an appearance thing, his eyesight isn't affected." He watched Tony shuffle the baby down to nurse. Bucky nodded, and pet Tony's head, nuzzling him.

"Name...?" Tony mumbled, looking up at Bucky, and showing off the little spots of blood in his eyes, all outside the iris. The dom smiled, and looked at their son.

"What about... Jacob?"

"No." Tony grunted, "No Twilight names..." He breathed slow, eyes barely open, "...what... 'bout... Daniel...? Or..." Bucky didn't even know what Twilight was.

"Uhm, Danny?" He asked, smiling.

"Yeah..." Tony mumbled, "...pack...?" He asked, confused as to why they hadn't come to see him.

"They were here earlier, you've been in labor for over 22 hours," he said tiredly. "It's the middle of the night." Tony blinked.

"Twenty..." He whispered, "...I'm a bad... bad mama..."

"No, no you're a strong mama, you did such a good job getting him out... Bruce told me that sometimes these things take a long time."

"But Clint was done in an hour...!" Tony whimpered, shaking, and Danny began to cry again, the nipple dislodged from his mouth.

"Shhh, I know," Bucky said, helping Danny latch back on. "Look, you're okay, Danny is okay, it's all good," he smiled softly.

"Danny's okay..." Tony mumbled, closing his eyes, "...m'kay..." Bruce came back, looking as exhausted as they all felt.

"I need to weigh and measure him, and the name...?"

"Daniel... Barnes-Stark..." Bucky nodded, and when Danny let go of Tony, he handed the pup over to Bruce; the beta measured him all over and then settled him into the scale.

"Ten pounds five ounces. Big boy." Bruce diapered him, and wrapped him gently in a blanket, hat on his head, over his curly brown hair. Bucky smiled and took the baby back, nuzzling Bruce's head.

"Thank you so much."

"Of course. Now, you call me if there's anything you need. I'm going to shower and get some rest, I suggest you do the same." Tony watched Bruce head for the door.

"I wanna bathe..." He mumbled,

"Bucky can wash you with a rag, but you can't get in the tub with those stitches." Bruce called over his shoulder; Bucky smiled and handed Danny back to his mate.

"I'll bathe you, don't worry." Tony tucked the baby against his chest, and closed his eyes.

"I'm... tired... where... my kids?" He shook his head, "Nia and Jamie... they... I need them."
"They're napping with Thor. Let me clean you up first, and then they can come in. There is a lot of blood." Tony slumped.

"Okay..." He slowly tried to climb out of the bed, but had to stop before he even got one leg out.

"Take it very slow," Bucky said, knowing his mate was exhausted. "I'll change the sheets and clean you off, and then you can see the twins."

"Trying..." Tony slid to his knees on the floor after five excruciating minutes of moving, and just hugged his baby to his chest. He wished Clint were there. Danny wiggled softly, squirming in his arms. "Shh shh, my handsome boy, shh." Tony tried to bounce him, but everything hurt. He braced a hand on the floor, swallowing, "Ow... okay..." He gently leaned himself against the wall, holding his baby close. "There we go... sleep, honey..." Danny yawned, and curled up in a tight ball, closing his eyes. Bucky started to slowly rub a wet cloth over his mate.

"He's adorable."

"Curly hair..." Tony mumbled, closing his eyes, smelling the clean sheets, and the soft, comforting scent of his dom. "...mmn."

"Yeah," he said, smiling, and once his mate was all cleaned up, he walked out of the room, and found his other two kids; Tony climbed into the bed, limbs shaking with fatigue, and settled Danny against his chest, stroking his hair.

"Alpha, huh...?" The twins came running in moments later, Jamie had switched out his frog for his puppy toy over the day, and he leaned against Tony's side, staring at the baby. Tony reached up to touch his cheek. "Hey, sweetie." He murmured, "This is your little brother, Danny." Antonia climbed onto the bed, obviously sleepy, and sniffed at the baby.

"Danny." She nodded in approval, and lay herself down right against the baby. Jamie looked between Tony and his brother.

"Brudder Danny," he said, biting his lip, and laying against him too, closing his eyes. Tony blinked down at his children, Jamie and Nia very obviously taking defensive positions around Danny.

"You coming to bed?" The sub asked his mate. Bucky nodded, and quickly changed his clothes, laying down besides him. The omega yawned, wincing every time he moved, "Ow... just... ow." He closed his eyes, laying his arm gently over his children, and tucked his face against Danny's hair. Bucky smiled and snuggled against him, bringing the blanket up, making sure that none of the kids were smothered.

Tony stayed in bed with Danny for a week and a half, muscles shaking with every movement, the bloody spots in his eyes fading to an orangey yellow, "Bucky...? Will... will you change Danny? I gotta nurse the twins."

"Sure," he said, lifting up his youngest, nuzzling his head, and taking him over to the changing table. Danny gurgled, his tiny fingers curling in their mitts, he scratched himself if they didn't put the mitts on. Tony slowly sat up, wincing.

"Come on then, kids." He smiled, trying to reassure them, and the twins climbed up to nurse. Jamie smiled and curled against him, latching onto a nipple and humming. Bucky cleaned up the pup, and changed his diaper, getting him in a fresh onesie. The sub smiled up at his mate. "He's so big." He murmured, looking at the little boy in his white onesie.
"Yeah, must have been all those steaks, made him big and strong," he hummed and laid down with the pup on his chest. Tony shifted a hand to support his head.

"I guess." He mumbled, the twins pulled off, done nursing already, and Tony hummed, "Looks like they're starting to wean themselves."

"That's good," he smiled, James crawled over Tony, and looked at Danny. The omega shifted.

"See?" He asked his son, "Your little brother." And Nia climbed up too, looking at him, before she curled against Tony's side. Jamie stared down at him, and reached out, touching his face, Danny blinked, looking up at his brother, then giggled. Tony stared, "He... he laughed!" Jamie laughed too, and smiled at his parents. He laid down on top of his father, right next to Danny. "My boys." Tony chuckled softly, "And my girl." He pulled Nia up onto his chest, and nuzzled her face. Nia smiled and nuzzled him back, hugging her mother and kissing his cheek.

"Lub you, mama."

"I love you, too, little girl." Tony kissed her nose, and scooted closer to Bucky, "Let's get some sleep, huh? Tomorrow, mommy's gonna come out into the living room to let the pack bond us all." He had yet to see Clint, but he knew twins were a handful, so he thought nothing of it. Bucky nodded, and looked at his two boys, both already asleep near each other. "You... are you happy?" Tony asked, "I mean, did I...? Is he...?" He shook his head, trying to fix the jumble of his words. Bucky leaned forward and kissed him.

"I am very happy and very proud of you."

"I took so long though, and..." Tony swallowed, "I tore..."

"That's okay," he smiled, "I'm just glad you're both okay." Tony nodded slowly.

"I'm not fat, though." He was barely larger than he'd been when he'd gotten pregnant, which was surprising, since he'd eaten so much and had a ten pound baby inside of him.

"No, you're not, so you're going to start eating more, so you have more energy to feed our kids." Tony winced.

"What?" He settled Antonia beside Bucky, sitting up, "I eat plenty, Bucky!"

"I know you do, I just don't want you to get sick..." he rubbed his side, "I want you to be okay."

"I..." Tony ran a hand through his hair, "...I don't... I'm not... I...!"

"I'm just looking out for you," he muttered, "I just want everyone to be safe and healthy. If you think you're eating enough... then fine," he smiled. Tony stood up slowly, wincing.

"I'm eating plenty."

"Okay, good. Where are you going?" He asked, tired of Tony snapping at him over every little comment he made.

"Bathroom." Tony breathed, closing his eyes, "I'm sorry, I just... sorry... I... I don't mean to... I'm just... it hurts... and I don't want to eat more..."

"I get it, it's okay," he squeezed his hand. Tony looked back at him.

"I'm sorry..." He whispered, "...I need to... bathroom... and it's... really painful."
"Do you want help?" Bucky asked.

"Unless you can make the stitches not pull, and my... no. It's... no. I'll be fine." The dom smiled and kissed him.

"Just be careful in there."

"Uh." Tony snorted, and hobbled into the bathroom, shaking his head.

"Oh my god, no, you have no idea, this is just... yes!" Tony babbled at Bucky when, three months later, with Danny having some time on the floor, he was able to slide quite easily through his yoga routine. Bucky smiled, watching him, a beer in his hand.

"You look amazing," he hummed, their twins playing in the corner.

"This feels so nice." Tony huffed out, humming happily, "Oh! Cake tasting today!" He straightened up, and plopped himself in Bucky's lap. They'd waited to do the tastings until Tony's taste preferences weren't influenced by Danny.

"Yeah, it's going to be fun," he hummed, finishing his beer. "You want to drive?"

"Mm, I think so." The sub leaned up against Bucky's chest, "Maybe we can have an hour alone first? Since... uh... yeah." Bucky nodded.

"Jarvis, can you ask Thor if he'll watch the kids for a while?" Tony nuzzled Bucky's neck, waiting for the god's answer.

"It's..." They had been working through everything together, making sure Tony wouldn't be too sensitive as he had been after the twins were born. As soon as going to the bathroom had stopped hurting, Tony had started wearing the tiny jeweled plug. Thor came in and took the kids, and Bucky grabbed Tony's ass, grinding against him as the sub bit his lip, "Bucky... drop me?" He whispered, eyes nervous, "Please? It's been... I feel like it's been... years... I... please? I need..." He flushed, "...o-or not, if that's not what you want, I mean, I just..." Bucky growled and turned him around, kissing him hard.

"Take off your pants, and kneel," he ordered simply, Tony's breathing calmed, and he stripped the yoga pants and underwear off eagerly, sinking to his knees. And he was so close, almost under, looking up at Bucky, eyes wide.

"Yes, sir," he tilted his head to the side, submitting. Bucky pulled his cock out and rubbed it against Tony's throat, and along his cheek, across his lips.

"Suck it." The sub's scent washed clean on a wave of desire and relief. He opened his mouth, latching onto the head, and sucking lovingly, his wrists crossed behind his back. "Good boy," Bucky hummed, thrusting his hips softy, Tony opened his throat, tilting his body so that Bucky could use his mouth. "Get it nice and wet," he cooed ; Tony let saliva pool in his mouth, drooling onto Bucky's cock. He felt glorious, floating in the fog of his mind, cradled in Bucky's scent and orders. He licked spit up Bucky's shaft, mind soft as cumulous clouds, pillowy and relaxed, needing only to obey, to obey and to be fucked. "Good boy," Bucky groaned and let his hard cock slide from the sub's mouth, "Turn around and present yourself." Tony shuffled around on his knees and laid his chest on the floor, presenting his healed entrance, and the jewel glinting between his cheeks. "I love this toy," Bucky hummed, moving it in and out as he rubbed against his ass cheek. The sub groaned, reaching back to spread himself for his dom, drifting in subspace. "Gorgeous," he
moaned as he pulled the toy free, and placed his cock inside; Tony moaned as his lover slid into him, spreading his walls open, and it felt so good, to have Bucky inside of him, his mind lighting up with happiness, because his dom loved him. Bucky wrapped his arms around him, and started rolling his hips, moaning as he licked Tony's neck. The sub tilted his head immediately so that Bucky could reach better, bucking back against him.

"I'm your good boy..." He panted.

"Yes you are, my talented, wonderful boy," Bucky moaned and nipped at his gland. Tony whined, and rocked back, trying to get his dom's cock deeper.

"Please... thank you, sir, thank you, please...?" He panted, unsure what he was asking for. Bucky thrusted harder, and as he neared his orgasm, he clamped his teeth into Tony's neck. "Sir!" Tony cried, back arching, and then he was moaning and writhing as Bucky knotted him for the first time since their youngest son's birth. Bucky shuddered and released a stream of cum, panting hard against his throat. "Oh... f-fuck..." Tony panted, chewing his lip as the haze of the drop cleared, "...fuck... thanks..."

"Mmhmm," he said, reaching down and stroking Tony's cock.

"Oh...!" Tony's hips jerked back against Bucky's, and his thighs quivered, "B-Bucky...!"

"I wanna see that pretty cum of yours," he moaned against his ear, and that had Tony twitching and arching as he came, the thick white cum spilling onto the floor. Bucky kissed his cheek, and nuzzled him. "Atta boy." Tony slumped against the floor, groaning.

"Fuck."

"I love you so much," Bucky cooed.

"I love you." Tony breathed, kissing him again, "I'm so glad that I have you."

"I'm honored to have such a strong omega," he kissed his cheek. Tony flushed and leaned back against him, relaxing into the satisfaction and fullness of being knotted. Bucky pulled out a few minutes later, and kissed him softly. The sub blew out a nervous breath. "It's not so bad anymore... I mean... as it was..."

"That's good," Bucky hummed, lathering up his hair; Tony's grip was still tight, knuckles white, but he was able to close his eyes, knowing that it was Bucky under his hands. Bucky smiled and rinsed his hair when he was done. "There we go," he said, lifting his head out of the spray. "Now I'll do your body." Tony nodded, and bit his lip.

"Bucky? I wanna work on... on swimming? So... so that I can teach the kids..."

"Yeah? Right after this, or just later today?" He asked, rubbing the soap over his mate's belly and chest.
"M-maybe later today." Tony mumbled, "Or tomorrow." Bucky nodded.

"Okay. Maybe we can get all the kids to practice swimming."

"Maybe." Tony mumbled, "I wanna do it alone first..."

"Okay," he smiled softly, "I can be there... right?"

"Y-yeah! I'm... I'm asking for your help with... I'm scared, but..." Bucky smiled and kissed him.

"It'll be okay."

"I know, it's still... I want to be able to swim with my kids."

"Me too," he nodded and nuzzled him, cleaning his sub's legs.

"Cake tasting, first. Do... uh... do I need the plug?"

"If you're not sore," Bucky nodded, and quickly finished washing him.

"I..." Tony's lie fizzled out in his mouth, "I am sore."

"Okay," he rinsed Tony's body, and kissed him, "Just take it easy at the cake tasting." Tony frowned, but nodded.

"Fine." He stood still as Bucky dried him off gently with a fluffy towel. The alpha hummed and got back in the shower afterwards to wash himself. Tony slowly pulled a sleek dark suit on, sighing as he buckled his collar on. Bucky came out of the bathroom minutes later.

"Do we really have to dress fancy?" The sub blinked at Bucky's tone.

"Uh... it's... should I not?" He bit his lip, "It's... it's my first time leaving the tower since..." The dom shrugged.

"It's up to you, I just wasn't sure how fancy I needed to be for cake testing."

"Pretty fancy... it's a high end place, Buck."

"Alright," he shrugged, and went over to his closet to pull a suit on, the omega fiddled with his collar again.

"Do... do I look alright?" He asked, and Bucky looked up, and smiled.

"You look amazing," he hummed.

"Really?" Tony grinned, "Good. So do you. Let's go." Bucky nodded, and pulled his gloves on, before taking Tony's hands and leading him out.

The bakery was beautiful, full of towering cakes that were beyond extravagant; Tony held Bucky's hand as the main decorator stepped up to them, talking about their cakes and how everything was custom made to order.

"Welcome, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Stark, we have a wide variety of flavors for you to choose from!"

"Barnes-Stark will be fine, don't need to address us separately," he said, kissing Tony's cheek, but
he followed him anyway.


"Or not... nevermind," he said, shoving his hands in his pockets. He had thought Tony would like that; Tony leaned into his side.

"Buck... it's not that, I'll tell you later." He stepped up to the table, and looked over the hundred or so cake samples. Bucky wrapped his arm around him, and his eyes went wide at all of the cake.

"We have to taste every one?" Tony snorted, and the baker looked affronted.

"No, honey, we don't have to taste all of them, please take all the chocolate away, and the coconut. And we don't want lemon or...anything citrusy really." The helpers quickly complied, separating cakes out. Bucky let out a soft sigh, watching the chocolate and coconut get wheeled away, until all that was left was vanilla. Tony tensed, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he kissed his head and rubbed his hands together, "Where do we start?" Tony shook his head, pulling Bucky away.

"Don't brush me off, please. What's wrong? Char's allergic to coconut, and I... do you want chocolate, we can do chocolate, I just... and lemon cake isn't..." He caught himself gesturing with his hands, and shoved them in his pockets. Bucky shrugged.

"I just... we eat a lot of vanilla. I'd settle for chocolate fondue or something, it doesn't have to be on the cake... or brownies, those are good," he smiled, Tony's shoulders hunched.

"It's not just vanilla, there's caramel, carrot, strawberry, there's banana... but with actual banana in it, there's cherry, there's..." He had to put his hands back in his pockets. "Get chocolate, Bucky." Bucky pulled Tony against him.

"We both like vanilla, so let's get vanilla," he hummed. "Like you said, there's many different flavors." Tony pulled away.

"But you're tired of vanilla! And we always get it, so pick what you want, Bucky." He crossed his arms, taking deep breaths.

"I don't want to pick something you hate, we're supposed to do this together," he frowned. "Don't... don't get mad at me over cake," The dom muttered.

"I'm not mad, Bucky, I..." Tony ran a hand through his hair, subconsciously scratching his scalp, trying to calm himself, "I feel like we only ever pick what I want... I feel bad." He closed his eyes, "Look, there's not only vanilla cake over there." He nodded toward the table. "Caramel is a flavor of cake. Ginger cake... there's... I just..." Bucky smiled and gently took Tony's hand.

"Let the tasting begin?" He attempted, Tony let the dom lead him back to the table, and picked up his fork, nuzzling Bucky's shoulder gently. The first cake was ginger, with a little too much spice for the two of them. Second was a dark rum cake, rich and thick. Many cakes later, Tony paused.

"Mmm..." He stuffed a bite into Bucky's mouth. "Pumpkin cake with cream cheese filling and frosting." Bucky moaned around the cake, and even scooped up a second slice.

"I wanna eat this off of you," he moaned softly. Tony groaned.

"Don't say that." He whined, "Bad ideas in public places, Bucky Barnes." He set the sample to the
side, tapping it to show they'd chosen it.

"I think it was a good idea," he hummed and leaned in, kissing him hard on the lips.

"It is, but not in public places. Were there any others you liked? For the groom's cake?"

"Carrot," he hummed, "and the cinnamon pound cake."

"How about... the pound cake? I think it matches up. What if we did three tier... and did one tier of each?" Tony asked, setting the other two pieces aside. Bucky smiled and squeezed his hand.

"That sounds awesome."

"Any preference on frosting? Or just cream cheese for the whole thing?" Tony purred, peering up at him.

"Cream cheese sounds good," he smiled, "this is going to be the best cake ever." Tony laughed.

"I hope so." He kissed the dom's chin, and leaned to speak to the baker, "Yeah... yes, six months. Yes." He smiled, "Yeah? Great."

"Is that is for today?" Bucky asked, jittering in his seat, he was on a sugar high.

"Yeah, that's it." Tony blinked as he was tugged toward the bathroom. "What? Bucky?"

"C'mon, I wanna kiss the hell out of you," he said, pressing their lips together. The sub groaned as Bucky gripped his hips, and kissed him senseless in front of the bathroom, biting and sucking his tongue and lips.

"Fuck, Bucky...!"

"You taste like sugar," he giggled, and pressed his tongue into his mate's mouth. Tony whined, clinging to him.

"Bucky..." He pulled back after a moment, "Come on, let's go home, please?" The alpha nodded and nuzzled his head.

"Okay," he hummed. Tony gripped his hand leading him out of the store.

"Are you alright?" At his question, Bucky nodded.

"Y-yeah, just feeling hyper," he said, squeezing his hand. The sub tugged him into another kiss against the car.

"It's okay, I like it."

"Me too," he hummed, and kissed him again, Tony nearly dropped the keys.

"Let's go." Bucky hummed and nodded, sitting back down, and putting his seatbelt on. Tony drove them back to the tower, running his tongue over his lips.

When they made it back, Bucky was fast asleep in his seat, having come down from his sugar high. The omega frowned, disappointed. "Buck... wake up."
"Hmm?" he grunted, having trouble opening his eyes.

"Come on," Tony pulled Bucky to his feet. Bucky groaned and sat up, slowly following him. "Bed time for you." Tony snorted, he'd seen Bucky testing the cake, taking normal sized bites, whereas Tony had taken tiny ones. Bucky nodded and flopped onto the bed once they got up to their floor. The omega bit his lip, and then, slowly knelt to pull off Bucky's boots, and socks. It felt so nice to submit for such a menial task. Bucky groaned softly, pleased with his omega for doing something so submissive without being asked.

"Good boy..." Tony's muscles relaxed, and he crawled to get a bottle of lotion, returning and gently starting to rub his alpha's feet. Bucky hummed softly at how good it felt, doing this for his dom, and he focused on his task. Bucky smiled and hummed happily, but within minutes he was fast asleep, the sugar wearing him down. Tony rubbed all the lotion in, and sat listlessly on the floor for a moment.

"Kids." He stood up slowly, and headed down to the communal floor. Jamie ran to greet his mom, hugging his leg tightly, a wrench in his hand and grease smeared on his forehead, "Hey, little man! You been fixing stuff?" Tony laughed, leaving the grease where it was, and lifting James into his arms. He glanced over at the main area, where Clint, Charlotte, and Nia were doing yoga. Jamie nodded, and nuzzled his mom. Clint smiled when he saw Tony.

"Hey, how was cake tasting?"

"Stressful at first, and then fun. Bucky overloaded and crashed out." Tony smirked, and his gaze softened at the sight of his youngest son having tummy time with the younger twins. Clint chuckled and moved into the next position, helping the girls with their form.

"I'm glad you both had fun."

"Me too." Tony hugged Jamie, kissing his head, "Hey, little man, how about, after I give your brother a nunna, how about we go have some mommy-son bonding time in the workshop?" Jamie nodded, and nuzzled his mom. Clint smiled when he saw Tony.

"Can puppy come?" He asked, pointing to his dirty toy in the corner.

"Of course!" Tony kissed his nose, "Of course puppy can come, now, why don't you do a little yoga while I nurse Danny?"

"Okay!" The little boy smiled and wiggled down, running over to stand by his sister, stretching out like them, Tony lifted Danny off the floor, and nuzzled his head.

"Hey, Danny boy," he settled on the couch, unbuttoning his shirt. Danny smiled up at his mom, and hungrily latched onto his nipple. Tony cradled the three month old against him, content and calm, happy to be around his pack. "We're getting each tier a different flavor."

"What flavours?" Clint asked, taking a quick glance at his twins, who were babbling to each other.

"Pumpkin, cinnamon pound cake, and... carrot, I think, was the last one. With cream cheese frosting." Tony stretched his legs out, and smiled at his children, trying to do downward facing dog.

"That sounds good," Clint grinned, always a fan of any cake.

"Yeah, it does." Tony chuckled when Nia fell over, knocking into Charlotte, who just steadied her and went back to her yoga. Clint smiled and grinned at Tony.
"Danny was good today, he babbled a little."

"He did?" Tony beamed down at his son, "Gonna talk early, Danny?" The baby suckled happily on his nipple, "How were the twins? Crap, okay, how were my twins?" Clint hummed.

"They were fine, Jamie wouldn't put his wrench down... he screamed when we tried." Tony looked over, and laughed when he realized that James still had the wrench. Jamie frowned and started to whimper, sitting on the ground. Tony blinked.

"What's wrong, handsome boy?" He stood, grunting, his young son in his arms. "Hey, come here, don't cry."

"Laughded," he whined and tossed his wrench, where it landed at his feet, Tony frowned.

"I was laughing because I'm happy. Because I'm proud of you, honey, and you seem to take after me."

"Oh..." he muttered, and held his arms out to him, Tony lifted him up, arm shaking.

"Yeah, I love it, you like the same things I like, and that's really cool, because I can help you learn more." He kissed Jamie's head, settling back on the couch. Slowly, Antonia carried his wrench over to him. Jamie smiled and hugged his sister, taking the wrench back, and nuzzling back against his mother's chest. "Better, darling?" Tony nuzzled him, "Thank you, Antonia." She giggled and ran off to do more yoga. Jamie nodded, and put his thumb in his mouth, closing his eyes. He was tired from his screaming earlier. "Jamie?" Tony bit his lip, "Clint? Has he been doing this all day? Sucking his thumb? He's never done this before." Clint nodded.

"Yeah, he was a little nervous with you being gone all day," he said softly.

"Mmm. I don't want it to become a habit." Tony muttered, "It's bad for their teeth." Clint nodded, and smiled.

"Shame, it's awful cute."

"His teeth will bend out." Tony gently dislodged his thumb, replacing it with his own nipple. Jamie subconsciously sucked a little, stirring a little, but then he fell back to sleep. The omega relaxed, closing his eyes, "It is cute, but... still." He gently shifted the children on his chest, watching Antonia through half lidded eyes, as she focused intently on learning yoga. Clint walked her easily through the steps, until he had to take a break and feed his twins.

"Are you hungry, Charlie? I can make you a sandwich."

"I got it," Steve said from the bathroom doorway, freshly showered. He leaned to nuzzle his mate's face, getting Clint's scent on him, before he carried Charlie to the kitchen, stooping to add Nia to his kitchen party. Tony smiled, and Clint happily nuzzled Steve, smiling as his mate walked away.
"Uh... Clint? I wondered... and I know you're busy, but... if you'd want, to maybe, um..." Tony stumbled over his words, and Clint glanced at him, and chuckled.

"What is it?"

"Be my man of honor?" Tony whispered, avoiding Clint's gaze. Clint gasped and beamed.

"I'd love to be your man of honor," he hummed. "Thank you!"

"Are you sure?" Tony lifted his chin, "I don't want to over stress you, but..." Clint nodded his head.

"I'd love to," he smiled.

"I... thank you. I'm just... so much to... and Bucky's not really interested, and I can't show him my suit, because he's not supposed to see it, and... and who's going to walk me down the aisle?"

"Why not Happy?" Clint suggested.

"Happy... yeah, yes, that would, he'd like that." Tony smiled. "Thanks, that was a great idea, I just..." He leaned his head on Clint's shoulder, "Jarvis? Is Bucky still asleep?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good, please alert me if he wakes up, and open the file of my suit." It spread on a holographic screen in front of them. The top was made of lace, like the bodice of of a dress, and the back was open, a diamond of bare skin, "And... uh... this is the jewelry Bucky picked," he pulled it up, a cascade of dark jewels that fell in loops down his back, "It covers part of the bare back, but... yeah." The slacks were white, like the lace top, but the waistband was black, and dipped in a V at the center in the back. "And these shoes..." He showed Clint the high heels, white with black toes, tall. "So we're the same height." Clint grinned.

"Wow, you're going to look amazing in that," he beamed.

"Do you think so?" Tony pushed his curly hair out of his face, "I... Bucky asked if I was going to wear a dress." Clint chuckled.

"I think this is perfect, he's going to be so stunned!"

"He doesn't get to see it till I walk down the aisle. And... and... should I...?" He pulled up a picture of a veil. "Should I wear one? I don't know..." Male omegas often wore the veils, but he wasn't sure if he should. Clint smiled and nodded.

"It's tradition! You should, I think he'd like that."
"Okay." Tony pulled up a page of different veils, and scrolled through them, "This one? Or..." He put up a picture of a long veil that would act as a train for his nonexistent dress, and a short veil that would only cover his face, a front veil. Clint pointed to the short veil.

"You don't want to accidentally step on it or have the kids pull it," he said, and gasped, "Can Nia and Charlie be flower girls?" Tony laughed, selecting the short veil, and pulled up two matching dresses, with fluffy white skirts, and big blue bows on the back.

"Not sure about the bow color, but these are their dresses. And... and Jamie will be ring bearer." Clint grinned at the dresses, and nodded.

"He'll be the cutest ring bearer. How about bows that kind of match your jewels?"

"Like dark purple?" Tony asked, humming, "Yeah, that would be... that would be nice. I've found these." They were little strings of jewels that matched his own, hanging from double clips, "To go in their hair. And... and mine."

"Those are pretty," he hummed, wondering if Steve would ever propose to him.

"And yours. Do you wanna look for your suit?" Tony asked, closing his clothing file, "I thought... the same color as the girls' bows?" Clint nodded softly.

"That would be awesome," he smiled, always jumping at the chance to wear purple.

"Good, so... so just a button up and slacks? Or do you want a halter shirt like this?" Tony pulled one up. Clint shrugged.

"I guess the button up and slacks is good. I'll let you know if I change my mind."

"Alright, just let me know." Tony saved that, too, "And heels?" Clint shook his head.

"Can't, out of habit. Maybe a low heel?" He shrugged. He could still run in those.

"Up to you," Tony frowned, "I want to be closer to Bucky's height, so..." Clint nodded.

"I just don't like high heels," he hummed.

"That's fine, it really doesn't make a difference to me." Tony shrugged, "And... this is my bouquet." Clint's eyes lit up.

"That's gorgeous," he hummed. Tony shifted the purple and white orchids, and blue flowers mixed in.

"Thank you." Clint nodded and looked down at his twins, who were both staring up at him. "You want me to put it away? We can stop." Tony bit his lip, he hadn't been able to do any of this with Bucky, and he didn't want to scare Clint off by being overeager.

"No, I like looking at this stuff with you. I was just looking at my kids for a sec," he snorted, and kissed both of his sons' heads before looking back at the screen; Tony leaned to kiss his cheek.

"Thank you. I'm not sure on napkins, or... or table cloths, and the venue is half outdoor... but it's in December, so..."

"Just regular napkins are okay, like white cloth ones, and... maybe light purple tablecloths?"

"White... but with this hemmed edge? And what fabric?" Tony chewed his lip.
"Just... regular tablecloth fabric," he shrugged, not knowing what it was made of.

"No, the napkins." Tony frowned, "I don't want fabric that's too rough, because they're going to be wiping their faces."

"Oh," he nodded, "what about cotton?"

"I guess." Tony mumbled, Clint nudged him.

"C'mon, let's drink some decaf coffee." The sub wiggled out from under his children, laying them down.

"Alright." He helped Clint lay the twins down, smiling, "What about decorations? Like centerpieces?" The archer shrugged.

"Does your wedding have a theme?"

"So far? Purple." Tony sighed, "And not exactly on purpose."

"I don't know," he shrugged, "I haven't been to a wedding before."

"Me either, can you believe that?" Tony ran his fingers through his hair, "I don't know... so many people are coming, and the invitations are waiting to be sent..."

"What if you did some kind of robotic centerpiece?"

"Robotic?" Tony hunched his shoulders, "I don't think Bucky would approve. And... and the media will be there..."

"Goldfish?" He asked, "I don't know." Tony chewed his lip, Clint sounded just like Bucky.

"What about... bowls of water, with... with floating votive candles?" Tony asked, Clint hummed.

"Complementary ones to purple?"

"Or white. Since the orchids are white and purple, and my clothes are white, except the jewelry..." He stroked his goatee. Clint got the coffee started.

"That sounds nice," he grinned.

"Are you sure? Do you think it's too simple? Or should I put rocks? Or-?" Tony blinked when Bucky's hand gripped the back of his neck, scruffing him gently until he relaxed. "You're awake..."

"Yeah," he said, kissing his cheek. "I told Jarvis not to alert you of me," he hummed.

"Oh." Tony's breathing was deep and calm, the pressure at the base of his skull draining tension out of his body, "Why?"

"Because I wanted to surprise you," he hummed, and sat beside him. "Are you hungry?" Tony hummed, unable to get very worked up with Bucky scruffing him.

"Mmm. Hmm."

"What would you like to eat?" He asked, smiling at how relaxed he was.

"Don't care..." Tony mumbled, leaning into his mate, eyes closed. Steve chuckled from the table
where he was entertaining Nia and Charlotte by dipping fries in ketchup and singing Little Mermaid songs. Bucky kissed his cheek, and continued rubbing his scalp. He would get his food soon. Clint hummed as he watched Steve, he was always so good with kids. Steve popped the french fry into Charlie's mouth, and Tony shifted. "Food...?" He asked, peering up at Bucky. Bucky nodded.

"Want a burger?" The dom asked, standing up. Charlie hummed and squirmed happily in her seat.

"Mhm." Tony lay his head on the table, eyes barely open, "Clint... centerpieces... and... and... decorations..." Bucky got up to cook, and Clint looked back over at Tony.

"Right, uhm, for decorations, you should have purple and white balloons."

"Nooo..." Tony groaned, "Balloons... no... fancy. Fancy, Clint..." He waved a hand tiredly. Clint made a face.

"I don't know fancy, Tony," he said. "I know children's birthday parties and balloons... and bars," he said,

"Sorry..." Tony's relaxation faded, and he sat up, "...I'll figure it out alone... it's... it's fine..." Clint stood up.

"Just explain to me what you're looking for, I want to help." Tony hunched down below him.

"Okay... I'm not really sure how to explain." He bit his lip, "Um... flower arrangements... ribbons... um... uh..." He pulled a screen up on the table, finding pictures from a very public high society wedding, to show Clint. Clint stared at the picture.

"We can do that stuff, get ice sculptures and stuff," he smiled.

"Ice sculptures? But..." Tony tried to focus, "You don't think they'll melt... but the flowers, yeah, and... the reception is in a pavilion."

"Yeah... didn't think of that," he laughed. "What about tiny water fountain things?"

"Fountains?" Tony looked up at Bucky, "Can we get fountains?"

"Small ones," he said, flipping the burgers in the pan.

"Small ones?" Tony pouted, "But Bucky..." Bucky grinned.

"If we get big ones, then they need to light up different colors."

"Light up? Bucky... that's tacky." Tony grumbled, thunking his head back on the table. Bucky laughed and put a slice of cheese on the meat.

"Fine, no lights." Tony wiggled in his chair.

"Okay. Jarvis, fountains. Around the outside of the pavilion."

"Noted, sir," Jarvis responded. Small pattering of feet was heard as Jamie ran in with his wrench and puppy.

"Play time, mommy!" he squealed, grabbing his pant leg, Tony pushed to his feet.

"Yeah, I promised, didn't I?" He picked Jamie up, "Can we eat first?" Jamie nodded.
"Fries!"

"Of course!" Tony beamed, and kissed his son's face, "Sit down with me, darling." He settled James into his lap as he sat back down, "And you can share my food, how about that?"

"Okay," he smiled, as Bucky placed a plateful of burgers on the table. Tony put one on his plate, then added a handful of fries and some ketchup.

"There, eat up, baby boy." Jamie smiled and grabbed a fry, watching Steve, who dipped the fry in ketchup. He smiled and did as he did, giggling as he got ketchup on his mouth. Tony stroked his hair, then picked up his burger, biting into it hungrily. Jamie opened his mouth, wanting a bite too, Tony laughed, and held it to his mouth. "Look at those pearly whites." Jamie giggled and took a small bite, chewing happily, "Good boy, you're so cute!" Tony nuzzled his face, and hurriedly ate a few bites. The little boy giggled around his food, beaming brightly, enjoying the positive praise. "I love you," Tony murmured, "My little man. Oh, Bucky? Can you handle Nia and Danny? Me and Jamie need some bonding time."

"Oh, sure," The alpha smiled, and sat down with the coffee, picking up a burger. "You guys have fun."

"We will, won't we, darling? We're going to work on an engine." Tony ate a few fries, smiling at his over excited son.

"Engie?" He wiggled, dunking a fistful of fries in the ketchup, and cramming them in his mouth, Tony nodded.

"It's a big part of what makes cars move."

"Oh!" He smiled, and held up his wrench, getting ketchup all over the handle. "I'm Thor!" He giggled.

"Thor?" Tony kissed him, "Your daddy's gonna be jealous if I kiss you!" Jamie laughed and looked at his father. Bucky grinned.

"Don't kiss too much," he winked at his son, Tony peppered kisses over Jamie's face, snorting when he tasted ketchup. Jamie burst into giggles.

"Engie now?" He asked, hopping out of his lap.

"Engine now." Tony picked him up, "We can clean up your face and hands down in the lab." He carried Jamie to the elevator, and pressed the button for the lab. "You know I love you, James." He hummed to his son, "I love you. And I'm going to try and do stuff just me and you sometimes, okay? But me and Nia have to be able to spend time together too." Jamie huffed and nodded, nuzzling his mother.

"And Danny?"

"Yes, and Danny." Tony agreed, carrying Jamie into the lab, "But me and you, we're going to have a special project, and no one else is going to work on it." The little boy beamed brightly.

"Jus us," he nodded.

"Yeah." Tony kissed him on the forehead. Jamie hummed and let Tony clean his hands and face when they got in the lab; Tony sat Jamie down, handing him his clean wrench, then pulled up a hologram of an engine. "This is what we're going to work on today." His son's eyes went wide and
he frowned.

"Looks scary," he muttered softly, Tony blinked.

"Hmm," He tapped his chin, thinking, "What if we..." He flicked through a few projects, frowning. "What about something a little smaller first, like... a radio?" Jamie shook his head.

"No, I wanna be big boy!" he said, pulling the engine back up, Tony picked him up.

"Jamie, you are a big boy," He nuzzled his son gently, "But if something scares you, then we shouldn't do that yet," Tony tried to explain. Jamie bit his lip and nodded.

"Wanna do engie," he muttered.

"Okay." Tony kissed his forehead, "We'll do the engine." James grinned and nuzzled him.

"What first?"

"Well," Tony began to explain how the engine worked to Jamie. The child listened intently, enraptured by the mechanics.

"That song? Really?" Tony asked as music played from the speakers. Mostly upbeat, and smooth, Frank Sinatra's 'Fly Me to the Moon' filled his ears. "You sure?" Tony asked Bucky, the dom hummed and nodded his head.

"Yeah, I really like this one," he grinned, taking Tony's hand.

"For our first dance." Tony clarified, thinking hard, how would they dance to this? "Okay... well, I get to pick the dance then."

"Sure," he kissed his cheek, hoping it wouldn't be anything too recent. The omega leaned into his side.

"Annnnd you have to take whatever class I find to learn it." Bucky rolled his eyes at that.

"Yes sir," he grinned, kissing the top of Tony's head, Tony leaned up into it.

"You really don't mind that I switched the ceremony to outside, do you?" He asked, smiling. He'd decided outside would be better for the actual ceremony. Bucky shook his head.

"I don't mind, I just hope it doesn't rain."

"It shouldn't." Tony frowned. "Should I have another pavilion set up?" He tapped his chin.

"I think it's good to have a backup plan," he shrugged, "but I don't want you to waste your money. We'll just make sure that it won't rain the day we set it all up."

"It's more likely to snow." Tony pointed out. "Fuck..." At the curse, Bucky nodded.

"I think it might be too cold out, too."

"But..." Tony's shoulders slumped, "...I'll move it inside... the whole thing..." Bucky nuzzled him.

"I'm sorry... "
"It just... it's fine. Their indoor stuff is gorgeous, too, and I booked the entire place for us so..."

"Maybe we can find an outside event," The dom smiled and kissed his cheek.

"What do you mean?" Tony blinked, and Bucky shrugged.

"Maybe we can have our first dance out in the snow. Or go ice skating," he shrugged.

"You don't like the cold." Tony pointed out.

"But you do," he hummed.

"That's not the point." Tony mumbled, "It'll be fine." Bucky hugged him and nuzzled his cheek.

"I love you."

"I love you too." Tony kissed him gently, "Thank you, for... for asking me to marry you."

"Thank you for saying yes," he kissed him again; the omega tucked his face against Bucky's chest, eyes closed.

"You're... really happy?" He asked softly, "It's not too much?"

"No, I'm very happy." Bucky smiled, and wrapped his arms around him. "I can't wait to see you walking down that aisle."

"Six months feels too long." Tony hummed, and sighed softly when quiet music started playing through the speakers. The sub smiled, leaning more heavily against Bucky as the dom began to sway in a simple dance, leading him around their living room. The alpha's hand wound up on his ass, but it was still enjoyable, softly moving around, breathing Tony's scent. He smelled like family and love. Tony slid his feet in the steps, relaxing as Bucky took his hand, and they kissed softly in the suddenly low lighting. "I think Jarvis is hinting at something." The sub laughed softly.

"I think so too," he hummed and nuzzled Tony's face. "Either he's a hopeless romantic, or he's a giant perv."

"I think it's both." Tony leaned into the dance, laughing ecstatically when Bucky spun and dipped him. Bucky smiled brightly, and lifted him back up, and kissing him softly.

"I love you."

"I love you, too. Let's... let's find somewhere to go dancing like this." Tony peered up at him shyly, "I'll wear high heels."

"Yeah?" He smiled, Tony's ass always looked good in heels. "That sounds fun."

"It does, doesn't it?" Tony sounded genuinely surprised, "Huh." Bucky kissed his neck, humming softly.

"I know something else that's fun."

"Does it involve high heels? I hope it involves high heels." Tony wiggled against him, smiling mischievously.

"It could," Bucky chuckled and kissed him, pressing him against the couch, Tony groaned, falling back against the cushions.
"Could it? Because... I have some."

"Mmhmm," he hummed, "Go get some on, and then straddle me when you get back," he purred; Tony wiggled out from under him, and hurried to obey, glad the kids were all sleeping, and that Jarvis would alert them if any so much as rolled over. Stepping back out in the tall high heels, made of black leather, and wearing absolutely nothing else, Tony slowly strode back to Bucky, and smoothly settled his knees on either side of Bucky's thighs. Bucky hummed and stroked Tony's cock smoothly, sitting up so he could lick at a hard nipple.

"Fuck..." Tony whined, reaching back to grip the stilettos of the shoes, arching his chest up. The dom groaned and moved his other hand between Tony's cheeks, flicking a finger against his hole, Tony swallowed. "Buck..." He whined softly, trying to thrust against his dom. Bucky groaned, only his shirt had been taken off since Tony had been gone.

"Take off my pants," he hummed, Tony groaned, and hurriedly tugged at his alpha's belt and zipper, trying to work the jeans down and off while remaining in Bucky's lap was extremely difficult, but he managed it at last. Bucky groaned and kicked off the pants, and he gripped Tony's hips. "Are you ready for me?"

"Yes, sir." The sub moaned, reaching to spread his cheeks open. Bucky hummed, pressing the tip of his cock against his hole. He jerked his hips and filled him with one thrust, his head falling back with a groan. Tony cried out, gripping his dom's shoulders desperately, and rolling his hips in stilted little circles. The dom lay back down on the couch and started thrusting, gripping Tony's hips; Tony whined at every upward throat, bucking back and down against his mate and lover. Bucky panted softly, enjoying the calm, worry free sex.

"Feel so good," he moaned.

"Love you." Tony breathed, rocking his body smoothly against Bucky's. "Love you, so much... can't wait to... marry you."

"Love you too," he groaned, spreading the sub's cheeks apart for him.

"Ah...!" Tony moaned, catching Bucky's mouth with his own, soft and loving. The alpha groaned into the kiss, licking the soft tongue and holding his omega close. Tony lay his head on Bucky's shoulder, letting the alpha do all the work, and stroking the scars where metal met skin on Bucky's shoulder. Bucky shuddered a little, and he pressed his nose against Tony's throat to distract him as he rolled his hips, bringing one hand forward to jerk Tony's cock. The sub whined, and pressed back and down, feeling the slight expanding of Bucky's knot, then, as it swelled fully, and slotted into place, he came, biting Bucky's flesh shoulder. Bucky gasped and moaned loudly, biting into Tony's shoulder, the sub groaned against him, shaking softly.

"Fuck," he groaned, nuzzling Tony.

"Agreed." The omega mumbled, rubbing his face against his dom's chest. Bucky hummed and squeezed his ass.

"Love you."

"Love you, too." Tony murmured, kissing Bucky's neck, and relaxed against him, pulling a blanket over their bodies. Bucky kissed him softly, and wrapped his arms softly around him, "I... I really do, love you, that is."

"I know," The dom smiled, softly petting his hair.
"Oh." Tony hummed, closing his eyes, and leaning into the touch. Bucky hummed, and scratched the spot on the back of his head, causing Tony to arch a little before slumping fully against his dom.

"Good boy," he said softly against his hair. The sub groaned, shifting happily, scent full of contentment.

"Sirs, the twins are stirring," Jarvis alerted them, Tony whined, and lifted, checking Bucky's knot, which had shrunk down enough to pull out of him with a soft 'pop'. He wrapped the blanket quickly around himself, wiggling his feet out of the high heels.

"Get cleaned up, and then we'll swap, okay?" Bucky nodded, and kissed his cheek. Quickly he pulled his pants on, grabbed his shirt, and walked to the shower, Tony tied the blanket around his waist, "Throw me some sweats!" He called. Sweats came soaring out of the bedroom in Tony's direction. The sub tugged them on, dropped the blanket, and leaned down just in time to catch the sleepy twins toddling out to him, faces twisted, ready to cry. Jamie whimpered and nuzzled under his chin, rubbing his eyes, and Nia clutched at him. "Hey... it's alright, I'm right here." Tony kissed their foreheads. James curled up against him in his footie pjs. "Did you have bad dreams?" Tony asked, and Nia shook her head no, yawning. Jamie shrugged.

"My dweam had a cowboy, and he was mean, but den da... uhm, aminals ranned him over."

"Is that so?" Tony chuckled, and kissed his cheek, "We'd better steer clear of cowboys."

"Yeah," he giggled softly, and nuzzled his mother's chest.

"Good. Are you two hungry for mashed potatoes and cheese?" Tony asked, and the children beamed at him, chorusing their agreement. Bucky came out a few moments later, and he leaned down, kissing both of his kids. Tony handed Nia over, but Jamie refused to be dislodged. "You want to take a shower with me?" Tony asked the little boy, "Just me and you while Daddy and Nini cook dinner?"

"Uh huh," The toddler smiled, crawling down his leg, but he kept a grip on Tony's pants.

"Okay," Tony took his hand. "We'll be back, Buck." He lead the little boy into the bathroom. Antonia yawned widely and cuddled against her daddy's chest.

"Amember when we catched those froggies, Dada?" She asked, eyes bright, the same colors as his, "And they jumped all around?"

"Yeah, I remember that," he smiled, "Maybe we can do that again sometime."

"Can jus' me'n'you go?" Nia inquired softly, blinking up at him, "Catch dem froggies and... and play in the wadder?"

"Sure, that sounds great," he hummed and nuzzled her softly. "What are you hungry for?"

"Tatoes!" Nia exclaimed, "Wiv cheesies! Mama said!"

"Oh mama said, huh?" He grinned, "Are you sure you don't want to eat frogs!?" He tickled her, "Ew!" Nia squealed, "Ew, no!" She kicked and flailed in his arms. "Dada!" Bucky stopped, chuckling softly.

"So frogs-I mean, potatoes and cheese it is," he smiled, and sat her down on the countertop. She
waved her hands excitedly.

"No froggies, dada, no!" She shook a finger at him, scoldingly. Bucky beamed.

"That's right, no froggies," he hummed, "Want to help me mash the potatoes?"

"Yeah yeah!" Nia leaned to peer into the pan of potatoes Bucky was reheating.

"We mash them soon," he said, sitting down and pulling her into his lap.

"Okies." Antonia wiggled, "Pony ride, dada!"

"Pony ride? Right now?" He asked, giving her a sideways look.

"Bouncabounce, on da knee!" She tried to bounce up and down. "Knee!"

"Like this?" He asked, making his leg bounce; she squealed happily.

"Yeah yeah! Sing da song!"

"Which song?" he asked, "Is it the birthday song?"

"Da pony song!" She exclaimed. "Hobby hobbly!" Bucky bit his lip,

"I don't think I know that one," he muttered, Nia pouted, bottom lip trembling, and Jarvis interrupted.

"Sir, if you would wave your knee from side to side for verse one, then in a trotting motion for verse two, and a galloping motion for three, I shall sing it."

"Uh, sure," he said, willing to do anything that wouldn't make her cry. He started to wave his knee from side to side.

"This is the way the farmer rides, hobbledy hoy, hobbledy hoy," Jarvis sang, "This is the way the farmer rides, all through the town." Nia giggled, and waved her arms. Bucky kept one hand on her waist, making sure she didn't fall, and started a trotting motion. "This is the way the lady rides, trot trot trot, this is the way the lady rides, all through the town," Jarvis sang with the motion. Then Bucky slowed the bounces down, and he smiled at how happy she looked. "Speed up a bit, sir." Jarvis advised. "This is the way the gentleman rides, gallopatrot, gallopatrot, this is the way the gentleman rides, all through the town."

"There, how was that?" The alpha asked his daughter.

"Yay again!" Nia exclaimed, and Jarvis helpfully put the words up on the table.

"Again?" Bucky asked, looking at the time. "Okay, one more time, this time daddy will sing it, and then you get to help me with the potatoes," he smiled, and looked at the lyrics, doing the song and leg movements again; Nia squeaked, singing.

"Hobby hobbly!" Very loudly over the lyrics, and he laughed when the song ended.

"Okay! food time," he said, kissing her head.

"Foody food!" She clung to him, giggling, and grabbed the masher.

"Now easy, Nia," he said, running his hand through her hair.
"Draina water!" She exclaimed, wiggling.

"That's right," he smiled, and had her sit down in a safe spot away from the sink as he drained out the water, and then he put the hot potatoes in a different bowl. She waved the masher.

"Masha masha, squisha squish!" She sang.

"Yeah," he smiled, and took her hand, getting her in a good squishing movement before letting her do it alone. Potatoes flew *everywhere*. Antonia squealed, and sang her little song even louder, and Jarvis chuckled. Tony, hair falling in damp curls over his eyes, blinked as he hefted a squirming little boy up higher in his arms.

"Can you... uh, grab him, because I have to get Danny, he's crying." Tony sounded stressed, so Bucky nodded, and took his soaking wet son, wrapping him up in a blanket.

"C'mon, you can come make lunch with me and Nia." Jamie nuzzled him, getting his face wet with his sopping curls, just like his mama's.

"Dada, tatoes?"

"Yeah, right after we get you in some clothes," he hummed, and took him to the bedroom. Bucky dried him off, and pulled on his pull-up and clothes.

"No!" Jamie squirmed, kicking the pants and pull up off, just as Tony came back.

"James," He handed Danny to Bucky, the baby still crying,

"No diapy! No no!" The toddler stamped his little foot, and Tony nodded.

"I know, I know, honey, come on, big boy undies," He dug a pair out of the kids' drawer in his dresser, and helped him into them. "And pants, please, honey." Bucky pouted, he knew Jamie would just have an accident, like he'd been doing. He didn't say anything, just rubbed Danny's back, bouncing softly. Jamie grabbed his pants, and had Tony help him into them, happier now.

"There you go, my big boy." Tony kissed him on the head, and sent him on his way, "You left Nia alone in the kitchen." He grunted, taking Danny and hurrying back to the little girl, who had potatoes all over her. Bucky ran his hand through his hair, feeling horrible.

"Maybe you guys should finish making lunch without me." Tony turned to look at him, the baby in his arms, one potato covered girl sitting on the counter, the other twin wrapped around his leg.

"Oh... okay." He lifted Nia up, getting potato on his clothes, "Let go, Jamie, come with me, and we'll change your sister, and then we'll come back and finish making lunch." He herded the little boy toward the bedroom, his shoulders tense. Bucky frowned, Tony hadn't even argued or fought for him to stay. He whimpered softly and walked out to the living room, sighing. The sub struggled with the three kids, setting Danny down on the floor, and stripping Nia's clothes off, carefully getting her dressed, stopping halfway to scoot Danny away from the dresser. "No, no, Nia, come back!" He snatched her by the arm, and wiped her face, and hands, before wrangling her into a t-shirt. "Wait, oh... Jamie..." The little boy whimpered, the front of his pants wet, "It's okay, honey, I'll clean you up."

"No daipy!" He whimpered, grasping fist fulls of his wet pants.

"I know, baby, I know. Nia, go sit with your daddy," Tony shooed her out, and helped Jamie out of his wet clothes, trying not to stress out, as he washed him off with a wet rag, then helped him into new big boy undies and pants, "There we go, how's that?" He turned, "Danny!" The baby was
chewing on the end of Tony's phone charger, and the sub lifted him off the floor, inspecting the charger, but it was ruined. "Great..." He picked up Jamie, and Danny, and carried them out, only to find Nia right back in the potatoes. "Nini..." Tears poured down Tony's face, and he shuddered, wiping them away quickly, "Fuck..."

"Fuck!" Nia echoed, and Tony lifted her down,

"Go... just go!" He nudged her toward the door, "Please!" He set Jamie down, and balanced Danny on his hip. He had to show Bucky that he could do this, Bucky wanted him to cook, so he was going to cook! Tony smashed butter into the potatoes, but he had to microwave them to get them hot enough to melt the cheese, and then he just stared at the chicken his dom had defrosted. Bucky slowly came back in with his potato covered daughter.

"I heard cursing... what's going on?"

"Nothing. Nothing is going on, I can... I can do this, okay, I can..." Tony scrubbed at his eyes, "I can do it." He set the potatoes aside, and pulled the chicken out of the fridge. "Do... do I just... put it in a pan? Or..." Nia slammed into his legs, and he stumbled sideways, Jamie wrapped around his other calf, and Danny reaching for the chicken. "I..."

"I think you need a little help," Bucky said, helping him stand straight. "C'mon Nia, these potatoes aren't going to get cheesy on their own."

"I can... I can do it... you want me to do it, I can..." Tony whispered, "...please, I was trying, I..." He hugged Danny to his chest, "...I'm sorry." Bucky shook his head.

"It's fine. I shouldn't have gotten stressed out," he murmured, and tried to help Nia make the food. He still felt upset, but his mate needed help.

"Stressed out?" Tony shivered, "Did I... Bucky, did I do something wrong? Because you're really confusing me." The dom bit his lip, and kissed Tony softly.

"I just... feel like the kids don't really like me," he murmured. "Nia's the only one who tolerates me." Tony stared at him.

"What? They love you, Bucky... all of them, Nia loves to spend time with you, she asks for you all the time, and Jamie can't sleep unless he's against your side, and Danny cries when I change him, but he's happy when you do it..." The sub shifted Danny on his hip, "...you can't see that? That they love you?" Bucky shrugged, smiling softly.

"I just... feel like the kids don't really like me," he murmured. "Nia's the only one who tolerates me." Tony stared at him.

"I guess, maybe all the crying and the bad times just... had me blind to the good things," he smiled. "I'm sorry." Tony leaned and caught the bowl of potatoes just before Nia knocked it on the floor.

"It's... a lot to deal with. Having twins and a new baby."

"Yeah," Bucky smiled and nodded. "Why don't you take care of Danny and Jamie while Nia and I make food? Also Jamie tends to poop after he wets his pants, so I would get him to the bathroom," he muttered, seeing his son standing a little weirdly. Tony sighed.

"He wants to wear the underwear, and... he'll never learn if we keep putting pull ups on him. I'll take him." He lifted James into his arms. "Let's go use the potty!" He cooed, carrying him and Danny off. Nia was mixing the cheese in happily.

"Tatoes, dada!" Bucky smiled and nuzzled her head.
Good job. Let's stick this in the microwave so the cheese melts." Antonia handed him the bowl, struggling under its weight.

"YAY Cheesa melt!" She beamed up at her father, "Lub you, dada. You reada night night story?" She nuzzled his side as he put the bowl in the microwave, big green eyes lifting to his face happily. He chuckled at the giant eyes staring him down.

"Well, how can I say no to the cutest girl in all of New York?" He asked.

"Me!?" She exclaimed, climbing his arm like a monkey, and kissing his face, "I'm da cutest!" Bucky laughed and kissed her cheek.

"Yes you are!" He said, hugging her tightly.

"Dada?" Nia leaned back to look at him, "We arts? Draws like... like Char Char, and Stebe?"

"You want to learn how to draw?" he asked her. "I'm not as good as Steve, but we can do it," he smiled.

"Wanna..." Antonia struggled to find words, because she wanted her daddy to spend time with her like Steve did for Charlotte, and Steve taught Charlie about art, so Nia's mind immediately said that was how to spend time with her daddy. "Wanna art with you, dada."

"We can do art together," he smiled, and took the potatoes out of the microwave. Nia's smile was bright enough to light up the whole kitchen, and she tucked her face against his neck, singing 'happy birthday' under her breath. He smiled and went about the kitchen, rubbing a seasoning on the chicken; She clung to him, holding herself up while he put the chicken in the pan and washed his hands, then climbed down so he could put it in the oven.

"Dada?" She tugged at his hand, "Dada, Popsicle?"

"How about after lunch?" He asked, "As dessert?"

"Okies." She wandered off to look for frogs around their living room, squeaking excitedly when she found a toy frog, "Dada! Lookie!"

"Good girl!" He smiled, "What noise does a frog make?"

"Ribbet!" Nia squealed, "Ribbet ribbet!" She ran over to him, and gave him the frog, then took off to look for more frogs, singing about ribbets in the loudest voice she could manage. He smiled.

"Hey Nia? Can you sing a little quieter, please?" He asked, knowing Danny wouldn't like the noise. Antonia's song faded to nothing, and she held the stuffed frog in her hands, bottom lip trembling. Bucky came over and kneeled down, "I love your song, Nia, but it's just a little too loud, thats all, I'd love to hear you keep singing." She hugged the stuffed frog, nearly as big as she was, and stared at the floor, embarrassed. "Aw c'mon, don’t be shy," he said, "C'mon, how did it go? Ribbit ribbit ~." he tried to encourage her, showing her how to sing at a softer level, but Antonia was sniffling, her feelings hurt, when Tony released Jamie into the living room, carrying Danny out. The little girl's twin paused in his running rampage.

"Nini! You hab a sad?" Jamie wrapped his arms around her, squeezing, "No sad, singa?" He waved his hands, "A rama sam sama sam sam!" He attempted, and Tony beamed at him.

"Good job, Jamie! Come on, Nia, like this," Tony held Danny's little fists in his own hands, and bopped them together, "A rama sam sam, a rama sam sam, gooey gooey gooey rama sam sam,
arashi, arashi, gooily gooily gooily ram sam sam!" By the time Tony had sung it through twice, Antonia was singing with him, and Jamie was flailing through the hand motions. Bucky was standing back by the potatoes, watching softly. He couldn't believe he had almost made her cry again. Nia ran over to him, and sang in the loudest whisper she could manage.

"Ramama!" Bucky smiled and picked her up, nuzzling her head.

"I'm sorry..."

"Shhh." Nia held a finger to her lips, and lay her head on him. He bit his lip, and kissed her head.

"I love you."

"Lub you too!" Nia kissed his chin, and wiggled, "Ramarama sam sam googly goog!"

"Yeah," he hummed and nuzzled her happily.

"Googly goog! Faborite part." She kissed him again, beaming. "Chicken!"

"Yeah, we're having chicken," he smiled, and bounced her softly.

"When?" The little girl asked, leaning to peer at the oven. "Hungy."

"Soon," he smiled, and gave her a small spoonful of the potatoes, Nia wiggled, and sang as soon as the potatoes were gone from her mouth.

"Dada dada, cooka cooka, dada and me cooka cook, dada and me!"

"Maybe we can do some baking, make some cookies and cupcakes," he smiled.

"Yeah!" She exclaimed, "Cookies!" Nia waved her arms, and Tony stepped in, and kissed Nia's cheek.

"That sounds fun, maybe we could all make cookies. Oh! Maybe me and Jamie could make one kind, and you and daddy can make another kind?"

"That sounds good," Bucky smiled. "You better start thinking about what kind you want," he told his daughter.

"Oaty raisi!" She shrieked excitedly, and Tony laughed.

"Then we'll make white chocolate chip,"

"Sounds good," The alpha chuckled softly.

"Good." Tony nuzzled between Bucky's shoulderblades, and stepped back, "Jamie went poop on the potty, I gave him a sticker for the potty chart."

"Good job, Jamie," he said, holding his hand up for a high five. The little boy slapped his hand happily.

"Yeah, he did do good, wearing big boy undies all day!" Tony nuzzled his son, "Kids, you wanna watch the Incredibles while we wait?" Both the kids nodded in enthusiasm, and Bucky let Nia down so she could go get the dvd; Tony carried the boys into the living room, setting Jamie down to play, and watching Jarvis guide the twins through putting the DVD in. He settled Danny down to nurse, and stuffed a handful of crackers into his mouth, too hungry to wait for lunch since
nursing the young alpha took a lot out of him. Bucky kissed Tony's head, and watched over his kids from the back of the couch. Tony smiled, "Hey... I love you. You wanna hold Danny when he's done nursing? You're better at burping him." Bucky smiled and nodded, sitting down beside Tony and kissing his cheek, watching his son. The movie started up, and the twins ran and climbed up onto the couch, wiggling between their parents. Bucky turned the volume up a little, and took Danny when Tony was done, patting his back softly. The baby burped, then giggled, pulling at Bucky's hair, now the same length, and style, as Steve's. The alpha laughed softly, pulling him down into his lap, and the baby waved his fists.

"D... ddd...!" He blew bubbles.

"You're a champion at bubbles, huh?" He smiled, popping one, Danny cracked up laughing, kicking his feet. Bucky laughed with him, kissing his forehead, and Tony smiled.

"See? He loves you." Tony let Nia climb into his lap to nurse, though it was only for a second. Jamie leaned against his mother's side, then climbed down to get his puppy. Bucky nuzzled Danny's head, nodded softly, Jamie curled back up against his mom, nuzzling his puppy, eyes drooping a little as he watched the video. "Don't fall asleep, kids," Tony pulled his tank top back down. Jamie looked up at him.

"No sleepies," he murmured, sitting up.

"Nope, no sleepies, because we have to eat lunch," Tony kissed him, "And then we have to go check the compression in your engine."

"Yeah, da comperson, puppy will do it," he said, giggling, making his toy dance.

"Good," Tony laughed, and leaned to grab a couple more stuffed toys, handing one to Nia and making the other dance around. Jamie reached over, making puppy dance with the other toy, "There we go, dancey dance!" Tony chuckled, and Nia started to sing, making hers dance around, too. When Jack Jack turned into a fire monster on the tv, Jamie gasped, and looked over at Danny, Tony snorted, "Don't worry, we're not that kind of superheroes."

"Oh," he frowned, "so I can't run a fast?"

"Ah... no, sorry." Tony mumbled, "I'm sorry." Jamie pouted and his lip trembled a little, "I'm sorry, baby." Tony kissed him, "I'll take you to fly."

"Inda suit?" He asked, perking up, wiggling excitedly.

"Yeah, in the suit." Tony kissed his hair, "Do you want to do that instead?" The toddler frowned a little, and shook his head.

"Tek da comperson and den fly!"

"Yeah, okay." Tony ruffled his hair, blinking when Jamie leaned into his hand. Bucky smiled and kissed Tony's cheek. "Hmm?" Tony looked up, "What?"

"I love you," The dom hummed.

"Oh. I love you, too." Tony murmured. Bucky smiled and nuzzled him softly. "Oh, should we make the cookies, then go flying?" Jamie smiled and nodded.

"And tek da comperson!"
"No cookies?" Tony laughed, lifting the little boy into his lap. "Just engine and flying?" Jamie whined,

"Cookies too! White Choca chip mama!"

"That's what I was asking," Tony nuzzled his face, "Cookies first? Engine first? Or flying first?"

"Cookies!" He said, smiling and curling up against him. A few minutes later, the oven went off, and Bucky took the chicken out.

"Lunch is done." Tony herded the toddlers into the kitchen, settling them into their highchairs, Danny on his lap.

"Alright, smells good." Bucky smiled and placed food before all of them, Nias and Jamie's food cut up into pieces already. "Thanks, baby," Tony leaned up to kiss him, soft and happy, before settling Danny on his knee, taking a large bite of potatoes. Bucky smiled into the kiss and watched over the twins as he ate to make sure they didn't choke.
"I'm nervous..." Tony whispered, looking down at his children, Danny toddling around on wobbly legs, Nia and Jamie playing pattycake together, one in a little tux, one in a poofy dress. "Oh god, I'm nervous, I don't wanna be nervous!" Tony turned to Clint, clinging to him for a moment, "I...what if I trip? What if he doesn't like what I'm wearing?" Clint straightened out Tony's necklaces.

"Are you kidding? You look so hot right now, he's gonna love it." Tony struggled to relax as Clint pinned the jeweled clips into his carefully styled curls, loose french braids holding it up out of his face.

"Are... are you sure?" The brunette whispered, glancing at Nia, stunning in her matching dress, before he fiddled with the lace top of his suit. "I feel... I'm... ugh." He took deep breaths, "What if-?" He cut himself off, "Okay... okay... Bucky is waiting..."

"Yeah," Clint smiled and went over to the girls, "Are you both ready? You know what to do, right? You just follow behind Tony, and throw the flowers in the air, and then you sit next to Thor and Peter in the front row," he smiled.

"No, they go before me, right? Before me?" Tony twisted his hands together, panicking, "Yes, before, they go first." Tony chewed his lip, grimacing at the taste of gloss.

"Right, okay so when Tony says go, you both walk down," he smiled. "I'll see you guys there," he kissed Charlotte's head and left, Tony watched Clint go, his hands shaking as he let Thor take Jamie and Danny to sit down.

"Okay..." He nudged the girls forward, "Go, babies." He looked up as Happy settled his veil into his hair, "Hey. You... you sure you wanna...?" Happy smiled and tucked Tony's hand into the crook of his arm.

"Nothing would make me happier, sir." Tony set his shoulders back, straightening up, the jewelry glimmering in an iris cascade down his spine, and took the first step, heels clicking.

"Thank you." Tony whispered.

"No worries," Happy gave his best smile, although crooked as he walked down the aisle, the girls
toward the end already, taking their seats besides Peter, Steve nudged Bucky's shoulder.

"Wow." He commented. Tony's bouquet was a shower of purple and white orchids, with little blue flowers peeking through; he walked steadily down the aisle, and Steve grinned at the awed look on Bucky's face. "Yeah, jerk, that's for you." Bucky smirked and nudged Steve's side, holding out his hand for Tony when he approached.

"You look amazing," he hummed, his chest rumbling happily, and he wished he could get the honeymoon started now. Happy placed Tony's hand in Bucky's, and settled into his seat; the sub handed his bouquet to Clint, and blew out a breath beneath the veil.

"Hi." He whispered, peering at Bucky through the gossamer veil, as he ignored the flashing cameras. "Missed you." He hadn't seen Bucky in nearly three days, by Clint's insistence.

"I missed you too," he said, arousal seeping through his scent of happiness and excitement; Tony flushed, his dark eyes were rimmed in black, soft purple on the edges, behind his thin veil; he could barely focus on what the priest was saying, just Bucky, who was glowing with happiness before him and Jamie, holding a pillow, waiting for his time, when Thor would place the rings and collar on it. When it was time to say the vows, Bucky took Tony's hand, and smiled at him. "I, James Buchanan Barnes, take you, Anthony Edward Stark, to be my friend, my lover, my mate in life and my one true love. I will be yours in times of plenty and in times of want, in times of sickness and in times of health, in times of joy and in times of sorrow. In times of failure and in times of triumph, regardless of the obstacles we may face together. I promise to cherish and respect you, to care and protect you, to comfort and encourage you, and stay with you, for all eternity, my soul mate." Jamie toddled up with the pillow, containing collar and rings, and the minister smiled, and Tony slowly, settled onto his knees at Bucky's feet, looking up at his alpha.

"I, Anthony Edward Stark, take you, James Buchanan Barnes, to be my protector, my partner, my equal, my mate, and my one true love. I will be with you in times of war, and in times of peace, to fight at your side, in sickness and health, in joy and sorrow, in success or failure," Tony tilted his head back, exposing his throat, "I promise to cherish you, to respect you, to care for you, and at least listen to what you have to say." The audience chuckled at that, "I promise to stay beside you the rest of our lives, through raising our children, and growing old, I promise to be the last person you see when you close your eyes at night, and the first one you see in the morning's light. I promise to be by your side, for all eternity, my soul mate, my love, to stay honest, and keep you honest, too, to be yours always, and keep you mine always, till death do us part." Tony swallowed, and the minister gave him a nod.

"James, if you would place the collar around his throat, and repeat after me; 'With this collar, I thee claim.'" Bucky smiled at his son, and gently took the collar, leaning down on one knee to show that they were equals, even if he wasn't supposed to do that.

"With this collar, I thee claim," he said, reaching under the veil and locking it securely around his throat. Tony brought his hand up to place it in Bucky's for the ring.

"And now, repeat after me; 'With this ring, I thee wed.'" The minister directed.

"With this ring, I thee wed," Bucky smiled, and slipped it on his finger, humming contently. Tony picked Bucky's ring up off the pillow, made of vibranium and gold, he repeated the minister's words.

"With this collar, I submit to thee, with this ring, I thee wed." And he slid the ring onto Bucky's finger.
"Stand," The man gestured for them to stand, and Tony let Bucky lead. "You may kiss your groom." Bucky was literally vibrating with excitement as he lifted the veil, and their lips crashed together, Bucky bending him over in a dip. "I now pronounce you Mr. and Mr. Barnes-Stark, husband and husband, bound in the sight of God and these witnesses." The minister announced, and Tony grinned into the kiss. Bucky smiled as well and brought him back up, breaking the kiss because it was kind of hard to kiss when you were both grinning from ear to ear. He quickly lifted Tony up and started carrying him down the aisle, Tony snorted.

"This isn't a requirement." He laughed, laying his head against Bucky's shoulder, holding onto him. The reception was down the hall, but Bucky carried Tony into the same room he'd gotten dressed in so he could pack away the veil. Bucky chuckled and set him down, kissing him again.

"Fuck, I can't wait till tonight," he said, rolling his hips against his husband's waist, Tony flushed.

"Me either, but... but we have to dance, and cut cake, and..."

"I know," The alpha said, kissing him harder, holding onto the back of his head, his body desperate and needy, Tony unhooked his veil, and set it aside without looking.

"You want me to suck you?"

"Yes," Bucky nodded, quickly reaching down and pulling his zipper down; Tony shifted his feet, and knelt.

"I love you. Don't knot my mouth." He pulled Bucky's cock out, watching the rings glint on his finger. The wedding band locked into place against his engagement ring, and Tony beamed up at Bucky, "I'm your husband." He said before he swallowed his mate's cock down. Bucky gasped and grabbed the nearby table to not mess up Tony's hair.

"Fuck yes," he moaned, rocking his hips back and forth, Tony suckled happily, bobbing his head, then opened his throat, and braced himself, letting Bucky thrust to his heart's content. The sub took Bucky's hands, and placed them on the back of his neck, showing him where to hold. Bucky gripped his neck and shoulder, coming a little faster than normal, since he had been pent up for three days. He did not knot his mouth, like he had promised. Tony licked him clean, sucking until the flow of cum ceased, then leaned back, wiping his lips.

"Better? I missed you, too. God!" He'd been on Peter and May's floor with the kids, and Clint; Steve was probably pent up, too. "They made me take a long bath, and they did weird crap to my feet and..." He stood, and tucked Bucky back into his pants, adjusting his own bulge. The alpha nodded, feeling a lot better now. He would have plenty of time to re-mark Tony over the course of their honeymoon.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony leaned close to kiss him, "We're married... wow."

"Yeah," he chuckled, "C'mon, let's go meet back up with everyone," he said.

"Can we just... just for a minute?" Tony nuzzled the soft white front of Bucky's tux, the gorgeous black waistcoat, and cravat, "I just... okay. I'm ready." He stepped back, "How does it feel having me be this tall?" Bucky smiled.

"I kind of miss reaching down to kiss you."

"Don't worry, I'll take them off after. And... I'll let you finger me in the car." Tony breathed against
Bucky's ear, before slipping out of the room. He waited for Bucky outside the doors to the reception hall. "Okay... now comes the... the dinner, and people, and gifts..." Tony breathed. Bucky groaned softly, and walked out behind him, giving him a sharp slap on the ass. The sub yelped, "Nn... mean." He kissed Bucky's cheek, and opened the door. Happy was at their side immediately, leading them to the main table, beneath garlands of purple flowers. "Oh... it came out great." Tony smiled as he was seated. Bucky smiled and sat down besides him.

"Where are the kids?"

"Thor has them at a little table over here," Tony nodded toward the short table where the kids were eating with Thor. Danny was on Thor's knee, the nine month old had a breadstick and was nomming it happily. "Do you like it?" Tony asked Bucky, taking his husband's hand.

"I do," he smiled, and squeezed his hand, staring happily at Tony. "Steve kept teasing me at the altar 'cause I had a dumb look on my face," he chuckled.

"You were awestruck." The blond dom laughed, settling beside his friend, as Clint sat on Tony's other side. "The playroom is all set up for the kids, if they get bored, Tony."


"I'd put you in a headlock, but I don't want to ruin this suit," he said, running his hands over his own body, Tony bit his lip, watching, and Steve snorted.

"Yeah right," he clapped Bucky on the back. "That cake is huge." At his words, Tony flushed, and looked away, guilt in his scent. The cake, a sugar flower covered, five tiered, monstrosity, was two tiers higher than Bucky had agreed to. Bucky's eyes went wide at how massive the thing was.

"Tony... what are the other two tiers?" he asked, staring at him. Tony kept his eyes down.

"One is... red velvet... and... and... the other is... custard filled german chocolate." He fiddled with his napkin, "I thought..." Bucky let out an awkward noise, his toes curling and his eyes fluttering shut.

"I love custard filled german chocolate," he breathed out softly, Tony blinked.

"Really? So I'm not in trouble?" He lifted his chin, "They called me bridezilla in every magazine, so..." He frowned, "Was I?" He turned to look at Clint, as well, in question. Clint chuckled.

"Dude, you bought two extra layers in the cake without even telling Bucky, you are a total bridezilla." Tony's brow furrowed.

"It was for him!" He insisted, "He wanted chocolate!" He shook his head, "I didn't want to be, but fine, whatever, at least this bridezilla can dance without tripping over his tail." He was grinning by that point. Bucky chuckled.

"I would catch you if you fell anyway," he said, kissing him.

"Well, I'm not going to." Tony nuzzled him, and Happy stood up.

"It's time for speeches, sir." The beta offered, looking between Clint and Steve. The round tables were full of people, faces lit by candles floating in glass bowls of water, flowers spilling around them.

"I'll go first," Clint smiled, getting up and going to the microphone, tapping on it a few times.
"Alright," he clapped his hands together. "Tony, you are my best friend, and it's really awesome that you and Bucky finally got together, but please keep sex to the bedroom," he chuckled, and so did everyone else. "You've done a lot for me and this pack... and I don't know how we can ever repay you. I hope you two live happily," he smiled, and raised his glass; Tony held his glass high, and then he and Bucky carefully twined their arms, and took a smooth sip of champagne. Steve kissed Clint gently as they passed each other, and he stepped up to the microphone.

"Bucky and Tony," He began, holding his champagne flute. "Without the two of you, so many of us would still be alone, you made this ragtag group of people into a family when you bonded, and I'll never forget the things you've done for us, the opportunities you've given me." Steve looked at Clint, and smiled, "It's been Bucky saving my ass since I was a kid, I wish you all the happiness in the world." Happy waited patiently until everyone had settled back into their seats before he stepped up to make his speech.

"Anthony Stark... well, it's Barnes-Stark now, isn't it?" There was a scattering of laughter, "What you saw in me I'll never know, sir, but before you came along I was just a down and out boxer. You offered me a job almost on the spot, sir, and I can't tell you how honored I am, to have walked you down the aisle." Tony flushed, leaning into Bucky's side, "Most people would say things like... Bucky is the best thing that ever happened to you, but I disagree. Not that Bucky isn't good for you, he is. Really is. But you were strong and smart and independent before he came, and long after he stayed." Happy raised his glass, "To the men who turn peoples' lives around, Tony and Bucky." Bucky smiled, and wrapped his arm around Tony, nuzzling him softly.

"I love you," Tony murmured, leaning to kiss his mate, as Happy sat down.

"I love you too," he smiled brightly, when he saw Charlie run over to hug her parents. Steve scooped her up, kissing her cheek; Tony smiled, then blinked when Bruce stepped up to the microphone.

"Bucky and Tony," He began, "without you, I don't know where I would be. You gave me a family, and a place I felt safe, and I can never repay you." He smiled, "Even when we fight, we're happier than I've ever been, and it's been the best time in my life." The beta smiled at Thor, "To Tony and Bucky." Thor raised his glass.

"May the gods of Valhalla rain their praise down on you!" He beamed; the pack drank, and Tony stood.

"It's time to dance," he nuzzled Bucky's cheek. "Let's hope our lessons paid off, huh? Since we've never danced this together." The sub had practiced with his instructor, in his heels, for the last three months to make sure he wasn't going to fall on his face. Bucky stood, smiling down at him, and leading his sub out into the center of the floor, placing his hands in the correct places, and waiting for the music. The omega smiled. "Ready?" He asked, his hand on Bucky's shoulder, as the band start to play, and a voice began to sing 'Fly me to the Moon'. The steps weren't simple, but complicated and elegant, twists and turns, Bucky's hands guiding Tony's body. Bucky smiled, going through the motions as he'd practiced with his instructor thousands of times, wanting to be perfect for his omega. Tony was grinning like a loon, "This is..." He exclaimed as Bucky twirled him, and they ended the dance. "Wow!"

"That was great!" Bucky laughed and kissed him hard, wrapping his arms around him; Tony nuzzled his face.

"Wow, just, yes," He kissed Bucky fervently. The next song started up, and more people came out onto the dance floor. Tony smiled, it was a slow, soft song, so he lay his head against Bucky's shoulder, and let the dom sway him through the dance. Clint hummed and looked at Steve.
Do you want to dance?

"Yes, that would be wonderful." Steve helped him up, "Don't worry, Char, we'll dance to the next song." Clint kissed his daughter's cheek, and walked out onto the dance floor with his mate, smiling at him; Steve settled his hands on Clint's hips. "I love you. Thor and the others agreed to watch our kids tonight, because I... I want to bathe you, and give you a massage, and I bought chocolates, and-

"You don't need to go all out," Clint smiled, his cheeks had a light blush on them. "You know I'm a simple guy," the omega laughed, but he loved the thought of being taken care of.

"I do. And I know... I know that doing these things makes me feel... I love making you happy." Clint smiled at that and leaned up, kissing him softly, biting his lip to add a little of a tease.

"I am happy."

"I'm so glad." Steve murmured, holding him tightly. And then the song ended, and Charlotte grabbed his hand, "I know, baby, come here." He kissed Clint once more, then took Charlie's hands. Clint chuckled and went over to his twin boys, holding them in his arms, swaying side to side softly; Tony's twins ran onto the dance floor, reaching up for their parents. Tony lifted Jamie into his arms, kissing his cheek.

"Hey, handsome." As Steve slid to his knees.

"Here you go, put this hand here, and... and this one in mine." He settled his hand on her tiny waist, and started to dance on his knees with her. Bucky picked up Nia, nuzzling her softly, the kids had stayed with Tony the three days that Bucky wasn't allowed to be around.

"I missed you guys." The brunette dom murmured. Charlie giggled and did a spin, her dress twirling. Nia kissed her daddy's face.

"Missed you, daddy." She murmured, nuzzling him, obviously sleepy. Steve stood, lifting Charlie into his arms, and spinning her around.

"I missed you too," he said, rubbing her back softly. He looked at Tony. "Did they sleep okay the past three days?" Charlie burst into giggles of delight as she held her arms out wide.

"Nia didn't really... or Jamie... they couldn't sleep without you. But Danny, I can still shove a nipple in his mouth to make him sleep." Bucky nodded and kissed her head.

"Should we go take them to that place Steve had set up for them? At least it will be quiet."

"You think they'll be okay missing out on cake?" Tony asked.

"Probably not," he chuckled, and kissed Nia's cheek. "Gotta stay awake for cake."

"Cake." The little girl mumbled, yawning.

"Yep, did you see it, there's five flavors!" He pointed to the massive cake.

"Fibe?" Nia's eyes widened, and Tony chuckled.

"Yeah, we're gonna have cake in a few minutes, so you have to wake up," Bucky smiled, tickling her tummy.

"I am." She squeaked, wiggling in his arms, and Tony kissed her cheek, smiling when Thor
brought Danny to him. Bucky laughed and nuzzled her some more. Jamie reached over and took Danny's hand, swinging it to the music tiredly. The baby babbled at Tony in baby talk; Jamie nodded along as if they were having a philosophical conversation. Steve held Charlotte against him as a slow song started up, swaying from side to side with her. Charlie wrapped her arms around him, nuzzling his cheek.

"I love you, daddy."

"I love you, too, baby girl." Steve kissed her cheek, holding her through the song, "I think it's dinner time, then we get cake." He grinned, carrying her to sit with her mother. Tony had his sons in his lap, as the food was served, elegant and unconventional. Steak and steamed vegetables, garlic red potatoes, and bottles of delicious wine. Bucky made sure the kids were served regular grape juice, and smiled at how they devoured their food. Tony ate carefully, the jewels down his back jingling when he moved.

"Hey, slow down," he helped Jamie to get a smaller bite with his fork, and the toddler whined.

"But it's good, mama!" He murmured, eating the smaller pieces.

"Yeah, but if you choke on it, it won't be good anymore." Tony reminded him. He huffed and ate slower, putting his fork down so he could grab his glass, Tony helped him hold it, so it wouldn't spill on his suit, "There you go. Almost ready for cake!"

"Yeah!" Jamie laughed, wide awake now.

"Awesome," Tony kissed his son's nose, and handed him to Thor, "Thor's going to hold you while you eat it."

"Okay," he smiled, holding onto one of Thor's massive hands; Tony stood.

"Bucky, we're supposed to cut it, and feed it to each other." Bucky nodded and stood up, placing Nia in Thor's other arm. He walked over and smiled at Tony.

"Which layer should we cut?"

"The chocolate for you, and the pumpkin for me." Tony indicated the top and bottom layers. And they took the beautiful silver knife together, cameras flashing on every side, as it slid into the cake, and they cut a slice. Bucky smiled as they cut it, and then they cut the second top slice. Holding the pumpkin, he grabbed a bite on his fork and held it to Tony's lips. Tony smoothly got a bite of the chocolate with custard, and lifted it to Bucky's mouth. Bucky hummed and licked his lips, opening his mouth immediately for more; Tony smiled, eating his own bite happily. He and Bucky carried the plates over to the table, and sat down, but Tony kept feeding him bites. Bucky hummed, grinning happily at his mate.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony beamed, "I'm so happy with you."

"I'm glad I married you," Bucky hummed, and gave him another bite of cake. Tony leaned against his side, and closed his eyes.

"Mm. Me too." Bucky smiled and hugged his husband.
As the night progressed, Bucky had had a slice of every cake, and three more of the chocolate; the kids were out at their play area, and things were getting crazy. Interviewers kept coming to talk to them, until Tony stood, towering over them.

"Go, we're done here, this is a wedding not a press conference!" Bucky put his hand on Tony's shoulder.

"Do you want to dance some more, or go get the kids?" He asked, a little tipsy from challenging Thor to a drinking contest. Tony downed another glass of something amber, breathing in deep.

"I think it's time to go." The sub was drunk, but it wasn't obvious, he held it in well. "This is... it's done."

"Alright," Bucky agreed, kissing his neck softly. He went over to his friends to say his goodbyes, and to his sister, giving her a big hug and a nuzzle. She hugged him back shakily, and Tony bent to kiss her cheek.

"Thank you for coming."

"I love you, little sis," Bucky smiled. "I'll visit again after the honeymoon."

"I'll be here." She smiled, watching them go. Tony settled into his seat in the car.

"I'll miss the kids tonight, but..." He unzipped his pants, "...it'll be worth it. I did say you could finger me."

"Yes you did," The alpha smiled and pulled Tony against him, pushing Tony's pants down to his knees, rubbing his thumb against the very edge of his rim, and Tony groaned.

"Wait..." He reached back, and guided Bucky's hand to feel the base of the jeweled plug, "...had it in all day." Bucky shivered and nipped at Tony's throat.

"Fuck, Tone, you can't just say that and expect me to not get hard," he murmured.

"Did I say not to get hard?" Tony kicked his pants off, "Happy." He called, "The long way home." The beta nodded, and rolled up the window that divided the front and back of the car. Bucky smiled and quickly shed his pants, lifting Tony's legs up, suckling on the head of his cock; Tony groaned, falling back against the seat of the car, legs falling open. "Fuck... Bucky!" Bucky moaned and sucked his whole length down, pulling the plug free, Tony gripped his knees, pulling them up so that Bucky had better access. The alpha let his legs fall onto his shoulders, and he hummed as his cock twitched the second the head was in. Tony grunted.

"Told you... you could finger me... not..." He rolled his hips, taking another few inches in.

"Sorry," Bucky replied, not really meaning it as he pushed in the rest of the way, he had been deprived for THREE DAYS. He needed to re-scent his omega.

"Nn... ah..." Tony arched his back, "Fucking... unf...!" He leaned up to kiss his mate, "I missed you, fuck, it was only three days."

"Too long," The alpha muttered through the kiss, and he started nipping down his jaw, sucking on his throat.

"We've made it longer than that before." Tony mumbled, "But yeah, I know the feeling."
"I didn't like it," he muttered, his knot slipping in and out of Tony's hole.

"Yeah, well," Tony shifted, "Fuck... we're going to ruin the top half of my suit." The strands of jewels were digging into his back. Bucky whined at that.

"I'll be careful," he grunted, rocking his hips faster, moans escaping his mouth; Tony bucked his hips.

"Ow, okay, fuck, fuck, just..." He leaned up, trying to get to the cascade of jewels on his back, a waterfall of potential jabs against his skin. "Lemme... lemme ride you." He had a sudden idea, "I wanna ride you so you can see the jewelry you picked out... on my skin... with nothing underneath." Bucky hated to slow down, even stop, but he nodded, and pulled out, rolling onto his back, Tony carefully removed his shirt, making sure not to tear the lace, then, slowly, the jewels glinting on his back, he straddled Bucky... backward. Facing the front of the limo, Bucky beneath him, he sank onto the throbbing cock of his mate. Bucky thrust his hips up to meet him, groaning as he watched his thick cock spread Tony open, the glittering jewels doing wonders against Tony's skin. "Fuck... yes, fuck me, Bucky, fuck me open!" Tony held himself up, letting Bucky take control. Bucky panted and thrust up, slamming into his hole, watching the necklace bounce with each thrust.

"Fuck... gonna knot you so good."

"You'd better." Tony gasped out. "Fuck... yes, yes, oh...!" With one last thrust, he shoved his knot up inside of Tony, moaning loudly as he came, and Tony ground his hips down, shuddering, "C-can I cum? Bucky? Can I cum?"

"Yes, go ahead baby, cum," he panted, rubbing Tony's hips, Tony grabbed his cock, stroking hard and fast, rocking on the knot embedded in his ass, and spilled all over his fingers, and Bucky's thighs. Bucky smiled, and scooped up the cum with his fingers, sucking on them happily, Tony twisting to look back at him.

"You drive me crazy, Mr. Barnes-Stark." Bucky smiled and gave his ass a small slap.

"You drive me crazy. Five cakes?" He smiled.

"Five layers." Tony leaned forward, showing off the stretched rim of his ass, the way Bucky's knot pulled at it. "And you loved it." Bucky smiled,

"I know, I had probably a million slices."

"You had quite a few." Tony wiggled a little, reaching back to rub at Bucky's knot through his skin. Bucky bit his lip, and he grabbed Tony's hand.

"Sorry... a little too sensitive," he muttered. The sub whimpered.

"Sorry." He whispered, "I didn't mean to." He lay his body over Bucky's thighs, "Oh... I'll never forget this day."

"It's okay," he said, rubbing Tony's thighs, "I won't either... I can't wait to see all the pictures."

"Me either." Tony mumbled, "The magazine things I can wait for though, indefinitely."

"Mmmh," he nodded, rubbing Tony's hips, starting to get sleepy, Tony wiggled.

"No you don't, no, Bucky, come on! Don't sleep..." But it was too late, Bucky was out like a light,
"...but...sex all night..." The sub whined, pulling off of the soft cock, and sighing as he dragged his briefs back on. He maneuvered Bucky back into his pants, and, upon arriving home, enlisted Thor to carry him back to their floor. "Thanks, muscles." Thor beamed.

"You are most welcome. Do not take his sugar crash to heart, he should awaken soon." Tony snorted.

"A couple hours, and then I'll be tired." He sighed, and waved Thor out the door, "Bye... see you in the morning, hope the kids don't drive you all crazy." The sub waited until the blond was gone from their floor, before he undressed his dom, and slipped his briefs off, cleaning both their bodies gently, before he climbed into his bed, and pressed his body against Bucky's. Bucky slowly curled up around Tony, breathing heavily against his neck. The omega hummed, and focused on the gentle buzz of alcohol in his system, the warmth of Bucky against him, and the comfort of their bed. The rings glinted on his finger in the low light of their room, and Tony smiled. "Huh... what a strange world." He mumbled, closing his eyes, and sighing when sleep didn't come.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Ideas?
Honey, We're Mooning

Chapter Summary

Warnings: Smut, tickling, and language barriers.

Chapter Notes

Hey, lookit that, it's early.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Several hours later, Bucky was wide awake, sitting on the edge of the bed, running his hand through Tony's hair. "Wake up."

"Mm mm..." Tony rolled away, dragging a pillow down into his arms, and curling around it. The alpha chuckled, and rolled Tony back over, kissing his head,

"C'mon, I have your favorite."

"No... m'sleepin'..." Tony flapped a hand at him, eyes still closed. Bucky bit his lip.

"I have potatoes." Tony kicked at him, tugging the blanket over his head.

"Nooo..." The alpha frowned, and took the plate of eggs, sausage and hashbrowns back to the kitchen. Tony groaned, burying his face in the pillow, trying to fall back asleep. He was so tired then he realized what he'd done, and sat up. "Bucky?" He called, "Bucky?" His hair was a mess, the jeweled clips tangled in the half braided strands, and he tugged a pair of soft pajama pants on, and shuffled, exhausted, out into the kitchen. "I'm s-... s-... sorry." He stifled a huge yawn, stumbling a little. Bucky smiled, and kissed his cheek.

"Get back in bed, you can't have breakfast in bed if you aren't there," he chuckled, Tony blinked sleepily.

"Sorry..." He hunched his shoulders, and, head down, guilt in his scent, he climbed back into bed.

"Hey, don't worry about it," he said, kissing him full on the mouth once Tony was back in bed. "Is it okay if I feed you?" The sub was barely awake, eyes sliding closed, and then he'd force them back open, blinking, only to start to drift again.

"Mm what?" He peered up at Bucky, "Feed... yeah... yeah sure..." Bucky tilted his head slightly.

"If you want to sleep some more, you can. I can feed you later."

"Uh uh..." Tony mumbled, rubbing his hands over his face, "...don't wanna sleep more... you wanted me to wake up." He blinked at the food, nodding off again, only to jerk back upright.

"Get some sleep," Bucky insisted, kissing his head, standing back up; Tony whimpered.
"But Bucky..." He rubbed his eyes, ".you... wanted..." And he was out, breathing deeply, head slumped back against the headboard. Bucky put the plate in the fridge, and pushed "stop" on the coffee machine.

"Sir? If I may?" Jarvis spoke quietly, in the kitchen, "Sir had a difficult time sleeping last night... due to, what I believe, was sexual tension..."

"Fuck..." Bucky grumbled. "I know... I shouldn't have had so much cake, but it was so good! I'll make it up to him."

Tony was a cloud of guilt and worry when he came back out an hour later, his eyes on the floor. "...I..." He scrubbed a hand over his face, "I'm so sorry, Bucky, I didn't mean to do that, I really w-wanted to be good, I was trying, I just..." He held out their riding crop, "...I understand if you want to punish me." Bucky took the riding crop, and pulled Tony forward.

"I have a better idea. You're not in trouble, but I want you to eat up, and then get on the bed," he smiled, Tony stared at him.

"I'm not...? But I was bad..." He whispered, hands shaking.

"I heard you were awake for a while, because I fell asleep and left you unsatisfied... and I want to fix that." Tony hunched his shoulders.

"You fucked me, it was plenty..." He mumbled, biting his lip. Bucky rolled his eyes and pulled Tony into a chair, holding eggs to his mouth; The sub shivered, taking the bite, "...I'm sorry."

"Don't be, you're a good boy," he hummed, scooping up more egg, Tony chewed hungrily, shifting in his pajama pants.

"I..." The sub started, and Bucky stared at him.

"You're a good boy, and that's that."

"Yes, sir." The sub ducked his head, and obediently ate the eggs, bite by bite, until they were gone. Bucky fed him the sausage and hash browns as well.

"Good?"

"Yes, thank you." Tony mumbled, chewing his lip, "On... uh... on the bed?"

"Yes," he kissed his head and took the plate to the sink. The omega shivered against the urge to crawl, and stepped into the bedroom, climbing onto the bed and kneeling in the center. Bucky came over and with gentle hands, started to remove Tony's clothes, kissing over his slightly darker skin. Tony swallowed.

"Bucky, you don't have to... I'm okay." Bucky frowned.

"I want us both to enjoy this, don't make me punish you on our honeymoon, you didn't do anything wrong." Tony hunched his shoulders.

"I kicked you," He whispered, laying his chest on the bed, "And our honeymoon starts tomorrow when we fly to Venice."
"You were being kind of cute, I didn't know you had trouble sleeping the night before."

"Cute?" Tony blinked up at him, "I... if you're sure." He frowned, then shifted his hips, sticking his ass up. Bucky beamed at him and licked his hole, groaning softly as he worked his thumb in. Tony whined, toes curling. "Oh... what uh... what are we doing?" He chewed his lip. "Bucky...? I still... I don't know about... you know, leaving the kids for..." Bucky stopped, and nuzzled Tony's cheek.

"Do you... not want to go to Venice?"

"It's just... without the kids? That's really far away..." Tony sat up, leaning against him, "I mean, I pumped, so Danny has milk for the next..." Bucky nodded.

"We can video chat with them every night."

"But what if they get the flu? Or they can't sleep?" Tony whispered, "What if something happens and we're not here?"

"Captain America, Hawkeye, Thor, Hulk, and Spiderman are here," The dom rubbed Tony's hips. "I..." Tony nodded slowly, "...okay... okay." Bucky smiled and went back to playing with his hole. Tony lay back forward, still worried, but this was important, it was very important that they leave for this trip. To spend time just the two of them, in a beautiful place like Venice, a whole week just them, to do whatever they wanted. Bucky reached between Tony's legs and started pumping his cock as he used his other hand to finger the omega's hole. All thoughts of his kids and the trip faded from Tony's mind. He groaned, rolling his hips, and chewing his lip. "Bucky..." He whined, digging his nails into the blankets, "...will... will you swat me...?"

"Yeah," he nodded, giving his ass a firm bite, before taking his hand off the omega's cock, and bringing it down on his ass; Tony bucked at the bite, and gasped in pleasure at the slap.

"Fuck... th... thank you, sir...!"

"Such a good boy, starving for punishment," he growled softly, nipping at the insides of his thighs and balls before pulling back and slapping him two more times, the fingers in his ass scissoring him. Tony squirmed.

"Yes, sir, yes, want it-!" He panted, rocking his hips back, "Please, please, sir, yes, so good!" He was babbling, he knew he was, but he couldn't stop. The alpha growled happily, and pressed his cock against his hole, pushing in with one thrust. The sub buried his face in the bedding. "Sir!" He cried, pushing back against Bucky, begging without words for more. Bucky pushed Tony's chest carefully to the bed, fucking him hard as he slapped him, making his cheeks nice and red, and Tony couldn't help thinking about how he was about to sit on a plane for hours with his mate, and how his ass would be sore and throbbing. "Gonna-!" He warned, before he convulsed with his orgasm, body quivering. Bucky groaned as Tony convulsed around his shaft, making him cum, his knot locking inside of him. He reached down and stroked the omega's shaft. "Nnnn!" Tony arched up against him. "Ah ah... B-Buuucky...!" He whined, and came a second time, externally this time. Bucky bit his shoulder, humming into his skin, shaking softly. "Oh... oh..." Tony panted, gripping Bucky's cum splattered hand in his own.

"I love you." The alpha groaned, nuzzling his face as he laid them both down.

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, laying his head back against Bucky. "Do you want more kids, Bucky? Because I... um..." He chewed his lips, "I was thinking, if... if not... then maybe I could take uh... those... birth control pills? I... not suppressants, obviously, but... they just... you know,
make it not... possible to inseminate the egg? I don't... never mind." Bucky smiled and nuzzled him.

"I think that'd be good, we can always take you off of it if we want more." Tony shifted.

"Well, if we... but not... above... it's not good to have them over a certain age when you've had the uh heart conditions I've..." He clarified, "...but yeah, essentially."

"We'll be careful," he smiled.

"Okay... I did research, I mean, really, I looked into it, and I got the formula for them from... you know, so I know they're safe, technically, so..." Tony closed his eyes, "...so... yeah."

"That's good, my good boy," he smiled. "I love you."

"Mmm." Tony relaxed at the praise, "Love you, too."

"Are you sure? I'm not... what if...?" Tony held Danny to his chest, just outside the jet that was fueled up to take he and Bucky to Venice. "Bucky..." He whimpered, nuzzling his baby son, the twins were wrapped around his legs, "Can't we just...?"

"No," Steve gently took Danny out of his arms, and Thor picked up the twins, helping them wave to Tony and Bucky, "You can't. This is for you, you need the break."

"Yes, Anthony, you require this time of relaxation and completion!" Thor exclaimed.

"What he said," Bruce chuckled, pulling Tony into a hug. "Have fun, enjoy yourself, don't get arrested for public nudity." Bucky grinned.

"As if I'd let anyone else see him naked," he snorted, nuzzling Tony's head. Clint huggd Tony.

"We'll take care of the brats, have fun."

"I recall," Steve teased, "Going swimming naked with all of you. And some very public sexy times." Tony flushed and kissed Clint's cheek.

"Remember, Nia doesn't like ham, and Jamie will eat anything if you say it's chicken..." He bit his lip.

"I'll remember," Clint smiled, as Bucky kissed Tony's cheek and started to pull him away, into the plane.

"Wait! Wait! I didn't get to kiss Nia!" Tony protested, whimpering, as Thor held Nia out, and he quickly kissed her face. "We love you! We love you baby darlings!" He called as Bucky physically wrangled him into the jet. Bucky buckled him into the jet, and sat down besides him, petting Tony's head.

"They'll be okay."

"But..." Tony mumbled, closing his eyes, and pushing his fingers through his hair. "They're so young, Bucky." He sighed, leaning into Bucky's side, and trying to let himself be excited.

"I know, babe, I know. They'll be okay," he nuzzle his head softly.

"Okay." The sub focused on relaxing, "What do you have planned? Are we going to leave our
"Yeah," he chuckled, "I figured we could spend the day shopping, having fun, doing whatever, and then sex before bed."

"Ah." Tony scooted down to slouch in his seat, sighing, "Shopping, huh? Which means lots of jetlagged walking."

"Yeah, it'll be fun," he smiled at him, really excited, Tony climbed into his lap, and tucked his face against Bucky's shoulder.

"Mhm." He nudged at Bucky's hand until the dom finally placed metal fingers in his hair.

"That's my boy," he cooed softly, nuzzling his head, and the sub steadily relaxed against him, scent bubbling up into contented happiness.

When they arrived, they were both pretty tired, but Bucky was determined to get to their hotel. They got a rental and he drove them, since he had finally learned how to, to the hotel, Tony yawned, slumping in his seat. "Mnn... sleepy..." He mumbled, stretching his legs out, "I'm tired... of sitting, Bucky..."

"Me too, we're almost there," he said, and soon enough, they were pulling up in front of a very large and luxurious hotel.

"Bags... we have bags, right... we packed things?" Tony blinked tiredly, and climbed out of the car, leaning heavily against the side.

"Yeah, they're in the trunk," he said, getting out and grabbing most of the luggage. He walked inside to the reception desk, "Reservation for Barnes-Stark." Tony leaned against his mate's side, pulling the last two bags.

"The Palladio Suite," He clarified, and the desk clerk smiled.

"Yes, yes, of course. Welcome to the Hotel Cipriani, sirs." He ducked out from behind the counter, and motioning a bellhop over to gather their luggage, "Right this way." Tony gripped Bucky's hand, trying not to yawn, hearing the click of a camera already.

"C'mon. We have a private dock."

"Yeah? That sounds awesome," he smiled, following the bellhop to the elevator; Tony nodded.

"Yeah, it was one of the reasons I picked this suite, though the other suite does have a beautiful view." He relaxed slightly when the elevator doors closed, and the clerk handed them their room keys.

"We have a pool, the only swimming pool in Venice, sirs." He explained, "A fully stocked fitness center, and personal trainer, a tennis court, and a boutique for your lovely omega to shop in." Tony sighed.

"Sounds nice," he nodded, playing the part, and the clerk smiled happily.

"We also have a spa, and offer many tours of-"

"Yes, thank you, but we're very tired, and would prefer to dine and then catch some sleep before
"hearing about the tours." Tony interrupted, a little snippish.

"Ah, yes, you have reservations in an hour at the Oro Restaurant."

"Thank you." Tony replied. Bucky rubbed Tony's neck, and tipped the man, before opening the door and going inside, taking their bags in.

"Wow..." He smiled, the place was huge! Tony stepped in, looking around, the walls were floor to ceiling windows, with views of the lagoon, and glass doors opened to a beautiful, yet private, balcony with the same view.

"There's a private pool on the terrace, with a jacuzzi." He yawned, "I think..." He sprawled his body onto the huge bed, trimmed in gold and white, and closed his eyes. "Bucky... m'tired..."

Bucky smiled, and kissed him softly.

"Let me take off your shoes, then you can get some sleep," he said, going to his feet. Tony shook his head.

"Dinner reservations... Oro's... it was hard to get them..." The omega sat up slowly. "Bed is comfy though... firm... you gonna fuck me on it?" He blinked sleepily.

"I am, I fully intend to, but not right now," he hummed as he put their things away.

"Not right now?" Tony mumbled, slumping face first back onto the bed, "But look how cute I am..." He wiggled his butt in the air. Bucky smiled, and came over, squeezing his ass.

"Very cute, but I don't want you to be even more tired during dinner," Tony whined, and rolled onto his back.

"You're boring." He teased.

"We'll see how boring I am later on," he said, going back to putting clothes away; Tony flopped his head back.

"Yeah yeah... an hour, huh? How else are we going to kill an hour?" At that, Bucky shrugged.

"I don't know..." Tony sat up, looking around the beautiful room, the table decorated with a vase of white roses, with two elegant chairs. The dressing table, and desk, the beautiful curtains.

"I like this room."

"Me too," he smiled, throwing the empty bags in the closet. He kicked off his shoes and slumped on the bed; Tony looked down at him, then flopped on top of him, kissing him playfully.

"You're so handsome," he murmured after a moment, Bucky kissed him back, smiling brightly at his omega before the sub began a vicious tickle attack. His fingers had his dom erupting into squeals and laughs, pushing at Tony's hands.

"Oh no you don't!" He laughed and started tickling Tony's naked feet; Tony promptly sat on his feet, and dug his fingers under Bucky's flesh arm, his most ticklish place. Bucky laughed and squirmed away, grabbing Tony's hands and pinning them down over the omega's head, hovering over him; Tony bucked.

"Noooo! I was winning! I was totally winning, admit that I was winning, Bucky!" He squirmed.

"You were winning, but then your big, strong sexy alpha took over," he said, holding his wrists
down with one hand, and tickling his belly. Tony arched, writhing.

"NOO! STOP!" He cracked up laughing, trying to curl his legs up, but Bucky's body was in the way. Bucky laughed and blew a raspberry against his collarbone. "BUUUUUCCCKKKKKYYYY!" Tony shrieked, kicking and flailing. Tears sliding down his cheeks from the force of his laughter. Bucky laughed and backed away, keeping away from Tony's fingers. "St-st-st-st-STOP!" Tony cried, pushing at Bucky's chest. "NO! STOP!" He kicked his legs, rocking back and forth. "NO!" Bucky frowned. watching him, keeping his distance.

"What? I'm... I'm sorry," he groaned, as Tony gasped in a breath.

"What?" He panted, "Couldn't breathe, I'm okay... I'm alright, Bucky." He wrapped his arms around his husband, "I'm okay, sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." Bucky slowly wrapped his arms around Tony, nuzzling his neck.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to do that..."

"I'm alright, I thought I was gonna pee on you, though." The sub chuckled, still out of breath, Bucky laughed at that.

"I think I've seen enough bedwetting with Jamie."

"Please don't say that in front of him... I wet the bed until... until I was eight... and it sucked. It was awful, and I couldn't help it." Tony looked away. "God... he's so embarrassed by it, and he's only two." Bucky nuzzled him.

"If he would just wear the damn pull up..." Tony pulled away.

"He doesn't want to, it's embarrassing, because Nia doesn't have to wear one, and he wants to be as big as her." He ran his fingers through his hair, "It's... I know it's hard for you, but I have it under control, okay? I ordered some... some training pants, but they're washable underwear, okay? And they'll stop it from getting in the bed as much." He pulled his phone out, "I should call Peter... what if he wets the bed and they get mad at him?"

"I don't think they'll get mad at him... but I would let him know that it'll probably happen." He said,

"I don't want to tell people...what if they're mean to him, Bucky?" Tony chewed his lip, "I'll call..."

"Peter isn't one to be mean," he said, nuzzling him.

"I know, but..." He swallowed, "...Peter? Hey, s-sorry to bother you... um... I just... how was Jamie... last night?"

"He... acted weird," the omega replied, sounding concerned. "He was really upset and didn't let us in his room."

"They slept in their room?" Tony whimpered, "They were supposed to sleep in the living room with... with Thor, I..."

"Nia did, but Jamie..." he sighed, "...we tried to get him out."

"Okay... um... fuck... he... he wets the bed, but he won't wear pull ups, so... so..." Tony whispered, "So just... just... is he still in there?"
"He came out for breakfast, but that was it, he went back in... should I go see if he peed the bed?"

"Uh... fuck. Ask Jarvis? And then... coax him out, just... ask if he wants a bath, or..."

"Okay, I'll do that... how's the honeymoon?"

"It's... it's good. I'm really tired, didn't sleep much on the flight. How's Nia? And Danny? Are they alright? And please... please don't say anything to Jamie about wetting the bed, just... have Thor maybe..."

"I'll do that. and they're both good, Charlie's been keeping Nia busy, and Danny has been pretty calm."

"Okay," Tony leaned back against Bucky, "I just don't want him to be embarrassed."

"We'll try to do this carefully," he said, motioning for Thor to come over.

"Thank you." The omega murmured, "I appreciate it. I'll... see you all in... you know, a few hours on skype." He hung up, "Okay... oh, we did pass the time, huh?" Tony slipped the phone into his pocket. "It's time for dinner."

"Awesome" he smiled, and got up, "We have to wear fancy clothes, right?"

"Yeah, well, kind of." Tony mumbled, stretching, and looking down at the open suitcases Bucky had packed for him, with a groan. "Bucky..." The two that hadn't been fully unpacked, were stuffed full of lingerie. Bucky smiled.

"C'mon, wear it underneath."

"That an order, sir?" Tony dug through one suitcase, until he found a matching set. "Alright, but you don't get to see until after dinner." He picked up his suit, and locked himself in the marble bathroom. Bucky smirked, and slid his suit on, fixing his hair quickly in the mirror; Tony emerged in a charcoal grey suit, tailored perfectly to his body, his curls carefully slicked back, "Ready? There's a boat waiting on the dock."

"That sounds romantic," he hummed, and nodded his head, taking Tony's arm in his.

"It's kind of the main way to travel around here." Tony smiled, and let Bucky lead him out onto the private dock. Bucky helped him into the boat, and sat down besides him. Tony leaned into his side for the ride, leaning up for occasional kisses. Bucky kissed him back happily.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, standing up as they disembarked, onto the patio of a gorgeous restaurant, strung with lights. "Here we are, the Oro."

"Wow, it looks great," he said, pulling Tony toward the entrance. He smiled at the man in the front. "Reservations for Barnes-Stark." The man responded in quick Italian, and Tony beamed, thanking him, as he lead them to their table, and handed them menus. Bucky smiled, at least, he did until he looked down at his menu. None of it was in English! A soft groan escaped his lips, he didn't know what to do, he spoke a little French, but no Italian. Tony was reading happily as the waiter opened and poured champagne for them.

"Hi," The omega beamed, "Bucky? You want to order first?" Bucky tried to hide the desperation wafting off of him.
"Um... gonna need another minute..." Tony conveyed that to the waiter, and he swept off to help another table.

"Is something wrong?" The sub leaned forward to ask his dom.

"Yeah," he said, showing Tony his menu, "It's not in English."

"It's... it's in Italian, since we're in Italy." Tony scooted his chair closer to Bucky's, "So... it says... can... can I just order for us? I promise you'll love it." The alpha nodded.

"Yeah, I'd like that," he grinned.

"Alright, that's easier than reading the whole thing to you, plus, I'm tired." Tony leaned back in his chair as the waiter returned, looking expectant. "We'll start with the Formaggi, then the Baccala, then the Tortellini, and Maialino, and... finish off with souffle, and the passione." The sub said smoothly, and the waiter wrote it all down, smiling back, "Thank you,"

"Of course, sir." The man said in flawless English, before heading back to the kitchens to put in the order.

"He spoke English!?" Bucky asked, shaking his head, "He had no intention of helping me order," he laughed.

"Probably not without being asked," Tony grinned, and took Bucky's hand, "You'll like it, I promise."

"Okay," He smiled, and leaned across the table to kiss him; Tony didn't resurface from that kiss until the first plates of food were settled between them.

"Here, it's creamed stockfish, with red pepper, and... just try it." Tony settled a bite onto his dom's tongue. Bucky shrugged, and chewed it up, smiling brightly.

"Oh wow, that was a lot better than I thought it'd be."

"Psh, trust me." Tony ate a couple bites, then went back to feeding his mate, happy to see his expression turn happier with every bite.

"I can't wait to taste the other stuff you ordered," he smiled happily,

"I can't wait to see you taste it." Tony whispered, eyes shining, "Close your eyes." He breathed when the next dish, Veal shank tortellini with wine sauce and cheese fondue, arrived. He lifted a bite to Bucky's lips. Bucky wrapped his mouth around it and groaned loudly.

"Oh my god, that is amazing," he opened his eyes, "Is that lamb?"

"Yeah," Tony grinned, "And cheese." He chuckled.

"I love lamb and cheese," he smiled and opened his mouth for another bite; Tony beamed, feeding him half the plate.

"Wait, wait, there's more!" He scooted the plate away, taking a tiny bite for himself, "Okay okay, so Maialino." He lifted a bite of the newest dish, "Ready?" It was candied, and breaded, pork, with creamed apples and licorice, vinegar and violet carrots. Bucky looked at the weird slop of food put together, but he ate it as well, and was impressed with the different tastes.

"Wow, that was a lot better than it looked."
"That's why I was having you close your eyes, and it's beautiful, shut up." Tony kept feeding him bites, leaning closer to him, "And now... dessert."

"Dessert sounds wonderful, but so does that cheese and lamb dish," he said, stealing a little more from the second plate; Tony pushed it back over.

"Take your time." He fiddled with his fork, taking a few bites, but not much. "I got the souffle and passione for dessert."

"What are those?" he asked, feeding Tony more bites.

"I'm not explaining what a souffle is to you, because just no." The omega shook his head, "I'm not hungry, hun."

"You're gonna eat the souffle and passionate, right?" He asked, shoving more in his mouth.

"It's Passione, and a little, yeah." Tony waved his fork, "I'm just... I think it's because I'm tired, but I'm just not hungry."

"We should come back here," he nodded, "When you are well rested and ready to dine," he smiled, finishing the first and second plate, and picking at the third; Tony nodded.

"Maybe." He smiled when the desserts were set before them. "Thank you." Bucky smiled down at the two desserts.

"They look great," he said, scooping up a spoonful of the blackberry souffle and holding it to Tony's lips. The omega hesitated, "You first." He pulled the sherbet toward himself.

"I just... mm." He yawned, "Sorry, I just want a few little bites." The alpha smiled and ate the bite, wiggling a little in his seat at how good it tasted.

"Wow!"

"You like it? It's myrtle and blackberry souffle, with violet ice cream on top." Tony explained, taking a bite of the passione, "And this is apricots, peach sherbet, and almond meringue with Bellini snow."

"What is bellini snow?" He asked, taking a bite of the passione, he loved almonds and sherbet.

"I actually have no idea." Tony shrugged, "But everything else sounded great." Bucky chuckled and offered Tony one more bite of the souffle before he ate it all. The sub ate the bite slowly, fighting another yawn.

"I really like the ice cream on that."

"Me too, we have to buy some for the kids," he grinned, finishing off the souffle.

"I wonder if we could have it flash frozen and shipped over..." Tony muttered, pulling his phone out.

"What are you doing?" He asked, staring at Tony's phone.

"Seeing if it would make it back to New York without being worthless, and... if there's anywhere that makes it State-side." Bucky smiled.

"Tony, can you please put your phone away? We can look up all that stuff later." Tony's shoulders
slumped.

"Uh... okay..." He slid it back into his pocket, head down, "I just wanted to... never mind."

"I know, and we will, I just want to enjoy the rest of this dinner with you," he smiled softly.

"Forget it, it's not... it's not important. I don't know why I even bother." Tony hunched his shoulders, "I'm finished eating." He murmured, chewing his lip. Bucky frowned, and looked down, biting his lip. He just wanted to enjoy the meal without Tony being distracted by his phone; Tony glanced up at him, "Is it not good? Do you not like it? I'm sorry, I just wanted you to get to try everything and..."

"I love it! I love everything, and I love you," he said, reaching across and taking his hand, "I just... wanted to feel selfish, and have your eyes on me, and not your phone. We can always look stuff up later... I just want to enjoy here and now."

"My eyes are always on you... you said you wanted to get this for the kids, so I..." Tony shook his head, "I love looking at you..."

"I'm glad," he hummed, leaning across to kiss him. "I do want to get this for the kids, but does it really have to be done right this second?" Tony's brow furrowed.

"I put the phone away, can you stop lecturing me now?" Bucky leaned back in his seat, huffing.

"Yeah," he muttered, looking down. The sub stared at the table, then remembered that Bucky wanted him to look at him and lifted his gaze to the alpha's hand.

"I'm sorry I looked at my phone."

"Okay," he smiled, and felt a bit happier now that he apologized; Tony watched his dom's fingers move.

"Can we box up the rest? I'm really tired." He grimaced when his voice wobbled, ruining his attempt to seem sincere about the words.

"Sure," he nodded, and motioned a waiter over for boxes and the check.

Chapter End Notes

Pleeeeeeeaaaaaaase comment?
Not So Sweet Insecurity

Chapter Summary

SO SO SORRY FOR THE WAIT! I made my sister's wedding cake last night, so I was unable to post the chapter and forgot to tell Spiffs. Only eleven chapters left after this one, guys!

Warnings: Well, nightmares, and...really, just a lot of intense smut. See End notes for warnings of what, precisely.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony was silent the whole ride back to the hotel, carefully keeping his eyes on Bucky's hand the entire time, until they got back to the room and he listlessly stripped his suit off, leaving it to wrinkle on the floor as he sank to his knees in the lingerie.

"I like your choice," he hummed, running a finger through Tony's hair. Tony shrugged one shoulder.

"Thanks..." He dug his hand into the abandoned pants, and handed Bucky his phone, "...I don't want it anymore... we'll use yours to call the kids."

"What? No, Tony, you keep it, I just didn't want you to be distracted at dinner..." The sub refused to take it back.

"I thought dinner was over. You've been getting upset whenever I use it, Bucky. And I barely ever do."

"Keep it," he said, "For emergencies, at least, like if we get separated in this place. Please?" Tony slowly took it back, head down.

"Okay..."

"Thank you." he smiled, and kissed him on the lips.

"Did you want to fuck, or are we going to bed?" Tony asked, eyes down.

"I want to make love, you look beautiful," he hummed.

"Make love..." Tony lifted his eyes, "...why?" His voice shook, and he clenched his eyes shut, "Damn it... yeah, okay, whatever you want, Bucky."

"Why?" He asked, frowning. "You have to ask that? I love you, Tony, I want to enjoy our time together on this honeymoon." Tony flinched under his dom.

"I'm sorry I ruined it..."

"C'mere," he said, hugging him. "I love you, okay? You didn't ruin it. Let's get some sleep, I know..."
you're tired, You can take care of my morning wood later." Tony sniffed, trying not to cry.

"I did... I ruined it... you were having such a good time and..."

"And we can continue to have a good time," he kissed him softly.

"How?" Tony asked, as Bucky lay them in the bed, on top of the blankets.

"With sex," he hummed, kissing his throat, "or just cuddling, I know you're tired." The omega leaned his head back, swallowing thickly.

"I want you... but you keep saying to wait... and... and I get more tired..." He whispered, "...I... I'm not sleeping well, Bucky."

"I know," he said, laying down and spooning against Tony, nuzzling his throat. "Get some sleep." Tony's brow furrowed, and he stared at the far wall, the lights were still on, and he chewed his lip.

"Bucky? The... the lights?" Bucky quickly got up, and turned all the lights off, shutting the curtains so they wouldn't be woken up at ass o'clock in the morning. Tony pulled his knees up, sighing, because even in full lingerie, Bucky wasn't very interested. He closed his eyes, trying to sink into sleep, and barely succeeding.

"You're worthless, Tony, why would he want you?" Obadiah Stane chuckled, pushing into him, rough and painful, as he always had when he was alive. Every motion burned, "Worthless. And you think he wants you? He doesn't, Tony, he doesn't." And he pulled the reactor from its casing. Tony woke gasping, clawing at his chest, his entire body shaking, but Bucky was still sound asleep, sprawled across the bed. The omega checked the time, Three am... fuck. He stripped the useless lingerie off, and shut himself in one of the bathrooms, turning the shower on and staring at himself in the mirror, at the shadows darkening beneath his eyes. Bucky stirred when he heard the sound of running water; he woke up, and found Tony missing.

"Tony?" He asked, sitting up; the sub took a deep breath, and ducked his head under the water, shaking hard, but it cleared his head a little; he shoved his hair out of his face, choking on his next few breaths, before he leaned back against the marble wall. His hands trembled, and he slid down the wall to sit in the bottom of the shower, watching the water run over his legs. Bucky opened the bathroom door and walked in, opening the shower. "Hey Tony, you okay?"

"Yeah..." Tony whispered, pressing his hands against his chest, No reactor no reactor no reactor... "Just... needed a shower."

"Okay," he said, smelling the fear in the air, but he didn't mention it. He sat beside the tub and stroked Tony's wet hair. The omega swallowed, "I'm just... I'm just not... sleeping well..."

"Mmhmm," he nodded, "do you want to go home?"

"No! No... I don't want to go home!" Tony lay his wet head against Bucky's chest, "I like it here, I want..." The alpha smiled and kissed his head.

"C'mon, out of the tub," he hummed.

"Okay..." Tony stood up, stepping out of the shower, and fumbling to turn off the water. He yawned, slumping wetly against Bucky's chest. Bucky kissed his head, and grabbed a towel, rubbing Tony's body down. "You... I'm sorry I woke you up." Tony mumbled, "I didn't mean to."

"It's okay," he kissed him softly, "C'mon, back to bed, sleepy head."
"M'kay." Tony yawned again, and let Bucky carry him to the bed, asleep before they got there. Bucky smiled and after he got everything turned off, he crawled back into bed with Tony, nuzzling him. Yet an hour later, Tony was crawling out of the bed again, clutching at his chest, and tugging a pair of boxers on before he shuffled out onto the terrace. Bucky stayed asleep this time, exhausted. Tony fished his phone out of the room, and dialed Peter's cell.

"H-hey... are... are any of the kids awake?" He asked.

"Hey, Jamie is," he smiled, handing the phone to the older boy.

"Mama?"

"Hey, baby... how are you?" Tony swallowed, trying not to cry.

"I miss you," he said, curling up on the couch, hugging his puppy. "When you come back?"

"A few days, honey, we miss you, too, darling." Tony swallowed, tears sliding down his cheeks, but he didn't let the sadness enter his voice. "Me and daddy are going to be home in a week, that's... six more days, so on Peter's calendar, have him help you write six days, and then you can cross each one off. And... and..."

"Okay," he said, yawning into the phone, rubbing his eyes.

"Honey? Baby, will you wear a pull up for me? Just at night?" James let out a big whine.

"But I wanna be a big boy!"

"You are a big boy, honey," Tony promised, "Just at night, because you sleep so good, my big boy..."

He whined, but nodded his head. "Okay mommy..."

"Thank you. My big boy." Tony whispered, "I love you."

"I wuv you too," he sniffed.

"I know, now get some good sleep in, okay? And Thor reeeeeeaaally wants to have a slumber party with you."

"He does!?! He asked looking over at Thor. "You wants to have slumber party with me!??"

"Yes!" Thor exclaimed, "I would like nothing more, my young friend! For the battle of pillows will be glorious!" Tony snorted when he heard his friend through the phone.

"Don't hurt my son!" He called. Jamie laughed and squealed, throwing the couch pillow at Thor... Missing completely. "Okay, baby, have fun!" Tony hung up, hugging his knees. "Okay... you can do this, Tony, just... just go back to bed..." Bucky was sitting up, sighing.

"Tony, please come back to bed." Tony flinched.

"Sorry." He whispered, standing up, and climbing into the bed, "Sorry... I didn't..."

"Shh," he hummed, pressing Tony's face into his neck. "Will you sleep better if you're smelling me?"

"I don't... maybe..." Tony curled against him, shivering once, "I'm alright, I just... wanted to call
Jamie."

"Okay. Is he doing alright?" He asked.

"Yeah. He agreed to wear the pull up, and he's having a pillow fight with Thor." Tony mumbled.

"That sounds like fun," he smiled.

"Mm." Tony closed his eyes, and drifted, he was so tired... he jerked awake half an hour later, tears streaming down his face, and Bucky shaking him.

"Tony, c'mon, come here," he said, holding him to his chest, rocking him, "talk to me, baby." The omega clung to him, shaking.

"Sorry... I'm so sorry... I don't know what's h-happening...!" He gasped, "I've b-been fine... for y-ears! I don't understand w-why I'm d-dreaming a-about them all n-now...!"

"Maybe because I let you bottle it all in... I'm all ears now, tell me about your dreams." Tony trembled.

"No... p-please... I don't want to-!" He shuddered, gripping his hair, and clenching his eyes shut.

"Okay... alright, I'm not forcing you," he sighed softly, Tony buried his face in Bucky's chest, shaking.

"Forcing... forcing me... saying... saying you don't want me...!" He gasped out.

"I'm not forcing you," he said, hugging him, "and if I didn't want you, I wouldn't have married you yesterday."

"I kn-know... they... in the dreams they're... forcing..."

"Who is?" Bucky asked softly.

"H-Hammer... O-Obi... the... the Hydra... agents... they're... and they say... they say you... d-don't... and I know... I know it's not t-true, but..." Tony struggled to get his breathing under control.

"Calm down, deep slow breaths," he said, rubbing his back, the sub sucked in a deep breath, shaking.

"...sorry..."

"It's okay," he hummed, "I love you."

"Love you, too..." Tony whimpered.

"You're my good boy," he hummed, nuzzling him, Tony shivered against him.

"Will... maybe if... if you drop me... maybe I'll be able to sleep...?" He nodded, and nuzzled him.

"You're such a good boy. I want you to take off my boxers, and grab one of the dildos I brought for you," he hummed. Tony tried to calm down, chest heaving, as he pulled Bucky's boxers off, and climbed to the floor, crawling to the suitcase of toys, he opened it, and carried the dildo back to Bucky in his mouth. He knelt at Bucky's feet, and swallowed, holding the toy out.

"Turn around, " he said after taking the toy, and he rubbed the complimentary lube over the
toy. Tony turned obediently, beginning to sink into subspace, as he pressed his chest to the floor, and pressed his ass up.

"Yes, sir." He murmured hazily.

"Spread your cheeks for me," he groaned, rubbing his balls. Tony reached back, spreading himself, "Yes, sir." The glorious floating feeling of subspace settled over his mind. Bucky rubbed the head of the dildo across his rim, pressuring softly.

"Mm... sir..." Tony mumbled, rolling his hips back. Bucky pressed the toy in, slowly going deeper, and the sub moaned, rubbing his face on the floor.

"Such a good boy, taking it all," he groaned, his cock hard against his thigh; Tony quivered as the slight bulge of the base spread him open, and the toy lodged inside.

"Thank you, sir, I'm a good boy... I'm a good boy." He mumbled against the floor, rolling his hips.

"You are a very good boy," he hummed, and stroked Tony's cock. The sub arched his back a little, groaning, then slowly rolled onto his back, laying his head back to submit, his cock hard against his belly. Bucky smiled and placed a hand softly at the exposed throat, but he sucked Tonys cock into his mouth. The omega arched.

"Sir!" He moaned, spreading his legs open, rocking his body, the base of the toy catching on the floor so that it shifted enough to slide in and out of him an inch.

"Fucking yourself, huh?" He smiled, and nipped at Tony's foreskin; Tony whimpered, arching.

"Y-yes, sir...!" He breathed, eyes half lidded. Bucky wrapped his mouth back around the sensitive head and gave a hard suck. "S-sir!" Tony came in Bucky's mouth, hips jerking, "Mmmn...!" Bucky groaned and licked his lips. He crawled over Tonys body, and started stroking his cock; Tony lay flat, looking up at his alpha with bleary content eyes. "Sir... please... please cum on me, mark me...!" He whimpered.

"Where do you want me to cum?" He asked, smiling, watching his precum fall on his belly; Tony whimpered.

"Face...?" He requested hesitantly, unsure if he should. The alpha nodded, and scooted up his body.

"It's gonna be a lot of cum," he groaned, Tony opened his mouth, sticking his tongue out, and reaching a hand up to cup Bucky's balls, rolling them in his fingers. Bucky gasped and moaned, moving Tony's other hand against his knot. The sub gripped his knot, squeezing gently, and rubbed his fingers down Bucky's perineum to brush over his ass. Bucky groaned loudly and arched his back, his cum shooting out onto his sub's face. Tony closed his eyes as cum spattered his cheeks, catching in his eyelashes, and hitting his tongue. Bucky hummed and squeezed his knot, mimicking Tony's hole; Tony licked his lips and opened his eyes slowly.

"Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome," he hummed and rubbed the cum into his skin, Tony leaned into his hands.

"Mmm..." He closed his eyes, and relaxing, the haze of subspace cradling him.

"Come back to bed with me when you're ready," he hummed, Tony lay on the floor, breathing deep, trying to stay relaxed, in subspace. Bucky flopped into the bed, simply completely exhausted. Tony crawled up and lay across the foot of the bed, subservient, content. Bucky's feet were against
his belly. Bucky slowly slipped into sleep.

It kind of worked, Tony didn't wake for three hours, but when he did, he was wide eyed, fearful, and climbed right into Bucky's arms, sniffing. Bucky only barely woke up, wrapping his arms around Tony, and going right back to sleep. The omega nuzzled his dom's chest, tears slipping down his cheeks, but he made no move to pull away, simply breathed in Bucky's scent, felt the layer of cum on his face, and lay there, curled against his alpha. When Bucky finally did wake up, he looked down at Tony, smiling at him; Tony bared his throat.

"Mm... sir..." He whined, feeling his alpha's fingers run over his ass, the drop driving him up the wall with lust.

"Did you even sleep?" He asked softly.

"Yes, sir..." Tony murmured, "...a little."

"Good," he hummed, kissing his cheek. "I love you." Tony rutted his erection against Bucky's thigh, blinking up at him innocently. The alpha chuckled and squeezed his ass. "Wanna ride me?"
The sub thrust excitedly.

"Yes, sir, yes, please...!" He wiggled his ass, and nibbled at Bucky's chest. Bucky grinned and rolled on his back, stroking his morning wood; Tony climbed up his body, moaning. "Sir... sir..." he spread his thighs, and held Bucky's cock in his hand, lining it up with his entrance. "Mmn...!" He groaned as he impaled himself on it. Bucky hissed and moaned, jerking his hips in pleasure; Tony lifted up, hands braced on Bucky's chest, and plunged down hard and fast, riding Bucky as if his life depended on it.

"Tony!" He gasped, meeting his thrusts. The sub whined, he'd tugged the dildo out as soon as Bucky mentioned riding him, and he was bucking fast, crying his alpha's name.

"BUCKY! BUCKY!" His cock bounced against their bellies.

"Fuck!" He shouted And shoved his knot into Tony, grasping his hips. Tony continued to grind down against him, legs shaking.

"Oh... Bucky..."

"Tony..." he groaned, rubbing the red tip of his omega's cock.

"Please...!" Tony rolled his hips in a rough circle, groaning. Bucky stroked his whole cock, and he gripped the omegas hip so he'd stop tugging on his knot. Tony chewed his lip, "Bucky...Bucky...!" He leaned forward, kissing his mate, the sub bucked as he came, throwing his head back. Bucky panted and moaned, watching the cum splattering on his chest. Tony gasped out a moan, "Bucky... oh... fuck... that was..."

"That was amazing," he hummed, rubbing Tony's cum into his belly. "Fuck, I'm hungry." Tony stretched.

"Oh god, me too." He breathed.

"We should get room service," The alpha suggested with a smile.

"Agreed." Tony leaned, laughing when Bucky rolled them over in the bed, jubilant, eyes shining.
He grabbed the in-room phone, "Yeah, this is the Palladio suite, we want to order breakfast... yes... mhm... some of everything, yes."

"We're getting everything?" Bucky asked, chuckling.

"Yup." Tony hung up the phone, looking up at the dom hovering over him. He wrapped his legs more firmly around Bucky's waist, the knot a solid presence within him, and smiled shyly. "We never do stuff like this anymore."

"Rough and wild sex, no, but we have lots of regular sex," he hummed.

"Fun sex..." Tony frowned, ".I meant... this was fun, it... never mind." The omega leaned up, giving Bucky a soft kiss. He would take his moments where he could. Bucky kissed him back.

"I think all of our sex is fun," he said, Tony nodded.

"Yeah." He murmured, "Well... food, food is good, and..."

"Are you okay?" He asked.

"Yeah." Tony repeated, "Sorry, I'm just... I don't want to upset you first thing," Bucky shrugged.

"What would you like to do today?"

"Do we have to do anything? Can we just stay here? Go in our jacuzzi and... and have sex and eat room service?"

"Yeah, we can do that," he beamed at him. "That sounds awesome."

"Really?" Tony blinked, surprised.

"Mmhmm, I've never been in a rich hotel's Jacuzzi," he smiled.

"I have," Tony laughed and nuzzled him, "It's nice. Food first though."

"Definitely," he chuckled, nuzzling him back.

"Mm... nn..." Tony groaned as Bucky pulled out of him. Bucky smiled, and kissed him as he got up.

"Don't you dare get out of bed," he smiled, pulling on lounge pants. Tony shifted, sprawling his legs open, and lifting his hips to show Bucky the glob of cum escaping from his hole.

"Yessir." He hummed, and Bucky groaned, licking his lips as he waited for their food. The sub whined, lifting his hips, and rolling in soft thrusts against the air.

"Such a good boy, giving me a nice show," he smiled, Tony's eyes slid to half mast, and he dragged the discarded dildo over, bracing his feet, and pressing it up into his ass, cum dribbling down the silicon length. "Tony," he groaned, his cock tenting his pants, "I wanna see you cum."

The sub took the whole thing into his ass, groaning.

"Y-yeah... Bucky... talk to me...!"

"I bet you love that cock inside of you, so fucking deep, spreading your tight hole open." Tony whined, quivering, as he dropped onto it again.
"Yes! Yes, sir, so good, opening me up...!" Bucky hummed and slipped a finger into his hole.

"Open you up so good..." Tony gasped.

"Oh... oh fuck, Bucky... yes... yes...!" The sub rolled his body down, taking the dildo deep, and the finger with it, stretching his rim.

"I wanna see you take more than one," he hummed, pressing a second finger in, Tony's legs shook, feeling Bucky work the second digit in, bit by bit, a little painful, until it was in, and he adjusted.

"Oh...!" He was so full, lifting, the shaft of the toy rubbing against the rest of his rim, driving him crazy. Bucky grinned, and started to rub Tony's prostate. "Fuckfuckfuckfuck-!" Tony's cum shot into the air, splattering over his chest in thick ropes. "Ohgodohfuckgodfuckingshit!" He rode Bucky's fingers and the toy jerkily through the aftershocks, practically sobbing.

"That's it, get it all out," he hummed, amazed at Tony's intense orgasm. And jealous it wasn't by his own cock. The sub slumped onto the bedding, shaking hard.

"Nnn... oh... oh... don-" He whined as Bucky pulled his fingers free. "...fuck..."

"Calm down a little, we'll do more stretching soon," he beamed, Tony lay gasping in the blankets, shaking.

"Oh... that was... overwhelming..." He moaned, "...love your fingers... love you..." The toy was still embedded in his ass.

"I love you too," he smiled, glad his mate was in a much better mood. Tony shifted, moaning.

"Mmn..." He hummed, as someone knocked at the door. Bucky quickly tried to hide his erection, and he came to the door; Tony whined from the bedding, sweat glistening over his tattoo, hips shifting.

"Room service, sirs?" The man at the door offered, glancing at Tony, his face flushed. "Where would you like it?" The beta indicated the food carts.

"I will take them," Bucky smiled, getting in front of the man's view. He shoved some money in the man's hand, "That will be all."

"Yes, sir." The beta stepped back, and allowed Bucky to pull the two carts in, before he stepped away down the hall. Bucky hummed happily, staring at all the food,

"What would you like, Tony?" Tony licked his lips, thrusting very slightly against the toy.

"What do you want to feed me?" He murmured. "Sir?" He hummed.

"How about some eggs?" He asked, "Or pancakes? French toast? Crepes?"

"Crepes." Tony stretched, "Can... Bucky? Can... can..." He took a deep breath. "If we're staying here all day, can I just crawl? Can I... be... like when you first came back from Hydra?" Bucky nodded slowly.

"I don't want to be mean to you," he said, staring at him, Tony licked his lips.

"That's... that's okay... um... but just... playful swats and... and a toy... and... crawling, serving you?"
"Yeah," he nodded, sitting down, "I'd like the waffles." Tony nudged the toy up into himself until it stayed, then climbed out of the bed, crawling to kneel at Bucky's feet, lifting the plate of waffles into the dom's lap, and waiting patiently for bites. "I thought you wanted Crepes?" He asked, smiling.

"Does sir want to feed me crepes?" Tony asked softly, pressing his semi-hard cock against Bucky's shin, and laying his head on the alpha's knee.

"I do," he nodded, petting his head as he took a bite of the waffles. Tony leaned and pulled the cart with the crepes over to Bucky, smiling. Bucky hummed and took the food, breaking off a piece and holding it in front of Tony's lips. The sub opened his mouth, sucking Bucky's fingers, and then settling back to chew the piece of crepe. Bucky smiled and ate a piece of his waffle while his mate chewed. "It's pretty good."

"Mm." Tony hummed contentedly, nuzzling Bucky's knee. Bucky rubbed the spot on his head, watching him fully relax; Tony breathed deep, sliding down into the semi-drop that having his hair played with gave him.

"I love you so much," he hummed, pressing another piece of crepe to Tony's lips. The omega nibbled it off the fork, eyes half lidded.

"I love you, too, sir."

"After breakfast, would you like to accompany me in the hot tub?" He asked softly, Tony nodded.

"Yes, sir." He rocked his soft cock once against Bucky's leg, then closed his eyes. The alpha smiled, and continued to rub his head as he ate most of his meal before giving Tony another piece. The omega chewed happily, then yawned once, before scooting back, "Sir... can we switch to another toy?"

"Yeah, I brought a bag full," he said, pointing to the one sitting out. Tony pulled it over, and waited patiently for Bucky to choose one. Bucky pulled out one of the ones he made, handing it to Tony. The sub blinked up at him, and turned, laying on his back, and reaching down to slowly tug at the smaller one inside of him. He pumped it in and out a few times, moaning, then tugged it free completely, and nudged the head of the new one against his ass.

"Watch me, sir? Watch me take your cock...?" He panted, pushing oh so slowly, the head spreading his rim bit by bit. Bucky pulled his pants down, his cock springing free and he moaned loudly.

"That is so fucking hot, babe." Tony shifted his legs, and pressed, moaning when the head popped fully inside.

"Mm... Bucky... yes...!"

"Fuck," he groaned, rocking his hips against the bed, Tony pressed the toy in at an extremely slow pace, occasionally pulling it back out an inch.

"Sir... do you like... seeing me take... your cock?"

"I do, my cock should be the only cock," he growled softly, really turned on; Tony pressed it deeper.

"Is... it is... the only one..." He panted, and bit his lip as the bulge of the knot hit his rim, 
"...Bucky... Bucky...!" He cried, arching his back as he ground it up into his body, and it finally
slipped inside. "Oh... oh...!" And the knot wasn't even one that inflated.

"Fucking slut," Bucky growled, shoving two fingers into his hole; Tony cried out, because this toy was much larger than the last.

"Bucky-!" He whined, pulling his legs up. Bucky grunted, sucking one of Tony's balls in his mouth, releasing it with a pop. Tony trembled, shaking, as a third finger rubbed at his stretched rim. "P-please-!" He cried.

"Do you wanna take both my cocks?" He asked, stretching him wide open. Tony was bucking hard when his dom's fingers clamped around the base of his cock.

"Fuck... fuck, yes, Bucky, but... but need a c-cock ring..." he panted, chewing his lip. "Fuck-!" He shrieked when Bucky pulled at his ass, stretching him further.

"I don't want to pull my fingers out," he grunted, moving them in and out; Tony whined, rocking up against him.

"B... B...!" he arched, "Oh fuck!"

"Tell me how much you want me," he panted.

"Oh... oh god... Bucky, want you so bad... please! Please! I want you to stretch me open, fuck me with two cocks, oh, I need it... I need you to fuck me open, to push that big cock into me... and feel another of it against you... need... need to have two of you inside me...!" Tony babbled, clutching at the Dom's wrist. "Pleasepleasepleaseplease...! Make me cum all over myself... or... or don't let me cum all day... just keep me stuffed, ready to be double fucked for you...!"

"I like that second idea," he smirked and kissed him as he pulled his fingers out, pressing his cock in. Tony whimpered as the very tip pushed at his rim, trying to get in. He finally had to reach down and pull at his entrance before it started inside. He whimpered, hand going for his cock, the base of the dildo braced securely against the floor, so it wouldn't slip out, as Bucky worked himself deeper. When the head popped in, against the dildo, Tony was trembling, gripping his cock tight.

"Gotta... put a... ring on my c-cock... gonna cum...!" He gasped out as Bucky just pressed deeper and deeper.

"You can cum this time, but not again until after dinner," he said softly, trying not to growl or scream in pleasure. Tony cried out, bucking as Bucky pressed relentlessly forward, until the bulge of his knot hit Tony's rim, and stayed there.

"Fuck.. fuck...!" Bucky rolled his hips, wanting his knot inside, but he didn't want to hurt Tony.

"God, this feels so fucking good!"

"P-please...!" Tony writhed, bucking, "Oh... oh god...!" He felt the alpha working his hips in little circles, trying to get deeper. "Fuck... thrust... thrust awhile... open me up more..." The alpha nodded, making strong, slow thrusts.

"Ahhh, oh shit..." Bucky groaned, Tony felt like he was going insane as the knot bumped against his loosening rim.

"Oh... oh...!" He panted, gasping and trying to buck up, but his legs were shaking.

"I got it," He gasped, keeping Tony's hips still as his own moved back and forth, slowly getting
deeper, Tony shrieked when the knot finally breached him, back arching, and cum splattering his chest. Bucky hissed a little as his knot was squeezed, but it felt way too good. Tony gasped, bucking and shuddering through his orgasm's aftershocks.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck...! Bucky-!" He choked out, crying out when the alpha flicked one of his nipples and continued to thrust.

"You are so sexy, Mr. Barnes-Stark," he hummed, leaning down to kiss him; Tony gasped against his lips.

"Full... so full...!" He whined as Bucky thrust deeper, still not coming.

"You're stuffed full with two of my cocks, two giant alpha cocks," he moaned, Tony shuddered as Bucky pushed his legs up, bending his body, and he had to reach down and press his hand to the base of the toy so it didn't slip out.

"Yes... yes! So good...! So big...!" Bucky rolled his hips until he finally did cum, his entire body shaking, Tony was wide eyed, shaking in little bursts. "Oh god..." Bucky shuddered, and kissed Tony's jaw.

"Fuck..."

"Oh..." Tony repeated, seeing Bucky rooting around in the toy case, "...whatcha... doin'?...?" He panted, until he saw the other replica of his mate's cock lifted out of it, the one with the inflating plug.

"Both of these are going to stay inside of you," he hummed, and he pulled out a cock ring, sliding it over his mate's shaft, Tony jerked, whining, and nodded.

"Yes... sir..." At the easy obedience, Bucky smiled, and gently pulled out, pressing the dildo into Tony, inflating the knot. The sub bucked, hips rocking. "Ah ah f-fuck!" He cried as it swelled, lodging both toys firmly inside of him.

"That's it," he said, kissing him again, "C'mon, let's finish eating." Tony lay on the floor, chest heaving.

"Can't..." He whined, "...gotta just..." He struggled over onto his belly.

"Are you okay?" He asked, rubbing his back.

"Y-yeah... overwhelmed..." Tony panted, "...so good..." He crawled shakily to Bucky's chair, and lay his head in the alpha's lap. Bucky smiled and petted his head, eating bits of his left over waffle as he rubbed his scalp, Tony's hips rolled in little circles, trying to relieve the pressure, so horny that he could hardly think. "Jacuzzi...?"

"Mmmhm," he said through his last mouthful of waffle, and he stood up; Tony slumped against the chair.

"Mnnn..."

"C'mon, can you stand?" He asked, smiling.

"Uh uh." Tony mumbled, crawling out onto the terrace. The alpha nodded and slapped Tony's ass, grinning; the sub groaned, pressing his chest to the ground and presenting his stuffed ass for more swats. Bucky only swatted him until his ass was red, watching the skin jiggle.
"C'mon, get in the jacuzzi, don't slip." Tony sank into the hot water, groaning.

"Fuck... that feels amazing..." His muscles slowly started to loosen and relax. Bucky smiled and settled in beside him.

"Yeah, it does..." The dom agreed, Tony leaned back against the edge, the position nudging the toys a little deeper, making him groan. Bucky hummed and kissed his head. "I love you, Tony... I really do."

"I love you, too." Tony scooted over to him, and lay up against his chest, yawning. Bucky smiled and closed his eyes, nuzzling his head. The omega stretched a little, "So full... Mm."

"Yeah... I don't think you've ever been this full, huh?" Tony shook his head, turning it to mouth at Bucky's chest, as if in a drop.

"Mmm." Bucky tried to relax, wrapping his arm around Tony, and the sub closed his eyes, sinking into contented happiness. Eventually Bucky got tired of being in the hot tub, and he got out, drying himself off. The omega blinked up at him, "Bucky?"

"I'm okay," he smiled and sat in a nearby chair.

"You sure?" Tony rubbed his eyes clear of sleep, and climbed out of the jacuzzi to kneel at his alpha's feet. He nodded, though the prolonged warm water made his arm ache a little. "Mm." Tony kissed at his thighs lovingly, "I love you. I really... I love you."

"I love you too," he smiled, petting Tony's head softly. Tony kissed his dom's thigh, mumbling happily. When it started to get cold, Bucky dried Tony off, and brought them inside. The sub hummed as he was lifted up, and carried into the room. Bucky deposited him on the bed. "Are you hungry?"

"Mm, yeah." Tony stretched out on his belly.

"Me too... we have a whole bunch of sandwiches," he said, offering him ham, turkey, and chicken, Tony crawled across the bed, and took one, beaming. Bucky smiled, and took one also, eating the chicken happily; Tony chewed, and watched Bucky, calm and relaxed, complete adjusted to the size of the toys by then. Bucky ate contently. "You're so pretty."

"What?" Tony flushed, "Me?"

"Yeah," he nodded, "You're amazing, and beautiful..." He leaned in and kissed him; Tony laughed, mayonnaise on his lips, and Bucky's tongue in his mouth.

"Mmm." Bucky chuckled with him, but he didn't break the kiss, Tony clutched at him, trying to climb up into his arms. Bucky pulled him into his arms and nuzzled his face. "I love you." Tony breathed, kissing him again.

"I love you too," he said, and they kissed, slow and passionate, eyes fluttering closed, and hands on each others hips. Bucky smiled, and hoped that Tony would finally get some well deserved sleep. The sub yawned again, and then he was out, exhausted. Bucky smiled, and fell asleep as well, he hadn't had much sleep the night before either.

Tony woke sweaty and gasping, but not from bad dreams. "Bucky-!" He griped the dom's hair. "What...?" The alpha's head was buried between his legs, his hot mouth wrapped around Tony's
cock. Bucky groaned and smiled at Tony.

"It just looked too good to ignore," he said, taking it back down, nibbling on the foreskin. Tony groaned, bucking up into his mate's mouth.

"Oh... fuck...!" He grunted, his ass still full of the two dildos. Bucky hummed and bobbed his head, snapping the cock ring against his skin; Tony jerked every time it snapped back against his skin. "Buckyyyyyy!" He whined, tugging at the man's hair.

"Ahh, I said no coming until tonight," he said, squeezing Tony's balls until Tony whimpered. "B-b-but...!" He whined, "...sl-slept...!" He bucked up again.

And you think that means you can come?" He snorted, Tony quivered, toes curling.

"What? P-please!"

"Please? You've had two cocks buried in you for hours, and I've only cum once." Tony whimpered. "F-fuck me, sir, knot me... and f-fuck me... and...!"

"You already have two cocks in your ass, which I'm reluctant to move... I want you to sit on my face," he grinned, Tony whimpered.

"With the toys in?" He quivered, and slowly sat up, "Fuck... yes, sir..." The alpha nodded, and grasped Tony's hips, sucking his omega's hard shaft into his mouth. Tony cried out. "B-Bucky!" He whined, the dom's hands holding him aloft. Bucky thrust his hips, reminding Tony of his own problems; Tony bit his lip. "Wanna suck you... wanna..." He whimpered, "Please?"

"Yes," he groaned, only letting go of his cock for that second before going back to bobbing his head; Tony slid onto hands and knees, and sucked Bucky into his mouth, but he jerked, losing focus, when Bucky rubbed his stretched rim. Bucky slapped him when he stopped, and went back to rubbing his rim; Tony quivered and bobbed his head, sucking hard.

"Mmnn... nnn...!" He whimpered and Bucky groaned around his cock, and thrust his hips, feeling the back of his throat. Tony arched his neck, and took Bucky down his throat. Bucky moaned loudly, giving Tony another firm slap, the sub whined around his dom's cock, shifting his hips. Bucky moaned and sucked on his cock until he was cumming, his knot pressing hard against Tony's lips. The omega didn't let it into his mouth. "Mmmnn." Bucky moaned and rolled his hips, gripping the cock ring with his teeth, and pulling it off. Tony came as soon as it left his cock, jerking and moaning, giving Bucky one last suck. Bucky groaned and squeezed Tony's ass.

"Fuck..." The alpha groaned, listening as his sub whimpered, hips twitching. Bucky patted his ass and let Tony roll off of him, and the slim brunette flopped on the bedding, thighs twitching.

"Are... you gonna take... them out?" He panted.

"Do you want me to?" He asked, grabbing the base of one, Tony whimpered, legs pulling up to give Bucky better access.

"Up to you..." Bucky smiled and pulled them both out, watching his gape try to close, Tony arched, toes curling, "...oh...oh fuck...!" Bucky smiled and rubbed his hand along his rim, before beginning to press his hand in. "B-Bucky!" Tony cried, as the dom shaped his hand into a spear, and pressed it slowly in. "O-oh! Fuck!" He cried, rocking his hips in little aborted circles. The alpha preened, watching his mate fuck himself on his hand. "Please...!" Tony whined, rocking
faster, and then he pressed down, hard, and Bucky's hand popped inside. The alpha groaned and bit his lip, moving his fingers around, as Tony shook beneath him. "Oh... Bucky...!" Bucky hummed, and slapped his ass with his flesh hand. "Metal... metal in...!" Tony whimpered, "Oh god... gonna-!" He bucked, taking Bucky even deeper.

"You like my hand in you?" He asked, moving his hand around some more.

"Y-yes! Yes, sir...!" Tony panted, rolling his hips in fast circles.

"You gonna cum again? You've cum so much, my good boy."

"Y-yeah... yeah...!" Tony panted, "Gonna c-cum...!" Bucky moaned and stroked Tony's hard, wet shaft, and the sub came as soon as Bucky touched him, crying out. Bucky pulled his hand out, and lowered Tony onto a bed on his side, and he got him a glass of water. Tony sipped it shakily. "Oh... my god..."

"Feel better?" He asked, kissing him.

"Yes..." Tony nuzzled at him, "...mmm... love you..."

"I love you too..." he said, hugging him, and Tony slumped in his arms.

"How long have you been holding that in?" He laughed.

"Forever, it feels like," Bucky chuckled.

"Well... we have six more days to let it out." Tony beamed up at him, Bucky smirked.

"You don't want to go sightseeing?"

"When we can do this?" Tony chuckled, "We can go sightseeing, and at night we can..."

"Yeah," he kissed him again, "we can get gifts for everyone."

"Mm. Yeah." Tony nodded in agreement, "Starting tomorrow." Bucky nodded in agreement.

"Definitely. We have warm dinner and desserts to eat still." Tony hummed.

"I bet... you could put your hand and... and your cock in me..."

"If you're up to it," he grinned, sprawling out on the bed, flexing his muscles, Tony straddled his lap.

"Maybe another day. Stretch me for a bit first."

"I've already stretched you a lot," he chuckled. "You want more?" The sub bit his lip.

"I need to... take a little break first, get... uh..." Bucky nodded and kissed his head, sitting up and grabbing the ham sandwich, digging in. Tony leaned against his alpha, humming contentedly. Bucky wrapped an arm around Tony, humming as he ate, feeling really relaxed. The sub yawned again, and kissed Bucky's ribcage, relaxed and happy.

"Wanna sleep a little?" He asked him.

"Yeah." Tony shifted his hips. The alpha nodded, and finished his sandwich before laying them down, pulling Tony right to his chest. The omega curled against him, and slipped easily into sleep.
Bucky smiled, and hoped that his mate's slumber would be filled with sweet dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Warnings: Stretching, Double penetration(with a toy), fisting, etc.
"Surrender! I give in to thy superior skill!" Thor exclaimed, "Surely your prowess with a pillow will go down in Midgardian history!" It was his third night helping to care for Tony and Bucky's children, and, as usual, Jamie was the last awake. Jamie giggled as he ran around; he threw one last pillow at Thor, showing off his "muscles." Thor scooped him up. "It is time for the great sleep, for you wear the armor!" He patted Jamie's padded rear. Jamie blushed and started to cry softly; Thor blinked. "No! Do not cry, for I wore such trappings until I was five years old!" He kissed Jamie's forehead, "There is nothing to be ashamed of." The child calmed down a little.

"Am I gonna wear dem until I'm five?"

"If you do, it will not make a difference." Thor assured him, "We shall sleep, and upon the morn we shall change into our day clothes, and attend the zoo!" James smiled and nodded, wrapping his arms around Thor's neck, yawning softly.

"I wanna see all da tigers!"

"I swear to thee, we shall observe every one!" Thor carried him to the bed, and lay him beside his siblings, snuggling down with the three kids happily. Jamie pressed against his warm body, and slowly fell asleep, rubbing his eyes tiredly. Thor looked up as Peter leaned into the room, "They are sleeping soundly," He assured the omega, eyes soft. Peter smiled and nodded, moving to sit over by Thor.

"They're so cute."

"Verily." Thor replied, touching Peter's hand, "How do you feel, Peter?" He asked, gaze caring, concerned. Peter shrugged.

"I think my heat is approaching..." The sub bit his lip; Thor sat up slowly.

"Does that worry you?" He asked, rubbing Peter's hand. The sub shrugged.

"I was just... thinking that maybe... if you and Bruce were up to it... you could help me?" Thor blinked.

"You would allow us to share your heat?" He sounded awed, "Let us... let us speak with Bruce," He kissed Peter's cheek. The omega nodded and released a soft breath, his cheeks tinted pink. Thor gently led him out of the living room, contentedness, happiness, excitement, and humility in his scent. Peter smiled, and followed him into the room Bruce was in.

"Hey um... Bruce?" The beta looked up from his papers.
"Hello, Peter," He smiled, and stood to hug the omega, kiss the opposite cheek. Peter hugged him back, bit his lip.

"So um... my heat is starting soon and I was wondering if you and Thor wanted to join me," he said rapidly; Bruce frowned for a second.

"Wait... you want..." He looked between Thor and Peter. "You want... are you sure? Where do you want to be? Do you want us to wear condoms? Is this a one time thing?" He blushed, "I'm sorry, I don't want you to stress." Peter shrugged.

"I've always wanted kids... but I don't know if I'm ready. I can't fight as Spiderman with a preggo belly." Thor nodded.

"That is truth," He kissed Peter's hair, "I must warn you... we will want to keep you." He murmured. "Affection is not easy to curb, and if our touches make you feel unsettled once your cycle has revolved... please, tell us." Bruce nodded. Peter nodded.

"So... you both want to?" He asked, smiling. Bruce kissed his forehead.

"Yes, of course!" He cupped Peter's cheek. "You have been so... Peter, you have fit so well between us, we would love to take that further, we'll buy condoms, and... wherever you want to be, that's where we'll go."

"You don't have to do all that for me," he said, running a hand through his hair.

"We don't have to, but we want to." Bruce smiled at the way Peter's hair fluffed up. The omega grinned and wrapped his arms around Bruce, as Thor enveloped them both in a hug.

"I cannot wait!" He beamed, making Peter blush, but he never felt happier.

Thor woke the next morning to a pillow against his face. "Children of Barnes-Stark..." He groaned, sitting up, the little kids climbing over him, "Tis only six am!"

"Pillow fights never stop!" Jamie laughed and attacked him again, Thor sat up, catching Jamie around the waist.

"Do they not?"

"No!" He tried to squirm away, he had already ripped off his pull up. Thor blew a raspberry on his belly.

"Calm, young warrior! We must eat well to battle properly!" Jamie laughed loudly, and pulled his shirt down.

"Okay unca Thor!" He said, bouncing excitedly.

"Good. Big boy underwear and pants first, yes?" Thor carried him to the bedroom where Tony had spare clothes for them. Jamie nodded.

"I already took off my diapey."

"Yes, you did a marvelous job," Thor praised him, "Jamie, why does it bother thee... you, so much to have accidents? It is nothing to be ashamed of." The child whined and looked down.
"Nia doesn't have dem..."

"No, Nia does not." Thor hummed, helping him into underwear and pants, and sitting him down. "But every person is different." Jamie sniffed.

"Daddy doesn't like it when I have an accident..." Thor frowned.

"He... I see. I shall have a talk with your father." James whined even louder.

"No!! He'll know I did it again!"

"No, my dearest, my brave warrior, I will not tell him of your accidents." The toddler nodded, and nuzzled Thor's chest.

"I really wanna be a big boy for daddy."

"Yes," Thor kissed his cheek, "Do not fret." He carried him out past his siblings, eating cheerios and milk respectively, with Clint and Steve's twins, Charlie watching cartoons.

"Why do children wake up so early?" Steve yawned from the kitchen, making omelets for the adults. Clint snorted.

"To torment us, obviously," he said, helping his twins. It was Peter who had Danny, feeding him the defrosted breastmilk Tony had pumped before leaving. The omega smiled down at Danny, watching him nurse, envisioning his own pup suckling from him. He had a duty though, and as long as the city needed Spider-Man, he would be there, he had promised them that. There was no time for children. Steve leaned to kiss Clint's hair.

"So it would seem." He smiled, "What do you want in your omelet?" Thor settled beside Peter with Jamie, and a bowl of cereal.

"Here you go, young warrior. Sustenance!"

"Ham, cheese and bacon, please," Clint smiled at him. Jamie clapped.

"Studdance!" He tried to say, and he grabbed his spoon, bringing the Cheerios to his mouth happily; Thor let him feed himself.

"You are so big, big boy." He praised, and Steve started spreading the ingredients over the egg in the pan.

"Perfect." The super soldier grinned, and folded it over, flipping it. Jamie wiggled and beamed up at Thor, trying to keep the overflowing Cheerios in his mouth.

"That's it, there you go." Thor patted his head. "As soon as you're done, we shall mark off a day on the calendar." Jamie nodded and gave his hand a soft nuzzle as he ate, munching on his cereal.

"Zoo today." Bruce called as he stepped into the kitchen to help Steve with breakfast. Jamie stood up in his chair, too excited to sit, and his mouth too full to tell them about it. Clint chuckled.

"Please sit down, Jamie." Thor patted his head.

"Yes, be seated, you may tell us after you have eaten." Steve watched them from the kitchen, smiling when the blond twins toddled into the kitchen, asking to be picked up. Clint watched them waddle.
"Do you want me to pick them up so you can cook?" He asked Steve,

"I can take over breakfast," Bruce offered, and Steve nodded gratefully.

"Thank you," he picked the twins up, listening to them babble excitedly about the zoo. "Hey, I love you, Clint." Steve said softly. Clint smiled and came over, kissing him softly.

"I love you too." The twins squirmed, one reaching for Clint.

"Well, Patrick's done with me."

"Hi Pat," he smiled, lifting him up and hugging him against his chest. The toddler clung to him.

"Mmmammm!" He exclaimed, and Steve beamed. Clint smiled brightly.

"Yep! Can you say Dad?" He asked, pointing to Steve. Patrick's little brow furrowed.

"Nda... ndada."

"Oh that's so close!" He smiled and kissed his cheek.

"My good boy." Steve leaned to nuzzle the baby. Jonathan wiggled and cried when he wasn't getting attention. "Oh, my handsome boy, don't be sad!" Steve carried Jonathan to the window. "We're going to the zoo," the soldier hummed. He stared up at him with wide eyes.

"Z-zooo," he murmured, nuzzling Steve's chest.

"Yeah, the zoo." Steve beamed down at him, "It's going to be so fun!" Johnny smiled and giggled a little, excited by Steve's scent, the man kissed his forehead, "I love you."

"Da!" He reached up and grabbed his dad's shirt collar, Steve grinned,

"Yeah! That's right, I'm your daddy!" He stumbled when Charlotte crashed into his legs, "Hey beautiful, are you excited too?"

"Yes!" She nodded hard, "We're going to see all of the animals, right!? Are there farm animals there?" Steve crouched to give her a big hug.

"I don't think there are farm animals. But maybe sometime me and you could go to a farm?" She nodded.

"And mommy and Johnny and Pat?" She asked.

"If you want," the alpha agreed, tickling Johnny's chin. Johnny burst into laughs and grabbed Steve's hand, moving it into his mouth. "Oh, new teeth?" Steve asked, "Clint! Johnny's teeth came through!" The baby had been fussing over it for over a week. "Charlie," Steve nuzzled her, "You're such a wonderful big sister." Clint came over and smiled, seeing the teeth. Charlie swayed back and forth sheepishly, making her dress spin. "Well," Steve gave Charlotte a kiss on the cheek, and stood up, "I think it's time us grown ups ate our breakfast, so we can get to the zoo."

"Hurry up!" She giggled and ran off to go get her pink sandals on. Steve carried Johnny into the kitchen, the baby's blue eyes, closer to Clint's than Steve's, observing his every move. Pat chewed on his fist, yawning a little, and Steve leaned to pat his head.

"Okay," He dug into his omelet, "Me and you and May on our kids, Bruce, Thor and Peter on Jamie, Danny, and Nia." Clint nodded.
"That sounds good."

"One person per child." Steve agreed.

"I'll hold Danny," Peter smiled, hugging the baby, and Danny patted his face.

"P...pepe...!" He wiggled. Peter smiled.

"Yeah, it's Peter."

"Pepeet!" Danny giggled, and hugged the omega. Peter giggled and hugged him back, nuzzling the little boy.

"Okay, off we go!" Steve exclaimed, he had Johnny in a backpack, Patrick on Clint's back, Charlie holding his hand. Thor had Jamie, Bruce had Nia, and Peter had Danny in a backpack. Jamie kissed his puppy on the nose and had Thor kiss him before he set him on the counter, he wasn't allowed to bring his toys out cause they didn't want them to get lost; Thor patted the toy.

"Now, puppy, you must guard the tower for us until our return."

"Be good boy!" He said, pointing his finger at the puppy; Thor carried Jamie down to the street, and the group set off walking to the zoo. Jamie squirmed in his arms, trying to get a glance at everything.

"Hold tight, young warrior, we have to purchase admittance."

"The tigers are all gonna play today," he smiled.

"Are they?" Thor laughed, "I hope so, young one."

"Yeah! They're gonna play all day," he smiled, hugging his neck.

"Okay." Thor carried him into the zoo, the wide open courtyards and holding areas. The child gasped and beamed happily.

"I like the noises!"

"Me too, James." Thor beamed, "Now, we must stay with our group."

"Okay!" he said, smiling over at his sister.

"Do you wish to see whales?" The god asked, stepping closer to Bruce and May.

"Whales?" He asked, nodding, "No sharks."

"No sharks?" Thor hummed, "I shall do my best."

"Sharks are scary," he nodded, "Dey eat people."

"They only eat humans who they think are seals," Thor explained, "And you do not look like a seal." Jamie smiled and laughed.

"I'm not a seal!"

"Then they shall not attempt to consume you." Thor tapped his nose. Jamie giggled and nodded his head, and Clint grinned.
"Where to first?"

"I believe we should begin here," Thor indicated the bear exhibit, "And then on in a circle, ending with the reptiles." Clint nodded, and made sure Steve still had Charlie before walking toward the bears. Steve followed, and the rest of the group fell in behind him; Thor settling James on his shoulders. Jamie gripped his head, making sure he didn't fall.

"You are the tallest warrior!" Thor exclaimed, taking him to look at the kodiac bears. Jamie beamed and shot his arms in the air, laughing. Thor beamed, glad that Jamie was feeling better, no longer so focused on missing his parents.

"Nia! What do you wanna see?" Jamie asked, Antonia squealed.

"Yeah yeah! Tall unca Bruce!" Jamie laughed, even though Nia ignored his question; Bruce carried her over so she could see, and Thor leaned to kiss him, ignoring the flashing cameras. Jamie waved at the camera's, giggling. Bruce smiled and kissed him back, and when they parted, he put Nia on his shoulders. She gripped his hair, staring at the bears with huge green eyes, "Unca Bruce... them biiiiiig!"

"Yeah they are," he grinned, "Do you think they have little pigs as friends?" He asked, thinking of Winnie the Pooh.

"Bears eat piggies, Unca Bruce." Nia said so very seriously that Thor's eyebrows shot up.

"Really? And where did you hear that?" He asked.

"Daddy said so. No watch pig... pigelet." Nia replied solemnly, and Thor sighed.

"What of your mother? Does he say such things?" Jamie shook his head.

"Mama wants to take us to Disney!"

"Mama likey pigalet..." Nia frowned, "Daddy don't."

"Doesn't, dear." Bruce corrected gently, and Nia bobbed her head.

"Mama wantsa go to Disaney, and... and wear mousey ears."

"I wanna wear dem too!" Jamie said, shooting his hands in the air.

"Yeah? And what does your daddy say about going?" Bruce asked, glad they were excited. Jamie frowned and shrugged.

"I don't think he wants to."

"Huh." Thor frowned, "Look! The bear is stretching!" He pointed out to the kids to distract them, since Nia was now pulling at Bruce's hair sadly.

"Ooh," Jamie smiled, and he stretched, copying him. Bruce winced a little, gripping Nia's hands. The little girl realized she's done something wrong, and began to cry, sniffling, until she was sobbing hard, tears dripping in Bruce's hair. Bruce pulled her down and kissed her cheek.

"Hey, it's okay," he nuzzled her, "I forgive you. C'mon, what animal do you want to see? Maybe some monkeys? Or zebras?"

"Mouseys...?" She whimpered, "I wanna go to d-d-disaney!" The beta hugged her.
"There's some field mice here we can see, and when mommy get home, we'll talk to him about Disney. Jamie was starting to get upset too, Thor lifted Jamie down,

"Do not fret, we will work it out." Nia sobbed into Bruce's chest, trying to calm down. Her brother sniffed and nodded, going back to looking at the bears. Bruce rocked Nia, nuzzling her head.

"C'mon, let's keep looking at the animals." Nia stared at the bears, cheeks wet, and Thor reached to wipe a tear away. Bruce smiled at how gentle the god was. "C'mon, brighten up, well get some delicious lunch soon too, and maybe a souvenir."

"Stuffy?" Nia asked, her part of the nursery was full of stuffed toys.

"Yep," he smiled, "You have to turn that frown upside down though." Nia whimpered, trying to smile.

"Come, let us observe the polar bears." Thor started that way.

"Yeah!" Jamie laughed, trying to crawl back on his shoulders. They walked over, smiling, Peter catching up to them, watching from the side of the tank that was underwater.

"Look!" Thor exclaimed, "They are swimming!" Jamie gasped, staring at them with wide eyes.

"I wannago swimmen widdem!" He shouted quickly, his words blending together; Thor grinned.

"Yeah! That would be wonderful."

"Can I!?" he asked, staring down at him.

"Sadly, we cannot." Thor sighed sadly, "However, we can swim at home later, and we can play polar bears."

"Okay," he smiled and beamed, watching them chase in the water.

They visited the otter tank after, then many other exhibits, before they reached the big cat enclosures. Jamie clung to Thor's head.

"I can see dem! Da tigers!"


"One, two, tree, four... six?"

"Yes! Good job! There are six!" Thor bounced Jamie happily. He beamed brightly and clapped his hands.

"Six tigers!"

"You are so good at counting," Thor praised, watching Antonia stretch in Bruce's arms, "We must take sustenance soon, yes?" Jamie just stared at the lions, not understanding what the god was saying anyway; Thor sighed, "Are you hungry, Jamie?" Jamie looked at him and nodded a little.

"Yeah."

"We must find our family." Thor looked out over the crowd, and held up a hand when he saw
Steve. "Steven!"

"STEEB!" Jamie shouted, smiling at Thor. Clint smiled, and waited for them to catch up; Steve grinned,

"Lunch time, I'm guessing." He saw Bruce nod, and lead the way toward the food court. Peter smiled, and found them all a round table, sitting down at it so everyone else could go order, and he could feed Danny. Bruce joined him with the twins.

"Hey, Peter, you doing alright?" He felt the omega's forehead, smiling, and stroking his cheek. "I hope your heat waits for Bucky and Tony to come home." Peter nodded.

"Yeah, if it doesn't, you and Thor can just join me later, I'll be fine," he said, taking out a bottle of milk and holding it to Danny's mouth.

"No, we'll take care of you, Peter. I spoke to Steve, and he and May said they can handle Danny and the twins." Bruce watched Danny suck on his bottle, "He could probably do with some real food by now. Maybe some fries. I'll tell Thor." Peter smiled, and nuzzled Bruce's shoulder. The beta kissed his cheek. "I'll be right back." He stepped up to Thor, "Hey, hun? Can you get an order of fries for Danny?"

"Yes, of course." Thor kissed him gently, and turned back to the line of customers. Bruce settled back beside Peter.

"He'll get'em."

"Great," he smiled, more than half of the bottle already gone. "He's so cute..."

"He is, and very well behaved." Bruce tickled his chin, and Danny stopped suckling to giggle. Peter laughed softly, staring at the boy's beautiful face. "You... Peter? You want children, don't you?" Bruce asked softly, "Sorry, I just... you're really enjoying taking care of Danny." The sub blushed and nodded softly.

"I've always wanted kids... but I have a duty to New York. You should have seen their faces when I came back..."

"I'm sure they're very happy. But... if you explained why, they would understand." Bruce offered, "It's up to you." Peter blushed.

"The city thinks I'm an alpha... I act like one when I'm in the suit. They wouldn't understand."

"What if you told them your mate was pregnant?" Bruce smiled. "Would it be so bad for them to know you're an omega, Peter?"

"Crime might go up," he said, staring at him. "Everyone would try to take on the omega Spiderman, be the one to finally beat him. It'd be pretty easy, if they knew..." Bruce nodded.

"I understand." The beta stroked his hair back, "You've really thought it through, I'm glad." Peter nodded, and leaned against Bruce, feeling really sad.

"Maybe one day, I'll retire... and I can adopt or something," he murmured.

"Adopt? Peter, you can do whatever you want to do! You don't have to give up children to be Spider-man. You can take a break, and have a child, and then go back when the baby is old enough. You know the pack would..."
"Would watch over my baby while I go fight crime? I can't do that, that wouldn't be fair," he whined softly. "I'm already going to be busy with college..."

"Maybe after college?" Bruce suggested, "Never mind, it's up to you, as I said." Peter shrugged, and nuzzled Danny softly, breathing in his baby scent. Bruce looked up as the rest of the pack settled happily around them, carrying food and little kids. Peter took the fries from Thor, and held small pieces to Danny's mouth when his milk was all gone. The baby munched on them happily, grabbing a few in his little hands.

"Pebe!" He exclaimed, and the twins beamed happily around their burgers. Peter chuckled, continuing to feed him. Jamie happily munched on his tenders and fries, kicking his legs.

"Wennta the zoo yeseday!" Nia exclaimed through the video chat on the holographic screen above Bucky's phone.

"The zoo? Really?" Tony grinned, "Was it fun?"

"Yeah yeah!"

"We saw Tigers!" Jamie jumped in the screen, and showed them his plushie tiger; Tony laughed.

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah!" Nia waved her plush shark at the camera.

"I'm glad!" Tony replied, and Bucky beamed.

"Those are some pretty cute stuffed animals," he smiled.

"Daddy! Daddy, when... whenna go... to disaney?" Antonia asked, hugging her shark, "And... weara mousey ears?"

"Disney? Who said anything about Disney?" He asked.

"Hun, I did..." Tony reminded him gently, "...remember? I wanted to take the kids? You, uh, said it sounded too stressful, and you don't want us going without you." Bucky breathed in and nodded.

"Okay... when do you guys want to go?" He asked the twins.

"Now!" The kids exclaimed together, and Tony frowned.

"Bucky..."

"We can't right now," he told them. "Mommy and I will pick a day, and then we'll let you know." The twins beamed, obviously excited, and Peter held Danny up to see them on the screen.

"Oh... hey, handsome! I miss you!" The omega tried not to whimper. Peter smiled.

"He's been eating a little bit of solid food."

"Only a little? He should be eating mostly- I thought I said- and oatmeal and-" Tony stood up, "I gotta, we gotta go home, he needs-!"

"I mean REALLY solid!" He said through the phone. "Like french fries. Not all mushy food..."
"Sorry," he said, looking down, Tony slumped against Bucky.

"No, Peter, I'm sorry... I'm just missing them..." Bucky nuzzled Tony. Peter nodded.

"Well, You'll be home before you know it," he smiled.

"Yeah... Venice is beautiful, but... y'know, I just..." Tony closed his eyes, then looked up when Danny burbled out.

"Mamaa." Bucky gasped, smiling at his son. Peter chuckled.

"He's been practicing."

"Oh, honey, I miss you!" Tony's eyes were wet, "We'll be home in three more days..."

"Just look at my calder," Jamie said to his brother; Danny burbled, blowing bubbles, and kicking his feet.

"Yep, he can look at your calendar with you," Tony grinned, "My smarties, huh?" Jamie beamed,

"I counted all da tigers!"

"How many were there?" Tony asked, and if not for Bucky's hand gently rubbing his back, he would have been crying from how badly he missed his children.

"Six!" He giggled, "And there were tree sharks!"

"Three sharks?" Tony beamed.

"And eight... moneys!" Antonia exclaimed, clapping.

"Monkeys?" Tony repeated, "Wow! Did you see any otters?" Jamie gasped.

"Too many otters! They were playing!"

"Were they? Any games we could play when we come home?" Tony shifted, leaning forward, arms itching to hold the twins and Danny.

"Dey were playin chase in da water!" He giggled.

"I bet we could play that," Tony nodded, he'd had one of the pools drained until it was shallow enough for him to let the twins play in.

"Yay!" he beamed, "tree more days!"

"Yep," Tony answered, "We're gonna go to bed now, my darlings, it's night time here."

"No it's not night time!" Jamie whined and pointed to the glass wall where the sun was out.

"Oh, baby, it's night time here, honey..." Tony turned the camera on the phone to show the view outside and heard Peter whistle. Jamie frowned, he didn't understand the time difference. He sniffled and shook his head.

"No nighttime!" Tony bit his lip, and held the phone.

"How about... how about I stay on with you awhile, Jamie?" Bucky growled softly.
"No more than twenty minutes," he mumbled, and crawled over to the bed. Jamie whined and nodded, taking the phone from Nia. Tony watched him go, shoulders hunched. Bucky was less amused by his lack of sleep by then.

"It's okay, Jamie. We'll be home soon." Tony carried the phone outside, and settled down on the terrace. "Me and daddy went fishing today."

"Did you catch it?" He asked, plopping down on the floor.

"Mhm, your daddy is a good fishermen." Tony smiled, "He caught a biiiig silverfish, and I caught a blue fish." Jamie grinned,

"Did you eat dem?"

"Yep, we did." The omega chuckled, "They tasted really good." He wiped a tear away, "How have you been doing? You having fun with Uncle Thor?" Jamie smiled and nodded,

"Lots of fun!"

"Yeah? What've you been doing, sweetie?" Tony leaned against the railing of the terrace.

"Pillow fights and board games!" He beamed. "I like da one where you put da thing on da forehead and hafta guess whatya are!"

"Ooh! I bet you're really good at it!" The omega exclaimed, "How is it sleepin' in the living room? Is it fun?" He felt Bucky's hand on his shoulder, and bit his lip.

"Yeah da living room is big and I slepted on Thor's belly!"

"On his belly? Was it comfy?" Tony clung to the phone, though Bucky's grip on his shoulder tightened.

"Super comfy! He's like a bed!" he laughed, and saw Bucky peer into the screen. "Hi daddy!!"

"Hey bud, it's time to say goodnight now." Tony swallowed.

"We love you, darling, eat some dinner." Jamie whined and nodded, hugging the phone. "Good night, my big boy." The sub whispered, "Love you. Good night."

"Love you mama!" Jamie said, and handed the phone to Bruce. And Tony hung up, shivering, and looked up at Bucky.

"Sorry." He mumbled, dropping his gaze and standing up to head back into the room. Bucky followed him, and rubbed Tony's back. "They'll be fine."

"I know they will." Tony mumbled, flopping over sideways in the bed. Bucky nuzzled up against him, kicking off his shoes. "I just... miss them."

"I do too," The alpha hummed.

"But you're always in such a hurry to get off the phone... and, really, you can't say yes to Disneyworld if you don't mean it, they're going to remember."

"I know... I just don't trust the characters... I want them to go and have fun, but not at the cost of their lives."
"Are you fucking kidding me?" Tony sat up, "Bucky, that's-! Oh my god, I can't even believe you said that! Both of us will be with them!"

"And both of us have been in fights just going out in town!" He said. "I know nothing about this Disney place!" Tony bared his teeth.

"Then why did you tell them we'd go!? They're not stupid, Bucky!"

"I said we would talk about it!" he growled, "And I want to! What is so great about this place?"

"You said we'd pick a day, Bucky." Tony sat up, "There are rides, and people dressed as the cartoon characters, and it's fun." The dom grumbled softly.

"Fine... when do you think is a good time to go?" He asked.

"Next month...?" Tony mumbled, Bucky reluctantly nodded.

"That sounds fine..." he grunted.

"No it doesn't, you're not happy." Tony pressed to his feet, grimacing. His mate sighed.

"I'm just nervous about it... isn't Disney supposed to be huge? We've never taken them anywhere like this before." Tony stared at the floor.

"They want to go, and I'm not flying to California just to go to a smaller park."

"Alright," he said, nodding. "We'll go, but if I don't like it, we cut the trip short." Tony grimaced.

"What's the point then, Bucky? Take them and taunt them with how great it is, then make them leave?"

"Only if it's more trouble than it's worth. If there is paparazzi and fighting, then we won't stay." Tony sighed, looking away.

"Right..." He muttered, "...maybe if... if we sent them with someone else to Disney World?" Bucky immediately frowned.

"No, that's not happening. I want to try to go together," he said, Tony scrubbed his fingers through his hair.

"It's me that causes the fighting..."

"It's paparazzi," he said, hugging him.

"Those alphas at the ice cream shop weren't from any magazine." Tony sighed, letting Bucky tow him back to bed.

"No... but we helped those omega's. That situation wasn't all bad," he said.

"It was still my fault." Tony muttered, biting his lip.

"No, it wasn't," he nuzzled him. The omega grimaced, closing his eyes.

"Whatever." Despite his lackluster response, Bucky kissed his cheek.

"C'mon, let's go in the hot tub before bed." Tony nodded slowly, taking his clothes off, and
following Bucky out onto the terrace. Bucky got into the hottub, already naked, and held his arms out for Tony, who climbed down into his lap.

"I just... I've never been to... to Disney World. And..." The sub mumbled, "...and I want them to have that experience."

"Okay," he nodded, understanding. "I love you." Tony slumped against his alpha's chest.

"Love you, too."
Jamie ran to the elevator door when Jarvis announced that their parents were home, and right into Tony's arms when it opened, Nia and Danny right behind him.

"Mamamamama!" Danny exclaimed as Tony smothered them all in kisses. Jamie started to cry he was so happy, and Bucky grinned, carrying their luggage out of the elevator; Nia broke free and climbed his leg.

"DADDY!" She cried, Tony lifted Jamie and Danny into his arms. Bucky put the bags down and pulled her to his chest, nuzzling her face.

"Hey big girl!" He said, coming over to Tony and nuzzling his two sons.

"Daddy!" Jamie leaned to hug him, and Danny tugged at Tony's shirt, wanting to nurse. Bucky wrapped both twins in a big bear hug, kissing their heads.

"Did you guys have fun?"

"Misseded you!" Antonia whimpered, clinging to him, and Jamie waved a hand.

"We pillow fighted! And we saw dem bears at the zoom!"

"Yeah!?" he smiled. "I missed you both so much," he hummed. "And guess what?"

"What what?" Nia wiggled, Tony was already settled on the couch, nursing Danny, and stroking his thick curls.

"Whatty, daddy?" Jamie joined in.

"We're gonna go to..." he paused, "Disney!" He smiled at them. "In a few weeks!"

"DISNEY?!" Jamie squealed immediately, "With mousey ears?!"

"That's right," Tony smiled, "In four weeks. We can put it on the calendar."

"The calder!"

"Yep," he said, leading them over. He set one pup down so he could mark on the day when Disney was. Tony yawned widely, there were shadows beneath his eyes, and the nightmares were only getting worse. On top of that, he was having a hard time getting the energy to get out of bed when he did sleep; Bucky picked Nia back up. "There we go," he smiled and went to sit next to Tony, setting the kids down so they could bond. The children nuzzled at their mother's throat, and Tony whined.
"Oh, my babies, I missed you so much." Jamie whined back, nuzzling him.

Peter's heat had started the day before, and he had spent his first day alone, bouncing on a fake cock, Bruce occasionally coming in to help him; Bruce was there, stroking his hair as they waited for the next wave.

"It's alright, Peter... it's okay. You're so beautiful..." The beta hummed, and he looked up as the door opened, Thor's scent snaking into the room.

"Peter, I am sorry for the delay. I will not leave again." He closed to door behind himself. Peter's eyes went wide and his heat surged, desperate for the alpha pheromones Thor was pumping.

"Please!" Thor stripped his clothes off, pulling a condom from the box, and rolling it on.

"Come here," He pulled Peter to his chest, and smoothly slipped two fingers up into him. Peter cried and pressed against his chest, rolling his hips. He was so open and so wet.

"Please... I was good," he whimpered.

"You are so good, Peter, good boy, good boy." Thor kissed him, eyes flicking up to Bruce, who leaned forward to press kisses up Peter's spine. "That's it, good boy." Thor groaned as Bruce lifted his cock, and guided the alpha into Peter's slick hole. Thor arched, driving up into him, "Peter! Ah... Peter...!" Peter gasped loudly and groaned, his first ever male cock while he was in heat, and, as much as he hated to admit it, so much bigger than Gwen's.

"Thor!" Thor gripped his hips, and moaned.

"Peter, so beautiful, so good, so good boy." He panted, wrapping his arms around the omega's waist, and lifting him up slightly so he could thrust up into him. Bruce's hands rested on each of them. Peter sobbed happily into his neck, so happy to have an actual cock in him after all this time. He leaned over and kissed Bruce, panting, Bruce kissed him back lovingly.

"Peter, you're such a good boy," the beta praised, shaking as Thor gently nudged a finger, lubricated with Peter's slick, into his ass. Thor rocked up into Peter.

"I'm going to knot you, Peter. So tight and beautiful..."

"Yes, yes please!" He choked, feeling like he was gonna pass out; Thor thrust roughly up, and his knot swelled, smooth and rounded, inside of Peter. Bruce was trembling as Thor fingered him; Peter gasped and his eyes rolled up in his head, he fainted against Thor, Thor held him gently.

"Jarvis?"

"He is fine, sir. Overwhelmed." The AI replied.

"Good." Thor added a second finger to his beta's hole, stretching him. "Stroke yourself." Bruce moaned softly and started stroking his cock, rocking his hips back against his finger.

"So this is what it feels like to have slick," he hummed.

"So it would seem." Thor kissed him gently, buried deep in the omega. "A third." He warned, pressing the third finger up into Bruce. Bruce gasped and tried to relax.

"Slow down a little," he said, his eyes a light green, Thor held his hand still, rubbing Peter's back.
"Mm, you are fine, Bruce." Bruce swallowed and nodded for him to continue after a few seconds, Thor was gentle, careful and kind, stretching his lover and thrusting the fingers gently. "Bruce, you are alright with this?" Bruce nodded, smiling at Thor, feeling his orgasm draw nearer.

"He's a good kid."

"He is. But... I want..." Thor frowned, "I love seeing you care for him, my love. How tender you are. And I... enjoy caring for him as well, how he seats himself between us." The god broke off, and kissed Bruce, thrusting his fingers smoothly. Bruce moaned loudly and came, cum coating his fingers, but he didn't break the kiss; Thor gently pulled his fingers free, licking at his mate's tongue. Bruce wrapped his arms around Peter and Thor, when the young boy finally stirred. He hummed, and rolled his hips on the knot. Thor slipped his fingers up into Peter's hair. "How do you feel?" He asked softly, the next wave would be upon them within ten minutes, he knew, and he willed his knot to shrink down. He stared at him groggily, smelling Bruce on his fingers. He hummed softly and nuzzled Thor's chest.

"I'm sorry I did that..."

"Did what?" Thor asked softly, "You did nothing wrong, Peter."

"I fainted... I think," he murmured.

"You did, but it is not something to apologize for." Thor gently pulled out, "Are you alright? Not torn or in pain?" Peter shuddered and his hole clenched around nothing, making him whine.

"I-I want it back..." Thor nodded.

"I know, I have to put a new condom on," He glanced at Bruce, "I will be ready in a few seconds." He pulled the condom off, tying it, and rolled a new one on, groaning as he coaxed himself back to hardness. "Hands and knees, Peter." The sub nodded, and stared up at Bruce with fevered eyes, pressing into his furry chest as he presented to Thor, who gently pressed back in, stroking Peter's sides as he began to roll his hips forward against the sub. Watching his cock slide into the sheath of Peter's body, he reached for Bruce's hand.

"You're alright, Peter, good boy," Bruce praised quietly, kissing Peter's forehead and nose, "That's it, he's so nice and big, hmm? Feels good, doesn't it?" The beta smiled at Thor, "We're so proud of you."

"Oh god! Please, faster!" He panted, kissing Bruce happily as he rocked his hips back and forth. Thor lay a steadying hand in the center of Peter's back, and increased his pace, still gentle, but much more like an alpha in rut than before. "Th-thank..." he didn't finish as Thor fucked his brains out, this was so much better than a dildo. The god filled him with every thrust, smooth and sleek, powerful, Bruce stroked Peter's cock in a gentle grip, helping him lose himself in pleasure. Peter let out a loud cry, and squeezed his muscles around Thor, cumming into Bruce's hand, and the alpha knotted him immediately, groaning.

"Good boy," while Bruce brought his cum stained hand up for Thor to lick. Peter huffed and reached down to rub at his sensitive privates and nipples, he had never felt so good. The beta and alpha massaged and stroked his body, kissing the fevered skin and nuzzling him. Peter hummed and relaxed under their soft touches, licking his lips softly, and Thor gently kissed his cheek.

"Good boy. You're so good, Peter."

"I'm a good boy," he whimpered happily.
"Yes, Peter, such a good boy." Peter smiled and nuzzled Bruce's furry chest, stroking the beta's cock; Bruce groaned, rolling his hips.

"Oh, Peter...!" Peter panted and opened his mouth, sucking the head in past his lips, and the beta cried out, shuddering, "P-Peter!" Peter bobbed his head and moaned, licking the slit with his tongue as he rubbed the beta's heavy balls. "Ah-!" Bruce gripped the sub's hair, but did nothing else, not wanting to hurt Peter. The omega slurped and continued to suck, wanting to taste his new lovers semen. He looked up at Bruce through his lashes, very Tony-like, and Bruce's hips jerked, spilling down his throat. "Oh! Oh god...!" He panted, "Good boy, good boy, Peter...!" Peter gasped and hummed, swallowing down all the cum like he had been taught by his last alpha.

"Thank you..." The sub murmured, Bruce stroked his cheeks.

"Oh, Peter, you don't have to do that." He murmured, "If you don't want to." Thor massaged the sub's back and hips. Peter looked up at him and nuzzled Bruce's belly.

"I wanted to..."

"I really enjoyed it," Bruce breathed, kissing him gently, and, as Thor slowly pulled out and switched condoms, and the beta lay Peter down in the bedding, "How are you feeling, darling?" "Yes, how are you feeling, Peter? Thirsty? Hungry?"

"Both," he muttered softly, rubbing his hands over his face; Bruce hurried over to the mini fridge they'd brought into their room, though they were on their private floor. He got a small yogurt, and a bottle of water. The sub hummed and took the offered food, his hands shaking as he tried to pull the lid off. Bruce took it back gently, opening the lid, and holding a spoonful to the sub's lips.

"Let us take care of you." The beta hummed. Thor uncapped the water, and, once Peter had swallowed his yogurt, he offered him a drink. Peter smiled and hummed around the yogurt, and then he took a sip of the offered drink, very happy his mates were caring for him. Thor kissed his hair.

"Do you want me again? Or Bruce?" The god asked as Bruce carefully fed Peter more bites.

"Bruce, and then you," he said, eating most of the yogurt. Bruce nodded, and Thor adjusted his condom sheathed cock.

"All done?" He asked, setting the empty yogurt container aside.

"Yes, thank you," Peter hummed and licked his lips, as Bruce rolled a condom on, and gently rubbed around Peter's rim gently. Peter shuddered and bit his lip, reaching back and pulling his hole open, Bruce quivered with lust.

"Oh, Peter..." He worked his length inside, inch by inch. "Mmm... so good." Bruce groaned as he slowly began to thrust. Peter moaned and clenched down on his shaft.

"Please, more, Bruce, fuck, you feel so good!" Bruce thrust a little roughly.

"Good boy, good..." Peter moaned loudly and licked at Thor's cock, even though it had a condom on. Thor stroked his face, watching Bruce take the sub's offered ass.

"So beautiful, both of you." The god moaned, rubbing his cock against the omega's face. Peter moaned and nuzzled his shaft, sucking on spots on the shaft. "That's it, good boy," Thor beamed, "You feeling good?" He stroked Peter's jawline.
"So good," he moaned, grabbing a hold of Thor's ass for leverage. The alpha pressed his condom covered cock into Peter's mouth, thrusting soft and shallow.

"Ah, good... good, Peter, you are amazing!" Thor panted, Peter whined softly and lapped around the head, getting a bit more distressed as he didn't feel a knot against his ass. Bruce was gentle and calm as he nudged two fingers into Peter's ass, and crooked them in a simulation of a knot. Peter cried out against Thor's cock, and came all over the bedding, his hips rocking against the knot, and Bruce shifted, rocking his fingers.

"D-don't pull out," he whined. The beta patted his back.

"I won't, Peter." He promised.

"Thank you," he said, slumping a little, while Thor stroked his hair.

"We are here for you." Peter smiled and rested his head on a pillow, panting softly. The beta and alpha smiled.

"Peter...we would like to... to keep you." He flushed, "As a fellow mate." Peter looked up at them.

"Really? Why?" He asked, actually confused; Thor smiled.

"Peter, you are kind, and sweet, you make both of us feel happier, more at ease. Having you between us is a wonderful feeling. We want to take care of you, love you, and make you happy and safe between your missions as Spiderman." The omega smiled and hugged Thor, wishing he could hug Bruce.

"Love you both."

"We love you, as well." Thor murmured.

"Yes, Peter, we do." Bruce added, hugging the omega with one arm. "We have for... for awhile." Peter nuzzled Bruce and smiled.

"Fuck, I want you both to breed me so bad," he whimpered, Thor lifted Peter's chin.

"That's the heat speaking." He warned, Peter whimpered and shook his head.

"I want a baby..."

"Darling Peter, if you feel that way still when your next heat begins, then we will breed you." The god offered. The sub nodded and rocked his hips against Bruce, wanting so much more. The beta had to grip one of Peter's hips.

"Steady there, it's Thor's turn now, hmmm." He slowly pulled out, and Thor flipped Peter onto his back, pressing his legs up before he thrust smoothly into him. The second the alpha's cock was in him, Peter's back arched, and he groaned loudly as the inner orgasm exploded within him. Thor rubbed his thighs and belly through the convulsions and then slowly pulled back, and thrust back in, Bruce's hand on his back, the other on Peter's shoulder.

"B-Bruce!" He groaned and pulled him down for a kiss, "You, too... Fuck me!" Bruce groaned.

"Peter... we shouldn't... we need to plan that better..." He stroked the sub's hair, but the sub whined.

"I want you both in me," he said, shoving two fingers in with Thor's cock. Thor choked, grabbing his hand.
"Wait, darling, wait. Wait until my knot goes down, and then we will stretch you, and we'll hold you between us." Peter removed his fingers and relaxed a little.

"Sorry, just... really want it... been so long," he huffed, as Thor kissed his face.

"It is alright, we do not wish to harm you, is all." Bruce slowly rolled a condom on, breathing slowly, he wasn't really built for this continuous pace. Peter stretched out and rolled his hips a little, smiling up at Bruce. Thor groaned, bucking up into him a few times, shuddering. Bruce gently worked a finger past Peter's rim. "Peter, after your heat... may we bond you?"

"Yes," he tilted his chin up, ready to be bonded now. He didn't care if these men were older, they had been so kind.

"After, baby, after." Bruce kissed his neck, "We want you to be all there, honey." Thor nodded, nuzzling the exposed neck. Peter preened and breathed out softly, enjoying the positive attention; Thor licked at his gland, and nibbled up his throat, watching Bruce stroke and stretch Peter between them.

"Are you sure, honey? We don't want to hurt you."

"Yes, been so long without a real cock, want both of you, love you," he panted, and rolled his hips against the fingers; Bruce beamed, kissing the young man lovingly.

"We love you."

"Yes, we love you so much." Thor kissed his lips, "You were just what we needed, we just didn't know. We will take care of you, baby, as long as you want us." Peter kissed him back, enjoying the prickles of his facial hair.

"Okay," he nodded, wrapping his arms around his neck. Thor and Bruce kissed and nuzzled him until Thor's knot went down, and he was able to pull out and replace his condom. By that time, Bruce had managed three fingers alongside Thor's cock, and he waited until his alpha was inside of Peter again, before he started to work his cock in alongside the first. Peter opened up easily for the beta, his head falling back as he sucked in the beta's cock.

"Good boy... so good." Bruce groaned as his cock rubbed up against Thor's, both of them deep inside the sub. "Mm..."

"Yes, Peter, taking us both, our little darling." Peter whimpered softly and rolled his hips, pushing them in deeper. It didn't really open, but he was a little nervous, which was quickly being turned into pleasure. Bruce gently thrust up into him, gripping Peter's legs, and Thor joined the pace, smooth and caring. Peter groaned loudly and bit his lip, making loud noises as he was spread open. The alpha and beta shifted, holding him gently between their bodies. "Oh, Peter... our Peter, our little sub." The omega smiled and nuzzled them both, running his hands over their bodies.

"Fuck, this feels so good!"

"You're so good, Peter, such a good boy for us," Bruce crooned, and Thor kissed the sub lovingly, stroking his sides.

"Yes, our darling, our beautiful omega." Peter kissed him back, and started to roll his hips, pressing their cocks in even deeper, and driving Thor to up the pace, thrusting hard and fast, pushing against Bruce. "Good boy, Peter, that's it, so tight around your mates, mm!" The alpha panted, driving his cock into the tight ring of muscle over and over, against Bruce's. Peter howled and came between them, shaking hard. The beta groaned, his body spasmig as he came as well, hands tight on Peter's
hips. Thor, however, was still moving smooth and fast. Peter lay there, and nuzzled Bruce, letting Thor fuck him, while Bruce groaned.

"F-fuck... oh...!" He panted, and Thor drove in deep, and knotted the sub, locking Bruce in with him.

"There, our darling, our good boy." Thor breathed against the sub's hair. Peter winced and moaned loudly, another spur of cum escaping his cock as he had another internal orgasm, leaving him to pass out again.

Thor was the most gentle, loving alpha in the world when Peter's heat ended; he brought the omega breakfast in bed, then bathed him gently, bringing him clean clothes, and ice cream, and holding him gently while Bruce changed the bedding.

"Peter, our darling, may we bond you now?" Peter was feeling extremely well loved and cared for. He beamed at his alpha, and nodded his head, setting down his mostly empty ice cream bowl, cone perched on top, and he pulled his blankets down so they could get to his neck; Thor kissed his hand, and gently moved up to his neck. "I love you." He murmured, before sinking his teeth into Peter's bonding gland. Bruce nudged his face up beside Thor's, and licked over the bonding gland, before Thor shifted, and the beta bit down. He gasped and closed his eyes, his brain surging as two pairs of teeth bit into his neck, one after the other, tearing at his bonding gland, and the bond wrapped around them, curling through their chests. "Oh... oh, Peter." Thor breathed, kissing him.

"Thor," he moaned, kissing him back, before moving down to the gods throat, and biting into the tiny bonding gland; Thor grunted, arching.

"Peter... Peter!" He exclaimed, shaking. Peter then quickly grabbed Bruce, and he did the same, biting into his neck, Bruce clung to his mates.

"Oh..." He gasped, as Peter panted and slumped back down into his seat, smiling brightly, happy to be claimed to not one, but two beautiful people. "We love you," Bruce whispered, "Thank you. Thank you for coming to us."

"Thank you for letting me in," he smiled and hugged them both.

"We were waiting for you." Thor murmured. "You asked us to breed you, we didn't. We wanted to be sure."

"Thank you," he smiled, "I... do want kids, but I can't be Spider-man with a kid," he shrugged.

"We know." Thor murmured, kissing him. Peter kissed him back, and grabbed his ice cream, sighing softly.

"Don't be sad," Bruce nuzzled him, "It's alright."

"Yeah..." he said, looking down, stirring the ice cream. Thor lifted his chin.

"Peter, my lovely sub," The alpha murmured, "Do not be sad, we love you, we love you."

"I know," he smiled, and nuzzled him, "I love you too." Thor kissed his cheek.

"Will you be moving into our floor, baby?" Peter bit his lip.
"I don't want to leave aunt May all alone... but I do want to!"

"Well, what if we move her in as well?" Bruce asked, "Or, you could go back and forth." The sub shrugged.

"I'll talk to her about it... I don't really want her on the same floor I've been having sex on," he blushed. Thor nodded.

"Whatever you want, darling." He murmured softly. Peter nodded and yawned softly, eating more ice cream. "You'll sleep with us tonight," Thor spoke in a no nonsense tone, "We need you with us tonight." Peter nodded, and put his empty bowl down.

"Okay," he said, planning on staying anyway; Thor pulled him up into a kiss, licking the sweet cream from his lips.

"Thank you." He murmured. Bruce ruffled Peter's hair. Peter kissed him back, and smiled at Bruce, snuggling down into the blankets.

"You're beautiful," Bruce hummed, patting his shoulder, "I'll make dinner, and we'll eat." Thor gave Bruce a gentle kiss.

"Thank you, Bruce." Peter smiled up at them and closed his eyes, trying to get a little rest. Thor gently rubbed and massaged his feet and legs, knowing he must be sore after five days of sex with an alpha and a beta.

"That... feels amazing," he moaned softly.

"Mm, I am glad." Thor rubbed lotion into his clean skin, digging his thumbs in, and watching the omega sigh and stretch beneath his hands.

"Thank you... for everything," he beamed down at the alpha, as Thor leaned to kiss him gently.

"Of course. In Asgard, it is customary to make your omega as comfortable and relaxed as possible after a heat. You are revered, my beautiful one." Peter hummed and rubbed his eyes.

"You are amazing," he smiled, Thor flushed softly, and leaned to give him a gentle kiss.

"It is you and Bruce who are amazing, I never expected to have such love in my life."

"Neither did I," he hummed, nuzzling his new alpha, Thor kissed his forehead.

"I am glad to have found you both, and for you to come together... for me..." He murmured. Peter smiled and hugged Thor tightly.

"I do want kids one day..."

"We will be with you when you're ready, Peter." Thor rolled him over, moving to rub lotion into his back, and glutes. Peter hummed and closed his eyes, stretching out happily. The alpha rubbed every inch of Peter's body, and then, gentle and sweet, he stroked the sub's cock. "Mm. My beautiful sub, that's it..." He murmured, watching his arching body.

"Thor," he groaned, rolling his hips "ooooh!" The alpha kept a steady pace, smiling down at him.

"Yes, Peter, you may cum." He murmured as Bruce carried food into the bedroom, setting the platter on a nightstand. Peter moaned at the sight of food, and he tried to rut his hips, cumming into Thor's hand. The alpha brought his soiled fingers to Peter's mouth, beaming at him as Bruce leaned
to help lick his hand clean. Peter smiled and sucked on his fingers, smiling. When the god's hand was clean, Bruce gently started to feed Peter little pieces of apple and cheese, easing him back onto protein after a smooth heat on mostly crackers and cheese. Peter happily ate what was given.

"That tastes so good," he hummed, Bruce smiled.

"I'm glad you like it. I made dinner, but I thought an easy snack would be best to start with." He stroked Peter's hair, and moved on to pieces of thick sliced chicken.

"That sounds amazing," he beamed, eating the chicken happily; Thor gently leaned to kiss his cheek while Bruce fed him more chicken. "This is delicious," Peter complimented Bruce, beaming at him. The beta flushed, and smiled.

"I made the sauce with molasses." He fed Thor a large piece of chicken, then went back to feeding Peter.

"I can taste the sweetness," he hummed, licking his lips.

"It makes a good sauce." Bruce smiled, and switched to feeding him potatoes with garlic, and onion.

"These potatoes are amazing," he moaned loudly, licking Bruce's fingers.

"Thank you," Bruce grinned, and fed him a few more potatoes, "You like spinach?"

"I love food," he smiled, holding his mouth open, Bruce fed him bites of spinach, kissing his forehead.

"Would you like to watch a movie?" The sub shook his head and pressed himself against Bruce, nuzzling him. The beta smoothed his unruly hair, "You just want to sleep? Thor, go ahead and eat." Peter nodded and pulled the beta into the bed with him. Bruce lay down against him, closing his eyes. "Mhm, good boy." At his words, Peter smiled and curled against him, nuzzling his chest. Thor ate his plateful of food, and changed into loose boxers before climbing into the bed on Peter's other side, sliding his arm over both of them.

"I love you," he hummed to both of them.

"I love you both as well," Thor hummed, his scent completely content, ecstatic, even. Bruce kissed each of them, and smiled.

"Love you, too. Go to sleep."

Chapter End Notes

Um, so...I could really use some comments right now.
DISNEY, that's all. I've never been to Disneyworld, but I think maybe Spiffy has?
Also, warning for mention of a DC character. I know we can all get a little annoyed by
weird things, so there it is.
Besides that, all there is is some nightmares, and...warning for depression, alright?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Ow ow ow...!" Tony grunted, "Don't!" He tried to pull his foot out of Bucky's grip, blood dripping
onto the carpet. Half his big toenail was bent straight up, exposing the dark bloody nail bed. He'd
tripped and stubbed his toe on the bottom edge of the desk somehow.

"STOP!" Bucky snarled loudly and proceeded to follow Jarvis' instructions to removing the bent
half of the nail; then he wrapped it, and placed ice on it, Tony shuddered.

"Ow..." He whimpered, foot jerking every time Bucky touched it, "...sorry..." He slumped against
the couch where Bucky had sat him down, hands shaking.

"You have to be a bit more careful," he said, nuzzling his mate, "You're gonna be alright."

"I was being careful, I tripped over the damn firetruck." Tony groaned, tucking his face into the
alpha's neck. Bucky nodded, and rubbed Tony's back after cleaning off his hands. "Fuck, this hurts.
And the kids are gonna step on it all the time and...!" Tony pulled his knee to his chest.

"We'll tell'em you have a booboo foot," he said, kissing his cheek. "We need to keep your lab space
a little cleaner, considering all the toys."

"They need things to play with..." Tony muttered, glancing at his children, all asleep on the
mattress in the play area, "I was cleaning up..."

"I know, but they don't have to be thrown all over the lab," he kissed him, "Stay seated, I'll clean
up." Tony sighed.

"Hence the cleaning." The sub muttered; they'd been home two weeks. Bucky went about, picking
things up, putting toys back in the toy bucket. "Bucky?" Tony mumbled, "Are you mad at me?
You're really... uh... aggressive." The dom shook his head.

"I'm okay, I'm just... upset that you got hurt." Tony looked down at his bandaged toe, throbbing
with every beat of his heart.

"Okay..." He mumbled, glancing again at his children, "...what do you think of Thor and Bruce
claiming Peter?" The alpha shrugged.

"I think Peter is too young... but he's a good kid." Tony chewed his lip.

"He... he seems really happy, y'know? And... they're happy, with him." Bucky smiled and nodded,
"I guess that's all that really matters."

"But it's bothering you, because he's young." Tony deduced, "It's showing, honey." His mate sighed.

"Bruce is so much older and Thor is THOUSANDS of years older. Peter is still just a kid."

"And yet, to Thor's society, he's barely in his twenties." Tony reminded Bucky softly. "It bothers you, so... so talk about it, get it out, but please stop sulking, because it's hurting their feelings." The dom bit his lip and nodded. He leaned in, and kissed Tony on the lips.

"Okay."

"And, don't forget, that you are in your early hundreds." Tony pointed out softly. "Really." Bucky rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, I see your point, but you weren't that young when I mated you," he said.

"But if you'd been around, I would've been." Tony sighed. "Bucky? Are you happy? With me?"

"Extremely," he smiled, taking Tony's hand. "I love you." Tony looked up into his eyes.

"I want to change the law, Bucky. I want to hold a benefit, and... and I'll need your help to talk to the politicians; I need... to change things. I can't sit and watch young omegas struggle anymore." Bucky smiled, and nodded, squeezing Tony's hands.

"I'm with you, with whatever you decide. Just tell me what you'll need." Tony licked his lips nervously.

"I need... to bring someone in to teach the kids etiquette. I need..." He looked away, "...better clothes, and to go out more often, I need you at all the benefits, and... to talk to the politicians."

"Okay," he said, "I want to be present at the etiquette meetings."

"Would you... be willing to attend? And... and learn with them?" Bucky frowned, he had only meant to supervise, but he gave a small nod.

"If it will help you."

"It will." Tony mumbled, "And... and we'll need to do interviews, um... press, about you being the Bucky Barnes, and how it's improved for Omegas and how it needs to change for us..." He chewed his lip, "...I hate to drag the kids into it, but..." Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony.

"Just do what you need to do."

"I don't want to... upset you," Tony mumbled, "but I thought... umm... I bought a new building, an... old hotel, actually, and... for a new shelter? I want to... to train omegas and betas on caring for abused..." Bucky frowned a little, but he wasn't upset.

"What happened to the building we're currently using for the Maria Stark Foundation?"

"It's not big enough, and it's an office building, I wrote out a proposal, for an individual laws and sanctions exemption for the new building... to allow the workers to turn alphas who have been abusive away." Tony peeked up at him, "And... it's got sixty rooms, and it's near another empty building... which I'd like to buy and turn into a job training center?" Bucky nodded.
"Put a hold on buying the second building until we're sure this goes through." Tony nodded.

"I did, I was waiting." The omega murmured, "I... something has to change, Bucky. It's gone on too long. I saw a report of a boy... forced to bear his father's child, he was only eleven, presented early, and he died, Buck... he didn't make it, and there was nothing anyone could do." Bucky pulled Tony to his chest.

"I know, I want to help... so what's our first move?"

"Getting the State of New York to let us ignore the property laws." Tony pulled a paper from his desk, "This is a list of politicians who can make that happen. I thought a benefit first, invite them all, all proceeds to the foundation and... debut the kids."

"Why the kids?" He asked.

"If we leave them home, people will wonder why."

"Okay, we will bring them too," he said.

"That means a trip to the tailor... hiring a caterer, musicians, renting a space, open bar, uh..."

"Do you want me to do that?" He asked.

"I can do it," Tony murmured, "I... we can have the tailor come here, and the first event won't have eating, so..."

"When are you planning on this to happen?"

"A month, so... after the Disney trip, and that gives us time to... send out invitations, and..."

"Okay, just promise me one thing?" he asked, smiling at him. "When we go to Disney... unless it's seriously an important call, I want to devote our time to the kids."

"That was the whole point, Bucky." Tony reminded him, hoping his toe was healed by then.

"Alright," he chuckled and kissed him, Tony shifted, and stood up.

"We should take them upstairs, me and you can watch a movie."

"Okay," he smiled, and went to go pick up his kids; Tony lifted Danny, carrying him into the elevator, smiling when Dummy chirped a clear goodbye to him. Bucky kissed Nia's head as he ascended, and walked out onto the floor. The omega limped slightly, walking carefully, wary of his injured toe.

"Shh, shh shh." He bounced Danny gently, laying him down in their bed, Nia and Jamie on either side of him. Bucky tucked them in, leaving the blanket at their bellies so they didn't get smothered, and he turned the baby monitor on, Tony hesitated, leaning to touch Jamie's hair, "They're so beautiful."

"They really are," he hummed, and kissed Tony's head. "C'mon."

"I just..." Tony let Bucky lead him out to the couch, "I'm afraid I'm not raising them right..."

"You're doing a great job," he nuzzled him. "Maybe once we get into this whole 'saving the omegas' program, we can take a small break when we get stressed, and all go camping."
"Really?" Tony perked up, settling into his alpha's lap. Bucky chuckled.

"Yeah," he said, turning the tv on,

"I've never been, where would we go? Pomona? No... what about Northern California? Or Oregon? Or we could go to Yellowstone- or the-!" Bucky chuckled and kissed Tony's throat.

"I meant just go out in the middle of the woods somewhere, but Yellowstone could be educational."

"There are campgrounds... I'd feel better in a campground." Tony mumbled, "With the kids, I mean, and we need to pack bond, it's been awhile, and,..." He trailed off, "...can I have a drink?"

"Yes," he said, "we'll both have one. Pick one out, and bring two glasses." Tony ambled into the kitchen, pouring two glasses of amber liquid, then pausing, thinking better of it, he funneled it back into the bottle, rinsed the glasses, and poured vodka and lemonade instead. Carrying one glass to Bucky, his own in his hand, Tony settled onto the couch. Bucky was surprised when his omega didn't come back with scotch, not that vodka was much better. He hummed, and nuzzled Tony, "What kind of a movie do you want to watch?"

"Maybe... um..." Tony leaned against his side, sipping his drink, "...maybe Hidalgo?" The alpha hummed, and turned the movie on since he hadn't ever seen it. The sub shifted his legs, cuddling closer, trying to hint to Bucky that he wanted some attention. Bucky downed his drink quickly and wrapped his arm around the sub, kissing his cheek. The omega wiggled, sipping his own drink slowly, savoring it. He nuzzled his head into Bucky's hand, peering up at him hopefully, and Bucky smiled and began to scratch his head softly. Tony groaned, stretching softly against the couch, eyes sliding to half mast. It wasn't often they got time to relax like this. Jamie slowly walked out, and sneaked onto the couch, the omega blinked as Jamie climbed onto him. "Hey, darling." He mumbled softly.

"Me and puppy wanna sleep here," he murmured.

"Right here?" Tony set his glass down, and let Jamie lay upon him. "Okay, big boy." The toddler nuzzled into him and hugged his puppy, out like a light. Bucky snorted, and continued to rub Tony's head, but the omega wasn't as relaxed, he just shifted, and lay his head in Bucky's lap, "Mmm... clingy one, huh?" He looked down at Jamie, "God, to think I ever... wanted to wait or..." The sub smiled, "I love them all so much..." Bucky smiled.

"I love seeing you with our kids." Tony blinked at him.

"You do?" He asked, eyes wide, "Why? I'm a... terrible mother, I just..."

"Do you not see your eldest son curled against you?" He asked. "You are a great mother, you're the only one who doesn't think so." Tony rubbed Jamie's back.

"I just... Steve says they're spoiled, and..."

"Like he doesn't spoil his own twins," he chuckled. "Steve doesn't have any room to talk."

"He... do they?" Tony slowly sat up, shifting Jamie into his lap. Jamie whined and squirmed, falling back asleep; Tony hugged the little boy to his chest. "I... just." He hummed. Bucky smiled and kissed the top of Tony's head, and the sub yawned, and cuddled into his side. "Mm." Bucky turned the volume down, and gently rubbed Tony's scalp. The sub sank slowly into sleep, relaxed, his arms around his son. Jamie continued to sleep, drooling a little on Tony's shirt. It wasn't until Nia came toddling out, and pulled at Tony's hand, that he woke. "Mm. Hey baby girl..." He sat up,
"Bucky...?" Bucky grunted awake when his name was called.

"Hm?"

"Nia came... t'get us... bed." Tony stumbled to his feet, Jamie against his shoulder, Nia wrapped around his leg. Bucky lifted Nia into his arms, and he started to follow Tony, who hummed, laying Jamie down, and changing into flannel sleep pants, before climbing tiredly into bed. Bucky just got in bed and he nuzzled Danny before passing out, his arm around Nia.

"Okay, kids, you have to behave, remember? Be good, stick close to daddy." Tony reminded the twins as he strapped Danny into the single stroller. Bucky had the double for the twins. Bucky smiled, and pushed the twins in the stroller towards the ticket booth. Tony followed behind easily, Danny babbling in his seat; Bucky handed the man the tickets, and they were in Disney world! He smiled down at his kids.

"Where should we go first?"

"Winnie Pooh!" Jamie cried as Nia squeaked.

"Panna Peter Panna!" Tony smiled, bumping his shoulder against Bucky's.

"Potty break first, kids, that was a loooong car ride." Jamie let out a breath, nodding his head, holding his pants as he squirmed in his seat. Bucky grinned.

"C'mon," he hummed, and led them to the nearest bathroom. Tony lifted them out.

"Can you change Danny?" He asked, holding the twins' hands and heading for the bathroom marked O. Bucky nodded and took Danny and the diaper bag, waiting for Tony to come back with the kids so the strollers weren't unattended. The omega waited patiently while Jamie tried to go potty, singing loudly in his stall, Nia already finished, and leaned up against Tony's legs. Jamie ran out when he was all done, and reached his hands up for the sink.

"Up! up!"

"Okay, honey," Tony boosted him up, turning the water one to wash his tiny hands. He giggled and waved his hands in the water.

"All done!"

"Yup, alllll done." Tony lead them out, and buckled them into the stroller, ignoring camera flashes, and the frightening swirl of sadness beneath his ribs. Bucky glared at the cameras, and quickly took Danny inside the alpha restroom. The omega kissed his kids' heads. "My little royals, huh?" He straightened up, feeling self conscious of his worn jeans and tennis shoes. He'd been dressing for comfort, not looks. Bucky came out a few minutes later.

"C'mon, let's go see if we can find Pooh and Peter Pan." Tony chewed his lip, following, but keeping close to his side.

"Let's see... where would they be...?" He looked around, "What about rides, kids?"

"Dumbo!" Jamie shouted, pointing up on the elephant ride.

"Bucky?" Tony requested, "Can we?" Bucky nodded.
"Go ahead," he said, Tony bit his lip.

"Okay, Jamie first and then I'll take Nia." Jamie cheered and gripped Tony's hand, running with him. The sub lifted him up into the ride, and climbed slowly in beside him. "Okay, get these buckles on." Jamie nodded and handed his mom the seat belt, gripping the metal safety bar; Tony buckled him, and then himself, "Okay, it's gonna start soon."

"Okay," he giggled, and once the ride operator checked all the belts, the ride started. He gasped as they rose into the air, "I'm like you, mommy!" He held his arms out like Superman.

"Yeah, we're flying!" Tony grinned, watching Jamie, who giggled and waved down at his siblings and father. Tony laughed as they flew through the air, dismissing the strange dark cloud in his chest.

"Dumbo Dumbo!" He sang, and patted the elephant's head, Tony grinned, happy to see his son enjoying himself. When the ride ended, Jamie hopped off, beaming brightly; Tony climbed down and lifted Nia up.

"Ready, honey?"

"Yeah!" She cheered, clinging to his shirt, Tony settled her in, buckling her up, and settling back in.

"Alrighty, get ready!"

"I'm ready!" She cheered excitedly.

"Good girl," Tony smiled as the ride started up, her curly pigtails fluttering. She started humming excitedly, watching the world spin around; Tony reached to touch her back, "You like it?"

"Yeah!" she nodded, "I wanna do teacups!"

"Teacups, okay. We'll find them. All of us can go on those together!"

"Yay!" she cheered, "Danny can sit nexta me!"

"Yes he can," Tony promised as they landed, and he lifted Nia out. She smiled and ran back over to her dad. Bucky smiled.

"What next?"

"Nia wants to ride the teacups," Tony smiled, buckling the twins in, "There's a lot between here and there."

"Alright, let's see what else there is to do on the way," he smiled, and as they walked, he showed Tony a parade that came on that night.


"They have to make wishing masks, and get a stamp from each country in the Magic Kingdom... they decorate it however they want."

"Wishing masks?" Tony looked down at the kids, "Doesn't that sound fun?" Jamie nodded.

"Can I have water, mama?"
"Yeah, darling," Tony pulled a filter bottle from the diaper bag, and uncapped it. "Here, handsome boy." Jamie took the bottle happily and began to drink. Tony watched him, smiling as they continued on along the winding tracks. "We should be there... right around this corner?" Bucky nodded, and Jamie wiggled as he handed the water back, wanting to run around and rub up to Eeyore when he saw the donkey; Tony let him and Nia out of the stroller, and nursed Danny in the shade while Bucky lead the kids around to meet different characters.

"Donkey!" James shouted and handed the donkey his signature book, laughing happily. Bucky grinned.

"Do you guys want a picture with him?" Nia pressed shyly up against Bucky's leg, unsure of the Eeyore.

"Picture?" She peered up at her father. Bucky nodded, showing his camera.

"You don't have to, but Eeyore is nice," he smiled. She inched up to the donkey suited actor, and tugged his hand.

"Up?" She asked. The donkey shook his head and gently patted her head, Nia's lip trembled, and she was sniffing quietly, tears in her eyes for the pictures with Eeyore and her happy brother. When the picture was done, Eeyore knelt down and hugged Nia, before standing up again. She buried her face in Bucky's pants, sniffing, and Tony frowned.

"What's wrong, little darling?"

"Didn't picka me up." Nia whined.

"Eeyore is a donkey, darling," he said, rubbing her head, "I don't think his arms move like that. Maybe Peter Pan will pick you up," he smiled, Tony shook his head.

"They're not supposed to pick up the kids. You wanna ride in Danny's stroller, baby?" He handed his younger son to Bucky. The dom took Danny, and shrugged. Tony settled Nia in the single stroller, and kissed her head, "It's okay, darling." She curled into the comforting walls of the stroller, rubbing her eyes; Tony wheeled her all around, to see every Disney princess, and all the attractions, until they found the teacups. "Come up, oop." Tony lifted her out of the stroller, and settled it against the surrounding fence where a ride security guard watched over it for them. Tony carried his daughter into the teacup ride, his husband behind him with Jamie and Danny. Nia nuzzled him.

"Can I still sit wit Danny?"

"Of course, baby." Tony settled her at his side, Danny between their bodies, then Jamie, and Bucky after that. "Oh, big strong alpha, will you turn the teacup?" Bucky grinned.

"Sure," he chuckled, and gripped the middle portion. When the ride started, he began to spin the cup, Tony leaned back, trying not to smirk, as he watched Bucky's muscles shift beneath the skin, the man turning the difficult cup with apparent ease.

"Thank you, Bucky." The omega nudge his foot against his mate's. Bucky smiled and nudge it back, watching his kids get dizzy; Tony slowly lay his head back, it was evening by then, the sky purple and pink, strung with lights, and he hummed contentedly, reaching to lay a hand on Bucky's thigh. Bucky groaned softly and slowed the teacup down as the ride ended. The omega gathered the twins up, letting Bucky lift Danny. Bucky hummed and nuzzled his youngest before strapping him in the stroller besides Jamie.
"Wanna go on the Peter Pan ride?" He asked Nia, the little girl's eyes were locked on the Alice in Wonderland souvenir shop.

"Kitty, mama." She said without hesitation, "Kitty!" Tony looked to Bucky in question. Bucky shrugged.

"Sure, why not, let's go take a look at it," he smiled, the sub pushed the stroller into the shop, Nia staring wide-eyed at all the merchandise. Jamie hopped out of his stroller and looked around.

"Okay, you may each choose one big toy, and one little toy." Tony let Nia out of the buckles to look around. Jamie smiled and ran through the store, staring at the Alice in Wonderland stuff, but Nia went straight to the big stuffed cheshire cat, and carried it back to Tony, who had chosen a caterpillar for Danny.

"Wow, that's pretty big, Nia," Bucky smiled.

"Kitty." The baby girl nodded solemnly.

"Okay, go pick a little thing, okay?" Tony nudged her, and she started off toward the jewelry, a cheap display for alphas to drape over their omegas. Jamie came back empty handed, his lip wibbling.

"Can I go to a different store?" Tony picked him up, groaning at the weight.

"Of course, darling. You don't have to buy anything here." Jamie nuzzled his mom, and rubbed his eyes, humming softly. Tony bought the toys, and buckled them into the empty seat in his smaller stroller, before carrying Jamie out, pulling it behind him. Antonia chose a long gaudy necklace, and wore it the rest of the evening, until they reached the Peter Pan store. Jamie smiled when they were inside, and he immediately reached his arms out for a giant crocodile.

"Tik, tok!"

"You want the crocodile?" Tony lifted it down for him, and Nia began to wail, begging for more stuffies. Bucky lifted her up.

"You have your big cat. You get two toys, and Jamie gets two," he said, rubbing her back. Jamie smiled and hugged his crocodile, he was very soft. Nia shrieked, reaching for the Peter Pan stuffy, crying and straining to grab it. Tony sighed.

"I'll stay with Jamie while he picks his second toy, take her outside." The dom nodded, and took Nia and Danny outside, Jamie whimpered and pressed his face against his mom's neck.

"She can have my second toy, mommy..." Tony kissed Jamie's cheek.

"That's very kind of you, darling, but Nia can't act like this. Why don't you pick something for her, and you can give it to her later when she's behaving?" James smiled and pointed at the Peter Pan toy.

"I don't like to see Nia cry."

"I know, baby, me either. But she has to learn." Tony bought the two toys, wrapping the Peter Pan in bags so she wouldn't see it, and sticking it in the bottom of the stroller before carrying Jamie out. "You're so smart, my big boy, I'm proud of you." Jamie smiled and hugged him, when he saw someone with a shirt with Tigger on it.
"Momma... can I please gets a tigger toy?" He asked softly. "A small one?" Tony sighed.

"Maybe later, baby. Maybe... maybe off the internet." It was getting more and more difficult to keep a smile on his face, and the omega really just wanted to go curl up in some blankets.

"Okay," he said in a soft whine, but he nodded, yawning a little.

"You're so good." Tony settled him amongst the stuffies in the stroller, and wheeled him back toward the Pooh Bear exhibit. Jamie whined when he saw Tigger, but he didn't say anything, not wanting to get in trouble; Tony wheeled him all through the exhibit, getting his picture taken with Tigger, Nia's picture with Pooh, and Danny with Piglet. Within half an hour, all three children were sound asleep. Tony left Bucky with them, and went back to buy them each a stuffy of the character they'd posed with. Bucky smiled and moved the strollers softly, keeping them lulled to sleep. He kissed Tony when he came back.

"No parade then?" The alpha chuckled.

"I guess not," Tony frowned, "It sounded really fun, but they're out. We should go back to the hotel." Bucky nodded, and handed Danny's stroller to Tony, and he wheeled the twins back to the parking lot. The omega followed, "Do they have it tomorrow? The parade?"

"I think so," he nodded, and handed Tony the schedule as he lifted the twins out of the stroller. Tony looked it over, and then unbuckled Danny, settling him in his carseat.

"Well, it says so. We can try tomorrow."

"Sounds good," he smiled. "I want to try one of those turkey legs," he hummed.

"Turkey legs?" Tony arched a brow, and settled their souvenirs into the back of the car, and slipped into the front passenger side. He was exhausted, just watching Bucky fold up the strollers. Bucky grinned excitedly about the huge stick of meat, and put the strollers away before getting in the drivers seat. Tony barely buckled his seatbelt, and then he was fast asleep, head lolling. Bucky smiled, and drove them safely to the hotel, and tucked them into bed.

The omega curled around his younger son, shifting often, whining between movements, sweat beading on his skin. His nightmares had continued on after arriving home, and he worried they would never stop. "N-nn... no... bu..." he twisted, pulling Danny to his chest.

"Tony..." Bucky whined softly, feeling exhausted. The sub jerked, legs kicking out.

"Nooo..." He gasped out, and Danny squirmed in his grip, trying to escape the tight arms. "No... nonono... don't!" Tony's voice only grew in volume, and he kicked when Bucky brushed his legs, panic scent filling the room. Danny began to cry, loud and terrified. Bucky pinned Tony down and managed to remove the baby, pulling all three of the pups away. The omega flailed in the bed, shuddering, fingers clawing at the bedding, and Nia screamed, while Jamie struggled hard to get to his mother. Bucky took the kids out of the room.

"You guys need to stay here, and watch over Danny." The twins whined where he set them in the bathroom, and Jamie reached for his writhing mother, as the door closed. Tony was kicking and arching.

"B... noo... no...!" Bucky growled and grabbed Tony's arms, sitting on his legs.
"Tony!" The omega screamed, terror permeating the air, body bucking wildly, and then his eyes snapped open wide, and he shrieked, fighting harder.

"NO! NOOO!" He arched, panicking.

"Tony!" He shouted again, staring at him with loving eyes. "Please STOP!" The omega gagged and panted.

"Bucky...?" He whimpered, going limp, for a long minute before he tried to wrap his body around the dom's. "BuckyBuckyBuckyBucky...!" Bucky hugged him tightly, and nuzzled him.

"Shh, I got you, I love you," he hummed. "Please, talk to me? Tell me what happened?"

"Obi... Obi was... he h-had the kids... he..." Tony whimpered, "...he had y-y-y-!" He started to gasp again, panic rising. "Where are my kids!? Where are the kids!? Did someone take them!? WHERE ARE THEY!?!"

"They're in the bathroom!" He said, petting Tony's head softly, "You were scaring them... I'll bring them back out as soon as you calm down. Obi isn't here, my love... I will protect you, and them."

"Bucky hugged him tightly, and nuzzled him.

"O-oh... I s-scared them...?" He quivered, tears tracking down his cheeks. The dom nodded, and rocked his mate softly.

"Yeah, but you can fix it easily. Just make sure you tell them you love them." The sub shuddered.

"I'm a bad mom... I'm bad... I scared... why...!?” He sobbed into Bucky's chest.

"You're not bad!" He said, kissing his head, "We just... need to find a way to get rid of these nightmares. I've scared them before too... and I'm not a bad dad, right?" Tony stared up at him.

"No, no you're not bad!" He quivered, "How do I get... rid of...?"

"Maybe you need to talk about it with me? I won't get mad," he nuzzled him.

"I... I... the kids... and... what if... the... someone t-takes the kids and...!

"No one can take our kids without me ripping their throats out," he grunted.

"But what if they take you, too!? And they make you all w-watch them u-use me!?!" Tony gasped out, "I'm... s-scared! In my dreams O-Obi has m-me. And I c-can't do anything...!" Bucky nuzzled Tony.

"Obi is dead, Hammer is dead... We still have to be careful, but we're on vacation. We can relax."

The sub shuddered.

"My kids... want my k-kids." He pulled away, turning for the bathroom, "I... I know they're dead, Bucky... that's why I d-don't know how to... to get rid of the..."

"We'll work on it," he said, rubbing Tony's back, and he opened the bathroom door. Jamie was in his arms in seconds, clinging to him.

"Mama!" He cried, tears streaming down his face.

"Shh, honey, shh..." Tony murmured, eyes flicking up to Nia's face, "...baby girl? Baby girl... are you okay?" Danny climbed into his lap. Bucky nuzzled Nia.
"It's okay, darling," he said, kissing her cheek. The little girl stood for a few more seconds before bursting into tears and clinging to her mom's leg. Tony hugged her as best he could.

"I'm sorry I scared you..."

"I wuv you mama!" She said, nuzzling him.

"I love you, too, baby girl." Tony murmured, carrying them all to the bed. Bucky followed them, and helped the pups get back under the covers. "I don't wanna sleep anymore..." Tony whispered, kissing his children.

"We have a full day ahead of us tomorrow, we all need it... I brought sleeping pills, maybe they'll help?" He asked, Tony bit his lip, shaking softly.

"No... I don't... I don't wanna sleep..."

"Okay," he said, petting Tony's head softly, "I love you..."

"I love you, too." Tony murmured, swallowing thickly, and rubbing Nia's back, shifting so the kids could pile on top of him. Bucky smiled and scooted closer to Tony, holding him against his chest, and the omega whined softly, "Sorry for keeping you up..."

"It's fine... I'm sad that you can't sleep though," he said, nuzzling him.

"It's... I'm sorry." Tony whispered, "I tried..."

"I know," he nodded, and pressed Tony's face against his chest as he drifted off. Tony was wide awake the rest of the night, the children sleeping on him, his husband against him.

Chapter End Notes

*Game show host voice* Thoughts? Concerns? Share them here, in the spectacular comments section, with your hosts Starktastic and Spiffy!
Jamie woke up with a big stretch, rubbing his eyes, "Hey, baby." Tony murmured, shifting Nia and Danny onto the bed by Bucky, and getting up with his son. The little boy smiled, and wiggled happily.

"Can I have my croca?"

"Yes, of course!" Tony carried him out to the car, and unlocked it. "There we go, grab your crocodile." Jamie smiled and grabbed him, hugging him tightly.

"I like how his mouth can open!" He giggled, playing with the teeth, Tony touched the felted triangles,

"Me too! How cool!" He gathered the other toys, and carried them all up to the room, sliding the keycard. Jamie smiled and wiggled out of Tony's grip, running into the living room to play with his crocodile. "Mmm, there you go, baby." Tony set the other toys out, hiding the three others in a bag. Jamie started to play with all of the toys, the crocodile and cat talking, until Nia ambled in, and started to cry as soon as she saw that Jamie had her toy.

"Mmmaammammm! My kitty!" Jamie looked up and whined, the Cheshire cat in the crocodiles mouth.

"I'm just pwaying wiff it!" He protested, but Nia snatched it, crying and hugging it tightly.

"Antonia!" Tony stood up, "Stop! This is silly, he was just playing with it for a minute!" Jamie started to cry, and he ran away from the toys, just into the other room; Tony pressed a hand over his face. "Dang it, Nia...you have to learn to share." He took the cat stuffy from her, and put it up high. "When you calm down you can have it back." He pulled away, shaking, "No! Don't wake your daddy up-!" He darted after her as she ran toward Bucky; the alpha was already awake, standing there groggily with a sleepy Danny in his arms.

"Is coffee started?" He asked tiredly, and Tony shook his head.

"No, I'll go start it." He shuffled into the suite's kitchenette, and flipped the switch. Bucky hummed and picked Nia up, but he walked towards the kitchen, away from the cat. She screeched.

"My kitty!" As Tony bent to pick up Jamie.

"Hey, baby, shh. It's okay. She's gonna say she's sorry." Bucky winced and sat down at the table. Jamie curled into a small ball.

"She's a meanie-head!"
"James Edward Stark, we don't call people names." Tony chastised tiredly, "You wouldn't want her to call you that, would you?" He hefted James onto his hip, and poured Bucky coffee, stirring in sugar and creamer. "Ow." He whimpered, sucking his fingers into his mouth, "Here, babe." He handed the coffee over, and tried to pour his own. James muttered an apology and looked over at his crocodile; Bucky beamed.

"Thanks," he smiled, stared at his hand, "Did you hurt it?" Tony picked up the stuffed toy, and handed it to Jamie, its tail dragging on the floor.

"I'm fine, the cup was hot." He murmured, adding sugar and milk to his cup, and taking a long drink. He kissed Jamie's forehead after, and set the boy down, taking Danny to nurse him. Jamie sat on the floor and stayed there, curled up with his massive crocodile. Bucky kissed Tony's cheek, and sat at the table. The omega sighed, wincing when Danny bit a little too hard. "So..." He murmured over Nia's crying, "Do we want to go out for breakfast, or order in?"

"If Nia can behave, we will go out," he said, drinking his coffee; Antonia hiccuped, struggling to stop crying, she loved going out to eat. Tony lifted Danny, and carried him to the bed to change his soaked diaper, wiping him down lovingly.

"Hey, little boy," He crooned, "Getting a diaper on, go eat some yummy breakfast," He half sang, tickling Danny's belly. Danny giggled and reached for his mom's face, kicking his legs a little. "Ten and a half months old, my little cutie pie, getting so big." Tony pinned his diaper on, and nuzzled his face, picking him up. Cocking his head for a moment, Tony's tense shoulders relaxed; Nia had stopped crying. Danny giggled happily, staring at his happier mama. Bucky smiled and kissed Nia's head.

"Go get dressed, and we can pick where to eat together." The little girl rubbed her eyes, and Tony kissed Danny's face and passed him to Bucky.

"I'll bring you his clothes after I get Nini and Jamie dressed." He smiled, and took Antonia's hand, letting her lead him. "Okay, here are the clothes I brought for you, honey. Pick whichever clothes you want." Nia sniffed and pointed to the pink dress with small white polka dots on the flared out base, "Okay, do you want tights?" Tony asked, helping her out of her wrinkled clothes from the day before. She nodded and lifted up a leg so he could put them on her, Tony slipped the shorts up, and buckled little shoes on her feet, but, it only being February, he tucked a pair of leggings into his bag for her, and a little sweater. "Go tell Jamie it's his turn." She wrinkled her nose, but did as told. Jamie was still curled up on the floor.

"Mama says go there." Nia ordered, and Tony rolled his eyes.

"Okay... how about these little shorts? They're cute. I want you to have fun on the rides without burning your little leggies, honey." She nodded and lifted up a leg so he could put them on her, Tony slipped the shorts up, and buckled little shoes on her feet, but, it only being February, he tucked a pair of leggings into his bag for her, and a little sweater. "Go tell Jamie it's his turn." She wrinkled her nose, but did as told. Jamie was still curled up on the floor.

"Wanna... wanna go to Denny's!" Nia insisted, sitting in Bucky's lap as Tony followed Jamie into the kitchen, finally picking up his now cold cup of coffee. Jamie nuzzled his mom, before going back to his crocodile.
"Denny's? You don't want to go get breakfast at a Disney restaurant?" Bucky asked.

"Uh uh! Denny's!" Nia exclaimed, and Tony bit his lip, he'd never been to a Denny's. It didn't sound appealing. Bucky shrugged,

"Alright, but if we go to this one, Minnie and Mickey will be there." Nia shook her head, pointing imperiously,

"No!" Tony eyed her.

"Antonia, behave yourself. You know, be calm, don't raise your voice." Jamie whimpered, he wanted to see the two mouses. Tony kissed James, "Baby boy, you can pick where we eat lunch." He promised, kissing Jamie's forehead.

"Okay," he nodded, feeling nervous around Nia. Tony settled Jamie on his hip, carrying him around to bring Bucky Danny's clothes.

"Fine, Denny's for breakfast, wherever Jamie wants for lunch, and..." Tony cast around, "...I pick where for dinner." Bucky nodded.

"Alright, that sound good," he smiled, and helped Danny into his clothes; The baby gurgled happily, and gave his daddy a kiss.

"Dadada... pigly?"

"Oh! I got you each a present, for being so good yesterday." Tony pulled the bag out, and handed Jamie the Tigger, and Nia the Pooh Bear, "Here baby boy, Piglet!" The omega handed him the piglet stuffy, beaming. Jamie gasped and grabbed his Tigger, hugging him tightly.

"Thank you mommyyyy!" Jamie cried, and Danny screamed happily, hugging the piggy against him, and Nia looked down at the pooh.

"...but I crieded." Tony kissed her cheek, gentle and loving.

"I know, but you're still my baby girl, and you're a good person, baby." Bucky smiled and petted her hair softly. Jamie giggled as he ran around the room, hopping. "Okay, so... breakfast." Tony looked down at his own clothes, "Ah... clothes first." He shuffled back into the bedroom, reemerging in dark, tight jeans, and a Metallica shirt, with worn tennis shoes, "Alright, do you want to get dressed, hun?" He kissed Bucky's cheek. Bucky nodded and finished his coffee, handing his youngest back to his mother; Tony kissed Danny's little button nose, and turned music on on his phone. "Mmm, mama's little boy is a dancing boy," Tony laughed, tossing Danny in the air, and catching him as he fell. Danny erupted into giggles and put his arms in the air; Tony flew him around the kitchen area, watching the twins dance around excitedly. Bucky came out and scooped up the kids, laughing as he chased Tony. "Ahhh!" Tony ran out through the living room area, holding Danny to his chest, "Noooo!"

"Come back here!" The alpha roared playfully; Tony shoved himself between a wall and the bed, suddenly terrified. He hid Danny between him and the wall, shaking. Bucky frowned and set the kids down. "Tony?" he asked, not moving. "It was just a game... you don't have to be afraid of me." The omega shuddered, clutching his baby.

"...please...!" He whimpered, shaking, "Please don't!" Bucky whimpered, and knelt on the floor.

"Tony... please don't be afraid of me..." he said, his head down. Tony crawled to his side, setting Danny down.
"Bucky...?" He whispered, "Oh god, I'm so sorry! I don't know what happened!" Bucky nuzzled Tony softly.

"You can trust me, can't you?"

"Yes! Yes, I... I do, I trust you, Bucky! I swear!" Tony buried his face in Bucky's chest, "I'm so sorry! I don't know why that happened..." Bucky hugged him and kissed his head.

"It's alright. C'mon, let's get ready to go," he smiled; Tony carried Danny out to the car, buckling him in, watching Bucky strap the twins in.

"Bucky... it's getting worse..." He whispered, "...I... maybe I should go to a..." He stared at the ground, "...a therapist..." Bucky nodded and kissed his head.

"I think that's a good idea. We can set up your appointments, and you can go when we get home." Tony's shoulders shook.

"Okay..." He'd been hoping Bucky would say it wasn't necessary, but his alpha had agreed. He climbed into the car, chewing his lip, and staring at his hands, folded in his lap. "I'm sorry... I didn't mean to..." Tony fell silent, rubbing his chest, saddened by the reaction he'd had. He'd never been so scared, not since Howard died, at least. He had never wanted to feel that way about Bucky. He loved Bucky. The alpha leaned over and kissed him softly.

"I love you."

"Why?" Tony whispered before he could stop himself, "Sorry, I'm sorry, I love you, too." He twisted to stare out the window as the car started up. Bucky squeezed Tony's thigh.

"Don't doubt my love for you," he hummed, Tony shivered under his hand.

"Yes sir." He whispered, swallowing. Bucky rubbed his thigh, and drove them to Denny's.

The omega was withdrawn and unsure as they sat in the sticky booth, and the kids were settled, Danny in a high chair, the twins in boosters. "What'll you have to drink?" The seating hostess asked kindly.

"Coffee." Tony answered woodenly, "A lot of... a lot of coffee."

"Coffee as well, and three apple juices for them," he said, handing the kids their menus; the hostess returned promptly with the cheap coffee, and Tony couldn't even bring himself to wrinkle his nose. He drank the mug of hot liquid in three swallows, and scooted his cup to her for more. Bucky nodded at the hostess, "You can just leave the pot with us, thanks."

"Yessir," she sauntered off as Tony poured and swallowed another mugful, then a third. Jamie was staring up at his mother, dark eyes wide. Bucky looked at Jamie.

"What is it, pup?"

"Why mama drinkin like that?" The young boy asked, and Tony paused, his fifth cup at his lips, the pot more than half empty.

"Well, 'cause he's tired, mommy didn't sleep real good," he said, petting his head.

"Okies." James murmured, scooting up against Tony, in his booster. Tony slipped an arm around
"What do you want to eat, kiddo?" Jamie pointed to the pancakes with a butter and bacon smile on them. "M'kay." Tony pointed it out to Bucky, and went back to drinking coffee. Nia chose strawberry french toast, and Tony tapped the scrambled eggs for Danny. Bucky nodded and smiled, choosing the triple meal, pancakes, eggs and sausage.

"What would you like, Tony?" The sub set his empty mug next to the empty pot.

"I don't... eggs, I guess." Bucky smiled, and placed everyone's order when the waiter arrived with their drinks. The sub watched his children slurp down the juice, and fiddled with his empty mug, "Ma'am... more coffee, please." Bucky sighed.

"One more cup, no more after that." Tony's eyes flicked up.

"Why?" He asked, fingers tapping at the table, nervous and uncomfortable.

"Because you've had an entire pot already, Tony. Please, you don't need any more," he said; The omega hunched his shoulders, shoving his cup away.

"Fine." He grunted, digging his nails into his palms. Bucky stared at him.

"Tony, talk to me, what's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong," A muscle in Tony's jaw twitched, "I'm fine." Bucky snorted.

"Fine," he said, fixing Nia's pigtails, Tony stared out the window by their booth, shivering occasionally. Bucky bit his lip, and rubbed his feet against Tony's shin. "Hey... c'mon now." The sub turned dull eyes on Bucky.

"Am I behaving incorrectly, too?" He forced a smile onto his face, and helped the kids get their plates, before looking back out the window.

"What? No, Tony I just didn't want to see you get sick on coffee and then have a caffeine crash in a few hours... don't do this." Tony didn't turn his head.

"Do what, Bucky?"

"Act like this. I'm just looking out for you, and you're being sullen and unlike yourself. We're supposed to be having fun..." Tony swallowed, trying to push his mouth into the right shape, but it was hard.

"I'm fine." The smile felt tight and difficult to maintain, "I'm fine." Bucky growled at him, and turned his head away, hating that Tony lied to him. The sub's smile slipped off his face, and his gaze dropped to the table, "I don't wanna talk...here..."

"Okay... you don't have to talk right now, but don't pretend it's all okay," he said, squeezing Tony's hand softly.

"I don't know what else to say..." Tony mumbled, shoving his fingers shakily through his hair, his children were unsure, picking at their food.

"Just eat," he said, smiling softly, and cutting into his pancakes; Tony stared down at the table.

"I can't..." Bucky frowned, and sighed, picking at his food. Had he done something wrong?
The omega struggled to be good, all day, to care for his children, and not spoil them, but when it came time to choose a place for dinner, Tony just couldn't. He twisted his hands slowly, "I... uh... maybe..." He whispered, eyes dull. Bucky put the kids in the car, and he hugged Tony, nuzzling his head.

"Hey... talk to me," he hummed.

"I don't... I can't... I feel weird... like... like I can't... be happy, I can't explain it... I just want to go home and... and never leave..." Bucky frowned, and hugged his mate.

"I love you so much... and I want you to get better. How about we go home tonight, and get you to that therapist's tomorrow?" Tony sniffed.

"What if they can't help?" He whispered, shaking against Bucky's chest.

"I think they can, in time," he rubbed his back softly. The omega shuddered hard.

"I don't wanna... I... I just want to g-go home... be in o-our floor..." But he knew there would be no changing Bucky's mind now. Bucky kissed his head,

"Let's get dinner, and tell the kids that we're leaving afterwards." Tony swallowed thickly, and let Bucky lift him into the car, his hands shaking as he clicked the seatbelt in.

"Are you sure...? I... I... if... we... maybe if you... drop me it'll go away...?" Bucky shrugged.

"I don't think you're reacting well to alpha commands... and I don't want you to spend our vacation in sub drop." Tony flinched.

"I was bad?" He whispered, "I... I thought I was being good... I..." The omega hunched his shoulders, "...I th-thought we were going home..."

"You are my good boy, and we are going home, as soon as our kids are fed." Tony swallowed.

"I... but... you said not reacting well... what did I do wrong...?" He whined, rubbing his hands over his face, as they pulled into a restaurant parking lot.

"It's nothing, babe, c'mon," he smiled, and rubbed his back as they pulled into a Disney castle themed restaurant. The sub shivered.

"I... no, please... tell me what I did wrong? Was I not receptive enough? Did I not kneel right? Or-?"

"You're not being yourself," he said, nuzzling him. "You're sad, and I'm worried for you... and I know you're tired." The sub's face fell.

"I... I'm trying to..." He whispered, climbing slowly out of the car and getting his children out, one by one, hands shaking. Jamie clung to his leg, not wanting to let go. Bucky sighed, and kissed him again.

"I know you are, I do," he said, leading the kids inside; Tony slowly lifted Jamie to his chest, licking his dry lips.

"I'm sorry, Jamie boy." He mumbled, carrying him inside. Jamie sniffed and nuzzled him, clutching at his shirt. "Don't be sad, James." Tony kissed his cheek, "Please?" He kissed the little
boy's cheek, trying to stay calm as he sank into his chair. The little boy didn't know how to not be sad, since his mother was sad; Tony swallowed, and tried to set him in a booster, but the child clutched at him, "Please, honey, we have to eat dinner..." James started to whine, and he relented, wanting to make his mother happy as a tear ran down his cheek. Tony wiped it away gently, "Hey... hey, it's okay, baby, it's alright." He tried to read his menu, but nothing sounded good. Bucky sighed.

"Do you want to just get McDonalds and go pack?" Tony shook his head.

"N-no..." He whispered, "...I'm sorry..." The alpha nodded, and tried to help Nia pick her food. The omega shuddered, picking a meal at random, and picking at the table cloth, "I'm upsetting you..." Bucky sighed, and took Tony's hands in his.

"I'm worried for you," The sub stared up at him.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Bucky..."

"It's okay," he said, rubbing his thumbs over the calloused hands, "We'll get you feeling better in no time."

"But what if we can't, Bucky? What if I'm broken, and-!?" Tony took deep breaths, shaking, he didn't want anyone to notice, "Let's just... let's just eat."

"You're working to give omegas a safe home and more rights," he smiled. "You're trying to take on the world... I believe that there isn't a thing in this world that you can't fix." His words were like a weight on Tony's shoulders, if he couldn't fix it, he would let Bucky down! Panic was a cold presence in his chest and stomach, and he'd pushed back from the table before he could stop himself.

"B-bathroom...!" He walked jerkily toward the restroom, locking himself in a stall, the brightly lit omega bathroom even more stressful than the table had been. Bucky stood up to go after his mate, but he wouldn't leave his kids unattended. With a soft sigh, he sat back down... and that was when Jamie burst into tears. Tony paced back and forth in the stall, flapping his hands, and struggling to calm himself. "Fuck... fuckfuckfuckfuck-!" He cried, hugging himself, his breath harsh and painful, "Fuck...!" And then a tiny body wiggled under the stall door, and Tony stared down at his eldest son. Jamie quickly latched onto his legs, crying loudly, his entire body shaking. Tony gulped against the panic in his throat. "J-Jamie..." He picked the two year old up, "...honey... wh-hat are you doing... i-in here?" Jamie hugged him around his throat, wailing against his skin, too upset to talk. "Baby... you sh-shouldn't b-be here... you n-need your... your dinner... I'm just... I'm just trying to feel better, okay?" Tony whispered.

"I wanna feel betta wif mama!" He cried.

"I..." Tony swallowed, and rubbed his back, "...I'm s-sorry, honey..." He didn't know what to do, he didn't feel any better, and he didn't know how to help Jamie feel better. Tony carried him out of the stall sitting with him on the nursing couch. "Honey... my gorgeous boy..." James continued to cry until he managed to calm down, and he rubbed his wet cheeks, hiccuping a little. "Baby... I'm sorry... I'm sorry, it's not you, darling." Tony whispered, "I promise." Jamie nuzzled his mom, and felt himself getting tired, his cheeks soaking wet, and he was whimpering softly. "Shh, honey... don't sleep, James, you need to eat, darling." Tony stood up, "Wake up." His son whined louder and hugged Tony tighter, keeping his eyes open. "Come on, you've gotta eat, honey." Tony settled him gently into his booster, and sat down, shaking, "Sorry Bucky..." Bucky stared at him.

"I didn't mean to frighten you." Jamie snifflled and picked at his French fries and chicken nuggets.
"Y... you didn't... it..." Tony whispered, "...it wasn't..." He stared at the table, "I don't want to f-fail you... I can't talk about this... I can't..." Bucky nuzzled him.

"You could never fail me, unless you give up. I believe in you," he said softly. Tony trembled.

"What if... what if I h-have to...?"

"Then... I will hold you up, I won't let you stop this dream of yours," he said. The omega stared at the table, he wouldn't cry, not here in the restaurant. Nia patted his hand, her wide emerald eyes worried. Jamie started to cry again, two fries shoved in his cup of ketchup, waiting to be eaten, Tony shuddered.

"Please, Jamie, please stop crying, please." he lay his head on Jamie's, wrapping his arms around the boy. Jamie hugged him back, getting some ketchup on his mom's shirt, and the omega rubbed his back. "Shh, it's... it's okay..." He hiccuped and pressed his forehead against Tony's cool skin. "It's alright." Tony whispered, kissing his hair, "Shh." Jamie groaned and rubbed his eyes.

"My head hurts, mama..."

"Your head?" Tony whispered, "I'm sorry, honey. We're gonna go home after we eat, baby." The young boy frowned, and whimpered.

"We're leavin?"

"Yeah, baby." Tony murmured, "I... we're gonna go home, honey." Jamie looked down, crying, rubbing his hands over his eyes.

"I'm sowwy!"

"Honey? Baby, you didn't do anything wrong." Tony shivered, swallowing, "Don't be sad, darling."

"I don' wanna go home!" He said, wailing. A waiter came over.

"I'm sorry, would you mind taking him outside until he calms down?" Tony glared, defensive.

"Would you mind backing away from me!?" He hefted Jamie into his arms, carrying him out to the car. "Honey, you have to calm down. I know it's hard, but we're going home, we didn't plan on staying l-long tomorrow anyway." Jamie buried his face in Tony's throat.

"I sowwy..." he whimpered, sniffling.

"James Edward Barnes-Stark, you didn't do anything wrong." Tony smoothed his curls, "It's no one's fault." Jamie nodded, and nuzzled him, putting his hand to his head.

"M'kay mama..."

"Okay." Tony kissed him gently, "We're going to eat dinner, and then Jarvis can read you a story on my phone until we get home." Jamie sniffed and nodded.

"I like Jari's stories..."

"Okay, baby. But we have to eat first." Tony was losing his grip, his soft smile dripping off his face, "Let's go eat." The child nodded, and let Tony carry him back into the restaurant. The sub settled him down into his booster, and picked through his own hamburger, dismantling it. Bucky stared at them, before going back to his own meal, helping Danny eat. Jamie picked at his tenders and fries; Tony ruffled Jamie's hair, but his motions were jerky, forced. He took a bite, but he
couldn't even taste it. Jamie winced a little when his hair was pulled, it wasn't soft like his mom usually pet him. Tony pulled his hand away. "Sorry, Jamie..." He whispered. Jamie looked at him, "You sick?"

"I don't know, baby." Tony whispered. "Probably..." He hung his head, shivering. Bucky called the waiter back over.

"We'll take some to-go boxes," he said; the man looked glad to see the end of them, and settled boxes before them, Danny was crying for his mother. Bucky lifted up the little boy, and handed him to Tony. The omega blinked down at the little brunette, and pulled him close.

"Hey, Danny..." He mumbled.

Chapter End Notes

Only eight chapters left. Talk to me, people!
The Daily Races

Chapter Summary

So...Warnings for Therapy. Neither of us are, or ever have been, therapists.
So...inconsistencies are...to be expected.
Aside from that? Hopelessness, extreme-ish depression, guilt for not being better, and confused children.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Mr. Barnes-Stark, if you would please come in," the therapist asked Bucky, leaning out the door to the room she'd taken Tony into. The omega was curled up on a couch, hugging his knees, eyes dull, it was his sixth visit, and he'd finally been honest. Bucky came in, and sat down in the chair beside Tony's. The omega whimpered, and made to climb into his lap, but the therapist, a Doctor Mari, shook her head. "No, Omega Barnes-Stark, please stay seated." She was a beta, gentle, calm, as Tony sank back onto the couch. "He has depression, Alpha Barnes-Stark." Bucky nodded his head, did he really send Tony to a doctor to find out something he already obviously knew?

"Okay. Are you helping him with it?"

"There are treatment options I wish to discuss with you." She leaned forward, "He's obviously had it a long time. Now, we can put him on an antidepressant, Zoloft, or Prosac... but he's an omega, and that makes it more difficult, his immune system would cycle through them too quickly." Mari steepled her fingers under her chin, "On top of that, he has severe anxiety issues, panic attacks, and... he only just started to talk about the things he's been through." Bucky nodded,

"Okay, well... anti-depressants are definitely a no... he's still nursing," he said.

"How old is your youngest?"

"He'll... he'll be one in a week." Tony whispered, burying his face in his knees.

"He's old enough to be weaned, then." Mari sighed, "Regardless, omegas have to take double, even triple, the dose of betas and alphas. He'll have to have a blood panel, then one a month to be sure the dose isn't too high or low. Then anti-anxiety pills, maybe Xanax, or..." Tony's despair scent permeated the air of the room, and Mari trailed off, "Omega Barnes-Stark, it's necessary."

"What will it do to me?"

"I don't think it's necessary," Bucky said, refraining from growling at the woman. "This is your job. You are here for him to talk to, and you get to help him get past all of his issues, even if it takes years. I hear that those pills don't even work, they just make you feel worse!" He said. He had been talking to Bruce a lot, getting information. Tony whimpered.

"Yes, I'm here for him to talk to, but if he won't take what I believe would help him-"

"I won't." Tony whispered.
"Then I'm not sure how to help you. You tell me you've spoken to fellow omegas, perhaps my colleague would be a better fit." Mari held a card out to Bucky, "Anna Meralise, she's in this building." Bucky took the card, and stood up.

"Thanks," he said, holding his hand out for Tony's. The omega swallowed, letting Bucky pull him up.

"Bucky... I'm sorry I'm n-not getting better..." He whispered as he was lead from the room, and down the hall to the receptionist for Anna Meralise.

"Hello, can I help you?" The beta at the counter asked. Bucky kissed Tony's head.

"Hi, my mate needs some serious help, and a therapist who knows how to do their job without prescribing pills." The young beta man blinked.

"I see, well, let me just..." He scrolled through the computer. "Anna has an empty slot in fifteen minutes, if you'll just fill out these forms." He handed over a clipboard of papers, and Tony swallowed.

"Okay..." His hands shook as he sat down, and scratched his name onto the proper line, head down. Bucky rubbed Tony's back.

"It's okay, just a small hiccup."

"H-hiccup..." Tony whispered, shaking softly, and trying to fill out the form, "...Bucky..." He swallowed, "...I... my... my social security number...?" He looked up at his mate, who had filled out all the papers for the last therapist. Bucky wrote it down for him, he'd been forced to memorize all of Tony's information upon marriage. The sub slowly wrote everything else, having Bucky sign all the required places, and handed it to the receptionist.

"Thank you, she's just finishing up her last appointment."

"Thank you," Bucky said, kissing Tony's head, and hugging him close. "I love you so much..." The sub was limp against him.

"She's just gonna say the same thing... without pills I'll stay sick..." He whispered, and the beta shook his head.

"Anna is a psychologist, not a psychiatrist. She's more focused on helping people, not prescribing medication." Bucky smiled at the beta.

"Please give Anna a chance... I think she will be very good for you." Tony looked up at his mate with dull eyes.

"If... you say so..." He mumbled as he was lead back into her office, to see the omega woman sitting in a chair. There was soft music playing as she pushed her pale curls out of her face, and fixed her papers. "H-hello." He attempted. She smiled softly.

"Hello, Tony. How are you?" He chewed his lip.

"I'm fine..." He lied, hands twisted against his sternum, "...I don't... you're just going to..."

"I'm not going to prescribe you any medicines, Tony," she said, grabbing some pen and paper. He shivered.
"Bucky doesn't want me to t-take anything. Our s-son is still nursing, and... and Bruce says they m-make it worse..." Anna nodded.

"I'm going to try my very best to help you," she said. "How are you feeling today?"

"Not... not good..." Tony slowly sank into a chair, "...I... my... my daughter wanted... wanted pancakes, but I c-couldn't get up..." She nodded, and her pen moved unobtrusively across her legal pad.

"About when did you start feeling like this?"

"...I..." He hesitated, "...I was twelve..." Tony finally said, biting his lip, "...after... the... the...."

"Do you want to tell me what happened?" she asked; Tony shuddered.

"You're lawfully required not to tell anyone, right?" He forced out, waiting for confirmation.

"Yes, unless you plan to commit murder or suicide, I legally cannot tell another person," she said, Tony swallowed.

"My... my father took my virginity my first heat." She stayed professional, but quickly scribbled things down.

"Did you attempt to contact anyone afterwards? Like the police?"

"No." Tony twisted his hands together, "I tried to get my m-mother to leave with me, and... he came and picked us up from the shelter..." She nodded,

"And your father passed when you were in your mid teens, correct?"

"Late teens, yes..." Tony cleared his throat, "...I'd... he had me get his child aborted, and... and he died years later... and... his business partner claimed me..." She was shocked by the fact that he'd experienced child loss, but kept pushing.

"Obadiah Stane was his partner, right?"

"Y-yeah..." Tony whispered, breath picking up, "...I... I should go, Bucky is w-waiting...!"

"It's alright!" she said, holding a hand out. "We don't have to continue today, but I would like you to come back," she said, scribbling down seven digits, "Call me anytime, day or night, about anything that's on your mind, okay?" Tony's hand shook as he took the card.

"No... no pills...?" He looked down at the rectangle in his hand, "...I... what if I can't call? What if I can't get out of bed and... and Bucky gets upset...?" He cried, tearing the card on accident. She sighed softly, slipping one more card in his shirt pocket.

"I doubt your mate will get mad at you, and if you really want to talk... you'll find a way." Tony swallowed, shaking.

"But he gets... upset... because I'm not getting better..."

"This is a good way for you to get better. If he'd get upset for you being unwell, then he'd be happy you called." Tony sniffed, and slowly sat down again.

"If... if you're... sure..." She smiled and nodded.
"Would you like to try talking a little more tonight? Or are you done?"

"A... a... little more..." Tony whispered, "...I... you..."

"Okay," she smiled and repositioned her notepad. "What happened with Mr. Stane?"

"He... he t-taught me... taught... me I w-orthless... and.... he..." Tony swallowed thickly.

"Do you still believe you are worthless?" The omega stared at the floor.

"...I..."

"Because you are very important to your family," she said. "Your children and your mate love you very much. That's the greatest kind of worth," she smiled. "How many kids do you have?"

"I have three. Two boys and a girl." Tony coughed, "And... and I..."

"Yes?" She asked, staring at him,

"...I'm afraid... of not being good enough for them." He pushed the words out, trembling, and tears slipped down his face.

"I think that's every parent's fear," she said, "As long as they're happy, you're a good parent."

"But they're not! They're not happy! They cry and cry, and Jamie is upset all the time-!" Tony dropped his head into his hands.

"Kids... especially omegas, read on their parents feelings. You've been sad... so they are sad. Now that you are getting hope, you will get better, and so will they," She smiled.

"But... but will I? It's been w-weeks, and still n-nothing. I..." Tony swallowed, "...this feels useless."

"I know, but you're talking, and we can start you on the path to healing. Sometimes it takes a long time... but if you trust me to help you, I promise, I will not give up on you."

"I... I don't have... I don't... trusting is..." Tony hugged himself, "I don't... if it doesn't help, then why should I-?" He remembered the disappointment on Bucky's face, and scrubbed at his tears, "What else should I talk about...?" She sighed softly.

"We have a lot to talk about. Did Obi treat you the same way your father did?" Tony swallowed thickly.

"Sort of... he beat me a lot more... and... tried to control my company...through me... was still... playing Beta...."

"How did that make you feel, having to keep pretending to be a beta?"

"B-better? I... I was treated better as a beta... could do more..." Tony's voice was barely audible.

"But Obi didn't treat you good," She said, "With Bucky, you are an omega... but he doesn't beat you, right?"

"N-no! No, Bucky is... if anything... too gentle." Tony choked as he said that, "Don't tell him I said that! I love Bucky!"
"Everything we say is confidential," She reminded him. "I'm glad you love him. And I assume you love your children? I know that it's hard, but next time if your kids want something... maybe for a little bit you can think about how much you love them, and that can help you get up?"

"I t-ried that, I've tried everything! It's t-too hard... I just want to s-sleep... and... and it makes Bucky upset... and the k-kids cry..."

Bucky sighed, and stood outside, his phone in hand. "Hey Steve..."

"Hey, how's it going? I thought you'd be back by now." Steve sounded off, as if he were holding the phone between cheek and shoulder. Bucky sighed.

"His therapist didn't work out, so he's seeing a different person now," he said.

"Now? Jamie's waiting to swim with his mom, and-" Steve cut himself off, "Didn't work out? What happened? Is he doing alright?" He sighed, genuinely concerned, hoping this didn't set Tony back. Bucky bit his lip.

"She wanted to put him on anti depressants instead of actually work with him. The lady he's with now won't prescribe any medication, and has taken on cases like his before."

"Cases like his? Bucky, Bruce says he's rapid cycling, and he went from functional to... staying in bed for days at a time in two months, Bucky. What changed? This is..."

"I mean, with his past and all, with the rapes... I don't know," he groaned. "I want him to be better... I want my Tony back."

"What if this is your Tony, Bucky?" Steve asked sadly, "What if this is him, now?" The omega stepped out of Anna's office.

"Bucky?" He had a small appointment card in his hand, for a date a week later. Bucky lifted his head.

"I'll talk to you later," he said, hanging up, and he stood up, smiling at Tony. "Ready to go home?"

"Yes." Tony slowly shuffled over to huddle against Bucky's chest, closing his eyes, "Can I sleep?"

"Yeah," he nodded, "When we get into the car," he said, kissing his head, and walking him towards the exit. He hoped Jamie would be okay if he went swimming with someone else instead. The omega shuffled along after him, pressed against his side, until he reached the lobby, where he slid sunglasses onto his face, and straightened up. Bucky raised his eyebrow a little, but said nothing. He opened the passenger door for Tony, and got in the drivers seat. The sub climbed in, and hunched against the far door.

"I... I don't... I can't... Bucky...!" He choked out, pressing a hand over his face, "I can't... get better..." Bucky frowned, and nodded, slowly driving them back home; the omega stared at the floor, shaking. "I'm t-trying... I promise...!" Bucky reached across and gently rubbed his hand.

"I know you are, And I am so proud of you," he gave him a small smile. Tony burst into tears, trying to pull his knees up.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, Bucky! I... I have to sw-swim with Jamie-!"
"I know you want to sleep, you can go sleep, I'll swim with him," he said, rubbing his thumb over his hand. "Don't apologize... just try out this new therapist... and we'll see what happens."

"I promised Jamie... I promised..." Tony swallowed thickly.

"He'll understand if we postpone it," he said, humming.

"No he won't... he won't... and Danny t-turns one soon and-" Tony leaned to press his face to Bucky's side. Bucky scratched softly at his head.

"Okay..." He said, not sure if James would be more sad to see his depressed mother, or for his mother to cancel; Tony gripped Bucky's hand.

"Mama always... cancelled... I won't d-do that to him." Bucky smiled softly, and nodded, squeezing Tony's hand.

"I understand."

"Thanks..." Tony wiped his eyes with his free hand, shaking, "...thank you... I... I'll sleep l-later."

"You can sleep after swimming, if you'd like," he smiled, and pulled into the garage.

"Okay." Tony climbed out of the car, head down, barely moving, and stepped into the elevator. "Bucky... why is this happening to me...?" Bucky wrapped his arms around him, holding him against his warm body.

"I think... maybe your past is finally rushing up to the surface. You're not used to dealing with them, and you can't push them back down... which is why I think getting them out and talking about them to either me or a therapist, or both, will be good for you." Tony whimpered.

"I d-don't want to... I don't want to t-talk about it more-!" He clung to Bucky, shaking hard as they slid up to the shared floor. Bucky frowned, and walked his mate out into the bedroom.

"C'mon, here's your bathing suit, I'm going to go check on Nia and Danny," he kissed his cheek before leaving; Tony held the material in his hands, shaking.

"Okay... okay... you can do this, Tony... you can..." He breathed, swallowing.

"There's daddy!" Steve exclaimed, setting Danny and the twins loose, so they could run, squealing, into their dad's arms. Bucky smiled and scooped up the kids, giving all three of them big bear hugs. Danny clung to him.

"Daddada!" While the twins cried.

"Daddy! Daddy!" Jamie stared up at him.

"Where's mama? I want mama! Mama said we would swimmin today!" Bucky smiled.

"Mama's upstairs getting his bathing suit on, he'll be down in a few minutes," he chuckled, holding all three of them. "Did you guys have a fun day with Uncle Steve?"

"Uncle Sateve! We watched alllllll doggies go up, and we made playdough!" Nia exclaimed, "We swim with mama?"
"Playdough?" He smiled, "You'll have to show me later. Jamie? Is it cool if Nia and Danny go swimming with you and mama?"

"I guess." Jamie looked up at Bucky, "Is mama better?" Bucky sighed, and kissed Jamie's head.

"Not yet. I'll get yours and Danny's bathing suit when mama comes down," he said to Nia.

"Not better." Jamie sniffled, "Okies." He lay his head on his dad's shoulder, and Nia nodded sadly.

"It's gonna take a little while for him to get better," he said to them softly.

"But... whena sick... better tomorrow." Jamie attempted,

"Not from this kind of sick," Steve touched his hair gently.

"I don't know when he'll be better," Bucky muttered.

"Buck, you wanna talk about it later? I'm here for you." Steve offered. Bucky smiled up at him, and nodded.

"Later." The blond alpha squeezed Bucky's shoulder, and nodded to him as the elevator doors opened. Tony's eyes were dark, shadows beneath them like stains, and he seemed a second off, as if his movements were forced responses. He peered up at Bucky.

"Swimming?" Bucky smiled and went over to him.

"C'mon, let's get you in a chair." Tony blinked.

"A chair...?" He ambled along obediently, sinking into a seat, and Steve swallowed. It was incredibly difficult for the pack to see Tony without his fire and spirit. Bucky kissed his head, he didn't want to see his mate drown.

"Steve? Watch the kids for me while I go get their suits?" Tony's shoulders shook.

"You don't trust me with them...?" He whimpered, tears gathering in his eyes as Steve nodded.

"I know you're tired, baby, I just wanted an extra pair of eyes to help you," he said, squeezing his hand.

"But..." Tony sniffed, tears sliding down his cheeks, "...that's not..." Steve swallowed, looking away, and the children inched closer to their mother, wary and unsure, except Jamie. The little boy climbed right into his lap, and nuzzled his face. Bucky sighed and went upstairs to get the suits. Jamie kissed his mom's chin, nuzzling him some more; the sub watched Bucky go, and sobbed harder, clinging to his son. "S-s-sorry, S-Steve..." He struggled to calm himself, but when Clint peeked out of the bedroom, saw him, and closed the door between them again, he shuddered hard and buried his face in Jamie's chest. Jamie petted his mom's head.

"We don't hafta go swimma, momma," he muttered, and the omega choked.

"No, honey, no, I promised! I promised! We'll g-go swimming..." Jamie smiled and nuzzled him.

"Kay."

"Okay." Tony whispered, shaking. Jamie frowned, and stayed quiet, gently petting his mother. Tony pulled back, "I'm sorry, Jamie... I'm so sorry... I'm t-trying, I..." His son's lip wibbled.
"I love you, mama."

"I love you, too, baby." Tony managed, kissed him gently, "I'm so sorry." He dropped his gaze, submissive, without thought. Steve's response rumbled in his chest, an automatic reaction to submission. Bucky returned with the suits, and he gave Steve a small glare, warning him to back off. With a renewed smile, he helped Danny and Nia get their swimsuits on.

"Okay, I have floaties," he smiled, slipping fish ones on Danny's arms; Tony shakily helped Jamie into his froggy floaties, and picked him up, grabbing their towels from the arm of the chair.

"Ready, baby?"

"Yeah!" He said, smiling, "I wanna jump!"

"Jump in the pool?" Tony asked, struggling to sound normal for him. "Okay, we'll go and..." He stepped out of the elevator, and into the rec room, opening the gate to the enclosure they'd put around the pool when the kids got into the elevator on their own once. In his arms, Jamie wiggled excitedly.

"Jump! Jump!" Tony set him down,

"Okay... wait till mommy gets in, then you can jump into my arms."

"Yay!" He giggled, hopping around, waiting for his mom to get in, Tony slipped down into the water, and held his arms out.

"C'mon... James." The boy frowned a little when he wasn't called Jamie, but he smiled and leapt into his arms, hugging him tight; Tony caught him, water splashing all around them, onto Tony's face. The omega panicked, holding Jamie against him, eyes clenched shut, trying to stay calm. Jamie gasped, and hunched his shoulders when he felt his mother panic. The sub backed into the wall of the pool, hugging his son. "Jamie! Jamie are you alright?!" He looked the child over, desperate and worried, "Baby, Jamie, are you okay?" James shuddered and nodded, staring at him.

"You okay?" He asked quietly.

"Y-yeah." Tony whispered, "I'm sorry..." Jamie smiled and hugged his mom, nuzzling him.

"Let's play!"

"Okay... okay, no splashing." Tony let him down, the floaties holding him up, Tony right behind him, swimming awkwardly. Jamie doggy paddled, kicking his feet in the water to propel him. "Good job. Kick kick kick!" Tony tried, but already felt as if he were weighed down, as if he were swimming through mud, and he was so tired. Bucky walked into the pool, letting Nia and Jamie in with their swimmys.

"C'mon!" He smiled, making them swim. Nia was a brilliant swimmer, and moved around the shallow pool happily, while Danny clung to Bucky's hands, kicking his chunky legs. Bucky smiled at his son, and he watched Nia and Jamie, and he made sure Tony kept swimming. The omega slowly sat on the steps, and closed his eyes, trying to get a handle on the painful, crushing sadness. Jamie giggled and swam over, to him, gripping his mom's leg; Tony sniffled, and held his legs out so that Jamie could hold them and kick.

"Mama, come in?" He asked, and Tony swallowed.

"Okay... just... gimme a minute, baby." Jamie swam around, waiting for him, and the omega finally
slid back into the water, shivering. Jamie swam into his arms and clung to him, just wanting to be held; Tony waded through the water with him, just hugging him, kissing his damp curls. Jamie smiled with his big chubby cheeks, nuzzling him softly.

"Mama..."

"Yeah, honey?" Tony's voice shook, and he swallowed to try and push it away.

"I lub you," he hummed. Tears poured down Tony's cheeks.

"I love you, too, my handsome boy...so much...!" Jamie frowned as his mother's tears fell down his cheeks, so he reached up with his wet hands to push them away. Tony sniffed, trying to calm down, so he could stop crying. Jamie nuzzled him.

"Don't cry mama,"

"I'm sorry, Jamie, I'm trying." Tony kissed his son's forehead, "I'm sorry." Jamie kissed his nose like Tony did to him. The sub whimpered, hugging him close. "Mama needs to... to sleep a bit... you wanna take a nap with me?" Jamie nodded.

"Can I bring crocka?" He asked.

"Of course, honey." Tony whispered, climbing out of the pool, "Bucky? Can we go take a nap? Is... is that okay?" Bucky nodded.

"Go ahead," he said, swimming with Nia and Danny. Jamie smiled, snug in his mom's arms; Tony carried him over to the towels, and dried him off. Jamie rubbed his face in the warm towel, giggling and Tony carried him upstairs, and got him dressed in sleep clothes, swallowing. Jamie grabbed his massive crocodile, and looked up at Tony.

"Where we sleepin?"

"My bed?" His mother replied uncertainly, nervous of denial. Jamie beamed and nodded, hopping down from the bed, his crocodile dragging on the ground behind him; The omega followed, changing his own clothes when they got to the room, before climbing into the mess of blankets. James crawled up on the bed, and then pulled his crocodile up. He walked on his knees over to Tony, and hopped down next to him, curling into his side. Tony kissed his head, and closed his eyes, "Just... a little nap." Jamie nodded, and pressed his head under Tony's chin, closing his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Questions?

Taking new things with a nursing baby is always difficult, and the canon in this verse is that Omegas are extremely hard to properly medicate because of their different biological systems. As for the Psychiatrist vs. Psychologist thing, "psychiatrists are medical doctors and psychologists are not. The suffix "-iatry" means "medical treatment," and "-logy" means "science" or "theory." So psychiatry is the medical treatment of the psyche, and psychology is the science of the psyche." - http://www.webmd.com/mental-health/features/psychology-vs-psychiatry-which-is-
better Psychologists, speaking from personal experience, are less likely to prescribe medication off the bat than psychiatrists. Being affiliated with the "medical" side tends to bring about the "prescribe medications" mentality; for Tony's particular self, I believe a psychologist would be more acceptable to him than a psychiatrist, and Bucky is impatient for help, but won't let Tony take anything, so that limits Tony's options, and those of whoever is treating him.
"I don't think I'm ready for this!" Tony dug his heels in in his fancy shoes, "Bucky!" The dom was pulling him into the car, for the gala to rub elbows with the politicians.

"I'm sorry!" The alpha replied emphatically, staring back at Tony, "I know you don't think you are ready, but this is a GREAT opportunity to try to get more funders for the Maria Stark Foundation!"

"I-!" Tony cried, wrinkling his omega tux as he pulled at Bucky's grip. "P-please! I'm not ready!"

He whimpered, Clint at his back, also dressed, scent full of exasperation and stress, pushing Tony into the car. They'd been fighting him over this for a week, and to get him into his tux for two hours. The elevator had been difficult, and the car was proving worse.

"Tony, c'mon, we're going to be late! Unless you don't want to help omegas anymore?" He asked; Tony went limp against his mate, letting them wrangle him into the car,

"I'm j-just not... not..."

"I know," Bucky kissed his head. "You can hang out with me all evening if you'd like, but you have to make a small appearance."

"I..." Tony whispered, shaking against Bucky's side as Steve climbed into the limo to sit beside Clint. Happy started the engine, and pulled out of the garage. Bucky held onto Tony tightly, nuzzling his head; Clint tried to relax, and he smiled up at Steve, glad he didn't have to spend this time alone at the bar. The alpha kissed him gently.

"Hey, it'll be alright, huh, Clint?" He smiled softly back. Tony was a shaky mess against Bucky's side, barely holding himself together. Clint nodded, kissing him back, wishing he could sit in the alpha's lap. Bucky hummed, and gently rubbed Tony's back, trying to keep him calm, but the sub kept riding waves of panic and sadness, hazy with uncontrollable emotions. And Steve sneezed. When the car stopped, Bucky waited until Steve got out of the car with Clint, before looking at Tony.

"I... I know you're not ready... and I'm not cruel enough to force you to go in there," he said, the omega pressed his hands to his chest.

"I... I wanna help them... I..." He whispered, "...I need coffee."

"I will get you some as soon as we're inside," he said, helping Tony out of the car. "We won't stay long." The omega hesitated.

"N-no, I need it first, they'll smell my-"
"Okay, I'll bring it out to you. Stay with Happy," he said, cupping his cheek. Tony nodded slowly, bending to make it look like he and Happy were discussing security. A few minutes later, Bucky was back with two large cups of coffee, both for his mate. The sub swallowed one down quickly, then handed Happy the empty cup, chugging the second, until his scent was buried. "Better?" Bucky asked, wrapping his arm around Tony's waist.

"Yes." Tony whispered, trying to straighten up, to project confidence. "Please... please don't leave me alone."

"I won't," he said, tightening his grip around his waist, and he slowly walked them inside. Cameras went off from every direction, and Tony refused to flinch, shoulders straight, gait steady. "Good boy," his alpha said softly, leading him into the gala, smiling at everyone; Tony's cheek kept twitching when he smiled, though the praise helped to relax him slightly. "C'mon, we have to mingle a little, I will do most of the talking if you'd like, then we can go to the bar." Tony nodded jerkily, and took the lead, scent burning with nerves, barely held back by the coffee smell. He shook hands, and brushed shoulders, letting Bucky talk to a few alphas, before stepping up to a powerful politician.

"And who better than you, sir?" The sub interjected with a grin, inserting himself into the conversation, eyes flashing.

"Who indeed?" Alpha Careen replied with a smile, shaking Tony's hand, "Pleasure to be invited, Mr. Barnes-Stark."

"Ah, the pleasure is mine, wrangling money out of pockets is, apparently, my forte." Tony shot back easily. Bucky smiled, glad to see Tony back on the prowl.

"Ah, but what is the reason for the current wrangling?" Careen asked, smoothing his moustache.

"Let's just say... it's time we made a few changes." Tony pressed his lips into a disarming and playful smirk, and Bucky presented the man with a small packet.

"The Maria Stark Foundation."

"Of course, of course. We've all donated before." Careen waved a hand.

"We're well aware," Tony gave a respectful nod of his head, "However, our current goals are far different than the simplistic ideals before. For example, were you aware that abused omegas who seek shelter are legally required to be returned to their abusive alphas?"

"Of course we are aware," Another alpha moved into the conversation.

"And you think that's the correct response?" Tony arched a brow, ignoring the soft comfort of Bucky's hand on his nape, "Imagine, if you will, Mr. Careen, your ten year old alpha daughter," Careen looked very uncomfortable at that, "Imagine she were being abused, beaten and raped regularly, and she went to a shelter for help, imagine them calling her abuser to come pick her up."

The man scoffed, trying to keep his emotions under check.

"That's what you want to change? Stopping alphas from picking up their omegas? Omegas are property, how do you expect to get around that part of the law?" Tony felt Bucky's hand suddenly like a collar around his throat.

"Omegas are human beings, Mr. Careen, like anyone else. If the laws could be changed-

"If, they can be changed..." he said, handing Tony his business card, "Call me. I am interested in
endorsing you, but not while what you're suggesting is illegal." Tony barely managed not to crumple the card, he tucked it sleekly into his jacket pocket, struggling against crushing panic, as the other alphas eyed him disdainfully.

"This is too far, Stark. You can't play beta with us anymore." One stated.

"Oh, can't I?" Tony snatched a drink from a nearby waiter, swallowing it down, "Imagine your omega slave has a child, Mr. Brins, and that baby isn't an alpha. You raise it lovingly, I'm sure, hoping for a beta. Then, when they turn twelve, suddenly they're just property for the alpha who claims them. They're not your child anymore, but what does that make them?"

"That's enough, Tony," Bucky growled, mostly at Brins. "Thank you for listening to our pitch," he said before pulling Tony aside. "Hey... how are you holding up?" The omega's jaw clenched, and he reached for another drink, tremors clear in his fingers.

"Fuck..." He breathed, "...I can't even...!" Bucky rubbed at Tony's neck.

"Hey, it's okay. We got our proposal out. Do you want to get back out there? Or go home?"

"I... I can't... I can't!..." Tony smashed his glass on the counter, "What am I!?"

"You're my strong omega," he said, staring at him. "We will get this changed, I promise you."

"But I'm not-! I'm your property, Bucky! What about the twins!? What if they-!"

"That's why we're doing this," he said. "So you and the twins won't have to live this kind of life anymore." Tony shuddered, and buried his face in Bucky's chest, taking deep shuddering breaths.

"Okay... okay, I have to do this... I have to... that was only one small group... Alpha Lilayna's group didn't hear, and neither did Alpha Diaphine's."

"Yeah," he nodded, "you're doing so good, just a few more and we can go home." Tony straightened up, leaning out the door to grab another drink, swallowing it in gulps.

"Okay... okay." He smoothed the front of his tux, and stepped back out, heading straight for Alpha Nira Diaphine's entourage. Bucky walked besides him, as equals, to prove their point about change. The omega watched the whole group of alphas and betas around Senator Diaphine turn to him. "I hope no one has warned you away from me and my wily ways," he attempted, though his whole stance and demeanor was saturated with confidence. No meek omega anymore. Diaphine smiled.

"They have tried," she said, offering him her attention. "But I must admit, I am curious."

"Any phrases about cats notwithstanding." Tony smirked. "We're making a stand, to put it plainly, if people of different skin color aren't property, then why are people with different insides?" He let Bucky hand out their proposal pamphlets, "I'm petitioning to change the ownership laws over omegas, even if just enough that they can attend all colleges, and-"

"Is it true that this foundation paid for the Omega dorms at NYU and-?"

"Yes, it is." Tony nodded, "The Maria Stark Foundation built every omega dorm in every school that has one in America, and Canada." Bucky stood tall.

"We're looking for endorsers to buy a few hotels, and give poor omegas a second chance."

"Hotels?" Diaphine asked, obviously interested.
"They're a perfect space for it, protected, keep the bottom floors filled with staff, upper floors for the omegas in need of shelter. The rate of rape in mixed shelters is eighty five percent, and the omega shelters can't handle the volume. They call abusive alphas and betas to pick up the omegas who are being abused." She nodded, flipping through the pamphlet.

"What do you propose we do about the law?"

"Small changes, maybe..." Tony had to stop, to reach for a glass, to take a few deep breaths as he nearly crumbled, and then he took a deep swallow, and his smile was back to pristine. "Change the wage laws first, little by little, work on each individual ownership law, first the belongings before marriage law. Then the laws about schooling, it's absurd that omegas still need an alpha's signature and voucher to attend the twelve colleges across America that allow them to attend."

"You say 'them' as if you aren't one," An alpha snapped, "You're a piece of property, too, Anthony Stark,"

"That's Barnes-Stark to you, and if that's how you feel, you can leave." Tony replied calmly, "My husband doesn't see me that way, he never has." He took Bucky's hand in his own, "He is mine, and I am his." Bucky smiled.

"I support him in this project entirely. It will take some time, but I know we can do this, and make omega lives better, and maybe even some alpha ones. We don't have to be violent," he said.

"Look, that's all fine and dandy," The alpha, Caraway, Tony's brain recalled, responded. "But Omegas are weak, and the laws are in place to protect them. Without an alpha, they suffer, they need the control."

"I don't need!" Bucky gave Tony's hand a small squeeze.

"Have omegas really been given the chance?" he asked. "They manifest at age twelve. They don't learn how to take care of themselves. I think taking an alpha should be a choice. You shouldn't be forced into a relationship, especially an abusive one."

"And this guy who's never had that kind of relationship is the spokesperson?" Caraway snorted, and Tony's hands started to shake.

"I've taken care of myself since I was seventeen, went to college, I have six doctorates, and owned and ran a multi-billion dollar corporation until my outing. You want to tell me we're weak? Go ahead, try and drop me, and see what fucking happens!"

"Don't do that," Bucky warned the man, he was still Tony's alpha. Diaphine halted Caraway from speaking anymore, and handed her card over.

"I'm in. You seem very passionate about it, and I'd like to talk to you more when you're not being attacked," she said, sending a glare to the other alpha. "Let's have a meeting and we'll talk business." Tony nodded,

"Stark tower, six thirty pm, March thirteenth." He said without hesitation, and the other alphas gathered their cards, requesting to join that meeting. Diaphine smiled.

"See you then, Mr. Barnes-Stark," she smiled, and walked away slowly; Tony nodded, tucking the bundle of cards into Bucky's hands before he turned and stepped into a dual gender bathroom. He collapsed as soon as Bucky shut the door behind them, throwing up violently into the toilet, sweat breaking out across his skin.
"Let it out," he said, rubbing Tony's back. The sub whimpered, tears tracking down his cheeks, as he struggled to calm the panic in his chest. "We'll go home now, okay? Just get it out, and we'll go get in the car," he hummed.

"N-no... we have to... to talk to the l-last group...!" Tony protested, shaking as wiping his mouth with toilet paper.

"We have Diaphine... are you sure?" he asked,

"N-no, Lilayna's g-group holds several p-powerful people..." Tony gasped out.

"Alright, we'll make it quick," he said, grabbing a paper towel and drying his sweaty face; Tony drank a big glass of water, then stepped out, downing another whiskey, before he tacked on his smile. But Lilyana's group saw him coming and immediately left, dropping donation checks in a box by the door. Bucky smiled.

"Alright, let's go home," he said.

"But..." Tony whispered, biting his lip, "...okay. Where're Steve and Clint?" He looked around, only to see Steve, looking glorious as Bucky did in their full dress uniforms from the war, his arm around Clint, both grinning.

"We saw Lilyana! Clint remembered that you said she was important! We spoke to them, and they agreed to come to the meeting on the thirteenth!" Clint smiled and shrugged.

"I saw you weren't feeling well, so I thought we could help." Tony pressed a hand over his face, shaking, as soon as they got outside.

"Th-th... thank you." He finally managed, "I... I..." Clint smiled.

"You're welcome," he said, wrapping his arms around Steve's waist, putting his hand in the man's back pocket, and walking to the car. The brunette omega followed behind, clinging to Bucky's hand like a lifeline.

"I'm sorry I was..."

"You did wonderfully," Bucky kissed the corner of his mouth. The sub shivered, climbing into the car, and sinking into the seat, his head in his hands.

"Fuck."

"Hey, we got lots of people interested, this is great," he smiled.

"It d-doesn't feel great..." Tony whispered, pressing his hands to his chest, hands trembling, "...I..."

"Hm?" he asked, rubbing Tony's back.

"I... we have to... doctor tomorrow... for the... for the exam to... to get the birth control..." Tony choked out, "...Danny... Danny will be one s-soon..."

"Yeah... our little man," he chuckled softly. "You know, if you don't want birth control... I'll wear condoms."

"You'll forget." Tony mumbled, "You'll forget, or I'll beg you not to, and..." He shuddered, "...I can't... I can't have another baby right now... I can't..."
"Okay," he said, pressing Tony against his chest, the sub clutched at Bucky's uniform, shaking.

"Okay..."

When they got home, Bucky helped him up to bed, and the omega curled up in his soft pajamas, hugging a pillow, his eyes wet with tears.

"I'm scared..."

"I know," he said, gently smoothing Tony's hair back. "I am here with you, every step of the way."

"But why?" Tony whispered, "...why?" He clung to his alpha, rolling over to clutch at his night shirt, and kissing his chest and face. Bucky smiled, holding him against his chest.

"Because I love you, my mate, my husband," he said, giving Tony's ass a possessive squeeze. The sub quivered, it had been weeks since they'd had sex, he hadn't been able to stop crying or sleeping long enough, and Bucky had issues if he was sobbing. Bucky smiled and kissed him softly, sliding his hand down Tony's pants.

"B... Bucky..." Tony whimpered, shivering and trying to wriggled out of his clothes, heart pounding. Bucky started to get excited at Tony's response, and he helped the omega undress, quickly getting out of his own clothes. He kissed him again, and pressed a finger against Tony's hole. The sub arched, panting, and gripping his alpha's shoulders. "Please... please...!" He wanted this, while he still had the presence of mind, while he wasn't fighting tears and panic. The alpha groaned, keeping his face visible to Tony. His metal fingers rubbed across nipples as he scissored his ass open. The omega jerked. "In... in me, please, please, in me, before I lose-" Bucky didn't want to hurt him, but he wanted to do this before Tony freaked out, so he slowly started to push in. Tony bared his throat, whimpering at the pain of the stretching as he took every inch, slick coating his insides, "Buck..." Bucky groaned when he felt his omega slicken, and he slid back, letting his passage get more wet before pressing back in, shuddering.

"Fuck, I love the way you smell." Tony rolled his hips up to meet Bucky's.

"Do... do you?" He gasped out, fighting the darkness threatening his mind and chest, and he pulled his alpha into a kiss, shaking. Bucky nodded and crushed their lips together, scratching the back of Tony's head to help him stay calm, his hips rutting faster in earnest. He was pent up from lack of sex. Tony whined into his mouth, shaking, nails digging into Bucky's flesh shoulder, the metal of the left cold beneath his hand. He felt every press, every shift and thrust and pull. He focused every molecule of his being on the way Bucky felt inside of him.

"I love the way you feel around me," The alpha cooed, his knot already hitting against Tony's rim; he took his mate's cock in hand, and started to stroke it. The omega gasped in a deep breath, shaking and trembling.

"P-please... please...!"

"I love you so much, my mate," he panted, and shoved his knot inside of Tony, coming hard. The sub bucked and writhed against him.

"Please! So close!" Bucky stroked the sub's cock harder, and bit into his neck, cementing their bond. The omega cried out, clenching hard on Bucky's knot, as his cum spurted between the alpha's fingers. The alpha shuddered and panted as he released Tony's neck, and he brought his fingers up to lick up the semen, groaning softly. The sub looked up at him, drifting in the orgasmic haze, and
smiled, truly smiled, for the first time in weeks. Bucky smiled back down at him, and he began petting his head.

"That's my good boy," he hummed happily, Tony hugged him, murmuring contentedly. Bucky stayed like that long after his knot had gone down, keeping his cock inside of his sub, until the bliss faded, and Tony pulled away from him, blinking back tears.

"Sorry..." At that, Bucky sighed, and kissed his head.

"I love you," he murmured, slowly pulling out.

"I love you t-too." Tony curled up in the bedding, reaching for his pants. "I... I'm really sorry..."

"I understand," he said, handing him his underwear and sleep pants. "It's okay," he said, smiling softly, Tony pulled them on swallowing.

"I'll have to shower in... in the morning before my appointment..." Bucky nodded, and lay down besides Tony, leaving his chest open if Tony felt up to snuggling. The sub looked at him, eyes desperate, he wanted to, but he couldn't find the way to move over there, to shift that five inches. Bucky sighed sadly.

"Can I hold you?" He asked, the omega whimpered.

"Please." He choked out, "Please hold me..." Bucky moved against him and kissed his cheek, wrapping his arm tight around Tony's middle. The sub buried his face in Bucky's hard chest, inhaling shakily. "...sorry..."

"Shh, it's okay," The alpha murmured, nuzzling him. "I love you."

"Are you sure?" Tony couldn't help but ask, hands shaking, "Because... because I'm so... m-messed up..."

"Stop," he said, hugging him tighter. "I am two thousand percent sure, Tony Barnes-Stark. I love you."

"But..." Tony whispered, choking on a sob, and clutching Bucky tightly.

"No buts," he said, nuzzling him, Tony sniffled.

"You'll... you're coming to the appointment, right...?"

"Yes, I wouldn't leave you," he said, kissing his throat.

"I... I want to get tested for STDs... I... I should have a long time ago... but things got so hectic, and..." Tony whimpered, ",...I should've after... after the second time with.. H... Ha..." He'd been tested after the Hydra attack, discreetly, by Bruce. Bucky nodded.

"I understand. I think it's a good idea."

"I... I hope... I don't... but... but if I d-do, then... then you do... and..." Tears soaked the front of Bucky's shirt as Tony sobbed, "And... and p-possibly Danny..."

"Should we both get tested?" He asked, only a little worried.

"M-maybe..." Tony whispered, swallowing, ",...I'm s-scared... I've n-never been to one of th-these before..."
"Me either," he said, sighing,

"Y-you're an alpha... alphas don't g-get this kind of... exam..." Tony whimpered.

"You'll be okay," he nuzzled him. "It's for your health." Tony nodded slowly, the doctor had been shocked that he'd never had a pap smear or any other gynecological exams before and insisted on a full test. Jarvis' voice broke through the speakers.

"Sirs, young master James has wet his bed, again." Tony slowly climbed out of bed.

"I got it," he mumbled, shuffling into the kids' room. "Jamie, honey? Wake up, darling, come on." He gently changed Jamie's clothes, and pulled the bedding off the mattress, glad of the wool blanket beneath, over a plastic sheet. "Go lay down with daddy." Jamie slowly woke up, rubbing his eyes, and he started crying.

"I did it again!?" Tony hugged him.

"It's okay, baby... it's okay..."

"N-no! 'Cause dats bad!" He cried.

"Who said that to you, darling?" Tony asked tiredly, he felt as if he had been hollowed out, and were moving through a fog.

"You wanna make me wear diapey so I don't do dat," he murmured.

"Jamie... it's not a diaper, they're big boy undies, remember? We put them in the washer, with all of the other undies." He picked the thick cotton training pants up off the floor where Jamie had obviously stripped them off.

"Dose are like diapeys..." He murmured.

"Jamie, are you kidding me? These are undies! I can't keep...!" Tony set him down, "Please please please go lay down with daddy!" Jamie started crying and he ran from the room, going to find Bucky. His mom had never yelled at him over this before; Tony groaned as Danny started to cry in his bed.

"Fuck." He threw the bundle of peed on sheets and wool blanket to the floor, and gathered Danny and Nia into his arms, carrying them back to the bed, where Jamie was still crying. Bucky was trying to calm the crying child.

"What happened?" He asked Tony.

"He keeps insisting that the undies are diapers," Tony set Nia down in the bed, bouncing Danny on his hip. "And I can't take it much more, Bucky, they're underwear, not diapers." Tears slid slowly down his cheeks.

"So we need to find a different method," he said, giving Tony a look. "We don't give up on our children because they're being difficult." Tony looked like Bucky had slapped him.

"I didn't... I didn't... I d-didn't-!" He sobbed, hugging Danny to his chest.

"Not yet you didn't, but you yelled at him and said you couldn't take much more of it, so we need to come up with a different solution." Tony shuddered.

"I... this... I... I..." He set Danny down, overwhelmed by the crying, and what Bucky had said.
Jamie whined loudly and looked at Tony. "I..."

"Sir, if I may, it has been suggested that bed-wetting is a sleep disorder. Perhaps a doctor's visit?"

"No! No, Jay... I don't w-want him to be embarrassed..."

"I think... he already is," Bucky murmured as Jamie continued to cry; Tony shut himself in the bathroom, shaking, horrified at himself. He dug through the cabinets, shuddering, and paused when he heard the sound of pills rattling in a bottle. The omega watched the bottle roll across the floor, and slowly picked it up. *For sleeping* It said. Tony held his hand on the lid before he realized what he was doing, and threw the bottle away from him.

"No! No... nonononono...!" He paced the bathroom, and whimpered, pushing the door open, "Jamie...? Take... take a bath with mommy?" Jamie's cries lessened, and he nodded, holding his arms out to him. Tony lifted him up, "I'm so sorry, baby boy." He kissed the toddler's face, and carried him into the bathroom, but Bucky caught him by the shoulder, and Tony knew immediately that Jarvis must have alerted him somehow. He shivered as the alpha bent and picked up the bottle of sleeping pills. "I... Jarvis... start the... the water." Bucky growled at Tony, showing his anger, and he went to the medicine cabinet, taking out all of the pills and razors. Tony watched him with terrified eyes, and sank to his knees next to the tub, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Bucky, sir, I'm sorry!" He clutched Jamie to his chest, shaking. Bucky took the items and left the room, hiding them where Tony wouldn't find them. The omega sniffled, yelping when the alpha returned, gripping Tony's jaw and staring into his eyes angrily.

"You are NEVER to do that ever again!" He growled at him, "We agreed! No pills!" he snapped, seething. "How many have you been taking?" Tony flinched shaking.

"B-barely a-any! Y-you n-needed the s-sleep and I k-kept waking you up!" The sub insisted, tears pouring down his cheeks as Bucky's grip tightened on his jaw.

"You are forbidden from ever taking any pills unless I say so," he snarled, "I will be in charge in any and all medication from now on!" Tony whimpered, and sobbed as Jamie clung to him, terrified.

"Y-y-yes sir...!" He choked out, Bucky's fingers bruising his cheeks.

"Take your bath," he said, letting go of his face, and walking back out to his daughter and youngest; Tony stroked Jamie's back, shaking hard.

"B-bath t-t-time, Jamie boy..." He choked out, taking the little boy's clothes off, and stripping jerkily, "...B... B-Bucky... I'm d-dirty..." James was gonna say how scared he was of his father, but then Tony called him back in. He whimpered as he watched Bucky lift Tony into the tub. The sub shuddered, "I... I... I don't w-want Jamie to get it o-on him..."

"Get what on him?" He asked Tony,

"We... we... m-m- mated... e-earlier..." Tony whimpered, shaking harder and harder.

"Right," he said, grabbing a cloth, and he began to clean Tony's bottom half. The cloth was rough as it was scrubbed over Tony's skin, and he winced and whimpered until it was done, and Bucky drained the tub. The omega pulled Jamie in with him once it was empty, and Jarvis started to refill it. Jamie was silent as he was pulled into the tub, nuzzling his mom's chest softly, his tiny hand on the scarred flesh of his chest. The sub hugged him tight, tears slipping down his cheeks as Bucky stepped out of the bathroom, propping the door open. Jamie shivered in fright, staring up at his
“Sh-shh, i-it’s o-okay...”

"He was scary..." he said softly, burying his face under Tony's chin, the sub swallowed.

"Oh, h-honey..." He let Jarvis turn the water off, "H-he wasn't m-mad at y-you." Jamie shuddered, and looked up at his mom.

"C-can we make sometin later?"

"M-mommy has a d-doctor's appointment, b-but after that... y-yeah..." They'd rebuilt the engine several times by then, Jamie was a fast learner. The little boy nodded and hugged him, rubbing his tired eyes. "You gotta be g-good for Thor..."

"I pwomise," he said, shaking.

"I love you. I'm so sorry, Jamie... I'm sorry." Tony rubbed his back gently.

"I love you too, mama," he murmured, the omega nuzzled his son gently.

"Just r-relax, honey." Jamie nodded and took a deep breath, sighing, he smiled.

"Can we play?" He asked, grabbing a bath toy.

"S-sure, honey." Tony picked up a squeaky shark, and made it swim around. His son smiled, giggling through a yawn as he made a goldfish swim. The sub shivered, "Jamie... are you okay?"

"Tired," he muttered, staring up at him.

"I... I mean... I..." Tony nodded slowly, "...okay." He kept moving the shark around listlessly, "You wanna get out and...and lay down?"

"No bath?" He asked, yawning again, trying to stay awake.

"We'll get out of the bath." Tony repeated, smoothing Jamie's curls.

"Okay," he said, nodding and rubbing his eyes, Tony stood, and lifted Jamie out of the bath, wrapping him in a towel.

"You wanna try and go pee?" Jamie shook his head.

"I don't hafta go." 

"Well, let's try anyway," Tony settled him by his little potty, "I'll try, too."

"Okay," he said, aiming and trying to go; Tony slipped up to the big toilet, smiling shakily when the sound of him peeing started Jamie going. Jamie smiled and got on his step stool at the sink to wash his hands. Tony helped him, hands gently, washing his own simultaneously before he wrapped Jamie back in his towel and carried him in to get jammies on.

"Here, baby, big boy undies?" Tony lifted a pair of normal underwear. His son smiled and nodded.

"Yeah! I went in da potty," he said, holding his legs out.

"Good job!" Tony slipped the undies on, and dressed him in pajamas, carrying him back to their big
bed, and, after he himself got dressed in new pants, he climbed in with the rest of his family. The scent of Bucky's anger burnt his nose, and he swallowed thickly. Bucky was angry, but he was tired too, and he tried to get some sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Comments???????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????
What's Inside of Me

Chapter Summary

Warnings: General craziness, mental breakdowny stuff, and an 'Omega' exam, which is a lady exam, people, be prepared.

Well, happy Thanksgiving, posting a little early for you all.

Tony jerked when his alarm went off, and he woke to Bucky setting his clothes out on the bed. "Bucky...?" He whispered, "I..."

"Hm?" He asked, staring at him. "We have to get ready to go." The sub nodded slowly, and pulled the clothes on, shaking as Thor gathered the kids up, and carried them into the elevator. "C'mon, I have breakfast on the table," he handed Tony his clothes, and finished getting his own shoes on. The sub tugged his shirt on, and shuffled out after his mate, shaking when he saw the way the table was set, putting them directly across from each other.

"I... I didn't take any... l-last night... I didn't..." He hesitated, looking at his chair.

"And it's going to stay that way," he said, kissing his head before sitting down, Tony slowly sank into his chair, shivering.

"You s-said it made you s-sad that I couldn't s-sleep..."

"Yes, but I want you to be healthy, and get over your fears, not try to conquer them with pills." Tony flinched.

"Yes, sir..." He whispered, looking at the table. Bucky put the sub's plate of breakfast in front of him, and began eating his own. The omega slowly picked through the eggs and spinach with his fork, "Sorry."

"It's okay," he smiled, reaching across to squeeze his hand. "We'll get through this."

"Will we? Will we, when I can barely sleep, and the kids are scared of us, and I can't keep myself from yelling? What about six months from now, when I go completely crazy!? Did you know I've started seeing Obi everywhere!?" Bucky sighed.

"I believe that we can get through this," he sighed, Tony trembled.

"I... you can, but can I? It's getting worse, not better... I see Obi in... in the kitchen, and I... I kneel before I can...!" He pressed his hands over his face. Bucky sighed.

"I will do everything that I can to help... even if it means medication later on," he said. "I love you." Tony whimpered, shaking hard.

"I... I... what if I h-have to be put in a home? What if I hurt someone!?" Bucky squeezed Tony's hand.

"I will protect you, even if it means protecting you from yourself," he promised, the omega pulled
his hand away.

"That's not fair! It's not fair to you! To the kids!" He sobbed, "I'm ruining everything, again... why do you want me!? Why!? He broke me, and I can't find the pieces! I can't-!" Bucky tried not to get upset, he just looked down.

"You're smart, brave, and passionate," he shrugged, "I love you..."

"I'm broken! I'm worthless!" Tony cried, "I ruin everything, fuck, I found my god damn soulmate and I'm ruining it!" He tore at his hair, lurching to his feet, "I can't! I can't! I see him and I... I kneel... and... and... and I lick the floor and I...!" Bucky stood up, and he wrapped Tony in his strong arms.

"He's not here, he's not real," he hummed, "and you're not worthless. You're just going through a tough time right now."

"I'm worthless! I'm w-worthless!" Tony screamed in his arms, shaking hard, jerking in his grip. "I want- I want- b-but no! Nonono! No don't take them, don't swallow them, kids need me... kids and... and Bucky... Bucky needs me...!"

"I do! I do need you, Tony! It's just us here, nobody else is here! The kids are safe!" He shouted over his screams; Tony arched against him.

"But-but it would be over! It would be over, and Bucky w-would be s-safe! Kids safe!"

"I'd only be safe if you were here protecting me, my love," he said, kissing him, muffling his rumblings. "Please Tony... please, my love, my beautiful mate..." The sub slumped against him.

"Obi... Obi wants me... he wants me... I spilled... gotta clean it... wants me... been bad... so bad..." He gasped out, fingers clutching at Bucky's shoulders, "...what's happening to me...?"

"I don't know, but I have you, you're my mate now, and no fucking ghost is going to win over me," he growled possessively, Tony clung to him.

"I'm scared...I'm so scared...!" He choked out, "Don't leave me, don't let go, please, I can't take it, I can't-!"

"I will never leave you," he said, scratching the back of his head, hugging him against his chest. "You're mine forever." Tony shivered.

"P-please..." He whimpered, closing his eyes tight, and sucking a mark on Bucky's neck, trying to fill his mouth with Bucky's taste and pheromones. Bucky groaned and rolled his hips against the omega's, shuddering and moaning against his shoulder, the sub sniffled. "I'm so... so sorry..."

"I love you," he nuzzled him, "We'll figure this out."

"Sir, shall I make an appointment with Ms. Miralise?" Jarvis asked softly.

"Yes, Jarvis, appointments as frequent as possible."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied, "Sir has an appointment this afternoon at two, sir. And in two days, at three, and every other day at one from then onward." Tony began to shake, pulling the high cupboard open, trying to grab a bottle of liquor, scotch, or rum, something high proof. Bucky rubbed his hands over Tony's chest.
"We have to go to your doctor's appointment..."

"I don't want to. I want to stay here, I want to-" 

"You want to get tested for STDs," he said, rubbing his mate's belly. "C'mon..." Tony reached for a bottle again, tears sliding down his cheeks.

"Please..."

"One glass," he said, sighing. The sub pulled a bottle of high proof vodka down, and poured a deep glass full, chugging it down desperately. Bucky capped it and put it back, "Alright, one more bite of breakfast for you, and then we're leaving." Tony breathed harshly against his alpha's chest.

"I c... can't... do this..." He whimpered.

"It's just a doctors visit, it's not like I'm asking you to go to another conference," he said, the omega shivered.

"You don't... you don't get it..."

"Sir, I have, upon her request, made you and appointment with Ms. Miralise as well." Jarvis spoke. Bucky frowned.

"The appointment is to talk about Tony, right?" He said, not wanting to talk about his war issues. This wasn't about him.

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied quietly, the pause speaking volumes.

"Why? Did I do something wrong!?" Tony panicked, "Did I!? I'm sorry!" Bucky flared his nose, but held back a growl.

"No, Jarvis wants me to talk about my personal crap, and I don't want to talk about it. You're the one in therapy, not me," he said, kissing him softly. "Let's get going." Tony jerked backward, eyes wide and hurt.

"I... I see..." He whispered, shuffling desolately into the elevator. He pressed his hands to his chest, palms flat, missing the gentle hum of the reactor that once filled the space there. He felt hollow.

"What?" he asked, following him out after grabbing both of their coats.

"Nothing..." Tony stared at the floor, "I just... I just... you... s-said you'd... support... but you... you won't even... c-consider going so... so I'm... m-more messed up than... you want to admit..."

"I do support you, I don't see how me not wanting going to therapy isn't supporting you," he grunted. "It wasn't even a card on the table until Jarvis took the liberty of doing that."

"Sir, Ms. Miralise requested a meeting with you." Jarvis interrupted.

"Right..." Tony whispered, looking away, "...okay..."

"And I will go to that meeting, but I won't talk about myself," he said, leading Tony to the car once the elevator opened up to the garage. The omega slumped in his seat, staring blankly out the window. Bucky patted his leg, and drove Tony to the doctor's office. The sub was jerky and twitchy, knee bouncing the whole time they were in the waiting room.

"I don't..." Tony mumbled, as they were ushered into a room and he was settled onto the paper
"This is good," he said, rubbing Tony's hand, "We can find out if we both have it, and make sure Danny doesn't have it." The sub whined, rubbing his hands over his thighs.

"I h-hav to be n-naked and-!"

"And it will be okay," he hummed.

"B-but..." Tony dug his nails into his palms, falling silent, until the doctor stepped in.

"Omega Barnes-Stark, if you would strip from the waist down and cover up with this paper cover."

She handed him the paper, and stepped back out.

"Let me help you," Bucky said, undoing Tony's pants. The omega quivered, and let his dom strip his pants and underwear off, before he sat on the edge of the crinkly paper.

"I don't w-want to..." He stuttered as the doctor stepped back in, knocking to be sure he was covered by the paper.

"Come in," Bucky said, making sure Tony was covered. "I know you don't want to, but this is for us and your son. It's important," he nuzzled him. Tony bit his lip, slowly laying down, as she pulled the foot stirrups out, and had him settle his heels into them.

"Now, sir, please relax, I'm going to insert this," She held up a plastic speculum with a light attached, her hands covered in rubber gloves.

"Mind your hands," Bucky warned her, and he held Tony's hand. She glowered.

"If you can't behave, Alpha Barnes-Stark, you'll have to leave." The nurse held a tray of materials for the exam, long swabs, and a strange looking device for the pap smear. She covered the speculum with lube, and nudged it against his hole, pressing it steadily in. Tony tensed, whining.

"Ow..!"

"I'm sorry, sir, just bear with me." She sighed, and Bucky growled,

"I could have prepped him, so he wouldn't be in pain!"

"Mr. Barnes-Stark, relax!" She snapped, and Tony shuddered, tears tracking down his face as the speculum clicked open, spreading him. "It's going to be okay, just a couple minutes..." Bucky huffed, and let her do her job. Tony pressed his palms into his eyes, shaking as she swabbed his insides with both swabs, and then slipped the scraping device in. Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony.

"I love you." He murmured, Tony whimpered, trembling.

"Please... hurts..."

"It'll be over soon," he muttered. The doctor gently closed the speculum, and pulled it out.

"Omega Barnes-Stark, I'm going to put my finger in," Bucky growled at that, staring at the girl. "It's part of the exam." She sighed, "I'm wearing gloves." She pressed one finger in, and felt around, "You seem perfectly healthy, no signs of STD, but we'll do all the tests to be sure." Bucky let out a soft sigh, smiling and Tony slowly sat up under the paper blanket, tears glistening on his cheeks. Bucky wrapped his arms around Tony.
"That's my good boy, so brave." The sub shuddered, he ached, and he felt violated. Memories of other objects, or other fingers, and malicious grins, had him gagging for a moment. "Be calm," Bucky said, making him stare at his face. The sub swallowed hard as tears slid freely down his cheeks. "My good boy," he rubbed the tears from his cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barnes-Stark, I'll step out so you can get dressed." The doctor slipped out the door, and Tony collapsed into sobs against Bucky. The alpha rubbed his back, and helped him get dressed.

"I'm so proud of you." The sub curled up in his lap, clinging to him.

"I'm s-sorry..." He whimpered.

"Don't be, you did so good," he kissed his head.

"I..." Tony quivered, chewing his lip and twisting his fingers in his shirt. The knock on the door came swiftly, and the doctor stepped back in.

"Sirs, so we'll make an appointment for two months from now to get the results-"

"No." Tony stared up at her, "It doesn't take two months to do those cultures." Bucky glared at the doctor.

"Don't make us wait."

"Sir, it's policy,"

"Bull shit." Tony spat, hands clenched tight so they wouldn't shake, "I want them in a week." Bucky continued his menacing glare, his arm around Tony tight.

"I'll see what I can do." She grumbled.

"Good." Tony stood up, and strode from the room. Bucky followed behind him.

"Ready to go home?"

"Yes, sir." Tony was suddenly back to hunching his shoulders and staring at the floor. Bucky nuzzled him and brought him back to the car, driving them home.

The sub sat listlessly on the sofa, head down, until Jamie climbed into his lap.

"Hey darling." Jamie smiled and hugged him.

"Mama 'kay?"

"Yeah, honey..." Tony slowly lay on his side, holding Jamie to his chest. Jamie nuzzled him.

"I went potty again in da potty."

"You did?" Tony smoothed his curls back, "You need a haircut, little boy." He kissed Jamie's nose, breathing in his child's sweet scent, unsullied by adulthood, by designation smell. A scent Danny would never have, and that Jamie, and Nia, would likely lose on their twelfth birthdays. Jamie beamed and reached up to grab his hair.
"Unca Clint says he braid it!"

"Oh? You want to keep it long?" Tony asked, kissing his head. Jamie nodded, smiling.

"Nia has hers long!" he smiled,

"Oh?" Tony sat up, grunting, and stroked Jamie's cheek, "Okay, darling." James smiled.

"I wanna be pretty." Tony swallowed.

"Pretty?" He ran his fingers through his son's hair, kissing his curls. "Baby... that's not really..." He sighed, and began to twine the strands into a braid. "There you go, it's little, but it's a braid." The young boy smiled and touched it with his fingers, before nuzzling his mother again, extremely happy. "Good boy." Tony murmured, voice soft. His son smiled and grabbed his mother's shoulder.

"Mama, when I go to skull?"

"School, you mean?" Tony blinked, "Um... in two years and a few months." He mumbled, biting his lip, and Jamie nodded,

"Charlie says she's gonna go."

"Yeah, in the fall." Tony nodded, "She's older than you." Jamie pouted.

"I wanna do school stuff!"

"Honey, we do. Me and you and Nini. We learn reading and writing, and you learned about engines, and motherboards and cars..."

"Dey do dat at school?" he asked.

"Well... the reading and writing. And the numbers." Tony explained, Jamie was, by all counts, brilliant. He could already do math to a fourth grade level.

"I like da numbers," he said, rubbing his eyes.

"You're really good at the numbers." Tony hefted him higher, and stood up, "Mama has an appointment in two hours, should we take a nap? Or watch a movie?"

"Nap," he yawned, always tired, Tony nodded.

"Where's your sister?" The twins were growing, and, if Jamie was tired, then chances were that Nia was either tired, or already asleep. Jamie made a disgruntled noise, having no idea. "Jarvis?"

"Mistress Antonia is asleep in the playroom, sir." The AI offered.

"Should we sleep there? Hey, you go pee, and get in mommy's bed, and I'll go get Nini."

"Okay mommy," he said, wiggling down to go to the bathroom. Tony grunted as he lifted his sleeping daughter from the floor, he carried her to his bed, waking her up to pee, too, not wanting any accidents. Jamie came back when he was all done, and crawled into his mother's bed. Tony helped Nia, then carried her in and flopped into the bed between his children. "Jrv's... Danny?"

"With his father, sir."
"Mmm'good." James sprawled out on the bed, his head on his mother's arms, and he fell asleep.

Tony woke to Bucky's hands again, the twins gone, having woken and run off to play with Thor and Peter.
"Hey."
"Hey," he smiled, and kissed him. "C'mon, you've got to shower and get dressed."
"Shower... why...?" Tony whimpered, "I don't feel good enough..."
"You haven't had one in a few days, you need one," he said, kissing him again.
"Bath... las'night..." Tony grumbled, rolling away.
"Okay, well you still have to get up," he said, smiling.
"I don't want to... I don't want to go, I don't feel good..." The sub curled up tight.
"She'll help make you feel better," he said, lifting him up into a sitting position
"I don't..." Tony rubbed at his face, sniffing.
"C'mon," he nuzzled him, and helped him get undressed. The omega was partially limp against him, scent dull as his mood. "Tony, please," he said, struggling to get him dressed.
"I don't want to..." Tony mumbled, moving as if in slow motion.
"I know," he said, rubbing his hip. "C'mon."
"Wanna sleep..." Tony mumbled, swallowing as he let Bucky pull his pants up.
"You can sleep in the car," he said, putting a granola bar in Tony's hand, and he started putting shoes on the man. The sub sank down to sit on the bed.
"Uh uh... I don't..."
"You have to go... I'll be right there with you," he said.
"No you won't... and she'll ask... 'bout the Hydra... thing... Hammer..." Tony whimpered as Bucky pulled him to his feet.
"Maybe it'll help if you talk about it," he said, petting his head.
"Not helping..." Tony muttered, trying to turn back to the bed.
"Well, let's keep trying," he said, making him walk to the garage. "Eat your granola bar." Tony sniffled, sinking into the car.
"I'm not hungry."
"Please? Just try?" He asked as he drove them to the therapists.
"No." Tony mumbled, looking out the window, hands clenching on the granola bar.
"Fine," he grumbled, his hands digging into the steering wheel as he pulled into a parking slot. The sub dropped the bar on the floor, and climbed out, head down.

"I don't want to."

"I know," he said, leading him inside.

"Why?" Tony hesitated at the elevators, "I wanna go home..."

"I know you do... this is to help you, c'mon," he said, grabbing his wrist. Tony pulled at his grip.

"No... no, I wanna go home...!"

"You can go home after! Please Tony, don't give up on the therapy yet!" He whimpered. "I have an appointment, too!"

"No! No you don't! It's to talk about me! It's to say I'm not getting better!" Tony cried, digging his heels in.

"We don't know that!" he said, "And you won't get better if you keep running away!" Tony's eyes widened.

"I'm n-n-n-not running a-a-away!"

"Good, c'mon," Bucky said, kissing his head; Tony whimpered as he was pulled into the elevator.

"It's n-not helping!" Bucky stopped and stared at him.

"She's a new doctor... Just give her some time?"

"It's b-been-!" Tony squirmed in his grip, "I don't-" Bucky sighed, "I'm running out of ideas... I don't know what else to do to help you..." The sub pressed against the wall of the elevator, shaking.

"Don't get rid of me... please... please...!"

"I could never get rid of you," he hugged Tony tightly. "Just... do this for me today, since we're already here, and if she doesn't make you feel even a little better... that'll be it." Tony shuddered against him.

"I'm t-trying to...I'm trying...!"

"I know," he nuzzled him. "This is the last day, if you don't like it. I promise." Tony swallowed.

"Okay..." He whispered. Bucky smiled and kissed him before leading him into the waiting room. The sub sank into a chair and stared at the floor. Bucky followed the therapist when she called him back, kissing Tony's head softly.

"Good afternoon, Alpha Barnes-Stark," Anna said as they sat down. "Thank you for coming."

"Mmhm," he said, clenching his knees, "We're here to talk about Tony, right?" She arched a brow.

"Do you need to talk about anything else?" He shook his head,

"No ma'am." Her face dropped, disappointed.
"You know, the things Tony has been through... they're difficult, and I would think his alpha might have been a little affected by the things he's endured. If not, well, fine." Anna shifted, "Let's talk about Tony, then. How is he at home?" Bucky growled softly.

"I care very much about Tony, I killed one of his own attackers," he snarled.

"Yes, you said you had nothing to talk about besides him. Not the way it made you feel for him to be hurt, or any of it. But that's your choice. How is Tony's home life, Mr. Barnes-Stark? How is he at home?"

"...not good," he grunted, not wanting to talk about his feelings. "He hardly moves unless I'm the one moving him."

"Does he eat? Interact? Speak? I worry," Anna sighed, "He's brilliant, but lesser things have broken omegas beyond repair, and..." She shook her head.

"He barely does any of those things," he muttered. "He almost didn't come today."

"Is he safe in my waiting room? Will he still be there?" Anna asked, eyes widening.

"I-I have no idea," he said, getting up and running out of the room. She followed a step behind, and thus he was the first into the empty waiting room.

"Do you have any way to find him!?" She asked, worry clear in her scent.

"Yes," he said, grabbing his phone. "Jarvis? Locate Tony," he said, suddenly thankful for the chip they'd implanted in each other.

"Sir, master Tony is currently travelling ninety miles per hour out of the city, North." The AI responded worriedly.

"Fuck, he took the car... Are you able to control the car?" he asked Jarvis.

"I have tried, sir, were I not slowing it..." Anna shivered.

"I have a car," She offered,

"Thank you, ma'am, but I shall notify Thor."

"Thanks Jarvis, please get Thor to bring him home safely."

"Yes, sir. Home, and not to his appointment, sir?" Anna looked to Bucky for answer.

"If he's not coming back here... we could finish our appointment, and I'll drive you home."

"No, back home. He'll be stressed out enough as it is, I don't need him sobbing on the therapist," he sighed. "Just bring him home safe."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied,

"Mr. Barnes-Stark, do you want to finish the meeting? It may help." Anna murmured softly. He sighed, and pinched his nose with his fingers before nodding his head.

"Why not?" He shrugged, and followed her back into the room. She settled into her chair.

"Mr. Barnes-Stark, may I call you James?"
"Bucky, please," he said, liking that name better.

"Of course. Bucky, how often do you drop Tony?" She leaned forward, elbows on knees, posture unthreatening. Bucky shrugged.

"I used to do it every night or so... but I've been afraid to play with his head as of late."

"When was the last time you dropped him? How did it go?" She requested.

"He thought I was one of his attackers," he murmured. "He was afraid I'd rape him and kill the kids..."

"While he was dropped?" She asked, arching a brow. Bucky nodded.

"I've never heard something like it before."

"How long ago was that?" She made a note, "I'm worried about his mental well-being, without being dropped regularly, subs often... start having mental breakdowns. He already had a horrible time in his life with his last alpha."

"A while ago," he bit his lip, "I don't want him to get scared by it."

"Bucky, when he was with his female alpha, he didn't let her drop him. This resulted, by his own words, in insomnia, and suicidal thoughts and actions." Anna sighed, "I suggest... he told me of your toys, the ones that... he said they make him feel safer, because he thinks of them as you." Bucky smiled and nodded.

"I'll try that... I hope it helps," he said, about ready to lose hope.

"My suggestion, Bucky," She leaned forward, "is to take him somewhere enclosed and safe, and try dropping him. If it goes badly, soothe him as best you can, and inflate the... toy. If not, remove the toy and let him submit."

"Okay," he nodded. "I wonder where he would've gone, had we let him go..."

"He was heading upstate. What's up there that would hold a tie to him?" She asked softly.

"I don't know," he muttered.

"No houses? SI buildings? Or vacation spots?" She frowned.

"Wait... It's Tony's old house... we stayed there for a little bit," he said, looking at her. "He lost a child when he was twelve."

"He told me." She murmured softly, "It's likely he was headed there." The alpha nodded.

"Aren't our three living kids enough?" Anna narrowed her eyes.

"I doubt that's his reasoning. He must feel that something there might help. Maybe solitude, maybe someone was harmed and that's where they healed, maybe childhood memories."

"I got shot, and we went there for me to heal... I doubt it's the childhood memories," he snorted.

"He did have one person who he loved and trusted, his butler?" She sighed, "It might be worth taking a trip up there. He may think that it will help him heal. And I would be willing to make a house call for his appointment." Bucky nodded.
"Thank you," he smiled at her. "I really really need him to get better."

"For you, or for him, Mr. Barnes-Stark?" Anna asked, "Unfortunate as it is, this is helping him deal with some very traumatic things." The alpha nodded, glad to hear that.

"For both of us, I suppose, and our children."

"At what expense to Tony? Is he doing well? No." She answered herself, "The issue is... I'm worried he's going to become suicidal again." Bucky let out a loud distressed whine at that.

"No..."

"He mentioned sleeping pills last visit, and how he just wants to sleep." She warned softly.

"I hid them, because I caught him trying to take them... I hid the razors and the pills."

"If it's already gotten that bad..." Anna whispered, "...I don't want to have to suggest institutionalization, but... let's do this, don't say anything about it, I don't want him faking being better. Take him on that trip, take the whole pack, more eyes on him is better, and if it doesn't help... we'll discuss care services." He nodded, his head hanging low in shame. He was such a bad alpha, to let his mate suffer like this, to let his family and pack suffer. She took his hand, gentle, caring. "It's not anyone's fault, Bucky. A short stay in a facility might really help him, removing him from the environment may help, too."

"What about the kids?" He asked, lifting his face a little to look at her.

"Bucky, I'm going to state this very simply. Would you rather the kids have to visit him somewhere else for... say, six months? Or the kids have to visit his grave? Take him upstate, give him a chance. Try the drop, see if it helps." He growled a little, and ran his hands through his hair. He couldn't think about Tony not being in his life.

"Fine..."

"Fine?" She straightened up, "Mr. Barnes-Stark..."

"Look, I'm trying, okay!? I'm doing everything I can to keep him and the kids happy but he's NOT happy!"

"No, he's not." Anna replied quietly, "He's got severe depression, maybe even manic, an anxiety disorder that to anyone else would be completely disabling and... how does that make you feel, Bucky? Having to try and keep everyone happy?"

"Stressed out," he whined. "I try, but all I get is reluctance," the alpha sighed.

"Reluctance? Difficult, I'm sure." She leaned back, "Tell me about it? It must be hard, caring for Tony and three children everyday."

"It wasn't hard before," he grumbled. "Tony snapped at Jamie, 'cause he still wets the bed sometimes... we weren't sure whether we should bring him in to talk to you either," he shrugged, "Tony never snaps at the kids... I just want my Tony back."

"You think I'm not helping? Then by all means, take him somewhere else. What I want is for Tony to get better, and feel better. But that's not something that can be forced. He has to play his part." She stood, "His moods are difficult, sometimes he'll be angry, it's the easiest emotion to feel."
"I didn't say you weren't helping," he held his hands up, "I love him... I'd do anything."

"For what? What result are you hoping for?" She shook her head, "That he'll be the same as he was? It's... likely that he won't." Bucky nodded.

"I just want him to be happy... even if he's different."

"Then you and I have the same goals. If it doesn't happen with me, I'll help you find someone who can help." She promised.

"Sir, master Tony is home, he has locked himself in your room, with a bottle of scotch." Jarvis announced from the floor.

"Okay, thanks Jarvis... tell him to pack clothes for a week, please. Tell the whole pack that."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replied, and Anna nodded.

"If you would call and give me directions, I'll come... Thursday to do his appointment."

"Here..." he said, taking a sticky note and her pen, and jotting down the address.

"Thank you. I'll drive up Thursday, and... I'll stay however long he lets me." She shook his hand, "I hope this works."

"Thank you... I really hope so too," he smiled, and walked out, letting her lead him to her car.

"Have a... well, a nice day, Mr. Barnes-Stark." She called as she pulled away from Stark tower. He waved, and walked inside, going to the elevator and going straight to his floor.
Happy Monday! Hope everyone had a wonderful Thanksgiving!

Warnings include: Depression, alcoholism, the flu, and smut.

Tony was curled up around his empty bottle, in a corner, shivering. "...I'm s-s-sorry..." Bucky came over and kissed Tony's head.

"From now on, if you want to go somewhere, just talk to me, okay?" Tony shuddered,

"...y-y-you were gone-!" he choked, "Gone gone gone gone! I was...and...and...!"

"I was just in the other room," He said, holding him against his chest. "I'm sorry . . . I won't do that again," he kissed his head; Tony clung to him,

"Y-you said you wouldn't...I-leave me and then...!"

"I didn't leave you, I'm right here, I just had to talk to your therapist," he said, nuzzling him. "I love you."

"...therapist." Tony whispered, "...love you..."

"So much," he smiled, "C'mon . . . I want all of us to go to your old house."

"...old house..." Tony nodded to the sloppily closed suitcase. The alpha smiled,

"Would you like some help with the suitcase?"

"...I packed it..." Tony whispered.

"And what did you pack? Enough clothes for a week?" He asked.

"..you said...Jarvis...Jarvis said that you...week...me and you...?" Tony's eyes were hopeful.

"The whole pack," he smiled, "Unless . . . you just want it to be us? It's up to you." Tony wilted, shoulders slumping,

"...no...whole pack..." He played with the bottle.

"... are you sure?" he asked, "We can always invite them up at a different time." The sub shook his head,

"...whole pack." He stood slowly.
"Okay," the alpha nodded and went to make sure Tony didn't forget anything in the suitcase. It was stuffed full of toys and lingerie, and Tony stared at the floor,

"...I'm sorry."

"It's okay," He chuckled, taking out some of the lingerie so he could get real clothes in there.

"I thought..." Tony whispered, tears filling his eyes. Bucky wanted to cry too,

"Tony, it's okay . . . we just needed to make room for regular clothes."

"...I'm sorry..." Tony whimpered, curling back into his corner.

"Do you want to help the kids pack?" he asked them; Tony took a few deep breaths, nodding reluctantly, nervous.

"You'll...you'll help?"

"Yes," he smiled, getting his own clothes from the dresser. The omega shuffled slowly over to the closet, pulling out the big suitcase he packed for the twins in, and Danny's little suitcase. Bucky came over, and helped Tony pick out their tiny outfits. The sub's hands were shaking,

"...I ran, didn't I?" He whispered, lifting sad eyes to his alpha's face. Bucky nodded,

"But . . . I think if you were headed to the manor . . . then maybe there's something there you need," he looked at him. Tony slowly leaned up against his mate,

"...the manor. I...I guess I was, I took the right roads..." Bucky kissed his head,

"Can you grab Danny's socks for me?"

"...yeah." Tony bent to open the drawer where he kept the baby's socks, and felt little arms wrap around him. "Hey, Jamie." He pulled his son into his arms, shivering, "Hey."

"Mama . . ." he whined loudly, looking flush,

"What's wrong, baby?" Tony felt his forehead.

"Tummy . . ." He said, shaking a little, keeping his eyes closed; Tony looked up to Bucky,

"...he's sick." He whispered, worried, he gently picked Jamie up, "Oh, darling....I'm sorry, you don't feel good." He rubbed his back gently. Jamie whimpered and rubbed his eyes,

"Sleepy mama . . ." And Bucky sighed,

"He'll be okay." The alpha murmured, and Tony held his son close,

"...what's that supposed to mean, Bucky? He's sick. You want to put him in a car for three hours?" He stroked Jamie's face and hair, "Go ahead and sleep, Jamie boy." Bucky sighed, and rubbed his head, he supposed they were postponing. Jamie leaned his head against Tony, his body shivering from the cold as he tried to sleep. The omega slowly settled himself into a chair, "...what if he throws up? They've never had the flu before..." He whined softly, cradling the boy against his chest as Nia peered into their room, holding Thor's hand. Danny was squirming in the god's arms. Bucky turned and looked at his other kids,

"Hey, you guys okay?" he asked, going over to the god to take Danny. The baby seemed fine,
patting Bucky's nose, but Nia was obviously sick, too. She had one hand on her belly, and shakily climbed into Tony's arms as well, wanting her mother. Bucky ran his hand over Danny's head, "Alright . . . I'm sorry Thor, we're postponing the trip," he said, sighing. Tony frowned,

"Is that all you care about?" He shivered, holding his children gently, "Your kids have a flu, Bucky, don't you c-care?" His slight anger was overwhelmed by the sadness he felt, and he sniffed.

"I do care!" He growled loudly, getting really pissed off. "I care so much! I'm doing everything I can to take care of you, and now we have to keep Danny away from the three of you, so we can get them better!" Tony flinched, and tears slid down his cheeks without warning.

"...yes sir..." He whispered, and Bucky sighed,

"I'm sorry . . . you don't deserve to be yelled at." Tony just stared at the floor, the set of his body purely submissive, trying to hold his shivering children.

"...I do..." he whispered.

"No, you don't," he said, kissing his head. "Wrap them in blankets, and I'll see if Aunt May can watch Danny." Tony slowly stood, stumbling, trying to hold them up, and kicking his shoes off. He climbed into the bed, holding them against his sides as he pulled the blankets over them. Jamie nestled against his side, whimpering in his sleep, and Nia whined, holding her belly,

"...mama...it's owie..."

"I know, I'm sorry baby girl, I'm sorry..." Tony kissed her forehead, nuzzling her. Bucky sighed and walked down to May's floor, knocking on it softly.

"Come in," She called, sounding stressed, "Oh! Bucky, you'd better take him somewhere else, Peter has the flu, he's been throwing up all night."

"Really? Sorry, so do the Nia and Jamie . . . I hope Steve's mate and kids are alright," he said, getting back in the elevator,

"...Clint's been sick all night..." Steve mumbled, rubbing his face when Bucky looked at him, "And..and the twins..." He swallowed, "It's...god, I never want to see them sick again...it's awful...poor things..." Bucky groaned and knocked his forehead into the wall, how was he supposed to take care of everyone when everyone was sick?

"Okay ... I'll watch Charlie if you want to keep her away from the sick," he muttered,

"She's...she's probably already got it, I don't get sick, so..." Steve ran his fingers through his hair, "I've got this, Clint and the twins should be alright, soon, and..."

"Good luck," he sighed and stepped back into the elevator. "Guess it's just you and me, Danny-boy," he hummed, the baby looked up at him, and promptly threw up all over him. Bucky whimpered and wanted to bash his head into the wall. "Alright . . . c'mon little man," he said, walking to the bathroom. Danny began to wail, tears pouring down his face,

"A dadada...!" He cried, shaking.

"I know, c'mon, we're going to take a quick bath," he said, stripping them both, and turning the water on; Danny shivered, and without warning, he threw up again. Bucky whimpered and knew he was probably going to be sick as well.
"Please Danny . . .," he huffed, and turned the shower on so they could be rinsed off. The baby shuddered, cheeks flushed,

"Dada..." He whined.

"I know," he said, putting the warm water on. He quickly rinsed them both off, and then he got out of the shower toweling Danny dry. Danny whimpered, clinging to his father, obviously feeling awful. Bucky put him in Pjs, and wrapped him in a blanket, before pulling on his own clothes on his barely dry body, and he climbed on the couch, shaking softly. A minute later, Tony carried the twins out,

"...can...can they sit by you?" He whispered, "They threw up in the bed, I have to change the...the bedding." Bucky nodded, and held his arm out. Anything to make them better, to make Tony happy. Tony settled them on the couch, "...h-here, babies...if...if you need to throw up..." He handed them each a bowl. Bucky forced back his own urges, making sure he had a hold of his kids so they wouldn't fall; Tony frowned, "...Bucky? Are you okay?" He grabbed a bowl, holding it out to his mate, "Do you need to...?" Bucky hurled into the bowl as soon as it was in front of him, letting go of Danny so he could grip the bowl. Tony gagged, but stayed where he was, gripping the bowl, "...it's okay," He murmured, carrying it away to dump it in the toilet, rinsing the bowl, and bringing it back. He stroked Bucky's hair, "It's alright." Bucky was shaking from the stress his body was under, feeling so cold.

"Tony . . ." he whimpered and lay back, holding the three kids. Tony kissed his forehead, hands shaking,

"It's okay, it's alright, I've got you." He pulled a blanket over his family, and ducked into the bathroom, fighting his way viciously through a panic attack. He had to take care of his family. Instinct took over, and he kissed each of their faces, stripping the bed, and spraying it down, he put a plastic sheet on, then a nice cotton sheet, and all clean blankets. A moment later, he wrangled all of them into the bed, "Peter was throwing up for two hours, and it's already been half an hour."

"I-I was gonna make soup for everyone," Bucky said, fighting getting in the bed, even though he was refusing to let go of the blanket.

"Get in, I'll...Jarvis will help me, I'll make soup. But none of you are eating until you've stopped puking." Tony nudged him into the bed. Bucky whimpered and slumped down on the mattress, "Should help ..."

"Shush." Tony smoothed Bucky's hair, "Lay still." He cleaned out Nia's bowl, and wiped Jamie's mouth, "It's okay." He put a towel under Danny, and covered them with blankets.

"It . . . it's not . . . okay . . ." he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Tony made soup, cleaned after them, bathed the twins, and occupied them once they felt better. He cared for Bucky lovingly, gently, carrying Danny around on his hip. Bucky slowly got better, and he sat up, running a hand through his hair; Tony was exhausted, eyes bright with fever, trying to feed Danny some soup. Bucky kissed Tony's head, and set Danny down in his high chair, "C'mon you, my good boy," he said, carrying him to bed. "My good boy." Tony was shaking,

"...feeding Danny..." He whimpered, "I...I'm fine...let me...!" He curled up around him stomach, groaning, sweat breaking out on his brow.

Tony made soup, cleaned after them, bathed the twins, and occupied them once they felt better. He cared for Bucky lovingly, gently, carrying Danny around on his hip. Bucky slowly got better, and he sat up, running a hand through his hair; Tony was exhausted, eyes bright with fever, trying to feed Danny some soup. Bucky kissed Tony's head, and set Danny down in his high chair, "C'mon you, my good boy," he said, carrying him to bed. "My good boy." Tony was shaking,

"...feeding Danny..." He whimpered, "I...I'm fine...let me...!" He curled up around him stomach, groaning, sweat breaking out on his brow.
"You have a fever. I'll feed Danny, you need to sleep," he said,

"..I...fever?" Tony asked softly, eyes wide.

"Yeah, it's my turn to take care of you," he said, petting his head. "Get some rest." Tony clenched his eyes shut, whimpering softly,

"...I didn't do the dishes..."

"That's okay," he smiled, "I love you, and I'll be here when you wake up."

"..but the kids..." Tony tried to sit up, and threw up over the edge of the bed. Bucky pushed the bucket there, catching it.

"I got the kids," he said, rubbing his back; Tony whimpered, shaking,

"...Peter...help...you?" He trembled.

"I'll get Thor to help me, or Steve," he kissed him, "Sleep."

"...okay..." Tony whispered, closing his eyes. Bucky smiled, and went back to Danny, feeding him more soup. The baby was a little shaky, but ate happily enough. Nia and Jamie were sound asleep on the couch. Bucky smiled and kissed Danny's head, setting him in the couch, and turning on the tv, keeping the volume low. The baby yawned, looking up at the old cartoons Jarvis had chosen for him. Bucky sat besides Nia, and closed his eyes, just relaxing. Tony shuffled out a while later, shaking,

"...Bucky...?" Bucky slowly lifted his head, and he held his arms out for Tony.

"You alright bud?" The sub shook his head, wiping his mouth,

"..bad...c-came out my nose..." His alpha nodded, and stood up,

"Why don't you go back to bed?"

"...it...it hurt..." Tony whimpered. Bucky wrapped him in a big hug and rubbed his back.

"Okay, back to bed," he said, holding his shaky form as he led him to the bedroom. The omega whined, rubbing his nose,

"...okay..." He was lonely. Bucky nuzzled him, and helped him back into bed, tucking him in.

"...d...don't...go..." Tony whispered, curled up in his blankets. Bucky nodded and sat down next to him, petting his head.

"It'll pass ...

"...will it...?" Tony rasped, nose burning.

"Yes," he nodded, and handed him a tissue. The sub blew his nose, shaking,

"...ow...ow..."

"I know," he said, rubbing his back. "I'll bring you something to eat later, if you haven't thrown up." Tony breathed out, swallowing thickly,

"I...I don't know if..." He gasped softly, jerking up out of the bed to throw up in the almost
overflowing bucket. Bucky wrinkled his nose and rubbed Tony's back, shaking his head.

"That's it, get it all out." The sub trembled, rasping as he lay back in the bed, eyes watering,

"...sorry...I...I emptied it...but it's...full again...sorry..."

"It's okay," he said, wondering when his stomach would be empty. "Just relax, I'll bring you some medicine." Tony gestured tiredly at the bucket,

"...can't keep it down." A lot of it was water, from drinking between bouts, or bile.

"Okay," he kissed his forehead. The sub closed his eyes, gripping Bucky's hand,

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be, even I got sick," he said, squeezing his hand back,

"...but..." Tony whispered,

"Get some sleep," he said, petting his head.

"I..." The omega curled up, "I just..." He closed his eyes, "...sorry for...for running." Bucky sighed, and rubbed his head,

"Just . . . you can talk to me, okay?" he muttered,

"I...you..." He whispered, shaking.

"What?" he asked, barely able to hear,

"Nothing..." Tony trailed off, closing his eyes. Bucky patted his hip, and stayed with him until the sub was asleep.

Tony woke alone the next morning, trembling with cold sweat, but done with the flu at last. Bucky was exhausted from taking care of the pack and his kids, making sure everyone was okay; The sub shuffled out, crying silently, trying not to; Bucky was hardly able to keep his eyes open as he wandered over, and stared at Tony,

"Hey babe . . ."

"...hey..." Tony wrapped around him, shivering. Bucky hugged him, nuzzling his head.

"Come sit with me . . ." he murmured, and the sub slowly climbed into his lap,

"...ew..."

"Ew?" Bucky asked, staring at him,

"...throw up..." Tony whispered.

"oh, yeah," he nodded, closing his eyes. The sub nuzzled him gently,

"...I..." Bucky opened his eyes slightly, staring at him, "...never mind..." Tony whispered. The alpha yawned and pulled the omega into his arms, starting to drift, while Tony sank into sleep against him.
Later on, they were joined by Jamie, who was still exhausted, and Nia followed soon after, trailing Danny by the hand. James made room on the couch, his head resting on his father's leg, and Tony lay a hand sleepily on his back. Bucky slept for a solid ten hours, something he never did; his family gathered around him, sleeping as well.

The alpha slowly woke up, and smiled down at his family, very happy.

"...Buck..." Tony twisted a little, whining.

"Yeah?" he asked, wondering what time it was,

"...need..." He whimpered, finding Bucky's hand, and squeezing before he relaxed again, Bucky kissed his throat,

"I want to drop you . . . " The omega's eyes slid open, quickly alert,

"...what?"

"Can I drop you?" he asked.

"You...really? You want to?" Tony sat up, eyes hopeful, but worried. Bucky nodded, and kissed him,

"Go put our kids in our bed . . . and close the door. Come back here with one of your favorite toys." Tony lifted his children,

"...no..someone should take care of..."

"Sir, only Thor and Captain Rogers remained unaffected."

"They will be okay if Jarvis watches them," he said. "Right Jarvis?"

"I suggest having Thor watch them, sir." Jarvis responded, "As I lack arms to-"

"Mute." Tony grunted.

"I didn't want to pull Thor away from Peter and Bruce," he muttered,

"Peter and Bruce are past the worst, as you are." Jarvis put in type across a screen,

"...unmute...ask Thor...?" Tony lifted an eyebrow in question to Bucky. Bucky nodded, rubbing his eyes. "Ask Thor." Tony confirmed, and Jarvis spoke up,

"Yes, sir. He says he will come up and watch them."

"Good," he said, moving his hands over Tony's chest. The omega whined, feeling the gentle tweaks to his nipples,

"...please...oh please...!" He begged, "Please drop me...!"

"Soon," he kissed his jaw, and picked up Nia and Danny. The omega sank onto his heels, shoulders hunched. He clenched his eyes shut, trying to make sense of that. When Thor came, Bucky handed the kids over, thanking him. Tony shifted on the floor as Thor carried the children into the elevator,
"...sir?" He whispered, waiting for instructions, waiting for the sweet relief of the drop.

"Go into the bedroom, get undressed and put on something you think I'd like. Then grab your favorite toy, and bring it to me," he said, rubbing Tony's cheek; Tony nodded, the first softening of reality of the drop hazing his mind. He crawled into the bedroom, still shaky, mouth tasting of mint toothpaste, to change his clothes. When he emerged, he was clad in dark red lace and silk, legs sheathed in matching thigh high stockings. A garter belt cut a beautiful line around his narrow hips, and below was a scarlet thong. In his mouth, only the base and knot visible, was the newest of the toys Bucky had made, silver and green marbled silicon. Bucky smiled when he saw Tony, stripped of his shirt, his pants opened and sitting low on his thighs as a tease. "So, this is your favorite toy?" He asked, gently touching the base. Tony let his tongue glide out over the knot where Bucky could see, wary. He wasn't sure if Bucky was disappointed or happy, and it set him on edge.

"Yes, sir." He pulled his mouth off the shaft to answer nervously. He chewed his lip, twisting his fingers in his lap. Bucky groaned softly, and took the toy from Tony, running his fingers over the olive colored skin, reaching down and giving Tony's balls a nice squeeze.

"You look delicious." The sub whined, shifting forward slightly, eyes sliding shut at his alpha's touch. Starving for the drop, for the comfort, to be taken from his mind. ""Take off my pants,"" he said, standing up again. Tony sank deeper into the drop, hands sliding up Bucky's thighs, slow and steady as he could manage. He pulled his alpha's pants down smoothly, letting them, and the boxers beneath, pool around his feet.

"Just a little more, so close... Tony's mind was nearly there, looking up at Bucky with lust-darkened eyes, waiting for the next few commands that would sink him fully. Bucky hummed and waked forward, tapping his cock against Tony's lips, ""Open up."" The sub parted his lips, and relief spread through him as Bucky's cock nudged easily into his mouth. ""Good boy,"" he grunted, rocking his hips into the wet, warm mouth; Tony opened his throat, the 'good boy' a pooling warmth in his chest, his hands folded demurely in his lap. Bucky thrusted until his cock was full hard, and he ran his hand through Tony's hair, making him take his entire length before pulling out. ""How wet are you for me?"" Tony squirmed, leaning up into the hand.

"So wet, sir...so wet...!" He panted, hands on Bucky's thighs.

"You better be,"" he said, humming, ""are you dripping? Starving for my alpha cock? Want me to fill you up?"" The alpha groaned. Tony shivered, licking at Bucky's cock, 

"Sir, sir, please...!" His ass bounced, up and down, as if riding an invisible cock. Bucky groaned and grabbed the abandoned toy. He leaned over, and shoved it into Tony's ass. The sub gave a pained cry, jerking forward, clinging to Bucky's legs.

"Shh, I got you,"" He said, kissing his head. ""It's alright baby."" Tony whimpered, hole spasming painfully around the thick toy. He curled his toes, shaking, trying to be as still as he could so it wouldn't move inside of him.

"...nnn..." Bucky had hoped it would only be a little pain. He bit his lip, and slowly removed the toy.

"Hey, I'm sorry,"" he nuzzled him. The omega trembled against him, shuddering, and taking shaky breaths, tears in his eyes. Bucky hugged him, ""I should have prepped you, I got too excited,"" He said, nuzzling him. Tony swallowed thickly, floating in pain, his stomach ached from the strain. Bucky rubbed his lower back, kissing Tony's neck, but the sub flinched, shuffling to the side, reaching back to check his hole, fingers coming away slick, but no sign of blood. He curled over his legs, head on the floor. Bucky whimpered, ""Tony . . . I'm sorry. Please come here?""
"...I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry, sir!" Tony babbled, fear and sorrow in his scent, guilt, "I'm s-sorry sir!"

"It's alright, I'm sorry I hurt you," he muttered, upset that his own omega was afraid of him. The sub rubbed his face roughly on the floor,

"I'm sorry, sir, I'm sorry, I...I'm sorry, I deserve the punishment, I'm sorry!" Bucky sighed and stood up, he was so tired of trying to convince his mate that he didn't deserve to be hurt, or punished. They'd been together for over five years! Tony blinked up at the empty room, and began to cry, sobs tearing through his body, tears sliding down his cheeks. He'd messed up, Alpha had punished him and left! He curled up on his side, the drop turning into a nightmare land, every reason he deserved punishment floating around him. Bucky came back with a beer for himself and a glass of water for Tony, when he saw his omega sobbing; He came over and touched his shoulder,

"Hey, Tone?" Tony stared up at him, eyes shocked,

"...sir..?" He whined, trembling. "..I'm sorry!" He cried, hugging Bucky's legs. Bucky stared down at him, and petted his head,

"It's alright, my sub."

"...I...I'm s-sorry I moved...when you...!" Tony sobbed,

"You know I'd never intentionally hurt you, right?" he asked, making him stare at him. Tony hunched his shoulders, head down,

"....I...

"I swear, it was an accident," he kissed him. "In the five years we've been together, Besides that time when I lost my memory, have I ever hurt you intentionally?" Tony shivered, shaking his head slowly,

".no, sir..."

"No, and I don't plan to hurt you at all," he kissed him softly. "I brought you some water..." Tony took the glass slowly, unsure. He held it in his hands,

"...th..thank you, sir."

"You're welcome," he smiled, and reached down softly to touch Tony's cock, "Is this okay?" The sub whimpered softly, lifting slightly to thrust into his hand,

"Sir...

"Do you like this?" he asked, being gentle,

"...y-yes, sir." Tony whispered hesitantly, unsure why he was being asked.

"Good," he hummed, and reached behind to tease his rim as he pumped him. Tony winced, but relaxed a moment later, rocking his hips slowly,

"...sir...please...!" He bucked a little, laying his head on Bucky's knee. Bucky hummed and slipped a finger inside of him, swirling it around, and Tony groaned, lifting his hips, trying to make it easier for his mate. Bucky slowly slid two fingers in, his cock stiffening again,
"Sucking me in, you want it that bad?"

"Yes, yes sir, please, want it that bad...!" Tony whined, shaking, lifting himself further in pursuit of more touches. Bucky pulled on his rim, stretching him out, gently adding in a third finger, spreading them out and rubbing Tony's prostate. The sub jerked, arching, "Sir, sir, sir, sir!" He groaned, kissing Bucky's thigh and generally acting like a heat-struck omega with their first dom. Bucky smiled,

"Grab the toy, my beautiful sub," he hummed, and brought his fingers forward to lick the slick; Tony trembled happily, crawling to grab the toy, and carrying it back in his mouth. He knelt properly at Bucky's feet, eager, relaxed. "Good boy," he praised him, and gently this time, eased the toy into his hole. Tony sighed happily as he let his body sink onto the shaft,

"Sir..." He hummed, nuzzling Bucky's hand where it came to rest upon his cheek.

"I love you," he said, humming as he moved the toy in and out, "Would you like to suck my cock?" Tony nodded, face eager, eyes brighter than they'd been in months. Bucky beamed happily, and pressed his cock against his lips, working the toy in his ass. The sub let the head into his mouth, swallowing it down, and sucking the shaft. He shuddered, and gripped his hair with his free hand, "Oh, good boy," He cooed, rocking his hips softly. Tony looked up at him, eyes adoring, as he swallowed his alpha down, and rocked his hips. "Fuck," he groaned, pulling his hair a little more, his knot starting to form; Tony sucked him happily, oblivious. "Tony, gonna cum," he warned, thrusting harder in his mouth. The omega took him deeper, uncaring, holding his hands in his lap. Bucky moved his hips faster until his knot was against Tony's teeth, threatening to push past as he came. Tony swallowed it all down, happily. Bucky smiled and grabbed his cock, jerking it smoothly. Tony threw his head back, riding the toy hard and desperate,

"Sir!"

"That it, take all that cock, my good sub," he hummed, watching him bounce on it. The omega whined, hands gripping the alpha's shoulders,

"Yes, yes, sir, please! I'm a good boy!" he panted, "Please!"

"You are a very good boy," he said, nipping his jaw. "Cum." Tony obeyed without thought, his biology causing his body to respond.

"Sir....!" Bucky hummed, bringing his hand up for Tony to clean, and the sub licked and sucked the digits happily, purring.

"That's my good boy," He siad, kissing his cheek. He replaced the toy with the jeweled plug that Tony seemed to have taken a liking to. The sub nuzzled him all over, happy and relaxed, sunken deep in the drop. Bucky smiled and laid down on the floor, pulling Tony with him, letting him lay on top of him. "I love you so much, my beautiful Tony." Tony nuzzled his chest, yawning, happy.

"Sir." He murmured. Bucky hummed and petted his head, gently rubbing the back in that special spot.

"Mmmmnn...." Tony wiggled against him, getting comfortable.

"Would you like to sleep?" he asked, him,

"Sir?" Tony's hand cupped Bucky's cock. Bucky hummed,

"Yes?"
"...sleep? But...?" The hazy, yet adoring, eyed omega murmured, "...not sleepy yet. Want...want you to fuck me..."

"Yeah?" he grinned and kissed him, "how do you want me to fuck you?" Tony thrust softly against his hip,

"...sir...! However you want to, sir!" Bucky leaned up and kissed him hard,

"Hands and knees," he groaned; Tony slid fluidly to the floor, arranging himself,

"Should I put my face on the floor, sir?"

"No, put it on your hands," he said, "I dont want you to get carpet burn on your pretty face." Tony purred happily at the compliment, wiggling his hips as he arranged himself, face on his hands, chest on the floor. "Good boy," he said, biting his ass, sliding the plug around. Tony bucked, groaning, eyes hazy with pleasure and subspace,

"Sir, thank you, thank you!" He panted.

"You're welcome," he smiled, happier than he'd been in a long time as he pulled the plug out, and eased his cock inside. Tony groaned, rolling back against him.

"good boy," he moaned, biting at his neck as he thrusted slowly. The sub arched his back,

"Sir sir please!" Bucky sped up, their skin slapping together, making him groan happily; Tony arched, "Fuck, sir, please!" He repeated, panting and bucking back hard.

"Gonna knot you so good," he grunted, the hard flesh of his knot growing against his rim. Tony gasped in a breath, groaning,

"Yes, sir, so good, yes sir!" He groaned. Bucky squeezed Tonys throat gently, and then pressed his knot in, panting at how amazing it felt. Tony groaned, eyes clearing as Bucky claimed him so securely. "...oh..." He panted, "Oh, Bucky..." The alpha rested his head on Tony's back,

"Fuck .... Tony," he leaned forward and kissed him. The omega whined, shivering,

"Bucky...wow...I...I...wow..." He lay his head down, closing his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to comment~
"I love you," Bucky hummed, rubbing Tony's back; Tony twisted to look up at him.

"That..." He felt so wonderful, so normal, as he hadn't for months.

"I know," he chuckled, giving his hips a light squeeze; Tony slid his hand up to cup Bucky's cheek.

"Oh, Bucky..." Bucky relaxed immediately into the hand and nuzzled it, trembling at the first caring touch from his mate in weeks. The sub leaned up against him, closing his eyes. "Oh... oh Bucky..." He breathed, his mind so clear. Bucky closed his own as well, and hugged him, kissing his skin. He didn't know what to say, he was just so happy. The sub breathed deep and slow, "I haven't... wow." The alpha chuckled.

"Want to see our kids when I unknot you?"

"I..." Tony inched his eyes open, "Yes. My kids, oh, god... poor Jamie..."

"He's okay, he just really needs some mommy time," he smiled, and kissed his head.

"Mommy time, yeah." Tony breathed deep, "What about Nia and Danny?"

"They miss you too, but I've been able to keep them a bit more occupied."

"I... I haven't been gone, Bucky. I'm the same person." Tony's brow furrowed, "Is that what it seemed like to you? That I was brain dead?" The alpha was really afraid of messing this up.

"You weren't yourself..." he muttered. "...you weren't brain dead... but I couldn't do anything without making you cry," he whimpered. "I was afraid for you, and afraid I might hurt you..." Tony clenched his teeth.

"It's called depression. I was still me..." He pressed a hand over his face, and took another deep breath. "Fuck."

"I know you were depressed... I understand that. But depression doesn't make you envision your past attackers and make you think I'm going to hurt you." Tony was tense and rigid beneath him.

"So you think I'm crazy."

"No, I think your past is coming back to haunt you... it's not uncommon," he muttered; Tony pulled off of him.

"But hallucinating is." he snapped. "Fuck, I'm crazy! I'm crazy..." Bucky whimpered, and gripped
his knot.

"So does that make me crazy? When I flinch every time a siren goes off because I think it's a bomb threat? Or because I think I hear the laughter from my old friends?" He said, tears in his eyes. Tony hugged himself.

"No, it doesn't, it's not the same and you know it." Tony looked down the the soiled lingerie, the underwear pulled to the side. "You're not losing yourself." Bucky held out his metal arm.

"I think I've lost enough," he muttered, and stood up. Tony stared at him.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Bucky!?" He kicked a book left on the floor, "Really? You lost your arm, so I should be fine with hallucinations and-!?"

"No! I never said you should be fine!" He growled at him, "I'm saying you're not crazy! I understand!"

"But you don't... you don't understand, Bucky!" Tony cried.

"What don't I understand!?" He asked, hating that they were fighting, hating this century. Tony took a step backward, shaking.

"How I feel, Bucky... how I... I'm so scared and it's... I can't stand it and you keep saying how I feel isn't true...!"

"I NEVER said that!" He growled angrily, "I know you're scared! You tell me every day! How you're scared of me and of the people who aren't really there, your tormentors... which is why I got you help! Because I know you're not well!" Tony flinched, sliding to his knees, head down.

"And that's a problem for you."

"It's a problem that you aren't happy and healthy," he said. "It's a problem that you are sick, and that you can't think straight," the alpha sighed; Tony dug his nails into his thighs.

"I'm sick, Bucky. In the head. Crazy." He looked away, "And you can't stand it."

"I'm doing what I can to help you," he said, looking down. "I really am trying..."

"It's not about you, Bucky..." Tony choked out, "Can't you see that!?!"

"ARE YOU CALLING ME SELFISH!?" He shouted at him, "I've been spending every waking moment trying to make sure you didn't kill yourself or run away to god knows where! I do it because I love you, and I want to keep you safe! I know you're sick! But I don't know how much longer I can help you fight this..." Tony's head jerked up.

"What...?" He whimpered, "What does... what does that mean...?" He shuddered, but he couldn't get up, his submission rooted too deep, fear in his scent. "I wasn't... I wasn't calling you... selfish..."

"It means that I'm at the end of my rope," he muttered. "If you don't get better, they want to institutionalize you... and I can't relax unless I have you," he said. "I would do anything for you..."

"Inst... institutionalize...!?!" Tony couldn't breathe, he gripped his chest, shaking and struggling for breath.

"I don't like it either," he sighed. "I just want you to be even a little bit better..." Tony chewed his nails, shaking.
"No! No, please! Please Bucky, don't do this to me...!" He begged, grabbing his alpha's hands, "I'm trying! I'm trying so hard!"

"I know," he kneeled down and hugged him. "It's just a last resort... if you keep going to therapy, you shouldn't have to go." Tony stared up at him.

"No... I... I c-can't...!" He pushed away, gripping his hair, "I'm trying! I'm trying as hard as I-!"

"No, you're not trying if you're yelling at me and telling me you don't want to go," he sighed. "C'mon, get dressed." Tony recoiled, shaking, and pressed his hands over his face, trying to get enough of a breath in. Bucky sighed and shook his head, going to go get Tony some clothes. The omega shucked his lingerie with shaky hands, grabbing a robe from the bathroom, and darting into the elevator. He pressed the button for Clint's floor without thought, shaking, his best friend all he could think of. Clint was doing yoga with his kids, Steve standing back to watch (the perv) when Tony darted in. Clint stood up.

"Tony?" He asked, and the other omega shivered, backing against a wall.

"I'm sorry, I... Bucky s-said institutionalize... and...!" He glanced at Steve, shaking. Clint slowly approached Tony.

"Hey, that's not gonna happen, okay?" He said.

"H-he said it is... if... if I don't do better... I don't know what else to do...!" Tony hugged himself, teeth chattering as Steve ushered the kids into the kitchen for lunch. Clint sat down beside him.

"It's not immediate... and you're not helping anyone by not going to therapy."

"I've been going to therapy! I've gone every week!" Tony cried, sinking to the floor, his face in his knees.

"Thor told us you ran away last week," he said, petting Tony's head. "If you keep going, they won't institutionalize you."

"I..." Tony whimpered softly, "...Bucky was gone... he just... he was gone, and I was alone..."

"So you don't run away," Clint frowned. "If Jamie got lost, would you want him to just run away?"

The sub pulled away.

"That's not the same thing!" He bit his lip, shaking, "It's not the same... I... he left me alone... and..."

"And I'm sure he would have been right back," he sighed; Tony stood up, tugging his robe closer around him.

"This was a mistake... I'll... I'll just go..." He shakily pressed the elevator button, "...I... I know I do the wrong thing... I just..."

"What did you want me to say?" He asked, holding the elevator door open. "You're really lucky you have a mate like Bucky." Tony's face fell,

"I... I know I am... I... he shouldn't have to... deal with me... he's at the end of his... rope..."

"He wants to help you... but running away hurts him too. You should trust him more," he said, Tony stared at him.
"I didn't-! I didn't run away! That's what I've been saying over and over!"

"I don't just mean in going someplace else... you need to face your issues." Tony gripped the edge of the door.

"I... I thought I was..." The brunette whispered, backing away, and the elevator closed, taking him to the communal floor. He dragged on some clothes in his and Bucky's room there, slumping down to sit on the floor by the empty couch. Tony closed his eyes, remembering Pepper, how she would stroke his hair, while she signed papers. Then it switched to Bucky, how they would laugh together, and the joy of having their children. Where had it gone? Bucky burst into the room, and relaxed.

"Please stop running from me!" Tony flinched, pulling his knees up.

"Y-yes sir..." He sighed and walked over to him.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm... Clint... and... no." Tony breathed out, "I'm fine." Bucky kneeled down and hugged him.

"I'm sorry."

"Stop. You didn't do anything wrong. I'm fine. I won't ask for help from any of you again." Bucky frowned and looked genuinely hurt.

"What?"

"It's clearly taxing all of you, and it's too much. I'm dead weight, Bucky. Stop clinging to the end of your rope." Tony looked away, "You and Clint can stop pretending that..." He swallowed, he'd been doing so well, "...that I'm worth all of this." Bucky stared at him, and growled.

"I haven't worked this hard so you could think I was pretending!" He shouted. "I fucking tell you all the time that I love you! I MARRIED you! How DARE you think that!?" Tony flinched under his mate's voice.

"I wasn't saying that." He whispered, "Please. Stop yelling at me." Bucky sighed, and ran a hand through his hair.

"Sorry. I do care about you, a lot." The omega pulled his knees up.

"Clint says I'm not trying. You say I'm running. You said you were at the end of your rope... so let go. I... I... can't keep dragging you down."

"I'm at the end of my rope because I've done all I can do to help you... you have to help yourself," he said. "I can't do it all..." Tony looked as if he'd been slapped.

"You all keep saying things like that... I've been helping. I've been doing anything and everything I can to get better... and none of you believe me..."

"It's hard for me to believe you when you try to take sleeping pills to make it stop," he whimpered. "I want to take you to the manor." Tony choked.

"My best isn't good enough for any of you..." He whispered, heart breaking, hand pressed over it. "...the manor? Why...?" Bucky looked down.

"I don't know... that's where you were headed. I think it'll help." The omega twisted his hands.
"So it's true... my best is not enough." He muttered, "I'll go to the manor... and then..." He took a deep breath, struggling with himself, "...then I'll go to an institution."

"No!" He snarled, "I don't think I've seen your best, Tony! I know you've been trying, but you have to KEEP trying!" Tony swallowed.

"I can't do anymore than I've been doing, Bucky... there's nothing else I can do... I don't know what you want from me, Bucky."

"I want you to go to every therapy meeting with some other thought than 'this is a waste of time' or 'this won't help, I'm screwed up'." Tears gathered in Tony's eyes.

"I've... but I've been going! I've been going and I... I talk about everything... I... I don't th-think it's a waste of time..." But his voice was barely a whisper.

"You don't?" He asked, "Because you begged me to let you not go, because you said it wasn't helping." The sub shuddered.

"Bucky... the way you look at me makes it clear that you think I'm not getting better..."

"I think you're a lot better now than you were an hour ago," he said.

"An hour ago..." Tony grimaced, "Right." The slender brunette scrubbed his hands over his face. "It's been a long time since you've dropped me, James Barnes."

"The last time I did that, you freaked out. I've been scared to drop you," he said; Tony pulled away.

"Right... I ruined yet another thing."

"Will you stop!" He barked, "You didn't ruin it!" Tony jerked.

"What is this, then!?" He cried, "What is this, if not a 'you ruined everything' conversation? About how I'm not trying hard enough..."

"You didn't ruin anything!" He said, "I just want you to give a hundred percent to this therapy." Tony's hands shook.

"I have been! I've been giving everything I have to-!"

"No, you've been telling me how you don't want to go," he said. "I know you don't want to, but you need to." The omega's breath shuddered in.

"No, Bucky! I don't want to go because the way that you look at me isn't changing! Because my hundred percent isn't enough for you!" Bucky frowned and sat down.

"Okay... Okay." Tony pressed his face into his knees.

"Fuck. I don't know what else to do! I've done everything I..."

"Let's just... take it a day at a time. Tomorrow we'll go to the manor," Bucky said, Tony pulled his hand away.

"...right..."

"Okay," he said, sighing, and the omega swallowed.
"I... have to go to Jamie..."

"Okay," he said, nodding. Tony hunched his shoulders.

"If I go to my son, are you going to say I ran away?"

"No," he said, getting up and going to the kitchen. The omega's throat worked as he swallowed.

"Right." He stepped over to Thor and Bruce's door. When Jamie saw his mother, he just stared at him, afraid he would be unwelcome at this time. Tony held his arms open. "Hey, handsome boy. Did Thor braid your hair?" Jamie smiled and nodded, jumping into his arms.

"Yup! Says Nia an' me are pretty warriors!"

"Pretty warriors?" Tony smiled, swallowing, "Hmm, I think it suits you." The child brightened up, and hugged his mother, nuzzling him.

"Unca Bruce says it gonna be curlier!"

"It will be." Tony carried him out to the elevator, and then down to the workshop.

"Are we gonna play, momma?" He asked, wiggling.

"Yeah, we're gonna play." Tony kissed him, "I thought we could play with Jarvis? The matching game?"

"I love dat one!" He squealed, staring at the computer screens. Tony settled with Jamie in his lap.

"Okay, let's find the..." He tapped a square on the screen, and it changed into a diamond. "Diamond. Okay, let's find the other one."

"We gotsta find diamonds?" He asked, looking at the screen.

"Just one." Tony smiled, "We have to find the other diamond, for this one." Jamie smiled and touched one, pouting when it was a star. "Okay, so we have to remember that that one is a star." Tony nodded, nuzzling his son. "What about... this one?" It was a circle, "Darn." Jamie let out a soft giggle at that. He grinned and touched one, revealing a diamond.

"OOOHH!" He got excited and hit the turned over card that he knew was a diamond, making a pair.

"Good job!" Tony exclaimed, ruffling his hair.

"My hair!" He reached up, making sure his braids were intact, but he sounded just like a young Tony. Tony's smile faltered.

"It's fine, darling, I didn't mess it up." Jamie smiled and beamed up at him.

"Kay mama," he giggled and went back to pressing squares; Tony nuzzled his hair.

"You're so smart, my good boy." The boy smiled and nuzzled him back.

"I wanna go to sc-school mama," he said.

"I know, darling, but... you're not old enough yet," Tony sighed, "Two more years, honey."
"I can't go early?" He asked, playing with his shirt collar.

"I..." Tony whimpered, "...I... I guess we could... find you a program, but..." James frowned and looked down, hugging his mom.

"I can wait two years mama..."

"It's...honey," Tony looked down at Jamie, "School can be fun, it can be really great, but school keeps you away from your family all day. You'd be in a building, studying, all day, then come home... and I'm not ready to separate you and Nini yet. But if you really want to, then... then I'll talk to your daddy about finding a good school."

"I don't wanna be away from Nini!" he whined.

"Nini's mind doesn't work like yours, baby, she thinks differently than me and you." Tony explained, "She won't be able to keep up with you in class." James whimpered and started to cry.

"But I wanna be with Nini!"

"I know, darling, I know..." Tony whispered. "...I... He hugged his son, "...I'll try and get you in the same school, but... your mind is... faster than Nia's." He hiccuped and clung to his mother, rubbing his eyes. "I'm sorry..." Tony whispered. "If I could... I would... I don't know..."

"It's okay mama," he said, offering a watery smile.

"But if I wasn't... then you would get to be normal and..." Tony tucked his nose into Jamie's neck, inhaling.

"I'm not normal?" He asked, staring at him; Tony leaned back.

"You're extraordinary, baby. We... you and I are... just a little different." Jamie whimpered.

"How?"

"Well, you know how you can build an engine...?" Tony asked softly, "Most people can't do that, let alone at age three." James frowned.

"But dats kinda easy," he murmured.

"Mhm, that's what makes me and you different."

"But... but..." he cried, "...I wanna build more engines! I don't wanna be different!"

"Honey..." Tony whimpered as Jamie pulled away from him. "Please, I'm sorry."

"We gotta get Nia!" He stomped his foot, "Teach her!" Tony sighed.

"Honey, she doesn't... she's not interested in..." James started to cry.

"I wanna be like Nini!!!"

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry...!" Tony backed away, shaking, "I'm so sorry...!" He hit the wall, trembling. Jamie started to cry louder when his mother freaked out, and for the first time, he called out to Jarvis, not knowing what to do.

"Be calm, young sir, your father is coming." Jarvis announced, and Tony swallowed hard.
"Jamie... Jamie Jamie, it's o-okay, I'm sorry, I..." Jamie stayed where he was, whimpering loudly, when Bucky came in. He scooped up his crying son, and stared at Tony.

"What happened?" Tony wilted under his mate's gaze.

"I... he's upset that he's smart..." He whispered. "It's my fault..." Bucky frowned and looked at Jamie.

"Being smart isn't a bad thing."

"I wanna be like Nini...! And mama was acting scary!" Jamie wailed, Tony flinched, remembering saying the same thing about his own mother when she was drunk or depressed.

"You are like Nini," Bucky smiled reassuringly at his son, "you're special, and really pretty with your braids, just like her."

"But Nini doesn't make engimes!" Jamie sobbed.

"No, but Nini can draw engines," he smiled. "You both are really talented."

"I wanna be Nini!" Jamie cried.

"Aw," he bounced him, nuzzling his head, "you're really smart, Jamie, you should be yourself, my perfect boy."

"But I wanna be Nini..." Tony hugged his knees.

"I'm sorry, Bucky..." Bucky shook his head at Tony.

"Don't apologize. It'll be alright, Jamie, do you wanna read Charlie's math book later?" Jamie whimpered.

"Nini doesn't like math!"

"Yeah, but Nini also doesn't like vanilla cupcakes, and I know you love them," he smiled.

"No!" Jamie scrunched his face, and Tony blinked in realization.

"Jamie, is this because everyone says you two are almost identical?" Jamie sniffed.

"I wanna be like Nia!" He whimpered, and started motioning for Tony to hold him now that his mother seemed calmer; Tony lifted the child into his arms.

"Darling, you and Nia are very much alike, and that makes your differences very special. Maybe someday you'll design engines, and Nia the rest of the car, hmm? You two will help each other. If you were the same, you'd grow apart."

"No apart!" He squealed.

"No, no apart." Tony kissed his nose, "So, you and Nia should cherish your differences. They'll keep you close." Jamie whimpered and nodded sadly, rubbing his eyes.

"Charlie math?" He asked.

"Your daddy said he'd take you," Tony nodded, "Go on, go look at Charlie's math." He handed
Jamie over, "I'm going to get dressed and... and spend some time with Nini and Danny." Bucky smiled and kissed Tony's cheek, before leading his sleepy son out and down to Steve's floor.

"Hey, Jamie!" Charlie exclaimed, bounding away from her high up homework table, "Hi!"

"Hi," he said, waving as Bucky set him down, and he hugged her in greeting.

"My daddy made you copies of my homework again," Charlotte beamed, pulling his usual chair up to the table. He smiled and climbed up into the big boy chair, and grabbed a mechanical pencil, staring down at the papers.

"I like dis stuff!" Charlie laughed,

"I don't like math, but I like it better with you." She smiled, and Steve lay his hand on Bucky's shoulder.

"How's Tony?" Jamie beamed happily at her, and even helped her with some of the problems; Bucky stared at his friend and shrugged.

"I have no fucking clue."

"No clue?" Steve pulled Bucky to the couch. "Buck, he's been your mate nearly five years. You really can't tell how he's doing?" He glanced at his daughter, her red curls bouncing as she leaned over to look at Jamie's paper. "Maybe you need to look into what it's like for him, as an omega." Steve sighed, "It's... I've been doing a lot of research on it, just... Charlie's getting older, and I want to be someone she can talk to." Bucky sighed.

"You really are the perfect alpha, aren't you?" he muttered. "I'm really trying... I can't express how I'm feeling without him turning it around and making it all about him."

"You sound like Clint. And I'm not perfect, far from it. But, you know, he's the one going through a mental breakdown. Do you want it to be about you?"

"No, I just want him to realize that I am doing everything that I can, and that he was fighting me on it!" He whined.

"Was he, Bucky?" Steve nudged his friend into the kitchen as Clint slipped into the living room to watch the kids, twins down for their nap. "You've been through a lot, but you won't even consider therapy, or even the veterans group. I go occasionally, we all have problems." The blond sighed, "Tony... you've known him a long time, maybe this is the end of his rope, too." Bucky inhaled sharply, and shook his head.

"So... you don't think he'll get better?" Steve rubbed his fingers over his brow.

"That's not what I'm saying, Buck. He's obviously trying to handle a lot at once, he feels guilty for not being well, and the way you act... he's obviously terrified of the thought of not getting better, and how you'll react to that..." Bucky sighed, and nodded, biting his lip.

"Yeah... do you think Tony would be happier if I went to therapy?"

"I think..." Steve braced himself, "...I think you're extremely focused on how this all affects you." Bucky growled at Steve.

"FINE! Maybe you're right, maybe I'm exhausted from having to fight all of Tony's enemies, even when they're not there! Maybe I'm tired of constantly going out of my way, like to go and fight off
Hydra, so that my family and this pack can live safe and happy lives! And then two years later, my mate is seeing monsters, and is NOT happy, and I can't make him happy and it's driving me crazy!" Steve bristled, then forced himself to calm down.

"Then maybe you should let Tony stay in another room for awhile." He suggested, "He can't heal if you're projecting disappointment and frustration at him twenty-four seven." He stood, slowly, "I think... you should have Tony go stay with May, or... or send him to the institution. They might be able to help, since it won't affect them so much."

"NO!" He said, gritting his teeth, "He's not going there... I'd rather send him to May. I'll go to the damned Veteran Therapy if it means Tony will get better..."

"Bucky... you can't force Tony to get better." Steve sighed.

"I know... I know that... I don't know what to do..." He said, sitting down, and plopping his head on the table. "I'm not good at this..." Steve sighed.

"No one expects you to know what you're doing," He offered, softly, "But, the point here is... Tony needs help, and he... you're mad at him, no, stop." Steve held a hand up to quiet him, "You are, you don't think so, but you react angrily at him when he doesn't do better."

"I react angrily at him when he runs away with the car! Or when he snaps at Jamie!" He huffed.

"Or when he cries, or when he drinks, or if he hesitates, or acts upset or stops acting like himself." Steve added, arching a brow, and Bucky sighed.

"What made him go into depression?"

"Nothing made him be depressed." Steve sighed as Clint's hands gripped his shoulders, rubbing at tense muscles, "He has depression. It doesn't make sense, it just is."

"I don't know how to handle that," he said. "I could help him if he had a cold or pneumonia... why does he have to have the one thing that I can't fix!?" Clint hunched his shoulders, nuzzling Steve softly. The alpha reached up to touch Clint's cheek.

"Because he's not an equation, Buck. He doesn't need to be fixed." As Steve spoke, Clint hummed and nuzzled his mate's hand.

"So I'm just supposed to sit around and let him be sad?"

"What else can you do, Bucky?" Steve shrugged.

"Fine," he murmured and stood up. "Send Jamie up when you're tired of watching him."

"Look, Bucky, that doesn't mean don't be supportive."

"I thought I was," he said, staring at him, "I'm trying to help, and he's just screaming and crying all the time!"

"And that's not your fault, Bucky." Steve stood, gripping Bucky's shoulder, "He has depression, and that's not anyone's fault." Bucky let out a soft sigh, and put his head in his hands.

"What do I do...?"

"Let May try for awhile, take a break. Take some time for yourself, and... think."
"Alright..." he muttered. He felt like he had failed Tony. He stood up and rubbed his face, "I'll go to the veteran thing with you next time you go."

"Tomorrow," Steve let go of his shoulder, "I'll have Jarvis warn you."

"Thanks," he said, sighing and moving to leave.
"So... what now?" Tony muttered at the end of his latest appointment two months later, looking up at Anna, who shrugged.

"How do you feel this went?"

"Not well, but... but if I tell Bucky that, then..." Tony sighed.

"You should tell him the truth," she said, "Don't lie to him... how has living with another omega been?"

"I hate it." Tony looked away, "I... miss Bucky, but he doesn't want me, like this... so..."

"I think he's pretty stressed, from what you've told me," she said. "Well, I don't think you need institutionalizing... just hang in there, and call me if you need to talk."

"Yeah... he's stressed, and it's my fault." Tony grimaced, "Can I go now?"

"Yes," she said, nodding. "Just remember... even through all of this, he does love you."

"Right... thanks for that gem. How do you know? You don't. He loves who I was, not who I am." Tony stood, shoving his hands in his pockets.

"He's just frustrated, he hasn't stopped loving you..." she said, giving him a small smile.

"You don't KNOW that!" Tony snarled, turning on her, "He's at the end of his rope! He can't handle me! I turn everything to be about me!"

"Maybe we need to continue meetings..." She said; Tony kicked the edge of her desk.

"Fuck you! This isn't doing any good! Bucky still doesn't want me!" He snapped, "I can't fucking think, and you keep saying he loves me, but he moved me out of my own home!"

"I believe, since you were both fighting so much, he wanted to give you both some space," she stayed calm.

"Fighting!?" Tony gripped his hair, "We didn't fight!" He kicked the desk again, "Fuck! God damn it! Nothing I do is good enough for him! I'm... worthless, just like they all said..." He sank onto the couch; she smiled.

"You aren't worthless, Tony, You work hard to keep your kids and your family happy."
"And yet every single person in my pack says I don't."

"I know. Maybe you need to take smaller steps... and try to make yourself happy. Watch a good movie with your favorite bowl of ice cream." Tony pressed a hand over his face.

"Fuck... fuck fuck fuck...!"

"Just... try something small for yourself."

"There is nothing! Clint used to come sit with me... we'd watch something, but he doesn't..." Tony tugged at his hair, "...there's nothing for m-" He went quiet, "Oh..."

"Yes?" She asked, curious.

"I have to go..." Tony stood up, "...it's been... I have to go."

"Alright..." She said, "...call me if you need to talk!" Tony pushed out of the office, and right past Happy, who'd been driving him to therapy since Bucky had moved him into May's floor.

"Sir!?" Happy said, going after him.

"Mm." Tony waved dismissively, then turned around, "Is the suitcase in the car?"

"Yes," Happy nodded, and moved to open Tony's door; Tony pulled the case out, touching it gently.

"How could I be so stupid?" He dropped it to the ground, nudging it with his foot, and the suit folded over his body.

"So, you will be flying home?" Happy asked, closing Tony's door.

"Yup. Don't wait up for me, honey." Tony's voice was warped through the modulator. And then, nearly silent, Tony lifted into the sky. Happy smiled, and got in the car, driving home; Tony shot higher and higher, into the air, into the clouds. "Jarvis?"

"Sir?" Jarvis responded,

"Tap into all security cams. Find me something to beat up."

"There is a robbery on 16th street. Spider-man is already on his way." Tony faltered.

"Oh... uh... anything else?" He landed on the roof of a nearby building, unneeded even here. Peter hadn't taken too well to having Tony on he and May's floor.

"It is New York, sir, there are always other crimes. A fire has just been called in down on 85th." Tony twisted, taking off in that direction, but a roar of thunder told him that Thor was already there, drenching the fire in rain.

"Jay...? Getting kinda desperate here."

"Searching, sir," he responded, and finally posted a new one on the screen. "Gang alerts down west."

"Gang..." Tony turned, following the line Jarvis gave him, and dropped to the ground amidst the fight, "Do you really want to do this?" The gang started to slowly back off.
"This ain't yo fight, tin man. Go back to yo tower!"

"Every fight is my fight." Tony pressed, "Get out of here!" One gang ran in the other direction, but one stayed. The leader stood up.

"We don't normally fight superheroes, but you are in our territory."

"You don't have territory," Tony's voice was deep and intimidating through the modulator.

"We fought for this land fair and square!" He shouted, even though they were holding mostly illegal weapons; Tony catalogued them, and their faces, on the HUD.

"It's not something you can fight for, it doesn't belong to you." Tony took a step toward the group of alphas and betas. They all took a step back except for the leader; he had to stay strong, and not look weak in front of his men!

"It's OURS!"

"It's not anyone's!" Tony dropped his voice into a growl, taking another step forward. The leader stood completely still, he would not let his men down, but he was too scared to speak. Tony flipped the faceplate up, eyes boring into the alpha's, and then he realized that the scent was distinctly strong, too strong, for him to be able to stare him down this way. The leader gained some confidence and growled at Tony.

"What the fuck you staring at, white boy?"

"I'm Italian!" Tony snapped, narrowing his gaze, then a bullet slammed into his chest plate, and the helm snapped down protectively. The leader snapped out of his reverie, and leaped to attention.

"Get ready men!" He shouted, getting his gun ready; Tony watched the bullet clatter to the ground, unable to lodge in his stronger armor. But it had scratched the paint on the letter U in the painted inlay echoing his tattoo.

"You know," he flexed his wrists, repulsors brightening, "it was you who made the first move." His hands came up, and the beams shot from his palms, tranq darts soaring from his shoulders, until all but the leader lay unconscious on the ground. Marcus shivered and dropped to one knee, trying to fight off panic.

"Fuck you, Iron Man! Fuck you!"

"Not a chance." Tony rolled his wrists, and the repulsors powered down. "Now... Marcus Adreen," he let his face plate lift again, "why, pray tell, are you masquerading as an alpha? Betas are much easier." The man's eyes went wide and he shuddered.

"I ain't a fake!"

"Really? I'm Tony Stark, I made the base for that cologne you're wearing."

"I-ohh," he whined and wrapped his hands around his head, "Don't you tell no one, I'd get in a fuck ton a'trouble!"

"You're already in a fuck ton of trouble." Tony sighed, "I won't tell anyone, you get them out of here... and you come to Stark Tower." Marcus growled.

"Fuck you! What makes you think I should do a damn thing like that? I ain't leavin my brothers!"
"Because if they realize you're an omega, they'll kill you?" Tony cocked his head, "Or do you think they'll welcome you with open arms?"

"I know what they'll do to me, but they won't find out if you keep your damned mouth shut," he snarled.

"And I'll keep it shut, dipshit, if you come to the god damn tower and let me make you a better cologne!" Marcus snarled and turned his head.

"Fine, you fucking asshole. I'll be there tonight." Tony let the faceplate snap down.

"Jarvis... erase all footage." He lifted off, he didn't want Bucky to see any of this, or anyone else. Marcus sighed, and started dragging his men back to their base, when the other gang reappeared with knives and guns several minutes later.

Bucky was waiting when Tony touched down on the landing pad, eyes narrow.

"What?"

"You could have told me you were going out after," he said, the smell of worry in the air.

"Why would you care?" Tony let the suit retract off of his body, and picked it up, walking toward the elevator.

"What!?! Why wouldn't I care?" he growled, storming after him; Tony's adrenaline high sputtered out, his good mood gone.

"Why do you think, Bucky?"

"Stop thinking I don't care about you," he huffed.

"You MOVED me OUT!" Tony snarled at him, turning, anger spiking. Bucky was a little startled.

"I thought we needed space!" Tony gave a derisive laugh, humorless.

"Thanks for talking to me about us needing space!" He shoved his way into the elevator.

"I'm going to therapy today," Bucky murmured before the door shut; Tony hugged himself, shaking, remembering watching Bucky pack his clothes, sending them down to May's floor.

"Fuck..." He grimaced as the doors slid open to the omega floor, the lack of alpha scent overwhelming.

Bucky sighed and went to Steve's floor.

"Hey," Steve was pulling on a light jacket, "how are... you look down." He commented quietly.

"Yeah, well, Tony yelled at me and now I have to go talk to someone," he snorted and shoved his hands in his pockets.

"Tony yelled at you?" Steve frowned, "Why?"
"Because I'm making him stay with May, 'cause I didn't talk to him about space," he murmured.

"You didn't..." Steve groaned, "...our pack is going crazy." Bucky echoed his groan.

"Maybe you should be the alpha."

"It's not my place. The pack does better under you." Steve patted his shoulder, "It'll be alright. Did you explain to Tony why you were having him go to May's?"

"I just told him we needed space," he muttered.

"Just now? Bucky, he's been in May's place for two months." The brunette alpha shrugged, and looked down. "Okay... well, then he probably feels abandoned."

"I didn't abandon him," he grunted.

"I said he feels, not..." At Steve's words, Bucky sighed.

"Are we going to go or argue about my bad mate skills?"

"Bucky, I wasn't arguing with you." Steve stepped into the elevator. Bucky huffed.

"Sorry, I'm just... tense."

"I can tell." The blond nudged him, "I heard Tony took the suit out?" The brunette nodded.

"Went against a gang, Jarvis said."

"Hmm, how did he seem when he got back? Did it help?"

"It probably did, but he was too pissed off at me!" He growled.

"He was mad when he got home?"

"He was mad at me, for putting him with May."

"But was he mad when he got there? Did you say anything first? Give him a look? Anything?"

"I told him that he should have told me he was going out flying." Steve sighed.

"I see." He murmured, and Bucky sighed.

"I'm just no good for him."

"Buck, stop that," Steve gripped his shoulders, pulling him close. "You're good for Tony, you both just need..." Bucky tensed at first, and then relaxed against his chest.

"Therapy didn't work for him."

"Did I say therapy?" Steve arched a brow, "I think this is something that needs to work itself out." Bucky let out a deep breath.

"It's been over two months."

"Bucky..." Steve sighed, "...it's been two months of you trying to help Tony get better, then two months having him live with May..."
"Exactly! Four months haven't gotten us anywhere."

"Bucky, you can't rush healing." Steve attempted, and the brunette huffed and pressed his head harder against Steve's shoulder, trying to ease the ache. The blond gently rubbed Bucky's scalp, "I don't know what to tell you."
Eventually they got to the building, and Bucky took his seat next to Steve's, arms folded across his chest.

"Relax," The blond alpha nudged him gently, looking up at Sam as he started the meeting.

"This is a safe space. Nothing you say here leaves this room," the Falcon let his eyes rove over the attendees, "We all have problems, coming home feels strange no matter the length of the tour." Bucky relaxed a little, staring at Steve out of the corner of his eye before looking back at Sam.

"I broke his wings..."

"And Tony rebuilt them." Steve hushed him quietly, "It's fine." Bucky nodded, and continued to listen. He'd seen the man quite a few times before in the past four years, but he still felt really bad. Sam drew them in with his gentle words, his soft coaxing, letting them stand and speak to each other about issues they were having, how a mate's touch had set them panicking, or how they couldn't sleep. Bucky found himself relating to these people, finding out that he had similar problems that he hadn't realized were caused by old memories of war, and because he buried so many of them. A young female alpha twisted her hands together.

"So my... my mate was so depressed, he... he has PTSD, too, and it was too much for me to... you know, to deal with his problems and mine, too... to support him through it..." Bucky watched her, listening to her talk to Sam.

"What kinds of problems would you like to talk about?" Sam asked.

"Well... I... more that I couldn't help him until I helped myself... we're doing a little better, but the depression is... I guess it makes me feel weak." She swallowed. Bucky stared at Steve, and he slouched, feeling horrible.

"You aren't weak, do you want to talk about some of the things bothering you?"

"Well, I..." She hunched one shoulder, "...I started to isolate my sub, y'know? Because I thought that was what he needed, and I realized... well, that I wasn't acknowledging my own depression and... well, it was making it worse for him... sorry, I should stop." She shook her head, "I don't sleep much, and loud sounds are so stressful, I keep thinking I'm back there..."

"Back where?" Sam sat down, wondering if she'd share her story.

"In Afghanistan. The humvee behind mine blew up, it had..." She took a deep breath, "...I was sent home, injured... because I lost..." She nudged her foot over, revealing that it was fake, "And I wake
up hearing gunfire." Bucky nodded his head, and looked down, he knew what that felt like... sort of... except he woke up cold, alone and being dragged through the snow; she dropped her head, "I'm so afraid of hurting my mate, of not being able to support him..." Bucky got up and stormed out of the room, he didn't want to do this anymore; Steve stumbled to his feet.

"Buck!" He darted after the brunette alpha, "Wait! Bucky, where are you going?"

"I don't know!" He shouted, coming to a stop when he got blocked by a dead end, lost in the building. Steve kept back, holding his hands up, submissive.

"It's okay, Buck. It's alright. I'm with you, buddy." Bucky turned and stared at him.

"I know that... I don't like thinking about what happened to me," he sighed.

"I know," Steve held a hand out, offering support, "It's hard, I know." Bucky slowly took his hand, a little calmer now. "We can go home now, if you want." Steve offered quietly, "We don't have to stay." Bucky sighed and shook his head.

"I'm doing this for Tony..."

"Buck... you can't do it for someone else."

"We were fine before," he grumbled, "I've never had these problems."

"Okay, then don't come." Steve sighed. Bucky grumbled, and kicked at the floor.

"Is it helping you?"

"It does, yes." Steve offered, "I used to have nightmares... so bad they scared Clint, and he'd have to go out of the room while I calmed down." Bucky rubbed the sides of his head.

"Fine, I'll stay."

"What?" Steve blinked.

"I'll stay!" He huffed, going back to the other room; Steve followed him, intrigued.

"Alright." Bucky huffed and slumped back down in his seat, trying to ignore the stares on him. Steve stood,

"I'll go next," he offered; Sam smiled at Steve.

"How are you doing today?"

"I'm doing a lot better than when I started, that's for sure," Steve started, clasping his hands together. "I had a pretty bad attack a few days ago, my kids were playing, screaming, you know? And it threw me back." Bucky rolled his eyes at Steve, but then he listened when he mentioned the attack.

"Yeah. How did you calm yourself down?" Sam asked.

"It was really hard, I... I locked myself in the bathroom, and I turned the shower on so hot that... well, our security system alerted my mate. He talked me through it, through the door, and I just sat in the steam and focused."

"How long were you in the bathroom?"
"Two hours." Steve admitted, sounding small, "It's... been awhile since I had one that bad."

"How did your mate react?" A man in the crowd asked.

"He was scared," Steve sighed, "He blamed himself, and... and he started a fight with me over it, but it was because he was afraid." Sam smiled.

"Did you calm him down?"

"It took awhile, and... well, I quoted my mom, she said never go to bed angry, so I said that, and I just... it took a lot, but I tried to explain what had happened."

"Do you want to talk about what it was that you remembered?" Steve's knuckles went white from the force of his grip.

"Cold." He finally managed, "And screaming, it all blends together, the people that died, the smell of... and being cold, so cold, and trapped with my memories." Sam nodded. They'd talked a lot about this over the years.

"You know your mate is more than happy to keep you as warm as you need, and you've helped and saved a lot of lives."

"I know, but... sometimes it's... not enough." Steve flinched, ashamed, "And I feel so bad... that... I can't tell him that."

"Don't you think he'd rather you tell him that, than start thinking other crazy thoughts as to why you won't go to him?" Sam asked; Steve's shoulders slumped.

"Yeah, I... yeah, but it's not easy to say."

"And it will only get harder the longer you wait," Sam sighed, "he'll understand."

"I know, I'm trying. I thought maybe if I painted him something..."

"Perhaps... you know what he likes."

"Yeah, I do." Steve nodded slowly, "Most of the time." A light round of chuckles followed that statement. Bucky even smiled at that.

"You'll figure it out."

"I will," Steve nodded, and slowly sat down. Bucky sighed and slowly stood up, staring at Sam. He didn't know what to say; Sam offered him a smile.

"You don't have to say anything if you don't want to." Bucky let out a sigh.

"Sometimes listening helps," Sam replied, "If you want to talk, talk." Bucky shrugged.

"I dunno..." he grunted, and lost his nerve, sitting back down; Steve touched his shoulder, and smiled. Bucky smiled softly back at him, and ran a hand through his hair. The others spoke, or listened quietly, and the meeting wound down smoothly under Sam's guiding voice. Bucky frowned as they drove back to the mansion after the meeting was over.

"I blew it."
"You didn't blow anything. Relax." Steve smiled, "Come back next week?"

"I guess..." he nodded, and wrapped his arms around his chest, sighing.

"Only if you want to." Steve amended.

"Mmhm," he murmured, looking out the window. The blond parked beneath the tower, and slipped out.

"You should... probably visit Tony."

"Probably," he muttered, and started towards the elevator after he closed the car door.

Tony grimaced as May ruffled his hair, the kids running around his legs, Danny crying. He felt like he was losing his mind; Bucky kicked him out, and never saw him, and it was torture.

"When is that young man supposed to come by?" She asked.

"Tonight." Tony grunted, picking Danny up, and trying to get him to eat a bite of banana, but the toddler continued to cry for his daddy.

"It's getting late..." she murmured, even though it was hardly seven, when the elevator doors opened and Bucky walked in; Tony tensed.

"What did I do wrong now?"

"Nothing... I wanted to see you," he murmured, and May eased out of the room. "I miss you... I want you to come back." Tony stared at him.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" The omega bristled, "I can't believe you! You kicked me out and suddenly you want me back!?” He took deep breaths, shaking, and set Danny down. Bucky flinched.

"Yes... I'm sorry," he responded simply. Tony's chest heaved, and he turned away, gripping his shirt.

"Fuck... how do you do this to me?" The alpha wasn't sure what he was talking about, but he took a step closer.

"Please come back up with me." The sub shuddered, and when Bucky's fingers brushed the nape of his neck, he choked.

"Really?"

"Really," he said, nodding his head. "I love you so much..." he murmured, and wrapped his arms around Tony, hugging him tight; the omega shuddered.

"Please... please don't say that if..."

"I do mean it, and I want you to come back to our floor with me," he hummed; Tony clung to him, shaking.

"Oh god... oh god, Bucky, I'm so sorry, whatever I did that made you kick me out...!" Bucky nuzzled him hard.
"I'm sorry I did it," he muttered, Tony whimpered, trembling under his mate's touch.

"I'm sorry..."

"Me too," he said, kissing his forehead. "Let's go to our floor." Tony looked at the children, clinging to their legs.

"My... my stuff?" Bucky nodded,

"Hurry up and pack, I'll get the kids things," he said, smiling and picking up Danny. Tony pulled his suitcases from under the couch, and piled his few removed items into them. Bucky smiled at his kids. "I missed you guys, I didn't see you very much." They nuzzled him, Nia especially clingy.

"Daddy... why did you and mama sleep on different... floors?"

"I thought... that it would be good to have some space," he sighed; the kids stared at him, they didn't understand. "Mommy and I were fighting a lot, so... you know how when you get mad, and I have to put you in time out until your calm? I put us in time out." Nia sniffled, upset by that, and Tony, kneeling on the floor, his cases shut, went still, head down. "But it's okay, 'cause mommy got help, and now daddy is getting help, and we're out of time out." Tony hefted his suitcases up, and shuffled to the elevator, shoulders tense. Bucky followed him, leading all three kids in with him. The sub shuddered when he stepped onto his own floor, devoid now of his scent. Bucky nuzzled Tony, and let the kids out before he followed them, but Tony just stood there, feeling uncomfortable. Bucky frowned, and bit his lip, "Would you like to take a bath?"

"What about the kids?" The sub mumbled, setting his suitcases down.

"I'll watch them," he smiled.

"Oh..." Tony's disappointment rose, as he realized that Bucky didn't want to bathe with him. *I must smell bad.* The omega plodded into the bathroom, eyes on the floor. Bucky frowned, and bit his lip, looking down at the kids.

"Do you guys all wanna bath?" Tony's mood only soured further as the kids clambered into the bathroom. Bucky could see the change in Tony, and he frowned; he just wanted to spend time with his family. The omega pushed out of the bathroom.

"I'm not... I can't right now." Bucky hung his head, and moved to give the kids a bath. Tony curled up in the corner of the living room, feeling unsettled, unsafe, in his home that lacked any trace of his scent. Bucky scrubbed his kids clean, and then rinsed them off, carrying three sleepy pups into the bedroom. He got Jamie and Nia their pajamas and underwear, and put a clean diaper on Danny. Still, Tony hadn't moved, face pressed to the glass of the window, hands clenched into fists in his lap. Bucky came over to him, and handed Tony the blanket he had last used.

"I've been sleeping with it because it smells like you..." Tony trembled, gripping it in his hands.

"You kicked me out." He muttered, looking back out the window.

"Yeah..." he murmured. "...I won't do it again." The sub sniffed, hugging the blanket, his one tie to his personal home. "I'm going to put the pups to bed," Bucky muttered; Tony nodded slowly, moving slowly to trail his hand over the carpet. Bucky walked to his kids, and put them down in their beds, "Want a story?"

"Mama." Jamie climbed right back out of bed, running to Tony. Bucky sighed and shook his head. Jamie whimpered and crawled under the blanket, nuzzling his mom.
"Hey, darling." Tony mumbled.

"Bed wit me mama?" He asked.

"Okay..." Tony stood up, carrying Jamie, and the blanket, to the nursery. Jamie nuzzled him, much happier now that he was with Tony in a familiar setting. The omega sat on the bed, head down, "Let your daddy read." The boy nodded, yawning softly. Bucky let Nia pick out the book, and he began to read. She climbed into his lap.

"Daddy? Are you like... Ferdynan the bull?"

"Ferdinand, darling." Tony murmured. Bucky couldn't help but smile.

"I guess... we're kind of similar. But I would fight to keep my family safe," he hummed; Tony sighed, laying down and hugging Jamie to his chest at that.

"Safe'm what?" Bucky shrugged.

"Anyone and anything that might want to hurt you."

"Why?" Nia whined, confused and afraid.

"Shh, don't be afraid, baby girl," he said, nuzzling her. "You don't have anything to worry about."

"But-" Nia clung to him, shivering, and Tony lay a hand on her shoulder.

"You're safe, baby girl. We'll keep you safe."

"Nothing is going to get you," he said, kissing her head. "I won't let it happen."

"Promise?" Nia whispered,

"Yeah, baby, we promise." Tony murmured, Jamie already asleep against his chest.

"I promise," Bucky nodded, and kissed her forehead. Tony wriggled out of Jamie's bed, lifting his one year old son up to nurse before bed. Danny suckled a little, too tired to nurse a lot; his mother rocked him to sleep, slow and easy, carrying him into the bedroom. He grimaced, taking shallow breaths, this room didn't feel like his anymore. Bucky was waiting for him patiently, watching him. The omega set Danny down, then rubbed his face and torso over the sheets. Bucky wiggled down, and held his arm out for him; Tony blinked at him.

"What?"

"I thought... we could snuggle a little," he murmured; the sub paused in his scenting, still not completely relaxed, and slowly let Bucky tow him across the bed. Bucky nuzzled him and kissed his cheek, "I love you."

"I love you, too." Tony whispered, shifting in Bucky's arms. Bucky smiled and closed his eyes, feeling much better with his omega against his chest; the sub swallowed, closing his eyes, pretending everything was okay, just for a moment. His fingers curled in Bucky's shirt, mind turning, as it had for the last two months, to his lack of progress. How Bucky couldn't stand his sickness anymore. Bucky was soon fast asleep, countless sleepless nights behind him. Tony shifted, feeling Bucky's arms around him, Danny at his back, and he had to clench his eyes shut to stop the tears.
Chapter End Notes

Only one left, guys.
Corrupted Lungs

Chapter Summary

ANNNNND the last chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bucky stirred in the middle of the night, panting, breathing heavily. His omega, still awake, lay a hand on his chest. Gentle and calm, Tony leaned over Bucky. "Hey... hey, wake up, shh, Buck, honey?" He slipped his hand up to pat Bucky's cheek gently, "Wake up, you're alright." Bucky jerked awake when Tony's hand touched him, inhaling sharply, frightened before his eyes focused.

"S-sorry," he huffed and pressed his face to Tony's neck; Tony shook his head.

"Don't apologize, here." The sub climbed smoothly on top of his mate, "You're shivering." Gripping the blankets, Tony pulled them up over their bodies, and snuggled down against Bucky's chest. Bucky hugged Tony tightly, shaking and holding his mate, feeling better with him next to him.

"I know I'm bad... I'm trying to be better for you... it's been so hard, being apart..." he whined; Tony tucked his face into Bucky's neck.

"Shh." Bucky took deep breaths and eventually settled, nuzzling him tiredly. The omega slipped his hand up into Bucky's hair, stroking gently, calmly. "It's okay... not your fault." Bucky nodded softly and slowly calmed down, humming softly as sleep began to take him again. Tony kept rubbing his scalp, shaking softly. His eyes slid closed, because what he had to do was take care of Bucky, and he didn't know how. Bucky slept calmly through the rest of the night, and Marcus never showed up. Tony slipped off of his mate, showering alone, and hustling the kids out of their room, and his room, to get them dressed.

"C'mon, honeys. Breakfast." He murmured, letting Bucky sleep. Jamie yawned and gripped Tony's hand, shuffling slowly into the kitchen and to his chair. "Did you dream?" Tony asked, settling them into their boosters, Danny in his highchair, and started making oatmeal. Jamie nodded, and spoke after another yawn.

"Da math numbars and da music notes went swimmin in da sink, and I srunk down and we played pool games."

"Pool games?" Tony leaned against the counter, "Maybe we can swim today." Nia perked up a little,

"I dreamed cowboys on din... dinesores!"


"Hers is a lot funner!"

"Funner isn't a word," Tony touched Jamie's cheek, "No one can control what they dream, darling."
He smiled, shakily.

"Like you, mama? Like you wake up scareds in the night times?"

"Yeah, Nia, like that." Jamie pouted, huffing loudly.

"I wanna breakfast, mama, pwease." Tony hunched his shoulders.

"Yeah, baby, I'm making it." He poured the oats into the boiling water, and started to stir. Jamie rubbed his eyes, cranky now that he used a word that didn't exist. He hopped down from the table, and ran back to his room, grabbing his puppy because crocka wasn't allowed at the table; Tony settled the bowls out to cool, adding butter and brown sugar. "Hold on, they're hot." He settled little spoons into them, and passed out Nia and Jamie's, "There you go."

"Thanks," Jamie said, nuzzling his puppy, calming himself down before he dug into his oatmeal; Tony leaned down to kiss his son's head.

"Sorry, Jamie." He whispered; Jamie looked up at him, turning his head to the side, confused. Tony looked down into the pan of oatmeal, appetite gone. "Um... I'll just..." He sat down, gently feeding Danny, helping him whenever he spilled. Jamie hummed and ate his oatmeal happily.

"No." Tony slowly relaxed, sighing when a spoonful of oatmeal hit his face. Bucky chuckled and took Danny's spoon, helping the tyke eat and he handed Tony a napkin. The sub wiped his face, looking away, "Um... I can feed them, Bucky." Bucky frowned and nodded.

"Alright." The alpha muttered, and Tony grimaced.

"Do you not want me to? I really... I'm not getting what it is you want from me." Bucky sighed,

"I thought I would help... that's all." Tony scrubbed a hand over his face.

"Go ahead. Do whatever you want." He traced his newly trimmed goatee with his fingertips, breathing out slowly, "I... Danny likes it, so..." Bucky nodded softly and went back to feeding his youngest. The omega sighed. "I uh... I messed that up, uh..."

"It's okay," he smiled softly, and scooped a spoonful of oatmeal into his son's mouth again; Tony sank into a chair, head down.

"I... it's not okay, I was working on that." Bucky shrugged.

"I'm going to Steve's veteran therapy sessions..."

"Why? You said you didn't want to go to that." Tony pressed his hands into his chest, "Nothing's wrong with you."

"Because... I don't know," he sighed. "Steve... treats his mate a lot better than I treat you, and he doesn't want to be alpha of the pack... so I need to figure out how to be a better alpha." Tony's brow furrowed.

"Look, we both know I'm... messed up. You treat me fine." Bucky shrugged.

"You're not messed up... and I have a lot of darkness in my past that Steve thinks would be good to
"get worked out."

"Steve thinks..." Tony pulled away, "Bucky, I am extremely messed up, I have therapy rep sheets longer than the tower is tall." Bucky sighed, and nodded.

"I know... I know."

"You're giving me whiplash. Am I fu--- messed up, or not?"

"I'm not saying you don't have a lot of issues, but I don't think you're messed up because of them," he said; Tony glanced at his older children, looking at him with rapt attention, and looked away.

"I.." He had no one to talk to; May, Clint, neither believed him. Bucky squeezed Tony's hand.

"Want to talk later?"

"About what, Bucky? You'll just get mad and..."

"I won't get mad," he said, shaking his head; Tony arched a brow.

"Right. No, I don't need to talk."

"Fine," he grumbled, the omega tensed up.

"That's what I meant."

"What!?" He asked, getting angry. "If you don't want to talk then we won't talk! I'm not gonna be happy about it, but I won't force you!" Tony pushed away from the table.

"I'm not doing this, Bucky."

"Fine!" He growled softly, putting another spoonful in Danny's mouth. Jamie was staring back and forth at both of them with big, scared eyes. Tony picked the twins up, and carried them into the living room, shoulders hunched. Jamie huffed, and hugged his puppy.

"Naptime, mama?" He asked, yawning again.

"Naptime?" Tony shook his head, "It's too early. Want to go swimming?" James nodded, even though he looked really tired.

"Yeah... smimmen..."

"Are you sure?" Tony asked. Jamie nodded. and rubbed his eyes. "Okay," Tony got him and Nia dressed in their swimsuits, and into the elevator. He smiled and woke up more when the pool was in view,

"Swim swim! like a fishy!"

"Like a fishy," Tony settled them into the shallow end, and smiled. Jamie clapped and hopped around on the steps. Tony slowly stepped into the water, and lifted them up. Jamie squealed softly and hugged him, clinging to him like an octopus; Tony waded deeper, holding them to him,

"Alright, okay. Nia? You want in the floatie?"

"Yeah! I wan inna float!" She wiggled in his arms; Tony settled her into the floatie, so she could paddle around, her legs through the little leg holes.
"Okay, Jamie, let's practice." He settled his octopus son onto his chest.

"What're we praccus?" He asked, staring up at him.

"Kicking. So I'm gonna lean back, and you kick." James nodded and when Tony was on his back, the little boy began to kick, a little nervous. The sub smiled, "There you go, good job." He moved his arms gently, helping them glide through the water. His son smiled and wiggled through the water.

"Swimmin!"

"Yeah, you're doing a wonderful job!" Tony murmured.

"D-dont let me go," he said, scared.

"I won't, darling." Tony promised, Jamie nodded, smiling hesitantly as he kicked, "You're so good at this." Tony felt every motion, wary of his son slipping off of him.

"Imma gettin tired," he yawned, trying not to get water in his mouth. Tony lifted him higher, and towed Nia to the shallow end.

"You need a nap?" Jamie nodded.

"Mama... always so seepy... why?"

"You? Or... or me?" Tony asked softly, hugging his son before he settled him on the steps to pull Nia out of the floatie.

"Me," he murmured, and hugged his towel around his cold body.

"I don't know, you're probably growing." Tony towed them both dry, and then himself, carrying them to the elevator. The boy nodded and nuzzled him. Tony settled him and Nia onto their bed, and changed them into comfy clothes, his daughter yawning too. James rubbed his eyes and nuzzled into the pillow.

"Puppy... mama ..."

"Okay, hold on." Tony stepped into the living room, looking around. "Shit." He looked over the couch, finally finding it on the floor. Jamie snuggled his puppy when Tony brought it to him and was out like a light; the sub stroked Nia's hair.

"Hey, beautiful girl. How are you holding up?"

"Good, mama," she smiled happily up at him. "Ice cream when we get up?" she asked.

"Maybe. If you're good and eat lunch." Tony kissed her forehead. "Go to sleep, okay?"

"Okay mama," she yawned and snuggled against her brother.

"Good. Sleep tight." Tony kissed her cheek gently.

"Sir, a word?" Jarvis announced quietly, needing to talk to him; Tony blinked.

"Yeah?" He straightened up. Jarvis posted this morning's paper, about the gang leader Marcus Adreen who was hospitalized due to severe battering and rape, upon realization that he was an omega; Tony whimpered, "Which hospital? Give me the suit!"
"Sir, I cannot."

"Why not!?" Tony snapped.

"Sir, you do not want to draw that kind of attention..."

"Oh... oh..."

"Perhaps take the car and go in disguise?" Jarvis suggested, when Bucky came in.

"What's going on?" Tony gestured at the screen.

"I fucking told him to come here... idiot." He stalked over to the bedroom, pulling out a suit, "I'm drawing attention. People need to know that this is not okay!"

"Wait, you know this guy?" Bucky asked, skim reading the newspaper hologram.

"I... I interrupted a gang fight, yesterday. Remember?" Tony grimaced, and slid the suit pants on, tucking his shirt in. "I'm going to get him and move him to the first center we made, where he'll really be safe."

"I'll go with you," he said. "We're in this together, right?" He sighed and stared at him, "But we will talk later about interrupting a fight." Tony growled at him.

"I'm a superhero! I can interrupt a fight if I want!" He buttoned his jacket, and reached for a tie, hand finding only collars. He shuddered, hands clenching into fists, and he snatched a collar, and buckling it around his neck.

"Yes, not without informing your team as Thor and Spider-Man do!" He huffed.

"It's my team! I'm co-captain! Or did you and Steve take that away from me?"

"We all have to work together in case we need backup! I'm just looking out for you," he said, sighing. "I'll meet you at the hospital."

"Jarvis would tell you if I needed help." Tony glowered, and stepped into the elevator, hands shaking.

"Fine," he sighed and went to the garage, getting on his bike and zooming to the hospital. Tony pulled up in his white Audi, seconds later, sliding out, elegant, and slender. He stepped into the hospital.

"Marcus Adreen." He stared at the beta behind the counter down.

"He's not seeing guests right now," the beta said, not intimidated.

"I don't care. I'm removing him by right of the Lara law, section b, paragraph three, to a proper facility for omegas." Tony said smoothly. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"I don't think it is wise to move him yet. If you'd like, we can release him to you after he is in a more stable condition... unless you happen to have a hospital on staff?"

"I have medical professionals on staff," Tony arched a brow, "An ambulance will be here shortly."

"Alright," she shrugged, "Fill out the discharge papers, and we will get him ready for transport." Tony pulled them to him, and started writing. After she reviewed the papers, she showed Marcus's
doctor the paper work, and he left to get the boy on a gurney; the ambulance pulled up within five minutes, and Tony felt Bucky's hand on his shoulder. Bucky winced at the sight of the boy.

"We're doing a good thing," he hummed.

"We're the only ones." Tony whispered, gently touching the mangled hand, fingers in casts and splints. "Marcus," he leaned down, seeing semi-alert brown eyes open and look at him, "You're safe now." The boy sighed and stayed silent, it hurt too much to talk. He let the doctors wheel him out, fighting consciousness.

"I'm going to the center... help him get settled."

"Alright, want me to help you with anything?" He asked, rubbing Tony's back.

"You have to sign the intake papers." Tony muttered, "Sorry." Bucky shrugged.

"You know I like to help," he smiled. "I'll meet you there?"

"Okay." Tony hesitated, "Wait... can I ride behind you?" He missed his mate, he wanted Bucky close, even if his dom was turning into a control freak. Bucky nodded and kissed him softly.

"We'll have Peter pick up the car," he said, and walked out where they were bombarded with newscast, paparazzi, and black rights specialists. Tony slid onto the back of Bucky's bike, tucking his head between his mate's shoulder blades.

"Let's go." Bucky nodded and followed behind the ambulance. The omega hugged him tight, eyes closed, feeling the wind against his skin, leaning when Bucky leaned. Bucky smiled and enjoyed the ride until they got to the hotel turned omega foundation, and he parked, watching them pull Marcus from the back of the ambulance; Tony pushed his hair back. "I need a haircut." He muttered, sliding easily off the bike, cameras flashing. Bucky smiled and wrapped an arm around him, leading him inside, keeping people away. The sub sighed, hands in his pockets, and nudged Bucky toward the desk to sign the intake form. Bucky signed all the paperwork, and kissed Tony's cheek. "Sorry to... drag you out." Tony chewed his lip, and glanced at the sheet. "Wait... really?" He pulled it over, "We have that many?!" Bucky looked at the page and raised an eyebrow.

"Wow, so... are the omegas happy here?" He asked the man behind the desk; the beta grinned.

"Why don't you make a round and see? Well, it might be best if only Omega Barnes-Stark goes, since we don't want to stress anyone." Tony blinked, from the beta's mouth, the title sounded like a compliment. Bucky sighed and nodded.

"Alright... alright," he said, taking a seat; Tony frowned.

"Are you sure?" He asked, brow furrowing. Bucky nodded.

"I'll make an announcement and meet them next time, I know some of these omegas were probably traumatized." Tony nodded slowly.

"Okay..." He muttered, heading for the elevator. Marcus was wheeled off into a separate part of the building where they would care for him. Tony smoothed his suit, peering through the first door, open wide, "Um... hello." A young mother jerked up, and put a hand to her chest.

"You scared me!" Tony tensed.

"I'm sorry, sorry. This was uh..." She raised an eyebrow at him.
"Do you need something?" She said, her hands full with unpacking, and handling her seven month old.

"No, no, I'm sorry, I..." He straightened up, "I'm just doing a round, seeing how everyone likes it here."

"Oh," she smiled softly, "We came in yesterday, still trying to unpack," she said, holding three bags up, mostly filled with baby stuff. She had only packed a few of her clothes. "This is better than where I was." Tony hesitated.

"Would you like some help? I have three of my own, I can hold him, if you like."

"Please," she said, handing over her young son to him, "I'm trying to get a play area set up."

"I bet, my kids have play areas everywhere," Tony held the baby against his side, "Hey, cutie. You like it here?" He asked, bouncing softly. The baby stared at Tony, looking around at the man and his new surroundings, making small noises. "I'm glad, it's a nice place, huh? I thought so when I bought it. Three floors of nice big rooms." Tony hummed, just chatting to the child. The mother smiled and picked up some toys to put away.

"The name's Susie, by the way. That's Louie."

"Tony, Tony Stark." Tony held his hand out, eyes tracking down the soft weal of a scar marring the left side of her jaw. "How are you liking it? Is it nice? The bathroom work well?" He asked softly. She shook his hand and shrugged.

"Been to busy to really admire it," she admitted. "We came in last night, got about an hour of sleep and now I'm cleaning and unpacking," she sighed, obviously exhausted and wrought with worry. Tony frowned.

"An hour? There are employees willing to care for Louie while you rest, and the staff should be helping you..." She shrugged, biting her lip.

"I didn't ask for help... but I needed to get away from him." Tony nodded slowly.

"I know how you feel." He muttered, "Not now, obviously, I mean-" She nodded silently, and yawned, covering her mouth.

"Sorry, I should keep unpacking..." she sighed.

"Don't rush, it's fine." Tony bounced her son, ruffling his dark hair. The child yawned himself and rested his head on Tony's shoulder. His mother smiled and nodded, getting back to work; Tony held the child until he slipped into sleep, then gently lay him down on her bed.

"Thank you," Susie smiled, putting the last of Louie's clothes away.

"Of course. If there's anything you need..." She stared at him, confused.

"I'm sorry?" Tony bit his lip.

"If you need anything, just let the front desk know, so... I'm going to go finish my... uh..."

"Okay," she smiled, and rubbed a hand over her sleeping sons head. "Thank you."

"No, no. Thank you, for being brave enough to come here. For utilizing this." Tony smiled, and stepped down the hall to the next room. She smiled and closed her door, happily laying down
besides her son, hugging him tight to her chest. The next room held a grown adult, a little older than Tony. "Hello," Tony spoke softly, "How are you settling in?"

"Oh, hey," he grinned, "Pretty great, actually... it's a lot different from what I'm used to," he said.

"Small?" Tony inquired, "I wanted bigger rooms, but...

"No! Not at all... quite larger than my dog crate," he muttered softly. "It's a little overwhelming... but I'm adjusting." Tony held a hand out.

"May I come in?" The man inhaled and nodded, remaining where he was, keeping his head down respectively. Tony stepped in slowly. "Darling," he murmured, "Hey, shh, you're safe now." The sub closed his eyes, shaking a little, letting out small whimpers.

"S-sorry..." Tony held his arms open.

"Don't be, you didn't do anything wrong." He huffed when the older sub tucked himself gently against his chest. "Oh, there, that's better, huh? Good boy." The redheaded sub let out a deep breath and nuzzled the shoulder, trying to calm himself down.

"Thank you... I-I really needed to hear that..."

"You are a good boy, you're such a good boy, so brave," Tony crooned gently, reaching up to smooth the man's hair back. He slowly calmed down, and pulled away with a blush after several minutes. "Better?" Tony hummed, "I'm glad you're here, it's going to be okay." The other sub smiled and nodded.

"Thank you... I've been waiting a long time for a place like this."

"I'm sorry it took so long." Tony murmured, "I hope you'll be happy here."

"Thank you," he sniffed, and smiled at the random omega who had walked into his room.

"No problem. I'll... would you like it if I came back to visit once a week?" Tony asked softly, smiling. He thought about it and nodded.

"My name is Thomas..." he said, holding out his hand.

"Tony," The brunette omega replied. "I'll... I have to make a schedule, but I'll come back."

"Okay," he nodded, and smiled, "Thank you."

"Of course." Tony moved toward the door, "Thomas? I'm proud of you." He looked up at him and his chest swelled, a smile on his face.

"Th-thank you," he grinned and sat on his bed.

"I'll see you soon." Tony smiled, and hurried on.

Tony was practically glowing when he nudged Bucky's side two hours later, "Hey." Bucky woke up from his impromptu nap on the bench, and smiled at him.

"Hey, how was it?"
"It was... well, just... wow." Tony hummed.

"Yeah?" He chuckled an stood up, cracking his back. Tony nodded, leaning into Bucky's side, and smiling.

"It was... I want to come back next week, after... well, after therapy." Bucky smiled and kissed him happily.

"Sounds good." He looked up at the beta behind the desk, "Make sure that everyone in this building is aware that I will be walking around the building next week with my mate." Tony frowned.

"What?" He shoved his hands into his pockets, "You can't really... I mean these people aren't... comfortable with..." Bucky ground his teeth.

"Alright. Then tell everyone that I will be here if they want to meet me," he said, sighing; Tony stared at the floor.

"You're..." He shook his head, stepping outside. Bucky frowned and followed him.

"What is it?"

"You're upset, and the whole point of this is for them to feel safe, Bucky. No alphas working here, no alphas visiting..." Bucky sighed,

"I just want to see them happy..." Tony closed his eyes.

"Look, I'll... we can ask them, okay? But they might say no... a lot of them have kids, or... god, were locked in cages and..." His alpha smiled and shook his head.

"Just forget it. You'll just have to tell me all about it," he smiled.

"But..." Tony huffed out a breath as Bucky pulled him into a tight hug, "...okay." He whispered softly. Bucky smiled and nuzzled him before getting back on his bike; the sub swung his leg over the back, settling tight against Bucky, his arms locked around the alpha. "Bucky?"

"Yeah?" He asked as he started the motorcycle.

"I..." Tony closed his eyes as the engine roared to life, vibrations rolling through his body. "I love you...?" The dom smiled brightly and touched the arms around his waist.

"I love you too," He hummed and drove them back home. The omega breathed deep, eyes open against Bucky's back, wind billowing over his body. They were home soon enough, and Bucky waited for Tony to get off before swinging his leg over. "Are you going to visit Marcus next week?"

"Yeah..." Tony ran his fingers through his hair, "...I... Bucky? I want a haircut."

"Okay," he nodded, and ran his hand over Tony's arm. "Who usually do you see about that?"

"Jarvis?"

"Sir, I've made you an appointment at the usual place. With Gesta."

"Alright," Bucky smiled, "Danny will miss playing with it," he teased softly.
"I'm sure he will." Tony sighed, "But it needs to happen."

"Okay," he said, kissing him softly and leading him up to the main floor. The submissive yawned, blinking down at Bucky's hand on his. "Are you hungry?" The alpha asked, smiling when he saw his kids playing with Charlie.

"Um... yeah," Tony murmured.

"I can make burgers for lunch," he hummed, going to the fridge; Tony sank onto the couch, thinking. He was making a mental list of things that needed to be changed and fixed in the shelter. Bucky made burgers for the whole pack along with a large bowl of curly fries, and he handed a plate to his omega. Tony picked through it, eating distractedly, until his plate was empty, and he reached for a fry off Bucky's plate. Bucky grinned and held his plate out for him, letting him eat. It was a good change. The omega scooted closer to him, leaning up against his mate's side, and munching on Bucky's fries.

"I was thinking... we should maybe do a series of food trucks, um, that feed homeless people...?" Bucky nodded.

"Yeah, maybe..."

"Maybe..." Tony sighed, "...never mind." He sat up as Jamie climbed up into his lap, yawning. Bucky sighed.

"I just wanted to know more before I say yes," he sighed. "I don't know how many food trucks it would take to feed the homeless."

"I..." Tony shook his head, "...it's not important."

"Yeah it is," he said, nuzzling his mate, "We'll look into it, alright?"

"If you want." Tony shrugged, hunching his shoulders after, and cradling his older son against his chest. Jamie nuzzled him and stole one of the fries as well, giggling. "Is that good, honey? You want to go to the park today?" Tony kissed his son's cheek, and Nia crashed into his side.

"Park!?" Jamie laughed and nodded.

"Yeah! Park with Nia!" He bounced excitedly; Tony nodded.

"Okay. We'll go to the park." Bucky smiled.

"The whole pack should go." The omega's eyebrows pulled down.

"Right." He stood up, "Come on, kids, let's go get you dressed for the park." Jamie leaped down and ran for his bedroom, and Tony followed behind with Nia and Danny, a little tense.

"C'mon mommy!" He laughed and started to pull his clothes off; Tony dug through their dressers, and lay out clothes for them.

"Okay, c'mere, Jamie." Jamie ran over, completely naked, and reached up for his big boy undies. "Here," Tony handed them to him, "There, now, Nia, here." He handed her a pair of panties. Jamie struggled a little, but he managed to pull them all the way up. "There." Tony smiled, and Jamie giggled.

"I wanna be a big boy, mama."
"You are such a big boy." Tony praised, "My big boy." Jamie smiled and bounced up and down.

"Pants mama! Gotsta have dem too!" Tony laughed.

"That's true. And a shirt."

"Yeah!" He said, holding his hands out. Tony helped him wiggle into his shirt.

"There you go, come here, Nia." Nia bounced forward and held her arms up. Tony slipped her shirt over her head, matching to Jamie's, and then got Danny dressed. Jamie smiled and hugged his sister, and she hugged him back.

"Samesies!" She exclaimed excitedly.

"Samesies!" He jumped up and down. "Hair!" He exclaimed, cause they both had braids. She giggled, playing with Jamie's braid, and sitting on the bed so Tony could put her shoes on her. Jamie smiled and shook his head, making them flop around. Once they were dressed, Tony ushered them down to the shared floor, thanking Thor for watching them. Thor gave Tony a big hug.

"They were no problem, as always!"

"I... thanks." Tony murmured, Jamie rushed into his leg, giggling up a storm, and the sub lifted him up. "Oh, hey, darling."

"Hi mommy," He giggled.

"Ready?" Tony asked, bouncing him gently.

"Yeah," he smiled, hugging him around his neck. Tony kissed his cheek.

"Alright, park it is."

A gentle knock came at the door, "Hello? Do... do you mind if I come in?" Marcus looked up slowly and shrugged, closing the book he hadn't been reading.

"I would have gone to your tower, ya know."

"Would you have?" Tony stepped in, closing the door, "I should have just taken you, but that's not how this works." Marcus frowned at that idea.

"Yeah, I woulda. You said I had to come, or you'd tell everyone what I was. I couldn't risk it."

"You risked it every day. I know, I did the same."

"I couldn't risk you telling," he glared at him. "Now Jared's probably the leader... I couldn't go back anyway."

"What kind of life is that, anyway!?" Tony crossed his arms. "You're what, seventeen? What could possibly have made you feel that that was your choice?" Marcus growled and stood up.

"You know nothing! How dare you come in here and start shoutin' at me!??"

"Sit down before you hurt your broken leg more." Tony narrowed his eyes, but remained calm. "I'm asking, Marcus." The younger sub growled and slowly sat back down.
"Fine... my parents kicked me out when I was twelve... said they didn't have room for a fuck up, and neither did the school district. I was homeless for a while, but I saw the paper about the alpha spray. So I caught up with a drug dealer. Told him I'd get him drugs that he could sell for a higher price, if he got me the spray. Then I built up a gang to help protect each other." Tony nodded slowly.

"Shelters weren't safe, and the best way to survive was imitation," he muttered, puzzling it out, "That's over now, Marcus. The world isn't changed, it will still be hard. But, if you want it, education is available here. Job training, and college... as well." Marcus nodded slowly.

"I just want it to end..."

"We can't give up," Tony stepped closer, "Marcus, it's... we can't give up."

"And why not!?" He asked, turning to stare at him. "I've lost so much... is this the best my life is gonna be? Stuck in this building? I was FREE out there!" Tony frowned.

"You're not stuck, you can leave as soon as your cast comes off."

"I thought this was the only place that kept alphas away," he grumbled. "As soon as I set foot outside, I'm a dead man. they don't just let old gang members live."

"Well..." Tony sighed, "...I suppose. But you could move, like witness protection, if you wanted. I'd be willing to pay for that."

"Why?" He asked, staring at the omega. "Why're you being nice to me?" Tony arched a brow, "Because I've been where you are, and it's not a good place to be. And if we don't help each other... who will?" Marcus shrugged, and nodded.

"I've... always wanted to be better at school..."

"Have you?" Tony sat beside his bed, "I can help with that." The younger sub sniffed and cursed as he rubbed at his eyes.

"I'm not great at any of it... spelling is really hard."

"Spelling?" Tony blinked, "What if I had a tutor come in twice a week while you heal, and help you with that?"

"Really?" He asked, staring up at him, his eyes wet.

"Yeah, it'll help you not to be bored." Tony offered. Marcus gave a watery smile and nodded, squeezing his bottle of pain pills.

"Yeah... thank you," he grinned, not feeling as depressed. Tony patted his arm.

"I know, uh, how you're feeling." He muttered, "I'll send that tutor today." Marcus sighed and nodded softly, a smile stuck on his face.

"Alright... thanks."

"No problem." Tony murmured, "I should go, my kids are waiting at home." The other sub nodded and waved, laying down on his bed. He had to be thankful for small graces, that he hadn't been in heat when he was raped.
Visiting the shelter once a week, after therapy, brought about drastic change in Tony's emotional state, he smiled more, gaining back confidence and stability. The whole pack was better for it. He stepped down into the lobby after a particularly good visit to hear the call to assemble blaring. "Jarvis! What is it?" Tony exclaimed, "Who has the kids!?" He ran for the lab, where his newest, barely completed suit waited.

"Sir, May has the kids, and giant birds are attacking the city," Jarvis explained; Tony let the suit fold around his body, and hurried onto the roof, jetting into the sky.

"Where?" He sighted the huge shapes soaring above the city, and angled his body to meet them, as one dove at the dark uniform of his mate. Bucky held his gun up as the bird came at him and started shooting. Bullets riddled feathered forms, but there were far too many. Steve's shield crashed into one's head, just as Tony landed, hitting three with his repulsors in quick succession. Bucky smiled at Tony and got back into the fight, shooting and punching at as many as he could, the shine of his metal arm attracting them to him, and to Tony's shiny metal suit; Tony covered them with missiles and bullets as best he could from the ground, watching the flocks of birds lift a struggling woman off the ground. Bucky did a forward roll.

"Thor!" He shouted, wanting the god to cover him as he started to shoot at the birds that were taking the woman. Thunder rumbled under their feet, and lightning filled the sudden cover of dark clouds overhead. Tony aimed his repulsors at the lead bird, and then darted forward to catch the falling woman. Bucky let out a soft breath, running to attack more birds, hitting the ones that tried to attack him. Wings flapped, hitting all over the armor with a force Tony would never have believed they contained.

"I thought... nn... birds had... hollow bones!" He grunted into the comms.

"Come over by us! We'll help you fight them off!" Bucky gritted into the comm, concentrating on his own flock. Tony skidded across the concrete, victim in hand, throwing sparks.

"Go, lady, inside!" He pushed her through a door, and barred it, pushing back into the fray beside Steve. Bucky rejoined Tony and Steve, and they assaulted the birds from all sides. Beaks and talons raked over the armor, and Tony dragged birds down by their wings. "Where did these come from!? This is crazy!"

"Argh!" Bucky lost his upper uniform to the birds, where they raked their claws over it and pulled on it; Tony tried to cover him, wedging himself between the dom and the attacking fiends.

"Fuck! This isn't working!" Bucky tried to shoot to keep them away from Tony, his over protective senses getting in the way of strategy. "Stop!" Tony let Steve take his place, and hurried off to help Peter, who had fallen and twisted his ankle. Peter was still trying to fight, blinding the birds with his webbing, or getting them tangled in it and watching them fall to their deaths. Tony defended his packmate as best he could, but the heavy buffeting of wings from every side was jeopardizing his balance and aim, leaving him unsure and reeling. Peter's suit was getting torn to shreds, even though it was durable fabric, and he was relieved when Thor rained more lighting down on the birds. Tony managed, barely, to get Peter to a safe spot. "Are you okay?" He asked, "I have to go back out." He turned, without waiting for an answer, and shot into the air, purposely crashing into the groups of giant dark winged birds.

"Iron man!" Bucky shouted. "Be careful!" He said as he wrestled a bird, his skin covered in cuts; Tony didn't answer, ramming into groups of birds, his repulsors bright flares in the cloudy sky. And then, suddenly, the birds retreated. The suit hovered in the air, as every bird began a fast circle
around it, a tornado of birds surrounding Tony.

"Shit-!" The sub snarled as, after a second of deadly calm, they all attacked him. Claws ripped into the joints of his suit, a beak digging at the bottom edge of the helmet. "Fuck, no-! Bucky!" Tony shrieked as the helm began to give, and one arm was stripped of armor. "JARVIS! GET ME OUT OF HERE!" Bucky saw Tony get launched forcefully from the crowd, and from the suit, and then he was falling.

"TONY!" Bucky shouted as he threw the bird hard against the ground and shot after Tony, leaping off the building and diving down after him to catch him. The brunette omega flailed, screaming, the wind tearing at him, the ground rising quickly to meet him. Terror was all he felt as pieces of his suit crashed to the ground before him. He could hear the Hulk crashing toward them, the sound of thunder. "TONY!" Bucky shouted again, holding his arm out for the sub, straightening his body so he would plummet faster; Tony saw Thor rushing across the sky to meet them, mind calculating their chances, they weren't high. He locked his gaze on Bucky, mind on his three children, determined to be seeing his mate at least, when it ended.

Chapter End Notes

DUN DUN DUN! No worries, we will be posting chapter 1 of the next one Friday.

End Notes

For reference, here's a pregnant with twins belly timeline in pictures
http://www.pinterest.com/pin/224546731392625373/

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