The Blue Butterfly

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Summary

This began from a prompt from Amethyst-Noir, who wanted a story where Tony slowly undresses Stephen, to discover his tattoos...

Notes

Day 15 Prompt: First Time

(and it's our first work together, hopefully, the first of many)

Tony opened his eyes to find himself in a softly lit room; of warm, time-worn wood and ancient carpets in faded jewel tones, definitely not a place he’d ever been before. He would remember, especially the scent that brought him to full consciousness, musk, old books and tea, green tea? As he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, it was the scent of... magic and a certain wizard. He briefly wondered what wormhole he had stumbled into this time, when Stephen seemed to materialize in the chair that sat at the foot of the rather enormous bed. In fact, the sorcerer had spent the last few hours so deep in meditation that he had dropped gracelessly into the chair he was levitating over when he heard the tell-tale sounds of Stark finally coming to.

“I apologize if I startled you.”
“Hmm… it’s okay, considering the day I’ve had - it is still the same day, right?”

Stephen nodded, then stood and turned towards the door, but Tony’s voice, rough from the spell he’d had to cast over him to bring him safely to the Sanctum, stopped him.

“Wait.”

Stephen’s eyes narrowed at him as he shifted to the edge of the bed, slowly got to his feet and began to move towards him. “What?” He asked, astonished by the look in Tony’s eyes. He couldn’t remember anyone ever looking at him in that way before, the heat in the dark brown eyes fairly smoldered from across the room.

“Stark.”

“Doc. You can’t tell me you didn’t feel something - I haven’t - it’s been years since - since, well, let’s just say I’ve been single for longer than -” Stephen kissed his next words away until he had to pull away to catch his breath. “Good to know I can still tell when someone is interested…” he said with a grin. He watched in stunned silence for a moment as the usually overprotective cloak lifted from the sorcerer’s shoulders, then vanished, and Stephen lowered his hands to his intricate leather belt. “Slow down, wizard. Allow me.”

Stephen nodded almost imperceptibly, and closed his eyes as Tony’s strong, steady fingers easily unlaced the belt from his waist. He sighed as he heard it hit the floor, and the fingers were back, gently exploring the layers of heavy cloth, and he felt his knees begin to buckle at the sensation of someone touching him with such intense gentleness, in love, somehow - “Tony -”

“Ah, you remember my name, hmm? I’ve got you, Doc. Just let go, Stephen.” He nodded again, and wondered at the change in Tony’s voice. It no longer held the arrogance, fear and pain that he’d heard on Titan, all he could sense was compassion and empathy - odd. No, not so odd, he had known of Stark’s past before he had gone in search of him, he had known what he had suffered, what he had seen - he took a shuddering breath as Tony pushed the heavy robes from his shoulders and he magicked them back into the wardrobe. “Nice…” Tony’s voice seemed to ground him, even as he was seconds from shattering to pieces. Only Tony’s hands were holding him together at this point, and then they were gone.

“Shh… you’re okay, Stephen, I’m just undressing. I’m here.” He carefully pressed Stephen’s hand over the arc reactor, then froze as trembling fingers traced the scars that decorated his chest and shoulders, both the old and the new.

He felt Tony flinch as he laid his hand over the wound he had received from Thanos, then heard him swear quietly as he healed it with a single word. He finally opened his eyes to see Tony staring at him, speechless, for once. After a moment, he offered Stephen his hand and guided him into the bed the sorcerer rarely rested in, let alone ever shared with anyone.

“Stark. Tony, I -”

“I know. I know, Stephen.” He laid him down in the soft cotton sheets and stretched out next to him. “We’ll go as slowly as you want, as slowly as you -”

Stephen reached up and pulled Tony into his arms and they let out a shared sigh as they could each feel the other’s need to be touched. “Tony.”

Tony shook his head and looked into the dark green eyes; he could see everything he had ever wanted, and could also sense the years of loneliness and pain. “Stephen. I want to see you, touch
you, love you in the way you deserve. I don’t want to rush this.” He kissed him lightly, then whispered, “Roll over?”

Stephen snorted, but did as he was asked, and his breath caught as Tony whispered, “Stephen?”

“What, what is it?”

He sighed as Tony began to trace the glowing tattoos that covered his back. Each one, a symbol of his new life as a sorcerer, earned through equal parts study and pain, were now lovingly caressed by calloused fingertips. “Beautiful.” He didn’t ask what they meant, he seemed to understand they were as scars as much as they were works of art - they were a part of him, as much as the reactor was to Tony. “This one.”

“Hmm…?”

“This little butterfly, the blue butterfly, it’s much older than the others?”

Stephen had honestly forgotten about it until this moment. “A present to myself. After I finished my residency, and was hired by the hospital, I went and got that done with my first paycheck. My sister, Donna. She loved butterflies. I did it for her, really. I made sure it was in a discreet enough place that no one - no one would see it, not even myself. No one, no one but you has ever seen it before.”

Tony sat up and shook his head. “Stephen. You can’t be serious - you’ve never -?”

“I’ve had - partners, before, but, I’ve never allowed anyone to see me - I’ve only ever - lights were always off - it was never, I’ve never -”

Tony nodded in understanding, then leaned down and kissed the tiny butterfly that rested in the small of Stephen’s back and smiled as he heard the man beneath him sigh in a way that made him shiver. “I’m honored, Stephen, to be the first.”

Stephen half turned around and smiled back at him, shy and somehow even more beautiful because of it. "Not the first to-

"Shhh. It's okay. I get it.” But, he didn't, not really. How could Stephen have hidden away in the darkness all this time? He belonged out of the shadows and into the light, deserved to be worshipped and seen for the beautiful man he was. Tony looked down and his breath caught when he saw the tendrils of the tattoo from Stephen's back that curled over his shoulders. He hadn't even seen his chest yet, Tony realized. "Turn over for me?" He put a hand on Stephen's hip to help him. "I want to see all of you."

Stephen blushed at his words, but he followed Tony's gentle encouragement and moved onto his back. Tony was left speechless yet again when he saw Stephen in all his glory.

"Tony?"

He reached out and lightly traced the first of the vine-like tendrils from Stephen's right shoulder, over his collarbone, down to almost his nipple, and now it was Stephen who was at a loss for words for once, as the man above him turned his intense focus on him, and him alone. He tried to meet Tony’s gaze, but finally arched under his touch and his eyes closed as Tony let his fingers follow the tendrils from the left side until they came to a stopping point near the center of Stephen’s chest.

Tony laid one hand over the arc reactor in his chest, then traced the delicate mandala shaped design
that seemed to have grown from Stephen’s soul, Tony would have said, if he believed that such a thing existed, and he knew he had finally found his partner. He shook his head, and pressed a kiss to the center of the intertwined circles over Stephen’s heart, then sat back and looked down at the man who lay outstretched in front of him, all too vulnerable and so very “beautiful,” he blurted out and could feel himself blush. Stephen, too, blushed, before they looked at each other and in spite of everything, couldn’t help but laugh.

Stephen put his shaking hand on top of Tony’s and reveled in the warmth and strength he could feel in it. "I'm yours. How do you want me?"

The enormity of the situation finally sank in for Tony. This would truly be Stephens's first time; this would be the first time someone would get to see him lost in pleasure, and he, out of everyone in the universe was the one Stephen trusted. "Just like this," he finally whispered back. "Eyes on me, Stephen, I want to know what secrets those gorgeous eyes of yours will tell me..."

Stephen trembled at his words but managed to hold eye contact. "It's- it's been a long time," he confessed, as if that hadn't been obvious from the start. "I- I don't know- how-"

"Shh, relax. Just follow my lead. It's going to be fine. Great, actually." Tony leaned down to kiss those tempting lips once more. "Just try to relax and let me do the work." Stephen melted into the warmth of the kiss and for the first time in his life, let his mind go blank as Tony whispered, "beautiful Stephen, let go, love, just let go, I’ll catch you, I promise.”

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