You Call Me Sunshine

by 343EnderSpark

Summary

Everyone just wants Steve and Tony to work their issues out but it takes a spell to finally get to the root of the matter.

Notes

Have thea Spotify playlist I listened to while writing.

Lot of thanks to my betas and friends for all the help, especially the argument section: betheflame, AoifeLaufeyson, Neonbat, & Cheermione

- Inspired by you call me lavender by deathsweetqueen
Bucky rubbed at his eyes, already exhausted by the tension in the room and knowing it was only going to double once the final member showed up. Maria stood at the head of the table, glaring at the door, tapping her foot.

Finally the door burst open and Tony strolled in without a care in the world. He got it, he really did, but that didn’t stop the annoyed sigh Bucky let out. Tony’s pettiness was really beyond ridiculous. If it was such a bother to be around the mending Avengers team, he didn’t have to work with them. No one was stopping him from doing his own solo thing. After all, when he wasn’t ~blessing~ them with his presence, he was holed up in his lab working on something Rhodey had informed them would “protect them from the future”. He’d shrugged when Steve asked what he meant, noting that he barely knew more than anyone else on the team. Ever since Siberia, Tony rarely talked to anyone except those necessary and his closest friends and even that was often clipped these days.

Tony settled next to Rhodey, giving Maria his brightest ‘press smile’, something Bucky had picked up on almost as soon as he’d moved to the compound. Looking over the rim of his sunglasses, he asked, “So, what’s going on?”

“Amora-” Maria started as she brought up the Enchantress’s picture, but before she could get any more of the subject matter out, Tony interrupted.

“Thor, can you not get a handle on your ex?”

“Amora is beyond reason. She lost most of her family back on Asgard. She has let her grief consume her.” Thor’s shoulders slumped and he looked down at the table, unable to meet anyone’s gaze.

Bucky noted the signs of depression and thought he would bring it up with Sam later when they weren’t about to head out on a mission. The therapist had been a large help with himself while they stayed in Wakanda.

His attention turned to Steve as he shifted in his seat next to him. He could tell the man was biting his tongue, not wanting to make a scene by arguing once more with Tony. Placing a comforting hand on Steve’s forearm, he watched his best friend take a deep breath and let it out.

“May I continue?” Maria asked, lifting her brow as she gave Tony a no-nonsense look.

“Yeah, fine, whatever.” Leaning back, he put his hands behind his head and Bucky would bet any amount that Tony had closed his eyes behind his sunglasses and would doze during the rest of the debrief.

Maria moved on as though nothing had happened. “Amora has been sighted in Philadelphia on three separate instances in the past two weeks. We aren’t sure why she has chosen to set up shop there but that is where we will be heading.”

“So, Hill, how would you like us to handle this?” Bucky could see that Steve had different plans working through his mind to suggest to Maria, still unable to completely give up the leadership role, but it had been one of the caveats he had to follow so his team would be allowed back stateside after Tony had finished mending the accords.

“You, Bucky and Tony will be the first group in. If you run into trouble, Thor, Vision and Wanda will be there as backup.”

“I’m sorry, what?” Sitting up in his seat, Tony glared at Maria. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me. That’s the stupidest idea I think I’ve ever heard.”
Bucky wasn’t surprised in the slightest. There had been small signs that Maria was trying to get Tony and Steve in some situations to work out their issues. He also wasn’t surprised it had yet to work. Both had wronged each other and both men were stubborn as fuck. It was most likely he was thrown into the mix to help keep them from killing each other. Despite Bucky having killed his parents, it seemed that Steve breaking Tony’s heart was worse.

Bucky had learned from Natasha that Tony and Steve had been near inseparable and the rest of the Avengers had a running pool as to who would pop the question first. Of course, before that could happen, the Accords and Bucky managed to muck things up royally.

“Doesn’t matter if you hate the idea, you will comply.”

“And if I refuse?”

Maria shrugged and crossed her arms, not much different from a pose Fury would take. “Refuse, and you risk getting kicked off the Avengers.”

“Fuck you.” Tony stood, violently knocking his seat back. Rhodey reached up for him, to try and stem Tony’s words before he said something he’d regret. “All the shit I do for this team and yet I keep getting screwed over! If I…” Gritting his teeth, he glanced down at Rhodey.

“No one’s keeping you here.”

A shiver ran down Bucky’s spine. It wasn’t often he heard Steve’s voice so cold and emotionless. He watched as Steve stood slowly, the fire in his eyes belying the fury raging inside him.

Tony let out a mirthless laugh. “Isn’t that the truth?” Running a hand over his goatee, he gathered himself. “But then, it’s not about you. Any of you. I’m here to tackle a bigger problem than someone like Amora. The bigger threat is still out there and we need every person ready. Even if that means working with someone I can’t stand.”

“Being cryptic doesn’t help. If you’d just explain what you’re referring to…”

“I tried! And that blew up in my face. In more ways than one. You cared more about yourself than what needed to be done.”

“Because you wouldn’t listen to reason!”

“Bullshit!”

If the table hadn’t been keeping them separated, Bucky wasn’t sure what would have happened. Most people would probably expect them to start throwing punches, but he could tell that there was an undercurrent that could have led to some violent hate sex. (And quite frankly he filed that thought away for a more opportune moment. He was still a living breathing human being with a crazy libido surrounded by very attractive people after all.)

Standing, he placed a hand on Steve's shoulder and watched Rhodey mirror his movement with Tony. Maria rolled her eyes.

“If we could get back to the matter at hand. You can fight it out on the quinjet on the way to Philadelphia for all I care, but right now I need your attention here.”

“What more could we even discuss?” Tony snapped. “Get to Philly, grab the Enchantress, hand her over to Thor, who needs to deal with her, and let me get back to more important shit.”

"If you had actually tried, you would have succeeded."
“Fine, try not to kill each other on the way there.”

Before anyone else could move, Tony was marching out of the conference room, cursing under his breath. He managed to find some creative insults for Steve and Maria.

Bucky looked over at Steve who was a roiling mix of anger and sadness. Since Shuri had helped him regain his sense of self, all Bucky had wanted was to be with Steve again, the way they had been before the war, but Steve didn’t want to. He was afraid that his feelings and fallout with Tony would ruin anything they could have. Bucky had been broken-hearted but once they had returned and he’d been able to form a very tentative work relationship with him, he understood. It wasn’t hard for him to see how Steve fell for the engineer. Bucky had the chance to spend time with Tony on occasion when his arm needed maintenance or even when Tony just wanted to study the Wakandan technology. Their conversations came easy, and there were times Bucky suspected Tony might be attracted to him. In another life, if things had been different, he could see himself falling for Tony as well.

Tugging on Steve’s wrist, he led him away so they could prep for the mission ahead.

“Why did Hill think that bonding time during a risky mission to haul in an alien witch would be a good idea?” Tony’s voice crackled over the comm as he blocked a particularly nasty blast from Amora.

“Her method might not be the best,” Bucky ignored the scoff he got, “but she has to do something with this issue you two have.”

With a fling of his shield, Steve huffed. “It’s hardly productive.”

“Maybe if you guys would work shit out, we wouldn’t have to deal with this.” Crouching behind a large metal trash container, Bucky took a moment to gather himself. The arguing, he knew, would start soon and he wanted to finish the fight before then.

“I resent the implication that I’m not capable of maintaining professionalism in a working environment with a colleague that I’m less than fond of.”

“Yes, because you listen so well when I tell you not to run headfirst into a fight.” Steve motioned his hands towards Amora. Their initial plan had been to take Amora by surprise to keep her from using her magic on them, but Tony hadn’t even hesitated before bursting into the swanky hotel they had found her in. Now they were in the alley behind said hotel. Bucky had not enjoyed being thrown out the window. Nothing he quite hated more than falling.

“I had a plan. Get shit done and get back. The less time we’re together, the better.”

Bucky didn’t have to look at Steve to know he was most likely simmering with anger, especially when the shield missed Amora without her even having to magic it away. This was not going to end well. He tapped on the specialized wrist communicator they all had, letting Thor and the others know that they’d need back up.

“Why are you being so difficult?” Steve asked, frustrated as he grabbed his shield.

“Me being difficult? Why are you acting like nothing has happened?” Tony looked over at Steve,
most likely glaring at him behind his helmet.

“Guys?” Bucky tried to get their attention while his eyes landed on Amora who was amused just watching the two.

“I’m not acting like nothing happened, it’s just not a priority right this moment. Besides, you won’t even talk to me unless it’s in the middle of work. When, exactly, are we supposed to figure things out if you keep ignoring me?! ” Steve wasn’t even looking at where Amora was anymore, too caught up in the argument.

“Maybe I don’t want to talk about it! ” The comm in Bucky’s ear strained to keep Tony’s yelling from blasting his eardrum.

Bucky was running towards his teammates since they had tuned out Amora who took the opportunity to send a particularly strong blast towards Tony. It sent him spiraling towards the two super soldiers, throwing them into a pile on the ground.

“As fun as it is to witness such an engaging argument among the friends of Thor, I really am not in the mood to drag this out any longer than necessary.” The enchantress floated above them, her hands moving in preparation for a new spell.

“You and me both, lady.” Tony grumbled as he tried to stand up.

“Then how about instead of bothering me, you three deal with the heart of the matter.”

Bucky watched her hands still as she spoke before flicking her wrist and snapping. Pain burst through his chest and he barely registered the cries of pain from Tony and Steve as he blacked out.

The floating sensation warred with the heavy feeling in his limbs. Bucky tried to take in the surrounding environment but couldn’t make anything out. He wasn’t sure if it was dimly lit or his eyes just wouldn’t focus right. The memory about where he had been before floated just out of reach in his mind.

While he struggled to remember, lithe strong arms wrapped around his bare chest and pulled him into their warmth. A sigh escaped him. It had been so long since he’d felt a comfort like this. Slowly, as though underwater, he lifted his arm to caress the face leaving soft kisses on his neck and turned his head towards the source behind him. His features were just a blur but Bucky knew that the body behind him belonged to Tony.

Before he could fully turn to embrace Tony back, strong familiar hands cupped his cheeks and turned his attention away. Even with his appearance obscured, Bucky would always be able to recognize Steve. Their lips crashed together in a desperate need. Too long had Bucky been without the taste of his forbidden lover. Though that didn’t have to be the case anymore, he could love freely now.

A hand on his chest slid down and wrapped around his hard cock, reminding him that he wasn’t confined to just one person. His repairing heart had ensnared another without him even fully realizing. That was the least of his concern though as he watched the other two lean together over his shoulder and kiss as though the world was ending.
It felt right. His heartbeat raced from the thrill it gave him. For the first time in decades, he felt complete.

As he strained to wrap his arms around the men, they began to fade away. Bucky cried out for them, trying not to lose them before he even had a chance. The darkness closed in around him, strangling his breath from his lungs.

Bucky shot up, gasping for air and blinking against the sudden harsh light. Every muscle was tense and he had to press on his raging hard-on, it ached so bad. While dreams like that weren’t uncommon, this one had an underlying intensity none had ever had before. He hissed as he shifted in bed, trying to get his erection to subside.

“Goddamnit.” Tony’s voice broke through Bucky’s sleep haze. “Bruce, can you please be done with me so I don’t have to stay here while you figure out what the fuck is going on?”

Looking across the room, Tony was standing ramrod straight, glaring at Steve who was red-faced and curled into himself, while Bruce tapped away at a Starkpad.

“I don’t think that will be the best idea. I’m not seeing anything biologically wrong and until Thor gets back with Dr. Strange, I want you close so I can keep observing.”

Bucky tuned out Tony’s response as he climbed out of bed and made his way over to the others. His mind buzzed, reminding him of when he used to be affected by alcohol. It felt good, and all he wanted was to feel even better.

He wrapped his arms around the nearest warm body which sank into him and bared his neck. Bucky didn’t think twice before his mouth was biting gently against the skin there. Humming happily, his hands began to wander over the chest beneath them, searching for the hem of a shirt.

But as his fingers found skin, the body beneath him tensed and violently pulled away. He blinked, shaking his head to try and clear it.

“Of course you’re affected too!” Tony threw up his hands in frustration. “That’s it! I don’t care! I’m leaving! You can find me after Stephen gets here.”

Bucky barely understood what Tony was going on about. Shrugging his shoulders, he found himself shifting into Steve’s space, ignoring the argument between Bruce and Tony. He stood in front of the slightly larger man and wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him down, attempting to get a kiss, but Steve brought up a hand and placed it over Bucky’s mouth.

“Needya to focus, Buck.” he said, voice tight. His eyes were glazed and conflicted, but the tilt of his brows was determined.

Bucky gave a little whine. “Just wanna feel good.”

“I know, darling, me too, but we can’t.”

Pouting, Bucky still pressed close to Steve, soaking in the feel of him so close for the first time in ages. It was short lived though as a burst of agony shot through him. The pain felt like someone had taken a particularly strong taser and stabbed him in the heart with it.

He faintly registered Steve gasping in pain before they were both in a heap on the floor. Another cry of torment was coming from the hallway where Bucky could make out a collapsed Tony. Despite the
pain, he struggled to get up so he could close the distance between them and Tony.

Before either he or Steve could make it to the door, Bruce had gathered Tony up and brought him to the nearest bed. The pain faded but Bucky still felt so weak. He didn’t think twice about crawling in the bed with Tony who was holding open arms to him. They curled into each other like a pair of kittens seeking comfort. Steve stood close, visibly fighting his own urge to climb in next to them.

“It seems you three have no choice but to stay here together. Separation seems to cause seizures. But they weren’t even that far apart. I don’t understand magic.” Mumbling the last bit, Bruce was already frantically typing away at the Starkpad, making notes of what just happened. “I’m going to talk to Helen, see if maybe there is some way to keep that from happening again, and I’ll call Thor, see if we can’t get an ETA.”

Steve just nodded, eyes focused only on the two in the bed. Tony gave him a quick glance, scowled, and then curled further into Bucky. With a sigh, Steve turned but Bucky grabbed his arm before he could walk away. Tugging gently but incessantly, Bucky refused to let his long time friend and once lover go. Shifting, he moved closer to Tony, offering to be a temporary barrier for the two.

Even though he had the stronger willpower, it seemed even Steve had reached the point where he was too exhausted to fight against whatever was affecting them. Slowly, he climbed in, careful not to disturb Tony who had already nodded off, breath even against Bucky’s neck.

Once Steve was settled against his back, he felt his own tiredness seep back in. The burst of pain that had cowed them had also seemed to drain them all of their energy and any remaining adrenaline keeping him awake was gone. Warm and comfortably wrapped in between the two other men, Bucky was out like a light in no time.

Bucky was dragged from his peaceful slumber by the feel of something soft against his chin and a slow grinding rhythm against his groin. Cracking his eyes open, his gaze met a very heated look in Tony’s. At some point, he’d rolled onto his back and pulled Tony on top of him. His own hands were already drawing lazy circles on Tony’s back, his shirt rucked up high to bare his skin.

He let out a content hum as Tony pressed his lips against his, immediately snaking his tongue out to deepen the kiss. It was more intoxicating than any dream ever made it seem. Bucky moved his hands down to grab Tony’s ass and encouraged him to grind harder. The clothing barrier between them both enhanced the feeling but left him frustrated. He needed more.

Shifting, he coaxed Tony up onto his hands and knees so he could reach around and work their pants off. He barely had Tony’s open before a groan dragged his attention back up to Tony’s face. It seemed that Steve had woken up and decided to join in. Bucky watched with rapt awe as they kissed desperately, two flames meeting in the middle of a forest and engulfing everything around them.

Steve reached up, placing his hand against Tony’s neck, most likely to pull him in deeper, but the touch had Tony going rigid and shattering whatever was happening between the three of them. With a hard shove, Tony nearly toppled off the med bay bed, gasping for air while he violently tugged on his clothes, trying to make himself decent.

It took a moment for Bucky’s mind to clear enough to understand what just happened. Steve carefully climbed out of bed, running his hand over his face. Bucky was the first to finally break the
silence.

“Can anyone explain what’s happening?”

Sitting up, he first looked over at Tony who seemed as though he was doing everything to keep himself together. Steve, on the other hand, looked almost defeated and kept his gaze on the wall across from him.

“We’re not entirely sure, but Thor suspects it’s a love spell of some sort.” Steve finally answered him after a few minutes.

“It’s bullshit is what it is.” Throwing his arms up, Tony began to pace. “We rewatched the footage before you woke up and between that and the...ahem…” Tony scowled, “...attention Steve gave me once he came to-”

“You were just as enthusiastic, don’t give me that look.”

Tony ignored Steve’s remark and continued on. “Amora said something about dealing with certain matters before hitting us with her magic.”

Red-faced, though it was unclear if from embarrassment or anger, Steve rolled his eyes before looking at Bucky. “She specifically said matters of the heart.”

“Not something I need to worry about these days. You certainly saw to that after making your choice so blatantly.” Tony motioned towards the metal armed soldier.

“Leave Bucky out of this.”

“How can I?! He killed my parents! Which, by the way, you had two fucking years to tell me about and yet you were trying to what? ‘Protect me?’ A lot of good that did.” Crossing his arms over his chest, Tony glared at Steve, appearing as though he wanted to bore a hole through him.

“You already had enough on your plate, I didn’t need to add to it.” Steve held his hands out in front of him, palms open upwards in frustration. “Which apparently you had more going on than I realized. Does Ultron ring any bells?”

“I’m just trying to find ways to protect the goddamn planet from what’s coming!” Bucky watched as Tony began to pace, his fingers digging into his biceps.

Steve brought this hands up to his temples, looking just short of pulling his hair out. “And what is that? Damn it Tony, you don’t have to do everything on your own!”

“Says the man who could have asked me for help finding your long lost lover instead of keeping to yourself. What am I? Chop fucking liver?” Tony’s voice cracked, tapping his chest harshly with one hand.

“Didn’t exactly seem like a good topic to have with my boyfriend. Not to mention he was wanted by an innumerable number of governments.”

They were arguing about him as though he wasn’t situated between them at that moment. Bucky wanted to try and break through the arguing but couldn’t find the words.

“You act like I don’t know how to deal with government assholes. I literally grew up dealing with that bullshit.” Taking a deep breath, Tony dropped his arms to his side, hands balled into fists.
“Oh yeah, working with General Ross on the accords went so well.”

“We had to be put in check. Hell, we still need to!”

“No, we don’t.” Steve tried to close the distance between them, but Tony sneered and backed away. “You’re letting your guilt over Sokovia and fear of whatever you saw on the other side of that black hole rule you.”

“You’re careless! You get on to me for jumping the gun, but you’re just as bad! Nat told you not to go to Berlin, but what did you do?”

“They were going to kill Bucky! For something he didn’t do! Why couldn’t you trust my instinct?!” Steve’s words carried a desperate tone, heartbreak pushing through the anger for just a moment.

“Why couldn’t you trust me to handle the Accords? I was even trying to find a way to get them amended. I didn’t want to lose my friends, much less you!”

“Did you plan on keeping all of us locked away like you had Wanda locked away? Let’s not forget that a day later you brought along a kid, a fucking child, to our fight. Which didn’t have to happen if you’d believed me about Zemo.”

“I was wrong, I get it. Zemo played us like a fiddle.” Tony threw his hands up in the air, turning away from Steve, but Bucky could see him eyeing the door.

“You let him get in your head. You tried to kill Bucky!” Steve took the chance to finally close the distance, grabbing Tony by the shoulder and turning him back to him.

“You nearly killed me!” The venom in Tony’s voice caused Steve to take a few steps back.

Silence fell over the room, only broken by the harsh breathing from the two avengers. Steve seemed to deflate, sitting heavily on the edge of the bed Bucky still remained in. Tony rubbed at his face before running his hands through his hair and moved towards the door he had been contemplating only moments ago.

Bucky sighed. “Tony, you know you won’t get far if you try to leave.”

His shoulders tensed, but Tony didn’t move otherwise. Taking just a moment to run over everything that had happened so far, Bucky began to form a theory about just exactly how the so called love spell worked.

“Obviously there is a lot to still work through and I don’t expect you to give either of us instant forgiveness…” Bucky slowly slid out of bed as he spoke, Steve’s eyes following his movements. “...but can we try and find some common ground if we’re to work together?”

“These aren’t just some small issues we can whisk away-”

Bucky placed himself between Tony and the door. “I know that. But if we want the team to work at its full power, we have got to start repairing it. Small steps.”

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught Steve standing back up and take a step towards them. He brought up a hand, indicating for him to stay put. Bucky wanted to handle one stubborn man at a time.

Turning his attention back to Tony, he placed his hand gently under Tony’s chin and lifted it so he’d look him in his eyes. He fought off the electric pull that ran through him at the contact.
“Answer me one question honestly.”

Tony frowned, but nodded.

“Do you still love Steve?”

Both Tony and Steve looked at Bucky with wide eyes.

“Wh-n-I d-” Tony stumbled over his syllables, before closing his eyes, the red in his face returning full force and blowing out a frustrated burst of air. “Yes.”

Nodding, Bucky stepped away from Tony, letting him have his personal space back to process. He moved over to a shocked Steve who still stood next to the bed.

“Steve.” Bucky lifted his brows as his long time friend turned his attention to him. “You’ve always been one to try and push people to see things from your point of view. You have got to stop doing that.”

Steve glanced at the ground, shamefaced. “I’m not trying to force people.”

“I know.” Bucky placed a hand on Steve’s neck, the need to touch him strong. “You have to let people move at their own pace, and that includes letting Tony forgive us in his own time.”

“How are you not upset with him?” Steve asked quietly.

“I have no reason to be.”

“But he-”

“He had every right to go after me. I don’t blame him for seeking some kind of retribution, just like I don’t blame the many governments that sought and still seek it.”

Bucky gave his words a moment to sink in before he continued.

“Now, your turn. One more question, and answer it honestly.”

“Bucky...” Steve frowned, already knowing what he was going to ask.

“Do you still love Tony?”

“You know I do.” He didn’t even hesitate. Bucky wasn’t surprised in the slightest.

“Then if you two would kindly at the very least call a truce so we can get through this spell.”

Bucky pulled away, albeit reluctantly, and moved to a cushy chair by the window of the med bay. “By the way, I think the spell is more of a truth spell than a love spell.”

Both of the other men gave him a chorus of “What?!?”

Shrugging, Bucky looked out the window where a full moon lit up the sky. “You two have managed to be in the same room before while only generally bickering, but this time you guys actually argued about the root of your split.”

“But what about the makeouts?” Tony asked, finally stepping cautiously from the door.

“Just another truth. You two still lust for each other.”
Bucky watched as they processed what he was telling them. A grin spread over his face as they seemed to both come to the same conclusion.

“That means you-” Tony said, confused.

“We...y-you…” stuttered Steve.

Chuckling, he nodded. “You’re both very attractive men and I love both of you, but you are both giant idiots.”

The room fell quiet while they all contemplated their current situation. Bucky had purposely put distance between himself and the other two after their discussion. It had been difficult to keep his wits about him. All he wanted to do was wrap them in his arms and kiss them senseless.

He sighed. This hadn’t been how he’d ever pictured his confession but then those had only been flights of fancy in the first place. Even if Steve and Tony had worked out their issues, Bucky assumed they’d return to being inseparable. But his feelings were out there now, splayed for them to see.

“Truce. We can do that. First though, you have got to stop sulking.”

Bucky looked up, surprised to see both Tony and Steve standing in front of him. Tony glanced over his shoulder, looking at Steve. Giving a determined nod, he looked back at Bucky before moving forward and straddling him.

“Tony? Wha-”

“It’s exhausting fighting the urge to not touch.”

Bucky frowned. “Are you sure? We don’t have to give in to the alien witch curse.” Glancing up, he realized just how close Steve was now, nearly pressed into Tony’s back. “We could fight it.”

“I think we’d lose, don’t you think?” Steve said, his warm breath skating over Tony’s skin who shuddered in Bucky’s lap.

“You’re okay if we spontaneously choose to fuck right here? I’m not unobservant to the consent issues love or truth spells or whatever the fuck is going on here raise.” Tony asked, posing the question to both of them.

“Can’t say this hasn’t been a dream of mine.” Buck drawled, smirking up at the other two.

The flush on Steve’s face grew and spread down his neck. “I might have thought about it a time or ten.”

Tony’s laugh rumbled through the three of them. “I’d have to be dead to have never thought of being in the middle of a super soldier sandwich.”

“What about after?” Bucky left off the rest of the question, unsure what exactly he wanted to ask.

After they had sex?

After the spell was lifted?

After Tony and Steve worked through everything?
“What happens, happens. We’ll figure it out as we go.” Steve said, offering Bucky a reassuring smile.

The answer would have to do for now. Bucky could feel his willpower crumbling as they spoke and when Tony finished speaking, he closed the distance between them, crashing their lips together, desperate for his taste.

Bucky dropped his hands to Tony’s waist as he began to grind down against his groin, easily coaxing it to harden beneath his pants. Tony dragged his nails down the front of Bucky’s tank top before looking for the hem and tugging up. Reluctantly, Bucky broke from Tony’s lips. With his shirt discarded, Tony returned to his mouth, tongue sliding against his own eagerly.

A brush of a hand sliding between the two reminded him that Steve was with them as well, craving them just as much as they wanted him. Bucky watched through lidded eyes as Steve’s mouth found a particularly sensitive spot just under Tony’s ear, earning a moan from the man. Catching his eyes, Steve gave him a teasing smile before biting down again. Tony broke the kiss as he gasped, arching back and pressing down harder into Bucky.

“Fuck, Tony.” Bucky’s head fell back into the chair, neck exposed for only a moment before Tony was dragging his lips across the heated skin.

Steve shifted his weight and pressed down on Tony’s back with his chest, supporting himself with the back of the chair. The weight was an odd comfort for Bucky. He would have expected being pinned into the chair would be too much for him, but as Steve began to grind slowly into Tony, in turn forcing him to bear down on Bucky even more, the thought quickly disappeared.

“S-Steve,” Tony struggled out, “You bet-ter, uhn, keep your dick, uhn, out of my ass.”

“But Tony,” Steve couldn’t keep himself from whining at least a little.

“No anal.” He met Bucky’s eyes. “That goes f-for both of you.”

Bucky just nodded while Steve reluctantly agreed. He could guess that Tony wasn’t ready to do the more prep intensive intimacy that came with anal, especially since they were still on thin ice with him. It was already going to be emotionally difficult for them once the spell wore off.

After that boundary was set, only the sounds of them moaning and panting as they ground against each other filled the room. Bucky’s hands moved from Tony’s hips to grab at Steve’s, urging him to press harder. The friction was delightful, bordering on painful, and Bucky could feel himself getting close to the edge but then it would taper off, just not enough.

Pulling his lips from Steve’s, he met his eyes and ask, “Find me some lube?”

As Steve nodded and slowly extracted himself, Tony sat up from where he was hard at work trying to leave a hickey on Bucky’s shoulder and glared at down at him.

“I said-”

“Yeah, I know, but not everything revolves around your ass, Tony.”

Placing his hands on Tony’s thighs, Bucky stood from the chair and wrapped his legs around his waist.
“As pleasant as it has been, I would really like a smoother grind than against my pants.”

Tony laughed, “Fair enough.”

Bucky didn’t go far, simply finding a clear enough space against the wall to pin Tony to. Supporting the smaller man with his flesh hand, he used his metal one to work open his pants, sighing in relief as his cock sprung free. It was a bright red, precum coating the head and ready at attention. He moved to Tony’s joggers, sliding it down enough to free his own fiercely red member. Wrapping his hand loosely around it, he watched it twitch and spill precum on the metal.

“Bet you’ve been wanting my tech to play with, haven’t you?” Bucky asked, thinking of some of the looks Tony had given his arm before.

He looked up to see Tony flushed bright pink, bottom lip caught in his teeth, eyes attached to his hand. That was enough to have him surging forward, needing to have that bitten plump lip caught in his own teeth. He moved his hand aching slowly, teasing until Steve could return. Tony broke the kiss, gasping for air and Bucky ran his tongue along Tony’s neck before finding that sensitive spot Steve had enjoyed earlier.

After a few moments, warm hands ran lightly over his back down to his ass, sending an unexpected shiver through him. Bucky glanced back, spotting Steve, who held up a tube of medical grade silicone lube, smirking. Rolling his eyes, he held up his hand to take the tube, but Steve upended it and squeezed out a very generous amount. Bucky chuckled, quickly thanked him, and returned his hand in between himself and Tony.

Taking both his own cock and Tony’s in his large hand, he wasted no time setting a fast pace. Behind him, he felt Steve’s hands slide down his body, catching and pulling his pants off fully. Bucky stepped out of them quickly, wanting to avoid tripping. Steve caught him off guard as his tongue teased at the top of his crack.

“Steve, doll, what are-”

“Trust me, Buck.” Steve said softly, warm breath searing against his skin that suddenly gave way to the cold touch of lubricated fingers on his inner thighs.

The surprising sensation had him dropping his head on Tony’s shoulder, a groan escaping his lips. Steve’s fingers worked deftly, coating his thighs and running teasingly over his perineum and between his ass cheeks.

Bucky tilted his head and looked up at Tony who was mouthing at his shoulder, but his eyes were watching Steve as he prepared Bucky for whatever he had in mind. Tightening his hand around their cocks, he drew Tony’s attention back to him. One of Tony’s hands slid into Bucky’s hair and he gripped tight, tugging in retaliation.

As Steve stood back up, he left a trail of kisses along Bucky’s spine. He used his feet to shift Bucky’s own closer together before lining up and steadily pressing his cock between Bucky’s thighs. Increasing his grip on Bucky’s hip, he quickly set up a pace that wasn’t quite as fast as Bucky liked.

“Stevie, please, faster!” Bucky whined.

Tony lifted an eyebrow and smirked. “Well I didn’t know I wanted that.” He looked up at Steve, eyes gleaming. “Make him beg?”

“Sounds like a plan.”
Tony tightened his legs around Bucky’s waist and locked his fingers around the other man’s neck as Steve reached around to grab both of Bucky’s wrist and pull them together behind his back. Once Steve secured them in one hand, his other slid in between Bucky and Tony, replacing Bucky’s hand with his own and picking up where Bucky had left off.

His pace slowed, each movement deliberate. Tony followed suit, hips undulating teasingly against Bucky. Reaching out, Tony, held a hand out for Steve, beckoning him closer for a kiss. Steve pressed them against the wall so he could close the distance and capture Tony’s lips.

Between the other two’s reduced pace and now the sounds and sight of them making out just a hair’s breadth away, Bucky couldn’t help but whinge, though refused to give in to begging. He watched as the other two smirked, not breaking their liplock. Tugging on his hands, he tried to pull free, but it was only a half hearted attempt and Steve’s grip just tightened.

Bucky dropped his head to Tony’s shoulder, trying to move his own hips faster. With a growl, Steve broke the kiss with Tony and bit into Bucky’s neck. Tony bit his tongue as he tried to stifle a laugh. In retaliation, Bucky buried his own teeth in Tony’s sensitive spot below his ear once more, earning him a gasp.

With a grunt of irritation, Tony slipped a hand between them, tapping Steve’s hand away and wrapping his fingers around Bucky’s leaking cock. Steve placed a hand on Tony’s ass, giving him some more support other than the wall. He watched as Tony began a brutal pace on Bucky.

Tony kept his eyes on Bucky’s face, watching as it contorted with the pleasure finally building up in him. Behind him, Steve snickered. He barely registered it as he felt his balls tighten…

But then suddenly Tony’s hand was gone and Bucky gasped in air, staring at Tony confused.

“Now that’s just mean, Tony.” Steve said, chuckling against Bucky’s shoulder.

“You never complained.”


“Just part of the game.” Tony offered a wide grin.

Before Bucky could ask anymore questions, Steve gave a particularly hard thrust, the head of his cock pressed hard into his now sensitive balls. He couldn’t help the groan as Steve kept ramming hard between his thighs.

Tony took this as his cue to begin stroking him again, not quite as fast as before, but still at a steady rate. His head fell back and Tony leaned forward, licking at the straining muscle in his throat. He moaned, muttering a litany of yeses, and felt himself nearing the edge once more.

Bucky let out a frustrated cry when Tony let go of him again and even Steve stuttered to a stop between his legs. Tears stung at the corner of his eyes and he glared at Tony.

“What the fuck?” He ground out between breaths.

“Said I wanted you to beg, so…” Tony gave him a teasing look, licking his lips.

“And Tony usually gets what he wants.” Steve chuckled.

“You are the wor-"
Bucky let out a strangled cry as Tony gripped him tight, dragging his hand slowly up and down
Bucky’s leaking cock. Steve groaned as Bucky tightened around him before he began to slide
between his thigh, faster than before.

“Oh god.” Bucky let out, already fearing Tony wouldn’t let him orgasm.

“No deity here to help you. You know what I want.”

Shaking his head, Bucky bit his lip, holding back any more words from slipping out. Instead he tried
to wriggle his arms from Steve’s grip. It only earned him another bite on the neck, but this time Steve
followed it by running his tongue over the smarting skin. Tony captured him in a kiss, sucking his
bottom lip from between his teeth.

Bucky could feel the tension building under his skin and began to shake his head, breaking the kiss.
His eyes met Tony who only looked at him expectantly. Glaring, he stubbornly refused to give in.
While he was preoccupied with the staring contest, Steve gasped behind him and began to slow but
didn’t completely stop. Unfortunately Tony did, moving his hand from Bucky’s cock to his own,
stroking it leisurely.

“Seems like you’re not the only one ready to come.” Tony grinned smugly at Steve.

“It feels amazing, Tony.”

“Damn it, you guys.” Bucky groaned.

“Let’s try again.” With those words, Tony replaced his hand and moved at a varied pace. “Beg for
it.”

Steve’s hips remained still but he began to lave eagerly at the back of Bucky’s neck. It sent shudders
through him, pooling at the base of his cock. It was getting difficult to keep his words to himself.
Tony leaned back against the wall as he focused on working his fingers deftly over Bucky’s shaft.

“Pl-uhn-” Bucky felt his resolve begin to crumble.

“What was that?” Tony asked.

Shaking his head, he tried to regain control, but it faltered when Steve began to move again. Tony
immediately removed his hand. He brought it up, licking at the precum coating his fingers.

Humming, Tony looked at the blonde soldier. “Steve, you never told me how good he tastes.”

Holding his hand out over Bucky’s shoulder, he watched as Steve leaned in, capturing two fingers.
Sucking on them, a moan rumbled from his chest.

Steve released the digits with a lewd pop. “As good as I remember.”

Tony ran his spit slick hands over Steve’s cheek before dragging it back and sliding over Bucky’s
chest. He teased at one of Bucky’s pert nipples, earning a moan, but that wasn’t were he wanted
Tony’s hand at that moment.

“Please.” The word quietly slipped passed his lips unbidden.

“Oh? What was that?” Tony perked up.

Desperate for release, and finally breaking through his stubbornness, Bucky spoke louder. “Please,
Tony, please let me come.”
“Oh baby, that is all I wanted to hear.”

Tony eagerly reached down and took his cock in hand, moving quickly. Steve picked up speed, grinding against his ass, dick slamming into Bucky’s very sensitive balls.

“P-please, please, please, I need to come, let me-ahn! So cl-close! T-tony!” Bucky dropped his head on Tony’s shoulder, a few tears escaping from him.

“I got you, let us see you come.” Tony’s words fell against his ear, the warm tone pushing him over the edge.

He came with a burst, cum shooting up and landing against their chest. It had been decades since he’d been able to use more than just his own hand. Groaning against Tony’s skin, he rode the wave of his orgasm as all his senses seemed to white out.

Bucky barely registered as Steve released, his own cum coating the inside of Bucky’s thighs. Steve stumbled, his legs trying to give out beneath him as his orgasm rocked his body. By sheer force of will, he managed to keep his grip on the other two, making his way back to the chair and collapsing hard into it.

Tony clung to Bucky so he didn’t fall with the movement. In the chair, Steve and Bucky gasped for air as their orgasms subsided. Above them, Tony grinned in awe.

“Lookit that, I can outlast the super soldiers in something.”

As Bucky and Steve chuckled, Tony adjusted himself, placing his hands on Bucky’s shoulders and finding footing on the edge of the chair. He began to grind down on Bucky who groaned as his sensitive cock got caught between their hips. Reaching up, Steve pulled Tony in for another kiss. It was sloppy and desperate but it was enough for Tony. Pressing hard into Bucky, his orgasm overtook him and he spilled all over Bucky’s waist. Bucky shook beneath him as a second dry orgasm ran through him, nearly overwhelming him.

Panting, Tony collapsed on top of Bucky. Without even thinking twice, Bucky wrapped his arms around him tight. He was content for the first time in ages and he was reluctant to give it up.

“So.” Steve’s voice filtered through the post orgasmic haze Bucky had fallen into.

“What’s on your mind, Capsicle?”

“Any idea when Thor and Strange get back?”

“Nope.”

Bucky squirmed, not quite sure where the conversation was headed.

“This will probably happen a few more times before they return.” Steve murmured uncertainly.

“That is something I would bet on.” Tony shifted slightly to the side so he could bring a hand up, sliding through the come coating Bucky’s chest.

“You okay with that?” Steve’s words belied his nerves.

“Not really a choice.” Bucky watch Tony’s eyes flicker up at both of them before looking back down, trying and failing to hide a sudden onset of vulnerability.

“Tony…”
“It’ll be fine, Steve.”

They both went quiet. The air was charged once more with unease.

“Think Bruce will let us move to a room with a proper bed?” Bucky asked, hoping he could break the tension before another argument broke out.

“ABSOLUTELY!” A very loud, very angry, very familiar voice filtered over an intercom.

After a second of surprise, the three burst out laughing. It may have slipped their minds that they were very much under observation.

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