Just a kiss Goodnight

by VikMik222

Summary

Tony Stark throws a party after the battle of New York. It was supposed to be in celebration and relaxation but it seemed that it takes a turn that lingers on the billionaires mind for a little while which involves a tall blonde with big blue eyes.

Notes

Post 'Marvels Assemble' movie (which I saw and I immediately wrote a fanfiction about) and inspired by lady Antebellum's 'Just a Kiss Goodnight'.
I looked at him from across the room… I noticed him long before this night… I noticed him the first time I heard his name so many years ago. My father spoke of him fondly- in fact every conversation we had led to the captain. I was so young. I didn't expect those blue eyes… that… dumbstruck smile he gave whenever he wasn't frightened of modern society. He was just like the damn old man said- perfect.

The room bustled with pretty much everyone- how Pepper managed to get everyone was beyond me. Sure we were still together at the time but she… invited him. Cap. The man I have clashed horns with and now… I'm not sure. I couldn't think back then… and I can't think even now why he sticks in my mind.

"Geez Tony- you should look happier- Stark Tower's is rebuilt- and it's your birthday. Usually you're wandering around with a martini and seeing how many pretty young thing's you can cope a feel from." Clint spoke, happily walking over with a beer in one hand and the other loosely shoved into his pants pocket. "Heck, even Banner's getting a more social while you sit at the bar. Something bothering ya? Got competition for the groupies now?"

"I don't need to worry about a modern day robin hood, a guy with major anger issues, a man who speaks constant Shakespearian and a veteran who looks like he's just got out of the gym- No biggie." I tried to bat away Clint but there was stubbornness in him even I couldn't help but admire. And what was worse was his quick eye for observation.

At that time I didn't realise it myself but my eyesight blatantly staring back to a blonde figure in the distance. The tall soldier knew how to pull off a uniform…. Ever since Pepper invited everyone to this party, everyone dressed up- including Steve. The man knew how to dress. Even in a tacky ol' world war uniform. Was I jealous? Was I envious of how he smiled? I wasn't sure. But I never realised how much I stared. Even to this day I wasn't sure Clint could see the way I looked- was it longing? Was it anger?

A small moment passed, a moment I didn't notice until a sharp elbow to the ribs brought me back to reality. "Oooooooh- I see what's going on here. You're still holding a grudge with the Cap' aren't ya? Maybe you should have crossed him off the list when you invited him?"

"Wow- how many knocks to the head have you taken? Pepper sorted this whole party- Once again she left me in the dark… Clever girl. VERY Clever. And we haven't got a grudge… I just… still can't get over the fact that he thinks apple is a fruit…" It was a bare faced lie and I knew it very well. Clint on the other hand was still prying. Still trying his best to find out more.

"You need to work on your social skills Stark. Is this daddy issues? Everyone knows he's the guy in charge of guy over there. Go on- go talk to him. You would be surprised how much you guys are a like."

I merely snorted in reply, brushing the idiot off by grabbing myself a strong martini and retreating to Pepper's side. Like I would want to socialize with someone like Steve? At my own party- I knew I could do anything I want! But like usual- I drank a little too much… I couldn't really remember some of the evening- to Pepper's account, I was rather good. I was able to convince Bruce to do some Karaoke with Jarvis and even challenged Thor to a drinking game (which must of left me drunk in the first place- note to self Jarvis- never let me do that again.)

Later that evening, I found myself standing at the balcony- looking over New York. It was
beautiful. The night sky clear and the wind was cool enough to finally get rid of my tie and unbutton my shirt slightly. It was refreshing. In one hand I had a glass of water- not sure how it got there but I think Pepper must have forced it there. But I needed it, especially as I took a few minutes just to enjoy the view. Sure the party was fun but that evening my mind was somewhere else. It was about to get worse.

As I stood there, I enjoyed the view but did not realise the sound behind me.

"Tony…"

I turned almost immediately as soon as I heard the voice call out to me. Yet I almost turned my back on the man as soon as I saw him. It was Steve.

"Oh Cap- why are you out here?"

"I thought I needed a bit of fresh air. It's pretty crowded in there. Thor keeps insisting for someone else to drink with him. But all I keep doing is try and talk with everyone- it's a little difficult though. I'm still a little lost with some of the subjects. Thought I would get a better conversation out here." And like that he had that stupidly innocent look on his face. How old was he? Couldn't he figure out something's for himself? Even IF he was from the forties, he could at least try and use that brain of his. But no, he had to come and find me didn't he?

I merely sipped my drink and continued to look out at New York. "Remember the last time we had a conversation? It was about two months ago and everyone had split up. I don't know how Pepper found you guys but- I remember we didn't get on so well then. Hm- maybe you want to have a few rounds fighting?"

"I'm not joking Tony… You're not such a big hot head then I thought… Yeah you're pretty pretentious but I'm trying to hand out the oak branch."

"Olive Branch." I corrected.

"I know what I mean." Steve sighed and continued to stand beside me with his own drink, swallowing a hard gulp. I could already see that he was finding some difficulty in trying to talk to me. I saw that he was also troubled. Was it because of me? I was not sure at the time. "I mean just talking to you. Like… friends?"

"Friends. Oh- well- If I'm not so pretentious- let's try a conversation. Come on Cap- wow me with your best conversational skills."

And before I knew it… we were there for an hour- maybe two? I can't remember everything we spoke about but we managed to do so without starting a fight. It was rather surreal. No one seemed to bother us, no one walked out. It felt as though the balcony was for us and us only without anything to worry about. We were left to stand there and let our words fill the time. It was nice… pretty much better then talking about kicking the crap out of each other. Sure he was still as technically challenged but it was fun confusing him. Especially when it came to speaking of my latest work on the Stark tower and with my latest contributes to .I.L.D. I love the way he looked so confused. It was maliciously magical.

But eventually my mind had begun to sober and my curiosity became at its highest. Hey, two guys together, I wanted to know.

"So… Ever since you've been thawed out of that ice cube- have you set your sights on any one? Eh? No one you've set your views on?" I asked, now looking at Cap, waiting for an answer. But it
took him some time. Especially as he looked like he was caught in some headlights like a deer in front of a tank. I say it took him a few seconds to finally speak, clearing his throat with a slight uncertainty.

"No." He simply replied, not going any further.

"No? Oh come on- you must have seen someone like you like. Come on, don't tell me you haven't taken a sly look at Natasha- sure she'll rip your nuts off with just a look but she is nice to watch."

Steve merely shook his head and fiddled with his glass.

"What about any celebrities? Beyonce- Katy Perry."

"Who?"

"Never mind..." I sighed loudly, shaking my head. "Do you want a girlfriend?"

"Of course I do. I would love to have someone... I'm just not sure who I would want to be with."

He replied with the same uncertainty. "I- I know who I do like but... This time is still strange- I'm not sure how to act and how they can react to me. Already I know they just like making fun of me."

I merely scoffed and snickered, finally reaching out and patting his back. For once I felt him flinch beneath his uniform. "Come on- now-a-days it's called 'playful banter'. Don't tell Thor that- he might think I freaking love him." I tried to joke but it seemed It didn't help. Steve continued to stand there with that frown. "Well then... Tell me who it is then."

"I couldn't." Steve tried to deter me, moving away as he continued to blush. It was fun, it still is, to see those smooth cheek bones turn pink. It's creepily adorable. "You wouldn't understand- It's getting late."

By then I should have given up by then- but where would I be if I didn't continue going further? If I didn't pursue my ideas? But no, I wanted to know. My curiosity got the better of me and I pushed him to know. Now that I think about it- I don't regret it. I never will. So I just continued to ask, I continued to poke and prod, trying to pry him out of him with everything I knew. Quietly I nudged his ribs, grinning, smirking, trying to look as friendly as possible. Still he would not budge.

It was getting late as well and we could see the party slowly beginning to quieten down and it seemed Pepper got her hands on some slow music. It wasn't from my collection, that's for sure. It was almost time for Steve to go- but I tried my best still.

"I should get going Tony."

"Oh come on Steve! Don't leave me hanging! Don't make me use Jarvis against you- It's not fair to talk about this sort of thing and leave me like a dog with a bone. That's just mean! Please? Don't make me use any interrogation methods I learnt from Fury."

Slowly I could see him breaking- but still it looked as though it was going to be difficult.

"Please Steve? You leave me now without giving me a clue and I'm just going to stalk you for the rest of your life- how long do you 'super soldiers' live for?"

"Okay!" Steve suddenly grumbled, waving a hand at me as he looked up at the clear sky. I saw in his eyes that he was thinking. I could tell he had something on his mind which could either make or break him. "But... You're going to have to do something crazy..."
"You're talking to Tony Stark- I invented crazy." I was excited now- like a school girl talking to her best friend. I never really had much time like this. It was kinda nice. "Come on- what do I have to do? Couple of push ups? Run laps? Secret handshake?"

"Close your eyes and lean your head back a little."

Now that- sounded strange. But I was, well, desperate? You could say that. Eventually I gave in and shrugged my shoulders, putting my empty glass on the balcony and stood up straight. "Close my eyes and tilt my head back?"

"Yeah. Then you'll know…"

"Right." I was prepared. I wanted to know. It was getting to a point I felt as though I was learning one of the greatest secrets of the world. I stood, almost like a soldier with my head held back and my eyes tightly closed. I could even feel my heart thump and the arc reactor whir with all of its might.

For a second I could hear the world turn to a gentle hush. I could only hear my breathing and Steve's. I heard the slight tap of his shoe. I heard him clear his throat. I felt warmth. He was getting closer to me. For just a second I felt myself stiffen. I was suddenly- unsure of myself.

Then I felt it.

Warmth trickled over me like warm honey. It was like a spark- like the first time I connected the arc reactor to my chest. A sheer feeling of electricity. He kissed me. And it only lasted a second. But it was… I'm not sure. His lips were so soft; I could feel the nerves during that trembling kiss. Even if it was brief moment, it felt like a life time. I will never admit this to anyone.

But I liked it.

Oh I loved it.

It was perfect.

However, when I wanted to say something or said anything. I was too late. I opened my eyes and he was gone. All I saw was the tall figure walking through the crowd and away into the exit. I was left to stand there, on the balcony. What was I supposed to think? I was stunned… I was confused…

I'm not sure what to think… What am I supposed to do? … And why do I feel like this?

It's been a week since then… Now I'm unsure. Pepper and I haven't been as close as we wanted and that damn soldier has been on my mind… Why does my heart beat? … and why can't I get him off my mind…?
Round 1

Chapter Notes

Due to demand from my friends, I decided to continue the story. ORIGINALLY it was meant to be a one shot but since my arm was twisted I decided to drag this out in a proper story. Yes- It is longer... and I would like to apologize now for any spelling or grammar mistakes. And also if it is not up to anyone's expectations. I am terrible with sequels or making things generally longer but I had some help and some inspiration... SO I hope everyone enjoys!

*Non POV*

Quietly, Tony sat himself down on the deep red, leather chair. In one hand a cold drink, most likely bourbon. He sat down, the deep auburn eyes staring into the distance of the fantastic view from Stark Towers. The city was dark but the lights sparkled like stars. It was half eleven in the evening, he looked tired and worn… but had no plans of sleeping any time soon.

"Tony, are you sure you do not wish me to call a psychiatrist or a councillor. I am merely your computer."

"And my electronic Journal…”

"One that talks… sir?"

"… You're not making things easy…” Tony replied, raising a brow as he took a long sip of his drink.

"Sorry sir… Shall we begin?"

"Good idea Jarvis."

- *Stark journal, entry 2.3*- 

It happened again. The reason I'm starting a personal journal is because- I don't know. Pepper started some strange therapy crap about talking about things over. So, who better to talk about this then a computerized personality that does everything I say? … So- where do I begin? Ah yes… Fury. Yep, I'm going to complain about that one eyed bastard who is being a bigger pain in my ass then before… Yeah, I don't complain about him too much but I mean- geez.
Yesterday morning I was woken up by a pissed Pepper. She wasn't in the best of moods ever since we had that fight- its long story which I'll leave for another entry… Well, she woke me up to tell me that I had a call from S.H.E.I.L.D. Before I could argue I was greeted by two burly looking chaps who were in my room- truly one of the worst wake up calls I have had… So with a heavy heart and tired as hell, I got dressed and was dragged to the hellicarrier.

After a gruelling half an hour (which of easily been about two minutes if I freaking drove) I was greeted by the familiar sight of the large meeting room. It was a rather comfortable setting if I do say so myself; the sound of machinery and the lights- it felt like home.

Sadly there was no time to make myself comfortable- especially with the welcoming committee.

There to greet me was Thor with his stupidly warm Asgardian mannerisms. That man is far too happy when he isn't dealing with his family problems. Then there was Bruce. Must admit, he's growing on me. Smart and a major part animal! Good in my books.

Across the table were Natasha and Clint. Sitting between them was Steve. He seemed oblivious to my entrance. For some strange reason… this pissed off… But as soon as I greeted Bruce it seemed to catch his attention. I removed the sunglasses I decided to put on that day and our eyes met for a second. Those bright blues, they seemed to glimmer. But we looked at each other for just a second… not a second more… He tore away from our gaze first and I took it as nothing- I took it as a sign that everything that happened merely days ago had been forgotten. I thought that maybe that kiss was just some silly attempt at a joke.

I wasn't laughing…

With a simple push of the thought, I turned to talking to Bruce (with the occasional add in from Thor). That was until Fury decided to show up in his usual bondage leather coat. Always the top of the fashion… Well, he came in with the same one eyed scowl and looked at us as though someone had been murdered. I would hate to see him angry. He might actually look intimidating. Anyway he stood there for a second giving us his 'furious' blank stare. (Heh, see what I did there?) Eventually he came round and began to talk to us- about something I could go on for freaking years.

"Lady and gentlemen. I have called you hear not for a tea party but of because a slight hiccup in our organisation. It seems we have sprung a leak. Early this morning I was woken up with the news we have a mole in the organisation. Someone has started spilling information on our current projects. It seems they are high up in S.H.E.I.L.D and have been hacking into our deepest mainframes- And BEFORE someone can start complaining..." He paused, taking a swift look at me. The cheek- it was almost as though he was implying something about me. Really? The man doesn't trust me anymore. "We have begun to make adjustments and precautions… There is no need to worry."

Well, he said there was no need but the room was already irritable and there was a feeling of discomfort. Especially from Banner, I could see him turn pale then green.

"Before any of you begin running your mouths out- we have already begun coming up with solutions and precautions which can help deal with any unexpected turns of events… But we will need all of your cooperation in order to keep our 'family' safe and sound."

"Will this mean you'll have to put us into hiding?" Steve suddenly spoke, the first time I heard his voice since the party. He looked determined and agitated. But kept that straight and sophisticated posture, his voice never rising beyond a shout. A true solider.

"Thor hides from no one!" The God burst out. Sometimes I think he just likes listening to his own
"Now hold your horses." Fury suddenly spoke, waving a gloved hand around. "I wasn't saying anything about putting you guys into hiding… yet. But what I want to do is make a system which means we can keep an eye on you all in case this threat is looking to cause more trouble than we thought. For all we know this could be a clever journalist rat wanting a good story."

"A clever journalist rat would have just slept with one of your men Fury… A mole is someone who's got the tech. You really are just opening yourself up for some crap- I always offer you Stark techs best security. No one can hack into that." I pointed out so innocently!

"… It's not that we don't trust your security tech Stark… it's just we don't trust you." That just hurt- not trusting me! I only hacked into S.H.E.I.L.D about… three times. Two times were out of the greater good! No one can argue with that! The third… well… I was curious to how Fury got the whole 'eye patch' deal… Never forgave. That man can keep a grudge. Still don't know what's up with that, maybe I'll try again later if I can't sleep.

But the news didn't fit so well. Natasha was more than happy to start prying into the S.H.E.I.L.D system but the big man was having none of it.

"No one will be conducting their own investigation- S.H.E.I.L.D is dealing with it and I will personally find the perpetrator as soon as possible. What I am going to suggest is a system with you all. Seeing that personal details may be at risk, I was going to suggest a 'buddy' system. You know, give you all communicators in order to keep in touch with S.H.E.I.L.D and the rest of the team."

"And you think a simple little radio is going to make that better?" Steve suddenly perked up again. "If there is someone infiltrating S.H.E.I.L.D then shouldn't we be helping? If you have important information on us all then it could be damaging for everyone. Why should we be left out?" He did make a good point. "Colonel, please- I can't sit back and let something like this happen. If there is a leak then I want to help. It's a duty and I wish to protect my friends." Huh, now that I think about it I never thought I would hear Steve call all of us his 'friends'. Sure he called Thor, Bruce and Clint his friends but not me included.

Fury, on the other hand, seemed to be agitated. I'm not sure if it's some stupid pride thing but he was adamant that none of us got involved… which was strange. Very strange… "Stand down soldier… This grievance isn't for any of you to get involved in. I'm only looking out for your interests. What I want you to all do is get into this buddying system and work together- keep an eye on each other's backs… You never know who could be involved in something like this. Come, collect your communicators and then you can leave. Make sure to give each other your whereabouts just in case of an emergency."

And like that, tall, bald and peeved left the room for all of us just to sit and stare like lemons.

"Well… someone's hiding something from us, don't you guys agree?" I suggested.

"Something's fishy and Fury seems to be the one smelling of trouble…" Natasha spoke with a curious glint in her eyes. "Maybe we should investigate anyway- if our own information is involved then S.H.E.I.L.D could be holding something we all don't know about… I'm going to do some checking- Clint, you can help since you know some of the codes. Stark, we may call you in order to hack into the mainframe. It'll be a good chance to test these… things out…"

What we were all given was a small round mobile device. Rather basic in functions, rather primitive if you ask me. All with a symbol of a 'A' for avengers… cute… But I guess they had to make it simple since two of our fine group were technologically-deficient.
Black widow got up from her seat and left—soon followed by Clint. I think those two must be together— it's freaking obvious every time they follow each other like dogs.

Bruce on the other hand seemed nervous about the very situation “… Hey Tony. Can I ask a favour? I know this is going to sound strange, but can I stay at Stark Towers at the time being? Knowing something like this, I can't return to my usual place… I would feel better being in an easily found place where everyone knows rather than being hunted down somewhere where it could get messy.”

Of course I agreed, he's sleeping in one of the other rooms- nice another guy to hang around with. For once I've been able to have a beer and have an intelligent conversation. Now that is one hell of a drinking party! Plus I've been able to spruce up the place so it's a little more 'Hulk friendly'. It was a pain in the ass to get rid of the Loki shaped hole in my floor.

"Well… I'm just going to go blow off some steam… I don't like this one bit…" Steve muttered from behind us and just left- it seemed he didn't want to hang around. It was then I could tell something was bothering and already feared why…

Thor, Bruce and I were the only ones left and seemed a little loss for what to do. For some reason the Asgardian poster boy was worried for the ex-soldier and suggested we followed him to see if he was okay. I didn't particularly want to go but Thor is very persuasive… even without the extra hammer flying around.

So, with a little bit 'updating' to our communicators, I was able to use mine as a locator. So, all three of us followed Steve's signal…

Eventually we ended up in his delightful little hide away- someone in the depths of New York (wow, such camouflage!) in the deepest parts of the back city. It was disguised behind a Jewish deli and done up like something out of a bad war movie. Then again, it seemed Steve was more than happy in such a… basic… environment. He didn't even notice us walking into room.

Punch after punch after punch… The poor punching bag didn't stand a chance. Steve Rogers truly is something to watch though… he had removed his jacket and had his hands bandaged- most likely to protect them but why? He was a super human; he wouldn't be able to feel a simple punch would he? His fists continued to fly, each punch made the bag ripple, we could all hear the chain hanging from the ceiling groan and ache like some poor guy was taking each of Steve's quick attacks.

Something bothered him big time and the poor punching bag was his target for release.

With a final right hook- it suddenly whipped across the room and burst into the room, only to rain the stuffing and crap all across the floor. That was when Steve finally turned around once Thor decided to make his entrance by handing Steve another punching bag.

"What are you guys doing here- how did you find me?" He seemed pretty surprised and yet there was a look of frustration in his eyes.

I just held up the communicator- it didn't sink in, he just looked blankly. "I used it to follow your signal and here we all are— Thor was having a counselling moment and wanted us to come check on you. But it seems you're pretty much fine knocking the crap out of… those things you call punching bags."

"I'm not in the mood for games Tony… and I'm fine... I don't need checking on... thanks anyway gentlemen..." Steve turned and took the punching bag Thor was offering to him- I was more than
happy to make a move but Thor just seemed as stubborn as always so he decided to intervene.…

"It is obvious you are not fine my friend- you are frustrated. Anger… It is rare to see you like that even in the short amount of time we have spent on this earth. There must be something wrong." The large blonde lug placed his hand on Steve's shoulder but it seemed Captain America accepted this little sign of 'friendship' and smiled slightly. Stupid smile… The man just sighed and shook his head.

"I'm just angry with Fury… personal things you guys don't wanna hear…"

"Then if you shall not tell us then we shall stay and help cheer you up. Fury recommended we 'get to know each other' so we shall stay and give you company until you feel better."

"Maybe we should get some drinks?" Bruce suggested – a good idea I must say.

"Of course!" Thor bellowed, raising his arms like an idiot. "I and Bruce shall go find u the best drinks even Asgard will be proud of! Stark! You shall stay and keep our friend happy. Come Bruce! We must be quick!" With that, poor Bruce was dragged away, not looking too bothered mind you. Seems Bruce has been the only one who has adjusted to all of us. For the most surreal out of us all he seems to be the most easily adjustable.

Steve didn't even bat an eyelid at the suggestion and just adjusted the wrapping around his hands and turned to proceed to punch the raggedy gym equipment.

Soon enough Thor and Bruce were gone, leaving me to just stand and watch the soldier train. At first I was quiet, standing from a far with my hands in my pockets. Not that I was complaining about the… overly friendly atmosphere but it felt as though things were much more difficult than normal. Much more 'angsty' like one of those annoying chick flicks. I mean seriously- I've seen pissed people before but Steve in a mood is just… freaky.

Soon, it became clear none of us could think properly and I eventually pulled off my coat, tossed it to the side and walked over to the punching bag. I stood on the opposite side to where Steve was pummelling it and eventually peeked my head round the corner to try and catch his attention.

He looked at me once- those bright blue eyes glaring and glimmering with a lot of emotions. And sweat….

"So…." I started, unsure where to begin. "How many poor and defenceless punching bags are you going to murder before you decide to spill the beans on mister grumpy face?"

He took another look at me, a less then amused look in his eyes. "A lot…" He muttered, taking a forceful 'wack' to the bag. I even felt it. I stood there, holding it steady while he continued to 'let off steam'. To be honest, I think he was imagining it as me… charming.

"Oh? So you think punching a bag will help you feel better? Is there something on your mind? Ya know- I might not be the best listeners but you could at least tell me…" Still no reply, just more senseless punching. So… I changed my tactics and went for the more- subtle approach. "It was about the party wasn't it?"

This didn't bode well…

Steve froze for a second, his eyes unwavering as I saw a slight pink on his cheeks. He was blushing again. For a second he gulped, I saw his adam's apple bob with uncertainty and he pulled away from the punching bag and just cracked his knuckles.
"Why would I think about that? It was just a… joke. Nothing to worry about."

"Well you're worried about it now…"

"I'm not…" His voice was a little more stern this time.

"And it wasn't a joke if it's bothering you- because for one thing- It's freaking bothering me. Ever since you decided to pull off your so called 'joke'. I can't stop thinking about it. I can see you're worried about it but your just being stubborn- that same god damn outdated stubbornness! And I want to know why…"

The man just glared at me for a second and just turned away to walk over to his lockers. I wasn't in the best of moods either. It was then I looked around, trying to find something which could help me think- something that could perhaps get him to damn talk… That was when inspiration struck.

I quickly ran to the small and dingy boxing ring in the corner of the room. I leapt beneath the ropes and grabbed one of the towels hanging over the side. And through it at him.

Luckily this caught his attention as he turned to look at me. I just held my fists up.

"Alright then! If it's going to be like that then get your super human butt in this ring and I'll beat it out of you!"

At first he thought it was a joke- but I was being serious! If Steve wanted to be a pain in my ass then I was going to be a pain in his!

"Tony… I'm not going to fight you like that… if you had your suit it would be more of a fair fight…"

"Who said I'm not good without my suit? Come on pretty boy! Show me some of your outdated moves- I can put up a fight! Perhaps you'll burn off more steam punching me rather than some defenceless and useless piece of equipment. Come on Steve- chicken?"

Finally, after some more threats and terms, Steve eventually gave in. He sighed loudly, tightened the fabric on his hands and climbed into the ring. He looked at me for a moment, smoothing back his golden locks and got into a comfortable fighting position.

"Fine… one round and then you stop annoying me."

"Deal… Now come on lycra boy… Let's dance~"

Well- when he said he was going to take it 'easy on me'. He was freaking joking… He was the first to make a move and it certainly was fast… Luckily I dodged- barely. But was able to make a swing. I punched his chin but he didn't even flinch! He just winced and took another bout at me. Like before, I was able to make a good move and decided to move onto some dirty handed tricks- a little kick boxing.

As he pulled one arm back for a left hook, he slipped to the floor, hooked my foot behind one of his ankles and pulled- luckily making him fall backwards. But this didn't go well- not when he grabbed my shin.

"Cheater-" He grumbled.

"Winner." I just replied happily. "Brought you to the mat first~ Gotta learn how to play the rules of today."
Steve just frowned and grasped my arm, twisting it behind my back and pushing me down into the ring. I mean really! And I thought I could play dirty! I gave a protest but Steve kept me there, sitting on my legs but not in an uncomfortable way.

"I already have…” He grumbled. "Clint showed me 'pro wrestling'…”

Note to self… hit Clint for that…

"Wonderful… You're not going to run around half naked and start shouting abuse about red necks are you?"

This just confused him and he sighed, loosening his grip on my hand but didn't let go none-the-less. With a sigh, I tried to lift my head, looking over my shoulder as I grinned- at least tried to.

"So… Going to tell me why you're being 'Mr Grumpy America' today?"

"You didn't 'beat' it out of me.” He returned a slightly more relaxed grin on his face. But I returned one in just the same manor. Instead I wriggled, kicking my legs until I was able to grab his shirt with my free hand. I tugged and pulled, hoping he would give me some moment to get the upper hand.

I think he realised this, I felt him tense before relaxing, enabling myself to roll on-top of him and eventually pin him- which was odd… seeing I wouldn't be able to freaking push him to the ground without my suit…

Steve laid there; I kept my hands beside his head and sat on his stomach.

"Is this better?"

"… It's a little more comfortable- but you still haven't beaten me yet."

Well- that was tempting… I was getting that annoying feeling again as I stared at him… He just looked at me as though I was going to hit him… I even raised a hand- sure I wanted to punch him but I didn't think it would make me feel any better… So I put down my hand, grabbed his nose and twisted as hard as I can.

Steve did give a sound of discomfort and just glared at me.

"Why did you do that?"

"Consider it as me making myself feel better- if you don't give me the information I need I'll do it again and I won't let go…” It was a threat, a pathetic one but a threat none the less. Whatever I did wasn't going to hurt him much- I thought 'why not?'

However he suddenly reverted back into himself again. That same frown and that look of hopelessness… which pissed me off. Steve looked suddenly uncomfortable and just laid there, eyesight pulling from mine.

I finally had it by now…

I grabbed his hands and tightened my grip around his wrists.

"That is it… I have had it up to here with these games- why won't you tell me!"

He was a little surprised- and yes… I did raise my voice… Sue me…
But it worked- now that I think about it… kinda wished it didn't….

"It's because of you." He plainly replied, still not looking at me. I still wasn't satisfied with his answer and continued to push on, I held onto him and just stared at him in hopes the answer I got was satisfactory…. I'm a genius and I was so stupid to what the hell was going on… Freaking IQ over normal standards and I'm the one made to look the fool…

"What about me…?" I asked, loosening my grip. If he had a problem with- well- me then I couldn't help that.

He paused, took a moment to breath and looked back up like a American themed puppy.

"I like you."

"Well yeah… I seem to have that effect on everyone…"

"No Tony." He stopped me, taking the moment to push upwards so he was sat up- and I in his lap. "I really like you…. And I don't know why- and I can't believe I'm saying it to your face- are you happy now?"

Well- that made me quiet… it explained a few things… but still… even now I am confused out of my freaking mind… What made it worse was Thor and Bruce (with their PERFECT timing) decided to return with beer after Steve's so called 'confession'. It felt as though I was on Jerry freaking Springer… I wasn't sure what to do… Maybe it was because of shock? Or the fact Thor and Bruce were standing there- staring at me, straddling Steve's lap while Steve was as red a beet root.

Either way- It ended with me actually punching him square in the face and pretending I had beaten him at fighting and grabbed a beer- Thor WAS going to say something but I must of given him a look that even made him quiet.

Steve on the other hand just got up and pretended nothing ever happened- like hell I was going to mention anything in front of those two… and since then, it's just been quiet. Sure Thor wanted to hang around, so we did for a couple of hours but I managed to weasel my way out of there without having to talk to Steve…. Sure- call me a heartless bastard… but was I supposed to say?

Instead- I left and nothing much was heard about the so called 'leak'… But at least I have had company with Bruce around… Pepper hasn't been… you know, because of the whole argument thing… at least it's been quiet…

Ugh… perhaps I should try for sleep again this evening… Perhaps tomorrow I'll try and get more answers…

Heh…If that's possible…
Well... Third installation to 'Just a Kiss Goodnight'. I tried more emotion, if it worked then hooray! If not- then damn haha. And yet again, I hope you all enjoy. Third times the charm (I hope! ) Enjoy.

*Non POV*

"God dammit- when did it come down to things when people had to whisper in their own homes?" Tony hissed to himself as he strutted through the quickly brightening room. His steps were fast and quick, each step like a childish stomp. He was quick to slam the poor glass doors- a small 'beep' to signal it had been locked. High security of course. "Jarvis, sound proof this room- all cameras on the hallway- If one of them hear this I swear I will personally throw them off of this building. Fuck going 'Hulk'- no one's seen me go 'Tony Stark' on someone's ass!"

The man continued his mutters as he dove to his personal collection of spirits, pulling out a glass with two ice cubes and a nice helping of whisky. The drink didn't last long as the man knocked it back with one smooth motion. A small sigh of relief passed the moist lips while Tony enjoyed the few seconds of hot relief which shot down his throat.

"Right… where was I?" He asked to the ceiling.

"Be careful sir- Your blood pressure is rising... And you were once again starting a rather interesting rant about your team."

"That's right!" Stark spoke waving a hand in the air, while he refilled his glass and strutted to a spare work stool next to a car-part strewn table. "And there is one in particular I'm going to bitch about until the cows come home." The man informed his computer while he nursed his drink. As Jarvis was about to reply, his auburn eyes turned to a picture frame. Immediately he picked it up and placed it facing down on the table.

It was a picture of Pepper.

"Oh wonderful sir…" Jarvis replied, bringing up screens. On each screen were the past couple of 'journal' entries. Tony merely took a quick glance at them and took a sip this time. He cleared his throat and took a small breath to prepare himself- it was going to be a long one- his heart was still thumping thick and fast, his blood racing through his veins. He was angry…
Well- this is the big deal- and how shit went down WAY too soon for me… Anyway, this morning- Fury once again dropped a wonderful bombshell- he left four team mates on my doorstep with a couple of S.H.E.I.L.D's most grumpiest looking agents I have ever seen. They turned up with a lovely note from Fury… Apparently the situation back at S.H.E.I.L.D had become less then 'workable' in Fury's eyes… Eye. SO he took the best damn idea he had! Set the avengers up with a hide out and who was the lucky so-and-so to do that? ME! Yes! Set up the avengers in Stark towers. NO ONE will go looking for them there!

He is supposed to be the leader of one of the world's most successful organisations in justice. And here he is putting the world's greatest heroes in such a stupid (but utterly amazing) hideout- which is practically has our names all over it! … Well MY name all over it. Now he expects me to look after all of them. Sure, he couldn't have chosen a safer place both literally and electronically. But it's still a freaking liberty he went and chose my place at least… He even had the cheek to tell me to be a good host. I am ALWAYS a good host! I provide drinks and the best tech anyone can get their hands on! And I'm sorry if I always get a little tipsy, it's a trademark! Man can't even sort a simple hacking problem… and expect me to behave- he should be thanking his lucky stars I had enough space to accommodate that group. Since Pepper decided to visit her parents because she wanted a 'break' I have plenty of room! Hmph…

So- on that wonderful afternoon I was once again surrounded by my 'team mates'. No one was sure how long they would need to stay here with me so they all had clothes. The person with the most luggage was Bruce- I gave him one of the bigger rooms (and the most heavily protected- I ain't going to let Hulk make another person shape crater in my floors again). Then Natasha, Clint and Thor brought enough. Then there was… Steve. He brought his things- I gave him a room to sleep in, that was it... He didn't say anything to me so I didn't say anything to him.

No! I was not being rude! He didn't say anything so I didn't- it's not like I haven't been thinking about his little 'I like you' school girl moment… I don't know what to say. We haven't spoken since then… and…

I'm kinda going off topic… Once everyone was settled in, I spent most of the day with Bruce yet of course everyone soon got hungry. We ordered pizza and we all ended up sitting in the main room looking like some teenage slumber party.

Thor, Clint and Natasha took up the sofas surrounding the table and pizza while Bruce sat on the floor, not eating much really while Clint and Thor seemed to catch themselves in an eating competition. Bad mistake for the poor Robin Hood wanna-be. I never saw four pizzas disappear so quickly. I was glad I didn't make a bet with Natasha otherwise that would have been a lot of money out of the window… For all of the evening I kinda hung back, just like Steve. We didn't go near each other; we didn't even sit near each other. All there was were the occasional glances. I had no idea what was going through his mind and I didn't know what to think all together.

What am I to think… It's not every day one of the world's biggest heroes walks up to me and says 'hey I like you!'. Go on- tell me what I should have said! Wait- don't…

But… about seven, Thor decided he wanted to be 'entertained'. So Clint asked about Asgard and
Thor began discussing the sort of ceremonies they used to have. Which was a very interesting conversation.

"In Asgard we would have magnificent feasts and ceremonies! We would have food spread as far as the eye could see!" Thor began, waving around a beer, spilling some on the white sofa- I'm so glad it's self-cleaning fabric. "We would spend days upon days feasting until we could not move- and dance until the sun itself was eager to rest and even continued our celebrations in the beauty of the moon's gaze! Women would ask us to dance; we would ask women- oh anyone with legs would dance. Ah, it almost wants to make me dance- Stark! Where is the music!"

"What would you prefer? Techno or heavy metal?"

I love seeing the sheer mind power suddenly come to a hault in Thor's eyes- it's hilarious! Even Steve looked lost for a moment! Oh, I should have filmed it; it makes me smile even now. Heh. But after a few seconds of thinking, I decided to put Thor out of his misery and decided to put the system on shuffle.

The first song was a simple one, more atmospheric music Pepper enjoyed- then it came to something Steve seemed to like. I even saw him tap his foot. With that change of tune, Thor decided to show some of his 'Asgardian' moved… Kinda wish he didn't, it was pretty embarrassing… But it brought up the move. Clint almost choked on his beer, Natasha was encouraging them, heck, and Bruce was even giving the odd clap.

To be honest… Even I was pretty 'entertained'. Stupid idiots, here I thought I was the crazy one.

"You! Captain! Come, dance! I have heard you speaking of dancing before. Maybe now is a good time to go and show your marvellous skills!"

Immediately Cap receded back into that star spangled shell. He looked pale and shook his head, unsure of what to say or do. Eventually he placed his hands up in surrender and smiled nervously. "No, I'll be terrible. I have two left feet." He began, excuses stuttering from his lips. "I… can't remember the last time I danced… I promised someone a long time ago and haven't danced since. Haven't had time to."

"No one says no to the God of Thunder." Thor stated, placing a large hand on the Captain's shoulder. "Why not dance with me then?" Now the face Cap' made… was freaking GOLD. Oh- DAMMIT Jarvis- you really should film them! Or remind me! Ha! Oh- Fantastic. Anyway *ahem* Steve continued to try and argue with tall, thunderous and blonde but it was funny as hell none-the-less. They argues for a couple of moments before Natasha decided to jump in on this fight.

I'm surprised Clint didn't shoot Steve through the eye with an arrow…

The woman jumped to her feet as she grasped Steve's hand, almost tossing him off the sofa. "That's it, I've had enough of you lot complaining. Come on Steve, at least dance with me and let's shut up Thor for the rest of the evening?" Who could say no to Natasha? I mean, I would more than happily throw myself off a building for someone like her- sadly, I think Clint has a thing for her. I've seen the way he stares- that guy is completely smitten. If he was cupid he would have shot an arrow through her heart already. Even if Hawkeye is annoying, he can be a pretty tough opponent. Just- don't let him know I said that… I wouldn't hear the end of it for weeks…

Steve, the big lug he really is, didn't say no… in fact he looked almost relieved. He still looked nervous though. It was… kinda cute. It looked like a sister trying to teach her big, jock brother to walk. It was brilliant. Shame Natasha couldn't dance for the life of her either… It seemed she was more used to someone leading her. I mean seriously, sure she looked good doing anything but
teaching someone to dance! Wow- it was a painful site.

"Come on…. Call that a dance? What are you trying to do? Teach him the waltz or combat training?"

Maybe there are sometimes I should keep my mouth shut.

Natasha turned on her heels, those fiery eyes complementing her bright red hair. She placed her hands on her hips, only wearing a vest and jeans. "Oh- so does Mr Stark think he can do better?" She asked, stomping her way over to me. I barely had time to even say anything before I was hauled out of my seat! "If you think you can do better- then YOU teach Steve!" She shoved me against the stiff military man.

For a second I and he just looked at one another. I must have looked as damn shocked as he did… We stood there awkwardly for a second before I looked back at the rest of the team. Clint looked as though he wanted to say something, he was trying his best not to laugh- Thor just looked like an excited kid, Bruce looked the same and Natasha just looked at us smugly.

I could of easily of said no… but when I looked at Steve for a second time… he looked… hopeful. Sure there was a glimmer of utter shock and fright but in those stupidly sweet blue eyes… he looked like he wanted to dance. Ugh- I sound like some chick novel.

I should really report this to Fury- bullying at work this is!

Anyway- after a few more seconds, the music seemed to change to an old ballad I had hidden in my 'guilty pleasure' collection. Everyone has one, even me, the great Tony Stark. Since my back was against a wall and fate was against me I decided to take this opportunity- at least this would give me a good excuse to do a little… experimenting. I call it 'Tony Stark's test to finding if your man really likes you'. I wanted to take the opportunity to see if Steve wasn't just messing with me, I know he can't make a joke to save his life but… I wasn't going to just dance with Steve for no reason… I wanted to know- what better way to do that by getting up close and personal? If this was some sort of crappy joke then at least I would have been able to foil his plans in front of the whole team.

So with a shrug of my shoulders and a grin on my lips, I grabbed Steve's hands and turned to him. "Sure- I'll teach you how to dance spandex boy. Just listen to the master of the dance and you'll be shaking your hips like a pro in no time."

"I'm not sure if this is a good idea Tony…" Steve spoke, looking at me with a look of worry.

"Of course it would be a good idea, it could be VERY beneficial~ now, be a good boy and just let daddy do all the talking kay?" First of all, I was going to try out all of his reactions. If he ended up laughing like hell then I would know he was faking… I almost hoped he was faking… "First of all… you need to get into the best standing position- the way you were holding Natasha was all wrong. It was like you were trying to hold some weird blow up doll… Here, let me help you." I took his hand in my left and with his right I placed it right on that perfect backside of mine~

He lit up quicker than a Christmas tree. His hand twitched, I felt him tense in my hand and his eyes waivered, unsure where to look. Strangely adorable. Innocent- and he's freaking ninety.

"Whoops- sorry about that- place your hand here."

"Okay- stand up straight, straighter then that! You're a soldier! Geez, here I thought you
guys were easy to teach." I was able to put him into a good position; our chests were pressed against one another, our hands clasped. I could feel his heart racing against mine; even the arc reactor seemed to fit perfectly between us.

Not one thing did he say, instead he stood and watched with the same uncertain eyes. I just looked but for a second before turning my eyes down to our feet.

"Not one second you look at your feet, and I will ONLY SAY THIS ONCE… I will act the woman- follow my lead and then do what I do- just don't look at your feet. Watch my face and then you'll be dancing on the famous dancing shows."

"Not funny Tony…" He grumbled, taking in a swift breath- I swear I heard the rest of the room do the same. Taking a breath. Waiting for something. It was strange- little did I know of their plight in this plot… sneaky bastards… traitors all of them. Well… Natasha anyway. She was in on this.

I gave him a smirk and as soon as the next song turned on, we began to dance… I… actually danced with Captain America… It still sounds so surreal… And all I can think about was how happy he actually looked…. Not once did he step on my feet. Not once did he make a mistake. Instead he was like some prince charming. Like some night out of a fairetyale, the perfect FREAKING prince!

Someone perfect…. Someone… too good for someone like me…

B-Beside- I didn't think about what he had said before. Not once. (Well, nothing I would admit.) Dammit… He wouldn't know- I won't let him know.

Sorry- where were we again? Oh yeah. So we were dancing. The waltz. Which he did pretty well. It was a slow dance, I know how to dance it, I'm just more use to the ol' bump and grind if you know what I mean. Heh. But as we danced it felt so strange. As if it was only me and him. He swept me off my feet. I think it was just his strength. But every step he made was smooth; the way he moved was perfect. It was like dancing with a professional.

I completely forgot the team was watching.

Well, I did realise when it came to the end of the song.

As the music came to a halt, I was left standing there, still in Steve's grip. I didn't realise I was staring. Our eyes were glued together. I can't remember what happened but I was lost. Those deep blue eyes, they were sparkling. Not once did they waver from me like all of the other times and I couldn't look away either. It was like staring into the arc reactor. It felt horrible just imagining looking away. Hypnotized. Utterly hypnotic.

"Well- looks like you two make the perfect couple." Natasha finally spoke up. It was like fingernails to the chalk board. Both Steve and I immediately blinked looking as we both had been smacked in the face. I didn't know what to do- I pushed him off me and cleared my throat, bringing back my suave demeanour like that.

"C-Couple?" Steve stammered, still looking shocked. "Tony is in a relationship- I mean- why would we want to be a couple- I mean- I…" The idiot went quiet and I just stood there. How was I supposed to justify that? He looked genuinely flustered like some school girl and her crush. "You shouldn't make jokes like that- Tony's got Pepper."

He continued to babble like some idiot, going on about relationships and about Pepper. Ugh, I hate it when people don't get their cards straight and the way he was going on about me just got on my
nerves. Maybe it was because he was mumbling or- he was trying so best to make me sound like some hero- why? Hmph, then he started going on about how relationships and couples were 'important'. He dosen't freaking know. He's a ninety year old virgin! I mean really? He's giving ME advice when he can't come out and say his feelings? Call me a damn hypocrite but he has no right of knowing what I or Pepper want.

"Oh just shut up!" I shouted. "This isn't the damn forties anymore. Get with the times Steve, nothing's all roses and candy anymore! Me and Pepper are through and you're just getting on my nerves with your stupid Prince Charming act!"

Maybe there was another reason I exploded… Just something about him made me want to scream… something inside- here, my chest… It's not pain just… Fucking frustration. Why does he have to be so Mr Perfect all the time?

Well- the room fell silent anyway. I thought Natasha was going to punch me, Thor actually was quiet, Bruce seemed to keep his mouth shut and I think Clint was prepared to take cover behind the sofa.

"… Tony- what's wrong?"

"… Nothing… Just… nothing- go back to your pizzas and beer…" I tried to brush him off, making a quick run for it in the other room. He was quick to follow and before I could close the door, he managed to slip in behind me and close it there.

I was about to tell him to get the hell out but he was quick to clasp a hand over my mouth. There was a fire in his eyes- a mixture of pain, frustration and annoyance. I hadn't seen something like that since battling Loki. But it was directed at me- I was the cause of those feelings.

Steve looked at me; standing straight like the solider he was and stared at me for a few seconds like he was trying to think.

"That's it Stark… We talk and we talk now. What was that about and why the hell won't you speak to me anymore? Now, I'm going to let you speak but I want you to speak to me like a normal person. No more running, no more excuses. I want to talk."

Slowly he lowered his hand from my mouth and stepped back from me. Well, I was trapped in my own room. Where was I supposed to go and what was I to say? I'm not good at this damn mushy stuff. You should know Jarvis.

Soon enough I decided to say something- he was right after all. "Well… what do you want me to say? What do you want me to do? Come out and say something stupidly romantic like one of your 'gals' back when you were in the forties?" I asked, staring at him as though he could give me the answers. "You're the one going around acting like this is some old romance movie. I'm just tired of you going around acting as like some teenager!"

"I'm not the one acting like a teenager- it's you Tony! You won't speak to me, when I do you just seem distant and blank, you won't even look at me unless you do it on your own accord."

"Only because I thought this was some stupid attempt at a joke- if it still is then I'm not laughing!" I spat back. I wanted it to be a joke. I REALLY wanted it to be a joke.

"I told you something personal and you act as though it's nothing. Don't you have a heart Stark?"

Well… he said it… I didn't… Captain fucking obvious…
"Yeah… your right…" I muttered, unsure of how quiet I was talking. "I don't… I'm made of fucking metal…"

I must have looked like some stupid puppy. Immediately his face changed. I had never heard him say anything like that. Sure he had tried to make himself sound intimidating but I never heard him say anything too personal. But he was right… My heart is made of metal… And it even has rust… but's a heart none-the-less. I saw his blue eyes linger and change from fiery to fright.

It was a nice change.

"Tony I-

"Don't Steve just… leave me alone. I know your feelings now. Sorry I'm not Monroe or your wartime sweet heart… I'm Tony Stark… Man of metal… like you said… I have no heart." I didn't want to be in that room anymore. There was too much pain in his eyes for me to handle.

Maybe I was too harsh- maybe I was childish- but it's better that way and don't you DARE tell me otherwise Jarvis!

You've seen me before and I've done it to enough people. Pepper was the last straw- Steve dosen't deserve it- No one deserves that.

I… Dammit! … *thump* Ow- my freaking hand… Steve doesn't deserve this from me. He's too perfect. Too good… He's a good guy. He shouldn't like someone like me. He shouldn't like me who would go and make regret. Someone you'll always have doubts about.

Steve deserves better.

He doesn't like someone like me.

He shouldn't like someone like me…

I don't deserve it… I didn't deserve Pepper and I don't deserve someone like Steve. There. I said it. Happy now? Is everyone happy?

… What was that? Jarvis- No- Don't let him in here! Dammit- S-Steve get out-!

- *Stark journal, entry 3.1 Paused*-
The Proposal

Chapter Notes

Well, this is the fourth chapter. I hope that everyone will forgive the shortness of this chapter- I don't mean to make it appeared rushed. However I hope you all enjoy and will hope the next installment can make things a lot more clearer and with a bit more push. Enjoy!

*Non POV*

"What was that?" Tony suddenly asked, holding a bruised hand in the other as his head snapped up at the sound of shuffling feet. He spun on his heels, bright and shocked auburn eyes stared at a surprised Steve. "Jarvis- No- Don't let him in here!" The man continued to shout, looking up as soon as Steve went to walk forward. "Dammit- S-Steve get out-!"

As Tony began to rant, the soldier stood there quietly as he dared not to step closer.

"Tony- just listen to me before- "

"I said get out-!" Tony grunted as he waved one hand, only to hold it back once more with a small hiss. It didn't take the soldier much to notice the bruised limb.

"You hurt yourself- what did you do?"

"The wall attacked my hand- what do you think?"

Steve frowned as he watched the billionaire philanthropist look so- hurt. There was a somewhat naughty feeling of delight to know he was seeing something no other would see and yet this pang of hurt and worry continued to strike.

What was there to say? Both were stubborn and Tony was the definition of stubbornness.

With a deep sigh, the blonde cleared his throat and trotted forward. He strutted towards Tony, holding himself high with his soldier training. A hand reached out and grabbed he man's elbow before Ironman could make one more daring escape.

Tony grunted in disapproval and tried to pull his arm from the super soldier's grip- yet it was too strong. Not painful just strong. "Let… go."

Little did Tony know what Steve would do. He stared in surprised as the blonde straighten out Tony's arm, holding the bruised knuckles to his lips and kissed it tenderly. Not one word dared to pass Tony's lips. Instead he stood, staring. Looking so shocked. So confused. So… uncertain. God damnit Steve…
"... I heard what you said earlier."

A look of sheer fear flashed over the raven haired man's face. His eyes suddenly widened before falling back to the natural pondering glimmer.

"And I don't agree with you one bit... You deserve someone no matter what."

"Oh just shut up..." Tony grumbled, stubbornly looking down to his feet. "I'm not Mr Perfect... you are... stupid muscle boy and your damn spandex..."

A small smile perked on the perfect lips. Rogers was unsure of what he could do to make Stark look his way- Tony was a playboy, he was a man of money, luxury and power. And yet he struggles so much to come to terms with wanting something more. Was he so used to one night stands that he only knew one night and one night only? What was wrong with giving it a go?

"... Will you listen to me now?"

There was a small grunt in reply, barely a look, just another testing tug to see if the man had loosened his grip. Still no let up.

"Why won't you talk to me? Are you too stubborn?"

"Do I look like the sort of person who talks about this?"

"Clearly not- Is everyone this awkward now-a-days?" Steve asked with a small smile. He got a slight look in reply and immediately he grinned. Of course he could tell Tony was in no mood for joking. Instead his grip began to loosen... "Then just listen to this... I know you have your own issues to deal with, I have my own and it's difficult enough to adapt to this new culture without falling for someone again. But- I want you to know, even if you don't want to say anything to me now I'll be willing to talk with you when you are. I just want to let you know that... You're not as bad as you make out to be, everything I've said before- just some nasty attempt to annoy you and I'm sorry for that... You- know where to find me if you do want to talk."

The captain released his grip and took a small step back. Quietly, he stared at Tony for a second to see if he would react or talk. There was nothing for the time being. With a small smile, Steve turned, slowly beginning to head back to the glass doors like a dog with his tail between its legs.

Before he could reach the door, Tony spoke up- "Wait." He spoke, quick to follow with quick strides. This time it was his turn to grab Steve's elbow. He grabbed the man's arm. The captain turned on his heels and stared down at the quiet millionaire.

"Tony?"

Without another word, the man pulled, yanking Steve down until they were face to face. Tony stared, the usually sharp brown eyes wavering. That was, until they closed as their lips suddenly lost their distance. Captain America was taken back-

Tony Stark was kissing him this time.

The kiss itself was far different from how Steve kissed him those few days ago- it was eager, it was desperate it was passionate. Even if it lasted just those few seconds Steve understood the mixed emotions lingering in his friends' mind. The soldier slowly lowered his shoulders and raised a hand, his long fingers caressing a stubbled cheek as he returned every piece of emotion in that one kiss.
Soon Tony pulled away, eyes turned down and lingering with shame and confusion. Steve didn't say anything. Instead they stood there. In silence. Uncertain of what they were to do or what to say…

Instead Steve decided to do something he considered was needed. Especially at a time like this. Slowly, he wrapped his arms around the confused Stark. Pulling the slightly smaller male into his larger frame. The man stiffened in Steve's arm but continued to remain silent.

*What am I doing…* Tony thought, staring into Steve's shirt. *.. This is just ridiculous…. He's as stubborn as me… Are all frozen super soldier's like this? Dammit Steve. Fucking dammit…* The man narrowed his eyes and curled his fingers tight into the other's shirt.

"Are you going to stand here all night like this…?" He muttered into Steve's shirt.

"Hmm, if it will make you look happier then yes."

"Hmph…." Little did Tony know of how long they stood there. It felt like hours. The night was yet to melt by but all they did was stand there. They seemed to know very little of how little each other knew of these moments- of these feelings. There was much to learn and so much Tony needed to overcome before welcoming the chance at being happy with someone like Steve. But for once… he was happy. He felt at peace.

Eventually, there was movement in Steve's arms. The millionaire shifted his feet, raising his head as he stared into the curious blue eyes which looked back.

"You know… for a crush… I'm a pretty bad choice."

"Why would you say that?"

"… You've seen it with me and Pepper… I'm not good with relationships. I'm an ass and everyone knows it. I like being around loud music and apparently I'm a noisy sleeper. Plus… I've been told many times I'm not trust worthy… You're a good guy Steve- you need someone to rely on." The man admitted with a heavy sigh yet with a hint of his old humor lingering on the tone of his voice.

A gentle chuckle followed, a small smile curling on the soft lips of the soldier. "Trust is something you gain from someone you can trust yourself. Sure you are an ass, can't argue with that, but you are reliable- sure you can be grumpy and a little head strong, oh and your music is pretty scary turned up."

"Is this suppose to make me feel better?"

"… Sorry. What I'm saying is- no one is perfect. You call me 'Mr Perfect' but I'm not… I- I barely know how to speak to women- I've lost everyone I once knew and with the help of Fury and the Avengers I have learnt more about myself then I thought I would back in the forties. How about… We make a deal. Scientists like to experiment, right?" Steve asked as a glimmer of hope twinkled in his eyes.

Tony showed a small grimace of worry as soon as Steve's eyes began to shine. "… Go on…"

"How about a trial run?" The man asked curiously, hoping the offer sounded interesting. "How about we try being 'together' until this mess with S.H.E.I.L.D is over? "

*Okay… I'm freaking dreaming aren't I? *"You mean- Ironman… and Captain America- acting as a couple… As in all that, hugging and kissing and… all that other stuff? What about the rest of the guys? I ain't explaining that to Thor."
"Well- when no one's around? We could try it- maybe we may find something- maybe we could be just…"

"Confused?"

"Is that what they call it nowadays?" Steve asked curiously.

_Yep… This is a dream._ "Apparently…. But…" _Should I? _"Who am I to put down a test run? Fine Cap', I'll accept the offer." _Maybe this will give me a chance to get rid of him- give him a chance to get out while he still can._ Tony looked back, a glimmer of that infamous smirk lingering on his lips. "Good thing you're a virgin, otherwise this would have been ten times more awkward." He snickered in return.

Ah, there it was. That look. That look that made Tony stop and stare. Those blue eyes which glimmered in such delight and happiness which made the world look dull. For a moment Tony could of sword he felt Steve's heart flutter against his chest.

Was he that happy?

"Then it's a deal."

"It's a date." Tony smirked, giving the captain a wink.

Even Steve seemed to brush the suggestive message off with his smile. Those arms were quick to tighten, his hands stroking down the curve of the man's back and his heart continued to flutter with a childish delight. But without complaint, the billionaire found his arms wrapped around the thick neck, chest-to-chest with Steve and his mind oddly peaceful.

Maybe this wasn't such a bad set up after all?

"But- even though I'm enjoying this little 'one-to-one' I would like to sit down somewhere, maybe have a lie down since it is getting past your bedtime." Tony whispered into Steve's ear. The soldier merely thought this through, not yet answering. It was obvious that he was thinking of something but Tony did not bother to question. "Maybe we should get some sleep… all of this… emotional tension is starting to make me tired. There's a lot I need to think about."

Steve loosened his grip on their hug, a slight look of understanding and disappointment soon appearing on his face. Yet with a small intake of breath, he nodded, the blonde locks bouncing slightly as his cheeks began to redden in warmth.

"Oh- of course- I understand. It's been a pretty long evening." He spoke, giving Tony an apologetic smile. "I'll let you go and get some rest."

Once Steve had moved away, there was a sudden feeling of loneliness which was almost painful. The millionaire straightened his shirt and glanced at his bruised knuckles. Nothing to worry about. With a smile, he looked back at his 'temporary' partner.

"Good night Cap." He spoke, giving the man a wink.

Yet Steve had a different idea to a goodnight farewell. The man approached and smiled so sweetly. His hand lifted and stroked through the brilliant raven hair, brushing some locks from the auburn eyes. "Good night Tony." He cooed much more softly, a reflection of the differences they had. The soldier took a moment to lean down, lips brushing over the man's cheek and leaving Tony to stand there for a few seconds longer. "See you in the morning."
With a turn of his heel, the soldier was once again walking away from Tony. Only to disappear through the glass doors and up the stairs, to his temporary bedroom, a spring in his step.

Left to himself, Tony stood there and stared, auburn eyes just staring at the empty space which Steve once stood. Where that man who had stolen his words just seconds ago. He sighed and turned his head away, sitting himself down on the sofa as he ran his fingers through his hair and began to massage his forehead.

"Jarvis- I will like to continue my entry…"

---

So it seems my thoughts from before have changed. Ironman and Captain America are now on a 'trial relationship'… How the fuck did he come up with such a damn idea? And why the HELL did I god damn agree? I mean, I've been able to tell the sexiest of models no and now I'm just acting like some chocked up teenage girl- there goes all that talk about trying to get rid of him. I mean- really- what the hell is wrong with me?

What is wrong with me? Why do I have to be the one who acts like some teenager? I'm Tony bloody Stark and I can't even talk to Mr Muscles…

I want to get rid of him but all I do is want to do is listen to him. Much better listening to some whiny so-and-so. At least Steve voices his opinion- he's not so damn confusing… Now that I think about it. He's worse…

Oh God what AM I doing? Steve… is a MAN. Have I been missing a crucial fucking point? Oh good God- Seriously. Not only have I agreed to temporarily being in a relationship with captain America but I have also chosen to be in a somewhat 'relationship' with a man… Craaaaaaaaaaap. Sure I've had the odd awkward moment with that cute blonde guy, who I THOUGHT WAS A WOMAN (please note that) when I was hammered but I've never really considered getting down and dirty with one…. Not even hugging…. Or kissing much… Oh good God this won't end well… shit-shit-shit- all Albert Einstein SHIT.

…. No Jarvis, I do not need a ‘talk’ about this. I'm a grown man, I've had plenty of relationships… Huh, who would be the woman? …. Fuck… it would be me wouldn't it? Double fuck…

See, it's not going to happen, maybe this trial will show Steve how pointless his little 'idea' is. Maybe it will show him how much it's a bad idea. It would be interesting, oh so interesting. I don't know whether I should just break this now- Go after him- tell him we shouldn't- before it's too late….

I can't do that- he looks like a damn puppy when he's upset. I'm a heart breaker but not a puppy kicker.

Tomorrow I know what I am going to do. I'm going to let Steve has his fun and get to the bottom of this damn mole business so the sooner that's finished then Steve will realize how much he doesn't
want me…

Heh…

It's a nice thought though. It would be pretty nice- strange, but nice. 'Tony Stark and Steve Rogers- Super boyfriends'. Oh the newspapers would love this. I wonder what Steve would do having his face plastered all over the papers. I would have thought he would disagree to this sort of thing since the forties thought being gay was like a disease.

Maybe soldier boy isn't as innocent as I thought.

Why does that idea just make me like him more?

… Anyway… This should be interesting- heh, if I sleep tonight then it would be a miracle. I'm just worried what tomorrow will bring.

I know people keep telling each other that they should go for their dreams. But what I'm doing is saving Steve from a nightmare…

I've hurt too many people and Steve…. Steve is someone I won't be able to forgive myself over if I break his heart…

I… um…. I like the guy more then I… want to.

Goodnight Jarvis.

Goodnight Steve.
Experiment Day 1

Chapter Notes

So! Chapter five. Forgive me, It's been a little difficult trying to consider what Steve would do. But I hope I have done his character well, otherwise I just hope everyone enjoys.

- *Stark journal, entry 4-X *-

It's five 'o' clock in the evening and I haven't had a single minute by myself. Yeah- I agreed whenever the rest of the group are away we can… try Steve's little experiment… Ugh- I don't know if I'm complaining or… maybe I'm just so damn shocked how much I- enjoy it. It's awkward as hell but it's- it's definitely different. DEFINITELY different… I mean, this morning for example! I don't know what time he was awake but-! Oh my God that guy really is from the forties isn't he? I mean really? His way of 'treating a gal' really is old fashioned, freaking trust me.

This morning I woke up to flowers outside my bedroom door- where he got those kind of flowers around New York at that time of the morning- … yes Jarvis, I did wake up at eleven thirty- I had a rough night as you know from previous journal entries! But yeah… it was a rose with three lilies. I knew it was from Steve, I don't know if he was trying to hard or… if he wasn't sure what to get me. I can't really explain what my first reactions were- to be honest I didn't know they were there till I stepped on them. I'm not the most observant when I wake up! I mean, hell, who is? I knew they were there when I stepped on the rose, shit I can still feel the thorns. And what was the most important thing I remember was a small note. On that note was a simple question:

[Will you go dancing with me?]

What was I to say to that?

What was I to say to that? I can't say no to that. Not when he looks at me with those damn puppy eyes. Yes, Captain America is strong but every time I look at him I can still see that young man from the photos in his file that my father kept. He looked like the nerd at school no girl would have a crush on. Guess I'm the one laughing now- since I'm the girl… with a crush… on the nerd… Wow… Irony- since I'm the nerd and the nerd I apparently have a crush on now looks like a jock.

Anyway, when I found this little morning gift I wasn't sure what to say. Luckily no one had paid attention to them and I found myself leaving them to Jarvis (you) to look after them. After that I returned to my normal routine of coffee and a shot of jack Daniel's- helps me wake up quick. I walked out into the living room and found that Hawkeye and Thor were on the roof, I think they were doing some sort of target practice- well, Hawkeye was and Thor was just watching. He seems easily amused for a God- Bruce was in the lab and Natasha was- doing her usual things. Aka, spy things. So for all I knew (and still don't know) she could be hanging upside and beating the crap
out of a Russian mob boss. As long as it's not me then that's fine.

I found myself sitting on the sofa with my drink while my mind was still trying to wake up. I didn't really care who was there- or who wasn't. Heck, it's MY tower, I have a right to just walk around- sure I could walk around stark naked. Sadly I feel Fury would have slapped me in prison.

As I sat there, nursing my drink, I found myself closing my eyes and falling back to sleep. My eyes were drowsy and closed them. When I opened them again I found myself staring at cap…

"Someone's finally awake." He spoke, happily smiling.

"JESUS-!" He scared me half to freaking death! I almost threw my coffee at him! Either I was dead in my sleep or he was trying to give me a heart attack!

"Looks like someone didn't get a lot of sleep." Steve pointed out, walking around the other side of the sofa. He sat himself down on one of the seats beside me and watched with those blue eyes. "Did you get my invite?"

"Yes, some of it is still sticking out of my foot."

"And you're reply…?" He asked curiously, glancing to me with those stupid puppy eyes. Well, I wasn't sure what to say, it wasn't like I had in anything in my planner (since Fury took care of that over the past few days- Doesn't he think I have a life?) Then again if I said no Steve would probably take it the wrong way. I mean- I keep saying I want him gone, out of my life, but a dance, how can that be wrong at all? Perhaps he doesn't know what he's getting himself into. Maybe he's going to take me to a club? That would be interesting~ Heh heh.

After a little while, I took one final sip of my drink and turned to Cap. "Sure, I'll go dancing with ya. Where are we going?"

The man lit up with the biggest smile I had seen since last night. Everything about him seemed to just perk up. He really is easily amused. Cute.

"Just meet me here at seven tonight- and you need to wear a suit and tie." He informed me, looking at me with those eyes and smile. To be honest I'm a little worried now that I think about it. What could he be planning? He isn't going to take me to some reunion thing with loads of old people… I mean seriously… I can handle one idiot with no idea how to use the internet but a room full of old people going on saying 'I remember when the T.V was invented' will send me crazy.

"Uh huh… Okay, somewhere swanky then?"

"You could say that." Steve spoke, giving a small smile as he rested into the sofa. It soon fell silent and I was more than happy to sit there with what was left of my coffee.

There was then a sort of peace I hadn't felt in a long time. Usually when Steve and I sit together, there is this awkwardness. An almost expectant feeling of being uncomfortable with one another with the worry we would start arguing. Now- It wasn't there. In fact, it was almost nice. Steve wasn't saying anything yet he sat there, more than comfortable to just rest his head back into the sofa and enjoy the tranquillity of nothing but the small hum of machinery from the lab below us. I was able to finish my coffee before putting it down on the table and clicked my fingers to bring up the usual hologram screens to do a bit of 'work'. This meant checking stocks and too see if anyone else staying here had been using my systems… I can't block them all out- beside, it's fun to see if anyone has been using it to check porn sites- I've caught Clint twice. He checks out some dirty stuff. Kinda impressed.
As I was searching through the screens, I couldn't help but feel as though I was being watched. I glanced to my side to see Steve do the occasional glance before returning to sitting there quietly. After a good few minutes I found it a bit irritating before glancing to him.

"Bored?"

"No- just… thinking." He replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"About…?"

"About technology and the interwebs-"

"Internet."

"That-" He spoke, nodding his head in agreement to my correction. "Jarvis helped me use it earlier while you were still asleep and I found some weird stuff."

Already I could feel as though I was some parent about to explain to their kid what sex was- and it was DEFINELTY going to head in that damn direction. But explaining the internet and what HE found was one of the damn toughest things I have ever found done. I mean seriously… I have blocked him from the internet and only let him use it without my permission…

With a heavy sigh, he rubbed my eyes and turned to him, probably looking as though I was about to tell him his puppy was dead. "… Go on…"

"Well I was going through the internet and came across some things- is it allowed for women to go around posing naked on the internet? And why did I keep getting messages about enlarging my-thing. Then there was something about web cam and I kinda gave up on whatever I was looking for…. Then I found something about a magic cat that flies through space and has rainbows coming out of its-"

"LETS JUST SAY YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED ON THE INTERNET AGAIN!" I suddenly burst out. I couldn't take it anymore, my GOD he mentioned a lot more other things but I am NOT explaining to him about Nyan Cat and that messed up things people FIND amusing but really are videos people made when they were high off their minds… "Look… Where do I begin… you see… its- Porn- avoid porn at all times. Porn is all of those sites you saw women naked and those pop ups which kept telling you that you can enlarge your penis. Just… No. No porn for you. Or internet- DEFIENTLY no internet!"

"Then what about the porn on your system?" He asked with the same look of idiotic and blissful innocence. I swear I could have died or killed him- HOW COULD YOU LET HIM FIND THAT? … Sure, of course, it was all an accident- You're my computer Jarvis! How could you betray me like that? I mean seriously- I thought I password protected those files? … Oh- he was curious? PLEASE don't tell me my own computer can't say no to Captain Puppy Eyes?

Well- anyway- that was a long and difficult conversation… "People are allowed to keep it and use it for many purposes… research is mostly my purpose." I lied greatly, hoping there was some ignorance in that man's head I could use to my advantage. Sadly there was none.

"… Really? So you keep pictures of women AND men for research?"

"…" Yep, I think I lost some sanity this morning. Yep, I think I did. "… The men are for research. Helps me consider if anyone else was to use my suits. Body image and all that crap."

"Of men completely naked, doing some poses I thought were only managed by women?"
"... Get the hell out before I end up punching you between the eyes." I grumbled angrily as this wave of embarrassment once again struck me. I mean, oh-my-god. Some people are allowed to be curious! Can't Tony Stark be? I mean look at the pictures of my dad when he was young... I'm sure he wasn't afraid to bat for the other team by the looks of his suits... Geez- he had some scary looking fashion taste. "And don't breathe a word of this to the others. Clint will end up showing you some nasty porn and that might break your brain."

There was a moment I couldn't help but feel as though Steve was happy about this. Perhaps he enjoyed having this strange power over me because of not only that secret but the whole thing going on around us. Maybe he knew what he could do to me? What hold he has... bastard.

For a moment, he raised his hands as though he was surrendering, trying to get back onto my good side. "Sorry- sorry- no more porn." He admitted with a small sigh, sitting back down without looking as though he would move. Instead I gave him a moment to sit with me. It seemed to keep him quiet (unless it was the odd strange question about what I was doing or what how I was using this 'strange' technology. I was expecting him to ask if it was magic...)

It was another few minutes before I noticed his face was oozing curiosity. A look of those bright blue eyes and a somewhat childish look of blissful inquisitiveness which looked rather adorable.

I brought up a couple of blueprints for my latest ideas. I was checking the 3D modelling and checking the stats before Steve scooted closer. At first I didn't notice it until his shoulder was pressed against mine. I gave him a weary glance but realised his eyes were fixed to the holograms.

"Did you make those?" He asked, a curious hand coming up to try and see better. He ended up enlarging the image which he flinched at before scooting closer once more.

"Duh- I made the blue prints all out of my computers."

"You can make pictures with these?"

"Yes, you can make pretty pictures with a number of devices..."

"Can I try and draw with this?" Steve asked, waving his hand which only made the 3D model flicker and turn. There was a look, I could tell the gears were turning and there was ideas flickering through that mind.

After swiping away the current work, I snapped my fingers and brought up multiples of programmes. Steve watched in fascinating idiocy as screens flew by until I found the perfect programme for him to use; paint. I thought the other big-league graphics software would be too much, so I thought this programme would be a good enough (and easiest) for him to use.

I made the screen wide so it was a blank canvas for him to use. Then came explaining to him HOW to use it like the different brush sizes, colour choices- all at the touch of our fingers!

Once he finally mastered the basics, Steve sat up and began his work. I was going to go get a drink but I was interested of how much he would mess this up- to my surprise, I discovered Steve did have a talent for art- even when he first used touch screen (well... holographic software). His hands were moving like a blur, I couldn't take my eyes off them at one point. He seemed to create a picture with agile fingers, almost like a pianist at a concert.

There was a look of concentration on his face which I couldn't help but admire. Sure he looked rather 'awesome' while he was on the battlefield- but here I could see him think. I could see how relaxed he was but also how focused. Perhaps I have discovered one of Steve's best pass times. It's
a little boring if you're watching but for my first viewing I was pretty impressed.

Before I knew it, I was leaning into him. I stared and watched each finger stroke, I took in each change of colour and before I knew it I had a perfect sketch of colour and detail of my Ironman suit.

"What do you think?" He asked, finally turning to me with a bashful look. I didn't say anything at first while he waited for my critique. Eventually I blinked and looked at him, furrowing my brow.

"You just did this- no copying, all from mind and with just your fingers?"

Steve smiled the same goofy happy smile which screamed warmth. "Yeah. I like drawing. It helps me relax you know. Like you stuck in your lab tinkering away at… whatever contraption you have on your list. Haven't you drawn before?"

With a rather embarrassed shake of my head, I admitted I didn't. Sure I can draw up some blueprints but I didn't sit back and draw flowers. Never had time and I don't see that in the future either. Technology, machines and cars are my specialties. I don't see myself being an artist. Seems a bit too dramatic from what I've seen at the galleries.

"You don't know how to draw?"

"Not like you."

"Want me to show you how? Um… How do you change to a new canvas?" He offered with a smile. I wasn't sure what to say, didn't hurt to take some lessons from a talking capsicle. Right?

I raised my hands and saved the picture first, soon changing to a new screen. Yet before I knew it, I found myself being manhandled… well, Steve grabbed me by the hips and lifted me in the air, while positioning himself beneath me- so he could sit me on his lap! What cheek! Like hell I could make myself comfortable on another man's lap… I did… it was a pretty nice seat…

I didn't see anything for a moment but I could feel his hands stiffen as soon as I was down on his knees. I could feel ever movement: every twitch, every uncertain intake of breath and uncertain new move.

"Okay, give me your hands." He spoke, reaching out the strangely smooth palms to my own hands. I could see he was much paler then me. His hands were a little larger than mine. It was obvious he's built for strength; I'm built for building and partying.

With uneasy reluctance, I relaxed my hands and gave him permission. His fingers took my own, holding them up to the white screen before us. It felt as though I was being taught equations all over again. I can't remember the last time I was taught anything. Usually I was the one teaching the lessons but it seemed you learn something every day- even from a frozen soldier from the forties.

"First of all, you have to use your eyes and your imagination. Hand, eye coordination helps. But what works most of all is feeling it." Steve began to explain, resting his head on my shoulder. "Drawing is supposed to be a way of expressing yourself, like your suits and your inventions. Remember how you feel when you make something you're proud of. It's a strange feeling that not comes from your mind but from you're here." I froze as I felt his right hand grasp my own, moving it over the arc reactor. "That thing maybe rusty but there's a heart beneath it."

Poetic idiot…

"Okay- okay, enough with the mushy stuff- I've seen the Karate kid too many times to know where
you're going. Let's get this started already." Sure I was a little impatient but being the one spoken to like that kinda made me feel… embarrassed. But not in a bad way! That's the scary thing! I just felt… Shy. Shiiit.

I heard him chuckle in my ear as he shifted beneath me, raising his hips into mine while he made it more comfortable to rest his chin on my shoulder. "Okay okay, now, what do you want to draw?"

He asked me, his breath tickling my cheek.

For a moment I thought, looking around the room before glancing back to him. I had my idea- the best inspiration. "Got it."

"And?"

"I'm not telling you. You ever play Pictionary? You have to guess!" I told him, turning back and starting on my best masterpiece! And who said my talents were limited? Sure the picture was a little sketchy but it had heart and soul in it!

My hands were almost like blurs- sure I kinda coloured outside the line but that's what art is all about right? So it took me a couple of minutes as Steve watched with his hands now on my hips. I felt him move his head, looking to me and back to the picture now and then. I could tell he was having difficulties trying to figure out the subject of my great masterpiece but eventually came to a halt and folded my arms.

"Done."

Quietly, the man looked past my shoulder and stared at the screen. "…"

"Well?" I asked, smiling triumphantly.

"It's…"

"What?"

"It's… got soul in it- who is it?" He asked. I gasped, how could he not tell? Did I need to label it? With a sigh, I rolled my eyes and looked back to him with a frown. "It's you." For a moment I thought he was either going to blow up by the amount he was blushing or if his brain was about to explode. Quietly he just contemplated, I could see he was trying to think of something to say but was unsure to elbow him in the stomach or kicking him in the leg. But he didn't say anything for now but there was pause… a moment I saw his lips twitch.

He smiled. A warm, kind, gentle smile. It was… sweet. I think the arc reactor flickered for a moment as I looked at him. It was a gentle curl of the lips which made me smile as well. I didn't realise it, it was only when those eyes looked back to me.

"I like it." The captain spoke gently, squeezing my waist with his muscled arms. "No- I love it."

"Stop it, you don't mean it."

"I do!" Steve perked up, holding me close, almost to a point it became difficult to breathe. "Sure it's a little bit rough but it's kinda like you. It's sweet. Brilliant and it has your kind of style. I love it." The man continued to speak, smiling gently which made his eyes smile. "You have a talent Mr Stark."

Well, least he tried to be flattering.
"People tell me that. I think I may keep that picture. Least I have something to show when people say I don't have a life behind partying and making weaponry. I can draw… Does that make me a hipster?"

"What's a hipster?"

"Never mind…"

"But I like it. I really do. Can I have it?" The man continued to ask, smiling brightly. I wasn't sure what to say, it would only be on a bit of paper but it seemed to amuse him none-the-less. I got Jarvis to print a picture and gave it to the man below me. Not once did his smile disappear… he seemed his smile never left. "Thank you." He spoke softly, kissing my cheek.

Well, at least he was happy…

"Um- good." I turned to him, looking back as he continued to stare. It made me feel strange. A little bit uncomfortable, I wasn't able to just sit there; he looked at me like that…

Sure I was supposed to not egg him on but… I couldn't myself. I moved forward and closed my eyes, feeling his breath against my own…

That was before Thor decided to toss his hammer through one of the glass roof windows… Both Steve and I stared in horror as Clint and Thor seemed to suddenly appear. The Asgardian IDIOT looking dumbstruck but stupidly oblivious to how much that was going to cost to fix that window AND get it done by today would be annoying as hell. Least it's fix now… Wasn't hard to do. The two prats walked in, both staring at the damage (giving me enough time to leap off Steve's lap and onto my own two feet- like hell Clint can find out about this).

The two looked back at us, looking blankly at the screens until I had no choice but to turn them off and distracting them by ranting at them for breaking my window.

After that, I found myself back in my lab. Since Clint and Thor were going to make themselves comfortable and the rest of the day. Natasha returned and Bruce was hanging around the kitchen and in his room.

There was barely anywhere to go when it comes to trying to find somewhere without two spies, a God and another scientist to hide from. My place maybe sound proof but I am NOT taking any chances with them…. Ever since those few hours with Steve I couldn't find time to myself. Bruce came and sat with me for some research but now I've only found time to do this and get ready for Steve's little- dance date. I hope no one knows about this. Ugh- wish me luck.

Ah- I forgot about my update about the situation with S.H.E.I.L.D. I've made some progress depending on who's hacking into the system (doing some- hacking of my own) and I've found some pretty strange but juicy stuff.

Fury's gonna thank me for finally doing this for him. I've had it up to hear with all of these damn precautions and having Stark Tower over run with drama. I can make enough of that by myself and a bottle of whiskey.

- *Stark journal, entry 4-X End *-
The billionaire took a soft sigh, currently buttoning a pristine white shirt as the screens faded to their suitable screensavers. The sketch Steve did hover in the air of the labs. With a sigh, the man glanced to the clock which was quickly turning seven.

"Almost late for my date." Tony muttered, spraying a small helping of cologne on his neck before draping a tie around his neck.

When Steve told him to dress up Tony did just that. A smooth black suit, white shirt and tie (not done up of course, at least, not for now). Quietly he was quick to jog up the stairs. With every step he prayed he didn't bump into Clint, but it was strange, not one moment could he hear anyone… No sound of the TV or music. It was- strangely quiet, especially for his tower.

As he approached the top of the stairs his eyes widened for a second.

The main area was lit but the gentle fire place roaring in the background while the music ‘we'll meet again’ gently played in the background.

Standing in the middle of the room, however, was Steve. It looked as though he had stepped right out of an old war photo. His military suit was pristine and a small duster of cheek peppered his cheeks as the warm blue eyes glimmered in the dim light.

"Glad you could make it." He smiled warmly.
Experiment Day 2- Part 1

Chapter Notes

Chapter 6! Please forgive me if I confuse anyone with the storyline but I'm trying to sort of tie up certain plot ideas. However, I hope everyone enjoys and I will have part 2 up as soon as possible.

*Non POV*

Slowly, the auburn eyes flickered as the stinging light of morning gently trickled through the windows. It seemed Jarvis had not programmed to put up the slides so the room would stay darker for longer. But this seemed not the case and Stark found himself fighting against the warm morning light. The billionaire was sprawled out on the large bed, face nuzzled into the soft pillows, his clothes from the other evening ruffled and disheveled. All that was left on the tired form were trousers, unbuttoned shirt and one sock. The rest of his attire was scattered over the floor. Along with another.

A stubborn groan gurgled from the parched lips. For a second the brown eyes opened, pupils suddenly shrinking to the painful glare. A hiss soon followed and once again, Tony was smothering his face into the soft clouds the pillow. His hands groped softly at the sheets as they tried to find the sheets. Maybe they would spare as shield against the light of day?

With two attempts seeking no result, his fingers finally curled around crimson sheets, he found himself tugging against a heavy force... With the first tug he found no result, the second he used a bit more effort but only got a slight inaudible mutter in return. With one final tug, the billionaire not only had a sheet over him but an arm. At first the man didn't notice. In fact, enjoyed the warmth offered and considered this source a possible cure for the light in his eyes! With what little strength he had, he shuffled his body closer to the soft skinned teddy bear.

Tony found himself burying his face into the forearm of a current 'companion'. His nose nuzzled into the warm flesh, gentle breaths taking in the deep and warm smell of old spice and sweat. It was rather an interesting smell. Almost as nice as freshly brewed coffee in the morning. Just a little sweeter. "Mmm." The feel of Tony's stubble brought gentle chuckles from the current bed partner. The sound of said laughter soon drilled into the weary billionaire's mind. Usually he was up before the other person... Usually the other person didn't sound like a man.

Oh sweet Jesus.... Came the sudden thought.

Cautiously the brown pupils began to study the muscled blanket. Suddenly realisation struck. Tony found himself raking his eyes upwards from the arm, then to the shoulder, past the neck and to the beautiful mop of golden hair. This wasn't how he thought it would turn out, especially after last night... Waking up to a shirtless spectacle of Steve Rogers in his bed.
Stark suddenly stiffened, his eyes widening. How the hell did last night turn to this?!

_The wine… Damn that bastards super soldier metabolism!_ He hissed in his mind before a sharp pain suddenly sparked through his head. _And now the hangover begins. How wonderful._ An ached sigh brushed over his parched lips which soon followed into an annoyed murmur of a swear. While he laid there, he took the chance to look over the super soldier before him. _Shit… He really is perfect._ Steve looked so peaceful… so innocent from the modern world around him. He must be happy there. He must be happy being back to a time he once loved. Was he dreaming about the people he missed. Someone he once loved? Before Stark knew it, he was laying there, staring. His eyes wavered, never moving though. He just seemed comfortable enough to watch.

Steve was mesmerising in his slumber…

"Morning' Tony…" Came a tired mumble.

Every inch of Tony's body suddenly stiffened as his heart skipped a beat. He didn't realise he was awake! A sudden flush of embarrassment washed over his cheek and neck. Slowly he slunk back into the bed.

"… Mornin' Cap…. How long have you been awake?"

"Long enough to know you like to watch me sleep."

"…" Tony grumbled beneath his breath, eventually convincing himself to sit up. Especially since his head continued to swim. Once propped up against the head board, he found himself rubbing his eyes and groaning. "Jesus- How much did I drink last night?" Came the question before rolling onto his side, smothering his face into the soft pillows in hopes it would soothe his head ache.

Steve propped himself up on his elbows and looked puzzled at the other. "Well as soon as I mentioned I couldn't get drunk you said you would do the drinking for both of us. Seemed you got drunk for the both of us. I'm surprised you can think straight rather than talk properly." He chuckled, looking back to the other with a slight smile. "After you got drunk, you started acting... well... yourself, I brought you in here and before I knew it you were wrapped around me and wouldn't let me go in some sort of death grip."

All this lead to was a glare from the other. Too tired (and hungover) to make a fuss, Tony merely buried his face back into the pillow and waved the other away. "As you wish." He spoke, wandering off in the general direction to where he considered the kitchen would be.

While Steve was away, Tony found himself unable to think straight. His mind fell blank every time he tried to think but all his mind reverted back to was Steve. Even last night was a little difficult to remember. Was it that good that he through it all away with drink? Stark laid there and rubbed his eyes, trying to get his brain to piece the broken memories together. Soon enough the whole thing returned. It HAD been a nice night! Really nice... It was much nicer then 'wooing' some woman into his bed. Slowly, Tony attempted to sit up once more, head in one hand and supporting himself with his other elbow. The smell of caffeine soon wafted into the air and Tony found himself peering upwards towards the Captain holding a mug.
"I thought you needed something stronger then water. So I thought I would ask the coffee machine to make you some." The cup was passed carefully to Tony's hands.

Stark took a small sip and found himself giving the other a grateful smile. "Thanks."

A gentle chuckle rumbled from Steve's throat as the man looked back to the door he had just walked through. "Seems pretty quiet today- looks like everyone's gone out." The man spoke, looking a little puzzled. Tony merely continued with his coffee and gave a shrug. "Hm, maybe it would be a good chance to pick up after last night?" The man suggested as a bashful blush sprinkled over his cheeks. Tony soon paid much more attention.

The billionaire cleared his throat, rubbing a thumb over the warm porcelain mug. "… We could… but maybe showers would be good- I may have the taste of sewer out of my mouth but I ain't fond of smelling like one."

"Fine. Mind if I use your shower?" The soldier asked, getting to his feet. Tony gave an agreed nod and watched the man disappear into the bathroom. Quietly, Tony got up from the bed and gulped down the last of his coffee. Deep down he was nervous. Before he could find some clothes to change into- the man glanced over his shoulder as Steve opened the door in nothing but white briefs.

"I forgot my clothes from my bedroom- be right back."

All Tony could do was stand and stare. His auburn eyes followed the strutting man who scampered away from the bedroom in all of his glory. Tony felt himself stiffen but soon found his mind beginning to wander to much more inappropriate thoughts. With an awkward clearing of his throat a second time, he got to his feet and made a quick walk to the lab. Steve would be able to find him if he needed him.

The glass doors slid shut behind him as Tony Stark disappeared into world of technological wonder. He placed the empty mug on the counter and sat himself down in one of the cars he had currently been working on.

"Jarvis? I want to make a start on my next journal- I got something's I need to get off my chest before Steve gets out of the shower…"

"Of course sir."

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- *Stark journal, entry 5-X *-

So- last night! That was… certainly different. Very-Very different. Nothing I thought I would be doing anytime soon. Steve was… well… How do I explain this without contradicting myself from the past… He was… just- the perfect soldier those girls used to fantasize about back in radio days. I mean- he was a freaking gentleman! Where do you find guys like these now-a-days?! The only one left on this planet and I see to be the one lucky- I mean- to be the one he has eyes for. It's still confusing- Steve is confusing… bastard.
Last night, in my mind, thought it was going to be a disaster but it was a pretty nice night…
awkward at first, kinda expected that, but after a while it all kinda slotted into place. It was nice. Music, dancing, the fire, even Steve made a few jokes. When did he get a sense of humour?

Anyway- the other evening I got to the front room and found Steve waiting for me in one of his military uniforms- you know, the one he wore the night of the party? It almost felt as though it was the party all over again but there was no one there.

Just the two of us.

Serious case of Déjà vu but only standing inside Stark Towers not outside. You know what I mean.

I wasn't sure what to say when I got there. I just found him, with that smile- there was something slightly different in his eyes. He looked… happy… a little bit more relaxed, heh, I might say confident even. It was nice. He didn't looked like a deer in the headlights. Confidence is always an attractive trait.

"Glad you could make it." He spoke to me, giving a warm smile.

"… Well, I'm glad you asked me out- So… finally going to tell me where you're taking me?"

"We're already here." Steve explained, opening his arms with a proud grin on his face. In one corner of the room I saw there was a collection of treats on the table, the music gently hummed in the background and soon found my eyes drawn to the glasses and wine on the table. I then realised that we wasn't going out. What the hell was he planning?

Slowly he walked to me, smiling softly as he opened a hand out- it was like something out of a damn romance novel Pepper used to read (or tried you- I'll put my hands up, there was barely any reading in my bedroom, unless I decided to take some work with me.)I thought it was silly but it was just like it. To think- Tony Stark in a romance book.

"… Don't you like it?" He asked, slowly pulling back his hand hesitantly.

"No!") I butted in before he could pull out the puppy eyes. "No- it's pretty nice. I like the choice of places. You really make me feel at home." So I took his hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze before his fingers curl around mind. It felt nice… warm. "So? Where do we begin? You're not going to pull that 'I don't know how to dance' crap on me again, are you?"

A small smile appeared on Steve's face, giving my arm a slight tug, dragging me through the room to show off what he had been planning. To my surprise- it was you who helped him. Nice to know my own programme and friend is always eager to help.

To be honest- Stark Towers never looked so welcoming. I had a really funny thought… More like idea. What would it be like to get home and see that smiling at me every day? That smile. Those eyes.

Slowly, he lead me back to the centre of the room and rested his hands on my upper arms. "So- Can I have that dance now?" Steve asked, opening his arms in a dance-like pose.

How was I going to say no now? So, with a bow I grinned and walked forward. "Of course, since you asked so nicely."

Cap' just smiled and placed one of his large hands on my back, his other hand soon found my hand once more and held it gently. Seeing as my height didn't really give me a choice, I was going to be the woman in this dance so I had to place my spare hand on his arm.
I kinda missed being close to him. I'm not sure why- I- something about being in his arms made me feel warm… comfortable… safe.

To be honest I-

….. Jarvis? … Jarvis? What's wrong- *sudden static* Is there something wrong with the power source? Give me the stats- JARVIS-!

- *Stark journal, entry 5-X Has been interrupted *-

*Non POV*

Tony stared, the holographic screens and even the computer screens were flickering and struggling to keep focus. The whole tower seemed to flicker. The billionaire stared with confusion while Jarvis' voice was left to crack and stutter. This hadn't happen before unless something terrible was wrong. It was making him worried. Quickly he walked to the main wall, opening one of the panels and connecting the wires to one of the main computers.

"Come on- dammit, don't die on daddy. SHIT. What the hell is wrong?!!" He hissed, hitting the table top with a frustrated growl.

Behind him, the holographic screen continued to flutter and flick. The picture changing from static to numbers and eventually to a new scene… Something none of the Avengers would think they would see for a very-very long time.

A low snicker echoed from the single floating screen. Ironman slowly opened his eyes. His heart sunk to the bottom of his heart.

"…"

"My my… What a temper on you. Seems if someone plays with your toys you decide to throw a tantrum. How human… And how pathetic."

Slowly, Tony turned around, his keen eyes looking up wearily at the man on his screen. Though he wasn't a man- he was a demi-God. A trickster. Loki. Stark stared for a moment, looking over the vicious green eyes and the same inhumane look in those eyes. Yet there was something different, something about that face. His lips, it was clear that the God had once gone through a punishment painful. Around Loki's lips were scars, not yet healed. Horrid markings of where his lips had been sealed… They were all hoping permanently but it seemed the God of the tricksters had yet to give up a fight.

"… Never thought I would see you on the big screen- you never had the face for it."

"Spare me your tedious humour Tony Stark. There isn't time for that anymore. In fact, I would say
you are running out of time."

Before Tony could open his lips, the sound of whirring engines and the sounds of people seemed to capture his attention. The glass doors of the lab were forced open with a single bullet. The glass clattered to the floor, spreading like rain while two S.H.E.I.L.D members stood there… Agent Hill and Nick Fury, both in the flesh— but not in mind. Their eyes seemed to have the stealy gaze of the mind control Loki had many before them. Tony’s heart sunk.

"Oh, bet that wasn’t difficult to mind control them two— but how the hell—"

"Long story short, I have a strict schedule to stand by. You see Mr Stark, I know many people… I may have been sent to my fate but it seems it is true— you can change fate and I have changed mine… and about to change yours." The God smirked smugly over the screen. "I won't bore you how I returned here but I thought, since the last time we met in person I was dragged away and sent to suffer like an animal. So I considered I would let the Avengers destroy themselves— and where else by using S.H.E.I.L.D agents to begin spreading the fire of paranoia? It started with a simple underlying and soon my grip spread higher and higher and until all of S.H.E.I.L.D was mine. And it all happened without none of you knowing— and what made it better it seems you and the soldier was able to create some interesting distractions to keep their minds off me."

"… I don’t want to know how." Tony now growled as the bile of anger slowly crawled up his spine.

"Oh you don’t— But it's an better ending— I get to rip out Roger's heart while he watches yours being cracked on the cold-hard-floor outside Stark Towers. You wouldn't believe how much hatred I found inside Fury's heart, in fact, even now I can feel the pleasure building inside him knowing I have given him the wonderful permission for him to finish what I started long ago." Loki smirked, snapping his fingers as the S.H.E.I.L.D leader slowly approached Tony.

Stark looked at Fury, narrowing his eyes as he slowly walked backwards. If he could just grab the prototype bracelet. He suddenly turned on his heels, making a grab for the silver piece of technology before Fury's large hand grasped his wrist, turned him around and brought a harsh left-hook to the playboy's cheek. Tony fell to the floor and held his bruised cheek, about to grab a wrench from another table before his shirt collar was grasped.

"Gah! Dammit Fury! You're fucking in there! Don't listen to him! You're a S.H.E.I.L.D member! You bastard!"

"Oh— I know I am Stark. And I'm loving every minute of it." The S.H.E.I.L.D leader smirked. With the strength in his arm, Fury held Tony up and dragged him to the windows looking out over the city.

Tony glanced outside and felt his heart stop. This wasn't good.

"Dammit Loki— you'll only be making things worse for yourself. The rest of us will find you and you'll never show your face again. If I had anything to do with it I would do more then make your face look like a rag doll! You're not even man enough to finish this off yourself."

"I'm not a man…" Loki hissed harshly. "I AM A GOD! And once you're dead… I'll make sure every single Avenger suffers until they scream for death… I might even keep them alive just for my amusement and then end their suffering with the worse possible death. I won't let any of you make a fool of me again. And the next person who I will finish off is the solder from the past— but that will be easy once he sees the last person he was close to spread across the concrete! Fury! Do the honors…"
The billionaire began to struggled and kick, trying to find some sort of weak point. But beneath the leather coat was a layer of bullet proof material. But it seemed the mind control Fury was under was also giving him the upper hand- the man tightened his grip and shot out one of the large window panes.

"You'll pay for this." Tony hissed. "And for that window!"

Fury merely smirked, reeling back his hand and giving one blow to the same stubbled cheek.

Slowly he wheeled his arm back, bringing Tony back while Fury stood on the broken glass, standing on the very edge of the broken window. Stark swallowed nervously and closed his eyes.

_Shit_...

With a small and inhumane smirk, Fury threw Tony out of the window.

_To be continued..._
The cool wind was sharp against his cheeks. The air was cold, viscous to feel as he found himself falling. Falling through the air the second time that month. Tony never thought it would be Fury to be the one to throw him!

It felt as though his heart was going to stop. Was this it? He never thought he was going to be ended by Fury! Tony actually hoped it was through an alcohol coma during an orgy but it seemed that wasn't going to happen anytime soon...

All he could do was fall- there wasn't an option, a back-up plan or a last resort. This couldn't be it could it?!

The man's arms flailed, his hands twitching, his body spread to try and slow down the fall. But nothing was working!

Above the tumbling billionaire, a shield smashed through a remaining window with a soldier following behind. As Tony fell, he looked up as he turned in the air- watching Steve fall towards him.

"Tony!" Captain America shouted. "PUT YOU'RE SUIT ON!" His hand was reaching out, the silver bracelet clutched desperately in his fingers. Tony reached out, grasping the device and tried to slip it onto his wrist.

The famous shield whirled above them and was caught in the man's spare hand. With shield in hand, Steve lunged the weapon into the tower beside them. As debris fell past them, the shield was soon lodged between a pipe and concrete.

With one smooth movement, Steve grasped the billionaire's shirt collar.

Tony grunted, looking up with surprised eyes.

"Steve?!!"

"PUT ON YOU'RE GOD DAMN SUIT TONY!" Steve just shouted back. The shield wasn't going to hold them for long but Rogers hoped it would give Tony enough time to summon his suit and save them both! Without another second, Stark placed the device on his wrist.

"Jarvis! Roll out the mark seven !" He hissed at the device.

Captain America gasped as soon as the shield began to shift. Yet it seemed luck was on their side. Above, the sound of powerful boosters rumbled in the air. The red and gold suit rocketing down towards its intended owner.

"Let go of me Steve!" Tony commanded. Captain America only looked back in terror at the command. But something in those auburn eyes told him it was okay…

With a small gulp- he let go.

Once again Tony began to fall. Only for his technology to catch him in the cold confines of wires
and gears. The suit crawled across his form, engulfing him in the greatest suit modern science could create. As soon as it was complete, Tony kicked it into gear and brought the suit to life.

Just in time too. The shield was already beginning to fall! "Dammit-" The shield soon broke from its place… and left the unarmed Captain to fall. At least, straight into the arms of an awaiting billionaire.

"Stark."

"Cap." Tony smirked behind the mask. The iron-clad hero suddenly took upwards and flew back into the Tower with now anger and revenge sparking through his very being. Loki was not going to get out of this without a proper punishment.

The two figures flew through the open windows as Fury and the possessed S.H.E.I.L.D agents were beginning the scene to make it look like a tragic incident. Fury looked up, the inhumane blue glow in his eyes shone in frustration. He took out his gun and aimed, shooting at the two. With shield in hand, Captain America protected himself and Tony (even though he didn't need it). Bullets sparked off the impenetrable metal. "Shit." He hissed viciously before turning on his heel and ordering the other agents to starting firing.

A wave of bullets washed over them which they did nothing.

They ricocheted back and forth, the tiny bullets sparking off the armour and eventually crashing into machinery and glass. Tony lifted one of his words as he raised one of his hands to let out one of his deadly blasts.

"Tony, wait!" Steve shouted from behind a pillar. "They're just agents! Loki's controlling them- we can't hurt them!"

An annoyed pout appeared on the man's face (of course hidden) but only left a bigger worry. Now they had to defeat the agents without causing fatal amounts of damage… sure- like that would work. But at least it was a good excuse to at least punch Fury. "Right. You head down the Tower and see if you can find the others. I'll stay up here and take out this group."

"… Please don't hurt Fury Tony…"

"Oh come on! This is a BIG opportunity!" The man whined childishly in reply, only to have a shot of his own weaponry blast in his face as the brainwashed Fury approached the billionaire within one of the other suits, happily accompanied with the use of Loki's magic to activate the high-tech weaponry. "… Oh… this is war Cyclops!"

Steve sighed loudly and shook his head as he through his shield. The weapon bounced off each enemy with ease. Only to leave some of the brainwashed men to fall to the ground unconscious. He was quick to run off down through stark Towers. It seemed the rest of the team had been apprehended when they returned from their morning routines; Banner had been knocked out to prevent him from changing, Clint was caught when he returned from practice along with Thor while Natasha was yet to be captured. Which only proved lucky for Steve as he came across a large group of agents who were prepared to jump him as soon as he started using the fire exit stairs in order not to get caught.

Captain America came across the group and was soon in hand-to-hand combat but soon found the group easily taken down as soon as Black Widow appeared.

"Looks like you need a bit of back up Cap." The red head smirked as she high-kicked a field agent.
Steve smiled thankfully and continued their full frontal assault. The fight itself showed how much skill the old soldier and the quick spy was. They were swift with their moves and dodged each attack with skill.

Yet even as though thought, Steve could not help but worry about Tony. He was unsure to the very battle occurring above with Fury and his honed skills against Stark and his technology. However, it was a little bit difficult considering he wasn't allowed to injure the S.H.E.I.L.D leader… at least not mortally.

Fury was already beginning the very assault with the use of Tony's very own technology. Yet it proved no match to the very creator he fought in the other suit. The shots of energy sparked through the lab, flashes of electricity and sheer force of punches and military weaponry seemed to echo within the technological confines.

"You ain't got nothing on me Fury! I have the upper-hand." Tony sang with a cocky grin. "Trying to best me in one of my own suits is pretty much useless." Shot after shot, Stark and Fury went to battle with the mechanical weapons. The odd blast got the right hit whenever Fury's aim was at its best. Even the billionaire was beginning to worry as soon as a the S.H.E.I.L.D member released a powerful group of tank missiles in Tony's direction, only to blast the man out of his own home (rather glad he had flight on his side.) With an angered growl, Stark aimed his lasers and began the onslaught of attacks.

All he got in return were attacks just as good, the man was more than happy enough to return the powerful attacks well. With a few lucky shots, Nick was able to shoot a powerful blast straight at Tony's head to distract him for those few crucial seconds. He man flew forward and grasped the billionaire. He grasped the man by the legs and swung him round and round, Tony could only watch the world go spinning round- until the other let go. Stark cold only go flying! … Straight into another spot on Stark Towers.

"Shit-" He muttered, trying to get up before he was suddenly met with a vicious and powerful punch to the gut- Which was only the first of a wave of punch after punch in a wave full frontal violence. "Gah! Dammit- Jarvis! Ah- Any connection to the other suit?!!" He muttered better grunts.

"I'm afraid I cannot communicate with the suit sir- something is getting in the way. Some sort of field I cannot hack."

"Dammit- Can you get to the others? Send them a damn me-" Tony grunted and hissed, feeling every punch aiming much more deeper and much more faster than before that they actually cracked the strong metals to the point chips broke away and paint was scratched. "Fuck- put me through to them!"

Just as the group was reaching the top of the tower, Natasha paused, her ear piece picking up the frequency from Tony.

"Stark!" She spoke, standing still as Steve turned on his heels and peered to the woman as fear seemed to strike his face. Was it really that bad?! Was he okay? That was all the man could think. "Wait- what?! Well- we have him here? Okay- we'll be quick- hang on."

"What's happening?!!" Steve demanded.

"Fury's currently handing him his ass, we need Thor to shock the systems so Jarvis can try and reconnect with all of the technology Loki has messed with." She explained, turning the God as he stood there, looking a little lost.
But with a swing of his hammer, the blonde God nodded and looked at the women. "Then explain to me how I may assist the man of Iron."

Bruce was quick to locate a panel which went straight into the mainframe of Stark Towers, with that, he pointed to the circuitry. "Point your hammer here and shock it to hell." He nodded. Without anything holding him back, Thor pressed the Godly hammer to the circuits and brought forth a large currently which made the building glow even in the beauty of the sunlight outside. All of the Avengers shielded their eyes and turned away as sparks danced from every socket and light bulb.

Until it went quiet.

"... Did it work?" Steve asked curiously as he peered up through the flickering lights.

Above- it did just that... Both suits seemed to hesitate as the electricity shocked through the building. Especially Fury's suit as it stuttered. That was all Tony needed to know that it was time- and he was going to get the upper hand that he needed!

"Jarvis! Take into action code one, three, eight on Ironman suit mark five point three- shut it down!"

Fury paused as he felt all of the suit's joints begin to stiffen as though he was encased in cement. The man struggled and writhed but found it useless. Especially when the suit's functions were quick to stop- completely. Including flight. "Stark!" He hissed as the suit suddenly plunged down to the same fate Fury had tried to put Tony in not long before. Tony slowly pulled himself from the ironman-shaped hole from the building and paused. Maybe he should save him... he didn't want to explain to everyone how he let Fury obtain a broken neck without trying to save him.

With a roll of his eyes, Tony took off down to the falling man.

With a smooth swoop, he captured the stiff suit and brought Fury back through the broken windows where the rest of the group were just arriving.

"Tony-" Steve spoke as he lead the team back. "Everything okay?"

Before the billionaire could reply, the screens once again flickered with a painful glare- the growl of a peeved God echoed throughout the whole complex while Loki's angered face appeared over the technology.

"Brother!" Thor shouted.

"Oh be quiet!" Loki hissed harshly. "This is pathetic- I was hoping they would keep you busy a little longer... no matter... My first phase is complete- you'll be no problem to me once I'm finished." The Asgardian smirked smugly over the

"What are you planning?" His 'sibling' asked.

"... That is for me to know... and you to find out- preferably when it's too late for you to do a thing." The raven haired man smirked, only to begin the maniacal laugh that made every single Avenger glare hatefully at the screens. "For now... I'll just enjoy watching you all run around like headless chickens and truly make you suffer... I'm almost glad Fury was stupid enough to fail my commands- now I'll have a better chance of watching you all squirm like the bugs you are. For now- I will all bid you good bye. Enjoy your last moments... and I will see you all soon..." The screens flickered once more as the group stared blankly into the now empty room as the power dispersed. The lights stuttered as the power and control soon returned.
All of them quietly peered back and forth at one another, silent worries being shared with single looks. Tony removed his helmet and let the robotic arms of the lab take off his suit as he gave a pained sigh.

"Looks like we're needed once more... We're going to need to do a Loki hunt again."

"I will find my brother- none of you should worry." Thor spoke, taking the stand as usual when it came to the adopted brother he still cared for. The team watched him but Tony was quick to step up.

"No... we're in this together, we learnt that last time. Loki is going to be aiming to get to all of us and the only we're gonna survive anything he's got prepared is by staying as a team... Oh God... I sound like a cartoon hero..." He muttered, shaking his head. "But... you're all welcome to stay here. Sure Loki is a bastard enough to be able to mess with my tech- which I am taking personally!- but I'm sure Mr hammer here must have some hocus pocus tricks to help us avoid that again."

Thor just stared blankly but merely got a roll of the eyes from Stark. But eventually the large blonde nodded. "Of course, I would be happy to help and to stay in such a friendly home with my companions!" The rest of the team seemed to agree, Clint seemed more then happy to be staying at a top-notch place like Stark Towers while Natasha seemed happy enough as long as she got her space and was able to continue her work. Bruce happily took the offer seeing as though he seemed comfortable being in an environment where no one was going to freak every time he scowled or got a little 'grumpy'. Which- only left Steve.

The billionaire glanced to the blonde. Steve was about to agree but only got a finger pointed at him. "You! You can only stay on one condition!" Tony pouted.

Captain America stared and flinched. "... Um... what's that?"

Without another second, Tony grasped the man's shirt collar and pulled him down- their lips suddenly locking in an almost painful but passionate kiss. Steve blinked, his cheeks burning in surprise and blush. The rest of the team merely stood and stared with a quiet surprised look.

Tony slowly let the soldier from his confines and licked his own lips slowly. "Don't you EVER fucking jump out of a window again!" He growled.

"But you were going to die!"

"No buts! You wanna live with me?!"

"..." Steve was once again taken back with the abrupt offer, merely watching the slightly shorter man with a mixture of confusion and bashfulness. "Well... I... yeah..."

"Then no window jumping and certainly no more sneaking around- you wanna be Tony Stark's partner then grow a pair and stop being an idiot!" Stark continued, only to grab Steve again and kiss him more lovingly. With all of the confusion of affection, Steve could only smile into the inviting lips and kissed him back.

The team merely watched still. Clint raised a brow and looked to everyone else as though his poor mind was going to explode. "... Anyone confused as hell? Did we get knocked out or something? ... Is this one of Loki's mind fuck-tricks?" He began to ask. Natasha merely sighed and shook her head.

"Nope... I think this is Tony trying to be romantic- by the way Bruce, you owe me ten bucks."
Banner sighed and shrugged his shoulders, chuckling as Thor merely listened to his own stomach growl. "Perhaps this is a good time for a feast? A victory feast for our battles today!"

"Good idea… Let's move before my brain blows up…" Clint continued to mutter, taking one last look at Steve and Tony before making a quick mark upstairs. The others followed and left the soldier and the billionaire to themselves, taking the brainwashed Fury with them to deal with… At least after getting something to eat.

The blonde was quiet as he stood there, wrapped in an embrace he wish to never end. His hand was stroking through the dark locks of the man before him, his other hand pressed on Tony's back as he nuzzled into a stubble dashed cheek. Tony merely linked his arms around the thick shoulders of the hero in front of him.

Merely seconds passed as they were left to stand there quietly.

"… So…" Steve muttered quietly, nuzzling the man more. "The great 'Tony Stark' has now branded himself with a boyfriend hm?" He chuckled softly.

"…" There wasn't a reply but a small mutter. Tony didn't lift his head up, more than happy to leave his face buried in the warmth of Steve's neck.

"I don't mind… I mean… Everyone seems happy enough… And- I will promise not to jump out of anymore windows if it means I can stay here. With you."

A small huff came from Stark. With a sigh, the man pulled his face away and scowled childishly. With a small shrug of his shoulders he eventually raised a brow and pouted. "You know, you seem pretty confident now I've admitted it- was the 'oh I'm a shy virgin' thing an act?"

Steve blinked and blushed warmly but couldn't help but clear his throat. "… Not all of it." He muttered bashfully.

"Hmph… You're gonna be in for one hell of a ride if you're gonna be with me." Tony spoke matter-of-factly. "You sure you wanna take shit flying when a shitstorm hits?"

A small laugh followed from the super soldier as he stood up straight. "I think I can take whatever you got. If I can survive you while you're drunk off your mind then I think I can deal whatever you have."

"You sure…?" Tony asked more seriously. Steve looked back as he noticed the slight determination in the other's eyes.

With a much more kinder smile, Steve offered his hand to Tony to take. The billionaire stared at it before resting his hand in Steve's. "I promise… I'll be here. I'll be beside you. I made a promise… on my shield… on my heart… I'm yours Tony Stark- and I'll never change that."

A warm beat thumped in Stark's chest as his eyes widened. But a smile soon grew on his face. A warm and tender look which only a few was lucky to see. The man squeezed the super soldier's hand, nodding. "Thanks Cap… and same to you…"

"So does this mean this 'trial phase' is over?"

"… What do you think…" Tony sighed and poked the man's chest. "Now… Come over here and kiss me, I think you need more practice." He smirked teasingly, a devilish glimmer appearing in his eyes.
Steve chuckled, holding Tony close. "Yes sir."

Chapter End Notes

Well! There you go! The last to the 'Just a kiss goodnight' story! I will like to apologize now if the ending seemed rushed and I didn't clear up any loose ties... but I'm considering doing a 'second series' kinda thing with one shots based off events post this fanfic. Some may be 18+ (I can't help it, I haven't wrote one of those in a while~) and they will have the theme 'The first for...' So you may see more of those. I hope you have enjoyed this fanfic and I will hope to keep making more fanfics for you all to enjoy! Please note, all of these characters belong to the marvelous MARVEL comics and Stan Lee! (God I love them XD ) Thank you for reading!

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