Some Things Don't Change

by Jack_Ten_Master

Summary

Everyone seems to forget that Steve is only the way he is thanks to the serum. Unfortunately, there are just some things it couldn't change for him. This point becomes glaringly obvious soon after the move into Stark Towers.

Set in the Omega-verse. Steve Rodgers/Tony Stark. Brief mention of Natasha/Pepper

Notes

It's my first time writing both Avengers and Omega!verse. Hope It's up to par.

Everyone he knew was dead. Had been for a long time. That meant only Fury and Coulson, who had his files from boot camp, knew what a tiny, thin, sickly thing Steve used to be. Naturally, there was only one category someone like that could fall into. He remembered vividly the first time he'd had his cycle at fifteen. He had mistaken the warning signs for the onset of yet another bug or virus and only realized what it was when his first heat hit him like a brick wall in he middle of a class. His mom was working and couldn't be reached so he'd had to walk home, a potentially disastrous feat for an Omega in heat. He would've been jumped for sure if it hadn't been for Bucky escorting him home. He was a true friend, stealing a nose clip from the swim team so he wouldn't be affected and swinging at any other alpha that was. Bucky had been exceptionally large for his age, even for an alpha and had no problem defending his friend.
If Steve was smart, he would've just gotten it over with and bonded with him. Bucky was more than capable and could have taken care of him. But hindsight was twenty-twenty. And Steve had been too proud. His frail health and past illnesses seemed to cause a fertility problem for him according to the doctors so that was the only heat he'd had to endure.

Then he'd met Dr. Reinstein. Omegas were not permitted in the service so it had been their secret. It wasn't in any of his records and only he, Bucky and of course, Steve himself had known. The good doctor had suspected that the serum may restore his reproductive capabilities and had given him a case the night before the procedure. It had contained a large quantity of pre-measured syringes. They had been filled with yet another experimental substance. Reinstein had been working on a hormone suppressant that would change the life of Omegas forever. With this kind of thing available they would no longer be baby factories. They could be free to pursue higher goals in life without disrupting the lives of the alphas and risking a forced bonding.

Steve would take a dose at the first of every month and he remained heat cycle free with no noticeable side effects. He was as tall and built as any alpha, the body he'd always wanted, and he was finally serving in the military like he'd dreamed of doing. Things were going his way. And then he'd been frozen.

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Steve sat at the kitchen table, pushing his cereal around the bowl. For some reason he hadn't been very hungry since lunch the previous day. Usually, his super soldier metabolism had him chowing down ridiculous, hungry man portions. Now he didn't even want a Tony portion. Considering Tony only ate every twelve to seventy-two hours - on a good week - that was saying something.

"Steven. Why do you not eat? Have you fallen ill," Thor asked from across the table as he dug into his stack of toaster waffles. Seeing the syrup soaked tower made Steve's stomach churn more.

He pushed his bowl away. "Just not hungry I guess."


Steve tried to return the beta's smile but it came out looking forced and hollow. Very un-Stevelike. Natasha raised an eyebrow at him, ever suspicious, but said nothing.
“Come to think of it,” Bruce chimed in. “Aren't you usually on your morning run about this time?”

Steve shrugged his broad shoulders. “I guess skipping dinner last night took its toll. I slept through my alarm.” He stood, clearing his place at the table. For whatever reason, he felt exposed down here with everyone. He really just wanted to get back to his room. “I think I'll go lie down for a bit.”

No one stopped him. Steve climbed the stairs to his room quickly, locking the door behind him before he flopped onto the bed. He'd forgotten what getting sick felt like. He hadn't known he even could get sick anymore. Even though there was nothing inside his abdomen felt heavy, as if it were made of lead. Stomach virus? It didn't feel like any stomach virus he'd ever had before. Steve couldn't quite place it, but there was some feeling of familiarity here.

Then the heavy feeling became a burning itch. Warmth blossomed from his stomach in a burst and radiated outward to the tips of his fingers and toes. He groaned as all his nerve endings suddenly came alive. His whole body buzzed with pleasant sensations. The cool, softness of the comforter against his skin. The smell of the lavender laundry detergent he used filling his nose. The salty tang of sweat and need that permeated the air. All were amplified ten fold.

“No,” he murmured to himself. “No no no no. Not now. Not here.” But there was no stopping it now. Steve was having his first cycle since that awful day in the eighth grade. He had been just as unprepared for this one. Luckily, the majority of his housemates were betas or bonded. There was only one he needed to avoid and as long as he stayed locked away up here it shouldn't be a problem at all.

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Tony moved carefully, keeping his hands impossibly steady for the amount of caffeine coursing through his system, as he lined up the miniscule piece. He almost had it set when he was cuffed upside the head.

“Ow!” He cursed as the thin sliver of metal dropped from the forceps to the floor. He looked irritatedly up at Clint who glared right back at him. “Can I help you bird-boy?”

Clint had his arm folded over his chest. He stood over Tony with an expression that said he wasn't messing around. “You broke Steve,” he yelled accusingly.
“What the fuck do you mean I broke Steve?”

“I know you two seem to have this little thing about insulting each other back and forth. Maybe that’s how you alpha males bond, I don’t know. But you obviously went too far yesterday.”

Tony and Steve had both been in the gym sparring. Naturally, Steve won, but Tony Stark was nothing if not a sore loser. If Tony didn't win, nobody did. So he had made a snarky comment about Peggy. Steve had gotten quiet, left the gym and Tony had followed suit. He'd been down here in the workshop ever since.

“He hasn't eaten since lunch yesterday, Tony. He didn't even go running this morning and now he's just sitting alone in his room.”

Wiping his hands off, Tony rolled his eyes. “What do you want me to do about it?”

“Me,” Clint started. “Nothing. Wouldn't be very smart of me to try and give an alpha orders. Natasha, however,” Tony visibly shuddered. “Wants you to go apologize.”

That girl was terrifying. Tony didn't see he had much choice if he wanted his family jewels to remain intact. He rolled his eyes, turning back to his project and picking up a new piece.

“Jarvis, send Steve an apology note and a fruit basket or something.”

Yes, sir.

Clint was still glaring at him. He could feel it. Whatever. He'd made his apology. Now he had work to do.

Pardon me, sir. Jarvis interrupted. Miss Romanov has asked me to inform you that she expects a real apology or she’s prepared to place a call to Miss Potts.

“Oh, come on!”
The two women bonding had been the worst thing to happen to Tony since Fury.

*She's begun dialing, sir.*

“Alright! I'm going!”

Clint gave him an approving smile as he stood and made for the door. Tony wasn't going to get away with it though. He gave a whistle and Dummy was on the archer with his fire extinguisher.

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Steve writhed on the mattress, down to his boxers and rubbing his still clothed erection against the palm of his hand. It wasn't enough though. He needed to be filled. His baser instinct, the need to be bred, set fire to his veins, a fire that could only be doused with time or a bond mate. How long would he be stuck in this room? Days? A week? The idea of it made him groan.

“Steve, I guess I...”

He froze. What rational portion of him remained was in a panic because Tony was at his door! But the rest of him wanted to roll over and spread because Tony was at his door.

“Steve,” Tony's voice was darker now, thick with lust that was palpable even through the wall between them. “Open the door.”

Steve clenched his eyes shut and gripped the sheets, trying not to give in.

“You should go, Tony. You don't want me.”

“Open the damn door, Steve!” Growing now. And oh did that get to him. He wanted so badly to open the door. And, part of him thought, why shouldn't he? There was an alpha on the other side. Someone to breed him, to stop the burning.

“Tony, no,” he said, though his body screamed in protest. “You don't want this.”
There was a thud as Tony threw himself against the door. He was trying to break in. That was okay though, Steve thought to himself, because then it wouldn't be his fault. He could let Tony take him and he wouldn't be to blame. The rational part of his mind, getting quieter by the second, called bullshit. He was Captain America for God's sake. No one could touch him if he didn't want it.

The door thudded again and Tony seemed to suddenly remember he had a way in.

“Jarvis,”

Yes, sir.

The door swung open and Steve bit his lip as the alpha scent wafted over. Tony entered slamming the door behind him. The lock clicked audibly back into place. He was breathing heavily, dark eyes ablaze as he approached the bed. Steve sat up to face him. Blue eyes peeked up through light colored lashes, an act of submission. Tony gripped the hair on the back of Steve's head, yanking it back to look up at him. Steve purred his pleasure at the satisfyingly rough treatment. He didn't want gentle.

“Don't tell me what I want,” Tony growled, shoving Steve back on the bed.

He wasted no time climbing over the other man and immediately lunging for his neck. Steve moaned as Tony bit down hard where his neck and shoulder joined, pulling off the underwear that were Steve's last barrier. Tony licked at the wound he'd made briefly before shifting back on his knees, getting a good look at Steve.

His golden complexion was tinged with a red flush. The inhuman muscles gleamed with sweat and he was breathing hard. His eyes were blown with need, only a thin rim of their crystal blue showing. Spread out and wanton, the sheets beneath him were soaked with his own secretions. He must have been up here for hours, Tony thought. He was so wet, so open, his body practically begging to be claimed. Patience was a not a virtue Tony was known for.

“Turn over,” he ordered.

Steve diligently obeyed, rolling onto his stomach. He kept his head down and clung to one of the pillows while he raised his ass in the air, knees spread wide apart in invitation. He looked over his shoulder to lock eyes with his alpha. His pink tongue darted out to wet his lips. Tony just stared.
“Please,” Steve whimpered. “I need it. Please.”

Tony growled, unable to keep himself in check any longer. He opened the fly of his jeans and lowered the elastic band beneath, just enough to free his hard cock. Steve groaned at the sight of it. You wouldn't expect someone Tony's size to be packing so heavily but Steve always was a size queen with his toys. Tony's endowment was a more than welcome surprise. The head of it nudged against him and he had to fight the urge to impale himself, to let Tony do as he liked. But hell, he just wanted it inside.

The strangled noise Steve made as he finally slid into him was very gratifying. Tony couldn't hold back his own pleasured sound as he pressed forward. The heat was incredible and the way Steve tightened around him, conforming to his every curve was just too perfect. When he entered to the hilt he was so deep. He could feel the tip press against Steve's cervix and a shudder ran through him. That's where his baby would be. That's how it worked almost one hundred percent of the time. He would fuck Steve over and over, pump him so full of cum it would be a miracle if he didn't get pregnant. And Steve would be his. No one else could touch him. No one but Tony could have him.

He pulled almost all the way out, then slammed back in, thrusting hard and fast into the willing form beneath him. Tony's fingers dug into his hips hard enough to bruise and it was so good. Everything was good. He arched his back and moaned, biting into the pillow as Tony pounded him. He was so thick and hot, rubbing against both of Steve's pleasure spots on every thrust. It was undoubtedly good, but it still wasn't enough. He needed something, just that one extra thing.

It didn't last long. The first coupling never did. Soon Steve could the wider stretch at the end of each inward stroke. And this was it. This was what he'd been needing. Tony gave one last powerful, inward thrust before he came, his knot filling completely to trap his release inside. The stretch in his rectum was the best feeling Steve had ever experienced and it had him toppling over the edge right after.

Tony dropped to his side, taking Steve down with him. They lay there like that as three more orgasms wracked through Tony. He brought an arm around Steve to pull him flush against him and Steve yelped.

“What,” Tony asked, still out of breath and not very patient. Four consecutive orgasms will really tire you out.

“It's cold,” Steve whined.
The arc reactor glowed against his back, his body heat warming the glass plate already. Tony grumbled for him to shut up and rest. It wouldn't be too long before the next wave hit and he intended to get some sleep in before Steve was a hot mess again.

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Three days later they had risen above the hormone induced fog. Tony had demanded to know why Jarvis hadn't warned him, to which he replied *I thought it more interesting this way, sir.* When they had finally showed their faces downstairs everyone had knowing looks. They all had the good grace not to say anything though, until Thor came booming in. He had expressed his congratulations on their joyous union and insisted they all celebrate. Tony made a note to sound proof his room once Steve moved his things in.

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Tony was crouched down on the living room floor with his hands held outward and his arms open wide. A little girl with blonde curls in a little pink sundress toddled toward him and Steve was positioned similarly behind her. Clint had a palm sized camera aimed at the scene before him.

“Come on, Peggy. Come to Papa. That's it.”

When she reached him he scooped her into his arms and she giggled as she was spun around. Steve had been right that day. He hadn't wanted any of this. But it was what he needed. Now, holding his little girl in his arms, he wouldn't have changed it for anything.

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