Loki and the New Mick Jagger

by Amjead

Summary

Loki Laufeyson is just a small indie star. So naturally he's thrown when one of the biggest rock groups in the country ask him to be their opening act. To make matters even worse, the band is fronted by Tony Stark, a man with a reputation so bad that people have dubbed him, "The new Mick Jagger."

Notes

A note regarding the, "homophobia" tag: The homophobia isn't constantly present. In one chapter, it is discussed and in two chapters a slur is used. I'll give you a heads up when we get to those parts.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Loki Laufeyson had burst into the indie music scene three years ago and was enjoying modest success. His very first single had some decent airtime on most radio stations and his third album was currently sitting at number three on the alternative music charts. Sure, Loki wasn't selling out arenas or headlining any festivals, but he didn't mind. A fair amount of people knew who he was and his bit of fame allowed him a comfortable life. His manager, however, was of a different opinion.

One day, Loki met his manager, a tall, solid man named Thor Odinson, for lunch. He said that he had something very important to tell his young star.

“Loki, how well do you think you're doing?” Thor asked.

The younger man shrugged and said, “I don't know. I think I'm doing just fine. I'm relatively well known and it's nice. I'm not too famous and I like it that way. I can walk down the street without getting harassed.”

Thor's serious face told Loki that this wasn't the answer he wanted to hear.

“That's not good enough,” said Thor. “I mean, I'm glad you're not getting harassed, but you need to be more recognizable. If you continue to stay at this level of obscurity, I won't be able to represent you anymore.”

Loki’s face fell. He didn't want to be a sell out, but he didn't want to loose his manager. Thor was like a brother to him.

“What do you think I'm going to have to do?” Loki asked.

“You're in luck,” replied Thor with a smile. “You've been given the opportunity of a lifetime. Pineapple is going on tour and they want you to open for them.”

Loki screwed up his face.

“Pineapple?” he repeated incredulously. “The hard rock band? I'm just a little indie guy. What on Earth do they want me for?”

“I don't know,” started Thor, “but this is going to be great for you. You'll be introduced to so many new people. Who knows? Maybe your songs will get played on mainstream stations.”

“I don't know about this,” said Loki. “An indie performer opening for a hard rock group? That sounds a little ridiculous. Do you remember when that rapper opened for that punk rock band? People were angry. I don't think this is a good idea.”

“Well, it doesn't matter what you think,” said Thor. “I already told Pineapple's manager that you'll do it. You'll be leaving in six months.”

“Six months?” repeated Loki in surprise.

Thor didn't respond to that though. The young singer spent the rest of lunch in sulky silence.

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Loki didn't know too much about Pineapple's band members. So, when he got home he looked them up.
Pineapple was a group of four and many articles about the band described them as, “a follow up to The Rolling Stones.” One article even said that Pineapple's lead singer, Tony Stark, had a reputation to match Mick Jagger's. The other three guys in the band were Bruce Banner on guitar, Steve Rodgers on drums, and Clint Barton on bass. Bruce, Steve, and Clint all seemed like relatively normal guys. There wasn't anything that was much of an interest to read on them. Tony Stark, however, had a lot written about him.

Loki read online that Tony Stark had been arrested punching a photographer. He'd also been arrested for drug possession, but then immediately let go.

“Typical,” thought Loki. “Some big ego star using his name to get out of trouble.”

There were lots of articles that linked Tony to many women, but no solid relationships were confirmed. It seemed that he rarely gave interviews. When he did, he would skirt the question or pass it off to his band mates. Tony Stark was definitely mysterious, but there seemed to be one thing about him for sure. His reputation was horrendous.

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The six months passed quicker than Loki expected and soon he was landing in Los Angelos, the first stop on the tour.

When Loki arrived at the airport, Thor was there to greet him. The two men smiled and fondly shook hands when they met.

“The car's waiting for us,” said Thor. “It's a limousine.”

Loki was taken aback. He'd never been picked up in a limousine before.

“How exciting,” said Loki. “It's almost like I'm a rock star.”

“You are now,” replied Thor. “Say goodbye to the indie scene.”

Loki frowned. He didn't like the sound of that.

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The limousine took the two men to the fanciest hotel that Loki had ever been in. Their rooms were on one of the highest floors and it was the definition of opulence. It looked more like a luxury apartment than a hotel room. Loki could hardly believe his eyes.

“Hurry up,” said Thor as Loki gaped at everything in the room. “We only have time to drop our bags off. We're supposed to meet the others for lunch.”

"Others?" repeated Loki.

“Yes,” replied Thor. “You're meeting Pineapple.”

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Soon, Loki and Thor were at the restaurant. The two approached a table that had four men happily chatting around it. Loki recognized three of the guys as Bruce Banner, Steve Rodgers, and Clint Barton. The fourth guy, a bald black man, Loki couldn't identify.

Loki and Thor came up to the table and Thor warmly said, “There you all are.”
The bald, black man stood up and shook Thor's hand. He smiled and seemed genuinely pleased to see the two of them.

Thor turned to Loki and said, “This is Nick Fury. He represents Pineapple.”

Loki smiled politely and shook Nick Fury's outstretched hand.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” said Loki a bit nervously.

"Likewise," replied the manager.

The three sat down and the band mates all introduced themselves to Loki. They seemed cool and approachable. It helped set Loki at ease.

"Where's Tony?" Thor asked.

Nick Fury rolled his eyes and said, “You know how Stark is. He should've been here fifteen minutes ago.”

Just then, the door was opened and a loud cacophony of noise came into the building. Many people were staring and whispering. Tony Stark had arrived.

The rock star made his way over to the table casually. His outfit and hair suggested that he just rolled out of bed. He wore sunglasses that suggested a hangover.

"You're late," said Nick Fury.

“Sorry,” said Tony with a shrug. “I had to get some coffee.”

Tony sat down and eyed Loki up and down.

“Well, well, well,” he said with a smirk. “You must be our opening act.”

Suddenly, Loki felt self-conscious and could have sworn he was blushing.

“Uh, yes,” he said, nervousness returning. “My name's Loki, Loki Laufeyson.”

“I know who you are,” said Tony as he leaned back in his chair. “Can we order now?” he asked no one in particular. “I'm starving.”

“Gosh, he's so rude,” Loki thought. “I don't think I'm going to like touring with him at all. At least the other guys seem ok. I guess I'll stick it out for them.”

For the rest of the meal, Loki listened as the band mates excitedly talked about the tour. Tony didn’t say anything to anyone.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Loki finds out exactly what it's like to work with Pineapple.

After the lunch, Loki went back to his room to unwind. He reclined in the large, comfy bed and flipped through the enormous television's vast collection of channels. As he surfed from station to station, he thought about the five guys he met today.

“I like Bruce, Steve, and Clint,” thought Loki. “They seem like really nice and down to Earth guys. Their manager seems all right too, like a no-nonsense type. That's good. Tony though. I just don't like him. He was late. He was hungover. He was rude and withdrawn. No wonder people are calling him the new Mick Jagger.”

Just then, Loki was brought out of his thoughts by a knock at his door. He went over and peered through the peep-hole. It was Thor.

Loki opened the door and his manager said, “Come downstairs. The buses are here.”

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Loki and Thor went down to the parking lot behind the hotel. Sitting there was an 18-wheeler truck and three tour buses labeled, “P1” “P2” and “P3.”

“Wow,” commented Loki. “Do we really need all this?”

“Well, the 18-wheeler is to carry all the equipment,” explained Thor. He pointed to the bus labeled, “P1” and said, “That's Tony's.” Then, he pointed to bus, “P2” and said, “That's for the others.”

“Tony gets his own bus?” asked Loki incredulously.

"Yes," answered Thor.

“What a jerk,” said Loki quietly.

“Be nice,” soothed Thor. “Look, they got you your own bus. Most bands don't do that for their opening acts.”

Loki blinked in surprise.

“I get my own bus?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Thor again. “Come on. Let's get on it and check it out.”

Thor made his way to the bus labeled, “P3” and Loki followed him.

“Wow,” thought Loki. “I get my own bus. That was really nice of Mr. Fury.”

Upon boarding the bus, Loki was completely taken aback. It was incredibly nice and all done up in green and black, which just so happened to be Loki's favorite colors. There was a big sofa with lots
of soft pillows, a big television with an expensive looking game console hooked up to it. There was a kitchenette for cooking. There was no oven, but a nice microwave and toaster oven were bolted down to the counter. Just beyond that area, there were two bedrooms and a spotless, modern looking bathroom. Loki poked his head into the one bedroom and found it also done up in the green and black palette.

“This must be my room,” he thought. “I guess the other one is Thor’s.”

Loki came out of the bedroom and rejoined Thor near the front of the bus.

“What do you think?” Thor asked with a big smile.

Loki excitedly looked around the bus again. He couldn't mask his joy even if he tried.

“I love it,” he enthused. “I have my own tour bus. I can't believe it. This is a dream come true.”

“Believe it,” said Thor. “You're a rock star now, Loki. No more indie scene for you.”

Thor turned and left. Loki stayed behind. As soon as Thor was out of Loki's sight, his smile turned into a frown.

“I wish he'd stop saying that,” thought Loki.

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The next night was the first show of the tour. Loki was all dressed, made up, and ready to go. He stood on the stage of Los Angelos' second biggest concert venue doing his sound check. To say he was nervous was an understatement. Tonight, this place would be filled with hard rock fans and who were they going to get? Little indie Loki Laufeyson.

Loki was just about to wrap up, when he caught Tony out of the corner of his eye holding a bottle. He looked killer in his red and gold outfit.

“He looks really nice,” thought Loki absentmindedly. Then, he quickly admonished himself for thinking so. “It doesn't matter what he looks like. He's rude and arrogant and he doesn't deserve the time of day.”

Loki wanted nothing more than to just leave the stage without having to talk to Tony, but no such luck. The sunglasses clad rocker came up to Loki and, surprisingly, offered him the bottle of beer he was holding. Loki was confused by the gesture and felt like he was being set up for something.

“No thank you,” said Loki. “I don't drink before gigs.”

Tony shrugged, opened up the bottle, and took a drink. Suddenly, Loki found himself very distracted by Tony's Adam's apple bobbing up and down.

Loki shook his head to clear this thoughts and quickly made his way toward offstage. Before he got there, Tony called out to him, “Good luck tonight.”

Loki stopped and stared at him questioningly. Why was Tony acting nice to him? Tony wasn't nice. He was arrogant. There was nothing for Tony to gain by wishing Loki some luck. Why was he doing this?

“Thank you,” said Loki cautiously before turning to leave.

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Soon, the audience was in and Loki would be going on any minute. He was very nervous and wanted nothing more than to run away. He tried to distract himself by concentrating on something else. He mentally reviewed his set list for the night, four songs off his newest album and then end it with his big commercial hit.

“You can do it, Loki,” he thought to psych himself up. “It's just five songs and then you can go back to your bus.”

Just then, Thor came up to him and said, “It's time. Are you ready?”

Loki took a deep breath and said, “I guess so.”

Thor pulled a walkie-talkie out of his pocket and said into it, “He's ready.”

In an instant, the lights went down and the audience started to cheer. Loki could hear them chanting, “Pineapple! Pineapple! Pineapple!” He took another deep breath and stepped out on stage.

The change was almost instantaneous. The audience was still cheering, but there was a definite sharp decline once they realized that they didn't recognize this opening act. Thousands of judging eyes stared into Loki’s soul. He could barely take it. For a moment, he just stood motionless on stage.

Then, he shook himself from it and grabbed the microphone in front of him.

“Hello, Los Angelos!” he bellowed into the mic. The audience cheered again, but it wasn't the reaction he was hoping for.

"How are you doing tonight?"

The response was similar. People reacted, but they just weren’t that interested in Loki. As the crowd's reaction died down, an audience member shouted, “Give us Pineapple!” This seemed to illicit a stronger reaction than anything Loki did.

“Pineapple will be out in a little bit,” Loki assured. “I just gotta get you warmed up first. So, let's get this started.”

Loki picked up his guitar and began his first song, “Checkmate” which was about being desperately in love with someone unusual. The audience was not thrilled. From the first note, these hard rock fans realized that they were getting some straight up indie music. Most of the audience stayed completely nonplussed. A few people heckled Loki.

He made it all the way through the song without stopping. When he was done, the audience jeered his performance.

“Th-thank you,” Loki stuttered meekly. This audience wanted him gone, but he still had four more songs to sing. “This, uh, this n-next song is called-” Loki didn't finish his sentence. He was just too flustered. He just went right into the song and the audience immediately resumed heckling. The crowd seemed so against Loki that he was afraid they’d start a riot, or worse, leave.

Loki couldn't take the hate anymore. Halfway through the second verse he stopped singing. He grabbed the mic and quickly said, “Pineapple will be on next,” and booked it off the stage. He ran all the way to his bus and didn’t stop until he got there.

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Fifteen minutes later, Thor came into the bus and found Loki curled up on the sofa. It looked like he'd been crying.
"Are you ok?" asked Thor.

“No. I'm not ok,” Loki sobbed. “That audience hated me. It was terrible. They wanted me dead. They're hard rock fans, Thor. They don't want some indie twerp like me. I can't believe Mr. Fury even wanted me as Pineapple's opening act.”


Loki sat up now. He was confused again. Nick Fury was Pineapple's manager. If he didn't ask for Loki to be the opening act, who did?

“What do you mean?” asked Loki. “Who wanted me as their opening act?”

“Didn't anyone tell you?” Thor asked. “Tony Stark asked for you specifically.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Loki learns the truth about Tony Stark.

Loki sat there and stared at Thor with the biggest, “Huh?” look on his face for what felt like a week. Tony Stark asked for him specifically? That couldn't be. He trashed hotel rooms. He beat up photographers. He had a string of supposed lovers. He drank before shows. He was an archetypal bad attitude rock star. There was no way he cared one lick about Loki's success and future as a musician.

“Loki, say something,” said Thor. “You're scaring me.”

Loki shook his head to take himself out of his thoughts.

“That's impossible,” he said. “There's no way Tony Stark wanted me.”

"It's true," countered Thor.

“That seems so unlike him though,” said Loki. “He's so self-absorbed. I can't imagine he'd care about some struggling indie act.”


“I did research on him before we left for this tour,” said Loki. “He seems so rude and arrogant.”

“Maybe you should get to know him first,” offered Thor.

Loki looked away and shrugged noncommittally.

Thor chuckled and said, “You seem to be better now. Why don't you take a shower and get some rest. We've got a show tomorrow night in Las Vegas.”

“I have to do this again?” Loki asked, saddened.

“Of course,” replied Thor. “You're on tour now, Loki. You've got a show almost every night.”

Loki sighed in defeat.

“What am I going to do?” he thought.

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The next night, Loki nervously waited backstage at the venue in Las Vegas. Nearby, he saw Tony having a bottle of beer again.

“Does he drink before every show?” thought Loki indignantly. “That's alcoholic behavior.”

Loki accidentally scoffed out loud and Tony overheard him.
“You ok?” the rock star asked.

Loki wasn't going to say anything, but he decided he was going to give Tony a piece of his mind.

“You really shouldn't drink before your shows,” said Loki. “It's not fair to the audience to come, only to find a drunk headliner.”

“I'm not drinking to get drunk,” defended Tony. “It's a tradition I have. Before every show, I have a drink in honor of the people who have helped get me here. Also, it's just a light beer. It'll get me mildly tipsy at most. Besides, this is hard rock. I think the audience would be more disappointed if I wasn't drunk. If you ever see me acting loopy with the crowd, it's just an act. Remember that.”

Tony turned away from Loki and started checking on things in the backstage area. Loki thought about what Tony just said.

“He drinks a toast to remember the people from his past,” thought Loki. “That's surprisingly sweet and sentimental.”

Just then, another thought struck Loki.

“Hey, Tony,” he said a bit tentatively.

The rocker turned around and gave him his full attention.

“Thor told me last night that you asked for me specifically to be Pineapple's opening act. Why?”

Tony took slow steps towards Loki and closed the gap between them. He didn't stop walking until the two were about six inches apart.

“I feel like you might have a lot of questions about me,” started Tony. “I'll tell you what. Tomorrow night we'll be making a stop off at a hotel. We'll meet up then and you can ask me all the questions you want. Sound good?”

Loki nodded. Tony smiled and turned to leave. As he was walking away, Loki noticed the strangest feeling within him. Tony had left him feeling flustered and dangerously curious.

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Soon, it was time for Loki to go on. He walked onto the stage and was greeted again by judgmental staring. Loki quickly greeted his audience and jumped right into his first song. He was hoping to get through all five tonight, but he just wanted to do it as quickly as possible.

Unfortunately, by the end of the first song, the audience was openly jeering. Loki wanted to run away.

“No,” he thought. “I can't run away. I have to do something.”

Suddenly, Loki had an idea. He put down his acoustic guitar and picked up Bruce's electric. He walked back to the microphone and said, “All right. That's enough of that. Let's try something different.” Loki took a deep breath and began to play, “Gimme Shelter.”

When Loki had first learned to play the guitar, he bought himself the cheapest book of music he could find. It just so happened to be The Rolling Stones Greatest Hits.

After, “Gimme Shelter” Loki played, “Sympathy for the Devil” and, “Paint it Black.” Those were the only three songs from the book he could remember. So, he had to cut his opening short again. He
didn't care though. The audience didn't heckle him this time. They didn't seem too thrilled that all they were getting was just a few Rolling Stones covers, but it was a definite improvement over the Los Angelos crowd. Loki was relieved.

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The next night, Loki stood tentatively outside of Tony's hotel room door. He could ask Tony all the questions he wanted to and he'd get answers.

"Is this a good thing?" Loki thought. "I have this sneaking suspicion I'm going to find out something that will be too much for me to handle."

Loki considered just forgetting about it and returning to his room.

"No," he thought. "Don't do that. You need straight answers. You need to know the truth. You need to learn about who Tony Stark really is. Now is the time. Let's go."

He knocked on the door. Tony answered it and invited him inside. The large hotel room looked more like a condo to Loki. He sat down on the large sofa and watched Tony meander into the kitchen area.

"Do you want something to drink?" Tony asked. "I've got booze, soda, water."

"Soda's fine," replied Loki.

Tony nodded and grabbed two bottles of ginger ale from his refrigerator. He sat down next to Loki and tossed one of the bottles to him. Then he opened up his own. He threw his head back for a big swig and Loki became mesmerized by his bobbing Adam's apple like he did that other time.

"So, what do you want to know?" asked Tony once he was done his sip.

Before Loki came over to Tony's room, he compiled a list of questions. Now it was time to ask them and he couldn't remember what any of them were. So, he asked the first question that popped into his head.

"Why do you have your own tour bus?"

"I have a severe nut allergy," explained Tony. "I know the other guys like eating peanut butter. So, I got myself my own bus so there wouldn't be any cross contamination. Also, Steve is a crazy snorer, Clint is a slob, and Bruce is a monster in the mornings. I love them dearly. They're just not the kind of guys I wanna be stuck on a bus with. That's why I made sure you had your own bus too."

Loki blinked in surprise. He hadn't expected the answer so be so thoughtful. That didn't matter though. Loki had more things he needed to know.

"Why did you punch a photographer?" he asked.

Tony scrunched up his face like he didn't know what Loki was talking about.

"What?" he asked.

"I read an article that said you got arrested for punching a photographer," Loki explained. "Why did you do it?"

Tony's expression changed as he realized what Loki was talking about.
“Oh. Yeah. That,” he said. “Well, the last time Pineapple went on tour, Clint's girlfriend, Natasha, came to one of our shows. Afterward, the five of us went to a small diner and we thought we were being covert. A few paparazzi found us and they were taking pictures and asking us really ridiculous questions. They didn't know who Natasha was so a lot of these photographers were making this big scene like she was my new fling. I was just so angry that they kept bothering us. More importantly, they were really harassing Natasha. Poor girl just wanted to visit her boyfriend and she got hounded by the press. Anyway, I just snapped and punched one of them.”

“So you were just trying to protect Clint and his girlfriend,” said Loki.

"Exactly," replied Tony. "Got anymore question?"

“I heard you were arrested for drug possession, but the charged got dropped. What happened there?” asked Loki.

Tony shrugged and said, “That's exactly what happened. I don't know what more you want me to say. The police thought I was in possession of drugs so they arrested me. When they found out they were mistaken, they let me go.”

Loki made a face and said, “I don't know. That sounds a little suspicious to me.”

Suddenly, Tony's face became serious.

“You don't know me, man,” said Tony. “I would never do anything like that. I've seen too many people go that way. It's crazy. They're all too young.”

Loki was taken aback. He hadn't expected Tony to be so solemn about this.

“Remember the day I met you?” asked Tony. “I was late coming to the restaurant. I found out the night before that a friend of mine overdosed. I couldn't sleep at all that night. That's why I was late.”

Loki felt very sheepish. He had no idea. Tony seemed very distraught now and Loki felt sympathized with him. He scooted closer to Tony and put a comforting arm around him.

“I'm so sorry for your loss,” said Loki. He genuinely meant it. Loki was quite surprised by what he learned about Tony this evening. He was thoughtful, caring, and sweet. He wasn't at all what Loki initially pegged him for. This caused Loki's memory to be jogged. He had one more question for the rock star.

“Can I ask you one more thing?” Loki probed.

Tony pulled himself together and nodded.

“Why did you ask for me specifically to open for Pineapple?” Loki asked.

“There's two reasons for that answer,” replied Tony. “First of all, I like your stuff. I've listened to your music and I think you have a real talent. I wanted to give you the opportunity that I wish someone had given me.”

“That's very considerate of you,” said Loki.

“The second reason is a little more personal,” confessed Tony. “I think you're hot as hell.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Loki finds out more than he bargained for.

Chapter Notes

Head's up: Loki and Ton talk about homophobia at the beginning of this chapter. Be aware if you're extra sensitive to it.

Loki stared at Tony in confusion for what seemed like a week.

"Wh-what?" he finally stammered out.

Tony looked down awkwardly. He rubbed the back of his neck and mumbled, “I think you're hot as hell. I wanted to meet you so I asked Fury if you could be our opening act.”

Loki went all pins and needles. He felt tingly and couldn't explain the fluttering sensation in his stomach. Suddenly, a thought hit him.

“Wait a minute,” he said. “You're gay?”

"Yeah," replied Tony.

“You've been linked to so many women though,” Loki countered.

“Yeah. Linked. Never confirmed,” explained Tony. “You hang out with a cousin or a female friend and suddenly it's, 'Tony Stark spotted with new lady love.' It's bullshit.”

“I never would've guessed that you were gay,” Loki admitted.

“Good. That's the point,” said Tony.

“What do you mean?” asked Loki.

“No one can know I'm gay,” said Tony. “No one can know that I'm actually a nice, normal guy.”

“I don't understand,” said Loki with a frown.

Tony sighed and went into his explanation.

“It's all an act,” he said. “I can't disappoint people's expectations of me. I can't risk Pineapple's future just because I'm not the person people think I am.”

“I'm confused,” said Loki. “Why do you have to lie to your fans to keep your band popular?”
“I'm in a hard rock band,” said Tony. “People call me, “The New Mick Jagger.” They've been calling me that for awhile. Imagine if you found out that your favorite smart ass, lady killing, bad attitude rock star was just a semi-awkward gay guy with a food intolerance. The fans would be enraged. That's why I try not to take any interviews, and when I do, I pass the questions off. Tony Stark in real life and Tony Stark in his pineapple persona are two totally different people.”

"That's not fair," said Loki.

“Life's not fair,” said Tony with a shrug. “I'm a well paid famous musician. People would kill to be in my position. Who am I to complain?"

Loki's heart nearly broke for Tony. He couldn't imagine having to lie about who he really was just to win the approval of others. He reached out and wrapped Tony into a comforting hug. As he sat there with him, he suddenly remembered Tony confessing his attraction to him a little bit ago. Loki blushed and withdrew his arms.

"Are you ok?" Tony asked.

"I'm just a little bit flustered is all," said Loki. “One minute we're perfect strangers. The next, I find out you're attracted to me. It's a lot to take in."

Tony looked down again and said, “I know. It was stupid of me to confess. I probably shouldn't have said anything.”

“No. It's fine,” reassured Loki. “I'm not mad or anything. In fact, I'm actually quite flattered. I just don't know how to feel about this.”

“Fair enough,” said Tony with a curt nod.

Loki looked at Tony and drank him in. He was nicer than Loki had ever imagined and, suddenly, he seemed a lot more attractive.

Loki smiled softly and said, “I think I'm going to go back to my room now. Thank you for the talk. It was most enjoyable. Goodnight, Tony.”

“Goodnight, Loki,” the rock star replied pensively.

With that, Loki and showed himself out.

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Early next morning, as the bus trundled down the highways to Phoenix, Loki tried to think of a better way to get audiences to like him. He needed an idea. He couldn’t just keep doing Rolling Stones covers. Unfortunately, Loki found it hard to focus on coming up with ideas. His thoughts were far and away with Tony.

“Poor Tony,” thought Loki. “He has to deal with so much deception. I can't even fathom what that must be like. It must be awful having to pretend to be someone else just so the crowds like him. It's just so-”

Loki didn't finish that thought because, suddenly, he had another. Upon arrival in Phoenix, Loki found a cab and asked the driver to take him to the nearest music store. Once he got there, Loki bought himself a brand new electric guitar. It was green with a pretty black design. Loki took it back to his bus where he locked himself in and got busy preparing.
When the show started, Loki greeted the crowd with a new found confidence. The audience still seemed a little confused as to who this guy was, but they didn't seem too judgmental. Loki played a few licks on his new electric guitar and then launched into his song, “Checkmate.” This time, however, instead of being an indie love ballad, it was a hard rock song. The crowd loved it. He had finally found his niche, by pretending to be someone he wasn't. He spent the rest of his set playing his songs in this new style.

Once the opening act was over, Loki walked off the stage with his head held high. He'd done it. He'd won the audience's approval.

When he came offstage, Tony was waiting for him. He was almost bouncing up and down he was so excited and happy for Loki.

“You did it!” he said enthusiastically. “That was awesome! They loved you!”

Tony was so hyped about Loki's success that he impulsively grabbed Loki, pulled him in close, and gave him a big kiss.

Loki was shocked by Tony's actions, but he couldn't help but melt into the kiss. It was long and sensuous. Tony was an amazing kisser. Loki felt like he could go on kissing Tony forever, but all good things come to an end. Tony pulled away from the bemused Loki and hustled out onto the stage to greet the cheering crowd. Loki just stood there, perplexed.

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After the show, all of the performers piled onto Tony's bus to celebrate. Loki finally had a successful set, so he decided to join the others. He was having fun and enjoyed getting to know the other guys, but he purposefully avoided talking to Tony. He still couldn't believe that Tony had kissed him. It filled him with so many confusing emotions.

At one point, Tony went to the bathroom. His band mates decided that this was the perfect opportunity to grill Loki.

“So, what going on between you and Tony?” asked Bruce.

“N-nothing,” said Loki as he miserably failed to play off the question.

“Nothing?” repeated Steve. “Well, that's funny because I definitely saw him kissing you after your set.”

Loki looked down awkwardly and his cheeks went bright pink.

“It's nothing to be embarrassed about,” reassured Clint. “On the contrary, we think it would be great if you and Tony got together.”

“Really?” asked Loki as he looked up.

“Yeah,” answered Bruce. “If you two actually got together, maybe Tony would finally stop going on and on about how attractive he finds you.

Loki blushed bright red this time. This was overwhelming.

“I think we're embarrassing him,” said Steve with a chuckle.

“He's got nothing to be embarrassed about,” said Clint. “Tony's the one who's been acting like a
lovesick puppy.”

Loki looked down and covered his face with his hands. It seemed that Tony was really into him. He just didn't know what to do.

Just then, Tony came back from the bathroom and everyone became eerily quiet.

“What's going on?” he asked suspiciously.

“Nothing,” answered Bruce. “I was just telling the guys that I think I'm going to turn in now.”

"Yeah. Me too," said Steve.

"Me too," echoed Clint.

The three men left and Loki and Tony were left alone. Loki lifted his face out of his hands. Suddenly, he felt overwhelmed again.

"I-I-I sh-should go," he stuttered.

He quickly stood up and nearly fell over.

"Loki?” Tony asked.

Loki steadied himself and looked Tony in the eye.

“Please stay,” requested Tony. “Just for a little while.”

Loki nodded and sat back down on the sofa next to Loki. They were silent for an awkward few minutes. Finally, Tony broke it.

“Listen, Loki. I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have suddenly kissed you like I did. It wasn't fair to you. I don't even know if you like me. You probably don't. I don't even-”

"Tony," Loki interrupted.

Tony immediately stopped talking and looked expectantly into Loki's eyes.

Loki took a deep breath. Then, he took hold of Tony's hand and kissed it.

“I think I like you too, Mr. Stark,” said Loki shyly.

Tony's face broke out in a huge grin. He launched himself at Loki and wrapped him up in a big hug. There was such a force behind the hug that Tony accidentally knocked Loki on his back.

“Get off me, you big goof,” Loki teased.

Tony started to pull away, but then something changed as he looked down at Loki. Tony was hovering only a foot above his face and his arms were on either side of the raven haired man. Loki looked positively gorgeous and Tony wanted nothing more than to bend down and capture Loki's lips in a heavy kiss.

Loki must have sensed it too because he started blushing again. Tony straightened himself up and apologized. He faced away from Loki and mentally cursed himself for getting carried away. It didn't matter though because in the next moment, Loki took Tony's chin in his hand. He turned Tony to look at him and initiated the making out.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Tony and Loki's relationship grows.

Now that emotions were known, things had changed. Loki and Tony weren't anything official, they couldn't be, but everyone else on the tour knew that something was going on. There was lots of stolen glances, secret giggles, sneaking away to make out. The two were much happier and things were running smoothly.

Loki's set was going better now too. Rearranging his indie songs into rock songs was really working out for him, but he wanted to do more.

“I feel like there's more I could do with my set,” he thought as his tour bus trucked along the road to Santa Fe. “I like the rearranged songs and the crowd does too, but I want to do something in addition to that. Maybe I need some inspiration.”

Loki pulled on his headphones and put on his music. Specifically, he put on Pineapple's discography in shuffle mode.

“Maybe they'll help me out,” thought Loki as he got lost in the hard rock waves.

He listened to the music for awhile as his mind wandered, but he wasn't making any breakthroughs. However, at one point, something got to him.

Loki was listening to a song called, “Feud.” It was about unexpectedly falling in love with someone who was bad for you. It was a typical rock song with an aggressive guitar, pulsing bass drum, and killer vocals, but something about it resonated with Loki.

“The lyrics are surprisingly sentimental,” Loki thought. “This almost sounds like something I would write. Make this an acoustic track and it's totally an indie song.”

Then, the wheels in Loki's head started turning. Quickly, he grabbed his pen and a piece of paper and began to write.

---

The next night, Loki was on the Santa Fe stage in front of the crowd. He played his rock version of, “Checkmate” and a few more rocked out versions of his songs. Then, he addressed his audience directly.

“Are you excited to see Pineapple?” Loki asked.

The crowd went wild in response.

“I'll take that as a yes,” he joked. “They've got a lot of awesome songs. Which ones do you want to hear tonight?”

There was a loud mish-mash of noise coming from the audience. Loki couldn't hear anything they
were saying, but he nodded like he did.

“All right. Good choices,” said Loki. “My personal favorite is, ‘Feud.’”

The crowd clapped and cheered for the mentioned song. Loki took that as a good sign.

“If you don't mind, I'd like to play it for you,” said Loki. “My version's a little different though.”

Loki put his electric guitar onto its stand and retrieved his acoustic which had been hiding. He strummed a few chords. They were slow, soft, and wistful. Then, he launched into, “Feud.” Now as an acoustic ballad, the song had a whole new feel to it. It was almost melancholic. The crowd was completely silent. You could hear a pin drop. Loki couldn't tell if they were loving it or hating it. He didn't care though. This song felt important to him now.

At one point, Loki looked up from his guitar. He didn't look at the audience though. He looked offstage and locked eyes with Tony. Tony's eye were wide and his mouth hung open slightly. He looked at Loki in pure wonder as the raven haired singer crooned his song so delicately.

When Loki finished the song, there was a second of stunned silence. Then, there was thunderous applause. The audience loved it. Loki smile gratefully. He bowed, said his thanks, and walked off the stage with his guitars in tow.

Once he got backstage, Tony stopped to talk to him.

“That was beautiful. You were amazing,” Tony complimented.

“Thank you,” Loki replied, a bit bashfully.

Tony returned the mildly bashful attitude. It seemed like he had something to say, but he just wasn't saying it.

“Is there something on your mind?” Loki asked.

“Yeah,” said Tony, shyly. “May I see you after the show? You could meet me in my bus.”

Loki smiled and said, “I'll meet you there.”

---

Loki freshened up in his own bus. He showered, shaved, and put on some soft, clean clothes. Then, he went over to Tony's bus. He knew the band was still playing, but he thought he'd take the time to get comfortable and relax.

Loki knew where the alcohol was. So, he went looking for something to drink. He opened up the stash and looked around. He found a six pack of Tony's watery beers and a cheap bottle of scotch.

“This isn't good enough,” thought Loki. “It needs to be something a little more special than discount booze.”

He riffled around a bit more and then found something that suited his tastes better. It was a bottle of moscato wine. It wasn't top shelf, but it wasn't bottom of the barrel either.

He grabbed the ice bucket, filled it up and stuffed the bottle into it. Then placed it on the little table by the couch.

After that, Loki wandered into the kitchenette to look for a snack. He got himself a bowl and started
filling it up with grapes and strawberries. He was about to take the bowl back to the sofa when his eyes landed on a pair of bananas. Almost as if on autopilot, Loki added them to his bowl of fruit.

He put the bowl of fruit with the ice bucket, toed off his shoes, and then draped himself on the couch to watch television as he waited for Tony to return.

---

After a little while, Loki heard the bus's door opening. He turned off the TV as he tried to ignore the excited, nervous feeling in his stomach.

Tony came onto the bus and saw Loki.

“Well, this is a gorgeous greeting,” Tony flirted.

“Hello,” said Loki as he got off the sofa to kiss Tony.

“Can I get you something to drink?” Tony asked.

“I already got something out,” replied Loki nodding towards the ice bucket.

“I see you got out the expensive wine,” chuckled Tony.

“What can I say?” joked Loki. “I like the finer things in life.”

“You are the finer things in life,” teased Tony as he planted a quick kiss on Loki's cheek. “I'll get us some glasses.”

Tony went into the kitchenette, found a couple of wine glasses, and washed them.

While he was as the sink, he called to Loki, “Do you want anything to eat?”

“I've already put together something,” replied Loki.

“What do you have?” asked Tony.

“I've assembled a fruit bowl,” answered Loki. “I've got grapes, strawberries, and bananas.”

“Good choices,” said Tony as he returned to Loki with the glasses.

Tony uncorked the fizzy wine with a pop and poured out two drinks. He sat on the couch next to Loki and they clinked their glasses together toasting nothing specific. Then, Loki picked up a strawberry.

He bit into it and sighed out, “Mmm...”

Tony couldn't help but look at Loki with wanting eyes.

“I can't believe I'm jealous of a strawberry right now,” he thought.

Loki looked up Tony, who was still watching him, and asked, “Do you want any of the fruit?”

After a moment of his brain catching up to him, Tony asked, “C-could I have a grape?”

Loki picked up the requested fruit, but instead of just handing it to Tony, he scooted closer and fed it to him.
“Delicious?” the raven haired man asked.

Tony just nodded.

Then, Loki pulled out one of the bananas from the bowl. He unpeeled it and wrapped his lips around it before taking a bite.

“There are two bananas here, Tony,” said Loki coyly. “Would you like the other?”

Tony chuckled and said, “I think you stole my idea.”

“What idea was that?” Loki asked innocently.

“My idea to seduce you,” answered Tony. “Granted, seduction by suggestive fruit eating seems a bit silly now.”

Loki smirked confidently and said, “I think you're right, Mr. Stark, on both accounts.”

Tony grinned and said, “I can talk to my driver and we can take off. You can spend the night here if you'd like.”

“I'd like that a lot,” said Loki, still smirking.
Loki and Tony consummate their love.

Heads up: This chapter is nsfw

Loki was reclining on Tony's bed while he waited for his lover to join him. He could hear Tony out in the common area of the bus talking to the driver.

“If you hear lots of bumping and groaning, just keep driving,” Loki imagined Tony saying.

Just then, Loki could feel the bus pulling away. This was it. Loki was going to consummate his love for Tony. He felt nervous, yet excited. He couldn't tell which was the prevalent emotion.

Then, Tony came into the bedroom.

“Thanks for being patient,” he said. “I was just grabbing us a few things.” He held up a bottle of lube and a box of condoms.

Looking at these sexual accessories in Tony’s hand caused a few waves of arousal in the pit of Loki’s stomach. This was really happening. He curled his index finger towards himself to beckon Tony to the bed. His lover smirked and joined him.

Their lips met in a passionate kiss. Then, Loki pulled away and said, “Turn around. I want to rub your back.”

Tony nodded and turned so that his back was to Loki. The raven haired man slid his hands up the hem of Tony’s shirt and rested on his back. Loki wasn't planning on giving him a massage though. He has something else in mind.

“I feel so horny right now,” Loki growled in Tony's ear.

He scooted in closer to Tony and brought his hands around to the other man's front. His left hand stayed on Tony's chest to keep him in place while his right hand dipped lower to try and work its way into Tony's pants.

“I imagine you feel the same,” said Loki. “Be a dear and undo your belt. I want to feel your thick cock get hard in my hand.”

Tony let out some kind of noise and then did as Loki asked. He had never undone his belt faster in his life. Loki slipped his hand inside and pushed the underpants out of the way. He took Tony's cock in hand and gently ghosted his fingers up and down.
“I bet you get the most beautiful erections,” purred Loki. “I can't wait to see it. I'm a little conflicted though. Once you're nice and painfully hard, what do I do? Should I suck you off? Singers should have talented mouths. Do you want to see how talented mine is? Or maybe you'll want to fuck me. Do you want to bury your cock into my snug asshole? I know I'd like that.”

"Fuck," breathed Tony.

"Is that an answer?" Loki asked coyly. “I'm all for it, but I want to get you a bit needier first.”

Loki removed his hands from Tony, which earned him a whine from the brunette.

“Take off your pants and underwear,” Loki instructed. Tony obeyed.

Loki got off the bed and Tony laid back on propped up elbows. Loki grabbed a condom and slithered in between Tony's legs. He took a moment to admire Tony's semi-erection and then he got to work. He opened up the condom's packaging and rolled in onto Tony with his teeth and tongue.

Tony gasped at the sensation and said, “You've done this before.”

Loki shrugged and gave a kiss to Tony's cock. Then he said, “It's true. I'm not some blushing virgin desperate to be taught the ways of love making.” He kissed Tony's cock again and continued. “Think of it this way though, I'm an experienced lover. Wouldn't you want to be with a man who knows what he's doing?”

Loki sunk his lips around Tony's cock which caused the brunette to cry out, “Oh, God! Yes.”

Loki glanced up at Tony. His head was thrown back and his mouth dropped open as he groaned loudly. Loki inhaled deeply, trying to capture the smell of Tony's cock. He ended up with a noseful of latex, but he didn't mind. His ears filled with the sounds of Tony's lewd moaning as his tongue glided up and down the slippery sheath. His fingers traced along Tony's thighs which caused him to squirm under Loki's intimate touch.

Tony was very erect and leaking pre-cum like mad into the condom when Loki pulled off of him. He checked to make sure that the condom was still in place before continuing.

“You have a choice,” said Loki. “You can finger me open or you can watch me open up myself. Which do you choose?”

Tony looked completely overwhelmed and excited by the filthy options laid before him.

Finally, he said, “I want to see those delicious fingers slip inside that gorgeous hole.”

“Sounds good,” confirmed Loki. He grabbed the bottle of lube and set to work.

He slicked his right index finger and carefully slid it in. Once it was in place, Loki curled and uncurled it.

"It feels nice," Loki giggled.

“I bet it does,” breathed Tony, feeling terribly lusty.

Next, Loki pulled out that finger so he could slick the one next to it. He pushed the two fingers in and sighed deeply. He started scissoring himself open and it caused him to groan. A blush tinted his cheeks and it was doing a number on Tony's arousal.

“You look so horny,” said Loki between measured breaths. “I like you looking like this. It makes me
feel so needy. I want to be nice and ready for your big, fat cock.”

“C-can I see?” Tony asked. “I w-wanna see your fingers. Oh, Loki, please.”

“No,” teased Loki. “You have to wait.”

Tony bit his lip to suppress a whine.

Then, Loki pulled out the two fingers so he could slick a third. He inserted all three in and was flat out moaning as he pushed and pulled them in and out. Loki's cock was now very hard, very red, and very much glistening.

“I have to see,” demanded Tony. “I want to see your fingers.”

“You're so pushy sometimes,” said Loki. “It's kinda hot though. Command me, Mr. Stark. Use me like I'm your little slut.”

Tony was pretty much convinced at this point that he was going to die from a nosebleed. So, Tony decided to be proactive. He got off the bed and nudged Loki so he'd lean forward and he would see his fingers going in and out of his body.

“God, this is hot,” he said softly. “You're fucking yourself on your fingers so expertly. You make me so hard, Loki.”

Loki pulled his fingers out and stretched his cheeks apart. His asshole gaped at Tony. The brunette couldn't help but gape back.

“Are you just going to stand there or are you going to fuck me?” Loki asked.

Tony didn't need to answer. He let his actions speak for him. He jumped back into bed and buried his cock in Loki's hole, causing him to cry out and buck his hips. Tony was now sitting on the bed with Loki impaled on his lap.

“I'm going to make you cum untouched,” Tony growled.

"Please do," replied Loki coyly.

Loki was so skinny and little that Tony had no trouble hoisting Loki up a bit and letting him crash down. The bounciness of the bed also helped.

“Fuck. So big,” was all Loki could manage to strangle out. The ego boost just made Tony go harder.

Loki's hole was clenching around Tony's cock. He was close. Tony just went faster. Soon, Loki was cumming, hard. Tony had stayed true to his word. Loki came completely untouched.

The sight of Loki's orgasm caused Tony to climax as well. He just kept cumming and cumming. It was one of the best orgasms of his life. Granted, he had never been with anyone who had turned him on like Loki did.

Then, Tony pulled out and gave Loki's ass. Loki giggled and rolled onto his back so he could look at Tony.

“You look beautiful in the afterglow,” Loki commented.

Tony smiled and laid down with Loki so he could kiss him. Despite their dirty love making, their kisses were always sweet and romantic. They loved it. They feel asleep still kissing each other.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Loki faces the consequences of being in a relationship with Tony.

The next morning, Loki woke up snuggled into Tony. The brunette was also starting to wake up around this time too. When they both realized that the other one was awake, they smiled and leaned in for a good morning kiss. When they pulled away, Tony's face was scrunched up.

“What's the matter?” Loki asked. “Do I have morning breath?”

Tony nodded. "Sorry, Lokes."

“You don't have to apologize,” said Loki. “As much as I would love to spend the morning with you, I should probably head back to my bus. Actually, I think we might be parked.”

Tony actually found the strength to leave the bed and wander to his window to check. Loki admired the view.

Tony pulled back the little curtain and said, “Yep. We're at a rest stop.”

“Great,” said Loki. “This was fun and I can't wait to do it again, but I really want to take a shower where my own soaps are.”


“Caught?” repeated Loki, unsure. “I'm just walking from your bus to mine. I'll only be outside for, like, thirty seconds. Even if I was caught, what kind of gossip are photographers going to get from just me walking to my bus?”

“Don't you understand?” Tony asked. “If you got caught, you'd be seen leaving my bus early in the morning. People would know that we spent the night together.”

“Tony, spending the night on your bus doesn't necessarily mean that we had sex,” said Loki.

“It's the most scandalous conclusion though,” said Tony. “It's exactly what photographers would immediately jump to. I'm not taking any chances.”

“Well, what do you want me to do?” asked Loki, getting irritated. “Do you want me to hide out on your bus until the tour is over?”

“No,” said Tony. “Just wait until later. You understand, don't you? It's not like I'm embarrassed by you. I just can't risk my career like that. I hate this as much as you do.”

Loki glared silently at Tony. Then, he dramatically rose from the bed and started stalking off towards the bathroom.

“I need a shower,” he grumbled.
Tony intercepted him in a gentle hug and quietly asked, “Can I join you?”

Loki wanted to be mad at Tony, but then he started suckling his neck. Suddenly, Tony's explanations seemed like perfectly fine things. It was very hard for Loki to resist Tony.

"Ok," he said, totally taken.

---

Loki hated the secrecy, but he loved sex with Tony. So he put up with it. If Loki was being perfectly honest with himself, there was an element to it that was fun. It felt deliciously naughty to be sneaking around and having dirty fucks in concealed places.

It wasn't all fun and games though. One night, before their show in Dallas, Tony and Loki were having a good time in a broom closet. In the heat of the moment, it was great, but once the excitement died down, Loki was left with a lot to think about.

Once they were all done and dressed, Tony said, “So, I'll leave now and you can leave in another ten or fifteen minutes. Ok?”

Loki didn't say anything. He just glared at Tony.

“What's the matter now?” Tony asked.

“I just don't see why I have to stay here alone in the broom closet,” Loki explained. “It's not like there are any photographers back here. The only people who might see us are Thor, Fury, or your band mates and they already know about us. You have nothing to be afraid of.”

“Listen, I've dealt with the paparazzi before,” said Tony. “You wouldn't believe how sneaky they are. I'm not ruining this on the off chance of a photo getting snapped.”

“You're not ruining this?” Loki repeated. “What is it exactly that you're afraid of ruining? Our relationship or your career?”

“Loki, you're not being fair,” said Tony. “I don't like this anymore than you do, but it's something we have to deal with.”

“This isn't how normal people behave in relationships,” spat back Loki.

“We're not normal people,” countered Tony. “We're rock stars.”

“Well, then I wish I could go back to obscurity,” said Loki.

Tony sighed. He didn't know what to say. Just then, he looked down at his watch. It was almost time for him to go into hair and make up.

“Loki, I don't want to finish this conversation right here right now, but I think we're going to have to,” said Tony. “I still want to talk about this though. Can we meet in my bus after the show?”

Now it was Loki's turn to sigh. He really didn't want to go to Tony's bus, but he knew that this needed to be talked out. So, he conceded.

"Fine,” said Loki.

“Good,” replied Tony. “I'll see you then.” With that, he kissed Loki and was off.
Loki looked down at his watch and thought to himself, “Ten or fifteen minutes.”

---

After the show, Loki boarded Tony's bus. The brunette was sitting in the common area with two glasses of wine in front of him. The bus driver was sitting in his seat, looking at a map. Loki felt a little embarrassed to be having this conversation in front of someone else, but he knew that they needed to talk about this.

“Hello, Loki,” said Tony with a warm smile.

"Hi," said Loki awkwardly.

Tony picked up a glass and held it out to Loki.

"Wine?" he asked.

“I really shouldn't,” said Loki. Then, he saw the bottle sitting next to the other glass. It was his favorite wine. “Well, a little couldn't hurt,” he said, reconsidering. So he took the glass from Tony and drank a sip. Then, he sat down next to Tony a took a deep breath.

“I think we should break up,” said Loki.

After he said that, two things happened at once. Firstly, the bus driver pulled away. Loki mentally swore. That meant he was stuck on Tony's bus until the next stop. Loki really didn't want to be on the bus with the man he just broke up with. The other thing that happened was that Tony's jaw dropped. He looked like he was about to cry.

“What?” he said, utterly shocked. “Why? Everything was going so well. Loki, please. I care about you. I don't wanna break up. What can I do to make this better?”

“You can stop treating me like some dirty little secret,” said Loki.

"That's not fair," said Tony.

"Life's not fair," countered Loki.

“I don't want to be sneaking around either,” said Tony. “We do it because we have to.”

“We don't have to,” said Loki. “You just feel that we have to.”

“God damn it, Loki,” spat Tony. “I've worked so hard to get to this point in my life. I'm successful and happy. I don't have to worry about where I'm going to live or how I'm going to pay for food. I want to keep this stability. I don't want to throw it away because you can't respect my wishes.”

Loki's expression broke. He wasn't angry anymore. Now he just felt kinda sad. He took another sip of his wine

“I don't want to break up,” said Tony softly. “I know you want me to go public with this relationship, but I just can't. I meant it when I asked what could I do to make this better. Please, Loki. Is there anything else I can do for you? I don't want to loose you.”

Loki looked at the heartbroken man before him. Tony was speaking from a place of real emotions. He mulled over the part where Tony had said about respecting his wishes. Loki hadn't thought of it that way. Had he really been disrespecting Tony? He didn't want to do that. He cared about him far too much to do anything that would disrespect him. So, Loki took another deep breath and gave his
“Where’s our next tour stop?” Loki asked.

"Corpus Christi."

“When we get there, I want you to take me out on a date,” said Loki. “That's what I want from you. Take me out on a proper date. Can you do that?”

Tony gave a little smile and said, “Yes. I can do that.”

Loki smiled his own little smile and said, “Thank you.” Then, he leaned over to Tony and kissed him.

When they pulled apart from the kiss, Tony said, “You know, you're kinda stuck here until the next time we stop. Do you wanna go have some fun?”

Loki giggled. It was hard for him to not be tempted by Tony’s bedroom skills. So, he consented. Tony took him by the hand and led him to the back of the bus.
As the buses neared Corpus Christi, Loki became very excited. This was going to be his very first date with Tony. Now, he knew that they couldn't do all of the typical date things, holding hands and kissing were definitely out, but it would be nice to not actually be sneaking around for once.

Soon, the big day arrived. Loki made himself look nice and then he took the necessary precautions to blend in. His long hair that was down 99% of the time went up into hip, “man bun” and stuffed into a cap. Also, Loki donned his biggest pair of sunglasses. He thought he looked rather good in his disguise. So, when he was all ready, he left his hotel room and went to Tony's.

Loki knocked on the door and Tony, also sporting the classic baseball cap and sunglasses, came out.

"Hi," said Loki amicably.

“Hi,” said Tony back. “You look cute.”

Loki smiled a bit bashfully and said, “Thanks. You do too. Where are we going?”

“You'll see,” said Tony.

He led Loki down to the lot and to a parked car.

“Who's car is this?” Loki asked.

“It's ours for the day,” Tony explained. “I had Fury rent one for us to use. It definitely beats walking around.”


So, the two hopped in the car and left. As they drove, Loki wondered where Tony might be taking him. On one of the days leading up to this date, Loki had guessed that they might go to the movies. It was dark and private. They could be out in public without being too visible. Loki wasn't too crazy about going to the movies, but he'd deal with it if it meant going out with Tony.

So, naturally, Loki was surprised when Tony pulled up in front of a fancy restaurant.

“Wow,” said Loki with a large grin. “This place looks so nice.”
“Only the best for my Loki,” Tony boasted which caused Loki to blush.

The two got out of the car and Tony gave his keys to the valet boy. They went inside and Loki eagerly looked around. He was still getting used to this opulent rock star life.

Tony approached the host and said, “Hi, I have a reservation. It's under the name, 'Lark.'”

The host looked at a list in front of him and then said, “Anthony Lark, party of two. Right this way.”

The two followed the host to a table near the back.

“Enjoy,” said the host before disappearing.

Loki was still looking around the restaurant, taking it all in.

“It's so nice here,” commented Loki.

“Like I said, only the best,” replied Tony. “Order anything you'd like.”

As the date progressed, the two had a lovely time. Also, just because they couldn't publicly act on their feelings, didn't mean they didn't privately act on them. There was lots of under the table knee groping and lots of deep meaningful stares. They were almost done their meal, however, when the mood in the restaurant had a distinct change.

Loki glanced around the room and noticed that many people were pointing and whispering.

“Tony,” Loki said softly. “People are staring.”

“I know,” Tony whispered back. “I think someone got the tip off that we're here.”

“Do you want to go?” asked Loki.

"Do you?" answered Tony.

“We can leave if you want,” whispered Loki. “I don't want to stay if it makes you uncomfortable.”

Tony thought for a moment, trying to form some sort of plan of action. Then he said, “Just finish your meal. You don't have to wolf it down, but you might want to pick up the pace a little bit. Also, we should probably hold back on talking to each other for the time being. Just be quick and quiet. Ok?”

“Ok,” replied Loki before going back to eating.

This became a rather difficult activity, however. As Loki ate, he could still hear people whispering. He couldn't really make out any words, but he was almost positive that he heard words like, “date” and, “gay.” It made him nervous. He silently prayed that Tony couldn't hear them at all.

Once they were done eating, Tony left a large bill on the table and they exited without another word. What awaited them outside was even worse. An enormous swarm of photographers were there. They couldn't move anywhere. Their walkway was completely blocked. As soon as they got out there, cameras started flashing in their eyes and hundreds of voices started shouting at them all at once.

“Mr. Stark, who's that with you?” someone shouted.

Tony ignored them as he tried, to no avail, to push through them.
"Mr. Stark, are you on a date?"

"Mr. Stark, is that your boyfriend with you?"

"Mr. Stark, are you gay?"

"Oh my God. Tony Stark is gay."

"He's on a date."

"That's his boyfriend."

Tony had reached his limits. He started screaming and just couldn't stop.

"Shut the fuck up!" Tony shouted. "He's not my boyfriend! I'm not on a date! I'm not gay! I like sluts with big tits! I'm not some faggy cocksucker! Now get the fuck out of my way!"

The crowd was surprised by his outburst. Camera flashes were still going off, but they subsided enough that Tony could get to the valet. Unfortunately, when Tony got there, he realized that Loki wasn't with him. He hadn't seen it, but Loki had ran away from him in tears. He was now sitting in the back of taxi being taken back to the hotel.

"Oh my God," thought Tony. "What have I done?"

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The next day was the day of Pineapple's Corpus Christi show. It was also the day that Tony landed on the homepage of TMZ.com. A video of Tony's entire rant was there. The most interesting thing about the video was the comments.

Some people were commenting about how Tony was in the wrong and they were very disappointed in him. Most of the comments, however, were the opposite. Lots of people were excusing him on the basis of, "He's a big rock star. What did you expect?" So, Tony Stark didn't lose the appeal of his fans. The show would go on as scheduled.

Despite everything still going ahead as planned, Tony felt miserable. He was angry at himself for blowing up like that and sad that he'd lost Loki.

"He probably hates me now," thought Tony. "He has every right to though. I kinda hate me now too. Either way, I still want to talk to him. This has to be it for us and I think we could probably use some closure."

That night, at the stadium, Loki was with Thor right offstage, waiting for his entrance.

"What are you going to do tonight?" asked Thor.

"I'm going to to the old set," answered Loki.

"They're not going to like it," said Thor. "They'll boo you right off the stage."

"I don't give a shit," spat Loki. "I don't care about the set. I don't care about the tour. I don't care about Pineapple. I'm only doing this show because I'm contractually obligated to. I just don't give a shit anymore."

Thor looked at Loki sadly. He was clearly hurting badly. To make matters even worse, Tony chose this moment to approach them.
“Loki, can we talk?” Tony asked weakly.

"No," said Loki angrily.

“Please, Loki,” Tony begged. “Please listen to me. I didn't mean anything I said. You know that I didn't mean it. I was just covering. I know that's no excuse, but I was just so mad. They were getting in my way and I just blew up. Please try to understand where I'm coming from.”

“I understand exactly what you're trying to say,” said Loki. “This is just how it's going to be if I date you. You'll constantly need to be covering and making excuses. People are going to see us every time we go out. Are you going to blow up every time? I can only take so much of my own boyfriend calling me a, 'faggy cocksucker.' You can say that you didn't mean it as much as you want. The fact remains that you said it. I want to break up, Tony. For real. Maybe we could be friends, but it's going to take some pretty big actions to even get to that point. Anyway, I have to go on stage now. Goodbye, Tony.”

Angrily, Loki stalked out onstage, leaving Tony feeling very shaken.

“What should I do?” he asked Thor softly.

“I don't know,” he replied. "You've really hurt him. You'll need to think of something.”

With that, Thor left. Tony turned his attention to the stage and watched Loki's performance.

“My name is Loki Laufeyson and I'm Pineapple's opening act,” said Loki curtly. “I'm going to play some of my music. I doubt you've heard any of it. You probably won't even like it. Honestly, I don't care.”

The audience laughed awkwardly. They didn't really know what to make of Loki. It didn't matter though, he had already made up his mind. He picked up his guitar and started playing his original set. Naturally, the audience didn't like it. They booed and jeered, but Loki was true to his word. He didn't care.

Just then, the audience's attitude changed. They suddenly started cheering. Loki was surprised, but then he looked up and realized that they were cheering because Tony had just taken the stage. Loki was feeling a mix of emotions. He felt sad, angry, and really confused. What was Tony doing?

Loki abruptly ended the song he was playing and started to stomp offstage.

Tony gently took Loki by the arm and whispered to him, “Stay.”

Loki just glared at him.

“I know you're angry, but please stay,” he whispered. “I want to make it up to you.”

Loki's expression relaxed just the tininess bit and he nodded. Tony grinned and walked over to the microphone.

"Hello, everyone," he said.

The audience went nuts.

“My name's Tony Stark, but I think you already knew that,” he joked.

“I'm a slut with big tits!” a woman catcalled from the audience.
People laughed. Tony looked down nervously and glance over at Loki. He looked completely annoyed.

“Yeah...” Tony drawled awkwardly. Then, he brought his head up and more confidently asked, “How about our opening act though?”

The audience booed. One person even yelled, “That guy sucked.” This was going terrible. Tony needed to work fast.

“Hey now,” Tony said to try to placate the crowd. “Don't be so mean. Frankly, I think Loki is amazing. He sings the most beautiful songs. They make you feel things you've never thought were possible. He has this one song called, 'Checkmate.' It's probably one of the most insightful songs I've ever heard.”

Then Tony went over to the instruments and picked up a guitar.

“If you don't mind, I'd like to sing it for you.”

Loki and the audience looked equally confused, but Tony started playing. It actually sounded really pretty being sung by him and while the audience was still a little confused, it was clear that they were kinda getting into it.

At the end of the song, the crowd gave a modest applause and Loki's expression had softened. He was still disappointed in Tony, but he no longer felt infuriatingly mad.

Just then, Tony put the guitar down and went over to Loki. He took his hand and brought him back to the center of the stage.

“I really love that song,” said Tony as he held tightly onto Loki's hand. “I love all of Loki's music really, but his music isn't the only thing I love.”

Loki was still utterly confused. What was Tony doing?

The brunette took a deep breath and said, “I love him.” With that, he grabbed Loki's face and pulled him into a big, romantic kiss.

Everyone in the crowd gasped. A few people cheered, but most of them booed. When the two pulled apart, Loki felt very embarrassed and skittered off the stage.

As the audience booed, Tony said, “All right. Let's get this show on the road.” That was Steve, Bruce, and Clint's cue to come onstage. Their faces were completely red. The audience openly booed the show during almost the entire concert. Tony decided that the next day would be reserved for fixing all of the rest of his problems.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The cat's out of the bag now. What will happen to our boys?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next day was damage control day. Tony was on the homepage of TMZ.com again. This time, it was talking about how he publicly outed himself. A few comments on the article congratulated Tony on his bravery. A few comments were confused because he was accused of being a homophobe just the day before. Most of the comments though were disappointed that their new Mick Jagger was gay. It didn't really fit the rock star image.

Most of the remaining venues for Pineapple's tour dropped them. As for the rest of the venues that didn't cancel on their own, Nick Fury and Marvel Records made the cancellations themselves. Tony's, Pineapple's, and Marvel Records' images were all badly hurting. A tour was the last thing they needed.

Tony released two statements. The first was an apology for his outburst at the restaurant.

“The things that I said are not sentiments that I personally feel,” Tony said to the press. “During my time with Pineapple, I felt a great pressure to appear as straight. When a large, oppressive group of photographers cornered me and started making accusations about my orientation, I snapped in a manner that was both inappropriate and disappointing to myself. I am deeply sorry.”

The second statement was an announcement that Tony would be leaving Pineapple and Marvel Records. With the loss of their front man, the entire band dissolved. Tony felt horrible about costing Steve, Bruce, and Clint their jobs, but another project was waiting in the wings for them. They were going to regroup with Clint's girlfriend Natasha and form a band called, “The Avengers.” Tony was happy that they were still going to get to live their rock and roll dreams. Things could at least return to normal for them.

Now that the tour was over, Loki returned to his home, his indie music, and his obscurity. He liked it that way. He even got to switch record labels. He was now being represented by a female manager named Frigga under a much smaller record company called, “Cinematic Universe.” Things were still going well for Loki, but he couldn't shake this strange bluesy feeling.

“Why do I feel this way?” Loki was always thinking.

One day, Loki's cellphone started ringing. He looked at the called ID. It was Tony.

“I really shouldn't answer this,” thought Loki. He answered it anyway.

"Hello, Tony," he said softly.

“Hi,” said Tony. He sounded really nervous. “Listen, I'm going to be in your neck of the woods
tomorrow. I'd really like to see you. Do you think we could meet up?"

Loki thought this over.

“I shouldn't,” he thought. “I know I shouldn't.”

“Are you still there?” asked Tony when there was no response.

“Yes,” said Loki. “I'll see you.”

They made plans to meet up at a bar near Loki's house. They were both incredibly nervous for tomorrow night.

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The next day, the two awkward men met at the bar. They could barely look at each other when they greeted. So, they just sat down and lost themselves in the menu of peculiarly named cocktails.

A young waiter buzzed by after a few minutes and asked, “Do you know what drinks you'd like to get?”

“Could I get the, 'Iron Animal?'” asked Loki.

“I'll have a, 'Frosted Bat,'” said Tony.

“I'll be right back with those,” said the waiter.

Five minute later, their drinks were brought to them and they still hadn't said anything to each other. Finally, Loki decided to break the silence.

“Is there a particular reason you wanted to see me?” he asked.

“Yeah,” said Tony. “I wanted to talk to you.”

“Well then talk,” said Loki.

“You know that I've cut myself off from everything,” said Tony. “I quit Pineapple. I dropped myself from Marvel Records. I don't have to be the person they want me to be anymore. I can finally be my true self. I don't have to hide anymore. No more sneaking around.”

Loki looked at Tony expressionlessly.

“I want to be with you,” said Tony. “I want to take you on dates. I want to show you off. I love you, Loki.”

Loki's cold exterior was starting to melt. There was even a faint, pink blush on his cheeks.

“I still want to spoil you rotten,” Tony continued. “Granted, I'll have to spoil you a little less extravagantly. I have a steady job, but it's nothing compared to what I was making with Pineapple.”

Another silence fell between them. Loki broke it again.

“You sang, 'Checkmate' so beautifully back in Corpus Christi,” said Loki.

“Thank you,” said Tony with a warm smile.

“You know, I was talking with my new manager not too long ago,” Loki continued. “She was
telling me about how Cinematic Universe, my new label, is looking to sign a duo group. They don't have one under their label and they're looking to expand. Now, I know that Cinematic Universe isn't a big rock and roll label, but I think you'll find the indie scene quite nice.”

Tony's smile was huge when he realized what Loki was saying. He launched himself across the table and captured Loki in a tight hug.

“Thank you,” he said, near tears. He pulled back from the embrace and said, “It would be so cool to be in a band with you. What should we call ourselves?”

“I don't know,” said Loki. He looked at Tony's drink and then his own. “Frostiron,” he said.

"I like it,” said Tony.

He also liked the situation he was in. He was back with Loki. They were happy and smiling. Tony wanted to stay like this forever. Suddenly, a thought came to him.

"Hey, Loki," he said.

"Yes?"

“I can kiss you in public now. May I?”

Loki was thrown by Tony's request. He didn't know how to respond. Then, a comforting warmth spread throughout him.

“I think I'd like that very much, Tony.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone SO MUCH for the kudos/comments/bookmarks. If you're interested in my other works, I'd recommend, "Teacher" or "Getting Hit and Getting Hit On."

End Notes

Is there a reason that Tony's band is called Pineapple? Yes. Is it a good reason? No.

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