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Sub Tony Stark Drabble Play-Ground

by Beware_The_Tristero

Summary

Okay... I have a LOT of sub/bottom/uke/omega Tony Stark issues... AKA, I LOVE Tony Stark as a 'bottom' BUT sometimes I get a plot-bunny barrage where, as much as I want to stick with one idea/form it into a narrative, it doesn't happen...

So, here are the fragments of my depraved and broken mind; should anyone want to take an idea/run with it and make it into a story then PLEASE do so! :)

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Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters referenced to or used in this piece(s) of non-profit fiction. Each character belongs to his/her respective creators; I am merely using them/their likeness for my entertainment (and hopefully the entertainment of others).

Chapter 1 is just a little piece of fluff between Loki and Tony but DOES feature a naughty word or two!
Tony blinked sleepily as the body wrapped possessively around him shifted slightly to allow one long, slender arm to curl more firmly about his torso.

He felt a quiet, breathy chuckle escape him before closing his eyes again; “I’m not sure where you think I’m going or why the hell I’d go there... but I’m pretty sure you’ve fucked my legs, and everything else, into submission” he said through a yawn. “But hey... you want a human-teddy-bear... I ’spose I’m okay with that... just don’ nibble my ear off and we’ll get along just fine...”

Taking a deep breath as he nuzzled his face into the inventor’s hair, Loki allowed a smile to pull his lips.

“Are human children truly so cruel to the things they claim to love?”

“You’ve clearly never seen Toy Story...”
Blinking, a smattering of strained-peas still staining his skin, Loki turned cool eyes to a grinning, laughing one year old who was still clapping his grubby, little hands together; the spoon he’d thrown was now lying, all but forgotten, upon the marbled floor.

“Da! Dadadadadaaaa!” the miniature alpha cried excitedly, his hands now moving to slap and play within the almost empty bowl which was skating across his high-chair table whilst wide, playful grey eyes sparkled with glee.

Still in a state of shock, the former Prince, now bewildered father, could only stare as an errant pea dropped from his cheek to smear his leather-clad knee.

“Your son is a monster” the raven-haired male declared whilst his snickering mate tried his damnedest to keep his giggles to himself.
Writhing angrily, his admittedly smaller form putting up little resistance, Tony continued to shout and yell abuse into his gag using every language he knew as the giant of a man continued to lumber along without a care.

“Ah, a spirited little thing, isn’t he?” the blonde walking leisurely at his side commented, his tone fond. “Are you quite certain that this is the one Prince Thor requested? He seems more...” he mulled the idea over “feisty than our Lord’s usual conquests.”

Snorting, the alien shouldering him merely jostled his already aching body before turning its huge head towards his slightly shorter companion. “He clearly said ‘bring me the son of Howard Stark’ and, according to our slaving records, Stark only has this omega to his name” Volstagg grunted, his muscle-corded arm giving the wriggling creature a firm squeeze in warning.

Huffing, Tony only redoubled his efforts whilst his amber-eyes, the calling-card of his orientation, swiftly scanned the dilapidated houses and shacks that housed his fellow slaves; what he could not see was the wall to their “enclosure”, the one that had been built just over fifteen years ago when Asgard “reclaimed” Earth. Even though he’d only been five at that time Tony could still remember what the world had been like before; it hadn’t been perfect but humans were at least allowed to roam freely without collars, they were able to choose who they mated with, they...

“Ah! Sven! Open the gate, would you? We’ve made our Lord’s purchase!”

Blinking out of his reprieve, the visions of cities, fields and culture vanishing in the wake of those words and the devastation around him, Tony could only snarl angrily at the sound of those damned gates opening; he didn’t dare meet the sympathy that laced the features of his human on-lookers. Amongst them, he could tell by the cries, were Rhodey and Pepper...

Oh god... he’d never see them again...
Of Vampires, Wolves and Tony Stark's Sanity

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.
Rating: Teen for supernatural elements
Pairing: Hinted at Loki/Tony
Summary: Asgard is a place ruled by Werewolves; Loki is still a Jotun BUT, instead of frost giants, his kin has a taste for mortal blood... hence the attacks thousands of years ago.
Tony is not amused...

“Thor” Tony began, his tone far calmer than what he felt it should have been under the circumstances.

“Your brother just tried to eat me” he all but hissed before taking a breath and plastering on a faked, saccharine sweet smile. “Would you like to explain this to me please?”

Huffing, his storm-grey eyes focused on the shorter man, the God of Thunder tightened his arms (which were currently braced across his chest) before replying.

“Once, I told you that he was adopted, yes?” he breathed, a pained expression momentarily aging his features. “Well... it was not an adoption into our pack from a rival’s, which would usually have been the case...” he furthered, his eyes gazing at a spot just past Tony’s right shoulder.

“Anthony... my brother is a Jotun... a vampyre. My father brought him to Asgard as an infant and cloaked his true nature from everyone... even Loki didn’t learn the truth of his heritage until five years ago; the horror he felt, I believe, lead him to his current path” he sighed, his shoulders slouching.

“I have been fighting so hard since then to help him remember himself... to prove to him that his form matters not... but, as you and our shield-brothers have so often seen, this quest of mine has proven fruitless.”

Feeling the hostility bleed out of him, Tony let out a breath he hadn’t realised he was holding before rubbing the back of his neck in a sheepish gesture; what the fuck was he meant to say to that?

“Heh... and I thought I had family issues... sorry Point-Break” he said before giving the wolf-god an awkward pat on the shoulder.

“But, you know... it might have been helpful if you’d given us all a ‘heads-up’... I mean, dealing with wolves is one thing but dealing with a gorgeous blood-sucker is quite another, you know?”
Don't Go Gently Into the Night...

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Teen for discussions of terminal illness/supernatural elements/angst

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony

Summary: in an AU where Loki is a vampire and not a Norse-God (everyone goes through a vampire phase right? Am I right?) Tony is still the Iron Man... until the big 'C' gets in the way; or does it?

Allowing a small, saddened smile to grace his lips as he read over the New York Post’s leading headline, Tony Stark couldn’t help the dry, humourless chuckle that escaped him.

“Well... at least it’s tasteful” he stated to the room at large, his warm, chocolate eyes failing to meet the group assembled before him. “Mother would be proud” he furthered before tossing the newspaper onto the polished mahogany of the conference room’s table.

“Tony...”

“What?” he asked, an eye-brow quirking. “The news was bound to get out sooner or later, I’m just glad the fucking press got it right this time. Remind me to send a “thank-you-for actually-printing-what-I-said-instead-of-overzealous-lies” bouquet to the Editor” he stated with a dismissive wave of his hand before turning to the window.

God... he’d miss this view...

“But anyway” he began again, abruptly turning away. “We’ve got some major revisions of my will to make... especially since time and super-villains are a factor... the last thing I need is the Hob Goblin crashing through my Pent-House again and demanding I change it so he get’s everything” he grumbled. “Gah... just the thought of it is giving me a head-ache” he added before returning to his seat at the head of the group, his fingers poised over his STARKPad as Jarvis brought up the view on a central holographic screen.

The rest of the meeting went smoothly. Well, as smoothly as a forty-year old billionaire superhero with only weeks to live editing his will could go, he supposed.

It was a surreal situation; he’d always known death was just around the corner, he just hadn’t expected to make the turn so soon. For fuck sake, he’d survived multiple kidnappings, having shrapnel lodged into his chest, palladium poisoning and several clashes with a variety of powerful beings in a flying suit of armour, so how could something as banal as a brain tumour be his down-fall?

It was funny, in a way.

After all the times other people had tried to kill him or he’d tried to kill himself (through whisky or stunts) it turned out his body wanted to have the honour.
“Oh look at Tony... he’s such a rebel! Even his own body rebels against him... ha ha fucking ha...”

Yeah, it actually wasn’t funny at all.

“Tony?”

It was hours later now and here he was, 6a.m., sat in the communal living space he’d built in the Avengers section of what was once called Stark Tower; he’d given them permission to change the name after he’d passed on. And as if things weren’t bad enough, there was Steve Rogers, all kitted out in his jogging outfit ready to hit the still sparse streets of New York.

“Hey” he greeted in what he hoped was a tone which signalled just how little he wanted to be comforted at this time.

“What are you doing up? Can I get you anything? I mean... the doctors said...”

Yep, that was clearly message received.

“Steve” he sighed, his eyes narrowing. “Let me stop you there... I’m fine, I’m good, go for your jog and for God’s sake please don’t bring back anything for me to eat... my appetite’s shot and you’ll just make me feel guilty for not eating it and you sad for not being able to help so can you just...” He stopped to have a swift gulp of his whisky. “Just go for your run, okay? I’ll see you when you get back” he finished, his body sagging into the plump, stuffed cushions of the couch.

Still looking torn, but clearly taking the hint, Steve made his way to the elevator and entered without a word... and without looking back.

“You shouldn’t be so hard on him” the calm, collected voice of Natasha called from behind him, her presence barely a surprise to him in his half-drowsy, half-inebriated state. “The fussing is his way of trying to make up for lost time... you really should sit down and talk to him like you planned sooner rather than later... especially if you’re after halving the time you’ve got left with booze.”

Snorting, Tony turned to glare at her.

“Yes mom” he replied with a mock salute before turning back to the wide-screen TV. It was on mute (as he wasn’t such an inconsiderate asshole that he’d have the volume on full-blast at this unholy hour) but at least it was better than having to look at the ever-impassive face of Fury’s best Agent.

“Why are you watching yoga?”

“I was thinking of taking up a healthier life-style... can’t you see me in that leopard-print leotard? I know I can...” he replied effortlessly; he didn’t flinch when she moved to sit next to him, her own hands clutching a glass of something that smelt distinctly like her favourite brand of vodka. He’d already made a special request to Jarvis to have a case of the premium stuff delivered to her on the night of his funeral; he was sure she’d curse and thank him for it at the same time.

What a shame he wouldn’t be able to see it...

“I take your point... and you’ve always had great legs, but I can see you more in neon-pink... it’ll help to bring out the “mad-genius” of your eyes.”

Unfortunately, the rest of the morning didn’t exactly follow on the same playful note.
Pepper, wonderful, amazing Pepper, just couldn’t bear to come over for lunch as planned; he’d figured yesterday’s meeting had been the last straw. Then Rhody, who had stubbornly refused to leave his side after hearing the news three days ago, had snapped at Clint for firing a “nerf” projectile at Tony as the engineer pushed his food around the plate; the archer and colonel were now glaring at each other from across the room. This left Bruce, his science-bro, to sit at the head of the table with a look of tiredness and guilt plastered across his face; the poor guy had barely left the lab as he desperately tried to find a cure.

God... this wasn’t right...

“I need you all to leave” he found himself saying as he pushed a particularly odd shaped pea around the edge of the plate. “That whole saying about misery loving company is bull-shit... I mean, come on” he said whilst braving to look at the varied expressions of shock and anger which glared back at him. “I’m the one whose dying here... the rest of you have lives, or at least better things to do than baby-sit me... and it’s only going to get worse...” he sighed before stiffening his shoulders. “Jarvis can take care of everything I’ll need and, if I’m perfectly honest, I can’t stand to see how much I’m hurting you guys... for fuck’s sake this is me, Tony Stark, the asshole, the womaniser, the drunk... none of you should be wasting the time you’ve got left here seeing me get what I deser...”

The strike to his face came so fast that Tony literally didn’t know what hit him.

“Don’t say things like that!”

“Bruce...”

“No! Don’t you dare, don’t you fucking dare” he snarled, a hint of green flashing in his tear-draped eyes. “You are my friend, my colleague and a wonderful person to boot... you’ve changed the world, you’re leaving behind a legacy of green energy and a better future for all of us!” he snapped. “And you can say what you like but I’m not giving up... and I’m certainly not leaving” he added before straightening and storming towards the elevator.

Yeah... today had definitely been a bad day.

But that was nothing compared to what the night had brought him.

It was midnight as he stood on the balcony of his Penthouse suite with yet another tumbler of whisky (what was the harm now, right?) and, as he contemplated just throwing himself off the ledge, he felt a strong, cold hand grip his left shoulder.

Now, even in his booze-hazed state he could distinctly remember instructing Jarvis to keep everyone out; not even Coulson would be able to break the encryption he’d set on the lock this time...

“It is a cold evening, Mr Stark, you’re likely to catch your death out here” a silken voice all but purred. “Come, let’s have you back inside” the stranger continued as a pale hand moved to snatch his glass and throw it toward the skyline before Tony had a chance to blink.

“Hey! You... mmph!” he began to protest before that same hand cut him off and the other arm moved to brace him, back to chest with his captor, who proceeded to walk backwards with flawless confidence into the warm glow of the living area.

Struggling for all he was worth, which admittedly wasn’t much, Tony practically yelped as he was released; his body landed on the leather couch with a gentle thump as he turned startled eyes to the person who’d caught him so thoroughly off guard.

He was tall and lean yet, beneath the finely tailored suit (a deep navy with a crisp-white
undershirt), Tony knew there was some kind of hidden strength; he shouldn’t take the stranger lightly... he just needed to get the word out as Jarvis appeared to be compromised.

“I must apologise for the rude and rather informal introduction, Mr Stark, but from your scent I can assure you that it wasn’t unwarranted” the man, glimmering jade eyes, raven-feathered hair and British stated eloquently with a small bow.

“My name is Mr Liesmith and, technically, I died just over two hundred years ago.”
Tony blinked, his natural response to scream and hide being rapidly replaced with awe and curiosity as Loki held the device out to him, his impassive face only altered by a raised eyebrow.

“Well?”

Turning his gaze from the object to its holder, Tony titled his head slightly to the left, his own eyebrow raising in question before he carefully took the sphere.

“Umm... thank you?” the mortal tried.

“Uh, I mean, this is for me right? That’s why you’re here... this is... ugh...” he fumbled intelligently whilst leaning back in his seat, his eyes once again meeting the cool, jade green irises of the Nordic god who’d just randomly appeared before him... again...

Was this the fourth time this week?

“I ask for no thanks, just your acceptance” the god replied, his face as impassive as the first time he’d literally ‘dropped in’ to Tony’s Stark Tower work-shop those few nights ago. Heck, now Tony came to think about it he always said something along those lines too...

He had a terrible feeling that he was missing something vital here...

But, what the hell? Maybe if finally said he “accepted” the regicidal-maniac’s little nick-knacks then he’d go away happy.

He supposed it was worth a shot.

“Umm, sure?”

A flash of something danced across those frozen jade-irises for a moment before the darker haired man, crouched as he was on Tony’s welding-bench, leaned even closer into the mortal’s personal space.

“I need you to say it.”

Swallowing and leaning just a little further back, Tony regarded the former Asgardian prince with a growing sense of caution.
“You know... my spidey-senses are all of a flutter here Reindeer Games... now call my cray, but I think there’s a little more going on here than a little-gift giving in hopes of redemption... am I right?”
Staring listlessly at the seventeen year old boy lying unconscious in the medical-unit before him, Captain Steve Rogers could feel his fists tightening and releasing in barely constrained anger as the doctor continued to explain the teen’s condition.

“And the scars?”

Blinking out of his reprieve, the blond turned to look at Bruce as the scientist continued to fiddle with the reading glasses caught between his fingers, his eyes glued to them as he struggled to remain calm.

“Which ones?” the SHIELD appointed physician returned with a raised eyebrow. “He has quite a few which have never been mentioned or reported in the four years Mr Stark has been affiliated with our organisation” he added with a little shrug. “My best guess is that Mr Stark must have had quite a few cosmetic procedures in order to conceal them...”

“They aren’t recent?” Steve found himself asking, a cold feeling settling in the pit of his stomach.

Regarding the super-soldier with the same cool-professionalism he’d used all evening, the doctor merely shrugged again. “I am, by no means, an expert Captain, but I can assure you that these certainly aren’t recent... the youngest I would place at one to two months ago... others I’d say were inflicted on him during his childhood” he stated before turning back to his notes. “In any case it would seem as though Mr Stark has been literally stripped of the last twenty-three years of his life... not so much “de-aged” if one could call it that, but regressed into his seventeen year old self” he remarked before looking at each Avenger and Director Fury in turn. “When he wakes, if he wakes, I would not be surprised to find that his mental state has undergone the same transformation; this will undoubtedly cause a whole new set of variables to deal with.”

Huffing, Clint offered the doctor a sneer; “way to sugar-coat it, Doc.”

“I am simply doing my job Agent Barton, the facts are as they are... and now, if you’ll excuse me Director, there are other Agents that need attending to before the Hellicarrier lands” he said, his clipped tone signifying that his manners were purely there for show as he strode toward the observation room’s only door without so much as a glance at Fury. Clint watched him go with a scowl whilst Bruce continued to flex the arms of his glasses; Natasha’s presence at the scientist’s
side was one of the only things keeping him grounded as Steve returned to the window and their Director let out a sigh.

“What a fucking mess” Clint huffed, his eyes burning holes into the now closed door. “You know, I distinctly remember not signing up for this shit... fucking wizards, age-stealing magic balls, Doom and his stupid metal-face... I mean... shit... what are we meant to do? How the hell are we going to stand up to that Latvarian freak now he’s essentially stolen Tony’s genius? God... the kinds of things he’s going to make now... it’s just...”

“Clint...”

“No Natasha, I’m being fucking serious here” he snapped, his gaze now turning to Fury; his Commander simply levelled him with a cool stare in response. “Seriously Sir... what the fuck do we do now?”

“We plan as best we can, take care of Stark and wait, Agent” was the calm reply. “You didn’t sign up for this shit? Fine. I can’t name a single person who did or who would for that matter” he continued as he moved to stand beside Steve at the double-sided glass. “Let’s just hope that Doom is dealing with forces beyond his comprehension... he certainly seemed surprised to see Tony’s body fall back out of that sphere... with any luck whatever the fuck he did backfired” he added, his eyes trained on the unconscious face of a now seventeen year old Stark. “And if it didn’t? Well, your guess is as good as mine, but I’ll tell you what we’re not going to do” he furthered as he turned to observe the majority of his team. “We’re not going to back down... and we’re sure as fuck not going to let that bastard get away with this...”

“And if Tony doesn’t wake up?”

All eyes turned to Bruce.

“We’ll cross that bridge if and when we come to it” Fury stated before clapping his hands together. “For now all of you need to get the fuck out of this room and get some rest, you’re not doing anyone any good just fucking moping around; Natasha, come with me” he added before striding out of the room, the tails of his leather trench-coat fluttering in his wake.

Huffing, Clint followed shortly after him and the red-haired Agent (who’d been able to tug the reluctant scientist along with her) which left Steve to stand vigil over the teen.

“Tony...” he breathed. “Damn-it... you have to be okay... you have to wake up... for all our sakes” he sighed before straightening his frame and following the others. For as blunt, cold and calculating as Fury could be, what he’d said was true; if they were going to be ready for the next bout then they’d need to rest and pull themselves together.

They also needed Thor.

***

Yawning widely, his aching body struggling to turn within the cocoon of scratchy, clearly medical grade cotton, Tony could barely stifle the groan of displeasure from escaping him; God, had he needed his stomach pumped again? Shit, if the press had caught wind of it he’d be royally fucked... what had Howard threatened him with the last time? Beating the stupidity out of him with his favourite belt before writing him out of the will?

Ah well... he could easily make his own money. That, and he was pretty sure if he batted his eyes at Obie and promised him a new missile by the end of the month then his beloved ‘uncle’ would
give him a few ‘k’ to tied him over.

Yeah... he’d be okay. At least the old bastard wouldn’t be making any personal visits whilst he was here... and since he wasn’t allowed on campus Tony would be fine anyway...

Until graduation at least...

Scowling, he buried his head into the stiff foam of his pillow and screwed his eyes shut.

God, he really didn’t want to wake up and face the day sober... nothing went well for him when that happened...

“Mr Stark?”

Aww fuck...

Strategically pulling the blankets over his head (and actually praying that the hesitant female voice had been addressing him and not a sinisterly silent Howard sitting somewhere nearby), Tony curled into himself before rasping out in his most pathetic tone “just five more minutes...”

To his surprise he heard a soft, startled laugh before a delicate hand rested on his shoulder; he hoped that the flinch hadn’t been as dramatic as it felt.

“Mr Stark... my name is Virginia Potts... do you remember having met me before?”

Blinking, his head slowly withdrawing from the pillow and allowing his eyes to squint into the cold, white light of the hospital room, Tony slowly turned to look upon a beautiful (if older than any of his regular conquests) woman. Offering her one of his award winning smiles, he deliberately looked her up and down before quirking an eyebrow and all but purring “I’m sorry, but I know I haven’t... cus’ if I’d met a fox like you before, I’d have definitely remembered.”

The sad smile that lighted her features simultaneously threw and confused him, especially when she moved to grasp his hand...

Oh fuck... had she been crying?

“Umm... hey.... Virginia, was it?” he tried, his body turning more fully towards her. “Ugh... are you okay? You seem a little...”

“Oh, oh no... sorry... I’m fine... it’s just” she took a breath to compose herself but the sadness still remained; it was making him more than a little uneasy.

“Tony... I mean... Mr...”

“Tony’s fine.”

“Uh... Tony... God, how do I do this?” she questioned, her beautiful features twisted with grief. “Tony, what I’m about to tell you... or should I say show you, is going to sound and look kind of crazy... but I need you to work with me here” she said, her tone wavering slightly.

“Umm...” he swallowed. “Ugh, sure?”

Giving another weak smile, the woman proceeded to pull what looked like a large rectangle of sleek, black plastic with a glass-panel off her lap and place it in his; the words STARKPad VII were shimmering beneath the panel’s flawless surface.

“Holy shit” he gasped, his young, slightly calloused hands gripping the device before turning wide,
astonished eyes at the strawberry blond haired woman. “This... this is impossible... the STARKPad is a prototype I’ve only just finished writing up the blue-prints for... how in the world have you...” he stopped, a feeling a dread slowly coiling within his stomach. “I’m not going to like this, am I?” he whispered.

***

Twenty three years into the future...

“Tony?”

Blinking, he slowly turned his eyes away from the now red screen and its many little “apps” to stare at Virgi... Pepper... with a look that probably resembled more of a stunned fish than a “genius-billionaire-playboy-philanthropist”.

Oh god... not that he believed in one anymore... apparently...

Jarvis would be so upset... no... would have been so...

He sucked in a breath, his shoulders trembling.

“Oh Tony... Tony I’m so...”

“It’s okay” he rasped, his eyes turning back to the screen. “H-how long... um... how long have I been here? Err, like this, I mean...”

The older woman offered a weak smile; “since the battle with Doom, which was just a little over ten days ago. I managed to put what you just watched together a few days ago with Jarvis’ help... I thought it would help, but to be perfectly honest I...” she tried to chuckle through a sob. “I didn’t know what to do... really... you’re always so full of surprises... God, I thought we’d talked over all eventualities... but this...” she said shakily, her hand hastily brushing away tears.

Tony nodded soberly, his mouth opening before there was a sharp rap on the door.

Blinking, both of them turned to the entrance as a man who hadn’t featured on the video he’d just watched (on a STARKPad of all things, with perfect visual clarity that would have made Howard’s moustache fall off) appeared.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, Miss Potts, but there is an urgent phone call for you” the man, a SHEILD Agent if the black uniform and clipped demeanour meant anything, stated calmly; “I’m afraid it can’t wait, your Board of Directors have insisted” he added, his tone measured but courteous.

Blinking, her demeanour shifting from Pepper (loving, devastated girlfriend), to Miss Potts (current CEO of Stark Industries), Tony watched her stand, straighten, promise to return and leave within three minutes. He wasn’t sure whether to be impressed or terrified; how had he managed to attract and keep an amazing woman like that?

“Is there anything I can get for you, Mr Stark?”

Refocusing on the agent, Tony waved him away with a quiet “thanks” before turning back to the STARKPad, his keen eyes absorbing everything and committing it to memory before logging onto the internet; he had a lot of catching up to do...

“Well, that didn’t take long” Clint admitted with a chuckle, his form obscured by the two-way mirror as he watched the young genius go to work. “Are you sure letting him have access to
everything so quickly isn’t a little... you know... soon?” he asked, his eyes flicking to an equally amused Bruce who was monitoring the STARKPad’s activities via his own tablet.

“Are you suggesting that we’d be able to stop him?” the older scientist remarked ruefully, his brown eyes shining with warmth. “Tony may be young but from what I’ve read about this stage of his life he was still remarkably adept at any kind of technology” he stated with a smile.

“Give him a week and I’m sure that he’ll be just as deep in SHEILD’s mainframe as he ever was.”
Cuddles

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1
Rating: Teen/Mature for A/B/O Dynamics and cuddling in bed with a new-born
Pairing: Established Alpha Loki/Omega Tony
Summary: Loki and Tony cuddle with baby Fenrir; much fluff ensues.

Smiling softly, his body curling around the tiny, gently breathing form of his infant son, Tony Stark couldn’t help but coo as the new born shifted and yawned contentedly before settling back to sleep.

“Tell me again why we can’t just have him in bed with us all of the time?” he whispered through a mock-pout as his mate moved to lie behind him, the older alpha easily spooning him through the blankets.

“You believe that I’d risk the life of my legacy by leaving him in bed with you unattended?” Loki said through a snort, the index finger of his right hand moving to gently skim a warm, plump cheek. “Come now Anthony, you know I love you but you are hardly the ideal bed-companion” he added, a true smile quirking his lips as the child reached out to clasp his finger in a tight squeeze.

“Oh?” the brunette questioned whilst giving the raven-haired God a less than gentle shove in the ribs with his elbow. “You didn’t seem to have any complaints when we were making this legacy of yours” he grumped before a pair of lips descended on his neck to gently suck on the bonding mark the older male had scarred him with just over nine months ago.

“Now now” the alpha chided, his breath ghosting over the damp skin he’d just finished tasting. “There’s no need to get snippy, I’m merely stating the facts...” he purred, his lips ghosting up to nibble on a delicate lobe. “And besides... I greatly appreciate your energy in bed... I just don’t think our son would be as pleased with all of the rolling around... or those delicious sounds you make...”

Releasing a moan, Tony leaned into the caress before a whimper pulled them both out of their reprieve.

“Hey... hey shush... it’s okay Fenny...” the omega whispered, his arms sneaking out to pick up and bring the infant to his chest. “Are you upset that daddy is more interested in making another baby than he is in you? Is that it?” he questioned, his voice taking on a babyish tone. “It’s okay... after all of the pain and gooeyness I’ll be sure to knock him up next-time.”
“Ah! The true Man of Iron at last... well met!”

Scowling, his body sprawled out amidst the wreckage of three of his suits, Tony couldn’t help but feel beyond pissed as the hulking (no pun intended) alien invader and his equally tall, slender, fucking magical ace in the hole, strolled up to him as though they were picnicking at the beach.

God, Steve was going to be so angry when he didn’t come back...

“I admit, I am almost sorry that our time on the battle field is at an end... your suits of armour have provided much sport and we have all savoured our scuffles with them... even if some found it somewhat dishonourable that you sent your ghostly servant to fight in your stead...” the blonde expounded, his smile brightening.

Sneering at the remark, his battered body somehow allowing him to prop up on his arms, the inventor and former CEO of a fortune five-hundred company managed to level the tall alpha with what Clint fondly referred to as the ‘death-merchant-glare.’

“Oh...” he breathed, droplets of blood scattering his lips and chin on the exhale. “I do beg your lordship’s pardon if... mine methods doth offend...” he added before offering a bloodied smile with a wink. “I would get up and curtsy... but, honestly? I’d much rather just tell you to go fuck yourself... fucking dishonourable?” he rasped as his arms finally gave way; his back hit the muddied ground with a muted ‘thud’ as he stared up at the listless, lightning strewn sky. “You bastards show up from fucking nowhere... level our cities... slaughter thousands and have the... the fucking nerve to call my actions dishonourable?” he chuckled, his eyes closing.

“Just do me a solid and kill me quickly... I can’t take anymore of this bullshit” he huffed, his mind...
and body simply too tired to care that this was the end; somewhere, if an after-life existed, Howard Stark was looking down at him and laughing his ass off...

What a way to go...

“Kill you?”

Blinking, a gasp was wrenched from his struggling lungs as a hand clasped his neck and brought him, with little effort, off the ground to stare into fathomless, storm-blue eyes; his feet fruitlessly searched for the battle savaged field as panic started to overtake his lethargy.

“What, I have no reason or desire to kill you Anthony Edward, Son of Stark... that is your name, isn’t it?”

Choking, Tony could only glare and futilely pry at the alien alpha’s fingers; his efforts resulted in the blonde raising an eyebrow before letting out a startled chuckle and releasing the mortal’s neck, his inhuman speed allowing him to instead clasp a shoulder to steady the smaller man to ensure he didn’t fall again. To his right Loki snorted softly before his emerald eyes returned to the devastated landscape; if he hoped Thor hadn’t noticed the ‘look’ he’d given the little omega they’d caught, then his hope would have been in vain.

Thor felt his grin widen as the shorter of the three continued to glare and rub his neck.

“Anthony Edward, huh? So our intel was right... you bastards did raid the internet before shutting everything down... great, just fucking great” he snapped, his eyes narrowed. “So what, you’re not going to kill me because you want my suits? SHeILD secrets? Access codes to our bases? Well, sorry to disappoint you, but I only have one out of three and I’m not telling” he added with finality before offering him a smirk. “Also, if you have read up on me you should know how well I take to captivity... so don’t go crying to your boss when I start blowing your shit-up ‘cus, seriously? You taking me to your base is going to get you into shit-loads of trouble” he stated with a self-assured chuckle.

The blonde chuckling in return really wasn’t something he’d been expecting; nor were the sneaky glances the fair skinned, tall omega kept giving him.

“Ah, even in defeat you retain such a fine spirit... right pleased am I with your choice, svass, he will make a fine concubine and addition to our bed” the blonde announced before, and adding to Tony’s impending heart-attack, he used the grip on the mortal to throw him over one brawny, cloaked shoulder.

“First we’ll have him fortified, of course, your insatiable appetite would do more than spoil our war-prize in your true form... and I must confess that the thrill of the chase has spurred on my ambitions for this evening” he continued conversationally to the off-world omega whose eyes has yet to leave Tony as he gawped like a fish.
For the good of Jötunheimr

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: General/Teen for abduction and bad language : ) (this is Tony after all!)

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony

Summary: Loki was never taken by Odin BUT Laufey was slain, leaving the next King of the Frost Giants to be raised by his mother in order to ensure the future prosperity of their realm once the war with Asgard was lost. In the years to come, Loki would look to the progression of Midgard for inspiration; a certain genius, play-boy, philanthropist caught his eye. His inventive genius would surely benefit his realm... and maybe his bed...

GAH! Again, I LOVE Jotun-Loki Fics... especially where he's the "last hope" of their race... I will TRY to revisit this BUT I kept 'dreaming' about the plot and 'out-thought' myself... i.e. I got too far ahead (in my head) and, when it came to writing, I just couldn't underpin the details needed to make it into an actual story...

Let's hope that this changes, hmm?

The first thought he had upon waking was as clear as it was urgent; he was cold. No, wait, scratch that, he was fucking freezing.

Startling his frigid body into motion, Tony Stark let out a strangled cry as his eyes snapped open to a dark chamber of which he and a few haphazardly piled fur pelts were the soul occupants; the walls glittered eerily with frost as he strained to make out the shape of long, thick bars to his right.

"Holy shit" he breathed, his breath barely a whisper of warmth amidst the ridiculous level of cold he was surrounded with.

Fuck, how the hell was he still alive?

Shuddering, his goose-pimpled arms pulled as many as the strange smelling coats around him and the meagre clothing of jeans, t-shirt and sneakers he was wearing, his eyes fixed on the bars and a flickering light beyond them.

"Jesus..." he stuttered.

"Fuck, this isn’t real... it can’t be fucking real...” he murmured, his teeth chattering.

"Fuck... fuck... this isn’t real...” he all but snarled before channelling his rage into action and standing, his wobbly legs pulling him and the swaths of fur towards the only entrance to the chamber.

“Okay!” he yelled, his throat constricting with every intake of frigid air.
“Okay... whoever the fuck you are... hahaha! This is all very fucking funny... but playtime is officially over!” he added, a fur coated fist smacking uselessly against the bars which, surprise, surprise, were made up of more fucking ice.

“And as much as I’d love to know how you’ve managed to bring Antarctica indoors... I’d much rather study how you did it from a distance... after I’ve levelled this place with a bomb or two!”

Silence greeted him.

Baring his teeth in frustration, Tony slammed both of his cloaked fists onto the bars, the trickle of fear he’d experienced when he’d first woken now turning into a raging torrent racing down his spine.

‘Just calm down Tony’ he told himself, his eyes frantically searching for any movement. ‘If they wanted you dead you’d be dead... just calm the fuck down... and breath... shit...’

That’s when he heard them; voices.

They were strange to his ears; the weird language that was being spoken between them sounded like it was auto-tuned and automatically had his hackles raising.

He clearly wasn’t in Kansas anymore...
Chapter Summary

Rating: Teen/Mature for the death of a parent/bad language, shitty parenting and (as is the usual with me) A/B/O dynamics... I didn't get to writing a sex/claiming scene... Oh BUT I want too!

Also, Tony is seventeen... now, in my Country, the age of consent is sixteen, so I don't perceive this as "underage"... However, depending on where you live, you might feel differently so... FYI?

Pairing: Pre Bucky/Tony... Ugh, I am OBSESSED with them right now... although FrostIron will FOREVER be my favourite!

Summary: What if Tony was with his parents when Hydra sent a team, led by the Winter Soldier, to assassinate Howard and Maria? What if, instead of killing Tony (as was planned), the Asset scents a virginal, unclaimed omega and Hydra allow the mating/claiming for the good of their cause? Surely a child born from such parentage would be beneficial to the advancement of their future plans?

Scribbling furiously, his eyes locked onto the paper all but burning beneath the friction, Tony Stark tried to drown out his parents as they continued to drunkenly bicker whilst their ridiculously over-priced, European rental car careened down yet another, deserted mountain road.

“You and your infernal gadgets” Maria huffed, a manicured hand gesturing to the new. Patent-pending satellite based navigation system Howard had insisted on installing. “Why you continue to think that you’ll improve on perfectly good, existing things is simply beyond me dear... God, it makes you so dull sometimes” she added whilst checking her make-up in the rear-view mirror.

“There are many things beyond you, Maria... however, luckily for you and your tastes that simpering little beta of a pool boy back at the hotel wasn’t one of them” the alpha driving bit out, his eyes narrowed at the glitching device.

“Oh please, let us start talking about each others’ conquests in front of the boy...”

“That insolent whelp isn’t listening anyway, he never fucking does...”

“Oh and just where could he have inherited that little trait from, hmm?”

“Best, vacation, ever” Tony mumbled to himself as the argument continued to accelerate... along with the vast greenery that made up the Swedish countryside.

Blinking when the trees went from ‘blurs’ to ‘blasts of colour’, the seventeen year old omega lifted his head to look at the scenery before throwing a cautious glance at the car’s speedometer.

‘Fuck... 120? Let’s do the math... 120 mph plus a summer-storm and unpredictable roads which will start veering off a straight line the closer we get to those mountains equals?’

“Umm, Howard?” he tried, his voice attempting to rise over the din. “You uh, you might want to
slow down a smidge... Howard... Howard!”

“Wha? Oh shit!!”

Screaming, the first thing that they’d actually done together as a family, the Starks held onto whatever they could as the alpha slammed on the brakes, their car narrowly staying on the road as he spun the steering wheel to within an inch of its life. The wheels screeched, the scent of them burning mixing with rain and exhaust fumes as they somehow managed to follow the curve of the road and successfully avoided smashing into any number of trees that lined the high-way.

“Tony! You insufferable little...”

“Me? If it weren’t for me we’d be a Jackson Pollock painting! If I hadn’t...”

“You and your fucking drinking Howard! I swear to God...”

A single, ear piercing sound that could only be a gun-shut wrung through the argument; Maria’s blood painted the car door behind her as well as half of her child’s face whilst Howard looked on, his pupils narrowing in shock until Tony’s cry of terror jolted him out of it.

“Get out of the car” the alpha breathed, his right hand forcefully shoving the teen’s shoulder. “Get out of the fucking car Tony! Now!”

Yelping, his hand fumbling with the door-handle, the omega all but fell out of the car, his eyes widening as he looked through the drizzle to find several, black-clad figures approaching through the trees; at the lead was an alpha with shoulder length, straggly brunette locks.

He smelt of gun-powder, metal and leather as he sprinted to Tony’s position, the look in his eyes predatory and cold before another shot was fired... and all Tony knew was black.
Ai no Kusabi

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Teen/Mature for themes of slavery/sexual slavery/angst and A/B/O dynamics

Pairings: Past Loki/Tony with possible future Loki/Tony or Steve/Tony

Chapter Notes

Summary: Ai no Kusabi OVA inspired AU. This is one of the first anime, yaoi (slash) OVAs to be made (if you find it on youtube, watch the older version as the newer one/reboot just isn’t as good) where the world is split into two districts. One is where the “blondes” live; they’re ruled by a super computer called Jupiter and are the ‘superior’ class; they’re all gorgeous, intelligent semes and women who can, pretty much, do want they want inside of Jupiter’s rules. A rule that is tested in the OVA is the one where a blonde can’t fall in love/keep a brunet; they are slaves/pets only. However, “brunets/darks” live in a dystopian society where they can be taken/enslaved/beaten/killed by a blonde; some try to rebel... but it doesn’t get them very far.

In this fic, Asgard and Midgard are two districts on a war-devastated Earth. Asgard is the ruling side; their people can enslave the Midgardians, particularly the omegas and femmes who they can have/keep from the age of twenty to thirty. They aren’t allowed to breed and, once the omega (or femme) reach the age of thirty, they must be sent to Midgard to live the rest of their lives. An Asgardian can choose to send the omega/femme back before then or take them back before that thirtieth birthday hits...

Smiling fondly, his muscle corded frame resting easily against the door-jamb, Steve Rogers continued to watch his friend and soon-to-be- mate as he puttered around a machine and tool drenched work-bench, his slender, nimble hands feverishly re-assembling what looked to be a refrigeration unit.

“You just gonna stand there an’ admire my ass or you gonna come on over and help me move Mrs Estaves’ rusty old rig to my out pile?” the omega called, his head not once turning to look at the alpha whilst he swayed his hips enticingly.

Chuckling, Steve placed his now empty lunch pail onto the dusty, mostly cluttered floor of Tony’s “Fix-It” Shop before rolling up his sleeves and standing to the shorter male’s right, his brow raising when he spotted the smudges of dirt and grime which painted the other’s cheeks and partially exposed chest. God; Tony really needed to stop wearing tank-tops if he didn’t want to be ravaged...

“Hey, eyes up here Romeo;” the brunet said, his smirk sly and full of promise as he nudged the
alpha in the ribs.

“That’s more like it... now let’s put that muscle to good use and move this...” he gestured to the freshly wiped appliance “... over there, one of her boys will be coming to collect it in half’n’hour or so...” the omega explained with a sigh, his right hand snatching up a clean rag to dab his slightly sweaty brow with.

“Then you’re done for the day, right?”

“You know it” Tony breathed through a grin, his keen amber eyes watching as Steve lifted the unit with ease and carefully carried it to the loading-bay area. “That means that you, me and that bottle of vodka Tasha managed to snatch during her latest Asgard raid are on for our date tonight at 18:00 as planned... Oh, and did you manage to get hold of those strawberries we saw at the market?”

Smiling, his arms having carefully lowered the refurbished and fully operational piece of ancient tech to its resting place, Steve turned to observe his clever, mechanical minded mate to be, his eyes roaming the low-rise of his cargo-pants.

“Of course I did... I wouldn’t dream of facing you after a long, hard day’s work without something to appease that sweet-tooth of yours” he admitted, his laughter building as Tony pouted.

“You’re making me out to be a monster” he chided, his tone mockingly childish whilst Steve made his approaching, his hands latching onto and then embracing the smaller man who made a playful attempt at trying to escape, their laughter echoing around the work-space...

Until a sharp, clear cough cut through their mirth.

Stilling, their heads snapping to the same open door-way Steve had occupied moments earlier, the alpha tightened his hold when a tremble visibly shook his slender partner; there was an Asgardian stood at the threshold, his tall body flanked by a posse of black-suit SHEILD agents.

“I do hope that I’m not interrupting” the ebony haired alpha stated, his tone clipped and as icy as the jade that made up his eyes.

Scowling, Steve moved to stand in front of the young mechanic; however, before he could, Tony took a step forward, his left hand loosely clutching the blonde’s as he swallowed, his amber eyes narrowing distinctly.

“I do hope that I’m not interrupting” the ebony haired alpha stated, his tone clipped and as icy as the jade that made up his eyes.

Scowling, Steve moved to stand in front of the young mechanic; however, before he could, Tony took a step forward, his left hand loosely clutching the blonde’s as he swallowed, his amber eyes narrowing distinctly.

“Master Loki” he greeted, his tone flat. “To what do we owe the pleasure?” he asked, his shoulders straightening and stiffening as he gestured to Steve. “I certainly hope that you haven’t arrived for any kind of service as, I’m afraid, my working hours are over for the day and my intended and I are on our way out” he added with a little shrug.

“Perhaps you could come back at another time?”

Face impassive, Loki motioned for the betas accompanying him to go back to the convoy as he took a step inside, his eyes curiously moving from one fixed item to the next whilst wielding his black, polished cane to tap at the various cogs, wheels and circuit-boards that littered the ground.

“Hmm? Oh? No, no my dear, I haven’t come for anything other than a social call... it’s been far too long, has it not?” he asked whilst straightening the magnificent emerald and azure scarf he wore; his smirk spread into something quite terrible when Tony’s breath hitched. It was so good to see that his little pet hadn’t forgotten this particular item of clothing.

“Prince Odinson, with respect...”
“Hush slave” the older of the three snapped, his cane striking the ground imperiously. “Talk out of turn in my presence once more and I’ll have you flogged” he hissed, an accusatory glare landing on a rapidly angering omega. “I’d have thought that you’d have selected a toy with more brain than brawn pet... When I gifted you those ten thousand credits I had hoped that you’d use it more wisely then picking up a pleasure-drone...”

“Don’t you dare speak about him like that!” Tony growled, his body now fully standing before a scowling, fist clenched Steve. “He is smart, loving and kind... He’s shown me nothing but the utmost care and respect when almost everyone else wanted to shun me for having once belonged to you!” he spat, his teeth bared.

“Oh, so he doesn’t mind having my sloppy-seconds, hmm?”

“Why you!”

“No Steve! Stop!” Tony cried, his whole body barely restraining the snarling alpha. “That’s what he wants... don’t give it to him... please... for me?”

Huffing, his blue eyes ablaze, the blonde took a deep breath but never once removed his gaze from the intruder.

“What is it that you want, Master?” the smallest of the trio asked, his own gaze locked onto the youngest Prince of Asgard.

“Oh, nothing much... just your neck re-collared to my house and to my bed” the regal, magic wielding alpha acknowledged with a grin that was more predatory than friendly.

“I have so missed you these past two years and... your day of birth, the thirtieth anniversary of your birth will not come to pass until Tuesday next, yes?” he queried with a knowing air.

“You will accompany me back to your rightful place... and I will keep you there...”
Eternal Servitude

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Teen/Mature for character death/talk of enslavement.

Pairing: Pre Loki/Clint/Tony (I will update the Tags).

Summary: When finding his two favourite Avengers at death's-door, Loki makes an offer... not that it matters if they refuse...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When he died, Tony just knew that there'd be at least one explosion involved, but a whole building coming down on him? That was over-kill and, yes, he knew that pun wasn't going to help him reach the pearly-gates Rogers liked to harp on about...

He really needed to stop with the puns...

"Well, that was certainly... dramatic."

Humming in agreement, the inventor regarded the other person unfortunate enough to share his fate, his bloodied lips pulling into a smile.

"Who the fuck hires a pair of flesh and blood schmucks like us to play chicken with the big-boys, huh?"

Chuckling, Clint Barton turned his head to appraise his team-mate and friend; his left eye was swollen shut... As for the rest of him, well...

It looked like they were both fucked and not in the good way.

"Heh... Don't act as though you haven't loved it Iron Man... I always thought..." He choked through a hacking cough. "Thought that was a... A stupid ass name... How much of that monster is actually iron... Anyway?"

"Enough to kick... Your scrawny ass... Big bird..." The older of the pair snipped through his own cough; it looked as though that gas bomb the Hob Goblin had dropped was poisonous after all...

"Hmm, you're still talking such rot upon your death-bed? Why am I not surprised?"

"Oh... Go fuck yourself Loki..." Clint tried to snarl, his body twitching in pain as he stuttered on his words.

"How the fuck are we... Supposed to rest in peace with... you here?"

Chuckling, the God made his physical presence known, his lean frame crouched atop a pile of rubble so that he could peer down at them; the dim lighting provided by partially functioning
electric strobes were casting him in an eerie contrast.

If anyone had ever looked more like a pleased grim-reaper then Tony has yet to see it.

Not that he could see much... And the cold was giving way to... numbness...

"Stay with us, Man of Iron, for I have not come all this way for you to pass before hearing my bargain" a voice called, its volume dragging him back from the brink.

"Fuck you and your fuckin’ bargain..." Clint spat, his tone raspy.

"Oh, come now, Hawk-mine, I come with an offer not only to save your lives, but to grant you a hefty extension" the sly being purred, his hands magically producing a pair of golden apples.

"Heh... If eternal servitude... Is the deal... Then I'll pass..." Tony murmured; in the distance, he could hear Clint giving the same sentiment whilst choking violently.

"Oh? What a shame... I had so hoped that you'd both consent" the God said, his tone mocking as he leapt from his resting place to balance on the beam laying across the both of them.

“Ah me... well, I suppose all that is left for me to do is wait... I’m sure it shan’t be long” the Prince sighed.

“Catching your souls so as to imprison them later within bodies I’ll have specifically crafted for my pleasure will probably be more beneficial in the long run, anyway.”

Chapter End Notes

So... I don't know WHERE this pairing came from...

But I like it... I don't think I've read any with this threesome before and really think it could work...

Again, I really wanted to carry this on... I hopefully will at some point.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yawning tiredly, his sharp eyes rapidly adjusting to the muted darkness around him, Clint Barton became aware of two things; one, neither of his mates were present and two, he was cold.

Scowling, the blonde omega rolled onto his back with an annoyed huff; “Jesus, I’m the only one who has a bird for a code-name and yet I’ve somehow mated myself to a pair of fucking night owls” he grumbled, his lithe frame wiggling beneath expensive, Egyptian cotton sheets.

“Jarvis? Where the fuck are they?”

“Oh no, it’s on now” the youngest of the three growled whilst throwing off the sheets, his muscle corded body prowling in all of its naked glory to the pair of sweat-pants he’d abandoned to the carpet just over two hours ago.

“Fire-up my quiver J, stun and net-heads only” he ordered whilst sauntering over to the bow assembly which whirred to life next to Tony’s expansive wardrobe.

“I’ve got some hunting to do.”

Chapter End Notes

Ugh... I LOVE this pairing/threesome... why won't it turn into a full fic? Why oh why oh why?!
Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: General/Teen for character "un-death"

Pairings: Pre Loki/Tony? Pre Loki/Clint/Tony?

Summary: An AU where, instead of aliens, Thanos is a demon, Loki is a vampire and good'ol Lokes is trying to stop the Mad Titan from taking over the human-realm... but he'll need a kick-ass band of vampires to do it... Tony is the latest recruit and, although referred to as "The Man of Iron" that is due to his tech-skills; he hasn't built the armour... yet...

“So... I’m not technically dead... just undead” Tony stated, his tongue running over the sharp, pointed fangs he’d grown upon waking. “Huh... neat...”

“I told you he’d take it well” the blonde to his immediate right stated, his keen, azure eyes flashing red as he winked at the former billionaire, play-boy philanthropist. “Heck, you should have seen wonder boy over there... he started screaming and yelling and crying like a little...”

“That’s enough, Clint” the dark haired, regally dressed male ordered; his tone was neither cutting or unkind and yet Tony could feel a power behind it... a need to follow orders... a desire to...

“Holy shit!” the inventor cried, his funeral tux jolting as he stood from the coffin lid he’d been sitting on. “It was you, wasn’t it? You’re the guy who bit me!” he accused hotly, his hands balling into fists as he stormed the short distance to the tall, devastatingly handsome prick he was going to punch or kiss, or something...

“Whoa there, fledgling” the blonde who spoke earlier called, his form ghosting to stand between him and his quarry. “Let’s just cool it down before you get yourself hurt, alright?” he reasoned with a grin, his hands raised in a gesture of playful surrender. “We’ve got a lot to talk about and this isn’t the time or the place... now come on, take a breath while you still think you need your lungs and let’s blow this joint” he added with a smile, his eyes flicking to the strangely quiet, pale-skinned creature behind him.

“How are we ready to move, boss?”

Quirking a brow and a smirk, the raven-haired man turned and began walking toward the mausoleum’s exit, his jade eyes observing the various vaults and crypts with the name “Stark” emblazoned upon them: “we’ll return to the mansion up-state first” he called back to the small group behind him. “A change of clothes, a warm bath and a quick bite to eat will help to settle our youngest into our clan so that we can re-work the plan” he announced with finality.

“Thanos and his demons must not be allowed to conquer the human-realm... and now that our Man of Iron has joined the ranks, I feel as though he have a chance” he stated firmly, his head turning to
give the short, freshly turned vampyre a meaningful look.

“Let us hope that saving you from your cancer was worth my time and effort, Anthony” he said as an after-thought, his tone darkening: “I simply cannot abide waste...”
Choco-holic in the Making ; )

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: General/Teen for suggested sexual activity.

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony (potential topping from the bottom).

Summary: I don't know why, but (like a few authors on this awesome website) I see Loki as a choco-holic... so, when this bunny came a calling I was like 'huh, what would his first experience of chocolate be like? Who would introduce him to it? How can Tony make it... dirty in a cute, playful way?'

The result of this thought-train is as follows! : )

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Blinking, his regal features momentarily warping in surprise, Loki (former Prince, former King) managed to hold back a snarl as his new Landlord continued to stand before him, encroaching upon his personal space.

“You’re shitting me, right?”

Raising a perfectly sculpted brow at the short, defenceless mortal, the Iron Man without his armour, Loki refused to take a step back even as the enchantment the Allfather placed on him prevented him from striking the little nuisance and knocking him out of the way.

“I’m unsure as to what your vulgar question is implying, human, but you’d do well to know your place and keep it” he snapped haughtily. “Now move aside and allow me passage to your library; you have given me free-reign upon this hall, have you not?” he added with a sniff, his form unmoving as he looked down at the younger being with a stare even Thor knew to fear.

Apparently this particular insect didn’t value his life so highly...

“Aww, come on Loki-motion, don’t be like that” the inventor crooned mockingly, his bewildered expression morphing into one of pleased amusement. “You can’t blame a guy for being shocked at what you’d just said... I mean, you’ve been the ugh, guest of honour in my humble abode for close to two weeks now and you haven’t tried chocolate?” he continued, his tone rising in exasperation.

Huffing, his crossed arms tightening as the runes which bound his magic flashed across his skin in warning of an impending, seizure based punishment if he didn’t repress his temper, Loki felt his neutral expression slipping into a displeased smile.

“Are you hard of hearing, you self-obsessed dullard?” he growled. “Stand aside before I am forced to...”

“Now you see, you wouldn’t be anywhere near as cranky if you ate chocolate” Tony interrupted,
his right hand casually, *brazenly*, latching onto Loki’s right, leather-clad bicep as he walked past; upon contact, the runes itched against his bones as he tried to resist being pulled along. However, as an Avenger, the bearded human could, with a verbal or physical command, have Loki do anything that wouldn’t negatively affect his health unless he needed to be punished.

Snarling, Loki found his legs moving against his will.

“Unhand me you diminutive...”

“Wow, who taught you your social skills? No wonder you struggle to make friends...”

“How dare you?! You...”

“But don’t sweat it Rudolph, unlike all the other reindeer I’m real interested in playing games with you” the sun-kissed man continued to babble whilst he dragged his captive through the (thankfully empty) common-room and to the Avengers’ communal kitchen.

“I will not be spoken to in such a manner... “

“Yeah, but you will though” Tony countered smugly and with a wink that had the older creature grinding his teeth. ‘I’m guessing that those pretty, magic tats of yours are just dying to melt the flesh off your innards so, why not take a breath, realise that I’m not the enemy here and that you need to open your mind and try new things?” he tried before offering the immortal a stool.

Still quietly seething at the treatment, the rigid male took the seat that was being offered with a scowl that’d make Hulk jealous; he wasn’t sure what was worse, the threat of having to eat some human based garbage or that Stark continued to hunt him down in an attempt to immerse him in the culture.

“Now, I know that you’re mad and said some hurtful things which I’m sure you didn’t mean which I am willing to overlook because I’m so nice and this is going to be so awesome” the shorter declared dramatically.

“Okay, time to pick your poison, Loki-dokes...” he announced whilst swiftly and efficiently rummaging through a cupboard and the refrigeration unit before turning back to the ‘breakfast-bar’ Loki’d been dropped off at, his hands brandishing a range of wrapped square and rectangular items.

Frowning before looking away in disdain, the raven-haired man scoffed as all eight were laid out before him upon the work-surface.

“Now, as a novice, I think it’s only fair to warn you that anyone of these will blow your mind” he admitted with a grin before tapping a particular bar with his index finger. “However” he continued, his lips pulling into a grin. “Based on what I’ve seen you eat in the time you’ve been here, I think that this will be the quickest and easiest way to redeem all humanity and its value in your eyes” he proclaimed with a flourish as clever hands revealed the dark, solid substance for Loki’s bored appraisal.

“My my” the older drawled with indifference. “More outlandish claims, it would appear that your mortal journalists have got quite an accurate portrayal of you, Stark” he added critically whilst his own fingers moved to bar. “Am I to understand that each one of these meagre squares is a portion?”

Nodding enthusiastically, his eyes focused and his demeanour clearly unphased by the former Asgardian’s words, the human made little hand motions to hurry his captive audience into snapping off a block and eating it.
Rolling his eyes, Loki did as instructed, his mouth parting as he allowed the disgusting, *Midgardian* fare onto his tongue...

‘By the Norns...!’

Eyes widening, pupils dilating, his shocked expression causing the mortal to chuckle knowingly, Loki allowed the deep, rich flavour of the chocolate to mingle with what he *knew* to be high quality mint and let out a groan despite himself.

“That, my friend, is Godiva’s Dark Mint chocolate... No, no, there’s no need to thank me, blowing minds is what I do” Tony explained with a faux-sheepish shrug.

“And, on the topic of *things that I do*, that street can be walked both ways and you, big guy, are welcome to take a stroll” he said, his tone casual as he turned and started walking away.

“You’d be pleasantly surprised with how chocolate can be applied to the bedroom, I think.”

Chapter End Notes

Although I’ve never eaten it, Godiva is a chocolate brand and (according to a website I randomly happened upon) their dark-mint bar is one of the best...

Also, that name "Godiva"... God-diva... Loki much? Loki definitely : )
Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: General for being short, silly and playing into ancient memes...

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony

Summary: Set in the 'Choco-holic' AU I added to this shambles of a collection; Tony is still attempting to court Loki through food...

Loki is still resisting...

“Hey.”

Steeling himself, his eyes narrowing and his teeth clenching against a waspish dismissal, Loki levelled his best ‘can’t-you-see-I’m-busy’ glare at the persistent, annoying mortal as he leapt over the couch’s back to sit, comically, to the Asgardian’s right.

“So... I’ve been thinking...”

“O Norns’ spare me...”

“And, since the chocolate tasting went so well...”

Loki snorted, his glare re-focusing on the book of Midgardian Lore he’d been directed to by Stark’s disembodied servant, his body turning deliberately to the left.

“... I thought, ‘what else hasn’t he tried yet?’ Right, so then I asked Jarvis to give me a read out on what you’ve been eating because, well, you’re clearly too good to sit and dine with the rest of us...”

“You have been spying on me?” the immortal snapped, his hands violently closing the book as he glared at the inventor.

“No” Tony interrupted, his tone slow, exasperated and not in the least bit intimidated. “I’ve been observing you” he reasoned, his grin becoming more smirk like as Loki’s eyebrow twitched with barely restrained venom.

“And, do you know what you haven’t tried yet?” the mortal edged, his t-shirt clad upper half leaning towards the mage as he produced a packet from where he’d been ineffectively concealing it behind his back.

“Taa daa!” he said with a flourish, his hand jiggling the packet until, with a roll of his eyes, Loki snatched the foil-based bag and brought it closer for his scrutiny.

“Doritos?”

“Hell yeah!” the genius smiled whilst fist-pumping the air, his eyes sparkling with glee.
“Now don’t let the media know that I’m peddling these, okay? It’s hard enough trying to convince the world that I’m not a part of the new world order... God, anyone snaps a photo of me with Doritos and Mountain Dew then that’s pretty much my, admittedly limited, credibility gone...”
A Choco-holic in the Making: Unwanted Company

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: General

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony, Pre ???/Tony(?)

Summary: So... this bunny keeps biting me... if it continues to do so it might become a fic of its own...

Sighing, his spoon stirring his sugar-free coffee for the seventeenth time, Tony almost missed Thor as he strode into the kitchen in full lumber-sexual apparel... Oh, who was he kidding? No one could miss the tall Asgardian anyway but now, in stone-hewed jeans and a plaid shirt in the same red as his cape, it was pretty fucking difficult... Not that he cared right now; anything to do with Asgard, its customs and especially its Princes could go take a flying leap off of his tower.

“Ah, friend Tony” the blonde called, his tone happy and clearly oblivious to the mortal’s suffering. “Jarvis informed me that you’d be here and right glad I am to find you... I, umm, does something trouble you?”

‘Well shit’ Tony thought as he shrugged, his eyes dropping back to his coffee. ‘If even Thor notices that I’m miserable then I’m clearly past the need of therapy’ his mind helpfully added with another rotation of the spoon.

‘Why did I stop drinking again?’

“Tony?”

“Hmm? No, fine, couldn’t be better” he stated whilst spreading a false grin across his lips. “So, you were looking for me and here I am” he continued; Tony Stark, master of deflection ladies and gentlemen.

“What can I do you for, Paul Bunyan?”

Frowning slightly, the older being moved further into the kitchen, his hand grabbing and pulling out a chair directly across from the genius and generous benefactor to both himself and Loki; why the mortal kept refusing the offer of gelds or magical relics was simply beyond him. As was the reputation that main-stream media seemed to have of the brunette who’d been nothing but considerate and giving to him and a former enemy.

And, here he was, about to ask for another favour...

“I do not wish you to think me ungrateful Tony... what you have done for me and mine brother is beyond anything either of us could...”

“Oh God!” Tony yelped, his form springing out of his chair with a velocity which knocked it to the marbled floor.
“What? T-”

“It’s the shovel-talk, isn’t it? This is the Asgardian shovel-talk... Gah! Look, I’m sorry, okay, about the food and everything... I was just trying to be nice to the guy and you said that your home-world was pretty relaxed about the whole gender thing so I thought...”

“Tony, I do not understand...”

“...You know, and as for the whole ‘cold-shoulder’ thing, I just thought that was Loki being, well, Loki and... wait...” the mortal breathed, his hands having grabbed the chair just in case he needed to throw it at the Asgardian. He knew it wouldn’t harm or, unfortunately, stop the Thunder God but it might serve as a distraction whilst Tony ran for his life... or to his nearest suit...

“This isn’t a shovel-talk?”

Feeling his confused frown knit into his eyebrows, Thor continued to sit and observe the slowly calming man before him.

“I have no need of shovels... and I do not think that Loki does either... is there a reason you mention his name?” he asked, his frown deepening. “I have only been away these past four days... has he somehow managed to trick his binds?” he queried, his tone angering. “He hasn’t caused you offense, has he? Not when he is so fortunate to have such freedom granted to him within your homestead? Please, friend, if he has harmed or insulted you then you must...”

“Huh? Oh no, no, nothing like that” Tony quickly stated, his hands waving in surrender as he sat back down; if he took his mug and swallowed half of the liquid in one shot then so be it, his brain clearly needed the wake-up call.

That had been too close...

“Just ignore that little outburst okay? I’ve been working late and I don’t tend to talk much sense and, you know, it’s quite early in the morning and well...” he huffed before taking another quick sip and offering a smile which was more relieved than anything else. “What did you want to ask me?”

Relaxing himself, his ire lessening, Thor gave his own smile before leaning further forward.

“My fair Jane has just received some most excellent news; she is to be granted a promotion and funding at an English University” he said, the pride in his voice making the younger being smile honestly, the atmosphere in the teams’ kitchen becoming so much lighter. “This, of course, means that the majority of my time will be spent there instead of here... but, with Loki based in this tower, I do not feel comfortable simply leaving and hoping for the best” he continued, his storm-grey eyes contemplative. “My father’s powers are great, but Loki is a skilled mage and, although I believe he wishes to reform now that his mind is clear... I worry that his wanting to be free may become stronger than his current efforts at repenting” he admitted sadly.

“And so, in that vein, I am asking if you would consent to an Asgardian warrior, a childhood friend to both myself and Loki, a man who has only recently returned from Vanaheim, could come to stay and aid Loki in his rehabilitation” he said, his tone full of hope. “Please know that I will compensate you for your pains... I know that you have no need of money but I already owest you so much and would not expect you to...”

“No worries, Point-Break, just let me know when he’s coming so I can have Jarvis rig-out a room” Tony cut through, his eyes alight with amusement as he took his last mouthful of coffee with a
wink. “Any friend of yours is a friend of mine, buddy, you know that so don’t worry about it and call up Heimdall when you’re ready” he added with a chuckle at Thor’s pleased face.

“You are certain?”

“Yeah sure... what’s this guy called, anyway?” the mortal asked amicably as the pair stood and began walking away.

“He is Balder, God of Light and a man held in such great esteem that even my mother speaks of him as though he were her son” the blonde said warmly whilst they entered the common-room, both of them stopping when they noticed a scowling Loki rising from the couch, his eyes narrowed.

‘Oh boy... someone’s pissed if they can’t be bothered to hide the Cadbury’s bar they’d been snacking on... maybe I should...’

“Thor...”

“Brother, I...”

“You are not allowing him access to this Realm” the raven-haired God snapped angrily. “I will not have him here...”

“Ah, but tis not your decision to make, is it?” the blonde countered, his arm slinging around Tony’s shoulder as the mortal met the irate gaze of his unrequited love-interest.

‘And I worried about the shovel-talk’ because...?”
A Debt to be Paid

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.
Rating: Teen for pre-sexual relations/slash (duh).
Summary: A debt must be paid... not that Tony minds so much... ; )

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Raising an eyebrow, his lips-quirking slightly, Tony carefully picked up the little creature by the scruff of its neck, his eyes widening in shock whilst Thor chuckled out a pleased sounding rumble.

“Did I not say that Dwarfish technology would astound even you?” he asked with a smirk, his own index finger moving to stroke the fur of the mechanical, strangely sentient piece of machinery masquerading as some form of feline, wolf hybrid.

“That you did, Hercules, that you did” the mortal admitted whilst carefully placing the little automaton back down, his keen eyes observing as it found its footing and began to trot about with a curious tilt of the head and rapid blinking of glassy eyes.

“So, you’ve come through on your end of the deal... now all that’s left is the payment” the dark haired male declared whilst DUM-E, U and BUTTRFINGERS whirred over to observe the latest member of their robotic family, their camera lenses focusing and re-focusing upon the brightly coloured fur-ball.

“Okay, big-guy, let’s hear it” he continued, his left hip slanting onto the work-bench as he looked to the older, soon-to-be-king. “What can I do you for?”

Standing a little taller, his plaid shirt stretching over broad, muscle corded shoulders, Thor regarded the slighter male in his garb of tight jeans, grime smattered tank-top and his face, regal and attractive even as age encroached upon it and smiled slyly.

“You did say anything of my choosing, yes?” he queried, his smile broadening purposefully when the younger man blinked.

“Umm... yeah?”

“Very well then” the Asgardian Prince stated, his tone warm and pleased as his large, right hand clapped onto the juncture between Tony’s neck and shoulder, his thumb brushing the goose-pimpled column of the mortal’s neck.

“It has been told to me many times by various acquaintances that you, Tony, have a certain reputation when it comes to bed-chambers” he said, his storm-greying eyes awash with interest.
“And, naturally, as a God of fertility I am eager to see if the rumours of your prowess and, eh, stamina are true...”

“Wait, wait, wait just one minute there pal” the brunette interrupted, his hands raising in a gesture of surrender.

“Are you saying that, as payment for my mechanical Dwarf-cat-thing, you want me to sex you up? Is that it?”

“You did say...”

“Yes, yes... I know what I said' Tony breathed, his eyes wild and his grin positively devious. “I just didn’t think I’d be getting a favour for a favour... hell! It’s like two Christmas’ come at once...”

“Tis not the twenty-fifth yet Tony, and even still how...?”

Chuckling, his right hand snatching at Thor’s wrist as he all but dragged the loveably confused, culturally unaware alien toward the elevator, Tony couldn't help but chuckle as he then leered up at one of JARVIS’ ceiling sensors.

“J, keep an eye on the bots and cancel anything and everything else I had planned for the rest of the day, would you?” he asked as they entered the small, movable enclosure.

“Tony Stark is a man of his word, after all, and debts must be paid in full.”

Chapter End Notes

So... my current great love is the LONGEST piece of fiction I've ever written (TTSOS) and, to try and flesh it out/keep the plot running to the 100 chapters I'm attempting to craft, I've run across a few interesting Norse Legends.

The one which inspired this ficlet is the story of how the Dwarves created, for the Goddess Freya, a mechanical wild-boar which would ride with her into battle.

The fact that the good folk of ancient Norse cultures knew about automats centuries before we (here on Midgard) could craft anything like that is as cool as it mysterious...
Divide and Conquer (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Teen for bad language.

Pairing: A surprise threesome (that has been tagged).

Summary: You'll see ; ) sorry, I don't want to spoil the twist... especially with Part 2 being almost finished and that will be Explicit.

Trying his best to repress the pleased smirk Steve had all but begged him from showing, Tony leaned back casually within the office-styled chair that sat across from Fury (with the safety barrier of a 6ft conference-table between them), his eyes alight with glee.

“You’re not going to make this easy for me, are you?” the Director of SHIELD asked, his tone long suffering as Tony valiantly tried to keep his face neutral; it was a fight he was losing.

“Ah... well, I guess that all depends now, doesn’t it, Nicky-boy? You’re okay with me calling you that right? Right... so, where do we begin, hmm? The apology? The admission of my awesomeness vs. your stupidity? The promise that you’ll drop all the surveillance bullshit...”

“You...”

“Oh? We’re back to my last-name, now, are we?”

“Tony, come on man, don’t be like that” Clint tried to soothe, his body slouched to Tony’s right as he continued to play with his cellphone.

“And why the hell not?” the inventor quipped, a scowl momentarily tugging at his lips whilst he raised an eyebrow at the still preoccupied archer. “You telling me that, if Fury had kicked you out of the Avengers based on information that had no factual credibility...”

“You are a loose-cannon and that CCTV footage was analysed by seven different...”

“Wow, Nat, just wow” Tony growled, his good-mood souring as he locked eyes with the ever stoic assassin. “I thought we were passed the whole Ironman approved, Tony Stark not so much...”

“We are” the woman cut in, her eyes flashing momentarily with an emotion the older man struggled to catch. “But you can’t deny that there have been times, incidents, where you’ve not used your best judgement, where you’ve found the self-destruct button and mashed it with your fist” she continued, her face minutely softening. “Not that anyone else here can claim infallibility... but I’ve watched you nearly die too many times and know when you’re hiding something...”

“But a secret relationship with Loki?” Tony hissed, his arms raising in exasperation. “Loki, the guy who threw me through a window, put a huge dent in my favourite city and my bank-balance cus’, FYI, the money to repair New York didn’t come from the traumatised people or the fucking tooth-fairy!” he snapped before rolling his eyes and standing.
“Tony...” Bruce tried, his face drawn and tired.

“Sorry Big-guy, but I’ve had just about enough” he stated whilst tucking his chair under the table and pointedly ignoring Steve as he stood and approached him.

“Look, let’s just sit down and talk everything over...”

“No” the inventor stated firmly, his stare resolute against the super-soldier's endearing, pleading eyes. “I am not going to sit here and mull-over old ground... it’s still very clear to me that I’m neither trusted or wanted here...”

“That’s not...”

“No?” the brunette challenged, his brows furrowing. “Then why not just say, 'Sorry Tony, we were wrong, please come back?’ huh? Why are we going over all of my past mistakes and using that for some kind of fucking justification? That’s not fair Steve! I’m the fucking victim here” he argued before tapping his STARKWatch and prompting the MARK37 to meet him at the nearest fire-exit.

“So, d’ya know what kids? With the exception of Bruce, you can all go fuck-yourselves... Stay in the Tower, use the resources, call JARVIS if shit really hits the fan but, for all intents and purposes, fuck this shit, I’m out” he said whilst fishing his aviator glasses out of his blazer pocket and putting them on.

“God-damnit Stark!” Fury snarled, his graceful form standing and striding towards him with all the fluidity of a striking viper. “Sit your ass down before I sit it down...”

“You and what army, blinky?” Tony challenged, his left wrist wriggling and posing the STARKWatch for all to see. “One false move and it’s repulsors all around... d’you think the Other Guy is going to remodel just this floor or the whole building if that happens? Oh, and before you even think of using that not so concealed pistol of yours red, if this piece of tech off-lines then this place will be crawling with Ironmen, okay? Okay” he stated rather airily despite the anger and, not that he’d ever admit it, hurt.

“Oh my God, are you guys fucking kidding me right know?” Clint sighed dramatically, his cellphone lying forgotten on the table as he quirked an eyebrow up at the pair. “You do realise that this is exactly what the God of ‘Shits and Giggles’ wants, right? Divide and conquer? Destroy them from the inside, Villain Handbook styled, cliché choked master plan material? Any of that ring a bell” he asked incredulously. “Why the hell did that recording surface in the first place, huh? Surely if that whack-job was fucking Tony (“Hey!”)... Sorry, man... but, if he was and they did want to keep it a secret... then, well, the guy’s a fucking wizard, do you really think that he’d be stupid enough to let footage of them exchanging tonsils leak? Wouldn't it be better for him to keep Tony in the initiative so he can, I don't know, gather trade secrets, burrow into your network, Loki-us from within?”

Hackles lowering substantially, Tony offered his a half smile: “didn’t expect you to be the voice of reason, Legolas.”

“S’what I do” the younger said with a shrug, his keen eyes sliding from one man to the next. “So, have mommy and daddy stopped fighting now?”

“Wha’? I take offense to that” Tony snipped, his head quickly gesturing to a gradually more relieved looking Steve. “Everyone knows that me and Captain Red, White and Blue here are mom and dad (“What? Tony...”)... Old St. Nick here is more like the cranky, drunk, conspiracy-crazed uncle you only see at Thanksgiving” he said through a shrug.
“Tony, are we done?”

Blinking, his steady gaze met with Fury’s.

“Sure” he agreed, his shrug returning.

“Good... this place was getting too damned quiet and predictable” the Director grunted, his glare softening a fraction. “And, for what it’s worth, I am sorry... This team needs you, your armour and your bullshit... Now why don’t all of you get the fuck out of my conference room and go get milkshakes or something” he stated whilst turning and stalking towards the room’s furthest exit.

Watching him leave, the team remained in silence until Tony stretched, whistled and offered them all a grin.

“Well, that went better than expected” he chuckled, his eyes sliding over to a grinning Hawkeye. “What d’ya say we get out of here tweetie-pie?” he asked, his grin morphing into a smirk. “If memory serves you did promise to show me that very interesting website before everyone else went defcon1 on me” he added as Clint stood, rolled his shoulders and grabbed his phone.

“Tony...”

“Aww, come on Steve, I know you were just doing your duty, Nat was doing her job and Bruicie-bear wasn’t even State-side” he said, good-humour lacing his tone. “I’m not snubbing you or anything, we can do a team-thing tonight... how’s about dinner? My treat, okay?” he added whilst snagging Clint’s wrist and pulling him towards the fire-escape at the back of the room.

“Great, do I have to ride Air-Stark?” the archer complained with a quick wave to a bemused looking Natasha.

“You know you love it” Tony argued as they walked through the door after Clint pushed it open; waiting on the step, as ordered, was the MARK38 which, upon prompting, attached itself seamlessly over-top its creator. Sighing, the archer grabbed hold of the shoulder bar Tony’d built on for team-use after he got tired of them whining about being carried and gave the ‘ok’ sign when ready; they launched into the air with a shared “whoop.”

“So, do you think they bought it?” the blonde called out against the wind.

“You shitting me?” Tony laughed. “They ate it up” he added, his tone thrilled.

“Now let’s get back to our suite and give him the good news” he stated happily.

“Phase two is a go.”
Divide and Conquer (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.


Pairing: Surprise?

Summary: I won't give too much away BUT I have placed a warning page-break before the sex scenes so that anyone with triggers can enjoy the plot twist without reading anything that might make them uncomfortable.

Not happy with part2? See my reasoning in the end-notes; also, if anyone would like to write an alternate version of this then please do so and share with the rest of us! : )

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slipping through the doors as JARVIS simultaneously welcomed them and began detaching the MARK37, Tony and Clint continued to laugh as they recalled the last time Thor had been to the Tower for a visit.

“... and the toaster? God, I should start fucking making and selling them to him, he’s got to have money, right?”

“Talk about a wasted opportunity Ton-y...ugh, hey, Sir... what’re you...?”

Stopping in their tracks, the Avengers blinked as Agent Coulson offered them a bland, harmless smile from where he sat on Tony’s peruvian leather couch, his deft hands organising and arranging a series of papers, his eyes never leaving the two as he did so.

“You boys have been... busy” the older man replied cryptically, his left hand reaching for a cooling mug of mint and jasmine scented tea, his gaze steady. “Perhaps, when Miss Potts has left, we can discuss this further? Hmm? Oh, and Tony, please tell her that I’d be thrilled to meet with her for lunch tomorrow if she’s still available.”

Sharing a nervous glance, Tony offered a brief nod before swiftly making his way to the only Office on this private floor with a meaningful look to one of JARVIS’ sensors whilst Clint made a bee-line for the bar.

“I had thought that I’d made my feelings on this matter clear the last time we spoke” Fury’s former right-hand-man called, his files now neatly stacked as the young archer began mixing three drinks, the sound of Tony greeting his CEO and friend echoing down the corridor.

“Please try to be more reasonable, sir” the blonde offered, nimble fingers grabbing, pouring and replacing bottles whilst he watched the inventor lead the smartly dressed woman back to the only elevator with a quick glance back to where he knew Clint would be standing. “Pepper is Tony’s ‘go-to-girl’, if he revoked her or Rhodey’s access to the Penthouse then questions would be raised
and not just by them, either... so come on, lighten up a little” he suggested, his lips relaxing into a
smile.

“You know that no one can come between us now and we...” he said, his hand gesturing to a
rapidly stepping Tony as he re-entered the open-plan living space “... don’t want to be anywhere
else than by your side.”

Huffing, the Agent turned to watch the other two men as they picked up their glasses and took a
swift drink, a swirl of green coiling about their necks briefly; “and phase two?”

“The virus was successfully uploaded during our meeting thanks to Clint’s quick fingers... so all of
the ground-work’s been laid and, you know, you’re the boss, boss” Tony confirmed, his
nervousness at Pepper having displeased his master clear in the grin that minutely trembled on his
lip. “Just say the word and JARVIS will take care of everything else, won’t you buddy?”

“Of course, sir” the AI responded promptly and, at a gesture from the reclining man, the shutters
began to close and the once transparent glass started to fog.

“I take it that we shall suffer no further interruptions?”

“No, sir” the pair responded promptly as Phil stood, his right hand loosing his tie.

“Good; run along then, I’ll be with you shortly and shan’t be pleased if either of you are still
clothed when I arrive” he said smoothly as he approached the bar and accepted the drink the
brunette held out to him with a raised eyebrow. “Do not think that this...” he murmured, gesturing
with the drink, “excuses you, Anthony; the next time that I’m so interrupted in our home I will take
action beyond assuming this mortal guise” he warned smoothly.

“Ah, yeah, understood master, thank you...”

“You needn’t tell me your thanks” Phil quipped, his lips pulling into a pleased smirk as a blush
dusted the older mortal’s cheeks. “Now go.”

Bowing their heads, the two creatures he’d enthralled moved expediently towards the master-
bedroom whilst Phil, his form melting away into the Asgardian body the Allfather had gifted him
with, lounged against the bar with a sip of absinthe, his black locks brushing his cheek.

In hindsight, it was regrettable that his meeting with the quick-witted, sun-kissed genius had come
so late in his ventures upon Midgard but, he supposed it was better late than never. It certainly
seemed to keep his pet-Hawk pleased; perhaps having a demanding lover with an immortal’s
stamina was too much for one human to handle. Not that it mattered, or at least it wouldn’t after
‘phase two’ came into full effect; Loki was certain that, after handing the Earth to Thanos as
promised, securing a couple of apples from a soon to be decimated Asgard wouldn’t be difficult.

Oh... how he was looking forward to watching the Realm Eternal burn and, from the ashes, he
would rise as the King, an Allfather worth worshipping, a saviour with the technology required to
repair and rejuvenate... and two pets both capable of defending and satisfying him.

Chuckling as the illusion of his preferred future unfurled before him, Loki swallowed the
remainder of his drink before turning to the bedroom’s enticingly opened door; the present, it
seemed, was almost as pleasing.

~*~ Explicit, Threesome/Moresome (clones) Sex Ahoy: Dub-con due to enchantment? Don’t
read on if you’re not comfortable/have triggers!~*~
“God... I love it when he uses that tone” Tony breathed, his blazer haphazardly slung across one of the clothes-horses nearer the wardrobe where Clint stored his more casual clothing.

“Huh... I’ll be sure to remind you of that when he shoves that thick, Asgardian dildo up your ass and keeps it there with a spell whilst he ties your dick up with his favourite leather strap” Clint quipped cockily, his eyes brightening at the mental image as he slinked onto the large, luxurious bed. “I’ve never seen anyone cum so hard... whooph!” he wheezed through a giggle as a very naked Tony prepared to launch another scatter cushion.

“Oh ha, ha, ha” the inventor mocked whilst throwing the padded object, his smirk returning when it hit the younger man in the face as he leapt onto the bed, his eyes sparkling with emerald and laughter when Clint snatched him by the wrist and pulled him close.

“Maybe, if I’m really good, I can be a part of your punishment” the blonde breathed as he deftly rolled atop the toned, warm body of his fellow, mortal bed-mate. “I can think of a few ways to make you scream for me like you do for him when he takes you” he admitted, a shudder rippling between them, their faces nearing, lips parting...

“Starting without me?”

Gasp as two sets of hands latched onto him and pulled him away, Clint blinked before a groan erupted from his throat; two clones had scooped him up and moved him to one side, the first clone’s mouth engulfing his whilst the second swallowed his cock to the base.

Tony inhaled sharply at the display before sneaking a glance at the original; Loki now sat at the foot of the bed and was no longer the regal Prince or the stoic Agent, but a predator, and a deeply pleased one at that.

“Oh, but the pair of you do make such lovely sounds” he admitted, his tone fond as he looked from the captured Hawk to the inventor, his lips curling into a devious smirk.

“Now, how ever am I to discipline such a worrisome little pet, hmm?”

Licking his rapidly drying lips, Tony fought not to answer the question; being a smart ass around Fury was one thing but past, delicious BDSM styled sessions with his master had taught him that keeping his mouth closed and his wit to himself was far more beneficial.

“Perhaps I’ll take you on your hands and knees, make you beg like a dog... Or, maybe I shall bind you to the bed, propped against the head-board and keep you there to watch me fuck our youngest mate?” he mused idly, his bored tone doing nothing to douse the desire proudly growing between Tony’s partially spread thighs.

To their right, Clint keened, his mouth momentarily released as the naked, alabaster duo rearranged him on the mattress; in some detached, far-off place in his mind Tony couldn’t help but marvel at Loki’s ability to feel through the clones but remain unfazed.

It was something that he wanted to look into, something that he should be itching to analyse... he should want to go to the lab... what had he last been working on? There had been something important... not long after New York... just before Clint and a ‘not dead’ Phil came to visit... There’d been... a fight... Clint was holding him down... his eyes... his eyes were... And Loki... What was Loki doing there? Then everything hurt...

"Don’t fight me, don’t fight me, don’t fight me Anthony..."

“Ah, ah, ah...”
Blinking, his body jerking in shock when cool, cool hands cupped his face, an equally cool body laying atop his hot, panting form, Tony gasped as their eyes locked and cold... such a soothing, beautiful cold snaked under his skin and around his senses.

“Always trying to slip your collar” Loki mock-chided, a lean, deceptively powerful thumb rubbing at Tony’s cheek as the enthralment reasserted itself. “There we go, now isn’t that better? No more nightmares, no more thinking to the point where you lose yourself... isn’t this good? Can’t you see who you are, what you are more clearly now?” he purred kindly.

“You’re so beautiful tamed Anthony, you and Clinton both” he added as he easily pulled the mortal further down the bed so that he lay, like an offering, a sacrifice, beneath him. “Oh, how I enjoy making and breaking you...” he breathed, their noses close to brushing whilst the archer cried out in the background, his orgasm echoing within their bed-chamber.

“But for now I want to play... Bring him” the Chaos God called over his shoulder, the devious smirk returning with a lusty edge as a blissed-out, post-orgasm Clint was sprawled out next to Tony, the archer’s chest heaving as the clones circled their creator, effectively trapping the mortals between them.

“Now, where were we? Are yes...” he stated absentmindedly as he moved from between the brunette’s thighs to kneel between them; a clone swiftly took his place as the second copied its stance between a now more cohesive Clint.

“For your punishment Anthony, you will be fucked soundly by all four of us in turn” he began, his words causing Tony to groan and Clint’s breathing to stutter. “This doppelganger shall take you first, of course, and you’ll be able to see our hawk’s pleasure too... only, that whilst I shall be drinking him in, your cock will receive no handling, petting or relief...”

“Wha? But master...”

“Ah, ah, ah” the ancient being cautioned, his right hand waving first over Clint, then Tony; both shuddered as the familiar feeling of lube seeping into and slicking down their back-passages made itself known.

“Cum just from one of us being inside of you, my little rabbit, and you will have earned my forgiveness... Now, let’s begin...”

What followed was the hungry growl of the clone, its skin flashing blue as it rushed into to steal a kiss whilst two fingers roughly entered him; the clone’s free hand had already snatched out to sneakily secure his wrists above his head.

Crying out into the cool, demanding mouth consuming him, Tony felt his back arch off the bed with a jolt when a third finger joined the pair stretching and opening him; the slick, warmed by his body heat, was now glistening between his thighs and he mewled and struggled weakly, his dick already straining.

Beside him, Clint was crying out, his pupils blown wide as Loki sucked him and the clone preparing him finished its work; then, almost as one, the very physical manifestations of Loki’s aura removed their fingers and thrust in with unnerving accuracy. Both mortals screamed, Clint’s all the more desperate as the actual Asgardian swirled his tongue and swallowed in time with the bruising pace the clones set.

“Ah! M-master! Please!” Tony begged, his thighs desperately clenching at the clones side in an attempt to bring its body closer to gain any kind of friction, especially since the magical being was
purposely choosing to hit his prostate at every other thrust.

But, sadly, Tony’s pleas went on deaf ears as the clones, Clint and Loki carried through with the punishment long into the afternoon, the dinner-plans with the team long forgotten as he came and continued to cum to the sounds of their shared pleasure...

but, at least he had earned the forgiveness he craved... and an ache that would put his smile on his face for the rest of the week regardless of Clint’s ‘inside-joke’ teasing...

Chapter End Notes

So... this bunny didn't just lead me down the rabbit-hole, it whacked me over the head and dragged me into the warren; it's pretty dark in there...

My reasoning/a bit of back-story:

I've been revisiting the Marvel films lately (probably because the Civil War trailer is haunting my dreams) and suddenly, quite out of no-where (and completely discarding Marvel's Agents of Shield (as cool as that show is!)) had this thought...

What if Phil Coulson was Loki of Asgard all along?

This is the thought-train which swiftly followed:

What if he'd been bored with his bro running around/being the golden boy and his attention had been peaked by Midgard and its rapid progress years before the first movies took place? What if he saw infiltrating Shield as a fun pastime which could prove useful to him as more and more extraordinary people showed up/Midgard being the middle King and a gateway to the Nine?

What if, after his fall, he decides that his mortal guise as the mild-mannered Phil Coulson could be of service to Thanos (and his own master-plans). Therefore, Phil survives Loki's fatal stabbing because he's a clone... Clint is picked by Loki for his service as he'd been having a relationship with the (unknowing mortal) previously.

How does Phil "hack" Jarvis in the Avengers movie to meet Pepper/Tony at the penthouse? Magic...

And on, and on it went...

Coulson is EVEN a Nordic name!

*Takes a breath*

Now, I am sorry; from the comments I think that part 2 isn't what a lot of you were expecting/hoping for. So, again, I offer this plot bunny to anyone who wants a do-over.

Just make sure that you share it ; )
Divine Punishment

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: M for sexual themes

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony

Summary: It's not really long enough to deserve one... I just needed to write it out... : )

The sleeper, much to Loki’s chagrin, was rousing; the delicious scent of virginal heat cresting upon the air in waves which rippled away from tanned, sweat peppered skin. Thank the nine that he’d opted to restrain himself. If he hadn’t then the mortal before him would have been torn apart in the wake of his lust and, surely, out of all the punishments even Odin could think to crush him, this was so much more painful, so much more divine...
Enthralled

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: General/Teen.

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony and possible Steve/Tony

Summary: In a world secretly ruled by Werewolves, the humans they love and protect are facing a new and powerful threat from the Vampyres known as the Jotun...

Wow... can't tell you guys how much I want to turn this into a story...

Chuckling, his cool lips pulled into a pleased smirk, the vampyre allowed his left hand to gently caress the cheek of his enthralled prey; the bristles of a perfectly sculptured goatee played against the delicate senses of his cold fingers.

“Loki... stop this... please...”

“Hmm?”

Turning, the Jotun turned to view the valiant Captain of this cursed land whose blue eyes were hazed with pain and anguish.

“Leave... Tony out of this...” the young werewolf breathed. “The humans... they need him...”
Fangs extended, Loki slowly supped from the goblet brought to him by the now quaking Mayor, a bored expression fixed upon his pale features as the rotund mortal bowed a scuttled, a safe distance, away.

“D-does it meet your approval... my Lord?”

Swilling the blood he’d been given around his pallet, the vampyre felt his lips tug down in the barest of frowns; there wasn’t a member of the village gathered before him who didn’t quake and cry out at the motion.

“Do I not treat the citizens of your paltry little town with fairness?” the raven-haired demon asked after another sip of the golden cup he’d been offered.

“O-oh, yes, yes sir, you’re very fair...”

“And, do I not protect you from others? Does my magic not ensure your safety, your ability to farm this land, graze your cattle, feed your children?”

Swallowing thickly, the balding human bowed his head feverishly, his brow beading with sweat as the assembled crowd tried to contain their whimpers; it was the same pitiful, usual display that, in the heady days of his youth, he’d found ridiculous and humorous in equal measure. However, now it was just... dull. Most things were but, he supposed, after being exiled to this drab-realm for the past two hundred of their meagre years that nothing was going to surprise him now, nothing would enthral or excite or...

“Hey!”

Blinking out of his reprieve, the bout of startled gasps rippling around the shuddering masses causing him to raise a sculpted eyebrow, Loki stood from the throne-like chair he’d been given upon the town-centre’s dais, his blackened, feathered wings stretching their full span as he
observed the hoard and their dilapidated dwellings.

“...Ah, my Lord, ‘tis probably one of the children quarrelling in the church...” the mayor wheezed out, his face pale as his beady eyes danced from face to face, building to building in search for the young voice that’d disturbed their Landlord’s breakfast.

“Why don’t you take your fancy, father flaunting ass and fuck off?!”

Frowning, the echo of the taunt bouncing around the buildings in such a way that the demon was convinced this little scene had been practised, Loki swallowed the remainder of the blood before tossing the goblet into the crowd; knowing better than to run, the adults before him huddled closer, a mixture of hushed screams and curses leaving cold-chapped lips.

“If you are so eager to see me leave, then why not come and make me? Surely, if you’re brave enough to incite my wrath then you are also man enough to stand before me? Or, is your leader correct? Are you but a child, a snivelling little boy who...”

“I’m not a child!”

Crying out in shock, the towns-folk shuffled and fidgeted as a young face leaned out of Town-Hall’s bell-tower; quirking a brow, Loki turned and looked up to observe the little menace, his frown levelling into a thin, curious line.

“My name is Tony Stark and I am not afraid of you!” the little mortal declared, his right hand raised and clutching something which he probably intended to throw.

“My uncle Steve is the world’s greatest demon hunter and when he comes here he’s gonna make you so sorry that you’ll wish you’d never been born!” he added, his fierce little face awash with conviction as he launched the little projectile, a ruby-crested dagger, with an almost unnerving accuracy...

Well, so much for no longer being surprised...

Chapter End Notes

Okay... I am obsessed with demon/vampire alpha Loki but I just can't write an extended fic about it for reason...

So, if you would like to take and foster this bunny into a full-fledge fic then please do BUT please no under age; any sexy-times between Loki and Tony MUST HAPPEN AFTER TONY TURNS 18!.

The idea of children/young people being in sexualised situations does not sit well with me. Sorry, I don't mean to/want to preach, I just think kids should be kids for as long as possible/be loved by adults in a completely platonic/parental-none sexual way...

I just can't/don't want to understand why anyone would feel any differently...
The Night Holds Many Secrets...

Chapter Summary

Rating: Teen to be safe; hurt!Tony and mysterious!Loki

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony Stark

Summary: Shield deal with and protect the world from supernatural forces (or at least they claim to); Tony Stark, a brilliant engineer and weapons specialist would like to know just what his superiors definition of protection is when he wakes up in a chilled cell, in chains and very much not alone...

Chapter Notes

One day I will write a full vampire fic...

“So... you’re a vampire?”

“A Jotnar, to be precise.”

“Ah, you wish to know the difference?” the shadowed male purred, a cascade of icy air assailing the small distance between them. “Firstly, I am very much alive” the supernatural creature breathed out conversationally, its tone warm despite the arctic temperatures pervading the cell they shared. “And secondly? I do not need to kill or maim my meals... I can even alter them to suit my needs should I wish too” it continued, its body shifting in the darkness should the clinking of metal Tony could hear come from chains similar to his own.

“And what of you, little one? What might you be?”

“Umm... human, last time I checked, anyway” the inventor replied. “I work, or at least I used to, for Shield... they’re an international agency who...”

“I am aware of Shield...” the obscured figure hissed, an element of spite shrouding his tone and causing the exhausted, battered mortal to flinch at its intensity.

So much for making friends, teaming up and getting the hell out of... wherever it was they were...

“Your ties with Shield, you have severed them recently?”

Blinking, Tony moved his sluggish head so that he could peer more closely at the darkness
coalescing in the corner, his aching body growing less and less aware of the cold as it seemed to wash over and envelope him.

“Yeah, you could say that” he sighed tiredly, his shoulders offering a half-shrug. “The last time I was awake I was in my lab at Shield then, boom, I wake up here, strapped to a chair and...” he swallowed, his eye-lashes fluttering away the moisture he felt gathering.

“Betrayal, then?”

“I...”

“Oh... I could tell you much about betrayal...” his fellow captive intoned, the words laced with venom spiked honey as a sapphire face with hell-fire eyes loomed out of the darkness to scrutinise Tony with a hunger which had the shorter man gawping and leaning back.

“I could tell you much...”
The Dragon Prince's Consort

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.
Rating: Teen with the potential for Explicit if I could get my head around writing the damned thing! Kidnapping/scenting/dragon-people! (Yay!)
Summary: In an AU (‘cus it’s not like I’m fixated on these or anything) where Midgard is populated by dragons and humans alike, a race known as the Asgardians emerge, their bodies that of enhanced humans with wide, leathery wings in spectrums of beautiful colours adorning their backs. Humans are not their prey in the traditional sense; however, when a bored, less favoured Prince goes for a flight one warm evening he happens to come across a human omega attempting to fight off the effects of his heat-cycle in a desolate cave. What kind of benevolent God would he be if her were to let the little hen suffer alone?

Scampering away from his village, his mind giving silent prayers of thanks to Pepper for the herbal tea she’d crafted, Tony scurried his way across the grassy-topped hills until the caves his mother had spoke of in his youth came into view; he knew that having his first heat alone wasn’t going to be a picnic but it beat the alternative.

He would only mate with Obadiah Stane on a cold day in hell; Howard could go fuck himself for all he cared, especially since that cold, unfeeling bastard didn’t seem to care about anything other than amassing enough wealth to impress the odd Asgardian that deigned to visit.

Heh... Gods indeed...

“You seem quite out of place up here... and all alone, too...”

Yelping, his shoe-less feet close to skidding on the lush greenery, Tony spun around to see an alpha, no, an Asgardian lounging on the low slung bower of a dwarfish chestnut tree, his shimmering emerald wings drooping in the shade as he leaned against the squatted tree’s trunk.

Swallowing around the nervous lump in his throat, the omega found himself cursing his own rotten luck; it looked as though the old wives of the village were right when they warned that thinking of the winged creatures would often cause them to manifest.

‘Shit’ the brunette thought, his burnt-gold gaze swiftly assessing the other’s taller frame and razor sharp, obsidian nails; from the fine leather and gleaming buckles that sowed the man’s armour together, Tony could tell he wasn’t dealing with one of the lower-ranking dragon-people either. Hell, from the cocky grin, jewel laced hair and finely crafted boots that adorned the stronger creatures body, he was probably face to face with an upper-class warrior, maybe even a mage who probably had a fucking stable-full of dragons...

“You also appear to be quite hard of hearing” the jade eyed Aesir commented glibly, his grin
sharpening when the mortal didn’t bolt as he’d expected him to.

“Who? Me? Nah... just not got the time for chatting” the brunette tried to play-off, his mind and body growing progressively more aware that the tea he’d drank over an hour ago was losing its potency and that his tattered leather-pants and singed tunic weren’t exactly dragon-proofed if the predator was looking for a fight. Although, if the lazy swish of an emerald tail and flaring of nostrils was anything to go by, Tony was pretty sure fighting wasn’t on the ageless looking man’s mind.

“So, umm, nice meeting you... eh, enjoy your lounging ‘cus I’m sure that the, agh, view must be awesome from up there” he continued to babble before checking that the path which wound up to the steeper hills was unbarred whilst the sun continued to descend behind him. “Heh... well, good talk, good talk... now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be on my way...”

“Hmm? And where is it, exactly, that you think you’re going?”

“Ahh... would you believe that I’m off to tend to my sick grandmother?"

“Hou? An elderly femme inhabits this cave ridden out-crop? And a sick one at that?” the raven haired alpha all but purred whilst casually dropping, like spilled silk, to the lush grass they shared upon this particular rounded peak of a hill; damn-it... if he tried to run his village was at least two miles down. And, even though he knew himself to be a genius, it didn’t take his math skills to figure out that he’d never make it.

“Oh, you don’t know my grandma” he furthered, his toes curling in the blades of green he’d nearly slipped on earlier. “She’s a witch, you know, a real one” he continued, a rumour about the Aesir actually thought such people existed, even in the human races. “S’why I don’t have anything we me and just rushed up here by myself... sending urgent messages by crow is a bit weird, I guess, but that’s how she likes to do things...”

“You’re lying” the Asgardian chuckled, his grin now an unfriendly, predatory smirk whilst his long, scaled tail snapped through the grass, its whip-like appearance not marred in any way by the green juices of the cropped greenery.

“I...”

“You think to out-wit the God of Lies, little hen? I can scent the reason for your self-imposed exile here... I am only surprised that none of mine brethren have come to lay a claim of their own” he stated with a casual shrug that had his wings pitching upward and Tony’s hackles tingling, the need to run becoming substantially stronger.

“Although, I suppose challenging their Prince may be... oh? You think to escape me?”

Singing out a string of curses through his mind, Tony found himself back-peddling and tearing his way back down the hill, the flapping of the ill-fitted pants he wore when working the forge grating against the thundering of his heart as blood rushed to give muscles the strength needed to out-run something that could fucking fly!

“I really don’t want... my grandma... to curse you... or anything... your highness!” he shouted, his footing almost lost to a patch of sludge.

“Can’t you... just... let me... go-woah!” he close to squealed, his chest suddenly enveloped by deceptively strong arms, his body becoming weightless whilst the tail laced itself about his hips and two massive, glimmering wings beat the air in tandem.
Well... that was that, then...
Disclaimer: there is one... somewhere...

Rating: Mature due to dual-personality disorder (I am NOT an expert on this type of mental-disorder, I am merely trying to show the duality that may take place considering the type of physical/mental torture Bucky has undergone; I mean no disrespect and have tried to portray this topic sensitively. Please be mindful if you have trigger!) and for Alpha/Omega hurt/comfort/fluff that could led on to so much more...

Pairing: Alpha!Asset/Omega!Tony.

Summary: AU – Not Civil War Compliant; imagine a world where Bucky was found/brought in by the Avengers who all live in New York’s “Avengers Tower” and rehabilitated in a “pack” situation. However, one night, when trapped in “Asset Mode” and only able to speak Russian, an inconsolable Winter Soldier wanders the halls in a daze, Natasha’s calming presence and familiar native tongue absent thanks to a Shield mission. Feeling lost, alone and helpless, the soldier is contemplating making a run for it; a friendly omega with a bowl of the most amazing borscht he’s ever smelt and an apology that it’s “only take-out” in perfect Russian may just change his mind...

Chapter Notes

Okay... I can neither read nor write in Russian... so let’s all pretend that I can, okay? : )

To help, all dialogue that is underlined like this is Russian... Quick language fix is quick? XD

The Tower was quiet and the Asset knew, had counted, could even smell Bucky’s pack-mates as they slept.

On this floor lay the gently snoring forms of Captain Rogers and his avian mate, their bodies curled together beneath soft sheets. Then, one level below, the bedchambers were all empty thanks to a Level 9 priority mission; the blonde omega’s scent still hovered in the wake of their departure, its presence not affected by the femme assassin’s perfume or the alpha musk of Banner or Coulson. And, situated on the lowest of the residential floors lay Thor, the young femme he’d met in New Mexico coiled in his arms as they basked in the after-glow of their love-making. Across from them, her room’s door naively open, slept Jane’s lab assistant; he recalled her image to his mind's eye and saw a fiery brunette with a quick wit and sharp tongue to match the only omega residing in the Tower...

Oh, but he must not think of him; he had to stop imagining long lashes, mischievous smiles and
Dwelling on him would only keep the Asset sombre in his hopeless longing and stop Bucky from resuming control of their body...

“Sergeant Barnes?”

Snapping his head to the nearest wall sensor, his keen blue eyes narrowed, the brunette nodded once to show he was listening, his face an impassive mask.

“It is currently 01:23 a.m; am I to assume that you are having problems sleeping?”

“I do not know what you’re saying, machine” he responded, his voice gravelly from lack of sleep and too much screaming.

“Ah, I see... I have been instructed by sir and Captain Rogers to give you free reign of the communal areas during your bouts of insomnia; would you kindly follow the illuminated strip to the nearest stair-well?”

Grunting, the alpha watched impassively as a string of lines dripped from the sensor and snaked along the floor, their shimmering blue calming him as he followed them to a double set of doors at the end of the hall. Then, easily pacing through them and ascending the steps, the stairwell far brighter than what it should be for this time in the morning, the Asset entered the communal floor with a dejected sigh.

The area was deserted, dimly lit and reflected perfectly the blank, washed out state of his mind; his blood was itching throughout his veins, the restless sound of his feather-light footfalls resounding like gunshots in the grave-yard quiet as he continued his pacing... only this time within his designated safe zone.

God... he needed something to do, a mission, an exercise, anything to distract from the silence... the terrible, awful silence that allowed the ghosts to whisper through his mind, their scathing words cutting so deeply that even the sleeping Bucky was hurt by them...

He needed to leave...

“Hey there tall, dark and broody...”

Stopping, his eyes widening at the thought of someone having sneaked past his advanced senses, the alpha turned to see the omega he’d been trying so hard not to think about casually entering the expansive space via his private elevator, a few cartons piled in his capable hands as he strolled to the kitchen area.

“Pretty omega” he greeted quietly, his whole body turning whilst narrowed, azure eyes drank in the sight of the sleep-tousled man, the urge to lick his lips growing.

“Ah, so J was right and I’m dealing with the Soldier, huh? That’s cool...” the marginally shorter of the pair said with a nod, his smile warm as he set out the containers and began snatching up bowls, glasses and various seasonings.

“How I long to talk with you...” the (technically) older male breathed, his bare feet padding across the carpet until he reached the breakfastbar, his legs hoisting him effortlessly into one of the stool-styled chairs that the omega had waved him to, his eyes widening when he saw what was being prepared.
“Is that...?”

“Yeah... sorry that it’s only take-out” the olive skin man answered, his accent and intonations perfect even to the Asset’s imperfect ears whilst he heaped spoonful after spoonful of the most delicious smelling borscht he’d ever had the pleasure of scenting into a large vessel before throwing a hefty dollop of his preferred sour-cream on top. “Nat told me that you seem to enjoy it best when it’s cold... you’ll also notice that none of Bucky’s low-fat crap has made its way onto the table... urgh... and nasty stuff it is too” the omega added, his face scrunching up adorably whilst plunking the bowl, complete with spoon, before the stupefied alpha.

“Now... what was it you’d like to talk to me about?”
Hey guys, for those of you who haven't read my Thor/Tony fic then that's fine as this work is completely unrelated BUT crafted as an 'I'm sorry fic' for fans of that fic; I should have updated sooner!

Rating: Explicit for graphically depicted threesome sex/possessive language/possessive behaviour. Dark themes around conquering/enslavement/enjoying of spoils: you know, my standard dark stuff so please read on with caution if you have triggers! Alpha/Omega relationship; self-lubrication/heat-cycle/mating/biting and knotting.

Pairing: Alpha Thor+Loki on Omega Tony Stark

Summary: In an AU where Loki and Thor are close brothers tasked with the subjugation of Midgard as a 'coming of age' test, the Asgardians (as predicted) triumph and use a Radisson Blu to enjoy their spoils in ; )

The sacking of Midgard was laughably easy.

“Put.Me.The.Fuck.Down He-Man!”

Finding, securing and destroying key-communication satellites, particularly the ones associated with known and unknown military forces, had been child’s play.

“Tony! Tony just hang on! We’ll... we’ll find a way...!!”

After that, with the destruction of their precious internet-hubs, taking complete advantage of the humans’ confusion with a few strategically placed portals, a herd or two of bigglesnipes and the orders to ‘subdue’ ringing from the throat of every Asgardian alpha, well... Midgard had fallen within two of their months.

“Has a room been made up to our specific requirements, Hammer?”

It never hurt to allies on the inside, of course.

“Yes your highnesses... that building there was formally one of the most lavish Radisson hotels in the world; my back-up generators will ensure that you have all of the amenities you’ll need... I have several attendants waiting for you in the lobby who can serve and advise you further.”

And now all but the most southerly of the continents (and smaller territories within) were occupied and their former Leaders either signing compliance treaties, locked away or dead; all that was left to do involved offering up the Realm to Odin as proof of their team-work and, of course, to enjoy the spoils.
"Oh go fuck yourself Justin! The next time I see you, you’re a dead man! D’you hear me? Dead!"

It was a, he’d admit, that he’d have to share the fiery omega with his younger brother only in so much as Loki having to be the first to sample the rare treat of a moist rutting-channel; when they’d had to enjoy a singular offering in the past they’d found that Thor’s more substantial length would often stretch their prize too wide.

“You bastards are going to pay of this!”

And, Thor feared, the little gem of an omega they’d caught was in need of a good stretching.

“Shouldst I remove his teeth before we retire, Thor? I’m certain the little hellion will go for our throats or something rather more delicate if we aren’t careful” Loki intoned, his words a mixture of bored indulgence and lazy desire.

“So much as look at my teeth the wrong way and I’ll punch yours straight out of your head Reindeer-games!”

“Prince Thor, Prince Loki, welcome to the Radisson Blu... may we take your capes? Oh, and the mead you requested is currently being opened in your suite; perhaps you’d enjoy a glass of champagne...”

“Stop your spineless simpering and direct us promptly to the rooms you’ve prepared for us” Thor retorted haughtily. “Can’t you see that we have more pleasurable business to attend to?” he reasoned whilst giving Tony’s backside a firm, loud slap as he continued to squirm and wriggle in his place draped across the warrior’s shoulder.

Jointly laughing at the omega’s pained yowl, the brothers eagerly strolled past the pale, balding beta who’d stepped forward to welcome them, their Asgardian leather boots clacking on the expansive, flawlessly cleaned marble floors whilst a pair of nervous femmes directed them to an elevator. Then, with little ceremony and a great deal of profanity from their prize, the brothers offered each other a little light-hearted chatter before strolling into what the Midgardians’ referred to as the “Penthouse”.

“A little small!” Loki said with a heavy sigh, his words causing the cowering, strangely immaculately dressed attendants to flinch. “But I suppose it will have to do... We are not to be disturbed within the bed-chamber yonder for the next three days or so” he said, his imperious gaze zeroing in a beta dressed in what he assumed to be butler’s garb. “The feasts our chefs prepare daily are to be brought into this room and left... oh, and I hope I needn’t explain to you people what may happen should there be any less than six barrels of mead here with fresh tankards...” he finished before waving them away and turning to view the desolation so beautifully painted through the large, viewing windows.

“I believe the bed lies that way” he stated, his keen jade eyes moving from Thor’s feral grin to the omega’s scowling visage.

“You’re not fucking serious...” Tony breathed, his eyes widening before trying his best to yell and grab the attention of the fleeing servants. “Hey! Hey! Come back here! You can’t just leave...”

The elevator doors rang shut with an ominous, hushed clang; at the noise, the omega let out a heavy, tired sigh.

“Was all of that truly necessary, Anthony?”

Snorting, his under-suit clad form stretching when Thor released him to stand upon what must have
been a hand-knotted, Persian rug, the former Ironman gave Loki a cheeky wink, his golden eyes full or mirth and promise as he stretched and popped his shoulders, his smile pleased and ecstatic.

“Aww, come on Lo-Lo, you know that you adore my flair for the dramatic” he said through a chuckle, his right hand gesturing to the windows: “thanks for sparing my friends, by the way... I know it’s not usually how you do things” he added before slowly walking in front of the two brothers, the fingers of his left hand dipping into the neck-line of his suit. “I guess I’ll have to think of some way to repay you, right?”

Growling possessively, the alphas strode forward, each grabbing one of the mortal’s arms so as to pull him along in their wake.

It looked as though he wouldn’t have to think too hard about the repayment method after all...

***EXPLICIT SEX/THREESOME AHoy!***

Watching Loki tear the black, form-fitting material from the omega’s body was akin to watching a sculptor carving out a master-piece; the small mortal having readily agreed to his heat being artificially triggered did much to heighten their passions as the sweet scent of a willing, fertile omega permeated the room. By his father’s beard... if it weren’t for the regard to which he owed his brother he would knock the raven-haired alpha aside and claim their prize for himself; knowing that Loki filling the other first would make the other easier to thrust into was the only thing keeping his raging passions at bay.

“Oh... just look at him, Thor” the mage purred whilst the blonde chugged down his second tankard of full-bodied mead. “Such a good, sweet little hen, aren’t you?” he redirected at the preening omega, his olive skin on full display beneath the alabaster of his younger brother’s hands.

“O-o-oh... quit teasing me, would’ya?” the youngest of the trio ground out, his slight, toned figure stretched out upon lavish, azure sheets, his back arching when the jade-eyed alpha curled alongside him in order suckle at a pert nipple, his own robes evaporating away whilst a deft right hand went to play with the mortal’s straining member.

“Mmm... Loki, allow me to tend him, won’t you? I believe our clever... what is the Midgardian expression? Ah... ace in the hole, requires your full attention so that he may have mine...”

Grinning toothily around the flesh he’d captured, the motion causing Tony to cry out (especially as his member was being gripped in tandem), Loki opened his mouth and leaned back, both of their naked bodies on full display: “when have I ever denied you, brother?” he cooed whilst patting the free space on the omega’s left. “Come then, God of Thunder, we shall have our sacrifice suck you down whilst I fuck him roughly from behind, yes?”

“Just like our first time together in New York?” Tony rasped, his tone hopeful.

“Justly so” Loki agreed, his keen gaze watching the blonde as he downed his brew and prowled over; as though to prove their willingness to remember their first tryst, Tony eagerly rose to position himself on all-fours, his golden eyes narrowing at the impressive length bobbing his way whilst Loki dutifully slunk behind him.

“Ah... Anthony... how I have longed for that clever mouth of yours” Thor purred, the empty tankard forgotten as he crawled onto the Emperor sized bed, his predatory scent mixing with Loki’s whilst the pair sized each other up in the way that alphas’ were prone to do.

“Ugh... guys... not again... Thor... just sit back and let me... ahh! Loki! One finger at a fucking
time! Alright? Jesus!” he close to yowled when the younger brother thrust his middle and index finger inside of Tony’s newly crested rutting-channel, the fingers eagerly scissoring the slick, cinnamon-vanilla scented passage with abandon.

“Heh... hen... how exciting you make our bindings” Thor complimented with a sultry smirk, his tongue whipping out to wet parched lips. “Come then, suckle at mine passion and enjoy yourself whilst I await my turn” he purred, his smile all beguiling and charm as Tony yelped when a third finger intruded upon his tender entrance.

“Do not play so roughly with our toy, Loki...”

“Then do not keep us both waiting, Thor...” the younger Prince admonished, his fingers crooking at just the right angle to have Tony seeing stars and crying out desperately. “Can you not see how cruel you’re being?”

Huffing good-naturedly, the Thunder God helped Tony to lean down and begin his task, the omega’s hungry mouth wolfishly tackling the alpha’s impressive length whilst Loki removed his digits and lined up his own substantial member and teasingly butted the fattened tip at the entrance. “Steady yourself dear-heart...” was the only warning he gave before thrusting forward, the sound of all three moaning overshadowing all else as Tony cried against his mouthful whilst eagerly engulfing the first alpha he’d be enjoying that evening.

“You feel divine... Anthony...” Thor commented, his battle hardened fingers carding through dark, brunette locks and coaxing the mortal to take him in deeper whilst Loki leaned over him, his left cupping an olive skinned hip as his right went to toy with the younger man’s straining erection, his own resting at the rise of his growing knot. “Truly a worthy trophy... to adorn the throne-room...”

“Or locked away in our old Nursery... we’ve been meaning to find a further use for that chamber... have we not?”

Moaning lowly, his trembling hips bucking lightly, Tony wiggled and squirmed through a keen at Loki’s skilful working of his length. He needed the deep, sweltering need within him quenching, he needed to feel Loki rut him whilst he continued to swallow around Thor. God... these Gods were going to be the death of him...

“Ah-ah-ah, Anthony dear... don’t be greedy... you shall have my knot when I am ready...” the Chaos mage warned fondly, his mirthful gaze mirroring Thor’s; “are you ready, brother?”

Growling his response, the blonde pulled the omega away (lest he come before time) and lay back so that the shorter to the three could lay atop him, his large hand easily grasping both of their lengths as Loki (who’d allowed his member to be freed from the tight, quivering channel) prowled over top and slammed back in.

“Ahh... ah... Loki...” the youngest cried out, his hands scrabbling for purchase upon tussled sheets and muscle corded arms as he struggled to keep himself grounded, sane as the green eyed mage set up a fast, deep rhythm, the sound of their flesh slapping together close to rivalling the three of them as they moaned, growled and gasped at their shared pleasure.

Snarling, his fangs extending, the younger alpha gripped the mortal’s hips as he continued to slam into the constricting, sweet-scented channel, his smirk sharpening as the skin he touched purpled and marked the genius who’d helped to secure their father’s favour and ownership of the Realm.

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! I’m... oh... oh... coming... Loki...” he whined, his tone spiking into a pleasure crested cry of “Thor!” whilst the oldest God pumped them both to completion as Loki upped his
pace and came with a triumphant howl, his knot forcing itself into the tight, slick dripping passage and swelling in place.

Grunting when the two darker haired males crashed upon him, his own knot still tight despite the cum which now cooled between their heated bodies, Thor huffed his way through a lazy stretch, the gentle rocking of Loki’s stuttering hips doing little to soothe the smouldering passion building within his own loins.

“I grow impatient...” he warned sulkily, the cleanest of his hands moving to ruffle Tony’s sweat curled locks, his keen gaze watching as the man slowly came back to himself and blinked adorably, his pleasure dazed face leaning up for a kiss that Thor eagerly returned whilst Loki muttered something that sounded suspiciously like spell-casting. Then, with a grumpy sounding moan, the younger Asgardian carefully pulled out and away to roll upon the huge sleeping pad, his hair thoroughly dishevelled and his smirk utterly pleased.

“Go claim your prize then, oh conquering hero...” he mock jibed. “I think you’ll find our captive amenable enough...”

Grinning hungrily, the bearded alpha secured his smaller charge and easily positioned him, his legs spread salaciously, onto the rumpled sheets; surveying his spent, passion soaked body (the scent of his brother’s musk screaming that the hen must now be ruined by his seed and quickly so as to stake a valid claim) the Thunder God finalised his decision.

“Anthony... I am going to lace those supple legs of yours over mine shoulders and rut you until you scream” he promised before kneeling between those parted thighs and shouldering them as he said he would.

“Yeah... yeah... you do that... big guy...” Tony whimpered whilst the blonde pressed into his personal space, his helm (so much fatter than the once which’d preceded it) pushing against the slick, puckered entrance and carefully nudging it, his ears delighting in the hiss his lover made when it finally entered. Then, with a low growl, his mouth moving to vigorously suck at the oils slicked juncture between the omega’s neck and shoulder, Thor pushed his way in, the rutting channel closing in a swallowing him down like a starved mouth quaffing food.

“Ah... you always smooth such a clear path for me, brother” his murmured against the skin he’d sampled, Tony’s desperate mewling singing out between them whilst Loki chuckled back a response in their native tongue that urged the older to be mindful that he’d want another turn or three before the night was through.

“Now... my clever little hen, I will have you scream...” he growled, his strong hips giving a mighty lunge that had the mortal yowling.

“The night is still so very young...”
The Genius and the Vet.

Chapter Summary

Rating: General with the potential for SO MUCH MORE.

Pairing: Pre-Alpha!Bucky/Omega!Tony.

Summary: AU A/B/O Dynamics: In a sexist world which denies omegas the right to vote/restricts which careers they’re allowed to have, Tony Carbonell (or at least that’s what the note had called him when he’d been dropped off at the orphanage after he’d ‘presented’ at the tender age of three) decides to fix people using his affinity with tech. Unable to attend University, he instead becomes a medical-based lab-technician at Hammer Industries: enter Army Vet Bucky.

“Ah and there he is, my little rising star!”

Trying his best not to roll his eyes, Tony instead offered his best fake smile, his need to snarky back a reply stuttering in his brain when he looked up from his latest prototype to see Justin Hammer (in all of his smarmy, short beta with a big attitude glory) escorting two alphas who had every single lab-techs’ attention.

In a word: wow...

“Hey boss” he answered as they walked towards his work-station, the Army Vets clearly uncomfortable with all of the technology, robots and machinery (which wasn’t ridiculously adorable, not at all) as they followed behind the Inventor with weary, wary expressions. “It’s so unlike you to bring me presents that I actually want to unwrap” he added through a wink, his tone and (no doubt) soothing omega pheromones causing the blonde to relax and blush whilst the brunette offered a chuckle, his lips pulling into a grin as Justin (obnoxiously) laughed along.

“Oh Tony, beauty, wit, charm and brains... can you believe this guy’s has turned me down no less than three times in two months?” he said through a snort, his hip leaning against Tony’s main work-bench as he preened, his eyes roving over the younger omega who allowed his eyes to roll this time.

“Oh Mr Hammer, egotistic, chauvinistic and patronising... what’s not to love?” he quipped back with a sly smirk; he easily ignored the few mutters from his colleagues for they all knew that Justin was as likely to fire the man behind all of Hammer Industries most successful and revolutionary technology as he was to strip naked and sub for a pack of savage alphas.

“Hah! The mouth on this kid! Can you believe it?” Justin tried to laugh off. “Twenty eight years old and already one of my productive little worker bees... but enough of this banter, am I right? Let’s get to the main event after the introductions, shall we?” he continued with a little bow.

“Tony, this here is Sgt. James Buchannan Barnes and his CO Captain Steven Rogers” he stated with a flourish; at their names being called, both alphas seemed to straighten and stand a little taller. Ordinarily (especially since he’d had a few not so great experiences with the armed forces) the omega would have made some kind of scathing remake or snorted at the very least; however, something in the brunette’s gaze and the way the blonde seemed to hover so protectively over him
had the young genius pause.

Something deep down was telling him that this wouldn’t be just another prosthetic fitting...
“So... you’re a Jedi, right?”

Blinking, his keen blue eyes narrowed at the mechanic who literally hung out of their cruiser’s hull; his golden gaze was full of mirth and intelligence as they regarded each other, the shorter male offering a smile coated in promise and a piece of cherry-red wire.

“Let me guess, the robes gave it away?”

“Nah... the glitzy hardware you’re sporting on your hip and that masterpiece built onto your shoulder pretty much clued me in” he retorted, his smile sharpening when the young knight turned to his arm (still thoroughly concealed) with a scowl, the metal hand forming a fist within the tan leather glove he wore.

“I’d watch what you say, youngling...”

“Youngling? Who you kiddin’?” the darker haired brunette snorted through a chuckle. “You and me are probably the same age... or does the great and powerful James Buchannan Barnes transcend such paltry things as age, huh?”
“So... I’m bored...”

“Oh God...”

“And horny...”

“These are not things I want to hear right now...”

“And Loki won’t be back from Asgard for what, two more weeks?”

“Clint, you promised that you wouldn’t...”

“Which means that, if we were to be a little naughty... he’s not gonna know...”

“He always knows...”

“So...”

“No, Clint.”

“But...”

“No ifs, no buts, no coconuts feather-head...”

“Are you sure you don’t want any butts?”

“No! Nu-uh! Nada! We are not going through this again! Now get the hell out of my work-shop before I...”

“Tony...”

“Ahh~! Get away from me! That tongue of yours has psychic, seductive powers beyond mortal understanding and you know how much I hate things beyond mortal understanding...”

“Ooh... but you look so stressed... why don’t you let me...”

“Gah! No... no... not a shoulder rub... these always lead to serious trouble...”

“There you go... doesn’t that feel better?”
“Umm... Uhh... what was I saying, again?”

“You were saying that a little tumble in the sheets was just what you needed...”

“I was?”

“Oh yeah... you also admitted that I was right; what Loki doesn’t know won’t hurt us” the blonde added, his smirk predatory as he continued to knead and work the older man’s shoulders into putty between his capable fingers.

He chuckled internally; in mere moments, he knew that he’d be able to knead far more interesting parts of the brunette's body...
Chapter Summary

Rating: General; A/B/O Modern AU :)
Pairing: Pre Bucky/Tony.
Summary: Coming back from his latest tour of duty with a new arm and his best friend, James Buchanan Barnes just wants to find normalcy again and so, when Steve's friends suggest a night on the town, who is he to say no? However, a crowded club in one of New York's ritziest districts proves too much for him or, at least it did until a beautiful stranger came to his rescue...

“Excuse me?”

“I said” the salaciously dressed, slender omega repeated, the wicked curve of his lips causing the soldier to swallow, his own mouth having become desert dry: “hey there, soldier-boy, you look like you’re in need of saving so how’s about you come with me and I promise to keep you safe” he purred.

“I... I... wait... what... I...”

“Wow, d’you know what? You are almost too cute... come on” the olive skinned beauty chuckled and, before Bucky knew what was happening, his PTSD induced trance was all but forgotten and he was moving through the dance floor of the club Steve’s friends had dragged him to, his movements seamless and fluid until...

“There you go; this is better, am I right?”

The lights of New York City glittered and sparkled like a sea of stars all around him as he took a deep lungful of far cooler (albeit not a great deal better in terms of quality) air, the lack of people on the roof terrace coupled with the quieter levels of music causing him to sag, gratefully, in his uniform.

“Hey... urgh... not that I mind, or anything, but you can let go of my hand now if you want to...”

Blinking, his gaze snapping from the moon and fairy-light lit surroundings to the enigmatic stranger, then their joined hands, Bucky gasped and all but jumped away, an apology stammering on his lips. However, much to his continued befuddlement, the omega simply laughed, grabbed his prosthetic hand and started leading him towards a pile of oversized, bohemian cushions.

“This is the first R&R you’ve had in a while, huh?”

Nodding dumbly, his body sinking into the piles of brightly coloured, faintly musty fabrics, Bucky pulled the newly released prosthetic closer to his side self-consciously; or, at least he tried too.

“Heh... thought so, well then, Sergeant, this your first time in the Big Apple or is it a homecoming?” the omega asked, his arm snaking around awkward, Army-designed plastic arm so that he could lean comfortable into the still trembling alpha’s side.

“I... err... I was born in Brooklyn...”
“Woah? Really?” the younger man replied through a smile as he nestled himself more into Bucky’s side than the pile of cushions they currently occupied. “Hmm... now that you mention it, I thought I could pick up a little of that adorable accent in your voice which is, you know, sexy as hell” he added with a casual-air, his head moving to rest upon the alpha’s shoulder, his calming pheromones helping to relax the Veteran further.

“I’m Tony, by the way...”

“Oh... ugh... yeah, hi... I’m James, James Barnes but, uh, most m’friends call me Bucky...”

“Well, it’s good to know you, Bucky” the olive skinned male returned with a grin.

“Yeah... ugh, it’s good to know you too, doll...”
Midgardian dating customs and the God who tried them...

Chapter Summary

Rating: Teen for “from-fuck-buddies-to-lovers” : 3

Pairing: Loki/Tony (’cus FrostIron)

Summary: Loki didn’t let go at the end of Thor 1; after being saved from the void, he is given the option to make amends by becoming an Avenger on Midgard (because no have ever covered this... ever...). Then, despite an initially frosty reception, the other Avengers (now having settled into the Tower) grow to accept the Chaos Mage as one of them, especially since his magic not only found but rehabilitated the former Winter Soldier back into Jame Buchannan Barnes (’cus I can’t handle what happened in Civil War... I just can’t). The battle wth Hydra may have been lost without him and now, with everyone more or less settled and as happay as they can be, Loki decides to try new customs and truly give Earth and its people a chance; Stark’s ass really shouldn’t look that good in oil-stained jeans...

“I have decided that you shall accompany me on what Midgardian’s refer to as a date.”

Somehow managing to keep the coffee he’d just supped within the general confines of his mouth, Tony found his head and attention snapping from the StarkPad he held to the ancient creature slowly making his way through his sub-basement work-shop.

“I... ugh... wait, what?”

“I suppose it’s only natural to be so amazed... I, too, had hardly thought myself capable of stooping so low as to intentionally woo a Midgardian for anything other than mine own gain or jest” the alabaster skinned male stated with a light shrug. “Tis fine for you to be so flattered as to lose your speech...”

“Umm...”

“When wouldst be most convenient for you?”

“I...”

“Tis mine understanding that it is customary for the wooer to grant the woo-ee a selection of times and venues, however, I would like to suggest a tour of the vintage car show that will be hosted within Madison Square Garden during this week’s end” the sorcerer offered, his eyes roaming from holo-screen to experiment with a hint of a curious, pleased grin. “That is the kind of activity which would please you most, yes?”

“Ugh...”

“Although, I suppose, you do already own a plethora of such things, don’t you? The reading material I purchased about such matter did state it would be difficult to impress someone who had such earthly wealth” he added whilst siddling up to the dumb-struck genius whose sinfully low-riding jeans were now the focus of the God’s attention.
“Are you being serious?”

“Anthony, you and I have known each other for two of your Midgardian years and, mayhaps you and the Hawk have been the recipients of mine tricks once or twice to often but, as I think you’ll agree, mine mischief is far more subtle than my current behaviour, yes?”

“Well, yeah, but...”

“So, if not the car show, what else am I to entertain you with? A trip to Asgard? Or to the Kingdom of Dwarves? Their ability to craft armour may... umph...”

Blinking, his mouth suddenly occupied by the soft, pink, stubble dusted lips of the mortal, Loki found himself wrapping his arms around the all too eager body of the man he’d been laying with for the past month, a possessive growl threatening to spill from his throat.

Perhaps doing things the Midgardian way wasn’t such a bad idea, after all.
Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: I have written one... try chapter 1:3
Rating: General for first date fluffiness/flirting.
Pairing: Bucky/Tony.
Summary: A first-date song-fic using the lyrics (non-profit/for entertainment only/please don’t sue!) from the song/group below.

"Carnival" by Ghost Town

~*~ Talk all you want,
I got your hand in mine.
Gonna take you for a wild ride.~*~

Blinking at Cap’s motorcycle, his right eyebrow raising as Bucky offered him a helmet and a smirk, Tony took a second to assess the expensive suit he’d thrown on for the occasion (the one with pants that made his ass all but irresistible) before shrugging and accepting the head-gear; it wasn’t as though he couldn’t buy another suit if this one got stained by motor oil, he supposed...

~*~ I hope that you can handle my humour.~*~

“You look swell in that get-up, doll” the technically older man purred whilst giving him the once over, his long, lean, diesel jean clad legs moving to straddle the vehicle; “hope you don’t mind me rufflin’ you a little.”

~*~ Walk all you want,
Cuz I'm runnin' around.
Can you take what I'm dishin' out?~*~

Smirking, his hands slowly and purposefully moving to the tie he’d thrown on, he casually unravelled the knot, popped the first two buttons of his 1000 thread-count shirt and shouldered off his jacket with a coy: “I think you’ll find that two can play that game, Barnes.”

~*~ I know you've heard all these rumours.~*~

Chuckling, the former assassin strapped on his own helmet then, his leather jacket pulling across broad shoulders, he leaned forward and revved the engine to life; “ya ready? Or are the rumours that you’re an adrenaline junkie jus’ talk?”

~*~ I want the bad, the worst in you.
You disgust me but I still want some.
What if...I wish it didn't have to be this way.~*~

Snorting, Tony hopped onto the back of the bike with an ease and grace that had the soldier murmuring a quick: “not too shabby for a rich-kid”, his grin spreading wider when his passenger
wrapped toned arms around his middle and snuggled into his back in a very deliberate gesture.

~*~ You cut me deep.
You hurt me bad.~*~

“Ya close enough... or, ah, ya wanna ride in my lap?”

“Hmm... you talk to Steve with that mouth?”
“Wha’? I was jus’ curious since ya seem to be grinding your way there...”

“You don’t like my grinding? You want me to stop?”

“Well, no... I mean, yeah, I like ya grinding... ah... anyone tell you that ya kind’a hard to talk to?”

~*~ Somehow your pain,
Is making it alright.
I need escape.
I need you right now.~*~

Laughing heartily, Tony slid his hands onto the other man’s hips and planted them there: “oh, you have no idea” he cooed before finally settling onto the seat and securing his arms around the toned, flat middle of the soldier and giving a firm squeeze. “Safety hugs are some of the best, don’t you think?”

~*~ Just talk to me,
And tell me I'm alright.~*~

Smirking, Bucky revved the engine; “guess I better drive like I use ta in the good’ol days so you have more of an excuse to hold on tight, huh?”

~*~ You make my stomach turn.
Your kiss makes my tongue burn!
I hope you know I still want you around.
You’re just my kind of gal.~*~

The ride, as expected, was full of swerving through the crowded New York highways, byways and back-streets; sure, the veteran may have been showing off a little too much (it helped that Jarvis was piping in the live placement of the local law-enforcement patrols) but Tony was a hard guy to impress. He had the looks, the money and the charisma to pick up any guy, gal or anything in between that he wants; hell, on their last mission with the Guardians of the Galaxy he’d been proposed to not once but twice by alien royalty.

Not that Bucky didn’t have a lot to offer if the way Tony yipped and yelled for him to drive faster were anything to go by; however, making a good first impression on a date was something he’d been renowned for back in the forties and the thought of becoming rusty in that regard made his bones ache.

~*~ Come one! Come all and gather around!~*~

Speeding past the night-clubs, high-end restaurants and hotels teeming with tourists and natives alike, Tony grinned as they blurred into the colours and smells that made his home-city such a marvel throughout the world, his mind trying to absorb it all and failing as they continued to zip in and out of traffic.

Sure, it would have been nice to hit the Ritz-Carlton’s restaurant before maybe going to a club or
walking around Central Park but, he had to admit that having some else do the date-planning was a nice change, especially since the former assassin’s eyes had lit up when he’d told him that the arrangements were a surprise.

~*~ It’s time to unveil this romantic tragedy.
I want the bad, the worst in you.
You disgust me but I still want some.
What if...I wish it didn’t have to be this way.~*~

As they continued to ride, not that they could ever know, a thought was shared: ‘I can’t believe that a guy like him can look past the ugliness of my past and smile at me the way he does...’

~*~ You cut me deep.
You hurt me bad.
Somehow your pain,
Is making it alright.
I need escape.
I need you right now.
Just talk to me,
And tell me I’m alright.~*~

‘I can’t believe he’s giving me a second chance...’

~*~ Take me back to when I first laid eyes on you.
Back before all this bullshit you put me through.
Take me back to when I first laid eyes on them bones.
Back before all this bullshit you put me through.~*~

‘I can leave the past behind... I can forget... I can forgive...’

~*~ You cut me deep.
You hurt me good.
You cut me deep.
You hurt me bad!
Somehow your pain,
Is making it alright.~*~

The restored bike grumbled to a halt outside of the burger-bar where they’d reluctantly met after the storm he and Steve had wrought all but tore the Avengers apart, his cobalt eyes looking through the slightly fogged up windows to see the ghosts of three of them lurking inside as the terms of their return were hashed out.

~*~ I need escape.
I need you right now.
Just talk to me,
And tell me I’m alright.
Just talk to me,
And tell me I’m alright.
You cut me deep.
You hurt me bad.
Just talk to me,
And tell me I’m alright.~*~

It was time to bury those ghosts and to embrace a life that the reunited team could enjoy. It was a
time to celebrate scars, console regrets and forge new relationships on a foundation of mutual respect and trust.

“You do realise that I’ll *have* to have one of Ernie’s famous milkshakes while we’re here, right? And, if I get fat, I’m going to smack you with my belly and expect you to defend me from all of the fat-shamers in the media” Tony breathed out airily, his grin pleased as he removed his helmet and tussled his hair.

Somehow resting the urge to run his own hand through the shorter brunette’s mane, Bucky offered him a genuine smile: “you got it doll” he promised as they walked to the door, his prosthetic arm easily pushing it open to allow the other man to enter first.

“You got it.”
Rating: Mature for violence/multiple Hydra henchmen dying painfully. BAMF Loki, possessive Loki and protective Loki with BDSM undertones.

Pairing: (Secret but established) Loki/Tony.

Summary: In an attempt to get their organisation back to its former glory, a Hydra General instructs a group of his most elite soldiers to infiltrate Stark Tower and retrieve the genius who created it now that the Avengers are all but disbanded.

Unfortunately for them, they succeed in capturing the Iron Man; said hero’s possessive, immortal lover is not amused...

Sighing, his bruised body sagging in the crude, wooden chair he’d been strapped into, Tony found himself wondering if that story Nat had told them all (back in the heady days when they were still as team) about her escape from some over-inflated, corrupt politician and his goons was true.

“Are you ready to cooperate now, Mr Stark?”

Sadly, something told the genius that, even if he was wearing a little-black-dress, he didn’t have a hope of pulling that kind of escape off.

“The silent treatment? Hmm, from all of my reports on you I would hardly have thought it possible...”

“Yeah, well, that’s me... full of surprises” the inventor responded glibly before straightening his shoulders and looking into the darkness from where the voice had come from. He’d never liked being stuck in the lime-light and so having to sit here, helpless, with the standard bad-guy-interrogation light glaring directly above him was no fun.

“Ah, and there it is, the famous bluster... I must admit that I find your wit lacking but...”

“Look, I’m going to stop you right there, okay?” the black-eye besmudged genius sighed out, the broken fingers of his right hand flaring with pain when he adjusted his arms, bound as they were, within the thick-corded ropes. “Do you know how I got home after my little spat with Hydra’s biggest fan?” he asked, his tone becoming relaxed, conversational even as the clacking sound of raised firearms resounded around what he thought to be an abandoned warehouse of air-craft hangar.

“What nonsense are you...”

“Do you know?”

“Stark...”

“My suit was totalled, the Black Panther had already taken Zemo, another firend of yours I’m sure, away with him and I was laying on the ground, far more injured than this, in fucking Siberia” the
hazel-eyed male chuckled, a sharp smirk tilting across his mouth. “So, how did I do it? Why didn’t I die there, that day, hmm?”

“Ha! If this little speech is meant to intimidate us then...”

“Oh no, no... this isn’t intimidation” Tony corrected, his warm breath puffing out as steam as the temperature started to drop despite it being so balmy for this time of the year; “I’m threatening you.”

The chorus of laughter encircling him, along with the slight shuffle of military grade boots, had the rope coated man drop his smirk to a pleased smile, his irises slowly adjusting to allow him to see the outlines of (mainly) tall, armour-clad, helmet wearing, assault rifle carrying men, many of whom were sniggering in German to one another.

Wow, talk about cliché... perhaps they all had the old Hydra-insignia sown onto their vests and tattooed upon their chests.

It was all so pathetic, really...

“What did you just say you capitalist swine?!”

Yelping as the blow knocked his head to the left, Tony hissed when his partially healed split-lip began to dribble afresh, his eyes screwing shut for a second before he chuckled out a: “shit, didn’t realise that I’d said that out-loud, my bad.”

“You will learn to mind your manners and to take orders or...”

“Ooh, sorry, I’m too old of a dog to learn new tricks” the olive-skinned inventor bemoaned, his less damaged eye watching, disinterestedly, as more or his blood fell to spatter one of his favourite pairs of worn-jeans. “You, however, sound young enough to be taught and so, back to the question; do you know how I got out of there?”

Grumbling, heavy foot-falls plodding into the white-lit circle that caged their captive, the leader of (okay, he’d begrudgingly admit) quite a competent Hydra-cell stromed over to him, grabbed his hair and pulled his head up so that they could face each other.

“No, I don’t” he snarled, his face obscured by a classic-villain bellaclava; “perhaps you’d be so kind as to enlighten me?”

“Aww, you see, manners cost nothing and yet they mean so much” the Avenger cooed, his eyes slanting coyly; “my master came and picked me up.”

Growling, his free hand striking out to grab Tony’s throat, the Hydra commander squeezed until the American choked, the icy blue of his eyes temporarily reminding the hero of Steve’s gaze when he saw the Iron Man fire a repulsor at Barnes.

God, he didn’t need to think about them right now...

And speaking of Gods, if the flaring warmth of the tattoo on the inside of his thigh was anything to go by, then it wouldn’t be too long before the man himself would be making an appearance.

He just had to stall a little bit longer...

“If this is your poor attempt at humour, Stark, then I may actually feel pity...”
“Oh, honey, it’s not me you need to feel pity for, it’s you and your men” he said, his tone slightly slurred thanks to his bloody mouth and sore head. “’Cus, you see, my master isn’t the most rational of people and he really doesn’t like it when lesser-beings touch his stuff so...” he continued, a sudden burst of green enveloping him, the searing energy of it knocking the soldier to the ground before it started nibbling at Tony’s various wounds.

Man, did that feel good...

“What?! What the fuck! Stark...”

“Don’t say that I didn’t warn you...”

“Open fire!”

Sighing, his eyes not even blinking when the bullets harmlessly ricocheted away from him, their slender forms zipping through the darkness like comets through space; if one or two punctured the face, stomach and legs of the bastards who’d trashed Friday’s security and snatched him from his private parking-lot then, well, he wasn’t going to shed any tears.

“My patience has finally exerted itself Anthony... once we’re finished here, you are returning with me to Asgard” the stern voice of his master stated whilst the ropes that bond him morphed into snakes which rapidly slithered their way towards the men whose boots had sunk into the dusty, concrete floor right up to their knees.

“Look, I know that this seems bad...” the human tried to argue whilst the commander screamed, flopped and floundered within the watery-floor, his thick clothes soaking up the fluid-concrete as he sputtered and attempted to stay afloat.

“Seems bad? Anthony, my seidr is struggling to mend the various breakages and tears...” the mage snapped from his position behind the chair, his dispassionate gaze watching his creations bite and coil about the mortal’s foolish enough to harm what was his.

“Yeah, I know, and thanks for this, by the way... I know that you’re busy...” Tony offered as he stood, his hands rubbing and examining each other, before turning away from the cussing, screeching Hydra agents and allowing himself to be pulled into the leather-clad embrace of the only person who’d ever loved him for himself and what he did.

“I am never too busy for you, dear-heart” he promised. “Now, close your eyes and rest whilst I take care of the scum who touched you” he murmured as several clones detached from his body, each doppelganger wearing his full war-regalia as they leisurely walked amongst the carnage, the soles of their boots already awash with blood.

“If any of you gentlemen believe in a higher-power, I believe that saying your prayers now will be preferable as, my dear friends, the night is young and my imagination endless” he purred whilst his minions conjured various sharp, lethal looking daggers, whips and the like.

“Yes, I believe I feel one of my Jackson Pollock phases coming on” he commented, his emerald eyes flashing; “just how many colours will your severed bodies provide for my art-work, I wonder?”
Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Teen for angst (light self-hatred), revelations and beyond-perceptive Tony ; )

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony.

Summary: Having (reluctantly) joined the Avengers thanks to a deal made between Odin and Nick Fury, Loki fulfils what’s asked of him and battles alongside the mortals and his brother with his true origin a well-covered secret until a nasty little spat with Amora reveals his true colours... and an even deeper secret held by their resident Iron Man...

“Brother, please! You must calm down and...”

“Brother? Hah! Surely it is quite obvious to both you and the room at large that I am no more your brother than that couch-cushion over there!”

Finally looking up from his tablet, his bruised fingers not tapping as fast as he’d like, Tony came to a halt just a few steps out of his private-elevator, his right brow quirking at the sight before him.

“Loki, waving that sceptre around won’t help anything...” a battered Captain America tried to soothe, his shield raised defensively whilst the man he spoke to continued to uproot and overturn whatever furniture his pacing put him contact with within the Tower’s communal-area.

“Steve’s right... umm, maybe if we went down to the labs Tony and I could...” Bruce ventured from his stance behind the bar-area, his face reflecting the unease the room’s other occupants seemed to be experiencing as the armour clad alien booted one of the arm-chairs across the other side of the room.

“Hey! Watch it! This temper-tantrum of yours is going to get someone hurt!” Clint snarled, his limber form almost unable to dodge the furniture catapulted his way, his split lip dribbling a fresh trickle of blood. “We get that you’re mad okay? We know that...”

“You know nothing!!” the raven haired God of chaos hissed, his tone laced with a pain so deep Thor (his massive form shrinking in shame) seemed like he was drowning in it; “you cannot begin to understand how low that bitch has brought me by doing this! When the people of Asgard realise what I am I will never be...”

“Wait, what’s happening?”

Sometimes, Tony greatly regretted having a mouth or, rather, the ability to communicate in a way that other beings could understand...

“You dare?!”

This, was one of those times...
“Holy shit!”

Yelping, his aching legs squealing in pain, Tony barely managed to avoid a blast of acidic-green magic as it spiralled away from the howling God’s sceptre to smash into (and eat away) the reinforced doors which guarded the elevator shaft.

“That is it! Thor, take him down now!”

“Tony!”

“Tony, can you not?” Natasha interceded tiredly from her spot beside the lightly sweating scientist she was dating, her expression clearly unimpressed.

“S’okay” the hazel eyed inventor stated, his head briefly turning to assess the damage, gawp at the searing hole, and turn back to the still cautiously posed Avengers; “but, seriously, what the hell is going on? I know that I had to leave the battle early but...”

“Jesus Tony, have you hit your head or something?” Clint demanded whilst storming over to him, his wary eyes watching the now subdued alien whilst his right hand retained a firm grip on his pistol; “can’t you see that he’s blue now?”

“Jerking as every member of the room snapped their attention his way in one rapid, startling movement, Tony blinked owlishly before crossing his arms and glaring back at the stupefied heroes as though they were in the wrong... because they were.

“This isn’t the time for your unique brand of humour, Stark” Thor warned quietly.

“Are you threatening me, Bodhi? Really?” the inventor asked, his frown deepening; “look, I may not be the best when it comes to reading social-cues but I can tell that Loki’s clocking an eleven on the ol’ pissed-off-scale, okay?” he added whilst gesturing to the simmering immortal who still knelt a few feet away from him. “However, that doesn’t change the fact that I don’t know what you’re all going on about because Loki has always been blue... Hell, from the first day we met and he launched me through that window...” he said whilst gesturing for effect. “To now, he’s been as blue as the day is long, so what’s with the drama? Did you all forget what he looks like, or something?”
“He’s not lying” Vision quipped before Thor could lash-out, the android's words causing a few murmured responses even as the billionaire huffed and scowled.

“Of course I’m not” he stated, his tone awash with exasperation; “when you meet a guy whose eyes are your favourite shade of red you tend to remember them... heh, why do you think I keep on bugging him for selfies? I’ve been trying to replicate the natural shimmer of his skin for Jan’s latest line of winter-wear all season” he said, a light blush dusting his cheeks. “Ugh... but I guess that this isn’t the time to be confessing about potentially stalker-ish behaviour, huh?”

“Okay, that’s it, I’m going to bed” Rhodey called, his suit crunching on the broken fragments of what had been a glass-topped coffee-table; “I’m clearly suffering from some kind of PTSD and need at least a solid twenty-four hours of unconsciousness to re-set my brain” he added with a sigh.

“You want me to come tuck you in, honey?” Tony asked in a desperate bid to cut through the weird, tense atmosphere that was slowly choking them to death.

“Tones, I love you, man, but I don’t want to see or hear you again until the world tips back on its axis and everything makes sense again” he stated firmly; if he or the inventor noticed Loki gracelessly relinquish his armour or Clint move a little closer to the genius on reflex, then neither commented on it.

“Okay, that’s it, I’m going to bed” Rhodey called, his suit crunching on the broken fragments of what had been a glass-topped coffee-table; “I’m clearly suffering from some kind of PTSD and need at least a solid twenty-four hours of unconsciousness to re-set my brain” he added with a sigh.

“I believe that same sentiment can be shared by all of the newest of Avengers” the Black Panther called, his keen gaze assessing the room; “perhaps this is a discussion best held by the founding members, you are family, after-all, and we can meet once more in the morning with cooler heads and restored bodies” he reasoned.

Nodding their ascent, Wanda, Vision and Scott followed him to the closest stairwell (the fact that Scott had to be pulled along by a clearly nonplussed android wasn’t mentioned even after they’d gone).

“So... this is awkward...”

“What the actual fuck, Tony” Clint sighed, his body sinking to the floor and dragging the squawking inventor along for the ride whilst the other Avengers moved to join them, their forms arranging into a circle upon the (thankfully heated) marble that glossed the common-room’s base.

“Hey, don’t come at me like that, alright?” the brunette griped. “Are you guys honestly telling me that you don’t see a tall, blue, red-eyed piece of art-work over here?” he said whilst sending a wink to (the more horrified than pleased looking) Loki.

“We do now” Nat stated, a brief smile curving her lips when Loki snarled at her agreement to the statement; “however, up until this point we’ve all seen him as pale with green eyes...”

“I am here, you know... I can be addressed directly” the prince ground out, his body jerking away when Thor went to place a comforting hand upon his shoulder.

“Wow, really? Huh... well, that’s weird...” Tony admitted with a shrug; “looks like you’ve just given Brucie a reason to poke and prod at me for a change instead of the other way around, thanks for that Li-lo...”

“I’d say that you’re welcome, brat, but I must confess that I too am more than a little curious” the mage ventured, his pose far calmer than it had been; “the enchantment which has shielded the Nine’s eyes, and even mine own, from my true heritage is an ancient magic known only to the Allfather” he said slowly, his keen eyes locking with Tony’s once more. “And yet you have
somehow seen through it... what hidden power lies behind those hazel orbs of yours, I wonder...”

“Baby, you keep talking to me all poet-like and you won’t have to wonder about *anything* I’ve got that you want to explore” he offered with a cheeky wave of his eyebrows.

Snorting, Clint smacked him across the back of his head whilst Thor glared; “Jesus Tony, you’ve been trying to pluck up the courage to ask him out for the past month and you pick *now* to be direct?” he asked through a giggle whilst Steve rolled his eyes good-naturedly and relaxed some more.

It seemed as though this would be just another Thursday at Avengers Tower after all.
Darkness Consumes Light...

Chapter Summary

Rating: General for abduction/friends-to-enemies/potential for Explicit/bad-language
Pairing: Pre Sith!Bucky/Padawan!Tony
Summary: Dark Star Wars AU

James Buchannan Barnes was once one of the most prevalent and gifted Jedi Knights
the galaxy had ever seen; however, this fame came at a cost. Spying a key
opportunity, Darth Zemo used his mastery of the dark-side to convert the once
virtuous Barnes into his Apprentice; the Jedi Council, at a complete loss of what to do
or how to save their warrior must, even in their grief, continue on. The Sith’s forces are
moving and, if they don’t act quickly, peace within the Galactic Republic could be lost
forever...

We join the story where a Jedi Knight (Steven Grant Rogers) and his Padawan (Tony
Stark) are attempting to track a group of mercenaries led by the malicious Yondu (as
the blue-skinned alien has been known to deal with the mysterious Darth Zemo for
profit) in hopes of learning Bucky’s whereabouts.

As it turns out, they didn’t need to look any further...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yawning tiredly, his bleary hazel eyes watching the two suns rise in the distance over voluptuous
dunes, Tony stretched his aching body before moving to tap his master’s shoulder; he’d been
insistent that they begin their journey at the crack of dawn and yet the younger Padawan felt that
he should let him sleep for just a while longer. The older man was heart-broken, after-all, and rest
had been alluding him ever since Master Bucky had been torn from the order and tortured into
submission.

Maybe an hour or two more of rest would do him some good?

“Your thoughts are louder than the crowing of those sand-lizards, youngling.”

Blinking, his crouched form barely reigning in the flinch the shock of his master’s words caused,
Tony chuckled nervously before standing and offering the blonde a hand; “sorry” he offered, his
lips tugging into a smile. “I know that’s something I need to work on...”

“Don’t worry about it” the Knight returned, his tone soft and fond; “there’s time enough for such
things when we return to the Temple and, for now, I think that being able to hear your calls
through the Force is more beneficial than not” he added with a small smile.

“Now, let’s continue on our way, shall we? From that last transmission we received, Yondu’s ship
should be just a mile or two in that direction” the stronger of the pair stated whilst shouldering his
back-pack over-top his Jedi robes.
Nodding, his hands deftly snatching two food-bars from his own pack before using a quick pulse of Force energy to scatter any trace of them having rested there, Tony put on a little jog to join his master as their boots continued to sink and slide through the purplish-blue sand that swamped the area in giant, wind-spawned waves.

“Here master, you need to keep your strength up…”

“Thank you Tony, I…”

Blinking, his hand stopping mid-reach, both Steve and his apprentice snapped their head’s to the right; something, or rather, _someone_ was flooding the atmosphere with enough dark-force energy that Tony was surprised the sky itself hadn’t darkened.

“That presence… master, could it be…”

“Tony, I want you return to our ship” the blonde stated bluntly, his pack already forgotten and dropped to the dust below; “contact Master Vision and Grand Master Fury… tell them to send reinforcements…”

“But, master, I…”

“Do not argue Padawan!” the Jedi snapped, a rare bout of anger coursing through him as the man at the heart of their spat presented himself atop one of the loftier dunes, his ebony robes fluttering about him like great, tattered wings. “I do not need you getting in the way, now go and be quick about it!”

Swallowing down the hurt he felt as his mentor summoned his light-sabre and began his approach, Tony bowed his head, donned his hood and began trekking in the other direction at speed; knowing that this was something that the blonde _had_ to do managed to soothe some part of his damaged ego. However, knowing that the man he respected (and secretly loved) didn’t think him capable of helping broke his heart more than a little. Especially since he, too, had considered Bucky a wonderful colleague, friend and sparring partner; didn’t Steve realise that he wanted to save Bucky just as much?

However, if he was right when he’d watched the pair of Jedi interact of the past three years or so, than this battle was about far more than saving a friend...

“Subdue the Jedi and bring that Padawan to me!”

Blinking, the order which carried upon the wind causing him to stumble in his tracks, Tony whipped his head around and watched, his mouth gawping, as droid after droid started to tumble down the dune towards Steve with their shields raised and blasters firing.

“By the force” he breathed, his golden eyes narrowing when several veered off and started to roll in his direction. “Master!” he called, his robes shedding as he grasped his own light-sabre; “master! I…”

“Get out of here, Tony!” was the rushed replay whilst the Jedi struggled to slash and slice through the barriers which protected his opponents; “run Tony! Run as fast as you can!”

Baulking, his gaze swiftly shifting from the approaching droids, to his master, to the billowing beacon of dark-force energy, the Padawan grit his teeth, screwed his eyes shut and began sprinting towards his mentor whilst slashing every robot he encountered with deadly precision.

“Tony! Damn-it! What in the galaxy are you doing?!”
“I’m not leaving you here! I’m not going to let you die, master... We can beat them if we work together!” he yelled, his skills helping him to deflect, repel and ricochet the lasers flying his way straight into the mechanised hoards.

“Tony! This isn’t the time to...”

“Agreed.”

Yelping, the drone he was battling suddenly flung away from him, the youngest of the Jedi almost stumbled when the force crushed and despatched the metallic menace; keep his balance, it turned out, helped him to keep his life as he (by the skin of his teeth) managed to avoid the slash of a crimson light-sabre that nearly capped off the top of his skull.

“Tony!”

“Holy shit!”

“Hello Tony, miss me much?”

Yelping, the twenty year old flipped and dodged every blow aimed for his body whilst deflecting the odd laser a couple of drones were sending his way. “Master Barnes, please! You don’t know what you’re doing, this isn’t who you are...”

“Hah? Master, you say? Oh yes, you will be calling me master by the time I’m through with you” the older man stated, his eyes an icy azure against the blackened make-up spread across his eyes in a Dathomirian pattern. “I am greatly looking forward to bending and break that fierce will of yours to my whim, little Padawan... I have been longing to see that braid of yours wrapped around my wrist as a sign of your subservience to me for a long time” he admitted, a flash of possessive-lust flashing across his features.

“I’ll not be denied having you any longer...”

Chapter End Notes

So, guess who signed up to the WinterIron Exchange run by the amazing Potrix and her friends at the 'imagine bucky/tony' tumblr site?

I'm just getting in a bit of practise ; )
A Marriage of Convenience

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Teen (with potential for higher).

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony with pretend Loki/Tony; see below.

Summary: A/B/O AU where Loki’s conquest of Earth failed BUT he wasn’t captured and returned to Asgard. Instead, he’s been hiding out on Earth for the past two years; now free of the mind-stone’s control (and out of Thanos’ sight) the former King has been working on way to ingratiate himself to the Allfather in order to make his triumphant return to the Realm Eternal.

After a secret meeting with his mother, Loki is invited to the annual Winter Ball and is instructed to the bring the new wife he’s fabricated (as being married suggests that he’s already in the process of bettering himself/settling down/proving that he can care for others/be responsible etc) to validate his claims.

Surely convincing Stark to play along couldn’t be that difficult, could it?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating any of my bigger/main-stream fics, folks. I'm part of the WinterIron exchange being run by Potrix : ) so all of my efforts are going into my giftee's prompt.

However, I've managed to book a week off for the holidays and so more updates should be on the way soon!

XD

Season's Greetings and all that jazz, right?

Carefully lowering the blow-torch he’d tried to ward the God off with, Tony continued to stare, open mouthed, as the Chaos mage knelt and presented him with a little box that had the Tiffany’s emblem embellished across the top.

“Anthony Edward Stark...”

“No...”

“... would you do me the honour...”

“No... no, no, no... you are not doing this...”
“... of pretending to be my wife?”

“Your what?!”

“’Tis the way upon Asgard... oh, do not look so offended, hen, why you mortals must make such fuss over gender-roles and titles I’ll never know... t’has always seemed ridiculous to me” the raven-haired sorcerer sighed as he stood, a smirk tilting his lips when the fiery omega flipped his goggles up and into his thick head of hair.

Sucking in a deep breath before expelling it through a sigh, his arms crossing and chin raising, the shorter of the pair narrowed a glower at the God; “okay, I’ll bite, what the fuck is going on? Is this to get back at me for all of the flirting I do that you claim not to care about? Because, seriously, that’s how I talk to people, you know, in general” he said breezily. “So, thanks for the mini-heart attack and everything, but can you keep up your side of our truce and get the fuck out?”

“Nay, however, I shall consider our truce null and void should you deny me this favour.”

Blinking, the younger of the pair allowed his scowl to return in full force as he took a menacing step towards the ancient alpha, his hands still gripping the dormant blow-torch; “now that is some grade-A bullshit you’re selling me there, pal... you telling me that you’ll throw all of the progress you’ve made down the pan if I refuse to play wifey for you? I don’t think so, Li-lo, there’s nothing so important that you...”

“My mother has invited me to the Winter Ball, an annual affair the aristocracy of the Nine-Alliance attend as a show of solidarity before the Allfather and all he does in his protection of the Realms who choose to follow him” he stated glibly. “Should I arrive with a wife in tow, my manner cowed and my intentions pure... then I mayest have the opportunity to return with my sins absolved...”

“So... you’d go back home, for good?”

“No wanton destruction, no liaisons with the riffraff whom refer to themselves as super-villains and no more mischief around your tower... how does that sound to you?”

Humming contemplatively, his golden eyes slanting towards the box still in the God’s possession, Tony turned and sauntered the short way to stand before the eagerly grinning Prince; “okay, Rudolph, you’ve got yourself a deal” he agreed with a shrug. “You, ugh, might want to write me up a list of dos and don’ts though... you know, just in case I accidently cause another war ‘cus I’m doing that quite a bit lately...”
Chapter Summary

Rating: Explicit? (read with caution; see below. No sex at present! But it is quite dark...)

There is potential for alpha/omega sex, dominant/possessive behaviour, heat-sex (and all that implies), distressed!Tony, hurt!Tony, descriptions of surgical procedures, Dark!Thor, BAMF!Thor, non-graphic descriptions of terrorists dying at the hands of a God they’d least suspect, a bewildered Yinsen and Golden-Apple-Ex-Machina...

Pairing: Thor/Tony.

Summary: Continuity mash-up, A/B/O AU! Turns out that Odin banished Thor to Earth (and missed New Mexico by a few thousand miles, or so) one week after Tony’s abduction at the hands of the Ten Rings; the distress of having a car-battery for a heart over-rides the ‘omega-in-hidings’ suppressants and the rest, as they say, is history... I mean, ThunderIron trash : 3

Chapter Notes

So... where have I been, eh?

It's called 'real-life' guys... and the past two weeks have been pretty major.

My mum has been really unwell and my good-for-nothing brother is no where to be seen...

So please bear with me; more updates are underway but my mum has to come first.

I hope that you'll understand : )

“Mr Stark... you must try to keep still... the battery, it isn’t connecting...”

Trying to breathe through the panic consuming his lungs and spilling out of the gaping hole that’d eaten through his chest, the beta (always a beta, can’t let anyone know, can’t lose the company, Maria can’t have anymore kids, not even Obi would understand) struggled to focus his vision whilst fidgeting on the operating-table he’d been placed on.

So this was it, huh? This was how he was going to die? Stranded in some God forsaken desert, the heart his media-harassment-squad always claimed he lacked on full display and peppered with shrapnel?

“I... I always thought... that... that it’d end... with a party... and... and a pool... pretty girls... one last... miserable blowout...” he found himself rambling, the trembling of his body growing
progressively worse as his fellow beta continued to work and “shh” him.

“Is he not healed, yet?”

“Do not speak to me of healing” Yinsen replied, his tone bitter but not angry; “this man is dead Raza, he is useless to you unless you get me something better to work with... where is the morphine? Where is...”

“You dare speak to me like that, you beta-dog?!”

Yowling, his whole body convulsing, Tony continued to writhe after a firm, remorseless thump impacted his shoulder, jostling the wires, metal plates and electrodes that were snaking in and out of him like serpents in a pit.

“Bah! Look at how the pig wriggles! Yinsen, he dies, you, your family and village burn... Bilal! Bring that medi-kit... Hah! This piglet’s squeals are making my ears itch!” the alpha spat as he stormed away, his boots kicking up dust which flickered like dying stars in the lamp-lights scattered throughout the arid, baking cave that would more than likely be the omega’s tomb.

‘But... I don’t want to die... there’s so much that I didn’t get to do... Yinsen is right... I’ve been such an awful person... I’ve destroyed so much... can’t I just have a chance? Just one more chance to change things? To make amends?’ he thought, the tears leaking down his face matching the saliva dribbling from his quivering mouth.

‘God... I don’t know if you’re there... or if you can hear me... or if you’d care about what a spoilt-brat like me would want, but...’ his mind pleaded, the twitching of his limbs quieting minutely once a sharp prick to the inside of his right arm shot through a hefty dosage of relief.

‘But... if I could live... if I can... I promise to correct all... all of my mistakes and use my... my talents for better things... to help... I’ll help... I will... I...’

And then, he knew no more...

***

Yowling in a mix of shock, fear and confusion, Thor Odinson, should he still hold claim to that most tenuous of titles, roared when his father’s seidr dropped him to the mortal plane, his body aching and bruised, bereft the power of his lineage and without the fabled Mjölnir at his side.

Truly, as he lay there in the scorched dirt, the blazing sun which mothered Midgard burning down on him, Thor had never felt so wretched...

“Oh! What the hell?! Get Raza! Get Raza now!”

Or so angry...

“There! There! Do you see? He fell from the sky and yet... yet still I think he lives!”

Growing, his upper half slowly rising for him to sit, Thor noticed that the Allspeak had not been lost to him as a bevy of beats and alphas crowded the glass born crater he’d made, their sandaled feet slipping in the sand which loomed over him.

“This isn’t possible! What is he? An angel? A demon?”

“US special-forces? Oh shit! They’ve found us! They’ve found Stark! What should we do? Should
“Hold-fast you coward! Just shoot it! Whatever it is just shoot the bloody thing!”

Snorting, his legs bringing him to a stand, Thor glowered at the assembly of mortals, his frown stern; “strike at me, Midgardians, and that will be the last action you commit whilst on this dismal realm” he warned gruffly. “I am foul for temper and in great need of exerting my wrath... try me and face your death” he added with a snarl whilst rolling his shoulders and flexing his considerable muscles.

“Open fire!”

“Very well... have at thee!”

***

“W-why... why is it so hot?”

Ho Yinsen considered himself to be calm, collected sort of beta; his faith, culture and long-standing careers as both a doctor and teacher had meant that becoming ruffled or distressed (even in a situation as awful as the one he’d found himself in) was quite a rare occurrence...

“How this situation could have gotten worse, even an hour ago, he wouldn’t have been able to say...

“Burning...”

But now?

“Damn you Stark, damn you...” he whispered, his hands struggling to tighten the bandages which sealed the electrodes he’d managed to fit back in place; “why did you not tell me? Why did you not say?”

“S’hot...”

Scowling, his green eyes plagued by worry, the doctor took a step back and watched, his horror at the younger man’s predicament rising.

“Of course you could not say” he breathed, his shoulders slumping in despair whilst he looked from the famous inventor to the still (thankfully) dead-bolted door; “your western culture still degrades your gender... in some ways worse than my own” he added, his right hand rubbing at the back of his neck, his head bowed.

“And now, I fear, you will suffer all the worse for it” he sighed; “I will do what I can to stop them, Stark, but they are many and I am... not the man I was” he finished weakly before shuffling his way towards the tool-bench, his hands grasping at the longest and sharpest files.

He was dead, the death of his wife and children had already guaranteed that.

Or so he thought...

***

Snorting, the metal pelting his skin merely crumpling and falling away to lodge uselessly into the baking sand, Thor found that even a weaker back-hand to the cowards as the fled was enough to
fell them.

It was wrong of him, he had to admit, to so easily and shamelessly rob the mortals of their lives; however, a snide voice (laced with anger and hurt, sounding so much like the spiteful tone of his unreasonable father) whispered that they’d attacked him first, that they must be punished for so daring to challenge a God.

“I this what you want, Odin?!” he yelled, his booted feet stomping over the dead whilst he neared a cave-system where even more frightened human’s were scurrying and screaming in their native tongues; “you see fit to send me here, to squash ants, whilst the hordes of Jotunheim claw at the gates of Asgard? Think you the Realm safe with its true protector cast out to this dismal place!?”

“Raza! Raza do something! Give him Stark! Give him Stark before more come!”

Snarling when the bullets grew in size and buzzed about him louder than the hell-spawned insects of the Dark Dimension, the blonde fixed his attention (once more) to the strangely dressed men, his eyes narrowing when one readied a different kind of gun, one that was larger and launching some kind of over-sized seed...

“Eat this you western pig!”

Huffing, his right hand moving to easily bat the projectile away, the Prince felt his jaw drop when the metal pod veered away from him and exploded with such ferocity that he was flung to the floor.

“Ahh! He survived! He is protected by the devil himself!”

Since when did mortal’s possess such technology?

“Come back you fools! Reload the bazooka!”

They had truly tried to kill him...

“What did I leave me village? Why?!”

They had almost succeeded...

“By God! Looks at his eyes! Those eyes! He’s coming! Get more guns! If you value your lives! Get more guns! Damn you all!”

He would show no mercy...

“Run! For the love of God! Run!”

He would tear through their caves and mark his presence with their blood upon the walls...

“God save us!”

It would do them little good to call upon his father for aid; any such prayers from mortals tended to fall on deaf ears as of late...

***

Writhing upon the dust clotted table, his eyes roving the darkened hollows of the carved out ceiling, Tony could barely make out the pain in his chest for the screaming bouncing off the walls and coiling inferno which was snaking down from his belly to pool in his groin.
“Perhaps my prayers have been answered” he heard Yinsen murmur, the beta’s hand (cool, but no where near cool enough) was trying to soothe the worry and beaded sweat from his brow. “Those screams... they are definitely the cries of Raza’s followers... could it be that your military have come? That the friend you told me of was able to locate you, even here?”

‘Rhodey?’ he thought blearily, his mouth too dry to talk; ‘Rhodey... he... he’s found me? I’m not going to die?’

A loud, thunderous roar shook their prison, its presence causing the lanterns that brightened the gloom to sway.

“That... that is not the sound a human makes... is this judgement? Is the end? Or have your people re-learned to summon demons as they did in ancient times? I once met a woman who could...”

Another roar; this time, the word ‘omega’ could clearly be heard amongst the cacophony it wrought throughout the cave-system.

‘That... that’s not... that isn’t Rhodes...’

“Stark... Tony... something is here... it’s being drawn by your scent... it’s like the coming of a summer storm...” Yinsen gasped, his hand pulling away as a monstrous thud impacted the thick, iron door, his fingers desperately grabbing for the tools once more.

“Omega...”

‘What?’

“The omega is sick!” the beta called out, his tone swathed in desperation. “I don’t know what you are... or what you’ve done to Raza and his men... but from the blood, so much blood, I can tell that you’re not of our world” he added, his trembling form struggling not to back away from the chamber’s only exit.

“Omega!”

“No! Please! You don’t know what you do!”

‘Why is everything so hot?’
Chapter Summary

Rating: T (for language and m/m relationship).
Pairing: Established Loki/Tony.
Summary: In an AU (ha, what a surprise) which is a blend of the various Avengers’ cartoons and comic-books, Loki is now an “Agent of Asgard” who works alongside the (usual/staple-cast of) Avengers; he and Tony have been in a serious (well, as serious as they tend to get) relationship for six months now.

However, when returning to Midgard on his biweekly visit, Loki notices something that would have him face-palming (if it weren’t so beneath him); SHIELD have intercepted a Skrull transmission. Queen Verenki wants the Avengers’ most valuable asset and the Asgardian Prince can’t believe the supposed heroes reaction to this news.

*Words that are underlined = Loki talking in Asgardin.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Yawning tiredly, a simple gesture of his right hand swiftly dispelling his cloak and helm, Loki found his fatigue replaced by bewilderment when his eyes beheld the Common-Room and the activity within.

“I have been away for less than three days and *this* is what greets me upon my return? Don’t tell me, friends, did all hell break loose or merely some of it?” he drawled whilst walking leisurely towards the group huddled around a series of blue holo-panels which filled up the expansive chamber’s centre.

“Wow, talk about great-timing” Steve called, his expression friendly enough despite the concern weighing on his shoulders. “Come on over and we’ll fill you in” he added whilst the others continued to talk into phones or to each other.

Raising an eyebrow, his eyes scanning for his lover and (strangely) finding him absent, Loki did as instructed and soon found himself looking at four screens full of information about the Skrulls (disgusting though they were) and every weapon (secret or other) at the teams (relative) disposal.

“As I to take it that Verenki is making another move against your world?”

“’Cordin’ to Reed Richards” Bucky supplied, his stealthy form suddenly at the God’s elbow; “she wants our, and I quote, *greatest asset...* an’ I’m pretty sure she don’t mean me” he continued, his metal arm gesturing to lists of weapons before them. “Phil’s doin’ all he can to staff Stark Industries’ secret bunkers and Bruce, a’ course, has locked himself in the sub-basement lab” he added whilst Loki felt his teeth gritting together, his perpetually observant gaze absorbing all of the plans and contingencies they were putting in place.

Surely, they weren’t *so* stupid as to overlook...
“And where, pray tell, is Anthony in all of this?”

“He’s in a meeting” Clint supplied from their left, his fingers flying over a Stark-Pad whilst Natasha and Maria Hill looked on, their styluses tapping alongside his movements; “some big, new, energy-saving thingamajig is being launched next week, so, you know how he is with his science babies.”

Sighing and somehow managing not to pinch his nose or face-palm (he was a Prince, after all), Loki watched as the Earth’s Mightiest Heroes continued to do exactly what the Skrull Queen would hope they’d do; “why do I not get paid for all of this?” he muttered before loosing two clones.

“Umm, you okay there?”

“Hmm? Oh yes, fine, couldn’t be better” he dead-panned whilst his doppelgangers teleported away, his frown deepening as they reached their destination just in time.

“Brother, what are you...”

“... whoa-ly-shit!... what the actual fuck just happened? Ugh! I hate teleporting! I hate it! Why do you do this to me?”

Let it not be said that Loki, Prince of Asgard, didn’t know how to make an entrance or, rather, a re-entrance.

“Tony?”

“Loki?”

Snorting, his clone’s arms still carrying the (wriggling) mortal bridal-style amidst the crowd of confused (and laughter-reddened) faces, the Chaos Mage sighed before moving to take his lover into his own arms despite the other’s deep blush and cursing.

“Hey... come on man, put me down, would ya?”

“Not just yet, dear-heart” he stated, his magic evaporating into smoke whilst he turned to glare at the assembled heroes, his hold on the inventor (dressed in a truly flattering suit that he’d be happily pulling off of him later) tightening.

“Whom, may I ask, built this fortified structure, a structure that has, so far, proven impervious to attack from your enemies?”

“What? Loki, you know that Tony...”

“And whom, dear friends, supplies you with weapons, vehicles, armour and ammunition the likes of which even civilisations older and more advanced than yours cannot comprehend or defend against?”

“Wait... you... Oh God...”

“Furthermore, whom is capable of accessing any, nay, every technological device within this Realm and every other culture he has encountered? Whom speaks multiple languages, has several suits of semi-sentient armour at his disposal and can weaponise even a box of scraps with his heart exposed? Hmm?”

“Loki” Tony breathed, his eyes widening; “shit! Is that why there were two of you? What’s going
on in my meeting? Are Pep and the Board of Directors okay? Did something...”

“Relax, svass... the Skrull sent to capture you have been dealt with” he promised, a smirk alighting his features; “I ensured that none of your subordinates were harmed and now, I’m afraid, there is only the simple matter of payment that needs addressing” he said, his tone deviously pleased.

“I believe the rest of our afternoon will be spent in your bedchamber, yes?”

Chapter End Notes

’Cus we could all use a little more Tony appreciation in our lives : 3
To Walk Through Hell... Holding Hands...

Chapter Summary

Rating: Teen for swearing.


Summary: Tony is kidnapped at a young age by a sleeper-cell haunting Stark Industries; initially taken due to the potential he'd displayed for crafting and adapting technology, Baron Von Struker also sees the makings of lethal, graceful assassin should he be trained properly.

Years later, the thoroughly indoctrinated Tony is given the same, super-serum concoction that Bucky kills his parents to attain, the pair (as part of the Supreme Leader’s sadistic machinations) are assigned to each other in hopes that the older male can train the younger to adapt and the make the most of his gifts for the glory of Hydra.

What Struker couldn’t have foreseen, however, was that the pair would become partners in more than just the operative sense.

An ambitious field-agent named Nick Fury sees it, though, and (along with a well-meaning rookie who owes him a favour or two) hatches a plan to catch and rehabilitate the lost Stark-heir and Sergeant; it was all going so well... until the Shield higher-ups tried to put them into separate holding cells...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“How long has he been cussing in Russian for now?”

Sighing softly, his pale blue eyes turning back to the monitor, Phil shrugged his shoulders before returning back to the veritable mountain of paper-work he was attempting to finish this side of Kingdom Come; “about three hours... makes you wonder how Tony can stand it” he commented glibly.

“I’m sure that the kid’s heard worst... although, kid isn’t the right word to use, I guess” Nick murmured whilst shutting the control-room’s only door with a hushed click; “twenty-three years old and already a master-assassin... you ever see the report on Prague?”

“Can’t say that I have...” the thirty year old replied, his ball-point pen scratching across the latest statement he’d be submitting about their freshly rescued charges; “and something tells me that I don’t want to... how the hell did you get clearance to see something involving Project Winter, anyway? You might be gunning for that cushy Director’s job, Nick, but you’re nowhere near it, yet...”

Chuckling, his Shield uniform clad body approaching the paper-burdened table, his right hand clutching a brown paper bag whilst his left proffered two coffees, Nick Fury carefully placed his
load (a welcomed lunch-break considering neither of them had eaten since the latest batch of chaos had subsided some five hours ago) down and pulled out the adjacent chair to Coulson’s.

“I have my ways” he said with a smirk, his levity dropping when he turned to observe the pair he’d spent the greater part of six months planning to acquire; “you tell Jessop that if he came back down here with the help that I’d tase his ass?”

“Yes sir” the brunette huffed through a tired laugh.

“Yeah? What’d he say?”

“That he’d be having words with your father...”

“Hah! Cunning bastard... well, the jokes on him” the auburn eyed Agent snorted; “the Old General won’t give a damn so long as Shield’s interests are protected...” he stated firmly, the smile which had started to crawl across his lips dying when he regarded the two Assets in their shared cell. “Shit... fucking interests... you with me on looking out for these guys, Phil?”

“You have always been there for me and Clint, haven’t you Nick?” was the soft response, the slightly younger man stopping his scribbles to follow the senior Agent’s gaze; “they’ve been through enough suffering and, although we can’t pardon them or take them out of the system, we can at least give them something they’re so desperate to keep...”

“Each other, you mean?”

“There” Phil sighed, his free hand shakily reaching for one of the steaming beverages; “walking through hell has got to be easier with someone holding your hand, after-all...”

Chapter End Notes

So...

I love this idea, like really love it and so will endeavour to craft it into maybe a longer, Explicit one-shot...

I'm really just posting it now because I'm suffering from plot-bunny barrage and need to pen them out so I can focus on updating my multi-chapter works!
“So... we're married?”

Tony Stark had been having a fairly uneventful morning; it was a Tuesday in June, the breeze flowing through his Malibu mansion (rebuilt just over a year ago) helped to temper the heat and he’d just received news that his latest green-energy patents had been secured...

“Yes, we are... you’re not becoming hard of hearing, are you? Hmm... the sooner you ingest Idun’s gift, the better... you’re not exactly young by Midgard’s standards, are you?”

Pepper and he were on speaking terms, Rhodey was walking again, Peter was shaping up to be a sensational force for good and Steve’s merry little band were flying under the radar whilst Vision and Wanda did... whatever it was they were doing across the pond...

“Tch, forty is the new twenty, did no one tell you that, Reindeer-games?”

T’Challa was keeping tabs on Bucky, the Accords were doing their job, global crime (on a whole) was down and the Bill for Metahuman Civil Rights was well on its way to being passed...

“You know, even for you, you’re taking this situation very well...”

Tony should have known that things were too good to last.

Sighing, his eyes still glued to the StarkPad he’d been using before the God of shits’n’giggles had manifested himself to primly sit upon his favourite armchair, his form elegantly sipping from a china cup which, from the smell of it, was filled with Earl-Grey, Tony tried his best to think through what was happening.

Yep, this was just another Tuesday; “that’s probably because I started drinking again and decided not to tell anyone, which means that this whole deal is just a stress-induced nightmare born from guilt and my inability to make sane, rational choices” he announced with a shrug.

“I see” Loki replied with a slow, gentle nod one might give a child who was struggling to grasp a simple concept; “so that is your strategy for abandoning me and your responsibilities as my husband?”

Stopping his movements (he’d been pacing, his sneaker-clad feet silently treading the glossy marble; he always paced when troubled), the former CEO turned to face the still calmly sipping deity; “come on, man, this is a joke, right? It has to be” he reasoned, his eyebrows furrowed. “I haven’t signed anything or visited Asgard or, hell, Vegas for that matter in years...”
Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1... I think...

Upon a mist encrusted Victorian London evening, Maria Stark hosts a Halloween gathering where a famous occultist will perform a séance amidst maid and butler served nibbles, lashings of champagne and the glittering company of the City’s elite. Tony, however, is only allowed to attend the first half of the evening (his mother feigns that it’s for his own good whilst the eighteen year old omega knows she doesn’t want him stealing her limelight) and so, dejected and bored, he prepares for a dull, early night.

One of the guests, however, has other plans for the young, sweet-blooded genius…

Warnings include: creepiness, suggestions of possible dub-con BUT I didn't get that far; this was meant to be my Halloween Frostiron submission, however, I've just had too much stuff to do this past couple of weeks... sorry -_-;-

Madame Zychosky was a wizened, wrinkle slumped mess of a femme with milky eyes, clawed fingers and a smile more grotesque than any grimace he’d ever seen; “it’s a pleasure to meet you, ma’am…”

“Ah~!! Zo zis is Maria’z pride’an’joy, umm?” the crone mused, her talons wrapping about his right hand and ensconcing it within her deathly grasp; “my-my, how lovely you are, my dea-r… ahh- and bright, too, yez? Modern omegaz and femmez theze dayz, tiz the Queenz influence no doubt that you should be zo able” she cooed. “Hmm… yez, yez, I forzee a time when all genderz may one day stand az equals… umm, but I am keeping you? You think my words are… fanciful or, a, phony as American’s say, hm?”

Blinking, an embarrassed blush dusting his cheeks, Tony could practically feel the displeasure rolling off his perfectly composed mother as she stood beside him, her smile wide and primly pinked with Paris’ latest shade; “ugh… hah, I am sorry, ma’am, it’s just as a scientist, well…”

“Well” the older Stark cut in, an elegant, elbow length gloved hand resting a little too heavily upon his shoulder; “I think it’s time that a certain someone was on his way, umm? Beauty rest is important and you have a whole day of husband hunting tomorrow now, don’t you dear?”

Ducking his head (and somehow managing not to frown, scowl or say something indelicate; Lord knew that there’d been times when he’d regretted acting-up in front of the (for all intents and purposes) seemingly serene woman), the younger gave the clairvoyant’s hand one final squeeze before moving away.

Beauty rest? Ha! More like a boredom induced coma and, unlike New York, he couldn’t simply go for a late evening stroll without a chaperone; tch, not like he’d want to, really. The air here was thick and heavy with smoke, horse-shit and pompous hot-air courtesy of the Imperialist assholes who thought they ran the world; that, and it rained a lot. Well, if you could call it rain because, instead of translucent droplets of water, what fell here was thick, cold and filthy; at first, when he’d
visited as a child, he’d asked his father why the people of London were showering sludge down on
them from their windows. The alpha had merely snorted at him whilst Maria scolded him looking
up outside the protection of his umbrella; her callous tone heavily implied she was concerned with
the state of his appearance than anything else.

Some things, he mused bitterly, never changed...

“Oh, do cheer up Master Anthony, won’t you?” Jarvis greeted him in passing, his tailor-panted legs
having found their way into the last reception room before the entryway opened towards the
curtained staircase of their four storey (he laughed internally) mansion. “I’ve had Hetty whip up
some hot cocoa for you to take to bed... would you like it brought to up to your room or will you be
sulking in the study a while yet?”

Trying his best not to chuckle (the British beta would always know him better, be more of a parent
to him than either his sire or bearer), the omega gave him a small smile; “heh, guess I can finally
get through a few of those books you pilfered from that famous library of yours, huh?”

“Indeed” the mild-mannered male mused, his own smile forming; “I’ll send a selection of biscuits
along with the beverage if you promise to be mindful of crumbs and not to sneak any into your
bedchamber?”

“You have yourself a deal, J... ugh, I mean, Mr Jarvis” he replied, his golden irises shrinking
around critical irises when a society couple raised their brows at his informal manner with the
help as they called them.

Yeah, like they were better than the hard-working men and women within their employ…

“Excuse me, gentlemen?”

Blinking, his head swiveling to the parlor’s entryway (from which the snobs had just passed), the
brunette felt himself swallow, his throat suddenly dry when an incredibly dapper gentleman
(obsidian hair, jade eyes and virtually dripping with refinement) tipped his head at them politely. “I
beg your pardon for intruding, however, I heard talk of a study and hoped to beg an invitation to
accompany you there” he offered (quite forwardly, boldly for an unmated, regal alpha; Tony liked
that). “I am not particularly interested in this evening’s entertainment, you see, and yet my brother
always finds a way to coerce me into attending such affairs” he sighed, the quietness seeming to
make him more confident as he bowed at the waist. “I am Loki, Son of Lord Odin Borson, and I’d
see it as a great kindness if you were to save me from said brother’s enthusiasm for supernatural
tomfoolery and charlatanism.”

Chuckling (not nervously, he was a Stark, they were made of Iron even the omegas), the younger
male offered a similar bow (whilst Jarvis did so all the deeper; the tray of devils-on-horseback not
even flinching at the movement); “consider yourself rescued, my Lord…”

“Oh, call me Loki, please” the milk-skinned alpha was quick to interrupt, a delicate shade of pink
touching his cheeks in embarrassment; “I know that the English are particularly fond of titles and
affecting all kinds of airs and graces, however, as your guest and someone in your debt, I would
appreciate as much informality as you can afford” he breathed.

Laughing this time (he couldn’t help it, nor could he help the butterflies flitting about his ribcage),
Tony turned to his butler; “would you please bring up some extra biscuits and a drink for our
friend here, Mr Jarvis?”

“Oh course, Mr Stark, I’ll have Hetty remain with you as a chaperone…”
“Umm, that will not be necessary, thank you” the strange close to purred, a strange chill radiating through the air, stilling them both and making their movements sluggish; “young Mr Stark and I shall be quite fine *alone* for the time being…”
Coffee Shop AU?

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Alpha!Loki/Omega Tony Stark

Rating: Explicit

Summary: That Coffee Shop AU where disowned College Student Tony is attempting to pay his way through rent and MIT (because his scholarship will only cover so much) to achieve his doctorate by working the grave-yard shift at a popular diner. Sure, he could go begging his dad for forgiveness but, after a month or two, he starts to (dare he say) enjoy his new life; the customers range from insomniacs (like him) to caffeine deprived students, business men to garbage men and, on some nights, his tips are pretty good.

It’s just his luck that the latest Alpha Supremacist group building strength in the US decided to use the busy intersection directly outside his work-place for their latest stunt...

Warnings include: strangers to mates, graphic heat-sex (and ALL that entails; these tags ain’t for show), knotting, biting, desperation, awkward, biological terrorism (not quite as dark as it sounds), sex-pollen, fuck or die, alluded to mpreg (because it’s me).

Chapter Notes

Notes: I’m envisioning the app-game “Avengers Academy” characters in this fic; also, I’ve never been to MIT or the surrounding area, so I’m sorry if a place like ‘Big Joe’s Diner’ wouldn’t be a realistic part of that real-world setting!

Thighs clenching about lean, creamy hips, his head twisting to the left so as to expose the mating glands beading at the juncture between his neck and shoulder, Tony cried out in ecstasy whilst the jade-eyed alpha continued to thrust into him, his dick angling to press in all the right places as similar, impassioned calls sounded out all around them.

Who knew that being fucked senseless by a total stranger on a condiment, menu and glass scattered floor could be so amazing?

A little voice, all but drowned out by the pleasure rolling up his spine and straight into his hind-brain, was trying to warn him that this wasn’t the fairytale fantasy it seemed to be.

Fantasy?
What had happened, exactly?

~*~*~*~ Flashback ~*~*~*~

“Night, Tones!”

Chuckling, his free-hand waving off his best friend as he shouldered his back-pack and made his way to the diner’s exit, the nineteen year old omega called out a: “don’t eat all that pie in one sitting, Rhodey! Pepper likes abs, not flab!” before turning back to the coffee-machine to freshen the pot he’d been carrying.

“Tch, if any’ne should be eatin’ mo’ pie it’s you, sugar” Sal, when of their regulars, replied with a wink of overly shadowed eyes, a waft of whiskey coating her words as he moved to take her plate and empty glass of water. “Don’ let those magazines tell’ya it’s the skinny’uns Alphas’ go for, you’hear?” she added with a smoker’s laugh and a wink laced with fake lashes; “lil cutie like you needs some meat on his bones.”

Nodding along (he’d heard this lecture one time too many), the waiter skirted around the service bar to do his rounds of the tables whilst the femme began to painstakingly count out the contents of her purse in order to pay for her nightly supper.

It’d just turned eleven pm which meant, since it was Friday, the students and worse-for-wear business men would be coming by in the next few hours (Big Joe, the diner’s owner, liked to keep the place open every hour Friday to Sunday could send to boost their profit margins) to eat-off the alcohol they’d been indulging in.

Right now, however, the stalls were mostly quiet; two professors from MIT (both offering him waves and the odd question about his take on their mathematical theorems), three of thestoners who clung to the shadowy areas of the library, a quartet or truckers and...

“Thor, must we really...”

“Ah! What a fine looking eatery! Why, it’s positively iconic! Who knew you could find such a retro, American experience in this formal College town, hm?”

Blinking, his lips quirking from a smile to a smirk, Tony drank in the tourists (probably here for the TED talks happening on Monday), his keen mind swiftly assessing them (it was a fun game he’d taken to playing when any new faces appeared at Big Joe’s).

“Must you talk so loudly...”

Both alphas; the one who was speaking (jade-eyes, aristocratic tone, ivory complexion offset by a swathe of raven hair; a suit (complete with emerald tie and pin) Jarvis would whistle at hung perfectly from his shoulders) was the younger and, if he wasn’t mistaken, the pseudo British accents meant a British Boarding School education.

Old money, then...

“Loudly? Loki, come now, this is American, is it not?”

The older male (broad, muscular, almost bulging out of his finery; the crimson and gold tie spoke to Tony on some level, however, that’s where his attention upon the long-haired gym-bunny ended) was already, boisterously, pushing the (clearly uncomfortable; this would be fun) other man into a booth.
Schooling his features into something simple and friendly (the pair clearly had their own stereotypes in mind about him and the other patrons), Tony made his approach with a: “good evenin’ fellas, what can I get you?”

Blinking up at him (the blonde eager and pleased; his friend, however, began by looking down his nose at him before promptly turning away to glare out of the window), the louder (maybe a touch older) male gestured at the menu he’d fetched up with a smile which could melt any heart.

Huh, mated though... good job he was shopping for Mr-Up-Market tonight, well, for his giggles anyway...

“Ah! And such prompt service” he began, his azure eyes sparkling; “what would you recommend?”

Smiling (and genuinely, too; damn, his mate was one lucky person), the omega flipped his stylus behind his ear, the small StarkPad (he’d made it; so fuck Howard, he’d use it) he’d been readying slipped into his tabard’s pocket with a wink: “our pies are award winning across three States” he answered. “Chocolate-pecan is a favourite but you look more like a peanut-butter-crunch kind of guy” he furthered, his smile quirking into a grin at the other’s spell-bound nod. “Great, I’ll have Ros throw some extra cream on while we’re at it and a mug of cocoa should top it all off which, of course, leaves only our reluctant, little brooder over here...”

“I am not brooding...”

“Yes! Yes you totally are!” Thor howled; “ha~! What fun! What should he have?”

Slanting his gaze at the now scowling (it was closer to a pout; adorable) male, Tony gave him a deliberate once over (and somehow managed not to laugh when the other blushed and frowned harder).

“Why, you impertinent...”

“I’d suggest an espresso, however, he seems a little high-strung for that much caffeine” the younger of the three hummed, his lips pursing; “so let’s say a mint infused, *decaf* mocha-latte with the French-vanilla bean, New York style cheese-cake, no cream” he said, his smirk virtually shit-eating when the ebony haired alpha all but gawped at him.

“How did...”

“I’ll be right back with your orders, gentlemen” he cut through with a wink, his hips purposefully sashaying as Sal cheered him on...

Then, *boom*!

Windows shattered... screaming... a strange, sparkling tsunami washed over everyone and everything; cloying, choking, cars crashing, people falling to the floor... the tearing of clothes... mating-fangs exposed, extended, flashing and...

~*~*~*~*~Present~*~*~*~

Oh...

“Aahhh!”
Straining, his fingers clawing at the other’s back, Tony felt himself arching his own, desperately grinding up to the deceptively powerful body rocking into him, his trapped, straining erection burning with the need to cum...

But... but if he did, then the stranger he’d been taunting would bite him, knot him...

“Oohhhh” he whined, his sweat glistened body tingling as the pressure built; there was no stopping it, he had to, he had to...

Whimpering, he managed to prize his right hand away from the shoulder-blade it’d been coveting to snake between them; at the touch, he came with a scream, triggering the chain-reaction he’d (wanted, needed) dreaded.

Howling when the tight, sweet-slicked channel he was rutting clamped about his pulsing member, Loki slammed his conquest into the floor and thrust with sharp, deep, precise blows, his knot swelling in anticipation. The young, slender, muscle-toned omega he was taken was quivering, mewling and begging to be seeded; Loki would happily oblige...

"Mine" he snarled, his hands grasping hips to turn, tilt and jerk onto his aching knot; his new mate squealed as the flesh forced itself past the tight ring of muscle; with a deep, possessive growl he was seated, his fangs burying deeply into a vulnerable, exposed neck to seal his claim and start their bond.

All around them, hundreds of others were doing the same...
Fancy Meeting You Here...

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: somewhere near the front : )

Pairing: Pre Loki/Tony Stark, Past Pepper/Tony referenced
Rating: Teen (for swearing and angst)

Summary: based on a popular fan-theory for the “Avengers: Endgame” movie and a cute little comic I saw on YouTube, here is what I’m sure many FrostIron fans would love to see in this upcoming film!

Switching off the helmet’s recording function with a dejected sigh, Tony settled back onto the cold, unforgiving surface of the ship he’d sculpted, the ship that would become his tomb, to stare listlessly into the void of space so many thousands of light-years from Earth, from home, from her...

“Well, of all the ways I thought I’d die, drifting in space, half-starved and dehydrated was not even in my top fifty, hell, my top one-hundred” he heard himself murmuring; why the hell not? What the fuck should he care if he was talking to himself? It wasn’t as though anyone was here to listen to him or judge him for it which, he thought with a shrug, was almost nice in a way; his top five death scenarios had all included some form of public humiliation, after all.

God, he was lonely...

“And who’d have thought that, huh? Class-act Tony Stark, the perpetual playboy who fucks up every relationship he’s ever had is lonely when he dies... ha! Jesus... I’d even welcome Steve and his scary, parent killing little side-kick at this rate” he grumbled, his arms crossing as he jostled about to become more comfortable. “Tch... if Nebula ever finds out that I didn’t make it home I swear I’ll hear her spiteful, bitchy little voice sneer out an I told you so from hell when I get there... heh, not that I believe in the after-life, or anything” he sighed, his eyes flicking to the windows once more.

“Huh... speaking of the after-life... didn’t Loki have something to do with that? Something about a kid, a daughter, or whatever? Yeah, that’s it... Hel or Helen? Tch, whatever... wonder what ever happened to that guy?” he mused. “Come to think of it, when was the last time Thor dropped by? Or anyone, really...” he furthered, a light scowl pulling at his lips; “shit... how many of them died when, fuck! That bastard! That mother-fucking bastard and his ridiculous, fucking glove and Stephen, that prick! Picking me and for what? For what!” he yelled, his body suddenly on his feet as he screamed.

“You stupid! All-seeing jack-ass! You should have let him kill me! It could have bought you time! You and Peter could have... P-Peter...” he breathed, his fists shaking whilst he trembled in place, his body awash with sweat as he glared out at space. “Fuck! What am I doing here? What the fuck did you see?! Why did-d... why did you save me back then? How the fuck can I help anyone stuck out here in space, huh?!!”

Snarling, his legs pacing him around in his state of hopeless desperation, Tony was about to slam
his hands against the window in an attempt at dislodging, damaging or even breaking the ten-inch thick, reinforced glass. Sure, it was impossible but if you’d told him ten years ago that he'd throw away his marriage to the best woman he’d ever known to go on a suicide mission half-way across the galaxy to die in some subpar space-ship he’d made then, well, he’d have told you to fuck yourself.

Right now, anything was possible.

“You hear that Universe?! Anything is fucking possible! Anythi- wha?”

Blinking, his fists flattening against the glass, the human squinted at the darkness; “fuck... I must be seeing things... there’s no way that... wait... really? Really Universe?!” he breathed, his volume rising as he stared at the most unlikely thing to happen in this or any other reality.

“Talk of the devil and he shall fucking appear!” he roared, his arms waving frantically at the body, at the person, bemusedly observing him as he made his approach, a spiral of emerald and azure twisting about him like some god-damned, mystic jellyfish-ship.

Then, when he was within touching distance, the man cocked his head, blinked and fucking magiced himself inside, his tall (blueish? Holy shit, the guy must have been fucking freezing) form looking down at the human inventor as they stared at each other, neither moving, hardly breathing until...

“Well shit” Tony chuckled, his eyes manic; “fancy meeting you here...”

“Tch, so I am not hallucinating this encounter, then?” Loki quipped, his brows furrowing; “you’d be far less annoying should you have been a conjuring of my mind” he reasoned glibly before, with a sniff, he added: “your scent would be far less pungent, too...”

“Yeah... well, you try floating through space for the better part of a month and see how sweet you smell, pal...”

“Oh? A whole month, you say?” the raven haired mage bit out, a laugh verging on the hysterical; “ah yes, a whole month might have been quite the hardship, Stark” he hissed, his pale complexion and green eyes slowly bleeding back into view.

Blinking at the response, Tony tilted his head; “I get the feeling that I’ve been insensitive so, for what it’s worth, I’m sorry, okay?” he heard himself say before he could think better of it, the desperation of his situation overriding any other factors, such as his past defenestration, the attack on New York, and so on. “So... ugh, what the fuck were you doing just, you know, out there?”

Looking a little less vengeful but no less weary, the former Prince crossed his arms and looked away.

“Oh? Really? Really? You’re gonna play the silent game? Well, okay then, I guess I’ll start since the oxygen is only going to last for so long” the younger snapped; “I got dragged across the galaxy by a fucking wizard to fight Hulk’s big, purple, death-fetish cousin and we lost, okay?” he spat. “I... I’ve lost everything... shit, for all I know everyone I’ve ever fucking cared about and now I’m stuck out here, dying and then you just... just show up and I...”

“Stark...”

“... haven’t got a fucking clue as to what I’m doing or...”

“Stark!”
Stuttering to a stop, the human snapped his eyes up to look at his enemy, his mouth opening to give the bastard a piece of his mind when...

“I have lost everything too” he said, his tone sombre; “perhaps... perhaps there is a way to...” he furthered, his teeth biting his lower lip in thought. “I know of a being who could assist us, assist you in building something capable of incapacitating, if not destroying Thanos...”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa there, Reindeer Games” Tony cut in, his hands gesturing to himself; “one, how in the world will we get there? Unlike you, I can’t survive in space” he reasoned; he didn’t dare hope that this could be true, that this was really happening. “Two, why the hell do you think that I can do anything, huh? I just told you! I fought the guy, I fought him with a team and we...”

“Do you recall our last face-to-face encounter, Stark?”

Huffing (he hated being cut off; that was his thing alongside giving everyone he met a nick-name to help make them more interesting), the shorter male grumped out a “yeah... it’s kind of hard to forget someone throwing you through your own window” he deadpanned.

“Before that” Loki sighed out slowly, as though talking to a small child; ‘why did I throw you from your narcissistic tower?”

“Tch, if I remember rightly it was because you were having problems with your magical phallic symbol-oh-my-God! That’s right! The Arc Reacter... The Arc Reacter stopped you from... and it was powered by the... by one of the...”

“The Mind-Stone” the jotnar finished with an eye-roll; “as ridiculous as it sounds, you may be the only being in the known Universe who found a way to disable the effects of one of the most powerful relics ever created” he sighed, his tone and face matching each other in terms of disbelief.

“Holy shit... that must have been the reason why Strange saved me, fuck, he said he looked into multiple futures and only saw one where we can fix this... this fucking nightmare” Tony breathed, his shoulders setting; “how do we get to this guy you know?”

Humming, his eyes darkening, Loki sucked in a breath and exhaled it; “I will need to bond with you” he stated, his tone sour yet serious.

“Bond with me?” the human repeated, his brows furrowing; “as in molecularly because, ugh, biology isn’t my strong suit but...”

“Stars... I am regretting this already” the older sighed dramatically; “I must be truly cursed by the Norns, however, I find that I must set aside myself and what I’d prefer as we all have bigger things to worry about...”

“Yeah, ruling the Nine Realms would probably be a little boring if there was no one in them to rule over, am I right?” the inventor snorted; “so? Bonding?”

Taking a deeper breath and holding it before letting free, the raven haired sorcerer took a few steps forward, his frown deepening when the other backed away at the same rate, the mage snapped his hand out to grab the other’s wrist to stop him from retreating further.

“Hey! What...”

“Bonding will entail you and I merging our souls together in a way that is unbreakable; we would
only ever belong to each other in every way, we’d be mated until our demise and share all of our memories, our inner most thoughts and feelings, no other person's touch would…”

“Are you... coming onto me?”

“Oh! For the love of the Norns, Stark! Can’t you be serious for even one second!”

“Oww! Shit! I’m sorry! Quite squeezing my arm! Jesus! Nerve-damage much?” Tony yipped while pulling away. “Look... just look, there has to be another way…”

“There is less than twelve hours worth of oxygen in this hulk, Anthony” the jade eye male said, his tone darkening; “I do not like this either, however, there is no other way for me to transport you... if you’re tied to my seidr then you’ll share in my longevity” he reasoned. “Perhaps if I had food and rest to replenish myself I could become strong enough to use my magic... however, from what I see you have no supplies and, if we’re to reverse this madness, then we must act quickly” he added, his tone resolute.

Blinking slowly, the younger man continued to rub his bruising flesh before regarding the alien with a steady, resolved look; “okay” he nodded, his shoulders squaring; “what do I need to do?”
Coercion...

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see... somewhere near the beginning : )
Rating: General-Teen for swearing, coercion and Tony being Tony.
Pairing: Pre Alpha!Stephen Strange/Omega!Tony Stark
Summary: Not Infinity War or End Game compliant; imagine one of the cartoon-verses mixed in with comics but the characters look like the real-life (but younger; RDJ is hot now BUT have you seen him in his 20s?) actors from the MCU (yep, not complicated at all, right?).

SHIELD Director Nick Fury has a problem, a magical one.

Sure, the Avengers Initiative has successfully foiled terrorist plots, alien invasions and meta-human super-villains for the past year and a half, however, now there are wizards, gods and (Lord help him) demons crawling out of the wood-work every other Tuesday.

Struggling to find effective counter-measures, the former General looked to a mysterious figure known as the Sorcerer Supreme for help and even sent Natasha along to recruit him by any means necessary; when she returns empty handed but enlightened, the game-plan shifts a touch.

The Black Widow wasn’t their only asset when it came to persuasion (*cough* seduction *cough*) after all…

Pushing his sunglasses down the bridge of his nose to thoroughly assess the small, charmingly rustic, backend of nowhere village he’d been dropped in, Tony Stark felt his brows quirk before taking a long pull on the paper straw stemming from his iced-coffee.

The decrepit building before him, if it truly was the so-called Inner Sanctum, was certainly well camouflaged.

He’d never seen an uglier, less intriguing building in his life.

“Okay J, what’s say we drop-in for a spell, huh?”

“Vey good, sir” the AI replied primly as the omega readjusted the shades to view his creation’s progress; “scanning all accessible points... calibrating... Hmm, as Miss Romanov reported, there are unusual energy signatures permeating the area, however, that pile of debris appears to be a doorway on this plane of existence” he replied.

Shrugging lightly, the whole multi-verse theory old-hat by now thanks to Thor rocking up last year, the brunette ambled his way towards the area amidst the following eyes, whispers and (unsurprising, even in this impoverished part of the world) camera-flashes of the bemused locals.
Then, with little preamble (he had his nano-tech suit coursing under his skin, Jarvis in his ear and two choppers worth of huge, alpha SHIELD Agents just around the corner should the magical shit hit the fan), Iron Man ignored the illusion of rubble and wandered straight into...

“Whoa” he said before emitting a low whistle; “it’s like Buddhist monk’s LSD inspired fantasy in here” he murmured whilst taking in the Asian inspired decor, incense spattered shrines, floating orbs of light and teakwood accented furniture minimalistically strewn throughout.

“Heh, Jarvis, take some photos and send them on to Pep, will ya? This is some next level feng-shui shit” he added as he ventured further, and completely undisturbed, into the court-yard space before him; “yep, she’ll be reviewing them and redecorating our offices in no time” he furthered whilst turning to view every artefact (hovering or otherwise) in sight.

“We’d prefer it if you didn’t reveal our secrets, let alone for such vulgar reasons, Mr Stark.”

Blinking and twirling on the spot, his expensive suit flowing in his wake alongside the beautiful, hand-embroidered silk scarf he’d purchased from the market he’d walked through to reach his current location, Tony appraised the (dare he say it) stereotypical video-game monk who’d addressed him.

This was not Stephen Strange.

Quirking a grin, the omega casually removed his glasses and pocketed them as the man, a beta from the scent of him, approached with a neutral stance but annoyed demeanour.

Interesting...

“With respect” he returned; “the CEO of my company using images from this place can only be good for your, ugh, business” he said with a wink: “but, since you asked so nicely, I’ll play ball for now” he offered as they stood opposite each other with only a metre or two between them.

“How magnanimous of you” the shorter male deadpanned; “the exit’s that way...”

“Aww, what? You’re not going to invite me in? Offer tea? Chew the fat with me while we await the return of tall, caped and brooding?” the younger man grinned pleasantly.

“The Sorcerer Supreme is...”

“Busy realm-surfing?” Tony cut in with a snort; “please, I’ve run the numbers on you and your magic” he informed whilst cocking his head at the now lightly scowling beta: “you can be anywhere you want to be in seconds” he reminded whilst leisurely folding his arms.

Huffing, the monk looked him over before rolling his eyes and turning to walk away; “come on, then” he grumbled: “the last thing I need is you blowing things up in a temper-tantrum.”

Smirking, the omega gave a little, sarcastic skip to follow the other up a short spate of stone steps and into a building where, surprise, surprise, an ornate tea-set lay atop a short-legged table in the vast chamber’s centre.

“That’s more like it” he said.

~*~*~*~

Sighing as his leather boots touched the warmed stones of the Inner Sanctum proper, Stephen absentlymindedly patted the Cloak of Levitation as it freed itself from his shoulders to float across
the room and settle on its favoured perch.

After spending this Earth’s equivalent of a week in the Dark Dimension, it felt even better to arrive home, or rather, the site of his salvation and the nurturing temple of his second lease of life.

The sound of modern music and raucous laughter spreading through its usual serenity hadn’t been quite as welcomed, though.

Blinking, his right brow quirking, Stephen walked purposefully towards the noise; sure, Wong always enjoyed the i-pad he’d gotten him and wifi-routers were no longer scowled at by the other members of the Order, however, for someone to be so loud in the Sanctum was relatively unheard of.

When he arrived at the source, the former surgeon felt his shock melt away to a mixture of annoyance and confusion.

“Hey! Look who finally decided to show up!”

Frowning, his azure eyes slanting from the invading omega and his friend-come-mentor, the alpha found his jaw clenching slightly when Wong presented the latest StarkPad which was live-streaming some kind of concert the pair had been watching, side by side, at their former Master’s table.

“It’s so clear” the monk stated gleefully; “it’s as though you’ve carved a window in reality to view everything directly” he praised eagerly, his eyes flitting back to the screen before truly observing his fellow sorcerer’s ire.

“Heh, just wait until you see some of the other toys I’ll be sending you later” Tony grinned as he stood up, his hands patting at his suit pants; “Dr Strange? Hi, I’m...”

“No” the alpha cut in, his frown doing little to mar his handsome features; “I know why you’re here and, after respectfully telling your other colleague that I was not interested, I will not waste my time repeating myself and simply remove you should you not leave of your own accord” he said, his tone brokering no argument.

“Wow” the omega deadpanned; “Wong, my man, you must have the patience of a saint to put up with this guy” he mused as the monk, his head rising at his name, nodded sombrely before pulling himself to stand.

“You should see him when he’s sulking” he offered flatly, his smirk shit-eating when Stephen inhaled a little too loudly; “I’ll leave you two to duke it out” he said as he turned back to the omega: “thanks again for this” he added before bowing and walking away, the music blaring louder as he went.

Pinching the bridge of his nose whilst their guest chuckled out a “no worries”, the Time-Stone’s guardian levelled the cockily smiling hero his best unimpressed look.

“Mr Stark...”

“It’s Tony” the shorter quipped lightly; “and, if you want to be technical about it, you should address me as a Doctor too because even-though I could run rings around any Professor in my specialisms, I only went for doctorates back in my MIT days” he furthered with a light, mockingly-modest shrug.

“So it’s true? You really do believe your own hype?”
“Why Stephen, don’t you know? I am the hype” the other chuckled; “speaking of which, Mr Wizard, rumour has it that you’re a pretty big deal yourself” he said, his head cocking whilst he gave him a thorough, sultry once-over. “Hmm... a little heavy on the Dungeons and Dragons cosplay but, if we’re going to have a magic-man on the team, that get-up will fit right in with Thor’s classic Space-Viking look” he reasoned with an affirming nod.

“I don’t have time for you, your Director or your games, Stark” was the snapped reply; “my duties are...”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah” Tony cut in; “look, you told Nat that your responsibility is to the multi-verse and I get that, I do, but would the multi-verse be so important if your home-world got smoked by a munchies-crazed demon?” he asked. “As it happens, I personally think that all of this magic stuff” he continued, his fingers sarcastically air-quoting: “is total bullshit, okay? It’s just an advanced form of science I haven’t been able to figure out yet” he explained whilst the alpha looked on, his exasperation mounting.

“Tch, someone like you could never hope to figure out seidr and its many complexities” Stephen bit out; “trust me” he added, a flash of emotion briefly flitting across his face: “you and I used to be more similar than you’d know.”

Humming lightly, Tony lightly tapped the frame of his glasses to unleash a myriad of images, medical reports, newspaper articles and the like, there emergence reigniting the alpha’s consternation.

“What are you...”

“This here is Plan A” the slightly younger interrupted; “if you turn down the meeting good ol’Nick wants me to arrange with you then these little beauties hit the internet” he stated, his fingers gesturing to a few. “That there is our marriage-license, here’s an article where I reveal that I have a secret lover, this one is my first prenatal scan and oh, look! Photo’s of you popping the question at our favourite bench” he gushed as Stephen’s eyes narrowed in shock. “It was a little pedestrian of you to propose to me in Central Park but we do enjoy our walks through there every Sunday now, don’t we?”

“You... you wouldn’t” the sorcerer breathed before shaking his head; “and how is this imaginary pantomime meant to coerce me, exactly?”

Chuckling, his arms splaying outwards confidently, Tony allowed a cruelly pleased smile to light his features.

“That’s the beauty of the being the hype, darling” he answered gleefully; “how long, do you think, it’d take for the journalists to find you here, or anywhere on Earth, hmm? Especially since fifty or so people have just watched me wander through this village with this little number gleaming on my wedding-finger?”

Baulking, his eyes moving to said digit, Stephen felt the colour drain from his face.

“Fine” he breathed; “but I make no further promises beyond attending the meeting” he partially grunted as the omega smirked smugly, approached him and linked his arm before he clocked what was happening.

“Well, there’s no time like the present” the shorter chirped whilst giving the arm he’d captured a squeeze; “chop-chop and make with the magic, hubby.”
Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Rating: Explicit

Pairing: Pre Alpha!Bucky/Omega Tony Stark

Summary: AU A/B/O Dynamics: Tony Stark is an omega who was adopted by Howard and Maria Stark after one tragic, ill-fated miscarriage too many. However, Tony is a HYDRA designer-baby; they plant him with the Stark family in hopes that he’d grow up to become a weapon-designing genius.

Today is Tony’s 21st birthday and, to the delight of Zola, their plan has borne fruit.

The Asset is sent to retrieve him...

“Tony! Get into the panic-room now!!”

Everything had been going so well.

“W-where’s mom?! We c-can’t leave her back there!!”

The weather had been perfect, his friends from MIT, Boarding School and the junior division of his father’s company (the division he personally oversaw) had all attended and he’d not had a single argument with Howard all day.

“Just keep running!!”

They’d had his favourite cake, the press was already writing glowing reviews about his mother’s decor and he’d not been tempted to over drink or pick a fight with Tiberius Stone which, in itself, was saying something.

“Sirs! Go to the eastern stairwell, the west wing is being overrun by insurgents!!”

And now here he was, his father and their Chief of Security sprinting through the bullet-peppered hallways of their Upper-State Mansion with casualties sprinkled across the lawns, guests screaming in the bushes and swarms of black-clad, dead-eyed alphas rushing around in plain sight, their coarse voices demanding for his capture.

How could such a perfect day end so badly?

“W-who the hell are these guys?!” he panted, his eyes wild as a group marksmen yelled for them to stop; “what do they... do they want with me?”

“Jesus T-Tony! Just keep running, damn-it!! Johnson!! Hold them off for Christ’s sake!!” his father snapped whilst snatching his right arm and tugging towards a concealed doorway; “shit... shit! Where the hell are the police?”
Watching his father (usually so composed, so cocksure) fall apart was, perhaps, the thing that would define this part of his life forever.

Or so he thought...

“мыши.”

Blinking, Tony felt his world narrow to a pinprick, his feet planting in the luxury carpet beneath his feet, the screamed demands of his father noting but white-noise as he turned his head to look behind, his pupils zeroing in on a tall, mask wearing alpha with glacial eyes, a metallic prosthetic and... a book?

“W-hat?”

“чайник” he continued, his upper face smeared by charcoal, his long hair flowing as he continued forward whilst, at his sides, the other ebony clad figures halted.

Numbly, he realised his father wasn’t yelling anymore.

“трактор” the tall, gravel voiced male continued, his steel-capped boots stopping just a pace away from him, that shining, shimmering arm reaching out to him: “кошка, лоток, волк” he continued and, to the omega’s growing horror, he reached back.

“We’re here to bring you home, Antoshka...”
Holmes!

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Pairing: pre Stephen Strange/Tony Stark (I'm really loving this pairing at the moment).

Rating: General (a bit of swearing/attempt at humour).

Summary: The Maria Stark Foundation throws its annual Fancy Dress Gala and every Avenger (consulting, part-time or otherwise) is invited; the theme? Factual or fictional historical figures.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ruffling the hair he’d (completely and totally intentionally) allowed to grow out (it wasn’t as though he’d been too busy with other things to schedule an appointment with his stylist) into an arrangement of chaotic curls and jagged edges, Tony smirked at his reflection whilst his teeth secured an authentic (empty) Victorian tobacco pipe.

A roguish Sherlock Holmes was just the costume to beat whatever elaborate, secret get-up Clint had been bragging about to him for the past two weeks.

“Tch, Friday? If our favourite archer is dressed up as Robin Hood in any variation, I want you to snap as many photos of him as you can for me to meme later, okay?”

“You got it, Boss” the AI replied promptly; “shall I take the liberty of photographing him and the others for your, ugh, meme-making regardless of his attire?”

Chuckling, Tony turned from his bathroom’s lighted mirror and padded out into his bedroom where a mint-condition Victorian cravat, waistcoat and sabre-hiding walking cane were waiting for him upon the bed; “sure, why not?” he grinned, his eyes twinkling behind small, circular coloured lenses set in stylish, gold frames. “Oh, and have a stab at making a few of your own, too” he quipped whilst securing the fine silk in a loose, decorative knot about his collared throat.

“Ahh… I’m not so sure if my algorithms are quite ready for that, umm, level of comedy yet, Boss…”

“Nonsense” the inventor cut in, his leather shoes almost gliding towards his personal elevator where a woollen over-coat awaited him; “you’re always looking for learning experiences, right? Well, there’s no time like the present to acquaint yourself with the finer nuances of social-media trends” he said whilst winking at the nearest concealed camera-sensor.

“Okay Boss… I’ll try my best.”

~*~*~*~

Snorting, his beer-bottled hand gesturing at him whilst his eyebrow quirked, Stephen Strange
waited with a patience he was thankful for as the former blonde opened his mouth to deliver the greatly anticipated words of “tch, who the hell are you supposed to be?”

“I could ask the same of you” the Sorcerer quipped, a sip of his neat whisky going some small way to loosen his bored indifference (if Stark hadn’t blackmailed (“it’s not blackmail, Mr Wizard, it’s insurance”) him into tending this function, good-cause or no, he’d be happily tucked away in the Sanctum’s library…

“What?! Come on, man!” Clint chuffed, his free hand gesturing at his clothing; “I’m Tony, see?” Blinking, his own brows rising, the magic wielder regarded the slightly young man; designer sneakers, Gucci suit, glowing circlet illuminating a crisp, ivory shirt, designer stubble, sunglasses and brunette hair sleeked back in an almost perfect imitation registered across his consciously as he struggled not to roll his eyes.

“Isn’t this Gala’s dress-code for historical figures?” he asked, his tone (hopefully) communicating just how little interest he had in this poor excuse for a conversation.

“Err, yeah? Jesus Strange, you ever checked up on your man-crush, huh? He’s been in High School History text books since the 90’s” the slightly shorter replied, a flash of pleased mischief alighting his keen eyes when his ‘man-crush’ comment struck a chord.

“What juvenile point are you trying to…” “Yeah, yeah” Clint cut in with a smirk; “you’re in denial and I’m the juvenile one, okay, sure” he furthered before the mage could interject: “but, let’s get back to the original question, alright? Your get-up isn’t exactly from the bygone days of yore, is it?”

Snorting, another sip of whiskey quickly followed by another, Stephen tried to get into the spirit of things (it was for a good cause and, even if he’d never admit out loud, he had been quite surprised by how much the full time Avengers had tried to engage with him) by saying “it’s elementary, dear Clinton.”

“Hah! No fucking way!”

Blinking, the pair turned (from their relatively quiet corner of the expansive, decadently decorated Ballroom of Tony’s Upper State Mansion) to see that their Host had somehow sneaked up to them, his face the text-book picture of glee. “Sherlock Holmes, I presume?” he purred in his best English accent, his brows wiggling charmingly even as he whipped the pipe from his mouth to gesture at the archer; “and you, my crumpet, have never looked better” he offered with a wink, his own beer bottle clinking his in a toast.

“Cheers, m’Lord” the former Shield Agent grinned, his lips quirking (momentarily) into something quite sinisterly pleased before he managed to smooth his features into an expression of pure, unadulterated innocence.

“Say… seeing as you’re dressed as the same person” he posed, his feet already preparing to sprint him away from the wizard’s wrath; “if you were to fuck, would it count as incest, selfcest or masturbation?” ~*~*~*~

As Clint began his descent through a portal loop for what he’d guess would be at least the rest of the evening, the quick look of interest on the older man’s face and Tony’s raucous laughter made his trip into a technicoloured wormhole totally worth it.
On a personal note (and I'm not saying this to hate on anyone; I would never dream of insulting/criticising anyone who is brave enough to write and post their works on a public forum! It takes real guts and EVERYONE should be acknowledged for that, says me!) most of the awesome Avengers fics I've been reading lately all seem to be painting Clint as Tony's worst enemy...

Now, I don't know if maybe I've missed something here (and sure, in the movies and my beloved comic-books things aren't always peachy in Marvel Character Relationship Land) but I've constantly thought of them as friends; they have similar senses of humour, they're both underestimated outside of Ironman/Archery skills, they both enjoy a prank, you know?

So here is a little Clint&Tony loving!
Burn it all... (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Chapter Notes

Pairing: (Secret) Alpha!Loki/Omega!Tony

Rating: Explicit

Summary: ABO AU – In this alpha dominated society, omegas, femmes and betas have to fall in-line; it’s a way that works, has always worked and no one sees any reason for that to change. However, even a perfect world has its difficulties; there are still heroes and villains, rights and wrongs and a growing, insidious view of so called equality that needs quashing.

Sometimes, when he’s in a more reflective mood, he wonders if he should amend his ways and accept things, accept this life for what it is; however, one look into his lover’s eyes lets him know, without a shadow of a doubt, that he was born to make this world burn.

And burn, it will…

Warnings include: explicit A/O sexual content, swearing, threats, imprisonment, sexism, gender-expectations, Avengers-bashing (both physically and mentally), evil-plans, gloating… you know, my usual

: 3

*For the setting, I’m thinking of the Avengers Assemble Cartoon where Tony turned the Mansion into Avengers HQ; it had a huge entrance hall with a sweeping staircase, checkered floor tiles and marble columns.

Slamming to the ground, his shield clattering off to the right, Steve Rogers snarled as Loki (or one of his clones) pinned him to the glossy floor of Howard Stark’s Upper State New York Mansion with a gleaming gungnir, his rows of pearly teeth flashing like a shark as he stared imperiously down at him.

“Oh Captain, my Captain” the former Prince chuckled; “how amusing it is to see you prostrate before me” he added whilst his free hand gestured around the huge entrance hall: “to see all of you
so evenly bested” he added for, to Steve’s growing horror, every member of the Avengers who resided at their HQ was similarly trapped.

He couldn’t move, hardly breathe and his throat had constricted, grating his vocal cords…

How could Loki have…

“Hm? Ah, I can see that you’re confused” the off-world alpha chuckled unkindly, his true form pulling away but still keeping a doppelganger in his stead; “my, my… how refreshing to observe such a great man humbled” he grinned before rounding the other’s prone form to skirt about the similarly downed heroes. “Well, perhaps I can help to alleviate some of the mystery? Oh yes, let’s see… how about we start with a game of who is here and who is not?” he all but purred; “why, every member of your belated little team gathered here seems to be an alpha, don’t they?” he carried on his staff poking each in the side as he passed.

“Your precious Bucky… King T’Challa… Pym… Wilson… dear Doctor Banner and, of course, my estranged brother” he hummed; “which, of course, means that the Wasp, the Widow, the Witch and the electronic Wardrobe are elsewhere but hopefully not out spying on Hawk-Eye’s date with our recently resurrected Phillip Coulson, hm? Ah, how unfortunate that they are missing… I had rather hoped that I could congratulate them…”

“What’s going on?”

Blinking, their flattened forms straining wordlessly, breathlessly upon the ground, the downed heroes stared and grunted as Tony, their benefactor’s omega son, stood at the top of expansive, sweeping stairs to gaze upon their entrapment, his doe eyes widening when every Loki turned to him at once.

“Oh, so the young master is here, is he?”

“L-Lo-ki… d-do not~!!” Thor gasped, his leaden limbs valiantly trembling and jerking in place; “l-leave hi-m-m be~!”

Clicking his tongue in a ticking chide, the mage chuckled darkly, the sound made all the more eerie as it rippled from clone to clone; “do not harm him, you say?” he laughed, his shoulders jiggling with the power of his mirth. “You wish for me not to harm him?” he asked incredulously; “you who champion a society where omegas have to scrape and beg and…”

“Don’t waste your breath, honey-pop” the twenty-seven-year-old tech-genius called, his jean and designer t-shirt clad form leisurely padding down the stairs in high-end sneakers, his right brow quirking; “you’re early” he commented whilst the clones bowed at him amidst strangled curses and Bruce’s violent thrashing.

“Fashionably” the former Asgardian close to purred as he made his way to the last few steps, his free hand offered to Tony, who took it, in order to pull the beautiful mortal to him for a quick yet passionate kiss before their captive audience. “And you’re ravishing, as always” he complimented with a smirk as they paced towards the (literally) floored heroes; “I apologise for ruining the surprise but when I saw them all gathered here, no doubt on their way to your father’s vulgar Gala, I couldn’t resist” he mused.

Leaning into his lover’s side, his throat humming a tune, Tony observed his dad’s friends, Earth’s Mightiest, and felt his lips slink into a smirk.

“You’re forgiven” he declared, his body detaching from the preening alpha he’d joined forces with
to approach and snag Steve’s shield, his eyes appraising it whilst he spoke; “heh, I always wanted this… growing up, good ol’Howard kept it in a case where I could look but not touch” he said, his shoulders shrugging. “I think it’ll look good on the feature wall of our den, don’t you?” he enquired, a sly glance to the other-worldly alpha following his words.

“You don’t want to melt it down for your special project?” Loki returned, their conversation casual and pleasant against the sound of their captives’ struggles.

“Nah… I think getting to keep it, and touch it, and hell, I don’t know, using it as a frisbee for Fenrir would make me happier” the younger man said with a wink beforeshouldering the adamantium and throwing his hands wide open as if to address or receive the notice of his father’s little hobby club.

“Well guys, it’s been real nice knowing you” he announced; “but as of today, play time is officially over and we, along with some mutual friends of ours, are going to fuck your alpha shit up and serve it back to you” he stated, his smile dazzling. “Soon the laws you’re used to, the laws that you love will be torn up and used as confetti to line the streets of a new age, a new order of a world where omegas, femmes and betas will have a fair say and equal opportunities from health care to education and beyond” he added decisively.

Steve’s hand grasping his ankle (weakly despite his efforts) stopped him, his face draining of mirth as he stared down into those horrified, disbelieving blue eyes.

“W-w-why-y?”

“Why?” Tony echoed, the sliver of a deadened smile creeping across his lips; “heh, what a question” he murmured: “but where are you directing it, Captain?” he furthered, his leg pulling free to stamp down (for all the good it would do) upon the other’s fingers.

“Why did I drug the water supply two hours ago and offer to make you all drinks? Well, surely I was just indulging in my omega need to be domestic and serve my alpha superiors, I suppose” he replied, his tone slathered in mock sweetness.

“Or maybe you’re asking why I’ve sided with Loki? Hm… now that’s because he’s intelligent, resourceful, powerful, gorgeous and, not to brag, but the best fuck I’ve ever had” he chuckled; “him being turned on by someone with similar strengths and a shared distaste for minority groups getting shafted was just a bonus” he continued smugly.

“Ah, but maybe I still haven’t gotten to the root of your why” he mused whilst leaning down, his hands now manoeuvring the shield he’d pilfered to rest atop Steve’s straining neck, their eyes locking as he pressed the metal down. “Why have I betrayed you all? My family? My race? My planet?” he murmured, a sprinkling of venom peppering his tone.

“Tch, that’s simple enough” he grinned; “it’s because I hate you” he close to chirped. “I hate how I have to bend and scrape and simper and wait for alpha approval before I can do anything! I mean, my fucking God Steve! I’m smart enough to have doctorates! I’m strong enough to spar in the gym! I’ve created an AI that can run rings around any super-computer an alpha could build!” he yelled angrily.

“But no! I had to attend MIT classes through the mail! I can’t register to own a car or my own fucking bank account! I can’t go to public places without an alpha or beta chaperone! I can’t even wear certain types of clothing or speak with a lawyer because of you and your ridiculous, perfect little alpha society! A society that you stand behind, rally for and sing the praises of at your precious Avengers functions and shit! I don’t know how Clint stomachs it! But, then again, he’s
only your poster-boy, isn’t he? A lovely, mated hen who follows orders and only contributes from a distance!” he hissed.

“Well, no fucking more, alright!?” he finished, a thrill of pleasure trilling up his spine at the sight of Steve’s lips bluing; “no more” he spat, his body pulling up into a stand, his prize grasped between whitened fingers.

“Tonight… this world burns…”
That Vampire AU (Again...)

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Vampire!Stephen Strange/Tony Stark

Rating: Teen for swearing/abduction and my usual gutter-brained ramblings

Summary: Ah, that obligatory vampire!AU that I never seem able to finish; I’m trying to revisit “Should a Black Cat Cross your Path” and am struggling (I seem to be struggling a lot with generating/regenerating plots at the moment) to rekindle my interest in it. Therefore, this brain-burp plot-bunny will have to do for now…

-_-;;

Chapter Notes

Vampire!AU: As the Lord of New York’s Vampiric community, Stephen Strange is both powerful, respected and feared; handsome and debonair, there are many who make advances towards him and who is he to say no?

However, after a few hundred years, the adoration and even his human alias of genius neurosurgeon have become a bland, threadbare patchwork of undead-life that yawn out into eternity.

Then… Loki attacks and Ironman falls from an exploding hole in the sky.

Perhaps becoming a super-hero could alleviate some of his boredom.

If not, then maybe a certain billionaire, playboy philanthropist would...

Warnings include: abduction, the Cloak of Levitation’s shenanigans, snarky comments, swearing, shadow manipulation for bondage, supernatural powers, BAMF Stephen Strange.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nick Fury thought he’d seen everything; he’d worked with a genetically modified human who was off stopping interstellar wars somewhere, he’d had his eye scratched out by a hell-spawned cat and he’d even resurrected a super-soldier before thwarting an actual God with another God at his side.

Therefore, when he walked into his office with a StarkPad detailing Phil Coulson’s vitals and an update on the position of his Avengers (they’d crowded into a small, ethnic restaurant and were eating in companionable silence, apparently), the fact that a tall, renaissance D&D concepted caped man had taken residence in his chair only gave him slight pause.
“Director?” the man addressed, his accent British, rich and refined; “I apologise for the hasty introduction; however, I thought this type of meeting would be best as you’re clearly very busy at the moment” he furthered with a polite tip of the head.

Snorting (because this was some Grade A bullshit right here; what did he pay his security people for these days? Heaven forbid he should have to go begging Stark for favours but it looked as though, sadly, that time had come), the African American appraised the stranger from a safe distance, his free hand resting on his concealed pistol.

“Okay” he began, his tone deadpan; “I’ll bite, who are you and what the fuck do you want?”

Chuckling darkly, the man flashed his glacial eyes at him before allowing them to bleed red.

“I’m here to make you an offer, Director” he purred out as he levitated to a stand; “how would you like to expand this little, super-hero team of yours?”

~*~*~*~

Yawning, his body refusing to surrender to sleep (not because every time he closed his eyes he could see multiple spaceships in a freezing, unforgiving vacuum which spanned on for a terrifying eternity, no sir-ree-bob), Tony stretched lazily in his chair before slouching back into the cushions.

“There’s some of my tea would help, you know?” Bruce murmured from beside him, the other scientist’s form similarly slumped into a sofa shared with a softly snoring Clint and deceptively unguarded, lightly napping Natasha.

“Tch, not unless it’s that special kind brewed from magic mushrooms” the inventor tried to chuckle; “heh… what a crazy couple of days, huh?”

“You said it” Steve answered from where he lay across the tastefully rug strewn floor, his eyes still watching the rolling credits of the movie (some travesty of a rom-com Clint had insisted they watch to ‘keep things light’) they’d sat through. “But no one said saving the world would be easy, especially from aliens” he tried to chuckle, his sweat-pant and t-shirt clad form still taught with a nervous energy his weary mind couldn’t release.

“Hey Cap” Tony suddenly quipped, his exhaustion subsiding a touch; “on a scale of 1-10, with 1 being thrilled and 10 being bummed, how do you feel about our alien threat not being little green men from Mars?” he asked, his smile brightening when the blonde snorted and Bruce chuffed.

“It’s got to be 11” Steve countered whilst rolling over to view the men he’d previously been so wary of, men whom he now saw as friends; “growing up Bucky and me had a bet on whether the Martians would show up one day and, well? Looks like I lost” he grinned, a touch of grief sliding across the warmth of his mirth. “Never thought I’d end up living a life straight out of the comic books we loved to read so much, either” he added softly, a yawn tugging his mouth wide; “well, I’m beat, but I just can’t seem to get moving, can you?”

“Sleep is for the weak” Ironman declared; “I mean, just look at those two…” Tony proclaimed before, with a yelp, he swatted at his face. From her position on the sofa, Nat smirked, another tiny balled up piece of paper ready to flick as the genius clocked her and realised what had happened. “You know that this means war, Romanov” he said gravely, his eyes sparkling with mischievous glee.

“Bring it on, Stark” she returned, her grin razor sharp; “Clint has virtually eaten his weight in Hershey’s Kisses since we camped down for the night, so I have all the ammo I need” she preened.
“Ha! Well I have a Hulk!”

“Please no…” Bruce laughed, his tone breathless as the slightly younger genius latched onto him in a cross shoulder hug.

“Guys, come on” Steve cut in, his tone mockingly earnest; “as the US Government’s court-appointed bastion of truth and virtue, I can’t allow you to drag innocent civilians into this” he stated whilst pulling himself into a sitting position.

“Aww, you’re no fun, Stevey” Clint murmured from where he was still partially comatose, his face partially obscured by cushions; “le’em fight” he huffed; “my money’s on Tasha…”

“Of course it is” Tony said, his eyes rolling; “sure, back the multi-skilled assassin lady with a badass reputation, see if I care, you… what the actual fuck?!” he yelped, his eyes drawn to a swirling, orange ringed vortex yawning open behind the couch shared by the Shield Agents.

Snarling, gasping and moving on reflex alone, all Avengers present were soon arranged upon the rugs, their eyes wide, wary and staring at the now much larger portal.

“Jarvis” the inventor called whilst Nat and Clint flanked a greening Bruce and Steve lowered his shoulders into a fighting stance; “little help?”

“I’m afraid that my scanners cannot register whatever matter or anti-matter is being projected” the AI responded; “if not for my visual sensors and your reactions, I wouldn’t be able to tell that this… disturbance had manifested at all” he added whilst, to the shock of all gathered, a red blur shot from the void.

Yelping, each Avenger (with the exception of Thor who had returned to Asgard the day before along with his brother) tried to swerve, duck and move away from what seemed to be a zipping span of maroon fabric which touched, tapped and wove about them with all the sentience of a living thing.

“What the fuck!” the archer and genius chorused in unison as they were jostled together then separated abruptly in a swirl of crimson brocade and golden flecks of light.

“Shit! Tony!”

“Grab him!”

“Gah! No! Stop it! What the hell are you doing?!” the hazel eyed inventor yelped when, to his growing shock and horror, the invader attached itself to his shoulders, tore him from the ground and started speeding them back towards the tear in reality it’d emerged from just seconds ago.

“Tony!” Steve yelled, his hands to slow to grab the sneaker covered foot that shuttered past him whilst the others struggled and stumbled to follow their team-mates abducted form.

“No! Bad magic carpet! Put me d-o-w~!!”

Gasping and cursing, their eyes blinking disbelievingly, the five remaining Avengers could only stare at where the portal had been for, the second the inventor’s form slipped through, the entire vortex winked out of existence, swallowing their friend along with it…

~*_~*_~*

Yelping, his body landing with all the grace of a wounded, squirming octopus, Tony’s brain finally
onlined as he managed to wrestle the heavy, sparkling cloak away from his face to tell him the following things.

One, he’d been dropped (and effectively cocooned) onto a plush couch which was swathed with pillows, cushions and…

“Ironman plushies?” he breathed.

Two? He was in a room decorated by an orient-enthusiast; incense lightly dusted the air, golden lamps hung from the ceiling, the sofa he sat on was low and wide, Persian rugs accented teakwood floors and, in front of him, a low-slung table hosting a Japanese tea-set with a freshly poured cup of something jasmine scented stood.

“Umm… hey, scarily hugging me cape-thing? You mind letting up a bit?” he asked whilst continuing his appraisal of the seemingly benign room; “it’s not that I’m not flattered but you’re not my type, no offense” he added before, with a squawk, the cloak untangled itself from his person and dashed off into a shadowed corner of the room.

“Please forgive his rudeness” a silky, aristocratically voice purred from the same, cloying, almost unnatural darkness (so out of place in the mostly sepia lit room); “however, after speaking with Director Fury, I felt that a more theatrical meeting would be more suitable for our first encounter” it furthered.

“O-o-kay?” Tony tried, his hands smoothing his beloved ACDC t-shirt as he sat up in a more dignified position amongst the soft, red and gold effigies of himself. “Okay, sure, let me guess… since my head’s still on my shoulders, you’re not the Mad guy Lokitty worked for” he began, his false bravado slipping into place as he continued his observance of the doorless (fucking really?!)

“Ah? The Mad Titan is a creature that even the Ancient One speaks of with caution… should you plan to do battle with him, as she suspects, it is probably wise to have our assistance before doing so” the stranger answered primly.

“Uh-huh” the human nodded, his face now openly roving across the almost writing mass of shade; “and who is us, exactly?”

Chuckling richly, a man who wouldn’t look out of place at a World of Warcraft Convention glided from the corner (the fuck?!) to sit in a decadent, throne-like chair (which hadn’t been there a second ago) across from Tony.

“Us?” he crooned, his legs crossing elegantly as they regarded each other; “we are the Midnight Council, a Royal Order of the Undead who are present in every Country, Continent and Principality of this Realm” he stated calmly, his smile tilting into a fanged grin. “We consist of vampires, werewolves, shape-shifters and the like” he furthered, those azure eyes swirling to luminous garnet; “and, as Lord of New York, you and your Avengers fall under my territory and I, after witnessing your actions a few days ago, have decided that you are to be my emissary” he declared.

Blinking owlishly from the teeth (holy shit) to the eyes (holy shit!!) and back again, Tony felt his head cocking to the side in confusion before he snapped his head up and cupped his neck firmly with his still pop-corn scented fingers (much to the otherworldly male’s amusement).

“Please, Mr Stark, there is no need for such... precautions” he chuckled.
“Tch, yeah, I don’t think taking advice from my abductor is in my best interest right now” the mortal shot back before gesturing, with his elbows, at the plushies; “are you stalking me, or something?”

“Hm? Oh, why those are merely to make you more comfortable” the vampire shrugged; “I believed that a narcissist like you would appreciate being surrounded by testaments to your ego” he said whilst a steaming cup rose from the table to hover near Tony’s incredulous face: “tea?”

“I don’t like being handed things…”

“No hands” the debonair speaker quipped with a smirk, his fingers waving theatrically; “I promise you that it isn’t poisoned…”

“Heh, no shit Sherlock” the inventor snorted; “is this where you say something along the lines of ‘if I’d wanted to kill you I would have done so by now’, huh?” he asked before taking the cup and eyeing the contents dubiously. “This got anything weird in it?”

“Not unless you find manuka honey, white tea and jasmine weird” the other replied nonchalantly; “you’re under no obligation to drink it, however” he offered.

Humming, the hazel eyed man sniffed it and took a sip, his brows rising; “well, fuck me if that’s not delicious” he blurted.

“Fuck you?” the other purred; “now, that wasn’t a term I’d thought to add to our contract but, if you’re offering” he said, their eyes locking once more: “I wouldn’t dream of saying no…”

Chapter End Notes

Welp... I’ve had another shit week (which, as of yesterday, included some dickwad driving into the side of my car) and just fancied some nostalgia...

I mean, cast your minds back to 2012 when Avengers Assemble was released... the team were together, happy and I, for one, did not see the procession of angst trains that the later movies smacked us all with. Therefore, the opening of this story is my Ode to the joy I felt back then to see the blossoming team-dynamics and dreaming of them strengthening...

I hope y'all enjoyed : )
Sucks to be a Skrull...

Chapter Summary

Disclaimer: see chapter 1.

Just another brain-burp guys... I'm trying SO HARD to get my mind clear so I can write properly and return to my big fics but it's still slow going...

Chapter Notes

Rating: T for swearing, canon-typical violence and threats.

Pairing: Clint&Tony, Clint, Tony & Avengers Team

Summary: A break-away cell of Skrulls have decided to ignore their Queen’s peace-treaty with Earth and, in their attempts to strengthen their forces, they have successfully captured the Avengers…

Or, at least the super-human or otherwise enhanced members of said team.

Tony and Clint take exception to this, of course…

Screaming and slamming to the floor amidst the shocked gazes of their captives, every Skrull present (including the Commander who’d been bragging to them) upon the cloaked, impenetrable battle-cruiser shifted into their base-forms and writhed in agony across the flawless, metallic floor.

Blinking, the heroes (each contained within a cell specifically designed to neutralise their enhanced abilities) regarded the display before letting out sighs of relief or chuckles filled with fond recognition whilst, their bodies starting to seize, their alien captors tried to grapple out questions and commands with little success.

"Hey Clint, was breaking into this place difficult for you?" a familiar voice called over a tannoy system as, at the end of the cell-block, the sliding doors parted with little effort to allow the black-suited, purple sunglass wearing archer room to saunter through.

"Tch, hardly" the blonde told the vast chamber at large; “as about as difficult as it was for you to hack their systems and bend the entire fucking ship to your will” he added with a shrug, his booted feet kicking every other groaning Skrull he passed. “Aw, what? You took Tasha and not me? Seriously?” he asked, his hands proffering his bow to shoot the Commander in the knee, his scowl thunderous whilst Tony made tutting noises across the senior Skrull’s wailing.

“Taking one half of the wonder-twins is just rude, I agree…”

“Can-it Tin-Man” the younger Avenger snipped; “just unlock these stupid cells so we can blow this popsicle stand already, would ya?”
“You got it, feather-head” Tony replied with his usual charm; “come on out boys and girls, oh, and be sure to thank your hosts properly on the way out” he added whilst, a few hisses of decompression chambers later, the missing members of their team ventured forward to do just that.

“Verily, I never thought I would be so pleased to see how our enemies misjudge the skills of our shield-brothers” Thor proclaimed, his hand reaching for the enchanted hammer that’d been locked in a storage case. “What fools are these to underestimate two men of such intelligence and merit” he snorted, his smirk stretching as the Skrull closest to him tried to mutter curses and pull his limbs into some semblance of order.

“Fortunately for us, it’s a mistake they won’t live to correct” Natasha agreed after spitting at the particularly vile creature who’d been leering at her ever since her imprisonment; “and, unfortunately for you, Tony isn’t particularly gentle when it comes to disposing of trash” she quipped, her smile sickly sweet.

“In another life, I might have actually felt sorry for you…”

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