### Dizzy Up The Girl

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/F, F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Captain America (Movies), The Avengers (Marvel Movies), Iron Man (Movies), The Incredible Hulk - All Media Types</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Steve Rogers, Tony Stark, Natasha Romanov, Peggy Carter, Maria Hill, Nick Fury, Pepper Pots, Clint Barton, Bruce Banner, Bucky Barnes, OFC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Dizzy Up The Girl**

by **IWillBeTheEndofYou**

**Summary**

"I like superheroes. I like sex. I figured I'd combine my passions into one wonderful hobby."

Izzy Lewis is a journalist who really likes the Avengers. All of them. Maybe all at once.

**Notes**

This is slow to start. I hope you like it okay!
“Captain Rogers?” she was standing in the doorway. Steve looked up and gave his perfect media Captain America smile. He wiped his hands on the rag next to him, trying to remove the charcoal smudges before reaching to shake her hand.

To her credit, she was wearing a pencil skirt and white blouse tucked in. Her cheap pantyhose were the wrong color, not quite blending in with her skin tone or complimenting the gray of her skirt, and she wobbled in her high heeled shoes. But her palm wasn't damp when he clasped it in his own larger hand.

Sometimes he forgot how large his hands were. Sometimes seeing someone else's was almost shocking, made something catch in his chest and squeeze. The delicate bones, the way she had red polish on that matched her lipstick. He wanted to bring her knuckles up to his lips and feel the silk of them. Steve could smell the cream she used, lavender scented.

“Call me Steve, Miss...?”

“Lewis. Izzy Lewis, from Citizen's Voice magazine. I sent you the email last week?” she sounded confident, her knees weren't even shaking. There was something impressive about that, Steve thought to himself. So often he'd had starry eyed young women come in for interviews. They were always biting their lips and going pink in the cheeks.

“You can just call me Izzy.”

“All right, ma'am.” he gestured to the two stools he kept in his studio. One eyebrow raised and she smiled. A smile that was neither coy nor sarcastic, but legitimately amused.

“You really don't have to call me ma'am. I promise I'm not nearly that old.” she perched on the stool, fussing with the hem of her skirt as she pushed her knees together. Steve let himself fall into the other one.

Women. Even this far in the future, they were still hard to figure out. Sometimes, he watched the little old men interacting with younger women. He watched them be charming and old fashioned, she watched the women beam and giggle in appreciation of good old fashioned manners. He heard the dames talking later about how much they loved it, and wished there were more people like that left in the world.

And yet, when he stood before them and called them 'ma'am' and offered to hold doors open, they gave him weird looks. They were quick to tell him they didn't need anyone to do things for them. They were strong and capable. Steve never doubted that, he had spent his whole life around strong women. Sarah Rogers, Peggy Carter... And now he had Natasha Romanov, and Pepper Potts. Steve nearly worshiped at the altar of strong women.

“Of course you're not,” Steve blushed faintly, rubbing his palms against the thighs of his jeans. “So uh, the Citizen's Voice, right?”

“Yup,” she reached into her bag, shining pleather and cheap metal links. She withdrew a hard leather journal emblazoned with a white faced cat, sporting a red bow and no mouth. There were things that Steve would never understand.

“You've seen it in the grocery store, I'm sure? Right above the candy racks? Really bright colors and misleading headlines?”
He frowned as she pulled the cap off a ballpoint. She smoothed the pages against her knees. He took
in the way her hair was twisted into a French braid, the elastics keeping the ends together. She
seemed so blasé about the publication. It was one of the most gossipy magazines that ever existed.
He was fully expecting to be asked about his love life, or if he had a grudge against anyone on the
team. (Tony. Always Tony.) But here she was, no pout or eye roll or even the scent of bubble gum
on her breath. Just that red lipstick that brought him back to 1940 and victory gardens.

“Why don't you work somewhere else then?”

“Because jobs are hard to come by and it turns out I really like being fed.” Izzy smiled again, her
teeth bright against her lipstick. What a dumb thing to say, Steve thought to himself, looking at his
own hands.

“Okay. Sorry. So um, let's start this interview that I agreed to.” he swallowed a few times and saw
her let her pen press to the paper, a deep black mark and the way she swallowed hard.

“I'd really rather not have to ask you questions like this.”

“Well, Miss Lewis, I'd really rather not have to answer them like this.”

**

“Are you sure this is all right with you?” Steve reached for the buttons on her blouse, let himself rest
against the smooth plastic.

“I wouldn't be here if I didn't want this.” she laughed low in her throat. The sound, thick and warm
that trailed down his spine like molasses. He barely surpressed his shudder before letting himself
undo the buttons. Steve was careful enough to almost be prissy.

Izzy smiled indulgently, her hands reaching to rub against his shoulder. The thin cotton was warmed
from his skin, worn thin from constant wearings. Steve wasn't used to having the money to just go to
the store and buy a package of new white t shirts if he wanted. He wasn't used to flipping through
racks and racks of clothes, touching the fabric and trying it on and deciding if he wanted it, if it suited
him. Sometimes going to the store was overwhelming. The people holding up items and putting them
down, the vast array of different materials in all kinds of colors and cuts and textures, and the fact
that none of it was rationed.

And so he wore shirts until they fell apart. And even when he got rid of the clothes, he felt guilty for
not putting them in someone's scrap bag to mend something else. Of course, he didn't often see
women mend anything anymore. No one sat out darning socks or letting down cuffs.

There were too many options in the store anyway. He didn't like taking stacks and stacks of things
into the change rooms to see how they fit. He stuck with the cuts and fabrics closest to military issue
he could find. There was something like home in dressing that way, made him feel a little bit more
stable in all these bright lights and loud voices.

Izzy's shirt was untucked from her skirt and slipped down with a whisper of fabric from her arms.
She let it puddle carelessly behind her, reaching up to undo the elastics from her hair and shake her
braid free. Hair just this side of too bright to be really red spilled down her back. Steve reached for
those waves and reverently let his fingers run through them, feeling the silky weight and the scent of
orange blossoms washing over him.

Her bra, a scrap of lace cupping perky mounds of flesh, was almost perplexing in it's seductive
simplicity. Steve was used to the more utilitarian cups, more coverage, less frill. He had almost been
expecting a girdle, though he knew those had gone out of fashion ages ago. Long before he came out of the ice.

“Go ahead,” Izzy said softly, lifting her hair off the back of her neck and leaning into his chest. Steve reached behind her and after a moment or two of fumbling, managed to get the tiny hooks free. He slipped her free of the underwear, dropped them to the floor to stare at her breasts.

Steve thought himself a man who enjoyed big tits. He liked to hold them in his palms, roll the nipples with his thumbs. He liked to cover them in kisses, nip at the valley between them. He liked watching them bounce when a woman was on top of him. He loved suckling them, and then resting his head on them while enjoying his afterglow.

Izzy’s tits weren’t the large ones he was used to. She had a small handful, and he reached out to cup them, testing the weight and warmth. She exhaled sharply, her head falling back. He kneaded her for a second before his hands skimmed down the curve of her rib cage and to her hips. The waistband of her skirt easily gave and slid down to her ankles.

Steve caught his fingers in her pantyhose and just looked at her for a minute. She was grinning at him, a pinkish tinge on her cheeks. He leaned forward then and kissed her, tasting the wax of her lipstick. Her fingers came up to catch the sides of his head, tangling in his hair. With one motion, the pantyhose were ripped, shreds coming down to rest with the skirt.

It was something he’d always wanted to try. But they didn’t wear pantyhose then, everything was rationed. They painted on stockings, which left a terrible mess during sweaty sessions in the sheets. Steve lifted her up and dropped her onto his bed, watching her giggle as she bounced. Her legs were instantly spread wide.

“Yes,” she whispered, her lips smeared and her hair tumbled on his pillows. “Please?”

Who was he to deny a lady. Steve stripped out of his own pants and boxers. His shirt joined hers on the floor. Her panties, just a few strings and a tiny piece of lace were easily pushed out of the way. He didn’t even want to slide them off of her.

“Wait!” she gripped his shoulders. “Wait, don't we need a condom?”

He looked at her, impressed for a moment. In his day, they were spoken of and bought in whispers. A girl would have been afraid to bring it up, would have been afraid to ruin the moment. This led to girls getting into more predicaments than not. Maybe feminism did have some perks, he thought as he reached into his drawer and pulled out the foil packet.

Izzy’s hands were on him then. She tore open the packet and smoothed it over him, making sure to leave room in the tip. She never even broke eye contact with him. Such a talented girl. Izzy let her legs wrap around his hips then.

“Yes?” he whispered to her. She nodded and wrapped one arm around his shoulders. The other hand cupped his face gently and leaned up to kiss him against. He smelled the orange blossoms as he pressed inside of her.

She felt like hot wet velvet. He had to pause to let himself adjust to her tight walls around him. Steve groaned before reaching down to adjust her hips. He lifted her slightly, angling even deeper inside of her. Izzy whimpered, tossing her head back on the pillow. Her breasts thrust upwards and Steve kissed his way down to them, taking first one rosy nipple into his mouth then the other.

“Fuck me,” she managed to choke out.
And that was all Steve needed to hear. Her heels dug into his back, just above his ass. His fingers gripped her hipbones, and their lips crashed together. Steve was pumping in and out of her, feeling her little gasps with every motion he made. His hips moved in a small circle, and she rose to meet him. Her hands caught around his shoulder blades, nails digging in ever so slightly.

“Yes, sweetheart!” he pushed in as fast and deep as he could. She cried out then, nails digging in enough to draw blood. There wouldn't be a mark in the morning, nothing to sting in the shower and remind him of this moment. The way her eyes, hazel and glittering, tracked him before closing in bliss, the way she brought her mouth up to beg for a kiss.

“Steve!” she whispered. “Steve, I'm going to---.”

“I'm right here with you.” he soothed, his hands coming to cradle her face. “Izzy, come for me. I want to feel it.”

Her spine formed the most beautiful arch Steve had ever seen. He suddenly wished he was sitting and watching her from a distance. He wanted to sketch her, to capture this look of delicious torment on her face, and the twist of her hips. He wished he could remember the desperate way her hands dug into him and clutched her closer to him forever.

Through the contracting of her around him, he found himself pushed over the edge. He came, spilling into the condom, stilling deep into her with a soft groan. Izzy was breathing hard as he slipped out of her and tied up and the condom to toss into the trash. He laid beside her for a moment, letting his head rest on her breasts, hearing her heartbeat start to still. His eyes drifted shut, and he let himself have just one moment of stillness.
Chapter Summary

Steve and Izzy have midnight pillow talk, and Steve realizes what a morning after is.

They woke sometime later, in the quiet grace of deep night. A time of night when even Brooklyn was still. When Steve opened his eyes, Izzy was laying on her elbows, looking at him with a gentle smile. She reached out with one hand, her finger tips tracing down the profile of his face. His eyelids fluttered closed, enjoying the warmth.

“You're beautiful.” she said softly.

“It always feels like a strange compliment.” his tone was equally hushed.

“I don't see why. Beautiful doesn't have to belong to a gender. Or to an item. Beautiful just means beautiful. Like breathtaking. When I first saw you I couldn't breathe.”

“I know a lot about breathing. And not being able to.” he smiled and rolled onto his side. He rubbed his palm up her spine. She exhaled deeply, letting her head fall onto the pillow. Steve looked at her for a moment, taking in the goosebumps rising on her back, the harsh glow of the street light falling onto her shoulders. That just too red hair spilled over her face and down her back, a delightful tangle that he wanted to bury his hands in.

“Yeah, I heard you had asthma before the Serum.”

“I had a lot of things then.”

“But you are a lot of things now.” she countered. Steve just raised an eyebrow and propped himself up, the side of his head resting on his hand. He reached out to touch some of those tangles, to feel the chemical softness in them from treatments and dyes.

“I am a lot of things now that I wasn't then.” he agreed. “I was a lot of things then that I am not now.”

“That's sort of the way life works, I guess.” she shrugged, looking small and vulnerable in his bed and under his sheets. She seemed to round down onto herself, peering up at him through strands and shadows. “You get older, you change, things are different. Except for you and the getting older part, I guess.”

“I feel older.” Steve shook his head. “Even if my body is the same, the time still passed, Izzy. And I just didn't grow older with the time. With the world. Like I'm stuck in a time that doesn't exist anymore.”

“Does it hurt? To know that you're missing all that?”

“To be honest with you, Izzy, there isn't much for me to miss. There were a few people.” his heart ached at the thought of Bucky and Peggy, and even Howard. “But the person I was then is not the person I am now. Not since the Serum.”
“I can understand being a different person.” she murmured. She readjusted her arms so she was pillowed on them. Her eyes closed again as Steven leaned over to kiss her shoulder. She let out a soft exhale, closer to a sleepy whimper than anything else. He resisted the urge to go and get his sketchbook, try and capture the darkness and the rise and fall of her body as she slept, still curled into herself.

“Izzy Lewis.” he muttered. “You're the type of girl to get a guy in trouble, aren't you?”

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In the morning, he rolled, reaching with his arm towards her body. He longed for a woman in the morning, warm and pliant, soft and curvy. He groped across the bed, realizing slowly that the space was cold. Steve let his eyes open and was greeted only by a rumpled pillow and a mess of blanket. He sat up carefully, listening for a hiss of water that wasn't there.

She wasn't in the shower. But the room did smell of lavender, and there was some mascara smeared on the pillowcase. She had been here. She hadn't been a dream. He slipped from his bed and padded towards the bathroom.

Her pile of clothes was missing, her shoes were gone. There was only the tatter of pantyhose left on the floor. Strangely enough, his own t-shirt was missing too. With a confused frown, Steven continued into his bathroom. His comb was out, a few strands of hair clinging to it.

And there, pressed into his mirror, was the ghost of a kiss. The waxy imprint of red and was still lingering on his own face.
My Demons

Chapter Summary

Bruce Banner also had a meeting with Izzy Lewis, who is most interested in what measures he takes to keep himself calm.

It's just sex. I'm so sorry. (Sort of.)

Bruce wiped his face with the back of his hand and stood up, his arms over his head. He had finished with the slides, and now he should have enough time to head on up to his room and change. The girl from Citizen's Voice would be right about the time he'd be done.

But just as he was folding his glasses and putting them back in the case, he heard a delicate throat clearing from the doorway. He spun, nearly knocking into the table and saw her. She was wearing knee length boots and a flowy sort of skirt, a soft blue color.

“Dr. Banner, hi. I'm from Citizen's Voice, we spoke a few days ago.” she smiled, flicking her vibrantly red hair over her shoulder. Her hair was caught back from her eyes with a blue claw clip, but strands kept escaping.

“Are you—you--, isn't it early?” he fumbled, blinking a few times. The woman gave him a faint smile and looked pointedly at the clock behind him.

Ah. He'd lost track of time again. Wasn't the first time, certainly wouldn't be the last. Bruce swallowed a few times and rubbed the back of his neck. The girl tilted her head, smile unsure now. She shifted the heavy leather briefcase from one hand to the other.

“Have I come at a bad time? Would you like to reschedule?”

“No! No, I'm sorry Miss Lewis. Please, come, sit. I should be really flattered that someone wanted to even do a piece on me. Most people tend to be a little thrown off. You know, by the other guy.”

“I think it's fascinating.” She said smoothly, sitting at the stainless steel table he indicated. She withdrew a notebook and clicked a pen.

“You'd be one of the few.” a hot feeling started at his spine. Was she in it for the shock factor? Did she really like the thought that he could turn into a monster if he didn't keep in control of his emotions? Was this some sort of sick fetish for her?

“I think most people don't appreciate how dangerous they can be. I think we've all got that sort of rage in us. You just happen to turn green. In a way, it makes you safer.”

“Safer?” Bruce sat back in his chair, amused. “And how do you figure that, Miss Lewis?” he was shocked at the how inoffensive he found her. But maybe it was the scent of her perfume, the lightest whiff of lavender and the faint tang of orange blossoms.

“Izzy, please call me Izzy.” she shook her head, more hair falling free from the clip into her face.

“Because anyone can look at you and know what you're feeling. There's no guesswork, there's no
mystery there. I think people are more dangerous because we can't know what they're thinking. Well,” she amended.
“Not normal people like me, anyway.”

Bruce laughed out loud, watching her scribbling on the notepad. Her handwriting was cramped and messy, idly he recalled that smart people often wrote that way. Their minds were going too fast for their hands, they didn't want to forget anything.

“Normal people like you tend to misunderstand.” he rested his hands on the table, taking in the site of hers. Soft and delicate, the nails painted a careful shade of emerald. He smirked a bit. But he had no doubt they weren't cut up and scarred like his own. They didn't have rough spots and places that peeled. He wondered if her fingers tasted like newsprint and heavy black ink.

“What do we misunderstand?”

“You misunderstand that not every emotion can be displayed on the surface. By the time you can look at me and see my anger, it's already too late.” she swallowed thickly, he watched the motion of her throat. “I'm always angry, Izzy. It's nothing new. I'm just better at hiding it than normal people like you. I envy that.”

“I owe you an apology, Dr. Banner.” her voice was soft and breathy. Her eyes didn't quite meet his anymore, instead she stared carefully at the notebook, at the pen that had stopped moving so rapidly across the lines.

“I'm not angry.” he said softly. “Well, not anymore than I usually am. I'm used to it.”

“You shouldn't have to be.” she whispered. She looked up suddenly, eyes staring into his. They stung with something close to pity. Empathy maybe? He wasn't entirely sure, but it left a sweet aching in his chest.

“Maybe, maybe not. I've learned, Izzy, that we don't always get to live the way we're supposed to. I've found my peace with that.”

“How else do you find peace, Dr. Banner?”

He hummed thoughtfully. Carefully, like approaching a deer, he reached out and brushed the hair out of her face. He tucked it behind her ear. Izzy's lips trembled as she leaned into his palm. The delicate scent of her warmed his skin, still cold from the lab.

“Please, call me Bruce.”

**

Bruce lit the incense while Izzy carefully peeled off her boots and left them by the door. The scent of sandalwood soon filled the room. She looked around the room, taking in the candle he was lighting, the floor covered in cushions, the general sense of calm in the room, along with the huge soft rug, the warm colors the walls were painted, and the gauzy curtains hanging from the wall.

It might have looked like an Arabian Night room in a cheap hotel. But there was no cheesy music being piped in. There was no lamp to rub. It was just a calm space. Bruce sat down on the rug across from her, his legs folded. Izzy cocked her head to the side, watching him watching her. He reached out and undid the clip with slightly clumsy fingers. He untangled the strand from the teeth, watching it tumble down around her face. He pushed it back and cupped her face, thumbs rubbing her cheekbones.
“Izzy,” he said softly. She leaned across the small space between, strained her neck upward to meet his lips. She tasted like bubble gum, sticky sweetness that flooded his mouth. Bruce moaned softly, pressing the space between us until she laid out on the cushions.

She smiled placidly, her limbs soft and pliant as he carefully stripped her out of her clothes. As each inch of skin was revealed, he pressed a reverent kiss to it. He was mapping her out with thanks and gratitude. Bruce liked to adore women. He liked to make them feel like every moment they were with him, he was surrounding them.

It helped him find peace to make someone else feel so calm.

When she was naked, he reached for a small bottle. He poured some of the contents in his palm, rubbing his hands together to warm the fluid. Wordlessly, he leaned over her and began to rub the oil, fragrant and decadent into her skin.

Izzy moaned, her nipples going hard and her legs spreading. Bruce could only grin and reach to rub the oil into her belly. She whimpered, her hips arching upwards toward him. Her thighs were slicked soon, and she whined openly.

“You have far too many clothes on for this.” she grumbled, her eyes half lidded.

“I can fix that.” he murmured, sitting back on his heel to peel off his shirt. He laid beside her to slide out of his own pants. When he was bare, he rolled to cover her with his body. Izzy's hands, just as lovely has he had hoped, buried into his chest hair. She clutched him to her, their lips crashing together.

Izzy's skin was hot and smooth, and he slid against her easily. Without another thought, Bruce slipped into her, her knees pressing into his hips. Her head pressed deeper into the cushions, a low moan bubbling from her throat. She shifted her weight then, bottoming him out. He let out a loud groan.

Her hands pressed against his chest until he eased them up into a sitting position and maneuvered his legs to lay down beneath her. She straddled him, exhaling deeply, her hands going to her throat and air. With a cautious movement her body began to twist. She rose and fell, riding him hard. Bruce could only grip her sides and follow her motions.

Izzy was getting close. He could tell by the way the motion of her body had picked up. She gripped handfuls of her own hair and pulled, her pussy clamping down around him. The smell of sex mixed with the incense. Bruce let her stay in position, take her pleasure. He could almost taste the climax as it washed over her.

Before he could look down at him, before she could say a word, he was re positioning her. Her cheek was against the cushion, her ass presented high into the air. He nudged her knees farther apart. She was still riding out her afterglow when he pressed back into her. Her head rose again, peering over her shoulder, her lips parted again, her pupils blown.

“Face forward.” he growled, hand on the back of her skull. Her head swiveled willingly, although she could feel the power in his fingers. She was aware of the raw rage in his body, the way every muscle was taunt with power.

Izzy cried out again as Bruce's head dipped to her spine, kissing as his dick drove into her deep. She
keeved, hips opening even wider.

Bruce wasn't there, not really. He was drilling into her, somewhere in his own headspace. His world was the smell of sex, the sound of her whimpers, the candles burning in the corner. The flickers cast shadows across the expanse of her back.

He slammed into her one more time, slumping against her. He felt the heat shooting into her body, felt her melt into the cushions. He stayed on top of her, covering her as his eyelid grew heavy. As, just for awhile, the anger and bitterness seeped out of him. Out of the room, away from the two of them. Her body had been the receptacle of the energy, but neither of them had to hold the anger.

Bruce felt her warmth, her breathing as he lay. The tickle of her hair against his cheek, and smiled.

****

The room was cool and still when he opened his eye again. The candle carefully blown out, the black boots gone from the door. His clothes were piled neatly next to him, although his undershirt was missing. All there was, on the smooth surface of his small table, was the imprint of a lipstick kiss.
A Taste Of What You Paid For: Part 1

Media, CEOs, those that could afford a place in society. They all surrounded Tony with smiles and the smells of too much perfume with gold in the bottle and cognac. It could almost smother him, if he didn't keep his own glass close by. Tonic with lime. Boring, but it at least helped him keep the temptation away, and the lime almost chased away the smell of alcohol.

Tony made his way through the crowd of silk and chiffon. He shook hands and listened to the swishing of tuxedos, took in the way that so many of these people were uncomfortable in their formal wear. They looked like children on picture day, spit shined within an inch of their lives.

Finally, he made his way to the bar. He leaned against it for a moment until one of the tenders scuttled over to him, already with a fresh glass in his hand. He thanked the man, slipped a bill into the glass and lifted up his glass.

“Surprised you’re not throwing back the brandy.” an amused voice to his right, towards the dimmer end of the bar. Tony’s head moved sharply, eyes narrowed. She was leaning slightly into the bar, her elbows balancing her as she perched on the stool. Her posture seemed to present her breasts first, precariously wrapped as they were in red chiffon.

“Nice necklace, how much was it at the pawn shop?” Tony shook his head. It was a nice way to seem like he hadn't been staring at her chest. Nestled just at the top of her cleavage was a delicate gold chain with a single pearl.

“It was a gift.” she shrugged. “I've been trying to find you, you know.”

“Look, I'm shooting blanks, sweetheart. It isn't my kid. Sorry about your luck.” he spun on his heel, a disgusted feeling seeping through his body. She scrambled off the stool, nearly tripping in her stupidly high heels. Her feet looked fragile in them, toes a hopeful shade of red. She smoothed down her skirt, readjusted the short bit at her knee.

“That's not what I've been needing from you!” she was almost scurrying after him. Tony couldn't find it in his heart to lose her in the crowd. She was, at the very least, the first woman all night who hadn't smelled like a make up counter. “I'm Izzy Lewis? From--,”

“Citizen's Voice.” he finished for her. His eyes narrowed again and he gripped her upper arm. “Oh, now that I have you, I'm certainly not letting you get away. Come on.” he hissed, hauling her towards an exit.

“Does this mean you're willing to give me an interview?” she almost stopped. Tony heard it when her heels stopped clicking behind him.

“We'll see who asks the questions, sweetheart.”

Before she could respond, they were out the door. They hadn't come out the front doors to the venue, in an effort to avoid some paparazzi and whatever media couldn't wrangle a pass to get in. Izzy wasn't wearing a badge, come to think of it.

“How did you even get here?”

“I was invited.” she replied smoothly. “My boss knows some people.”
“Oh, I'm sure your boss knows a lot of people. Seems to me that you know a lot of people.” he released her arm, certain now she would follow him. Of course, coming out this way meant there wasn't a valet to be seen. Getting Happy to come pick them up in another car would take too long. He didn't want to risk her escaping before he'd had his say with her.

He headed up the rocky walkway, more decoration than anything. Izzy followed behind, the hem of her skirt lifted as she picked her way behind him. He heard her hiss softly a few times, certain one of the pointy pebbles (imported, if you could believe it) worked its way into the soft flesh of the bottom of her foot.

To her credit, she didn't complain. He quickly located his car, pressed a button on the remote to unlock it. One of the faster sports cars. Tonight had been about show and flash, drumming up some more interest in a Stark project. They just loved it when Tony presented as the bad boy still. Ate it up with a spoon.

Any press was good press.

He didn't bother to open her door for her, watched with a smirk as she lowered herself into the seat and tried to gather her dress in before closing the door. She looked at him for a moment, and Tony took in her eye make up, the gold shimmer around her eyelids. If he looked carefully, even that red lipstick had been pressed with gold glitter.

That made him a little uneasy. Who was really capturing who here?

“My parents told me about getting into cars with strangers.” Izzy said solemnly.

“What did they say about it?” he put the car in reverse and peeled out, having them on the road before any cameras could start flashing too close, and before she could reach the door handle to get out. He'd send her out with Happy if she really wanted to leave once they got to his place. He would never really keep her, but like hell he was just letting her out of the car all willy nilly.

“They said to make damn sure it's a nice car.”

**

“So how do you know who I am?” she asked as they walked in. She was limping slightly. Could have been those straps pinching, could have been one of the rocks she stepped on bruising her. It would have been easy enough to ask JARVIS to run a scan, but Tony couldn't really bring himself to give that much of a shit.

“I know who you are, Izzy Lewis, because you have been all Steve Rogers can talk about for two weeks now. You don't return phone calls, and you haven't answered one single e mail. Do you realize how difficult it is for that man to e mail? He types with one finger, Izzy, one finger. He was doing it because he thought that was the best way to contact you. I don't know what the hell you did to the All American Brat, but he is moping.”

“Mr. Stark, I--.”

“Doesn't it, I don't know, cross some kind of journalistic ethical line to fuck your story?”

“Mr. Stark--,” she tried again, her cheeks going pink. Her hair was losing it's curl, and her eyes were going wide and damp. Tony swallowed hard, resisting the urge to reach out towards her. He didn't know if he wanted to shake her or pull her in tight and undo the zipper on that dress.

Both, probably.
“And Bruce Banner!” he continued, shaking his finger while undoing his tie with the other hand. “Do you have any idea what a stupid, dangerous idea that was? He could have ripped you to shreds just as easily as looking at you. You're lucky you're still breathing, let alone walking around without stitches between your legs.”

She was blushing hotly now, her arms crossing over her chest. It was a bid to look adult, intimidating, but instead made her look petulant.

“They're both adults. I'm a consenting adult.” she tossed her head back. “What we do is our business.”

“Oh, now see, that's where you're wrong, sweetheart. We are a team, and what compromises the well being of my teammates is my business. Do you not understand that we put our lives on the line so little whores like you can be safe?”

“I am not a whore!” she hands were at her sides now, clenched into fists.

“Were you or were you not fucking them to get inside information on the Avengers?”

“I was not!” her voice reached a desperate fever pitch. “I was fucking them for the sheer joy of it. I like superheroes, I like sex. I thought I'd combine both my passions into one fabulous hobby.”

“So what is this, Avengers Bingo? Who is center square?”

“Oh, wouldn't you like to now?” she said through clenched teeth. “You've got a nerve, you're Tony Stark. Billionaire playboy philanthropist.”

“And superhero.” he added with a grin. Her breath caught in her throat for a moment.

“You've been around a few times. Doesn't that affect your teammates? Shouldn't they be concerned?”

“No. I'm used to this. This is what I live for. Them? Not a chance. Of all the people for you to have messed with, I think you picked the very worst to start with.”

“No,” Izzy said sharply. “You're the worst. First or last, you're the worst. You hypocritical, narcissistic asshole!” she turned towards the door then. It would have been a beautiful storming out, had she not stumbled and went down to her knees.

Izzy sat on his floor, clutching one of her feet, tears almost spilling over. She kept up her hateful glare though. And all Tony could see were the shimmers of gold around her eyes and on her lips. Her lips, so full and plump. They promised a peck, a pout, a smooch. A blow job. He ran his hand through his hair, allowing it to fall back into its natural disheveled state.

“What hurts?” he asked softly, kneeling next to her, tie dangling. He slipped off his jacket and left it carelessly on the floor.

“Oh, other than my ego?” she mumbled. She readjusted so one foot was sticking out, the other curled close to her. “My ankle. My foot hurts, but I think I just stepped on a stupid tiny pebble.”

Tony undid the fussy little clasp around her ankle. He eased off the shoe, thinking this was some kind of reverse Cinderella. He held her ankle in his hand, felt the cool of her skin and once again saw her red painted toe nails. He felt the ankle bone, felt the swelling. He looked at the bottom of her foot and frowned at the bruising.
“It's just a sprain, I think. You'll feel fine in the morning.” he pushed himself up off the floor, ignoring the jacket. Izzy looked around for something to boost herself up with when Tony bent and swept her up.

“Oh!” her arms went around his neck. “You do know how to sweep a girl off her feet?” she was smiling faintly.

“Billionaire playboy. It's in the handbook.” he headed towards his bedroom, aware of the heat at the back of his own neck. Izzy was quiet in his arms, eyes roving about, taking in the paintings lining the hallway.

“JARVIS, dim the lights, heat the bedroom, please.”

“Um....”

“So, Izzy Lewis, what did your parents say about you going to bed with a strange man?”

“To make damn sure he's a superhero.”
Izzy nestled against his chest as they stepped into the easy warmth of his room. Her fingers played gently with the back of his neck, and he noted how cool and smooth she was. He laid her carefully in the middle of his bed.

“Large. Decadent. Ostentatious,” she murmured, her hands sliding against the red satin sheets. “Tell me why I should be surprised that Tony Stark does his bed like this. King size, too.”

“If you're going to do something, you'd damn well better do it right.” he raised an eyebrow. “A sentiment I'm pretty sure you can relate to, can't you?”

“Touche,” the girl laid back, her hair clashing with his pillowcases. Tony climbed next to her, mindless of the wrinkles it was putting in the knees of his trousers. He reached for the pins keeping her hair piled carelessly on top of her head. It spilled down and she breathed a sigh of relief.

“The things you girls do for beauty.” Tony mused. “I'm not sure I could ever put up with it.”

“You wear red and gold armor. Like, it makes you so super obvious that anyone who wants to hurt you. I never understood why you don't take a page out of Batman's book and try and blend in, use the elements around you to protect yourself.”

“I like to be dangerous, Lewis.” he flicked the bobby pins away and leaned in to trail his nose through her hair, taking in the smell of her products and orange blossoms. Wordlessly, he leaned her up into his arms and began to unzip the back of her dress, fairly peeling it down her body.

“But I see you're not really a masochist. I don't see a bra.”

Izzy laughed then, her own fingers finding the buttons on his shirt and delicately pulling them free. Careful of the fabric, a very deliberate motion. Every inch of skin was greeted with a kiss, the sticky imprint of her lipgloss lingering. With a low growl, he shoved her towards the pillows and ripped away his buttons. He shed the fabric quickly, pupils going wide as she shimmied out of her dress, leaving it in a pile of chiffon on the floor.

“I am not a patient man, Isabel.”

“I'm not Isabel.” she raised an eyebrow and smirked.

Tony growled again, his mouth going directly to her throat. He bit down at the pale skin, feeling it tear at the edges of his teeth. Tiny drops of blood landed hot and bitter on his tongue. His hands found the waist band of her panties, such a prissy little lacy white thong. Tony's fingers, rough still, the nails jagged, ripped firmly at the strings, the whole thing falling away.

“Do you really mean to ruin everything I'm wearing tonight?”

“I mean to ruin you, if we're gonna be honest.” his breath was hot on the valley between her breasts. Small, perky breasts that were turning pink with a blush that was trailing down her body. He caught
one of her nipples between his teeth, rolled it against his tongue until her hips snapped up towards
him. He pinched the other nipple, pleased with how quickly it went hard in his fingers. He twisted
cruelly, listening to the sharp moan that fell from Izzy's mouth.

“Tony Stark likes to break his toys?”

“Tony Stark likes to punish the people who have hurt his team.” he corrected her, releasing the
nipple with a wet pop. His head turned to the other one, relishing the way it went puffy and the way
she was writhing against him.

“So are you here because you want to be, or here because you're trying to punish me?”

“It could be both. The best part is, you're never going to know.” before she could respond, his hand
was trailing down her belly, between her legs which parted easily for him. Those fingers slipped into
her slit, feeling the wetness there, the warmth of her already unfolding for him.

“And I thought you said you weren't a whore.”

“I don't think I'm getting paid for this.” she gasped as he brought his fingers to his lips to lick them,
taste her juices. A tasting like wine.

“Aren't you?” he raised an eyebrow before yanking her knees hard. She slid on the bed with a
‘oomph’ of surprise. Her legs were locked around his waist as he began to kick out of his pants. With
a twist, she was on top of him. She scrabbled to adjust, find balance, but he was suddenly thrusting
in her. She let her head fall back with a pained gasp.

Izzy was used to a little more play. A little more of a chance to open up. More of a chance to ease
into this. But Tony wanted this to hurt, she realized. She wasn't sure if he just liked it rough, if he
liked to feel in control, or this was the best way he could take out his frustrations due to the suffering
of his teammates. It didn't really matter, she realized when the burning inside of her made her cry out,
half in ecstasy, half in surprise.

Tony gripped her hips, and she was certain bruises would be sprouting there tomorrow. She moaned,
her head falling back. She felt like a ragdoll as he drilled into her, her body warming quickly. Before
she had time to adjust, he was repositioning them again until he was on top of her, his weight
supported by his hands.

His hands that had wrapped her wrists tightly, pinned them down by her head. Izzy winced at the
pressure on her bones. He could crush her, she realized. He could really make this hurt if he wanted.
And there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it.

“Oh fuck,” she half gasped, half sobbed, straining against the sheer power in his palms. Tony
laughed darkly, his mouth going to nip at her neck. He kept
pounding into her, moaning softly at a fresh wave of wet warmth. She liked knowing he could hurt
her, he knew. Izzy Lewis liked to get dirty. He snarled and bit down hard at a breast, suckling
roughly at the abused flesh.

“Tony!” she screamed out, her hips wriggling.

“Elizabeth,” he hissed.

“Wrong,” she was smirking, and that made him angry. Did she think this was a game? He flipped
them again, like she was a toy. Like there wasn't an ounce of strength in her body. Her forehead was
jammed against the pillows, and she twisted her face, desperate to make sure she had a way to get
enough air.
One arm looped around her waist, slipping down to part her lips and find her clit. Tony grinned against the back of her neck. He kissed the flesh there, hot and salty. He nipped gently, carefully, feeling her relax against him. And then his other arm wound around her neck and applied just the right amount of pressure.

“Remember, sweetheart.” he whispered in his ear, pressing inside of her again. “Remember, hurting my team hurts me. And I'm not someone you want to hurt.”

Izzy was choking slightly. She wasn't in any real danger of dying, but it was just enough to make the wetness flow from her pussy again. Tony moan and increased his pace, his fingers rubbing mercilessly against her clit. Her back tight against his chest, her fingers scrabbling against his arm.

“F-f-fuuuck,” she managed to wheeze out as she came, clamping down around him. Tony clutched her throat harder as he managed to thrust one or two more times, spilling himself into her. The sank onto the bed on their sides, her back still to his chest.

“You okay?” Tony leaned up on an elbow. Already dark bruises were blooming across her body, especially across the back on her neck from his teeth. She nodded and coughed a few times, cleaning her throat.

“Best so far.”

“While my ego is duly stroked, don't think I'm not pissed off at you for hurting them. Especially Steve. He's not from this time, he doesn't get whatever it is that you do.”

“There's not much I can do about that now.” she didn't roll over to look at him. Tony sank back down on the bed, reaching out to trace shapes against her spine. She hummed, arching towards the touch like a cat.

“So what is Izzy short for?”

“Oh, come on now, Mr. Stark. That's cheating.” she peered at him over her shoulder. He chuckled.

“I'm shocked you didn't just Google me.”

“Now I would find that cheating.” he snorted.

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Izzy slipped out of bed the second her internal clock as soon as she jolted awake. Tony hadn't curled close to her in sleep, hadn't wound his arms around her. She winced as she put her sore foot down on the floor and limped to the bathroom.

Of course, her dress was nowhere to be found. But Izzy couldn't stand the thought of Stark waking up and wanting to talk to her. Or see her. He was crossed off her bingo card, for fuck's sake, and as far as she was concerned, there was nothing more to talk about.

She grabbed a robe hanging off the back of the door. She applied a coat of lipgloss to her lips and pressed a small kiss the mirror. Rubbing at her eyes, she crept towards the front door, praying she wouldn't trip an alarm.

“Miss Lewis?” an amused voice from behind her. She gasped and almost spun, grabbing at her leg.

“Your dress?” a slender, posh looking woman with natural red hair was holding a bag from a dry cleaners.

“You must be Pepper Potts?”
“I am indeed. And you're Izzy Lewis from Citizen's Voice? Tony mentioned hoping he'd have a chance to speak with you.” they'd done more than speak, and that fact hung heavy in the air. But Izzy wouldn't hang her head, and met Pepper's eye.

“Thank you for the dress. I've hurt my ankle, and my phone is dead, would you direct me to one I could use?”

“Oh, we have a driver waiting to take you.”

“Wonderful. Tell Tony I said thanks.” she nodded, pulling her hair back in a messy pony tail and fastening it with an elastic from her purse. Her shoes dangled from her hand as she hauled herself, dress in plastic over her shoulder, out to the waiting car.
I Won't Break Your Heart Shaped Glasses

Her hair was in a low, loose braid. Strands were slipping out to hang near her eyebrows. Izzy reached up to flick them out of the way. Her sweater hung from her collarbone, the hem hitting the knees of her leggings. She idly reached for the thick china and sipped a steaming drink out of it.

Natasha smirked and slinked closer to her. She hadn't even looked up when the door opened. Then again, a cafe on a Saturday afternoon wasn't hard to slip into. It wasn't hard to go unnoticed. The place was littered with young professionals on their laptops, just like Izzy. She was curled into the leather couch, finger tapping on the side of her cup while she gazed at her screen.

“You don't think this is a little cliché, even for you?” Natasha dropped down next to her, shoving her feet to the floor instead of curled next to her on the couch. She jumped slightly, hot coffee lapping over the rim and onto her hands, onto the cuffs of her sweater.

“Ouch! Fuck!” she hissed, reaching for a napkin. Natasha handed her a few, trying and failing to hide her mirth. “What the hell is it with this group and scary red heads?”

“Met Pepper, did you?” she leaned back, facing Izzy. “Then I'm sure you know what I'm going to say to you.”

“I'm sure it has something to do with me breaking some hearts.” Izzy blew on her skin, trying to soothe the burn settling into her hands. Natasha took the cup away, set it aside. With deliberate movements, she closed the laptop and set it aside as well.

“What are you...?” the journalist began.

The assassin took her hands in her and bent her head. Red curls obscured her eyes, but Natasha was aware of the catch in Izzy's breath. She blew gently, cool wafting across the pinkened flesh. She turned the hands, so they were palm up in her own.

“You're half right. You're breaking my heart. You haven't called me yet.” she lifted her head, corners of her lips lifting. “Are you not interested in an interview with me?”

“I'm very interested.” Izzy breathed. “I like doing interviews with women just as much as men.”

“Then I know the perfect place.” Natasha smiled, letting Izzy's hands come back to rest against her own thighs. “Get your things.”

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The Avengers Tower. Izzy should have been scrawling more notes in her Hello Kitty notebook, but instead, she was entranced by the fingers on Natasha's hand. The elevator ride was silent, and the spy was willing to let the journalist take her hand and examine those fingers, slender and delicate with nails buffed into perfect ovals.

She smelled like jasmine, and all Izzy wanted was to nuzzle into her throat, a long column of cream, and inhale. So far, Rogers had smelled the best of all of them, but Romanov was giving him a run for his money. She lifted her wrist to her nose, scenting it lightly, feeling the steady warmth coming from her skin.

“I see why Rogers was so taken with you.” her voice was breathy, half amused and half lustful. “There's something about you.”
“Mmm,” Izzy purred, her face slipping up Romanov's arm to nestle into her neck. “I keep hearing that. I'm not sure what. You guys are superheroes. There must be people throwing themselves at your feet. There can't be anything that exciting about me.”

“With all due respect; there shouldn't be anything exciting about you. And yet....”

“And yet,” Izzy agreed.

When the elevator dinged, the taller woman fairly dragged Izzy off. She stumbled, her ankle still a bit sore. Before she could protest, Natasha had dragged her into—a locker room? The journalist frowned, brushing her hair out of her face.

But then the spy was turning on the faucets, and the shower heads all around them came on, steam rising almost instantly. Izzy's sweater grew heavy, and then there were those fingers against the hem. The green eyed woman in front of her paused, asking a question that almost didn't need an answer. Izzy just raised her arms above her head.

The sweater was shucked off and tossed aside. Those hands, cooler now than the air around her, reached behind to grip her cami and ease it up and over her head too. Izzy felt her nipples hardening, and Natasha bent her head to capture one in her mouth.

She suckled eagerly, one hand cupped around her tit while the other was undoing her black button down shirt. It was enough to make Izzy gasp and whimper at the back of her throat. Natasha chuckled, the vibrations going straight through the shorter woman's sternum. The button down was tossed carelessly out of the path of the water, much like the sweater and cami.

“You taste like sugar.” she breathed, her voice taking on the merest hint of an accent. Izzy keened, her legs spreading as her fingers tangled in the softest red hair. Less vibrant than hers, less obnoxious. More real and inviting.

Natasha went willingly, guided to Izzy's mouth. She only had on Chapstick today, cherry flavored. She hummed gently, thoughtfully, laughing gently when Izzy's mouth opened for her, and her tongue experimentally slipped into Nat's mouth. Nat tasted liked spearmint gum and something sharper that Izzy couldn't name, but suddenly it didn't matter. Tongues slipped against each other like velvet, and the journalist was well rewarded when the assassin gasped. She nipped at her lower lip, pleased it see it plump and turn red.

Hands were at her leggings, begging them to be pulled down. She wriggled out of her flats and kicked them aside before letting her leggings follow. Before Natasha could slip to her knees, Izzy yanked her up and pressed her body against hers. Their nipples brushed, and she felt a thrill of electricity down her spine. She kissed from the corner of that swollen mouth down the sharp jaw to that column of neck she'd been eyeing all day long.

Teeth sank into her neck, sharp and curious. Natasha moaned softly, one hand going to tangle in Izzy's hair, dryer and more damaged than her own. She suckled on Natasha's neck, pulling off with an obscenely wet pop. She ran her thumb, her skin a bit rougher than Nat's, over the mark there, having satisfied some deep and primal urge to mark.

She continued down the lithe body, leaving those biting kisses, pleased at the reddened marks that popped up. There was something about marking up something beautiful. Finally, she had slipped to her knees before Natasha, who couldn't make her out very well through the clouds of steam rising up. But she could feel her hands in her hair, and that was grounding.

Natasha rubbed her scalp, letting her fingernails dig in just enough. Hastily, Izzy undid the button on
her jeans, peeling them and her lacy black panties down in one go. She would have liked to take a moment to appreciate the contract of that fabric against her pale skin, but her heart was already pounding. She could smell, mixed with jasmine, the wet heat of Natasha's sex.

And she wanted it.

Once the jeans were gone, Izzy nudged her thighs apart. Silky thighs, smooth skin. Izzy felt her mouth watering. Natasha leaned back against one of the tiled walls, gripping gently at Izzy's hair. She closed her eyes, something she rarely allowed herself to do. You couldn't be safe if you weren't looking.

Izzy licked up one inner thigh and down the other. She nipped at the taut muscle there, relishing in the goosebumps that rose and the high gasps from the woman above her. Her tongue skimmed the juncture of her thighs and hips, and her hands came up to grip her hipbones.

When Natasha's hands got tighter in Izzy's hair, she knew it was time. Teasing was over. She bent her head carefully and ran her tongue, hot wet velvet, up her slit. Natasha moaned loudly, the sound echoing against the tiles, making a symphony with the patter of the showers. The woman was hairlessly, and so her lips parted smoothly for Izzy's tongue.

She lapped at the juices that had just begun to flow before letting just the tip of her tongue trace up to the roung little pearl she was seeking. The tip traced around it before the flat of her tongue went up her slit again. The hands tightened once more, pulled slightly, a choked cry. Izzy grinned against the delicate flesh and let her tongue trace an ancient sort of alphabet against the Russian woman's clit.

“Holy... My God...” Natasha's breath hitched. One hand left her hip to slip into her heat. She was already opening wide, wet and hot and needy. Izzy suckled gingerly on her clit as her fingers picked out a brutal pace, in and out in and out. Quicker than Natasha could think. Her hips undulated, her bare feet slipping slightly on the wet tile.

“Izzy....”

“Shhh, shh,” Izzy released her to whisper. “I don't want to hear words. Keep singing me your symphony. You have the most beautiful voice.”

Natasha let her head fall against the tile, her hair sticking to her cheeks. She bit on her lower lip while Izzy burrowed back between her thighs, her fingers going even faster. They crooked ever so slightly inside of her, finding the tiny rough circle inside of her, and her knees began to tremble.

She pumped her hand faster, suckled harder, Natasha's juices flowing down her chin to be rinsed away in the shower.

“Izzy!” she screamed, her hands yanking hard at her hair as she came. Her muscles clenched around her fingers, her back bowing beautifully from the tile wall. Izzy rested her head against her thigh, waiting for her breathing to go steady before removing her hand and standing slightly painfully up. “Okay, now I really see why they were so taken with you.” she panted.

The journalist laughed and shook her head, braid now a soaked tangle against her spine. Before she could sit back on her heels, she was hauled up and spun to face the tile. Her cheek and palms pressed against it. Natasha pressed into her back, one hand reaching around to go in between her legs. She smirked, burying her face at the back of Izzy's neck when she felt the wetness there.

“Oh, you want it, don't you darling?”

“Yes!” there was no point in playing coy, no point in dragging this out. She did want it, she wanted it badly. Fingers slid up her slit before sliding into her and starting a slow, firm rhythm. A thumb
found her clit, swollen and ready, and circled it, rubbing gently. The other hand, which had been pressed to Izzy's side, reached around her to cup one of those little breasts, twisting a nipple harshly. “Oooh,” it was a plea, it was a need. Natasha only laughed, pressing her own little nips up and down Izzy's neck. Of course, the woman didn't take long, bucking against her hand, her nails scrabbling for purchase on the went tile.

She came with a shriek, a flood of wetness flowing over Natasha's fingers. She brought the hand away and easily flipped Izzy over, watching her chest heave as she tried to catch her breath. Green eyes locking with hazel as she sucked her fingers into her mouth, tasting Izzy's juices. She moaned again, although she seemed boneless from the previous go'round. Natasha laughed softly, bringing her in for a demanding, bruising kiss.

“Stay here.” Natasha broke the kiss and hurried off, wrenched off the water as she went. She was only gone for a few minutes, getting some towels and slippers and a few robes until she could get Izzy back to her room. She wanted to brush her hair and hold her close, listen to the beat of her heart synching with hers.

But when she came back, Izzy was gone, damp clothes and all. So was Natasha's button down. She stood for a minute, hair wrapped in a fluffy white towel. All that was left, pressed against a shower tile, was the sticky imprint of a Chapstick kiss.
PalladiumSoul: You're a real heartbreaker, you know that?

IzzyInNaTizzy: Am I? I'm surprised you found this screen name.

PalladiumSoul: I can find out a great many things about you.

IzzyInNaTizzy: You find out my name yet, Mr. Stark?

PalladiumSoul: A) No. B) My dick has been inside you. Don't you think we're past formalities?

IzzyInNaTizzy: No. How did you find this screen name?

PalladiumSoul: It's the email on your work profile. I made a few assumptions. Doesn't everyone have FlashMessaging? What's more interesting to me is your profile here doesn't have your full name either. How am I supposed to Facebook stalk you?

IzzyInNaTizzy: I can't stand to see you suffer anymore. Do you just want to know my name?

PalladiumSoul: Yes, yes I do. I very much do.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Isadora.

PalladiumSoul: What? No. No one names their kid Isadora. Who does that?

IzzyInNaTizzy: Shut up. Your initiaals are TES. Tessie. Fuck you.

PalladiumSoul: I sincerely hope you're turning red right now. I like it when your cheeks get that stain of pink right across them. Do you know that it even goes across the bridge of your nose? I love that.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I would have thought I had distracted you sufficiently that you hadn't noticed. I guess I need to hone my skills.

PalladiumSoul: Are you offering me a second go? ;)

IzzyInNaTizzy: Oh God, emoticons? Really, Stark?

PalladiumSoul: Tony, Isadora. Call me Tony.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Tony. I don't know why I thought you were above emoticons. I just... I just feel like my image of you has been shattered.

PalladiumSoul: Oh what, the chiseled sex God picture is ruined?

IzzyInNaTizzy: I said you, not Steve.

PalladiumSoul: I'm wounded, Isadora, really wounded. :( 

IzzyInNaTizzy: Please stop.

PalladiumSoul: :( :( :( :( 

IzzyInNaTizzy: Oh God.
PalladiumSoul: That's more like it. How come you picked 'Izzy' and not 'Dora'?

IzzyInNaTizzy: I don't know. It stuck better. Kinda glad now, otherwise I'd be compared to that one chick with the talking backpack and Swiper.

PalladiumSoul: Can't say I'm familiar.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Consider yourself lucky. So, why'd you message me? Did you miss me that badly?

PalladiumSoul: If I say yes, will you come over? Show me what that mouth can do other than just talk back?

IzzyInNaTizzy: I think you like me talking back, Tony.

PalladiumSoul: Maaaaaaybe. ;) LOL

IzzyInNaTizzy: You type like you're a fifteen year old girl. Quit it. Anyway, the back talk. That why you like Steve so much? Because he back talks you?

PalladiumSoul: I haven't the foggiest notion what you're talking about.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Uh huh.

PalladiumSoul: But speaking of Steve... What's that like?

IzzyInNaTizzy: I'm sorry?

PalladiumSoul: Being with him.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Are you asking me because you want to see how you compare? Or for other purposes, Mr. Stark?

PalladiumSoul: Oh, we're back to that? Wait, is that a kink for you, Isadora? I can be Mr. Stark if you like that.

IzzyInNaTizzy: You're not going to get out of this conversation. Nice try, though.

PalladiumSoul: Make with the details, Izzy.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I don't kiss and tell.

PalladiumSoul: Oh, you do too!

IzzyInNaTizzy: Yeah, okay, I totally do. Not this time, though. Not now.

PalladiumSoul: What made you grow some ethics?

IzzyInNaTizzy: Piss off, Tony.


IzzyInNaTizzy: Don't you have like cameras and whatever else there? Can't you spy on him? You're a total creeper, you found this screen name.

PalladiumSoul: I am insulted you would even suggest such a thing.

IzzyInNaTizzy: You—you just asked me to describe sex with him. My eyebrow is up so high right
PalladiumSoul: So is that a yes? A judgmental yes?

IzzyInNaTizzy: Nope.

PalladiumSoul: :(

IzzyInNaTizzy: But, if you're asking if I'll see you soon, the answer is yes. Okay?

PalladiumSoul: I guess it'll do.

IzzyInNaTizzy: It'll have to. Now, it's my bed time. So I'll say good night to you, Iron Man.

PalladiumSoul: That's me, keeping the skies safe so you have a good's night sleep.
We Don't Have to Dance

Her boots clicked against the tile, and the rhythm was almost soothing. Her hair was pulled back in a tight bun at the back of her head. She had a bag slung over one shoulder, gripping the strap. Her other hand smoothed anxiously at her skirt.

Her eyes darted through the shadows. She was looking for someone. Him? Maybe. She fumbled in the bag for a moment, her hand shoving aside what looked like mountains of loose papers and files. Some gum wrappers, a mascara wand, a lipstick tube, and there was the jangle of some keys. She finally pulled out one crumpled piece of paper and smoothed it against her knee before squinting at the print.

“Mr. Barnes?” she called out. Bucky sneered and stepped from the shadow he’d been hiding in. Not two feet behind the woman. She jumped, teetering in her boots. Her bag flew as she slipped and hit the floor, landing hard on her ass.

“You okay?” his Brooklyn accent was strong today, as it always was on the days when he was feeling calm. Like the Soldier didn't really happen. Like he could pretend so, anyway, although the metal arm did remind him. He tugged at the sleeve before sticking out his flesh hand towards her.

Her cheeks were staining pink across the bridge of her nose. She let him help her up before straightening her skirt again. She bent to pick up her bag, the front of her blouse gaping so he could see the white bra, all the frills around it. Bucky could even make out a little pink bow in the center of bra, right between her little tits.

“I'm fine, I guess. Better than a sprained ankle. That's what I get for wearing these boots, anyway.” she didn't catch his eye as she fussed with the bag. She finally held out her hand to him, looking up into his face.

“I'm Izzy Lewis, I'm from Citizen's Voice. I'm working on a project about The Avengers.”

“Stevie told me about you.” it was a neutral tone. Izzy wasn't sure if he had been warned about her dragging them all to bed. She wasn't sure if he would like that or not. She just smiled, a little uncertainly, and watched him run his tongue over his top teeth.

Her lips were coated in candy pink. They seemed to bloom in her face like the little flowers Sarah Rogers always grew on her window sill. Bucky had always liked those little buds, liked how they seemed to brighten up the dingy little apartment. They died every winter, and once he asked Sarah why she kept the pot if they were all gone.

“They'll be back.” her faint Irish lilt told him warmly as she stroked his hair back from his forehead. “In another season, they'll be back. You just have to be patient. It doesn't do to throw them away because they've stopped being pretty for now. You have to let them grow again.”

“Right, so you're okay to do this interview?” Izzy was speaking again, clearing her throat as she reached into her back for a notebook and a pen. She gave it a firm click and started to open her notebook.

“Where do you want to do this?”

“Haven't they told you about me?” Bucky asked slowly. “Haven't they told you that sometimes I still get triggered?” he took a step towards her, Izzy took a small step back. He saw her throat work, smirked faintly to himself.

“Don't that scare you?”
“Should it?” her voice was calm, but the faint trembling of her hands gave her away.

“I know you spread your legs for the Hulk, so maybe that doesn't bother you.” he took another step, feeling gratified when she backed into the wall. Her head fell back slightly, and he took in the slender column of her throat.

“This is your chance to run. We both know where this is going.”

“I know,” she said softly. “But I don't want to run.”

“You got a death wish, baby doll?” he was more curious now. So few people had really approached him so openly since he'd come back. So few people seemed to want that now. He was an oddity, or perhaps a halo to be won. Look at them being so kind to the broken man.

That wasn't what he saw reflected in Izzy's eyes, wide and sparkling. He took in the carefully etched eyeliner. His hands came up to cup her cheeks, thumbs rubbing on her cheekbones. He wanted her to feel the cool of his metal hand, hopefully feel all the power that was there. All the potential.

To his shock, Izzy leaned her face into his metal hand.

“I have a list and you're on it.”

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Their lips crashed together, Izzy opening up for him easily He leaned against her, pressing her back tightly to the wall. She keened, her fingers going to the back of his head to tangle in the back of his hair. There was something delicious and dirty about doing this in the middle of the hallway at the Tower. Anyone could walk by and see them.

Of course, the likelihood of that was slim to nil. But she didn't know that.

Bucky bit down hard on her lower lip, hearing her gasp sharply, tasting the coppery tang of blood on his tongue. He lapped at the swelling lip before kissing from the corner of her lip to her collar bone. He yanked aside the collar of her blouse and bit down, enjoying the shape of her in his mouth. He liked the taste of her too, warm and faintly sweet. Her knees were trembling against him, her nails scrabbling at his back to pull up his shirt.

“No,” he reached back and grabbed her wrist, quickly pinning it to the wall. “We're not taking off our clothes.”

The question was in her eyes, but it never made it to her lips. She just wriggled her hips, squirmed against the wall until her legs were hooked around his waist. He grinned and continued his assault on her neck, biting down and nuzzling at the red marks that blossomed. If only he could get them to match her lips.

One arm supported around her back and the other slipped up her skirt, reaching up under her panties. She whimpered, wiggling against him. She let out a gasp when she realized it was his metal hand, cold and solid that was sliding into her pussy. (Bucky was gratified to realize she was already wet. How long had it been since he'd been with a girl, let alone one up against a wall who was so damn ready for him?)

Bucky froze and looked at her for a moment. Slowly, carefully, he began to pull away, to switch arms. She darted out and grabbed his shoulder. Her head shook just once.

“Don't stop.”
Oh God, those whispered words were just doing things to him. The way her lips were parted, and her lipstick was all messy, her bun coming apart. Her own shirt was pulled out of the waist band of her skirt, and some of that careful mascara was running.

He wondered how much farther he could ruin her.

So his fingers continued their path and finally breached her. She moaned, her eyes fluttering closed, and he was instantly sad not to be able to see into them. Her arms wrapped around his neck, her face burrowing into him as he pumped up and down. Her hips started to keep time with him, begging him to go deeper.

“Oh God!” she cried out when he brushed across something inside her. There it was, Bucky thought with a grin. He kept up his brutal pace, feeling her heartbeat pick up, feeling her breath grow more and more shallow.

“Come for me, baby doll.” he whispered, a harsh contrast to the way he was so brutal between her legs. She arched, the back of her head digging into the wall, her body making a beautiful bow shape. Bucky could have come from that sight alone.

Instead he eased her feet back onto the floor and pressed on her shoulders until she was on her knees. Her eyes still glazed, still breathing hard from her orgasm, she reached for the zipper on his pants. Bucky leaned against one hand, the other coming to tangle in her hair. Her bun was a goner, but she looked so fucking beautiful on her knees there.

She glanced up at him through wet eyelashes and pressed his dick (uncut, she noticed with glee. She loved them uncircumcised) against her tongue. Izzy didn't mess around, and her eyes closed and she began to bob her head. Bucky groaned loudly, feeling the soft tissue of the back of her throat hitting his head.

Precome dripped down her throat, and she glanced up at him again, her hands gripping his thighs tightly. Leverage. Balance. He pulled sharply at her hair as she relaxed her throat and took him to the hilt, thick and heavy, nearly choking her. Her nose was buried in the nest of pubic hair at his base.

“Oh fuck!” he managed to choke out before pulling her off him altogether. He didn't want to blow down her throat. No, he wanted to spill into that wet heat he had opened up with his fingers. He shoved her head downwards towards his shoes. Then, by her hair, he dragged her forward.

Izzy cried out, the pleasure-pain flowing through her. She didn't dare look up, knew that wasn't part of the game they were playing. Bucky walked behind her, slow, deliberate steps. He eyed her up and down, shudders going down her spine.

He knelt down behind her, gripped her hops and yanked them up.

“What a pretty ass you've got.” he said thoughtfully. “I see why Stevie liked it so much.” she moaned, her fingers tightening into fists. He shoved her knees closer to her chest and opened them. Then, without another word, he positioned himself behind her and pressed it.

“Oh, oh, oh!” she slapped her palms to the floor with a shout. Bucky laughed, a gravelly sound that wasn't at all amused, not really. He started up a cruel pace, not giving Izzy a chance to adjust, or fall into it with him. His body was battling hers, and it was not one she could win.

All Izzy could do was let him have her. His hands slipped under her blouse and yanked her back against him. The position made her thighs burn, but it let her head fall against his shoulder. His hair fell into her eyes, and she felt surrounded by him. The smell of him, sharp and somehow familiar but
just out of reach. A memory Izzy couldn't quite place.

His metal hand, cold and surreal was against her face, gripping her jaw. Keeping her in place while he pounded into her. She rode with him, only to give tiny little whimpers when he bottomed out inside of her.

She was close again. He was close, she could feel it in the taut muscles behind her.

“Please,” she managed to choke out. “Oh, please.”

He growled, shoved her back face down by the back of her neck. The pressure kept her from moving, and she could only mewl when his pace increased. But she was coming, she was coming so hard it hurt. Her nails scratched against the floor, her spine arching to pull her tighter into herself. She clamped down on Bucky, and seconds later he came with a shout. She grinned at the feeling of his hot cum filling her up. She never got tired of that sensation.

Bucky collapsed against her back, his lips against her ear. She lay still beneath him, though the cold of the floor was creeping up her legs. She wanted to pull her skirt down, at least, but there was something comforting about the weight of the soldier above her. She reached out and twined her fingers through his metal ones.

“Baby doll,” he managed to breathe out. “I don't know what's wrong with you, but I like it.”

At some point, he must have rolled off of her. Because when he opens his eyes again, she's gone. That scent of orange blossoms is gone too, and he finds himself wishing it were here again. Bucky sits up, rubs at his eyes and looks around. There's no bag, no notebook, not even a stray pen to remind him that she was here. It's like he dreamed Izzy.

Except for the pink lipstick kiss next to where his head was. And the hair elastic that had been in his pocket was gone, too.
Steve let his weight rest on his leg, not quite ready to release the handlebars of his motorcycle. The air was thick, making taking a breath a feat. The promise of rain hung around his cheeks and in the heavy clouds blocking out the stars.

She didn't live in the city proper. She lived in one of the suburbs, broken down and gritty. The houses were empty, the yards overgrown. The whole little village looked like it was just a few days from being mowed down. And the distance from the train station to her home, well, he had never seen her with a car, but he hoped.

Izzy Lewis lived in a quaint brownstone, vines of ivy looping up the rocks. The driveway needed to be regraveled, but at least the lawn was trimmed. Steve snorted as he considered the neat grass. What would have done, come and cut it himself? Yeah, that would end well.

He finally released the kickstand and hauled myself off. He smoothed his palms against the thighs of his jeans before reaching into the saddle bag for the flowers. Flowers, what in the world was he doing? At least they hadn't gotten too bruised or wilted on the ride over. He cleared his throat and regarded the two doors, side by side. Tony had said hers was apartment A, and so, lifted his fist, he rapped gently.

“Just a second!” her voice made his cheeks feel warm. He heard a radio get turned down, heard her footsteps, soft, coming towards him. Before he could breathe deep enough, the door swung open, and there she was.

Izzy in a pair of sleep shorts that made her legs look a mile long. Izzy in a tank top and no bra her nipples pressed against the thin fabric. Her hair was drawn up in a high ponytail, and the smell of nail polish was heavy in the air. Around her shoulders she had draped a plush robe that he could almost place. Something like Tony would like. Steve was almost embarrassed at the way he'd caught her unaware, at her state of near undress.

But his pants were already getting tight at the groin.

“Steve!” her voice went soft, and she smiled slowly, stepping back from the door way. “Come in, I've got the air going.”

“Oh, uh, here.” Steve thrust out his fistful of tulips. She beamed up at him, hazel eyes lighting up. His heart squeezed in his chest. She pressed her nose into the bouquet, inhaling deeply. Rogue strands from her ponytail fell into her eyes.

“Yellow tulips are my favorite.” she murmured. She gestured again for him to come in, closing the door behind him and doing the lock with a loud click.

“I didn't know that.” he confessed sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck.

She only smiled and padded towards her kitchen. Steve hovered in her living room, taking in the worn but comfortable looking couch. The moth eaten easy chair. Tucked into the corner, there was a weathered rocking chair with a lamp behind it, a book case next to it. He itched to go and see what she had stacked on the shelves.

What did Izzy liked to read? What was the name of her nail polish? What color was her comforter? What was the name of that band playing on her radio? He swallowed and didn't quite meet her eye as he watched her fetch a small vase and put
some water in it before arranging the tulips.

“Do you know what yellow tulips mean?”

“Uh, no, I don't.” he was unaware that flowers really had meanings. He had just thought they looked so bright and cheerful in the shop he stopped at on the way. He couldn't resist. Besides, back in his day, a fella always brought flowers to his best girl. If Izzy was his best girl. Was he supposed to ask? Steve had never gotten this far.

“Tulips mean perfect love. Yellow tulips mean hopeless love. Well, they used to. Now they're all about passion and cheer. I think I like the old meaning better.” she turned to him then, folding her arms across her chest. Steve could see almost every fiber of that robe, and he was certain it was the exact same as Tony had hanging in his bathroom.

“What are you doing here, Steve?”

“Wh-what?”

“What are you doing here?” she wasn't accusing, she sounded genuinely curious.

“Tony said that... That I should come. I'm not good at texting, I was afraid you weren't getting them. And I really am still unsure about talking on these phones so, so I thought it would be better if I came out here myself. To see you.” heat spread across the back of his neck, and he rubbed again. Outside, thunder rolled darkly.

“How's that working out for you?” she leaned in the doorway of her kitchen, one eyebrow up.

“I can now see this for the mistake it was.”

“Maybe not a mistake.” she said softly. She crossed over to him, standing on tiptoe to wind her arms around his neck. He reached for her, lifting her by the hips until those toes (painted a sparkly blue that he just wanted to look at closer) were barely skimming the floor. She hummed against his chest, straining farther until her lips finally crashed into his.

“Izzy,” he breathed against her mouth. She laughed softly, low and sweet, squirming against him until he picked her up fully and she could get her legs around his waist.

He knew, somehow, where the bedroom was. Getting there, though, was difficult. Izzy's lips were sucking the breath right out of him. The cool air blowing around the apartment wasn't doing much to quell the heat building inside of him, starting at the pit of his belly.

He found her room, overwhelmed almost by the smell of orange blossoms. He glanced the dresser, covered with nail polishes and lipsticks. He saw the mirror above it, various photos stuck in the frame. Her bed, large and unmade, sat in the center of room. Her comforter was purple.

Steve dropped her down onto her back, immediately falling on top of her. Her hands came to the back of his hand, tangling in his hair as their tongues collided. A scent, so familiar it hurt, wafted to his nose. He broke away from her to bury his face in her shoulder, inhaling deeply.

“Did you get this from Tony?”

“Yeah, we'll put it that way.” her voice was breathy, her heart thudding against his chest as he pressed her into the mattress. Wouldn't that be a story? Tony himself hadn't said what exactly had gone on with Izzy, but the way his fingers twitched and the way he bit his lip was telling.

But for now, here she was below him. Warm and pliant and already smelling like she wanted it.
Steve groaned, unzipping his jeans. Suddenly, he didn't want anymore tender kisses. He didn't want to taste every inch of her skin and bury his face in her hair to feel the silky stands and scent her shampoo. Now, he just wanted to fuck the scent of Tony away from her.

Without another thought he yanked her by her ass upwards, thrusting into her. He hadn't even taken his jacket off. The smell of leather mingled with the orange blossoms and that Tony smell that he'd had just about enough of.

Steve wasn't in the mood to be gentle. He pounding into her as lightning flashed and a torrent of rain fell against the window. Her hair was coming down and balancing on one palm, he yanked out the elastic. The elastic was the sort of industrial strength ones that Bucky used. He frowned for a moment and then leaned down, latching onto her neck, just above the collar of where her shirt would be.

“Oh my God!” She cried out as his hips piston into her. This wasn't about love making. This was about desire. This was about ownership.

“Fuck me, yes, please, there!” she begged.

“Be quiet!” he growled in his Captain voice. She frozen and then he felt her, felt her orgasming around him. He latched onto her neck again, teeth scraping her skin. He sucked hard, until he tasting the blood popping to the surface. She was whimpering below him, squirming just slightly, her hand cradling the back of his head.

And the motion of his pelvis didn't stop. He rolled into her, relishing the wet heat that surrounded him and the way she had surrendered. His came, feeling rather cliché when thunder roared out again. He collapsed then, on top of her, pressing her hard into the mattress.

To her credit, Izzy didn't fight. She let his weight hold her down, the rain and their breathing filling the room. He wondered if his jeans were rubbing the inside of her thighs raw, but at the moment Steve wasn't sure he cared. Instead, carefully, he sat himself up and pulled himself away. She inhaled in a rush, looking at him with half lidded eyes.

There were no words to be spoken. No words needed. She just nestled against her mess of a bed. He watched her for a moment, petting that tangle of hair before pulling the blanket up. Her eyes drifted all the way shut, and Steve watched the rain, listening to her steady breathing. He turned to walk out of the apartment, pausing only for a moment in the dark at her dresser.

There was a smattering of jewelry there. He reached in almost blindly and picked up a chair. A thicker chain, sturdy. Dangling from the silver was a small emerald, spinning and winking the light that came in from the living room. Steve wound it around his wrist and fumbled with the clasp until it was there for good. Then he checked the zipper on his jeans and glanced back at her, asleep, still wrapped it Tony’s robe.

The robe that, he was sure, now reeked of him.
PalladiumSoul: You've done it again! Izzy, you truly are a talented woman.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I think Steve left with one of my necklaces.


IzzyInNaTizzy: It's an emerald, I bought it on clearance last year.

PalladiumSoul: He'd be hurt if you knew what you were accusing.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I'm hurt I don't have a necklace to go with this dress.

PalladiumSoul: Izzy, what I'm really wanting to tell you is that Cap is all mooning around the Tower. He keeps heaving these longing sighs and staring off in the middle distance.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Okay.

PalladiumSoul: He's old, Izzy. He's like, ancient. He could heave himself so hard he just crumbles to dust.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Oh, please Tony.

PalladiumSoul: Poof! There goes Cap! And it'll be your fault that he's gone. All you. Is that guilt that you can live with?

IzzyInNaTizzy: I think I'll manage.

PalladiumSoul: Did he bring you flowers?

IzzyInNaTizzy: Yellow tulips.

PalladiumSoul: Hah! Natasha owes me five bucks. Time to get her to pony up.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Now that's just cruel. Why would you go better on Cap like that? You guys are really mean to him. No wonder he keeps running back to me.

PalladiumSoul: Ah yes, the pain is all he knows how to tolerate.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Well yeah, because you guys are such jerks. You suck, Tony. You suck so bad.

PalladiumSoul: Oh, I do, but I don't think you've really experienced it yet. ;)

IzzyInNaTizzy: Aww, you went five minutes without an emoticon. I really had hope for you.

PalladiumSoul: ;) :-*

IzzyInNaTizzy: That was not meant as encouragement.

PalladiumSoul: :-o :-o

IzzyInNaTizzy: Goddammit.
PalladiumSoul: I miss you.

IzzyInNaTizzy: That is not an emoticon.

PalladiumSoul: No, it is not.

IzzyInNaTizzy: How can you miss me? You have a whole tower of superheroes at your finger tips. I'm sure they'd love to hang out with you. You don't need an unethical journalist who fucks her story.

PalladiumSoul: I may have been out of line when I said that.

IzzyInNaTizzy: You were not.

PalladiumSoul: Still, you're—you're not the girl I thought you were.

IzzyInNaTizzy: That doesn't make me better than you thought I was.

PalladiumSoul: That's not fair, Izzy.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Maybe you should go and hang out with Cap, you feel that lonely right now.

PalladiumSoul: Why do you keep trying to shove us together? You're like one of those fan fic girls on the Internet.


PalladiumSoul: Don't make me hack your accounts, Izz.

IzzyInNaTizz: I wouldn't dream of doing something like that, Tony. I don't have to write about it. I live it. Anyway, the best question here is; why do you always just tell me about Steve? You don't ever tell me that Bruce is sulking. Or if Natasha is. (Seriously, are they?)

PalladiumSoul: I can neither confirm nor deny Bruce spending a lot of time in his room, looking at a faded lipstick print, just like I can neither confirm nor deny Natasha being antsy and putting on a certain flavor of Chapstick a lot.

IzzyInNaTizzy: But you and Steve are the ones that want me the most.

PalladiumSoul: Whyever would you think that, Isadora?

IzzyInNaTizzy: No one else has sought me out. Either they have other prospects or they just get how a one night stand goes. I figure I can forgive the fact that Steve doesn't get it. But it's really throwing me that you're perusing me this hard.

PalladiumSoul: Oh?


PalladiumSoul: Well, you're right about most of that.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I think it's not really me you want to sleep with again. I think you want to sleep with Steve.
PalladiumSoul: Okay, now you really are getting into fan girl territory. I don't think I like it.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I don't expect you would like me putting that out there. You haven't ever said it out loud. Have you?

PalladiumSoul: That's enough. Isadora.

IzzyInNaTizzy: You've been trying to make me feel guilty all night, Tony. You don't get to turn it off because you dislike the way it's going.

PalladiumSoul: I said enough.

IzzyInNaTizzy: I don't think it really is enough. I don't think it ever will be, until you've told Steve the way you feel.

PalladiumSoul: Even if you were right, I could never do that. For reasons that I don't have to justify to you. I'm going to need you to quit it with this line of speaking. I'll quit razzing you for doing what you do, you quit trying to like—figure out my sexuality or set us up or whatever it is you're trying to do right now. Deal?

IzzyInNaTizzy: Yes, Tony. I can respect your boundaries as long as you can respect mine.

PalladiumSoul: I do miss you though, Izzy. I've never met another woman who lays it on the line like you.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Bullshit, I've met Pepper and Natasha.

PalladiumSoul: No, you're different.

IzzyInNaTizzy: Because I suck your dick?

PalladiumSoul: Is that an offer? ;) Cap has had two go rounds with you. Where's mine?

IzzyInNaTizzy: You are incorrigible.

PalladiumSoul: Nah, just irreverent.
Even If the Sky is Falling Down, I Know What We'll Be Safe and Sound

Izzy was tempted to slip off the high heels as she picked her way up her driveway. But the gravel that was left was sharp and would dig into the tender bottoms of her feet, and so she risked twisting an ankle. Again. And this time without Tony to carry her to his room, she thought wryly to herself as she fished in her purse for her keys.

There was something disheartening about returning to the dark apartment, she thought to herself as she finally eased the door open. The wall of air conditioning was at least nice, but she couldn't help but think it would be nicer to open the door to find someone there. She flicked on lights as she kicked off her shoes and headed to the kitchen.

Captain's tulips were beginning to wilt, much to her dismay. Izzy knew she should pick one and press it to keep. But she didn't like the thought of closing them away, instead of admiring their lovely color. The poor Captain, and poor Tony.

She had just raised a glass of water to her lips, reaching to unbutton her blouse when she felt the hand on her shoulder. Izzy was spun and shoved back into her fridge, her glass falling to shatter, glass and water splashing towards her legs.

“Isadora Lewis,”

It wasn't a question, but she almost nodded her head. She stopped just before to take in the man before her. Tall and wide, a deep voice that sent chills down her spine. But his eyes were the most concerning feature, deep and expressionless. No amount of pleading was going to reach this man. There was no way she could talk her way out of this.

“Isadora Lewis.” his voice didn't change tone, but one hand reached for her throat, lifting her up to slam her head against the edge of the freezer. She choked out a gasp, her heels pounding against the metal. Magnets clattered to the floor as her head throbbed. Her nails clawed at his gloved hand.

“Yes!” she managed to wheeze out. “Yes, I'm Isadora. Who are you? What do you want?”

“You do not ask the questions.” she was dropped then, her palms out to catch herself. The glass, of course. With a whimper, Izzy sat up and tried to pick at the shards. She peered up through her eyelashes at the man. Maybe she could make her way around him, head for the car. Maybe the noise and the sound of breaking glass had alerted her neighbor. Surely the cops would come soon. Maybe she should scream for help, or at least try and make it to her purse to hit the emergency button.

But the man was practically filling the whole kitchen. There wasn't a way around him. If she could squeeze through his legs, the she might be able to make it--.

“I have the package.” he was speaking into some sort of walkie talkie attached to his shoulder. “Secured at the address provided.”

“Excellent.” a voice crackled over the line. “Proceed to the drop off point.”

“Who are you?” Izzy forced herself up, trying not to wince at the ache in her head. “What do you want? I don't have any money.”

“You do not ask questions.” the man either wasn't very bright, or he had been very well trained. Before she could react, he was reaching for her, snatching her, clamping a hand over her mouth as one arm wrapped around her waist, pinning her hands to her sides.
She kicked as hard as she could, flailing and thrashing. She couldn't get a good grip with her teeth, the gloves were too thick. But it didn't stop her from trying. She head more glass breaking, saw the vase go crashing to the floor. Steve's tulips lay in a depressing patch of damp carpet.

And the rag was clamped to her face, and everything was black.

**

“STEVE!” Tony was skidding into the common room where the Avengers were sprawled on various couches and chairs. Everyone's head swiveled to look at the genius, his hair rumpled around his face. Grease smears on his jeans. None of this was new, but the pale of his face was giving them all pause. Natasha was already reaching for a knife in her boot.

“Tony, what? What?” he was crossing the room to his teammate, his hands on his shoulders. The shuddering beneath the skin was making his frown. Tony never got this worked up, not unless one of them was in danger.

“Izzy. They have Izzy.”

“Who?” Steve's grip tightened. Clint looked confused as Bruce's skin seemed to tinge green and Natasha stood up sharply. He caught Thor's eye and could only shrug helplessly while Tony tried to take in a deeper breath.

“Strucker. AIM. We have to go and get her, we have to go right now.”

“We're going, just pull yourself together.”

“Who is Izzy?” Thor asked even as he stood and reached for Mjolnir. He was never one to back down from a battle, and if his SHIELD brothers and sister seemed to distraught, this promised to be a good one.

“She's—she's the reporter from Citizen's Voice.”

“That girl?” Clint looked at Natasha, his head cocked to the side. “The one that you keep thinking about so I can side sweep you and pin you down?”

“How did they even find out about her?” Bruce was trying to hustle them all towards the jet, Tony calling up a suit.

“It wasn't a secret she wrote the articles.” Natasha's voice was cold and hard. She was trying not to let them see she was upset. This was why they told her not to get attached.

“But how did they know to take her? Was someone watching her? How did they know where she lived?” Steve was demanding now, using his Captain voice.

“She isn't hard to find.” Tony mumbled, his face free of the mask. “They could have been watching us. Could have seen her come and go multiple times. There doesn't have to be a rhyme or reason for this. All that matters is that we put her in dangers.”

“Tony,” Tasha looked back from the co pilots seat. Her voice was soft and placating, rare for her. “Tony, we didn't.”

“If we were going to be like this with her. We should have put some security in place.”

“No one can see the future.” the Captain voice was gone, and this was just Steve. Thoughtful Steve,
who liked to sketch in the mornings. Sweet Steve, who brought young women tulips and rode through the rain to get to them.

“We couldn't have known that things would progress like that with her.”

“But when they did.”

“I know, Tony.” he reached out to clasp the armored shoulder. “I should have thought about this. My job is to keep all of you safe, and when she came around, that extended to her. I didn't do that. I'm sorry. It's my fault.”

“No,” Tony cut him off. “I shouldn't have let her get that close. I shouldn't have kept talking to her. Or given you her address.”

“I'm starting to feel like you've passed this girl around like a hot potato.” Clint was steering them in for a landing. “And all I can ask is why I didn't get a turn.”

“Is this typical in Midgard?”

“Typical? I'm not sure. Unheard of? Probably not.” Tony shrugged. “We've told you before; sexuality is fluid.”

“I know that, but I thought that it was just one person at a time.”

“Uh... Well... Sometimes...” Steve stammered, cheeks going pink. Ordinarily, Tony would have egged Thor on. But his heart wasn't in it. He only slumped back in his seat, his heart in his mouth. Izzy, Izzy, lovely little Izzy with her box dyed hair. With her lipsticks and her cheap shoes, and her quit wit. Izzy, who he never should have carried to bed, who he never should have let get that close to the team. For her own good, for their own good.

“Tony,” Steve's voice, soft and sweet. Like a port in a storm. “We'll get her back. You know that. She'll be fine. You know that.”

“This is why I stopped dating.” he muttered. “This is why I wouldn't stay with Pepper. I knew I couldn't be anything other than Iron Man, and I knew what it would do to her.”

“Coming in for a landing.” Clint called out, cutting off whatever Steve had been about to say.

“Get your weapons at the ready.” Steve said grimly instead. “We're going in blind. But there's a civilian in there we have to get to.”

“We gonna need the other guy?” Bruce asked grimly, the first he had spoken since they left the Tower. Steve contemplated him for a moment.

“I wish I could tell you no and have you stay here. But I can't see that ending very well for us either. There's no way you're going to sit here quietly knowing what they could be doing to her in there.”

“What did Strucker even want with her anyway?” Natasha stood up and cracked her neck as the jet landed just outside of the compound.

“Simple,” Steve reached for his shield. “The easiest way to get to us.”
“Wake up, woman.” the voice seemed to ring in her head.

Izzy whimpered as she sat up, trying to reach for her head. But her hands were bound behind her back, and her knees were similarly tied together. She blinked a few times, trying to clear the fuzz from her brain. Her whole body throbbed, and nothing even smelled familiar.

“Tony?” she managed to cough out.

“No, no, your boyfriend isn’t here. None of them, I should say. I don't know what kind of woman spreads her legs for that many dangerous, mutated, broken men, but you can't be a good woman.”

“Who are you?” Izzy groaned out, eyes narrowed against the light that was shining in her face just as much in anger.

“My name is unimportant. You won't live to tell anyone, anyway.”

“Where am I?”

“On a helicopter, on my compound.” her eyes darted around, squinting towards what she now realized were pilot seats. Izzy slid to her side and tried to squirm towards them.

“Oh, don't worry. The flight is automated. There is no one here with you. Just my voice. I am all you have no, and I am not impressed with you.”

“What do you want?” the snapping of her voice was ringing in her head, but she couldn't stand it. What was all this?

“From you? Nothing at all. You are nothing but a tool. But you ought to be used to that, given the way you let the Avengers use you. You have only been a way for me to get them to me, and now they are all going to die.” the light in her eyes dimmed, and a screen flickered on. Izzy watched for a moment and whimpered when she realized the figures on the screen were the Avengers.

“Won't it be nice to know how useless they really were before you die?”

“No,” she managed to push herself into a sitting position again. “No, please. Please let them go. Please don't.”

“Begging already? I had been lead to believe you were at least a little bit stronger than this. I see how mistaken I was.”

“Please! Tell me what you want! I can get it for you, I can get anything I want from them. Please.” tears were stinging at her eyes. Izzy bit down on her lower lip, desperate not to let them escape. Pitiful was one thing, pitiful could work for her. But this man was already disgusted with her, and she couldn't afford to let that deepen.
“Quiet, woman. Quiet, and watch them all fall apart as they try and reach you. Ask yourself if you were worth it.”

“My name is Isadora!”

“Silence!”

**

Goons were everywhere. Goons with guns, goons made of steel. Goons crawling over them, so they couldn't even get to the door of the compound. It hadn't taken long for Hulk to come out, and while he was doing a good job taking them down by the arm load, they just kept coming in waves.

“Iron Man,” Cap's voice, breathless and strained, was in the comm. “Iron Man, do a scan. Tell me if you can locate the civilian.”

That wasn't a very nice term for a girl you brought flowers to. But Tony ran the scans without bothering with the quip. He wanted to know where she was. He needed to blast through the walls and touch her, see her face. Know how bad the damage was and see what he would be paying for in guilt. Guilt? Hell, he'd pay for it in blood if he needed to. Anything to make her know that he was going to atone for what had happened here.

The taste of failure was thick in the back of his throat.

“I can't find her.” he blasted a goon and lifted a few feet in the air, dodging bullets and whatever was being blasted from the turrets. “Captain, I'm not positive she's here.”

They heard the chopper, their heads turning almost as one to watch in shock as it lifted off the ground. How had it been so well hidden? How hadn't he scanned it. Sure enough, a scan revealed her inside. He wasn't close enough to get a blood pressure or anything, but he was willing to bet she was in poor condition.

“Get to the jet!” Natasha screamed out, clamped the head of a goon between her thighs and punching almost recklessly. “We have to get up there before he does something!”

Steve's blood went cold, and it had nothing to do with the air around him. They were on a tiny man made floating island in the middle of the Antarctic. This was familiar ground, and this was not the place for there to be any kind of incident with a craft.

“We don't have time!” Tony shouted. “I'm going for her!”

“Give me a lift,” Steve demanded. There wasn't time to argue, the helicopter was going out farther. He swooped down and lifted Steve by his armpits, repulsors full blast and he sped towards the aircraft. All Tony could hear, other than his own breathing, was the roar of Hulk, a cry that sounded heartbroken and even helpless as they continued to fight off the goons that came in waves from nowhere in the snow.

****

“I thought you were going to kill them,” Izzy could barely breathe, watching Tony lift up Steve to follow her. She wanted to crawl towards a door, force it open, beg them to go back to the jet and leave. She wasn't worth this much commotion. She wasn't worth their lives.

“I am,” the voice smug and smooth. “But what's the fun of it if I can't make you watch? I thought I'd off your favorites first.”
“What makes you think they’re my favorite?” keep your voice steady, don’t betray the truth. Don’t let him see your heart breaking in two, Izzy told herself.

“Because Captain America brings you flowers. You seek out Iron Man. You are just as infatuated with them as they are with you. Cheap whore. Easily amused men. No better than a woman on the corner.”

“What are you going to do?” she demanded, struggling against the wall of the helicopter to straighter herself up to standing. If only she could find something rough to rub these ropes on. Were they even ropes? Zip ties? Something more intense? Whatever they were, they bit into her skin, and she began to shiver in the freezing air as they rose higher. Over the blades of the helicopter, she was able to hear the crashing of the ocean.

“I haven’t decided yet. It would, of course, be wonderful to watch the Avengers fall apart once they watch their leader and their golden child die. And you, all at the same time.” the voice was thoughtful. Izzy’s breath went ragged on a sob. She rolled her shoulders helplessly.

“What kind of person are you?”

“I think you know, Isadora.”

She turned back to the monitor, horrified at the scene playing out.

*****

“Have to get closer.” Captain managed over all the noise. But when he got close, the chopper sped up. A sick game of keep away. If he wasn’t carrying the weight of the Captain, he might have been able to catch up. But what about whomever was piloting? He couldn't take care of them and get Izzy out to safety. Not at this height.

Suddenly, it seemed to hover in the air, and he thought for a minute they’d be able to reach it, get in and get the girl and pilot it back to the others. They’d be able to get back onto the jet and bundle her to safety, close between all of them. Never let anyone get close to her again.

Then the door open, and the chopper tipped sharply. There was no one piloting it, he realized then, gasping in horror. A body, small and vulnerable, came tumbling out, rushing towards the black ocean below them. She was hurtling, the only sound they heard a shrill cry, ringing in their ears.

“Izzy,” Steve breathed.
Hold Your Breath On The Way Down

Chapter Summary

This got a little deus ex machina. I apologize. Can we roll with it until we get back to the sex?

She tumbled through the air, screaming as she went. It was pointless, it was a waste of air, but Izzy couldn't stop. The cold bit into his cheeks, and she couldn't seem to focus to understand when she would hit the water. Should she be holding her breath? Izzy took in a deep breath and closed her eyes right as her body slammed into the water.

The darkness, and the stinging salt slapped at her skin.

Steve and Tony sped towards the splash, stared for a moment.

"I gotta put you in there, Cap." Tony said quickly, aware of what this meant to him. To both of them. Tony still hated the water, the way that it brought him back the Afghanistan. Even if no one was pressing his head down, even if there was no car battery currently attached to his chest. Even if he was safe in the suit, he didn't think he could do it.

Not that Cap was in a better place. The icy water would take him back all those years ago. Putting down the plane. Asking Peggy to dance. Knowing he wouldn't. Knowing again that there was another girl there he liked, knowing that the water was separating them.

"Okay," Captain America swallowed hard. "Okay, let me go, Iron Man. Let me get her."

And he dove into the blackness, the salty sting. Even a Super Soldier had to breathe, though, so he kicked hard, trying to find her somewhere there. Somewhere. Peerin carefully, he saw below the surface, sinking in her heavy clothes.

His own lungs aching, he kicked towards her, snatching her hand and trying hard to pull them to the surface. Finally, he broke through, gasping for air. His lungs burned in a way that was all too familiar. How many asthma attacks had made him feel this way? At least this time he could suck in the air, that oxygen starvation could end.

Steve rolled her onto his chest, her head above the water. It was an awkward position, but heard the Quinjet above them. He squinted into the light and reached for the rope that dropped down, felt more than heard Iron Man coming to join them to take Izzy from him.

Izzy, soaking wet and not quite breathing. Was she? Was her chest breathing? Her lips were parted, and her hair was matted to her forehead and scalp. He held onto the rope as he was pulled up, watched anxiously as Tony flew her up. By the time Steve came in, she was laying on the floor, Tasha kneeling beside her as Bruce carefully but her soaked clothing off.

Not like we all haven't seen her naked, anyway, Steve thought wryly. He stood to the side, not wanting to be in the way. Bruce laid his head on her chest and frowned. He looked exhausted himself, his hands shaking. He needed to lay down, be wrapped in a blanket, be given a protein bar and a mug of tea. But instead, he was beginning compressions to her chest. Tasha turned her face to
the side. Before he’d done five, water came spewing out of Izzy's mouth.

She wheezed and choked, struggling to sit up. Natasha caught the back of her head and carefully eased her up, leaning to woman against her own breast. She rubbed up and down her back as she gagged and coughed, shivering violently.

“Oh my God,” she managed between breaths. “I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.”

“No, darling. Don't be sorry.” Natasha soothed, her lips to the woman's forehead. “This wasn't your fault.”

Bruce was wrapping her in blankets, trying to rub some warmth in her fingers. Tony's helmet was off, and he was peering into her eyes. She still wheezed and coughed wetly. He snatched an oxygen mask to drop over her face, fussing with the elastics on her face. He smoothed back her hair, pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

Steve finally managed to push them all away, except for Bruce. He allowed the man to put something on her finger that he said would measure her pulse and oxygen level. Then he shooed him off to recover. He managed to get Natasha to go and sit in the co pilot seat and lifted Izzy up to sit in his lap, her head on his shoulder. She reached out to let one hand wrap around his neck.

“I'm so sorry, Steve,” she managed. He buried his face in her neck, willing some of his warmth to seep into her skin. To try and warm her deep into her organs, or even into her soul. One of his hands cupped the back of her head, mindless of the wetness of her hair.

“This is not your fault. This is our fault. We failed to protect you, Izzy. We all know that messing around with anyone means that we have to always watch them. We failed, Izzy, we failed.” he rocked slightly back and forth.

The ride back felt endless, and the girl shivered on his lap. Her fingers didn't loosen their freezing death grip, and Tony sat beside them. Steve lifted his face, and locked eyes with the genius. They read the heart break on one another's face.

Tony scooted closer and closer, until he too was pressed into Steve. One gauntlet reached for Izzy's free hand. She gripped it weakly and pressed gently back into Tony's shoulder. Contact between all three of them. Pain between all three of them.
SHEILD had rushed her off when they landed. She needed x-rays and an IV, they said. They were concerned about pneumonia, they said she needed to be treated right away for the hypothermia, and have her fingers and toes evaluated.

The Avengers were left to wait, something none of them did particularly well. Natasha sat next to Clint, her arms folded across her chest as she watched the clock. Steve leaned against the wall, eyes on the door, waiting for the doctor. Bruce's head lolled against his shoulder, sapped of energy from the battle and the adrenaline. And Tony fidgeted. He sat for a few minutes. He squirmed. He went to the windows, he walked to look out the door.

“Tony, man, I love you, but you need to sit the hell down.” Clint finally muttered to him. The billionaire, for once, did not have a snappy comeback. He sank low into a seat, staring up at the ceiling. Steve's fingers twitched; he wanted badly to reach out and stroke back the tousled mop of dark hair. He wanted to provide comfort he didn't feel himself.

Steve cleared his throat, ready to make a speech. Before he had to try and muster up the energy, the door eased its way open. The doctor looked up from his clipboard with a wry sort of smile.

“Ms. Lewis is going to be okay. She's awake, in the next room. We've got her on some prophylactic antibiotics, and we want to watch her for a night...” Tony didn't hear the rest, shoving past the doctor and skidding gracelessly into the next room.

Izzy's bed was adjusted so she sat up. She had an oxygen tube in her nose, her eyes half closed. There was an IV in one arm, and she was wrapped in an ugly hospital gown. But she still smiled when she saw him, however weakly. She lifted her arms, allowing him to come closer to her and gingerly rest his head on her shoulder.

“I'm fine, Tony.” she managed, her voice rough and weak. “I'm fine, honey.”

Tony nuzzled her, seeking the scent of orange blossoms. It clung to the strands of her hair, delicate. He felt some of the tension leaving his body. He finally let go of her and reached for a chair, pulling it close to the side of her bed. He brought her knuckles to his mouth, held her tightly. Her eyes drifted shut for longer than a blink, fuzzy when she opened them.

“You're not fine. But I'll make sure you always will be.” he finally said softly. The door opened and he jumped. Steve hovered in the doorway.

“Come on, join the party.” Izzy smiled when Steve came and brushed a kiss to her forehead. He pulled the other chair to her other side. He clutched her other hand.

“You know, guys, while we're here, we could have a rather intense discussion.”

“That sounds like a horrible idea, Iz.” Tony rolled his eyes.

“I like--? He likes--? Isadora, what are you talking about?” Steve blinked a few times, a blush staining across his nose.

“Must be the meds.” Tony said quickly. “Sweetheart, aren't you tired? Don't you want to sleep?”

“No, I want to hash this out. Besides, it's like a fan girl's wet dream. You know, to see you guys
“Tony?” Steve couldn’t quite meet his eye.

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“There she is!” Tony said almost too loudly when the nurse came in with a syringe. She raised an eyebrow at all of them before carefully injecting the young woman.

“You need to rest.” she said firmly. “And the policy is for one visitor.”

“But I need them both.” Izzy shot her some serious puppy dog eyes, all aglint with tears. The nurse only sighed and shook her head.

“If I hear a peep out of you two.” she pointed at both of the superheroes. “You will get out. If her monitors start beeping, you will get out. If she asks you to leave, you will get out. If we come rushing in, you will get out. Am I clear?”

“Yes,” they both said quickly, in unison. Time with Natasha and Pepper had taught both of them that women like this liked to be answered quickly. She gave one nod and walked out.

Izzy giggled a bit, her eyes starting to close. Her hands tightened around their fingers, and she fought the medicine in her body. She bit at her lower lip and tried to focus on one of them.

“It's all right, Izzy.” Tony reached to stroke her forehead. “We're here. We won't let anything happen.I know that's hard to believe right now, but I promise. We're right here. And Natasha and Bruce are outside.”

“You're safe.” Steve murmured.

And so her eyes finally closed and she slept.

**

Sometime in the night, Steve woke. He and Tony both had fallen asleep with their heads on their folded arms. Izzy slept on, still in her propped up position. He adjusted her pillow, hushing her when she stirred. He smoothed her hair out of her face and watched the fretfulness seep out of her.

And then he focused on the genius on the other side of the bed. The only time he ever seemed calm was when he was asleep. The wrinkles in his forehead smoothed. His lips were parted slightly. His fingers were loosely tangled with Isadora’s.

“You're both going to get me into big trouble.” he whispered. He thought back to Izzy's words. Tony liked him. He liked Tony. His cheeks heated up again. How had she figured that out? He'd never said a word to her about it. What betrayed him?

Then again, the woman was a journalist. Wasn't it part of her job to realize things without being told. He mulled it over as he sat back, lifting his arms above his head, feeling his spine pop. He stared at the dark head, the calloused fingers. Gingerly, he reached over and stroked the warm flesh, feeling goosebumps rise at the texture of Tony's olive flesh. The fingers twitched and he slipped his hand away.

“Knew it,” Izzy mumbled. He scowled at her and then smiled faintly.

“Go back to sleep. You need to rest.” he glanced at the monitor to check her oxygen levels.
“Tell me I'm right and I'll sleep a whole lot better.”

“Never.” he saw her smirk, saw her eyes drifting shut. She reached for his hand again, squeezed his fingers and pulled it close to her chest, almost cuddling it against her. When she let her eyes crack open, she noticed the silver chain looped around his wrist, tangled and threatening to break. Peering closer, she saw a small emerald.

“Knew it,” she mumbled again.

“Hush you.” Steve just pressed a gentle kiss to her, letting her snuggle his hand. “Go to sleep, Iz. I'll be here.”

***

“All right, dear.” Bruce was flipping through the last of her discharge instructions. “Get your shoes on.”

Earlier in the day, Natasha had dropped off a bag of clothing. Not clothes from her apartment, Izzy noticed. New clothes with the tags still on. They fit her beautifully, especially the dark purple sweater that was sinfully soft. She bundled into it now, gathering her hair back from her face.

“Let me see my paperwork,” she whined playfully. “So I can not die tonight while I'm not surrounded by worried people.”

“Oh, you're not going back to the apartment.” Bruce shook his head and offered his hand. She took it, letting him pull her upright and draw her close.

“It's not safe anymore. So, until we can figure something else out, you're coming to the Tower.”

“I am?”

“Tony insists.” Bruce snorted. “And you know how he is.”

“Yes, I do.” she mumbled, letting Bruce lead her out of the building and to the waiting car.
Go On, Leave Me Breathless

She was getting better, day by day. She wasn’t so weak, and didn't tire so quickly. At first, she could only spend the days sitting up in a big recliner Tony bought just for her. He had set it up in the common room, and they all drifted towards her at one time of day or another.

Early in the mornings, Bruce was often seen sitting with his back against her legs. She would stroke his hair, playing with his curls with her finger tips. He’d take her temperature, administer her medications and help with her the inhalers. And then he'd sit there and let her rub his head while she sipped the hot herbal tea he made or her. He always looked so calm after that, so thoughtful, almost like he was drifting.

The afternoons found Natasha curled up next to her. They lay tangled together under the mountains of soft blankets Tony had bought for her. Their fingers stroked each other's hair, and sometimes their lips would meet in sweet, lazy kisses. Natasha played music for her then, and typically they fell asleep together. The assassin loved to listen to the sound of the journalist's heartbeat in her ear. She had been so afraid that it would stop after they pulled her out of the water. She had hated seeing her so limp an cold in Steve's arms.

And in the evenings, after they'd all eaten dinner, Tony would insist they had to watch a movie. They were trying to catch Steve and Bucky up, after all. She'd sit in one of their laps on the couch, her arm around a neck, her head on their chest. Bucky didn't always join them, but he did like for her to sit with him. Steve adored it when they sat together, loved her warmth, loved bundling with her under a blanket. He found it hard to concentrate on the movie.

And Tony? Tony liked to be able to whisper commentary into her ear. He liked it when she laughed. At first, a breathless sort of papery laugh. Then it got fuller and heavier, and she was able to make her own comments. That was the way Tony loved her. He loved her curled up into him, a blanket draped over them together, like a cocoon. Sometimes she turned and burrowed into him, her face pressed into his neck, their chests touching. He loved feeling the steady rhythm of her, liked to focus on it until he fell asleep too.

And so often, if they fell asleep together, he'd wake up and realize she had been moved. He'd see her in her recliner, Steve leaning over her as he watched her breathing. He'd be laying down, a pillow under his head. A blanket in his hands. He liked to watch Steve fussing around her, and in those early days, he'd even help sit her up and give her an inhaler if she had a coughing fit.

“How come you move her?” Tony asked him one night, voice gravelly. He rubbed at an eye with the back of one hand. Steve jumped and then looked at his teammate, blinking slowly.

“Because you both need to sleep, and you need to do that in the most comfortable way possible. Scrunched up sitting up together isn't very comfortable.” he gave Izzy's hair one more stroke before going over to Tony.

“We were doing okay.” he muttered, trying to pull the blanket away and swing his legs to the floor. Better get back to the lab, better go and get some work done. JARVIS would warn him if she stirred or needed him in the night.

“Shh,” Steve was then, big hands on his shoulders, coaxing him back into sleeping. “I didn't mean for you to get up right now.” the pillow was rearranged under his head, and the blanket pulled back up around his shoulders.
“I don't want to sleep.”

“Shh, Tony.” Again he was being shushed! What was with the shushing! “Please don't wake Isadora?”

Well. If anything was going to shut him up, that would be it. He laid back down and settled in, eyes on the shape of her in the recliner. Steve settled into another chair, his cheek listing towards his shoulder as he drifted off. After awhile, Tony got up, fetched another blanket from Izzy’s nest. He kissed her forehead and went to Steve, covering him carefully. He hesitated for a moment before leaning in and kissing the soldier's forehead, too.

**

Finally, she slept in her own room. It had been two weeks, and she could get there and back on her own. She was even starting to make food for everyone at meal times, big pots of spaghetti, or large shepherd's pies. Comfort food, home cooking, heavy on the starch. But she got tired easily, and she often needed to take naps in the afternoon. She folded their laundry sitting on a couch.

She hadn't mentioned going back home yet, and Steve was glad. He wasn't ready for Izzy to go back home. Maybe he'd never be ready for her to go. Izzy with her dark roots showing, Izzy who still had marks under her eyes. Izzy who dished up bowls of chicken noodle soup for them, with loaves of homemade bread.

Izzy who fit in there all too well.

And one night, he heard the door creak open. He heard soft footsteps and froze in his bed. Carefully, slowly, he turned towards the faint light coming in from the hallway. Izzy stood there, her blanket draped over her head and held under her chin.

“Iz?”

“Steve. Um. Um... Never mind.” she mumbled. “I just—never mind.”

“Come here,” he scooted over, going to the cold side of the bed. She slipped in wordlessly, her body trembling. He rearranged their covers and pulled her in close. He rubbed at her back, frowning. She wasn't cold to the touch.

“What's the matter, Izzy?”

“I dreamed of the water.”

“I dream of water too,” he whispered. She nestled against his chest, silent. Izzy was well aware of how he'd become an Avenger. They were quiet for a moment, feeling the night wind around them again.

“Then why did you go down after me?”

“Because, Izzy, even if I couldn't save you... I couldn't let you die alone. I had to at least try.” and before she could ask another question, he was hugging her breathless.
“I don't see why you have to go.” Tony leaned in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest. He had the urge to block the doorway, have JARVIS lock it down. Anything to keep her in there. But this wasn't Rapunzel, and he would make a terrible wicked step mother.

“Because I'm not an Avenger, and I'm wasting valuable time and resources by hanging out here.” Izzy smiled over her shoulder as she placed another heavy sweater in her suitcase. (Monogrammed, extra heavy swivel wheels, reinforced stitches and zippers. As beautiful as Tony could buy. But he had hoped she wouldn't actually be needing them.)

“We want you here.”

“Tony,” she already had the tone that everyone else had. That placating tone. That, you need to go to bed, or eat, or please relax instead of bouncing off the walls. She set a t-shirt on her bed and walked over to him, her hand reaching up for his shoulders.

“I don't belong here.”

“You do belong here. There's nowhere else that you could possibly belong. Besides, this is the safest place in the world.” he brushed her off and went to her suitcases, pulling all her clothes from them. “I can't let you leave with no one to protect you. You already got kidnapped once, I already almost lost you once, Isadora.”

“You'll be safest if you're Isadora, and you'll be safest here!” Tony insisted, a silky robe falling from his hand to the floor in a whisper of fabric. He clenched his hands in fists.

“You have a very important job. All of you do! And if I'm here then you're going to be worried about me. Worried about getting back to me, about keeping someone from me. And I don't think I want that kind of responsibility.”

“You're an important job.” he said softly. Izzy just gave him a heartbroken look and threw her arms around his shoulders. He clutched her to him, her face buried in the crook of her neck. He could feel the fluttering of her heart against his chest. He wished she could feel that, wished she knew how his heart was beating for her. Tony Stark wished he had a heart.

“I'm just some slutty journalist. Remember? I break ethics? I'm more interested in fucking my story? Remember, Tony?” she nuzzled against him, and somehow they made it towards her bed. They curled together, legs dangling off the edges, pinned in by her suitcases. She stretched on top of him, fingers twisted in his hair.

“You're not, Izzy. I'm sorry I said those things to you. Please, don't leave.” he murmured into her ear. He inhaled deeply the scent of orange blossoms, felt her heat and weight against him. “You're the only thing that feels real to me right now.”


“Doesn't it bother you?” her voice was raspy, heavy in the pre-dawn grayness. Steve turned to her, tugging the ball cap lower over his eyes. He had hoped to slip out without her noticing. She'd come in late, shivering, gasping. Her hair had been drenched in sweat, and she trembled as she burrowed
into his blankets.

Steve could only wind himself around her and whisper in her ear, brushing her sticky hair back. She really should have showered, but something in the quiver of her lower lip made him think she should stay with him.

“Doesn’t what bother me?” Steve whispered, creeping to the bed to ease her back down, pulling the blanket back up to her chin. She smoothed her messy hair before grabbing his hoodie to go on his run.

“Me coming and bothering you at night?”

“Oh Iz,” he sighed and kissed her forehead, tasting the salt of her nightmares. Tasting her fear. “No, it doesn't bother me. I'm glad to be here for you. I'm glad to be here with you.”

She curled into his warm spot on the bed, looking forlorn and lonesome there. A pitiful lump in miles of linens. He glanced at her once before heading out for his run.

**

“Tony?” Izzy's voice over the intercom system. He glanced up from his work in the lab. He knew she wasn't really there. He knew it was just her voice being projected, but there was still a flutter in his belly. Every time he looked at her, he got butterflies.

Not that she was the only one who gave him that feeling.

“Yeah, Fizzy?” he liked to tease her, give her stupid nicknames.

“Can you come up to your room? I need you.” her voice got darker and breathy the longer she spoke. He slipped, knuckles crashing into the metal of the piece he was working on. Tony swore and sucked his wounded hand.

“Take that as a yes?”

“Hell yes,” Tony said too quickly. “Be right there.”

And he dashed for the elevator, scrubbing his oily hands on his tattered black t-shirt as he came. He ignored the tears in his jeans and questioned why he was so excited to see her like that. It wasn't like they hadn't fucked before. It wasn't like her body was anything new for him. But the thought of seeing her, spread out and willing for him just sent a shiver down his spine.

When he opened the door to his bedroom, he smelled her before he could see her. The smoky smell of candles and incense. The heavy smell of orange blossoms that drove him crazy. And when we stepped in and saw her, barely illuminated, his pants grew tighter. She was kneeling on his bed, bare legs and arms. Covered by just a few inches of a silky negligee. Her lips were a smear of pink, and her eyes glowed hazel.

“What's all this?” he gestured around, feeling the dirt on his hands itching.

“Part of a surprise.” she sat back on her heels and smiled. Before Tony could ask another question, the bathroom door opened, and Steve stepped out.

He was wearing nothing but a pair of loose boxers, threatening to slide down his hips. A blush spread hotly across his face, and the tips of his ears had pinked as well. The men regarded one another, and Tony couldn't help the flick of his eyes down to Steve's groin. He swallowed a few times before swiveling his head back to Izzy. She was biting the nail on her index finger and giving
them a faint smile.

“Isadora Katherine Lewis.” Tony’s voice was low and dangerous. “Just exactly what is it that you're doing right here?”

“I think you can tell.” she dropped her hand. “I know how you two feel about each other. You know how you two feel about it. And now you two need to act on it. I'm willing to be here to be a buffer. I'd be lying if I said the thought if it didn't get me wet.” she laughed softly.

“Izzy...” Steve swallowed. “What do you want us to do?” Ever the soldier.

“Kiss him.” she nodded to Tony. “Put your lips on his. If you don't feel that heat, if you don't feel that spark, then I'm wrong. I'm wrong and one of you can leave, and I'll leave in the morning. You never have to see me again. How's that?”

“Deal,” Steve was looking at Tony. Tony could only nod slowly. They stepped towards each other across the room. Careful steps, chances to let the other person dart away. Someone could call uncle if they wanted to. Anyone could back out, if that was what they needed. But no one looked away. Not the little vixen on the bed, not the super soldier, and not the genius. Their lips came crashing together.
Steve tasted solid and safe. His lips were hot and dry, and Tony gasped as he broke off the kiss, his chest pressing tightly into the one in front of him. Izzy laughed softly on the bed, sitting back in the pillows to make herself comfortable. Steve reached up to cup the genius's face. His thumbs stroked his cheekbones, taking in the prickles of his goatee and stubble.

“Oh my God,” Tony murmured. Steve laughed faintly and bent in for another kiss, his hands still on Tony's cheeks. The kiss was returned enthusiastically, and lips parted. Tony's tongue darted into the other man's mouth, trying to get more of that heavy heat, that sharp taste of Steve. He wanted to drink it in, he wanted to cover himself in that taste and feel it always.

“Guess this means I don't have to go anywhere.” Izzy sat on the bed, looking all too much like the cat who got the cream.

“Quiet, you.” Tony muttered. She could only laugh again as Steve began inching the two of them towards the bed. The collapsed near Izzy, landing with a bounce. Steve had pinned down the genius, his long, heavy fingers carding through the tousled mess of hair.

“So what do we do now?” the super soldier murmured, blue eyes darting between the woman in her negligee, and the rumpled man whose lips were kiss swollen.

“Whatever you want.” Izzy told him gently. Tony squirmed beneath him, their groins brushing together. Steve groaned softly. He considered the impish girl, then leaned over and brushed a kiss to her mouth. She seemed to melt against him, and let him lay her down next to Tony. He balanced on his palms, looking down at the two of them.

“Kiss her, Tony. I think I know what I need.” there was a glint in his eye that Tony had never seen before. It was dangerous, it was new, and it was sending shivers through his body. He rolled over, nudging Steve out of the way. He draped himself over Izzy, relishing the difference between her body and the body of the soldier. She was all soft curves and delicate skin. He was broad lines and firmness. It was an interesting contrast, and he wasn't sure which one he liked the best.

“Isadora,” Tony murmured, his lips pressing up and down her neck. He eased up the hem of her nightie, tossing it away, nuzzling her bare breasts before suckling on them. His hand was raised, and out of the corner of his eye, he saw his fingers-still slightly dirty from the workshop—being pressed between pink lips. He saw one flash of brilliant red tongue and whimpered against her nipple.

Steve's tongue lathed his fingers, thoroughly soaking them. When he finally released them, he slipped his own fingers between Izzy's legs. Her eyes fluttered shut, her spine bowing beautifully. Her hands were reaching for Tony's pants, trying to ease them off him. He caught on and helped kick them off, peeled himself away from the two of them long enough to just take his shirt off.

Heat, heat, heart beats and soft gasps. Her hands were wrapped around his cock, and his hands were trailing down her body, stroking and soothing and memorizing her. There were more hands between her legs, there was a hand at his spine, stroking softly.

“Hey, Tony?” she whispered hoarsely.

“Yes, Dizzy?”

“Relax.” she rubbed at his shoulders, pepperling his face with kisses. She made him chase her mouth for more, so he didn't realize that Steve was reaching for something in the nightstand. He didn't even
seem to register the clicking of a bottle. He did freeze at the blunt finger at his entrance. He whimpered and buried his face in Izzy's neck.

“Shh,” she soothed, rubbing the back of his neck.

“You can always tell me no, Tony.” Steve was frozen, lubed finger just there. But Tony couldn't stand the thought of backing out now. He didn't know how much he wanted it until it was here in front of him.

“Please,” he whispered instead.

Izzy rewarded him with a dazzling smile and gave him another kiss. A hard deep kiss, so he almost didn't feel the finger sliding into him. It went in slowly, inching in and easing out, inching in and easing out until he found his hips rising and falling with the motion. More lube was drizzled against him and the friction increased ever so slightly, that finger going in just a little bit deeper every time.

“You are doing so well.” Izzy murmured. His cheek was against her collarbone, and above him, the two other kissed. She squirmed, her legs tangling with his, trying to bring him closer to her. Her body was begging to be taken.

And then Steve's finger was inside him fully. Carefully moving, not too much friction. Looking for something, searching for something. He brushed against something deep inside of him, something that made Tony cry out, his head pressing into the woman. Steve leaned over him, his forehead at the base of the penis's neck as he kept pressing against that spot inside him. His dick, which had gone a little soft from the feeling of being opened, got hard again, and steadily leaked precome down her thigh.

Another finger joined the first, making sure he was good and open. It was a strange feeling, a new feeling. It burned slightly, but he wasn't sure he cared. Too soon, the fingers were removed, and he almost whined at the loss. But before long, hands were adjusting his hips. He was rearranged, raised on his knees slightly. Izzy was coaxed into laying lower on the bed, her legs wide open. Tony's head was pressed between her legs.

“Eat her,” Steve growled. They both gasped. They loved it when he used his commanding voice. Tony didn't argue, didn't quip, but snapped to his duty. Her body was warm and fragrant, and between her legs she even tasted of orange blossoms. His tongue slid into her slit, into her opening, to taste the fluid almost dripping from her.

Slowly, Steve pushed into him. Tony froze at the intrusion. One of Izzy's hands came to his hair, rubbing his scalp. She might have been telling him how well he was doing, he wasn't sure. He winced and squirmed until a brawny hand pressed to his spine, urging him to stop. To be still. They stayed like that for a few moments, him getting used to it.

Once he had found a comfortable space, he turned his head and began to lap at Izzy again. She was gasping and moaning softly. Her hands shook in his hair, and he reached up to tangle their fingers together. She could be his lifeline. He could be hers.

Steve had begun to pump in and out of him. Steve's hands were gripping hard enough to bruise. He bowed his back to go Steve in just a little bit deeper. He was rising and falling to meet Steve, urging him to go just a little bit faster, go a little bit harder. And then Steve's cock, as long and beautiful as it was, finally brushed that spot inside him again.

Tony moaned, long and low and doubled his efforts at Izzy's pussy. He lapped at her, his tongue rolling around her clit, before finally latching on and sucking. He untangled their fingers, slipping into her instead. He turned his wrist, just to see her flinch and cry out. The Captain was not giving
him any leeway, and he was fucking himself back on that thick cock.

“Oh, oh, oh!” Izzy cried out, cumming all over his face. Tony loved nothing more than a woman cumming all over his face for him to lick clean. Unless, of course, it was Steve increasing his pace. He could tell the man was holding back, desperate not to hurt him. He furiously licked Izzy clean and then kissed her thighs as he met Steve thrust for thrust. He felt like he was going to explode.

“Come for me, Tony,” Steve hissed, his hand finally wrapping around Tony's rock hard dick, using the precome as lube. That was all it took before his back was pressing into that broad chest. One arm was locked around his was it. He spat on the sheets, on his stomach, on Izzy's legs. He cried out, unintelligible words. Steve bit down roughly on his shoulder, breaking skin as he froze, filling Tony with his cum.

“Oh my God,” Izzy breathed when they collapsed, heavy and breathless on her legs. Her hands were in their hair, easing them down from their high. Steve was cautiously easing out of Tony, who trembled with the loss and the feeling of someone else's mess down the backs of his legs.

“That was...”

“Yes,” Steve managed. He somehow found the strength to rise off the bed and stumble towards Tony's bathroom. He came back with a few cloths and began to wipe everyone clean. He kissed Izzy out of her stupor and ushered her off the bathroom, and then hauled Tony up onto the pillows. Tony could barely keep his eyes open as he curled onto Steve's chest. One arm was looped around him, and lips were pressed to the top of his head. Izzy came back, wearing a t shirt and a pair of panties. She wormed onto the bed against Tony's back. She snuggled in, warm and pliant and sleepy. She'd blown out the candles, doused the incense. The three of them twisted together into the bed, to drift off with each other.
How Could You Forget Your Little Bird

Chapter Summary

FINALLY here is some Clint/Izzy. Not super smutty, but I hope you like it.

I think I have one more chapter here, and then we can bid Izzy farewell.

“Izzy?” she was sitting alone in the kitchen at the breakfast bar. She looked up from her book and smiled lightly.

“Yes, Clint?”

“The others are gone.” he shifted his weight from foot to foot, staring at her braid trailing down her back instead of at her face. She only raised an eyebrow.

“So it would seem. Did you wanna watch that dumb show about the talking cat and fish again?” she stretched over the back of her stool, her arms high above her head.

“No, I had something else in mind. If you're up for it?” he almost knotted his hands in his shirt. She sat up straight and looked at him with a questioning look.. A small smile cracked her face, and she slid off the stool. Her legs were bare and milky white underneath her huge purple sweater, and she padded over to Clint.

“Did you want your turn, little bird?”

“Yes,” he breathed, his hands reaching for her hips. She tiptoed up and pressed their lips together, sampling his mouth. Clint pulled her in closer, suddenly craving her warmth.

Izzy melted against him, their tongues slipping and sliding together. His hands reached to her ass, squeezing and kneading. Clint was an ass man, and hers was the perfect shape to sit right in his palms. He started pulling up the hem of her sweater so he could feel her skin with his hands. He dug his fingers into her hot flesh, resisting the urge to rip off her panties.

“You gonna lay me down somewhere? Or you gonna put those acrobat skills I've seen to use?” Izzy laughed. He lifted her up by the backs of her thighs, her legs immediately winding around his waist. Clint chased her lips with his own, capturing her again, barely needing to look to see where they were going.

He laid her down across the dining room table. Long, dark, hard wood. Clint ripped the sweater off her, grinning as her skin rose in goosebumps and her nipples went hard. He caught a nipple in his mouth, sucked hard for a moment, eyes fluttering closed. He nipped just to feel her gasp and then latched onto the flesh between her breasts. He sucked hard, letting go with a wet pop. Clint loved leaving hickeys. Little reminders.

Izzy squirmed out of her panties and kicked them off the side, gesturing to Clint's clothes. He shed his shirt and kicked out of his pants, then slid onto the table next to her. She rolled over, her legs spreading until she straddled him.

“Ride me?”
Izzy didn't need to be told twice. She lifted her hips and let him slide into her. A long, low moan left her as her head lolled back on her neck. Clint twisted his hips, bottoming out inside her. He groaned, finding her hands and wrapping their fingers together for leverage.

“Ride me,” he repeated. And Izzy rose and fell, rose and fell, his dick buried deep inside her. Her mouth fell open as he held her steady. This wasn't acrobatic sex, this wasn't sex up against a wall, or upside down, or buried in a king size bed.

This was quick and dirty sex on a dining room table, with her pussy dripping around him. Her hands let go of his, instead coming to clutch at his chest. Her nails ripped at his taunt skin, making Clint whimper. She smirked at the beads of blood that came to his skin and bent to lick at them.

“I like marking you up, too.” she whispered darkly, her hair falling into his face. When had her braid come loose? It didn't matter. The red waves surrounded them like a curtain as she fucked herself on his cock. She finally threw her head back, her hair falling back.

“Oh God, Clint.” she moaned.

He couldn't help himself. He rose up, adjusted her legs until she had to wrap her arms around his neck. He put his hands under her ass, those firm, smooth globes. He helped her bounce, rise and fall. He fucked into her before bending his head to bite down on her shoulder. Izzy keened, her fingers clawing at his back.

Izzy bent then. Her feet were flat on the table behind him, and he clutched her desperately. Her pussy squeezed him and he cried out. He was close, but she was closer. She came, her walls clamping around her, her hands tightening on his shoulders. Clint was soon after her, his arms drawing her in uncomfortably close, crushing her to his chest. He poured into her, every drop buried deep inside her.

He slid out of her and stretched her out, pressing his weight on top of her. He held her hands down by her wrists and contemplated her for a few minutes. A blush had risen in her cheeks. Her hair was a tangle, her skin was damp with sweat.

“Sometimes you just need to get down and dirty, hm?” he smirked and hopped off the table. “I mainly like thinking that we fucked where Tony eats.”

“I foresee this ending in some kind of sex war.” she muttered. She sat up, rubbing her forehead. Clint paused and then bent to pick up her panties. He eased her feet through, then bent and lifted her off the table. He pulled up her panties and then helped her on with her sweater.

Izzy's blush was different now. He smiled at her sweetly and even tried to straighten her hair. They stared at each other for a few minutes, Izzy's hands tangled in his shirt. He stroked her cheek for a moment before leading her to the living room. He stretched on the couch and pulled her down onto him, nestled into his chest. He flicked on the tv and set it to that stupid cat show.

Izzy laid on his lazily, her fingers still in his shirt. She was a good fuck. She was a better snuggler.
The alarm went off, and everyone started rolling out of bed. Feet hit the floor as voices echoed down the hallways. Sleep was quickly rubbed from eyes. The Avengers raced to the roof, straight for the Helicarrier, the quicker to get to where they needed to be dropped off.

There she was, wearing a pair of Bruce's pajama pants with the waistband rolled up. Clint's old slippers, worn but still warm, were on her feet. Tony's old robe, still decadent and extra thick, had been pulled on, but she left it untied. An told t shirt of Natasha's that was just as form fitting on her. She was yawning and trying to look awake.

“We'll be back as soon as we can, Izzy.” Captain paused where she stood at the entrance. The engines were started, and he had to shout to be heard.

“Just come back to me at all.” she smiled, handing him a small backpack. She had taken to doing that for him when Tony told her that Cap tended to crash after these missions. He needed lots of protein, lots of fuel. So Isadora stuffed a bag with the gross power bars that SHEILD pushed, and packets of peanut butter crackers, and a few bottles of water.

Captain kissed her and rushed out. Natasha was next and wrapped her in a tight hug, their cheeks pressed together. Often times, she didn't need any words. She just needed some physical contact, one touch for Izzy to remind herself that she was grounded. Izzy kissed her sweetly and sent her on her way.

Tony left his face mask up and kissed her lips gently, pressing one gauntlet to her cheek for a moment. Izzy caught his wrist and smiled at him. Tony liked having someone to come back to him, someone that didn't have to go out into the fray with them. Someone he didn't have to guard immediately. When he came back injured, Tony refused medical. He'd only let Bruce look at him, but now that Izzy was around, he let her dress his wounds.

Clint gave her a bear hug and a kiss on the neck, swaggering out. He was all about bravado, even if he did find her the nights after. Even if he did climb into her bed for her to card her fingers through his hair so he could put his head on her chest and listen to her heartbeat. Sometimes he fell asleep, more often he did not. But he didn't feel the need to hide in the vents, or shy away from everyone else with his hearing aids out.

And Bruce, stumbling behind, kissing her distractedly on the mouth. He liked coming home to her, too. So often, if the Other Guy came out, then Izzy would be there with a nice warm blanket and a snack and a cup of tea. She'd let him snuggle her against him hard, like he couldn't stand to be parted from her. Like she was the only thing that was real to him. Like she reminded him that he wasn't a monster.

They all loved coming home to Izzy. After they'd left, she turned and shuffled towards the common room. Izzy could never go back to sleep in her bed after she saw them off. She slumped onto the couch, flicking on the television.

Bucky came in and sat next to her, as he so often did in these midnight hours. He'd found her once, waiting, and Izzy realized that he waited to. Sometimes she forgot that she wasn't the only person who cared about that crew of superheroes.
They never spoke. They only sat next to one another, and Bucky reached out and wrapped his fingers around hers.

And together, they waited for the rest of the world to come walking back through the doors.

Chapter End Notes

So, that's the end! I really hope you all enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. Thank you so much for sticking with me through this weird idea.

Songs used in this fic are as follows:
Title- Dizzy; The Goo Goo Dolls
Geronimo-Sheppard
Every Morning-Sugar Ray
Demons- Starset
The Ballad of Mona Lisa- Panic! at the Disco
Heart Shaped Glasses- Marilyn Manson
All The Right Moves- One Republic
We Don't Have to Dance- Andy Black
She's So Mean- Matchbox 20
What's My Age Again?- Blink-182
Safe and Sound- Capital Cities
Airplanes- B.o.B
Fortress of Tears-HIM
I Caught Fire- The Used
Breathless- The Corrs
Lips Like Morphine- Kill Hannah
Riptide- Vance Joy
We Are Nowhere, And It's Now- Bright Eyes
Like a Prayer- Madonna

See you next time!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!