The Core
by Del_Rion

Summary

Tony almost sacrifices himself to save his team – which awakens some of the Avengers to the fact that they’re not done becoming a team. After this they decide they must become more in order to survive and support each other. Consulting Tony about this change isn’t strictly necessary.

Written for: Kink Big Bang 2012
Also responding to an avengerkink (LiveJournal) prompt by blindheresy, “Self Sacrifice”
Fandom: The Avengers (MCU)

Era: Post-Avengers movie

Genre: Erotica, drama

Rating: MA / FRAO

Characters: Bruce Banner (Hulk), J.A.R.V.I.S., Steve Rogers (Captain America), Tony Stark (Iron Man), Thor (also: Clint Barton (Hawkeye), Nick Fury, Pepper Potts, Natasha Romanoff (Black Widow))

Pairings: Bruce/Tony, Bruce/J.A.R.V.I.S./Tony, Steve/Tony, Thor/Tony (brief: Pepper/Tony)

Art: Enk

Warnings: Sexual m/m content (slash) of kinky variety (including: bondage & restraints, object insertion (sounding), masturbation, oral sex & cock worship, orgasm denial, unprotected (anal & oral) sex), implied het, minor injury. Spoilers for The Avengers movie (and other random spoilers for the rest of the movies in the Avengers cinematic universe).

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Beta: Mythra

Feedback: Appreciated and cherished.

About The Core: The main body of the story was written for Kink Big Bang 2012. A section of the story, the catalyst of sorts, was inspired by blindheresy’s prompt at LJ’s avengerkink.

A list of some of the included kinks, tropes, clichés etc. (more or less alphabetically): anal sex, barebacking, BDSM, beards & stubble, biting, bruises and other wounds, (minor) conditioning, electricity, fingering, first times, foreplay, frottage, fucking machine, hand-jobs, masturbation, nipple play, oral fixation, oral sex, orgasm denial & frustration, pillow biting, power issues, multiple orgasms, restraints, rimming, clothed sex, rough sex, shower sex, sounding, cock/body worship.

Story and status: Below you see the writing process of the story. If there is no text after the title, then it is finished and checked. Possible updates shall be marked after the title.

The Core

Written for King Big Bang 2012. Furthermore, partially inspired by an avengerkink prompt
The Core

The Avengers

Some called them superheroes – and at that point Tony Stark often found himself looking in the mirror.

Some called them legends, which was all the reason in the world to look at Steve Rogers, whether he was or wasn’t in his Captain America suit, carrying his shield and oozing all that was good and just in the world.

Some even called them gods – which wasn’t that far-fetched after witnessing Thor on his best days when he lived up to every single tale ever associated with his name.

And then there were some who called them monsters and while Tony didn’t want to, he kept thinking of the Hulk – although at the forefront of his mind he always recalled Bruce Banner, a man who didn’t deserve the curse of the beast inside him but Tony was convinced that one of these days the beast and the man would meet half-way and it would be amazing. He fully intended to be there that day, to witness that moment.

What Tony called them, however, was more complicated than one word – mostly because they were all incredibly different people from fucked up backgrounds and most times those differences worked as the adhesive that kept them all together. There were occasions, however, when something more was needed; when they were falling apart at the seams and if Tony wasn’t the first one walking or flying out of the room then something was wrong.

But he always came back, hoping that would be the case with the rest of them, too – even if he had to go the extra mile to make that happen…

The call came late at night, which usually meant trouble in some shape or form. Tony rolled over in bed, moaning. There was no phone vibrating against the nightstand, but the familiar sound J.A.R.V.I.S. played jarred his brain just as much out of much-needed sleep. “Who is it?” Tony asked, voice rough.

He had actually been enjoying uninterrupted sleep for a change, without a whisper of nightmare in sight. It couldn’t have been more than four hours since he got back from a mission in the Middle East, trying once again to calm down the increasing hostilities in the area. After spending almost three days straight in his suit, it had been a relief to get out of it, go to the bathroom, eat actual food and then pass out in his bed.

“Director Fury, sir. He says it’s extremely urgent,” his AI notified him with a voice that was equally pleasant and annoying. One of the reasons Tony had first selected it, although J.A.R.V.I.S. had
The was good; not that he had ever seen Fury cry or knew the man to be capable of such emotional release, but when the day came that the Director of S.H.I.E.L.D. cried to him over the phone… that would be the day when Tony refused to pick up since he was incapable and unqualified to take care of whatever needed to be done.

He sat up in bed, trying to look more awake, then nodded. “Okay, connect him.”

“Stark,” Fury started at once. “We have a situation.”

“Can’t someone else take care of it?” Tony started complaining. “In case you didn’t know – and I know you do know fully well – I just got back from –”

“The Avengers have been captured,” Fury rudely interrupted him.

“What?” Tony blinked dumbly. “I’m here. I’m not…” His brain tried to find another gear. “Which of the Avengers?” he asked, dreading the answer. Natasha Romanoff and Clint Barton – Black Widow and Hawkeye – had been on a secret S.H.I.E.L.D. mission for weeks now and were unlikely to return anytime soon by the sound of it.

“Rogers, Banner and Thor.”

Tony just sat there, ready to fall back on the bed and go to sleep because it was likely this was a dream. “Seriously?”

“Don’t I sound serious enough?” Fury demanded.

He did. “How the hell did someone accomplish that? Were they taken at the same time? Who has them?” Tony was already getting up out of bed, calculating in his head what he would need to shoot into his body to stay awake until this was over.

“We’re not certain who has them. They were sent out to investigate a possible Hydra sighting while you were taking care of business in the Middle East. We’re not certain whether it’s actually Hydra who has them.”

“Have there been demands?” Tony asked, pulling on a fresh undersuit. He tapped a screen on the wall and saw J.A.R.V.I.S. was already preparing the armor; so much for airing it out and doing a few updates he had thought of while out there.

“None yet.”

Tony wasn’t certain whether he was glad that was the case; he could only imagine what kind of ransom someone would ask for three superheroes.

Tony wasn’t sure whether to laugh or cry when the actual ransom demands arrived. They were fairly simple although a few rules were stressed carefully: they wanted Tony to come alone to a pre-disclosed location, alone and without his suit or any kind of back up.

“What is this, a ‘Collect All Avengers’ game?” Tony asked, reading the short message over once again. The kidnappers had sent it through Stark Industries, clearly not caring whether S.H.I.E.L.D.
got wind of it or not, yet they seemed aware that the shady organization would be hovering over
Tony’s shoulder.

“We haven’t been able to track down the other Avengers yet but there’s still a chance they’ll manage
to break free,” Fury noted.

“The meeting’s tonight,” Tony waved the piece of paper at the man. Who used paper these days?

“There’s a chance –”

“I’ll do it,” Tony sighed, throwing the note away although it landed only a foot from his hand.

“You don’t have to agree to their terms,” Fury reminded him, as if Tony didn’t know it. “For all we
know they’ll capture you as well.”

“Then you better find us all and fast,” Tony retorted, standing up. “I don’t handle captivity very
well.” He didn’t need to remind Fury about that but he felt like telling the man he didn’t like the idea
of throwing himself to the wolves. His three captured teammates, however, were counting on him, so
he would at least try.

The location was at the docks, unsurprisingly. When Tony drove out there he felt like rolling his eyes
at the whole setting – then at the dark van parked in a dark alley between two buildings. He cut the
engine and stepped out, adjusting his leather jacket then stepped forward.

“Mr. Stark,” one of the men beside the van greeted him. He had a soft, honeyed voice for a man. “I
trust you have come alone?”

“Do I look like I’m not alone?” Tony shot back, impatience and anger seeping into his voice. “I’m
just letting you know right now that capturing four Avengers is probably the stupidest thing you’ve
done in your entire life and you’ll come to regret it sooner rather than later, no matter how far ahead
you think you’ve thought this through.”

“We only have three Avengers,” the man replied.

Tony tried not to feel insulted.

“You are free to leave right now if you want to,” Honey Voice went on. He looked quite normal in
every way, no accent suggesting where he was from. His clothing was tasteful yet smart, his looks
suggesting that he liked to take care of himself. “If you choose to come with us, however, we will let
you see your friends. No harm will come to you before you hear our terms, and if you wish to tell us
no, you are free to return here in the same condition as you’re in now.”

Tony tried to find a catch. “Terms?”

“I believe the note we sent you mentioned an exchange.”

“I thought you just forgot to fill in the digits for the amount of money you wanted,” Tony snapped.

The man gave him a small smile then stepped to the side, raising one hand to gesture towards the
van. “This choice is yours alone. Do you wish to see your friends?”

“I can see them and still leave if I want to?” Tony frowned. He didn’t like this. It was too…
uncomplicated.

“Yes.”
“And how are you going to prevent me from seeing them, then leaving and coming back with my suit?” he challenged the logic of their unknown enemy.

“We will, of course, have to sedate you for the journey, but I assure you we have thought of all possibilities.”

Tony liked it even less but what choice did he have? They had found no sign of the captured Avengers and that concerned him; if something wasn’t horribly wrong, they would have already seen destruction wherever the Hulk appeared or a lightning storm reflecting Thor’s mood. His hammer was, however, still in the location where they had been taken, which left a bad taste in Tony’s mouth.

“How do I know they’re not dead?” he asked, surprising himself a little.

Honey Voice smiled again. “That is the risk you must take. I give you my word they are still very much alive and almost unscathed, but if you cross us or they try to escape, that will change very fast.”

Tony guessed he had no choice. He started tugging up one sleeve but another man stepped around the first, with a cloth in hand. “You’re some old-fashioned people,” Tony commented as the cloth was pressed over his face and the world began to tilt until he no longer felt his body and everything went dark.

Tony came to inside the van. He was shockingly comfortable, slightly slumped on a seat, and he did a quick check; arc reactor still in place, his clothes still on him – his own clothes, too. He wasn’t tied, the only thing holding him in place was the seatbelt.

“Good, you’re awake,” the familiar honeyed voice greeted him. “We are here.”

“Where’s here?” Tony asked although he knew no one would tell him. It was worth a shot, though.

The side door of the van was slid to the side and Tony released himself from the seat, getting out. They were inside a building of some sort, a warehouse type of area yet it could be a dozen other things; a lot of empty space around them, no windows, several large doors along one wall.

For a moment Tony thought he had been tricked – not that he had expected anything else – then was led ahead. None of the men carried weapons, far as he could see. Sure, they probably had at least one each holstered underneath their clothes but he wasn’t threatened or pushed around, as had been promised.

They stopped before a service elevator set into the wall. Once inside, the elevator went down, at least three or four floors before the door slid open again and they walked forward towards the end of a hallway opening before them. Tony tried memorizing it all, every step, each change in direction.

Another door was opened and they stepped into a room which didn’t look spectacular at all at first glance. It wasn’t large, computers mounted on the walls, and one wall looked like an aquarium. That caught Tony’s attention.

The ‘aquarium’ was split into smaller areas. Inside one room of invisible walls was Thor, tied in a seated position to a metal chair that seemed to be welded to the floor itself. He seemed slightly out of it and Tony noted a drip that disappeared into the skin near his collarbone. Finding a drug to subdue a demi-god was a feat these aholes could celebrate as long as it took S.H.I.E.L.D. or the other Avengers to find them. Tony met Thor’s eyes then moved his own to the left.
Bruce’s eyes met his next, worn out yet not showing signs of a drug in his system. The man was standing in a sort of a tube which was just large enough to let him turn around and maybe crouch down uncomfortably.

Beneath the tube was a horizontal space that may have made even Tony claustrophobic and gave him a whole new meaning for Cap-sandwich; Steve lay on his back between two thick layers of steel. He was directly beneath Bruce and seemed to be fully awake as well, craning his neck to look at Tony and shaking his head at him.

“Let me explain,” Honey Voice spoke again. “Your Asgardian friend is heavily medicated. A steady flow of a special blend of drugs keeps his powers at bay and it should leave no permanent damage after the drip is shut down. Since we couldn’t rely on a similar mechanism to contain the Hulk, we gave Dr. Banner an option; to remain as his human self – or unleash the beast and kill Captain America. You see, that tube is very pressure sensitive. If Dr. Banner’s shape or weight begin to change, those steel slabs will crush your leader between them before the Hulk can smash his way through the protective walls.”

He looked at Tony next. “Are you satisfied at the condition of your friends, Mr. Stark?”

Tony looked at them all, worried expressions meeting him. “Guys?” he called out.

“Whatever he tells you to do, don’t do it!” Steve ordered unsurprisingly, the material between them muffling his words.

Thor just grunted unhappily, his expression as dark as a storm cloud.

Bruce didn’t speak, didn’t move, clearly afraid even breathing the wrong way would crush Steve where he lay a few feet beneath him – or unleash the other guy. He had to be on edge.

Tony looked at their host. “What do you want?” At this point he had to wonder if there was a room reserved for him somewhere.

“The arc reactor in your chest,” the man replied.

“What?” Tony frowned, not getting it at first, then his sleep-deprived brain caught up. “And what happens when I give it to you?”

“Your friends will be released, as unharmed as they are now,” he was promised. “We could take it from you by force, but as was promised earlier, you have the right to say no and we will return you to the docks.”

“And the others?”

“Will suffer the consequences.”

If they had gotten this far in subduing his team, Tony didn’t want to know how much suffering would be involved if he said no – and saying ‘no’ had never really been on the menu. “How do I know you’ll keep your word once I give you what you want?”

“No!” came Steve’s muted shout. “Don’t do it!”

“This could all be a trap,” Tony seemingly agreed with Steve although he was certain that wasn’t the only reason why he shouldn’t do this in their leader’s opinion. Well, it wasn’t just Steve’s life on the line so he couldn’t make that call right now. They could argue about it later if Tony lived through this.
“Once we have the arc reactor, I disrupt the signal that operates their containment. We have enough time to leave to be out of your way and your friends will be released.”

“I’m supposed to buy that?” Tony arched an eyebrow.

“I’ve been a man of my word so far, Mr. Stark,” the other replied pleasantly, as if he didn’t have a care in the world.

Tony knew he really didn’t have a choice. Chances were this place couldn’t be tracked and he would never find the others if they took him back to the docks. They would be back to square one with the added bonus that Tony had denied these people what they wanted and perhaps pissed them off. With his teammates held hostage, he didn’t want to piss off anyone with a trigger finger.

“If I had known what you wanted, I would have brought a spare with me,” he mused as he raised his hands and started undoing his shirt.

“We couldn’t risk you tampering with the arc reactor and we know the one in your chest is special. Perfection, if you like the term better; what you put in your suit may be top quality but it will never surpass what you would put in your body to keep you alive,” the man observed.

Damn right, Tony growled inside his head and finished with the top buttons of his dress shirt. The arc reactor seemed more prominent in his chest now that he was being asked to part with it and Tony knew the odds of surviving this. They weren’t very good. However, his life in exchange of three others – most of them better men than he would ever hope to be? He was confident the Avengers would avenge him post haste and his death would be celebrated as the self-sacrifice it was.

There were worse ways to die – ways he had often entertained in his mind before becoming Iron Man. At least now it would mean something.

“Tony, don’t!” It was Bruce, his voice shaking, hands in the air, one fist clenched tight. He looked small and frail – of which he was neither – and Tony gave him a reassuring smile. Maybe let them think he had a plan, to calm them down. Tony always had an ace up his sleeve, right?

Right.

“I hope you know that if you go back on your word, you’ll burn in a special hell – sooner than you might think,” Tony told the guy.

“Of course.” There was no smile, which indicated the man could imagine just what Tony was hinting at. Tony’s death would put certain things in motion, he had ensured that, regardless of what happened to the three captured men. Well, he was pretty sure Bruce might unleash the Hulk at any second, Steve’s life be damned, yet he hoped he had better restraint and put the common good before their friendship.

Tony moved one hand to his chest, releasing the arc reactor with a practiced ease, ignoring the jump in his insides which wasn’t as much a physical reaction as it was emotional. He had just pushed the trigger. Very soon he would know where the barrel was pointing.

He tugged the device free of his chest and then tossed it at the other man. Their captor hurried to catch the arc reactor, not letting it hit the floor, holding it gently yet firmly, turning it over.

Tony steadied his breathing, willing to appear calm and unaffected for as long as he could. He knew it would start soon, though, and the façade would drop like a curtain, exposing the pain and fear he knew would come. Not for a second did he think he had made the wrong choice, however. He had promised himself to make the world a better place and if that meant he wasn’t in it after saving three
heroes, then it was worth every painful moment.

“It was good doing business with you,” Honey Voice said pleasantly. Tony didn’t know his name, didn’t know whom he worked for or what they were planning to do with the arc reactor that had kept him alive for the last few years. He didn’t care. It was unimportant.

The man pulled a small remote from his pocket, pressed in a code of some kind and a few new lights began to flicker in a panel on the wall above the transparent wall between Tony and the other Avengers. With that done, the man and his companions left, leaving Tony alone in the room, staring at some point between the three men. From the corner of his eye he saw Steve struggling, trying to push himself in some direction, to get the weight off him. Bruce was inhumanly still, staring at him and Tony found himself looking back, the seconds stretching between them. It was one of those meaningful moments that couldn’t be put into words and which probably meant different things for both of them.

A grunt came from Thor’s direction and his muscles bulged as he ripped himself free of the restraints. It looked like the drip had stopped working. How long had Tony been standing there? His chest felt like there were flames licking across it, a constricting feeling poking at his heart.

Thor, finally free, yanked the IV out of his skin and stood up, almost crashing down and landing on one knee. He breathed there a moment, collecting himself, then with a mighty roar he plunged into the wall between them which shattered, not exactly like glass but leaving ragged edges in the broken material. Thor didn’t seem to care, tearing the hole wider and then stepped through, several bleeding wounds on his skin, a long trail coming down from his collarbone. He looked at Tony, blue eyes uncertain, then whirled back and proceeded to break the wall holding Steve and Bruce captive.

Tony swallowed, watching as Steve was pulled free and Thor went to release Bruce next. The scientist was still standing like a statue, with a force of will that Tony had envied from the beginning. A tint of green floated in his eyes but he held off the transformation although he was probably free to do it now.

“Tony,” Steve said urgently, walking over to him while the wall cracked beneath Thor’s rough ministrations, shattering the tube holding Bruce captive.

Tony offered him a smile when he felt himself sag down, legs no longer holding him up, turned to jelly at the kneecaps. Steve was there in a flash, making the fall less painful, kneeling in front of Tony. They were almost at eye-level like this.

“You have to tell us what to do,” Steve insisted, shaking Tony slightly. It didn’t feel good.

“Don’t shake me,” he managed.

Steve went absolutely still and nodded, trying to keep his expression in check; to remain the firm shoulder to lean on, a leader, the man with a plan. However, there was fear in his blue eyes and Tony felt he should do something to wipe that away. “You’re not going to die,” Steve told him, determined, as if by those words alone he would make it so.

“Okay,” Tony agreed because it was easier.

He recalled Malibu, regaining control of his body after Obadiah Stane temporarily paralyzed him; stumbling down to the workshop, attempting to get to the arc reactor he had constructed in the cave then momentarily thinking of how he was going to die alone, in pain, curled up on the floor and leaving this world with a pitiful little whimper. This time was much better than that, especially when Bruce was there, right there, touching his face, calling his name. Tony wasn’t certain if he had ever
touched him like that – if any of them had.

“Should have done this sooner,” Tony decided.

Steve gave him a strange look. “Is he losing it?” he asked, clearly directing the question at Bruce.

“Doesn’t matter. We need to stop the shrapnel from entering his heart, right now,” Bruce replied and his head whipped around as if searching for something in the room to replace the arc reactor. He was smart but engineering wasn’t his strong suit and Tony wouldn’t blame him for that.

“Perhaps we should get him to a hospital,” Thor suggested, one hand raised to the side almost comically. Well, it was comical until Mjolnir came smashing through the ceiling and into his hand, dropping concrete and dust on top of them as if it were raining.

“They might not be able to treat him. Our best chance is to get him back to one of his labs,” Bruce decided.

“We don’t even know where we are,” Steve said, a note of desperation creeping into his voice.

“It’s okay, Cap,” Tony told him. The pain was getting worse, he was sweating and while he knew there was nothing wrong with his lungs it hurt to breathe.

“No, it’s not!” Steve hissed. “Why would you say that?” It seemed to take some restraint for Steve to not shake him again, but Tony plopped forward anyway, leaning against his shoulder, guessing that being a dying man allowed him to take some liberties he hadn’t allowed himself before. Steve seemed to agree because he didn’t move him. “Bruce, you need to let the Hulk out; he’s the fastest right now.”

“I can’t trust him to take Tony where we need –”

“I’ve seen him save Tony before.”

“He saved Iron Man. He might not even know it’s Tony without his suit and could drop him in the middle of nowhere!”

“I can take him,” Thor offered from off to the side. “With Mjolnir back in my grasp –”

“It’s better than the other guy crushing Tony to death,” Bruce agreed quickly.

“I love you guys,” Tony murmured against Steve’s shoulder, followed by a painful little chuckle.

There was silence.

It may or may not have been because Tony blacked out.

Pepper

“He did what?” had been the only reaction Pepper had given them the first day.

She hadn’t looked as shocked as she sounded, however, which should have said something about what was going on in her head.
They didn’t tell her about the precious minutes they had wasted while arguing how to get Tony to a place where he could be saved. When they had finally left the underground base they found themselves close to a suburban area and could almost see New York City’s skyline. They had called S.H.I.E.L.D. who knew exactly what to do and didn’t ask unnecessary questions, yet it took almost too long and Steve had a hard time breathing as he held Tony’s unconscious body in his arms while waiting for a S.H.I.E.L.D. aircraft to pick them up.

There were more things they told Fury, aching for revenge. He promised to pull Natasha and Clint away from their current mission if necessary but it never came to that; a mere five hours after Tony had been stabilized and it looked like he was going to live, satellites picked up an explosion in a remote area. The blue flash shown in the images indicated it wasn’t just a random event and a certain satisfaction filled them all.

When Tony regained consciousness the next day he didn’t seem surprised by this bit of information.

“You planned it,” Steve allowed himself to smile.

“A failsafe; if the arc reactor is removed from the suit or my chest without certain actions on J.A.R.V.I.S.’s or my part, it will self-destruct,” Tony explained. “The suit has a similar function. Neither of them will ever end up in the hands of anyone but me.”

Steve wasn’t certain if that was something he liked to think about, seeing the determination on Tony’s face. He wondered if the man had ever thought of activating that failsafe while he was still in the suit.

He decided he would make sure it never came to that.

Tony demanded to be allowed back in the suit before he was even cleared to go home. That went over exactly as well as anyone could have imagined, especially with Pepper.

When he finally got home – still denied access to the suit and straining himself and his injured heart – the argument broke out almost as soon as the door was shut behind them. To be precise, it had already started in the car on the way to the Tower but they’d shown some restraint there.

Bruce and Thor were currently staying at the Stark Tower so they had a reason to be there. Steve had come to visit, liking to get out of his small apartment S.H.I.E.L.D. had gotten for him; Tony had offered him his own space at the Tower and Bruce knew their friend and leader was contemplating taking him up on that offer.

They sat in the living room, Thor surfing through channels and Steve and Bruce attempting not to listen in on the voices rising in the other room.

“I believe the doctor said Tony should remain calm and rest,” Thor mused after a moment, revealing that he, too, was listening.

“He did,” Bruce sighed, glancing towards the hallway leading to Pepper’s office area.

“I need you to be Tony Stark for a moment – not Iron Man. I need you to be the man I entered a relationship with!” Pepper was saying – shouting.

“I was Iron Man when we got together. Nothing’s changed!” Tony replied just as passionately.

“Everything changed after you joined the Avengers. I barely see you, the company has even less interest in your life and you just almost killed yourself – again. You have no regard for your own
“I made a decision, Pepper. I chose to save three men better than myself in a situation where their survival was conditional upon my actions. I’m not going to regret that and you’re not going to guilt me into it either.”

“Guilt you? You mean I could actually affect you enough to do that? It’s like talking to a wall. You’re not listening. You just do what you want, for the reasons you think are right. None of them wanted you to risk your life for them!”

“It wasn’t their choice to make! Besides, please tell me how Captain America’s life isn’t more important or worthwhile than mine? How I should have let them kill Thor who is more noble and dedicated to protecting Earth than most of our own leaders?”

“You didn’t mention Banner.”

“I don’t need to mention Banner because we all know why I saved him!”

Bruce cringed. Steve and Thor both looked at him with a mix of sympathy and questions. Honestly, Bruce didn’t know why Tony would think he – and the other guy – was better for the world than the combination of Tony Stark and Iron Man. Tony’s math was seldom flawed but Bruce had a feeling their friend wasn’t being entirely objective right now.

“We are hardly better men than he is,” Thor mused.

“We’ll tell him that once he’s… done,” Steve decided.

“This isn’t the life I want, Tony! We should both be committed to this but all I get is you committing a suicide attempt dubbed as a ‘heroic save’ every other week. I’m done –”

“Then go!” Tony’s reply was hot like boiling acid. “We’ve been over this before. I won’t stop being Iron Man and we’ve both seen what comes with that. If you can’t stand the heat, get out of the kitchen, sweetheart.”

“I will.”

They heard angry footsteps, the trail of Pepper’s high heels leading to a slammed door and a deep silence that followed. Fifteen minutes later the elevator went up one floor then sunk down to garage level.

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**Tony**

Tony knew better than to be truly shocked by Pepper leaving him. They had argued after he almost killed himself in a space portal above the Stark Tower, which was only the beginning of their problems. In between arguments, things had been good, but it wasn’t going to last.

He had thought they might be more mature about it instead of shouting at each other. He had also hoped Pepper wouldn’t be crying. Well, she wasn’t, literally, but there were tears in her eyes and Tony knew he had put every single one of them there.
Their relationship shouldn’t be in vain. If he lost Pepper – personally, not from his entire life because she still had the job as CEO she was holding onto – he should make the most of it. He should make it mean something. Lose one thing, gain another. Someone may have called it positive thinking.

With her still mad at Tony, he knew he had no business in SI related matters, although she may have appreciated him showing interest in his company. Of course said interest could also have been seen as a way to worm his way back into her life, without directly apologizing, and Tony didn’t want to make that impression.

He loved her, but he knew it was unfair to put her through this time and time again. Tony wasn’t above throwing away his life and she shouldn’t have to live with that.

Tony’s obvious choice for coping was Iron Man. Putting on the suit, becoming the embodiment of strength and confidence. As soon as the mask snapped into place the first time after their break-up, Tony knew what he was going to do – and he would keep doing it for as long as he could.

“You should shower,” Bruce commented.

“I’ve designed the suit for prolonged usage. I don’t need a shower for another… 86 hours at least,” Tony calculated. “In fact, I think I can push the shower away for another hundred hours, although there are certain other things I might have to do when the 86-hour mark comes by.”

Bruce just hummed something that didn’t sound like approval or understanding. “I would like to see more of you these days,” the scientist commented then.

“I’m right here.”

“No,” Bruce shook his head, stood up, walked over, then jabbed a finger at his shoulder. “Iron Man is right here. I have no idea where the hell Tony is.”

“I like it when you get all snappy with me,” Tony grinned. His face-plate was up so it was as good as him being there, but he had a small voice shouting in the back of his mind which translated what Bruce was actually saying. He opted to ignore it for now. There were things he needed to do, and while there were no big missions anywhere, there were always criminal to catch. Iron Man could throw himself at that when the bigger perps were in hiding.

“Take off the suit,” Bruce insisted. He was no longer hiding beneath the excuse of a shower or a change of clothes.

“I have things I need to do.”

“Let the cops handle that.”

Tony shot him a look. “Don’t you think they would like a day off?”

“Frankly, you cause more trouble than it’s worth,” Bruce deadpanned.

“I’ve really started minimizing the damages. You could take a few pointers.” He regretted that as soon as he said it, but Bruce’s face showed no indication that he had taken the jab to heart. Didn’t mean he hadn’t, but at least he had the grace not to blow up at the comment.

“You have to take the suit off at some point,” Bruce reminded him. “You need to sleep. You can’t live the rest of your life as Iron Man.”
“Sure I can,” Tony replied, standing straight, snapping the faceplate down and turning towards the door.

Thor looked around the main floor of Tony’s Malibu home. He had never been there before but he liked the place already.

Music was blasting, lights flashing, people dancing and drinking in celebration of an occasion he was not aware of as of yet. There was food, too – some of those small bites the Midgardians seemed to enjoy at their feasts. That was something Thor didn’t comprehend but he was happy to learn more.

Beside him Steve and Bruce looked less thrilled. “Where is he? Can you see him?” Bruce asked.

“Not yet,” Steve shouted over the music.

“We should go find him,” Thor agreed and strode inside, still in full armor which immediately gained him attention. He grinned, looking at beautiful women and men who approached him, some bold enough to touch and grind against him. For a brief moment he felt like he should gainsay them such freedom, thinking of Jane, but she had been distracted lately with her work and Thor with his so they had barely had time to see each other. He felt a spark of loneliness and the familiarity of another body next to his raised his spirits.

“Goldilocks!” someone shouted and he looked over to find Tony. Being a head taller than anyone else in the room helped him to navigate over and greet his fellow Avenger.

“What is the reason behind this celebration?” he asked.

“No reason,” Tony smiled. He had that easy, wide smile on his face which suggested he had drunk too much already. “Just have fun, enjoy it.”

“Bruce and Steve are looking for you,” Thor remembered.

Tony’s expression went sour so fast it was as if he hadn’t really smiled at all. “Yeah? I better… go see what they want.” He moved to the side and Thor grasped his arm to stop him. Tony started slightly then took a step back. “What?”

“You will not find them if you go in that direction,” Thor said pleasantly.

“It’s my place, I’m sure I’ll bump into them at some point,” Tony gave him a quick smile. “Did I ever tell you that you have quite a grip?” he added then. “We should… test it some time.”

“I am always happy to spar with you,” Thor grinned.

“Spar… Yeah… Look, I have to –”

“Disappear?” Steve’s voice cut in.

“I sent you guys an invitation to join the party,” Tony shot back in defense.

“After you had been hiding in your suit for almost a week,” Steve leaned closer.

“I wasn’t hiding. Testing new features was more like it – and fighting crime. You know, superhero stuff?”

Steve glared, reaching out to grasp Tony’s other arm – the one Thor wasn’t holding. “We need to talk.”
“After the party,” Tony insisted.

“Now,” Steve snapped.

“I have people over.”

“It’s either them or us, Tony. Your call.”

Tony’s features froze and Thor felt like cutting in; he didn’t understand how their visit had suddenly turned into an argument when the mood was so fine.

“That’s unfair, even for you,” Tony narrowed his eyes. “At least I didn’t throw this party at the Tower.”

“The terms are the same. Either you straighten out, right now, or we’re going to walk out of your home and out of your life – just like Ms. Potts did.”

Thor felt the arm beneath his fingers tighten. Tony stood his ground, staring back at Steve, as if waging war between their minds.

“What’s it gonna be?” Steve asked after the song in the background had changed to another.

“This is my life,” Tony started.

Steve dropped his hand and motioned Thor to do the same. “We’re going. Enjoy your party.” He turned to walk away and Thor assumed he was meant to follow. They barely took a step before Tony’s voice reached them:

“Wait. Okay, I’ll… Give me a minute to get everyone out.”

Steve didn’t smile or look satisfied. He merely stood there, arms crossed over his chest as the lights came on, the music stopped and the people left with odd looks thrown at the Avengers and grumbled comments flying between them. Bruce joined the two of them, looking around nervously, then glanced over to where Tony was filling another glass with amber liquid, his hand not as steady as usual. In the aftermath of the music and the mass of people, the house seemed hushed and empty.

“You know this needs to end, right?” Steve spoke up.

“Yeah,” Tony said then threw back his drink, all at once.

When you battled anime porn clichés you knew you were doing it right – or very wrong.

That’s what Tony thought when the large creature with tentacles pulled itself ashore at Keyport Harbor in New Jersey. It wasn’t a giant octopus and it wasn’t going back into the water so the Avengers were called in. The thing, whatever it was, tore buildings and vehicles apart, sending the cavalry running for cover after tossing said torn structures and vehicles after them. That was the sight Tony was met with when arriving at the scene and it might have been comical if lives weren’t actually in danger.

And then it was his own life on the line, apparently, when the tentacles got a hold of his suit and the suction cups were sticky, holding him in place, completely unaffected by the repulsor burns Tony tried to cause.

“Guys?” Tony called out to the others through the comm. The last he had seen, the Hulk was trying to grab the tentacles but they were too slippery on the non-suction side for his hands to get a hold. “I
think this thing is… Okay, it’s breaking my suit. Get me out of here.”

“We’re working on it,” was Steve’s reply.

Tony wondered what he was supposed to do while they ‘worked on it’.

“Sir, the armor’s integrity is being compromised,” J.A.R.V.I.S. informed him just as Tony felt something crack.

“It’s going to rape me,” Tony sighed. He really shouldn’t have been so calm about it.

“It’s not going to rape you,” Steve reassured.

“I didn’t know you were still listening.”

“You left the comm line open.”

“Well, now that you are listening, how about preventing me from getting raped by a huge tentacle thing?” Tony snapped. “It’s tearing my suit. I think I can feel it…” Something was dripping down his leg and it wasn’t oil from the suit.

“Hold on,” Steve told him and what else was Tony supposed to do?

The slippery sensation turned into a faint burn and alarms began to stab his eyes all over the Heads Up Display. He winced, struggling again, firing the thrusters with all he had left then groaned as he felt something tear near his hip. The tentacle around his chest was pressing down harder, making breathing too much of a challenge. “J.A.R.V.I.S., fire up the Unibeam. I don’t care if we don’t have enough juice left; I’m going to roast this thing if it’s the last thing I do.”

He felt it, all along his chest cavity, when the Unibeam blasted out. It threw him back in the tentacles’ grip, the creature letting out a satisfying screech, and then Thor was there with Mjolnir, gripping Iron Man, striking at the creature and Tony was too close to passing out from lack of air to actually give him a hand.

The next time Tony was actually aware of his surroundings, the Hulk was kicking a twitching mass of tentacles and Captain America was looking skeptically at his shield, which was covered in slime.

“Friend Tony,” Thor’s face appeared in front of him. He didn’t look half bad. Where had he been during half the battle when Tony was almost crushed to death? A tap against his helmet followed and Tony tried to swat him away in annoyance but then released the helmet and pulled it off.

He took a breath of air and immediately regretted it; the thing reeked.

“Are you okay?” Steve asked.

“Pristine,” Tony winced. He didn’t want to know what he would find when he took off the armor. “Please tell me its dead?” he looked over at the now unmoving mass of slime and tentacles.

“Hulk tear tentacles a new one,” Hulk huffed as he turned to them.

Tony laughed, unable not to, then cut himself short as new places started to ache. “How about I meet you back at the Tower?”

“Sir, there may not be enough power left to sustain flight back to the Stark Tower,” J.A.R.V.I.S. informed through his earpiece.
Tony sighed and closed his eyes. “Did you bring the Quinjet?”

“No,” Steve replied. “I came on my bike, Thor flew and the Hulk… well, ran.”

The Hulk grinned widely. It was entirely possible his leg muscles bulged.

“Can someone give me a lift?” Tony asked them.

And that was how he got a ride home under the Hulk’s protective arm, which probably gave him a few more bruises to remember the trip by.

Once at the Tower, Tony kept swearing and gasping as he took off the armor then gingerly touched the sorest spots while debating whether to undress the rest of the way. He knew he had to, eventually, but he could pretend for a while longer that there weren’t slime burns on his hip and bruises all over his body.

Bruce came down to the armory before he was done debating, which was a swift transformation for him. He was already dressed and looking more alive than was fair. “Do you want to go see a doctor?” he asked.

“No,” Tony rolled his eyes.

“Then strip and let me see so that I can decide whether you need one,” Bruce ordered, taking a seat in a saddle chair to the side and pushed it closer to Tony’s current location.

Tony thought about protesting then stripped off the top of the undersuit. Bruce moved closer still, into his space, snapping on latex gloves. Where he had found those was anyone’s guess. “Are your hands cold?” Tony teased then hissed as Bruce pressed on a few bruises on his chest and sides then moved down to his hip. Without ceremony or apology Bruce tugged down on the lower half of the undersuit, exposing more of the burnt area – and Tony’s skin – until he stood there with most of his ass exposed, the bunched-up clothing still covering some of his groin.

Bruce actually took a sample from the remaining slime before beginning to treat him. Tony squirmed only a little, allowing himself to be lulled into a better place under the gentle yet firm ministration.

He didn’t realize it right then, standing there aching, waiting for it to be over, but it was all going to begin with Bruce – like so many things in Tony’s life after meeting the guy on the Helicarrier: “If I didn’t know better, I would say you’re enjoying this,” the scientist mused while dabbing something on the burnt area on his hip.

“No, Doctor,” Tony rolled his eyes.

“I mean it,” Bruce told him, voice harder. “I can always send you to S.H.I.E.L.D.’s medical.”

Tony narrowed his eyes at the man then shrugged. “Fine. Do I get pain pills?”

“If you need them and promise not to drink.”
Which was as good as no pills, then.

Tony sighed. “You’re a cruel man.”

“I am when I need to be.”

“I won’t even guess what that means,” Tony looked him in the eye, the joke dying somewhere between them.

Bruce’s lips barely twitched. “It’s better that way, seeing as you were almost raped by tentacles and all.”

“Who told you about that?” Tony narrowed his eyes. He knew the Hulk didn’t listen to their comms even if they tried to make him put one on. It usually got lost in the first few minutes of smashing.

Bruce smiled. “I have my sources.” His eyes moved upwards, just slightly, and Tony felt a little betrayed.

“J.A.R.V.I.S.”

“He simply provided me with information about your injuries,” Bruce shrugged it off, “with a small additional note of your mental state. He seemed fairly certain you wouldn’t be traumatized by this experience, seeing how your sexual preferences go.”

“Really? He told you that?”

“Indeed I did, sir. You’ve always encouraged me to be helpful when Dr. Banner needs my assistance.”

“Did he need help unlocking the secrets of my sex life?” Tony raised an eyebrow.

“If there are any secrets, sir,” the AI replied, sounding doubtful.

“You’re getting a reprogramming,” Tony threatened under his breath then looked at Bruce and shrugged. “Who doesn’t enjoy a little slippery tentacle action every now and then?” he challenged.

“I’ve never thought about it,” Bruce retorted.

“I have a few amazing hentai clips in my collection,” Tony offered.

“I’m sure you do.”

The genius narrowed his eyes, trying to read Bruce’s current mood. “You have something you want to say?” he asked.

“Indeed,” Bruce agreed, taking off the gloves. “The rest of the team talked upstairs before I came down. You’re becoming erratic and it’s not good for anyone – least of all you. Since Pepper left, you’ve been courting disaster in every way you can, and today you rushed an enemy before the rest of us even got there.”

“You were slow and that thing was wreaking havoc. I wasn’t just going to circle around until you deigned to show up!” Tony snapped back, not liking where this was going. Had they elected for Bruce to give him The Talk? Just because Bruce was his favorite didn’t mean he liked being patronized. Not at his age.

“You could have gotten killed,” Bruce pressed on, unrelenting and unaffected by Tony’s tone.
“How’s that different from any other day?”

Bruce’s hand, which had been absently inspecting yet another bruise, suddenly closed over his skin, his thumb pressing painfully near one of the slime burns, making Tony tense and stand rigid, waiting for the waves of pain to stop washing over that area of skin. The other man was staring at him, eyes hard, and if Tony’s earlier jab had been a physical thing, Bruce would have probably shoved it back down his throat, literally. “Stop trying to throw your life away,” he finally ground out.

Tony was certain Bruce had never talked to him like that; people who threatened Bruce and made him uncomfortable, sure, but he had never dropped all of the warmth from his voice so suddenly when talking to Tony. If he didn’t know Bruce so well, he might have thought he was going to Hulk out, but that wasn’t it. Bruce was perfectly in control – so much in control that he dared to take things a step further, show a level of anger and frustration without a fear of inviting the other guy to the surface.

“I’m not –” Tony started.

“You are!” Bruce actually shouted, his grip intensifying on Tony’s hip, making him jump slightly. No green in his eyes, just… “Ever since you handed your arc reactor over to the people who took us, we’ve been waiting for the other shoe to drop. I knew it had happened when Pepper left but Steve wanted to wait it out, to see if you would pull through on your own.”

He made it sound like Tony was a patient in critical condition, teetering on the verge of death in a hospital.

“I’m done,” Bruce finished.

“Done?” Tony felt fear grip him. Was Bruce going to leave? He looked down at the other man who still sat in the chair, his hand still clutching Tony’s skin. There would be marks after he let go but Tony would carry them gladly as long as the other man was still around, feeling sheepish and guilty for putting them there. That’s how Bruce always was: apologetic when he hurt someone, instead of deliberately causing pain like he was now.

“Done waiting for you to figure it out, to get your life in order.” Bruce’s eyes narrowed slightly and a smile played on his lips, devoid of actual humor. “Before I came down, Steve said you might benefit more from an old-fashioned spanking.”

That was a mental image Tony would never admit he actually had, but there it was; Cap in full uniform, bending him over whatever, wherever…

“He also said he didn’t mean it, right after,” Bruce brutally crushed Tony’s fantasy under his words, “but I think there was a hint of truth in his statement.”

“I’m always willing to go for a consensual adult spanking,” Tony grinned, hoping they were past the creepy moment where Bruce was going to… well, Tony wasn’t sure what that was anymore, but he wanted Bruce to go back to his mellow, introvert self that was afraid of any little display of anger.

“Exactly,” came Bruce’s replied, surprisingly, and Tony wasn’t sure how to respond to that. “Drop the act, Tony,” the other man ordered, steel in his voice. The grin disappeared from Tony’s face as fast as it had appeared and he felt vulnerable, standing there still exposed to Bruce and not knowing where this discussion was going. That was often the case with Bruce, his mind filled with sheer brilliance that rivaled and even surpassed Tony’s at times, which made their lab time one unexpected rollercoaster. Now, though, they were navigating strange waters and calculating Bruce’s next move was even harder.
“I know what you need,” Bruce went on when Tony offered him only stupefied silence. “Control and structure. A safe outlet. Tell me, when was the last time you felt truly safe?”

Tony opened his mouth to protest but then shut it, glaring at Bruce instead. “Safety doesn’t come first in what we do,” he finally answered, not even bothering to comment on the other things Bruce had listed. If they were going to start in about daddy issues, Bruce should know better because in that arena Tony was actually going to lose to the other man.

“Do you feel safe with me?” Bruce prodded.

Tony considered it. He could just say ‘yeah, sure’ and shrug it off, but he had a feeling this was cutting a little deeper than the mask they all put on to manage from day to day. “Not right now,” he admitted. With Bruce’s current behavior, he didn’t exactly feel comfortable.

The hand clutching his hip relaxed slightly, easing the stretch on the skin and making the burns ache all over again. Tony tried not to catch his breath, attempting to inhale instead, calm and deep.

“Good,” Bruce admitted. “I don’t want you to lie. Honesty is… important between people who should trust each other, I’m beginning to realize.” His hand slipped around Tony’s body, across his flank and further back. When it stopped Tony actually had to tell his brain Bruce wasn’t just cupping his naked ass cheek, that it was just a… thing. A very strange thing because there was no way Bruce didn’t know where his hand was currently resting but Tony couldn’t call out his bluff in case this was just some bizarre test of his self-control.

“I want to help you,” Bruce brought Tony’s brain back to action from where it had frozen at the sensation of the intimate touch. “The Avengers are still needed and we have to be able to work as a team. A close-knit group of people who can trust each other.”

“Did Cap say that?” Tony guessed, just to show he was still capable of speech.

“Yes, actually,” the other man nodded. “He offered to make the first move, to come down and do this, but I said you would be more receptive if it were me the first time.”

“First… time?” Tony frowned. “I’m not following.”

“When you almost killed yourself to save us,” Bruce explained, patient, with a bit more warmth in his voice, “we realized the team – the four of us at least – had to evolve into something more than what we currently were. If you were willing to die for us, we had to re-evaluate our own commitment to the team and each other.”

“I still don’t get it,” Tony confessed and it bugged him endlessly that he didn’t understand what was going on.

“We all need an outlet. You’ve told me to start strutting for how many months now?”

That was a joke, Tony was sure of that, but he didn’t dare laugh.

Bruce’s fingers moved, curling into his flesh again, consciously or unconsciously pulling Tony’s ass cheek aside. It allowed cooler air to blow onto the sensitive skin the minimal movement exposed. “I could boast that I have the best self-control out of us all. That’s why I called dibs on you.” His fingers squeezed harder and Tony knew he wasn’t imagining it anymore. None of it was accidental; Bruce was in perfect control of every little movement, of every word coming out of his mouth and Tony’s cock hardened against the material of the undersuit, caught up in it.

“I would extend that control over you, Tony, and give you what I think you need, deep down,”
Bruce said, his voice as careful as a whisper in a lover’s ear, slamming Tony in the gut although Bruce did nothing but move his lips.

The most natural thing at that point would have been to fall on his knees but Bruce’s hand was still on his ass and Tony didn’t want to dislodge the connection should that break this magical moment. Was Bruce saying what he thought he was saying? He was pretty sure because the sexual undertones were right there – plus the hand on his ass. Which only reminded him that Bruce had talked this over with the others and –

“You talked about this with Steve and Thor?” Tony asked.

“Yes,” Bruce replied almost conversationally.

“And… Steve offered to come down here, instead of you?”

“He did.”

“Okay, just to be clear – I don’t want anyone to say something non-consensual happened because we didn’t clear up the possible double meaning of every word you just said to me –”

That’s when Bruce’s hand shifted, yet again, and one very firm, very real, very bold finger traced the rim off his asshole and there was nothing unclear about that. “I know you want this,” Bruce stated.

Tony tried not to let out an embarrassing whine in return. “I do?”

“Yes,” Bruce smiled. A sweet, achingly beautiful smile, just as bashful as the day they first met and Tony suddenly wondered if Bruce had envisioned them like this back then. His cock jerked in the confines of the clothing and he hadn’t felt this sensitive – this receptive – in years.

The finger traced closer, the aim perfect, just a hint of a push and the teasing touch turned to full-blown pleasure as it began to breach him, so very slowly before almost accidentally slipping inside when his sphincter yielded suddenly.

“Just say ‘yes’, Tony,” Bruce breathed out the words, one hand still relaxed in his own lap as if nothing at all was going on.

“Yes,” Tony parroted yet fully aware of it, of every inclination of the syllable.

Bruce smiled again then stood up, the change in height changing the angle of his hand and thus the digit inside Tony. ‘Good boy,’ the other man praised then kissed him, swallowing any and all of Tony’s protestations of being called a ‘boy’ at his age. The kiss was surprisingly chaste yet Tony had imagined it for so long he didn’t really care. He did care, however, that Bruce withdrew his finger as they kissed, as well as his entire hand from his backside.

“I thought I just agreed to have sex with you – and potentially the rest of the team,” Tony complained, pulling back from Bruce’s lips.

“You did,” Bruce confirmed his logic.

“Then how come you’re stopping?”

“Is he always this impatient?” Bruce asked, making Tony frown at his choice of words.

“I’m afraid so, Dr. Banner,” J.A.R.V.I.S. replied. “Are you ready to begin?”

“Very much so,” Bruce sighed then absently palmed his crotch, which almost had Tony dropping his
jaw at how casual it was.

“I’m confused,” Tony admitted. “J.A.R.V.I.S., what’s up with the master conspiracy with Bruce?”

“Dr. Banner has enlisted my help. He assured me it will be for your own good and enjoyment, and allowing me to oversee the proceedings also helps me to determine if you are, at any time, at risk. Furthermore, Dr. Banner has certain limitations due to the toxicity in his blood and that sets certain perimeters that cannot be safely crossed at this time. Please step over to the platform, sir,” the AI concluded.

Tony stared at Bruce who was just standing there, touching himself through his pants, waiting for J.A.R.V.I.S. to finish. “You enlisted my AI to… to…” He motioned around the room vaguely since he was a little uncertain what was going on right now.

“Step onto the platform,” Bruce repeated J.A.R.V.I.S.’s instructions.

Tony glanced back at the slightly raised area where he usually put on the Iron Man armor. He had just gotten out of it and the suit was damaged so there was no reason to put it back on. He looked suspiciously at Bruce then took a few steps back, hands falling to the undersuit still pooled around his hips.

“Leave that on,” Bruce ordered.

Tony took a small step up then stood on the platform, his cock still hard with anticipation although he wasn’t certain what to expect anymore.

The mechanical arms began to emerge from the ceiling and the floor, making Tony frown. At his feet the platform came to life, beginning the assembly of the armor.

“Sir,” J.A.R.V.I.S. prompted and Tony stepped into the boots, which closed around his feet and calves, snug and familiar. “Raise your arms, please,” J.A.R.V.I.S. instructed as the mechanical parts moved into position on either side slightly above of him.

Tony didn’t want to admit yet again that he wasn’t following so he did as he was told. The mechanical parts opened up, slipping on the gauntlets and part of the forearm pieces, then suddenly froze and locked down. Tony looked from side to side then attempted to move, but his arms were locked above him, firmly in place.

His eyes flew forward, meeting Bruce’s intense stare. Suddenly Tony saw a plan forming and tried to move his feet but found them solidly locked into the platform which had now powered down. The next time he looked, Bruce was smiling.

“Thank you, J.A.R.V.I.S.”

“He’s all yours, Dr. Banner,” the AI replied and Tony pondered if J.A.R.V.I.S. even understood the concept. Probably. He was quite smart these days and after following Tony’s sex life for years, J.A.R.V.I.S. should have developed a pretty good idea of how this worked.

Bruce moved closer, as if inspecting Tony. He stepped up to the platform, stopping right in front of him, his clothed chest almost touching Tony’s bare one. “There’s only one rule I’m going to enforce,” Bruce stated. “You come only when I do.”

Tony was glad the machine was holding him up because his knees might have jerked embarrassingly at the words. “Okay,” he replied, quite casually. “So, how are we doing this thing?” he asked then.
Bruce gave him a brief smile, eyes sharp behind his glasses, the lenses catching the light from the arc reactor. While he held Tony’s eyes, one of his hands moved down, giving Tony’s cock a tug through the undersuit then pulled the material lower, releasing the hard flesh. The fingers traced him briefly, traveling up and down the side of his cock without a detour to the tip, then stole down to the base, curling around his balls and pulling them free of the clothing as well.

Tony tried to arch his hips at the touch but he could only move so much with his limbs caught in the unyielding grip of the armor assembly platform. Bruce’s fingers had returned to their idle caresses along his straining flesh, teasing instead of providing any real relief, winding him up tighter. Tony clenched his jaw, trying to find a rhythm for his breaths. After all, it wouldn’t do to come prematurely. Not just because Bruce had told him not to, but because he had pride.

Bruce’s other hand had fallen back to his own crotch, fondling his cock through his pants. It was criminal that he was still wearing all his clothes.

“I would help you undress but I’m a little tied up at the moment,” Tony quipped.

“If you don’t have anything worthwhile to say, don’t speak,” Bruce retorted.

Tony pursed his lips. “That’s kind of rude.”

Bruce raised an eyebrow at him and his fingers pinched the head of Tony’s cock, making him hiss and buck his hips but that was all he could do. Tears pricked his eyes.

“Asshole,” Tony ground out after a bit.

Bruce’s fingers resumed touching the rest of his shaft, jerking him almost softly in small movements. “You don’t think I’m capable of shutting you up, Tony?”

He thought it over. Of course Bruce was capable, there was no doubt about that. Tony wasn’t exactly in a position to protest or fight back. “Sorry,” he finally muttered.

“Better,” Bruce informed him and kept on going, slow and infuriating, the touch becoming almost numbing after a moment. That’s when he changed the pace, the angle, and Tony arched towards him, thighs shivering slightly at how good it was. Bruce kept going, twisting his hand a bit at every up-stroke, making Tony’s toes curl. He was so close, so very close, the tingling starting and traveling from the very base of his spine –

Bruce’s hand fell away, leaving Tony dismayed for a moment. He blinked at the other man, hips shifting but there was no friction available, no help to take him across the finish line.

“You have a short memory,” Bruce mused. “Maybe I should make you write it down a few hundred times.”

Tony blinked, then remembered and flushed slightly.

“That’s right,” Bruce nodded, looking so disappointed. He wasn’t even touching himself anymore, as if Tony’s failure robbed him of the ability to feel good.

“I’ll do better next time. I could even help you,” he promised.

“You don’t think I’m capable of taking care of myself?” Bruce asked, voice a notch lower. He stepped up, almost leaning his body against Tony’s. “You don’t think I’m man enough to get myself off? Is that it, Tony?”
“No,” Tony gulped. There was no green in the brown eyes but Bruce sure sounded like there could be.

“Do I need your help?” Bruce pressed, almost in a growl.

“No, you don’t. I’m sorry,” Tony blurted out.

Bruce blinked and it was all gone. It was terrifying. “Why is it you only ever apologize during sex? Well, I guess it’s a sign that you’re actually able to do it instead of becoming physically ill.” He tapped a finger against Tony’s hips, on top of the dressed burns, making the small touch sting all over the injured area. “Shall we try this again?”

“Yes,” Tony nodded. “Please.” No one could say Tony Stark wasn’t a fast learner when he needed to be; when Bruce’s hand fell back on his cock, Tony made sure to watch the other man, to see how far he was and then try and hold himself back. Bruce hadn’t taken off his pants yet, hadn’t even opened them, which was driving Tony nuts. Sure, Bruce touched himself; Tony could see the outline of his hard cock, the way his fingers rubbed against it, but that was it.

When he started getting near his peak again, Tony tried regulating his breathing, to push it away, but Bruce wasn’t slowing down, wasn’t showing a sign of being aware that Tony was close. “You need to stop,” Tony finally said, shivering. “I’m too close.”

Bruce smiled and stilled his hand, giving the head of Tony’s cock a lazy rub of his thumb which made Tony groan, arch and wish he could just let it go. He was sweating, his breathing harder to control and as he wound down again, he thought of how bad – and how good – it would feel when Bruce started to build it up again.

While he waited, Bruce touched himself, standing right there, looking at Tony.

“Let me see you,” Tony begged.

“All in good time,” Bruce promised.

“You’re ruining your pants,” Tony attempted to sway him.

Bruce actually laughed then composed himself and looked at Tony. “You said you would help me,” he recalled.

Tony nodded enthusiastically.

“Would you touch me?”

“Yes.”

“With your hands?”

“Hands, mouth, whatever you want.”

“You do understand my blood is toxic and that might well carry over to other biofluids?”

Tony looked, imagining he saw a slight damp spot on the material of the pants. He wanted to say he would still do it but after hearing Bruce earlier, about how his attempt to save the other Avengers had turned into this strange method of keeping him safe, he guessed it would be the wrong thing to say.

“You would let me rub the front of my pants all over your face,” Bruce suddenly spoke up, voice laden with a dark timbre. Tony’s cock jerked at the words. “You would look up at me with those
big, wide eyes and take anything I decided to give you. And that’s the problem; I would love to stuff my cock down your throat, Tony, but one of us has to be in control, to have a clear mind – to be objective. And it’s never going to be you.”

He most certainly wasn’t going to have a clear mind about anything when Bruce was going to bring him off with his voice alone. However, the vocal seduction seemed to have an effect on them both because Bruce’s hand suddenly moved to the top of his pants, tugging the button and zipper open with practiced speed that indicated he was used to doing it a lot. Tony knew his reasons for that were usually more… green.

Tony knew his eyes were probably ridiculously wide as he stared at Bruce’s hand working, shoving down his underwear to release his cock, which was flushed and wet with excitement. It was perhaps good Tony was tied and unable to move because he might have lunged at the flesh and that would have ended in destruction and rebuilding of most of his Tower, surely. It was a bit ridiculous because Tony had never been that hungry for cock in his life, but this was Bruce and there was no way in any reality, this or otherwise, where he wasn’t going to want a piece of him.

Bruce pressed closer again, fistig his own flesh, pulling at it, aiming at the bunched up material of Tony’s undersuit, rubbing the head against it. His breath hitched slightly and he brought his other hand to Tony’s cock again, much harder this time, the finesse long gone. He jerked them both with determination, the grip a bit firmer than what Tony used on himself but that only heightened his pleasure and he jerked in his bonds, trying to reach forward. He didn’t quite get to Bruce’s face, nibbling at his ear instead, breathing hotly against his cheek, and damn, Bruce did that twisty thing with his hand again and then brought a finger to Tony’s slit, turned the digit sideways, just an edge of nail against the small opening and he felt the other man jerk against him, groaning and pressing against his thigh.

Tony didn’t quite feel the wetness but he knew it was there.

“You can come now,” Bruce breathed out and the sting on the tender head of his cock pushed Tony over the edge, making him shout out in relief, shooting his load all over Bruce’s hand.

He was still panting and shaking when Bruce covered his mouth and there was nothing chaste about this kiss. It left Tony’s lips as bruised as his entire body felt in the aftermath of a hard battle.

Bruce collected himself, straightening his shirt and then reached out for a clean paper towel, cleaning himself carefully and then catching most of his cum from Tony’s undersuit. “Make sure to clean that properly,” he noted and threw the paper aside, placing his cock back inside his pants and doing them up as if nothing had happened. “J.A.R.V.I.S., we’re done.”

“Very good, Dr. Banner,” the AI replied and the platform whirred back to life, letting Tony go and leaving him to collapse on his knees, feeling a little lightheaded. Bruce helped him up, actually tugging the undersuit off the rest of the way before taking him to the elevator which would take Tony straight to his room.

“Remember, don’t get the dressings wet,” Bruce reminded him and Tony just leaned against the elevator wall, naked and sweaty, staring owlishly at the door as it closed.

Bruce
Tony hadn’t slept so deeply in months, perhaps years; Bruce’s unexpected visit to the armory and what happened there took their toll and Tony felt no shame whatsoever in lying in bed long after he woke up, half-way between a light doze and wakefulness. He got up long enough to go to the bathroom then get a bottle of water and crash right back down, burrowing under the sheets, his mind so… quiet.

There was a constant temptation to ask J.A.R.V.I.S. more about what had happened, to search for a feed of the discussion between the three other Avengers, but Tony didn’t do it. Half his brain still couldn’t believe it – maybe Thor, and he had to accept Bruce’s involvement because of what had happened, but Steve? Of course his AI could show him proof, but that would break the illusion in some way.

Tony half-expected it all to be over now; that whatever Bruce had done was enough and that would be it. He knew he shouldn’t be greedy – although of course he was – and be satisfied that he had gotten that weird, magical hour with a man he had felt attracted to almost as soon as he realized he was every inch the man Tony had assumed, and then some. Bruce’s intellect frightened even him sometimes, and he might have just chalked up the whole sexy session in the armory as a wet dream if not for all the faint bruises and aches all over his body.

When he finally dragged himself out of his room, careful of the healing burns as Bruce had instructed, he found the Tower quiet; Bruce was in his lab, as usual, Steve had been called in by S.H.I.E.L.D. and Thor had gone outside to further investigate Midgard. It was all so normal that Tony just sat in the living room, staring at the wall and wondering if it had been a hallucination after all.

“J.A.R.V.I.S.?” he finally spoke up.

“Yes, sir?”

“In case that slime caused unexpected brain functions and phantasm, I would like to verify whether Dr. Banner visited me in the armory yesterday.”

“Indeed he did, sir.”

“And did we, by any chance, engage in some…’’ Tony tried to find a proper word for it. There was no need to sensor himself in front of J.A.R.V.I.S., who had seen, heard and studied it all, but Tony had certain difficulties figuring out how exactly to categorize what he thought had happened.

“You engaged in sexual interaction with Dr. Banner, with bondage, disciplinary and D/s elements. My observation verified the assumptions and calculations on behalf of myself and Dr. Banner that you’d enjoy yourself in such a situation.”

That cleared it up nicely and Tony had to smile. “You and Bruce discussed it beforehand?”

“As Dr. Banner put it, getting my consent was as important as getting yours, seeing as my primary function is to ensure your wellbeing.”

Tony rolled that around his head. “Keeping that in mind, and going a bit out on a limb with this, it should be enough to get your consent.”

“Indeed, sir, seeing as I’m well aware of your likes and dislikes and can calculate whether a situation would appeal to you or not.”

“I think it has to do with more than appeal…” Tony mused.
“You have always had masochistic tendencies, so a little unpleasantness should not be a turn-off for you, sir.”

Tony had never actually considered it but J.A.R.V.I.S. was absolutely right and perhaps more capable at viewing the situation objectively because he didn’t have conflicting human emotions getting in the way of his decision-making. Where Tony might feel humiliated, uncertain or wary, his AI cut through to the core of it all by simply doing the math on the necessary elements.

“Did the Avengers actually discuss this beforehand? Prior to Bruce joining me?” he asked.

“Would you like me to show you?” J.A.R.V.I.S. asked.

“I take it that’s a yes.”

“It wasn’t a lengthy discussion, but most enlightening.”

“Did they consult you during this discussion?” Tony asked.

“No; that was Dr. Banner’s personal preference.”

Well, Bruce had always admired J.A.R.V.I.S. and the two of them would have long discussions about subjects even Tony had a hard time keeping up with. If it was possible, his AI’s learning curve had been arching upwards since Bruce first stepped into the same space with him.

Tony decided on something to eat and guessed he might as well work on a few suit upgrades since everyone else seemed to be busy. Of course there was a part of him that wanted to hide, to wait this out and see if they would come looking for him, yet he had stopped playing that game when he was a child; no one ever came looking for him. That had been the case for most of his adult life, too, unless people wanted something from him and it always made them annoyed they had to look for him to get that. Still, hiding in his work area would be a good way to let the dust settle and to let the anticipation grow while waiting to see if something else happened.

It was four days after the tentacle creature’s attack. The burns were healing well, both Thor and Steve had returned to the Tower and left again, acting in no way out of the ordinary. It almost prompted Tony to ask J.A.R.V.I.S. to show footage of that alleged discussion about how they all were going to fuck him, or something, but he also had a dawning suspicion that Bruce had cleared the table and nothing else was going to happen.

Tony wasn’t about to regret it had been Bruce and not one of the other men. His ‘science bro’ had been more than capable of feeding his sexual appetites before, in the privacy of Tony’s brain, and the actual experience had kicked them up a couple notches. Many, many notches…

Bruce himself didn’t act any different, tossing random equations at Tony or asking if he would help him build another gadget for his lab. No mention about what had transpired in the armory half a week ago. Tony wasn’t sure whether to be insulted or just accept it.

All of that was before he returned from a Stark Industries meeting one day and found J.A.R.V.I.S. demanding his attention when he got to his room: “I have been given instructions, sir,” the AI noted as Tony tugged off his tie.

“Instructions? By whom?”

“By Dr. Banner. He has informed me to tell you to take a shower and clean yourself, then join him in his secondary lab area. Clothing is optional.”
Tony actually laughed. “He wants me to go there naked?” There was no reply and he forced the smirk from his face. “He actually thinks I might show up naked and that it’s okay?”

“It would appear that whatever you will be wearing at the time of entering the lab is of secondary importance.”

“Huh,” Tony mused, wriggling out of his shoes and then frowned. “Wait, you know what’s going on, don’t you?”

J.A.R.V.I.S. was silent.

“J.A.R.V.I.S., answer me,” Tony demanded.

“I gave consent on your behalf. Please step into the shower, sir,” the AI insisted. “Dr. Banner is a patient man but some things take time and we should begin shortly.”

Instead of just standing there, Tony stripped off the rest of his clothes, took a shower, wondering how clean he should be for this, then toweled thoroughly and threw on sweatpants and a tank top that had seen its best days before a couple of workshop-related accidents. He headed down, then, to the area Bruce used for… well, Tony wasn’t sure what he did there but if Bruce needed more than one lab area, Tony wasn’t going to tell him no. If the scientist was anything like Tony, his attention constantly moving from one thing to the next, he needed all the space Tony could give him.

The area was well lit when he entered, the door hissing shut and the electric clock clicking into place. Tony glanced up, noting several standard cameras around the area as well as sensors. “J, you there?”

“Of course, sir,” J.A.R.V.I.S. replied, sound as smooth as anywhere else in the building.

Bruce was standing at a screen, pushing things around it. There were cabinets, drawers and machines around the room, and in the middle of it all a table. Well, it looked more like an examination table, slightly padded and made of a material that was no doubt easy to clean. Its shape was peculiar, though, looking like parts of it could be moved around, almost like some apparatus he had seen at women’s hospital – or at least in some porn clips.

“Hey,” Bruce greeted him finally, giving him a smile.

“What’s up?” Tony asked.

“You didn’t ask J.A.R.V.I.S.?”

“Would he have told me?” Tony arched an eyebrow.

“Suspense is part of the erotic factor here; I would not have divulged any details,” the AI replied.

Bruce nodded. “Okay. Strip and lie down on your back.”

Tony glanced at the weird table. “Are we going to play doctor, Doctor?” he asked as he tugged off the top and started lowering his pants.

“You know I’m not a real doctor. Not in medical science anyway,” Bruce noted and moved over to take Tony’s clothes from him and placed them off to the side – out of harm’s way, probably.

“That’s what makes it so hot and kinky,” Tony grinned and sat down. The material soon warmed to his skin.

“On your back,” Bruce repeated.
Tony did as he was told, feeling unclothed again, seeing as Bruce was still fully dressed. “Maybe you should get a lab coat, really get this role play goin’,” he suggested, feet propped up as he lay on the table.

Bruce shifted some stuff around on the desk, mostly office supplies for notes and such, nothing interesting, then turned to look at Tony, leaning back against the desk. “You think I need a coat?” he mused.

“Well, not necessarily…”

“We’re not here to play doctor,” the other man stated flatly.

Tony felt something deflate inside him – certainly not the mood, because he was still lying naked in front of Bruce and had a pretty good idea something sexy was going to happen soon. Still, he wasn’t sure what to expect now and he had kind of hoped Bruce would at least kid around the subject a little, because to be honest, Tony hadn’t liked doctors much in his life and had barely seen one after Afghanistan; he didn’t trust people around the arc reactor and as long as he had the option, he would avoid such a situation. Bruce was an exception, however, and he had an idea the man knew that. Maybe that was why Bruce didn’t want to joke about it, to mix business with pleasure.

Bruce grabbed some pads from the table which looked like electrodes, removed the protective film and attached them to his skin in strategic places near his heart. A screen lit up on the wall and showed a familiar array of vital signs Tony was too used to looking at; his own. Beside them opened another panel, with fewer calculations running, and he suddenly noted it was Bruce’s heartbeat.

“J.A.R.V.I.S., you’re getting the readings?” Bruce spoke up.

“Everything is set,” J.A.R.V.I.S. replied. “Do you wish to begin?”

Perhaps sexy things were still going to happen, Tony mused.

“Let’s,” Bruce agreed then looked down at Tony, one hand still resting on his chest. “Last chance to leave.”

“I believe someone already consented on my behalf,” Tony reminded both the other man and his AI dryly.

“True,” Bruce agreed then moved to the foot of the table, pulling out what looked like restraints. He shifted Tony’s foot, lying it down flat and secured it, then moved to the other. They were leather, soft enough to not bite into skin yet firm and unyielding. Tony looked down at them, wriggling a bit since he couldn’t resist the temptation – then glanced up as Bruce returned to the head of the table, taking first Tony’s left wrist at his side, then the right, securing them with straps Tony hadn’t even noticed; he kept looking around, trying to see if they had actually been concealed inside the table when he first arrived.

“J.A.R.V.I.S. has the power to release you,” Bruce noted. “He’ll be monitoring your vitals.”

“I need to be monitored?” Tony frowned, leaning back.

Bruce smiled then opened a shallow drawer and placed a few items on a small tray table with wheels. Tissues, lubricant in small sterile packets and other assorted things.

“Are you sure we’re not playing doctor?” Tony asked, trying to ease the anticipation in his chest. He could see his pulse was picking up slightly, as was his body heat. His cock had also started to get
interested although there was no direct stimulus yet.

“J.A.R.V.I.S., I trust the equipment has been sterilized?” Bruce asked, ignoring Tony’s question.


“Sounds?” Tony frowned, craning his neck to see. Bruce chose that moment to lean over and grasp his cock, startling Tony slightly. He pulled out one of the tissues which smelled slightly of disinfectant, wiping the head of his cock. “Uh,” Tony started, “what are you doing?”

“Try to relax; if done properly, this shouldn’t hurt, and Dr. Banner reassured me he has the necessary knowledge to proceed with this,” the AI piped up – not exactly calming Tony’s nerves.

“Bruce,” Tony tried to catch his attention. The other man was currently putting on plastic gloves with practiced ease then seated himself down in a chair, moving it over to the drawer J.A.R.V.I.S. had opened earlier, picking up a tray and placing it on the table next to Tony. He moved the table to the level of Tony’s waist and then rolled his chair closer as well. His left hand reached out, palming Tony’s soft cock – his anticipation was going in the wrong direction right now – pulling at it lazily then clenched his fingers expertly near the head, studying his cock with great intensity.

While Tony didn’t mind that, he was feeling a bit nervous about what was coming next.

Bruce reached out to the tray table and retrieved a syringe from it, still holding his cock and bringing the syringe close to it.

Tony jerked but had nowhere to go.


“Still? There’s a needle next to my dick and… Fucking Christ, Bruce, what are you –” He was cut off as Bruce carefully angled the needle – not the sharpest type there was, Tony noted – and carefully slid it inside his urethra. It was a strange feeling, filling up a place that traditionally wasn’t supposed to be filled, especially when Bruce squirted the substance in the syringe inside. He waited a moment then carefully withdrew the syringe and put it away, after which he applied some lube to the head of his cock.

“I think I might not want to do this,” Tony stated. Bruce reached to the side again and picked up a thin steel… rod. “Brucey, we need to talk about this,” Tony went on as Bruce held his cock straight up from his body, bringing the rod closer. A sound, Tony’s brain supplied from some hazy memory. “I’m telling you, that’s not going to fit where I think you’re going to be putting it, and I’m not sure I want it to go there anyway, even if it does.”

“Tony,” Bruce said firmly, eyes fixed on what he was doing. “I will gag you if you don’t shut up. If there’s nothing important you want to say, then be silent for the time being.”

“Don’t I have a say here?” Tony demanded.

Bruce glanced at him briefly. “It won’t hurt. Make sure you don’t squirm, try to relax, and you’ll enjoy it.”

“Enjoy it,” Tony parroted. “I’ll enjoy you pushing that down – or is it up – my cock?”

“Yes,” Bruce said simply, turned back to the task at hand and pressed the sound against the opening of his cock. At some point the man had lubed the steel, too, but Tony didn’t recall that. He took a
breath, eyes flying to the screen on the side wall. Yeah, his heart was speeding up nicely.

“Relax,” he muttered to himself, laid back his head then felt the first telltale sensation of the sound possibly sinking in and raised his head back up to watch.

It was amazing, watching the steel slowly yet gradually falling in. Bruce didn’t move it, just held it in position, allowing it to slide down as gravity did its work and okay, it did feel kind of... good. Tony let his head fall back again, eyes closed, unable to really pinpoint the sensation of fullness, the pressure, the slight stretch. He wouldn’t have described it as pleasurable but he became aware his cock was trying to fill up and it did, too, which was amazing.

Bruce was looking down at him, a slight smile on his face. “I wasn’t sure you could do it,” he mused.

“What?” Tony frowned. “You weren’t sure and you still did it?!”

Bruce glanced at his face. “It’s not like I’ve done this before – but I did a lot of reading on how to do it in theory, and even reviewed some material about people who do this all the time,” he added, probably to imply that J.A.R.V.I.S. didn’t need to re-evaluate the entire situation.

Tony took a steadying breath, noting that his arousal was rearing its head again and damn, it was kind of impressive to see that Bruce had just manage to slide in that entire thing. His cock jerked and made him groan.

“Don’t get too excited,” Bruce told him. “I still don’t want you to come before I do. If it hurts, let me know.” His fingers that still held his cock upright moved slightly, in a minimal caress, as if trying to feel the steel inside the flesh. Tony wondered if he actually could and yearned to reach out and touch himself. With his wrists secured, however, he couldn’t do anything but flex his fingers. Bruce shifted his cock around a little, as if testing whether he could. Tony felt that, an unnatural pull and push, his brain still not categorizing it the right way and so he just felt it, enjoying the strange new sensation.

Bruce took his time, sitting there, touching him, then finally glanced up at Tony, initiating eye-contact. “Would you like to watch a movie?”

Tony frowned. “A movie?”

Bruce smiled and another screen lit up. Tony recognized the armory at once and although there was no time stamp available, he knew exactly when this had been shot: four days ago. “J.A.R.V.I.S. was very helpful,” the scientist mused, still sort of touching Tony’s cock other than just holding it still. “He even edited it. I must say, he’s very good at it.”


On the screen, Tony had just been secured in place and it was odd looking at himself – although not the first time, certainly. J.A.R.V.I.S. had good taste, Tony could admit that, finding angles and zooming in, adjusting lighting and making it perhaps the most high quality porn Tony had ever partaken in.

Bruce seemed to appreciate it, too. “I thought it would take more work – on both our parts – and I never expected you to submit this easily.” He gave Tony a brief look, as if praising him. His fingers jerked Tony’s cock a bit more firmly, making him moan. Bruce’s eyes returned back to the screen. “It was almost criminally easy. Once you were secured, the rest came naturally. You’re so incredibly receptive when you want to be,” he smiled.

“Only when I want to be,” Tony agreed, not wanting to give the other man any ideas.
Bruce looked at him again. On the screen, Bruce was talking, jerking Tony’s cock and making dark suggestions he could never keep. He reached down, baring his own cock, and Tony wasn’t certain where J.A.R.V.I.S. had got the camera angle but it was perfect as Bruce jerked himself, ready to release all over Tony’s undersuit.

“Okay,” Bruce decided beside him, fingers jerking on Tony’s cock, “I think we’re ready to move on.” He shifted around, then very gently with almost no pulling at all slid the sound free and Tony tried not to mewl at the sensation as his eyes rolled, just a little. It was the weird kind of good and he decided he might have to try this again just to figure out the sensations. It stung, just a little, and he felt Bruce checking him out, rolling his flesh in his hands. “Good,” he decided.

Tony took a few deep breaths, watching Bruce push the tray table aside and remove the gloves – only to slip on another pair. He reached for lube, this time in a bottle, slicking up his right hand’s fingers. It was methodical and Tony felt like he was watching some kind of medical preparation.

“J.A.R.V.I.S.,” Bruce called out then, moving himself sideways with his chair, “part his legs.”

The examination table was most definitely custom made for kinky medical play, Tony decided; he felt small mechanical parts coming to life, locking into place, then felt the foot of the table break in two, folding slightly to push his knees up into a more comfortable position while stopping in a Y-shape.

Bruce nodded and moved his chair so that he sat between Tony’s legs. His left hand reached up, fisting Tony’s cock which was still semi-hard, squeezing out some of the lube he had inserted in the beginning. Tony moaned, bucking his hips as much as he could into the touch – then felt fingers on his ass. Lubed as they were, Bruce slipped in one then almost immediately another, slightly scissoring them in and out while Tony’s body adjusted. Through it all Bruce continued to pump his cock, more lazily now as if not wanting to over-stimulate Tony’s body.

Tony looked down at what was happening, his neck beginning to ache slightly at the strain. Eventually he had to give up and laid his head back down, staring at the ceiling. Bruce’s fingers pushed deeper then firmly pressed over his prostate, making Tony close his eyes. The other man did it again and Tony’s hips jerked, pleasure spiking through him and then disappearing.

“You like that?” Bruce asked, three fingers in him now and he still managed to hit the spot on purpose.

“Yeah,” Tony answered with gritted teeth. His hips undulated, just slightly, wishing Bruce’s hand on his cock would move a little faster but this was good, too–

“Do you remember the rule, Tony?” Bruce asked, voice suddenly harder, a reminder of what they had shared four days ago.

Tony stilled momentarily then hissed, trying to still his movements. “Bruce, please, I’m so close.”

Bruce withdrew both of his hands from his body and Tony could neither follow nor take matters into his own hands. He took a few steadying breaths, gritting his teeth in disappointment as the edge slid further away again, his cock jerking almost as if in amazement that it wasn’t allowed to go through the impending orgasm. Tony looked down at it, noting the wetness he had felt before which made the skin of his groin almost shine beneath the lights.

The other man had moved away and once again stripped his gloves, disposing of them then rising from his chair and pushing it out of the way. Tony’s eyes followed as Bruce went to the far wall and brought something back with him. Tony didn’t get a good enough look but it was a machine of some
sort and for a moment his brain tried to envision something that would top off the sounding. There weren’t many things and none of them were pleasant.

Bruce settled the machine beneath his spread legs and then walked to a cabinet, coming back with a dildo of all things. He still couldn’t see what was going on but spotted the lube being taken from the table then returned a moment later. The head of the toy soon pressed against his hole and pushed slightly inside, then stilled.

“Is that going to help me not come?” Tony had to ask.

“No,” Bruce mused, moving back to his side, hand settling on Tony’s hips as if comfortingly. He looked down – at the dildo and whatever he had attached it to – then tapped a finger against Tony’s skin. “However, J.A.R.V.I.S. will,” he continued his previous train of thought and as if by magic, the dildo started moving. The first thrusts were experimental, almost, going slowly, testing depth.

“Calibrations are finished,” J.A.R.V.I.S. announced a rough eighty seconds later. “The machine is working up to expectations.”

“Of course it is,” Bruce smiled at the room in general then looked at Tony again. “I tried working on it on my own but eventually J.A.R.V.I.S. drew up the plans for the machine and I thought the honor should be his to sit in the driver’s seat.”

Tony’s breath caught, just a little.

“It’s also very practical; gives me more time to focus on other things,” Bruce went on musing, his hand moving from Tony’s hips downward, teasing the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. In the meanwhile the fucking machine continued to work the silicone toy into him and damn if it didn’t drag against a few good spots every time it moved.

Tony wondered what the consequences would be if he came prematurely, but not long after he had that thought the dildo slowed then stopped entirely.

“Don’t forget that J.A.R.V.I.S. is monitoring everything from your heartbeat to your breathing,” Bruce reminded, his other hand coming to rest at the nape of Tony’s neck. “He won’t let you come before I tell him to.” Between Tony’s legs, the machine started again, slowly this time, pushing all the way in and then dragging almost too far out.

“We’re going to have words about this, J,” Tony grunted as his pleasure began to peak again, although more slowly and painfully.

“Of course, sir.”

“Don’t be too hard on him,” Bruce admonished, his hand moving down, skirting the edge of the arc reactor and the scars that surrounded it, making Tony’s skin prickle with sensation. He continued like that, circling the center of his chest while the machine kept a steady pace, building up Tony’s orgasm only to let it go at the last moment, leaving him hanging.

It went on forever like that, Tony could have sworn. His skin was sweaty, his breaths labored and chest heaving, making it painful where the arc reactor slightly stopped the natural expansion of his ribs. Bruce’s hand had briefly moved to his cock, touching him, milking out what seemed like the rest of the lube and then he parted from it with a slight pinch at the head when Tony once again neared his peak.

This time it took longer for him to calm down and Bruce cleaned his right hand of the lube and then shoved it down his own pants, opening them with his left and then releasing his cock to fondle it
openly. Tony watched, steadying his breathing, fists clenching and unclenching as he fought to accept that his release had once again been denied.

“Tony,” Bruce called out, touching his cheek. “You’ve been doing so well.”

“Carve that into my headstone when my heart gives out,” Tony muttered.

“Your heart is not in any danger, sir,” J.A.R.V.I.S. said in what was supposedly a reassuring tone. “Dr. Banner, may I suggest another appendage?”

Bruce smiled, patted Tony on the cheek and then walked over to that cabinet where he had found the first dildo, coming back with another. This one was larger and a bit more sharply textured although nothing too wild. He worked for a moment between Tony’s legs. “Adjust him a bit, will you,” Bruce instructed and the table came to life once again, Tony’s legs moving slightly further apart.

The machine adjusted itself to the new angle and soon Tony felt the new toy inside him. He squeezed his eyes shut at the sensation of the stretch and drag against his prostate as J.A.R.V.I.S. drove the dildo home, then Bruce was back at his side, a hand on his face.

“Tony?”

Tony opened his eyes and looked at him, feeling almost feverish. His body twitched as the dildo changed pace and moved harder, fucking into him, opening him up further, his body taking it without much resistance.

Bruce smiled fleetingly then dropped his hand lower, skirting one of Tony’s nipples then tugged on it. “Just a little longer,” he promised, jerking his own flesh. He looked so hard and Tony itched to touch him, to help him along so that he could finally come himself. “You know I have to take it slow, right?” Bruce kept talking, teasing Tony’s chest, tweaking the nipple as his hand worked his cock and the machine kept moving the dildo in and out of him. “For so many years I was afraid to masturbate, in fear of stirring the other guy. Sex was totally off the table. It wasn’t that long before we met… But here we are, and I think it’s going to be okay,” he decided. “Better safe than sorry, though.”

“Maybe the other guy just needs to… let out a little steam,” Tony suggested.

“If he comes out right now, he might just finish where I’ve left off,” Bruce noted. “You’ve seen him naked; no amount of stretching would be enough if he decided to do what I ache to.”

Tony processed that in his head. “You want to fuck me,” he stated needlessly.

Bruce actually laughed and both of his hands – the one on his cock and the one on Tony’s now-sensitive nipple – tightened. “Oh, yes. I would… if I could. But I’m sure you understand why we’re going about it very indirectly.” He shifted then, a step to the right, and let go of his cock. Tony felt like protesting, seeing as he surely couldn’t handle yet another interrupted climb towards orgasm, but then he felt something slick brush against the fingers of his right hand and raised his head long enough to see Bruce guiding his cock towards his bound hand.

Tony took the hint; he wrapped his fingers around Bruce’s flesh, attempting to go about it without actually being able to see what he was doing. Bruce groaned, his head tilted back, eyes fluttering shut but he didn’t look green. Tony kept looking at his face while his hand worked his cock, fingers jerking him off the best he could, soft, gentle and unsurprising. Bruce thrust into the caresses, making it hard to try anything complex and eventually Tony just offered him something to rub against.

“Oh, Tony, that’s good” Bruce sighed eventually, pushing against his fingers. His own hand
clamped around the base of his cock and milked it up until Tony felt something wet and warm hit his hand. Bruce leaned heavily against the table, breathing in and out in a controlled rhythm. He still didn’t look green.

It felt like an eternity before he opened his eyes, looked at Tony and reached out to rest a hand on Tony’s chest, palm pressing against the sore nipple, fingertips caressing the edge of the arc reactor. “Come for me, Tony.”

The dildo inside him did a few quick thrusts and all Tony really did was let go of the self-control he hadn’t even known he still possessed at this point. He swore and almost suffocated between the urge to scream and the need to get more air into his lungs. His release tore through him, making him jerk against his bonds and sending him into something that resembled a full-body cramp. It washed over him and left him lying there, breathless, bones turned to liquid.

That was when Bruce leaned over, kissing him, a smile against Tony’s slack lips the last thing his brain registered before promptly shutting down.

Bruce steadied his breathing then told himself he had things he needed to do – starting with undoing Tony’s wrists and ankles, then removing the dildo from the machine and throwing it into a sink for cleaning and storage.

“Were you pleased by the results, Dr. Banner?” J.A.R.V.I.S. asked.

“Yes,” Bruce admitted. “He held out longer than I had hoped.”

“Mr. Stark is more resilient than people give him credit for,” the AI told him.

Bruce smiled. “I’m beginning to realize that.”

Tony was out cold, breathing deep and slow. His body was slack on the padded surface, all tension gone. He appeared vulnerable but there was nothing that could hurt him here, between Bruce and J.A.R.V.I.S. Bruce tore his eyes from him and fetched a clean towel, wetting it before returning to clean Tony, making sure to pay extra care to the areas where his own ejaculate had hit the skin; it was risky to do that much and Bruce wasn’t about to get sloppy.

He covered Tony with a blanket while putting away the rest of the items. The clean-up of the equipment was automated – or rather, handled by J.A.R.V.I.S. Bruce was glad about that and eventually returned to the table, shaking Tony a bit by the shoulder. “Tony, we need to get you to your bed, but first a trip to the bathroom.”

“Aha,” Tony muttered, half-asleep and just looking at him with a dreamy expression.

“Up,” Bruce urged and Tony finally complied, still naked. Bruce didn’t bother with clothing and took them to the elevator, then to Tony’s floor. The other man leaned heavily on him, pretending to be asleep by the time they got to his room but Bruce knew better as he ushered him into the bathroom.

“The bed is over there,” Tony pointed with a yawn.

“I need you to take a piss first; to wash out the rest of the lube,” Bruce explained.

Tony flushed and Bruce smiled against his neck, standing behind him, steadying him slightly. He was certain there weren’t many things that made Tony Stark blush but the man obediently held his spent cock and after a little while let go, emptying his bladder. After that Bruce was happy to let him
curl up in bed and made sure he was comfortable before moving to the door.

“I’m sure Mr. Stark wouldn’t mind the company,” J.A.R.V.I.S. spoke up, voice muted to not disturb his creator.

“I know, but it’s too early for that,” Bruce mused then yawned himself. It was time to get out of his clothes and into his own bed. He knew he would sleep well, just as he had after their first encounter in the armory; it distracted Tony from a lot of things but it gave Bruce relief as well, forcing him to come out of his shell; he doubted he would have come this far for another handful of years, otherwise, and wasn’t going to regret any of it now.

He had a feeling he wasn’t going to be the only one with those thoughts, although it was still a bit of a gamble where the others were concerned. Well, Tony hadn’t seemed to resent the idea and it might do them all good on some newfound level…

“How did it go?”

Bruce may have jumped at the voice but it was low and friendly, not threatening, and he looked down the hall after exiting Tony’s room, finding Steve standing there. It looked like he had just come inside, with his hair a bit wind-blown and a jacket still on. “It went well,” Bruce replied.

Steve nodded, looking away – at the door Bruce had just closed behind his back. There was a peculiar, thoughtful look on his face.

“I’ve paved the way,” Bruce went on, making Steve’s eyes move up to his face briefly before moving to the door again. “He’s waiting, but… don’t make him wait too long,” he finished.

“You’re sure that’s what he wants?” Steve asked. For someone who was in his element in a life-threatening situation, Bruce thought to himself, he was awfully uncertain when he wasn’t supposed to lead.

“It’s what this team needs,” Bruce reminded him. “He won’t turn you away, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

Steve nodded then turned and went back the way he must have just come in, to take the stairs to his own floor.

Bruce took to the other direction and the elevator, leaning back against the wall and closing his eyes for a moment.

“Captain Rogers is uncertain how to play his part,” J.A.R.V.I.S. mused.

“He’ll get there,” Bruce said, wondering whom he was trying to reassure – himself or the AI?

“My sensors indicate he is aroused by the idea, regardless of his hesitation.”

Bruce smiled and stepped out of the elevator as the door opened at his floor. “That’s why he just needs to see the opening and… exploit it. He’s a brilliant strategist, he’ll figure it out.”

“I see no reason to doubt your theory.”

Reaching his door, Bruce stepped in, jumped into the shower quickly then slid into his bed, the lights dimming automatically around him. “Good night, J.A.R.V.I.S.,” he called then settled down, feeling rather calm.
“Good night, Dr. Banner.”

Steve

Tony hadn’t forgotten about his two other teammates, per se, but he hadn’t wondered about any of it as intently after his and Bruce’s second ‘session’. Frankly, he didn’t know what else to call it and it wasn’t his standard way of having sex so for the time being, session it was.

It wasn’t unlike Steve to ask Tony down to the gym. While their physical capabilities were quite different, they could still spar, although usually Steve chose one of the other Avengers for that; Natasha and Clint were both well trained and could hold their own, actually making Steve sweat, but they were still on some long-term mission for S.H.I.E.L.D.; Thor, of course, was a perfect match for Steve but he, too, was away. Bruce was never asked to spar, for obvious reasons, and the scientist would use the gym at his own pace, keeping fit but not wanting to do it while someone else was around.

That left Tony, who for all his practice with Happy and other capable instructors wasn’t a supersoldier, master assassin, or a Norse god. Most of the time Steve tried to teach him things, especially once he realized Tony had no formal training whatsoever. The first time Steve had just stood there, gaping at Tony as if unable to believe Fury would let someone on their team who wasn’t capable of handling himself in a fight. Tony almost went to put on the suit that day to show him just how incapable he was.

After that Steve had been more diplomatic about it and while he still threw Tony down a fair bit, he took it easy on him. Tony wasn’t certain what that was all about because it sure as hell wasn’t a workout for Steve. The possibility that it was either amusement or pity ended most of their sparring in arguments started by Tony’s wounded pride and him limping out of the gym, usually sulking for the next day at least.

This time didn’t seem any different. Steve insisted on some hand-to-hand training and Tony obliged him. Any injuries from their last battle were gone and he wasn’t any more sore than usual from overextended visits to his work area.

Tony tightened the laces of his running shoes, smoothed down his sleek pants and then pulled off the long-sleeved shirt to leave only his tank top on; he was going to be sweating like a pig soon so there was no reason to make himself more uncomfortable.

Steve was currently on the other side of the mat, looking like he had already warmed up for quite a bit before getting Tony to agree to join him. It was criminal how bulky he managed to look in such a simple t-shirt but that was something Tony had stopped lamenting a long time ago.

“You ready, Cap?” Tony called out.

Steve nodded and stepped onto the mat, Tony doing the same. The material gave a bit beneath his weight and Tony knew he would be extremely thankful for at least that small amount of softness once his body was acquainted with the floor a couple times more than was necessary.

They circled each other and Tony moved forward first – he always did, no matter how much he tried to keep himself in check – trying to get one good hit in before the other man noticed but Steve
dodged away effortlessly, just leaning back to avoid being hit, then slinked to the side. Tony went at it a few more times, growing frustrated, especially when Steve didn’t respond.

“Is this a new game?” Tony snapped at length. “If you just wanted to play tag, I have better things to do with my time.”

Either Steve had been waiting for it or he just happened to make up his mind at that very instant, because he charged forward, shoulder against Tony’s middle, tackling him down to the mat hard under his weight. Air left Tony’s lungs and it took him a few seconds to draw any of it back in. Once he did, however, he moved his legs up, trying to dislodge Steve from on top of him, partially managing that. Tony knew he wasn’t fighting pretty but neither was the other man so he kicked up once Steve gave him enough space, attempting to knee him in the stomach and have him roll to the side.

Steve lifted his body out of the way, which was almost as good, giving Tony room to bring one arm up and press at Steve’s neck and shoulder to give himself more room to maneuver, to slip from underneath him and back to his feet. Tony had gotten to his knees when Steve rolled to the side and onto his feet, elegant and powerful at the same time, agile for someone who had spent a good part of seven decades frozen in ice.

Tony picked up the speed, struggling to his feet, facing him in a low stance, afraid to slow himself down but knowing he would never stand a chance if he just tried to be quick, because he would never be quicker than the other man, no matter their size differences.

They circled again and Tony wondered if this was a new trick to get him off guard because Steve looked like he was a little off his game. Usually by this time Tony had been laid out on the mat at least half a dozen times, wheezing for air and smarting with new bruises. After a while his impatience got the better of him yet again and he went in with a half-hearted attempt to hit the other man while instead aiming at Steve’s legs. However, something gave him away and Steve dropped him to the mat instead, forcing Tony to count to three before trying to even move any body parts.

When he actually managed to see straight again, Steve was standing above him, chest heaving slightly, a strip of skin peeking out from beneath the shirt which could only be seen from this angle, Tony realized. It was a good angle, highlighting the broadness of his chest. He debated whether he could just lie there a bit longer, looking up at the other man –

“Tired?” Steve asked.

Tony gritted his teeth and rolled back up to his feet, slightly less steady but he wasn’t going to admit defeat prematurely. He didn’t bother circling this time, just going at Steve, not even sure what he was doing because he knew there was no way he was getting past Steve’s moves and no sooner was he within touching distance that Steve’s arm came up, probably to block him, so Tony dodged that, moving under his guard and delivering a blow.

He actually hit him, which caught Tony by surprise.

Steve didn’t stumble back. He wasn’t bleary-eyed. What he did do was push into Tony’s space, the arm currently behind Tony diving down, gripping his thigh, upsetting his balance and then they were both falling, hard, and Tony felt like the arc reactor rattled around his chest cavity at the impact. Well, not quite; Steve’s other arm held his weight up from crushing Tony where it counted most but he was still on top of him, more heavily now that they were on the mat and Tony couldn’t even imagine fighting back before he had once again filled his lungs.

That was when Steve tightened the hand still holding the back of his thigh and while Tony was
trying to figure out whether there was another attack coming, he almost missed the first sensation of Steve’s hard cock digging in against his hip. Almost. Tony had never missed a sexual anything in his life and he sure as hell wasn’t going to start now. It came out of nowhere, though, and he just lay there, like a flattened tire, trying to figure out what was going on.

Steve hoisted Tony’s leg higher, shifting his hips and it made his intent very clear; he was seeking friction. His breaths were fast, almost angry. Tony was afraid to meet his eyes, to see the look in them and figure out what exactly was going on. He felt Steve’s gaze burning a hole in his forehead, though, and eventually he couldn’t avoid looking back.

He decided at once that none of the bootleg porn featuring someone dressed up as Captain America did justice to the real thing. A few strands of hair had fallen to Steve’s forehead, a slight frown set between his eyebrows and he looked so determined yet so nervous… And at the same time a spark of lust filled the blue orbs of his eyes, coloring his cheeks and his hold was still firm on Tony’s leg, unrelenting and continuing to make his point.

Tony’s hips jerked and his eyes remained locked on Steve’s, unable to move, pinned along with the rest of his body. The movements of Steve’s body were becoming move obvious, grinding down against him, chafing and unsatisfactory yet the fiction was building things towards a rather pleasant burn of arousal and release.

“You want this,” Steve finally stated as if he had just figured something out.

Tony let out a sound that wasn’t exactly a ‘yes’ but he didn’t go for an actual verbal reply because accidentally admitting this was in the kiddy pool area of his teenage lust for Captain America might have ruined the mood. Kiddy pool was just fine because it was more than he had actually dared to hope for, regardless of what Bruce had said – and yes, his brain decided to recall that piece of a discussion right then, making his cock jerk insistently and his legs trying to find purchase to push back against the other man.

Steve’s movements lacked finesse and direction although he was quickly getting the hang of it. Tony wondered if he had ever done this before – it was possible he hadn’t – and that he was soldiering through this like he had rolled with everything else in his life since becoming a super-soldier. He was good at adapting, taking in new information and running with it, and Tony really had no reason to give him directions now should that make him hesitate and back off.

The heat between them grew and Steve shifted his body, kneeling up then using both his hands to grab Tony’s hips, lifting them clear off the floor and rutting against him with strength and ease that wasn’t entirely human. Tony groaned, locking his legs around Steve’s body and trying to counter his movements although that probably left even worse bruises on the skin of his hips.

It was going to be a glorious sight tomorrow.

Steve leaned forward, just slightly, and Tony jerked his head up, as if anticipating his next move. Their mouths collided between gasps for air. There was nothing pretty about it and it ended way too soon as Steve pulled back and grunted, hips driving close one more time before stilling.

Tony belatedly realized he must have just come.

Steve dropped him unceremoniously, Tony’s legs not squeezing in time to stop his fall. It was just a few inches and the mat softened the impact considerably, yet Tony felt startled by it and felt ready to snap something about the pure disregard for his comfort. Before he could do that, however, Steve’s hand was fisting his groin – or more precisely, his cock – through his pants and Tony’s hips shot up in the most undignified manner possible and he came hard, the firm grasp jerking him clumsily
through the clothing to bring him off the rest of the way, leaving him gasping and blinking at the lights.

It had been a while since he’d come in his pants but since none of this was actually his own doing he wasn’t going to count this as that kind of accident. When he finally geared a few brain cells towards possible damage control, he found Steve still on the mat between his spread legs, looking at him as if he were drawing him with his mind’s eye.

“I always thought of you as the romantic type; dinner and candles, jazz in the background,” Tony commented.

“You don’t know me very well,” Steve replied. “Sure, all that would be nice but that’s not what this is about.”

“I’m not worth it?” Tony asked, grinning slightly.

“It’s not what you want,” Steve corrected.

Tony pursed his lips, thinking about it. “I’m not sure rutting on the gymnasium floor is what I really wanted, either,” he shot back then, irritation beginning to crawl out now that the sex was apparently over.

“Duly noted,” the other man stated, getting to his feet with zero shakiness. “Maybe the next time we spar together, you’ll be thinking of this instead of how many ways I can throw you to the floor.”

Tony wasn’t certain he heard it right and kept processing the words until he was fairly certain Steve had said what he thought he had said and it was entirely too upfront and kinky to be him. Lifting himself up on his arms, Tony regarded the other man. “Are you sure you’re okay? You don’t sound like you.”

“You mean I don’t sound like a 40’s virgin?” Steve shot back, voice hard. Clearly Tony was getting under his skin again because he reserved that tone for him and only him.

“Point taken,” Tony muttered, still uncertain where this was coming from and started lifting himself up since he really didn’t want to piss Steve off and end up face first on the mat, again, possibly with a concussion.

“We both need a shower,” Steve observed.

“You mean of your powers of deduction are truly formidable,” Tony raised an eyebrow at him, finally upright. A bit self-consciously he slid a hand down and shifted his now-soft cock into a better position. His hand came back slightly damp.

Steve didn’t say anything else; he simply grabbed Tony’s arm, dragging him towards the gym shower. Tony knew that short of throwing himself on the floor, he wasn’t going to stop the other man from manhandling him, and even then Steve could just drag him the rest of the way by his ankle.

“I have a shower in my room,” Tony began to protest. There was a communal shower at the gym, as well as a changing room with lockers for everyone’s stuff, whatever they chose to store there for their workout.

“And I have one in mine,” Steve shot back.

“So we can just go and –”
“No,” Steve said and shoved him towards the door of the showers, standing between Tony and the exit from the locker room. They stared at each other for a moment, Tony trying to read the situation and Steve just standing there. “Take your clothes off,” Steve finally said.

“You could have just asked nicely,” Tony replied and toed off his shoes.

“Really?” Steve raised an eyebrow and took off his own shoes, then dragged his shirt over his head, after which he made quick work of his pants, standing there in all his glory and Tony hadn’t even gotten his socks off yet because it was hard not to look at the perfection of humanity standing in front of him at half mast.

Yeah, Steve was getting hard again. Apparently it was another thing Bruce’s attempts to replicate the serum hadn’t succeeded in.

“Do you need help?” Steve asked then, impatience in his voice.

Tony blinked and guessed he’d never had such a hard time taking off his clothes before, so he tugged off his socks and slid down his already soiled pants and underwear, then hesitated, his fingers skirting the edge of the tank top but not lifting it over his head.

Steve regarded him then stepped forward, closing the distance between them. “Take it off,” he said, more softly now, his fingers joining Tony’s, tugging at the edge of the remaining piece of clothing between them.

Tony did, guessing he should just get it over with. He threw the top to the side then stood there, Steve’s chest almost touching his as he breathed. The comparison was painful; carved muscles next to the scarred skin and the arc reactor throwing a blue glow between them regardless of the lights above. Sure, Tony was in good shape for a man his age; he did most of his own work and worked out regularly, even before becoming Iron Man. Next to Steve, however, he felt every year and every scar.

“You’re beautiful,” Steve told him.

“Is that an artistic opinion?” Tony asked, eyes shooting up.

“You really can’t take a compliment, can you?”

“Oh, I soak them up like a sponge. Just… not when they’re dishonest.”

“You think I’m lying?” Steve’s voice hardened and he crowded Tony, forcing him to take a step backwards.

“You’re being nice, and I don’t like it,” Tony narrowed his eyes. “I’ve seen it on people’s faces before. ‘Poor Tony got a hole cut in his chest and a piece of tech jammed into it; let’s pretend not to notice it. It makes for a good night light anyway.’”

Steve blinked, something akin to horror passing over his features until he seemed to shake it. “Really? People say that?”

“They don’t need to.”

“So you’re just imagining it?”

“If you saw me naked for the first time – okay, which you just did – what was the first thing you noticed?”
“Your eyes,” Steve answered without hesitation.

Tony blinked. “My eyes?”

“Well, that’s one of the first things,” Steve admitted. “I’ve never really gotten a good look at the arc reactor before so of course I noticed that, too, but… It’s not what makes you beautiful, although it adds to it. You’re human, and for me that makes all the difference. There’s no serum that’s made you the way you are, just hard work.”

“Right, because I overshadow every other human in comparison in this house,” Tony huffed, trying for a sarcastic smile and failing miserably.

“Just because Clint has a nice body doesn’t mean I prefer his over yours,” Steve leaned towards him. “I’m not with him right now, am I?”

Tony considered that for about two seconds. “This is just a team-building exercise,” he decided then, recalling where this had all begun. “Because I’m a special snowflake and need a little extra attention to make the team work.”

Steve snorted, something he usually didn’t do with such passion. “I think you understand very well why we’re doing this and are just refusing to admit it. The three of us agreed on a path that wasn’t chosen lightly.”

“The three of you didn’t include me in any of the choosing,” Tony protested.

“You were too busy trying to get yourself killed to be included in the decision making process,” Steve definitely leaned over him this time, pressing Tony back against the wall by the bathroom door. The doorframe pressed against his shoulder blade as he tried in vain to stand his ground. “Of what I’ve learned from Bruce, you’re on board with the idea and I haven’t heard any protestations so far.”

Tony guessed that was the truth although he could still rant about how he had no clear picture of what exactly the three other Avengers had decided to do and how Bruce’s sessions and a little frottage with Steve went together.

He was in the process of figuring that out when he felt something brush his thigh and noted that Steve had gone past a little more than just half-mast during their discussion. Staring down at his straining flesh, Tony felt his resolve liquefy. Why was he arguing? He’d never had a problem accepting sex from people, especially strong, beautiful people – and all of the Avengers were just that. Well, with Natasha he might take some evasive maneuvers since he didn’t trust her even now, but the rest were good wet dream material and Steve was offering more…

“Shower,” Steve noted and Tony slid in through the door, knowing he wasn’t going to protest so there was no reason to pretend he might. He was about to choose a stall when Steve pulled him over to another, fitting them both in there nicely because Tony never designed anything that wasn’t larger or better than what others might have.

Steve started the water then dropped a hand to his cock, stroking it. Tony’s eyes followed as if they were magnets and Steve’s other arm came up, tugging him to his chest. Tony took the invitation, lifting his hands and tracing the curves he had pretty much memorized from old posters, only they hadn’t usually been on display in all their naked glory.

Tony joined his lips to his questing fingers, licking Steve’s collarbone, the dip between his pecs, then over to one nipple, tugging at it with his teeth. The taste of sweat was rapidly being washed away by
the water. He heard Steve’s breathing catch then felt a hand on his shoulder, pushing him down while the other continued the steady motion on his cock. Tony traced his fingers down those incredible abs, feeling them tense at the sensation, then got on his knees – realizing only then that there was a shower mat beneath him, too conveniently placed for it to be an accident. He looked up at Steve, raising an eyebrow, but got waylaid from making any comments as he looked at Steve’s hand moving over his flesh and the invisible magnet seemed to take hold again, making his eyes follow until he felt a bit dizzy.

It may have also been that he had forgotten to breathe because Captain America was jerking off right next to his face and how had he gotten here, exactly?

Steve’s hand stilled and fell away. Tony didn’t need a red carpet invitation to crash this party; he moved forward, settling his legs into a better position because this could take a while, then fitted his lips around the head of Steve’s cock.

It had been a while since his last time on his knees for someone – a male someone, specifically – but his brain was excellent at storing necessary data and he lashed his tongue out past his lips, toying with the underside of the head, then moved down along the firm length, feeling every pulse and slight jerk. He mouthed all the way to the root, sucking there, taking a moment to tongue the balls then moved back up to the head, licking it, poking his tongue at the slit then taking it in again, slowly, deeper and deeper and pulling back just before it could get uncomfortable.

One of Steve’s hands came up to his head, running fingers into his hair that was slowly getting wetter as drops of water made their way down Steve’s body to his. The small rivulets traced Steve’s muscles just as Tony’s fingers and lips had, his eyes drinking in the sight as he teased the side of the cock before moving back to the head and taking it in once more, this time a bit deeper. Once he had the gag reflex at least somewhat under control, he started bobbing his head, closing his eyes against the random spatter of water.

Tony drew back, jaw widening to accommodate Steve’s girth and to let his tongue play. He took a few deep breaths then went for it again. Steve shifted, the movement of his hips bringing him closer and Tony wished he could take it all but that wasn’t going to happen. Maybe another time…

The slight change in position allowed more of the water to rain down on Tony and at the next inhale he felt his throat constrict and a brief wave of panic hit him as his nose burned. He backed off quickly, gasping for air and Steve’s hand moved to his face.

“You okay?” he asked.

Tony wiped his nose to rid himself of the sensation of water up the nasal cavity. “Can you… shut that off?” he asked, pointing vaguely at the shower head. He didn’t watch Steve do it but the water stopped after a moment and the hand returned to his hair, strong fingers caressing the nape of his neck. With the brief yet ugly flashback under control, Tony reached up to hook his fingers around the base of Steve’s cock and returned to work with twice the gusto, making the man above him moan softly as his mouth worked him relentlessly. Steve kept from thrusting with a thread of control Tony admired but it only let Tony do what he wanted, wandering down the shaft every now and then, touching every inch before taking him in again, fingers jerking the blond at the same time.

He heard something slap against the stall wall and opened one eye long enough to see Steve’s hand firmly pressed against it, fingers slightly crooked in tension. His eyes were half-closed, probably struggling between looking at Tony take his cock and closing them entirely. His body was tense, every muscle trembling and Tony sucked on the head, his hand picking up speed and intensity.

Steve’s fingers tightening in Tony’s wet hair was all the real warning the other man got before his
hips jerked forward. It was a good thing he had just the head in Tony’s mouth because it might have gotten real awkward real fast with a dislocated jaw and teeth-marks on Steve’s cock. As it was, Tony accommodated the movement and was somewhat prepared for the cum that shot into his mouth. Steve pulled back soon after, still holding onto his hair, panting as if he had just ran a couple miles. Tony swallowed slowly, rotated his jaw to ease the tension then sat back on his legs, knees aching slightly but the shower mat had really made it more pleasant than it had the right to be.

It didn’t take long for Steve to recover, which meant pulling Tony up and into a kiss that was a bit more controlled than the one they had shared on the gym floor. Whether Steve recognized his taste in Tony’s mouth, he didn’t say, nor did Tony ask.

“Can I turn the water back on?” Steve asked after a bit.

Tony did it for him, not commenting on the question or offering an explanation.

Steve found soap and offered it to Tony first, then washed himself. It may have been easier to go to different stalls for this but it was strangely intimate – plus Steve’s hands suddenly wandered over to Tony’s body when he was barely done lathering himself and the water was already washing the suds off. His fingers traced his chest, then fell to his hips. There weren’t bruises yet but Tony could swear he felt them forming.

From there, somehow, it seemed natural that Steve’s right hand moved behind him, between his ass cheeks and Tony just stood there, staring at Steve’s shoulder as he felt fingers part the globes and slide two digits over his hole. Steve’s left hand joined the right, to help, closing Tony in a strange embrace. Tony closed his eyes against the water, pressing his face in Steve’s chest and nipping at the skin with his teeth, teasing the hard lines just as Steve teased his hole.

“You don’t have to, you know,” Tony mused after a while. “I don’t think I’ll be able to get it up again, anyway.”

“You will,” Steve said, his face close to Tony’s ear where he was sort of looking over his shoulder. “We’re not done yet.”

Tony was fairly certain his cock didn’t jerk at the words but his asshole definitely clenched around Steve’s finger as it breached him. The other man’s words rattled around his brain, trying to find a corner where they would make more sense. Of course Tony knew what he meant, that part was quite obvious, but he most certainly hadn’t expected things to move much further than the shower after it was clear Steve wanted Tony to blow him.

Then again, Steve’s cock may or may have not been getting slightly harder against Tony’s leg and the guy really had a magnificently short refractory period.

The finger had now worked its way completely inside Tony, shifting slightly but without proper lube it was bound to become uncomfortable soon. Steve may have realized that, or he may have just deemed they had wasted enough water because he withdrew, finished rinsing himself off then shut the water off and stepped out of the stall, leaving Tony to follow.

There were plenty of clean towels available – mostly because some of the Avengers never remembered to bring their own and would steal those of others, after which it was easier to have them available should anyone need them. Steve picked up two, tossing one at Tony and then proceeding to towel himself dry. Tony did the same, wondering what the next stage of Cap’s plan would be. It seemed to include stepping out of the bathroom because Steve returned to the lockers and Tony followed.
Steve had folded his towel on a bench between the two rows of lockers. He moved over to his, opening the door and rummaging around inside. Tony stood, waiting, the towel balled up in his hands. Steve must have found what he was looking for and glanced over, a strange, almost affectionate smile on his lips. “You’re seriously not hiding after we just showered together.”

Tony glanced down. His hands – and the towel in them – happened to rest at groin level, but that was totally an accident. To prove that point, Tony tossed the towel to the bench, making a statement. He might have had a very short moment where he confessed his physical inferiority to Captain America but he was still Tony Stark and people had seen him naked so many times there was no reason to hide anything.

Now one of those people was Steve and he had just seen plenty more than most of the general public ever dared to dream.

Steve reached out, placing something on the bench, then took Tony’s towel and folded it as well, placing it on top of the other. “Come here,” he said next.

Tony walked over, eyes landing on the item Steve had fished out of his locker and placed on the bench. He did a double take to confirm that yes, it was lube. Not just some random lotion but one of the better brands. Not knowing what to say, Tony’s eyes shot up to meet Steve’s. There was no blush, no stuttering. Steve simply reached over, touching the side of Tony’s face with one hand and taking his upper arm with the other, turning him around and making him sit on the bench, then urged him back. Tony felt like a marionette being tugged along by invisible strings and found his head resting on the folded, damp towels. They were like a makeshift pillow.

He could see it all now, every move building up to this; the towels were placed high enough on the bench that Tony’s entire body could rest on it, relatively comfortable. Steve straddle the bench by his feet, moving closer, urging Tony’s legs around his hips to allow him to proceed with his carefully laid out plan. He had even planted lube in his locker which meant he had intended to take this outside the gym area. The shower mat in the stall proved that pit-stop had been very much intended as well.

Tony settled his feet on the bench behind Steve’s back, his fingers wrapping around the bench’s edges in what could be seen as an attempt to not fall off but it rather gave him something to use to ground himself.

“You do this often?” Tony had to ask when Steve opened the lube and coated his fingers – among them the finger that had already been introduced to Tony’s body in the shower.

“I know how it works, if that’s what you’re asking,” Steve noted, and just like that his left hand clutched Tony’s right ass cheek, to give himself a better view no doubt and two fingers slid inside Tony’s ass, no apology or hesitation. Either it was intentional or he just didn’t know his own strength – and whichever it was, Tony felt hot all of a sudden and decided he might just be ready for round two sooner rather than later.

“So you’ve got me right were you wanted,” Tony commented, unable to shut up, trying not to close his eyes against the intruding sensation. Steve didn’t have finesse which confirmed Tony’s suspicion that the man hadn’t had much experience in this area. He was learning quickly, though, reading Tony’s miniscule reaction.

When Steve didn’t answer, Tony shifted slightly, one of his heels tapping against his naked ass. “Did you expect me to be this easy?” he asked.

“I’ve been told you don’t turn sex down easily,” Steve noted, brow slightly furrowed in
concentration. Tony wondered what he was doing until he felt a third finger works its way into him, stretching him further. Steve had been generous with the lube, though, so discomfort wasn’t really an issue that lasted for very long.

“And if I hadn’t come quietly?” Tony pressed, breathing a bit deeper. “Would you have thrown me over your lap and spanked me?”

Steve looked up at his words, pinning Tony quite effectively with his expression. “I won’t hit you,” he stated outright. “We have enough violence out on the field.”

“It’s not… You know, some people enjoy a little rough-housing and I did hear from a reliable source you wanted to spank me earlier.”

Steve flushed at that. “Bruce told you,” he guessed.

“Yeah. It was kind of hot, all things considered,’’ Tony grinned. “I’m up for it, you know. If you ever…”

The fingers jabbed as deep as they could go, shutting him up momentarily while they rotated and damn, okay, maybe Steve knew exactly where his prostate was.

“Keep your options wide open is all I’m saying,” Tony finally gritted out and shifted again, which hardly made it better. Steve lowered his gaze again and Tony felt his hand shift, one of the fingers disappearing, leaving him feeling a bit empty. “I don’t mean to be driving from the backseat but you’re doing it in the wrong order,” Tony complained.

“Am I now?” Steve asked.

“Yeah. You should be adding, not subtracting.”

Steve spread his fingers, which, okay, was probably as wide as Tony was going to get with this amount of prep. He moaned, rather shamelessly, feeling the power of mere digits. He should keep in mind he had once seen Steve punch a hole in a wall.

“Are you ready?”

“What?” Tony blinked. “Ready, yeah. Born ready.” He wasn’t exactly certain what they were talking about but Steve withdrew his fingers then reached out with his left hand and took one of the towels. He wiped his fingers then reached for the lube and began coating his cock which now appeared just as rock hard as it had been in the shower.

Once he was done, Steve folded the towel again and returned it back to its place when Tony lifted his head. He shifted slightly closer, the wet tip of his cock brushing against Tony’s inner thigh.

“A moment, cowboy,” Tony interrupted, his brain catching up with the action. “Maybe we should use –”

“A condom?” Steve raised an eyebrow. “We won’t.”

It sounded non-negotiable and Tony blinked for a moment. “We won’t?” he asked then, frowning. “I’m sure your sex ed is a little out of date although I was sure S.H.I.E.L.D. would have taken care of that –”

“I can’t get sick,” Steve interrupted him. “I can’t carry diseases or transmit them. I want nothing between us when I come inside your body.”
“Okay,” was all Tony was ever going to say to that. He might have to toast his dad when he drank the next time, for bringing about this perfect super-soldier specimen that had somehow ended up naked between his thighs and was intent on barebacking him – and coming inside him, apparently. None of them were pleasures Tony’d had before; of all the stupid shit he had done in his youth, this hadn’t been one of them. He had been careful about the few things that counted.

With that out of the way, Steve raised Tony’s hips with one hand, fingers pressing against faint bruises as he guided the head of his cock to Tony’s entrance and then pushed in. Tony closed his eyes this time, not wanting anything to take away the perfect feeling of this moment.

Steve stayed still for a moment then rocked back and forth, sinking more of his flesh inside him at every thrust until Tony felt the heat of his groin against the backs of his thighs. He opened his eyes, forcing them to focus, to drink in the sight. He was rewarded, too, with a slight expression of wonder on Steve’s face, his eyes finding Tony’s before he continued to move, growing more certain as his body reminded him of something that had been a mating imperative since the birth of their species. It was amazing to see it take over him and Tony enjoyed that just about as much as the feel of him. Well, maybe not as much…

Tony shifted his legs, lifting his hips slightly to allow Steve more room to maneuver. One hand was still holding his hip, pressing a new set of marks into the skin while the other sought purchase against the bench. Tony’s cock was starting to fill and he reached down to touch it, bringing his own pleasure along.

Steve yanked his hips slightly higher, trying to find a better angle and Tony hissed at the change, feeling pre-cum wet the head and making it easier to stroke himself. The other man was like a being of restless energy next to him and soon enough Steve was moving again, this time pulling Tony’s legs up and over his shoulder, leaning over. Tony had to grip the bench with both hands to keep himself from slipping although he was sure Steve had pinned firmly enough to not fall. He wasn’t about to risk it, though, and ruin a perfectly good orgasm in the making.

“That’s it, Cap,” Tony encouraged when Steve found more room to move, pounding into him. Tony risked lifting one hand to his lap, to jerk himself again, feeling the wonderful peak drawing closer. Just a little while longer and he would be right there –

A grip on his wrist pulled his hand away from his cock and was instead replaced by an almost painful hold at the base, throwing him totally off the path to pleasure. “What the fuck, Rogers?” Tony snapped, thighs trembling slightly at the loss of his orgasmic bliss.

Steve was still moving, pace only slightly wavering. “You didn’t say the magic word,” he informed Tony and lowered his hand again.

“Magic word?” Tony raised an eyebrow. “Please, Cap, please let me come? Is that better?”

Steve shook his head and continued to thrust, faster and deeper. Tony gritted his teeth and started anew, bringing his hand up and fistng himself, soothing the ache. Steve didn’t stop, focusing on driving inside him, then suddenly he bucked up and grunted, chest heaving. Tony blinked, momentarily frozen. He felt a slight warmth of wetness inside him and realized what had just happened; Steve had come.

“Thanks for waiting for me,” Tony commented.

Steve merely smiled, lowered Tony’s legs and returned them to their original place behind his back. He leaned forward, still inside Tony’s body, kissing him slowly. Tony accepted that, playing tag with his lips and tongue while Jerking himself. He was getting closer and Steve had just started to
slightly rut against him. It didn’t feel like he had gone soft at all and it was entirely possible his body was just throwing itself into another gear.

When Tony started getting close again, gasping against Steve’s lips, the hand made a reappearance, intervening and dislocating Tony’s hold. “Cap, I swear I’ll…” Tony started but didn’t know how exactly to threaten a man who could easily put him through the bench they currently lay on.

“Ask for it,” Steve told him.

“Please?” Tony said mockingly, then tried a bit more convincing: “Captain Rogers, please give me permission to come with your big cock inside me.”

Steve’s brow furrowed and he leaned back, sitting up. His hips shifted just slightly, thus shifting his cock inside Tony and he resumed moving again, just small movements that teased more than gave him actual relief. Tony tried twisting, tried moving, even attempted to bring his hands up again but Steve caught them both and held them with one hand over his head. With one hand free, he resumed his hold on Tony’s cock, maintaining pressure at the base and once again banishing Tony’s orgasm a few steps backwards.


“I told you what you need to do to get what you want,” Steve replied.

“I asked for it!” Tony argued.

“Wasn’t good enough,” Steve murmured against his neck, lowering his face to nip a trail down from Tony’s chin to his shoulder and upper arm.

“Please, sir?” Tony tried. Maybe Steve had a military kink. After all, he was part of the military, or had been, and one never knew. Steve smiled, still moving against him and into him but Tony could tell it wasn’t good enough. “Oh Captain, my Captain?” Tony went on, receiving a rather stinging bite on the underside of his arm. “You’re just being a jerk, Cap,” he gasped at him.

Steve straightened up again, released his wrists, then tugged Tony’s body up, pulling him upright and shifting him so that he sat in his lap. All this rearranging and his cock never once left the confines of Tony’s ass; it was better coordination than Tony had on his best day. Tony groaned at the change in angle and tried moving his legs to allow himself some leverage. Steve’s fingers fanned out on his hips again, gripping them, then with what seemed like minimal effort he started moving Tony up and down. Tony found his legs and curled them at his sides, elevating himself slightly. Steve let him, kissing his chest instead. Tony couldn’t feel it and glanced down to see what he was up to, then froze at the sight of the other man kissing the arc reactor, not exactly trying to French kiss it but pretty darn close. Tony’s cock jumped a little between their stomachs and his toes curled. Even if it was the last thing he would do, he moved along with Steve, up and down. With the other man holding most of his weight, Tony took the chance to place his arms around Steve’s shoulders. Steve continued his strange game with the device in his chest and tongued its edges, making Tony’s twitch against him. Steve’s fingers gripped his hips harder, if possible, moving him up and down with new determination. Tony tried to rub against him, to get some relief, but apparently he still hadn’t said the right thing to be allowed to come.

At least Bruce had been very clear about the rules during their sessions…

“Come on, Cap, I need to… Rogers, I’m going to burst, I swear,” Tony whined, his movements getting more erratic. Having been denied release twice already, he was getting desperate.
“Say the right word and I’ll fuck you through it,” Steve promised, looking up, pupils wide and lips red.

Tony kissed him, trying to think of a magic word, biting Steve’s lip thoughtfully as if it was his own. The thrusts continued, maddening, going deep and slow, brushing at his prostate but not firmly enough. His knees were beginning to ache, pressing against the bench and his body curled around another potential orgasm. He didn’t want to lose this one; it was going to be spectacular as it was.

“Please, let me come,” he tried, sarcasm gone, his eyes wide. He knew it worked, should work.

Still Steve denied him, looking at him and waiting, ready to restrain Tony’s hands should they wander from his shoulders. After a few more thrusts he shifted his body again, pushing up harder, making sparks shoot up Tony’s spine, tingling and still not good enough. There had to be something he didn’t get and Tony desperately tried to come up with it.

“Steve,” he started again, ready to launch into a new wave of pleas, but it seemed as if the tension had snapped in the other man and Tony found himself thrown back on the bench, Steve’s mouth on his neck, sucking, biting and licking, his hand on Tony’s cock and his thrusts almost uncontrolled. Tony’s entire body jerked, his orgasm right there and he clutched at Steve’s shoulders, probably breaking skin but he didn’t care, it was so fucking good and Steve’s cock kept banging into him while his fingers jerked the tip of Tony’s dick. It was like discovering a new element as Tony came, body seizing and a shout tearing itself free from his throat as he figured it out: “Steve!”

It was amazing, he was positively shaking and Steve fucking into him all the way through it then stopped, shoving his body up the bench a good three inches as he came inside him again with a groan against Tony’s neck.

Tony would have loved to watch him pull out, to kiss him, to see whether he had actually left marks on that broad back but he was too far gone, lethargy taking over straight after the pleasure ebbed away, his eyelids so heavy, heart still thrumming in his chest, the warm afterglow lulling him into well-deserved rest.

Steve pulled out carefully, savoring every inch, every sensation. Tony’s body was going limp, his breaths evening out and after all the pent up frustration he looked so very relaxed lying there.

With a fond smile Steve sat back for a moment, trying to calm himself down. His body was past sated. He hadn’t been sure if he could actually keep going for this long but apparently his stamina didn’t help him only on the battlefield.

He heard a door open and close and a moment later someone sat down by Tony’s head, a hand reaching out to run through the still-damp curls. The touch was so calm, so affectionate… Steve looked up, studying Bruce’s face.

When they agreed to do this, to help the team and keep Tony from tearing himself apart, he hadn’t known how far it would take them. It may not have sounded personal then, but looking at Bruce right now showed him just how personal it could be. Something he had felt with Tony the moment the man said his name, his real name underneath all the endearments and nicknames.

“It was good, wasn’t it?” Bruce asked, hand still in Tony’s hair.

“Yeah,” Steve admitted. It occurred to him belatedly that they were still covered in marks of passion, that they were both naked, yet Bruce didn’t bat an eye and Steve didn’t feel like he needed to either. They both knew what was going on, where this was potentially leading, and Steve felt his pre-
existing concerns deteriorating some more; they had begun to do so when he pinned Tony beneath him at the gym. “It feels right,” he went on, frowning slightly, looking at the man he had barely been able to call his friend before this day. “Should that make sense?”

“We’re a bunch of extraordinary people,” Bruce mused, a smile crossing his lips. “I don’t think conventional options would actually work very well for us.” He leaned down, kissed Tony’s forehead then stood up. “Do you need help getting him cleaned up and into his bed?” he asked.

“No, I’ll manage,” Steve replied.

Bruce nodded and left the same way he had come, leaving the two of them alone. Not that they were truly alone and Steve was a little shocked that he was okay with that. He guessed a lot of things had changed since he became an Avenger and the best he could do was to just roll with it.

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**Thor**

The morning after his and Steve’s sparring – and the things that followed – Tony just lay in bed, blinking, savoring every ache and bruise. He didn’t remember getting back to his bed but wasn’t surprised to find himself there either. He might have to tell both Brue and Steve that the service around here was very good…

With a slight smile he finally dragged himself out of bed and went to the bathroom. As he stood taking a leak he noted a dark mark on his neck when he glanced at himself in the mirror. No teeth marks were visible anymore but he could recall the exact feeling as Steve let go…

Closing his eyes he finished, unsurprised that his cock didn’t grow interested in the memory of the previous day; his sex drive would take at least a few days to catch up.
He slid into the shower, emerged feeling refreshed and fetched the coffee and breakfast someone had prepared. Heading down to his workshop, he didn’t see anyone until later that day when J.A.R.V.I.S. informed him there was supper available and he migrated up to the kitchen to find pizza boxes being opened by Bruce and Steve next to some Indian food Bruce was partial to, regardless of his complaints that it wasn’t the same as the local cuisine.

Both of them looked at him and smiled in greeting, but nothing else. It was almost strange but Tony wasn’t going to act out of character if both of them insisted on pretending nothing had happened. Well, it wasn’t pretence, really, by not acting on it. They sat and ate, Steve finishing everything he and Bruce couldn’t eat. Tony felt bloated and tired and rolled over, stirring hours later to find himself covered with a blanket and still in the living room where they had ended up after eating. The lights were on low and it was quiet – and late – so he returned to his bedroom for a proper night of sleep. He hadn’t had any in a while – not before this strange sexual revolution began anyway.

He guessed he could just enjoy it and get some proper shut-eye, seeing as it was only a matter of time before that changed…

Nothing astonishing or out of the ordinary happened during the next few days. Steve trained, Bruce stayed in his lab and Tony wondered if it had all been some kind of intense hallucination. But no, the signs were there; the small looks from Bruce and the proximity of Steve’s body where he had been careful to stay away from Tony before. They moved more easily around each other and part of Tony was expecting one of them to make their move eventually.

It was three days after Steve came out of his shell – that’s what Tony called it, or the ‘Steve Event’, which always made him chuckle and think almost fondly back to those few lust-hazed hours. He was just emerging from his workshop in search of more coffee, having spent four-and-a-half hours there improving Iron Man’s neck area for better protection and apparently draining every last bit of coffee available down there – at least according to J.A.R.V.I.S. – when he almost ran into Thor who appeared out of nowhere.

“Hey,” Tony greeted, “you’re back. How is Jane?” He knew Thor had gone to see Jane Foster and perhaps spend some quality time with her, seeing as their relationship was beginning to look like Tony and Pepper’s last stages.

“She is well,” Thor replied, standing there, almost completely blocking the hallway and forcing Tony to stop walking. “Busy, however. I think she might be upset with me.”

Tony nodded, shifting the empty mug in his fingers. “Maybe you should have stayed there, then. Try and work things out.”

“She insisted she needed time to herself and her work and that I was being in the way,” the Asgardian shrugged.

Tony considered that and thought it sounded a lot like himself in the middle of a project. There were times when Pepper had been most unwilling to accept that he needed to work. He thought about giving Thor a few hints, none of which might actually work. He could sense the Asgardian knew his relationship was going through a rough patch. Then again, did Asgardians even perceive their relationships the same way? Plus, Jane was a mortal while Thor was not. That was definitely a bigger wrench in a relationship than one partner playing superhero in a high-tech suit of armor.

“Well, you’re always welcome to stay here,” Tony said then, guessing that was rather obvious but he was in a good mood and sometimes being polite paid off.
“I thank you,” Thor nodded, then stepped forward. He didn’t move sideways to indicate Tony should pass him – or he simply didn’t realize his bulk filled the space quite effectively.

“You’re welcome,” Tony replied a bit awkwardly, leaning to the side in order to imply he wanted to get past the other man. “I was going –”

“I believe the others have already enjoyed your company,” Thor spoke up, freezing Tony on the spot. Well, it was either that or Thor’s hand on his skin, his digits caressing the side of his face in unmistakable suggestion.

“Uh…” That was the most intelligent answer Tony could provide at this very instant although he might have to get back to him about it later.

Thor smiled yet his eyes seemed… fiery. Tony knew passion when he saw it, and the blue depths were filled with it. Not that unlike Steve’s when the other man let go, yet he deemed it inappropriate to think of his other blond teammate right now. “I would have my turn now, Tony Stark.”

“Your turn,” Tony repeated, blinking. “Did you draw straws?” he asked, taken aback at the casual way Thor said it.

“Nay,” the Asgardian shook his head, his hand falling to Tony’s neck, not squeezing but he felt like he had been collared to the spot by the light grasp alone. “Banner wanted to go first, and we agreed he should. I thought it polite to let the Captain have his turn next, seeing as he is our leader.”

“So you get sloppy thirds?” Tony arched an eyebrow.

“It has been days since Steve lay with you,” Thor smiled knowingly. “I do believe there are very few sloppy qualities about you, as you put it.”

Tony swallowed, feeling his Adam’s apple move against Thor’s thumb. This was a side of Thor he had never seen; he seemed to know his business, very much at ease with the whole thing. His fingers tightened on Tony’s throat, just slightly, and he moved forward, pinning Tony against the wall behind him.

“Shall we go to my room?” the God of Thunder asked.

“Sure,” Tony managed. The logical part of his brain was abandoning ship in favor of an intense hard-on and as Thor’s hand fell from his neck to the small of his back, guiding Tony down the hall, he guessed going along with it was the only reasonable thing to do. He abandoned his coffee mug on the first flat surface he passed and allowed Thor to take them to the elevator.

It was a short ride to Thor’s floor and Tony took the time to observe the other man in the elevator’s gleaming doors. He wore his usual attire, cape and all, Mjolnir dangling from his free hand as if it wasn’t a weapon capable of leveling buildings. The hand still resting at the small of his back shifted slightly, tracing his spine through his shirt, and maybe Tony was imagining things, but he could have sworn he felt a slight prickling sensation, as if from static electricity.

Once the doors opened they walked down the hall to Thor’s door and Tony opened it, knowing J.A.R.V.I.S. would unlock it for him. They entered and Tony took a quick look around. Not much had changed from how he had designed the place, but then, Thor spent perhaps the least amount of time at the Tower.

The hand left his back and Tony looked at Thor as the Asgardian placed Mjolnir carefully on the floor then began to undo his cape and armor. “There are many things I don’t understand about Midgardians…” he mused as he undressed, “but this I understand very well.” The armor came
undone and was cast aside; he looked naked just in the shirt that lay beneath. Tony watched as he undid his boots, the vambraces, then finally lifted his shirt over his head and settled his hands on the laces of his pants.

“What exactly is ‘this’?” Tony asked, unable to resist although his eyes were very much glued to every inch of skin he hadn’t seen before. If he had felt inferior next to Steve, he wasn’t sure if he wanted to even start something with Thor.

“A need for intimacy and closeness with your shield brothers,” Thor explained. “A yearning for the pleasures of the body and the clarity that comes afterwards.” The laces were undone and he pushed off the clothing, very matter-of-factly, revealing himself in all his godly might and Tony decided there was no danger of Thor not enjoying sloppy thirds with the equipment hanging between his legs; his cock wasn’t enormous, possibly not even the biggest Tony had seen in his life, real or digital, but it wasn’t put to shame by the rest of Thor’s physique, either.

A smile was etched onto Thor’s face when he kicked off his pants and stepped towards Tony. “I understand that you’re well-versed in this,” he began.

“Yeah, you could say that,” Tony replied and felt instantly like a stammering fool. He cleared his throat and put on his best seductive look. “Been around the block and tried every trick at least once,” he boasted.

“But you have not been with an Asgardian,” Thor stopped before him, “nor have you been taken to bed by Thor.”

Tony guessed he wasn’t the only self-involved person here. “I assume I can soon scratch that off my list of never-have-I-ever. Or are we just going to talk about it?”

The smile turned into a grin as Thor leaned in, putting their mouths together and he was right there with Tony, opening his lips, giving as good as he got and pretty soon Tony realized he might well be bested tonight. Thor knew what he was doing, making Tony shiver as his tongue dragged across the roof of his mouth and then captured Tony’s tongue. His hands weren’t idle either, dragging along his sides to his ass and squeezing while one thigh pushed between his legs and pressed against Tony’s rapidly hardening cock.

“Oh, fuck,” Tony gasped and felt the smile against his lips, the sensation of their facial hair dragging together strange yet almost addictive. He turned his face, kissing and licking the corner of Thor’s mouth then moving to the side, biting his cheek and trying to suck a mark at the curve of the cheekbone.

“My friend, your clothes need to be removed,” Thor noted.

While Tony was all for his clothes being torn from his body – something he knew was an option should he not cooperate, he took pity on them and drew back to hastily undress. At least that was something he still knew how to do in record time and Thor was on him as soon as pants, underwear and socks had been removed, naked flesh meeting naked flesh and Tony knew he wasn’t just imagining the sensation of a current running across his skin this time.

They kissed again, deep and wet yet not sloppy. It left Tony’s lips throbbing and beard burn on his face. He slid one hand to Thor’s wild mane of hair, squeezing hard when Thor found his ear and proceeded to mark it as a new erogenous zone. Tony’s other hand headed south, briefly touching his own aching cock before grasping for Thor’s impressive erection, grinding them together.

Thor unexpectedly hoisted him up yet never released his earlobe, not even really tugging at it. Tony
had no idea where the bed was so maybe it was good he only needed to wrap his legs around the firm waist and handle their dicks while Thor navigated.

Tony hit the bed hard as he was released, Thor falling on top of him. The mouth dragged down from his ear to his neck, finding a lingering bruise left by Steve with his teeth. Clearly Thor didn’t miss the faint mark, proceeding to bring it back to full color and Tony jerked them a bit harder, Thor’s hips grinding down at him in a helpful manner.

When it hurt more than he was comfortable with, Tony jerked on Thor’s hair, still having a firm hold on it, signaling for him to move on. He did, beard dragging against Tony’s skin which now seemed sensitive to any touch. Those devilish lips moved on to his collarbone, sucking and tugging at the skin as he moved to the center then up to the base of Tony’s throat. The slight pressure against his windpipe was different and Tony groaned, twisting his hand.

“Do not come yet,” Thor ordered.

“Not you, too,” Tony complained. “Is this a thing? Did you all agree on giving me blue balls?”

Thor lifted his head, a slight frown on his face as if he were trying to decipher a code. “Blue suits you well,” he decided then. He used his left arm to brace himself above Tony while the right trailed down his shoulder to the arc reactor, then further down his chest and past their cocks to Tony’s balls, expert fingers tugging on his flesh and almost making Tony cream himself on the spot. “Your balls seem well,” Thor noted and he had to be teasing with that small grin on his face.

“Why can’t I come?” Tony asked, wanting to know what Thor’s reason was. For Bruce it was power, and perhaps an illusion of something he didn’t allow himself to physically partake in. For Steve it had been calling his name, which may or may not have been a one-time thing. Maybe it was punishment for all the times Tony didn’t call him ‘Steve’ – which was always, to be precise.

“All in good time,” Thor promised him, then lowered his face again and Tony kissed him happily, pushing into his mouth, tracing every single surface before moving away, tugging on his upper lip, his nose – at which Thor chuckled – and then returned back to his jaw, dragging his tongue across the coarse hairs of his beard.

Tony had never considered himself to have an oral fixation but with Thor, it seemed it went both ways. The Asgardian migrated southwards, moving his face out of Tony’s reach, beard dragging across his chest until his mouth found Tony’s nipple and licked it to hardness then bit and tugged on it, making Tony groan – a sound which turned into a mewl when the other man sucked on the sensitive flesh and then proceeded to mark the immediate area around the areola.

Frankly, Tony had a hard time remembering that he wasn’t supposed to come but Thor reminded him by pulling his hand away from their cocks, pressing it against the bed in a clear signal that he had done enough of that. Tony shifted, trying to get some friction at least.

“You are very persistent,” Thor chuckled against his chest and raised his face to look at him.

“I’m aching to come, literally,” Tony told him.

“I’m not done with you yet.”

“Funny, you’re not the first guy to say that recently…”

Thor smiled again, not in the least bit offended. His hand had crept up, leaving Tony’s wrist where it was. Rough fingers found his currently un-abused nipple and flicked it roughly, then soon enough his lips followed, with plenty of teeth, making Tony squirm and grab his shoulder firmly for
Clearly Tony wasn’t the only one aching, though, because Thor soon changed his stance, his erect cock pushing against Tony’s skin in a familiar search for relief. Guessing he could at least touch the other guy, Tony reached for it, tugging at the shaft. A growl rose from Thor’s chest and he sat back suddenly, reaching down for Tony’s hand and pulling it from his cock. Tony blinked, not expecting that, then watched in odd fascination as Thor licked his palm up to his fingers, proceeding to suck on each of them – making Tony’s nerves dance just a little at the sensation that bordered on ticklish – before thrusting Tony’s hand back between his legs and to his throbbing flesh. It was easier with the extra wetness and Thor leaned over again, proceeding to mark the side of Tony’s neck he hadn’t yet explored, slowly moving down from his hairline to his chest and topmost rib.

Tony squirmed at the sensation of the tongue following the area between two ribs and raised a hand to tug on the golden hair again. “You could do something useful with that mouth,” he offered.

Thor’s blue eyes moved to his face. “As long as you do not spill your seed.”

“I’ll tell you when to stop.” Tony promised.

Thor moved down, taking his cock beyond the reach of Tony’s hand. “Do not presume to trick me, human,” Thor warned. “I have had millennia to learn the signs of passion and will know when you are going to come.”

“Then get to it,” Tony noted, spreading his legs invitingly.

Thor did, lips rough against the underside of his cock, making Tony twist and moan. It was going to bring him off in a matter of seconds, he was sure, but then Thor’s firm grasp found its way to his balls and pressed, taking him a step away from orgasm. Those lips continued their rough worship, finding the head and sucking on it before taking Tony in, all without actually assisting with the hand that still held his balls in a vice-like grip.

“God,” Tony sighed, trying not to thrust up in fear of the pain that would result. Thor took him in all the way in one smooth move and swallowed. Tony decided he had used those millennia very well.

Thor drew back all too soon, releasing his balls and giving them a parting kiss before moving up once more. Tony curled his fingers back around Thor’s cock once it was within his reach but the other man moved further up, settling beside Tony’s head. He didn’t need to be given a written note on how to proceed; Tony rolled over to his side and felt Thor’s fingers in his hair as he moved to pleasure his cock.

Tony was a realist and knew he wasn’t going to do any fancy moves without fear of dislocating his jaw, so he proceeded to suck in the head, giving the base a bit of a twist with the fingers that were still there. Thor cradled his head, not moving, smoothing back his hair and then tracing some of the spots on Tony’s neck where some very prominent marks were going to exist come morning. When he pressed particularly hard, Tony gave him a bit of teeth and was met with a hiss, Thor’s hips shooting forward instead of backing away. Tony tried not to grin and proceeded to nip his way down the column before coming back up and teasing him with his tongue.

“Enough,” Thor murmured soon and drew Tony’s head back by his hair. He also removed Tony’s hand, palming his own flesh and then briefly rubbed it across Tony’s face, seeking friction, before moving back. “Turn to your stomach,” he said, stroking himself absently a few times as Tony did as he was told.

“Are we finally getting to the main event?” Tony asked.
Thor chuckled. “You are so eager.”

“That’s us, mortals; every second counts.”

Thor moved behind him and took Tony’s thighs in his hands, spreading them wide, leaving Tony’s ass in the air and his joints feeling like he might have just pulled something. Other than that, it was an awesome stretch and he wondered what was coming next.

‘Next’ was the sensation of Thor’s face pressed against his ass, beard and all, rubbing against his sensitive crack. Tony may have made a sound and when he felt a hint of breath at his entrance he quickly reached out for a pillow, knowing he would be needing it; Thor had been quite apt at bringing him pleasure so far and if he wasn’t completely half-assed at this, Tony was going to be a moaning wreck in a few minutes.

The first press of tongue against his ass was delicious. Thor went straight for the center, pushing inside slightly, then those hands parted his cheeks further, effectively locking his legs in place as well. Tony may have mewed when the next lap came, barely going a full round before sinking in again. His sphincter squeezed around the wonderful sensation of intrusion and Thor’s facial hair rubbed him in all the right places. He was going to have beard burn all over his ass but that was the least of Tony’s concerns.

His neglected cock was jerking and Tony yearned to touch it, to complete the circle. Thor kept licking his ass then sucked at the sensitive skin, making Tony bite into the pillow he had previously been hugging close to his face. He wanted to scream, to ask for more, to just fucking come – then decided he could do at least some of the above.

Shoving the pillow away from his face, Tony panted for air. “Come on, just fuck me already. Stop playing around –”

Thor didn’t reply but the way he just rubbed his chin against his sensitive hole was criminal and made Tony jerk and reach for his cock, regardless of what he had been told not to do. He was getting off now and he could lament the repercussions later.

He barely got his fingers around his flesh before Thor was moving, restraining both his arms by wrenching them above his head. “Will you stay still?” he thundered.

Tony wriggled his ass, feeling Thor’s cock pushing against him. “Do I look like I’m planning on staying still?”

There was a huff which may have been annoyance, then Tony felt himself being dragged backwards on the bed and he fell flat on his front. Thor leaned over, reaching for something, unaffected by Tony’s attempts to get his hands free. Tony saw something move in the corner of his eye and then felt an immense weight land on his back, pushing him into the mattress. A sensation of cool metal pressed into him and he knew Thor had just placed Mjolnir on top of him.

“Okay, big guy, that’s not fair,” Tony protested. Thor moved back, leaving Tony to struggle, trying to reach for the handle although he knew he couldn’t move it, his cock pressed painfully into the sheets; Tony couldn’t get a good hold of it like this.

A chuckle caressed his skin as Thor moved back to his ass, biting the skin and then his fingers were taking residence where his tongue had been, twisting into him, almost too dry. Thor must have realized this and drew them back almost at once. The bed shifted and Tony craned his neck to see what was going on. Thor was returning by then, a bottle of lubricant with him. It was the same stuff Steve’d had in his locker. Tony had a strange suspicion they had gotten it from the same person – a
person who was either Bruce, or possibly J.A.R.V.I.S. because that was a brand Tony would have chosen and had used in the past. In fact, he might have had some of it lying around right now.

His contemplations were interrupted as Thor moved behind him, thrusting his fingers back into him, urging Tony’s legs further apart to accommodate the delightful intrusion. It was very similar to Steve, the strength of just a few digits, only Thor knew exactly what he was doing.

“Are you close?” he asked Tony after a moment. Three of his fingers were currently pressing at Tony’s prostate and he was fairly certain he would explode soon, with or without touching his cock.

“Yeah, please,” Tony begged, not above pleading at this point.

With one hand, Thor reached for his hammer while still keeping his fingers inside Tony’s ass. Mjolnir was lowered to the floor and the fingers speeded up as Tony raised his hips to counter their movements. He thought of trying to move one of his hands, to touch himself, to finally be able to come. He was so close he could taste it, the pleasure thrumming through him and coiling in his stomach.

Thor’s fingers withdrew, pressing across the entrance as it closed, almost slipping in again, making Tony moan. What happened next was extraordinary in every sense: Thor shifted and pushed his cock inside Tony in one smooth slide, and Tony came from that sensation alone, jerking against the bed and shooting his seed beneath his body. He gasped for air, feeling Thor throb inside him, then the Asgardian began to thrust and it was almost more than Tony could take, his body going into sensation overload.

He may have pleaded for him to stop, but eventually those demands died down and he began to enjoy it, Thor’s thrust steady and hard as if he could do this all day and not break a sweat. His breaths were hard above Tony as he leaned in and began to trace his back with his lips, up and down his spine, across his shoulder blades, sucking and biting marks as he went, making Tony twitch and shake while his cock continued to split him apart.

Once Thor reached Tony’s neck again, he shifted his hips and slid out of his body. Tony turned his head, blinking, uncertain what was going on, then found his body being flipped around, his legs spread again, Thor’s cock nudging Tony’s spent one before being guided back inside him. The re-entry made Tony throw back his head and Thor set up a ruthless pace. Had Tony been any younger, he would have been ready to spill his seed again.

Thor reached down with one hand, touching Tony’s spent cock, caressing and pulling at it. Tony felt like telling him that it wasn’t going to happen but then he felt a sharp stab of electricity, his hips jerking at the sensation and making Thor drive in a bit harder the next time.

A God of Thunder indeed…

Thor adjusted his grip, gathering Tony’s balls in his palm along with his cock and the sensation was unmistakable. Tony had electrocuted himself enough times to not be spooked by it and the current seemed low and steady, spiking only occasionally to make him jerk and clench around the other’s cock.

Tony wasn’t sure how long it took for Thor to finally come; it could have been twenty minutes or two hours, his internal clock completely fucked up. When Thor finally neared his peak, his thumb caressed the head of Tony’s cock and it felt like tiny tongues of electricity licking down the inside of his shaft, making Tony jump. The other man leaned over him, his thrusts clearly seeking his own release, and as his lips met the top of Tony’s arc reactor, it felt like a current ran through his entire body, from Thor’s lips to his hand to his cock and Tony came so hard he probably blacked out,
missing the moment when Thor shot inside him and pulled out.

When he finally came to, Thor was still fondling his cock softly, leaning up on one arm at Tony’s side, smiling softly. There was no sign of a second burst of ejaculate and Tony guessed this was his first dry climax.

“You enjoyed it,” Thor stated.

“What gave me away?” Tony teased back, tongue sluggish in his mouth.

Thor leaned forward to kiss him again, gentle and slow this time, then traveled briefly to his neck before his hand let Tony’s genitals go. With the afterglow leaving his body, Tony felt heavy and blinked slowly at the man beside him.

“Sleep,” Thor urged, and Tony took him at his word because there was no way he would stay awake for anything.

Thor smiled to himself when Tony succumbed to the need to rest and drifted off beside him. It was tempting to just leave him there but he supposed the man would be more comfortable waking in his own bed.

He cleaned his lover’s body gently, caressing marks he had left behind, feeling a few on his own skin.

After pulling on a pair of pants, Thor carefully gathered Tony’s body in his arms. He would return his clothes to him later. For now, it was enough that he would take Tony back to his room and so he maneuvered the door open and walked out to the hallway, the elevator doors opening automatically. The floor selected itself and the elevator moved smoothly upwards. Thor smiled, trying to find one of the tiny lens eyes that belonged to the entity called J.A.R.V.I.S.

When he stepped out, heading towards Tony’s door, Steve rounded a corner and stopped at the sight of them. A small smile played on his lips at the sight. “I see you two got together,” he commented.

“Aye,” Thor smiled, stopping in front of the other man. He saw Steve’s eyes trace the marks on their mutual lover’s skin. “He is a most satisfying companion.”

Steve let out a sound of agreement. Thor knew he was slightly uncomfortable with their arrangement but seemed to be taking it better now that he and Tony had shared each other.

“I trust you were careful,” Bruce’s voice carried out from down the hall as he approached them from the same direction in which Steve had come.

“Yes,” Thor nodded. The device in Tony’s chest should not be tampered with so he had been careful. He had no desire to harm his teammate.

“Get him to bed,” Bruce stated; it wasn’t an order but should be perceived as one.

Thor nodded and the others stepped aside. Tony’s door opened for him and he placed the man in his bed, carefully tucking him in and giving him one more kiss before leaving him alone. The lights dimmed as he closed the door and he knew the strange ethereal voice would look after Tony through the night.

Bruce and Steve had disappeared by the time Thor returned and he headed back to his own room, knowing his dreams would be pleasant tonight.
And tomorrow… It would be the first day for them all, in a sense, as a team.

**The Core**

The dream ended, too vague to be remembered in detail but Tony could almost feel another’s skin brushing his own; a lover’s touch, his heart aching for it. He turned over on the bed and pretended to fall back to sleep but he was awake and the dream was out of his reach anyway.

His body ached, reminding him of what had passed just hours ago. When he finally rose, bruises marred his skin in a pattern he didn’t yet recognize. Maybe after he got some coffee into his system, it would make sense.

He pulled on some clothes and slowly padded out of his bedroom, bare feet creating a soft sound. Every small movement made him feel like he had been pounded for hours – which was possibly true, given that he had spaced out just a little while Thor was bent over him – but part of him cherished the pain so it wasn’t something to really complain about. Just like after a good work-out, or a test flight with the suit, or a hard-earned win in a battle…

J.A.R.V.I.S. had started the coffee and Tony grabbed a cup as well a sandwich someone had left on the counter quite conveniently. He ate the bread and sipped his coffee, then once both were gone he poured himself more of the elixir of life and stepped over to the windows, looking at Manhattan spreading out before his eyes. It was a peaceful morning up in the heights and he took a deep breath, almost able to ignore the several twinges of pain that created.

“You found the sandwich, I see,” Bruce’s voice carried over and Tony turned his head in time to see him padding in, tablet in hand, glasses on his nose. He put the tablet on a table, clearly finished with whatever he had been doing and walked over to Tony, stopping at his left side, looking out as well.

They stood like that for a moment until Tony could hardly contain himself anymore. He looked at Bruce, knowing fully well the man was aware of what had happened last night; the signs were a bit too obvious to hide this early in the morning. Bruce took his time, pretending he didn’t feel Tony’s gaze, but eventually he turned his head to acknowledge it. Tony expected him to say something because he certainly had no idea where to begin.

Before either of them could speak, Steve and Thor arrived. It looked like they had already hit the gym and sparred, both appearing freshly showered. They both made a beeline for the fridge, to hunt for something to eat, then seemed to notice Bruce and Tony at the window. Steve smiled a bit shyly and Thor grinned.

“We were concerned you would not get out of bed,” the God of Thunder announced and Steve shook his head.

“We were concerned you would not get out of bed,” the God of Thunder announced and Steve shook his head.

“Breakfast in bed would have been nice,” Tony noted, uncertain how to navigate the situation.

Thor stopped at his right side, admiring the view for the few seconds it took Steve to reach them, and Tony didn’t anticipate it at all when Steve wrapped his arms around him, pulling him back against his body. It was a gentle hold, catching Tony’s breath a bit. He felt Steve’s breaths against his neck as the man pressed his face to his hair.
Bruce smiled at the two of them then reached out, touching Tony’s cheek to catch his attention and leaned over to kiss him briefly on the lips. At the same time Tony felt fingers touching his and automatically entwined them with Bruce’s.

“Beautiful,” Thor murmured then leaned over and the kiss was just as intense as Tony recalled from last night. There was nothing simple about it, or shallow, but eventually Thor broke it off and stood there smiling, so close Tony could almost feel the static of his skin.

“So…” Tony started. “Is this what you guys agreed on behind my back?”

Thor and Steve looked at Bruce, Tony was certain of that, and the scientist seemed to consider it for a moment. “It seems to be working. You’re feeling better – we all are – and everyone’s still alive. We’ll see how it goes from here, I suppose, but the preliminary results look promising,” Bruce finished with a slight smile.

“I love it when you incorporate scientific terms into unscientific topics,” Tony grinned then considered the situation. “I’m not sure I understand what you’re getting out of this. I’m not complaining about the sex, which was awesome, but does this really make us more into a team?”

He felt Steve’s lips on the back of his neck, kissing him there, just as tender and intimate as if he had kissed his lips instead. “This has already brought us closer so it stands to reason it’s going to be good for the team, too.”

Tony guessed so. He could admit he didn’t want to get on Steve’s nerves nearly as much as he used to. It wasn’t that he had new-found respect for the man, although maybe he did...

“Just so we’re clear,” Tony spoke up after a while, “was the sex a one-time thing, or can I look forward to it in the future?”

“Ours wasn’t a one-time thing,” Bruce reminded him.

“Indeed, Bruce is one time ahead of Steve and myself,” Thor agreed, his smile turning a bit feral. “We must remedy this soon.”

“But too soon,” Steve said before Tony could actually consider the possibilities. “In case we need to assemble, I think he needs to be able to stand.”

“I have the suit and J.A.R.V.I.S. for that,” Tony argued. “I don’t actually need to be physically able to stand.”

“If I’m going to be your legs, I might as well do it all myself,” J.A.R.V.I.S. explained.

“No one said anything about taking my place,” Tony frowned. “You’re sounding way too cranky,” J.A.R.V.I.S. explained. “I finished an upgrade on the fucking machine in Dr. Banner’s secondary lab just last night. You’re free to come help me re-calibrate it, sir.”

Tony cringed. “Another time, J.”
“As you wish.”

“This is all your fault,” Tony told Bruce, in case the man didn’t know it yet. “You’ve corrupted a perfectly good AI.”

“I haven’t heard you honestly complain about it,” Bruce countered.

“What is this fucking machine the disembodied voice spoke of?” Thor asked.

Steve actually dared to laugh, arms squeezing a bit tighter around Tony for a moment.

Tony guessed that his life could be worse than what it was right now, with Bruce explaining the functions of a fucking machine to a very interested Thor and Steve smiling gently against his neck. For the first time it felt like they actually had something in common, and Tony had no problem being that thing.

No problem at all.

The End

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