More Morale

by Not_You

Summary

In which Steve works his way through the team for one-on-one time with everybody.
Steve isn't quite expecting the others not to realize that he means to make a habit of this. He goes to Tony's office after hearing that the poor guy had to spend all afternoon in a teleconference with people he hates, and finds Tony resting his head on his folded arms on the desk. Tony groans that he can't handle a team meeting or a lecture on tactics right now Cap, thank you very much, sounding muffled and tired.

Steve sits on the desk, and ruffles Tony's hair. "Dammit, soldier, I'm here to raise your morale,"

"Raise my—I see." He looks up at last, grinning. "You're a truly great leader, you know that?"

"I do my best," Steve says, and draws Tony's head against his thigh, petting him. Tony purrs and nuzzles his way up Steve's side, finally wrapping his arms around Steve's waist in a tight hug before biting his shoulder and making him shudder.

"So how were you thinking of doing this, Cap?" Tony asks, licking Steve's neck. Steve gasps and tilts his head to offer more skin.

"I, ahh… I was thinking you could choose, Tony."

"Mm. In that case, I want you to fuck me."

Steve whimpers, because he hasn't gotten to do that much. Letting the others have him has always been easier and quicker. "A-are you sure?"

"You're damn right I'm sure." Tony grins, and locks the door, pulling out lube and condoms.

"Is there any room in this building that doesn't have sex supplies in it?"

Tony grins. "Maybe a couple, but I could fix that."

Steve blushes. "So, how are we doing this?"

"Oh, over the desk, totally. Hang on." Tony slides out of his jacket, hanging it on the chair, and smiles at Steve as he unbuttons his shirt. "Well?" Steve blushes bright red, and peels off his own shirt, setting it aside. "Goddamn, you're beautiful," Tony says, setting his shirt with his jacket and toeing out of his shoes. "I like these clothes, that's why I'm bothering to get all the way out of them. Right down to the socks," he says, kicking them off, "because leaving your black socks on is for porno."

Steve laughs, and strips himself the rest of the way, blushing again. Tony's smile is soft and warm as he looks Steve over. "You know, I was going to bend over for this, but now I think I want to see you." Steve whimpers, because Bucky had wanted to see him, had stared up wide-eyed while Steve rode him and the others stood guard. Tony seems to see it pass over Steve's face, because he pulls him into a deep, gentle kiss. Steve shudders, knees going weak, and slowly pushes Tony down onto his back on the desk. The height is just right, and he settles between Tony's legs, picking up the lube.

"Slow," Tony says, and Steve nods, carefully rubbing slick over Tony's hole, working just the tip of one finger into him. Tony doesn't heal like Steve, can't recover instantly from tiny tears, and so Steve is incredibly careful with him, taking an eternity to work just one finger in until Tony is clutching at his shoulders and gasping, "Not slow anymore, please, please Steve, I can't—" He cuts himself off with a deep groan as Steve eases a second finger into him, fucking him deep and slow. He's not sure how much stretching this will take, and by the time he's using three fingers Tony is cursing at him to
just fuck him already, this is taking forever! Steve chuckles, and kisses him.

"Always so impatient, Stark."

"Damn right I am, now fuck me!" Steve hates rubbers, but he rolls one on anyway and lines himself up, suddenly doubting that he'll fit at all. Tony wraps his legs around Steve's waist and struggles to pull him in, panting and whining as Steve's tip finally touches him. He shudders and relaxes, gazing up into Steve's eyes as Steve sinks into him like they were made to go together. "Ohhh, fuck," Tony breathes, eyes fluttering shut. "God, yes." Steve just makes a strangled noise because Tony is so hot and so tight, and slowly, slowly starts to move. Tony moans, loud and shameless, and contorts up and drags Steve down to kiss him hard and sloppy, groaning into Steve's mouth as Steve speeds up. They rock together on the desk, Tony whining as Steve finds just the right angle and grinds there. "Oh... Oh fuck, oh fuck," Tony whimpers, "oh fuck, Steve..." Steve shudders, and reaches for Tony's cock, squeezing and stroking gently as he fucks him in fast, rough little jerks that make Tony keen and writhe, dark eyes wide and helpless. He bucks under Steve and tosses his head, panting and digging his nails into Steve's back almost hard enough to draw blood before finally coming, cock twitching between them as his body milks Steve, who has no choice but to whimper and bury his face in Tony's shoulder as he jerks and shudders through his own climax.

They rest there for a moment, and then Tony bites his lip, slowly wriggling off of Steve's cock. "That, my friend, is a national treasure."

Steve blushes and lets out a squawk of horrified laughter, lightly batting at Tony. "Stop it!"

Tony just grins. "Never, baby."
Chapter 2

Tony apparently tells the others, because Thor comes to Steve the next night. Steve is in his room, sitting on the floor and sketching the skyline, and looks up with a smile as Thor comes in. "Hey, Thor."

"Greetings, Steve. I have come to request a boon."

"What kind?"

"Carnal," Thor says, with a bright smile. "I would very much like to fuck you again."

Steve blushes, but sets his sketchbook aside, grinning. "I think I'd like that too."

Thor absolutely beams at that, and starts to take off his armor. Steve just watches for a long moment, because Thor is gorgeous. He strips to the skin, already half-hard and completely perfect, and Steve has the sudden urge to draw him. Time enough for that later. He pulls off his own clothes and flings them away in graceless haste that makes Thor laugh as he crouches to pull a small bottle out of some hidden pocket in his cloak. He stands, and Steve hops on one foot to haul off his one remaining sock. Thor catches him when he starts to tip over, and Steve looks up at him and grins. "Thanks."

"You're more than welcome, Steve." He scoops Steve into his arms, making him yelp in surprise. Thor gives him a concerned look, and it's all Steve can do not to swoon, because this makes him remember the good parts about being small. Thor kisses him softly, and Steve whimpers, wrapping his arms around Thor's neck and letting him carry him to the bed. He's expecting Thor to playfully drop him or to press him onto his back, but instead Thor sits on the edge of the bed, and arranges Steve in his lap, Steve's back to Thor's chest. "I like this way," Thor says, and Steve shivers, rubbing slowly along Thor's cock.

"Okay," Steve whispers, and tips his head back onto Thor's shoulder as Thor works one slick finger into him. It goes in smoothly, and Steve makes a strangled little noise, clamping down on it. It's so good to be doing this again, and he moans as Thor stretches him. During the war he had almost always had to be quiet, but now he doesn't have to bite back his cry as Thor gently lifts him and lines up against him, pushing in. He's huge, and Steve whimpers and gasps as he sinks back down. Thor purrs, pulling Steve down until his cock is completely buried. He shifts his hips a little, feeling Steve out and making him moan, and then just hugs Steve tightly for a long moment, biting his neck and running curious hands over his chest. Steve arches into the touch, gasping as the movement shifts Thor inside him. Thor purrs, gently pinching and rolling Steve's nipples between thumbs and forefingers, making Steve gasp and squirm, because this is just the kind of thing no one had had time for in Europe. He spreads his legs further over Thor's lap, and moans softly, whispering for Thor to please not stop. Thor chuckles, a little breathless himself, and promises not to. He grinds up into Steve in just the right spot, making Steve groan and come, taking himself by surprise. Thor keeps fucking him slow and steady as Steve gasps and whimpers, slowly but surely starting to get hard again.

Thor chuckles and reaches around to squeeze Steve's cock. Steve mewls, the sound high-pitched and embarrassing. He blushes and Thor nuzzles his cheek, murmuring, "A sweet sound, do not be ashamed of it." Steve shudders and melts, tipping his head back onto Thor's shoulder as Thor fucks him deep and slow, savoring him. Steve groans and feels tears coming to his eyes, hoping it won't worry Thor the way it had worried the Commandos at first, because he really can't help it. He clings to Thor's arms, whimpering softly as the tears roll down his face, bliss sharper than pain. His mouth hangs open, letting out helpless, sobbing cries. He had gotten this loud once, during the war, unable
to help himself. Then Gabe had clamped a hand over his mouth and left him with nothing but muffled whimpers, but now Thor wants to hear him, and Steve's voice climbs higher and higher as Thor fucks him harder, one fingertip just teasing Steve's lips and tongue, never staying still enough for him to latch on and suck. Thor murmurs that Steve is beautiful, the calloused pad of his finger slipping into Steve's mouth and back along his tongue, making him quiver and moan because a second cock would be so fucking good right now. Thor chuckles, pushing in a second finger and fucking Steve's tongue as he kisses his tears away on the side that he can reach. "So open to me," he purrs, grinding up in a way that makes Steve's eyes roll back, "so sweet."

Steve sobs, turning his head to kiss Thor hungrily, whining and rocking faster. Thor's hand wraps around Steve's cock, and he comes again, groaning into Thor's mouth. As he shakes to a stop, Thor lifts one of Steve's legs and carefully rotates him, the motion making Steve yelp and shiver with an aftershock. "I want to see your face," Thor growls, and Steve does his best to keep his eyes open, clutching at Thor's shoulders and panting softly as Thor keeps fucking him a few strokes longer before groaning deep in his chest and pouring heat into Steve. There's as much as Steve would have gotten from his entire squad put together during the war, and Steve moans, clamping down on Thor's cock and just resting there for an endless moment. Thor chuckles, and rubs Steve's back.

"Mm," Steve mumbles into Thor's shoulder, "good?"

Thor nuzzles Steve's hair, holding him close. "Verily, my morale is raised."
Clint has been through torture. This week's experience barely qualifies, but he's still feeling sorry for himself when he gets back from his debriefing. He's tired, he's pissed, and everything aches. He stumbles into the shower and just leans against the wall and lets the hot water blast him. He's covered in cuts and bruises, and hisses at the touch of the water. By the time he gets out and heads to bed, he feels a little better, and is able to grab one of his guns with his usual speed when he sees someone unannounced in his bed. He lets it drop again when the person turns out to be Steve, who wisely doesn't move.

"Easy, Clint. I didn't mean to startle you. I can go."

"Nah, you might as well stay." Clint puts the gun down and pads closer. Steve smiles.

"Good. So, how's your morale?" And the thing is, some sex would be fantastic right now. Clint's sore, but he's not that sore, and he drops his towel and climbs in beside Steve, who smiles and hugs him, tucking Clint in against his broad chest. Clint sighs, and cuddles close. Because real men cuddle. And because Steve is all warm and comfortable and hard and smooth. Steve makes a happy kind of rumbling noise, and rubs Clint's back. "Had a rough time, huh?"

"Mm. Yeah."

"Then let me take care of you."

And fuck, that sounds so good right now. Clint just shivers and lets Steve roll him onto his back. "Lube and condoms in the drawer."

"Next to the gun, I see. Do we really need a rubber?"

"Hate 'em?"

"I really, really do."

"Well, I'm clean, and you're you…"

"Wonderful." Steve grins at him, pouring lube into his palm before gripping Clint's cock and making him moan and melt back against the pillows. "Do you want to open me up, or should I do it?"

"Jesus. Okay. Hang on." He sits up a little more, and Steve straddles him, handing him the lube. Clint shudders, feeling that slick tightness, and stretches Steve a little, jarring a soft, high noise up from his throat. "You like that?" He murmurs.

"God, yes," Steve breathes, and slides up and down Clint's fingers, setting a slow and steady rhythm. Clint shudders. "Touch yourself. I want to watch."

Steve blushes, and tentatively grips his own cock, stroking it as Clint encourages him, telling him how fucking good he looks. Steve's free hand moves to his chest, and he pinches his nipples and bites his lip as he rides Clint's fingers. "Oh, Clint…"

"So fucking gorgeous, Steve. I could watch you all night." Steve moans, stroking himself hard and slow, groping his chest more and more roughly as Clint watches him. "Yeah, just like that. I wanna..."
"I want you in me," Steve whimpers, tightening hard on Clint's fingers. "Please…"

"Not yet," Clint murmurs, and Steve makes a sudden sobbing noise that startles them both, that massive, powerful body quivering helplessly as Clint twists his fingers. It may be the most beautiful goddamn thing he has ever seen.

"Please," Steve whimpers, eyes big and dark, "please Clint, I need it."

"You have to come for me first, Cap." He pushes deeper, and Steve moans, his grip on his own cock looking painful. His eyes flutter shut and he bites his lip, his hand working his cock desperately as Clint's fingers fuck him. Clint commits every detail to memory when Steve finally makes an agonized sound and comes all over his hand, panting. "Fucking beautiful," Clint growls, and Steve whimpers, making a bereft mewling noise and blushing as Clint slides his fingers out. "Don't worry. I'll be right back." Steve's flush deepens, but he watches as Clint slides lube over his cock, which is so fucking hard he can barely believe it. He bites his lip and closes his eyes for just a moment before opening them so he can watch Steve's face as he lines up and slides into him.

"Oh god," Steve whispers, pressing down, "oh god, deeper…" Clint grinds up into him, hands on Steve's hips for leverage, and watches bliss suffuse his face. Steve just looks so fucking happy with Clint's cock buried inside him, lower lip caught between his teeth again as he swivels his hips in slow, dirty circles, keeping Clint as deep as possible. Steve is already getting hard again, and whines as Clint fucks up into him, finding just the right spot and working it as Steve tips his head back and cries out. Clint groans and speeds up, and Steve looks down at him with those wide, blue eyes, mouth hanging open. "Clint…"

"Gonna come again?"

"Yes," Steve gasps, cock twitching as he pinches his nipples again. "Kiss me," he begs, leaning down to get close enough, and Clint devours his mouth, hips still pumping into him as Steve mewls and comes, shaking. Clint fucks him through it, and Steve lets out a helpless little noise with each thrust. Clint isn't sure if it's Steve's noises or the fluttering of his muscles that brings on his own orgasm, and he doesn't care, thrusting up into Steve as hard as he can and gasping as it wracks him. When he opens his eyes again, Steve is smiling sweetly down at him, and Clint is too blissed out not to ask him to stay. "I'd love to," Steve says softly, and lies down beside Clint, gathering him into those massive arms as they both drift off to sleep.
Chapter 4

Steve usually stays out of the lab, but Bruce has been down there for way too long. Even Tony says so, and Steve takes it upon himself to go fetch him. He may not come down here much, but he does have a passcode to get in. Bruce is barely visible in the mass of equipment, but Steve finds him hunched over a computer.

"Bruce?"

Bruce jumps, and looks around. "Steve. You startled me."

"Didn't mean to." He pulls up a chair and sits down, studying his friend. "You realize how long it's been?"

"Uh…"

"It's Wednesday."

"Shit."

Steve chuckles. "It's time for a break, Banner."

"…I guess so, I just… Nothing's working, Steve. I think Tony's contagious. I can't calm down, I can't stop thinking, I'm surprised the other guy hasn't shown up." He looks wild-eyed at Steve, and then blushes.

"Yes?"

"I… could I blow you? I think it might help."

"You know me, pal. Anything for the war effort." Steve smiles and Bruce smiles back, sliding to his knees on the floor.

"Thank god."

Steve grins and strokes Bruce's hair with one hand, unbuttoning his fly with the other and guiding his cock out. He's halfway hard and uncut and beautiful. Bruce blushes again as his mouth starts to water. Steve favors him with a reassuring smile, and gently pulls him forward. The pressure is very gentle, but Bruce lets it move him, just closing his eyes and sliding his lips over Steve's cock. The blunt press of it is soothing, and Bruce purrs, swallowing and swallowing. It has been a long time since he has done this, but it comes back to him. That deep, hungry slide, the way it strokes his tongue.

"God, that's good," Steve whispers, stroking Bruce's hair. "So good." Bruce shivers happily, and slowly fucks his mouth on Steve, tense muscles relaxing. The praise matters more than it should, but he's not going to worry about that now. It's good to touch someone and not feel the Hulk lurking at the edge of his consciousness, ready to leap into the nonexistent fray, and he melts into Steve, relaxing his throat and nuzzling into wiry pubic hair. He'll have to breathe sometime, but for now he just moans and lets Steve fill his throat. Bruce holds there for a long moment, then finally kisses the root of Steve's cock, sliding back enough to breathe. He looks up, and meets Steve's wide and awestruck eyes. Bruce smiles as best he can, and Steve whimpers, burying his fingers in Bruce's hair. "Oh… Oh, Bruce, can I move?"
"Yes," Bruce hisses, sliding off just long enough for one syllable before swallowing Steve down again, groaning as he starts to fuck Bruce's mouth in shallow, gentle thrusts. Bruce groans and just falls into it, finally, blessedly not thinking about anything. Steve pants and moans, and gasps out a warning before coming. Bruce takes all of him, his throat milking Steve through his climax. Steve cries out and shudders for a long time. Bruce sucks him until he's soft, then slides off and wipes his mouth, panting.

"Thank you," Steve murmurs, stroking his hair.

"You're welcome. Can I fuck you again?"

"Absolutely."

Bruce tries to be more civilized about it this time. Really, he does. But Steve just bends over a table and offers himself up, moaning softly as Bruce works two slick fingers into him, and it's too much to resist. He bites Steve's shoulder and growls, "Can you take me, or do you need more time?"

Steve shudders all over, whimpering and spreading his legs a little more. "Please." Bruce closes his eyes and counts to ten before sliding his fingers out of Steve and rolling a condom over his cock. It's a substantial jump in thickness, but when Bruce lines up against him, Steve just groans and pushes back. "Ohh, Bruce, that's so good…"

Bruce shudders and rocks into Steve, meaning to go slower but not quite able to. He's sure his eyes are green, but Steve pants and whimpers, gasping for Bruce not to stop, telling him that it's good, that he can go rougher if he wants. Bruce growls and adds more lube before taking Steve at his word and slamming into him. He can't help the deep growl rumbling up from his chest, or the way he bites Steve. The other guy bleeds through at times like this, and Bruce is just grateful that Steve doesn't mind, that he's moaning and pushing back, panting that this is so fucking good and Bruce to just use him, please. Bruce bites harder, grinding as deep into Steve as he can possibly get. The perfect muscles of Steve's thighs quiver, and he makes a desperate, sobbing noise, palms slapping against the table to cling to the opposite edge, pressing his cheek to the cool surface.

"Gonna come?" Bruce growls, fucking him fast and hard again. "Gonna come for me, Cap?"

"Fuck!" Steve yelps, sounding young and lost as he does come, bucking under Bruce and clenching around him mercilessly hard. Bruce comes a few thrusts later, grunting and growling as Steve shudders. As Bruce's head clears, he watches the dark purple mark fade from Steve's shoulder.

"Okay?" Bruce murmurs, kissing it.

"Way better than okay. Feeling better?"

"So much." He kisses the back of Steve's neck. "Thank you for coming to find me."
Some days are better than others. Today is terrible. Steve likes visiting schools. Really, he does, but it makes him feel so old and so young and so out of time. That feeling really sticks with him today, and he can't seem to get away from it no matter what he does. He runs every morning but tonight he goes out again, bolting through the familiar-alien streets, trying to outrun his malaise. It doesn't help, and he feels hollow and miserable when he gets home. He showers the sweat off and wanders out of the bathroom, toweling his hair and feeling lonely.

"Hey, Steve." Tony is sprawled in the armchair and Clint is perched on its arm, both of them grinning at Steve. Thor is examining Steve's bookshelf, Bruce sitting at his feet. He turns to smile at Steve, and Bruce looks up from his copy of Gravity's Rainbow, doing the same but more shyly. "We thought you could use some company."

"I could, Tony." Steve blushes, because what he could really use right now is sex, and he's intensely aware that he's only wearing a towel around his waist.

Tony grins. "We can have poker night, or another orgy. What d'you say, Cap?"

Steve's flush deepens, and he comes closer until he can unwrap the towel and drape it over the back of the chair, already hard. "Should we take that as a yes?" Clint says, his smile as mischievous as his eyes are serious.

"Yes," Steve says softly, and Clint leans in and kisses Steve's chest, making him shiver. Clint nuzzles him, trailing kisses to one nipple and then latching on, sharp eyes fluttering shut as he sucks and licks. Steve whimpers and cradles the back of Clint's head, eyes going huge as Tony takes his free hand and sucks on his first two fingers.

"Come, Bruce," Thor says, "We must have our share."

Steve blushes worse than ever, but smiles as they come closer. Thor moves behind him, and Steve leans back into his embrace, grateful for the support because Clint and Tony are making him weak in the knees. Thor nuzzles Steve's hair, hugging him as Bruce tentatively kisses Steve's shoulder. Steve smiles and cranes his neck a little to kiss Bruce on the mouth. Bruce sighs and cups Steve's face, deepening the kiss and pressing against him and Thor. Steve whimpers, feeling so much better now with all this warmth around him. His men are here, and he's safe.

Tony smirks around Steve's fingers, and slides off to speak. "Better?"

"So much," Steve gasps, Bruce nuzzling his jaw, and Tony's expression softens as he kisses Steve's palm.

"Good. How do you want us? It's your show."

Steve shivers, because he has a few ideas. "I..." It's still difficult to talk about, but not as difficult as stepping away from them. Still, he manages, and lays out his towel, kneeling on it. The others move from the chair to join him on the floor, eyes bright and avid. Steve whimpers, and gets on all fours, feeling exposed with the others all still fully dressed.

"Okay," Tony says, pulling off his shirt, "We can work with that. Who do you want first?"

And Steve flushes worse than before, tongue-tied. Thor clucks disapprovingly, and tips Steve's chin up to kiss him gently. "How would you be filled, dearest?"
"I think Clint and Tony could both fit," Steve squeaks, and Thor grins.

"What was that?" Tony says, still stripping in his brisk and businesslike way.

"He wants you and Clint together," Thor says, and Tony leers.

"I see."

Steve quivers, and mewls quietly as Thor kisses him and Tony fishes some lube out of his discarded jeans. "So I've done some digging," he says, "and it looks like we can all do this bareback, if you want."

Steve moans, low and desperate. "Please."

"Except for me," Bruce adds.

"Into every life some rain must fall," Tony says, and kisses Bruce on the cheek, making a pleased noise when Bruce turns it into a real kiss.


"More," Steve gasps, "please, more."

"Gonna stretch you out," Clint agrees, and Steve groans, shuddering as Clint adds a third finger. Thor kisses Steve hungrily and suddenly there's a fourth finger, but it's Tony's, slithering in beside Clint's fingers and stretching him more. Steve cries out softly, spreading his legs even further and pushing back.

"So who goes first?" Tony asks, and Clint grins at him.

"I did most of the work, so me." He's as good as his word, slipping his fingers out and sliding his cock in. Tony hasn't moved, and Steve keens.

"God, that's nice," Tony mutters. "Is it an orgy foul to say your cock feels great? I mean, I already kissed Bruce."

"I kissed you," Bruce says, "and I'm doing it again." He does, and Tony moans softly into Bruce's mouth, finger sliding slowly in and out of Steve. Clint just hisses softly, sinking as deep into Steve as he can get. Steve moans, and makes a high-pitched and formless noise when Thor pinches both of his nipples. Thor chuckles and does it again as Tony slips his finger out of Steve. Steve whines as Clint speeds up, and then wails as Tony's slick cock pushes into him. It's so good, so fucking full, and Steve sobs, shaking.

"Too much?" Clint asks, voice taut. Steve shakes his head wildly, whimpering as he pushes back, worried that they'll stop. Thor strokes his hair and rubs his back as Clint and Tony rut into him. Steve cries out with every thrust, voice scaling higher and higher.
Chapter 6

It's good to be home again. It's a strange thought for Natasha Romanov to think, but this is home. She's calmer after debriefing, but she's still feeling too awake, nerves humming. Steve doesn't sleep much, so she heads to his floor to see if he's awake. When she arrives, she hears Steve's desperate, pained sobbing and moves closer on silent feet, alert and focused. Steve makes an anguished noise, begging now. Natasha bursts in with her Widow's Bite at the ready in the tiny interval between "Please, please don't" and "stop." She parses Steve's meaning as her body is moving, but it's too late to correct. Her teammates freeze. Steve is on his hands and knees with Tony and Clint stacked up behind him, both of them buried as far as they can get in his ass, and Thor is arrested in the act of guiding his cock into Steve's mouth. Bruce pulls away from where he's kissing Tony, his own hand on his cock. Steve looks around with huge, guilty eyes, and then yanks himself free of everyone, diving to hide behind the chair. Tony and Clint both yelp, and fall sideways from each other, hands on abused cocks.

"Tasha!" Clint complains, sitting up. "What the fuck?"

"I didn't realize it was the good kind of torture until it was too late," she says, surveying the room. Thor smiles fondly at her, still hard.

"Steve?" Bruce is crawling around the chair to hug and gentle Steve.

"Now you've gone and scared off the centerpiece," Tony says, running his clean hand through his hair.

"So what is this?" Natasha says, "A no-girls-allowed Avenger meeting?" Steve whimpered, and peeks over the back of the chair, just a shock of mussed golden hair and a pair of big blue eyes. Natasha has to smile. "Hi, Steve."

"H-hi," Steve squeaks. Bruce rubs his back soothingly, and Steve shivers. "I, uh… girls are allowed. If they want."

Tony grins from ear to ear. "That's the spirit. This is team bonding, Agent Romanov. Steve's had a rough day, and we decided to raise his morale. I can't believe you haven't been raising Natasha's morale, Captain."

Steve coughs, still blushing badly. "I've never done it with a lady, so I'm not sure I know how."

Clint grins. "Well, come on out from behind that chair and let the lady fix it."

"I want to watch first," Natasha adds, and Steve smiles shyly, his flush deepening and spreading as he takes his former position. He's still hard, and Clint and Tony only need to give themselves a few strokes before they're back in the game. Natasha settles in the chair and watches as they work themselves into Steve again, making him groan, his mouth hanging open. His cock twitches, and tears come to his eyes as Thor guides Steve's mouth onto his cock. "There, little one," he says softly, petting Steve's hair, "is that better?" Steve keens softly, eyes rolling back and fluttering shut as Thor's length slides down his throat.

"Fuck, it's kinda hot that you call him that, Thor," Tony gasps, letting out a helpless moan as Clint speeds up.

"It is," Bruce agrees, crawling over to start kissing Tony again.
Tony moans into his mouth, shivering happily. "Oh, fuck that's good…"

"Can I get in on that action?" Clint pants, and nuzzles Bruce's cheek, prompting him to turn his head and kiss Clint hungrily. They both groan as they find just the right angle, devouring each other. Natasha sighs, settling on the floor and cupping her chin in her hands, watching them.

"Would you not prefer a more active role?" Thor pants, gently fucking Steve's mouth.

"Later. I have time."

Thor laughs softly. "Indeed you do, my lady."

Clint whimpers into Bruce's mouth, finally pulling away to drag in a huge, shaky breath. "Jesus, Banner. Where'd you learn to kiss like that?"

"I've just…" He kisses Tony softly, then Clint again, "missed it a lot."

Steve groans around Thor's cock, shaking. "Yeah," Tony purrs, "there you go. Fuck, you feel so good…"

Clint just curses softly and follows Steve over the edge, shuddering and leaning on that broad back for support as Steve whimpers, still sucking Thor. Tony bites Steve's shoulder and fucks him a little longer before moaning and rutting in as deep as he can go, while Clint softens and slides out. Steve rumbles happily, and Tony gasps, biting Steve's shoulder and trembling before he slides out as well. Natasha shivers, and stands, going to the bathroom and digging out the latex gloves that all of them are stocked with. Steve hasn't even opened his, and Natasha smiles, breaking the perforations and pulling out a pair. Her hands are much smaller than Steve's, but the gloves fit well enough. She steps back out to join the others, where Steve is still sucking Thor, his hole beautifully open to her. Bruce is still stroking himself, and watches intently as Natasha kneels by Steve, resting her gloved hand on his lower back.

"Steve?"

Thor gently pulls Steve off so he can answer. "Yes?" He gasps, looking over his shoulder and flushing all over as Natasha squirts lube onto her first two fingers.

"May I?"

"Yes," Steve whimpers, and goes back to sucking Thor, moaning as Natasha pushes two fingers into him, finding him open and eager, his body swallowing her up. She smiles, finding his prostate and stroking gently, making him shiver and keen. Thor groans, watching Natasha. She adds a third finger and Steve whimpers, swallowing Thor impossibly deep and just resting there, moaning as Natasha stretches him open again, all four slender fingers pumping in and out of him.
Chapter 7

Thor's cock in Steve's throat helps to ground him, and he moans over and over, almost choking on it as Natasha works her dainty little hand into his body. Steve's skin feels too small for him, and he's lightheaded as the knuckle of Natasha's thumb pops into him. It's so good that Steve wails, mouth locked open and letting Thor's cock slip out as Natasha pushes her whole hand into him, balling it up into a fist.

"Oh god," Steve sobs, resting his head on Thor's thigh, "oh god, Natasha," Thor shudders and strokes Steve's hair, the others all watching them. Bruce is so hard it has to hurt, and Thor reaches for him, pulling him close to kiss him. Tony grins, and passes Thor a condom. Bruce melts against Thor's side, trembling as Thor rolls it onto him, and Steve raises his head to lick and suck at both of them by turns, groaning as Natasha fucks him with her fist. Clint shivers and crawls over to kiss Natasha, Tony doing the same to Bruce. Bruce moans and kisses Tony hungrily as Thor wraps his hand around the base of Bruce's cock and guides it into Steve's mouth. Steve moans, only resisting enough to feel Thor's strength.

"Damn, that's gorgeous," Tony murmurs, stroking Steve's hair and biting Bruce's neck. Steve just whispers Steve's name over and over, bucking a little and making Steve gag and then moan again. Thor shudders and kisses Bruce's neck, big hands running appreciatively through Bruce's chest hair and tugging gently. Bruce groans, starting to fuck Steve's throat more roughly, making Steve gag and whimper. Tony whispers in Bruce's ear, filthy encouragement as his hands join Thor's. Bruce moans, coaxing Bruce to come, wanting it desperately even if he won't be able to taste it. Natasha's hand seems to move the world with each tiny, twisting thrust forward and each unbearable pull back, and Steve sobs as Bruce comes. He's so close, his balls drawn up and his cock aching, and he mewls loudly as Bruce slides out of his mouth. Natasha leans over him, breasts pressing against his back, and Thor helps support him as Bruce shivers and strokes his hair, murmuring softly in gratitude. His eyes are huge as his body shudders and convulses around Natasha's hand, and Thor helps support him as Bruce shivers and strokes his hair, murmuring softly in gratitude. Still gasping for breath, Steve takes Thor into his mouth again, sucking hungrily until Thor groans and comes, flooding his mouth and dripping down his chin as he struggles to swallow it all, whimpering.

After he's done and Thor has helped him wipe his face clean, Natasha peels the glove off and follows it with the rest of her clothes, smiling softly at Clint's appreciative stare. "Do you think you can get hard again, Steve?"

"Give me a minute," Steve gasps, but that's not a no.

Natasha grins, and rubs his back as she moves to kneel by his head. "I can do that." Steve shivers happily as she pets him, shyly nuzzling her thigh. Natasha lets him catch his breath before she spreads her legs, guiding his mouth between them. Steve whines, and looks up at her as she takes Thor's place so he doesn't have to crane his neck.

"I… I've never—"

"I know." She spreads a little further, making room, and beckons Clint over. "He can show you what I like." Thor chuckles, and Natasha looks over at him, raising an eyebrow. He smiles.

"I am merely pleased to see you taking command."

Clint chuckles, and then leans in, holding her outer lips open and showing Steve just how to lick her,
and the little sucking kisses she likes. Steve's warm breath stutters on her skin, and then Clint is moving back to just kiss and nuzzle her inner thigh as Steve gets his bearings. He's a quick study, and his mouth is soft and responsive. She laces her fingers into his hair and guides him, slowly rocking her hips into the motion of his tongue. Steve mewls, thrusting his tongue into her and shaking when she cries out. Clint chuckles, kissing Steve's shoulder. "There you go, Cap. Just like that."

Natasha groans and bites her lip, pressing into Steve's lips and tongue and holding him just where she wants him, breath coming shorter and shorter until she comes with a hoarse gasp, eyes rolling back. Steve hesitates, but only for a second, licking her through it without being told. He's shaking almost as much as she is, his face covered with slick when she finally lets him pull away. Clint licks Steve's cheek, and he whines, trembling, holding still as Clint picks up his own discarded shirt and wipes Steve's face. He sits up, and Natasha kisses him. "Ready for more?"

"Please," Steve whimpers, cock twitching. Natasha smiles, and catches the condom Tony throws to her. Steve sits up and watches spellbound as Natasha rolls it onto him. He watches her lie back, and swallows hard when she reaches for him, ranging over her and settling between her legs, reading down to guide himself in. He moves slowly and carefully, and Natasha loves him for it, for treating her like she's breakable. "Oh god," Steve breathes as she lets him in, and it really does sound like a prayer. He supports himself on his elbows and gazes down at Natasha, helpless and enraptured. She smiles up at him, and grips his hips, setting a deep, slow pace. Steve whimpered, locking gazes with her and blushing as he fucks her. He feels impossibly young and naive, but he also feels like no one here will judge him for it. This feeling is one of the timeless things, a link between who he was before the ice and who he is now. Natasha smiles up at him, and pulls him down for a kiss, wrapping around him and squeezing him so tightly that he groans, speeding up without meaning to. Natasha sure doesn't seem to mind, though, and soon she's gasping for more and harder. Steve is glad to give it to her, whimpering as she digs her nails into his back. It hurts, but feels good too.

Clint runs a calloused hand down Steve's back to squeeze his ass, and he whines, his flush deepening. Natasha pulls Steve's head to her breasts, where he kisses and licks and sucks, worshipping her perfect skin. She reaches between them, rubbing her soft little clit more roughly than Steve would have dared to touch it, and then she's crying out, fluttering around him and making him moan and grind into her as she gasps and writhes. It goes on for a long time, and Steve trembles, staring down into her eyes when she opens them again, afraid to move as fast as he wants to. Natasha clenches around him and pulls him down to bite his ear, hissing for him to do it, to come for her.

Steve does, sobbing and actually greying out for a moment, and comes back to himself to find Natasha stroking his hair, the others all touching wherever they can reach, warm and comforting.

"Everyone feeling better?" Tony murmurs, and Steve laughs weakly.

"I sure am."
Phil sighs, and pockets his phone, turning to Steve. "Well, it looks like we're going to be stuck here for a while."

"How long a while?" Steve asks, and something in Phil's expression makes his gut knot up.

'A while' turns out to be a week. A week in this same motel room, unable to even go out to relieve the monotony. Clint has done things like this, but Steve isn't used to it and it makes him tense. He tries not to prowl the room like a caged panther, but it's hard not to. He's used to his team now, and with nothing else to do or think about his blood is running hot. Phil doesn't help at all, all soft-spoken and dryly humorous and older and masculine and reassuring and... Steve blinks hard, and blushes bright red as Phil catches him staring. They're sitting on the twin beds, everything legible already read and TV insupportably terrible.

"Yes?"

"I, uh..." Steve squirms and feels about twelve years old, wondering if Phil has heard his frantic jerking off in the bathroom. Phil just lets the silence stretch out, and Steve cracks first. "I'm losing my mind, Phil."

"How so?"

Steve blushes even redder (somehow) and squeaks, "I'm so goddamn horny I could die."

"...Oh." Phil goes slightly pink. "I, uh, I can't offer you much in the way of privacy, but..."

"You don't have to," Steve says, voice cracking a little.

"...What?"

"I... you don't have to. Offer me privacy."

"...Oh."

"I hope you're not offended," Steve mutters, suddenly crushingly certain that Phil is.

"I'm not, I'm just not entirely certain that I understand." Phil's ears turn pink, but he speaks very evenly. "Have you just invited me to watch you, or..?"

"Phil, why in the hell would I do that?" Steve blinks at him. "I meant you and me, if you wanted. It's okay if you don't."

Phil makes a tiny, high-pitched noise that Steve can't quite believe. "I... Really?"

"Yes, really. How do you think I kept morale up with the Commandos?"

"...Oh." Phil's flush deepens, and Steve smiles.

"We think of you as one of ours, Phil. That means you're one of my men, and that means I want you." He pauses. "I mean, I would anyway, but now I feel like I have the right to offer."
Phil just nods, and licks his lips. "I, uh… I'm kind of overwhelmed, but that's not necessarily bad."

Steve beams, and moves to sit by Phil. The first kiss is tentative and sweet, and Steve trembles, leaning into Phil and holding him close as he gets bolder, licking at Steve's lips and then pressing inside. Steve moans so loudly it embarrasses him, but Phil just growls, cradling Steve's head in his hands and kissing him until he's dizzy and his lips are bruised. He moans again as Phil breaks away, and Phil bites his neck. "What do you like?" He whispers, and Steve whines.

"Anything, anything, Phil, just touch me…" Phil makes that low, rumbling noise again and pulls Steve's shirt off, setting it aside and running his hands over Steve's chest, mapping its breadth and learning the texture of his skin. He brushes an experimental thumb over one nipple and Steve gasps, "Yes," and, "more." Somehow Phil has him flat on his back in seconds, and then all Steve can do is whimper and cram a corner of the pillow into his mouth to muffle his moans as Phil sucks and licks his nipples, so thorough and attentive that Steve is afraid he's going to embarrass himself. Each touch goes straight to his cock, and his hips buck in time to Phil's pinching and sucking. Tears well up in Steve's eyes, and he whines desperately. "Oh fuck, Phil, Phil, I'm gonna come if you don't stop!"

"You are?" Phil asks, voice hoarse and eyes bright.

Steve nods and squirms, bound up in his jeans. "Phil…" He's embarrassed at how high-pitched it comes out, but Phil just smiles.

"What if I want to see that, Steve? What if I want to watch you come in your pants and know that I did it?"

Steve groans, and shudders as Phil gets back to work. His mouth is so soft and hot, and the suction goes straight to Steve's cock, each gentle pull making him twitch and whine. His team knows how sensitive he is, but none of them has Phil's focus. He just keeps switching from side to side in a slow, steady rhythm, lips and tongue tugging and sliding while Steve clutches at the back of Phil's shirt and tries to keep quiet. He moans, finally letting go of Phil to cram one hand into his own mouth as he whimpers and comes, eyes rolling back as his hips buck under Phil, nearly throwing him off. Phil shudders and kisses Steve again before sitting back and pulling off his own shirt, draping it over a chair and hauling off the undershirt beneath it. It's almost too bad, he looks good in it, but Steve would rather have him naked. Still dazed, he sits up and works his way out of his own pants and soiled underwear, gratefully kicking it off over the side of the bed. When he looks up, Phil is just sitting there watching.

"Phil?" It takes a moment of silence for Steve to realize that poor Phil has gone shy on him. "Phil.' Steve reaches out and pulls Phil into his arms.

"Sorry, I'm just… a little insecure." He smiles apologetically.

"For no reason," Steve tells him, and eases Phil out of his pants, careful of his cock, so hard it must be aching.

"Oh…" Phil breathes, and Steve smiles, giving him a friendly squeeze and another kiss.

"You look fine to me, soldier." Phil shudders and whines and Steve stretches out again, pulling Phil onto him, thighs open around his hips. It's really embarrassing that Phil knows exactly where the slick Steve hid in the nightstand drawer the day they arrived is, but handy too. He finds it in a second, and looks to Steve for permission. Steve moans softly and kisses Phil hard and messy. "God, yes. Fuck me." Phil shudders and pushes one slick finger into Steve. It's nice, but he wants more, wriggling down on it. "More?" Steve gasps, and then moans as Phil obliges him, quickly going from
one to two to three. He stretches Steve quickly but so carefully, and Steve just whimpers, melting under Phil and opening up for him.

Steve is hoping he won't have to beg when Phil finally growls, "Ready?" in his ear and lines up against him.

"God, yes!"

Phil smiles at that, and then bites his lip and presses into Steve, whimpering desperately. Steve wraps around Phil and takes it as deep as he can, shuddering. It's so good to be full again, to have one of his men inside him. Phil makes soft noises of effort as he moves, staring raptly down at Steve, who blushes as the scrutiny and writhes at the feeling of Phil rocking hard and slow inside him. Steve whines and scrubs the back of one hand across his eyes as the tears start again, his mouth hanging open in a silent cry. "All right?" Phil mumbles, kissing Steve's chin.

"Yes," Steve whimpers, "yes, you just feel so good I can't help it." He turns his head to catch Phil's mouth in a proper kiss, and groans deep in his chest as Phil speeds up. Before he even knows what he's doing he's whispering in Phil's ear, begging him to come, telling him that he wants to feel it, that he wants to feel how good it is for Phil. Phil moans and slams into Steve harder, making him stuff the pillow in his mouth again as he struggles to keep quiet. Phil doesn't help at all by latching onto Steve's nipple again, sucking and nibbling and making Steve keen high-pitched and helpless through his nose.

"Not coming until you do," Phil purrs, grinding hard in just the right spot.

Steve whines and bucks under him, and then Phil finally wraps a hand around Steve's cock and it's all over. Just a few firm squeezes and strokes and Steve is groaning and writhing under Phil, body clenching hard around him. Phil curses breathlessly and fucks Steve through it and then for a few wonderful, painful, perfect strokes afterwards before pouring into him with a soft cry.

The rest of their imprisonment goes by a hell of a lot faster.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that bonus chapter took so long, but here it is.

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