I'm Tom, the god of Mischief

by MudPie

Summary

Tom Hiddleston is an aspiring actor. Ever since he had taken the role of Loki, his life had turn to the better. But what happens when everything Tom thought was fiction suddenly becomes reality and he is trapped in an alternate universe? Tom has to face unexpected consequences he had never thought would matter. Crossover between the Avengers and real life. Smut in later chapters.

Notes

A/N: This is something I wanted to write for ages. So I hope you'll enjoy reading it as much as I had writing it. Leave a comment if you enjoyed!
Chapter 1

After the Avengers movie had reached the cinemas, Tom's life has very much changed. Since he had played the god Loki in Marvel's Thor and The Avengers the media had gone crazy for him. There had been not one magazine without his face on it. He had done photo shoot after photo shoot, had attended all kind of press conferences and had gotten offer after offer for new movies. It might have been the role of his life.

The internet were full of praise for him and his acting, blogs about his person sprung out like mushrooms. Fanart, fan-fiction, letters. You name it. Tom often found himself browsing tumblr or anything in general, finding all kind of strange things about him. Slash art was the thing that made him smirk and laugh the most. He liked the idea that there were people in the world that actually cared so much for him without knowing him in person. Devoting their time to him.

It was true. Loki really had an army. But it wasn't just the character that had captured the heart of the people. Wherever Tom had gone, there had been fans. They loved him and Tom always did his best to comply with their wishes for photos and autographs. His fans always claimed that he was the nicest person on this planet, a person that took his time to get to know his fans, was always polite and respectful and did so much for other people. They liked how he stayed down-to-earth, how he didn't feign to be someone he was not. He was that kind of person who knew the name of the concierge of his hotel he stayed in for the night. A genuine nice guy.

It was the middle of august now. He had been to San Diego Comic Con as a special guest in July, had surprised his fans with a performance of his character Loki to present the new Thor - the dark world trailer. It had been a complete success. His performance as the audience's favorite had brought much attention to Marvel's newest movie. He was in New York for some interviews now, promotion tour for Thor 2.

Tom yawned when he opened his eyes. The last days had been exhausting and he felt as if he hadn't slept at all. The sun was already up so he stretched and turned around one more time in his bed. The sheets were smooth and freshly washed, something he liked about hotel rooms. One had to enjoy the little things. His short hair was ruffled and he buried his face in the cushions when he heard his phone vibrate. Tom might be in a good mood most of the time, but this morning was something different. He didn't want to leave the comforting warmth of the bed. Even though it was august, it seemed like the weather didn't get the memo. It had been raining the last few days, which made the bed even more cozy.

Another sound came from the object. Tom sighed and heaved himself off the bed. He grabbed the phone and turned it on, checking the messages that had arrived. Thor press conference moved up to 11AM. Great. Tom smiled to himself and shook his head. It was already half past nine, so he had to hurry to get to the studio. He changed his boxers and clumsily put his clothes on, then rushed into the bath to get himself ready. Good thing he had showered before he had gone to bed. The famous leather jacked hung over a chair and Tom grabbed it and put it on, taking a last look in the mirror to check if his look was okay. He ran a hand through his curly hair and smiled before rushing out of the room. Had he waited a moment, he could have seen that his reflection had not gone with him. The mirror image was still on the same place. Tom in his leather jacket. The person in the mirror stared to where the man had exited the room, grinning maliciously before vanishing into thin air.

When Tom came down to the Lobby, the concierge greeted him, pure joy in his eyes.

"Good morning Mr. Hiddleston." The young male said, before holding the door for him.
"Good morning to you, too, Mike." Tome smiled. "How is it out there?"

The concierge looked down and couldn't hide his amusement.

"They obviously found out where you reside. Your car has already been hogged."

The actor glimpsed around the corner to see that the fans had already cornered the building.

"Ah, well. I will go out then, can't leave them hanging, right?"

"Of course not." Mike nodded and waved his goodbye.

When the man took his first step outside, they were basically clinging to him. He had no time, he knew, but he just couldn't bring himself to leave them like this. So he took his time making photos and giving autographs. A glance to his watch made the situation a little bit different though. He had to go. With pleading eyes and a slight smile on his lips, the actor excused himself, as polite as possible with a massive apology and got in the car.

Normally this route shouldn't take long, but today seemed to be his unlucky day. Of all things that could have happened, it just had to be a traffic jam. The driver apologized for the inconvenience more than once, and Tom got his hands full of getting him to not feel sorry. It wasn't his fault after all. Still, Tom grew jittery as more time passed. He was bound to be late. And he didn't like that. Another look to the watch sealed the deal. He told the driver he would walk by foot. It wasn't even half a mile to the studio from here and when he hurried he wouldn't even be late. So he opened the door and jumped out, wiggling his way through the cars. They had been standing in an underpass, but fortunate for Tom, there was a walkway, leading out of the tunnel.

With quick steps he moved into the direction of the exit only to get dragged into a dark alley. Before he knew what had happened, a knife pressed down on his throat. The steel was cold against his neck and he could hear his heart race in his chest. He didn't even dare to say anything. Wouldn't know what to say at all. He wasn't able to speak. A strangely familiar voice whispered words into his ear, in a language he had never heard before. It was like a chant. A spell. Something intriguing. He shivered and the panic suddenly raised to a peak when he felt the blade breaking his skin. The voice chuckled when the knife cut through the flesh, deep and merciless and the only thing Tom's head focused on was the warm blood dripping down his chest. The person let go off him the moment he gasped for air, crumpling down because his legs couldn't support his weight anymore. It hurt, hurt so much he wanted to scream, but couldn't, before everything went black.

When Tom regained consciousness his hand immediately flew to his neck, checking for the wound, wanting to feel for it, but instead of blood there was nothing. Not even a scratch. The man inhaled sharply. He had been certain that he had been cut just a second ago. He looked around to see if anyone was nearby, to check if there was a person who might have seen him. But there was none. Confused and unsure, he pulled himself up with the help of the wall, legs still shaky from the shock. Even though he had possibly imagined all this, his body reacted as if it had been real. He stumbled out of the dark alley. The cars were still there and honking, hurting his ears.

A few minutes later he had reached the exit, holding a hand over his eyes to shield them from the blazing sun. When had it become so bright. Tom wondered how long he had lain in that dirty tunnel and checked his watch only to see that only fifteen minutes had gone by. Uncertain of what to think of this, he decided to go to the studio first, find his manager and tell him of this strange incident. The skyscrapers came nearer when Tom finally noticed that the other people avoided him. First he wasn't too concerned by it, but after some of them threw him looks of hatred or pure
fear and almost ran away, he stopped and looked around. Every person kept their distance, staring at him wide-eyed, whispering behind his back. He felt uneasy and started moving again, faster until he was jogging and he was relieved when he finally reached the studio's doors. This day got more and more weird. Tom sighed and went to the registration desk, only to be greeted with a shocked expression.

"Eh, hello, I..." The halted to look into non-believing face.

The woman at the counter didn't answer at all, so he tried again.

"Excuse me, I have an interview at eleven, and I am totally sorry for being late. But could you call Mr. Henrichs and tell him Tom Hiddleston is here now?"

Apparently he spoke another language or the secretary just had lost her voice. He wanted to touch her when she started shivering, but was yanked ungently away the moment the was about to reach her.

"What is going on?!"

Was the last thing he brought out before the figure had him in a neck choke.

"Did everyone go crazy today?!"

The pressure on his neck intensified, making it harder for him to breath. His hands automatically shot up to claw at the arms, with now use. Right when he started choking for air, the pressure shifted and he was pressed down face first to the floor. The person twisted his arm behind his back, making him hiss in pain and look up. All resistance left him the moment he lay eyes on his attacker. Scarlett looked down at him with the most disgusted look he had ever seen on her face.
I am an actor.

Chapter Summary

The widow brings the confused actor to the HQ to interrogate him. Tom really tries to see through their charade.

Chapter Notes

Due to a kind person, I was reminded that ff.net does not allow non-fictional character fanfictions. So this will be an AO3 exclusive =) I am really glad you like it so far! I have planned so many funny and/or frustrating things for our good guy Tom, so stay tuned! I try to update every 2 to 3 days from now on =) Except for tomorrow, because that's my birthday haha x3

It all happened way too fast. Tom didn't know what was going on. The female was still sitting on him, straddling him, pressing him to the ground with her weight. One would never think that the slender woman could pin down a tall man like him and twist his arm almost to the breaking point. Her grip was hard, hurting him on purpose. Tom was barely able to breathe when he looked into the woman’s face. This really couldn't be true.

“Scarlett, it's me! Why are you...?!”

He could only see her from the corners of his eyes, but there was no doubt that it was her. Tom bared his teeth in a snarl when a hand came down to his head and pushed him against the floor.

“Scarlett...”

Tom pressed out one last time, but the woman didn't seem to care or listen, she didn't react at all. His arm hurt, more than anything he had experienced before, so he decided to quit struggling and lay perfectly still. For a few minutes neither of them said a word. The grip on his hand seemed to loosen, but he still couldn't move an inch.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Tom asked, voice layered with desperation.

He couldn't see the woman anymore, but judging by her huffing, she might as well be grinning.

“You dare to ask me this?” Her voice sounded nothing like the sweet woman he knew. “I told you to never set foot in this world again.”

The black widow ground her teeth and pulled him up by his short hair to look him in the eyes. This had to be a game. A prank they pulled on him. It had to be. Tom frowned when he saw the hatred in her eyes.

“Scarlett, please stop this.” He pleaded. “It was fun and all, but this is enough, it hurts.”

He was growling now, which seemed to confuse her, even if it was not enough to get her to release
him. Apparently it was finally enough to make her skeptical. The widow furrowed her brows before letting go of his head, but instantly pointed her gun to his temple instead. The man inhaled sharply when he felt the cold metal on his skin, almost forgetting to breathe when her voice rumbled through his ears again.

“I guarantee you that this here...” She moved the gun barrel to the back of his head. “Is definitely no joke.”

The tone of her voice left no doubt about that. This pistol was as real as the pain in his arm. Tom sighed, had resigned in the fact that everything he said or did was wasted effort. This was not what he had anticipated for the day. Scarlett, or who ever she was now, seemed to wait for something.

“Why are you in your costume in the first place? Did I miss something?” Tom tried to sound as kind as possible considering his twisted arm, but it didn't matter to her.

“Shut up.” She gnarled and hit him in the head with the weapon.

 Barely five minutes went by before another person entered the lobby. Tom blinked in surprise when he saw Jeremy jogging to their side, grinning at him as if he was his prey. As if he was on the hunt. Still, he was relieved that there was someone who could help him getting Scarlett off his back. Literally. Tom sighed before turning his green-blueish eyes to the male.

“I am so glad you are here.” A small, frustrated laugh escaped his throat. “Please tell her it's enough.”

The man raised an eyebrow at this, shaking his head in disbelief at their captive's words.

“Can you believe this?”

He smirked at the woman, bursting out in laughter when he saw the baffled expression on Tom's face, who looked directionless back and forth between them. This whole situation slowly started to scare him. There was everything wrong with the way they looked down on him.

“Scarlett, Jeremy...” He began once again, wetting his lips unconsciously and swallowed hard. “This is not funny. Let me go.” He said through gritted teeth.

“Look who's talking.” The hunter grinned and patted his head teasingly. “Now he's finally gone batshit crazy. Well whatever. Main thing is that we got him.”

The man shrugged and reached into his pocket to get a taser out. The moment Tom saw the item he focused on the man's face. They couldn't be serious. He stared at him wide-eyed, still hoping that they just played a stupid game with him.

“Please, you don't want to do this!”

Tom begged, suddenly panicking, trying to force the female off, but instead of breaking free, he just was pinned down even harder.

“Don't!”

He growled, right before the electricity flew through his veins and he blacked out. “Nighty night, bad boy.”
His whole body hurt. He was exhausted. As if he had been awake for days, as if he had drunken too much. He wanted to move, tried to get into a more comfortable position, but for some strange reason he wasn't able to. Tom didn't even know what had happened, until he opened his eyes and looked down on his body. And then he was suddenly reminded of how this day had started for him. For a moment he just stared at his constrained hands. Wrists and feet were tied to the chair he was sitting on, making it impossible for him to move or stand up.

“Darn it.” Tom cursed and lay his head back onto the backrest.

Closing his eyes, he shook his head in disbelieve. This really couldn't be happening. It couldn't be true that his coworkers and friends held him captive here.

“What is going on here...?” Tom asked quietly, rather talking to himself than anyone else.

He looked around, taking in his surroundings. The room he sat in was completely white, except for the table, as well as the other chair and the large mirror, which he was almost certain was none and that they were observing him from another room. Tom grimaced at the thought of someone watching him through that mirror. Time passed, he didn't know for how long he had sat there, when he finally grew tired. His wrists hurt because of those damn cable fixers cutting into his flesh. He wanted to stretch so badly, get out of this room and take a bath or do anything at all. The man huffed a laugh before dropping his head to his chest.

“They can't be serious...”

Tom said with a snarl, but he wasn't so sure about it anymore. Was this a joke? If that was the case, then it was far from being funny. The white of the room made him feel dizzy.

“Hello, someone, anyone?!”

He tried again, this time being rewarded with a click of the door, which blended perfectly into the wall. He hadn't even seen it before the female figure had entered through it. The black widow threw him a disgusted look, took the other chair and slumped down on it, arms resting on the backrest. She was staring intensely at him, but not saying one word. Tom couldn't just stay still, pulled at the cable ties, trying to break free.

“Scarlett, what is going on? If this is supposed to be a joke...”

“Okay tell me what you're doing here.” She interrupted, face blank, without emotion. Tom countered with a dead-pan expression of his own.

“I am sitting on this chair, for probably hours, constricted to it and trying to understand what's going on in your head!”

The man growled, but it didn't seem to affect the woman in front of him, despite rolling her eyes.

“Okay...”

Her hand moved to her side, getting her weapon from her belt and laying it on the table.

“Let's try this again.”

Tom swallowed the lump in his throat, getting seemingly uncomfortable at the sight. His eyes switched between her and the pistol.
“I don't know what you want from me.”

He yelped at the furious expression on her face.

“I... I.” Tom stuttered, averted his gaze to the ground when he tried to find the right words. “I woke up and wanted to attend the interview with Mr. Henrichs, nothing more! And now I am sitting here, with bound hand and feet, captured by my own friends!”

The widow only faked a laugh, obviously amused by his story.

“Sure. An interview.”

The smile on her lips was more creepy than anything and it startled him to say the least. Tom stared at her in bewilderment, until she had enough with the toying and ungently grabbed his chin.

“You can't possibly think that we buy this bullshit.”

“What, I'm not...”

“Stop fucking around, we can do it the hard way if you want, no objections from my side.”

“Bloody hell...” Tom cursed. “I don't even know what you're talking about.”

The laugh that escaped her then was giving him goosebumps.

“Oh sure. You are no psychotic mass murderer and are completely innocent. We might as well confuse you with someone else!”

The way she was making fun of him was stirring his confusion. This was clearly not the Scarlett he knew. Something was completely off with this entire person.

“Sure, we believe you, god of mischief.”

He pricked up his ears at this. Either she was really in character, playing a prank on him, or... Damn. He didn't know why they did it, but if they insist on him playing his role, he could do that. Tom grinned at the female.

“You mewling quim don't know anything.” He hissed, voice layered with amusement. “You can't even comprehend what's happening to your world as soon as I am done reshaping it.”

His smile faded when the female tapped the device on her ear and smirked at him.

“It's him.” She just stated, a victorious sound in her voice when she stood up and moved around the table. “Thanks for cooperating.”

Tom just sat there with his mouth open, blinking in surprise at his own stupidity. He had given her what she had wanted.

“What?” He asked again, baffled by the sudden turnaround of events.

If he wouldn't know better, he would have said that this woman was indeed a spy and not acting. Which couldn't be.

“Wait a second. Please, I am not Loki. I am just an actor. Like you and all people around us. You can't be serious! Did you lose your mind?” The man ranted, only to get ignored by her. “I tell you again, I am not...!”
A low, daring voice sounded through the room at which he immediately went rigid.

“Good to see you again, Loki. Are you here to crush us little ants again? Didn't work out the last time you got here.”

Fury sneered and Tom only groaned tiredly.

“Not you as well, come on...”

The director only raised an eyebrow at the outburst and looked down on the frustrated man.

“For the love of god, I am not Loki. I am Tom...”

“Thomas William Hiddleston. We know.”

Fury skipped through, what Tom recognized as his ID and some files. He didn't looked impressed or convinced at all.

“So Mr. Thomas William Hiddleston...”

“I told you you can call me Tom, just as everyone else does...Normally.”

The man nodded.

“Of course.”

How was it that Tom didn’t quite believe him saying that. Possibly because he had this sneering sarcasm in his tone.

“Then tell me who you are and why you look like a doppelganger of Loki. Because I'd really like to know this.”

“I am just myself, you even have my ID.” Tom sighed.

Fury lay the documents on the table and frowned.

“I can tell you that there is no, nor has been a person with this name in the UK nor in the US or the entire western world.”

Tom couldn't believe what he just heard. The joke had turned into some kind of terrible plot against him. Suddenly he wasn't so sure anymore if these were really the same people he knew.
Pity

Chapter Summary

Tom is brought to his cell. There he gets unexpected visitors.

Chapter Notes

This is the hair/appearance I thought of for Tom:
http://www.moviepilot.de/files/images/0875/2798/tom-hiddleston.jpg

Tom stared blankly at the man in front of him. For more than a few minutes not one of them said anything. Both men continued to look at each other until Tom averted his eyes.

“This can't be...” He brought out, barely more than a whisper.

He was clearly unable to cope with this information. Natasha shot her superior a gaze of perplexity. The constrained man kept mumbling unintelligible things until Fury made a disapproving sound, dragging his attention back to him.

“I can guarantee you that our research is correct.”

Tom shook his head wildly.

“No, you saw my ID. How can you still claim that I am not myself?!” His voice sounded strained.

“Documents aren't hard to fake. Especially if you are able to resort on your so-called magic.”

The director narrowed his eyes while watching the other's frustrated reaction. Tom only clicked his tongue at this and closed his eyes. All of this was just too ridiculous. They couldn't possibly think for real that he was Loki. A Norse god. The thought alone made him huff and shake his head once more. The director's voice brought him back to the unpleasant reality.

“We don't know why you are here. But you can be sure that you won't escape a second time.” Fury glared at him and made a wave with his hand, allowing two agents to enter the white room. Tom followed their movement with his eyes, uncertain what was happening. One of the men got a knife out of his belt, carelessly cutting Tom loose before grabbing him and forcing him to stand up. They had to drag him to the door. His legs barely able to support his own weight. It felt as if they were completely limp because of sitting in one position for more than a few hours. Tom didn't know where they lead him, but he was certain that resistance wouldn't help his cause. So he followed, even if it was against his will.

Once the captive was out of earshot, the widow turned to the director again. The look she gave him was more than concerned.

“Are you sure that he's the right one?” The woman apparently doubted this more and more. “He does not react like the last time I had interrogated him. He acts strange.”
Fury cocked his head to the side while he waited for her to continue.

“Nothing like the megalomaniac from before. He is rather... reserved.”

“Reserved.” The man repeated and raised an eyebrow, at which the female only shrugged.

“Also the fact that he keeps calling me by the wrong name.”

Fury suddenly picked up on this.

“Wrong name? What do you mean?”

Natasha sighed and tried to arrange her thoughts.

“The moment he saw me, he called me Scarlett.”

This actually made the director pensive, but not enough to change his mind.

“We will play safe here. We don't want to let a murderer loose, do we.”

The female only nodded in silent agreement when the man handed her a phone.

“Make sure this gets to the software department. The battery died.” Fury looked a tad miffed at the thing. “I want to have every little piece of information out of that thing. Even if it appears to be a minor detail. Every photo, every message ever send from it.”

With these words he left her alone.

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Meanwhile Tom was dragged through the whole complex. He didn't knew where he was until he saw the glassy cage. The cage. The one that had been built to hold the Hulk. The one they had shot a few scenes in. He knew immediately where he was. On the carrier. Which was pretty much impossible, wasn't it? There wasn't a single explanation how this could be real. But still there was no green-screen or a crew member for that matter. He winced when the men nearly threw him into the cell and he turned with a snarl towards them, trying to get out, but they only laughed and locked him up. Damn it. He had never liked this room. Glass everywhere. The fact that you are completely vulnerable, displayed like a wild animal in the zoo made him extremely uncomfortable.

“Let me out.”

He suddenly yelled, his hands on the pane, bracing his entire weight against it, but to no avail. Both agents just grinned at him before moving out of sight. Tom was now leaning against the glass, forehead pressing against it and sighed. What did he do to deserve this. What was actually happening here? If this room was indeed real and no prop, it meant that everything here was real. That he, for some strange reason, was caught in this movie. It had to be a dream and Tom laughed when his brain instantly confound his reasoning. If this was indeed a dream, he would have long woken up from the pain they had caused him. It couldn't be anything else than reality. How this was even possible was beyond him.

Tom turned around and let himself slide down the wall. He pulled his knees up to his chest and bend his arms around it, laying down his head to rest on them. His eye closed automatically and he drifted off without noticing it, body and mind tired and exhausted from hours of interrogation.

He didn't know what time it was. Tom couldn't even open his eyes more than a slit. Everything was
too bright. The artificial light hurt his eyes. It must have been hours he had been sitting here. With every passing minute, he started to feel worse, as if he was close to a circulatory collapse. His mouth was dry when he tried to swallow, he never had been so thirsty in his life. He wanted to get out of here. Wanted to crawl under the covers of his bed and never come out. But he knew that whatever he would do to break out, it would most likely have no effect on the thick glass. And no one would even begin to listen to or help him. When he was about to slip into unconsciousness again, he heard voices from across the room, coming nearer. But he couldn't care enough to even turn his head to their direction.

“See? Told you they got that bastard.”

Tony shrugged and pulled the doctor with him to look at Shield’s newest captive.

“Eh...Well.” Bruce replied, not convinced at all. “Doesn't look like the villain we have fought.”

Tony just huffed at this and raised an eyebrow at his fellow team member.

“His attitude might had gotten a little ticking-off after you had wiped the floor with him back in the tower.”

He joked and stepped nearer to the cage, eying the man who sat with his back to them, before his eyes wandered back to Bruce.

“Sure you can handle the stress, doctor Banner?” Tony teased and pricked the man's side with a steel needle.

Bruce jumped, glaring at him angrily.

“I told you before to stop doing that.” Bruce grumbled before attending his attention back to the crouching man.

“No fun.” Tony commented indifferently. “He certainly doesn't look glorious at all.”

He took a step towards the glass, trying to look into the man's face, but wasn't able to from his current angle.

“Hey, Reindeer Games. How you're doing in there? Having fun?”

His voice was layered with an amount of amusement that almost resembled sadism.

“I see you have a new, fancy haircut. Suits you.”

Tom couldn't see the smug grin on the man's lips, but was still exhaling heavily in resignation at the words. But as soon as Tom raised his head, looking at the engineer with tired and pitiful blue-green eyes, the man outside the cage fell silent, obviously taken aback by the reaction. For a moment they just stared at each other, before Tony broke the eye contact and turned to Bruce.

“Okay. What happened there.” He gestured to Tom.

“That's what I said. He doesn't look... Loki-ish to me.”

“Thing is...” Tony began, still sceptically glancing over to the allegedly god from time to time. “Look at his face. It's definitely him.”

The frown on Bruce's face made Tony roll his eyes.

“Really? You of all people commiserate with him? Now why didn't I think of that.”
The obvious sarcasm made Bruce close his eyes for a second before grimacing. The doctor decided to ignore the man's ranting and placed a hand on the glass, narrowing his eyes when looking at the exhausted body on the other side of it.

“Tony.” Bruce tried, but the engineer didn't hear him over his rumbling. “Tony.” He basically growled now. “I think there is something seriously wrong here. He looks awful.”

Tony would have thought that Loki now, by the latest would make some sort of snappy comeback, but the man on the ground only continued to hang his head, muttering something incoherent.

“So?” The engineer asked, face completely blank.

“We should speak to Fury about this. I want an examination.”

“So that's the way the wind blows. You aren't concerned about his well-being.” Tony grinned at the baffled look on Bruce's face.

“That's not what I mean.” The doctor took Tony to the side. “He does appear sick.”

“You are serious.” He exclaimed. “This here is the same bastard who destroyed my tower and threw me out of the window. If you think that I... Don't look at me like this.”

Bruce continued to look reproachfully at him.

“If there is only the slightest possibility of him being not Loki, then we can't let him stay here. You know what Shield does to...”

“Okay, I got it.” He retorted, throwing his hands up in a fit. “I swear everyone always says I am the troublemaker, but really, you are always the one that gets me wind up in the most stupid ideas...”

Bruce frowned when he followed the engineer back to the corridor.

“That's not how I recall it.” He said quietly, but decided to not pursue this topic any further.

“You owe me, you hear that?”

Was the last thing Tony threw in Bruce's direction, before making his way back to the bridge.
**Scientific Doubts**

Chapter Summary

Tony and Bruce try to get some Infos out of Fury.

Chapter Notes

This is not beta'd yet. Unfortunately my Beta is sick at the moment, but I wanted to post it, so you guys don't have to wait any longer. I apologize for the delay. My internship is kind of tiring right now, because the game we work on is about to be released this month. And I had visitors the last few days, so no time to write. I will upload regularly from now on again.

“Hey Nicky.”

The engineer mocked when both men entered the bridge.

“You sure that this guy's Loki? Not that I question your judgment or anything, but you know these Doppelgangers these days.”

The director just stared indifferently at the man, not saying anything, only rolling his eyes. Fury could never believe what came out of Stark's mouth. He crossed his arms and continued to glare at the man until he became seemingly uncomfortable. Agent Hill offered a file for Tony to take, basically shoving it into his hands while walking over. The male only raised his eyebrow at her before opening the document. For a few seconds Tony stared at the pictures.

“No chance that this is not Loki.” The director retorted when he saw the unimpressed face. “They look exactly the same.”

Tony couldn't deny that this was actually true. But he wouldn't be himself if he didn't make fun of the eye-patch once a day.

“Well actually...” He held the photos up against the light. “I can see some differences here.”

Fury only narrowed his eyes at the mockery.

“This one has fabulous hair and doesn't behave like a psycho. Which brings me to the point that this particular one...” Tony turned the photo around and tapped on Tom's face. “...rots in your cell and doesn't look so healthy.”

A growl left Fury. Clearly annoyed by Stark's behavior.

“We can't just let him out because you feel like it, Stark. Without providing evidence to proof he isn't Loki, he stays where he is.”

Faking a smile, Tony only nodded.
“Of course. You can't let a murderer loose without proof, but you can lock a probably innocent man away just like that. See the irony?”

“Shield is good with not asking questions first...”

Everyone stared at Bruce, who averted his gaze now.

“This is not quite the same, doctor.” Natasha threw in and wanted to pat the man's shoulder, but Bruce suddenly turned around, scaring the female off.

“And in what way should this be any different?” Dark eyes focused on the woman now, suddenly aggravated, demanding an answer. “Aren't we both monsters? The only difference is, that I am not in that cage... at least for the moment.”

This was basically the only topic with which one could make Banner furious. Natasha's lips were pressed into a thin line, not daring to say anything at all. She was still intimidated by Bruce's presence. After she had gotten to know the Other, she had kept her respectful distance. Murmuring interrupted the awkward silence.

“We don't know what is going on here. I won't risk any more lives, just because any of you have doubts about his identity.”

Fury grimaced at the grin on the engineer's features, who turned to Bruce and shrugged. The doctor sighed and adjusted his glasses.

“The man is dehydrated and febrile. For how long has he been in there?”

Tony blinked in surprise at his genuine concern and looked over to Fury.

“A day and a half now.”

The impassive voice stated and even Tony clenched his teeth now when he saw the frown on Bruce's face. He didn't like that expression.

“At least give him some water.” Tony tossed the files onto a table and shook his head. “What's wrong with you people and your hospitality?”

Gesturing around, he placed a hand on Fury's shoulder.

“Can gods starve?”

The director slapped the hand away and wrinkled his nose.

“I don't know, but he shouldn't show signs of illness so quickly...” The doctor said while fiddling with his jacket.

“Hah, yeah. Thor didn't look so fucked up when he hadn't eaten in days. Sure, he had been grumpy as fuck, but still strong enough to kick Barton's ass when he had teased him with that chocolate bar.”

Tony grinned at the memory before noticing Natasha's stern face.

“Something the matter, Romanov?” He cocked his head to the side, waiting for a reaction.

The female hastily glanced over to Fury, checking whether it was okay to tell them. But apparently discarded the idea of asking for permission, because even Fury's twitching eye couldn't keep her
from opening her mouth.

“He called us by different names.”

She finally pressed out, only to see the slightly irritated face of the men in front of her. With a groan Natasha got up from her seat and put her arms akimbo.

“I am apparently someone named Scarlett.”

Tony couldn't hold himself and snorted at the name.

“That fits perfectly, oh god.” The engineer sneered.

Natasha just rolled her eyes and turned on the screen.

“You like this? Well, then you'll love these.”

A mischievous grin formed on her lips when she saw the skeptic frown of Tony, which instantly turned into an expression of pure irritation.

“What the fucking fuck!”

He growled and threw his hands up. Pictures flickered on the screen. Pictures of himself with Loki... Or the other Loki, he wasn't quite sure what to think of it. Natasha skipped through multiple photos, almost everyone of the Avengers posing with the captive man.

“What the fuck is going on?!” Tony ground his teeth, gaze switching from the director to the assassin and back.

“We don't know. Frankly, we do know nothing.” Natasha answered. “They are from his phone.”

“His phone? And you still think he is Loki. With a freaking phone.”

Tony ran a hand through his hair and crossed his arms. There was no answer. Neither from Natasha nor Fury, so Tony pressed on.

“So where did he get those pictures... I couldn't have been so wasted that I wouldn’t remember taking selfies with the god damn god of mischief!”

The sound of Fury's voice made Tony halt for a second.

“How should we know, Stark?”

The eye-patch glared back at the grimacing man. Before Tony could counter with a snark reply, Natasha interrupted their quarreling.

“He said he was an actor.”

“Actor my ass. More like a stalker.” He huffed a laugh.

“Maybe we should ask Thor?” Everyone turned their attention to Bruce again, who had been quite for a good ten minutes. “Shouldn't he be able to tell us if he is indeed Loki?”

Tony just shrugged at the suggestion.

“We already tried to contact him, but... there seems to be a problem with the connection.”
Tony laughed at the director's words.

“Yeah. It's called vacation. Not that you ever heard of something like this.”

The annoyed twitching in the man's features widened his smirk even more.

“I would love to run a few test on him.” Bruce mused and instantly got snapped at by Fury.

“As long as it's not clarified if he is Loki, nobody goes in there.”

Tony's eyes rolled back into his head at the logic and without saying another word he left the room, Bruce following on his heels, offering a wink as farewell. As soon as the door was shut behind them, Tony pulled Bruce aside.

“Something's fishy here.”

“That's what I told you from the start...” Bruce stated, completely unimpressed by the man's conclusion.

“Yeah, yeah, I know.”

A tablet was pulled out of his jacket's pocket, fingers flying over the touchscreen.

“Don't tell me you...”

The grin on Tony's face already answering the question.

“Okay, yes, you do... Of course you hack into their system, while they wait in the room right next to us...”

A wink with his hand silenced the doctor.

“Tom William Hiddleston. That sounds...hideous. What kind of name is this?” His eyes skipped through the data. “British. Yeah, those are mostly the bad guys.”

For a good five minutes Bruce followed the preoccupied man around the hallway, before he stopped.

“What if he really is an actor and does not belong to this world. Last year we hadn't believed that there are worlds beside ours and now we have gods traveling from realm to realm and...”

Tony's impassive face made the man's voice die down.

“You want to tell me he has made an inter-dimensional leap. Just like that.”

“Theoretically speaking it is possi...” Bruce retorted, but Tony immediately shook his head.

“No one is capable of breaking the barrier or procure enough energy to do so. No way. If he had a personal Tesseract, maybe...”

It was meant as a joke, but the possibility of it made the engineer pensive. Bruce rubbed his chin, trying to form a thought.

“It could be. We don't know how he got here, and as I see it, he doesn't know either. The only thing we know is that he knows us.” The doctor frowned now. “Or well at least a parallel-us.”
“And now you want to tell me that we are also actors in his world.” Tony snorted at his serious looking friend.

“Probably. Anyway, if he really is from another dimension, I want a blood sample.”

Tony only grinned at this.

“Get in line, Banner.”

Both men stalked casually through the corridors until Bruce came to a stand.

“We should get him some water. Perhaps something to eat, too.”

He earned a perplexed glance from the engineer at his side for this.

“Seriously?”

Bruce only smiled awkwardly at him.

“Fine. At your own risk. Wasn't my idea, just to make this clear.”

“You would let him rot in there, right?” Tony just shrugged at the baffled expression. “You saw him, he needs some nutrition.”

“Yep, saw him. And?”

It was not that he didn't care, but wasn't really interested in feeding the fake Loki either.

“We can't just ignore his state if there is only the slightest possibility of him being...”

Tony turned around and faced Bruce once more. He placed a hand on his shoulder and raised his eyebrows.

“I can. It's easy. I go and pretend I don't know shit. See?”

With this he walked away, Bruce following while rolling his eyes.
Tom gets a visitor.

With a bottle of water and a sandwich in his hand, Bruce made his way over to the cage. It didn't matter what Tony thought of the idea. He wanted to bring it to the fake Loki. Bruce had come to the conclusion that the captive man couldn't be the one Shield was looking for. The change in demeanor and behavior was just too obvious. At least for him. The others clearly didn’t have the same opinion. So when Bruce stepped into the room with the glass cage, two guards instantly blocked his way.

“My apologies, Doctor, but we can't let you through. We have strict orders to let no one in.”

The bigger one said and nodded slightly when his partner added his two cents.

“He is dangerous.”

Bruce only smiled softly at the hostile agent and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I think I can handle him.”

Both men exchanged glances, before looking back at the now grinning man. Having the Hulk stare at them like this was not something that happened often. And apparently that crept them out enough to get out of his way. Nobody wanted to play with an enraged Hulk. With only one last glance, they left the room.

When Bruce went to the console to open the door, the captive sat on the opposite side of the cage, with his back to the man, facing the wall. Apparently not wanting to have anything to do with anyone who entered. Bruce couldn't blame him for that. Tom was still facing the wall while Bruce eyed him up from afar. Didn't make a sign to be alive at all. The doctor narrowed his eyes and pushed the button for the door mechanism, making the man in the cage almost jump in shock at the sudden sound. He turned around, eyes wide with surprise at the open door.

“What...” Tom brought out, voice hoarse with exhaustion. His eyes never left the man and he winced when Bruce knelt down next to him.

“He...” Bruce said and handed him a bottle of water, smiling softly. “Drink this.”

But instead of drinking, Tom only observed the doctor's movements carefully, an expression of worry on his face. It was obvious that he didn't trust him, and Bruce briefly wondered what the agents did to him that he was so doubtful.

“I didn't drug it, if that's what you're concerned of.”

He offered and could basically see how the man's shoulders slumbered down to a more relaxed state. Bruce tried to hide a smile when Tom yanked the bottle out of his hand and drowned it in an instant. It didn't take long for the water to be gone and the actor sighed in relieve at the refreshing feeling.
“Thanks.” He breathed. “I needed this.”

“I imagined.” The other retorted and held out the sandwich for him to take, but weary eyes only stared back in confusion.

“Why would you help me? I thought the well-established theory was that I am Loki.”

Tom joked and Bruce only laughed slightly.

“That is the rumor, yes. But, actually... You make not the impression to be a blood-thirsty maniac.”

Both men looked at each other for a second, before Tom started to nod.

“That's... reassuring.”

A small chuckle left the doctor.

“And I don't like Shield holding innocent people captive. I know this is not much, but I can't do much else for you at the moment.”

Tom's hand shot up in a defensive manner.

“No, I...” He forced a smile on his face. “I appreciate it.”

There was silence between them, Bruce letting him finish the sandwich before asking another question.

“You really aren't from here.” He mused and got a confused glance in return.

“T-I'm British.”

The other man only huffed at this and shook his head.

“Not what I meant.”

Smiling gently, Bruce sat down completely and leaned against the wall.

“What's my name?” He asked, making Tom gulp in surprise.

While shifting uncomfortably, Tom only blinked at him.

“What?”

“My name. You know me, right?”

This was nothing he had expected him to ask. No interrogation, but rather... small talk. Which was strange after all these hours of insulting and threatening him. It was a nice change. Maybe they finally come to their senses. But why all of a sudden someone seemed to believe him was beyond him. The sound of the doctor's voice interrupted his thinking.

“We have seen the photos from your phone.” Bruce explained and looked into wide eyes.

His hands fiddled with his pockets and he sighed when he didn't find anything. Yes, they had taken all of his stuff.

“Ah, darn it...”
A few minutes went by without any of them saying a word. Bruce nearly wanted to leave it at this and stood up, but a voice hindered him from walking away.

“Mark. Mark Ruffalo...”

The doctor turned around again and stared in surprise down on the man. It soon faded into slight amusement, even though he tried to hide his forming smile.

“Oh well... Interesting.”

Bruce scratched the back of his head.

“So?” Tom asked, trying to pull more information out of him and making him sigh in defeat.

“Stark and I are of the opinion that you are indeed Loki, but not the same person.”

Green-blueish eyes only looked up to Bruce in resignation. Clearly not understanding what he was talking about.

“I mean... You are basically the person Shield looks for, but not the one of this reality.” He explained and Tom's face was suddenly blank as he stared up to him.

“You want to tell me that...” His brows furrowed when he looked down, trying to grasp what Bruce was telling him. “We are in some kind of weird parallel world...”

Bruce shrugged.

“To narrow it down... Yes.”

The sitting man started to chuckle hysterically.

“I didn't think that something like this even existed. I mean... The whole theory of Somewhere in a strange parallel-universe, you are Batman was something I didn't believe in...”

It seemed that the doctor didn't quite know what he was talking about, because he stared at him as if he was crazy. Tom groaned in exaggeration when the information finally sunk in.

“You got to be kidding me...” He whined and held his forehead, let his hand support his hurting head.

The gesture made Bruce wary.

“Might be your blood-sugar.” He offered and Tom only nodded. “I will check on you when you get out of here.”

The kind smile was returned by Tom, who leaned his head back against the glass.

“We will fix this mess. As soon as Thor is here we can...”

Bruce got drastically interrupted by the gasping that came from the ground.

“What Thor? The god Thor? Like those are real as well? Wow... I don't even...” He stuttered, overwhelmed.

“I wouldn't have believed it either if you had asked me a few months ago. But yes. And he should be able to help you. No one knows Loki like he does.”
“Hmm...”

The murmuring caught Bruce’s attention when he was about to walk out of the cage. Turning his head around, he raised an eyebrow.

“Well... I played him. He’s my character and I would say that I know his psyche quite well. And... you can believe me when I tell you that Thor really has no clue what drives Loki on.”

Bruce frowned at this, made a mental note and nodded, before he went out and closed the lock on the cage again.

“I'm sorry to do this, but...”

“It's okay...”

With this the doctor left, leaving Tom alone again.
Little Brother

Chapter Summary

Thor finally makes his way over to Shield's HQ, is majorly annoyed and hopefully able to bring light into the situation.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took me so long. Massive extra hours at work. Almost 21 days of working through without a day off. I am...tired.
Anyway, I hope you'll like the chapter. Please leave me a comment if you did =) It helps me get motivated a lot. <3

Almost two days went by until Thor finally arrived at Shield's carrier. Thunder always announced his arrival, so the assassins as well as Fury already awaited him. He wore an expression of utter annoyance when he stepped into the conference room. The god quirked an eyebrow and crossed his arms, before speaking up.

“What could be so important that it obviously could not wait?”

Thor's voice was barely more than a grumble, which made Clint's smile only wider.

“Oh what...” The blonde crooned and took a step towards the taller man. “Did we interrupt your little vacation with your girlfriend?” The cheerful tone soon faded into a neutral one. “Too bad. You're needed here.”

Thor only rolled his eyes before turning to Fury. Apparently the look on his face spoke volumes, because the man started talking on his own.

“We called you because your brother is in our cell.”

Thor looked like a deer in the headlights. Completely unable to cope with that information. He frowned and shook his head frantically.

“You must mistake him.” Thor huffed. “There isn't the slightest chance that Loki could have escaped the dungeons of Asgard. His magic was bound by the All-Father.”

The thunderer looked victorious, until he met the concerned eye of the director, who still stared at him with that determination of his. It irritated the god to say the least and he averted his gaze, obviously reconsidering what he had just said.

“This can't be true.”

“It is.” Natasha confirmed.

“Are you certain that it's my brother who... Did you make sure it wasn't one of his clones?”
Fury grimaced and ran a hand over his head.

“That's why you're here.”

The god only murmured at this, clearly not amused by the hither and thither of the mortal.

“I tell you again. Last time I visited my brother, he was still in Asgard's dungeon.”

The blonde looked to the female for answers, but she remained silent, her gaze fixed on the director.

“Then we might have a problem...”

Thor narrowed his eyes at this. Clint only shrugged. The whole conversation unnerved him to no extend. He growled when no explanation followed.

“Just bring me to him.”

When the group came into the cage room, with Thor leading the way, Bruce and Tony were already there. The doctor stood near the glass, absently taking notes, observing the captive, while the engineer was sitting a bit aside, playing with his tablet. Both men looked up when Thor stomped in and Tony jumped off the table to greet him with a smirk.

“Hey big guy. How's your vacation so far?” The billionaire mocked and earned a growl from the god.

“All was well before Shield summoned me...”

The smaller man just shrugged.

“Fury's always the party pooper. Doesn't matter if you're on vacation or not.” Tony shot a smirk over to the director, who only stared back angrily at him.

“This was important, Stark.”

“Oh yes. It totally is, no question there.” Tony started and moved towards the glass, placing a palm against it. “But first you don't consider neither mine nor Bruce's opinion on that matter and then you almost starve him to death.”

It was an exaggeration, but it didn't fail to have the desired effect, because Thor now turned to Fury, narrowing his brows, obviously incensed about this whole situation.

“Letting him rot in there for almost three days before even contacting Goldilocks here...” Tony continued ranting, gaze now completely fixed on the man sitting in the cage.

Tom leaned with his shoulder against the glass, facing away from the people. Even though Bruce had talked to him the last few days, he didn't wanted to deal with all of these people. His nerves were raw, patience wearing thinner the longer his confinement lasted. Tom tried really hard to ignore the mumbling behind his back and he sighed in frustration when the noise got louder again. Fury stalked towards the cage, clearly not impressed by Tony's speech. The man gnarled his teeth when he saw the bottles of water and the food packaging.

“Who gave this to him?!” The man snarled and looked to the engineer, who just shrugged again.

“Wasn't me.” He said, cheerful tone in his voice, until it switched into something that resembled fake annoyance. “Don't give me that look, Nicky.”
The director kept staring at him with the indifferent, non-believing expression that was so typical for him.

“Hey, I really feel discriminated. When anything bad happens, you instantly believe it’s my fault and I really...”

Clint snorted at this.

“It is in ninety-nine percent of the time...”

Tony only stared back blankly, before his attention switched to Bruce, who cleared his throat.

“Anyway.” He interrupted. “He had suffered a major physical condition. He was dehydrated. We needed to bring him food and water. He would have long since passed out, if we hadn’t acted.”

Despite the fact that the doctor was right and Fury knew it, he still growled at the man.

“You don't get to make these decisions without my permission...”

Bruce looked to Tony for support, but the engineer only raised his hands in defense.

“No, no, no. Don't look at me. I told you right away.”

Tom sighed when the voices behind him got louder. The people were obviously busy arguing. Something he didn't want to participate in, so he huddled up even more, shielding himself from their line of sight. He didn't see how Thor walked to the glass and knelt down, trying to look at the other's face. Tom heard a soft sigh before he spoke.

“Brother, let me see your face.”

Tom swallowed, a frown on his face. The man seemed concerned, but still he didn't move an inch. He wasn't his brother.

“Please...” Thor whispered again. “I do not care how you have been able to escape... Or what you're up to... I just...” The blonde leaned his forehead against the glass and closed his eyes. “This might be your only chance to get out of here...”

Tom winced at this and raised his head. Slowly turning around, bright blue eyes staring at him, observing every little movement.

“Of course...” He mumbled and looked to the ground. “I am not your... I'm not Loki...”

Thor looked at the miserable man in front of him, before getting up and stepping to the console, determination in his eyes. Fury was about to bark at him, but the god had already pushed the button that opened the glassy door. Tom only gazed up in bewilderment when the tall blonde man knelt down next to him once again.

“This is not possible...”

Everybody in the room stared in shock when Thor's hand came up to cup the man's cheek, making Tom flinch at the unexpected touch.

“Don't touch me...” He gasped, moving further away from Thor. “I am not... I don't know how many times I have to say this...” Tom whimpered in desperation and hid his face in his hands.

“My name is Tom...”
Thor cocked his head to the side, then shot an uncertain glance over his shoulder to his team mates.

“His behavior is the complete opposite of what my brother does…” Thor turned to look at the resigned mortal again. “Yet you look exactly like him.”

Thor offered a small smile when Tom peeked through his hands, then stood up to address Fury.

“This is not Loki.” The director didn't even blink. “I don't know what kind of sorcery this is, but he's not my brother.”

Tom let his head fall against the glass with a relieved groan, mumbling a almost inaudible finally.

“So he is an alien from outer space.” Tony stated, at which everyone just looked at him in distaste.

“What?” He added before gesturing to the fuming director.

“Actually. This is pretty interesting.” The engineer stalked over to the crouching man, smirking at him. “Nicky, since you don't have any reason to hold him here anymore, why don't you let us run a few tests?”

For a few moments Tony looked into those blue-green eyes that stared back at him, completely mesmerized by their color. He didn't hear Fury's answer, only saw the agent that pressed past him and gripped Tom's ankle. The man wanted to attach the electric tag, but apparently was too gruff, because Tom hissed in pain when his foot was twisted. Thor immediately growled, grabbed the agent by the arm and pulled him up, much to not only his, but Tom's surprise.

“Watch your actions around him.” The god snarled, but released the man, who gulped and nodded.

Tony only grimaced at the defensiveness.

“Put the fucking thing on...”

Fury spat and the agent returned to his work, more gentle this time, with the blonde god still towering over him. Tom only let it happen. He was too exhausted to struggle or argue. As soon as the tether was on his foot, Fury, as well as Clint moved to leave. Natasha stayed for a few more seconds, looking at the grinning engineer, before rolling her eyes and following the men out of the room.

“Jackpot.”

Tony laughed and smiled like a Cheshire cat, with Thor only gnarling at him, obviously displeased with the way he was behaving towards his not-brother. The thunderer wanted to grunt at Tony, but a small chuckle attracted his attention.

“Still better than being trapped in here...”

Tom smiled and tried to heave himself up, almost collapsing again because of his limp legs, but Thor caught his arm the moment he was about to fall. A warm smile was on the god's face, making Tom suddenly feel uncomfortable in his own skin. The god helped him to his feet and out of the cage, raising an eyebrow at the nearing doctor, stepping in front of the mortal, shielding him. Both, Tony and Bruce looked at each other, clearly taken aback by the protective behavior of him. Bruce smiled reassuringly and adjusted his glasses.

“We only want to check on him. Make sure he's okay.”

“And we want to know how he got here.” Tony added, only to get snarled at. “Whoa, no need to be
so defensive, Blondie. We won't gut him.” He grinned and started to move away, followed by the
three men.
Check up

Chapter Summary

Tony and Bruce check on Tom

Even though Tony had told the blonde god more than once that they weren't going to hurt the Loki doppelganger, Thor had insisted on following and making sure that his new found charge was indeed safe. To Tom's embarrassment, he still held on to him, supported him while he walked. Tony only rolled his eyes when Tom stumbled and Thor almost clung to him. It was strange for the blonde to act like this. The god knew that this was not his brother, yet he protected him as if it were the case. When the group made it to the lab's door, Tony turned on his heels to look at Thor sceptically.

“Okay you can leave now. We take it from here.” A fake smile graced the engineer's features.
“W'll take care of...

Tony knew how his name was. But he just couldn't help but to tease the thunderer. Thor already looked peeved that he didn't seem to remember his dear non-brother's name. So Tony gazed to the ceiling, trying his best to look thoughtful.

“What was his name?” The billionaire turned to Bruce, who only rolled his eyes at the acting.

“Tom...”

“Ah! Right. We will take care of Tom.”

Thor turned to the exhausted mortal who stood beside him, eyes closed in defeat. Tony gestured for him to enter the lab and Tom nodded to the god, a smile met the concerned expression on his face.

“Are you sure?” The question was directed to the actor, but Thor's eyes were fixed on the engineer, who became seemingly more nervous by the second.

“Yes...” Tom confirmed and stepped through the door.

The man gasped slightly when he saw all the equipment. He had seen the sets of Iron Man, but this workshop had even more screens than the one from the movie. Which he had believed was damn near impossible, but apparently he had been wrong. The engineer went past him and switched on a screen, while Bruce collected some medical instruments. Just seeing the injections made him immediately tense. The mere thought of drawing blood was making him uncomfortable. A voice made his attention snap to the other man again.

“Sir, do you want me to record the process?”

Tom only stared at Tony, who blinked in confusion as to why the man seemed so baffled.

“Yes Jarvis. Save the files on my personal server when you're done.” The engineer held the gaze of Tom, while typing something into the console. “And do me a favor, scan him and make a manipulable model.”
“Of course, Sir.”

Tom nearly jumped when lasers swept over him, registering every little spot on his body. He observed the moving lights and gasped as his shirt was shoved up. Bluish eyes gazed down to the engineer's hands, that pasted little plasters with sensors on his chest, their owner seemingly not afraid of touching. Tom could only stare in shock until brown eyes shot up and Tony grinned at him.

“Somatic functions, Jarvis.”

A screen popped up right next to his face, showing diagrams and models of his internal functions. Tony grabbed a chart and dragged it to a bigger screen, enlarging it so Bruce could look at it from afar. Tom was quick with pulling his shirt down again, obviously embarrassed by his actions.

“Despite the overly high insulin level, which I suggest should be treated immediately, the brain functions are in reference range, heart rate normal. No interior injuries, all organs operate normally.”

Tom didn't even dare to move when both men examined the screens. He still was coping with the fact that there was an AI talking about him. Why he still wondered about those things was a mystery to him. Especially when the Hulk and Iron Man stood just one feet away from him. Which was still unbelievable as much as he tried to get it into his head. He still hoped that this was some kind of feverish dream and that everything would be normal when he woke up.

“Sit down, please.” Bruce smiled and led him to an operating table, before rummaging through his bag.

The actor did as he was told, wary eyes never leaving the man that knelt in front of him. The fact that the Hulk wanted to examine him made him uneasy. The scene in which he had smashed Loki into the ground came to mind and he couldn't help but smile awkwardly.

“What is it?” Tony murmured, the chuckle attracting his attention, now looking up with a skeptical expression on his face.

“Nothing. Sorry...” Tom responded, shifting his gaze to the floor. “Just remembered something.”

“Spit it out then.” The billionaire said nonchalantly while typing.

“Nothing important...”

In this moment Bruce came into his line of sight, grabbed his arm and disinfected the crook of his arm without even looking at it.

“What could help us figuring out how you got here.” He stated calmly.

“I really don't know how I got here. I woke up and wanted to attend an interview and...”

The words stuck in his throat when he felt Bruce injecting the needle, making him lose his train of thoughts. It took him several seconds, after Bruce had gestured for him to continue, to actually shake his head of the daze and being able to form words.

“Eh...” Tom managed to bring out. “There was this strange incident and in the next moment I found myself pinned down by Scarlett...”

“Scarlett...” Tony snorted, the sound made Tom roll his eyes.
“Yes, the Black Widow, Natasha or however you want to call her...” Tom basically spat back, having enough with the attitude. Apparently Tony either wasn't picking up on the snappy reply or he just wasn't interested, because he just looked up with the most indifferent face and shrugged.

“Yeah, she had told us that you keep calling her that. Why exactly do you do that?”

A smug smile made him grimace. The man was more subtle, but was doing the same thing as the widow. It was an interrogation. Again. As if they hadn't had a chance to do that before. Tom hissed when Bruce gave him another injection into the other arm and the doctor immediately apologized. He observed with a frown how Bruce took the third full ampule of blood from him and wondered what he could possibly do with that amount of red cells. Straightening himself, Bruce took the samples and moved to a machine, followed by Tony, who not even looked at Tom anymore.

“I called her that, because it's her name...” Tom grumbled.

“Sure, sure...” The man nodded in return, still not taking his eyes off the screen.

“Ah, yes, I totally forgot that everyone thinks I am crazy and no one believes one word from me.” Tom faked a laugh and shifted on the table. “Actually no surprise with a personality like this... A narcissistic, arrogant egoist, what did I expect...” He huffed and let his head hang, clearly frustrated. And the engineer didn't even blink at the rant, so Tom kept quiet from then on.

Both men were distracted by whatever it was, Tom couldn't see anything from his spot, but he grew more annoyed by the minute. It wasn't as if he wanted to sit here, but they made him wait and he didn't like it. For more than fifty minutes they completely ignored him, only looking up and whispering to each other when Tom groaned tiredly. They were working on different things, scanning him with devises he had never seen before. He was about to doze off, but a gasp woke him up right before he was about to fall from the table.

“Okay this really can't...” Tony shook his head and gestured to the graphic.

Bruce looked as baffled as him.

“It can't, it only exists in theory.”

“It would explain the dimensional jumping he did, right?”

The doctor avoided Tony's gaze and sighed. “We don't know what this is, but its structure is clearly of alien origin. It could be anything. From dark matter, to particles of astronomical dust or...”


Both men exchanged a glance before stalking over to the now intimidated Tom, who wanted to get up from the table, only to be held in place by Tony.

“Okay, hey.”

Tom narrowed his eyes at the awkward introduction, but listened.

“So, how again did you jump to this universe?”

Not amused bluish eyes stared back, lips pressed into a thin line while shaking his head.

“So, again. I woke up and everything was the same. Nothing seemed different. I didn't even know
that something had changed.” Tom stated calmly before offering a small smile, catching the engineer by surprise. “Hell, I still can't believe you guys are real...”

He buried his face in his hands.

“...and not pulling a prank on me.”

Tony suddenly looked sympathetic, sighed and clapped the man on the shoulder.

“Then tell us about yourself and your strange affiliation with us.”

With a click the pictures from Tom’s phone appeared on the nearest screen. Pictures he had taken with his colleagues, friends. The man skipped through the photos and gestured to a few where Tom and ...Robert made faces. It had been a silly idea, something they had come up with for the special materials of the Avengers.

“Explain?” Tony asked when Tom only smiled, but said nothing for a good two minutes.

“We took a break from filming.”

“Filming? As in movies...” The other male exclaimed and Tom narrowed his eyes.

“As in actors, yes. The thing I said like a million times by now? I am an actor. I play Loki. Loki is my character...”

Bruce touched the bridge of his nose and massaged lightly.

“That makes sense...”

“No, this is fucking ridiculous.” Tony snorted and eyed the exhausted man from the corner of his eyes. “

“Since when are you so closed-minded?”

The engineer ignored the last comment and turned back to Tom, gesturing between the two of them.

“And we are?”

There was the slight moment Tom didn't know what to say, just stared in embarrassment at him. A faint blush appearing on his cheeks.

“Nothing. We are just colleagues.” Tom looked up and gave a weak smile. “I was so flattered when I was finally able to meet you in person... I just had to take pictures.”

It was now Tony who stared in astonishment. Bruce didn't seem to be bothered by this information.

“Apparently as famous as in this universe.” He mumbled under his breath.

“So I am a celebrity. Like fucking VIP actor?” The baffled expression changed into a more amused one.

“Something like that.”

“What's my name?”
Tom couldn't answer. Was completely puzzled as to why he would ask this. He blinked when he felt another needle coming down. Even Bruce had to hide his smirk at the question while injecting a saline solution under his skin.

“Robert Downey Junior...”

The snorting laughter of Bruce sounded through the room while Tony only stood there with his mouth open.

“What is the matter with you people and your names...” The man threw his hands up and stalked to the other side of the room, leaning against the wall and grumbling something incoherent. Definitely pouting.

A sharp pain made Tom wince and run a hand over his forehead, which made Bruce immediately focus his attention back on him.

“Headache?”

Tom only nodded.

“Just... tired I guess.”

Bruce nodded and returned the weak smile that graced the man's lips.

“I imagine. Wouldn't be able to sleep in that cage either. I would suggest you get to one of the quarters.”

“Yeah...” Tom said and hopped off the table.

As he wanted to go, he suddenly felt dizzy, stopping in his tracks, trying to hold onto something for support. The last thing he remembered was how both men came running towards him.
Tom wakes up in a room, with Tony by his side. The engineer decides on feeding the starving non-god and gets behind Fury's plans.

He didn't know how long he had slept, but when Tom finally woke up, he felt miserable, worse than before. As if the sleep had worn him out even more. He tried to sit up, only to feel his stomach twist in pain. He gasped and lay back immediately, a hand reaching down to touch his belly, trying to soothe the aching. If it had only been his stomach, he would have been glad. But as soon as he thought he could breathe easily, his head reminded him of the dull pain in his temples. He must have hit his head when he...

Right. He had passed out. In front of Ro... Tony and Bruce. Tom ran a hand over his face, groaning in pain and embarrassment. For a few minutes he just lay there, hands covering his eyes, before he decided to give sitting up another try. It took him a long moment to fight off the nausea until he could even open his eyes again. And when he looked up and around, he almost hit his head again because of how he jumped. In a chair, only a few feet away, was Tony, staring at him with that smug smile of his. Tom instantly crawled to the farthest corner of his bed, not quite sure how to handle the situation. The other man still grinned like a cat when he stood up and stretched, before stalking over casually.

“Hey there, prince. Slept well?”

“What...” His voice was hoarse and it felt as if he had to force every word out. “What are you doing here?” Tom asked, confusion in his blue eyes.

Tony just smirked at him, eyeing him up until Tom frowned and noticed that he was only in his boxers. A blush crept on his cheeks and he pulled the blanket over his lap without wasting a second. For his surprise the engineer seemed to pout at this and shrugged.

“This is awkward...” He mumbled and got interrupted by Tony who stood now too close and raised an eyebrow at him.

“Well...” He started. “I dragged you in here after you passed out in the lab. On top of Bruce to be precise.”

Tom averted his gaze at the words.

“I also made sure that you wouldn't lie drooling on the ground of some cell.”

It sounded as if he wanted to earn praise for this and Tom wanted to retort with something witty, telling him that it was their fault that he was here in the first place, but decided it would be smarter to keep quiet.

“How long was I asleep?”

The billionaire didn't even seem like he had to think about it, the answer came like a shot.
“Two days. Thirty-seven hours and about thirty something minutes. I didn't count.” Tony stated. Yeah. That clearly didn't sound like it at all. Tom rolled his eyes and sighed.

“At least I was able to sleep...” He said that more to himself than to the other, but still, Tony smirked when he let himself fall back onto the mattress.

Tom shifted onto his side, trying to blank out that the man stood right next to him and snuggled against the surprisingly comfortable pillow, closing his eyes. Tony observed the man in front of him, catching himself staring at the relaxed face and shaking his head before looking away. The engineer turned to leave, but was stopped by some incoherent mumbling.

“Want to go...”

Tony blinked, trying to understand what the man uttered.

“What?”

Blue eyes suddenly locked with brown.

“I said I want to go home...”

“And where exactly is this home?”

“London.”

The engineer snorted, biting his lips to not laugh.

“Sure, Limey. How could I have possibly missed that? It is so obvious.”

The man went to the door, grabbing the door knob when he heard a frustrated groan behind himself.

“Stupid thing.” Tom kicked with his leg, more instinctively than intentionally. “Why do I have to wear this...” The tether bugging him to no extend.

Tony stopped for a second, thinking to himself what he should do. This man was clearly not Loki and looked terribly miserable, when he shot a glance over his shoulder. Normally it wasn't Tony's style to comfort anyone, but the way he sat there, knees pulled up to his chest, looking at him like a lost puppy... This couldn't go on like this. So Tony looked to the ceiling with a sigh and turned around, hands in his pockets.

“He still doesn't believe you, or us, for that matter. Fury wants to make sure you won't get away.” The billionaire grimaced. “The man has an obsessive-compulsive disorder. He really should get himself tested...”

Tom smiled weakly at him. The attempt to cheer him up sounded quite pitiful, but he appreciated it nonetheless. At least there was someone who actually paid attention to what he said and kept him company. He was grateful for that. Still, this was a prison and he was captive. And the only way of getting out of here would be through one of the... Avengers. Tom blinked and stared down on his hands before raising his gaze to look into Tony's face again.

“Is there a possibility for me to get out of here? I don't want to spend my entire life in this...” Tom looked around and shook his head helplessly. “This!”

The billionaire followed the man's gesture with his eyes. One couldn't really argue with this. The
room was barely up to anyone's standards.

“I see. Well, where would you want to go, if you could, of course?” Tony asked curious.

“I don't know.” Tom answered honestly. “Anywhere but here is fine.”

Tony seemed to think about something and Tom frowned at the concerned expression on his face, before brown eyes focused on him again. With a wink he gestured for Tom to get up.

“You want something to eat? I mean...” The man looked to the ceiling and shrugged. “You must be hungry, right? Starving probably. But Shield has nothing good to offer. Their food is worse than the one they get in jail, just to warn you.”

Tom sat there with his mouth open and narrowed his eyes, while the man started mumbling over Shield's food supply. Just now he realized how hungry he was. His stomach rumbled like hell, so bad it almost hurt. His hands pressed against it instinctively. A chuckle drew his attention back to the other male.

“Put some clothes on and get your ass over here.”

Tony smirked and left through the door, closing it behind him.

For a moment he leaned against the corridor's wall and closed his eyes. Why he had invited him was beyond himself. Maybe pity. Maybe he was fascinated by someone who had made an inter-dimensional jump. This was most likely only his curiosity talking.

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It took Tom about ten minutes to get ready and open the door, seemingly embarrassed when Tony eyed him up and whistled teasingly. Without knowing how to react, Tom blinked a few times before he followed the grinning man down the corridor. There was nothing he could say to this. It was not that this behavior was new to him. Robert, as well as his character, both were charming and flirted with everything that had a heartbeat. Still, it confused him more than he liked to admit.

“Come on sweet-cakes.” Tony chirped when Tom fell behind.

“...sure.” Tom sighed and easily caught up with the man.

Whenever someone crossed their way, they made sure to glare at Tom, not even trying to hide their hatred for him. He averted his gaze to the floor and kept walking by. Normally there was no one who hated him, he had no enemies. But here it was him who wasn't welcome, mistaken for the public enemy number one. Tom swallowed hard when some agents seemed to follow them down the hallway. Even Tony must have noticed them, because the content expression that had been on his face just now, was now turning into an annoyed snarl. And only a minute later he spun around, almost bumping into Tom, who was startled by the sudden movement.

“Okay, stop following us around. I know we're the most attractive beings you have ever seen in your entire life, but this is no reason to turn to stalking. I can handle him. And, by the way. Stalking is a criminal act, just for your information.”

The agents just looked at him indifferently, not moving until the engineer pulled out his phone and dialed.

“Yeah, hi.” Tony started, eyes never leaving the intrusive men. “Zerner there? I have some cases of harassment you should look into.”
As soon as the words had left his mouth, the agents exchanged unsure glances, before finally retreating and wandering off. Tom gazed after them for a moment before he turned his eyes back on the victorious looking man in front of him, who grinned and stuck the phone back in his pocket.

“You didn't actually call anyone, right?”

The grin grew even wider at this and Tony started moving again.

“Nope. Won't waste my time and money on these dickheads.”

Tom smiled weakly and shook his head at this.

When they made it to the cafeteria, Tom instantly noticed that it was probably solely for Shield's employees. All of the agents stopped eating as soon as they entered the room. Apparently Tony wasn't as concerned as Tom, who was clearly uncomfortable with the staring. The man gestured for him to sit down at a near table, before letting him alone and cutting in line of the food desk, obviously not wanting to wait until it was his turn. Only minutes later Tony came back with a tray and shoved it over to Tom, who looked less than happy about the non delicious looking food.

“I know, Shield doesn't have any time for fine food. It's a shame, really.”

The other man sat down casually at the other side of the table, pulling out his phone again to kill time. Tom on the other hand only looked down on the slobber they called food and sighed.

“Thank you...”

“We can be happy they gave me some. It's not that they like me here either. I mean, sure, most of the rank and file are fans, but the director would be glad when I would leave rather sooner than later. Guy doesn't like his secrets coming out.” Tony chattered while Tom tried a spoon-full of the potato mash, grimacing at the taste.

“Would love to know what he's planning to do with you...”

Tom looked up at this, watching Tony typing something into his phone.

“What?”

“Fury does nothing without a purpose. So he holds you here because you have something he wants.” The puzzled expression let Tony change the topic. “Anyway. Does that even taste at all?”

The actor sighed and stopped eating. He didn't know why the man even bothered to stick around. It seemed as if he was bored, or not caring at all, it just didn't make any sense.

“You know you don't need to...” He began, but was quickly interrupted by Tony, who didn't even look up from his phone.

“I know. I just make sure no one snaps you away.”

Tom almost choked on the food.

“What?”

The phone was put aside now.

“Don't want any of those quacks touching you. They fuck everything up and we still want to run some tests. Can't let Shield have you.”
Tom blinked a few times in confusion, before coping with the fact that he wasn't more than a mere scientific test subject and continued eating the mash. So the man wasn't interested in him. He just wanted to make sure that no one else got to examine him. Tom sighed heavily and stayed silent after that.

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When Tony had led the Loki clone, as he liked to call him, back to his quarters and wanted to go back to the lab, he was caught off guard by Bruce pulling him to the side. The look of reproach from the doctor made Tony raise an eyebrow.

“Do you have anything to do with the fact that Shield's OS is not running properly?”

Tony faked a worried expression, mouth turning into an o.

“Me? What gives you this idea? I would never...” Tony snorted, couldn't held the laughter in anymore.

Of course it had been him. It amazed him that they hadn't noticed it until now. He had hacked their system on a daily basis since he had arrived at the carrier. Bruce shot him a knowing glance.

“Okay...” Then doctor sighed. “What are you up to...?”

“Oh, nothing important.” He chirped. “Just relocating the most important thing Fury has his fingers on at the moment. He won't get to have him. The things he'll do to him are not tolerable. He wants to use him as a bait...”

The doctor seemed to think about what Tony had said. His face suddenly serious.

“Can't let that happen.”
Escape Plan

Chapter Summary

Tom is bored to death in his cell, until a certain someone sneaks into his room and is adamant of them leaving this place immediately.

Days went by without anything happening. It drove Tom nuts. The only thing he did was waiting in the room that had been allocated to him. He wasn't allowed to run around without supervision. Tom was actually glad that he had a bathroom attached. Else the agents would have definitely followed him to the toilet. The first two days had been the worst. There had been nothing for him to do, so he had slept most of the day, trying to avoid any necessary contact with Shield. It had been on the third day that Tony and Bruce had accomplished that Fury had given him his belongings. So at least he had his phone and wallet back.

Six days had passed since he had gotten out of that cage and it happened quite often that he sat at the desk, skipping through the photos of his friends. It had become kind of a routine for him. Tom had to smile when he looked at the pictures and immediately felt miserable after. How bad he wanted to be with his family again. He missed his sister. A heavy sigh left the actor when he was reminded on where he was. The room was scarcely furnished, gray walls without a window. A prison. Even though they told him it was just an observation room, this was basically a cell. Nothing more.

His phone didn't have any reception, so browsing the internet was impossible. Not even a TV was there, so he had resulted in scribbling on all kinds of things. Like the desk and the walls. He had asked for paper, but the agents who guarded his door hadn't shown much interest in his wishes, or had ignored him completely. So he had drawn on the furniture to pass time. Not that he was good, most of the things he drew were barely more than doodles, but it helped him not going crazy in this confined space.

He could be glad that Bruce had decided to check on him once or twice per day. To check on his condition. At least that was what he had told the guards over and over. The doctor had in fact given him some meds, but actually he had come only to talk. Apparently even the Hulk got tired from Tony Stark’s muttering eventually. Tom could somewhat relate. Even though he hadn't spent much time with the engineer, his continuous jabbering could be tiresome at times. Still, he would have preferred listening to him than being alone.

Tom sighed while drawing onto the table again. Tony hadn't visited since the last time. Normally it wouldn't have bothered him too much, but the thought of the man being only interested in him because he could experiment on him was kind of unsettling. He didn't know him. The character, yes, but not him. Still he felt betrayed. Which was stupid. These weren't his friends, so he shouldn't feel this way, yet he was lonely and miserable. Tom ran a hand over his face and heaved a sigh. He wondered if anyone missed him. If the time in his universe elapsed like here and if that was the case... Someone had to notice his disappearance. They just had to. Not that it would make a difference.

He grimaced when he felt how greasy his hair was. He wasn't looking too well in general. He felt uncomfortable in his skin, dirty and he very likely just looked like that. All he wanted was to take a
shower. There was one in his bathroom sure, but it wasn't functioning properly. Probably on purpose. The clothes he had worn when they had brought him here were filthy, so he had put on the ones Shield had given to him. Old, used shirts and pants. A pair of socks and boxers. Only his leather jacket had survived Shield's cleanup action a few days earlier.

Some time around evening, Tom decided to go to bed. He didn't bother to remove his clothes. With agents coming in every morning, he didn't want to sleep in his boxers only. The last encounter with Tony had been enough to scare him off.

It was late in the night when a sound startled Tom, making him wake up with a start. It was completely dark around him, he couldn't see a damn thing. The sound of the door made him sit up and move to the farthest corner of his bed. Tom tried desperately to make out who was coming in to his room. A faint glow enlightened the man's features, giving his identity away.

“T-Tony?” Tom blinked in confusion.

The other male only held a finger to his lips.

“Psst!” Tony said while looking out through the door, making sure that no one had followed him.

The engineer closed the door and stalked to the bed, making Tom flinch away more.

“Okay, look.” He started and raised an eyebrow sceptically when Tom pulled his blanket up to his chin. “You wanted to leave, right?”

Irritation marked the face of the actor and blue eyes scanned the engineer's face for anything that would help him understand what he meant by that. Tom shook his head and ran a hand over his eyes.

“Yeah, sure, but...”

“Fine, let's go.” Tony said and gestured to move, with Tom only staring at him in utter bewilderment.

“What?”

“I said, let's go.”

“I can't just leave.” Tom laughed, baffled by the suggestion.

The other man just stared back, seemingly not impressed.

“Are you Loki?” He said in a neutral voice.

“No?”

“Then there's no problem, right? You're innocent, Shield's wrong. So off you go.”

Tony grabbed Tom's wrist and pulled, but the actor braced his weight against the movement. Why was it suddenly so important to get him out of here? For days the engineer hadn't shown any kind of interest in him, but now he was almost forcing him to leave. The behavior was strange to say the least.

“You just don't want them to have your toy, right...?” The annoyed expression made Tony roll his eyes. “Because I am nothing more than a test subject.” The actor stated, expecting the man in front of him to be apologetic, but was caught off guard by the sneer that left Tony's throat.
“Yeah, exactly.” Tony spat, ignoring the astonished face. “So move your ass.”

Tom sat there with his mouth open, unable to say anything to this, when Tony pulled him out of the bed.

“That is actually the condition on which I take you with me. No whining, no bitching. You will be available for any test at all times.”

A huffed laugh escaped Tom's throat before he crossed his arms and his expression returned to the former indifferent one.

“No.” This little word made Tony blink.

“What?”

Tom frowned and shoved the man away, then sat back down on the edge of the bed.

“I am not some kind of guinea pig you can experiment on. Who do you take me for? For some kind of desperate fool that needs to be rescued?”

Okay, he was desperate, and he needed to be rescued. But not like this and not under Tony's weird conditions. Even though he wanted to get out of this hell, he didn't want to end as one of his test subjects. It seemed to amaze the man that someone actually didn't want to take him up on his invitation.

“Wha...what? I can't even...” Tony stuttered and frowned. “You would rather rot in this cell and let yourself be molested by those quacks instead of going with me?”

“Don't you want to do exactly the same? What makes you different?” Tom asked.

“Yeah, I want to run tests on you, but in Malibu. And hey, I feel insulted. I am way better than any of those Shield doctors, if you could call them that. These scums can't even tie their shoes without blowing something up.” The man ranted, faking a hurt expression. “You have to admit that sun and beach is way more attractive than sitting in this...” Tony's eyes wandered through the room. “...sticky cell.”

Of course it was, but Tom wasn't sure if he should take him up on that offer. He didn't know whether Tony was trustworthy or not.

“Won't they hunt me down?” The question made Tony quirk up an eyebrow. He obviously thought about it.

“Probably.” He shrugged, not seeming too concerned by it.

“i don't want to run...”

“Then don't. They don't have to know.”

Tom sighed at the remark and gestured to his foot.

“And this? They will exactly know where I am.”

Before Tom could blink an eye, Tony whipped a jamming transmitter out, knelt down and held it to the tether. With the other hand he used the screwdriver, the one he always had with him in his back pocket, to loose the screws, making the shackle fall down to the ground with a click. Tom was flabbergasted by the whole process. How easy it appeared for him to get that thing off. The smug
grin on the man's lips told him that Tony knew exactly what went through his head.

“Okay...” Tom only whispered.

“Anything else? Because if not, I would suggest getting out of here.” Tony stressed, his voice getting more and more tense by the minute. “Come on. I know you don't want to be here, sitting around all day, getting bored to death.”

The man extended his hand and after a few seconds, Tom hesitantly took it and got pulled off from the bed once more.

“Why do I have the feeling that I will regret this...” He mumbled and got a roll of those brown eyes in return.

A shaking interrupted them and almost made both men lose their footing. Tom would have fallen if he hadn't clung to the engineer’s arm, who was barely able to keep them both upright. The actor let go of him as soon as he noticed what he was doing. A blush crept onto his cheeks and he secretly thanked the darkness around him for covering that up.

“So, where exactly are we? We're moving, right?” He said, avoiding the smile that Tony shot him.

“About three hours from California. Beeline.” Tony said, moving to the door and opened it as quietly as possible, making sure that the area was clear. “Come on now, we need to hurry. I don't know for how long these idiots will be distracted.”

Right. The guards were gone. He hadn't thought of it until now. What Tony had done to make them leave their post was another question he didn't want an answer to. He was barely able to grab his phone and jacket when Tony pulled him to the door.

“Okay this is how this will go.” Brown eyes locked with bluish ones. “We need to get to the lab to get my suit.”

Tom opened his mouth to ask, but Tony shook his head and interrupted him before a sound left his throat.

“I know. Why haven't I taken it with me when I came here. There was no time. Long story.”

“That's not what I wanted to ask.” Tom pressed out through his teeth, staring at Tony with intensity. “We fly?”

The startled face made him grin once more.

“Sure.” Was the only thing he retorted.

“No, no, no, no! Are you...!” Tom began, but a hand shot up, covering his mouth, silencing him.

“Shut up. There's no other way, except if you want to swim hundred of miles.”

The man gasped behind the hand and remained silent when the hand left his lips. The smile had faded from Tony's face, leaving a concerned expression behind. The hand wandered to his shoulder, lending weight to his next words.

“Believe me. You don't want to be here any longer. Trust me when I say that Shield has plans. And you don't want to be part of that.” Tom's gaze shifted to the floor and back, unable to cope with the
information. “Hell, I explain that to you later. We have to leave.”

Tom was dragged out of the room by Tony, who's movement got dangerously close to running. The actor was barely able to keep up with him. It took them more than ten minutes to get to the lab, all this time the hand never left Tom's wrist. They almost ran into Bruce, who had waited for them around a corner next to the lab's door.

“You can't be serious...” Tom groaned when he saw the man. “You are part of this nonsense?” The unbelieving undertone made Tony grunt in fake indignation.

Bruce only nodded, a small smile on his face.

“We have to get you out. I'm sorry. This whole... plan was more impulsive than anything.”

Tony left their side to open the door and vanished into the room. The moment he was out of sight, Tom leaned in.

“What is going on?” He pressed out through gritted teeth, making Bruce sigh heavily.

“Apparently Shield plans on using you as a bait for Asgard.”

Irritation reflected on Tom's face and Bruce took that as a hint to continue.

“You know when New York was attacked...”

“In the Avengers?” Now it was Bruce's turn to look confused.

“Eh... Yes?” He gazed up to the ceiling before shrugging. “Anyway...”

“Got my suit, let's move.” Tony disrubted and stomped past them, both men following him on his heels towards the hangar. Before Bruce could continue to speak, Tony grabbed the chance to rant.

“Fury tried to make weapons with the Tesseract as a power source. Just like Hydra. Nice coincidence. Always liked his attitude. Shoot first, ask questions later.” Tony sneered, disgust in his voice.

“He wanted to make an example. After the destroyer was sent to earth, he wanted to make weapons that could counter Asgardian technology.” Bruce added, making Tom frown.

“Peace through deterrence. Oldest tactic in the world. We don't know what they plan exactly, but it won't be good. Unfortunately I didn't have enough time to read every file in that damn...” Tony muttered while typing in the code to open the hangar's door.

“We'll get you out of here.”

Tom's gaze switched between both men.

“And you want to bring me to Malibu? Wouldn't they know where I am?”

Tony turned around quickly before entering.

“We know. Doesn't mean they will be able to get in.” The engineer said and placed the briefcase on the floor.

“It might be safer than hiding somewhere.” Bruce agreed and shot the door after them.

The moment Tom wanted to question this, he saw the metal of the briefcase bend around Tony's
body, starting with his hands, moving up his arms to his torso, not stopping until everything was covered in armor. Even when the suit was perfectly aligned, Tom was not able to believe his eyes. If anyone would have told him about something like this, he would have called them crazy. But this was happening in front of him and judged by the grin that was shot his way, Tony got this reaction often.

“So, ready sweetheart?” Tony teased and closed the visor of the mask, moving in on the man while Bruce opened the loading dock.

“It will alert them, make it quick.” The doctor warned and Tony nodded in reply.

“Then we should move.” Tony said, voice sounding from the speakers.

“I am not going.” Tom spat and shook his head, but was grabbed with force a second later, making him yelp when the Iron Man lifted into the air, flying through the now open ramp, with a screaming actor in his arms.
The first thing Tom did when they had arrived in Malibu and Tony had finally let go of him, was drop to his knees and bend over. His eyes were closed, a hand pressed onto his stomach, the actor tried his best not to puke. It was not that he was afraid of heights or had motion sickness, but this flight had been way too uncomfortable. And that was an understatement. If he hadn't known better, and he didn't, he would have guessed that Tony had made some loops on purpose. His stomach was still spinning when a hand clapped him on the shoulder and he looked up to see the Iron Man standing in front of him. The visor opened and revealed a smirking Tony.

“Don't worry. Happens to everyone.”

“Good to know...” Tom whispered, trying to get the nausea under control.

Tony went ahead and Tom blinked a few times when the robotic arms shed the armor from his body and stowed it in the ground. He was still kneeling on the floor, needed more than a few minutes until he could finally breathe freely. A hand was offered and Tom gladly took it, getting off the ground. Only now he noticed his surroundings. They were standing on a terrace of a large mansion. Hell, he had never had seen such a large house. It was bigger than many in Hollywood. His home was nothing like this. Tom gazed around and was mesmerized the second he saw the ocean. He didn't even want to start imagining how much this property had cost. A smug smile spread across the engineer's lips when he saw the stunned expression.

“Yeah, I know it's great. No one can deny that view. Gets me all the chicks. Well, if I don't count my looks, popularity, money, or...”

The last part made Tom roll his eyes.

“So, you coming? I mean, you could stay outside if you want...”

The actor moved towards the billionaire and shot him a glare. Tony only huffed in reply and pressed his palm against the touch device, which scanned his finger prints and opened a glassy door a second later. Both men stepped into the room, which even Tom quickly recognized as a workshop. Tom almost jumped when a voice sounded through the speakers.

“Welcome back, Sir. Should I inform Ms. Potts of your return?”
Tom still stood there with his mouth open.

“Nah, she will see me soon enough. I have some business to take care of, so leave that for now. First, Protocol 05-B-S, Jarvis.”

“Very well, Sir.”

Right. The AI Tony Stark had programmed. He remembered now. Tom wondered why he was still getting surprised by anything of this. While the man talked to his head of the household, at least that was how he was called in the first movie, Tom looked around the workshop. All these cars and suits really left him stunned. He strode towards the white Audi and ran a hand over the hood. How much he would pay to drive one of these. A chuckle right next to his ear made him turn around on his heels, almost bumping into Tony. The man was barely an inch away, grinning at him like a cat.

“Yes, these are my babies.”

Tom was still looking at the cars when Tony made his way over to the console.

“Get your ass over here.” The man said cheerfully.

Following the voice while walking, Tom gaped at the expensive equipment. He came to a halt right before the displayed suits. His hand pressed immediately against the glass almost on instinct. These really were masterpieces of engineering. No doubt about that. The billionaire smirked at the amazed face and started the system. Screens started to pop up in the whole room. Images of newspaper articles, of Iron Man's big achievements were all over them and now it was Tom's turn to shake his head and grin.

“Isn't that a bit much? Like... self-centered?” Tom commented casually and inspected the suits further.

Tony just pulled a grimace of fake hurt.

“What?” The man shrugged. “Don't you hang up articles and the like? I mean this is kinda cool, you have to admit.” He nodded towards a wall.

“Actually, I don't.” Tom followed the gesture with his eyes and yes, that painting was pretty decent.

“Okay, whatever, come here.”

Hesitating, Tom moved over to the workbench and sat down on it. He was still scanning the surroundings, taking in every little detail. Especially the robots had awaken his interest. All the curiosity immediately vanished when his wrist was grabbed and the skin there pierced by a machine. Tom bared his teeth in pain and wanted to pull his arm back, but Tony just looked at him and sneered.

“Hey!”

“It's not that bad...” Tony chuckled. “Did this to myself already, I know what I'm talking about.”

With this Tony stabbed him once more with a thing Tom could only describe as a stapler. It hurt and the wounds started to bleed, but this time the actor remained silent. Didn't want to give him the gratification. So all he did was frowning and focusing on the man working. What ever he did work on. Tom wasn't so sure if he wanted to know what he did to him right now. The stapler, Tom decided to call it that from now on, was put aside and his arm released. And the moment it was, Tom wanted to inspect his forearm, but Tony was faster. He held him still and disinfected the
wounds with an antiseptic, making the actor wince. Only a few seconds later the sharp pain was already gone and Tony typed something into the console. Just now Tom could run his fingers over the wounds and was startled by the knobs he felt. Instantly looking up, he stared at the now neutral looking engineer.

“What did you do?” Tom almost cursed when he rubbed his arm.

“Nothing serious. Just implanted some microchips.”

It was said with such little emotion that Tom couldn't do anything else than staring with his mouth open. A few seconds went by until he could even sort his thoughts and found the right word to describe his current feeling.

“What?!”

Granted, that wasn't the most intelligent thing he had come up with. Still, his shocked impression had seemingly got the other male to turn around again and face him. Tony sighed and tried to keep the smile from his face.

“Just a little something so Jarvis can track you down.”

For some strange reason Tom felt insulted. He glared at him when he sat down on a chair.

“So, you don't trust me...” He brought out and Tony only raised his eyebrows.

“Well, I just don't give you a chance to fuck it up.”

The smile was greeted with a frown, before Tony shot a quick glance at his watch.

“Well fuck. Too late to party and too early to drink.”

Tom looked around and only now noticed that it was dawning. He ran a hand through his hair and stretched, suddenly feeling tired. All he wanted was to sleep, now that he was reminded on the fact that the Iron Man had kidnapped him in the middle of the night and dragged him through the air for more than two hours straight. Had he known that this would happen, he had gone to sleep early. Now he was sitting here on some workbench and watched the man working. Or browsing. Or whatever he was doing. It was when Tom almost drifted off to sleep, that a voice startled him.

“Okay, let's order some food.”

Tom shook his head to clear the daze in his mind.

“A...at five in the... in the morning?” He stuttered unintelligibly and hopped off the workbench, rubbing his eyes in the process.

Tony just gave him a look of incomprehension. As if this was the most stupid thing to ask.

“Sure. Jarvis?”

“As always, Sir?” The AI asked.

“Yeah why not.” Tony shrugged and got up from the chair, clapping his hands to shut down the screens.

“You like Chinese?” He shot over his shoulder and went to the stairs, waiting there for the man to follow.
Tom had wanted to answer, but was cut off before any sound could leave his throat. The attitude started to get on his nerves. And he was barely here for more than half an hour. This was going to work out great.

“Of course you do.” The engineer chirped and went up the stairs, giving Tom no other chance but to follow.

The moment he set foot on the expensive looking marble floor, he was stunned by the sheer luxury of the room. Of course he had seen the mansion before, but it looked way smaller on camera. Tony just smiled at him, for the hundredth time today, which was another thing that started to annoy him, and stated the obvious.

“Living room.” He gestured around. “You can chill here, waste your time. I don't care. Just don't get upstairs.”

Tom was now smiling too, not really getting why he had felt the need to say this. He wasn't going to sneak around in his house. Especially not with this character's reputation. There's nothing worse than walking in on someone having sex... Apparently Tony had picked up on his confusion and cared enough to explain.

“Else Pepper will kill me.” The man looked down and grimaced. “Well she will probably do that anyway as soon as she sees you. Having a maniac in my home is indeed another low.”

Tom groaned and rolled his eyes.

“Sorry.” Tony grinned and waved at him.

“Sure you are...” Was whispered barely audible when Tony started walking again and Tom moved to follow.

Tom couldn't believe how many rooms this house had. And this was only the first floor. For what one person needed so much space was beyond him. They stopped in front of a door, which Tony opened just a second later. The room was neatly furnished, spacious, with an own bathroom attached to it. Tom blinked a few times. The billionaire had style, he had to give him that much. Even his guest rooms were more luxurious than his whole flat.

“Will that do?”

The question seemed genuine, but Tom couldn't help but huff a laugh at the words.

“That's...” Tom stepped past him and sat down on the king-sized bed. “That's more than enough. More than I am used to, actually. Thank you...” He admitted meekly.

“Okay, eh... Good. Will call you when the delivery boy is here then.”

Tom only nodded and watched Tony exit the room.
A hand ran unconsciously over the soft fabric. He wasn't sure what kind it was, but it had to be some kind of silk. Expensive nonetheless. Tom liked the room in general. Especially when he compared it to the one he had had in Shield's hideout. Which had been barely better than a normal cell. Normally, people would pay to reside in a room like the one he was in right now. And he was sitting here for free. At least he thought so. Or better, hoped, that Tony wouldn't charge him by the end of the week. His hands were still roaming over the fabric when he let himself fall on his back. Tom heaved a sigh and closed his eyes, finally able to relax and take a break. Which he needed badly.

Tom must have dozed off, because he woke with a start when loud music roared from the living room. He pulled his legs to his chest and turned to lie on his side, trying to ignore the noise. An effort that was completely wasted when it picked up in volume. Tom groaned and grabbed the pillow, pressing it on his ear, but he still could hear the music. It was then that he damned himself for not closing the door. After minutes of cursing and ranting, he was able to drift off to sleep.

While Tom was trying to sleep in the adjoining room, Tony took delivery of the food. For more than a few times he called out for the other man, but when there was no answer, he just shrugged it off and placed the boxes on the kitchen counter. He opened the first box of noodles and started eating, not bothered that he stood in the kitchen and the other man just wouldn't appear. Okay, after almost fifteen minutes, even Tony began to wonder what he was up to. So he pushed the box away and stalked over to the room, peaking through the open door, before moving in.

“Hey, I...” Tony started, but fell silent the moment he lay eyes on the sleeping man. “Okay...”

For more than a few minutes Tony just stood there, looking down on him and not knowing what to do. Or better, how he should wake him. There were infinite ways of achieving this, but Tony discarded the ideas that flooded his brain quickly and sighed when he resigned in touching Tom's shoulder. But instead of waking up, the man only frowned and turned to the other side, now facing the other male. The engineer had to gulp at the peaceful expression and quickly considered letting him sleep, if there hadn't been the fact that his stomach started growling. Tony smiled when he bowed down and touched him again, this time a little bit more firmly. And apparently that was enough to wake him up. Blueish eyes blinked drowsily at Tony, before the image seemed to sink in and they widened in embarrassment. Tom opened his mouth to speak, wanting to explain himself,
but Tony only shook his head and straightened.

“You want something to eat or...?” He gestured towards the door.

Tom only nodded and yawned while stretching his limps and Tony caught himself staring a little too long at the exposed skin where the motion had lifted his shirt. Fortunately for the engineer, Tom didn't seem to have noticed the peeking and decided to get up, walking past him, making the decision to not stare incredibly easier. The music was still blasting through the living room when both men exited the guest room and Tom immediately groaned at the dull noise. It wasn't that he didn't like rock music, but his brain seemed to not appreciate any loud sound at the moment. He turned to face Tony with a weak smile.

“Could you turn down the music, please?

Tony just shrugged and moved on.

“Jarvis, you heard him.”

The AI complied instantly, switching the volume to something less deafening and Tom offered a small thank you before he let himself be led into the kitchen, eying up all those boxes of Chinese food with a frown. The man had ordered just too much. Even though Tom was hungry to no extend, he doubted that they would be able to eat all of this. Both men sat down on the kitchen counter, across from one another and looked at each other. Tom let his gaze fall onto a box of food, uncertain if he was allowed to just take it. He didn't want to appear ungrateful or disrespectful. So they just sat in silence for a few minutes, until Tony huffed and shoved the desired box into his hands.

“Just eat.”

“Sorry, I...” Fingers holding on greedily to the food in his hands. “Thanks.”

The actor took a pair of chopsticks and opened the box, taking one of the wontons out and sticking it into his mouth. He closed his eyes in pure bliss at the taste, finally getting something delicious between his teeth. When he opened his eyes again, he looked into an amused face.

“So you can eat with these at least.” Tony joked and earned a roll of eyes.

“Of course I can eat with sticks.” Tom almost snapped back as he heard the words.

“Okay, princess, no need for this defensiveness.” The other stated, shrugged and opened his own box, slowly shoving the content into his mouth, fully ignoring the annoyed man in front of him.

Since this was apparently the end of their conversation, Tom didn't even bother to respond to this. His mood had gone from grateful to annoyed with just these two sentences. Normally no one was able to faze him like this. But Tony did not just put him off, no. He also ignored him when he tried to talk back. Tom was getting more and more fed up by the minute. If it hadn't been for the food, he probably would have left by now. The silence between the both of them started to get awkward when Tom was done with his box and just stared into the blue. Tony seemed to have noticed the change in demeanor and placed his chopsticks on the table, leaning back and gazing over.

“So...” He started, breaking the awkward silence and making blue eyes refocus on him. “What do you do to kill time normally?”

Tom looked down and smiled to himself. Even though the question was just the sort to break the ice, and Tom was sure that Tony wasn't really interested in his hobbies, he had to smile.
“I like to read.” He answered after taking a few moments to think about it.

The smile that played on the engineer's lips spoke volumes and Tom rolled his eyes in return before raising an eyebrow at him.

“So I take it that you do better things in your free time?” Tom grinned back and waited for an answer, but only got a wave of his hand in reply.

“Nah...” The man said, clearly mocking him. “Despite being Iron Man, rescuing the world and inventing all kinds of cool things? No, nothing special. Ah, don't forget the parties and sex.” He added quite blatantly.

It made Tom blush enough to avert his gaze. This was not the kind of topic he wanted to discuss while eating. Actually he didn't want to even breach this topic at all.

"Fine. Let's not talk about that, shall we..."

He brought out and immediately regretted his decision to comment on this, because Tony face lit up in a matter of seconds. The man had seemingly picked up on his discomfort, leaning in more to grin back.

"Why not? Don't you have a girl--... or boyfriend or whatever it is that is social acceptable in your universe?"

Tom almost choked on his own spit.

"I don't think it's your..."

"It's a no, then." The man didn't answer. "Oh, it's complicated? You should update your facebook status."

Still no answer.

"What? Did she cheat on you?" Tony bore further, wanting to get information out of him.

This finally made Tom groan, the exact reaction Tony had anticipated.

"No..."

"So you did?"

Tom ground his teeth, hating himself for falling so easily for his little play. Of course he knew what the engineer was planning. Yet he still couldn't bring himself to just go away. Yes, the man annoyed him and clearly enjoyed every second of it.

“What the... What makes you think that?” Tony only shrugged and gestured for him to elaborate. “We split. Fair and square.”

The victorious grin made him slap himself mentally. He really shouldn't have told him that. But there could be a possibility for him to turn the tables. Was Tony Stark still with Pepper Potts? That was the question. Tony had told him that Pepper would kill him if he would enter the top floor, but that didn't have to mean anything. Tom had read some of the comics, which were pretty different from the movie verse and he knew that Pepper would leave Tony for his driver in later issues. A smile formed on his lips when he thought about it.

“How about you? In the last movie you still were with Pepper. Is this still current?” He asked, a
faint hint of amusement in his voice now.

“Nah.” Tony waved off. “She's better off without me. At least that’s what she tried to get across after about sixteen hours of talking about how she was sorry and all that. All this sentimental stuff is nothing for me. Might be better for both of us.”

Not the reaction Tom had hoped for. Apparently Tony really didn't care too much. Damn him.

“So? Any strange kinks you're into that I should know of?”

Tom grew rigid, while Tony just casually dug into another box of food.

“I, for one, really like dom/sub and bondage. Something Pepper would have never agreed to, actually. Not that she was frigid or anything, but you know…”

The man kept chattering about his sex life and Tom wanted to dig himself a hole and die in it. This was not something he wanted to discuss with a stranger, especially not while eating. Tony didn't seem to be bothered with this, but when Tom held his hands up and cleared his throat, even he stopped talking for a second.

“Okay I have heard enough for one night.” With this he wanted to get up, but Tony's hearty laugh made him stop in his tracks.

“Okay, okay. Sorry about that.” Tony said, still smiling like a child. “Tell me something about yourself.”

Tom only murmured at this.

“Why?”

“Because I'm interested?”

“Are you? Why?” Tom narrowed his eyes and crossed his arms. There had to be a reason behind this questioning.

The man actually looked slightly pissed off by the question.

“Can't I just be interested in what my guest likes? Just pure curiosity.” He sneered and supported his head with his hand. “What are you doing when you're not...working?”

“As I told you... reading. Listening to music. Going out with friends, charity.” Tony huffed silently at the last point and nodded. “Playing table tennis…”

“Table tennis.” The other man snorted. ‘Didn't see that coming.’

Tom didn't reply at all. He had anticipated that kind of reaction from him, so there was no reason to make a fuss out of it. Especially when his stomach reminded him that there were still boxes of food left, begging to be eaten. And he wanted to comply but wasn't sure if he should just take it. His staring had to be too obvious, because just a minute later, Tony pushed the desired box towards him. They exchanged a glance, before Tom opened it and greedily started to swallow down the fried noodles. The billionaire only watched in silence and bewilderment at how fast he was eating the food. If you could still call it that. It was more like inhaling than actual eating. Blue eyes quickly scanned Tony's face, who only nodded back when Tom's hand reached out for another box. A few minutes went by with Tony observing him, not saying anything until Tom was already at the bottom of his third box.
“Do you work out?”

The question caught Tom off guard and reminded himself to swallow before answering.

“Not really. I mean... I go for a jog sometimes, but not on a regular basis.”

Tony seemed to consider this.

“Yeah... No. Not convinced here. Where does this all go then?” He gestured towards the trash on the table.

The way the man looked him over made Tom kind of uncomfortable. What exactly was he supposed to say to this. Tom frowned and focused his gaze on his hands, which still clung to one of the boxes. He was almost sure that Tony just did this to make him uneasy and it worked amazingly well.

“Ah, well...” Tom said without looking the other in the eyes. “I guess I can thank my good metabolism for that.”

“Yeah. Must be that.”

Tony grinned at the evasive man, using a sing-song voice on purpose, knowing full well that the flirting baffled him. It was just too obvious at this point. And he knew it and apparently wanted to savor this moment as long as he could. Tom shifted on his chair, still smiling politely, even though it was just for the fact that he didn't know how to cope with the behavior.

“I hope I don't make you uncomfortable? Totally not my intention, by the way. In case it came across like that.” He shrugged and Tom really had to restrain himself to not growl in utter annoyance.

“No. I am... I'm just tired. That's all.”

It was a miracle that this came over his lips without making him blush. Lying was, ironically, not his best trait. But since this was true, he didn't need to lie. It was more like letting out some pieces. He was tired and all he wanted was to run into his...the guest room and sleep. Tony only nodded at his explanation and Tom suddenly felt the urge to ask him why he was questioning him like this and especially why he flirted with him at all.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.” Tony chirped and shoveled more noodles into his mouth.

“Why exactly are you flirting with me?”

The blank face made Tom blink in confusion. This whole thing could turn even more awkward if he had misinterpreted his body language. He gulped. Damn. Apparently this had been only him imagining it.

“I.. Ehm... I didn't mean to...” Tom gestured in the air, trying furiously to explain what went on in his head, but Tony only laughed and shook his head, silencing him almost instantly.

“You ask why I flirt with you? Because hell, why shouldn't I?”

“I didn't think you were into guys.” It came out way more casual than he had intended to.

“Nah, not really. Not gay, if that's what you're aiming at. But gender doesn't really matter as long as
the person keeps my interest.”

“I see.”

For some reason it made perfectly sense for this character and the attitude was actually kind of refreshing, even though he hadn't expected these words to come out of this man's mouth. As far as Tom knew, Tony Stark was popular with women, but given his reputation as a playboy, it only seemed logical that he tended to like both sexes. Hopefully this wouldn't turn into some kind of strange game for him. He really didn't want to have to bother with those things. Better get out of this situation before the topic got even more intimate. Tom nodded to himself at the conclusion and took the last bite of some grilled vegetable before he stood. Tony only followed his movement with his eyes, looking slightly put off by the sudden flight.

“Leaving so soon?” The engineer said while raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, I think I'm going to bed...” Tom looked through the windows, seeing how the sun already bathed the city in light. “Well...early...I guess?”

Tony snorted at this and gestured to the room, looking after the man when he stepped out of sight.
When Tom opened his eyes the next day, he found himself in this big, comfortable bed again. He didn't know for how long he had slept, but wasn't too concerned about it either. It wasn't that he had any appointments to meet in this universe, so why not enjoy this little luxury after he had spent days in that musky cell. It had been the right decision to go with him. At least now he had a warm and cozy place to stay. The fact that he was still experimented on was just the tiny little catch that came with these privileges. Tom couldn't decide what was worse. Being captured by people who tell you they want to make you a test subject or staying with an eccentric billionaire who you don't know whether he will do the same. At the moment the choice was fairly easy, but this would probably change the next time he had to listen to the man's chattering.

Tom yawned slightly and rolled to his other side, pulling the soft blanket up to his chin, nestling in the warmth of the bed. It was bright outside, he could tell so much without even opening his eyes. Whether it was the same day or not was something entirely different. He tossed and turned on the bed until he finally decided to stand up. Not that he looked forward to be teased by Tony again, but he knew that rather sooner or later he had to get up if he didn't want the engineer to get in here first. So he pushed himself up into a sitting position and ran a hand over his face and hair. Tom was glad that he was alone in this room. If there was something he really didn't like, it was how his hair stuck up after he had slept. Even though it was short, it really went on his nerves sometimes.

He tried to get the rebellious mane under control before standing up. A quick glance was cast to the pile of old clothes and he sighed almost instantly at the thought of wearing the filthy stuff for one more day. But since he had nothing else, it would possibly boil down to this. It really was a shame that he had to wear those dirty clothes. He wanted to shower, but really, what would be the good of this if he wore dirty laundry right after he’d cleaned himself up. Tom stretched before striding to the attached bathroom, shedding his boxers on the way, intentionally dodging the mirror and heading straight into the shower stall. This was the first real contact with hot water in days and for more than thirty minutes Tom just stood under the hot stream and let the water run down his back.

Tom finally managed to free himself from the hot water when he felt his fingertips wrinkling up. He stepped out and wiped himself dry, sighing again when he looked at his old clothes. He grimaced at the mere thought of wearing them. But since there was no other choice for him, because, running around naked was not an option. Well, considered, he could lock himself in his room, but this would only delay the inevitable. So he pulled the pants on, he refused to wear that boxer one day longer, and was about to put the shirt on, when he heard loud screaming. Tom blinked in confusion at the sudden outburst and went to open the door, peeking outside, but seeing no one. Another loud curse sounded through the living room and Tom briefly wondered why his host would yell like that while slowly walking in the direction of the noise. He frowned at the abusive language, but moved down the stairs to the workshop. The glass wall separated the cursing man from him and Tom just stood there looking at him for a moment, before he placed a hand on the glass, trying to push the door open, but it didn't bulge one bit.
“Would you like to have access to the workshop, Mr. Hiddleston?” The AI suddenly asked, making him almost jump at the sound.

“Eh...” Tom stuttered. “Am I allowed to?” It was still strange for him to talk to a computer.

“Mr. Stark did grant you access rights to this area of the house when he is around.”

Tom briefly considered if he should just go back to his room, but his curiosity was stronger and he finally pushed the door open. The engineer sat with the back to him and seemingly hadn't noticed him coming down, because he literally jumped when Tom spoke up.

“Morning?” He said and moved in, looking over Tony's shoulder.

“More like afternoon.” His startled expression turned into a smile when he saw the curious face of the actor.

But the cheerfulness soon turned into a grimace when a voice started to insult him again. Tom only raised an eyebrow at the angry voice and groaned in annoyance when he saw the face of director Fury on the screen in front of them. Before he could even understand what the man was muttering about, Tony muted the volume. The man rotated on his chair to face Tom, who just now realized how close he was to him and instinctively took a step back to get out of his personal space.

“What is he mumbling about?” He then asked, an innocent undertone in his voice, even though he knew what this was about.

“Ah, don't mind him. Nicky has a liability to exaggerate things. He is of the opinion that I, illegitimately, kidnapped you. This has been going on for hours.”

Tony groaned and reluctantly turned the sound back up with a push of his finger, giving way to Fury's mind-numbing speech. But instead of hearing the unnerving sound of his voice, there was just silence. A fact which stunned the engineer so much that he had to break away from the man behind him and looked at the screen. And indeed, Fury was silent. For once. Both men didn't even know that he could keep his mouth shut. Apparently the sight of the subject they were talking about was enough to render him speechless. One could see how the disbelief faded into disgust.

“I didn't think that you were that stupid, Stark.” The man on the other line said in a too calm way. “First you abduct a most likely dangerous individual, not only endanger yourself, but everyone's safety and then you display him like this?” He huffed in fake amusement which soon turned into a low growl. “I want you to bring him back to Shield immediately. You stole Shield's property.”

The billionaire had been baffled by the sudden change of demeanor, but now he could only snort in reply.

“Shield's property? What?!” Tom frowned while Tony still laughed at the screen. “Since when are humans property, Nick? And for your information. I didn't... abduct him, I rescued him.”

“You will get him back here today.”

“Yeah, how about no. No chance.”

Tom's gaze instantly fell on the serious looking man. It hadn't occurred to him that Tony would even think about taking a stand for him. So he had to smile at the words, secretly glad that someone at least seemed to care.

“What do you want to do with him, Nicky?” Tony smirked victoriously and leaned back before
looking up to Tom, making him blush as a result.

There was no answer for a few minutes. The only thing the other man on the screen did was staring at Tony, who successfully ignored the death-glare.

“So you did hack into our system again, Stark? You know how we call shit like that? A criminal act.” It was meant as a threat, but clearly not taken as one, because Tony only rolled his eyes.

“Really? You only realized that just now? I am disappointed and insulted. Don't change the subject.” He pressed on, completely unfazed by Fury's words.

“Why do you want him to stay, Stark? Normally you don't care for anyone but yourself.”

It was an exaggeration, but judged by the twitching of Tony's features, it had hit a nerve.

“Why don't you tell us what you're planning with Asgard. Oh and I bet you know where the real Loki is, too. How about that?” Tony ground his teeth, snapping back until both men remained silent.

Tom switched his gaze from one back to the other and couldn't help getting reminded of kids discussing who's toy it is. It was an unpleasant, but by all means, fitting comparison. As much as he wanted to deny it. When both men started to argue again, Tom took the liberty to look around the lab more. Neither Tony nor Fury seemed to notice his absence, so he was free to examine all the little inventions lying on the workbench. Tom touched a small round object, couldn't really say what it was that he held in his hand, but when it started to blink, he could only see Tony running towards him, before he was tackled to the ground. Tom could only stare in shock when the thing exploded into thousand little pieces. The engineer growled and pushed himself off Tom, who still looked flustered with him being so flushed against the man.

“Please.” Tony said after pulling himself up. “Don't touch anything.” He sighed heavily and helped the confused actor up.

“I think I won't touch or come here ever again.” Tom held his arms up in defeat and charmed a small laugh out of the engineer when he returned to the screen.

“Okay. It was really nice talking to you, Nicky, but I think I'll hang up now. Holla back when you want to explain things.” With this he ended the call and pushed himself back on his chair, looking over to where Tom still stood like a statue.

Tom had to avert his gaze when Tony kept watching him.

“Thanks for rescuing me from myself.”

“No problem.” Tony raised an eyebrow at the nervous pattering of the actor. “What is it?”

Tom's eyes shot up at this. The man could read him too well.

“Do you have, by any means, some fresh clothes, you could borrow me?”

It appeared that the mere fact that he hadn't thought of it before, had thunderstruck Tony. “Ah sure. Fuck. Sorry.” He muttered and almost jumped out of his chair, stomping towards the stairs. “Come on.”

Tom just nodded politely and followed him up, but stopped abruptly when Tony indicated to move to his private floor. He had made it clear that he didn't want him up there, so he just waited until Tony was out of sight. But the man reappeared a second later, waving at him.

Hesitantly, Tom started climbing up the stairs, seemingly uneasy with entering his private floor. He couldn't help but marvel at the master bedroom. Never had he thought that a room could even be more luxurious than his guest room, but apparently he was wrong. Tony only grinned at the reaction and rummaged around in one of his drawers, pulling some shirts and pants out and throwing them over to Tom.

“I will let your stuff get washed and get you some new ones. These rags are more than plain. Best you leave them right here.” Tony said without looking up, still searching for clothes that might fit the taller man.

“Eh... Are you sure about this?” Tom responded, a frown forming on his features.

“I won't clean up after you, so take the chance.”

When Tony looked up, because of the murmuring coming from the other, he caught himself staring at him raising his shirt longer than he liked to admit.

“Okay, forget what I just said.” Tony nodded and tried to get the image of that toned stomach and slender hips out of his mind and went past the slightly confused actor. “Bad idea.”

The last sentence was barely more than audible, but it was heard nonetheless. Tom pulled his shirt down again and followed him with a smug smile down into the living room. He had asked for it and since this has been the first situation he had seen Tony being baffled like this, he couldn't help but smirk to himself. Even though he was concerned with his general intentions, considered that he wanted to experiment on him and other stuff, he really couldn't have passed on that opportunity. It was just too satisfying not being on the receiving end this time. But the smile on Tom's lips immediately left when Tony turned around and looked at him with that serious face of his.

“Tomorrow I will invite Bruce over. We will start searching for a solution for this mess.” The engineer said and offered a small smile when Tom narrowed his eyes. “I don't want to think about the consequences of you hopping around in another dimension. Especially with Loki simply vanishing from the surface of the earth.”

Tom pricked up his ears at this. He looked to the ground, thinking about what Tony had casually thrown at him. His prior cheerfulness was gone the second he realized what this could mean. Wide-eyed, he raised his gaze to stare into brown eyes.

“Please don't say what I believe you want to say...” Tony only shrugged. “Could Loki have taken my place?”

The panic displayed on Tom's face made Tony heave a sigh.

“I don't know. That's what we need to figure out.”
All about the God of Mischief

Yup, It's Loki time. I hope you'll like the chapter as much as I do ^^

He was completely out of breath when he stumbled against the nearest wall, laughing hysterically. The dagger in Loki's hand fell to the floor when he slid down the cold concrete. A finger ran over the sharp edge of the blade, smearing the blood that stuck to the metal. It had all worked out as planned. He had made the jump into the parallel-universe. And even though he was now sitting in this dark alley, in a puddle of his own, or not, blood, exhausted and trembling, it had worked.

Since he had read theories about different dimensions on Midgard, the thought of traveling not only through realms, but universes had not left his mind. He had found an old book in Asgard's library that had taught him a spell to detect the presence of one's other self. From there it had been almost too easy. Loki had learned from the myths that whenever two forms of the same person were near each other, the border between universes would become thin, connecting both individuals with each other. For them to switch places, he only needed to draw blood and say a chant. A ritual so old as the world itself, but easy to perform. So without further thinking, he had grabbed his other self and had slid his throat. It didn't matter that it had effected him also, because it worked.

He had been obsessed with the idea for months and now the day had finally come to test his own theories. Loki's laughter resounded through the dark alley and he closed his eyes when his hand touched the wound on his neck. It had already healed. So the jump hadn't restricted his abilities. This was even better than expected. And if he was alive and well, his alter-ego probably was as well, as both of them were connected at this time. The god had to chuckle darkly at the thought of that poor mortal getting confused with him in a world full of righteous superheroes. A problem he didn't have to face anymore.

Loki had dangled round the mortal for some time, peeking through the rift, before he had risked jumping through dimensions. He had chosen this realm for his plan, after seeing how his doppelganger was treated. How those pitiful mortals worshiped a man like a god, even though he was only portraying one. An actor. And that, for reasons he couldn't comprehend, the man didn't exploit their blatant adoration. His alternate self was the altruism in person, as it seemed and Loki couldn't understand how one could let such a power slip right through his hands without using it. But he was going to change that. He would take his place and show those puny humans where their place was. And he exactly knew how to achieve this.

He pressed himself up from the ground and staggered towards the lane of traffic. But before he left the dark of the alley, Loki decided that he should adapt to this world's style. A hand gesture later, his hair was short and combed back, his armor had given way for a casual suit, matching the
overall style of his alter-ego. With a smirk on his face he stepped into the bright sunlight and for a moment he just stood and looked at the skyline of New York. Never had he imagined that he would appreciate the sight of the very city he had been defeated in.

The moment Loki reached the open streets, he was surrounded by people shooting him glances. He was still very much exhausted, but the gasping and unbelieving faces lightened up his mood almost instantly. Within the next minutes, he was barely able to walk freely without knocking someone down in the process. Normally Loki would have hit every single one of them, especially the one's that kept touching him without his consent, making them kneel like they secretly wanted. But now they were part of his alibi, making them important enough to not slaughter in the brought daylight. Still, he literally hissed when a girl suddenly clung to his arm. And he had to remind himself to not kill anyone just yet. Even though the thought crossed his mind several times, especially when this woman opened her mouth to talk to him.

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!” She screamed into his ear, making him wince because of that shrill voice. “I would have never believed to actually meet you in person!”

“Neither have I...” The god whispered in return and tried to get out of her vice-like grip without actually hurting her, which was a vain endeavor as it seemed.

The female looked at him with her big blue eyes, as if he meant the world to her, which probably was the case.

“Could you sign my copy?”
Loki only scowled when she retrieved some kind of book from her bag and shoved it into his hands, completely unimpressed by the book, a biography of some kind. A pen was presented to him a second later and for a split second he thought about writing something awful into her book, only to see the aghast reaction. Smiling at his own trail of thought, he took the pen from her hands and signed it with his doppelganger's name. Not that they would ever notice the difference between both signatures or that he would care if they did. The girl beamed at him with the most bright smile he had seen in centuries. It went right on his nerves, but he returned the smile, even though it was pure falsehood.

“Could I take a photo with you?”
Without waiting for approval, or even an answer, she hugged him and put her phone in front of them, taking several photos. A few other females followed her example, getting almost literally into his face with their cameras. For a moment Loki really had to control the urge to strike them down. But this was not the time to over-react because of these pathetic creatures. And the way they worshiped him was more than compensating for their lack of respect. So he played along for a little bit, bathing in the adoration and love they showed him. And rightfully so. He deserved to be treated like this. But after some more minutes he continually grew tired of the attachment. Without giving a second thought, he pressed through the crowd that had formed around him and teleported himself into a passing taxi.

Loki sat on the backseat for quite some time before the driver randomly looked over his shoulder and jumped so hard at the sight, that he almost ran the car into a light post. The car was abruptly stopped on the side stripe and the man behind the steering wheel turned around to stare in utter disbelief.

“H...How did you...?” The driver blinked, unable to find words. “I mean... Since when do you sit there? I didn't see you getting in.” He stuttered.

The god only grinned at him and got a phone out of his pocket, showing the screen to the man.
There was only one place he needed to be and this man would secure his arrival.

“You will take me there.” Loki said, dead serious.

The driver nodded when his gaze switched between the god and the article Loki held before his face. A barely visible smile crept onto his lips when he noticed who was sitting in his car. Loki only sneered at him and put the phone back in his pocket. He had to appreciate Midgard's technological advance. It was way easier to get information through the internet than having to...consult unreliable sources. Most of Midgard's inhabitants were more stupid than the fauna in Asgard. Technology was something Loki admired in general. Something that set him apart from Thor, who had always been too stupid, or unwilling, to adapt to changes. He had been skeptic as well when he had first come to Midgard, granted, but the possibilities had been too overwhelming to not look into it. Loki had spent months to study the pitiful customs of this realm, with him feeling embarrassed for the people most of the time. And the fact that this species had been able to defeat his army was just too ridiculous.

Loki looked through the toned windows when the car finally came to a halt. He knew that the driver was supposed to get some kind of currency, but he intentionally moved to open the door, testing whether he would get stopped in this disguise or not. Judged by the man not moving an inch, it was apparently enough in this realm to be famous to get away with any kind of mischief. This was exactly to his liking. He grinned when he exited the car and saw the crowd of people around the building. With long steps he strode right to the entrance, where two giants guarded the front door. They let him pass without him needing to show anything to confirm his identity. Not that it had mattered if they would have. Loki had enough options available to make them do what he wanted. He was still shaking his head over the pure imbecility that greeted him here, when his arm was grabbed and he was pulled aside by a rather aged man. The god was eying him up warily.

“Thank god, Tom.” The other heaved a sigh, while looking at him. “We thought you've been murdered.”

What a fitting idiom. Loki bared his teeth in a smug smile.

“My apologies. There were certain things I had to take care of.” He had no clue who the man was he was talking to.

“You could have at least told Hodell about this. Those guys had seriously freaked out when they heard that you never made it to the interview.” The man gave a false laugh and led the god backstage. “They chewed my ear off this morning. But really...” He drawled. “It’s your business and since you made it to the press conference, I couldn't care less. Just don't ever do this to me.”

Yes. This was what mattered. Midgardians didn't care as long as they weren't directly involved. And Loki enjoyed this fact very much. He nodded slightly and followed the man a few steps towards the stage. Screaming and cheering could be heard from the main hall and he risked a peek, seeing a couple hundred people waiting.

“You ready?” The voice behind him asked and Loki just shrugged dismissively.

Another man, covered in cables and headphones joined them and started to tug on Loki's shirt, much to the god's dislike.

“Mr. Hiddleston, as soon as the announcer calls you on stage, you can...”

Only when the smaller man looked up, he realized that Loki glared at him and immediately took his hands off of him.
“Understood.” Loki pressed through gritted teeth, tired of getting manhandled by these weaklings.

The seemingly younger man averted his gaze, avoiding eye contact and mumbled apologies into his beard. Even without his horns and armor, Loki was intimidating enough to make him back off. Before the god noticed that his name had been called, people went by him and someone grabbed his shoulder, pulling him with them. He wanted to curse when he took the last free chair in front of a long desk, but fell completely silent when he saw the man beside him. His shocked reaction turned into a malicious grin when he realized the opportunity. Right next to him sat Thor. Or, whoever portrayed him in this realm. Loki’s hand slid behind his back, fingers clasping the hilt of his dagger that still stuck in the hem of his pants. His heart was beating in his chest. Now was the time to test what would happen to Thor if his alternate self would die.
Have a drink

Chapter Summary

Tony saves Tom from boredom and offers him a drink.

Chapter Notes

Hey there. I am sick at the moment and have to stay in bed, so updates might get delayed until I have recovered.

After Tony had given him a new set of fresh clothes, Tom had withdrawn to his room. He hadn't actually considered what he would do with his free time, because except for his phone, he had nothing to occupy himself with. No books, no TV or computer, which had surprised him in the first place, considering that Tony Stark was a technology freak. For hours, he had just lain on the bed and stared at the ceiling. The thought of Loki being in his world and possibly ruining not only his, but other people's lives, just wouldn't leave his mind. It drove him crazy. Tom ran his hands over his face, trying to blank out his surroundings, but to no avail. It had been a futile attempt in the first place. He might as well could have stayed with Tony, that would have been more fun at any rate. But the gaze the man had thrown at him earlier had been enough to make him run. Literally. Tom had almost fled from him. He just hadn't known how to react to this. Even if he had done the teasing on purpose, Tony just had to be on the receiving end for once, he hadn't expected that it would affect him like this. It had been a joke, nothing more. But now Tom was drowning in embarrassment over his own actions. Especially because he had said to himself that he wouldn't spur anything going into this direction. Still, the look on the engineer's face had been worth a mint.

When Tom finally had enough of wasting the evening with thinking and staring at the ceiling, he pushed himself into an upright position and grabbed his phone. He had checked for reception multiple times already, yet he couldn't just abandon it. This little item was one of the last things that reminded him of his home. For the second time today he skipped through the photos on his smart phone. Something he probably shouldn't do. Looking at pictures of your friends and family didn't make the separation any easier. If only he would have anything to distract himself. Tom was certain that Tony would give him something to read if he would ask, but after his flight earlier the confrontation might just be a little bit too awkward. So he would let it live down and continue being miserable on his own, despite the fact that he would love company.

Apparently Tony Stark could read minds, because just a few minutes later it knocked on the door. Tom didn't bother to look up, wondered if he should even answer the door, for the simple reason that Tony would enter anyway. But out of courtesy, he decided to not push his luck.

“Come in.” The actor said, barely more than a heaved sigh.

As expected, the face of the billionaire peeked through the opened door. Bluish eyes scanned the cheerful looking man for clues of what he wanted. And instead of saying anything, he only shot
him a smug smirk. Frowning, Tom placed his phone on the nightstand and cocked his head to the side.

“What is it?”

The grin Tony wore put him off immediately. He had only been here for two days, but had learned quickly that there always was a catch whenever he was invited to an activity. So, naturally, he was skeptical about the man's intention.

“Hey there, sweet-cakes.” Tom rolled his eyes at the nickname. “Just wanted to ask you for a drink.”

Of course Tom had seen the glasses in his hand, it was hard to miss when they were basically waved in front of him, but he couldn't have believed that Tony would offer him a drink after that awkward situation back then. At least it had been awkward for him. Whether Tony felt the same way was mere speculation. The other man noticed the hesitation and leaned against the door frame now, looking knowingly down on him.

“So?” The voice attracted Tom's attention once more.

“I think I'll pass?” It sounded more like a question than an answer and Tom didn't dare to raise his gaze to meet the engineer's eyes.

Tom thought Tony might be insulted when he would be turned down, but instead of pouting or being angry, Tony only moved in on him and pulled him up by his arm.

“No excuses, princeling.” Tony chirped and offered a wide grin. “Actually, it was Loki whom I promised a drink, but I think you will count as a replacement. My karma demands it.”

That made Tom laugh and shake his head, his resistance cracking in exactly this moment and he let himself get dragged out of the bed and into the living room. For a split second Tom wondered why Tony would like to spend time with him. If he was just bored or lonely. But the thought quickly left his mind when he glimpsed at the couch. There were already some flasks on the coffee table. Judged by their look, the content had to be expensive. Tony went ahead and let himself fall back on the soft, black leather and grabbed one of the bottles and poured the liquid into both glasses.

Apparently Tom's face gave away that he wasn't comfortable, because Tony now looked at him with the same narrowed eyes.

“What. Something wrong all of a sudden?”

Tom raised his hands in defense, shaking his head frantically.

“No, nothing. I'm just... not that big of a drinker. Especially with hard liquor.” He smiled.

The other male only huffed and got up again, moving past Tom and getting a bottle of coke out of the fridge in the kitchen. He placed the item on the coffee table and gestured for Tom to finally sit down.

“You can stretch the whiskey, but it would be your loss.” The engineer shrugged and started to nip on his own drink, while watching Tom sitting down on the far opposite chair. “Wow, why so dismissive? I don't bite.” With this he shoved one glass towards the man.

“Maybe I'm not comfortable sitting next to you.” Tom countered, smirk gracing his lips now. Amusement replacing the concern.
Much to his relief, Tony didn't misinterpret the joke and started laughing.

“Yeah, heard that before.” He snorted and chugged his drink, before Tom had even touched his or was able to open the bottle of coke.

While swirling his glass, mixing the lemonade with the liquor, Tom watched Tony pour himself another shot and empty the content a second later. Whether he should be impressed or worried about that was not completely clear.

“So.” Tony began once more.

“Hmm?” The actor shot back and sipped on his drink.

“We have to discuss how this...” Tony gestured between them with his hand, making Tom almost choke. “...is going to work out.”

So this was what this whole thing was about. Of course the man had had something in the back of his mind. And yes, they needed to talk about it. He himself had done so the last two days, but hadn't come to a conclusion. Maybe Tony had an idea to fix this mess. Cocking his head to the side, he nodded and waited for him to say something, but the man remained silent, so Tom took the initiative.

“I don't know what I should say to this.” He spoke up a few minutes later. “I mean. I am grateful that you took me in, believe me. And it's nice here. But...”

Tony clenched his jaw at the sight of the demoralized man in front of him.

“I just don't belong here.”

The desperation in the other's voice made Tony run a hand over his face and groan slightly.

“Definitely. Yes. Definitely have to do something about this.” He finally said, simply ignoring Tom's confused expression. “Think I wouldn't endure more of those puppy-eyes. We really need to get you to your own realm.”

It appeared to Tom that he was rather talking to himself than to him. A small smile slid onto Tom's features and he looked up to meet the engineer's eyes. For whatever reason Tony was so eager to get rid of him, well there were more than a few possible ones, it sparked a glimmer of hope inside him. Even though this was probably not what the other had aimed for.

“You think there is a way to achieve this?” Soft voice asking.

“I can do everything I get my mind into, honey.” Tom couldn't repress a laugh at the cocky tone. “But there are some things you have to do. We might need your help with a few theories.” Fingers massaged his temples when he leaned back on the couch. “Inter dimension stuff is new.”

Tom just nodded at him, which was stupid, because Tony had his eyes closed now.

“Banner will have to help us out. Maybe even Thor. That guy really goes berserk because of you by the way.” The last thing was mentioned so casually that Tom had almost let it slip.

“Sure I will do anything in my power to help... Wait, what? Thor? Why? What did I do?”

“Aw, nothing really.” Tony waved off. “He's just protective of his little brother, silly pop-tart addict.”
“But...” Tom frowned and stared into his glass. “I thought he is aware that I am not...”

“He is.” The billionaire interrupted. “I think you remind him of the, and I cite, innocent side of his brother. He likes you and bugs the hell out of Shield. I don't complain. I don't care why. Fury deserves it.”

Tom smiled at the thought of Thor screaming and shouting at the director, but was caught completely off guard by the question that followed. He almost spilled his drink.

“Don't you like to be here?”

Seeing Tony being all serious now kind of threw Tom off. It was such an uncharacteristic thing for him to say, especially with that look he gave him, that Tom didn't know what to answer. The house was great and he would even prefer to sleep in the workshop before spending one minute longer in one of Shield's cells. But this was not his home. How should he get this across without insulting his host. Actually he had thought that this topic had already been covered, but apparently it was not. So Tom sighed and placed his glass on top of the coffee table and interlaced his fingers.


His gaze dropped back to his hands, which fiddled with his sleeves.

“Everyone I meet wants me dead.”

Now it was Tony's turn to avert his gaze to the side, suddenly reminded on the problems his guest had to face.

“I am not welcome here. The repulsion and disgust in other people's faces? It's the exact opposite thing of what I experienced in my life...” A heavy sigh escaped his throat. “I just want my life back. I want to see my family, my friends.” Tom's sudden laugh brought Tony's gaze back to him. “Hell, I would even love to see my ex-girlfriend’s face.”

For more than five minutes neither of them said anything, until Tony sat down his glass and grimaced.

“We will figure something out.”

It didn't convince Tom one bit, but when Tony refilled both of their glasses, he couldn't help but smile back at him. He appreciated the concern and effort the man displayed. Tom knew that he didn't need to be nice to him at all. Yet he was. Perhaps a little bit too much, but he could consider himself lucky that someone had taken pity on him. His glass was pressed into his palm again and noticed too late that Tony had leaned over the table, being barely more than a few inches away from him now. Brown orbs were examining him and Tom wasn't even able to budge under the intense gaze. He didn't know what to do, what to expect, so he just blinked in confusion. Tony let the tension built until he could see the actor's confusion displayed on his face. He then laughed and clunk glasses with the baffled man, who visibly sighed at the gesture.

“Don't be so starched.” The engineer said and leaned back, still observing Tom's every move.

“Easy for you to talk...” Was whispered back, before Tom drowned the whiskey in one go, much to Tony's delight.

After a few more drinks and hours of stupid stories from Tony, Tom was resting his head on his hand, while listening to the inventor's chattering. He found out that if he had too many, he wouldn't stop talking no matter what. And thanks to his own blood alcohol level, it increasingly got more amusing the longer he listened.
“And then Capsicle ripped his pants, right in front of the serpent gang. It was hilarious.” Tony chuckled, face lighting up even more when the smile on Tom's lips turned into a full grown laugh.

“Oh, no.” Tom laughed and hid his eyes behind his free hand, almost able to feel the embarrassment of the situation.

“Oh, yes. And let me tell you, not only his uniform is patriotic.”

Both men were laughing now, Tony even more than Tom, sliding down the backrest more and more until he lay flat on the couch. He had discarded his glass long ago, drinking the liquor now straight from the flask, not bothering with any kind of etiquette anymore. Tom wasn't going to complain, he really didn't mind. Especially since this was his house and...

“Are you drifting off?” The slurring voice of Tony shook him from his thoughts and he had to shake his head to clear the daze in his head.

“I think so, yes.” Tom answered truthfully and heard another chuckle from the engineer. He himself had to smile. “I would love to show you your bloopers. The gag reel from Iron Man is just too good.”

“Fuck, really?” The sudden jump of Tony woke Tom from his drowsiness. “I want to see that.”

“Unfortunately, I don't think you will.”

“Too bad.” The other grimaced and took another sip from the bottle. “Anyway, think we should go to bed now.”

Tom's intoxicated and tired brain seemingly had trouble understanding him correctly, he could have sworn that he had said something else, but the way Tony casually looked at his watch told a different story. He briefly cursed himself for mishearing things and nodded.

“Yeah. Pepper will positively kill me tomorrow.” Tony joked and earned a raised eyebrow.

“Oh, my. Why is that?” Tom chuckled in return, definitely able to picture this scene.

“Just some meeting I have to attend. Which begins in approximately...” Another glance to the watch. “Four hours?”

Tom wanted to say something to this, but decided against it when Tony seemed to make himself comfortable on the couch. With his eyes closed and arms crossed behind his head.

“You know...” Tony started again, just when Tom had thought he had drifted off to sleep. “She is good in her job, but man... She can be a pain in the ass. Always...” A hand stifled the yawn. “So conscientious. But I think I won't go. She should be used to it by now.”

Now yawning also, Tom smiled awkwardly.

“I thought you were a genius.”

“I am, baby, I am.” The other man retorted.

“And you think it's wise to piss someone off who manages your schedule? If you're not careful she cancels your spare time.” Tom joked.

Brown eyes shot open in the exact moment the words had left Tom's throat, seemingly considering them. With one fluid motion the man was on his feet, a movement that really astonished Tom. He hadn't expected him to be able to stand, nor walk, for that matter. Especially that fast. In an instant
he was behind the chair Tom was sitting in and heaved the man off the comfortable furniture. Tom only groaned at the sudden change in demeanor and blinked a few times when he was clapped on the shoulder.

“I think you had enough. Booze and staying up late is not good for such youngsters like yourself.”

That made Tom snort and shake his head, but he started to move, or stumble to be exact, towards his room, with just a little help of Tony.

“It's already bed time for you.” Tony threw after him while staggering up the stairs. “Why are you even awake at an hour like this? Who's stupid idea was this?”

The sarcasm charmed a hearty laugh out of the actor and he hung his head before looking over his shoulder to see the same wide grin. That was a pretty creative way to accept an advise, he had to give him that much.

“Good night, Tony.”
Explanation due

Chapter Summary

Last Chapter on "I'm Tom, the god of Mischief":
Tony offered Tom a drink, an invitation that the actor reluctantly followed. The engineer didn't miss a single opportunity to embarrass the other man, which turned their conversation into an awkward silence more than once.

This time we'll see Tom having to deal with the aftermath of a boozed night.

Now Tom was regretting that he had drunken with Tony. He was sitting on the kitchen counter, hands folded over his eyes, blocking the bright sun from reaching them. His head hurt and every little sound made him wince. Why did he accept the offer again? Because Tony had insisted on it, right. And now his hangover prevented him from thinking straight. Not even coffee was able to fix his brain. The dull pain reminded him on why he wasn't drinking more often. Tom had had his last hangover when he had been around nineteen. Drinking to impress a girl was never ending well. Drinking to not aggravate his host seemingly had the same effect.

Tom took another sip from the coffee and groaned at the rich taste. You could say about Tony Stark what you want, but he knew how to live. Especially when it came to food. Never in his life he had tasted such a good coffee. When he had come into the kitchen this noon, he had been troubled by all the expensive equipment that was standing around, looking as if they hadn't even been used once. It had taken him more than half an hour to figure out how the coffee machine worked, which had been more than a torture for his stricken body.

Fortunately for him the whole house was silent. Another blast of ACDC would have probably killed him today. Whether Tony had been gone to his meeting or was still sleeping, he didn't know. And didn't care. Tom just enjoyed the fact that he was alone and the silence that went along with it. He peeked up from behind his mug and for the first time in three days, he was able to have a look around. Even though he was still too tired and exhausted to even raise from his chair, his curiosity slowly began to outweigh his aching body, so he slowly got up from his bar stool and strolled around the large living room. While looking around, Tom's gaze frequently returned to the stairs. He had been upstairs briefly before, but hadn't had the chance to look around. And he was curious how the man was living. Whether his private rooms were as clean and stylized as the rest of the house or not.

He really shouldn't sniff around the man's personal stuff, especially when he wasn't even sure if he was gone or not, but Tom just couldn't help himself and flew up the stairs. He silently cursed himself for invading the man's privacy like this, but soon forgot about his concerns when he peeked around the corner, checking for any sign of Tony, but just spotted the empty king-sized bed. So apparently he had been able to make it to the meeting after all. Or he had been dragged out of the bed by Pepper. This was probably the most likely scenario. Tom looked at the few pictures that stood on one of the drawers. Most of them showed Tony and Pepper, in happier days it seemed, as they snuggled up on each other. The actor had to smirk at Tony's annoyed face in another one. It looked like one of those times when someone forced you to take a family picture and you just didn't want to. Just that in this case, it were the Avengers instead of a normal family. Although the Captain pretty much looked like a dad, proud that he had been able to get every
member on one picture. Which he could imagine not to be anywhere near easy.

Still smiling, Tom let his gaze wander over several other photos, until it landed on the framed arc reactor. The gift from Pepper back in the first movie. He had thought that it had been destroyed, but apparently the engineer had replaced it. And he could totally see why. Tom had always loved this little gift. It had so much meaning and the fact that Tony still held onto it was actually kind of sweet. If he would get the chance, he would love to have a closer look at it. Not the one in Tony's chest of course. This would be too uncomfortable. Probably for both of them. Tom moved on to the attached master bathroom and stared in utter disbelief at what he saw there. The man really had a jacuzzi in his bathroom. Saying that he was envious was an understatement. He would die to take a bath in it. Unfortunately for Tom, his conscience kicked in before he could do anything stupid. Like actually stepping into it.

When Tom had examined the whole floor, he decided that it was enough with the snooping around and went downstairs again, noticing a big bookshelf out of the corner of his eyes and walked straight towards it. He let his gaze wander over the titles, most of them being some kind of fantasy or sci-fi books, but there was one that aroused his interest. One that he hadn't expected to find here. Tom turned the item around and had to chuckle.

"The complete works of William Shakespeare." He read to himself and smiled.

That the inventor actually had something like this in his collection was interesting. He hadn't thought that Tony would read Shakespeare, or would enjoy it for that matter. Maybe it had been a gift. Or it was just there to make him look more sophisticated. Tom smiled at the thought and wanted to take a look, when a shrill scream startled him, making him drop the item and turn around in shock. The face that greeted him displayed the exact same emotion, the person staring right back at him. Tom lowered his gaze, lips pressed into a thin line, before holding his hands up.

"It's not what it looks like." He tried, but the female only shook her head and rushed to the kitchen, grabbing a knife from the knife block and aiming at him. "Okay... Let's not rush things here..."

Tom took a step towards the woman, but stopped dead when she did the same, knife still raised, pointing at his throat.

"Not one step further!" Her panicked voice sounded through the room, making it obvious that she was serious. "What are you doing here, you monster!?"

Tom ignored the insult. He started to get used to it, so he took another subtle step forward. There was so much he could have said to explain himself, but Tom feared that whatever he would say, it wouldn't convince her. So he thought of another approach. Since Tony had wanted to meet with her, he couldn't be too far off, at least that was what he hoped for.

"Pepper, right?" Of course he was right, he knew, still the female didn't even answer, but narrowed her eyes at the question. "See, I am not..."

"I don't believe a word that comes out of your mouth." Pepper hissed.

No matter how hard she tried to hide her fear, the way she stood there clearly betrayed her. The hands that held onto the knife were shaking, her body was pressed against the kitchen counter now that he was getting nearer. Tom gauged the situation, unsure if he should try to take the knife out of her hands. He didn't want to risk either of them getting hurt. She still glared at him and when he indicated on taking another step, the weapon flew towards him, barely missing his face. Tom didn't dare to breathe and just looked at the female with wide eyes, clearly not coping with what just
happened. For more than a minute both just looked at each other, before Pepper hectically reached out for another knife. Tom was instantly on her, grabbing her arm and keeping her from throwing a second knife at him. It was more of an instinctive reaction and Tom was as surprised as Pepper, who whined at the too firm grip. The actor gasped slightly and released her a second later, but kept holding on to her shoulders now, trying to calm her down.

“I... I don't want to hurt you.” Tom started, voice calm and reassuring. “I will let go of you now and step back. I don't have any weapon and won't move until we sorted this out. And I would appreciate if you could do the same.”

His sad smile was met with a grim frown, but the female remained still when the man finally let go of her and took a few steps back. A relived sigh left Tom and he closed his eyes for a moment, sorting his thoughts.

“What are you doing here? Isn't it enough that you destroyed New York? Do you have to hunt us down now?” She suddenly snapped.

The voice rang in his ears, tense and resentful and as much as he could understand her, the whole mistaken identity thing slowly went on his nerves. Tom was fed up with explaining himself again and again. Still, he ignored the insult and tried to answer as polite as possible. Something that got more difficult by the second.

“Please, hear me out. I am not Loki. Yes, I look like him, I know. But long story short, Tony took me in, because Shield imprisoned me and...”

Pepper snorted at this. She obviously didn't believe him and shook her head.

“Tony took you in.” She repeated, mocking him with the sarcastic tone of hers. “After you destroyed his tower and threw him out of a window. Why am I not believing you?”

Tom really began to have trouble containing himself. From what he knew, the woman was a professional, but seemingly lost it as soon as Tony was concerned. And now she made his hangover even worse with her... bitching.

“Yes, why should you. Say, wasn't Tony with you today?”

The question seemed to confuse the female and she narrowed her eyes, probably wondering how he could know this. Her gaze flickered to the counter again and Tom gulped at the intention. Before he could react, she was on him again, trying to stab him with a paper knife she had grabbed in the movement. Tom was pushed back by the force of her attack, stumbling and falling to the ground. He hadn't expected her to be that strong and now he was lying on his back, trying desperately to keep the item from piercing his skin. Tom bared his teeth in a snarl when Pepper screamed into his ear, shouting for help, even though she was the one attacking. Tom could hear someone rushing through the main door and soon saw Tony storming into the kitchen, looking absolutely flabbergasted by the view. The man needed a moment to register what was happening, but then acted fast and yanked Pepper off of Tom, growling when the female threw him a look.

“What are you doing, Pep!?” He yelled, carrying her away a few feet before releasing her, but taking the letter knife from her hand.

She only looked at him as if he was crazy.

“What I am doing?” What are you doing?! You're saving a psychopath!” Pepper yelled right back at him.
“This is not what is happening here, Pep, relax.” Tony assured while moving past her and extending a hand for Tom to get up.

Tony offered a apologetic smile, which made Tom sigh in resignation. He took the hand and was helped to his feet, all while earning a dark look from the female. She clearly didn't like Tony interacting with him at all.

“So what is this then? Care to explain?” She hissed through gritted teeth and made Tony roll his eyes.

It took him almost half an hour to dissolve the situation between the three of them, yet Pepper still wasn't impressed, or convinced for that matter. He had explained what had happened the last few days, told her that Tom wasn't Loki and why he had taken him home. Perplexed was the most fitting description for the expression she was wearing. Both men were staring at her in suspense when she finally nodded. She had sat down sometime during Tony's speech and was still on the same spot, not moving despite the slight head movement. Tom looked at Tony for guidance and saw the exact same confusion on his face. After a little while, Pepper pushed herself up from the chair, startling the men and turned to leave the kitchen, but Tony grasped her wrist before she could get out of reach.

“Pepper, talk to me please.” The look the engineer received silenced him instantly and made him back off.

“Don't.” She just retorted and closed her eyes, holding her hand up in a defensive matter. “You didn't think you needed to tell me, so... Deal with it yourself. I don't...”

A pause followed in which neither of them said a word and Tom could see how Tony clenched his hand into a fist.

“I just can't now.” With this Pepper turned her back on them and moved out of the door.

Tom didn't know what to say, only looking to the ground. He wanted to thank the man and apologize at the same time, but Tony just walked past him and leaned against the kitchen counter, running his hand over his face. The engineer looked as exhausted as he himself and apparently the fight with Pepper only had made it worse. Tom followed him, but made sure to stay a few steps away from him, not wanting to invade his personal space.

“I'm sorry.” He said quietly, attracting Tony's attention. “I should have stayed in my room. It's my fault she's angry.”

Tony sighed heavily at this, before his lips turned into a small smile.

“Nah. It's alright. I should have told her. Don't worry.” Even though it sounded cheerful, the man's face hinted the opposite.

And the kind reply made Tom feel even worse about this, but he returned the nod Tony gave him when he made his way towards the stairs. Tom couldn't do anything else but look after him, feeling awful for what had happened.
Discomfort

Chapter Notes

Whoop! Thanks so much for all those comments on the last chapter! It really means a lot to me and you all make me so happy *sends love*

By the way: If there is something you want those two to do/talk about/anything, tell me =) Even though I have the complete storyline/the evil plot already, I always like to weave in ideas/additional chapters =)

Tom noticed that something had changed between them when Jarvis told him bluntly that he wasn't allowed in the workshop anymore. The AI had, very likely, told Tony that he had snooped around in his personal things. That had to be the reason why the man avoided him, too. And Tom regretted that he had exploited his trust. He had been told not to go upstairs on his own and he had still done it.

Almost two days had passed since the incident with Pepper and he had seen Tony gone out multiple times, always coming back with a much worse mood. Both men had avoided company, but it was easy to see, that this had something to do with Pepper. Apparently his stay and Tony not telling her about it, had triggered something. He didn't know much about their relationship, except for the fact that she didn't live in this house anymore. But the moment she had realized that Tony had invited him here, her expression had turned into something dark. This might have been the final straw for these two and Tom was awfully sorry about this. He wanted to apologize, even if that might not change anything, but Tony didn't give him any chance to set things right. Maybe there wasn't a way for him to do so. Maybe the billionaire would kick him out or hand him over to Shield again.

The more time passed, the more Tom got anxious. Tony had been the only one close to be called a friend in this... universe and when he would lose him, he wouldn't have anyone else to turn to. He didn't want to risk it. But the engineer spent his entire day inside his workshop or left the house early, even before Tom would wake up. It hadn't been until the fourth day that Tom realized that the man was indeed evading him. He had stayed up the entire night to watch for an opportunity to speak to Tony, but when the man had seen him, he had only averted his gaze and had walked past him. The situation couldn't have been any worse at the moment. Tom had stood there, rooted to the spot and had tried to comprehend what had happened. He didn't even know if Tony was angry or disappointed. The only thing he knew was that he didn't want to deal with him. But he wanted to explain himself and resolve the discomfort between them. Which was easier said than done, especially with Tony shielding himself from him. Tom had tried everything in his power to talk to the engineer, he even stood outside of the workshop and tried to talk through the glass. Somewhat later, Jarvis had told him that the glass was soundproof.

Today was the fifth day of the ongoing silence. Tom had resigned on spending time reading some books he had borrowed from the engineer. Since he didn't speak with him and he couldn't ask for permission, he had taken the liberty to just take them. The first few days he had retreated to his room, rarely coming out, only to get himself something to eat or drink. But now he was fed up with hiding from the peeved engineer. He just stayed in the kitchen, sitting at the counter, casually flipping through a magazine, when footsteps echoed from the stairs. Tom didn't even look up. Who
else could it be but Tony. He expected him to just flee from the situation, just like he had done the last couple of days. But when there was neither a sound of footsteps, nor one of a door getting slammed shut, Tom raised his gaze from the magazine eventually. On the stairs stood the billionaire, seemingly troubled of what to do, but even the fact that he didn't run away the second he saw him, was a step into the right direction. Tom offered a warm smile, trying to cover up his nervousness.

“Morning?” No visible reaction from the other man. He still stood on the stairs and frowned. “I don't know what to say... I just wanted to...”

A heavy sigh came from Tony and silenced him.

“It's fine.” He said after minutes of them just looking at each other.

The engineer was about to leave again, when Tom shook his head and huffed.

“It's not.” The firm tone made Tony stop and turn around again. “If it was, you wouldn't evade me like this.”

“I don't.” Tony replied, a little bit too snarky.

This actually made Tom narrow his eyes and stare at him with the most blank impression he could pull of. He couldn't be serious. Yes, he was pissed and he had every reason to be, but both of them knew that this was nonsense. Why would he even deny it.

“You don't?” Finally left his throat and it was hardly a question.

“I don't.” Tony repeated himself, voice getting dangerously low, before he sighed again. “Drop it.”

“I would, if you would let me apologize.” Tom tried again and earned a confused glare from Tony, who had taken a few steps towards him in the meantime.

“What? Why?”

“For this thing with Pepper. I can see that there is something wrong with the two of you and it's my fault. I am sorry. If I hadn't been here, you wouldn't be in trouble now.” Tom mumbled, while looking to the floor, genuinely disheartened by the whole thing.

“Why do you think there's something wro...”

“I am neither stupid nor blind. You tell me you don't avoid me?” He jumped from his bar stool and looked into brown eyes. “For five days you run from me. We have not spoken since then and when I am finally able to catch you, you turn me down. I know I shouldn't complain, but this is just... If you don't want me here, just tell me and I'll leave.”

The other male seemed to think about it and ran a hand over his face, head dropped to his chest. He looked just as drained as Tom felt.

“That's not it.” Tony replied hesitantly. “You leaving wouldn't change anything. Yeah, Pepper and I have problems, but you are not the cause. Granted, you made it worse though.” A little smile crossed his lips.

The honesty admittedly surprised the actor and he shook his head, but couldn't hide the smile.

“I didn't avoid you per se. Just... Pepper and I had one of those talks again and she blamed me for destroying us ultimately with bringing you here. And I didn't want to take my bad mood out on
you. Needed time off. Work. Stuff. Didn't want to have exactly this conversation.” Tony groaned and watched the other male flinch under his gaze.

Tom bit his lip at the words. It was unpleasant that he had to force him into this conversation, but still he was glad that Tony didn't seem to bear a grudge of some sort. And even though he was obviously uncomfortable with talking about this sort of stuff, this was the first time in days he saw him smile. It hadn't been the same without his stupid jokes.

“By the way, while we're at it.” Blue eyes shot up in interest. “I hate other people nose around my stuff. I thought I made myself clear.”

Tom gaped wide-eyed at the sneering man, before looking to the ground.

“I am dearly sorry.” Tom whispered. “There's no excuse for my...”

“You can use the hot tub whenever you want. Yes. I saw that face of yours.” Amusement was clear in his features, but the sign of delight quickly faded into the exhausted one from before when he moved to the bar and poured himself a drink.

Tom watched him slump down on the couch and support his head with his hand. The dismal look on the other's face made him head over to the spot and sit down next to him. Neither of them said anything, they just sat and enjoyed the silence. Tom wanted to ask him why he was so demoralized, but he didn't dare to open his mouth. If this was the movie universe, then Tony was clearly suffering from the break up with Pepper. She had been the only one he had cared for, who loved him back. And now even she had turned from him. It was probably the loneliness that got to him. Tom could relate.

“Are you okay?” He asked after pondering for a long time whether he should say something or not.

“Yeah.” Tony said and took a sip from his glass. Before Tom could continue, he shook his head. “It was long since over. She had told me so often. I just refused to believe it until now.”

The taller man nodded and kept staring at the coffee table.

“Do you want her back?” Brown eyes bore into the back of his head and he wasn't sure why this question had left his mouth. Normally he thought before he spoke, but this time it had just slipped from his tongue.

“Nah.” Tony answered truthfully, but sounded rather perplexed and Tom's gaze instantly switched back to him to see him smile. “She deserves better.” The content of the glass was drowned a second later and the man lay back on the couch, spreading his arms over the backrest.

“Hmm...” Tom's arms were crossed now. Musing why the billionaire seemed so defeated if he really thought that way. “So, where is the problem then? No offense.” Tom quickly added and Tony just snorted at the politeness.

“I don't know why I even tell you this, Alien.” Tom shot him a hardly amused glance. “She threatens to leave the company. I don't think she will actually pull through with it. Wasn't the first time she had told me she would quit.” He shrugged, then closed his eyes and groaned. “Still, don't want to think about what would happen if she would leave.”

“Would be more chaotic. And you would probably have to work, billionaire.”

With everyone else, this would have been a reason to argue, but when Tony saw how the other man smiled at him, he just chuckled at Tom's poor attempt of cheering him up.
“Pitiful, honey.” Tony opened his eyes and watched the flustered man beside him. “How could anyone mistake you for Loki. Too polite to be bullshitting people. Even insults sound cute. Brits.” A fake roll of eyes followed Tom's snorting laughter. And despite what he had said, the man at least appeared to be cheered up by all of this.

“Maybe I am not polite. Maybe you're just accustomed with American standards.” Tom joked and charmed a laugh out of Tony.
“Probably.”

After this there was this awkward silence between them again. The glass from Tony's hand had been long since discarded on the floor, the engineer not bothered to put it away and hid his face in his hands again. Tom watched for a few minutes before frowning at the wrecked sight next to him.

“Is really everything okay? You look terrible.” Tom muttered and saw Tony peek through his hands.

“Haven't slept in like... three days?”

“Why? I mean. I saw you coming down in the mornings.” Bafflement was all written across his features and Tony apparently reveled in the moment, because he took his sweet time to answer.

“Stalker much?” He raised an eyebrow at the embarrassed actor.

“No, I just.” Tom felt the blush creep on his cheeks as he tried to explain himself. “You didn't gave me a choice, I had to... And...” Seeing that cheeky grin made him shut up and look to the side.

“I worked. For days. I invent stuff, that's what I do. Some would call it escapism, I just call it being productive.”

Judged by the lines under his eyes this productiveness wasn't very healthy.

“So, shouldn't you go to bed then?”

Another laugh from the engineer.

“Probably. But normally I just sleep after I fucked someone.” Tom blinked at this. “But it's too early to hook up with some girl.” A glance was shot to him and Tom stood soon after this, trying to avoid this particular talk.

“Just go to bed.” His hand was grabbed and Tom looked down into suddenly awake brown eyes. “Really, now?” He spat, unimpressed, until the other male stood and got into his personal space.

“You wanted to use the hot tub.” Tony whispered in a more seductive tone, now being dangerously near to Tom, who winced at the closeness.

Taking a step back, Tom tried to sort his thoughts, but couldn't find an answer to the other's advances. Just now he had been kind of worn-out and now he was grinning at him like a mad man. His heart beat in his chest when Tony leaned in and breathed into his ear.

“Just kidding.” Tony chuckled at the baffled expression. “But I will take your advise, I guess.” He stretched and went by, strutting casually to the stairs.

Tom just stood there, unable to move or do anything but close his eyes in embarrassment.
Another day had passed, which Tony had basically spent with sleeping in. He had occasionally stood up and gotten himself something to drink, had completely ignored the confused actor, who had sat on the couch and had gone straight back to bed. It was barely noon when Jarvis made his move to wake him for the second time this morning.

“Sir, I must insist that you get up now.” It sounded through the speakers, loud enough even Tony couldn't block it out.

The man groaned with increasing annoyance, turning around and pulling the blanket over his head. Tony didn't want to get up just yet. Not only was his head aching like hell, his half-hard cock was demanding attention as well. Normally he would have just taken care of this, but hearing the sounds coming from the kitchen down there quickly, made him decide against it. This was one of the disadvantages of having a guest in the house. So Tony ignored his libido and snuggled up against his pillow, drifting off to sleep once more. But just then, the AI's voice woke him again.

“Sir, Dr. Banner will be over in about twenty minutes from now.” He reminded.

“I don’t care. Tell him I am busy with... something.” Tony muttered and pressed his face into the soft fabric.

“I will have to take drastic measures if you don't comply immediately.”

With that, the blinds were opened and bathed the whole room into bright light, making the inventor groan in disgust. Sometimes he hated himself for programming Jarvis with that kind of attitude. On the other hand, if he wouldn't be so persisting, Tony wouldn't make it to any of his meetings. Especially with Pepper being gone now. Reluctantly shoving the blanket off himself, Tony threw his legs over the edge of the bed, rubbing his face to get the sleep out of his eyes. He must look just like he felt. Wrecked. Exhausted from sleeping. The most stupid thing that happened in the universe. Stumbling, with him almost falling over his own feet twice, Tony made it to his bathroom. A quick glance to the mirror told him how badly he needed a shower.

Still not all that awake after a quick shower, Tony had been able to put at least some clothes on, before he stepped downstairs, hair still dripping, drenching the collar of his shirt. He just waved his hello at Tom, who immediately looked up from his book and nodded back at him. Tony's nose
picked up a sweet scent and Tom could only watch in amusement, how the other male stuck his nose in the air.

“What's that smell?” He then asked, without looking at the actor, but making his way over to the kitchen.
“I thought you'd like something to eat, so I made some oven-pancakes.” A warm smile greeted the frown on Tony's face.

“As nice as this is, I need to see Bruce first. Stupid appointment I have made when I, obviously, hadn't been sober.” It sounded dangerously close to a whine and Tom only chuckled in response.

“No problem, I figured when Jarvis chased you out of bed.” Tony only rolled his eyes. “They taste even better when they have cooled down.”

Okay, this was definitely an advantage of having a guest here. Tom moved in on him and for a split second they were face to face. Tony gulped when he saw the smile, which soon turned into a confused frown. Blue eyes looked down then, before shooting up again, fixing on brown ones. He wasn't really sure whether it was his libido going crazy or that the man in front of him smelling like some flowery shower gel, that this closeness made him so agitated. Tony grinned back, but was completely caught off guard by the next move.

“Could you move aside, please?” Tom's voice sounded as confused as Tony was and he blinked at him before taking a step to the side.

Tony let out a breath he didn't knew he held, when the man passed him and went to the oven to check on the food. He pouted slightly because of the unintentional rejection and wondered just a second later since when this had become an issue. Sure, the man was attractive, but still a stranger. And really, how desperate could he be. The man wasn't even interested at all and he could have every human being on this planet when he just wanted to. Tony decided that this was just the result of the sexual abstinence he had to endure at the moment. Pepper had left him officially over a month ago and he hadn't had the time to go out, due to Shield sending him to each and every mission they could think of. The sound of Tom's cheerful voice brought him back into reality.

“Good thing you reminded me on the pancakes.” Tom chirped and took the baking dish out of the oven, carefully placing it on the counter and pulling the oven mitts from his hands. “Pastry does burn way too easily.”

“So you can cook. You read books. And you play table-tennis.” Tony stated and earned a puzzled look from the actor. “Any juicy stuff you like?” A grin was plastered on his face, obviously interested in the answer.

The choice of words made Tom chuckle and shake his head.

“Yeah, actually I...”

The doorbell interrupted him and Tony grimaced, holding up a hand.

“Give me a sec.” He said and rushed to the door, pulling it open with more force than necessary and looked into the doctor's face, who instinctively took a step back. “Banner.”

Bruce nodded frantically before facing the ground. “Hello.”

“Come on in.” The billionaire waved at him and Bruce stepped through the door, gaze falling immediately on Tom, who was peeking around a corner.
“Hello, doctor Banner.” He greeted and Bruce gave a nod in return before he glanced to Tony, who was still smirking.

“Okay, excuse us, we have to build a wormhole for you.” Tom only answered to this with a toothy smile.

Both men walked past the kitchen and down to the workshop. Once they set foot into the room, Tony moved to his chair and told Jarvis to start the system. Bruce was still impressed by the equipment the man had at his disposal. He strutted through the workshop and examined a few of Tony's newer suits.

“Before we start...”

“Yeah?” Tony answered without looking up, eyes fixed on the screen before him. Bruce didn't know what he was looking at and didn't want to know it when he saw the smug grin.

“Are you two getting along?” When there was no answer, Bruce turned around again and cocked his head to the side. Apparently something was far more interesting. Despite him knowing better, the doctor came up behind Tony and looked over his shoulder, sighing in disbelief at what he saw. “Are you serious... Tony, this...” Bruce face palmed. “You can't spy on him like that.”

“As you can see.” The engineer retorted and zoomed in with one of his hands.

“Tony, that's low. I can't even begin to...” Bruce narrowed his eyes. “Is he baking?”

“Yup.”

“Does he do that voluntarily?”

“Apparently.” Tony answered, looking immensely pleased with himself and totally not focusing on what the other man was asking.

“So you two get along... I guess.”

“Yes.” Still staring at the screen, watching his guest work in the kitchen.

An eyebrow was raised at him and Bruce got an idea to finally drag his attention elsewhere.

“Ah, Tony. I am awfully sorry what happened to the tower. I heard it burnt down yesterday.”

“That's totally fine.” A moment passed and Tony's eyes shot up to meet the doctor's. “Wait what?!” The grimace was countered by a suppressed smile.

Bruce ran a hand over his face before heaving a sigh. “What are you doing here, Tony?” The look he shot him was reproachful and almost pitiful. Tony hated it.

“I am doing nothing.” He pressed out and terminated the video stream.

“You know that he doesn't...”

“There is nothing to talk about here, Bruce.”

Judged by the expression on the doctor's face, he wasn't so sure about that.

“I just want to make sure that you don't...”

“Thanks, mum.” The engineer sneered. “I am old enough to bind my laces. And, just for the record,
there is nothing going on here.”

The doctor shrugged, seemingly defeated by the other's stubbornness and turned towards one of the consoles.

“Any progress? I did some research on gravitation anomalies, as well as the Einstein-Rose-Bridge. I think we could use Ms. Foster's records for this. She might be of help in finding an alternative energy source, since dark matter is off the table.” He typed something into the computer, making a model of the tesseract appear right behind him. “Thor used the tesseract to get back to Asgard. So that's the kind of energy we're looking for. I don't think they would lend it to us, even in this matter.”

Bruce muttered on until he was disrupted by Tony clearing his throat.

“Why do you think I want...”

It made Bruce groan in irritation. First the other man wanted to drop the topic and now he beat a dead horse. With closed eyes, Bruce gave in and sat down on the edge of a desk.

“It's the way you behave.”

“What...”

“You care.”

“As if I wouldn't ever care for somebody...” Tony gave a laugh.

Bruce shot him a glance.

“So you don't smile around him and aren't nice. You watch him, Tony.” The addressed man rolled his eyes and grunted. “I don't know what you plan on doing, or why you're doing it. If this is because of Pepper or if he's just another trophy for you. And frankly, it's none of my business. But even if Tom would respond to any of your advances and the possibility is virtually zero, this won't end well. Tom doesn't want to be here, Tony. And he is right. He does not belong in this dimension.”

The way Bruce looked at him made Tony avert his glance. Since he had met him in person, he had slowly started to see through him. With ease. Even though he had told him that he wasn't a headshrinker, he was pretty good at this. Or maybe he just was an open book. Pepper had said that too, once or twice. It was strange, because even he didn't know what exactly he wanted or planned. It wasn't as if he was hitting on the man. At least not on purpose. Sure, he was attracted to him. Why shouldn't he. Tony never had any problems with making out with men, especially when they were as handsome as Tom. But Bruce was right. This probably wouldn't even work out. The thought made him rub the bridge of his nose and when he looked up to the other man, he saw the exact same expression. Pulling Bruce into this was probably one of those not caring about others moments, he had been talking about. Tony could see how troubled he was by this conversation. He had called Bruce here to help him find a way to send Tom home and not to talk about some weird man-crush.

“So...” Tony began. “If you were me, you would act on a mere professional level. Just steal the tesseract, or find something like dark matter and be done with it.”

Bruce winced at the almost exasperate tone and shook his head.

“It's up to you, really. I don't want to...” Bruce was stuttering now, clearly searching for the right
words. “I have the feeling this will make everything even more complicated.” He whined. “I can
deal with dark matter and radiation. Or equations. And wormholes...” Clearly not comfortable with
the way this was going, so Tony decided on not torturing him any longer.

“You think Loki could have stolen the tesseract?” He could see the relieved sigh.

“Thor already checked on it. He must have found another way. Asgardian magic maybe.”

Tony huffed at this. Magic was nothing else than advanced technology. He would prove that
someday.

“However he did it, we can't focus on that.” Bruce nodded in agreement. “So we need Thor's girl,
huh?” Another nod. “I should have given him a phone. We won't ever get a handle on him like
this.”

“Well, we don't have another option, but to contact Fury...”

Tony pressed his lips into a thin line and looked to the ceiling, trying to appear innocent, but soon
heard the irritated groan of Bruce.

“What did you do?”

“Nothing.” Tony shrugged. “Just had a little quarrel with Nick is all. Might have been a
little...verbally abusive?”

The glare made him elaborate.

“I mean. He told me to bring the Brit back to Shield and I politely refused. Yes, that's exactly how
it went.” Smiling cheekily back at the other man, he dialed a number until there was the anticipated
beeping sound. “Here you go then.”

Bruce only stood there with his mouth open, when Fury's voice echoed through the room.

It took them hours to get Fury to work with them, to contact the thunderer. Not without any bribing
though. Tony had had to promise to bring Tom to some kind of routine check, as he had put it. In
hindsight they should have just googled Jane Foster's number. Bruce had left long before Tony
made it finally out of his own workshop. It was well after midnight when he set foot into the living
room. Of course Tom had already gone to bed, so Tony trotted into the kitchen to get himself
something to eat. Whenever Bruce came over to work, both of them often forgot to make pauses.
With them being completely exhausted the next day. And now was one of those moments. They
had spent hours with solving equations, trying to get from theoretically possible to practically
viable. He hadn't thought that he would ever get involved with theoretical physics.

Tony scuffed to the fridge, frustrated with the outcome of the day, before his eyes fell onto a tray,
placed on the counter. He took the little note that lay next to it and read it, a small smile creeping
on his face.

“Thanks for working so hard. I appreciate it.” The engineer snorted. “Gosh, he will get me into
trouble.” He said and sat down, taking a mouthful of the food.
Leave a Comment! It helps me write faster!
Family Business

Chapter Notes

Another Loki Chapter for you =) Loki has plans. I wouldn't describe him as evil, but he's kinda pissed. So yah, poor misunderstood Loki weaves his mischievous schemes.

It's kinda short, I am sorry, but yeah, that was the best cut for Loki's chapters. The next one will be longer.

IMPORTANT: THOR 2 SPOILERS AHEAD. If you haven't watched the movie yet, please don't read anything that is spoken ("_") in the last paragraph/or what Kat says.

Loki was still holding onto his dagger when people started talking around him, his gaze fixed on the man beside him. Thor's actor sat happily on his chair, looking to the crowd and bending over to talk into the microphone. It was the perfect opportunity to stab him in the back and Loki's fingers twitched around the hilt, wanting to act, but was interrupted by someone tapping him on the shoulder. His hand immediately left the blade and he turned abruptly to stare into unimpressed eyes. The man was nodding towards the crowd and Loki followed the gesture to see a girl standing between all these people, holding a microphone of her own. She looked hopefully up to him and waited, but when no answer came, the man next to the god leaned in and whispered something into his ear.

“I know. This question is quite old, but please, do me favor and answer it again.” He pleaded with his eyes, before turning back to the audience. “Apparently Tom was daydreaming again. This happened quite often when we were on set.” He joked and shot Loki a look, which the god answered with a sneer of his own. “So please, repeat your question.”

The girl giggled before catching herself. “I would love to know how it was for you to portray Loki. Was it easy for you to get into character or did you have trouble paying him?”

It was needless to say that Loki didn't want to answer, but when everyone's eyes lay on him, he groaned in annoyance. This was not the first time he had to speak in front of people, he was used to do this in the Asgardian court, but answering stupid questions, asked by beings not even worth his presence, was nothing he liked doing. Still, he was here to take his doppelganger's place, so dealing with these imbeciles was a necessary evil. Reluctantly leaning in, he faked a smile.

“Loki...” He started and had to hide his amusement of talking about himself in the third person. “Loki and I have much in common. I can relate to certain aspects in his personality, so I would say it was pretty easy to get into character.” He had to choose his words wisely to not sound too foreign and much to Loki's astonishment, the crowd was cheering, apparently convinced. It was almost too loud and he frowned when Thor was laughing next to him.

“Yes. Definitely Loki's army.” He clapped Loki on the shoulder, and the god would have snarled at him, but he was right.

Loki's lips turned into a grin when the realization struck him. He didn't need to conquer this realm. It had already been done. The way these humans were screaming and sheering for him made that
more than clear. Somehow the man had been able to charm them into admiring him, and he had
known that before, but this was another dimension of worship. And he liked what he saw.
Especially the female share of the crowd roared when he bared his teeth in a feline smile. A few
voices screamed something incoherent and Loki made a gesture as if he didn't understand the
question. The same human yelled for him to give them a performance of his character and the god
laughed out loud at the suggestion.

It wasn't that he needed to display his power over these ants, but it sparked an idea. An even more
dazzling thought of how he could accomplish his goal. So Loki stood, and the moment he did, the
crowd went berserk. With long steps, Loki walked around the table and looked down on the
humans, who waited in anticipation of what would happen. The god started laughing at the awed
faces that stared back at him and let his staff appear in his hand. With one swift motion he banged
the back-end of the staff on the ground and screamed in the most intimidating and hostile voice.

“Kneel!”

For a split second the whole room was silent. People gaped at each other, unsure of what to do.
Even though the god was still in the attire of his doppelganger, his whole posture exuded power
and strength, he didn't need his armor to intimidate these mortals. And the sudden outburst had
silenced them and slowly, one after another, they started to fall to their knees. Loki reveled in the
sight of seeing them worshiping him like this and jumped from the stage, walking through the
kneeling people with relish. A few exceptional individuals caught his eyes and he moved towards
one of them, before pointing his staff at the young male who was on the floor. Big brown eyes
looked up to him and Loki grinned at the reverence in his features.

“You call yourself my army...” The god began and pressed the blade to the man's throat, who bent
his head to the side to make room for it. “Poor, benighted creature.” A hand patted the short, blond
hair. “You have no idea what you got yourself into. But you're oh so desperate to serve me. And
you will.”

The staff tabbed the man's chest and a spark of blue ran right through the fabric of his shirt into
the skin, making him shudder because of the magic. Loki wondered briefly if anyone registered what
he was doing and especially how he was doing it, but judged by the pure awe that greeted him
when he looked around, they just didn't care. Turning his gaze to the man at the end of his staff,
blue eyes stared back at him in determination. Pleased with himself, Loki leaned in and whispered.

“I will have tasks for you to fulfill. Stay near. Don't let yourself be caught. Act inconspicuously.
Don't attract any attention.” The god purred into the mortal's ear. “If you do anything else than
comply with my orders, I will end you.” The sweet tone had changed into a snarl.

A nod was given and Loki straightened before turning to a beautiful girl, who almost fainted
because of his mere presence. Without many words, he did the same to her, tabbing her chest,
magic taking over her conscience. These two would help him execute his plan and since this
universe was not accustomed to magic and its effect, no one would suspect a thing. A laugh
escaped his throat again and he wanted to stalk to the exit, had accomplished everything he wanted
for the moment, but a shout caught his attention before he could reach the door.

“Now you are officially Loki's bitches.” The blonde actor laughed from his place at the table and
waved him over.

With a low growl, Loki made his way back, even though he was averse of interacting with him in
any other way than slicing his throat. His staff disappeared into thin air when he eased his way
through the crowd, which slowly started to get back on their feet. The men and the female at the
desk chuckled and Loki took his place reluctantly, before shooting them a glare. As much as the
mortals seemed to admire him, the people next to him created the impression of being more amused than cowed. Loki hated their laughing.

This whole ordeal lasted longer than Loki had expected. It was borderline insufferable how many questions the imbecile humanity had for him. The god had almost punched Thor's actor when he had laughed at something he had said, with him barely being able to contain himself. Hours went by before the room emptied and people started cleaning up the mess. Loki stretched slightly before standing, not deigning to look at either of them. This was all he could take for today. Any more stupid comments and he would kill them all. He had to take care of those two humans, had to focus on his plan. But again, for the second time this day, his brother's doppelganger was blocking his path. Loki gnarled his teeth and raised an eyebrow at the other male, who swung an arm around his shoulder, pulling him in.

“You don't get to leave now, Tom.” It was said in such an assertive tone, that Loki could only open his mouth to object, but couldn't actually say anything. “We wanted to have that drink, no? You invited us.”

Clenching his hands to fists, Loki cursed the actor for this.

“I almost forgot.” He pressed out and let himself get pulled towards the back stage.

“We wanted to celebrate. We hadn't had the chance to do so until now.” The cheerful voice already went on his nerves. “Alan made reservations in this Irish pub you talked about all week. And Kat will come, too.” The actor winked, but Loki just indifferently looked back at him.

The counterpart to Thor's mortal thrall was standing right next to them, smiling. Even in this universe she was clinging to the man. So apparently some things didn't change or were pragmatically the same in both universes. The female said something, which might have been a question, but Loki simply ignored her and kept staring at the blonde, who beamed at him and dragged him along. Apparently, there was nothing he could do to avoid this without blowing his cover. His disguise was simply too important to let any sentimental and ill-advised undertaking risk it. So Loki followed both of them to a car, were one of the other, he believed it was the one called Alan, was already waiting for them. Unfortunately for Loki, the ride wasn't silent as he had hoped for. He massaged his temples when the female kept on chattering about anything that crossed her mind and both other males were laughing in reply. It took them more than thirty minutes to finally arrive at their destination and Loki was already at the end of his wit with these mortals. They were even more bothersome than the real ones.

The group entered the very dim lighted establishment and were instantly greeted by a chirpy girl, who hugged Chris, he had caught his name earlier, but was now reminded on it by the shriek scream the dark haired girl let out. Loki had seen her before, but apparently she wasn't important enough to be invited to their conference.

“Glad you could make it.” Kat chirped and continued to give Loki a hug, who rolled his eyes, but returned the gesture. “Now I can finally take pictures of us.” Way too much enthusiasm for his liking.

The tavern was empty. Except for the staff, no one else was there. Which was appropriated, considered the reaction they were getting from the normal folk. The group sat down on one of the bigger tables and Loki made sure to not sit next to the brunette, wanting to avoid the all prominent touching. The bar was filling up with people, while Chris and the others engulfed themselves in small talk. Loki recognized some of them, was sure that they all had something to do with that movie and again damned the man who had arranged this torture.
“So. What are you doing now, that Loki is off the table?” Kat asked, earning a patronizing look from the god.

“How am... How is he off the table?” Loki corrected himself.

“Yeah well. I mean with the end of Thor two, and Loki on the throne, there is room for a sequel, but there are no plans for this yet, right?” She shrugged and Loki blinked at the information she was offering. He hid his grin behind his hand before answering.

“Correct, but I think we will see him again. Until then I will just turn to other schemes.” He ignored the nodding and smiled to himself.

“What about you?” The dark-haired girl turned to the blonde actor, who was drinking his beer.

“I think I will go on vacation with my family.” He said and smiled at the look both females gave him.

“Your daughter is so cute. I could eat her right up!” Kat squealed and Natalie agreed eagerly. “She is so beautiful. Show us the pictures again.”

The man complied and showed photos of a newborn and her mother around. The way the actor was glowing at the mere thought of his family suddenly let another thought haunt Loki's mind. His hand picked up the photo and a wide smile spread out over his lips. He wasn't going to kill Thor's counterpart just yet. No. He would ensure that this man would bleed and suffer before Loki's blade would cut through his flesh. He would destroy any sanity left in this pathetic creature before ending his pitiful life. Still smiling, Loki handed the photo back to Chris, who gently smiled back.

“They are breathtaking. I bet you love them above all else.”

“I do.”

Loki just nodded. This little piece of information changed everything, made the blonde all the more vulnerable. His family would be his downfall.

Chapter End Notes

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It was about eight in the morning when the sun woke Tom up. Since the battery of his phone had died and he couldn't use his alarm anymore, there wasn't another way to get up early, but to sleep with open blinds. Even though it was dark enough to see the stars at night, he would have preferred to not being blinded in the morning. Tom rubbed the sleep from his eyes and forced himself to stand up, groaning at the slight ache in his head. He hadn't slept well, mostly due to Tony working deep into the night hours, banging and hammering on, what had sounded like some kind of metal. At least now the house was silent and Tom quietly send prayers to heaven for this. He dragged himself to the bathroom, checking his reflection in the mirror and quickly deciding to not have a closer look. But even without actually seeing them, Tom knew that there were dark lines under his eyes, showing exactly how much sleep he had gotten. If it had been more than three hours, he didn't feel it. It felt as if he hadn't slept at all. And maybe this was correct. The last thing he remembered was that dull, loud banging before it had finally gone quiet. At five in the morning.

With a sigh, Tom opened the faucet and splashed water in his face, trying desperately to chase the tiredness away. The water didn't have much effect though, despite refreshing his skin to a certain extend, so he dragged his feet back into the bedroom. There was only one thing that could help him out now. Coffee. Because it was so early in the morning, Tom didn't bother to dress up, walking out of his room with only his boxers on. The engineer wouldn't be up at this hour, anyway. And he doubted that anyone would be stupid or brave enough to wake him. Except for Pepper, maybe, but she probably wouldn't do that any time soon.

Yawning, Tom made his way over to the coffee maker, changing water and inserting his newly found favorite flavor coffee pad, being exceptionally glad that he only needed to push one button to start the machine and place a mug under it. He tried to stifle another yawn while waiting for the brown liquid to finally pour into the cup. A sigh of relief left him when the coffee maker stopped making noises and Tom reached for the sugar, putting some into the coffee to sweeten it up. He closed his eyes and moaned when he took the first sip, enjoying the rich taste until a chuckle shook him from his daze, making him stare wide-eyed to the other side of the room.

“Interesting noises you make over a cup of coffee.” Tony said, amusement so clear in his voice.

Tom just stood there, gaping at the man who sat casually on the couch, reading the newspaper. He didn't even look up, but the actor was still at a loss for words and had almost dropped his mug as he
had heard him. Just then he realized that Tony must have seen him in his underwear and he blushed 
at the mere thought of walking by him half naked. Damn this drowsiness. This really was the best 
imaginable start for a crappy day. Within a few seconds Tom had placed the mug on the counter 
and basically hid behind the furniture, trying to cover himself. A futile attempt, because when 
Tony did look up, the grin was clearly giving away that he had indeed seen him earlier. To say that 
he was embarrassed because of this was an understatement.

“Morning, sweetheart.” The other male joked, making Tom heave a sigh of frustration, which only 
spurred him on more. “You have made yourself comfortable as I see it.”

Tom was still standing there with his mouth open, but no words left his throat. There was really 
nothing he could say to that. Instead he spurted towards his room, almost flying past Tony, who 
laughed at the hysterical move.

“Why so shy?” Was shouted after Tom, who grimaced and face palmed once he had made it to his 
room.

This was his luck. Everything that could go wrong, would. Of course Tony had to stay in and be 
actually awake, sitting on the couch, on exactly this day. The only day that he hadn't bothered to 
dress up before making his coffee. Typical. Tom was about to pull the shirt Tony had given him 
over his head when he heard another laugh from the living room, a sound that slowly started to rile 
him up.

“You don't have to spiff up for me.”

“You could have said something when I walked through that door.” Tom spat back.

“And spoil all the fun?” The actor rolled his eyes at the cheerful tone. “If it was up to me, you 
could run around like this all day.”

The look Tom gave him when he finally emerged from his room again, spoke volumes, but Tony 
only grinned in return.

“You can't be serious.”

There was this small pause that confused Tom and he narrowed his eyes, before hearing another 
chuckle.

“Nah, of course not.”

Tom wasn't sure whether this was true. Actually, he couldn't figure the man out at all. Everything 
Tony did was contradicting itself or made him doubt his intention and this now was even more 
unsettling. Did he say he would like to see him naked or was this just another one of his jokes? And 
if it was true, why would he want to... A hand on his shoulder shook him from his thoughts and he 
turned his head quickly, brown eyes staring at him with the strangest of expressions.

“You really look wrecked. Why is this?”

Tony smiled and shook his head when Tom evaded his grip and shot him a glare. The engineer 
knew the reason why he looked like this and obviously reveled in the reaction he was giving him. 
Tony's delight quickly faded when he heard another exhausted sigh.

“I'm sorry, really, just... Totally absorbed in building my new suit and... Are you listening?”

“No.” Was the simply answer that came from the other as he moved away. The billionaire only 
shrugged, didn't really seem to mind. “Why are you even up at this hour? Wouldn't you normally
lie on the floor because you drank too much again?”

Tom grinned at the baffled face that stared back, but was startled himself when the engineer recovered and laughed.

“Correct. Anyway...” He began again, making Tom look up from the cup of coffee he finally had been able to attend to. “Drink up, we have to go."

“What?” Blinking in astonishment, Tom sat the mug down. “We have to go?” He repeated.

“Yes.”

“I don't think that this is such a good idea...” The other man only tsked at the objection and walked to the door, basically ignoring Tom, slipping into his shoes.

“You need new clothes.” Tony casually stated.

Tom looked down on himself and couldn't argue with this. A hand smoothed down the wrinkled shirt, before he averted his gaze to the side. Running around like this was demeaning, but what had happened when he had first gotten here had been a lesson to him. He couldn't just go out and shop like every other person.

“But...” Tom murmured, making the other cast a glance over his shoulder. “I can't go out without...”

Much to his surprise, Tony was suddenly in front of him, tilting his chin up.

“Won't let you go alone, dummy. Can't let you get killed, can I?”

Tom just looked like a deer in the headlights, shocked by the mere possibility of the scenario.

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“I really don't think this is a good idea...” Tom said again and was ignored once more.

The other male was staring out of the window, hand supporting his head. Even though Tom had protested vehemently against this, Tony had just pulled him into a taxi, which had wondered him in the first place and was now sitting next to him in the backseat, nervously shifting back and forth. This was a stupid idea. In times of internet and online shopping, it shouldn't be necessary to go out to get new clothes. Why exactly hadn't he told him that. Every time a counter came to his mind, it was already too late. Damn his brain for this. But even if he had voiced his concerns, Tony would have insisted on this trip. For some reason Tom wasn't sure whether this was about him, or Tony just wanting company. Probably the latter.

“We could have ordered some clothes over...”

“We could have.” Tony interrupted, eyes flickering over to the actor, who now frowned. “Don't tell me you want to stay in. It's been two weeks since you came here.” He shrugged. “Thought you could use a little change.”

Silence spread between them and Tom crossed his arms, leaning his head back against the seat, defeated.

“By the way...” Blueish eyes fluttered shut, expecting another pointless discussion. “Do you have any money?”
The question actually startled Tom and he straightened himself, staring at the, now serious looking man, in disbelief. This was something he hadn't thought about. Sure, he had his wallet, but whether his credit cards would work, he didn't know.

“I...”
The other raised an eyebrow at the stuttering, but waited for a more intelligent answer, which Tom seemingly had trouble providing.

“If my cards work here...”

“That's a no, then.”

It didn't seem like the billionaire was really bothered by this, tone more cheerful than anything else. It probably was entertaining to see him flustered like this.

“You can pay me back.”

Tom wasn't sure if he should promise this.

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It didn't take long for Tom to get himself three different outfits and he was long done with the whole shopping thing, when Tony decided that three packs of clothes weren't enough. So he dragged Tom to at least twenty different stores, slowly but surely getting on the actor's nerves with his running around. Tom was one of those people who went into a store and bought the thing he wanted. Tony on the other hand was enjoying the mere fact of looking at things, before buying all of them. Literally. And it more and more became clear that it had been him all along who wanted to go shopping. Because a few hours later they ended up with more bags than they could possibly carry. Now it wasn't even possible anymore to evade any unwanted publicity. Journalists and paparazzi started to swarm around them once they saw who was walking through Malibu Country Mart. It only took them a few seconds to corner them, getting into their faces. Most of them looked just as shocked as Tom was, whereas Tony gave the impression of actually enjoying this turmoil. How he was able remain so calm, was a mystery for Tom.

A few reporters glared at him, making Tom back off and get nearer to Tony, who protectively stepped in front of him, trying to block them from reaching him.

“Mr. Stark!” They started shouting, too loud for Tom's taste and stuck their equipment under Tony's nose, who only waved his hands to calm them down.

“Why is this murderer with you!”

“How can he be on the loose after destroying New York!”

“Mr. Stark, a statement!”

Laughing interrupted their yelling, and Tony put his arm around Tom, pulling him close.

“What?” Tony grinned, putting the most absurd face on. “You really think this is Loki? The bat-shit crazy Norse god?” A snort left him and Tom could only watch in bewilderment how the man was handling this.

Apparently the paparazzi were as baffled as Tom, with them now being silent and listening carefully and him blushing like a teenager.

“Sure thing. Loki would totally walk around with me and buy stuff. Shopping was always his
favorite hobby.” The engineer joked and shot Tom an encouraging look. “It's a look-a-like, dumbasses. We're casting for a movie.”

This was actually a pretty valid excuse, Tom had to give him that much. And it seemed to convince the press as well, because their angsty and tense expressions faded into confused ones.

“But...” A young male started. “He does look exactly like him.”

“Well, duh. Haven't you heard about the fact that everybody in the world has a doppelganger? Here is Loki's.” Tony shrugged and Tom could only smile at the effort he was taking for him.

After this, it seemingly clicked inside the mass of people and they started taking pictures, now being even more intrusive than before. Of course Tom had dealt with paparazzi before, but they had always been very polite to him, not like these people. They were bothersome to say the least. A question directed at him made him almost jump.

“So...”

“His name is Tom.” Tony interfered.

“Tom.” A female reporter repeated, shooting a glance over to Tony for cutting her off. “How is it to be friends with the famous Tony Stark? And will he play himself in this upcoming movie?”

Sheepishly, Tom looked over to the billionaire who only nodded at him to answer their question.

“It's an honor, actually.” Tom said, averting his gaze to the ground, smiling softly. “I always looked up to him, when I was younger. I really admire his work.”

The expression on Tony's actually made Tom blink in confusion now, because it looked as if he was completely taken aback by the statement. He was practically gaping now, which made Tom all the more uncomfortable with the situation. Ignoring the strange look, Tom tried to answer the next questions as truthfully as possible, all while glimpsing over to the amazed engineer once in a while.

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For more than an hour they had to stand in the middle of the sidewalk and answer questions, until Tony finally had had enough of it and had taken the first opportunity to run. They could have probably just excused themselves, but this method seemingly wasn't to the other's liking, because Tony only stopped walking when they were out of the crowded downtown area. Tom was panting slightly due to the quick pace and watched the engineer from the corner of his eyes, raising an eyebrow at him when he started snorting.

“What's so funny?”

“Love how they swallowed this.” Tony bared his teeth in a big smile.

“Well, it's basically true.” The other shrugged. “Why did we flee like this?”

“Was hungry.” Just now Tom realized that they stood in front of a restaurant, a pretty expensive looking one and his stomach suddenly started rumbling. “Do you like lobster? I could die for some right now. Tossed in garlic butter with roasted vegetables...”

“I am not really into sea fruit.” An apologetic smile was cast towards him, which silenced Tony instantly. “But, but we can definitely eat here if you want. I didn't mean to...”
“You sure?” Tony mused, focusing brown eyes on Tom as he nodded frantically. “Fine then.” He said and went to the door, holding it for Tom to move through.

Another one of those embarrassing moments, but who was Tom to deny anything the man offered to him. He was depending on him and didn't want to appear ungrateful, so what other choice did he have than to accept the invitation. A few minutes later Tom was sitting behind a menu, obviously having trouble deciding on what he should get. He just wasn't used to this kind of society. Normally he would prefer plain food over this high class food and as far as he knew, it was the same with Tony. So why he didn't just get himself a burger was beyond him. Tom certainly hoped that this hadn't had something to do with him. If he would start trying to impress him, this whole thing would end up being awkward again. And he really didn't want that. While philosophizing about Tony's intention, he didn't notice the waiter approaching and taking Tony's order.

“So?” Tony's voice made him look up from the carte. “Did you choose?” The waiter already stood next to them, he didn't know for how long and Tom quickly made a note for himself to stop thinking so much.

“I think I'll take...Uhm.” Now he was watched by both men, with the waiter looking much more annoyed than the engineer by the fact that he took too long to pick. “The stuffed chicken legs with Marsala sauce?” It was barely more than a question, but the server just nodded and took his leave.

“Okay, question time.” Tom didn't quite expect this, but nodded. “Favorite Avenger.”

“What?” He laughed and supported his arms on the table.

“Favorite Avenger. And don't say Captain America, because then I feel insulted.”

Tom could barely hide his smile behind his hand when he saw that pouting face.

“So what do you want me to say? That I like Iron Man?”

“That would be the most logical answer. The only right one.” Another chuckle left Tom and Tony narrowed his eyes. “What? Is it Thor? That's kind of creepy.”

Tom mirrored the look on the billionaire's face, mocking him on purpose.

“I like Thor. He's quite the nice guy.” The skeptic frown on Tony's face was amusing enough for Tom to continue, even when the waiter brought their food. “I don't think I have a favorite. After all I portrait Loki and he doesn't like any of you.”

“I didn't ask for Loki's opinion here.” The other grumbled and duck into his food, making Tom do the same. At least the price was justified. The food tasted delicious and Tom had almost forgotten about answering him.

“Probably Wolverine.” Tom joked and had to laugh at the pure look of disbelief in the man's face. “Don't judge me, it's in the comics. I don't make this up.”

“Now there are comics, too?”

“The movies came later. Much later. Your character was created in the sixties.” Tony sighed at this and Tom took pity on him. “Bruce Banner and Tony Stark.” He said and took another bite of the chicken.

Tony almost choked on his lobster and raised his gaze to look into pleased blue eyes.
“Now it's my turn to ask you something.”

Tony just shrugged.

“Shoot.”

“Have you actually read the bound edition of Shakespeare's work in your collection or is it more like a decoration item?”

Both men grinned at each other and Tom thought to know the answer, but was surprised when Tony shook his head.

“I have actually read it. Yes, wouldn't have guessed that, right?” Tom could only press his lips into a line and smirk. It was too obvious. “In my defense, it was a gift that...”

Their conversation was interrupted by Tony's phone vibrating in his pocket and the man only nodded in apology before taking the call. Once he heard who was on the other line, he groaned, running a hand over his face, his mood immediately worsening. The man looked through his fingers and Tom offered a small smile, having a suspicion who had called. The actor formed an 'I'm sorry' with his mouth, but Tony just waved him off. He turned to eat his food in silence, only looking up when there was a sound from the other man.

“No.” Tony finally said and sighed, massaging his temples. His food was long since forgotten and probably cold by now. “I already told you. This is not...”

Tom wanted to be gone. Swallowed by the earth. Witnessing something like a marital crisis was nothing he liked, especially not while eating in a restaurant. Shifting uncomfortably on his chair, he ate up and waited for the man to finish his call.

“Yes I am out.” Another pause. “Eating, for god's sake, Pepper stop this.”

Bulls eye. And apparently the female was peeved enough to actually call Tony. It bode ill.

“Yes, Tom's with me...” The engineer closed his eyes in imaginable pain. “No, he's not a...” He could only just stop himself from repeating the insult which had left Pepper's throat, then covering the phone with his hand. “Treat yourself, get some dessert. This could take a while...”

So while Tony argued on the phone, Tom reluctantly ordered a blackberry-apple tarte, usually not eating so much for dinner, but was basically forced now to block out this awkward situation. When the dessert was delivered, the first thing Tom did was stare at the cake, not knowing whether he really should eat it or not. But after checking that the other male was still on the phone and the smell reaching his nostrils, he picked up the fork and took a bite. And in this moment he realized that this was possibly the best thing he had eaten in his entire life. Tom took another forkful of the tarte and let it melt on his tongue, closing his eyes in delight at the taste. He didn't even notice Tony hanging up and grinning at him.

“Enjoying it?”

“Mhh... Yes.” Tom retorted in a most seductive voice, without really thinking about how it came across, making the man inhale sharply and stare at him in bewilderment.

“Good, I guess...” Tony said, scratching his head. “You have a thing for sweets?”

“Only when they are good.”
“Will have to get you more of this, then, if you keep making those noises. What's with you and food?”

Completely ignoring the billionaire from here on, Tom devoted himself to the cake only. And it didn't seem as if Tony minded. Without saying a word, he just watched until the sweet was devoured. If Tom would have had his way, he would have eaten at least three more of these, but Tony had already payed the bill at that point. Taking their shopping bags with them, they left the restaurant, only to be surrounded by press again. Tony shot Tom an annoyed glance, clearly not wanting to deal with them anymore for this day, but Tom only smiled. Even though they were bothersome, and Tony had chased him through town and had made him listen to his argument with Pepper, he had enjoyed this day off. And this had only been thanks to Tony. So he just stood there, watching him deal with the paparazzi, holding his bags for him.

Chapter End Notes

Write a comment if you enjoyed the chapter! I really appreciate it <3
Tony decided he needed a drink. Badly. Something that happened a lot more often lately. And he knew why. Situations like this really would drive him out of his mind someday. Another glimpse over to the actor. Yes, he definitely needed a drink. Or two. Maybe even the whole bottle. This day had been a roller-coaster of emotions for him. It had started as an innocent shopping trip and had ended with Tom making the most luscious sounds over a piece of cake, sending Tony's brain straight into porn heaven, a place where it shouldn't have been with regards to that man. Even though Bruce had warned him, following his advise became incredibly difficult. Tony also had the suspicion that the other male teased him on purpose. No one could be so oblivious and naive.

The 'Harry met Sally' moaning in the restaurant had just been the icing on the cake and he would have loved nothing more than to yank that fork from his hand and press him down on that table, kissing that soft skin and... Those thoughts definitely weren't helping. When both men had taken the taxi home, Tom still had that sweet smile on his lips. Another thing that slowly drove Tony mad. The man was always so polite. Always caring. And when the topic of their conversation had shifted to the problem of how they should get Tom back to his own dimension, he suddenly had looked incredibly sad and Tony had wanted to hug him, so he wouldn't have to see those puppy eyes ever again. That had been exactly the reason why Tony hadn't told him about their research just yet. Or the lack of progress, that is. But he had asked and Tony couldn't have lied to him for the sake of keeping him happy, could he.

Once they had come home, their ways had parted. As usual. They barely spent time together. But Tony had taken a moment to watch the actor as he had gone into his room and had looked at his new clothes with a pleased expression. And when Tom had turned his head to meet the engineer's eyes, Tony could have sworn his heart had skipped a beat. In seconds he had basically fled from the room, much to his own embarrassment. Only hours later, after racking his brain about how he should handle this situation, he had dared to leave his workshop, a decision he had regretted as soon as he had set foot in his living room.

His gaze had immediately fallen onto the big armchair near the bookshelf, his eyes fixed on the furniture as he had silently moved into the room. Tony had seemingly trouble to cope with the sight that had greeted him and now, after more than ten minutes of just standing and staring, he concluded that he should walk away and get himself a drink. Preferably fast.

Tony was quick with pouring himself a glass of whiskey, drowning it in mere seconds, before repeating the action. With the glass in his hand, he slowly made his way over to the armchair again, stopped in front of it and frowned. How should he deal with this. The actor was sitting in the chair, head on his hand, obviously asleep. Books were scattered around and Tony briefly smiled at the thought of Tom apologizing later for the mess he had caused. The smirk was wiped from his face when the man in front of him shifted in his sleep, making him take a step back. Tony's gaze fell on his lips, Tom seemed to mumble something in his sleep and he unconsciously licked over his own at the sight.
It really was a predicament. Tony knew that this guy had to leave. That anything that could ever come to be between them would end rather sooner than later. That this was madness. Still, with him sitting in this chair, lips slightly parted, neck exposed because of the awkward angle, Tony couldn't think straight anymore. The only thought that ran through his mind was how the other might taste. How he would behave if Tony kissed him right now. Which would never happen of course. He couldn't even explain this attraction towards the other man. Except for the lust, especially after he had seen him this morning, he could explain this quite easily. It probably only was Tom's body that effected him that much, making him gape like a fucking, horny teenager. Even now the picture wouldn't leave his mind. Tom wasn't as toned as Tony, but athletic and lean and for some strange reason, he found that amazingly appealing. Particularly when he thought about what he could do to that body.

Tony shook his head. Not the kind of thoughts that were healthy. This odd obsession had to end. Nothing would ever happen between them. Even when the other man made this not exactly easy for him. He was basically presenting himself. The engineer ran a hand over his face. For how long he had just stood here and watched him, he didn't know. Which was kind of creepy, considering. And he still didn't know what he should do now. Talk about being productive. He could wake him. Or he could let him sleep here and most likely have back pain in the morning.

Before he could stop himself, he touched the other's shoulder, nudging him gently. Blue eyes blinked sleepily at him, clearly not knowing what was happening. Tony gasped when the other man smiled weakly and rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

“Did I fall asleep?” Tom asked, before he had to stifle a yawn.

“Yeah...” The engineer nodded and extended a hand for him to stand. “Thought I should wake you before I have to call a chiropractor.”

Tom chuckled and gladly took the hand, almost bumping into Tony, legs still asleep.

“I'm sorry.” The actor said awkwardly and stretched. “I didn't plan on sleeping here.”

Tony took another sip from his glass and watched slender fingers run through soft hair and immediately cursing himself for doing that.

“These books were just too...” Another yawn and Tony would have called it cute, if this wouldn't be completely unappropriated. Furthermore, he wouldn't ever call a man cute. No, not even when he looked at him like this. “…too intriguing. I envy your collection.”

Not cute at all. Tom slowly moved towards his room, but seemed to remember something and turned around again, facing the engineer.

“I haven't thanked you for the clothes yet. Or anything for that matter. I am really grateful you took me in and helped me...” The actor averted his gaze.

“No need to...” Tony tried, but was shushed when those blue eyes looked at him again, mesmerizing him, making him swallow the other half of his sentence.

“Thank you.”

The engineer couldn't even return the smile, was too stunned by the genuine sound of the words. A nod came from the other man when he retreated into his room, with Tony only whispering a “You're welcome.” after him.

A few days went by without any noticeable incidents. Tony had basically locked himself in his
workshop, trying every imaginable possibility to not be around the other man. Even though he kind of missed their talks. Focusing on his work was probably the only way to ensure that he wouldn't pounce Tom when he did something adorable again. Actually, it was not that he couldn't behave or that his desire was too great to control, but spending more time around him could change that and Tony was not willing to let this get out of hand. Attraction was okay to a certain extent, but anything beyond this would not happen. At least without him initiating it. But if Tom decided, for whatever reason, to pursue him, he doubted that his restraint would last any longer. Fortunately that seemed unlikely to happen.

Tony was about to wield metal pieces of his newest suit together, he had abandoned the thought of creating a portal without a suitable energy source, when a dull bang sounded through the workshop, drowning even the loud rock music. Turning off the wielder, the engineer raised his goggles to make out the source of the noise. He almost jumped when another loud bang came from behind his back. Tony then realized that he had every reason to be frightened. There was Thor, banging against the thick glass of his workshop's walls. He rubbed his eyes, certain that this was a mere delusion caused by the sleep deprivation, but was suddenly convinced, when the blonde god shouted something.

“Sir, Mr. Odinson demands admittance to the workshop.” The AI stated.

“I can see that. Why is he here?” The engineer grumbled, while staring at the man from afar.

“I am afraid he didn't tell me that much.”

He cursed. Whenever Thor had this expression on his face something was about to get blown up. Hopefully it wasn't him. Or his stuff. Or his house. Did he do something he didn't remember? He hadn't drunken that much. The thunderer was still glaring daggers at him, so Tony decided that it might be wiser to open up, even though the glass was the same that Shield used for their Hulk cage, so even Thor wouldn't be able to break through it.

“Let him in.” Tony finally said and sighed when the AI instantly talked back.

“Do you think this is wise, Sir? Shouldn't I contact Shield regarding his uninvited appearance?”

“You heard me.”

The door unlocked in front of Thor's eyes and the tall male didn't waste a second to storm into the room, crossing the distance between them with long strides, stopping in front of Tony only to grab him by his collar and raise him to his feet.

“Whoa, big guy, relax.” The engineer pressed out through gritted teeth, hands trying desperately to free himself from the firm grip. “What the fuck is wrong with you?!?”

Thor only growled deeply in his throat and stared him right in the eyes.

“Bruce has talked about you.” Tony narrowed his eyes at the statement, not knowing what the god was implying with this. “He has told me about the things you do.”

It still didn't click, which made the taller man seemingly more angry.

“The things I do?”

“Yes.”

Both men were silent then, just staring at each other. Tony groaned after a few minutes, growing tired of this game.
“What did he tell you then? I can't figure it out, Thor.” The tone was biting by now.

The blonde god opened his mouth to speak, but a sound, coming from the stairs, startled him. He turned his head to look, but couldn't act fast enough. Tom was already at his side and gently tugged on his arm, silently begging for him to stop.

“Thor, please. What is wrong?”

The grip on Tony's collar weakened noticeably and he wondered why Thor was so susceptible for whatever Tom said or did. Sure, he looked like his brother, but the god knew that he wasn't in fact, Loki. Still, he acted as if he was.

“So you don't know what crawled up his ass, either. Great.” Tony snapped and earned a glare from the thunderer.

“No.” Tom retorted, voice calm and gentle, trying to soothe the god's anger. His hand was still on Thor's arm, until he finally released the engineer. “He suddenly stood on the balcony and rushed past me when I opened up for him.”

Thor's blue eyes were glued to Tom and Tony furrowed his brows, finding the sight more than disturbing. It seemed as if the god was just as obsessed with the kindhearted man as he himself. Cancel that. Tony was definitely not obsessed with anything.

“What do you want, Thor...” Tony asked unceremoniously, couldn't stand one more second how Thor was looking at Tom.

“Bruce told us how you treat him. And I won't tolerate it.” The blonde growled, making Tony, as well as Tom, stare at him in disbelief.

“You sure that these were Bruce's words?” Tony clicked his tongue, didn't take him seriously at all.

“I swear by the nine, Stark, if you don't treat him well, I...” The blonde was about to launch for the engineer, but was held back by the actor.

“What are you talking about? I'm fine.” Thor's eyes switched from Tony to Tom and back. “I can't believe Bruce would say something like this.”

“He sure didn't. Goldilocks must have misinterpreted him, as is so often the case.” Both men were glaring at each other again, before the god turned his attention to Tom, placing his hands on his shoulders, making him blush.

“Is this true, Thomas?” Tom blinked in confusion at the use of his full name, but nodded. “Bruce told us that he was spying on you. I admit, the doctor did laugh as he spoke, but I found it necessary to look after you.”

Suddenly Tom was silent. And Tony was panicking. Bruce must have joked around, it couldn't be explained in any other way. He wouldn't depict him as a voyeur. But somehow Thor must have gotten scent of it. Great. Now Tom was thinking of him as just that, a peeper. Blue eyes locked with brown and Tony felt himself wince.

“You spied on me?”

The voice was heartbreaking and the engineer damned himself for doing it in the first place. Tony groaned.

“I did not spy on you. I checked on you once when you baked. I was curious. Nothing more.” He
sighed. His words didn't seem to convince him. Tom looked at him with that hurt expression, before averting his gaze to the ground. “Whom do you take me for? I wouldn't peep on you.” It was said with a small laugh, but it was the truth.

Tony's hand instinctively reached out to touch the other man's arm, making him look up again, trying to figure out whether this was true or not.

“I swear.” The billionaire added after a few seconds, hand still lingering on Tom's arm, which didn't seem to bother him at all.

A sigh left the actor's throat. “Okay...”

“Is this the only reason you stormed into my house?” With this the attention was shifted back to the god, who had watched in silence until now. “Don't you have anything better to do? Shouldn't you be with Jane or something?” Tony was peeved and now it was his time to ask questions.

The question made Thor grimace. Nerve hit. Smiling slightly, Tony pulled Tom into hug with one of his arms. He could feel the god's glare. But he definitely deserved the teasing for painting him black.

“I was with Jane, but it was important to check on my brother's...” He looked at Tom, who seemed more than confused by their rivalry. “...fetch.”

“Ah, of course.” Tony mocked and released the baffled actor. “Can't leave him alone with me around. Right.”

“Don't be so sarcastic. I am glad he cares.” Tom said, shooting Tony a glance.

This was barely more than a gridlock anymore and the blonde god sighed after a while.

“My apologies, friend. I must have misconceived Bruce's words. I didn't mean to insult you. I was merely concerned.”

There was so much sadness in his voice and suddenly Tony felt bad for him. Again. As always. The big guy just cared too much. Seeing his brother like this must be hard. A quick glimpse to Tom told him that he was probably thinking the same. The god just missed his brother. Who, very likely, was slaughtering some innocent people in this other dimension. Another factor for Thor behaving like this could be guilt, Tony mused. He wanted to make Tom's stay as comfortable as possible, as long as the real Loki was running wild in his world. Before Tony could protest, Tom was shooting him that smile.

“Do you want to eat with us? I wanted to make dinner soon.”

“You know we can order something.” Tony declared, but was pushed away by the blonde god.

“Does this mean you have to cater for him?” Incomprehension in his voice.

The engineer rolled his eyes, the actor started laughing.

“No.” Tom held his hands up in a defensive manner. “I just enjoy making my own meals. It tastes better.”

If this hadn't been Tom who was talking, Tony had snorted. Especially when he thought about that scene in the restaurant and his reaction to the cake.

“Then I would love to accept the invitation.”

These kind of get-togethers were the ones Tony hated the most. When you want to be alone with
someone who's completely unaware of that fact, and there's this other guy who cock blocks. Exaggerated, of course. But Thor had perfected that. How often had he caught Pepper and him in delicate situations. And now he was sitting at his table, munching happily on the food and chatting with Tom. Tony groaned in annoyance, looked down on the, admittedly delicious looking, steak and reluctantly shoved a bite into his mouth. It was as good as it looked like. Still, he kept a perfectly straight face, not giving away anything else than his absolute disapproval of the current situation. The engineer shot a glance over to Tom, who, obviously, enjoyed it.

It was not that Tony didn't like Thor. He did. Genuinely. But right now, he wished for him to fuck off. Three days had passed since he had really talked to Tom and now he didn't have the chance, because Thor was occupying him. Okay, that was not really his fault. He had tried to distance himself from Tom, but with Thor caring so much, it sparked his jealousy. Which was totally stupid, he knew it and controlling the urge to throw his plate at the god when he touched Tom's shoulder, was extremely difficult as well. But totally not appropriate. Yet the only thing Tony would like to do right now.

Just when Thor mentioned that Tom was looking 'swell', Tony noticed that he wore his newly bought clothes. How could he missed that. He had to swallow the lump in his throat, eye unconsciously wandering over the other man, until Tom stared right back at him.

“Are you listening?” He asked, looking slightly baffled.

Tony was not. In fact everything he could focus on was that bit of exposed skin on the man's neck.

“I am.” He lied and tried desperately to raise his gaze. Tom saw through it way too easily.

“Thor said he could help us with the portal.” This drew Tony's attention finally back to the conversation.

“I will consult my father about this. He will be able to help in this matter.”

Tony rolled his eyes. Empty promises. There was no way that even Thor would be able to get the tesseract. His old man would never agree to lend it to some humans, just because his adopted son was making a mess again. He wanted to point that out, but the words never left his mouth. The way Tom smiled kept him from saying anything. He didn't want to shatter his hopes. Yet it was pretty unrealistic that they would be able to recreate such a portal in the nearest future.

“You think Thor's help will take you further in your research?”

The engineer shot the god a glare. Nothing made a man work more efficient than pressure.

“Don't know yet. Depends on whether Thor is able to get the tesseract.” He shrugged, never taking his eyes off the blonde, who nodded in return.

“I will do my best to right this. My brother's mischief has to end.” With this, the god raised to his feet and clapped the mortal on the shoulder. “Fear not, we will be successful.”

The touch made the corners of Tony's mouth twitch in dislike.

“Thank you, Thor. I really appreciate it.”

Tony watched from his chair how the both of them said goodbye, groaned and got up himself, strolling towards his bedroom. This was stupid and he should finally go to bed. Sleep it off. He chuckled at himself. Getting jealous over a man he barely knew, who didn't want anything from him and would leave anyway. Maybe if he would just fuck him this obsession would end.

“Great job on getting delusional...” Tony whispered to himself and heard a murmur behind him.
“Did you say something?” The other man asked while picking up the plates.

“Just congratulated me on being dumb and foolish.” That made Tom come closer, cocking his head to the side.

“Why do you say this? As far as I know you are far from both.”

The smile made Tony inhale sharply and basically stare on that kissable lips right in front of him. Tom was close. Too close. So Tony took a step back, restoring his personal space and with it his resistance. Instead of making it easier, these three days of ignoring the problem had made his desire worse. Classical Tony Stark disease. Wanting what he couldn't have.

“If you only knew.” Tony said with a smirk and went upstairs. “You will realize someday.”

Tom only smiled softly and shook his head.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter
Daily Life

Chapter Summary

The daily life of Tony Stark.

Chapter Notes

Okay here's the new chapter! I hope you all enjoy it as much as I did when I wrote it. I can say that the next one will change their relationship. So stay tuned!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony was bored. Not procrastination-bored. Or just a little bit bored, where you would eat something and go back to work. No. Tony was bored to death. Since Pepper had given him that phone call and had told him to stay home, or better, stay out of her way, there was nothing for him to do but wait for anything to happen. Sure, he could invent things. But even this got boring after a while. Tony had gone so far as to repair his cars. Replace any part that was older than a year. In all of them. Desperation was an understatement. So he shouldn't have been judged, but this was exactly what Tom had done when he had come into the living room.

Tony sat on the couch and watched TV. Maybe this was nothing special for most people, but the engineer normally despised this kind of entertainment. Not movies though, just the general TV program. Nothing against mindless entertainment, but the level of stupidity of these series was usually just too much for him to bear. Just not today. Tom shot him a confused glance when he strolled over, casually looking over Tony's shoulder to see what he was watching. A snort left the other man when he came around and sat down next to him.

“Seriously?” Way too much amusement in that voice. “You are watching this?”

Tony just rolled his eyes in reply, remote still in his hand, pointing at the screen. He wasn't going to argue over this.

“It's a shame that this series also exists in this universe.” A small smile crept onto Tony's lips at those words. The man clearly knew what he was talking about. “I could definitely live without nonsense like this.”

He was grinning when he looked into blueish eyes.

“Why do you watch something like this?” Tom chuckled, before turning his gaze back to the Jersey Shore, which was on-screen.

“Hmm.” The billionaire mumbled while lazily sprawling out on the couch, getting nearer to the other man. “It's refreshingly dumb.”

Tom laughed at this and Tony reveled in the sound of it. And his scent. Damn. Close enough to smell the shampoo he was using. A flowery one. Probably one of Pepper's. He didn't know why her stuff was still in there, but he certainly wasn't going to complain. A thought crawled into his
mind and he couldn't help but grin when he looked at Tom.

"Fuck, you really smell good." Tony suddenly said, startling the man next to him. He could see how the blush crept onto his cheeks.

"Thank you?" Scratching his neck and facing the TV, Tom seemingly had problems to cope. "I just showered."

Success. Seeing him being so flustered was really amusing to watch. Payback for the scene in the restaurant.

"Ah, sorry." Tony added a second later, still grinning like a cat, before focusing back on the screen. "Didn't mean to creep you out."

The reaction Tony got for this was no less rewarding. Tom was blinking at him and cracked a small smile.

"It's alright."

Just too damn polite. Of course he knew that such talk might make him uncomfortable, but quite frankly, Tony didn't care much at the moment. This was too enjoyable to quit.

"Jersey Shore..." The man repeated and Tony huffed a laugh. "Didn't think you would watch this kind of show."

"Thought I was good enough to engulf myself into this fine type of entertainment." Tony gestured with his hand, badly imitating Tom's British accent, much to his delight.

"Oh, of course." Tom nodded in fake seriousness. "This is far and away the best and most pretentious program I've come to see in my life."

"Then we concur, my dear Watson."

It was then that Tony's joking stopped. The way Tom looked at him was making him shut up almost instantly.

"What? What did I say." The engineer narrowed his eyes, straightening himself to be able to look him in the eyes. "Tom?"

The addressed man ran a hand over his face before shaking his head.

"Nothing. It was just..." Another laugh escaped his throat, sounding a little bit more drained than before. "Funny thing is, your... actor or doppelganger played Sherlock Holmes."

"Okay that is creepy. Change of topic." Tony just stated, slightly put off by the coincidence. "What do you usually watch?"

"Probably nothing you would be interested in."

The cheeky smile was countered by another roll of brown eyes. Even though the Brit was more polite than anyone he knew, he could be just as sassy. No wonder they had cast him for Loki's role.

"Try me." He shot back.

"Documentaries. At best." Tom had to smile at the non-impressed face that stared back at him.

"Yes, exactly."

"You win." Was the nonchalant answer.
A few minutes went by without either of them saying a word. Tony was gazing blankly at the TV, basically just lying around, sprawled on the couch. The sight charmed another chuckle out of the actor and he bowed over to meet his eyes.

“Why are you so bored, Tony?”

Hearing his name roll of his tongue made Tony's heart leap in delight, but he refused to show it, looking over to Tom with that indifferent expression of his. He just shrugged.

“Nothing to do. No work. No toys. Boredom.”

“And then you go and watch TV?” Amusement layered in his voice and Tony raised an eyebrow at the question.

“Why not.”

“You could do so many things. I mean you are rich and have time.”

This was a question he heard almost on a daily basis. It was annoying. So his reply might have been just a little bit snappy.

“Like what? Party, drink myself to unconsciousness or fuck the next whore that throws herself at me?” It silenced the other man, making him frown at him. “I could call some hookers if you would like.”

Tom blushed at this, hadn't expected this kind of answer.

“I think I'll pass.” He said after a few seconds, averting his gaze so he couldn't see how the engineer sneered at him.

“Do I see a blush there?” Tony teased and earned a frustrated groan.

“None of your business.” He said and walked off in the direction of his room.

Definitely blushing. Tony didn't think of him as prudish or inexperienced, but sometimes he just reacted in the cutest way and he was not going to spare him from those questions. It was how Tony was able to look into people. Their reactions to his mocking revealed much of their character. And judged by Tom's, this was a delicate topic. It was such fun to watch him.

“Then don't jibe at me because of my watching habits!” He cast over to the other man, before he vanished in his room.

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Loud cursing sounded through the living room. This was something Tony hated with a passion. Paperwork. And this pile was high enough to drown him. That was what happened when he complained about having nothing to do. Pepper sent him all kind of documents to check and sign. That woman had to be a psychic, since she didn't visit anymore. These mountains of paperwork came with the mail. But no note or message from her whatsoever. Tony felt bad because of what had happened, but didn't know how to right this. He didn't know what she thought of all this, but he couldn't consider her feelings on this matter. Why she was overreacting so much was another story. If she really wasn't over him yet, why not say something. She should know that he didn't hurt her
on purpose. Still, she was obviously feeling that way and was now repaying him with this bullshit. The most horrendous torture she could have loaded onto him.

Tony cursed once more when he took a new contract from the pile and noticed how it was more than fifty pages strong. The groaning and cussing aroused Tony's interest, who had been busy in the kitchen. The man raised his gaze to look at the working billionaire and called over before focusing back on the cooking book in his hands.

“Why are you swearing like that?”
“Documents.” Tony grunted back. “Pepper wants to shellac me.” The taller male narrowed his eyes. “Wants to make me pay for my behavior.”

Grounding his teeth, he put down his pen and lay back on the couch, closing his eyes in exhaustion. A small chuckle right next to his ear made him abruptly open them again, though. Tom was standing behind him, looking over his shoulders at the unsorted pile of papers.

“Contracts.” Tony whispered, still watching the other's face from this awkward angle, liking how he bent over him.

“You don't do this often, do you?” Tom joked and nodded when he saw the engineer shrugging.

“Nope. Sign them, yeah, but reading through that? No.”

Blue eyes roamed the table, with the man getting more and more amused by the mess.

“I can see that.”

“Haha...” Tony retorted, but couldn't stay mad because Tom climbed over the backrest to sit next to him.

“You should sort this first. Arrange them into the ones you need to read and the ones you just need to sign. I mean, normally you should read every single one of them, but I doubt you would even consider this.”

“Damn right.”

With the help of Tom, Tony started to sort the documents, until they had two large piles. Tony was reluctant to actually start working again, but Tom pestered him until he finally did. But seriously. Tony knew exactly what he had to do with this paperwork. It just was way less boring when he had company.

----

A few days later Tony was back to normal, spending most of his time in his workshop and occasionally taking a flight in his suit. It was barely afternoon when he strolled lazily through his house, moving to the fridge to get himself a bottle of water. While drinking, he noticed someone lying on the couch. On a closer look Tony could identify the picture of misery as Tom, curled up, with a book covering his face. The engineer couldn't quite decide whether he was sleeping or not. Only when a hand shot up to wave at him it was clear.

“You okay?” Tony said, raising an eyebrow at the man, even though he wasn't able to see it.

“Yes. Just bored.” He replied from under his book and Tony had to grin at the irony. Although he could understand that. With no job and no ping-pong table around, there was little he could do to occupy himself, except for reading.

Tony moved up to his quarters a second later and Tom wondered why it was so quiet all of a sudden, raising the book from his eyes to look for him. The man blinked when something was
thrown into his lap, which turned out to be a tablet and with no other word Tony vanished into his lab once more.

When he came back up for the second time that day, Tom was still lying on the couch. In, as far as he could tell, the exact same position he had left him in. Only this time the tablet was lying on him as well. Not really impressed by the sight, Tony snatched the book from the man's face and watched him get the sleep out of his eyes.

“Get up. Might have something to occupy you with.”

Tony had to search for this particular item for more than fifteen minutes. He couldn't even remember an occasion where he had used it. The chess set was old and dusty, a gift from his father and thinking about it, he really didn't know why he had kept it until now. He wasn't really into any board games, especially chess. Howard had always forced him to play, train his strategic thinking. This game was bringing back unpleasant memories. Yet he could imagine that Tom would like it. So he took the box and went back down, where Tom was already waiting for him at the kitchen counter. Tony could see how the man tried to make out what he had in his hands. Only when he came nearer his expression changed into an understanding one.

“Ah...” The information sank in and he was quick to rid the counter of unnecessary things to make room for the board.

“Just for your information...” The other man looked up into unamused brown eyes. “I hate this game. Be grateful.”

Nothing more than a chuckle came from Tom when he helped Tony set up the game.

“Why do you want to play it then?” He added a second later and basically stunned the engineer with it.

Why was he playing it. The biggest part of him was saying to get into his pants. Probably the only reason. Being charming and caring could be the only way to get closer to him. Not to mention that Tony actually enjoyed him being around.

“You take white.” Tony said without answering the question.

Two hours later neither of them had given up. To be honest, Tony had expected to win this fast, but was utterly impressed by the man's chess skills by now. So, naturally, Tony was getting grumpy after a while. Patience and Tony Stark didn't really go hand in hand. In contrast to him, Tom seemed to enjoy their game and was more than just concentrated. He took his time planning his steps, much to Tony's dislike. His thoughts started to wander once more when Tom took too long for his draw and he found himself staring at the other man. The intense expression on his face basically screamed for him to lean over and kiss him. It was the only thing Tony could think about. Whether he should do it or not. He was risking not only a slap to the face, but also the fragile bond that had formed between them. Fuck it. Tony cursed silently, trying hard not to give in to his desires. Which started to get incredibly hard when Tom bit his bottom lip, still absorbed in thought and obviously not knowing what he did to Tony with this gesture. He could have stripped before him and Tony wouldn't have been more turned on. Damn he really had to do something about this.

“Checkmate.” Tom exclaimed and the sound shook Tony from his daze.

“What?” Tony stammered, clearly not able to form an intelligent answer.

“Checkmate?” The other male repeated and Tony just shook his head, couldn't believe the words.
The billionaire stared at the board, checking every possibility that he had left and came to the conclusion that yes, he was defeated.

“This can't be...” Incomprehension was written on his face and Tom couldn't help but laugh at him.

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Tony had had an idea. Nothing brilliant, but it would do. At least he thought so. Since Tom was getting bored more easily by the day, he had decided to buy a few things for normal people to waste their time on. When he had shown up with a massive amount of bags in his hand, Tom had looked at him like a car. Only when Tony had presented him with all the stuff he had bought, his expression had changed from confused to incredibly grateful. Not only had Tony gotten him a new charger for his phone, but also multiple other electric devices, one of them being a gaming console. Tony soon found out that Tom didn't like playing himself, but liked watching people play.

Two days later people had started wondering what was going on with Tony Stark. He didn't answer his phone anymore, didn't react to any outside influences. Even the press couldn't catch sight on him. This was why colonel Rhodes was sent to check on him. The man didn't have any problems getting into the house, with Jarvis complying nicely to his request. But the moment he stepped into the living room, he wished he hadn't come here. Tony sat on the couch, leaning against the backrest, dark lines under his eyes, controller in his hands and the most concentrated expression on his face. Rhodey gasped when he saw him like this, but was more worried by the other man, leaning against him, obviously asleep. The colonel stepped over mountains of trash, remnants of days spending in front of the console and cast a glance over to the television and indeed, the engineer was playing video games.

“What is this Tony?” Brown eyes switched from the screen to his friend and back.

“Assassin's Creed. Don't bother me now, I have to assassinate this guy...”

“That's not what I meant.” The other spat back, frustration in his voice and he gestured towards the man snuggling up to him.

“Not Loki...” Was the only thing Tony offered.

“I know. Pepper sent me.” Just an acknowledging nod from the engineer. “Clean up while you're at it.”

“Leave me alone.”

“Why does he sleep here.”

The pause button was pressed and Tony glared at Rhodey, growling low in his throat.

“We played, he fell asleep. End of story. What do you want?”

Rhodey was still looking around and grimaced visibly at the mess both men had caused.

“You don't answer your phone.”

“Yes, on purpose. Pepper hyperventilates over this whole thing. I am fed up with her grousing.”

The other man sighed at the resentment.

“She told me you would think of this as a good idea.”
Tony scowled at how Rhodey was looking down on him. He obviously wanted to make him feel bad, tend to his responsibilities. But they still didn't get that the only thing he really was responsible for was this man. Pepper handled the company. Rhodey the military. There was nothing else he had to care for. So why were they making such a fuss over this.

“Pepper worries, Tony. And you just sit here and play video games.” Sometimes Tony could mistake him for his mother.

“Could you be a bit more quiet. He is sleeping and I am trying to beat this mission for the fifth time already.” Tony growled and turned his attention back to the game, ignoring his friend's pleading.

Minutes went by with Rhodey only watching him. Judged by his defeated face, he had quit trying to get him to comply. Both of them knew that this was an impossible task.

“For how long have you been playing, Tony?” The question was justified, considering the fact that Tony had to actually think about it.

A hand gestured towards the sleeping man.

“Since he got bored, but didn't want to play, so I had to. This was more than two days ago... I guess?”

“And you just do that.” Apparently the other man couldn't understand him acting like this. He shook his head at him. “Are you serious?”

“Why shouldn't I?” The engineer murmured, now glaring at the screen. “I have nothing to do here as well.” It made Rhodey frown. “Pepper has banned me from the company because I have taken him in. An innocent man, but hey, she doesn't care. He is dangerous in her opinion.” Tony gestured at Tom with his head. “A complete lunatic as you can see.”

Rhodey rolled his eyes at the sarcasm, still standing next to the TV with his arms crossed.

“She does care.” A huff escaped Tony at this. “That's why I am here. She tried to talk about all this with you, but you decided to ignore your phone.”

“I wished Jarvis wouldn't have let you in.” The answer was clearly not the one Rhodey had anticipated.

“We have to find a solution to this...” Tony placed a finger on his lips, urging him to be silent.

“There is nothing to solve here.” He whispered back, tone making it clear that he wasn't going to discuss this. “He will stay here until Bruce and I figured out how he can get back to his dimension. I don't want to hear another complain from any of you about it.”

For more than half an hour Rhodey tried to convince him, but everything he said fell on deaf ears. The other man was basically chattering now, knowing full well that Tony ignored him completely, which changed the moment he raised his voice. Tony stared wide-eyed at his friend when Tom murmured something next to his ear, unconsciously snuggling up to him even more. Rhodey just gawked back at him, asking silently what he was doing, but Tony couldn't even move right now, let alone answer.

“You have to be kidding me.” The other male pressed out.

“I do.”

“Don't do this, Tony.”
He really was too easy to read apparently. For another few minutes they both just glared at each other, until Rhodey had enough of it. His lips pressed into a thin line, he just turned and walked back to the door.

“I expect you to answer your phone. I don't want to have to get back here to babysit you.”

Tony formed a 'yes, mum' with his mouth and watched him leave. As soon as the man was out of sight, he heaved a sigh, gaze immediately fixed on Tom. He was just too close now. Before Rhodey had stated that, he hadn't even realized it. But now he couldn't think about anything else. Putting the controller to the side, his hand automatically came up to touch the silky hair. Tom didn't stir at all, which Tony interpreted as an invitation to run his fingers over the soft skin of his cheek. He couldn't have anticipated what would follow. Tom gasped softly, leaning into this light touch. Every rational thought was wiped from Tony's mind and he just had to do it again, caressing the skin with his thumb. He licked over his lips, dying to let his hand wander south, but stopped himself just in time to not wake the other man. Tony pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to calm down so he wouldn't do anything stupid. Even though his heart was beating in his chest, his shaky hand grabbed the controller again, ceasing the contact with Tom. How he was supposed to get through this, he didn't know. With Tom being way too close, he wouldn't ever beat this mission.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you liked it!
Just a little something for you guys, because I really really have to thank you for giving me such nice feedback <3

It's a teaser for the next chapter, which will be done by tomorrow.

Hope you'll enjoy it =3 (I won't tell you what's happening exactly =P)
The day had ended in embarrassment for Tom. He had woken up on the couch, snuggled up against Tony, basically lying on him. The man hadn't really cared at all, had just smiled softly at him before cracking the next joke. But even though Tony didn't mind the closeness, he did. It was awkward and strange how he unconsciously craved any kind of touch. The loneliness started to get to him, obviously. And Tony was the only one he had in this world. Still, this was nothing he should do. Tom almost hoped that the engineer only tolerated this behavior out of pity. Even though this was not what he wanted. Actually, he didn't know what he wanted in general. He liked being around Tony. The man was more fun when you came to know him. And he cared. Maybe a little bit too much. Which could turn into a problem. Tom was neither blind nor stupid. He could see how Tony changed around him, how he behaved differently. For him, Tony was a friend. Nothing more... Right? Tom didn't even know whether he was or not. The only thing he knew was that he enjoyed his company.

He had spent the entire day in his room, wrapped up in his blanket on one of the armchairs. Thanks to Tony he was able to use his phone again, but just as predicted, there were no new mails or messages. That was why he had too much time to think about what was going on between them.

How exactly Tony felt about this was still a mystery to him. How could he be certain that the man was not playing with him. He was a playboy after all. He couldn't just be serious, so much did he learn in this past month. Tony was always joking. Because now he made advances towards him and he really couldn't mean them. There was no way Tony could feel anything for him. That would be ridiculous. Maybe he only did it to tease him. To wind him up. And wouldn't Tom be so comfortable around him, he would be mad about it.

Comfortable. Tom ran a hand over his face. Why was he comfortable around him, exactly? Because he helped him and spent time with him, bought him stuff and... One thing was clear. He wouldn't be a trophy for the billionaire. He wouldn't sleep with him either. This was... Enough over thinking and analyzing for today. Tony would probably laugh at him right now. The actor shook his head. Stupid. It wouldn't even change anything if Tony wanted to fuck him. He couldn't just ignore him or be angry at him. Tony was kind and Tom was too grateful to even consider this. But when there was only the slightest possibility of him really meaning it, Tom wasn't sure how to...

Murmuring and the low sound of music playing, interrupted Tom's train of thought and he blinked in confusion before putting his phone to the side and raised from his chair. Of course he had noticed the music, but he had shrugged it off, thought of it as Tony's usual working style. Blasting music and booze. But now there was another source of noise. There were definitely more people out there. Tom pressed his ear against the wooden door and listened to the people laughing and cheering. This was rather strange. Reluctantly opening the door, Tom peeked outside and stared in utter disbelief at the mass of people standing in the living room. They were neatly dressed, some of them walking into the direction where the music seemed to come from and Tom followed slowly. If this was some kind of charity event, why hadn't Tony told him so.
“What is going on here...” Tom whispered, mostly to himself, but it had apparently been loud enough to attract unwanted attention.

“Oh, sweetie.” A charming voice sounded right next to his ear, making him turn around instantaneously. “You must be the cast for Loki. You two really are alike.”

The dark-haired woman let her slender fingers glide over his shirt, seductively playing with one of the buttons. Judged by her attitude, she was definitely older than him, but Tom couldn't say how much. And she obviously had a thing for the god of mischief. Tom gulped when she linked arms with him and shot him a smile. The female was exactly the type Tony Stark would hit on. Probably a super model. And now she was sticking to him like glue.

“Tony Stark hosts one of his special parties, dear.” She began again and pulled Tom with her. Apparently she knew the place, might have been here before. “Your first time?”

It was said with a wink and Tom wondered why she hadn't seen him coming out of his room.

“Yes.” Tom nodded in reply, not comfortable with her clinging to him.

“He really is exceptional. And the fact that he invited you...” The female licked over her lips, her eyes wandering over Tom's body. “…shows that he took a liking on you, sweetheart.”

The actor only sighed, but otherwise stayed silent. The female dragged him to another room, one he hadn't been to, yet. He had quit sniffing around the man’s property. It seemed to be some kind of bar, just way bigger. Tom thought he might have seen it in one of the movies. He was maneuvered through people, until they stood in the middle of the crowd, which screamed and cheered. Tom couldn't quite make out why.

“What did you do before you got cast for the movie?” The female asked, still fiddling with his clothes.

“Just some small movies and series. Does everybody know about me now?” It was meant as a joke, but apparently that hit the nail on the head.

“Oh, yes. The press calls you Tony's little boy-toy. We all saw the pictures of you two walking down the streets.” She whispered into his ear, sounding more than jubilant.

Tom on the other hand looked slightly shocked.

“Just joking. Even though I would love to be part of a little play between you two.”

Her hand started to gently caress the hair on his neck, a shudder running down his spine and Tom tried to wiggle away from the touch, but was hindered by another woman, who came up from behind.

“Blunt as always, Karen.” The blonde woman sneered, slapping the hand away and replacing it with her own. “Don't mind her, she has no class.”

Tom could feel the tenseness between the women and wanted to politely get out of their way, but this was something both seemed to agree on. They wouldn't let him go so easily. The blonde, who's name was apparently Linda, judged by the bitching of the brunette, was running her hands over his shoulders, pawing every inch of him. Okay, this had to end.

“Ladies, as much as I like your company...” A lie. “…you'll have to excuse me. I am in search of Tony.” Tom smiled, tried to hide his increasing discomfort, but much to his frustration, both
women just laughed.

“He will be here soon.” Karen said and the other just nodded.

“Saw him on the balcony with two of his favorite girls. They are so lucky.” It was said with such venom that it once more amazed him how envious women could be. “At least we have the second best thing.” She leaned in and breathed into his ear.

A hand pulled on his arm, leading him to the nearest wall, trapping him.

“He's probably drunk by now.” A chuckle followed and Tom frowned. “But don't worry, that's standard with him.”

It was not. And Tom felt the dire need to shove it down their throats. For some reason their chattering went right on his nerves. How could they dare to speak about him like this. This was Tony's house, his party. And these... girls, really, you couldn't call them mature at all, just insulted him. It made Tom furious. He grabbed one of the hands that roamed his chest and wanted to curse, not one bit turned on by how they threw themselves at him, but the sudden gasping around him forced his attention elsewhere. Tony stepped through the door, beaming the biggest smile at the now cheering crowd. He was wearing a dark shirt, completely opposing to the attire of his guests. In his arms were these two women and Tom felt slightly disgusted with how they stuck to him. Without noticing it, he clenched his fists, suddenly scowling. It made both females raise their brows, looking at each other for a second before grinning at him.

“I see.” The blonde began, snuggling up to him even more. “That's why you don't respond to us. You want him, too.”

The cheerful chuckling brought his attention back to them and Tom opened his mouth to protest, but the brunette placed a finger on his lips to shut him up.

“We can see how you look at them. No need to deny it. Everyone in this room would love to fuck Tony Stark. You're no exception.”

Tom really didn't know what to say to this. He didn't want to... fuck Tony Stark. If anything, it was the other way around. And these two were now saying he was jealous of the women in his arms? This was more than ridiculous. It was just the fact that he hadn't informed him of this party and seemingly ignored him now. And he wanted those whores to keep their filthy hands to themselves. Tom huffed a laugh before his gaze fell once more on the man on the other side of the room. What was he thinking. It was Tony's right to surround himself with whomever he wanted. Lips pressed into a thin line, he watched Tony give both of them a kiss, before he freed himself from their embrace and strode towards the big bar, immediately getting handed a drink. He raised it towards the ceiling, the crowd following suit. Tom wondered for how long the billionaire had been drinking today, because when he spoke, there was a slight slur in his voice.

“Okay, folks.” A hand waved at the mass of people to be quiet. “I thank you all for coming, or not, because...” He shrugged. “I don't really care for anyone of you. But you like my parties, so what can I do.”

The roaring laughter made Tom actually look around in disbelief. Did they really like this kind of attitude? Hard to imagine, but that was obviously the case. Or they expected something from participating. Probably the latter. Anyway, he didn't like it. Not that this was important. It just was strange to see him act so differently than usual.

“Anyway.” The engineer spoke again. “We are here to drink, to have fun and to fuck with each
other. Scratch the with.” His tone was cocky, clearly knowing what he did to the women in the room.

Tom had already forgotten about the two females at his side, until they tugged on his sleeves.

“So, handsome.” The blue eyes of the blonde started wandering over his body hungrily. “You have seen him now. How about we search for a room?” She got startled when Tom shoved her, gently, out of the way.

“I'll pass.” Tom replied with a soft, but firm voice. And just now he noticed how their expression had turned from nice and sweet to completely pissed off.

“Fine.” Linda grunted and released Tom from her grip. “Can't appreciate the good stuff.” With this he was alone. Finally. This flirting had been amusing in the beginning, but had gotten out of hand.

Tom sighed and leaned against the wall behind him. Everything was so confusing. He really shouldn't have left his room. It had made the situation worse. When Tom looked up, he could see brown eyes staring back at him from afar. Tony nodded, but Tom just averted his gaze, couldn't be bothered to deal with him now. Especially when people followed him around like a pack of dogs. But now the man indicated to come over and Tom tried to swallow the forming lump in his throat. Fortunately or not, he wasn't quite sure how to feel about this, his guests just wouldn't let him go. Right now the other man looked mildly annoyed and was actually trying to get away, shooting Tom an apologizing look. The actor just nodded and smiled softly in return, completely understanding how unnerving this was.

The next few hours Tom had spent at the bar, drinking ice tea mixed with just a little bit of vodka. He wasn't that big of a drinker, but now it seemed appropriated. There really wasn't anything else he could do to endure this. Tom had tried to retreat into his room, but seeing how the whole house was full of people and the background noise getting louder and louder, there really was no use in hiding. He had just locked his room cautionary, didn't want to find anyone in there later, and had gone back to the main room of the party. It was way too late for him. Getting up early each morning didn't do him any good now.

Out of curiosity, Tom turned his head towards the crowd, seeing how they celebrated the billionaire. He wanted to be with him now, having fun instead of waiting at the bar for them to leave. But those people were just not the kind he enjoyed spending time with. Most of them were shallow minded and only here for their own benefit. Tony must have known this too, but didn't seem to care about that.

Tom could see out of the corner of his eyes how Tony stared over to him, sometimes even waving for him to join in, but he would only shake his head at which the billionaire frowned. It was when his drink was empty, that another one was already ready for him. He blinked at the barkeeper, who casually told him that it was ordered from the host himself. Just a second later he looked into brown eyes, Tony standing right next to him.

“Thank you.” Tom said and smiled weakly. This was the first time he was able to talk to him today, but it was more uncomfortable than he had imagined. Talking to Tony almost seemed forced now.

“Don't sweat it.” The engineer shrugged and sat down on the nearest bar stool, shooing away a few people that started gathering around him again. “Like flies.” He joked, but Tom couldn't bring himself to laugh.

This wasn't really a conversation after all. It was more like Tony uttered all kind of stupid stuff and
Tom only nodded. He could smell the alcohol in the other's breath, but chose to ignore it, until the man leaned in a bit more, almost whispering now.

“You don't enjoy yourself.”
It was a statement and what else could he have said to not make him feel bad.

“No, it's fine.” Tom lied, didn't want to bother him any more than he already had. “You should go to your guests, they already miss you.”

Just now Tony noticed the cheering and quickly turned around, before looking back at Tom. His hand found his arm, the gentle touch making the other flinch.

“They are nothing more than...” Tony began, but a few men and women dragged him away, with Tom only heaving a sigh at the pouting face that still looked at him.

An hour later the actor could only watch in horror when Tony had been forced to do karaoke with his guests. He knew that Robert could sing, but for some strange reason, Tony Stark could not. Not even a little bit. If you could even call that screaming singing. It sounded more like caterwauling. And this was really the last drop for Tom. He discarded his drink and stood, stretching once and wanted to go, but got almost knocked down by someone, who after the second glance, turned out to be Pepper. The female stomped towards the billionaire and Tom could already see the outcome of this in his mind's eye. This wasn't going to be pleasant for him.

He watched them for a moment. How Pepper was arguing and Tony only stood there, arms crossed, not saying anything. Just listening. After a little while her features softened, now looking more apologetic, but the glance she shot him had still firmness in it. Tony definitely wasn't to be envied. When Tom wanted to leave, the other man threw a look over his shoulder, apparently because he felt watched. He grabbed Pepper's shoulders suddenly, making her look at him in confusion and obviously told her something that made her wince, but Tom could decipher what it was. Instead or guessing around, he decided to back off and give those two space.

Much to his surprise, Tony quickly caught up with him, stopping him by grasping his hand. Tom was more than startled by the gesture, eyes switching to their hands and back. Judged by the not at all concerned face that stared back at him, Tony wasn't going to let go any time soon. Even though he had a few drinks, he was nowhere near the state the other male was in. Not only was he staggerling, but also holding onto him, slurring when he leaned his head against Tom's shoulder. The actor wasn't sure if he should feel pity for him or be disgusted.

“I'm sorry for not telling you.”
Tom blinked. “Telling me what?”

“About this. It was really spontaneous. Needed something to distract myself. Didn't work.” Tony mumbled into his beard.

“It's okay.” Tom smiled, with the man mirroring the expression.

He wanted to free himself from the engineer's grip, wanted to finally go to bed, but Tony kept holding on to him, not willing to release him. Tom sighed and looked into brown eyes, silently asking what he was doing here. There were barely people here, they had either left or withdrawn to the main room, still, Tony's behavior was awkward. Getting nearer and nearer, the man forced Tom against a wall and he could hear his own heartbeat in his head.

“You liked one of those girls?” There was no amusement in his voice anymore, no joking this time.
Tony appeared to be completely serious for once. It scared Tom.

“No...?” He answered a few seconds later, truthfully, but unsure.

“I had hoped so.” The other man grimaced, talking more to himself than Tom now. “Have seen them with you. Stupid bitches. Don't like how they start to swarm around you.”

Tom had to repeat this in his head to understand what he had just said. Was he really the jealous one now? He narrowed his eyes and had to hide the smirk forming on his lips. And why, for heaven's sake, was he smiling right now?

“I also saw how you glared at my company.”

This made Tom choke on his spit and his eyes instantly focused on Tony's again.

“I didn't glare at...”

“Yes you did.” Tom decided it wasn't worth arguing. “What are you planning on doing now?”

“I will go to bed, if that's possible.” The man was still hindering him from walking away.

“You know there is one person I'd like to have in this room.”

The gasp that left Tom's throat made the engineer smile in victory. But really, he couldn't be serious. He just couldn't be. But right now he implied exactly this. Tom wanted to step back when Tony got even nearer, but was held in place by the wall and his hands, which now started roaming his body.

“You are drunk.” Tom pressed out, heart beating in his chest, threatening to burst through his ribs.

“Yeah. I am.” The other agreed, but didn't back off. “But I know what I'm doing.”

Before Tom could even react, Tony leaned in and pressed his lips against his, capturing his mouth in a soft kiss. He wanted to shove him away. Wanted to do anything at all, but couldn't. The shock of this actually happening sat too deep. Tony took the opportunity to let his teeth scrap over the soft lips, gently nibbling at them, charming a sigh out of the actor. The passion of the other man swept over in waves, he was barely able to think clearly, the man was just too good in what he did. Without wanting it, he felt drawn towards the touch, but couldn't get himself to kiss back. This was unreal and not good. Still he was panting, face flushed, when Tony broke away to breath.

“You need to stop this...” Tom said, voice shaky, insecure hands trying to hold the man at distance, but failing miserably.

Tony completely ignored the request, grinned at him and captured Tom's mouth with his own once more. Lips moved over Tom's and he could feel his resistance falter when hands moved to his hips, pulling him against the man. The heat that radiated over was overwhelming and without noticing it, he was pinned down on the wall. Tony licked playfully over his lips, trying to get the man to open his mouth and Tom couldn't help but moan desperately into the other's mouth. Only when he felt how the hands pushed up his shirt, he realized what he was doing here. Tom stared wide-eyed at the other man, and with just this moment of clarity, he pushed him off of him.

“What are you doing...” Tony looked back just as shocked. “What...”

Averting his gaze, Tom thrust past him and left him standing in the hallway.
Leave a comment! I always appreciate the feedback <3
Heart-to-heart

Chapter Notes

So. Again. I am sorry for causing confusion. I deleted the last chapter, because it didn't feel right. I had two ideas for this chapter, and took the wrong one. So after reading comments (thanks for the criticism, I appreciate it <3) and rereading it, I agreed and decided to rewrite it. I wanted to fast-forward their relationship, which didn't turn out as I had hoped for, that's why I went back to my original idea. I really hope you'll like it, because I certainly like it way more. Again sorry for delaying everything.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Tom did when he had finally made it to it room, was lock the door behind him and press his back against it, as if to secure that it would really stay closed. His heart was racing in his chest. He was panting for no apparent reason, or so he told himself. Had this really happened right now? His hand instinctively reached up to touch his lips. He swallowed hard when the memories returned to him. Yes. Tony had indeed kissed him. He could still taste the bitter flavor of the alcohol on his tongue. Darn it. This was not good. Tom closed his eyes and slumped down on the door. He had almost ran here to avoid any further contact with Tony, or anyone at all. A sigh left his throat, as he could still hear the people laughing and chatting outside. Tom ran his hands over his head, chuckling bitterly at the turn of events. The man couldn't be serious. He just couldn't. He never was. At least that was what he had thought all this time. So why would he be now? It was very likely that Tony had only done this because of his drunkenness. There was no reason for him to act like this otherwise. Tom leaned his head back against the wooden door, closing his eyes. This was exactly what he tried to prevent. Getting attached to someone you know you would lose...

But Tony was just playing here. Or was he? Tom gulped. What if he wasn't. He had told him so much. What should he do if the billionaire was really serious. The teasing and flirting had all been for good fun and yes, he had enjoyed the attention the other had given him, but this? He definitely didn't want this... But why was he so breathless then. The other man's touch had excited him, he couldn't deny it. It had been thrilling and only barely had he managed to even call stop. If it had gone on any longer, this wouldn't have ended the way it did. Was he really that desperate? That something so simple could confuse him like this? It had merely been a kiss, not even a heated one, yet it had made him so... jittery.

Okay. Assumed he weren't averse to Tony's advances, what had gone through the man's head in that moment? Tom was pretty sure that people had seen them together. And people gossip. He knew. And now that he wasn't handled as the Norse god anymore, he would be Tony's boy-toy, just as Karen had told him. Why this affected him so much, he didn't know. He would be gone soon enough, so what other people thought of him shouldn't be important. But then again, why did he rack his brain over a simple kiss then?

Tom tucked up his knees to his chin, burrying his face in his arms. The man had just carried him along. Never should he have allowed him to get so close. Or to kiss him that is. Even if he wouldn't mind the affection towards him, this couldn't last, so why make it harder for both of them. The actor groaned in annoyance and tucke on his hair. Why did it have to be so vexing all of a sudden.
For more than half an hour he remained in this position, until his back started aching. Tom pulled himself up reluctantly and scuffed over to his bathroom. The face that stared back at him suddenly didn't look like himself anymore. He grimaced and looked down, hands supporting his weight on the sink.

“Damn it...” He cursed. “What should I do... I can't just...”

Tom knew that it was not relevant. The only question that mattered was, what did he actually want. But this was something he just couldn't answer right now. He didn't know himself. It probably even was his fault after all. He didn't kept distance between them. Tony had become a friend. More or less. At the moment this was nowhere near being clear. And if this would turn out to be some kind of joke the man pulled on him? If this really was only one of Tony's games? Tom shook his head when he realized how upset these thoughts made him. He groaned once more, decided that it would be better to stop thinking and go to bed. The longer he kept bothering, the more it affected him.

It was already afternoon when Tom woke up the next day. He didn't know when the guests had left, but if he should have guessed, he would have said that it had been somewhere in the early morning hours. Not that he had been able to sleep, his mind came up with all kinds of scenarios, but hearing them singing and celebrating hadn't made it any easier to fall asleep. If anything, it had made him all the more pissed. He couldn't imagine them to celebrate without their host, so Tony must have just shrugged it off and went back to partying. Since when got he so worked up over something like this. His older sister often had friends over who had been loud and annoying, but this had been an entirely new level. That was why he had slept until way after noon. Also it wasn't as if Tony would be awake at this hour after this night anyway, so why bother and get up early.

But a knock on the door taught him better. Tom groaned at the disturbance and turned to his other side, pillow lying now over his head, shielding him from the noise. Talking to him was the last thing he wanted to do now. He was grumpy, didn't sleep well and very likely looked like this, so he ignored it. Only two minutes later, Tom had almost managed to fall asleep again, it knocked a second time. With a roll of his eyes, he looked up to the door, struggling with himself whether to open or not.

“Hey. Eh...” Sounded from the other side. “Come on, open up, please?” The man sounded tired, desperate even. “Let me explain.”

Tom sighed into his pillow. Why couldn't he just sleep it off. Why did he have to stand in front of his door now. He had hoped to have time at least until tomorrow, before the man would wake from his hangover. But since he was here now, he couldn't ignore him. It wouldn't be the right thing to do and even though he was upset about what had happened, Tom wouldn't treat him badly because of this. With a lot of effort he was able to sit up.

“Are you sober again?” He then asked.

A pause followed and Tom already believed to know the answer.

“Not...really?” Tony's voice was more cheerful now, trying to cover the fact with joking around.

“This might be not the best idea then.” The actor retorted and let himself fall back into the soft sheets.

The other man groaned at this. Tom could notice his frustration from just this one sound.

“Oh, come on princess. You ran away and I hadn't had a chance to make up excuses or pretend to
apologize.”

The answer inevitably made Tom smirk.

“Please?”

After thinking about it and letting Tony wait on purpose in the meanwhile, he eventually got out of bed, slipped over a shirt and went to the door, unlocking, then slowly opening it. The expression Tony pulled off when Tom looked at him, made him immediately roll his eyes in fake annoyance. It was something close to awe in Tom's opinion and he couldn't quite understand why it was there. Brown eyes were eyeing him up now and he could feel the blush creeping up his cheeks again. Now this wasn't really appropriated and obviously Tony had picked up on his mood, because he now beamed a wide smile.

“I like your hair. You should always run around like this.”

Tom raised an eyebrow. His hair was ruffled, not even combed. The way of him dealing with the awkwardness was so much Tony, it almost hurt. Apart from his hair, he was standing there in just his shirt and boxers, so he couldn't do anything else but sigh and feign to close the door, at which the grin on Tony's face quickly faded away.

“I'm sorry, okay? Sorry.” The door was left ajar, with Tom moving back to the bed and sitting down. Tony hesitantly followed him inside the room, but remained standing and soon started pacing the room. “Okay...so...”

Tom looked up skeptically.

“I am sorry.”

“You already said this.”

“No, I mean it.”

Another roll of blue eyes.

“I don't think you do.”

The indifferent face was countered by a pouting one.

“Yeah, well... No, not really.” Tony admitted.

“That's what I thought.”

The disappointed sigh made Tony shut up, voice now softer.

“Was it so bad? I mean, it's not that you have never been kissed by someone, right?” It was meant as a joke, but it hadn't had the desired effect.

“You embarrassed me in public, Tony...” This actually seemed to be thought-provoking enough for Tony to look down and consider it. “People have seen us for sure... How do you imagine this to work out, I mean...”

“I don't fucking care.” Tom blinked at the blunt display of honesty. “That's why I apologized. I shouldn't have jumped you back there, but I won't apologize for the kiss.”

“You were drunk, Tony.” Tom only replied, not looking at the other man, but fiddling with the
“What? Please...” The engineer sneered.

“Did you mean it? Why? I just don't understand...” He felt brown eyes bore into the back of his head. “I enjoy being around you, but you can't be serious...”

Tony didn't say a word after this, both were silent. And again Tom couldn't read the other man. For once he didn't grin and talk back big. A glimpse over to him made Tom swallow the words he wanted to say. It was strange how hard it suddenly was to say anything at all.

“Maybe we should just forget about it. You were drunk and I...”

“Whom do you take me for? Do you really think I would just make out with anybody?”

The man seemed to be aggravated all of a sudden.

“As I said, I am sorry for making out with you in the hallway. I am sorry for being rash. But I wanted you to know that I didn't do this because of the alcohol.”

Tom only frowned at the outburst.

“You were never serious about anything until now...” It was more said to himself than the engineer. “Why do you play with me like this?”

Incomprehension was written all across Tony's face and he struggled to find the right words.

“I don't play.” Blue eyes raised their gaze to meet brown. “I'll back off if you tell me you don't want this at all. I'll do it. Immediately.”

The man shrugged and Tom narrowed his eyes. He hadn't expected him to react like this. Was he disappointed with the answer? This was the exact thing he had wanted. And now it seemed as if he would get exactly this. So why was he feeling so let down. Tom pinched the bridge of his nose.

“That's not it.” He forced out, the face of the engineer lighting up the second the words had left his lips. Tony blinked at him until he continued. “And I believe you know what I meant.” The other nodded. “Tony... This is stupid.”

“Yes it is.”

A small smile formed on Tony's lips and Tom quickly pondered what he had said that he was smiling again. Only a second later he realized how he had phrased his reply and he couldn't help but blush. Apparently the other was waiting for some kind of reaction, but when none came, he pressed his lips into a thin line.

“Okay, got it.” Tony said quietly and moved back to the door, deciding to give him space for now. “Just wanted you to know.”

Tom nodded.

“You hungry?” Was asked when the man was almost out of the room. “I could just...”

“No, thank you.” He interrupted before the other man could complete his sentence.

Tom watched him leave and when the door shut behind him, he let himself fall back onto the bed. This hadn't been the outcome he had anticipated, or was it. He didn't know. This whole conversation had been exhausting and confusing. Probably for both of them. The fact that Tony
seemed to be serious about this was worrying though. And judged by his reaction, their talk had assured him rather than making it clear that this was a bad idea. Yes, he could have lied to him. But this wouldn't have been fair. For neither of them. He liked Tony. This was the truth, even though the kiss had startled him, he wouldn't have lied just to make the other feel bad. If he would really back off when Tom decided to not want it, it would be okay. As long as he wouldn't force him into anything, anyway. But at the moment he really didn't know what he wanted.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think, please.
Chapter Summary

Misunderstanding and misinterpretation. Tom has to deal with his feelings.

Chapter Notes

Okay this is late like. Really. But my week was busy and I suffer from sleep deprivation at the moment. Sorry to keep you waiting. I hope the chapter at least somewhat makes up for the wait.

This is not yet beta'd because I wanted you to have something to read. I will edit this tomorrow after I got home. So if there are mistakes, I am sorry, I proof-read it twice, but yeah, they will be fixed by tomorrow =)

Next chapter will feature a jealous Tony. The chapter after that will be the next Loki chapter =)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Days had passed since they had spoken to each other. Days of Tom not being able to cope with the situation at all. Even though everything had calmed down a bit, he had suddenly begun feeling awkward near Tony. Especially since he had thought to imagine to see a change within the man's behavior. It was obvious how he had started behaving differently after this one day and Tom didn't quite know what to think of it.

When you thought of the billionaire, words like courtesy, politeness and kindness weren't the first ones that came to mind. Yes, he was a genius. Intelligent and brave, but caring for others wasn't his number one trait. But now it seemed like his whole character had made a one-eighty. Well, not completely, he still joked around and made his snark replies, but even this had noticeably decreased to a minimum. That was exactly what Tom had wanted before, although in this context it scared him. It just seemed very surreal. Or fake. Which was something he didn't want. He had also noticed that the other male touched him way more. These small, casual touches. The ones you weren't suppose to perceive, but you did anyway. But Tom actually had to give him kudos for that. Tony knew exactly how to make it subtle enough so he wouldn't be aware of it until it was too late and a hand was already on his shoulder or arm. Much to his own astonishment, he didn't even mind
the closeness or the touching. A fact that was unsettling enough as it was.

Every day consisted of nothing but thinking this through. Thinking about what he should do or wanted. And even after days of doing nothing else, he still didn't have an answer to all of this. Enjoying the other's company was not the same as wanting to be with him. And he liked being around Tony, but he didn't know if he felt the same way. It certainly wasn't love. Neither for Tony nor him. Actually he still didn't know why Tony wanted him of all people he could have. Yet he did and denying that he was kind of attracted to him would be a lie. Since Tony had kissed him everything had become so confusing. Tom definitely wasn't gay. He had never been attracted to a guy before. But this man was as intriguing as he was infuriating. And even though he knew better, he couldn't get him out of his head.

And Tony did everything to spur this, making everything even harder for Tom. It was pretty understandable from the engineer's point of view, but just as constricting for him. Just like this one time when Tony had come into his room, early in the morning, which was strange enough, with two large trays of breakfast in his hands and had apologized for how he had assaulted him that day. Tom hadn't gotten a word out until the man had sat down on his bed and had presented him all kinds of food, completely baffled by the scene. Only when Tony had shot him a weird glance, had he voiced his concerns about his strange behavior, but the man had just laughed at him and had started eating. Tom had reluctantly done the same after this, but not without having a bad aftertaste. He didn't want to be pampered or treated differently just because the man had decided to hit on him.

Because of Tony behaving differently, Tom felt the obligation to actually be nicer, too. Which was stupid by itself, but really what else could he do. He had thought about ignoring the affection the other showed towards him or simply avoiding him altogether, but this would have been just unfair for both Tony and himself. After all he liked him... somehow. However he didn't even need to make a choice in that matter. The other male took the decision off his shoulders. The first few days Tony had always been there, with him, coercing him into doing something together and now he started to see the man less and less. He went out more often and stayed out until late, only coming home when it was already dawning. Home. So the thought of this being his home had already established itself in his head. It had been more than two months. His former life seemed like a dream at this moment, nothing more than a memory. Normally he would get his flat ready for Halloween at this time of year. But now he had to deal with other problems.

Apparently Tony lost interest as fast as he developed it. This whole thing was probably nothing more than a joke to him after all. Not important at all. At least that was what Tom grasped from the sudden change in demeanor. And it surprised himself that he missed spending time with him, that this upset him so much.

More days went by with Tom getting more and more miserable. Tony hadn't shown up in days and Tom couldn't help but think that this had something to do with his reaction towards him. Maybe he was doing this on purpose. Showing him that he indeed needed him. And strange enough, it worked. Tony was the only person he had in this world and not seeing him made him more than restless.

When Tony came home this day, Tom didn't even bother to move up from his bed. He had actually tried to greet him more than once, but whenever he had moved to the living room, the other had already been gone. But today the engineer was actually calling through his house. When Tom didn't answer, he really didn't know whether he was meant or not, Tony called out for him again. Distraught by it, Tom carefully peeked out from his room, incredulously looking at the beaming man that approached him. Blue eyes fell on the bag in his hands, before switching back to meet amused brown ones. He seemed good-humored, still Tom was weary of what he wanted from him.

“There you are, darling.” Tony joked and Tom just narrowed his eyes at the nickname, eying him
up skeptically. "I have a present for you."

The man chirped and held the bag out for him to take, but Tom took a step back instead.

"What?" He asked with a non-believing undertone. "No. That's too much. I am dearly sorry, but I can't accept this." Tony still looked at him, incomprehension written all over his face, when Tom averted his gaze. "You can't just buy me presents..."

"Why not?" The honesty of the question made Tom clench his fists.

"You can't buy me over with presents, Tony..." He answered without gazing up, yet he could imagine how he was scowling, judged by the annoyed huff that left him.

"Okay hold your breath, princess." Was snapped back in a tone that startled Tom. Hearing him talking like this was alarming. Never had he thought that his words could have this effect and he immediately regretted even saying a thing. Had he known that he would react like this he would have kept his mouth shut. Angering him was the last thing he had had in mind. A snort made him focus on the other man again, who just shrugged now.

"It's a present. I found it by accident and it reminded me of you. Take it or leave it. I don't care." The answer made Tom's heart sting. He felt himself inhale sharply at the next words. "I don't need to bribe anybody. I just take what I want."

The man's neutral face forced Tom to avoid his eyes. He sounded cheerful, as if this was a joke, but Tom didn't know what to think of it. Tony wanted to go after this, signalizing clearly that he had enough of this conversation and put the bag onto the kitchen counter. Tom didn't want him to go, so he panicked slightly and grabbed the billionaire by his arm, more out of instinct than anything else, who just raised an eyebrow in question.

"I'm sorry..." Tom said ruefully after minutes of silence and him having problems to form any words at all. "I didn't mean to..."

The indifferent face didn't hint any anger or fury, but when he shrugged again, Tom flinched. Why did this effect him so much. It was just a statement. The man had just bought him a gift and he had reacted like an ungrateful child. Funny thing was that he would actually like him to be angry now, but Tony just didn't seem to care, which was worse. Sure he had been annoyed, but except for this he really appeared to not mind. Suddenly Tom empathized with him. The feeling of rejection spread through him and there was nothing he could do to change this. This was probably how Tony had felt that night. Before Tom could say another word, the other man turned on his heels and made his way over to the stairs. A hand shot up to wave him off.

"Forget it. Not offended. " Tony said with a voice so indifferent it made the actor sigh in defeat.

He knew that this was a lie, obviously, but he let him disappear into his workshop nonetheless. After a moment of figuring out what he should do now, Tom let his gaze wander over to the counter, where the discarded gift bag was still lying untouched. Hesitantly moving towards it, Tom picked it up and, after long moments of consideration, opened it. A book came to light and he couldn't help but gasp. His gaze flickered over to the direction of the workshop and every inch of his body screamed to go down there and apologize right now, but his mind told him otherwise. Holding this book in his hand he felt incredibly guilty, sorry that he had acted that way towards him. He clutched the book and let his head drop to his chest, not knowing what to do.

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Somewhat later Tony was arranging piles of documents, a task Pepper had given him days ago. But up until now his mind had been too occupied with other things. With Tom to be exact. That didn't seem to be a problem anymore. For the moment at least. This reaction had seriously taken him aback. Fuck. Tony chuckled over his papers. He had taken him days to find that shitty book online. Had driven hundreds of miles to buy it off a particular annoying collector. And he didn't even seem to appreciate it. He spluttered at the thought before signing a contract. Tony was frustrated. Just a tiny little bit. Hadn't thought that it would went so badly.

How could it have gone so badly in the first place? After their talk he had expected anything but this. Actually he had believed that Tom wouldn't be that averse of his advances anymore. Sure, Tom had apologized for his words afterwards, but when had he not? This guy was overly polite. All the time. Tony grinned before shaking his head. Giving him the cold shoulder only served him right. Maybe this would even work out in his favor. Who knew. Only thing he was certain of was that he couldn't stay mad at him for long. Even thinking about those puppy eyes calmed his temper.

“Sir, I must inform you that Mr. Hiddleston sits on the stairs for approximately twenty minutes already.” Jarvis’ voice interrupted his thinking and made him almost jump from his chair.

“What?”

“He is apparently waiting for something.”

Tony raised an eyebrow at this, sitting there with his mouth open.

“And why is he sitting there and doesn't come in?”

“I may remind you that you deprived him the right to access the lab last month.” The AI retorted and Tony could swear that there was a hint of smugness in the fake british accent.

“Ah... Right.”

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This was the right thing to do, Tom told himself again as he sat on the stairs, still clinging to the book. He just couldn't let this go unsettled. His eyes scanned his surroundings, the glass that kept him from entering the workshop, when Jarvis finally spoke to him again.

“You may enter, Mr. Hiddleston.” With this he heard a click and the door opened by itself.

Tom still wasn't accustomed to the AI, even after two months. It was still strange for him to talk with a artificial intelligence. He slowly stood up and made his way over, knocking on the glass to get the other's attention. And Tony did look up from his work, cocking his head to the side as if he didn't know why he was here.

“Hey...”

“Hi.” The engineer replied almost instantly.

Tom could feel the brown eyes scrutinizing him and when he couldn't force himself to say anything, Tony snorted, which was unexpected.

“Is there actually something you want, or...” Tony asked, smirking at the shy glance he received. “I, for once, have to work here, so...”

“Sorry, I really didn't want to bother you.” The smile never left his face and Tom briefly wondered if he had misinterpreted the whole situation, but quickly discarded the thought, as he still needed to apologize to him for his behavior. “I am sorry. I really am, I didn't mean to insult you.”
Tony shifted on his chair, putting his pen aside and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“Sweet-cakes... I assure you, you need to do a lot more to actually insult me. If you would know
the things people have done or said to me, you and your British politeness would go insane.”

The joke didn't make this any better.

“That might be the case, but...” Fiddling with his shirt and still looking everywhere but at Tony, he
wasn't done yet. It was important to him that Tony knew why he had overreacted. Yes, that was
what it had been. “All this...” Tom gestured between both of them. “...Had made me feel kind of...
on edge.”

The only thing Tony did was huffing a laugh, before simply changing the topic.

“You like it?”

Blue eyes shot up and focused on brown ones. He followed the gaze of the engineer and examined
the item he was still holding in his arms. When Tom bit his lips and smiled, he could see how the
other male tensed.

“I love it...” He admitted and closed his eyes. “It's... I wanted this for quite some time, actually.”

“Knew you'd like it.” Came from across the room with a voice suddenly so soft that it made Tom
swallow hard.

He hadn't noticed that Tony had gotten up from his chair until he was way too close to him. They
were sharing the same air and Tom felt his breath hitched when he saw how he was looking at him.
Memories of their kiss awoke again and he blushed momentarily, licking his lips at the thought.
The content smile of the other was changing into a smirk as he chuckled. He most likely knew
what was going on in his head.

“Love poems of Shakespeare.” A nod. “Quite ironical if you ask me.”

Still too close. His mind went wild with expectations, with what could happen right now. His heart
beat fast in his chest and reminded him of how often he had fantasized about what he would do if
anything like this happened again. He could shove him away, just turn away or politely decline.
But now he just did nothing but return the smile. Tony was doing nothing else than watching him,
didn't imply or doing anything at all. Tom however waited for something. Wait. Was he the one
who anticipated a reaction now? When had this shifted? A sigh left his throat as he tried to ban
these thoughts from his mind.

“Thank you, Tony.” It widened the already broad smile and Tony turned to sit down on his chair,
much to Tom's surprise. He hadn't expected him to actually back off like this.

“You're welcome.” He chirped and started skipping through the documents again.

For a few minutes Tom remained standing on the exact same spot, book in his hands, watching him
working. Out of instinct he heard himself asking without being able to stop himself in time.

“May I?”

A bemused look was on Tony's face, but he gestured towards a bench. “Sure. Make yourself
comfortable.”

And Tom did, he chose the furnished bench in front of the window front, the most sunny place in
the workshop. He liked sunlight better than the artificial one Tony seemed to prefer. While
skimming through the pages of the very first edition of the Shakespearean love poems, he couldn't help gazing over to Tony occasionally and matching the other's pleased smile with his own.

“Come on, read one of those out.” Tony then said and Tom rolled his eyes, giving him a skeptic look.

“You don't like Shakespeare.”

“Yeah, true. But you do.”

It was said so casually, Tom had to blink in confusion, but did as he was told and picked out the one he liked the most.

“Take, o take those lips away. That so sweetly were forsworn, and those eyes, the break of day, lights that do mislead the morn...”

Now Tony hung at his lips. Every word that left his mouth made him the man stare a little bit more incredulously, as if he was in awe. Yet, since this was Tony, he started chuckling when Tom read the last paragraph.

“But my kisses bring again, bring again- Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.” The actor narrowed his eyes at the noise and how he tried to hide his laughing from him.

“Cheesy much.” Tony stated and Tom nodded slightly.

“Yes, but in my opinion this is exactly how you should treat your loved one. As if they are the only thing that mattered, that your world involves on.”

“Can't argue with that I guess.” The engineer said and scratched the back of his head, while Tom focused on his book again, seemingly pleased with the answer. “Ah, hey, eh...”

The stuttering brought his eyes to Tony again.

“About Shield...”

A frustrated groan sounded through the room at the word.

“What is it?”

“You remember Fury wanting to check in on you, right?”

“Unfortunately I do...” Tom sighed, lying his head back against the window frame.

“We need to get this over with.” He sounded very apologetic, still Tom furrowed his brows at the mere suggestion. “Hey, trust me. I won't let them jail you again.”

There was silence then and both men returned to their occupation once more. Only after a moment Tom set the book aside and looked at the other male.

“I do trust you.” Was whispered, barely audible, but it was obvious that the other man had heard it.

“Then we'll do this tomorrow.” Tony said without looking up, not seeing how Tom nodded at him.
Please leave a review if you enjoy this fic! It always makes my day to see new comments. I really appreciate the support! By the way, if you have something you want to see in the fic, don't hesitate to voice your ideas (if you have any of course haha!)
Bait

Chapter Summary

Tom had to endure Shield's examination. Tony hates many things about that.

Chapter Notes

FUck it this... argh. So long. Sorry Bruce for torturing you. I wanted to compensate for the week-long wait, so here's a new chap. I have to go get some sleep.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony had to do a lot of persuading to get the man to leave the house altogether. Even though Tom had agreed yesterday to meet Shield's doctors and get the checking done, today that promise had been pretty much forgotten. Really, he could understand that he didn't want to get anywhere near Shield's hideout, but they had to get it over with. Fury had pestered him more and more the last few days, this just had to happen. Tony knew what the director and his most loyal people where capable of. They would just wait for him to get distracted and would kidnap him right back. And if that would happen, Tony wouldn't have a chance to get him out without wrecking the whole building with his suit. And even then they would not cease hunting him down. Maybe leaving the country would be a good idea...

Also, Tom had forced him to take one of his private helicopters, had told him that flying with the suit wouldn't do him any good. Considering, the first time he had had the pleasure of flying with Tony hadn't been an exactly pleasant experience. Understandable, really. He had reacted the same way when he had taken his first flight back then. Motion sickness could be a pain in the ass. So they had to take the slow way. Tony hated everything slow. Hated waiting for something to happen. But once he had seen the excited face of the man next to him, his boredom and discontent had immediately vanished. The way Tom had looked out of the window had told him that he hadn't flown in a helicopter up to this day. The enthusiastic smile had reminded him on his earlier days. When his father had shown him a new toy, or how to build his first circuit. Happier days of his childhood. It was funny how easy the man could be distracted from the inevitable hassle they would have to face later. Tony had noticed how young the other had seemed when he kept chattering about all kinds of things. Well, they were indeed some years apart from each other. Not that he minded, of course. And traveling with someone so thrilled with joy had made the flight actually fun.

Tony put his sunglasses on when he stepped out of the helicopter. He grinned smugly to himself when he felt the other's presence behind his back. This was egoistical, yes, he wouldn't deny it. Tom was definitely uncomfortable walking on the very ground he had been imprisoned on. The carrier could be quite intimidating, especially when there were guards all around. But now he really couldn't care less. There was this man, who he wanted to fuck so badly, clinging to him because he was unsure about all this. Saying Tony enjoyed the other's despair would be an understatement. He loved the closeness. He considered to put his arm around the taller man's waist, but quickly discarded the idea when he saw two familiar faces.
Of course. Shield without Natasha and the bird would never happen. Clint was scowling at them, as expected, Tony didn't give it much thought, but Natasha was just watching them, indifferently, which actually startled the engineer. She was sharp. Always knew what was going on in everybody's head. A skill that would get him in trouble sooner or later. He had spent some nights thinking about what would happen if Tom would actually return his affections. Or what he would do, except for fucking him, that is. Tony wasn't quite sure about this at the moment. He would probably hide it or brag about it, showing him around and all that. Bruce's annoyed and tired face already appeared in his mind's eye and he had to grin when they stepped towards the assassins.

“Hey there, Nat.” Voice charming, but both of them knew that it was fake. Tony didn't even bother to prop his poser shades up when he greeted them and he could hear Tom groan next to him at the display of impoliteness.

“Lab.” Was the only thing she mumbled before she vanished into a corridor and gestured for them to follow.

Clint was still eying them up, behaving as if they were America's most wanted. The hunter was tense, his eyes never leaving the actor. Tony would have understood his reservation, if the man at his side would have been Loki. So, naturally, he had no mercy on Clint, since teasing him was one of his favorite things to do on this stupid airship.

“So, how's the ass-kissing going?” Tony joked and went past Natasha, who just rolled her eyes, completely unimpressed by his attitude. As always. She never took the bite, unlike her partner. Clint growled in pure annoyance while walking behind them, keeping a few steps of distance.

“Are you never smiling?”

Tony could almost here him ground his teeth and it didn't take long for him to snap back.

“And, Stark?” Tony raised an eyebrow at the grin that was shot his way. His voice was calm, he was definitely picking up traits from Natasha. There was just this hint of cockiness that wound the billionaire up. “Did he try to murder you in your sleep already?”

Tom inhaled sharply at the insult and Tony felt himself clench his fists. But this wasn't the time to over-react. He knew that Clint tried to provoke him, still, the uncertain gaze that came from Tom challenged his patience. No one would fuck with him today. Or ever again, as long as he was with him. It had been a long time since he had gotten defensive over someone else. Even with Pepper he hadn't felt the need to slam his fist into his ally's face. Which would be a pretty dumb idea with Natasha being close. She would probably shove his own fist up his ass. So Tony stuck to the next best thing. Being witty. He held up a hand for Tom to calm down when he noticed that the other wanted to say something.

“Nope.” Tony replied and shrugged. “I actually enjoy his company, birdie. He isn't as bothersome than some other people I know.” His grin became even wider when the blonde pressed his lips into a thin line. “Thanks for asking.”

The engineer stopped walking and turned around to face the archer. “Not that it was due to you that he could actually escape this prison here and is still alive.”

The subtle offense didn't have any effect, despite making Clint return the smirk and look the taller man over, tugging at his clothes. Tony hated when anyone else touched him and furrowed his brows.

“Oh, you even bought him stuff. Aren't you courteous. The philanthropist Tony Stark.” He mocked and Natasha had to hide a small smirk. The quarrel between the two of them amused her, even though it often started to irk her just a few minutes later. But now Clint was leaning in, putting a hand on Tony's shoulder and whispering into his ear. “Or do you want to fuck him and thus buy
him all kind of fancy stuff to get him into bed? Is he that kind of guy?"

The other sounded too confident for Tony's liking and both just exchanged looks before Tony
cought himself and grinned back with the same intensity Clint was using. Now it was his turn to
place an arm around the man's shoulder.
“Actually, if you ask me like this...” He could feel the man shift next to him. “That's exactly what I
want.” Tony purred and gestured to the oblivious actor. “Just imagine that white, smooth skin
under your hands...”

When Tony licked his lips, Clint tried to break free, obviously disgusted, which caused him to
laugh. Fortunately for him, telling them the truth often causes them to doubt his words. Who needs
to lie if no one believed you anyway.

“Stark...” Natasha intervened, seemingly tired of their goofing. “We are not here so you two can
kid around.”

“We aren't?” Fake innocence layered his voice.

Clint didn't seem to enjoy it as much as Tony did, because he grumbled, clearly addressing Tom
now.

“What's so funny...” He grunted and the actor swallowed hard at the glowering stare.

“Nothing, I didn't want to...” Tom said, wanting to explain himself, even though he appeared to no
quite comprehend why the man was so hostile, but was interrupted by Tony.

“It's enough, Barton.” Suddenly he was serious. “Only because you have unsettled business with
Loki, doesn’t give you the right to treat him like this. Don't take it out on him.” The engineer
grabbed Tom's arm and walked ahead, screwing up his nose when he noticed how both assassins
started whispering behind his back.

When they reached Shield's lab, the one Bruce used for his research, the doctor and the captain
were already there and Tony wondered why, when Tom was involved, everybody always needed to
be present. As if anything would happen and all of the Avengers had to be there. Or because they
didn't have anything else to do. Which was probably the case, at least in the captain's case. A quick
glance over to Bruce revealed that Steve was discussing things with him again. Whenever Bruce
face-palmed, rubbed his temples or pinched the bridge of his nose, it was either him or Steve
talking to him. The poor guy looked more than just a little bit annoyed at the moment. Bruce only
shifted his attention to them, when Tony clapped him on the shoulder.

“Hey, what did he bug you with today?” He chirped and earned a hostile glare from Steve.

“We're having a discussion here, Stark.” Steve grumbled, voice dangerously low for the cheerful
man.

“Yeah, I can see that.” Tony snorted.

“Could you be quiet for once?” The captain snapped, obviously already miffed with him just being
in this room.

Their relationship had become better after the whole New York thing, yet they tended to clash
whenever Tony criticized anything Shield did. Or mocked him. Which happened quite often.
Riling him up was too much fun to not do it. Bruce sighed heavily, now being watched closely by
his team mates. He smiled weakly at Tom to greet him, but turned his attention back to the captain,
who still scowled at the billionaire. Without taking his eyes off the soldier, Bruce replied to Tony's
initial question.
“Our discussion is just him judging me for not approving what Shield plans to do with Tom.” His voice was tired and Tony narrowed his eyes.

“What?!” He brought out, more demanding an answer than asking for one.

“We need to make sure our planet is safe.” Tom sighed at this, looking everywhere but the soldier, knowing full well that his eyes lay on him. “The more respect Asgard has for us the better. They have to be reminded that we are not helpless.”

Tony groaned at the patriotic speech and wanted to add his two cents, but was hindered by Tom suddenly speaking up.

“This is no respect. This is fear.” He said, couldn't hide the repulsion in his voice. Those blue eyes were hard now, staring at the soldier, who averted his gaze. Tony was sure this was what Shield has drummed into his head. Steve tended to believe what he was told, until it was proven wrong. Nodding, Tony continued speaking Tom's thought. “Yeah... Also, what would Thor say to this. Since these are his people you talk about.” He always loved the look Steve was giving him when he had nothing more to say.

Tony moved past the louring avenger and took Bruce aside. Both men glanced over to Tom who stood between Steve and the assassins, seemingly uneasy, but not intimidated.

“Okay, Brucie, I've got a problem.”

The other only groaned, could apparently guess what he was about to say.

“Please, don't tell me...” Bruce averted his gaze, taking off his glasses to run a hand over his face. “God knows I tried.”

“Hey, nothing has happened yet.” Tony said in his defense, which was clearly not convincing the other man.

“Yet?!” The others had noticed the outbreak and Bruce quickly turned his voice down. “What does yet mean? What the...” Both hands were shielding his face now and Tony finally took his glasses off, sticking it into the pocket of his suit.

“Sorry?” Apologizing probably was the only thing he could do at this moment to not make the other guy come out and smash him into pieces.

“Why do you tell me this? Every time you don't listen to my advise, you come and rub it under my nose. I don't know why you even ask me in the first place.” The doctor whined.

“I just need some consultation here. You're a doctor. Do your work.”

“I told you more than once that I am not that kind of doctor...”

For a split second Bruce thought Tony would actually understand it, for he was silent. But the man wasn't about to end the conversation just there.

“We kissed.” He said with the most neutral voice, causing Bruce to choke on his spit.

“We?”

“Well, okay...” The frown cast his way made Tony smirk smugly. “I kissed him and he ran off.” He admitted and Bruce rolled his eyes. “We talked about it and... well, let me just say he doesn't seem loath to...”

The trademark smile was wiped off the engineer's face when he saw the tired, incredulous looking
man shaking his head.

“And you think this is good.”

“Sure.” The answer came like a shot and the doctor just sighed in defeat.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Tony noticed Thor coming into the room, with Fury in tow. Again, for a simple routine check up, there were too many people here. Truth be told, Fury couldn't still think that this was Loki. Even he was not that dogmatic. Or stupid. The thought of him assembling the team might had to do something with him then. They were probably here to keep him in check. Tony huffed. Must be that. Bruce was still talking to him, at least he guessed that, because his eyes were fixed on Tom now, who received a more than friendly hug from the thunder god. He ground his teeth at the... lovely display of friendship.

“This little...” Tony cursed and Bruce shot him one of his criticizing looks.

“Are you serious? Jealousy?” The man appeared as if he wanted to dug himself a hole and die in it, so he wouldn't have to carry on with this conversation.

“Yes...” He growled. “Just can't figure out why he is so nice too him. Maybe there's some strange brotherly something going on. Does Asgard allow ince...”

“Tony...” Bruce closed his eyes and silenced the man mid-sentence. “He is just polite and your friend. You should be thankful that he is on your side on this topic and not insult him.”

Bruce was still lecturing him, but Tony was already far gone. The blonde god was beaming at the actor and Tony hated how Tom returned the joyful smile. Their greeting was way too intimate. Seeing the man so delighted all of a sudden, when just moments ago he had been so miserable. And it wasn't because of him. He really didn't know why the god was so nice to him. Tom wasn't even his brother, he just had the same face. So why, for the love of god, did he behave like this. For some reason he didn't believe this was because Thor saw his little brother in him. Ignoring Bruce's warning, he walked over, hands in his pockets.

“Okay big guy, hands off.”

Not only Thor was raising an eyebrow at him now. Tony could feel everyone's eyes on him, watching him closely. And it didn't even seem to have any effect. Thor's hands were still on Tom's arms. Both men silently glared at each other and even when Tom looked at him with a puzzled expression, neither of them ceased the eye contact. Apparently the actor sensed the tension and groaned, taking a step back from the blonde to calm down the bullheads. Fury took the opportunity to grab him by the arm, yanking him away from both men and shoving him onto the operating table. One of Shield's doctors immediately began to examine him, pulling up his shirt without his consent. Both Thor and Tony barked at the same time at him to be more respectful and the man jumped at the aggressiveness.

“Shut up, Stark.” Fury snapped back, obviously pissed off by all of this. “You are the reason why we have to do this in the first place.”

“Oh, please.” Tony rolled his eyes and was turned around by a firm hand.

“If you wouldn't have kidnapped him...” Came from the captain once more and made the other man only sneer in irritation.

“Aren't you deep enough in his ass already?” The baffled look that Steve gave him was worth the hassle.

Mumbling sounds let Tony turn his attention back to the table, were Thor was already comforting
the actor, who didn't want to offer his arm to let it get examined. Natasha was about to assist the
doctor in his task, ignoring the god beside her and held Tom's arm in a firm grasp.

“Oh, come on.” The billionaire said nonchalantly. “What are we feisty today. You can talk to him,
you know. Like, to a human being.”

Tom offered a weak smile and held still after Natasha loosened her grip on his arm, letting the man
take a look. Fingers brushed over the tiny marks on his forearm, scars barely visible to the eye, but
the man had noticed them and scanned them with his device now, before showing the results to the
director.

“What the fuck did you do, Stark?!” Fury spat and received just another smug smile as an answer.
“Just implanted a few microchips so Jarvis will be able to track him. Where ever he will be.” The
victorious smirk made Fury glower at him even more.

“Just? Just...” His one good eye was fixed on him, making Tony cringe because of the intensity.
The man was in his face now, barely able to contain the anger that was so very visible on his
features. “Not only that you act against Shield's orders, you also breached our system, again and
freed a potential dangerous subject.”

Tony didn't even bother to listen to his ranting, knowing exactly what he was always beefing about.
When would he learn that he didn't care for their benefit. In his eyes Shield was nothing more than
another one of these governmental institutions he had to work with sometimes to achieve his goals.
Or save the world, if necessary. They knew from day one that he didn't play well with others. If
they had a problem with this, why not just throw him out of their secret boy band.

“Nicky, you forget a certain important detail here. He's...” Tony pointed to the actor. “... not your
prisoner. Or your property, as you told me so nicely.”

“Every potential thread needs to be monitored...” He gestured for the doctor to continue his work,
while Tony only shook his head, unconcerned.

Then the doctor continued with his examination, starting off with listen to his chest, checking his
blood pressure, harmless stuff that Tom endured without any form of protest. Bruce was standing
behind the operating doctor, scrutinizing his every move and Tony was grateful for that, at least
now he wouldn't have to worry about the man not doing his job correctly. Only when the man took
a syringe out of his bag, Tom gulped and tried to draw back, only to get hold in place by the female
assassin. He winced when his arm was pierced by the sharp metal and Tony couldn't help but
scowl. Clint had picked up on it instantly, nudging him with his elbow.

“Oh, Stark. Are we getting attached to that alien?” The hunter flashed his teeth in a smirk and only
then Tony even realized what face he had made. For a second he didn't know what to retort. Clint
had guessed right, again, for the second time this day.

Tony covered up his confusion with a grin, deciding that the truth would probably do him a favor
again. “Yes, Barton, again, you have hit the nail on the head.”

Clint only looked as if he didn't know what was going on, if he should believe him or not. He then
laughed, probably thinking of it as sarcasm, but Tom looked knowingly at him, a small smile
gracing his lips, which Tony choose to ignore for both of their sakes. The examination went on
without any interruptions and the room was silent except for the small sounds the actor made when
the Shield doctor gave him injections. Every pair of eyes lay on him and Tony could tell how
distressed he was. He felt sorry for Tom. After three more injections, the doctor finally packed his
things, whispering something to Fury and bid his goodbye. Tom started to rub his arm after this,
obviously hurt. Two agents came in when the doctor turned to leave through the door and grasped
his arms, indicating to take him with them. Tony lost his patience with Shield in exactly this moment and yanked their hands off of Tom, who was hissing at the too firm touch.

“Okay, haven't I told you before that you won't get him back.” He snarled and looked to Fury, who was completely unimpressed by the threat.

A hand found his shoulder and Tony turned, seeing Natasha shaking her head at him.

“Leave him with us. With Loki on the loose he might not be safe.” The voice of reason would have normally calmed him down, she was always thinking logically and strategically, but just now there was nothing else for him to do but disagree.

“Nah. I don't think so. This is the most obvious place to hide him.” Natasha stayed silent then and Tony addressed the director once more. “He has rights.” He stated without any emotion present in his voice. “Ask him if he wants to be here.”

Even Thor was now grumbling something incoherent into his beard and for the first time today he was glad that the god was actually here. He was certain that the thunderer wouldn't leave him in Shield's care either.

“The man of iron is right. My brother would seek out this very place first, if he would want to pursue Thomas.”

And just with this, Tony was not glad to have him here anymore. How he looked at Tom annoyed the hell out of him. And the fact that he called him Thomas was even worse. But he forced his thoughts to remain on the problem at hand. He could deal with Thor later.

“So, Nick, how about you tell us about your plans involving him?” The other man grimaced. “And, while we're at it, you could also tell Thor here what you have in store for Asgard. Just give us a quick briefing, so we're up to date.” The friendly smile was answered with a snarl.

“Nothing.”

Thor frowned at this, clearly remembering the last incident with Fury lying to them and hiding his true motives. Even Bruce was cocking his head to the side now, hands on his hips, waiting for an explanation of this obvious lack of trust.

“We just want to make an example, show that we are not weak.” He glanced over to Thor who's features were hard now. “Just like you said, we showed that our... realm is ready for a higher form of warfare, so we have to gear up in case anyone would want to test that.”

“You talk as if my people were a threat.” Thor pushes, taking a step towards the director and towered over him, not that it had any effect on him.

“You can not be serious!” The thunderer growled. “We come in peace.”

Again, we saw how this went.” The director said with the same amount of rage boiling under the surface.
“We are supposed to be allies, not the ones you plot against, spy!” The god was beside himself with anger and pushed past Fury to shove the two agents away, freeing Tom as a result.

“We aren't plotting. As long as your dear brother doesn't cause any shit to happen anymore, we won't have to use him to control Asgard.” The assassins just looked at each other briefly when Fury gestured for them to leave.

“I won't let you take him for these dimwitted reasons.” Thor warned again, making the agents back off almost immediately. No one wanted to deal with an enraged god of thunder. Or a hulk, but Bruce seemed to be collected enough to not rip them apart, much to Tony's dislike.

For a few seconds Fury remained there, before grinding his teeth and moving over to the exit.

“I will contact you Stark, and I hope for your sake that you'll answer these calls.” With this the man vanished, leaving the group alone. Tony would have loved to cast a 'Go fuck yourself' after him, but was able to remain silent.

Steve was still standing next to them, seemingly constricted. Without saying another word, or looking at the grin that spread on Tony's face, he followed Shield's leader out of the room. Bruce sighed in exhaustion then and took in the scene. How Tony was observing Thor, who still held onto Tom. Everything about it was strange.

“You always have to make a fuss about everything, right?” He mumbled quietly and Tony just offered a huff.

“Are you okay, Thomas?” Thor asked and stroked the man's arm slightly.

“I, eh...” Tom fiddled with his shirt. “Yes, I am alright. I guess. Thanks?” Thor's features softened immediately when those words had left the other's throat.

“I am glad.” Tony hated that smile more and more and how Tom was blushing under the god's gaze.

“Okay, enough with the flirting.” He said and moved to the pair, separating them from each other with his presence. “We're out of here.” Tom just looked incredulously at him, but followed the man to the door. Tony had the feeling that he would get back at him for this later.

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As soon as they were back in the helicopter, Tom broke the awkward silence.

“What on earth is wrong with you?” He said with a frown.

“What do you mean?” He knew exactly what he meant, of course, but didn't want to talk about that now.

“You pulled a scene. For no reason whatsoever.” Was Tom really so oblivious to Thor's advances? How could he not notice this. “Since when are you so... Please don't do this because of me, it makes me uncomfortable.”

“He groped you like, everywhere.” Tony murmured and looked out of the window.

“It is my decision who gets to touch me, Tony, we are not...” He stopped and seemed to rethink his sentence when he saw the Tony's expression. “You don't need to be protective or jealous. Especially not because of Thor.”

“Come on, you can't tell me he is just friendly. He clearly wants you... It's so obvious I want to puke.” The engineer grimaced and Tom huffed at the reaction.
“You imagine things.” He sneered and wanted to shake his head, but got startled with how close Tony was suddenly. The man had shifted to sit right next to him. “Tony...”

“I don't imagine anything. It's so obvious and you don't see it.” His voice was calm, eyes wandering over the delicate features of Tom's face. He was doing things to him without noticing it. Tom bit his lips and averted his gaze to the side, trying to avoid eye contact. But Tony only leaned in more, breathing against his ear now, feeling the man next to him tremble. His heart was pounding in his chest and without second thought he whispered.

“Let me kiss you...” Tom's breath hitched at this and bluish eyes widened in shock and embarrassment.

“I...” Was the only thing he could say before a hand cupped his cheek, causing him to gasp.

“Just one small kiss...” Tony whispered against soft lips now, not closing the distance between them. He could see how conflicted the other was, yet he wanted him to make the decision. His lips were parted slightly, eyes fluttering shut and the lack of words was enough for Tony to gently place his lips on the other's. If he hadn't wanted it, there would have been a clear no. A sigh left Tom as Tony kissed him and after a few seconds, when Tony felt him starting to kiss back reluctantly, he pulled back, looking into a flustered face. He looked as if he wondered why he had stopped.

“Sorry...” The engineer whispered, but Tom didn't answer, he just sat there and blinked, taken by surprise by the turn of events. “Couldn't let this opportunity slip away.” He admitted and earned another tired sigh.

“It's... okay.” The taller man said and held his arm and even though Tony saw how he was in pain, he couldn't help but smile because of the answer.

“Does it still hurt? Damn I knew why I avoid Fury and his stupid...” Tony placed a hand on his forearm, gently caressing the clothed skin.

“It's alright. I will survive.” Tom smiled, but took his arm away from the touch. It was a subtle hint for the engineer that he was still uncomfortable with this and Tony leaned back then, closing his eyes in resignation.

For more than twenty minutes neither of them spoke a word. And the silence between them was awkward. Tony could tell that Tom most likely wanted to run away, but was stuck with him in the vehicle, with no chance to actually do that. It stung. Rejection was nothing Tony experienced often. Normally he was the one who could have everyone, no matter what gender. Maybe this was exactly what drew him to this man, the fact that he couldn't, or shouldn't have him, apart from his beautiful body and handsome face of course.

“You think Loki is still in this universe...?” The murmuring gained Tony's attention and he turned his head to look at Tom, who was facing the window.

“Dunno.” He answered truthfully and only heard him utter a sigh. What should he say to this. Loki was probably running amok in Tom's universe, but without a possibility to cross the bridge, there was no reason to tell him that. He didn't want him to worry. Unfortunately, Tom was smart and saw through it way too easily.

“I need to get back...” Tony frowned at this. “We need to find a way to send me back to my home. I need to... Only thinking about what Loki could do... I.”

These were the last words they exchanged that day. Tony had stayed silent after this, couldn't really say anything that would make him feel better, without lying, anyway. He didn't want him to leave and was silently glad that finding a solution to their dimension jumping was far out of reach.
Leave a comment! Whenever I get a message from Ao3 it makes me so happy <3 Thanks for the support guys <3 I hope you like the chapter.
Loki's plan advances. But to complete it he needs more assets.

Okay I feel I need to say a few things for this chapter. Okay so.

First. Loki is not anything near pure evil or something like this. It's just that he tells himself over and over again that he has to do it. That he needs to right the situation (for himself). There will be future chapters were Tom and Loki meet, they will get more light into his reasons. =) Also, since I began writting this before Thor 2 came out, my Loki is able to make clones of himself. Not illusions like in the movie.

Second. I decided that time elapses differently in both realms. Not a very great difference, but our universe(the real world) is slightly behind the movieverse. So in Tony's world it's mid october, in the other world it's the beginning of september. Time elapses about two times faster in the movieverse. This is not really relevant, now, but might be later. That's why I thought to state it =)

And third: I completely wrote down the plot and have counted the remaining chapters. That's why it took me so long! Sorry about that =) And again, I really love you guys for your lovely comments! I really appreciate the feedback! Thanks again.

Just like every evening, Loki looked down on the little paper in his hand. This happened to be just too easy. Wouldn't even be a challenge. Green eyes studied the picture closer, memorizing the faces on it. A small smirk crept onto his lips. The man hadn't even noticed how he had snitched it away. He probably searched for it right now.

“Oh, there's so much I could do to you...” The god whispered to himself with the most pleased expression on his face.

Of course he could just end him and be done with it. Hopefully that would end Thor's life as well. Then he could just reign over these hairless apes, conquer this pitiful planet within the blink of an eye. But the plan had changed since he had made it to this pathetic realm. From just killing Thor's doppelganger, to something much more intriguing. His hand crushed the photo in his palm. No, he wouldn't just kill him. Loki had to chuckle at his own train of thoughts. He would make him suffer. And not just him. Thor, too. His brother will have to watch how his look-a-like will lose his entire life. Everything and everyone that mattered to him. And then Thor will break as well. It will be truly glorious to see the bright, golden offspring of Odin shatter in front of him. Loki felt himself unconsciously clenching his fists. Unfortunately this had to wait. The timing was not right. There were things he had to attend to first. Made sure everything was working in his favor. He couldn't take any risks.
Loki discarded the crumpled piece of paper onto the nightstand right next to the big and comfortable armchair he was sitting in. Everything here was so much more simple. No one who kept interrupting or sabotaging him. The reputation of his other self was opening each and every door for him. He didn't even have to try. Even this room had been offered to him on a silver plate. Humorous that... Chris actually helped him in this matter.

After this ridiculously unnerving dinner, the sense of all this still hadn't come to Loki, the man had had the nerve to ask if they would share a taxi to the hotel, because apparently he and his fetch resided in the same place. Even though Loki had wanted to snap his neck for even suggesting this, the fact that he would have to search for a suitable abode if he declined, made him reconsider. So the man had had survived that night, because this place was indeed worthy of a god. And even getting the key to these chambers had almost been too easy. People adored him. Those women had just given him the key without even asking who he was. It was magnificent. From here he could plan out and execute his plan without getting distracted.

Even meeting with the two children, they really weren't anything less, naive and blind, was easy from here. They would just come up here and knock, listen to the things he had to tell them and would be gone after that. It reminded him of Asgard, back when he had had his own servants. Before Thor had ruined everything. When they had cared for his every wish. Now those two had been fulfilled this role. Once per day they would bring him food and every other thing he wanted them to obtain.

Loki hadn't known how tired he was. Or how he had fallen asleep, again. Only when he heard a knock on the door he realized that he had drifted off. His powers had still not fully returned to him, even after days of recovering. Loki grumbled when he pushed himself into an upright position and attended to straighten his clothes. A little wink with his hand did the trick and his ruffled hair went back into place. He still couldn't get used to the look he had to maintain in this world. Fair hair, as if it couldn't get any worse, as well as these garments... Loki slipped off the king-sized bed and strolled to the door, awaiting the arrival of his two slaves, but was startled when he looked into his brother's face. The beaming smile left a nasty taste in his mouth whenever he saw it and he wanted to close the door immediately again. But he couldn't. He just couldn't. Because this would change everything. Change the plan. He had to smile. Just like he had all these times.

“Tom.” The blonde grinned and patted his shoulder, a touch that made the god cringe.

“Chris...” Loki almost hissed, but was able to get his voice under control before the man seemed to notice. “What brings you here?” As if he cared.

“Do you remember the special we joked about?” He did not. Because it hadn't been him. Obviously. “They approved it.” The cheerful tone made Loki roll his eyes.

“Ah, the special.” He repeated, hoped that the other man would bite and explain it further.

“Yeah, I mean, it's kinda early for Halloween, but you know the people here.” The blonde shrugged.

And again, Loki had no clue what he spoke of. Neither did he know these people, or wanted to, nor had he ever heard of something called Halloween. So he stayed silent. Chris took the opportunity to continue. The sing-song tone would drive Loki crazy someday.

“So we're filming the special.”

“We are filming...”
“Yeah. I know, I don't want to sit for hours in the make-up room either.” Chris snorted. “I don't envy you for that helmet, you know?”

Loki didn't deem him worthy of an answer, but thought about what he was telling him right now. Judged by his explanation, they wanted him to play his role.

“Who else will be there?” The god asked then, narrowing his eyes and waiting for the other to speak.

“My guess is the whole Team. Will be fun to finally get back together, right?”

“Yes. Definitely.” This could lead to whole new possibilities. No one would bat an eye when he would run around manipulating people. They very likely wouldn't even notice. Even if they did, they only would think of it as him playing his character. Brilliant idea. Especially since he had outstanding scores with some of those people. “When is the filming?” Loki said and earned another one of those bright smiles he couldn't stand.

“On the sixth. Whedon said we will get picked up then. Just wanted to let you know. Your phone seems to be off.”

“Yes, thank you, Chris.” He responded and offered a small smile, he actually meant it. The other nodded and waved, before turning around and wanting to leave, but apparently remembering something, because he paused and looked back at Loki.

“Hey, eh...” Loki raised an eyebrow. “You didn't happen to have seen my photo?” The frown on his face made it obvious how much it meant to him.

“Photo? What photo?” Innocent and clueless. As if he didn't know what he searched for.

“The one I showed you the other day. My wife gave it to me so...” A delicate matter. This made the fact, that the item in question was lying crumbled on his nightstand, so much better.

“I am sorry, I haven't seen it. But if I do, I will tell you.”

Chris nodded at him, thankful for his cooperation, even when fake, and left, leaving Loki behind with the widest smirk on his face. The god closed the door and bit his lips. This was going well. If he was lucky, this, comparably, tiny inconvenience of having to deal with the man again, could grant him even more advantages.

A few days later Loki was sitting in a vehicle with Chris, on the way to their... filming. Difficult to imagine that the blonde could get even more obnoxious than his godly counterpart. He was talking his ear off, apparently finding everything amusing. Or he made all these ridiculous jokes for any other reason Loki didn't even wanted to think about. He rather ignored the puny mortal as long as he could. Which wasn't too long. Chris soon started asking him all kinds of things. Questions that Loki couldn't have answered with the little knowledge he had of his doppelganger's life. Even with watching him from time to time, Chris asked for things nobody except the real Tom would be able to answer. But since he had asked, he didn't know himself. So Loki had at least the opportunity to lie.

The moment they arrived, Loki was reminded again on how different their two universes were. People were immediately at their side and the god had to seriously try hard to not laugh when he saw a man approaching him with a smirk. Never had he believed that the hawk, of all people, would actually shake his hand.

“So you'll slip back into your tight, evil pants today.” The man stated and seemingly enjoyed the way his coworker stared back in incomprehension.
“I suppose.” The god said after needing a minute to figure it out. The other man only laughed when he narrowed his eyes.

“Our time to kick your ass again! See ya later.”

Loki groaned. The difference between the man and his character couldn't really be any bigger. But apparently this seemed to be the case for many of them. Loki looked around and watched the masses of people bustling about, trying to organize things or carrying props. He chose to ignore them and pushed his way through, wandering aimlessly around until he recognized a face within the crowd. With long strides he made his way over to the woman who held a newborn in her arms. Smiling, he placed a hand on her shoulder.

“She has grown a lot.” Loki chirped and made her look at him with wide eyes.

“Tom, nice to see you here.” She gave him half of a hug. “It's been so long.”

“Too long.” The god agreed, even though that wasn't the case. He had to admit that this woman had a certain charm. Thor's actor definitely had better taste than the real one as it seemed. Good for him.

“Yes.” She smiled weakly and caressed her infants cheek. “She's turning two in a few months... What have you been up to the last months? I heard Chris talking about theater but that was nothing more than brief rambling.”

“Ah, yes, he tends to do that.” Loki grinned, couldn't help himself. Only when he heard the husband's voice, his smile faded.

“I heard my name.” The blonde actor came up from behind Loki and kissed his wife on the cheek. It really was unbearable sappy. “Hey sweety, how are you doing?” The woman pouted when he didn't address but his daughter. Chris took the baby from her arms and held her up, reveling in that tiny human's smile.

It was unfortunate, really. A pure coincidence that it had to be them. A pity. Loki watched the family, before the display of love got incredibly annoying and turned to leave, but Chris, the proud father, wouldn't let him off so easily.

“Dude, you want to hold her?” Loki would, in fact, rather not. But declining would possibly not help his case.

“I will drop her.” He said without moving a muscle of his face, totally meaning it, but Chris only laughed, interpreting it as a joke.

“Then I will smash you with my hammer. Come on.”

Without waiting for a respond, the little baby was placed in Loki's arms and the god had to restrain every phase of his body to not let the bundle fall. He could see the content smile of the parents while they looked at him and for whatever reason the infant seemed to enjoy being close to him as well. The girl was smiling at him and within two minutes was asleep in his arms.

“She really likes you.” The female squealed, her hands covering her mouth.

This tiny human was... entrancing in a way. Innocent and weak, in need of protection. Loki heaved a sigh and let the mother take her child back.

“Enough now, before I steal her away.”
He wasn't sure himself if he meant it, but nonetheless the woman only chuckled. A voice behind them interrupted Chris when he wanted to comment on it and made them both turn around.

“What are you two still doing here? You should sit in make-up right now.” An almost bald, shorter man eyed them up with a raised eyebrow, gesturing to his clock, signalizing that they were late. Loki wanted to snarl at him, but Chris leapfrogged him, holding his hands up in defense.

“Alright, alright. We're on our way.” Loki was still glaring at the man when Chris kissed his wife and daughter once more, before pulling the god with him.

It appeared that each one of them had their own... make-up room. Vehicle. Chris had made sure that Loki stood in front of the right trailer. Not that the god planned on actually going in. He wouldn't let some imbecile mortal touch him again. Quickly looking around, making sure that no one was able to see him, he waved his hand, green mist started to shape up and form another body. The clone instantly entered the vehicle, taking his place. Loki smiled and made his usual attire appear. Finally his gold and green armor was back and he enjoyed the feeling of rich leather instead of the common linen he was forced to wear most of the time now. His scepter appeared in his hand and he took a moment to marvel at its beauty. A chuckle made him turn around in shock, the voice let a shudder run down his spine.

“Oh, great god of chaos, let me serve thee.” The attempt to imitate his accent was beyond pure mocking, but the god found himself grinning at the sight that greeted him.

The man of iron, or to be precise, his fetch, was on his knees, bowing down in an exaggerated gesture. Loki tilted his head to the side, taking in what happened in front of his eyes. He should probably start with this one.

“Ah, man of iron.” Loki said, falling into the role. “I hadn't expect you to be here.” His eyes wandered over the cheeky mortal. “And already on your knees. It suits you.”

“Everything suits me.” Robert replied with a wink of his eye. Much to Loki’s delight, this man seemed to have much in common with his character after all.

“Let's see if it works this time, shall we?”

Letting his hand slide over his staff, Loki held it out, tapping the man's chest, who's smile faded slowly when he felt magic creep into his skin. Loki watched as his eyes turned the familiar blue and only then the actor got to his feet, waiting for orders.

“Now, pet, you will do me great favors.” The god's smile was only matched by the one on his newly acquired ally's face.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment! I'd love to hear if you liked it!
Worrying makes everything worse

Chapter Summary

The thought of Loki running wild in his world makes Tom go crazy and he says some things he regrets.

Chapter Notes

Wish you all merry Christmas.
Love~

Neither of them had said another word for the whole duration of their ride home. Tom couldn't help himself but to imagine the worst. The things Loki could do in his world. Would do to his world. He knew him. Probably better than anyone else. A thought that scared the living crap out of him. The events of the second movie had apparently not taken place yet and Loki was full of rage, of hurt pride. In this state he capable of anything. Tom was certain that he planned something. Of course he did. Why should he do all this, if he wouldn't follow some greater motifs. Sure, he caused chaos for shits and giggles. And more often than not he played tricks on people only for his entertainment. But this seemed to have a purpose.

When both men finally made it home, the whole house was dark. Only the outside lighting illuminated the furnishing somewhat. But even though it was dark, Tom could see the concerned expression on the other's face. Brown eyes never left him when he took a few steps into the living room, ignoring Jarvis' voice which welcomed them home. He wanted to bury himself right now. Couldn't deal with anything. Tony was forgotten. Their kiss was forgotten. Nothing else was on his mind than what could happen while he sat around here and had fun. How could he have fun while people were in danger because of him. He should have tried to do more, to help them figure something out, but instead of doing that, he had been egoistical and had enjoyed his stay.

Tony seemed to notice his internal struggle and moved in on him, grasping his hand and squeezing gently. Only then Tom snapped out of his thoughts, feeling his heart rate increase immediately. It was only a light touch, yet it managed to calm him down just like that. An audible sigh left him. He was glad that Tony was there. A feeling that vanished within the blink of an eye when the man opened his mouth.

“Hey...” Tony said soothingly. “It's not that bad, you'll see.”

The hand entwined with his started to caress the skin there and Tom looked down to watch it for a second.

“I don't think anything has happened.”

Tom huffed at the man lying right into his face. He knew that Tony was not that stupid to really believe that, he was probably just trying to comfort him, but telling him this was rather
counterproductive. It achieved the exact opposite of what Tony wanted, it went on his nerves. The actor narrowed his eyes, staring back with such an intensity that the engineer instinctively took a step back, releasing the hand.

“Really?” Tom whispered, barely audible, in the most desperate voice. “You believe that?” It was meant as some kind of strange confirmation. That Tony did not just lie to him like to a child. But the silence that followed actually proved his suspicion right. “Okay.”

Tony avoided his gaze then and shoved his hands into his pocket. They stood there for a few minutes, until Tom couldn't take it anymore. Really, he appreciated that the man tried to cheer him up. But this was just redundant. He knew that something was wrong. That Loki very likely harmed people that got in his way right now. Tony didn't need to tell him otherwise.

“I know him, Tony.” The brunette's eyes shot up again, before closing in distaste. “I know that all he does serves some kind of plan.”

His voice was shaking now and he clenched his fists, basically forcing out every word. The anger and frustration displayed on his face was making the other man seemingly uncomfortable, he could see it, but didn't care at this moment. Tom shivered in anger when a hand found his chin, tilting it up so he had to look into Tony's eyes. How was he able to just do this without even appearing to be embarrassed or nervous.

“We'll find a way, okay? You'll see. We'll bring you back and I personally drag that drama queen of a god to Shield.”

It sounded like a joke, but Tom could swear that despite sounding calm, there was a glimmer of hurt in those brown eyes. And he knew why. It was the same thing for him, but he couldn't have consideration for this kind of emotion. Other things were far more important. Tony's hand once more reached for his, holding him in place when he leaned in and tried to kiss him. But the actor moved back, evading the touch.

“No...” He shook his head, an unbelieving smile gracing his lips. The other swallowed hard at the rejection. “I don't think so. Don't make promises you can not keep.”

“Come on, I...” Tony began, but stopped in the middle of the sentence when Tom turned and began to walk to his room. "Don't run off now... Tom, I try to...” He shouted after him, only to hear the sound of a door getting slammed shut. "Nice talk! Thanks for hearing me out! Let's do that again!"

It wasn't Tony's fault. It really wasn't. And he knew it, yet he had taken his mood out on him. In his defense, the way he had talked to him had just made him more angry. He was no child. He really didn't need him to pretend that everything was just magically going to be okay again. Quite the contrary. Tom feared that he might never be able to make it back to his own world. He wasn't an expect, but when two of the leading scientists, or two geniuses, couldn't find a solution, there probably wasn't much hope. And this universe was far more advanced in terms of technology. It bugged him. Bugged him that he just had to wait. He was useless and this was driving him crazy. If there was one thing Tom hated, it was waiting and doing nothing. Still there was nothing else he could do.

After hours of lying awake, not being able to get the thoughts out of his head, Tom finally drifted off. But sleep didn't last very long. He woke with a start, pictures of people dear to him, lying dead on the ground, haunting his dreams. It was just a nightmare. Nothing more. But it seemed so real. He was drenched in sweat, staring blindly into the darkness. Pulling his legs to his chest, he hid his face in his arms. This was not good. The desperation made Tom reach out for his phone and dial the number of his younger sister.
“Please...”

It was pointless. He knew that. It had never worked. But hearing that the number was not available was suddenly worse than the countless times he had heard it before. In a burst of rage he threw the phone against the wall. It shattered into a million pierces, which was strangely comforting.

Tom spent the entire next day in his bed, or pacing his room. Way more pacing than lying around. At least he had taken a shower this morning, after sleeping in the clothes from yesterday, it had been necessary. A knock made him turn his head, before he burrowed himself in the pillows again.

“Hey, eh... Don't you want to come out already? You've been in there the whole day.”

No reaction.

“Okay, locking up yourself gets kinda old, you know?”

The joke wasn't conceived too good. Tom grimaced and groaned into the soft material. Sometimes he could be really annoying. Especially when he should leave other people alone. He apparently had trouble to do so.

“Yeah, well. Anyway. If this is because of anything I said, then... Come on, do I really have to apologize every damn time? Because I let you know, I don't do that.” Tom felt bad for him, kind of, but couldn't get himself to deal with him now. He heard the man sigh. “Fine.” Now he sounded as if he was pouting, which was probably the case.

Tom shifted uncomfortably. He didn't want to be alone. But telling him this was out of question. Hours went by with Tom only miserably staring out of the window, before he finally decided to get up. Not that it would change anything. There was still nothing to do and now he regretted smashing his phone. But his dry mouth forced him to get up and get something to drink. With heavy steps he moved out of his room, completely ignoring the perplexed look he was given. He went straight into the kitchen and grabbed himself a bottle of water from the fridge.

“I have something to eat here, if you're hungry.” Was cast over to him while he drank the water in one go. The grumbling in his stomach answered the question very much, but nonetheless, Tom shook his head.

“I'm not. Thanks.”

Since when did he have to lie about something like this. Pathetic. Why was he even trying to avoid him, it just didn't make any sense. He was not the source of his anger or anything. Tom placed the empty bottle on the counter and shook his head at his stupidity. An amused laugh came from the other man, who lay sprawled out on the couch.

“Fuck off, of course you are.” Tony rolled his eyes and got up, casually walking over to Tom. “You didn't eat in almost two days, you can't tell me you're not...” The man's words got stuck in his throat when he looked into the unamused face in front of him.

“Please, not now. I don't want to argue with you.” Tom's lips were pressed into a thin line, clearly showing that this was not the time to be a smart-ass. He pinched the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes at the forming headache. “You don't need to pamper me.”

“I am not. Hell, you can stay in your room all day, but starving yourself to death doesn't help anyone. By the way, I ordered food yesterday, but someone refused to come out of his room.”

Tony sounded just as angry as he felt. His hand touched Tom's hurting arm again and the gesture...
alone made him clench his fists. Tony was right, as always. But it didn't change the fact that he was so frustrated with everything. Annoyed that there was nothing he could do to help. And Tony being all caring really didn't change his mood to the better. He couldn't explain it, but just now, everything he said just made it worse. Was he really now guilt-tripping him? Without thinking, Tom snapped back at him.

“How's a solution coming along?” The other backed off as soon as he heard the words, inhaling sharply at the biting tone.

Tom hated himself right after this. The way Tony was looking at him spoke volumes.

“I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. It's just...”

“I know. It's fine.” Tony replied drily after a while and walked back to the couch, facing the TV once more. “I'll leave some for you if you'll change your mind.”

Tom just nodded and went back into his room, mentally slapping himself for being the most stupid person on this entire planet. Fine. Well, no. First he didn't want to be alone and then he barked at the only person who wanted to console him. Never had he imagined that he could be so on edge that he would actually be a dick to him. It took him two full hours to come to the conclusion that he had to apologize. Again. And that being mad at Tony for no reason, just made everything worse. So he dragged himself to the door and opened it, only to see that the man was still sitting on the couch. Apparently asleep with the TV running. Tom immediately stopped walking, actually considering just going back to his room. It was strange watching someone while they sleep. And it creeped himself out. Still, he took another few steps towards Tony. What was he doing here? He wanted company, didn't want him to be mad at him. He just needed...

Tony woke up when he felt a weight next to him. He blinked sleepily, before yawning and lifted his head from his hand.

“Hey...” Tom just stared at the TV, while Tony raised an eyebrow at him when he didn't answer him.

“I wanted to apologize.” He finally said after a long pause.

“For what?” The engineer asked while stretching himself. He was an ass for making him actually say it.

“For being a bitch.”

Tony snorted and tried to hide a grin. Instead of commenting on this, he just put his arm around Tom's shoulder, pulling him in, so that his head rested against his shoulder. Tom was thankful that the room was dimly lit, that the blush that crept onto his cheeks couldn't be seen. It was just a simple touch, but it made him instantly feel better. There was no denying that he liked it. Not anymore. But it scared him just as much. It was scary how much he liked his scent and the warmth that radiated over from him.

“You know we will work this out.” Tony said confidently, a thumb starting to caress the actor's shoulder.

“I really have trouble to believe that.” Tom chuckled bitterly.

A smug smile played on Tony's lips, at which Tom gave him a weird look.

“Well, yeah. Doesn't look too good.” The billionaire admitted and Tom groaned, couldn't quite see
what was funny about this, but at least he was honest now. “Let me tell you...” Tony started, before he could protest. “I was sunk so many times on so many different things. Inventions, equations, you name it. And most of the time you just can't force a solution to just come to you. The longer you try to solve it, the harder it gets.”

Tom looked at him for a few seconds, before he lay his head back onto his shoulder.

“I had my best ideas after three in the morning. While drinking, showering or fucking.” Tom shook his head in fake annoyance. “What I want to say is...” Brown eyes glimpsed down to look at the tired man that snuggled up to him. “Worrying does not help. Worry distracts you, makes you unfocused.” The words were whispered into Tom's ear, making him shiver involuntarily. "You make everything harder for yourself."

It made sense, really. He had experienced it himself. The times when he had tried to get a few good photos from a shooting, but had been too tense to get anything done. Only when they had told him to relax, it had suddenly worked out. Not that he could think straight with Tony breathing into his ear like that.

“I have never met someone like you.” Tony said it so indifferently that Tom wasn't quite sure how to take that. “This ain't a compliment. It's the truth.” The tone changed into something more cheerful. “You care so much for other's that it gets to you, drags you down. Too polite and helpful. You could say I'm quite the opposite.”

He laughed then and Tom had to chuckle as well.

“You talk as if you were the most egocentric person on earth.”

“I am, haven't you noticed?” The other joked and stroked the short, bright hair affectionately. “The epitome of arrogance and narcissism. At least if I can trust the headlines.” Tom rolled his eyes in exaggeration, while silently enjoying the touch. “I am insulted that you didn't know this.”

Tom smiled when he looked up to the engineer, who was watching the screen now. It never failed to amaze him how easily he could cheer him up. Not that he wasn't worried anymore. He was. Very much so, but talking and actually having someone to hold onto, made it easier. The warmth and closeness was comforting enough for him to fall asleep in this position. And Tony didn't seem to mind.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!
Halloween

Chapter Summary

Halloween Fluff Special

Chapter Notes

I wanted to do this special since, well, Halloween. But the story wasn't ready at this point, so yeah. Have a Halloween Fluff Special for Christmas. Lawl.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom was excited, there was no other way to describe it. Halloween was just around the corner and he really looked forward to it. Especially to finding out how Tony would celebrate it. Europeans tended to not make a big fuss over it, or rarely celebrated it at all. So, yes, Tom was excited to actually be in the US this time of the year. A week before the 31th he had thought the billionaire would start decorating, but days came and went by with nothing changing whatsoever. Tony didn't even bring the topic up and Tom was not going to bother him about it. Everything had calmed down between them and he was happy that Tony hadn't taken offense to his ranting. And he didn't want to risk this peace with him bugging the other with things that were totally unimportant.

But when Halloween was only three days away, Tom was basically running around the house, confusing Tony as a result. The engineer was sitting at the kitchen counter, a tablet in hand and watched him pace the living room. He narrowed his eyes, before finally putting the tablet aside, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“Okay, what are you doing?” Tom quickly spun around, facing him. “Anything I can do for you?” The engineer still looked slightly perplexed when Tom snickered.

“Eh, hehe. Is that so obvious?” He frowned and tried to hide his embarrassment behind his smile.

Tony didn't even bother to reply.

“Why are you so jittery.”

Okay. He needed to get that out. The man looked at him as if he was crazy.

“Three days to Halloween.” Tom stated and earned a shrug.

“Yeah. And?”

And? Tom sighed. He really didn't care and was now worming it out of him.

“Why aren't you decorating?”

Tony just grinned and attended back to the tablet, seemingly amused that Tom even asked something like this.
“Why should I?”

This time it was Tom who had to laugh and he made his way over to the counter, leaning over it, so Tony couldn't do anything else but look into his blue eyes.

“Thought every US-American would celebrate it.”

There was this mocking tone in his voice that the other man picked up on immediately. He probably knew that Tom tried to taunt him. But he hadn't expected that the man would actually lean in also and breath against his lips.

“No.” Tony whispered in such a husky voice, it made Tom gulp.

Damn him for exploiting everything. How he was able to make him so flustered, or how he turned an innocent situation into something strangely sensual, was a mystery. So Tony was back to teasing him again. This didn't exactly made anything easier for him. Especially after that kiss and the snuggling. Why did he remember this now. Most inappropriate situation. His gaze fell to those luscious lips that turned upwards in a smile.

“And why not?” Tom forced himself to look him in the eyes.

“I bought my own property for a reason. No one gets to my door. And why should I give candy to little brats when I could give those to you.” The flirting definitely didn't defeat it's purpose. Tom averted his gaze, opening his mouth to speak, but no sound came out. “Why do you want to celebrate it anyway?”

Slightly taken aback by the question, Tom raised his eyebrows, as if he hadn't expected him to ask.

“Well, I like celebrating. Decorating the house. Having friends over. Don't know... Eating candy, dressing up...”

It was then that Tom thought to see the man's eyes lightening up. But the emotion was gone the next moment and was replaced with indifference. “But if you don't want to, that's perfectly fine.” Tom held his hands up, speaking way to fast. “I didn't want to make you celebrate, just wondered...”

Tony rolled his eyes and typed something into his tablet.

“You basically force that onto me now. You know, talking as if you don't want me to do it, but secretly you do and you try to use this reverse psychology crap on me and it works. Thanks. Now I have to order bullshit.”

The man grimaced and Tom just stood there, blinking at him in utter disbelieve.

“What? No, no, I...” He shook his head like mad, but Tony ignored it and seemingly scrolled through some pages.

“Of course, you force my hand, dude.”

“No!”

Brown eyes switched from the tablet to Tom and back.

“Just for your information, I don't wear costumes.”

Yeah, sure. Just that metal thing he stepped into as often as he could. But that was definitely no
costume. It was something entirely different. Because Tony was wearing it, of course. Tom smirked. The engineer did have his way with words. And when something didn't sound good to him, he would just rephrase everything until it fit. It had its advantages, he had to admit.

“You do wear your suit.” Tom said, amused that Tony was snorting now.

“Oh no, you don't go there! My suit is no costume.” He sounded vaguely insulted.

“Super hero Tony.” The taller man sneered and watched him through long lashes, finally sitting down on one of the bar stools. “Totally not a costume, because it lacks a cape, right?” Mocking him was actually really fun.

“You don't have a clue what you're talking about.” Tom only nodded in fake concession, which was completely ignored by the other man, who seemed to think about something and came to a great conclusion. A grin spread over his lips and Tom suddenly was wary about this odd mood change. “Would be pretty funny if you would wear Loki's outfit.”

Tom needed to catch his breath for a second, startled by the mere suggestion.

“What? I... I don't think that's such a good idea...” He stuttered, but Tony had already made up his mind.

“That's actually a fucking brilliant idea. Fine. Let's celebrate this stupid pagan holiday.”

It was late evening when Tony called for Tom. He had hoped that Tony had only joked about celebrating and him wearing the costume, but apparently this was not the case. The engineer sat on the couch, laptop in front of him and was completely focused on what was on the screen.

“What are you doing?” The actor asked casually and sat down beside him to be able to look at the screen.

“I'm buying you that costume. It's kind of scary how many people offer these. I'm buying the most expensive one, of course.”

Tom rolled his eyes. “Of course.”

“So which size? Would get it customized, but within two days, that might just be a little bit too narrow.”

Tom's eyes flicked over the screen, before he pointed to a size. “Take this, it will probably fit.”

“Probably?” Tony scowled. “You better not take a too small one. If it won't fit, I will make you go out naked.” Tom was not sure if this was a joke or not. Very likely not. “Kay, over-night express. Pay with credit card...”

While Tony entered his information, Tom leaned back and yawned. He loved this couch. The smooth black leather felt almost too good under his hands. If he had the money, he would buy one of these, too. He was still wondering what kind of leather this could be when Tony asked him another question.

“Anything else you need?”

“Like what?”

Tony faced him and shrugged. “Anything you want, don't know.”
He thought about it. He had books, clothes... There really wasn't anything that...

“Come on...” The billionaire crooned. “Let me spoil you.” He said with that seductive undertone that always made Tom look away in embarrassment. Talking about feeling like a teenager.

“There is actually something I'd like to have...”

“Tell me...” Tony whispered into his ear.

He was doing this on purpose. Dick. Only problem was, even though Tom knew he did it to tease him, it worked. Every damn time. And the longer Tony constantly tried to seduce him, the more Tom felt like just giving in. Knowing that someone wanted you did not help at all to stay calm and ignore it. Tom shuddered under the hot breath, but finally found his voice.

“I'd like to have a different pillow...”

“What kind?”

The man was still too near for his liking. Okay. Maybe he was liking it. Yes, maybe. But it still made him uncomfortable in some way. This really shouldn't be happening between them. It shouldn't. But ever since Tony had kissed him, something had changed. Liking Tony was probably the most stupid thing he could do, considering that he would leave him sooner than later, but at the moment Tom really didn't count himself to the brightest people. And if it even made a difference was the other thing. This wasn't his world. Nobody knew him. Why not just... Tom shook his head and leaned back, so couldn't feel the other's breath anymore. Getting away from the thought of kissing him. Yes. Definitely better now.

“A down-filled one would be nice.”

Tony looked him over, seemingly considering it.

“Tell you what.” Tony began and typed something into the search bar of the costume website. “I will buy you your pillow, if you really wear that costume.” Tom had believed that he had already agreed to this, but decided to let the man continue. “Or maybe... any costume I choose?”

Tom thought he hadn't heard right, but blushed to the roots of his ears when he saw the maid dresses pop up on the screen.

“Oh, no. No, no, no, no!” The startled expression made Tony laugh.

“Fuck, you are so... easy to tease. Gosh I love it.” Tom just sat there with his mouth open while Tony laughed up his sleeve.

The few days to Halloween went by faster than he had expected. It was strange that you could look forward to something and in the next moment, totally hate your guts for asking for it. Tom stared down at the costume box that rested on his bed. Why exactly had he agreed to this again? Ah, yes. Because of Tony. Because he hadn't been able to say no while the man's hot breath tickled his skin. Tom supposed that there was no way out of this, so he opened the box and started undressing.

Meanwhile Tony was basically bouncing in front of the door to Tom's room, waiting for him to finally come out. Tom could imagine how he had pulled faces when he had said that he needed a few more minutes.

“Come on!” Sounded it through the door and the billionaire made sure to drag out every syllable. The man had the patience of a six year old. “Come out! I want to see you!” It sounded vaguely like
pleading now.

Only hesitantly, Tom opened the door, looking not one bit amused. Tony, on the other hand, was gaping at him. Tom couldn't quite say if it was awe or something else. He just gulped and turned his head to the side, narrowing his eyes to progress what he saw.

“Wow, that's kind of scary...”

Tom sighed, regretting putting the costume on in the first place. Especially with Tony not wearing one. He was just wearing a plain black suit.

“I told you so...”

Hands on his shoulders made him look into shining, brown eyes.

“No, that's great. Damn, kinky, yeah, but so damn good.” Was cooed in reply. Tom wanted to protest when one hand slid down to his hip and guided him towards the front door. “This will be so awesome!” The billionaire pressed out with a Cheshire-like grin on his face, while getting into his shoes.

For some strange reason, which wasn't strange at all when Tom thought about it, he was sure that Tony was planning something. If he wanted to know what that was, well, that was another story.

Once they made it to Malibu's downtown, it was clear what Tony had planned. And Tom really hadn't understood the risks of going out with Tony Stark. It actually seemed as if he had wanted this from the beginning. Instead of kids having fun, they were practically fleeing from him, while still adoring Tony, of course. Adults gave him weird or evil looks. And Tony was too amused by this. Apparently this time the press had not done it's job right. Or people just didn't care that Tony had spoken of him as an actor, who just played a role. Tom wanted to thank him for making him look like a fool, but just in this moment the billionaire took his hand, silencing him before he could say anything.

This was public, he reminded himself. He didn't know how to react, was stunned by the display of affection, so he just let himself get dragged through the streets by Tony. Many children started stopping at their side, asking why the famous Iron Man was holding the villains hand. Tony told them that he was just someone that played Loki in cinema, that he was his friend and that they should piss off if they hadn't anything nice to say. Tom could only stare in utter adoration and doubt if someone should talk to kids that way, but finally smiled when he saw that pleased grin plastered all over Tony's face. Dressed up children followed them through the streets and Tom squeezed the hand, that was still holding his, lightly, offering a small thank you. This was exactly what he had needed after the last couple of days. And Tony had known.

And Tony, even thought he would never admit that, had been delighted up until now. Until women had joined the rows of kids around them and had started to touch and hug Tom. One of them even moved up between them, separating the two men and hooked arms with him. He actually thought it was kind of funny that there were fangirls in both realms. Yet it seemed bizarre that there would be people rooting for a real villain. For someone real, that was killing people, even though not bad at heart, but still... Actually, Tom was impressed that Tony hadn't scared them off sooner, but when he had, he had done it with style. Instead of growling or shouting at them, he had just threatened to sue them.

“Gosh, like flies. Women... They are even more obsessed with you than with me.”

“Sorry.” The smile made Tony relax a little. “In my world I am... Well, let me say that Loki has a
massive fandom. Bigger than any Avenger's.”

“Crazy.” The billionaire added while glaring at another approaching female.

“Yes. Don't need to tell you that I don't google myself.” This made the other man break out into laughter.

They had eaten in another one of those noble restaurants, the ones that Tom would never even dare to take a step into, before they had gone home. Tony had demanded that Tom would eat the dessert at home, to not get in any awkward situation. Or how Tony had described it, so that he wouldn't drag him to a bathroom stall and pounce him. The comment alone had turned Tom's face a tomato red, but he agreed without hesitation.

“Good evening, Sir.” The voice of the AI welcomed them in his usual manner when they finally made it home. And Tom was still astonished whenever he heard a hint of cynicism in the mechanic voice. “A parcel arrived while you were out. I hope it's not the same as last time.” He looked over to a baffled engineer who needed a second to even find words. “If it is, I feel obliged to contact Ms. Potts about it.”

“No need to do that, Jarv. Just a pillow.”

“I hope so, Sir.”

Tom only watched him, discarding the thought of asking as soon as it popped into his head. Some things better remained unknown. The smaller man picked up the package and ambled to the the kitchen, where he opened it with a knife and got the content out, before throwing it over to Tom, who was just barely able to catch it. He inspected the pillow in his hands.

“Thank you.” The other only put him off and rummaged around in the package some more, obviously trying to find something. “I should wash it first, though.”

“Yeah, yeah. Just leave it here, then.”

“I can operate a washing machine, you know?”

“Doesn't mean that I have one.” Tony snorted and put two large boxes of sweets onto the counter. 

“You have no...” A look from the billionaire silenced Tom and he knew that the question was unnecessary.

“I have people doing my laundry.” He shoved the sweets towards Tom, who gulped at the sheer amount of candy in front of him. “Here, thought you wanted some.”

“Some...” Tom repeated and looked down in disgust. “You always need to exaggerate, yes?” A grin was shot his way at the joke.

“Sure, Tony Stark doesn't do small.”

Smiling, Tom placed the wrapped up pillow onto the table and stretched.

“Okay, I think I'll go to bed now. Thanks for the day, Tony. It was fun.”

“You're welcome.” Before the actor could leave towards his room, Tony was quick to add something. “How about you do something for me in return.”

Tom's breath caught, immediatly growing rigid. He slowly turned around again to cast a uncertain
glimpse over to him. Why was he blushing. Tony hadn't even told him what he wanted, but he still
imagined all kind of things, one particular thought getting stuck in his brain. Apparently his
reasoning was funny enough for the other to laugh.

“Come on, what are you thinking?” Tony shook his head at him and Tom blushed even more. “I
am not that bad. Don't wet your panties. I just want you to give me your best impression of Loki,
while you're still in that outfit.”

Tom could do that. This was far less embarrassing than the things he had had in mind. If this was
what he wanted, then he would deliver. So Tom nodded and took the few steps towards the other
man, closing the distance between them. With a swift movement, his hand grabbed the collar of
Tony's shirt and pulled him in, stopping only inches from the other's face.

“You think you can order me around, mortal?” He hissed and Tony winced visibly when the other
hand pressed down on his neck. Tom could see the fear and admiration in those brown eyes,
intensifying the pressure until he gasped in shock.

“Ah, yes.” Tom let go and Tony stumbled back. “Now you don't want the closeness anymore, isn't
it so, Stark?” He growled low in his throat, circling the other man.

“Fuck, okay, by now at the latest I would have believed that you are an actor. Damn.” Tony
chuckled, but clenched his teeth when a hand found his short hair and pulled his head back by it.

“You dare to speak in the presence of your god without permission...” Now it was his turn to
breathe into the man's ear and judged by his reaction, he enjoyed it more than what was good. Tom
released him and stalked to his room. “I can't believe that I still surround myself with you...”

Tony swallowed hard and hectically ran after him, blinking in bewilderment.

“That was strangely arousing.”

“What? You are unbelievable.” Tom groaned at this and closed his eyes in disbelieve.

“I know. And you like that.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment <3
[Art] for Loki’s Arrival

Art for the upcoming Chapter. (Obviously inspired by that picture of Tom holding that cute puppy <3)
Really have to thank you all for reading and commenting my fic. I really appreciate it! It always makes my day to see a new email from Ao3. Thank you so much.

See ya in the next chapter!
Tony swallowed hard and hectically ran after him, blinking in bewilderment.

“That was strangely arousing.”

“What? You are unbelievable.” Tom groaned at this and closed his eyes in disbelief.

“I know. And you like that.”

“I do.” Tom said without thinking about it and Tony only looked at him blankly, as if he hadn't expected this kind of answer.

And really, Tom hadn't expected it either. His mouth had just taken the liberty to block out his brain and talk freely. It was the truth though and despite the fact that Tom could slap himself for saying that, it felt good to finally admit it. Not that this was a confession of any sort, but not needing to deny it every time was nice. Even though Tony was just staring at him as if his head would explode any second. You could see his gears working to figure out what he had just heard. As if there was more to interpret or read between the lines.

“How about you give me a kiss, if you like me so much?” How long had it taken him to come up with this. Apparently the playboy was getting old.

The charming smile was wiped off his face when Tom snorted and patted his shoulder patronizingly. Tony was just begging for him to turn him down again. Fortunately he could let it be part of their play. Neither of them had said it was over now. Or maybe, just maybe he enjoyed playing the role of the bad guy. Granted, villains could do whatever they wanted. That kind of freedom was hard to find these days. At least in his world.

“Oh, poor boy.” Tom teased while nodding his head to soothe him. “You think you can demand anything from me. Adorable.” Lips turned up in a smirk when he saw Tony groaning in something close to annoyance.

“You should stop that.” The engineer sneered, but it made Tom only chuckle in return.

“Stop what, exactly?” He answered, examining the other's face through dark lashes.

“This.” Tony pressed out through gritted teeth when Tom leaned in so they were cheek to cheek.

“I thought you wanted me to behave like this?” It was strangely satisfying to hear the small gasp that left Tony.

For a moment both of them were silent. And only now Tom realized what he was doing. Was he really the one pursuing him now? It certainly looked like it. Tom sighed and felt the slightly shorter man shivering next to him. He could smell him being this close and suddenly he had the
urge to just move his head a little to the side, accidentally brushing against his skin. This was bad, obviously, and not part of their play. It would change everything if he would be the one starting it. Teasing and dancing around each other was one thing, kissing Tony now was another. Something he couldn't do. At least not directly. Tom bit his bottom lip, before he plucked up his courage and pressed a light kiss to his cheek.

“Thanks for everything, Tony.” He then whispered, taking a step back and letting Tony, for the second time this week, stand in the corridor, with a look of pure bewilderment on his face.

Two more days had gone by and slowly the weather got colder. Not that it ever really became too cold in Malibu, but the wind had increased and now you actually had to wear a jacket outside. Much to Tom's pleasant surprise, the tiny kiss hadn't changed anything between them. At least not to the worse. If anything, he would have said that Tony's mood was even better than before. Which probably had something to do with the fact that there had been a few situations in which Tom had barely been able to not kiss the man back. And he knew. Why he had to do this to them both, he still didn't know. Even thinking about embarking on someone you will leave anyway, was depressing. Everything about him and Tony was depressing and frustrating. Whether Tom liked it or not, there was something between them and he felt incredibly stupid for letting it happen. Actually, he never would have believed to be attracted to a man. Especially not to someone like Tony Stark. Normally this type of person was not the one he liked. Tony was, straightly put, an egocentric ass. On the other hand, Tom couldn't deny that he was charming. That he was special. Probably the most intelligent person he had ever met in his life. And the way he saw things was refreshing. He was just living. Not bothering for all these unimportant things that haunted normal people in their sleep.

But now the man had one of his... phases again, in which he wouldn't come out of his workshop for days. Not seeing Tony since the day before yesterday was nothing uncommon. Tom wanted to spend time with him, but decided that it would be better for both of them if he didn't run after him like a love-sick puppy. No one liked leeches. The only thing he did was asking Jarvis once per day if the other male was still alive, to which the AI thankfully answered in the affirmative. It was strange that he now longed for Tony's attention after denying him and these feelings for more than a month. These emotions just developed without him noticing. But this was how it happened most of the time for him. There was no love at first sight, if you could even call this attraction love, it always started with friendship. And the thing between them was definitely no friendship anymore. It was more like a sort of tension. Built up tension. By this time Tom could even picture himself kissing back, when the engineer would come out of his workshop for once.

Today was Saturday and just like the day before, Tom had nothing to do, so he decided to go for a walk. Go to get something to eat, to be exact, as Tony's fridge was empty again, except for some lactose-free milk. Food was only delivered on Mondays. Fortunately for him, he still had a few dollars left from the shopping trip he had done with Tony. As much as he liked going out with him, Tom still enjoyed being alone once in a while. People just didn't recognize him in casual clothes, so he had time to actually move through different stores without having to humor strangers. It was already getting dark when Tom decided to get himself a wrap. He gladly spent his last money on something delicious, but what he hadn't thought of was, that he had to get home somehow. Normally he would have just walked home, but Tom's luck had definitely run out. It started raining. Out of, what felt like, ten days of rain per year, he had to catch one of them. And thanks to that wrap, he didn't have enough money for a taxi. He really had to ask Tony for a new SIM card to actually be able to call him if something like this happened.

Tom jogged through an alley and pressed himself against a wall, trying to take cover from the rain. Sure, he could have stayed in the mall, but this didn't seem like a little shower, it looked more like an upcoming storm and the sooner he got home, the better. It was pouring down on him and the air
was already getting chilly. He really should have bought a jacket for winter. This one was more of a between-seasons jacket. Tom crossed his arms in front of his chest to keep himself warm, when he heard a strange sound coming from somewhere close. He couldn't quite make out the source of it, until he heard it again. And this time, it was definitely coming from a little soaked paper box. Tom blinked in confusion, before crouching down and opening it, catching sight of a small, black ball of fur, completely drenched by the rain.

“Hey there...” He whispered in a calm voice, trying not to startle the baby. “What are you doing here? Did someone abandon you?” Tom reached out to pet the kitten, which instantly clung to his hand, craving the touch.

The little kitten was screaming and without thinking, Tom just picked it up and unzipped his jacket, so he could shield the little guy from the rain. It was still meowing when Tom made a run for it, as he wanted to get out of the down pouring.

Tom was soaked to the skin when he finally made it to the manor. The moment he wanted to press the bell, the door was opened abruptly, making him almost stumble back.

“Where the fuck were you?!” Was shouted into his face. “You can't just run off like that.” Why was the man so furious? “Someone could have kidnapped you and...”

Tom endured the ranting until Tony was suddenly silent. He raised his gaze to look into confused brown eyes. His hand was grabbed and he was pulled inside into the warmth of the house. The door was closed behind him and he was glad to be out of the rain.

“Gosh, what did you do? You're like... dripping.” Tony eyed him up sceptically, watching how the other male was making his floorboards wet.

“I'm sorry...” Tom apologized, making the engineer frown. “I was in the city and didn't have enough money to...”

He was rudely interrupted by Tony, who looked at him in utter incoherence.

“Why did you go alone?”

Tom looked down when the question came and sighed. How could he tell him that he didn't want to appear clingy.

“You didn't come out of your workshop.” He just retorted and earned a sneer for this.

“You didn't ask me to come out.” It was true, but still.

“I thought you were busy with something important. Sorry.”

Tony rolled his eyes in an exaggerated gesture and looked at the miserable man in front of him.

“Wait here.” He called over his shoulder and went upstairs, only to come back with a towel a minute later. Without waiting for a reaction, he put the towel on Tom's head and started to rub his hair dry. Tom couldn't move and just waited for him to finish. “We need to get you out of these wet clothes...”

There was a hint of amusement in his voice, but it died down as soon as he heard a meow coming from the other.

“What was that?” Tony raised an eyebrow as Tom grimaced and before the taller male could react,
he opened the zipper of his jacket. In an instant Tony was backing off and pointing towards the black cat, peeking out from under the jacket. “What. The. Fuck. Is. That!”

Tom put his hands around the kitten for protection, gently stroking the still wet fur.

“He was abandoned in some alley, I couldn't just leave him there...” He then said, trying to sound reasonable, but Tony's disgusted expression told him that this was very likely not enough.

“This thing will not stay here.” Tony forced out, making his point clear.

Tom opened his mouth to speak, but shut it a moment later. It was his house. If he didn't want to let the cat stay, he had to resign himself to it. Still, he couldn't just throw the kitten out into the storm. He needed to somehow budge Tony to let it stay, at least until he could make sure that it will get into good hands.

“Okay. Ehm...” Tony narrowed his eyes at the stumbling.

"It will not stay." He said firmly.

“Just... Give me two days. It's Saturday. I will bring him to an animal shelter on Monday. I promise.” Tom could see how Tony ground his teeth. “I didn't want to catch you off-guard... I just couldn't let him die on the streets...”

But when blue eyes looked at him pleadingly, his features softened immediately.

“I hate cats.” Was the only thing Tony replied when the tiny kitten meowed again.

“I am sorry.” Tom averted his gaze, looking at the black thing in his arms. He was still dripping and was getting colder by the minute. Apparently the sight was enough to make Tony give in.

“Fine...” He grumbled. “You pick up after it. I don't want any hairballs, shit or whatever on my floor.” Tom just nodded frantically, couldn't keep the smile off his face.

“Thank you so much.”

“You owe me. Much.” Tony sneered in reply.

“I owe you my life anyway.” The actor chuckled bitterly and earned a roll of those brown eyes again.

“You exaggerate.”

“I don't.” Tom disagreed politely and sat the kitten on the floor, where Tony reluctantly bowed down to pet it's head to show his goodwill, but the tiny thing arched his back and hissed at him, making him pull his hand back instantaneously.

“Great. It loves me just as much.” Sarcasm layered his voice and Tom shook his head, while getting rid of his jacket and shirt.

“He will love you once he gets to know you.” Sarcasm layered his voice and Tom shook his head, while getting rid of his jacket and shirt. Playboy.
“My pleasure.”

“I bet.” Tom joked and picked the kitten up again, which was purring once it had contact with warm skin again. “I will get a shower, try to warm up. Would never have expected to get into a rainstorm in Malibu.”

“I could scrub your back.” Tony chirped, but it fell on deaf ears, because Tom only laughed before strolling to his room. “Do you have a name for it, yet?”

Only then the actor turned around. “No. Any suggestions?”

“We should call that thing Loki.”

A snort came from the other man. “Why that name?”

“It’s black, has green eyes and hates my guts.”

“Then Loki it is.” Tom chuckled again before vanishing into his room.

Chapter End Notes

Gotcha. Haha. You can thank my Beta for this chapter's title. <3
The cat problematic

Chapter Summary

Tony doesn't like the cat and gets himself some therapy.

Chapter Notes

If I'm too fast, tell me. I'm like... writing and drawing and writing and drawing.
Nonestop.
These two need to get together faster.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Since Tony had agreed to take the cat in, the creature had basically declared the whole house its territory. The thing had managed to dislodge him from his own living room. It always hissed at him as soon as he came too close. Something Tony could accept, if it wouldn't do the exact same thing to him when he wanted to come near or touch Tom. The cat didn't want him around. And that feeling was mutual. So in the end, the name Loki was most fitting. It was unbelievable how fast this small thing had gone on his nerves. After just one day. But it was justified. At least for Tony. Not only was the thing scratching on more than just his carpet, no, the cat was effectively cock-blocking him. Not that anything in that direction had happened, but if it would go on like this, nothing would ever happen between them.

And Tom didn't seem to care. The only thing he did the entire day was occupying himself with Loki. That sounded so wrong. But really, the actor did nothing else than playing with the kitten, or petting it for hours, spoiling it rotten. Gosh, how much would he give to change places with that animal right now. Yes, Tony Stark was officially envious of a cat. A new low. Not his fault, though. He had been surprised how much effort and time Tom spent on keeping that little thing happy. The actor had even built a makeshift toilet with sand from outside for it.

And this was actually part of Tony's dilemma. He wanted the thing gone, but the other male cared too much for it. At least Tom had made sure to check if it hadn't any visible illnesses or vermin. That would have been the last drop. Tony could deal with a cock-blocking, hissing, furniture destroying cat, but fleas or ticks crept him out. For hours he had searched for a solution to his cat problem, only to give up on it, because he had seen Tom's face lighting up when that thing had mewed at him again. Fucking cat.

Tony knocked hesitantly on the door to Tom's room and after hearing the invitation, coming in to see the actor on his bed, playing with that cat again. He cursed it silently and focused his attention back to the man.

“Hey, you want to grab something to eat? I thought I'd ask before you run around the town and bring another one of those creatures with you...” It wasn't meant as a reproach, but judged by the frown that greeted him, it was probably received as one.

Tom seemingly didn't know what to say to this and put down the ribbon he had used to play with
the kitten.

“I'm not hungry, actually. Sorry.” He looked apologetic, but it sounded fishy to Tony for some reason.

“Okay...” His eyes fell back on the slender fingers that combed through the black fur and once more Tony wished that he would touch him like he touched that damn cat. “Care to join anyway? Keep me company?” It was a futile attempt to spend a little time with him.

Blue eyes shot up to meet brown and a smile almost made Tony hope for the best, but the shaking of his head quickly diminished his good mood. It would have been too easy.

“I don't think it's such a good idea to leave this little guy alone.” Tom then said and Tony pulled a face at the reasoning.

“What?” He sneered. “It's a cat. These things are said to be independent.” Tony tried to let his tone not be too dark, didn't want to make the other uncomfortable or force him to go with him. Yet, he had to try. “People let me alone all the time. You know what I could do when I go out alone? You should try to keep me in check.”

Tom snorted at this, delighted by the change of mood.

“That's irresponsible of you. You don't know what could happen.” The man bit his lower lip and snickered and Tony would have liked nothing more than scraping his teeth over that smooth looking skin. Fuck him for being so teasingly sensual.

“Okay. I'll have to deal with the consequences then.” Tom finally mused and waved when the engineer left the room, grumbling.

With heavy steps, Tony dragged himself down to his workshop, his appetite completely gone.

“That hasn't gone as planned, Sir.” The AI's voice jolted him from his thoughts.

“Remind me again why you sound so amused, Jarvis.” Tony dead-panned and stepped onto the deployment platform for his suit. God, he hated when Jarvis talked to him like this.

“As I can see it, you are keeping a jealous watch over your house guest. Is it because of the newly acquired pet?”

“It's not a pet.” He insisted on not using that term for describing the cat. Pets had a home. This thing won't stay any longer than necessary. “Didn't I tell you to call the pest exterminator?”

“Apologies, Sir. I don't think that this is appropriated. Acting so rashly won't help you with Mr. Hiddleston. Maybe talking to him would...”

“Since when are you programmed to solve my relationship problems...” The inventor interrupted and let the robotic arms attach the parts of his suit. “Shut up before I'll replace your processor with an intel celeron.”

It was always funny, yet worrying, that the AI seemed to consider his threats. Sometimes Jarvis appeared to have a conscience of his own, judging whatever Tony did and offering suggestions how to fix his problems. It was the reason why he had invented his system after all. To keep track of what Tony should and shouldn't do. But lately he was just a bit too annoying for his taste. Jarvis stayed silent until the Mark VIII was fully covering the engineer's body.
“Are you going for a stroll, Sir?”

“Yes. Need to get my weekly therapy.” Tony responded before his face plate came down and he moved towards the opening garage door.

“I don't think Mr. Banner will appreciate...”

If an artificial intelligence would be able to show emotion, Jarvis would have pretty much sighed in resignation when Tony took off without letting him finish his sentence.

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Bruce was deep in conversation with Steve when both men entered the lab that Shield had assigned to the doctor. His mouth hung open at the sight of Tony Stark sitting on his desk and playing with his medical supplies. The perplexed expression never left his face and only now Steve actually turned his head to see that they weren't alone.

“Ehm...” Bruce started, seemingly having trouble figuring out what the other man wanted here. Tony didn't come to Shield, even when he was needed. So there was something off about the grin that was thrown his way. “What...What are you doing here, Tony?” He spluttered, couldn't hide the level of confusion that was audible in his voice.

“What are you two doing here?” Tony only retorted and gestured between the two men, who visibly grew more tense as he continued with his accusations. “Are you two new best buddies now? Or something more...?”

The grin was deliberately ignored by Bruce, who didn't even grant him an answer and just pried his equipment from his hands. Steve on the other hand seemed to be not too keen to have a chat with the engineer. The grimace spoke volumes. But Tony figured that it would be better to actually state why he was here, before Bruce would throw him out of his lab.

“I fled.” Tony shrugged, taking one of the finger pulse oximeters and sticking his index finger into it. The evasive gesture made Bruce growl and once more snatch the item from his hand.

“You fled? From what. For god's sake, Tony, leave my stuff alone.” He warned when Tony reached out for another one of those things, he didn't know the name of.

“A beast from hell lives in my house.”

“You hate cats.” Bruce said drily, exchanging glances with Steve.

“That's the thing. I told him that. Everybody knows. I hate these things! And that stupid black shit hates me equally back!” Tony hopped off the table, wildly gesturing with his hands, but it didn't seem to impress any of the present men. Bruce even shook his head at him.

“Wait. So...” He took off his glasses to rub the bridge of his nose. “You tell me he brought that cat back yesterday and even though you hate cats, it's still in your house today...”

“You make that sound more irrational than it is...” The engineer raised an eyebrow.

“Because it is.” Steve chimed in, hands on his hips, apparently annoyed that Tony postponed
whatever they wanted to do.

Before he could bitch back, Bruce took the opportunity to distract them both, so they wouldn't end up killing each other.

“Then why did you agree to let it stay?”

The look Tony shot him made him realize what the answer was, silencing him almost immediately. Of course Bruce knew why he let Tom get away with it, but since Steve eyed him up suspiciously, he needed to explain himself. He didn't want him to know the truth before he had talked about it with Natasha. You needed to tell her first to not get assassinated in your sleep. Come to think about it. Why was the soldier here in the first place. What was it that Steve wanted from him. It didn't look as if Bruce was forced to be here, so they were probably working on something. Tony hoped that this was the case.

“Puppy eyes, dude. Freaking puppy eyes!” It didn't impress neither Bruce nor Steve, as they both now stared at him incredulously. “You can't imagine this, come on, cut me some slack here.”

“I can't imagine that... puppy eyes...” The captain made exclamation marks with his fingers. “…from someone with Loki's appearance could be anywhere near convincing.”

“Could you stop with that Loki thing for once? You know that he's not...” Tony bitched back and made the taller man move towards him from his place near the door.

“We all know that he isn't Loki.” Bruce tried to calm the tempers.

“Anyway...” Tony went on, glaring at Steve for a second. “He stood in front of my door, completely soaked and had this thing in his arms, what should I have done. I couldn't just throw the cat out. That would have let me appear like an asshole.”

He could see how Steve wanted to comment on that, but thankfully he seemed to notice something different.

“Wait... You let him go out alone?” Tony just stood there, looking at him as if he was stupid, hoping that he would shut up for good. Which didn't work. “No, I mean it. All of this is just...”

“What.” Tony pressed, almost gnarling.

“You taking care of anyone is just strangely out of character.”

“Oh, please...” He said in a mocking voice, but that didn't keep the blonde from elaborating his thoughts.

“Why not just letting Shield handle him, if he causes you so much trouble that you have to come here every now and then to bother Banner?” The look on Steve's face was full of bewilderment. “I know you. You don't do things for somebody else's sake.”

Tony gulped at this. He needed to come up with something plausible for him. Not that he was ashamed of anything, please, why should he care for Steve's opinion, but confronting others with his feelings, without actually having moved out on them, would be pretty stupid. He also couldn't send Tom to his doom like this. If he was out of luck, Shield could and probably would turn this against them.

“You have said this before, Capsicle, as I recall and you were proven wrong.” Tony retorted, patting his shoulder mentally for his answer. “Also, why do you care?”
“You are delaying his work, so consequently, I have to care.”

“Hey I just wanted to have a session with the doc. Didn't mean to interrupt your cuddling. Man, you need to get the stick out of your ass.” Tony hissed back in the same aggressive tone the captain had used on him. “So, Brucie, what would you do to get rid of that cat?”

Bruce turned his attention back to him, hadn't listened to their shouting.

“Despite not doing the things you do or plan to do?”

“Oh, I like when you insult me subtly. You have learned so much from me.” Tony grinned and both other men let out a sigh of defeat.

“I would just tell him. Plain and simple.”

Well. This was not so easy when you tried to win someone over. But Tony knew he was right. As so often lately. It was the easiest and most logical thing to do, but still, Tony probably wouldn't do it anyway. He decided to wait and look how it went. If Tom, for whatever reason, didn't want to be with him, he could still throw the cat out. Or, should it be necessary, he could just buy himself a new house and get rid of it that way.

Tony stayed for another hour, only to annoy Steve a little bit longer, before he went home that night.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter as well. Leave a comment =) It always makes my day <3
Helping you out

Chapter Summary

Tony's POV.
Tony comes home to find Tom sleeping on the couch, apparently not feeling too well.

Chapter Notes

Happy new year to all my beautiful readers!
I hope you all had a great start into the new year!
Have a new chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Tony came home, his morale had absolutely plummeted. He had taken a few extra rounds in his suit so he had had more time to think about whether he should talk to Tom about that damn cat or not. Tony didn't like the thing. Really, if anything, he despised it. And since it had a name, he thanked himself for that splendid idea again, getting rid of it wouldn't be easy.

It was still early, at least for someone like Tony, yet everything was dark, except for the light of the television in the living room. Tony ignored it when he came up the stairs from his workshop and stomped over to the fridge to get himself a drink. He really needed one right now. He almost dropped the bottle of expensive scotch when he looked over to the couch and spotted the actor. How could he be startled by his presence. He had seen the fucking television light on his way in. Stupid subconscious mind.

The other male was obviously asleep, as he hadn't moved an inch since Tony had come into the room. He was finally able to pour the content of the bottle into his glass, before tiptoeing over into the living room. Tony had to swallowed hard at the sight, even though the cat slept on Tom's stomach. What a pleasure it would be to kick it off of him. He took a sip from his glass, still watching him. Why did he have to be so handsome. And why did he have to sleep in the living room. With his lips slightly parted, just begging to be kissed. Fuck. This man would be the death of him. A pretty enjoyable one, but still. Tony could just kiss him now. Could just assault him here on his couch. Damn, that milky skin really looked great against the dark leather. Maybe he would even like it now. They had come closer to each other in the past two weeks and Tom couldn't say that he was averse to the idea of being with him anymore. At least that was what Tony understood from his body language. But taking a shot at it now? He wasn't sure whether he should risk it.

The inventor nipped on his drink again. Feeling the need to get drunk to not get his hands on this man right now. He sat down on the armrest, noticing that the cat was glaring at him, if animals were able to do that and waking Tom as a result. Blue eyes sleepily looked up to him and Tony really had to bite back the urge to run his fingers through the wavy hair.

“Hey, sleeping beauty...” He whispered and melted away when he saw the weak smile the other offered. Everything he could think about now was how to get Tom underneath him. Not
appropriated. But then, when was he ever.

“Hey...” His voice was barely audible and Tony picked up on that fact immediately.

“Something wrong?” He asked while emptying his glass, already feeling the familiar stirring in his stomach.

“Just felt a little bit dizzy, so I tried to fall asleep while watching TV.” Tom joked, but Tony had trouble finding that funny. The man really didn't look too good.

“I see...” The inventor said, concern visible on his face. “The only thing it's really good for.”

The small chuckle made Tony frown. He hadn't ever seen him as quiet. When the cat started purring, Tom instantly started stroking it again and Tony was suddenly reminded that he wanted to talk to him.

“Yeah, about the cat...”

“It's okay if you don't want him to be here...” Tom said without taking his eyes off of the small creature. Actually Tony wasn't sure why he said that. It was obvious that this was not what he wanted, so why would he even consider accommodate to Tony's ranting.

“Yeah...” Tony mumbled after another minute. “I hate him.”

“I know. I'm sorry. It's actually funny that you two are so... contrary on that matter.” Tom sighed and petted the cat's head.

“Who?”

“You and Robert.”

Tony felt himself clench his fist at the name. He wasn't sure why, but the content expression on Tom's face irritated him to the max.

“You know, he loves cats. Did ask for his fans to adopt a cat from a foster home when they wanted to make him a present for his birthday... It was such a nice gesture.” The actor smiled to himself before he saw how Tony wore a sullen look. Apparently he had noticed that talking about the engineer's doppelganger didn't contribute to his mood.

“I will bring him back to my room.” Tom tried to sit up then, wincing slightly and attracting Tony's attention with it. The engineer crooked his head to the side, scrutinizing the other man.

“You sure you are okay?” Tony asked once more, this time more insistently.

“Yeah, I'm alright.” He watched him as he put the cat next to him on the couch and made a move to stand up, only to inhale sharply.

“Yeah sure. And I am mother Theresa.” Tony grunted and put his glass on the coffee table. “Could we quit this bickering and skip to the part where you don't try to fuck with me?”

He sounded angry and he pretty much was at this point. If Tom was sick and he certainly looked like it, he should open his mouth and tell him so. Why would someone say they were okay when they really weren't. As if he wouldn't worry. Stupid pighead.
“Just feeling dizzy.”

No shit. Tony could barely stabilize him when he stumbled. He could see the embarrassment in his features when he averted his gaze. Definitely not the time for false pride.

“Yeah, I can see that. Why didn't you tell me earlier?”

“Sorry...” Tom only whispered when he leaned against him for support.

Tony involuntarily shivered when he felt the hot breath on his skin. This was probably the closest they have ever been and only now he realized that his hand rested on the other's hip. Fuck. Not good. He couldn't take advantage of him in that state... Right? Tony repeated it over and over in his head, so he had a chance to actually believe it.

“Come on I’ll help you.” Tom only nodded at this and put his arm over the engineer's shoulder. “You sick? Please don't pass whatever you have to me.”

He tried to cover the tenseness with jokes and apparently it worked, because Tom giggled next to him. Which was not good in retrospect. The sound of his voice went straight to regions he didn't want to think about right now. God, he was too close.

“Maybe I have caught a cold in that rain.”

“Could be.” Tony pressed out while he helped him walk to his room and sit down on the bed.

He could just stare when Tom got rid of his hoodie, exposing his lean chest. And this was the moment Tony decided to slowly turn around and go back to the living room to get the cat. Damn. He ran a hand over his face before grabbing the bundle of black fur, which, naturally, complained again. For a few more seconds he just stood there, giving the other man time to get under his damn blanket. And, fortunately for him, Tom had already snuggled up against his pillow, blanket covering everything up to his neck. Tony heaved a sigh and put the screaming kitten down.

“Is the pillow good?” Small talk. With someone who lay in his bed, half naked. Fuck. Tony would try anything to get himself distracted.

“Yes. Very. Thank you.”

Tom's eyes were already closed and Tony wondered when the last time was that he had been so nervous. Was there a reason to be nervous at all? Why had he to look so innocent. Couldn't he put a lecherous face on, so it would be easier for him to make a decision here? Tony unconsciously wet his lips.

“Do you need anything?” He heard himself say. God what was he. A horny teenager? Okay horny most definitely. A teenager, not so much.

“No, I'm fine. Just need to get some sleep, I guess.”

Tom offered a small smile and Tony took a few steps forwards, kneeling down next to him. Blue eyes blinked sheepishly at him when a hand reached out to touch his forehead, checking his temperature. Tony would have never thought he would get this reaction from him. The actor moaned delicately at the cold hand on his skin and when Tony wanted to pull back, his hand shot up to keep him it place.

“That feels good...” Tom murmured and visibly enjoyed the contact, making Tony's heart beat in his ears.
He had just heard him moan, right? He hadn't imagined that. His hand was still on the other's forehead and Tom didn't seem to let go of it any time soon. And do more things to him. If this wouldn't have been Tom, he wouldn't have any qualms to use this opportunity. So why was he special?

“You have a fever...” Tony stated, trying to keep his thoughts from wandering off too far. Minutes went by with nothing happening. “I will call a doctor for you.”

“I don't need a doctor. It's just a simple fever, silly.”

Tony grimaced at the mocking tone. Hell, he needed to call a doc. He didn't know how to care for someone who was ill. He didn't even know how to care for himself sometimes.

“It's okay, Tony.”

Tom was smiling now, sounding reassuring, as if he didn't want him to worry. He did though and him making this face didn't make it any easier for Tony to control himself. Actually, it had the exact opposite effect. He didn't know if the other man was oblivious to what he did to him with his little smiles and breathed out words, or if he did this on purpose. At any rate, Tony couldn't help himself anymore. Even though he knew that he shouldn't do it in this situation, he leaned in and pressed his lips to Tom's, reveling in the feeling of those soft lips on his own. And much to his surprise, or shock, Tom didn't even twitch, but kissed back lightly, moving his mouth gently over his. Damn, never had he expected that reaction. He had wished for it, true, but now that it was real, it kind of scared him. Not more than it turned him on, but still. Tony wanted to do more than this innocent kissing. Died to lick and bite his lips until they were swollen and red, wanted to shove his tongue between them and explore the other's mouth, but when a small sigh left the other man, he was suddenly reminded that he was doing what he hadn't wanted to do. Exploiting his state.

Tony cursed himself mentally when they parted, the feeling of guilt creeping through him almost immediately. He wanted to apologize, just in case that it would be hold against him later, but when he saw the pleased face of the actor, the thought pretty much died down.

“Okay, eh...” Tony whispered. “Sleep well. I'll get you help first thing in the morning.”

Tony only noticed that Tom had already fallen asleep when no answer came from him whatsoever. For a few more minutes Tony sat on the ground next to the bed, watching him as he breathed evenly. When had this turned into more than physical attraction. He wouldn't care like this for any of his past affairs. Tony saw sweat forming on his skin and before he left the room, he placed a wet washcloth on his head and made sure that the cat lay on the foot end of the bed, so it wouldn't suffocate the sleeping man.

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“You can't be serious...” The redhead gnarled her teeth while following the pacing man with her eyes.

“This is serious, Pep.” Tony spat back.

“Yeah I figured that much when you left me five voice mails in the middle of the night...” She rolled her eyes and began imitating Tony's voice. “Pepper you need to come over, this is an emergency! Pepper please. I need you. - Yet, you stand here, perfectly fine. So please explain to me why you felt the need to ask me to come over this early and bring my medicine chest with me...”
“Well, it basically is the truth. I need you for something.” The woman waited for a more suitable answer, getting more and more cranky with every new word that left Tony's mouth. “Please Pepper, I really didn't know what to do.”

She still stood there, casting a glance to her watch, before blankly glaring back at him. Which, if Tony was earnest, was justified. It hadn't been the best idea to call her at four in the morning. But really, there was no one else he could have called. Or, to be precise, she had been the only one to answer his calls and had agreed to help him. Bruce had just hung up the second he had heard his voice.

“Okay, here's the deal. You know Tom, you two had a rather unpleasant first meeting? He's still here and... Hey, you don't look as if you are surprised at all.”

“Because I am not in the slightest.” Pepper retorted with the most neutral expression she could pull of. “You don't know with how many people I have to deal because you decided to run around with him in the public.”

“Anyway... I may have panicked when I called you, okay? He's sick. Fever and whatnot, I don't know. You have to help me. You always did stuff when I was ill and...”

“If it's so bad, why don't you just call an ambulance or take him to a hospital. Or call Bruce?”

“Bruce didn't pick up his god damn phone! And how am I supposed to get him out of that hospital again? Shield would be the first to abduct him while I look away. Also, if I had known that he will get sick, I would have covered insurance, but that's actually something I can't do. Predict the fucking future.”

That didn't seem to impress her at all.

“And you need help dealing with a fever...? Always so cute how geniuses can't do the simplest of things...”

Tony now stared back with the same annoyed face Pepper pulled on him. Without another word she groaned and made her way past Tony, to the room the engineer pointed to. Tony kept his distance and waited at the door frame, curiously peeking over here shoulder. Tom was still asleep, even though they hadn't been exactly quiet. Tony figured that it had something to do with the fever, still it kind of unsettled him to see him like this. Pepper noticed that of course, as attentive as she always was, and shot him an awkward look. But he only shrugged and gestured for her to get to it.

Damn, it was scary how the two of them still knew exactly what the other wanted without saying one word. It was also scary that he could see that infamous death glare on her face. But Pepper did as she was silently told and took a look at the man who was tossing and turning in his sleep. She emptied the content of her bag before ordering the engineer to get some water. The minute he returned to bring a glass, it was ripped from his hands and placed on the nightstand, before he was brutally pushed back into the living room.

“Okay...?” Tony brought out when the female got into his face.

“What is going on between you two?!”

“Nothing.”

It was the truth. There was nothing between them. Yet. But how on earth could she know now? It's not as if he had done anything to let her think that.

“Nothing.” Pepper repeated and pouted. “Sure, I can see that. Gosh. I had suspected it, because I
know how you treat people. Because you can't just befriend someone without fucking them, right?!” She tried to stay quiet, but her anger was very audible in her tone.

“Oh please, there is nothing between us. Not yet anyway.” That made her narrow her eyes. “And I am offended here. I definitely don't fuck everyone who…” Blue eyes looked at him and made him reconsider. “Okay. I know where you come from, but I don't plan on just fucking him and throw him out then.”

It was amazing how easily she got that out of him. She was still part of his family and maybe this fact made him just tell her without trying to hide anything. He just had to practice that more.

“You think that makes it better, yes? Gosh…” She sighed heavily and shook her head, trying to focus back on the topic. “I don't want to know what you plan on doing about this. I mean… This is stupid and irresponsible. Crazy. Worst thing is, you probably know all that and still pursue this.”

“How did you even know? You can't tell me it's obvious.”

“It is for me. Rhodey would very likely see it as well. But no. This time it was actually… Tom who told me.”

The name rolled off her tongue with an undercurrent of disgust and startled Tony instantaneously. How and why would Tom say something like this to her. Pepper could see the confusion in his eyes and frowned.

“He talks in his sleep. Asked for you.” She sounded reproachful and it was clear that she wasn't comfortable with the idea of him getting anywhere near the other man, still she backed off and looked to the ground, seemingly sorting her thoughts. “I really can't do much for him. Give him the antifebrile I left in the room, make sure that he drinks a lot. Do leg compresses. All that basic stuff an adult should know. If his fever gets worse, get him to a hospital.”

Tony just nodded and watched her leave, only to see her stop without facing him.

“If you really have feelings for him...” Tony gulped. He really wasn't sure if that was the proper term for it. “You should act out on it now, so you don't regret anything when he leaves...”

For some reason Tony believed he picked out hurt in her voice, but couldn't ask, nor comfort her. He just stood there and watched her go. Just like all the other times. Maybe she was right.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and make my day more special <3 Thank you all a lot for reading!
Tony stood there, rooted to the spot, even after Pepper had left. Fifteen minutes went by with him just staring into the blue. There was just so much that crossed his mind. Pepper was right. He needed to get on with it. But how. Tony hung his head. This wasn't the right time to talk about anything. Tom was sick. He really wasn't even sure if the man would get anything he would say in this state. His fever made this even more risky. There was more than one possibility how this could end. First. Tom would understand and respond positively. The best scenario. The desired one. But then there were these other possibilities. The ones he didn't like to think about. He could just laugh at him, telling him to back off, just as Tony had told him he would if Tom would want him to. Or he could not remember anything of their conversation the morning after. And even if he would respond positively, this could all be because of the fever. What if he would regret it afterwards and hate Tony for exploiting his illness. No. He couldn't just walk in there and tell Tom that he'd like to fuck him.

That was what he wanted, right? To fuck him. Tony Stark didn't do relationships. Pepper was the only exception and even this had not lasted very long. He just wasn't the type to stay with one person. And Tom would leave anyway. Sooner or later. So this wouldn't be more than an affair. An affair bound to end. Damn, why was this even unsettling. Tony ran a hand through his hair and groaned. Funny how Bruce had told him from the start to not get attached to him and now this. He really should make it a habit to actually listen to his advices.

But all this thinking did neither of them any good, so Tony made his way back to Tom's room,
carefully stepping inside, making sure that he was still asleep. Taking the water he had brought earlier, his gaze fell to the medication Pepper had left next to his bed. She had even made sure to lay out the ones he needed. And here was the feeling of guilt again. Great. He had to make it up to her sometime. Hesitantly, Tony moved towards the bed. Tom was sleeping rather peacefully at the moment, not struggling like he had done earlier. He sat down next to the bed and gently touched his shoulder, trying to wake him.

“Hey...” Tony said in the most soft voice. “You need to take some meds.”

Tom only opened his eyes after what felt like an eternity to Tony and blinked sleepily.

“What time is it?”

This question seriously irritated the engineer and he needed a few seconds to register what the other man had just asked him. He had no clue why this information was suddenly important. Tony did a vague gesture with his hand to indicate that he wasn't too sure.

“Eh... About ten. Maybe? Why?” His confusion only increased when Tom tried to sit up and he was quick to grab his shoulders, slowing him down. “Whoa. Wait. What are you doing?”

“I need to get up.” Tom growled, body seemingly too strained to give in to his request. “It's already so late...”

Tony just laughed at the unbelieving face that stared back at him when he held him in a sitting position, hindering him from getting off the bed.

“You won't go anywhere.” He said and handed him the glass of water and one of the pills. “Here. Pepper gave me these for you.”

“What?” The biting tone made Tony lean back. “Pepper was here?” Not knowing what else to say, the inventor just nodded and got an annoyed grunt in response. “She didn't like me in the first place and now you made it worse, making me her problem.” A hand moved to his temple, massaging lightly.

“No? Relax. She offered to help me out, nothing more.” This was a lie, technically, but Tony didn't see the reason why he should tell him that Pepper knew about them. It was better to not upset him even more.

Tom's features softened visibly and Tony was glad for that. Apparently this had calmed his mood, but now he was looking at the hand that still lingered on his shoulder and when Tony wanted to pull it back, blue eyes locked with brown.

“Tony, I... About that...”

The actor could only narrow his eyes when he saw the other sigh.

“Let's not talk about it now. You need to rest, get better first.”

“But I need you to...”

The pleading was cut short by a firm answer.

“No.”

Tony didn't know why he had said this. Wasn't this what he had wanted? That Tom reciprocate his
advances? He had and now Tony was the one trying to avoid the necessary talk. Speaking about logical thinking. But really. Right now he didn't know what to say. Yes, they could talk. But if he would hear the words from Tom's mouth right now, it wouldn't end well. He didn't know whether he could restrain himself when the other would tell him that he wanted him.

They still held eye contact when Tom took the pill and swallowed it without the water. With a gasp he lay back down, facing the ceiling. The cat almost immediately strolled to his hand, snuggling up to the digits. Seeing that thing doing exactly what he wanted, made Tony flex his fingers unconsciously. If there ever would happen something between Tom and him, that cat wouldn't be in the same room.

“Come on, don't pull that face on me.” Tom turned his head and raised an eyebrow, as if he didn't know what he was talking about. “You can't even stand without feeling dizzy. I don't think you can handle anymore stress right now.” He didn't want to get held responsible for him having a heart attack while they would make out.

Tom obviously got the drift, because he blushed then and looked away.

“Do me a favor and sleep.” With this the engineer raised from his crouching position and took one of the armchairs a little bit further away.

The actor had just nodded in agreement, shifting to his side and getting comfortable again. Tony had gotten his phone out in the meantime and started scribbling something on the screen, but got distracted when he felt the weight of Tom's gaze on him. Tony swallowed the lump in his throat and tried desperately to hold the eye contact, even if this felt more awkward than anything else. After a few minutes, the other man finally closed his eyes, letting Tony exhale in relief. Those puppy eyes were not good for his self-control.

Tony worked on a few blueprints of his, while Tom was sleeping. His phone really wasn't the best thing to work on, sufficient at best. But the other tablets he could use were either in his workshop or his bedroom. And he couldn't just leave him, right? Okay. Of course he could. This was his house. Damn, when had he become so domesticated? Never would he care for anyone like this. Especially not when he just wanted to get them into bed. That usually worked without any effort.

Hours went by with him staring at the screen. Working had turned into browsing the internet. Procrastination was always a solution. And Tony would have drifted off, if he hadn't been startled by a little whiny noise, coming from the bed. His eyes instantly shot open, seeing the man bracing himself up on his elbows, before his face contorted in pain. Tony stuck his phone into his pocket, got to his feet, faster than he had imagined he would be able to and walked over to Tom, who held his head now.

“Hey sweet cakes, you okay?”

Tom ignored the ridiculous nickname and massaged his temples. He should be embarrassed. Sweet cakes... It had just slipped his tongue without him noticing.

“Just feels as if my head is going to explode.” He said and watched Tony move to the bathroom, coming back a second later with a wet towel. The engineer placed it around his neck, pressing one of the ends against his burning forehead. “Gosh, that is amazing.” Tom moaned, eyes fluttering shut at the cool sensation. Tony on the other hand clenched his fist.

“What do you want something to drink?”

“If you would be so kind.”
Tony nodded after a few seconds of gaping at the other's face, before moving to get him another glass of water. He sat down next to Tom on the bed and held the glass out to him. Tony could only watch in slight amusement how the other drank the water greedily and emptied it in one go.

"Thank you."

The weak smile made his heart leap in his chest. And suddenly he was reminded on why he hadn't left the room. Why he was taking care of him. It was that stupid ass smile that had started all of this. It was more than pure want by now. It was more like an obsession. And Tony was certain that he would get him eventually, but the silence that now spread between them was uncomfortable. He wasn't sure if Tom was waiting for something, it seemed like it. And when Tony found the strength to move out of his personal space and not keep staring at the blue orbs in front of him, hands were fistled in his shirt, preventing him from leaving. Tom looked as startled of his own action as Tony was and he quickly averted his gaze, but his hands never left their spot.

The inventor only sighed and got into a more comfortable position, leaned against the headboard of the bed, but ceased from doing anything more than that. He couldn't just cuddle with him now, even when these hands were electrifying the skin they touched and made it damn near impossible to ignore the desire that started building in his guts. Fuck these subtle gestures. Tony could very likely get him to surrender now, but no, he had sworn to not take advantage of him. Why did he have to develop morals in especially this situation.

For the second time this day he got his phone out, not bothering to try and work, just trying to get himself distracted from the hands clinging to his shirt. Tony only noticed that the other male was looking on the screen as well, when he felt his head on his shoulder. Okay. It was getting harder and harder to resist him and he still wasn't sure whether Tom did this on purpose. If he did, that would be great, actually.

"You know, this is really strange..." Tom whispered right next to Tony's ear, making him shiver involuntarily.

"Not so much for me." He retorted without taking his eyes off the phone. So they were talking about that now? How did this happen.

"I was never into men..." Tony shot him a glance before he shrugged. "Why did you have to do this?"

"What do you mean."

"Why me? You made everything so complicated." Tom murmured, shifting a little bit on his spot.

What could he say to this. Tom was special. Like no one he had ever met. But there was no way he would say this to him now. It was clear that he was delirious. Never was he so open to speak about this and Tony could feel the heat radiating over from him. The fever did it's job apparently. Gosh, he had to get better fast. For his owen sanity.

"Actually..." Tony broke the silence and made Tom look up at him. "It's not complicated at all. I told you. It's either you wanting me or not. If not, I will leave you alone. Easy as that. And why are we talking about that now? I thought we were clear that we will talk about that when you're better."

His voice was calm, Tony didn't know how he had managed that, but he really felt nothing but tense. Tom seemed to consider this and heaved a sigh, snuggling up a little more to be able to have a better look at the screen.
“There is nothing going on in the Avenger's world...”

Tony shook his head and had to grin at the choice of words. But he was right. The news didn't show anything they had to take care of. Robbery, a murder, but nothing serious whatsoever.

“Nope, doesn't look like it.”

“That's good.” Tom smiled back.

“Yeah. It just gets boring from time to time. Blowing stuff up is fun.”

“Be glad you still have this house.” Tom said casually and stretched, hands moving to Tony's arm.

“Huh?” Was the unintelligent answer.

“Ah, right. The third movie didn't happen. Forget it.”

Should he be worried about that now? Very likely, yes, but he couldn't focus on anything else than that hand that had sneaked its way up his arm.

“Anything in particular you want to see?” Tony pointed on the screen.

“Hmm.”

“Sports?” Not that he really believed that and the look he got from Tom was more than a simple negation, but hey, one got to try. “You and your sophisticated stuff...” He skipped through the pages until he found a list of musicals and plays that were on the Broadway now.

A heavy exhale next to him made Tony look down on the tired man resting on his shoulder.

“What's wrong?” He couldn't stop his free hand from brushing a strand of hair out of the other's face. “You interested in theater?”

“Yes.” Much to Tony's delight or mental torture, Tom leaned into the touch. “I was supposed to take part in Shakespeare's Coriolanus. But I don't think that this will happen.”

There was this topic again. Tom would leave, but Tony really hoped that this would not be soon. Tom on the other hand hoped that. The actor tried to hide his frustration, but he noticed. How could he not. He was far too close to not see it. And he didn't like the hurt expression he saw there. He hated when Tom looked so destroyed. And maybe, just maybe, his following action had something to do with Tony being able to smell him from this close, the shampoo he used. The sweet scent was clouding his mind enough to discard the thought of not doing anything. The hand that had innocently brushed the hair away just now, was wandering to Tom's chin, tilting it up, until blue eyes stared at him in expectation and Tony couldn't do anything else but kiss him again. It was lazy, gentle, nothing like the first kiss they shared and Tony could tell how exhausted the other was by the way he kissed back. He loved kissing him. Loved to feel the soft lips moving against his own, but still, he pulled back, not risking it to get heated.

“Why did you stop? Again.” Tom sneered and Tony was close to blushing.

“Well.” He started, biting his lips to clear his mind. “You probably don't know what you're saying and I don't want to be proclaimed a rapist.” It was true. This could go really wrong.

“What?” Tom sounded more than insulted by this statement.

“You are delirious, man! I can't just...”
“I am not...” An annoyed groan left the man and he pushed himself up and away from Tony, glaring at him now. “Tony, I know what I am doing. I...” The tone turned into a strangled whine when the inventor shook his head.

“I told you we'll talk about that later.”

“I don't want to talk.” Was hissed his way and Tony closed his eyes, trying to block out the information he was just given. “I just don't understand. You always took the first step and I rejected you, didn't know what I wanted and now that I'm okay with it, you don't want me anymore? What, is this a game for you?”

Tony grimaced. He really needed to set this straight before Tom got the wrong message. He turned to face the fuming man and grabbed him by the shoulders, discarding the phone, keeping him in place.

“Hey, hey, hey. Let me get one thing clear.” Tom only frowned. “There is nothing. And I repeat. Nothing I want to do more than pressing you into this mattress and get on with it, but I don't want you to do anything you might regret later, only because you had some febrile delirium.” Gosh, he could slap himself for saying that.

“You talk of me as if I don't know what I'm doing.” Tom huffed.

“I didn't say that. It's just...” Tony rolled his eyes, dropping his head in defeat. “You don't make this easy for me here. I try to not do something stupid and you...”

It was a poor choice of words. He only realized it when he saw Tom averting his gaze and taking off his hand that had rested on his arm. That's why he hadn't wanted to talk. Talking never did him any good.

“Yeah...” Tom said after a minute and Tony looked for the hint of pain in his voice, but found none. He just sounded so incredibly indifferent, it scared him. “It's stupid.” Tony ground his teeth when the actor lay down and turned his back on him. “You were right, let's not talk about it. My bad.”

“Hey, that's not what I...”

“It's fine, Tony.”

It was not, but there was nothing else he could do now. Tony couldn't see his face from this angle, just his fingers petting the black ball of fur again.

“Tom, please don't give me that now, you know exactly what I mean.” He tried again and heard another sigh. “You know that I didn't mean us in general.”

"But you are right. It is stupid."

“Okay, whatever.” Even though he didn't want it, he felt his patience snap. “Call me if you need anything.” He stood after that and moved out of the room, casting a last glance over his shoulder and immediately regretted getting up.

Chapter End Notes
Leave me a comment if you enjoyed the chapter! Give me feedback! I try always to include advises and ideas into the fic =)
No regret

Chapter Notes

It has finall happened.
I really hope it is satisfying for everybody *blushes*
Next chapter will be a Loki chapter again =)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

More than a day had passed since both had spoken to each other. Tom felt, even though the last day had been nerve-wrecking, much better, thanks to the medication. The fever was gone, as well as the dizziness that came along with it. Only the headache still remained, but it was bearable enough to actually get out of bed and take a much needed shower. He was glad to finally get out of the sweaty boxers and was able to wash his hair. Come to think of it, he might need to change the sheets as well. Freshly showered, he put some decent clothes on, considering that he had spent the last couple of days in only his boxers and sat down on his bed. Loki yawned, apparently he had woken up and crawled towards his hand. Tom loved that cat to pieces. It had only been here for a few days, but he couldn't imagine his life without this little guy anymore. He really hoped that Tony would learn to accept him as well.

Tony. Well. Of course he hadn't called him since the last time he saw him. It would have been awkward. Tom ground his teeth, before sighing and laughing at himself. Darn, why did he have to be so childish. He had known exactly what the other male had meant yesterday, but still, he had acted so incredibly sensitive. Which was completely unreasonable. Normally he would have never bitched back or pouted like this. But for some reason it had bugged him. Yes, this was stupid. All of it. But why had he voiced his concerns now? It hadn't bothered him before.

Tom watched the little cat for some minutes, enjoying the way it nestled up against his hand. This whole situation was odd. He just didn't know how to go from here. There was no denying the fact that he wanted Tony. But he couldn't bring himself to do the first step. Tom bit his lips. Why was he afraid of something he desperately wanted? It would be so much easier when he would just tell him. But this was the point. He didn't know if Tony really wanted him. For sex, sure, but apart from that? Tony Stark only ever had one-night stands. Despite for Pepper that is and she was someone special. He on the other hand, was not. The thought bothered him. And not only that. Tony had basically rejected him, after trying to persuade him for so long. He really hoped that this wasn't part of any game that he was playing.

Okay. Worrying wasn't helping at all. Especially because he knew that this was very unlikely. Tony wouldn't do that to him, would he? Tom groaned and let himself fall back onto the bed, pulling Loki with him, so that he sat on his chest now. Even if Tony wouldn't mean it. It didn't really matter. Yes, he would look stupid, yes, he probably would be sad for some time, but why should he care. As soon as the Avengers found a way to get him back to his world, he would leave.

“Gosh, I really am stupid, huh?” He asked and Loki, as if he knew what he said, meowed in response. “Yes. I know. I shouldn't have slung him like that. It was actually pretty nice of him to give it such thought. I should be thankful.”

Loki didn't seem to care, he was just lying there, cleaning his fur. Tom petted the tiny animal again
and smiled softly.

“I wished I had your life sometimes. And someone to talk to who could answer me.” The kitten started kneading on his chest then, eyes shut tight, obviously enjoying the ministrations. “Anyway, what do I have to do to make him understand? I thought I had made it clear by now. I can’t just tell him. That would be a tad blunt, don’t you think?”

A high pitched meow came from Loki at this.

“You hungry, little guy? Yeah, me too. I shouldn’t feel afraid of going out and getting something to eat, right? Gosh, why did I have to act like a five year old.”

Tom closed his eyes in resignation, trying to blank out his thoughts and failing miserably. The longer he kept thinking about him, the more restless he felt.

“It’s unbearable.”

He groaned and facepalmed. This was far worse than a simple wish to be with someone. It started to become more like an ache, a desperate need. Hands still covering his face, Tom continued murmuring into his beard.

“Heck, I can’t just seduce him. That would be too strange.” Tom couldn’t help but chuckle when he thought about it. “That would look ridiculously funny. I could dress in something fancy, or better, go out in just my boxers and wiggle my hips in front of him?”

The small giggling turned into a full grown laugh, but it died down almost as fast.

“I blew it, Loki. Could you intervene, next time I’m about to do something stupid?”

“Are you talking to that thing?” Tom’s breath got caught in his throat and he turned to face the direction of which the voice came. The inventor stood in the door frame, looking seemingly confused. “Thought you were dying in here.”

“I am obviously not.” He retorted, a blush on his face, before averting his gaze and sitting up.

This was awkward. They were awkward. Neither of them said or did anything then, until Tony took a few steps into the room, making Tom get off the bed in return, turning his back on him. He hadn’t planned on it, it was more like a spontaneous act of panic.

“Oh, look...” Tony began, but got silent again when the other didn’t budge. “Could you look at me?”

It was not that he was angry at him in any way. If there was someone he should be angry at, it would be himself. He was embarrassed, frustrated. But not angry. Tom sighed before he forced himself to look into brown eyes. He expected some kind of speech, but what followed surprised him.

“You feel better?”

The simple question made Tom gasp, especially when the man still looked kind of concerned.

“Ah, yes.” Tom said, after needing a few seconds to find words. “Thanks to you.”

“So...”

“I’m sorry for overreacting.”
It had just slipped out. And now Tony was looking at him like a deer in the headlights.

“Okay. Didn't expect that. It's fine? I wanted to say the same thing and get it over with, but that's good too.” He shrugged and took another step towards him. “You look a lot better. Fever gone? So, eh... You really are fine?”

Tom gulped. There was that way he looked at him that made his heart race. And suddenly he knew why Tony asked this. Why he was asking excessively if he felt better. He did want him. He just couldn't do anything before. A hand cupped his face and Tom couldn't help but sigh and lean into the touch.

“Yes, I'm better. Just a slight headache.” The actor brought out, voice quavering in anticipation. This hand set his skin on fire.

“This last day demanded a great deal of me, you know?” The hand wandered from his cheek to the neck, massaging lightly. “I almost went insane, knowing that you wanted me.” Tony's voice was husky when he breathed the last part into his ear. “But I had to make sure you would remember this. Couldn't risk that you forget anything because of the fever. And since you are better now... Fuck, no more playing around.”

The engineer growled and pulled Tom into a kiss, dragging his teeth over his bottom lip. Tom's eyes fluttered shut, hands holding onto Tony's shirt for support. He enjoyed it, the kiss was tender, slow, loving even, but it wasn't before long that he grew impatient, needing more. The pace was just too slow. He hadn't believed Tony to be so timid and cautious. Tom intensified his grip on him, getting tired of being passive and kissed back with more force. A delighted groan left Tony and before Tom knew what happened, he was pulled with him onto the bed. With a quick gesture, the cat was shooed away and retreated to the bathroom, but not without hissing, which was completely ignored by the engineer.

“God, I wanted to do this for so long.” Tony whispered, voice heavy with need and Tom shivered hearing him like this.

A tongue licked over his lips, demanding entrance, parting them without much effort. It was not gentle anymore. More like dancing tongues and clashing teeth. The longer they kissed, the more desperate both of them became, battling for dominance, pressing against each other, making intentions clear. When they parted, both men were panting, sharing the same air and Tony was the first one to break the silence.

“I love how you taste...” He playfully licked over Tom's trembling lips. “You... I won't be able to stop like, ever...”

A moan escaped Tom when he began nibbling on the sensitive skin under his ear.

“I hope you won't. Else I need to kick your ass.”

The chuckle right next to his ear made Tom press himself more against the hands that were now roaming his chest. Tom loved the feeling of someone being close, touching him. It had been too long. He just needed more and this seemingly surprised the other man, because he halted and stared into deluded blue eyes.

“Why are you looking at me like this?” Tom said, grin spreading over his face when he saw the astonished expression.

“I'm no virgin, Tony...” He raised an eyebrow at the engineer, who immediately shook his head.
“Not what I was thinking...” Tony brought out. “Just... You're so fucking hot...”

With this Tom's last restraint faltered and he leaned in, desperately assaulting Tony's mouth again. The engineer moaned into the kiss, welcoming the change of initiative. Tom only noticed the hands on his ass when he was pulled onto the other's lap. He gasped. Could feel his erection through his pants, pressing into his thigh, making him jittery with need.

“Tony...”

Tom whispered when they finally parted, but the man ignored his pleading and licked down from his ear to his collar bone, pushing the shirt to the side to have more skin to nib on. The actor tilted his head to the side, giving him more space. By this time he was already painfully hard, cock straining against the tight fabric of his pants. It felt like he was back in his teenage years, with him not being able to control himself in the slightest. The gentle kisses and licks were driving him crazy.

“Tony...” He tried again, this time it sounded close to a whine and now brown eyes shot up, looking at him with a smug smile.

“Patience. I want to enjoy this. Explore every last part of you. I waited too long for this to rush it now.”

It made sense, yes, somewhere back in his head, it did. But he couldn't care for that now. Tom heaved a pleased sigh when Tony bit down on his shoulder, hands mapping every part of his upper body.

“I don't think I can have regards for that at the moment Tony...”

He panted against the other's shoulder, giving a roll of his hips, brushing his groin against Tony's, charming a moan out of both of them. Burying his face in the crook of his neck, he repeated the movement, grinding against him, a shudder running down his spine because of the delicate friction it caused. He heard Tony inhaling sharply before he returned to kissing the spot under his ear.

“This is great...” Tony breathed and shoved his hands under Tom's shirt, fingers running over the smooth skin. “God, Tom, you drive me insane...” He pressed out, letting his hands slide over his sides and over those slender hips, until he could feel the other man trembling. “You like that?”

“Stop asking such stupid que...” Tom choked on his words when he felt those hands cupping and squeezing his cheeks. Instinctively moving away from the touch, he pressed harder against Tony, almost desperately clinging to him now.

“Do that again.” The engineer demanded and closed his eyes in bliss when Tom moved his hips.

It didn't take long before Tony's grip on his ass intensified, basically helping Tom grind against him. Tony was resting his head on his chest and Tom was sure that he could hear his heart almost bursting through his ribcage. Brown eyes shot up and looked knowingly at him, before a hand went between them, brushing over the bulge of his pants. A guttural moan escaped Tom and when he opened his eyes he saw Tony looking back with a blush on his face.

“God, those sounds you make...”

Tom only blinked when he got rolled over and was suddenly lying on his back. The other male was towering over him, straddling him, devouring him with those brown eyes, letting them wander over his body until he apparently decided that playtime was over. Tom's shirt got shoved up and over his head, exposing the toned abs underneath and a mouth was instantly on him again, kissing its way
up to his nipples, teasing the tender flesh. He couldn't stop himself from arching his back, trying to get more of the feeling, nor did he notice the other hand moving south and opening the zipper of his pants. Only when he felt cold fingers wrapping around his erection, the daze in his head cleared enough to notice that Tony was still fully dressed. The hand on his dick made thinking hard, the stroking was torturously slow, but he wanted to touch Tony as well. He shouldn't be the only one who...

“Don’t.”

Was growled above him and Tom looked up, incomprehension so very visible in his features, but withdrew the hand that had reached out for the man's waistband.

“W-Why?” He was merely able to say between ragged breaths, before the words turned into another moan.

“If you touch me now, I won't be able to...” Tony swallowed hard when he saw the mischievous grin on Tom's face. “No. Tom.”

It didn't sound convincing enough, so the actor ignored it and cupped the straining cock through his pants, rubbing his palm flat against it. This was embarrassing to some extend, never had he imagined giving another guy a hand job, but hearing Tony moan let the negative thoughts disappear immediately. Tom tried to focus on anything but his building orgasm when Tony picked up a faster pace, but seeing his face, how he obviously enjoyed this, the noises he made, everything turned him on even more. A thumb moved over the head of his cock then, making him writhe underneath the other man, bucking his hips to thrust into the hand that was stroking him, completely forgetting about his own hand. It didn't take long until Tom started whimpering, blue eyes closing in ecstasy.

“Please, Tony, I...” He moaned, just before he reached his climax, coming all over Tony's hand and his own stomach.

Tom was panting hard for a few minutes, completely exhausted from the overwhelming feeling rushing through his body. When he finally opened his eyes again, slowly coming down from his high, Tony was just looking at him with his mouth open. It seemed as if he wanted to say something, but he leaned down instead, kissing him gently.

“You are gorgeous...” Was whispered against Tom's lips and when the engineer wanted to sit up, he wrapped his left arm around him, keeping him near.

“You didn't...”

“I don't have to. Hell, even seeing you like this is enough.”

“Shut up...” Tom sneered and ignored the fake protesting, fiddling with the belt, but it was no good. He couldn't open it with one hand, making him gnarl his teeth in frustration.

“Let me help you.”

The smug smile playing on Tony's lips should have turn him off, or annoy him, but seeing him straightening, opening his pants and shoving them down, exposing the thick, hard flesh, made his discontent vanish just like this. Tom unconsciously licked his lips at the sight. He couldn't deny that he was huge. Hungry eyes stared down at him and when his hand wrapped around the already leaking cock and started pumping, Tony bowed down again, hissing at the contact.

“Fuck...”
Tom could see the restraint in the other's face, the desperate attempt to hold back as long as he could. His hands were fisted in the sheets, only holding him up elaborately. Tom's gaze fell on the pulsating member, a finger smearing the precum, lightly brushing over the slit. He could hear how Tony's breath hitched every time he dragged his thumb over the frenulum and with a few more strokes, he came with a low growl. Even though Tony could barely hold himself up, one hand found Tom's cheek and pulled him in for a kiss.

“Totally not regretting this...” Tony panted against his cheek, then got up to take off his shirt, wiping his hand before he turned to clean up Tom's chest, who winced at the feeling.

“Well, I certainly hope so.” He huffed and watched him tossing the dirty shirt into the corner of the room.

Tom shifted to his side, eyes following Tony when he settled down next to him. His satisfaction matched the one he saw on the inventor's face and only now he realized how tense he had felt before. They shared the same breath, but neither of them said anything. They were just lying there, next to each other, enjoying the closeness. Tony's hand came up to caress his cheek before he pulled him in for a hug.

“Gosh, how long I have waited to be able to touch you like this.”

“You exaggerate.” Tom only murmured in response, snuggling up into the embrace even more.

He hadn't believed that Tony would like to cuddle, but as his eyes got heavier, he definitely didn't have a problem with that. It was only early evening, but he was too comfortable too care.

“Oh, nope. You have no idea.” A blue eye opened and scrutinized the other. “It's even better than I have imagined.”

“But we haven't done anything yet.” Tom tried to stifle a yawn.

“What?” Tony was kissing his neck again, sucking on the sensitive spot under the ear. It would most likely leave a mark. “This was my highlight of the last three months.”

Tom only chuckled before he felt himself drifting off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Feed me with comments! They nourish me!
Devotion

Chapter Summary

Loki’s plan goes into the next phase.

Chapter Notes

There ya go. The next chapter =) I am again so sorry, *character name*. So sorry for hurting you XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki was still looking at the smaller man, who just grinned back at him. He felt his own lips curl up into a matching smile. This man had left him fascinated whenever they had met. Back in Stuttgart, then in his tower. The way he had talked to him, had showed no fear, had even started to threaten him, yet was still polite enough to offer him a drink. His very being, his character, had aroused his interest a long time ago. And if the mind control had worked back then, he would have made him his partner. Unfortunately Stark hadn't responded to the magic of the scepter at all. Now, the man that stood before him wasn't the genius he had met, but it was the next best thing. Good enough and surely able to help him ruin the Avengers. Loki was certain that he had the knowledge and the means to give him the aid he needed to go through with his plan.

Loki's hand shot forward, grasping the man's chin and tilting it up to look into brilliant blue eyes. At least now the magic was obviously working. He was beautiful, for a mortal nonetheless, he had to admit it. He sure would have fun with him.

“You call me pet?” The other male raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, because this is what you are. I don't need to know your name.” His fingers ran over the trademark goatee, stroking it passionately before he huffed at the seemingly pleased expression on his face. “Because this is what you want, right?” A silent nod. “Yes. I always knew that I wanted you on my side. You will serve me well.”

The slender fingers were still playing with his hair and he felt the man leaning into the touch.

“What are you planing?”

“Why do you think I pursue a plan?” Of course he did, but he wanted to tease and test him.

“I know your character, god of mischief.”

It charmed a laugh out of Loki and he caressed the man's cheek with his thumb, enjoying the reaction he got for it.

“Smart. We will get this over with and...”

“You do want to shoot the special?” Robert asked, a hint of doubt in his voice.
The hand fisted in the short hair when he was rudely interrupted and pulled him in so they were face to face.

“Mind your tone around me.” A quiet sorry was muttered and the hand patted his head again instead of hurting him.

“Of course. I won't waste an opportunity to humiliate your team mates. As I think you are well aware of the script.”

“Understood.” Robert smirked, couldn't quite keep the laugh in, which amused the god on his side. “So, if I may ask...” Green eyes looked down at him in expectation. “What is the... real god of mischief doing here?”

“All in time, pet. We will have enough time later to talk.” Was purred into the other's ear. “Right now we need to focus on not getting caught.”

Robert cocked his head to the side, had obviously noticed the flirting tone.

“And what would we get caught at?” He imitated the charming whisper and got patted on the shoulder once more.

“So much the playboy. Do you have family?” Loki asked and let his gaze wander, checking whether someone was coming their way.

“I do.” Robert affirmed and earned himself a toothy smile.

“Even dirtier than I imagined.” Loki commented before he turned his attention back on his pet. “You will call them. Tell them you have to go on a trip, lie or tell them the truth, I do not care.”

He waved at the man to get to it and Robert did, pulled out his phone and moved a few steps away. A few minutes later the god noticed his clone coming out of the trailer, wearing almost the same outfit now, but disintegrated into green smoke once it had made its way over to him.

“Are you done?” Loki asked impatiently, gesturing over to Robert, who immediately hung up and followed him.

A woman joint them on their way to the film crew, asking them to halt so she could put the arc reactor replica into place. Both men stopped and let her fiddle with Robert's shirt. Loki never took his eyes off of him, holding his gaze the whole time. After five minutes of her disturbing them, she finally moved away, leaving them alone.

“It's kind of ironic. You appearing on a shooting for an Avengers special.” Robert turned to him in a whisper when they crossed paths with Chris' family.

Loki didn't deign the man an answer, eyes had fallen immediately on the baby girl again the woman carried in her arms. For some reason that tiny human, pitiful and wimpy as it was, had him hooked.

“Where is Tom?”

Briefly wondering why the man next to him asked that many questions, he sighed. Apparently it couldn't wait until later. His curiosity was insatiable.

“I switched placed with him.” Robert turned interested eyes on him and Loki was fond of seeing him like this, even if that was only the effect of the mind control. “He is probably rotting in one of
Shield's cells.”

“Hmm... He was my favorite.” It charmed a jubilant laugh out of the god. “Too bad.”

“Isn't it?” He agreed and forced his gaze off Robert. “Now, do what you get paid for. We will meet after this. Don't let me wait.”

Robert had nodded in agreement and went past some people towards his friends, or former friends, now that he was under Loki's control. For the whole shooting they had kept eye contact and Loki couldn't deny the fact that he enjoyed the... acting. It was definitely entertaining to defeat Earth's mightiest heroes, even though it was just play. He wanted to slay them. But he knew better than to act out on this urge now.

Loki was waiting in a taxi, impatiently tapping his index finger on his arm. He had changed his appearance back to resemble his doppelganger and when his pet opened the car's door and stepped in, the first thing Robert did, was gasping.

“Late.” The god spat and gestured to the driver to take them to the hotel.

“Apologies. I was delayed by Renner.” Loki had no desire to ask who that was. “You rented a hotel room?”

“No. I did not.” This was seemingly enough information for the human to stay quiet.

They made it to the hotel, Loki exiting the taxi without paying, something Robert undertook without hesitation. The man caught up with his master and walked by his side into the building. As they wanted to step into the elevator, a female voice called them back. The receptionist seemed apologetic, not that the god really cared. He screwed his nose, looking down at her with obvious disgust.

“Excuse me, Mr. Hiddleston. I'm afraid I need to inform you that, if you want to keep your room, I would need another down payment.”

With a sneer, Loki turned to Robert, dictating him wordlessly that he should take care of this.

“I will pay for it.” The man spoke up a second later, handing her his credit card.

A moment later they were gone, finally on their way to the suite.

“There will be press.” Robert broke the silence.

“Press? Is that so?”

“Yes. Of us together meeting in a hotel.” Loki just chuckled and brushed a strand of hair out of Robert's face. “So what is it you want? Revenge?”

“Yes, amongst other things.” He breathed into the smaller male's ear.

“Wouldn't have thought that the god of mischief would flirt with a mere mortal like me.”

Loki chuckled at the lecherous look the other gave him and bowed down a bit.

“Why not? It causes chaos. With you having family... Also, you are most intriguing.”

The doors opened and Loki stepped outside to see his two minions already waiting for him in front of the room.
“Are these punks part of your plan?” Robert asked from aside, raising an eyebrow in question.

“Yes. Lower slaves. Nothing more. Good for getting nourishment and run errands.”

Robert nodded, still looking at the two silent kids standing there like soldiers, when Loki opened the door with a gesture of his hand and let them inside.

“I need you to do some research, pet.” The god said when Robert was passing him.

“On what?” The actor asked, getting way too close to his master.

“I want every detail about everyone on that set. And you will give those information to me. Isn’t that so?” A finger tilted his pet’s chin up.

“Yes...” Was instantly answered and with a grin, the god was about to vanish. “What are you doing?”

“I will pay my dearest brother a visit. Wait for my return.”

It was barely afternoon when Loki appeared in that dark alleyway under the crossbridge. The exact same spot he had been when he had first come to this world. It was easy for him to cross the portal. The ritual had opened the pathway between the two dimensions and without another one, the portal would remain open for everyone who knew how to use it. Loki got his dagger from his belt and cut the palm of his hand. Blood started pooling and dropped to the ground, gathering in a little puddle at his feet. Using it as paint, the god drew runes on the wall next to him, forming a circle. Once the last one was drawn, they started glowing, allowing the god to step through the portal.

It seemed that nothing had changed here. It was still the same dark alley. But it was colder. So the time did elapse differently here. Without much more thought, Loki vanished into a cloud of green smoke, only to materialize in the central park again. People eyed him up when he emerged, curious at first, but they soon got scared, frightened even, when Loki let his armor appear, standing there in his usual intimidating demeanor. It didn't take long until cameras were surrounding him, reporting that America's number one enemy was standing casually in New York. Normally he would have killed every single one of those humans for disrespecting and slandering his name, but now he was aiming for exactly this. They were supposed to film him, should spread the message of his return, to lure Thor out of his hole.

And thanks to the stupid mortals, everything went as planned. It only took about an hour for Thor, as well as the two assassins, to arrive on the scene. The two humans instantly did their best to get the people out of the... danger zone. Loki could only watch in amusement, shaking his head at the panic that was created now.

“Brother!” Thor's deep voice roared through the open space of the park. “How did you escape the dungeons of Asgard?!”

The blonde was stomping towards Loki, who stepped back, with the most sophisticated expression on his face.

“Thor, please.” He held his hands up in defense.

“Do you have something to do with Thomas being here?! Speak!” His fist clenched around Mjölnir, ready to strike.

But Loki only huffed, a victorious grin on his face.
“Maybe, maybe not.” He said in a sing-song voice. “But that's not why I am here, brother.” The word was emphasized enough to make Thor frown.

“I am here to threaten you, of course.”

Thor growled and charged forward, wanting to grab Loki by the collar, but fell through an illusion. He cursed and turned around, too late to dodge the dagger that stabbed him in the side. The god screamed in pain and looked up into hard green eyes. The dagger was ripped out of his flesh again, sending more pain through his body and Thor to his knees. Loki was laughing above him, before he bent down and got the photo of Chris' family out of his pocket, holding it in front of his brother's eyes.

“You see this?” Loki whispered and Thor bared his teeth. “I will kill them before I get to your doppelganger. We will see what this does to you. Maybe you'll die with him. If you don't, I will make sure to do it myself.”

The assassins were rushing towards them, making Loki straighten himself and toss the photo to the ground.

“We will meet again, brother. Count the days.”

Loki vanished into thin air before Thor's team mates reached them. The thunderer was crouching on the floor, shaky hands holding the photo.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and make my day a little bit brighter <3
Teenager Syndrome

When Tom woke up, it was already bright. Or still bright? He didn't know. It felt as if he had slept for more than a day straight. Which could be very likely be the case. He stretched extensively and snuggled up against his pillow again. It was ridiculous how good he felt. Not only his body seemed to be more relaxed. Tom's mind finally was at peace. The worries and anxiety of the past days forgotten. And all this because of him...

He buried his face in the silken sheets when the memories came back to him. God, had he really behaved that wanton? A blush crept onto his cheeks. Yes, he had begged for Tony to touch him. Had jerked him off as well. The man had even come on him.

“Oh god...” Tom groaned into the pillow.

He was seriously embarrassed with himself. He had acted like a teenager. But he had to admit that this had been fantastic. Tony's body against his own, heat and desire radiating over... Even thinking about them flushed together made him jittery with need. Was this normal? To want him after they had just... been together? Strange that a man could excite him so much.

His frown had long turned into a pleased smile when he turned around to greet his... lover, but no one was there. The other half of his bed was cold. Empty. Tom was fully awake by now, eyes scanning the bed, searching for a sign to where Tony could have gone. A quick glance to the bathroom told him that he wasn't there either. So he had left. Why had he left? Tom furrowed his brows. This wasn't good.

Had he been too clingy? Too emotional perhaps? Tony had told him that he had liked it. They had fallen asleep together. Maybe he had changed his mind about all this. Tom curled up into a ball. If this really was the case, then what should he do? Their making-out couldn't just get reversed. Their relationship would never be the same. And Tom didn't want to take anything back. He wanted him, didn't want to go back to this pitiful and awkward tension between them.

He still wore the clothes from yesterday. They were sweaty and dirty, so he got out of them and discarded them on top of Tony's shirt, which still lay in a corner of his room. For a moment he thought about how the other had wiped away their... Tom shook his head and got himself a new pair of boxers to wear, before he moved out of his room. The house was silent, as so often and Tom stepped uncertainly into the living room.

“Tony?” He called out for him and jumped when he actually got a response.

“Up here.”

Tom beamed, a bright smile gracing his lips when he moved up the stairs, seeing the inventor lying in his own bed. He was rooted to the spot, unsure whether he should just get into his bed, or if he even was allowed to do that. This was still very awkward. Even though his body and heart screamed for him to get under the covers and snuggle up to him, he still didn't know why Tony had left him alone. When nothing happened for a few minutes, Tony rolled over and waved a hand at him. The smile he wore made Tom's heart beat faster. He didn't know how this man was able to make him this shivering mess with just one smile.

He bit his lips and slowly moved over the bed, sitting down on the edge only to get pulled onto his back, arms curling around his waist.
“Morning.” Tony's voice sounded right next to his ear. “Sorry for leaving. I tried to wake you, without much success, as you can see.” He purred before bringing his lips to Tom's neck, gently nibbling at the soft skin. “Wasn't being able to sleep on this hard mattress.”

“It's fine...” Tom breathed out, barely able to converse at all. “Just wondered...”

Tony huffed a laugh at the reaction to the simple gesture and pulled the blanket over him.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Yes... Been a while since I slept that well.” Tom answered truthfully and blushed the moment he saw Tony's knowing smirk.

“I bet.”

Both men lay there for a while, without saying anything. Tom's hands were nervously fumbling with the blanket. He didn't know where to put them. Touching him was still off limits somehow. Even lying in his bed made him uneasy. This was his personal space. It felt off to be here. On the other hand, it was warm and only now he noticed the scent that surrounded him. Everything smelled of Tony. It clouded his senses. Tom felt lips on his cheek then and he couldn't resist the touch, instinctively leaning in to it. It was just a gentle little peck, yet it made Tom gasp, hands wandering to Tony's shoulders.

“That was amazing...” The engineer murmured against his lips and began sliding his hands up and down Tom's back, making him forget his answer. “You're so gorgeous...”

He felt his face redden and instinctively hid it in the crook of the other's neck. Those hands would make him crazy in no time. His voice was already breaking under these ministrations. Without really thinking about it, he snuggled closer up to Tony, bringing their bare chests together.

“Stop with the compliments... You make me blush...” Tony just cracked a smile at him, obviously doing that on purpose. “Tease...”

He wanted to ask him what Tony thought of them. How this should go from now on. Were they together? Or how would he label them? But seriously, Tom couldn't ask him this. He would probably laugh at him for being so sentimental. And it was such a girly question. Maybe he should just drop it for now. This wasn't something he should worry about at the moment. Soon, the warmth and comfort of having another body by his side made him sleepy again and he felt himself dozing off. But apparently Tony had other plans than to sleep. A hand run soothingly over his arms and down his sides, repeating the motion over and over again.

“What are you doing?” Tom asked cheerfully, eyes closed, appreciating the caress.

“Just enjoying myself.” Tony purred in reply. It charmed a chuckle out of the taller man.

“Is that so?”

“Yes. Your skin is just too smooth to not touch it.”

Tom shook his head against Tony's neck, finding that utterly amusing, until the hand had moved way too far south. He shuddered when fingers reached his hipbone and he opened his eyes to look into mischievous brown ones. With a swift motion, Tony rolled them over, so that Tom was now straddling him. The look the inventor shot him was making it clear what he wanted. His hands were still resting on his hips, thumbs fondling the delicate skin there. Unfortunately, Tom wasn't so outgoing, hands clutching each other, not daring to touch bare skin. Tony seemed to notice the
discomfort and bucked his hips up, grinding his crotch against his ass, making him inhale sharply. Tom's face turned a bright red when he felt the cock press into his thigh.

This hesitation had to go. One shouldn't be embarrassed of touching their lover. Blue eyes locked with brown, before the blue glowing light captured Tom's attention. Of course he knew what the arc reactor was. But seeing it up close, now that he had actually time and mind to focus on it, was different. He had seen the prop on set, but the machine was way more interesting in real life. How it was fit into his firm chest, emitting a soft blue light. Yet, the skin around it seemed to be torn and irritated.

Tom sighed silently, withstanding the urge to touch it. After he had seen the second Iron Man movie, he knew how sensitive that area was. He wasn't sure if he might accidentally hurt him. But one of his hands was grabbed and placed right onto the arc reactor, making Tom look up into shining brown eyes. Tony was apparently able to read thoughts. Or maybe his thoughts were just too obvious.

"I guess you know what this is." Tom just nodded, shaky fingers drawing circles around the metal. "You don't need to have contact anxiety around me. Hell, just touch me." Tony crooned, his hand brushing the man's waistband to encourage him.

And just as Tony had asked, the touches got more demanding, testing the sensitive area around the reactor, tracing it with his nails. Soon Tony began moaning under him, obviously turned on by the soft brush of skin. This was definitely a strange kind of kink. But he wasn't complaining. It was actually nice to have him mewling without much effort. And judged by Tony's smile, he probably knew that he enjoyed it just as much. An ACDC song ripped Tom's attention away from him though and both turned their heads to look at the nightstand, where Tony's phone was blinking and buzzing. The inventor grabbed it and looked at the screen, only to put it away again.

"Shouldn't you answer this?" Tom frowned.

"Nah..." Tony said, bringing the actor's attention back to him. "Let's just ignore that and take a shower or something?" An eyebrow was raised at him. "Yeah, look at you... All ruffled and dirty..." The last word was emphasized as he eyed him up and reached down to run a finger over the obvious bulge of Tom's length.

Tom bit down at his own lips to keep himself from moaning. Of course he had to take advantage of the situation. Actually, he had expected and anticipated it, still he felt nervous.

"That might be a good idea, I guess..." He said after considering it.

Smirking sheepishly, he got up from Tony's lap and offered him a hand, which was gladly taken by the billionaire. Tom let himself be led into the bathroom by his hand, marveling at the huge room with it's hot tub near the open window front. He had only been able to have a quick glance of the room the day he had been able to sneak in here, but it seemed to be even bigger now that he had the chance to inspect it further. The white tiled bath was beautiful, the window front facing the seaside was bathing the room with light.

"So..." The engineer grinned at the astonished expression on Tom's face. "Do you want to use the shower or the hot tub..."

Even though the shower was big enough to fit four people in it, had massage jets and was most likely the biggest Tom had ever seen in his life, his eyes lightened up at the thought of using the jacuzzi. The question was quite redundant and Tony immediately got the hint, walked to the tub and opened the drain to let the water flow. Tom kept standing there and watched how the engineer
bent over and retrieved the plug. He definitely appreciated the view. How the muscles in his back flexed. And only when Tony grinned at him, he noticed that he was indeed staring.

“Come here.”

Tom did as he was asked and stepped towards the slightly smaller man, who grabbed him by the hips, crushing their lips together. He opened his mouth willingly, allowing Tony to play with his tongue, what got him a pleased groan as a reward. And he himself couldn't help but moan when he felt the tongue press against his, teeth nibbling at his lips. Tony knew what he did and did it well, with Tom's body instantly being on fire again. He was completely preoccupied with the kiss, that he didn't notice caroused hands pulling him in more, stroking his back before they cupped his cheeks. A surprised yelp left Tom and Tony looked back at him in amusement.

“Gosh you are adorable...”

“I am not adorable...”

“Cute then.” The other shrugged and patted his backside playfully.

“Cute?” Tom gritted out and grimaced.

“Yeah, cute. The way you get all flustered and don't know what to do...”

Tom only raised an eyebrow, wanting to talk back, but imagined a better way to get back at him. His hands shot up to pull Tony in by his neck, kissing him passionately. This time it was Tom who took the initiative, bringing their bodies together and charming a surprised but joyful gasp out of Tony when he pressed himself against him. Gasps turned into full-grown moans and soon both men were panting.

“You really shouldn't do that.” Tony whispered seductively, clearly not meaning it.

“Oh?” Tom closed his eyes when lips came down on his neck again.

“Yeah, can't guarantee that you'll be able to enjoy your bath if you keep playing me like that.” He said, not sounding sorry one bit.

“Too bad, isn't it?”

Tony blinked at him when Tom stepped past him, a smirk on his face. His hand moved to the waistband of his boxers and pulled them down teasingly slow, knowing that he was watching. He was embarrassed to an extend, undressing in front of him like this, but he really wanted to prove that cute was the last thing he was. The water was almost reaching the edge, so he put his finger in to test the temperature and decided it was not too hot, but just right. Tom slipped into the hot tub and was joined by his lover only a second later, who hissed as the hot water that touched his body. Ignoring the silent cursing next to him, Tom leaned his head back and enjoyed the heat that surrounded him.

“I need one of these in my flat...”

A laugh sounded next to him and he groaned in pleasure when he felt the jets starting, massaging his back. Tony moved over to put an arm around his shoulders, kneading the soft skin there. It was clear what the other planned and Tom couldn't be bothered to do something to stop it. Everything the man did made him crazy. It felt as if his body was burning up as soon as he touched him, as if he was high on something, his mind dulled by his fingers and mouth. He really was a horny teenager... When had been the last time he had felt so excited and nervous. But god, it just felt too
good. Tony's hands were sneaking down his chest now and he was already trembling when they reached his navel, stilling only inches away from his groin. But he wasn't the only one turned on. When Tom looked at Tony through long lashes, he saw that the other male was already panting, couldn't be fast enough to plant kisses over his shoulder and collar bone.

For minutes Tony only kissed and nibbled at his skin, occasionally running a finger over a nipple, teasing the sensitive flesh. But it was no good. The pace was too slow. His body was bucking against the touches, shivering in need, yet Tony didn't indicate that he would do more than teasing. He was a mess by the time the other kissed his lips again. The jets were doing their job, his already hard member aching from the pressure they supplied.

“Tony, stop playing around...” Tom growled low in his throat. The other man behaved as if he was a virgin. The sound made Tony look up and huff a laugh.

“My, my, generally you are so patient, but now...?” The teasing had to stop. Sighing, Tom grabbed the hand that roamed his chest and placed it on his erection. “Okay, convinced.” Tony gulped and started pumping slowly.

Tom's lips were parted, eyes closed in ecstasy as he bucked into the hand that stroked him.

“So eager...” Tony murmured against his neck.

“It's your fault...” He stuttered back. “After months of not doing anything, you just...hng... come and seduce me. Again.”

Tony straightened himself then, hand ceasing its motion.

“What? You really didn't jerk off?”

Blue eyes glared at him.

“Don't talk like that...Ah!” Tom whined, as one of Tony's fingers massaged the head of his cock.

“That's a no then. How did you survive that?” Tom really wondered how he could keep his voice so calm.

The other hand vanished into the churning water and before Tom could think about were it went, he felt fingers brushing against his perineal area. Uncertain eyes turned to the engineer.

“Ah...” Tony mused. “No one has ever done that to you before, right?” The cheerful tone would have annoyed him, if he had been able to focus on anything but those hands.

“N-no.”

“Believe me, you'll love it.”

Tom was still looking at Tony with slight unease, but his worries faded away once the fingers pressed down a little harder.

“It feels so... strange.” He moaned and turned a little bit more towards Tony, hands holding onto his shoulders for support now.

“Amazing.” The other corrected and nuzzled up against the crook of his neck. “Tell me you like it...” Was whispered against his skin.

But Tom couldn't form sentences anymore. It felt good. Too good. And the water made it only
better. The slick feeling of Tony's hand sliding over his dick was breathtaking and it was hard to focus on anything else, but when he heard Tony panting beside him, his hand instantly moved down to touch the straining cock that pressed against his stomach. The low growl that left his throat only spurred Tom on more. He liked hearing him. It was something incredibly arousing.

“Yeah, just like that...” Tony praised and nibbled on his earlobe, his own hand's rhythm getting frantic now.

It felt as if he would burst from the pleasure. Not only the water, but the heat that radiated over from Tony started to make him dizzy. He could already feel his orgasm building, those hands were omnipresent as it seemed, caressing not only his balls and grundle, but also his swollen cock. Tom pressed his forehead against Tony's, trying hard to not come before him. A finger made him literally jump then, circling and prodding his opening. Of course he knew how sex between two men worked and he wanted Tony, badly. But he wasn't ready to go that far. Judged by the other's face, he had noticed the internal struggle and before Tom could say anything, Tony kissed him gently on the lips. As if he knew what was going on in his head, the fingers retreated and confined to press harder down on the perineum. The inventor watched in awe as Tom's eyes rolled into the back of his head, moans dropping off of his tongue. Tom was pulled in for another kiss, sloppy and wet, which was more like a clash of teeth and tongue than the gentle ones from before. It didn't take long for both to part and catch their breaths. The remaining hand on Tony's shoulder was now clawing at the firm muscles, nails digging into the skin.

“I'm close...” Tom stuttered and looked into deluded brown eyes.

“Then come...” He growled and dragged his thumb over the slit, feeling the thick waves of cum streaming out when Tom came. The actor threw his head back, shaking in ecstasy and the sight was enough to bring Tony over the edge as well.

“Fuck...” Tony exclaimed when he was halfway down from the aftershocks of his orgasm. Tom lay his head back on the edge of the tub and rubbed his temples.

“I feel like a teenager with you...” He said, voice still shaky.

“Huh?” Was the intelligent answer. Tony had has his eyes closed up until now, a pleased smirk on his features.

“Yes. It's embarrassing that I always end up...”

He dropped his head, but a hand tilted his chin up, lips catching his, interrupting his talk.

“It's perfect...” Tony placed another kiss on swollen lips. “Gosh, you should see yourself right now.”

“You and your compliments...” The actor rolled his eyes, but returned the gentle gesture, blushing just a little bit. “Do I have to expect this every day from now on?”

“If you'd want that,” Tony purred, but seemed to reconsider this. “No, wait. Actually... I don't think I can keep my hands off from you. So... since you won't have a saying in this. Yes. Probably. Very likely.”

Tom could only laugh at this.
Missed Calls

Chapter Summary

Tony should have not missed that call.

Chapter Notes

Okay ehm. Need to tell you all something. Life's gone to shit right now and uh... I already decided to set Breaking Boundaries and WInters of Jotunheim on hiatus, but I fear I have to take a break from this too. SO this will be the last chapter for a while, at least until I have some more time. Not only do I have to take care of certain things, but I also received a really unsettling and hateful message about this fic, that really hurt me. I reported them on the side and they have been suspended, but since I need some time, i figured I just do it now.

I really love you all for commenting and giving me kudos. It means so much to me. I always have doubts about my writing and my stories, so this really always makes my day. I can't thank you enough. This fic will continue and I don't know how long it'll take me. Maybe a week, maybe two. Maybe even less if I'm feeling better, but I just wanted to explain it to you guys before you wondered. I still hope you'll enjoy this chapter.

Much love, Muddy

A few hours had passed since their make-out in the hot tub. Tom still wondered that they had managed to get clean at all. It had definitely taken a lot of effort to get Tony off his back. Not that he had minded, really. He enjoyed the attention, raveled in it. But apparently the billionaire never got tired. At first Tom had thought him joking as tried to seduce him again, but no. Tony Stark was insatiable. Period. He hadn't even been able to wash himself because the other had touched him the entire time. Shampooing his hair? Barely doable. Put on some body lotion? Never again in Tony's presence.

Tom smirked again at the thought. The way he had gaped at him with his mouth open. As if he was a show act. But now he had finally some time for himself. Even if this was due to a fortunate coincidence. It had been stupid. Tom had told him about a commercial he had wanted to shoot, for a Swiss watch, which had a special kind of alloy to it to make it waterproof. And for some reason Tony had looked at him, before giving him a kiss and running off into his workshop. Apparently it had sparked a thought. A little gloss had triggered an hour long working marathon. So he had retreated into the living room, had gotten himself a good book and had made himself comfortable on the big couch.

He still felt incredibly good. Refreshed and calm. Sure, Tom knew that this made it even worse. That this won't last. But it made everything so much more bearable. Especially when he wouldn't be able to leave. Which was still a very real possibility. And in case he would make it back home,
it wouldn't change a thing. Then all this would be nothing more than a memory, Tony a swift affair. Tom caught himself at this point and reminded himself again to stop being so negative. This was good. He felt good. And that was really the only thing that mattered right now. They could deal with anything else later.

Tom was just turning the page when Jarvis' voice sounded through the speakers, making him look up from his book.

“Sir, I regret to disrupt you.”

It was still strange to talk to someone who wasn't really there.

“Ehm... No problem? What's the matter?” Tom asked, still a little bit confused.

“I might need your assistance.”

The actor raised an eyebrow. For what would the housekeeper of Tony Stark, an artificial intelligence ever need his help?

“Okay?”

“Unfortunately Mr. Stark seems to ignore me.” That was indeed nothing new. “I tried for hours to inform him of an incoming call.” The AI sighed, if one could call it that.

“A call?” He had to sound pretty dull, the way he repeated everything Jarvis told him.

“Director Fury attempted to reach Mr. Stark for the whole day. He is adamant that he calls in an important matter.”

“And Tony muted you?” Tom couldn't keep the smile off his face. Typical. He could visualize the man bitching at his own invention.

“True.” The AI replied. “Just as he ignores me when I remind him to sleep or eat once in twenty-four hours.”

“I can talk to him.” Tom snorted and laid the book aside.

“I'd be much obliged.”

Shaking his head, Tom got up from the couch, stretched and leisurely walked to the stairs that led to Tony's workshop. Out of courtesy he knocked on the door before entering the room. The engineer had his head inside of a metallic torso of a new suit as it seemed, dummy holding his tools for him. Apparently he hadn't heard the knocking, judged by the cursing that echoed through the room.

“Tony?” Tom called out after watching him for a few more seconds, amusement layered his voice.

“Hey.” The head of Tony peeked out from under the suit and beamed a bright smile at him, that immediately made Tom smile back. But before he could say more, the man had devoted himself back to his machine.

“I am here to tell you that you should de-mute Jarvis.”

Tony raised his head again and blinked.

“What?” He snapped back, couldn't quite believe what he had heard.
“That's what he told me.” Tom shrugged, moving closer to inspect the thing the other was working on. “Jarvis also said it was important.” The condemning gaze made Tony look away. “As in... Shield, rescue the world, important.”

“Demute.” Tony grumbled after a moment and tsked when he saw the triumphant grin on his lover's face.

“Thank you Sir.” How an artificial intelligence could talk in sarcasm still puzzled Tom, but it was utterly amusing.

“So? Come to the point.” Tony pulled Tom in by his hand, speaking against his lips.

“Shield tries to contact you since the early morning hours, but due to the new security protocol, they weren't able to breach our system.”


That made Tom frown. And he took a step back to get away from this distracting tongue.

“I care. And if it's important...”

Tony kept looking at him for a few seconds, obviously getting that Tom was meaning it.

“Fine. Get him on the phone.” Tony murmured and grimaced after seeing that the other was still looking at him with that same glare. “Nicky. What's up?”

His voice was cheerful, yet Tom could see the annoyance displayed on his face.

“I don't even have words for you anymore, Stark...” The director growled. Tom had heard him bark a few times now, but never had he sounded so... mad.

“Did you miss me so much? That you can't wait a day to call me. I mean, hey I like obsessive people, but you're a much too overly attached boyfriend here, Nicky...”

“Stark...” Fury warned, but Tony continued taunting as if he didn't hear him.

“As much as I hate to tell you, you are neither my mum nor my wife, so I have to inform you that I do have my own life. Actually, while we're at it... I don't give appointments on the weekends and...”

“Stark!”

The dark voice of the director roared over the line, leaving both men startled. This must have been the worst shout Tom had heard in his entire life. It was scary.

“Loki did appear in Central Park, just for your information.”

Tom felt as if all air was pushed out of his lunges.

“What?!?”

Only now the man on the other side of the line noticed his presence.

“Thor was wounded. Because Mr. Stark here had better things to do...” Tom was appalled and looked at Tony for help, who had gone rigid the moment the god's name had left Fury's mouth.
“We tried for hours to contact you, but other things were obviously more important.”

A sudden realization struck Tom like a lightning bolt. They had tried the whole morning... So the call Tony had gotten when they were in bed...

Tony closed his eyes and bared his teeth. He was serious. And the fact that Thor was injured seemingly got to him, still his voice didn't give it away. He was as sassy as ever.

“Whoops.” The inventor spat back and wanted to turn around and go back to his work, but was held in place by the intense stare he received from Tom.

“I will shove your 'whoops' up your ass if you won't be here within the next hour.” With this, the line died down and the room went quiet again.

The longer the silence went on between them, the darker Tom's mood got. How had Tony ignored such an important call? How could he? Just because he had been there with him? Was it his fault? Apparently Tony didn't care for anything when he was with him. This was grave. Loki appearing and wounding Thor... Tom dropped his head, distraught by the turn of events. It took him minutes to actually find words.

“This morning, before we went into the hot tub...” Brown eyes shot up and Tom immediately knew that asking was unnecessary. The look was enough to confirm his suspicion. “The call you got... Was that Fury?”

“Maybe...” Tony tried to wriggle out of the question, but Tom wouldn't let him.

“You can't just... Why...” A hand reached up to run over his face as he groaned.

“Oh, come on. Who could have guessed that. I mean. Really? It's Thor. The big almighty thunder god. I bet he won't die from this. It's not the first time his brother went nuts on him.”

It was meant to sooth, but it didn't quite work. Tom only kept shaking his head in disbelief. This attitude gave him a headache.

“You bet he won't die...” He repeated. “You can't be serious...”

Tom was about to leave the workshop, thinking that Tony would follow him, but a quick glance over his shoulder told him otherwise.

“Tony...” The actor raised an eyebrow at the man when he wanted to disappear behind his armor again. “Come on...”

“Yeah, fine. I'll come.” Was the grumbling answer.

They walked next to each other through the long corridors of Shield's carrier, with neither of them saying a word. Tom was still puzzled and miffed because of how Tony had treated the situation and the engineer seemed to be just as annoyed. He was sulking like a child. It was awkward and Tom was glad when they finally reached the bridge. Half of the team was already there and looked at them as if they had committed a crime. It made him uneasy to say the least. Tom scanned the room briefly with his eyes, but the blonde god was nowhere to be found. He gulped, wanted to ask for his whereabouts, if he was okay, but the words got stuck in his throat when Fury snarled at them.

“Finally there, yes?”
“Wow, what's with the hostility? I had business to take care of.” Tony sneered back with the same resentment.

“What is more important than you team?” Clint chirped in, voice even, without a hint of emotion. It didn't seem as if he really cared at all, which was probably the case. He just wanted to keep the discussion going.

Tom noticed out of the corner of his eyes how Tony shot him a smirk. And he had thought he was the teenager. With a roll of eyes he fobbed him off.

“The team did need you there.” Steve said reluctantly and Tony cocked his head to the side, frowning.

“Really? I thought Captain America and Shield's best assassins, as well as a thunder-god would be enough to handle Loki?” Steve winced slightly, barely noticeable to most people, but the billionaire picked up on it immediately. “Ah you weren't there then. Business to take care of?”

Steve sighed.

“Actually, yes.”

Without questioning it, Tony frowned and focused his attention back on Fury, who was talking to Natasha right now.

“So what's the deal now. Could someone get to the fucking point? I don't want to spend the whole day here.”

Tom could only watch in frustration how the director told them what exactly had happened and before long the... team started to bitch at each other, passing the blame. Why did they behave like this? The only one to blame was Loki here. Even if there was very likely a reason for his acting, he couldn't fathom it. He had impersonated him for years, yet he couldn't understand why he would do something so drastic. It hurt him. He feared for his loved ones, his friends. Things were different here. Tom wasn't sure whether he had been imprisoned in the dungeon at all, or what had happened after he had been brought back, for that matter. If he was losing his mind now, this would end badly. And judged by what Fury told them, that seemed to be pretty much the case. Still he hoped that it wasn't.

Tom was rudely yanked from his thoughts when the door to their right opened and a casually dressed Thor entered the room. He gasped at the sight. The blonde held a hand over his side, was clearly in pain and without thinking, Tom rushed to his side, everyone else forgotten.

“Are you alright?”

He could feel Tony's eyes stare into the back of his head when Thor placed his free hand on his shoulder.

“Yes, all's well.”

Tom heaved a relieved sigh.

“I thought something bad had happened when I heard about all this. I'm so glad you're okay.” He smiled weakly and Thor returned the gesture.

“I am fine, really. It will take me some time to heal this wound, though, for it was a magic weapon, but I'm doing well.”
Thor beamed his usual bright smile at him and suddenly he remembered what Tony had told him a few weeks back. That, in his opinion, Thor tried to win him over. He was tremendously kind to him whenever they met, but to whom was he not? Maybe that only came to his mind because Tony was now clearing his throat behind his back. Actually he had thought that they had passed this jealousy nonsense, especially after they had made out. He clearly needed to stop giving him that attitude.

“Would you be so kind?” Thor gestured towards one of the empty chairs and Tom nodded frantically and helped him sit down.

He might have just touched Thor a little bit longer than what was necessary. Just to tease Tony, successfully as it seemed. The male was fuming beside him.

“Did Loki tell you something? Why he does that. What he is planning?” Tom's voice was soft, trying to coax him to bring him into the loop.

But the god only opened his mouth before shutting it again, as if he wanted to say something, but couldn't find the right words. Blue eyes just faced the table in front of him.

“Thor? What is it?”

Everyone's eyes were on the god now and Thor only grimaced and pulled a piece of paper out of the pocket of his pants. He placed it on the table and shoved it over to Tom, who picked it up hesitantly, not knowing whether he really wanted to know now. As soon as he saw the photo, he inhaled sharply. This couldn't be. The shock was written on his face and breathing suddenly got incredibly hard. He felt as if he was suffocated. Tom swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to force himself to speak, all while his fingers clawed at the crumbled picture.

“Did...Did Loki give this to you?”

Thor's face contorted in something close to disgust.

“Yes...” He admitted begrudgingly and lowered his head. “I fear my brother really does make trouble within your realm.”

Tom let go of the photo and instinctively took a few steps back until he was backed up against the wall. This could not be happening. Loki couldn't drag them into this. They were innocent. He felt his hands shivering and ran a hand over his face, trying to calm himself. Meanwhile Tony had taken a glance at the photo and Tom noticed how he looked at him sympathetically. But he chose to ignore it, closing his eyes in resignation.

“Loki wanted to be seen.” Thor began again, hand clenched into a fist. “He told me he would kill me personally if his scheme in the other world wouldn't go as planned...”

“So he does run amok there?” It was a helpless exclamation from Steve's side, meaning no harm, still it made Tom cringe and he immediately apologized.

“Is there a possibility to get after him? I mean, it's been two months, any progress on the science side?” Clint asked, looking up to Tony, who still stood near the table.

“Not without a substitute for the tesseract, or any other comparable energy source.”

“I still can't think of how my brother had crossed dimensions. Not one artifact was taken from Asgard's vault. But Loki is a powerful sorcerer, he could have found another way...” The blonde god puzzled over this, screwing his nose.
Tom watched as the Avenger's tried to find a solution for their problem, until his gaze fell on Steve, who got up from his chair.

“Stark, may I have a word with you?”

Both men stepped aside, out of earshot. Tony looked more than just a little bit skeptic, but his expression soon turned into a flabbergasted one after Steve had said something to him. Tom didn't know what they were talking about, couldn't hear them. Only after Tony seemingly nodded his consent, he stalked over to him, using the current distraction of Thor's ranting to his advantage. A hand touched his arm, trying to soothe the tension.

“You okay?” He whispered, but Tom gave no reply. “I need to check on something real quick. Steve wants to…”

“It's fine...Go.” Tom interrupted him without looking into his eyes.

Tony sighed at the neutral tone and took his hand off.

“Okay. Will be back soon.” He said and eyed him up for a moment, before walking back to Steve and leaving the room with him.
The end justifies the means

Chapter Summary

Tony finds out what Bruce and Steve are up to.

Chapter Notes

Puh. Finally an update, right?
Sorry to keep you all waiting. But most of the stress and family issues have been resolved, so yeah, starting to feel better again.

Thank you all for your support. I really appreciated all the kind words. You guys really helped me out <3

I really hope you'll like the new chapter. A big thanks to my new Beta Slytherinne <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hesitantly, Tony went along with Steve, but not without casting one last doubtful glance over to Tom. That miserable look on his face made his heart sting. He didn't want to leave him here, to feel so dreadful as he looked. But he was way too curious for what the Captain had in store, his curiosity was too strong to ignore the invitation and stay here. Tony cursed himself, they shouldn't have argued this morning. Fuck. He shouldn't have behaved like this. If he hadn't missed that call, the situation between them might not have escalated. Granted, no one could have guessed what would come out of it, it wasn't entirely his fault. Still, now his lover was standing there hunched over at the wall, pitiful and hopeless, and he couldn't help him. To be honest, Tony wasn't even sure if he wanted that right now.

But even if that was the case, he wanted to pull him into his arms and card his fingers through that soft hair, comforting him. Doing that here probably wouldn't do either of them any good. SHIELD would probably throw them both into a cell if they were to find out. It was funny though that it didn't bother anyone that Thor cuddled with Tom whenever they saw each other. Were he to be the one touching him, the assassins would very likely interrogate him on the spot. The blonde god was really getting on his nerves lately. He should seriously stop trying to pinch his boyfr... No, not going there. Definitely not jumping on the relationship train just yet. This wasn't anything that would last, of course. He knew it, but he hated it at the same time.

“Stark?” A concerned voice made him look up into skeptical blue eyes. “Ready?”

Tony shrugged. Just now he had been dying to find out what Steve and Bruce had been up to, but the only thing his mind could focus on now was Tom. Nothing else mattered anymore. It was pathetic. Never had anyone driven him so crazy, forced his mind off of the most important things. Fuck science. Fuck SHIELD. Tony wanted to steal Tom away right now and never come back to this forsaken place that dragged him down like this.

Steve nodded and gestured for him to follow. Tony flew through the corridors, trying to walk as
fast as possible so he could get back to his lover. The Captain kept pace with him without a problem. This superhuman stuff always bugged the hell out of him. He totally blamed Howard for his Captain-America-aversion.

“So, what is it you want to show me exactly?” The downcast look on Tony's face was answered with a shameful one. The engineer didn't really know how to interpret this. When the other stayed silent, Tony narrowed his eyes and tried to tickle some information out of the larger man through some teasing. “Is this about the thing between you and Bruce? Actually thought you two had something going.”

Tony could see how Steve flinched at his words. Far too much fun. Every single time.

“I mean, the way you two cling to each other lately. Not that I would mind. I've had far worse. Yes, definitely worse. You see, it's not that bad. I could imagine that Bruce is a beast when it comes to...”

Tony continued to babble while Steve's mouth dropped open in bewilderment.

“I... uhm.” The blonde tried to explain himself, his face turning a bright red, but he was cut off almost immediately.

“Hey, I'm the last person who judges.” The inventor held his hands up in defense when he saw him scowling.

“That's not what we've been doing...” Hands ran over his face and he looked at the ceiling while Tony grinned at him like an idiot.

“Coming outs are nothing special anymore. Everyone's been doing that lately. Being gay is in, you know?” Tony grinned, knowing fully well that the teasing wound him up. By the time he finally shut up, Steve's face was as red as a tomato.

“Stark, please...” Steve pleaded, embarrassed and slightly annoyed by the teasing.

“You don't need to be ashamed, Captain. It's perfectly normal that-”

“Tony.” Steve tried one last time, the indignant murmur forcing its way out of his throat. “We are just working on something together. Nothing more.”

Sure, Tony had suspected so much. He doubted that Steve would ever get over his sexual awkwardness. At least not when guy on guy action was involved. Gramps was still stuck in the forties in that matter. He wondered what Steve would do when he found out about him and Tom. Not that it really mattered, but provoking him never failed to cheer Tony up. He really needed that right now, but Steve seemed to be serious.

“So?” Tony pressed and stuck his hands into his pockets, that little bit of fun already forgotten.

Before the taller man answered him he looked around, as if he was sure someone was listening. Tony exaggerated the gesture. When he didn't see anyone, he shot him a disconcerted glance.

“What?” The engineer spat, slowly becoming more than just confused about his behavior. Patience was not something he could muster now. The longer he beat around the bush, the more exasperated he got. This man was keeping him away from Tom, so fuck his stuttering and secretiveness. He should just spill his guts and get on with it.

“I'll tell you once we have reached the lab.” If the hissing sound was anything to go by, Tony
would say that Steve was just as annoyed as he was. So he just wrinkled his nose and rolled his eyes.

“Fine. Fine.”

Once they arrived at the lab, Tony noticed that this was not the lab Bruce was usually in. Something was seriously off here, either top secret work, even for SHIELD's standards, or it was illegal and non-authorized. That would actually explain the tense look on Steve's face. A smile crept onto Tony's lips as they entered the room. Who would have thought that the loyal and always good captain would do something behind SHIELD's back? Now he only needed to figure out what exactly this was. The blonde stepped past him towards Bruce, waving his hello.

“Doctor Banner...”

Bruce only nodded in reply, typing something into the console in front of him. He didn't even need to look up to know that Tony's mood was far from good.

“Could we cut the courtesies and get to the point? What's up with the people today? Everyone avoids saying something outright. Tell me why I'm here.”

It was now that Bruce raised his gaze. He seemed underwhelmed by the venting, but turned around nonetheless. Bruce was never one for participating in vain discussions or ranting, and this reserved attitude had probably spared him a lot of trouble. Tony envied him for his reluctance, even now he wasn't deferring to Tony's ranting.

“We think we have found an alternative energy source comparable to the tesseract.”

It was said so indifferently, but made Tony's heart stop dead in his chest. It couldn't be true. This was what they had anticipated. The goal they had strived for. So why was this making him so furious? He knew why, it meant they had taken another step towards Tom leaving. Tony hated the thought of it, he really was an awful person.

“You're not happy about this?” Steve blinked at him in confusion, and Tony tried to dispel the seething anger inside of him. Bruce only shot him a knowing glance.

“No, I'm thrilled. Can't you see?” It came out as a sneer. Sarcasm was the only form of reply he could manage right now. “Come on, tell me.” Tony sighed after rethinking his approach.

“You know that Hydra synthesized weapons from the tesseract's power.” Bruce began, focusing his attention back on the screen while Tony came nearer.

“Yep, got that.” He muttered as he watched a blueprint appear on the screen.

“And that Shield had tried to change these weapons into something more advanced?”

“You mean during the New York incident.” Tony clarified and Bruce nodded.

“The ones we have found on the carrier weren't the only ones.” The inventor raised an eyebrow. This wasn't exactly anything new.

“So? They're useless without the tesseract.” He looked around the moldy room, his attention already dwindling.

“This is what we thought, yes.” Okay, this definitely woke him up. “We found a prototype SHIELD worked on. They've managed to synthesize an energy source, and believe me when I say I
don't have a clue how. The magnetic waves it gives off are similar to those of your reactor.”

Tony inhaled deeply, trying to fathom what he had been told just now. There was really no way that anyone besides himself would be able to do that. Especially within SHIELD. This had to be a joke.

“Please tell me you're joking, and what do you mean you found a prototype?” Tony cocked his head to the side, examining both men. “You don't want to tell me these things just lay around on the floor.”

Bruce stared at him blankly like he always did when Tony said something stupid. Then he averted his gaze and sighed.

“Of course not. Steve sort of stole it.” Bruce admitted and took off his glasses to massage his temples. The blonde super soldier sighed in affirmation, as if this was the most shameful thing he had ever done in his life. Could be true as far as Tony knew.

“You stole from SHIELD? Fuck, nice.” Tony walked over and patted the man on the shoulder. “Wouldn't have thought you would do this. It's even better than a coming-out!” He beamed and Steve scowled.

The laughing died down when Bruce narrowed his eyes.

“What?”

“Nothing, nothing.” The doctor shook his head. "I'm working on extracting and stabilizing the power source. The capacity looks promising. That is if the data is correct.”

“You sure?”

The words had hardly left his mouth before he bolted towards the screen again. Tony hadn't meant to actually say that out loud. It was barely more than an attempt to stall time. He needed to know how far Bruce had come with that and how much time he had left. Damn him for being smart. His eyes darted to the data, trying to figure it out.

“Yes, as far as my knowledge for theoretical time and space travel goes.” Bruce smirked, and really, he should have seen that coming. “Data looks good, that's all I know until I run more tests.”

“How long do you think it will take to get that thing working?”

Tony looked over Bruce's shoulder, quickly scanning the numbers.

“Can't tell. Right now, we try our best to keep our work a secret. We can't work when SHIELD is on our backs. I don't even know if they want him to leave. At least no one is working on a solution.” Bruce exchanged a glance with Steve, who only wrinkled his nose.

“Wouldn't it be better to let me have it then?”

Fuck, since when was he such a manipulative bastard? Was he really trying to delay their work for his benefit now? Yeah, pretty much. He hated himself for it. Just a tiny little bit off course, but it was worth it. If it meant that he had more time with Tom, he would do anything. Only now Tony noticed that both men were looking at him as if he couldn't really be serious. Which wasn't far from the truth. Sure, he was curious about this weapon, wanted to fool around with it. Hell, he'd die to get his hands on that prototype. But that would have to wait for now.
"I don't think that's a good idea." Bruce said, destroying Tony's hope to control the situation. "Even with S.H.I.E.L.D. on my tail, I'll be able to work better here."

Tony only grumbled in response.

"I don't want to see you in any strange situations. I already had my fair share of that."

Tony's mouth dropped open, and he pretended to be insulted by that, even if it was true. The man had walked into some crazy things since he had offered him a working space in the tower. Still, there was no need to bring that up. As if that was the daily basis. Granted, there had been times Bruce had seen him every other day with a different person, but he had been good for the last few months. No one cared for that of course, or Bruce was aiming at him and Tom. Why exactly had he told him that he had an interest in the actor? Right, he hadn't. The man could just read him too damn well. Brown eyes darted to the back of the doctor's head when he raised his voice again.

"Apropos... Why didn't you bring Tom with you?" Tony realized from the corner of his eye that Steve was eying him up, clearly not understanding the coherence. "Wouldn't he be happy to hear that?"

That sneaky bastard. But yeah, he probably would be. Tony would tell him later to cheer him up, get his mood going into the right direction. Couldn't leave him devastated like this.

"He is jazzed at the moment." Tony stated and heard an acknowledging harrumph.

"Then wouldn't it have been better to bring him?" Bruce answered with a hint of concern in his voice as he studied the screen. "Thought you two were inseparable now."

Where did this man get his information from? He was always spot on.

"Huh, come on, Captain Blondie here said it was top-secret." He gestured to Steve with his hand. "I will tell him later, don't worry."

Great. Now his thoughts were back on Tom again. He needed to get back to him, get them both home. Needed to apologize and make him smile again. The realization that he had left him alone with Thor struck him and now he really wanted to go back. There was no way he would let Thor console him.

"Even without him here, Fury will ask questions. The more people are gone, the more likely for him to get suspicious." Steve added, still leaning against the wall next to them, a frown on his face.

"He will be no matter what. He's the best spy on earth." Tony griped, to the amusement of his team mates. "So, anything you need from me?"

"Might need you to come back here once I'm ready to run tests." Bruce said. Tony shrugged. No problem with this.

"Fine with me. In any case, send me the blueprints of that thing. Want to play around some. Can't let you have all the fun."

Bruce nodded and before anyone said anything, Tony was out of the door. He flew through the corridors to get back to the bridge and the sight that greeted him was irritating. His lover sat between Natasha and Thor, with Thor noticeably closer. It seemed as if both were comforting him, Natasha nodding in agreement to Thor whispering. A hand was stroking Tom's back and Tony could feel his blood boiling. Why didn't he get to touch him whenever they were together. He really wanted to slap Thor's hand away when he came closer to the table.
“Nicky.” Tony hissed, eyes fixed on the fingers drawing small circles. He was having trouble restraining himself at the moment. “Anything else you need from us? Or was this just us having a little bit of smalltalk? I sure as hell haven't heard any reasonable solution from you.”

The triumphant smirk that graced Fury's face made Tony nervous.

“Nice of you to ask, Stark.” Tony grimaced at the fake politeness. “You will go on a weekly patrol, starting today. We will monitor the places Loki has been sighted. Make sure the bastard gets caught when he dares to show up again.”

Just why did he ask again? This clearly was the payback for missing his calls. He didn't think anyone else was on duty but him. Great. Exactly what he needed.

“Whatever.”

Tony groaned, and Fury rolled his eyes in annoyance. Sometimes he wondered why he was still invited to any of these meetings, why they bothered to keep him around. Sure, he was useful to SHIELD whenever a catastrophe struck Earth, but now? It would be easier for Fury and himself to stay out of each other's way. Tony took another step to where Tom was sitting and tapped him on the shoulder, forcing him to turn around to actually be able to look into his eyes, the hand sliding off his back.

“Can we go?” Tony said drily and met fatigued blue eyes.

Tom seemed to consider it and cast an apologetic look over to Thor, who stared back grimly.

“Yes.”

Tony could see that Tom obviously wanted to stay longer, still he heaved himself up from the chair and went to stand next to him, making it unbelievable hard for Tony to resist touching him. So instead of giving in to his urges, he nodded at his team mates and turned on his heels, with Tom following him after a second. Only when they were out of sight, Tony dared to speak up.

“I need to tell you something.” Tom only sighed in desperation, clearly unnerved that he was forced to leave so rashly. “Hey, I know that this is fucked up and...” An upset chuckle silenced Tony mid-sentence.

“That is an understatement.” The disheartened voice next to him whispered. “I don't know what Loki does. I don't know what he plans.” Tom's face grew more and more bitter the longer he talked. “The only thing I know is that he threatens my friends, innocent people. I- Fucked up comes not even close...”

Never had he seen him so angry. He needed to do something about it, couldn't stand that he gave him that look. Before the slightly taller man could react, Tony pressed him against the wall, and not gently. His hands were fisted into Tom's jacket, startled blue eyes focusing on him.

“I know, I know. But we're working on it.” He tried, but Tom just huffed.

“That doesn't help at all. What should I do? I can't just-”

The actor was starting to vent, and Tony wasn't going to have any of it. He closed the distance between them and kissed him. The surprised gasp signalized him that it had been enough to calm, or at least silence the other man.

“Bruce told me that he found a way to make a portal.” Tony breathed into Tom's soft lips, barely
being able to keep himself from kissing him again. A hand cupped his cheek, thumb caressing the milky skin. “It will take some time. Time I want to spend with you happy, and not pulling such a face. Everyone works hard for you, so stay positive for god's sake.”

“Sorry. I know.” Tom wanted to avert his gaze, but Tony wouldn't let him. He held his chin in place, smiling softly at the now stuttering man in front of him. “It just drives me crazy.”

“No shit. I get it, I do. Anyways,” He backed away and started walking down the corridor “I'm sorry for all of this. If I had known it was important I would have gotten that call.”

“I thought Tony Stark wasn't the one to apologize.” Tom teased as he fell into step next to Tony, affection layering his words.

“That's right. But I can't stand the thought of you looking like a hurt puppy. That was a one time thing so cherish it.”

Tom didn't said anything after that. He just chuckled and shook his head in silent amusement.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and tell me what you think <3 They always help me get new ideas and inspiration <3
I'm sorry I am late! It was meant to be published way sooner. I am so sorry <3
So yeah I like such chapters. Sorry =,)
I actually added a complete timeline and this chap plays on the 11.11, if anyone should
be interested in this.

On another thing. I would love to have your input on something. Would you want
Bruce and Steve to have something going? Or rather not? Until now there's nothing
but speculation, so I would love to have your opinion on it =3

And last:
A huuuge thank you to my Beta Slytherinne! You do a fantastic job and teach me
words I not once heard in my life haha. Thanks for working with me <3

“You know I still hate you for making me do this every day.” Fingers brushed gently against the
rim of the other man's shirt. “This shit takes up time we could use way better.”

“Oh, I know.” A loving voice whispered back. “But just because I'm here doesn't mean you don't
have to do your work. You will go onto patrol tomorrow as well.”

Tony sighed. He had tried to evade the extra work Fury had offloaded on him, but Tom had made
sure to pester him enough these last few days to actually get him to fly his patrol. Up until now
there had been no sign of the god whatsoever. No one had seen him since the day he had wounded
Thor, which was good for everyone. This gave him some quality time with Tom, without anyone
interfering. Except for the stupid cat that was always near him. And they needed the time. Tom
was in a bad mood after Loki was sighted, and he had to cheer him up again. Not that Tony
minded, especially when it worked.

“You're killing me here.” Tom snorted at Tony's petulant face. “This shit takes up way too much
time of day. Time I want to spend with you, since you still refuse to sleep in my bed.”

Tom looked apologetic at this, fingers playing with Tony's shirt. “It's just kind of strange.”

Tony just hoped that this awe would eventually disappear.

They were snuggled up against each other on the couch watching TV. A trivial thing, but it
worked. Tony had his arm around Tom's shoulders, leisurely stroking his arm, earning small
pleasured hums for his effort. Neither of them were really paying attention to the random drama
that played on the screen. A yawn next to Tony snagged his attention.

“Bored?” He said and nuzzled the slender neck with his nose only to get tickled by a strand of hair.
“Your hair has grown.”

“A little bit.”

“We need to change that.” Tony purred and pressed his lips against the tender flesh, shooing Loki
away and maneuvering Tom onto his back.

“I have the feeling you don't mean the hair.” Tom sighed and leaned into the touch, a hand reaching out to grasp Tony's neck, pulling him in.

“We will tackle this later.” Tony murmured before licking the shell of Tom's ear. “Now I have something else in mind.”

“Who would have thought.”

For a moment, he looked at the flushed man underneath him. His hands were resting next to his face, supporting his weight so he could tower over him. Tony felt his excitement growing when long legs wrapped around his waist, dragging him down until their groins touched. Both men moaned in unison at the delicious friction, this was definitely a far better way to spend their time. As Tony moved in on Tom for a kiss, his phone started ringing. And by now he wanted to throw the stupid thing into the ocean. He growled deep in his throat trying to ignore the ringing, but Tom shot him a glance.

“A different ring tone.” Tony muttered when he continued trailing his tongue over soft lips. “Not Fury.”

“I hope that for your sake.” Tom bit down lightly on the invading tongue. “That could have ended in disaster.”

“It was worth it” He retorted and pressed his lips to Tom's, moaning at the contact.

Tom chuckled into the kiss appreciatively, and pressed his heels against Tony's lower back. Both men were grinding against each other wantonly, but just as Tony startled fiddling with Tom's belt, the doorbell rang. He definitely had enough of people interrupting them. With determination, Tony kissed his lover again, trying to savor the moment as long as possible. But the ringing didn't stop and soon Tony grew tired of the sound, sitting up to yell at his AI.

“What the fuck!” Instead of raging like Tony did, Tom only sighed in frustration. “Jarvis?”

“It seems that these are your teammates, Sir.”

Tony knitted his brows and looked back to Tom, who didn't have a clue as to why the Avengers would be standing in front of his door. He didn't really seem to care at all, because his fingers were in Tony's hair again, playing with the soft, short strands, distracting him and guiding him back down. Tony complied gladly, bending down again to place kisses on his jawline.

“Sir.”

“Jarvis.” Tony replied blankly, not bothering to look up. He let his hands wander under Tom's shirt, making the man under him shudder.

“According to your schedule you organized a movie night today.” Now Tony looked up skeptically.

“Was I sober when I planned this?”

“The appointment was made about two months ago, on the eighteenth of September.”

“Probably not, then.” He dropped his head in disappointment. “Fuck, sorry.” Tony cupped Tom's cheek and kissed him one last time before he got up.
Tom only shook his head.

“It's alright. At least it's not boring anymore.” Earning a huff from Tony.

“You didn't look bored just now.”

At this, a soft laugh escaped Tom, and his hands crept around the inventor's waist.

“If the shoe fits.”

“Oh shut up.” The amused chuckle echoed in his ear. “You get cocky.” Tom smiled against the lips which briefly came down to his again. “Fine, let them in, Jarv.”

“Very well.”

With a click, the front door opened and Tom straightened the collar of his shirt, only to get it wrinkled again by Tony's hand which had snuck around his shoulder.

“Don't you want to keep distance?” Tom asked, somewhat baffled by the gesture.

“Why should I?”

“I thought you didn't want them to know?”

Tony turned his head and snapped a finger against the back of Tom's head.

“I'm not ashamed of you. And we're just casually chilling on the couch. Nothing's wrong with that.” He leaned in again to move his lips over his ear, hot breath making the hair stand up.

“Yes, how could anyone misinterpreted this?” Tom joked and pushed him away just in time when Clint stalked around the corner of the living room.

Thor, as well as Bruce and Steve followed him into the room and Tony was about to greet, but Clint was already getting into his face, waving a six pack of beer under his nose.

“Hello, Stark.” The cheeky voice blasted, flashing his teeth in a smile. “How is our cute couple today?”

Tony didn't answer. Not that Clint would actually listen, anyways, it was more of a thing between them. The archer's attention had already shifted towards the blonde god who carried all kinds of grub, unloading it on the coffee table. Steve had movies in his hands and gestured to Bruce to choose a place to sit, before he sat down himself right next to him, offering a small nod to the grumpy looking engineer. The captain saw how disgruntled Tony was, so he kept quiet and let the god and the hunter make noise.

“Hey, Bruce, you don't look so good. Long night?” Tony gestured towards the tired looking doctor, whose eyes were dark and heavy. Bruce waved it off.

“Working.” He yawned and flinched when the tiny black furball jumped on his lap. It purred and pushed up into his hand, the kind of thing it never did to Tony. God, he hated that thing.

“Definitely know that feeling.” Tony glanced over to Clint, knowing that he shouldn't go into detail there. At least not when Bruce's portal tests should remain a secret.

Tony rolled his eyes when the archer stared back blankly, and wanted to look at Tom for sympathy, but the actor was already on his feet, greeting the Avengers. Though they were his teammates, they
really got on his nerves these days. Especially Thor, whom he was now hugging. Tony grinned in fake politeness, wanting nothing more than steal his lover from that blonde alien. Okay, definitely not a healthy behavior. He supported his head on his hand and focused his gaze on the screen, trying to ignore how cheerful and happy both men seemed to be to meet again.

“Thor, how are you?”

How should he be. It's barely a week since they had seen each other. They acted as if they hadn't met in ages.

“Much better, friend.” The god replied and returned the hug, lifting Tom from the ground.

Steve leaned over from his seat, whispering.

“They really do that all the time?” His confusion was only matched by his blush. When Steve noticed this behavior, it was more than obvious and Tony didn't just imagine it.

“Unfortunately.”

Tony grimaced until he felt something cold against his arm. A beer was offered to him and he gladly took it, even though beer was not something he'd prefer over his scotch. He clinked bottles with Clint and took a sip, observing how the hunter slammed down onto the last of his available expensive leather armchairs. A quick glance to Bruce and Steve told him that even those two were looking at Thor and Tom in confusion, the captain even raised an eyebrow at them. Soon he cleared his throat, forcing the attention of the room on him.

“Any suggestion what we should watch?” Steve asked, trying to break the awkward silence and held out the blu rays he had brought with him, only to get them snatched away.

“Action.” Clint proclaimed, and jumped off the chair to put the disc into the player. Steve wanted to object, but wasn't fast enough to do so. The snarky grin on Clint's face promised that he had chosen the movie the captain liked the least. Tony briefly wondered were Natasha was. Normally the woman wouldn't let him walk around alone.

“Hey, hunter-boy. Where's Romanov?”

Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw that Tom sat down next to him again. Which would have been great if Thor hadn't decided to take the place on the other side of his lover.

Clint just shrugged and sat down with his beer.

“Dunno. Didn't ask.”

A suitable answer. Sometimes he envied their relationship, when you could call it that. Everything seemed to be so easy when your partner didn't stress you out because you came home late or didn't call. The movie started after Clint had finally been able to operate the universal remote and Jarvis had dimmed the lights. Tony casually lay his free arm over the back rest behind Tom's back, finger brushing his neck on purpose, unseen by anyone else. He could see the shiver that ran down Tom's back and he smirked into his bottle while watching the predictable action movie. A munching sound caught his attention a little later and Tony turned his head to see that Tom was also staring in fascination at the source of the noise. Thor had his hand in one of the chips bags and basically inhaled everything that was in his reach. For about ten minutes they both watched him eat, astounded at how much he could scarf down in so little time. Asgardian appetite never failed to amuse him.
It was half way into the movie that Tony had to stifle a yawn. And judging by the expression on Steve's and Bruce's face, they were just as bored as he was. It seemed that only Clint and Thor were enjoying this flick, and the blonde thunderer couldn't just keep his mouth shut about it. Whenever something fairly interesting happened, he 'whispered' how awesome it was to Tom. The whispering wouldn't have bothered Tony had it not been for the occasional laughing next to him, and the charming smile that was aimed at his lover. He really needed to pull Thor aside and come clean about his relationship with Tom. His flirting was unbearable, and maybe telling him would stop that. At least he hoped so. Tony moved his free hand, touching the actor's shoulder and applied a little bit of pressure, wanting him to scoot closer. It was too dark for anyone to notice, but he could see how Tom was raising an eyebrow at him.

“Hmm?” Tom whispered, not really knowing what was up.

“I just claim what's mine.” Tony just answered blankly, taking his eyes off the TV and letting them wander over the delicate features of the man's face.

“What...?”

“I can see how he looks at you.” He gritted out while emptying his bottle.

Tom just sighed. He had clearly had enough of Tony's talking about this.

“If you keep this up everyone will look at you.” He then chirped back, looking past Tony to gesture at the others.

Tony rolled his eyes, but didn't take his hand away.

The movie got even more stupid the longer they watched. Bruce was already asleep when Steve groaned in annoyance at a particularly dumb scene. This thing was far longer than Tony had expected. The moment he stretched his tired limbs, Tom slipped from his embrace and got up. Tony followed him with his eyes, trying to catch a glimpse of that firm ass without anyone noticing. Much to his displeasure, Tom didn't come to his spot again, but sat down on the armrest of the couch, way too far away. He had gotten himself something to eat, despite the fact that the whole coffee table was full of snacks.

Tony narrowed his eyes to make out what he had in his hands and gulped when Tom brought the thing to his lips. It was an ice cream bar from the fridge, that damn sugar lover. The movie was completely forgotten when Tony saw those lips close around it, sucking the treat deeper into that warm mouth. His satisfied expression was all he could focus on, and he licked his own lips when a drop of melted ice cream ran down Tom's chin. He couldn't help imagine the ice to be his cock when that delicious tongue darted out to lick over it, the bar sliding in and out of his mouth.

Fuck. Tony shifted uncomfortably in his seat, already feeling the familiar stirring in his groin. Resisting the want and need to go over and shove his dick in between those lips, the image became soon to much, pants getting far too tight. Just before a moan could leave his throat a hand clapped his thigh, shaking him from his trance. Tony's heart skipped a beat, but the hand only belonged to Thor who laughed loudly at the TV screen, not even looking over at him. The move was still enough for Tony to retreat. Tom blinked when Tony stood next to him and bowed down to whisper into his ear.

“You're a little beast.” He earned the most innocent expression for it, which he believed was completely fake. “You're doing that on purpose.”

Tony grumbled and left to his personal bathroom. Not to actually use it, but to calm down. If his
teammates weren't here he could just take him on the couch, just as he had planned before they had interrupted them. It took him ten minutes to regain his composure and he hoped that Tom would be done with his ice by now, but his hope died down as soon as he took a step into his living room again.

There was a new treat now, a popsicle. He cursed silently and sat down on his spot again, trying to ignore the seductive play right in front of his eyes. Now the man obviously did it on purpose, because bluish eyes focused on him when a finger dragged over the cool sweet and vanished in his mouth. Tony felt his mouth watering at the sight of Tom sucking on his own digit. The popsicle was licked, sucked, kissed. How he wanted Tom to do this to him. Lips stretching around his length, tongue swirling around the sensitive head.

Damn. Tony grimaced as Tom smirked at him. He would get back at him for this. Neither of them noticed that the action movie had ended and the rest of the team was arguing on what to watch next. Unfortunately for Tony the popular opinion was to watch another one. Steve ignored Clint's bitching when he chose the movie, a drama. It was the last thing Tony wanted to watch, but so be it. The only thing he had eyes for was sitting on the armrest and sucking on that damn popsicle.

Bruce was only half awake now, still petting the cat and not impressed by the complaining around him.

“Why a chick flick, come on. We are all men. And you really want to watch that shit?” Clint shook his head and grabbed another bottle of beer.

“We watched your stupid movie now you watch ours. Easy as that.” Steve snapped back and Tony wondered who he meant with we.

Thor laughed then, causing everyone to look at him while he got himself another bag of snacks. “You are all so funny my friends!”

“Maybe Stark should choose.” Clint said and smirked at Steve, as he believed that Tony wouldn't pick a drama over an action movie, but gasped in disbelief when Tony groaned.

“I don't care.”

“What...”

Clint was sulking from there on, crouching on his chair, staring grimly at the screen. Tony had the same expression on his face, minus the pout. He should have said no to a drama, they always had the boring build up before anything happened at all. He found it funny that Steve liked that kind of movie. With a sigh he stood and walked into the kitchen to get himself something real to drink, deeply regretting planning the movie night. He poured himself a scotch, the dark, heavy, most expensive stuff. A hand found his shoulder and he stiffened immediately, only to relax again when he heard a charming voice breath into his ear.

“You don't look as if you are enjoying yourself.” Tom had moved in on him, a smile on his face, trapping him between the counter and himself.

Tony turned so he could face him, sending a glance over his shoulder to see that no one could see them here.

“You fucking tease...”

“I don't know what you mean.” The innocent voice cooed and Tony pushed him back until his back met the fridge. He gave a roll of his hip, pressing his body against Tom's, charming a almost
inaudible sigh out of him.

“You know exactly what I mean. You don't know what you're doing to me here...” Tony breathed against the man's neck. “First you flirt with Thor again. Hell did you like his hand on you? It certainly looked like it...”

Tom bared his teeth and wanted to snarl, but Tony's hand closed over his mouth before a tone could come out.

“And then you suck on that popsicle and God I couldn't think about anything else than feeling your lips and tongue on my dick.” Lust-blown blue eyes looked at him and he took his hand away, revealing parted lips. “Shoving my cock into your mouth.”

Tom blushed and looked down, trying to brace himself against the fridge when he felt another roll of those hips. He threw his head back into the side of the fridge, and Tony smiled, reveling at how dirty talk made him all flustered.

“You made me hard right next to Thor. Thank you very much.”

“I-" Tom stuttered, a hand cupping his chin. Now he certainly wasn't so cocky anymore.

“I would fuck you right here and now if they weren't here, take you on the kitchen counter.”

A small gasp escaped Tom and Tony wanted to lean in and kiss him, but the roaring voice of Thor made him back off.

“Thomas! Where are the drinks?” The god shouted and Tom winced at the interruption.

“I'll be there in a sec.” Tony grasped him by his waist and pulled him close, opened the fridge's door and got a soda out, pressing it into his palm. “Sorry.” Tom then said and nodded before wiggling out of Tony's arms and getting back to the others.

Tony didn't bother to return just yet, instead drowning his first glass of scotch in one go. The night went on, Tony drinking while the others fought over the movies until they all finally left at about three am. He had been thrilled to be alone, wanting Tom for himself, but when Tony came back into the living room the actor was already fast asleep on the couch.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment please <3
As far as Tom could guess, Tony was ecstatic. He didn't know why exactly, but the man had been euphoric ever since the movie night. It seemed fishy, so Tom was sure he was plotting something. The grin on Tony's face was more than enough confirmation, so he decided to stay close to keep an eye on him and send him on duty whenever necessary. Tony wouldn't leave the workshop unless Tom was there pressuring him, at least not when it was expected of him. Flying patrols and calling SHIELD to report weren't anything Tony deemed worthy of his time.

It was the second day in the workshop and Tony was working on a suit, music blasting. Tom couldn't tell which suit it was, but it definitely looked different from the others. It didn't have the trademark colors anymore. Instead, the whole surface was black. He had wanted to ask what it was for today, but when he looked up from his book the question stuck in his throat. Tom hadn't noticed it earlier, but the engineer really wore the same shirt, standing on the same platform, just like in the third movie. The small giggle turned into a laugh when Tony turned his head in confusion.

“What is it?” Clearly the man couldn't understand why he would laugh while he was experimenting on stuff, especially not while he had a book of Shakespearean plays in his hands.

“Nothing.” Tom shook his head, trying to hide his smile behind a hand.

“Yeah, nothing. That's why you're giggling like a school girl? Shoot.”

Tom wasn't about to respond, but Tony was now standing in front of him, looking down skeptically. There was nothing he could do when he was so close. He bit his lip.

“Well. There's a scene.” Tony was frowning now. “In Iron Man three in which you stand there, summoning your armor and dance, to Christmas music.” The frown turned into a look of irritation, so Tom tried to explain further. “It's the shirt.”

“The shirt.” Tony repeated and looked himself over briefly.
“It's the same, so I was reminded of it.”

Tom jerked when Tony turned around on his heels a moment later and without another word got onto the platform, smirk spreading from ear to ear. For a second Tom watched, dumbstruck by the sudden movement, dragging his hands over his face when Tony started to dance.

“Like this?” The inventor asked seductively, moving his hips to the beat of the music.

“God no!” Tom closed his eyes and laughed, feeling a mixture of vicarious embarrassment and amusement. It was just too much. The way Tony danced, if one could call it that, he looked like a clumsy stripper. It was obvious that he did it on purpose. Tom had seen Robert dancing and the man could move his body, but this was hilariously stupid. “It was way better in the movie.” He teased when he finally got air in his lunges again. “Very erotic.”

The sarcasm in his voice clearly didn't go unnoticed, but Tony just bowed and jumped off again, strutting towards his lover with a triumphant smile.

“I know. Sexiest man alive here.”

Tom couldn't really argue with that. Confidence was sexy, and Tony Stark definitely had that going for him. Not that this was the only thing that attracted him to Tony. His eyes scanned the man in front of him. Yes, Tony's body did things to him. It didn't help that he was wearing that tight shirt. Only imagining it under his hands made him swallow. Tom forced his gaze back up to meet brown eyes.

“I see you agree.”

Only when Tony exchanged a hand for him to take, Tom finally set the book aside. Dummy immediately took it, looking to put it somewhere safe and Tom couldn't help but patting the adorably clumsy robot. He was pulled off the bay he had been sitting on, arms wrapping around him and pulling him close.

“You know we should go out more often.” The inventor mumbled against the spot under Tom's ear before gently pressing his lips against the sensitive skin.

Tom felt himself melt under his touch and tilted his head back to give him more space.

“Why not. Something you have in mind?” Having some time off was a good idea.

His eyes were closed now, enjoying the little kisses and nibbles, leaning into him when hands wandered down to his hips. Tony was dictating the speed now, urging him to move with him. It didn't feel like dancing to him. More like slow and seductive grinding.

“Maybe take some days off. Go on a trip.” Tony purred and flicked his tongue over Tom's lips, rolling his hips and bringing their groins together.

“Is that so...?” Tom heard himself saying and he wondered how he was able to form an intelligible sentence while Tony rubbed against him. Those hands on his hips and the mouth lingering over his own, making him feel more and more lecherous. Never had he thought that the man would have such an effect on him.

“Yes.” Was breathed against his lips before the sensation disappeared completely. “As soon as I'm done here.” With this the inventor stepped back, leaving Tom stand there, dumbfounded.

He hadn't expected that reaction at all. Probably the payback for the popsicle incident. Such a
tease. Tom still blinked when Tony got back to his work and watched him for a few minutes, but eventually sighed and sat back down on the oriel. Even when Dummy brought his book back to him he couldn't quite wrap his head around the fact that Tony could deny him that easily. Normally it was always Tony who couldn't resist to touch him and now he was the one who left him standing here. He would get back at him somehow. If the man wanted to play, he was up for it. Such games were way too much fun to simply ignore. And he played the god of mischief for a reason. A last glance was cast over to the engineer, before Tom attended back to his book.

It took Tony more than a few hours to complete his work. Tom had fallen asleep somewhat after midnight, book lying on his chest as he huddled up in the small space of the oriel. A hand touched his shoulder gently, waking him as a result.

“Hey, wake up.” Tom jolted up, noticing only when he moved how sore his back felt. He blinked at the complacent look on Tony's face. “Let's go on a trip.”

“What?” Tom stuttered and grabbed Tony's wrist to look at his watch. “Now?”

It was almost four in the morning. Way too late and early at the same time. His unbelieving stare was met with smug one.

“Yeah, why not? Anything else you're up to?” Tom just groaned in reply until he felt a hand stroke over his cheek. “What? Are we getting too old to stay up late?”

“Talk for yourself old man.” Tom retorted and poked his arm playfully. “No, but seriously... We can't leave Loki here alone.” The victorious grin on the other's face made him wary though. “You didn't do something to him, did you?”

“Nah. Just solved this issue before it became a problem. Someone will look after that tiny fur ball from hell.”

“So you did plan this? I did have the feeling that you were planning something.”

“Smart boy.” Tony crooned and wanted to pull Tom up, but was met by resistance.

“Are you sure we can just leave? I mean, with everything going on at the moment?”

Tony grimaced at the look Tom gave him and rolled his eyes.

“I contacted them and let them know.”

“Doesn't mean that they permitted it.”

Tom quirked an eyebrow up when no immediate answer came. Instead the inventor only opened his mouth to speak and closed it a second later. “Maybe. Doesn't concern us though. They know, they will be able to deal with it. Come on, these guys are superheroes.”

The engineer grabbed Tom's hand and helped him to stand up, supporting the drowsy man when he was about to fall over his own legs.

“Fine then...” Tom sighed in defeat and let himself get manhandled.

“I always win.”

“No you don't...” A soft chuckle left him when Tony seemed to reconsider.

“No I don't.” He admitted then and didn't even look as if he was mad about that. “Which one.”
That didn't really sound like a question and Tom had trouble to comprehend what he had been asked just now.

“What?”

“Which car do you want to use?”

Apparently he had missed the conspicuous gesture towards the vehicles and he was suddenly completely awake when he finally grasped the meaning of the words that had come out of Tony's mouth. Tom gulped. His gaze switching from Tony to the cars and back.

“The Spyder!” Came quick like a shot and the other man started laughing at the enthusiasm in his voice.

“Good choice. She's my baby.” Tony said and placed a hand on Tom's back, steering him towards the beautiful white car.

They were two feet away from it and Tom still had the same baffled expression on his face. The marveling didn't go unnoticed by the engineer, who ran a hand over the hood affectionately.

“If you like the car so much...” Blue eyes narrowed in confusion when Tony leaned in to whisper into his ear. “I could fuck you in there.”

He was elbowed in the ribs for it. Still, Tom couldn't prevent the blush that crept onto his cheeks.

“I don't.” Tom started, a little perplexed by that dull statement. He was definitely meaning it, judged by the hand that now kneaded his neck.

“Or I'll just buy you your own.” By his tone of voice it sounded like he was joking, but with Tony Stark you could never be sure. Especially when he shrugged and got into the driver's seat without saying anything else. Tom was quick to follow, and kept looking at him as if he was crazy.

“No. No, no, no, no ,no!” He gestured with his hands when Tony started the engine. “You won't buy me anything.” It wasn't a question or a request, he was demanding it. Tony would not buy him a stupid car.

“You should fasten your seat belt.” Tony stated casually and out of reflex, Tom did as he was told before continuing his speech.

“Tony. I want you to swear that you won't buy me...”

He got rudely interrupted when the engine revved up and the car set in motion, way to fast for him to react in an appropriate way. Tom shrieked and clung to the seat, frantically looking straight ahead where the garage door came nearer and nearer and didn't seem to open.

“Tony?” There was no answer and Tom forced his eyes off the door to glare at Tony. “Tony!”

Of course the door opened right before they crashed. How could he be stupid enough to think that it wouldn't open automatically, everything here was fully automatic. Sometimes he wanted to tear his hair out over this man's banter.

“You're a jerk...” Tom sighed and hung his head, trying to calm himself, but started chuckling only a second later. “You're a dickhead, Tony Stark.”

“Sure am.” The billionaire grinned and shifted gears before one hand came down to rest on Tom's
thigh, squeezing softly.

Tom leaned back and looked out of the window, enjoying the small touch.

“Where are we going, exactly?” The actor asked quite a while later, running a finger over Tony's hand to get his attention.

“Wherever you like.” Was the simple answer.

“Huh?” So they had just drove what felt about an hour into a random direction, at five in the morning, that is. “I thought you had something planned?”

Tony ignored the question. “Is there a place you ever wanted to go?” His eyes left the road to look into blue eyes.

“I don't know... I... Never thought about...”

“Come on.” Tony teased and slapped the thigh in his hands lovingly. “Tell me.”

He was really thinking about it and the first place that came to his mind was...

“Vegas?” He mumbled indecisively, not really sure if this was what he wanted, especially not after looking into a baffled face. “Maybe?”

Tony smiled as he hit the breaks and pin-turned the car. “Vegas it is.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment for me, it make me happy <3
Early morning moodiness

Chapter Summary

They take a coffee break. Tony flirts, Tom doesn't like that.

Chapter Notes

Oh god I am so sorry! I had this lying around for some time, I'm sorry for taking so long!
Eh yeah. Vegas is next. Vegas will be hot. And fun and freaking hot. The chapter after the next is incredibly long. And the chapter after that will have some Loki again.
Wuh! Loki is also fun. And after this things start to get more serious. Stuff happens.
Lots of things and stuff. =,)

Again I can not express how much your support means to me, and I really hope you'll like this little chapter and look forward to some smut. Because I looked forward to it.

Thanks again to my beta <3 You make this so much better haha <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom had been fast asleep when Tony woke him up. The car was stopped when Tom sleepily opened his eyes to see that it was already bright.

“Where are we?” The actor mumbled, yawning. Looking around, he realized they were in the parking lot of what he could only make out as a diner.

“Taking a break. Need coffee.” Tony started massaging Tom's neck, and he groaned in delight because the muscles there were sore due to the uncomfortable sleeping position.

“I bet, you worked almost the whole day. How do you still keep your eyes open?” The following yawn made Tony laugh and he combed his fingers through his soft hair.

“I'm used to not getting enough sleep.” His hand left Tom's neck and he exited the car.

Tom sat there for a moment and looked after him, not sure if he wanted to follow just yet. His aching muscles suggested that he should get up and stretch, so he got out as well, squinting in the bright morning sun. A glance to Tony made him chuckle. The billionaire stood there in the sunlight wearing a big pair of sunglasses and smirking back at him. Apparently he always carried at least one pair with him. They suited him just like every other thing he wore, even though the smile that came along with it was a bit off-putting.

“Do you always make such spontaneous trips?” Tom asked while he took Tony's offered hand.

“Sometimes, but I always go to Vegas.” He dragged Tom along and moved to let his hand rest on his lover's hip.
Tom enjoyed the gesture of affection and leant into the man to get more contact, falling into step with him.

“You know all the strippers by name then?” The vague look Tony gave him made Tom laugh. He seemed to be quite startled, much to Tom’s amusement. “I’m just kidding.” He smiled, but then narrowed his eyes in fake consideration. “But your reputation would suggest that.”

“Oh shut up.” Tony joked and gave Tom's ass a playful slap to make him go faster. Tom almost jumped, but made no move to comply.

They entered the diner and fortunately for them, it was almost entirely empty. Except for a bearded teamer and an old couple. Only now Tom was able to finally find out what time it was and he stood there for more than a few seconds, staring blankly at the clock on the wall above the counter. Eight am. An ungodly hour when you just slept for less than four hours, in a cramped position. Sleeping in an oriel, as well as a car did his back nothing good. Tom would have kept on staring if his hand hadn't been grabbed at this point. He let himself be guided to a table a little bit farther off and slumped down across from Tony, who grinned at him knowingly.

“You look like crap.”

“Thanks. I enjoy sleeping all hunched up while waiting for someone to finish their work.” Tom countered with a lazy affectation of annoyance that made the other man laugh.

“Touché.” The engineer blinked and opened the menu, only to put it away again. “What do you want to eat?” He asked, leaning back to keep watch for a waiter.

With a shrug Tom stretched elaborately and yawned, making himself even taller than he already was and slightly catlike. The expression on Tony's face when he opened his eyes again was hilarious. The man looked as if he was enjoying the show.

“Mmh.” Tom mused, never taking his eyes from Tony's. He could see how those brown orbs followed every movement he did. “A bun, some sweet marmalade. Maybe some fruit. I actually would love that. A honey pomelo or a little bit of melon.”

He really would like to have that right now. Tom dragged his teeth over his own bottom lip, imagining the sweet and sour taste of a grapefruit. And judged by the the look on Tony's face, he would really like to see him eating this. After teasing him with a popsicle and taking note of it's effects, Tom had made this his challenge. Just how much could the other man take until he snapped. It was fun in a strangely sadistic way.

Apparently Tony had left imagination land, because his gaping turned into an amused huff. “No English breakfast?”

Tom chuckled softly and shook his head. “Not for breakfast, no. Way too greasy.”

“There’s no such thing as too greasy.” Tony proclaimed and smirked, only to receive an eyeroll in return.

Just when Tom wanted to answer, a young blonde woman came into their view, stopping at their table, holding a notepad in her hands.

“Morning, boys.” The waitress said cheerfully. “What can I get you?”

And just like that Tony was smiling at her, supporting his head on his hand while looking up.
“Hey sweetie.” The engineer winked at her and Tom raised his eyebrow at the behavior. “I'd like to have number three and some coffee please.”

Their waitress smiled back and turned to write on her notepad, blushing furiously.

“Sugar and milk with that?” She asked then, gaze switching back to Tony.

“Sure, dear.” With a nod, the female turned to Tom and wordlessly asked for his order, only to glance back to Tony a second later.

Even though Tom wasn't really amused by the fact that she was flirting with his lover, he still tried to be as polite as possible. “I'd like to have a bun, some marmalade and a sliced orange, please. Oh, and coffee.” Quickly answering her unspoken question, he added. “Sugar as well, please.”

He watched her leave a moment later, after she and Tony chatted a bit longer. Why was he flirting with that girl so obviously in front of him? Was this some kind of play? Payback for his teasing? Tom didn't know. The only thing he knew was that he didn't like it, it didn't matter whether he meant it or not. Tony was still looking after the girl before he turned his head to look into indignant blue eyes.

“You really have to flirt with everything that's got a heartbeat, don't you?” Tom asked, pouting.

“Do I sense jealousy here?” Tony grinned, now focusing his attention back on him.

“Jealousy?” It came out as a huffed laugh, even though it was true. He had to admit that he didn't like seeing Tony flirt with other people, and he felt stupid for it. This was Tony Stark, the playboy. It wasn't that he was about to cheat or anything. Still, there was that little voice in the back of his head that wanted him all for himself. “Weren't you the one who was jealous of Thor and, basically everyone else who came near me?” Tom sneered after taking a second to find the right words at which Tony in turn pouted. Okay, so they were both jealous.

“Wouldn't have thought that it would actually bug you.”

“It doesn't. It's just.” Tom wanted to explain, but was cut short by the cheeky female who came back with their coffee.

A thought manifested when she put down his mug.

“Thank you. You don't know how much I need this right now.” Tom chirped, taking her by surprise when he offered her an overjoyed smile.

“Y-you're welcome.” The waitress stuttered and blushed slightly, much to Tony's amusement.

“Okay, I got it.” The billionaire nodded and closed his eyes before he leaned over the table and kissed Tom lightly.

Tom could just blink in utter bewilderment, feeling a little bit uncomfortable to do this while someone watched them closely. But the female only started giggling uncontrollably and turned away to give them some space.

“Did you have to do this in front of her?” Tom's face instantly was red from embarrassment and he sighed when the lips left his. The answer was already displayed on the other's face. “God, you.”

“Hey, she sure is cute, no denying that.”
“I don’t do threesomes.” Tom narrowed his eyes and got laughed at a second after.

“Not? Don’t think you would love to be between two hot men? Picture yourself getting caressed by two sets of hands, two sets of tongues.” Tony smirked when Tom stared at him, baffled. “I didn’t mean that, stupid. Couldn’t share you with anyone.” He said a little later, obviously enjoying that he got him so worked up with just a few words.

Tom rolled his eyes before heaving a sigh, not even considering to answer.

“I’m too tired to play games Tony.” The other only nodded at this and watched in silence when the waitress brought their plates.

“You can sleep in the car.” Tony thanked her and turned his attention back to Tom, who rubbed his eyes.

“You sure? I mean, you must be pretty tired too and...”

“No need to keep me company. Actually, also don't want you to hear my singing.” A small smile crept onto Tom’s lips. “And I want you awake in Vegas. Since I have plans.”

He was still shaking his head at the look Tony shot him, when he reluctantly took the fork and picked at his food. Tom wasn't sure if it was good to leave in a situation like this. As much as he wanted to be alone with Tony, to finally enjoy some time with him, the thought of evading responsibility just wouldn't leave his mind. He stared down at his food. It looked delicious, but his appetite had vanished. This would lead to the same conversation as always, he knew, so Tom decided to not say anything.

“I can see that something's on your mind, princess.” Tony blankly stated and dug into his scrambled eggs.

The man was really too good in reading him. Or it was just him being too obvious. Anyway, Tom didn't want to talk about it. It would upset Tony and spoil their trip. Yet it nagged him. He shouldn't have left without asking these questions in the first place.

“So shoot.”

Fine. Tony would not give up anyway. So Tom sighed once more, not looking into the brown eyes that focused on him.

“Do you think it was right for us to just leave? I mean...”

“I know what you mean.” Tom was interrupted and with a groan, Tony sat his fork aside and grabbed his coffee instead. “It’s because of Loki.” The only thing that came as an answer was a nod. “The real one.” Tony added then and Tom frowned, only to smirk a second later. “Not the stupid cat.”

It was good that Tony didn't make a fuss out of it. It was enough when Tom took it seriously. He was glad that Tony had tried to loosen the situation, even though his jokes wouldn't be funny in any scenario. But now Tom just had to smile at the attempt.

“I said it before. And if it makes you feel better I'll repeat it for you. It doesn't help anyone to hole up.” Tom was sure that Tony could see him struggling. “Come on. You said it yourself. You can't do anything about it. Until Bruce finishes a stable portal we both can't do anything but wait.”

True. Not quite his words, but he was right.
“Funny thing is...” Tom began, still looking down at his breakfast. “I know all that and still I just can't enjoy...”

“Shut up.” Tony chirped back and leaned over to kiss Tom again, making him sigh at the gentle contact. How easily the man was able to get Tom's thoughts off the more important things. With just a kiss he felt better, more secure. He opened his eyes when Tony retreated and couldn't keep the smile off his face.

“Don't you have a problem with people finding out?” Tony followed Tom's gesture with his eyes, just now realizing that the only other guests were outright staring at them. “Nobody knows me here, but you? Not afraid that your reputation gets destroyed, playboy?”

Of course Tony detected the hint of amusement in Tom's voice and he huffed in reply. “What's up with all those questions today? Eat.” He ordered and Tom blinked at him, but finally started eating. “Gosh you're grumpy when you're tired. All those depressed thoughts and ideas.”

For a second Tom wondered if that was really the origin of his moodiness. Could be as far as he could tell. He watched Tony take another sip of his coffee.

“But no. I don't care. They can gossip as much as they want. It's not as if their opinion would matter anyway. Look at them. Gramps probably doesn't even know that planes can fly without pilots.”

Normally, Tom would do his best to squash the smartass attitude, but he found it strangely charming this morning.

“So could you stop worrying now and enjoy your food?”

Tom took the spoon and carved out some orange.

“You're pretty good at pretending that nothing happened.” He wanted to slap himself the moment the sentence came out of his mouth. It was nothing more than loud thinking. Fortunately for him, Tony didn't seem to mind.

“No I get what's happening, I will do something against it when it happens, but I won't waste any more time on thinking.” The man's voice suddenly turned bitter. “They already have taken so much time from us. I want to enjoy the time remaining. I don't want to waste another second.”

Tom gasped, suddenly realizing what it meant for Tony that they came closer to a solution. He grimaced.

“I hadn't thought about it like that...” He admitted and ran a hand over his face. Damn he really was selfish and stupid sometimes. They might had very little time left and he was only concerned about himself. Tony was right with what he said. And it made him incredibly sad.

“Hey, I didn't mean to drag you down. Just...” Blue eyes locked with brown. “Please, let us spend some time together.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment please <3
Dollars well spent

Chapter Summary

Still the 14.11 and the boys finally make it to Vegas to enjoy some alone time.

Chapter Notes

Early update thanks to my wonderful Beta! <3 *heart love*
Hope you all enjoyed this smutty chapter. There is never enough smut. The boys need to enjoy themselves before the plot strikes and things will get fucked up =)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Please, let's spend some time together.”

Tom nodded in agreement and remained quiet for the rest of their dinner. He needed to spend time with him, it had been days since they had any form of intimate contact. His body craved Tony's touch, but they hadn't had much time the last few days. Tony had had to work, was often away, and came home late. The patrols took away additional time from them as well. Maybe this was the reason he had organized this trip. Tom was thankful for the man's spontaneity and he looked forward to being alone with him in a nice hotel, far away from any problem whatsoever. How he would enjoy feeling Tony's hands on him again, though he would never admit it, Tony would brag about it for a week at least. The thought alone made him blush. They finished their breakfast in silence, Tom barely able to hide his excitement. When the billionaire had downed his second mug of coffee, he paid and offered Tom a hand.

Tom hadn't actually thought that he would fall asleep in the car again. But it had happened almost as soon as they started out. When he awoke, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, the car was noticeably slowing down. Tom looked out of the window, trying to make out where they were. A hotel sign came into view and he gasped before turning around to face Tony.

“You can't be serious.” Tom breathed as he clung to the window, admiring the view.

“Why not?”

Tom was speechless as he took in his surroundings. He couldn't help but stare at the Strip's bright lights around him. The car entered an expensive looking driveway and stopped next to the hotel's front doors. The door at Tom's side was opened by a valet and the actor blinked when the young male bowed his head.

“Welcome to the Aria Resort and Casino, Sir.” The valet held the door open for Tom. After glancing over to Tony, who was laughing at his astonishment, Tom got out of the car.

“Thank you.” The door was closed and the valet walked around to open the driver's door, but Tony had already gotten out, pressing the keys into his hand.
“Be careful with my baby. I don't want any scratches on her, clear?” Tony stated and got a nod in reply.

“Of course, Sir. Anything else I can help you with?”

“Actually.” Tony gazed at Tom in a way that the actor couldn't quite figure out, before he turned to the valet again. “I need two suits. Make an appointment with Gary Franzen. I want a room fitted this evening.”

They needed suits to be allowed in the casino, which meant Tony wanted to gamble. Tom had played poker with his friends before, but never bid large amounts of money.

“Consider it done, Mr. Stark.”

“Thanks.” Tony said and stepped around the car to stand by Tom's.

“No.” Tom said. Tony turned to look at him, puzzled.

“No?” The billionaire repeated.

“You heard me. You can't spend so much money on me.” He gestured widely, eyes pleading, but Tony just snorted.

“I can and will. Every dollar is well spent.” A hand found Tom's back and gently pushed him towards the entrance to the lobby.

“Tony. I don't feel comfortable with you paying--”

“Shush.” Tony was obviously done arguing, because he walked up to the reservation desk, ignoring the mumbling behind him.

“Mr. Stark.” A quite handsome man greeted them, dressed in a black suit, hair elegantly combed back. Even though he was smiling politely, Tom couldn't help but notice the incredulous look he shot him a second later. He knew the man was curious about him, no doubt, yet he remained perfectly calm. The staff at this hotel were probably trained to not ask any questions. “Glad to be able to welcome you again to the Aria Resort and Casino.”

Tom had expected Tony to be well-known here, but he really didn't want to know how many times he had been here. Both men seemed to know each other, because Tony only smiled back smugly.

“One or two rooms?” The receptionist asked. Tom felt the hand on his lower back pull him in until he was flushed against the engineer's side.

“I want the suite. You know which one I'm talking about.”

“Of course, Mr. Stark.” The smirk was matched and the man's hands flew across the computer keyboard. “You're in luck. The suite is available.”

Tom noticed Tony out of the he corner of his eye shooting him a triumphant look.

“Great.” The billionaire said in a sing-song voice.

“Do you prefer to pay now or after check-out?” The monotonous voice asked again, this time not looking up from his screen.

“Bill me, don't know how long we'll be staying.”
“Very well, Mr. Stark.” The receptionist handed Tony a keycard, which he took and stuffed into the pocket of his jeans. “Have a nice stay.”

“Thanks bud.”

The hand urged Tom to move, and he let himself be led into an elevator. He wanted to ask about the receptionist, but decided to hold his tongue.

“What did you book here?” He asked after the automatic doors shut behind them.

“You'll see.” Tony hummed back and placed his hands on Tom's shoulders, drawing circles with his fingers. He could see the lust in those brown eyes and Tom started fiddling nervously with his shirt, feeling the heat build within him.

“You did plan this, right? That we end up here?” The hands started wandering over his back to the curve of his ass and Tom inhaled sharply, trying hard to hide the shudder that ran through his body.

“Maybe. Might have heard you talk about it.”

The only time he had ever mentioned Vegas was on SHIELD's carrier, when they had casually talked about the locations Tom would rather be instead of in that cell. But he hadn't expected Tony to actually remember.

“And what—” Those hands were distracting, making him stutter. “What do you want to do now? Here, in Las Vegas I mean.” Not that the answer wasn't obvious. Except for making out of course. And there was the trademark smile that confirmed it.

“First we relax a bit, sleep a bit, maybe take a shower.” The word was emphasized and Tom closed his eyes when he thought about it. “And after we get our suits, we'll paint the town red.” He whispered seductively into his ear.

Just when Tom thought that Tony would kiss him, he backed off, smiling at Tom's flustered indignation.

“So eager.” He dragged a thumb over Tom's chin before he stepped through the opening doors.

For a moment Tom kept standing in the elevator. He had expected to step into a corridor, but there were two complete floors just for them. Tom just stood there, rooted to the spot, eyes scanning the lobby that opened into the luxurious furnished living room. A flight of stairs led to another floor, and Tom guessed that there was more than one bedroom. Tony needed to wave a hand in front of his eyes to get him to finally move out. He gazed up to the ceiling, wondering how high it was. More than thirty feet at any rate. And the whole window front was exactly this high as well. Tom hesitantly looked around. You could see the whole city from up here. This must be what it was like to look out of the Stark Tower. The suite was definitely Tony's style.

“Have you gaped enough?” Tom was so completely lost in the luxury of their suite that he missed the question completely. Tony came to stand behind him, he could feel how the man was grinning when he pressed his face against Tom's neck. “If this blows your mind, you'll love the second floor.”

Tom leaned into the touch, enjoying how close they were. This had to be extremely expensive, but Tony would hear none of Tom's arguments, so he willed away those thoughts and reveled in the feeling of Tony's hands on him.

“Let's take a shower.”
Tony took hold of Tom's hand and pulled him to the stairs. If Tony's bathroom back in Malibu was luxurious, this was a whole different league. This bath was twice as big. Tony was quick about discarding his clothes, dropping them on the floor and walking to the shower. Not one bit of shame visible on his features.

“You coming?” He threw over his shoulder, shaking Tom from his trance. The knowing smirk on his face was enough for Tom to avert his gaze, blushing furiously. Even though he was allowed and definitely encouraged to look, staring at him parading around starkers was still awkward.

Slowly, Tom removed his clothes and came nearer to the large rain-shower stall. The engineer had already turned on the water and stepped inside, standing under the water. Tony turned and offered his hand and Tom reached out for it, only to be yanked into the shower. He almost fell onto Tony, who laughed at Tom's disgruntled expression.

The water was the perfect temperature. It soothed his muscles after his uncomfortable sleep in the car. Tom had his eyes closed, savoring the moment. Without his noticing, Tony stepped behind him and let his hands slide over his arms, caressing the soft skin. It was a gentle gesture, but Tom felt his body react nonetheless. The light touch wandered to his neck, where Tony's hands started to massage, and Tom instantly dropped his head to make more room for him. He sighed and let Tony's fingers work their magic. If nothing else got you into Tony Stark's bed, his massaging skills would make anyone's restraint falter. Tom moved a little, and felt Tony's cock prodding his lower back.

“You're nice and aroused, aren't you?” Tom murmured, but didn't back off one bit. Feeling Tony wanting him so much was too much for him to not become aroused.

“Hey, I can't help it.” Tony crooned and kissed his lover's cheek. “I see you, how the water runs down that body of yours. God, you should hear yourself sometimes, the sounds you make.” One hand ran through Tom's wet locks now, all the way down his back. Tom could only manage to groan in response. “Hey, that's a good thing.” Tony breathed against Tom's ear as he reached for the shower gel and poured some into his palms. “You make me crazy.”

Tony's hands moved back to Tom's neck, kneading the body wash into his skin. They didn't stay there long, as they moved over Tom's arms to his chest. A small gasp escaped Tom when he felt fingers circling his nipple. He looked down when the hands traveled south to his navel, but didn't go farther. His own cock was already half hard, begging for attention and right now he wished that Tony would continue. But the man didn't make any indication to actually want to touch him there. Instead, the playboy's hands stuck to his chest, roaming, exploring every inch of his skin. He doubted that this was still about the shower gel, and it didn't take long until Tom was a shivering mess, the sensual ministrations too much for him to stay calm. He was panting, soft moans escaping his lips as fingers brushed his nipples again and again.

Of course Tony knew what he was doing to him, this was torment. One of his hands grabbed the shampoo and started massaging it into Tom's hair and he couldn't help but groan. Even the slightest touch made him dizzy to the point that he couldn't think straight. The teasing had to stop. Tom pushed himself back against his lover, needed more, but Tony didn't seem to react at all, just shoved him a little to the side to rinse the shampoo out of his hair. Tom let himself be manhandled, and he hung his head to see his erection straining against his belly. Damn. This game had to end now, because he couldn't handle any more of this torture. Turning on his heels, Tom wrapped his arms around the billionaire's neck, holding him close and leaned his forehead against his. Brown eyes shot up to look into lust-blown blue, surprised at his emboldened move.

“Tony please.” Tom breathed barely audible.
“What is it?” Was Tony's innocent reply. “Tell me what you want.”

Tom swallowed heavily.

“Touch me.” He mewled. “Please.”

Even though he'd asked for it, the slightly smaller man was blinking now, before shaking his head to clear his mind.

“Fuck. Anything you want.” Tony instantly had his hands on him again, sliding over Tom's smooth abs while he sank to his knees.

“No, I didn't mean--” Tom choked out before the words stuck in his throat. Fingers grasped his erection, stroking him, making him moan low in his throat.

He gasped when he felt Tony's hot breath on his cock, immediately looking down and biting his lip when he saw him smirking back. Tony licked from his balls to his head, teasing the sensitive skin with his tongue and earning a shudder from his lover. Tom's hands sank to Tony's shoulders for support, nails digging into them when Tony took his dick into his mouth and sucked. The sensation was almost too much for him to bear, the tongue swirling around the tip, pushing into the slit, all while his hand was still pumping him.

The only clear thought that formed in Tom's head was how much experience the other man had to know exactly where to put his tongue. God, he wouldn't last long if Tony continued like this. His gaze dropped, taking in the view of his lover bobbing his head. If the feeling of Tony's hot mouth wasn't enough, the view made him even more wanton. Tom tried to stand still, to not thrust into his mouth as Tony took him in deeper. Brown eyes opened and looked up at him knowingly, before Tony chuckled, sending vibrations through his cock. Tom bucked his hips involuntarily, growling with pleasure.

It was like no blowjob he had ever gotten before. The man was skilled, aiming every move with skill and ease. Tom couldn't believe how erotic this was, never had he thought that a man on his knees would arouse him so much. His hands were in Tony's hair now, tugging on it softly to encourage him further. The man was eager to please and seemed to enjoy it just as much as he did. With a wet sucking noise, Tony let Tom's cock slip out of his mouth, grinning up at him. One of Tony's hands urged Tom to spread his legs a little bit more, moving in between, applying pressure to his perineal area, charming a whine out of Tom. Through thick lashes he watched the other hand wandering to the man's own dick, beginning to stroke himself.

“Ah--ah FUCK! Tony” Tom moaned when his tongue descended once more and licked a trail from balls to head, his lips enveloping the head again as he sucked hard.

Tom's grip in the short hair became tighter, and soon Tom wasn't able to control the movement of his hips anymore. Everything was too much, the hot mouth on his cock, the fingers pressing against his grundle, and Tony's lecherous face made him arch his back. Tony let him fuck his mouth wantonly, moaning as his own hand sped up to match the rhythm of his mouth. It didn't take long until Tom felt his orgasm building and wanted to pull out, but Tony's hands grabbed his hips, keeping him in place. This wasn't good and Tom narrowed his eyes, but the pleasure was overwhelming and he shut his eyes in bliss, coming into his lover's mouth with a scream, all of which Tony swallowed eagerly.

A moment later left him shivering with the aftershocks of his orgasm, holding on to Tony's shoulders for support. Tony let the softening member slide out of his mouth, licking his lips and looking up at the exhausted man. His hands guided Tom to sit on his lap, his cock sliding in behind
his ass. Tony moaned next to his ear, rolling his hips to get more friction.

“You are so gorgeous.” Tony groaned. Tom blushed and buried his face in the crook of his neck. “I love watching you come...”

“Stop saying that...” Tom stuttered, wincing when he felt Tony's cock thrusting up against his backside.

“Nope.” A hand tilted Tom's chin up to look into his eyes. “Never.”

Tom drank in those brown eyes for a moment, before closing the distance between them and kissing him hard. Tony groaned into the kiss, pulling him in more, intensifying the rhythm of his thrusting, and came just a moment later. They sat quietly together, Tony nuzzling against Tom's neck and both of them panting against the other's skin. Silence fell between them, the only noise being the water dripping down on them. Tom suddenly felt the need to say something, tell him how much he meant to him, loved being with him. He chose to keep quiet, even though there was so much he wanted to tell him. Tony reached up and brushed a wayward lock of hair out of his face.

“Seems that we need to clean up again, huh?” He planted a kiss on Tom's cheek, smiling softly.

“Looks like it.” Tom chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter! Next one will be so damn long.
**A little bet**

Chapter Summary

Gamble time in Vegas with Mr. Stark.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for letting you wait! Gah.
But at least this chapter is the twice as long as the other chaps, so you are rewarded for waiting. <3

The next chapter is complete smut and after that shit hits the fan. It will be one of those turn-around chapters. Anyway, hope you all enjoy this extra long chapter! It's still the 14. of November.

Thanks again to my wonderful beta Slytherinne <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 43: A little bet 14.11

Tom was lying in bed watching Tony closely. The billionaire was on his back with eyes closed, a content smile on his face. He looked as if he couldn't be more relaxed. Tom felt good too, but his mind was not at ease. He cursed himself for not letting this thought go. It wasn't good that Tony had swallowed, they shouldn't have been so careless. When it came to Tony all common sense just vanished immediately, and Tom groaned at his own stupidity and buried his face in one of the pillows. This was so not like him, and he regretted that he hadn't insisted on pulling out; this reckless teenage behavior was dangerous.

Tony had obviously picked up on the sound, because he reached over and started stroking Tom's side.

“Okay, what's wrong now?” He drawled, eyes still closed when Tom looked over to him.

Tom had to muster all this willpower before he could speak. “We should be more careful.”

Brown eyes now opened to frown at him.

“What do you mean, careful?”

Tom focused the ceiling, unable to look into his eyes.

“More save. You know exactly what I mean.” It dawned on Tony when Tom scowled and his mouth turned into an ‘o’ before it was replaced by a smirk. How the man could find that even remotely funny was beyond Tom's perception. “This is dangerous and I don't--”

A pair of lips distracted him enough to forget the last part of his sentence. Tony was placing wet
kisses and licks on his shoulder, completely unfazed by what he was talking about. Tom's fingers raked through his short brown hair, tugging gently to get Tony's mouth off his neck. But apparently Tony had other things in mind than to take part in a conversation. Tom felt hands slowly running down to his ass, firmly squeezing his cheeks. It hadn't been more than two hours since their tryst in the shower but Tony obviously didn't seem to be too bothered by that. Tom sighed and turned slightly to bite at Tony's ear, finally getting his attention.

“Seriously now.”

Tony let himself fall on his back again, groaning.

“You really think I would swallow if I hadn't checked on you?” The way Tony said that made it sound quite disgusting and Tom hid his face in the sheets again, flushing furiously.

“Checked on me?” He repeated dryly into the pillowcase.

“Remember those blood tests for SHIELD?” Tom swung around and narrowed his eyes. “I see you do.” Hands came down on Tony's neck, pretending to choke him.

“Stalker, and you leave me in the dark about it, made me worry.” A laughing Tony pulled the glowering man into his arms, and Tom relaxed once he was pressed close to his lover. “You could have told me.”

“You never asked. Besides, I'm not that imprudent.” Tom raised his head from his shoulder to shoot him a look. “At least not to this degree. We're both clean.” Tony ruffled Tom's hair, earning a grumble in reply.

Even though he didn't approve of Tony having his fingers in everything he did, he was relieved to hear that he was at least looking out for him. Knowing that that wasn't an issue made many things easier. Not that Tom had thought that he or Tony had any diseases, but it was important to be on the safe side. Tom was still lying halfway on top of Tony, who hummed appreciatively as Tom's hands played with his hair.

“You liked that, huh?” The other man asked cheekily, sniggering when Tom averted his eyes, a slight blush forming on his cheeks.

“I did.” He admitted, a bit flustered at speaking so boldly.

Instead of a spoken answer his gaze was met with a smirk, which was worth more than anything Tony could say to him. He was glad that Tony wasn't saying anything for a change. The car ride and their shower session had left him so tired that he could barely keep his eyes open. Talking about sexual preferences wasn't something he was overanxious to do while dozing off. Without meaning to, Tom drifted off to the sensation of Tony's fingers on his back.

The room was dark when Tom awoke. As he stretched he noticed that Tony was already up and about. He wasn't in bed anymore, at any rate. Tom sat up and glanced around to see light shining though the crack of the bathroom door. He got off the bed and shuffled towards the light, squinting his eyes as he opened the door. Tony was just pulling his shirt over his head when he saw Tom from the corner of his eyes. Turning around, he walked over to Tom and ran his hands over his shoulders. Brown eyes bore into blue, hands holding hips, stabilizing him while leaning in and kissing him hard, pressing him against the door frame. Tom was overwhelmed by the sensation, he hadn't expected Tony to be so aggressive. He eagerly opened his mouth to let Tony's tongue press inside, eliciting a low moan out of the slightly taller man. Their kissing became heated fast, both men had their hands on one another and were stroking, tugging and caressing. Only after Tom had
shoved his hands under Tony's shirt did they part, both panting from arousal.

“Hey there Sleeping Beauty.” Tony licked his lips, clearly seeing the lust in Tom's blue eyes. “Sleep well?”

“Hm, yes.” Tom answered absently as he felt the smooth abs under Tony's shirt. But before he could travel south, his wrists were grabbed and gently pulled off of him, much to Tom's disapproval. He would never understand why the man would turn him on first and then reject him. Torturous teasing.

“As much as I'd love to be kissing you now...” Tony looked down from narrowed blue eyes to a half hard cock. “There's this suit fitting--”

The words stuck in his throat as Tom guided his hands to his hips, telling him wordlessly what he thought about Tony denying him. He was embarrassed for acting so wantonly, but this needed to be done. Tony gulped, his gaze switching between Tom's serious face and where his hands lay.

He considered his options. Tom smiled at the inner turmoil of the man in front of him. “You don't make this easy for me, you know? Coming in here naked, seducing me. I don't know how much time we have until Franzen comes.” The man sighed when Tom didn't budge in any way, and he reached behind Tom, closing the door. The same hand then grabbed his cock, stroking it into full hardness within seconds. “Hadn't expected you to be so dominant.”

Tom was pressed against the door with force, his head hitting the hard surface as Tony's mouth came down on his neck again. He tried to brace himself against it, having a hard time to hold himself up even though the grip on his hip and dick were almost too firm. Tom moaned loudly, a hand finding Tony's neck, holding him close and more than enjoying the pace Tony had set. This was meant to be a fast release, and even if there was no romance, the lust was overwhelming. It excited Tom that he could manipulate Tony with just one gesture.

Tony never took his eyes off of him and he grinned while jerking him off, which made it even more arousing for Tom. A gasp forced itself out his throat and he threw his head back when Tony's other hand left his hip and started to roll his balls in his fingers.

“Could never resist you.” Tony then muttered, intensifying his already merciless rhythm.

Tom couldn't do anything but take it. He took what Tony gave him and he enjoyed every second of it, and this was rougher than what he was used to. Normally he wasn't the one for quickies and would care for his lover's desires as well, but this was all about raw need. He needed this now, needed Tony. Groaning in pleasure, he bucked into his hands, inhaling sharply when he felt fingers curl around the base of his cock and his balls, holding him firmly. He looked down and bit down on his own lip when Tony's index finger found the slit and pressed lightly against it. Every touch to the tip of his cock made him jerk, cock twitching and dripping precum now. He knew that Tony's hold would prevent him from coming, no matter how much stimulation he would be given.

It only took minutes for him to become breathless and desperate, hips moving of their own accord, squirming to get out of the grip that kept him from his release. Tom was panting against Tony's shoulder, begging without words. The other man savored this moment to the fullest, and chuckled when he heard another moan escape Tom's lips.

“How do you want to come?” He asked, voice husky with arousal. His hand never stopped its movements, fingers dragging over the head, smearing the precum over the shaft.

Tom let out a strangled whine, fisting his hands in Tony's hair, tugging hard on it. The pressure
became firmer at this, making Tom abruptly open his eyes.

“Yes!” He choked on the words, brown eyes staring intensely at him.

His balls were released and with only a few more strokes, his orgasm washed over him in waves and he came all over his stomach and Tony's hand. He was breathing heavily when Tony kissed him again, smiling against his lips. When Tom was finally able to stand steadily on his own feet again, Tony went to the sink, washing the cum off his hands and returned with a towel which he offered to Tom to clean up.

“Satisfied?” Tony asked and placed a small kiss on his lover's lips.

“Very.” Both men smiled at each other and Tony pulled him in by the neck, bringing their foreheads together. “What about you?” Tom pointed to the bulge in his jeans.

“Not now. We'll wait until we have more time, or until I can get you drunk and talking about your kinks.” It was unsettling that Tony was still able to embarrass him. One would think he was used to it by now. “Anyway, get dressed. I don't want anyone else to see that beautiful body of yours.”

Tom watched Tony leave the bath and then did as he was told. A half an hour later two men from the suit company had knocked on their door, ready to take their measurements. They had promised to deliver them within the next two hours, much to Tony's chagrin.

Because there was nothing to do until the suits arrived, Tom had decided to go back to bed. Coming twice within a few hours was tiring enough. So he lay there, blanket covering his waist down. He didn't like to sleep in his worn clothes. Tony wasn't there when he woke up, but this time he could spot him from the bed. The man was standing in front of the large mirror, inspecting himself. The suits had obviously arrived, because Tony was fully dressed. Tom had never seen him in a suit before, at least not in person. The sight took his breath away. He could see him through the mirror and he looked stunning.

Tom hopped off the bed, awake and euphoric as he walked towards Tony, hugging him from behind.

“It suits you.” He said, laying his chin on the man's shoulder gently, not wanting to wrinkle the expensive suit too much.

“Thanks.” The brown eyes darted to his through the mirror. “You're not bad either.” Tony joked and turned around to face the naked actor. “I wouldn't have a problem with you staying like that.” Tom had to laugh at that and shook his head. “But seriously, you're naked again? Go get dressed.”

He looked at where Tony had hung the other suit and started walking towards it. “Do you really want to go out?”

Tom wanted to go, wanted to have fun with Tony, but the face the other male pulled was too amusing to not provoke him. Much to his surprise, Tony remained steadfast.

“No Vegas without gambling. Get on with it.”

Tom gave a small smile in return, making sure that Tony knew that it had been a joke.

“Just going to warn you, I've got a pretty bad pokerface.”

Tony snorted and watched Tom stepping in front of the large mirror, hanging the suit on one of the wooden ornaments. Now he was pressing against Tom in turn, hands on his chest.


"How is this even possible, as an actor I mean. Shouldn't you be the best at gambling?"

“I assure you, I am not good at this.”

After a few minutes Tom sighed at how Tony's eyes lingered on him, hindering his actually getting dressed.

“What is it?” He asked when he put a new pair of boxers on, that Tony had thankfully ordered as well.

“Just thinking that we should really do that sometime.” He licked his lips predatorily. Tom glared over his shoulder.

“What exactly?”

“Having you all naked and me dressed while I fuck you. Your pale skin fits nicely against a dark suit. Every dark surface for that matter. We should try the couch. Oh, and the dark marble floor in the kitchen.”

His hands started traveling over his body again and Tom had to control himself to not give into the touches.

“Do you want to actually go out today?” The actor looked over his shoulder, seeing the man blink in confusion.

“Yes?”

“Then I wouldn't talk about this so much.” Tony laughed out loud when he was shoved away. “Back off and let me get dressed.” The engineer held his hands up in defeat and shrugged before exiting the room and down the stairs.

Ten minutes later, Tom came down, suit fitting perfectly. The tailors had done a fantastic job. The first thing he noticed was Tony shifting his gaze from the huge TV towards him, lips slightly parted as he stared in astonishment. It made Tom smirk slightly. Of course he knew that he was marveling at him, but getting that response was great.

“Something the matter?” Tom asked innocently and moved in on Tony, who turned the TV off and scrambled to his feet to greet him. His hands immediately found Tom's waist, gliding over the expensive fabric.

“Just why exactly haven't I stuck you into a suit sooner?” Tom looked down, trying to hide his blush. He really needed to stop with those compliments. “Damn, look at you. All elegant and gussied up.”

The actor ignored the look Tony gave him. “Shall we, then?”

“Fuck yeah.” The engineer bowed before him and offered his arm. “After you, Mr. Hiddleston.”

They made it down to the casino without much trouble, even though people had looked strangely at them. But Tom had gotten used to it by now, at least to a certain degree. This was just normal for him now. Instead of screaming fans, there were skeptical staff members and civilians that glanced at him suspiciously. Tom was happy that they let him through without any additional difficulties.

Tom followed Tony to the money changer and watched in shock as he got himself chips and coins for over twenty thousand dollars.
“You can't be serious.” Tony just looked at him briefly before taking the basket. “This is way too much.”

“What?” The billionaire huffed a laugh and dragged him to the one-armed bandits. “That's not even half of what I usually spend on a weekend.” Tom's glare only made Tony's smile brighter. He put one chip into Tom's hand and nodded towards a machine. “You're first.”

Shaking his head, Tom tried to give it back to him. “No I don't think so.” But Tony didn't listen and took Tom's hand in his own and guided it to the slot.

“Come on, pull the lever.”

“Fine.” Tom said with a roll of eyes, and wrapped his fingers around it. “Just telling you in advance that I won't win anything, I never do.” Tony shrugged and gestured him to "get on with it".

Hesitantly pulling the lever down, Tom watched the robot spin its rollers, accompanied by jarring sound effects and bright blinking lights. He could see why people became addicted to such a thing. Effects like these would hypnotize anyone who spent some time in front of the machine. The incredulous look on his face vanished and turned ecstatic when the robot blinked and a couple of coins fell into the cash vessel. It wasn't much, barely more than he had thrown into that machine, but nonetheless he jumped in surprise, looking over to Tony who just shook his head at the childish joy.

“I won!”

“Yes, you did.”

He hadn't expected it to be so intriguing, but for some reason throwing money into the one-armed bandit captivated him more than he would like to admit. Tony didn't seem to care because he was way too amused at Tom's childlike amusement. Tom only threw one coin at a time into the machine, always looking at Tony for permission who, after a while gave him a basket of his own. For more than twenty minutes Tom lost Tony's money, much to his embarrassment. He was awkwardly facing the ground when no coins were left in the basket, until Tony grabbed his his hand and kissed him on the cheek.

“Getting the hang of it, huh?” The man teased, inspecting the empty basket before his gaze switched to frowning blue eyes. “Come on, let's do some adult gambling. Something that isn't just about a fake chance algorithm.”

Tom nodded and followed the billionaire into a more open space with many gambling tables. Many of them were for card games, but that wasn't Tony's desired destination. He headed straight for one of the roulette tables and sat, gesturing for Tom to sit down next to him.

“Have you ever played Roulette before?” Tony then asked and placed his chips between them.

“No.” Tom just replied and looked at the table and all those fields drawn on its surface.

“Any clue how it works?”

“I guess so.” The actor said, eyes darting to Tony and back to the table. It wasn't as if there was much to actually not understand. You bet on the field you hope to win. Sure there was some strategy behind it, you had to choose between going all out or playing it safe. A color, a number, odd or even, or a range of numbers. The board made that pretty clear.

Tony seemed to approve of that and gave him a quick smile, squeezing his thigh under the table.
People started to gather around them, because the news of Tony Stark and his personal Loki look-a-like went around fast. And people liked to gape. The bystanders were mostly female. One particular pushy woman broke her way through the assembling crowd and put her hands on Tom's shoulders. Both men shot each other a glance.

“Ladies.” Tony exclaimed and waved a hand. “Could we have a little space here?” It was directed at the intrusive brunette who took her hand away after finally noticing that she was indeed not wanted here by either of them. “Okay, what are you betting on?”

“Hmm.” Tom was considering his options, only to see the billionaire placing chips worth a thousand dollars one a single number. “Are you playing to lose?” He asked, not getting why he would place such a bet.

“I play for the whole sake of playing. Having fun.”

“Forty-two?” The number the man was betting on. “The universal answer to any question in the universe?”

Tony just pulled a weird face at him, as if he didn't get the reference. Maybe the book wasn't as successful or maybe it just haven't gotten published here. The question was ignored.

“Number of my newest suit.” Tony explained a second later.

“Ah okay.” Tom took a few lower valued chips and placed some on the color red, as well as as one on the first twelve and the odd field.

“A strategist, huh?” A keen smile on his face.

“Have to bring in at least some of the money I lost earlier.” Tom replied, answering with a smile of his own.

Tony laughed, and they distantly heard the croupier saying 'no more bets'. Only then did Tom stop looking at him and turn his attention to the wheel, where the man let go of the ball. The crowd watched in silence and Tom could feel his heart beating in his chest. This was a completely new experience. His eyes followed the ball over the wheel until it stopped spinning and landed on the seven. Tom's eyes widened and he had to suppress a laugh as he looked at Tony who stared back blankly.

“Number seven.” The croupier repeated and shoved the win towards Tom.

“Beginner's luck.” Tony huffed.

“Oh, sure. It's no wonder you lose when you play like that.” Tom taunted right back, with the most triumphant expression he could muster.

“Hey, I wanted to give you a chance. This game is far from over, Princess.”

Tom accepted the challenge, the money wasn't important. It was fun being out with Tony, doing relatively normal things. He enjoyed being with him, even though they weren't alone and thanks to Tony, had just lost a lot of his money. They spent close to three hours on the same roulette table, with Tony cursing every time that Tom won more than he did. The bystanders seemed to have as much fun as they had, laughing over things Tony did or said, and cheered them up when they lost again. Tony thrived on the attention. Tom could see he was used to it, and this positive reaction to them was enjoyable for Tom as well.
After three hours of continuous losing, Tony had had enough and dragged Tom to a poker table.

Tom sat down hesitantly, followed by the slightly cranky billionaire.

“Poker now? You still haven't enough of losing?”

“Never.” Tony gestured towards the dealer. This time he didn't even asked whether Tom knew how to play, apparently he figured that the actor knew how to play Texas Hold'em. He raised an eyebrow at him when Tom took a peek at his two cards.

“Yes I know the rules.” At least he hoped to remember them correctly. “I just don't play very often.” Tom had played poker with his friends of course, but never in a competitive way.

His cards were a king and an eight. Nothing too bad. He just had to made sure to not show any hint to Tony, who apparently was serious about this. Any emotion was wiped off his face and he stared blankly at the table when the dealer put down the flop. It was strangely intriguing to see him focused like this. The way he sat there in that suit, looked at him every now and then. It reminded Tom on why he was drawn to him so much.

The flop revealed a three, a king and a ten. So he had at least a pair already. That was a good start. Without looking at Tony, he raised after the man had placed the small blind. Tom could see how the other thought about it, debating what he should do. Tom hadn't expected him to actually grin at him then, leaning in while he placed more chips into the middle.

“Oh, you want a showdown? Because this is what you'll get.” Tony whispered into Tom's ear.

“Are we at that point already?” The actor replied, trying his hardest to not smirk back at him. “You seem pretty confident. Let's see if there's something behind all that bluffing, Mr. Stark.”

“Bluffing? Who says I talk about the game?” Tom snorted at this, staring at the ceiling in an exaggerated manner. This was so typical. “But even if there would be the slightest possibility of you winning this, that doesn't mean I lose. You're winning back my money.”

“Hm.” Tom all but hummed.

“And just maybe we could turn this into a game of strip poker later.” A hand touched Tom's knee, sliding upwards, only to get stopped by a firm grip.

“Wishful thinking.”

The next card was put down and flipped over, revealing an eight. Two pairs then. Tom looked over to Tony, imagining to see a flicker of doubt in the other's eyes.

“I call.” He chirped over to Tony, who was officially frowning now. The look he gave him could only be described as scrutinizing.

“So how about we make this a little bit more interesting.” The man said, voice completely lacking emotion, sounding almost bored.

“What do you have in mind?”

“How about this.” A tongue flicked out to wet his lips as brown eyes focused on Tom again. “If you win I owe you one. Whatever you like, whenever you want it. No restrictions. No rules.”

This made him uncertain. The price was too good to be easy to win. There had to be catch. Tony
would never bet when there was a risk of losing. But this was gambling. Neither of them knew what card the other had in his hand. So Tom took the bite willingly, making the man elaborate.

“And what if I lose?” He narrowed his eyes when the billionaire bowed his head and leaned to the side.

“We will do some kinky stuff. Fantasies, toys. You name it.”

This wasn't exactly losing in Tom's mind, but nonetheless, Tony talking about kinky things was rather unsettling. If Tom was unlucky this wouldn't end too well for him. But the mere suggestion of it made him itchy and he blushed when he had to admit that he was curious. It was just too tempting to refuse.

“Fine.” Tom agreed.

Both men watched as the last card was turned over, showing another three.

“So?” Tony asked, leaning back in his chair and observing Tom's every move. He needed to raise, had to try to irritate him. A personal favor from Tony Stark was nothing he would let go so easily.

A smile spread on Tom's face, playing with his chips before putting more into the pot.

“Going all out, huh? That's how I like it. I go along.”

Both men held each other's gaze, only taking their eyes off when the dealer told them to show their cards. Tom was first, turning his cards. The billionaire's eyes widened at the sight of two pairs.

“Damn.” Tony growled, running his hand over his face. With a grimace he flipped his cards, revealing a set of threes. “Too bad for you!” He burst out laughing when he was declared the winner and received the pot.

Tom had trouble understanding what had happened just now. He could only stare in unbelieving.

“You can't be serious.”

“Well, princess...” He leaned in and cupped Tom's face with his hand, giving him a light kiss. Apparently Tony didn't care for the people surrounding them. This would definitely end up in the news tomorrow. But he couldn't worry too much about this, for the kiss was too distracting to form a clear thought. Tom blushed and enjoyed the tender gesture before he was roughly yanked out of his chair. “Looks like you lost.”

“You planned that.” Tom poked him with his elbow when Tony's hand snuck around his waist.

“Maybe.” Tom was barely able to collect their chips when Tony started walking away from the table.

“Anyway, we have a deal, don't forget that.”

Tom just sighed and nodded, bumping into someone when he didn't look where he walked. Immediately Tom took a step back, hands in the air, trying to help the person up he just ran into.

“I am so sorry, are you okay?” Concern layering his words.

The female recovered fast, letting Tom help her to her feet.

“Everything's fine. No harm done.” The dark haired beauty assured when she brushed the dust off
her dress. Electrifying green eyes met Tom's as she held onto his hand for support.

“I'm glad.” He stammered as she beamed at him. “Hope you have a nice evening.”

Still smiling, her finger ran over his arm as she walked past him, green eyes boring into his.

“I will. Night” The charming voice echoed in his ears and he turned around to watch her making her way over to the bar.

“You have your way with women.” Tony joked, dragging Tom's attention back to him.

He slapped him playfully. “Very funny.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter and make me happy <3
After the whole gambling disaster, because Tom couldn't call it anything else, Tony had asked him to dinner in the hotel's restaurant. The food had been way too expensive, just like everything else, but the billionaire had insisted on spoiling him rotten. From steak to the most delicious desert Tom had ever tasted, Tony only stopped when Tom swore that he would explode if he ate another bite. Tony laughed at him, and both men enjoying their time as a pair, talking about whatever came to mind. It had been the first time in ages that they weren't talking about anything serious. Not about Loki, not about SHIELD or any other threat. They merely chatted about hobbies, joked around, and laughed in order to savor this small moment of peace.

They had moved over to the bar soon after to continue their date, and Tony ordered drink after drink. Tom had thrown his morals overboard for one day, which is why he accepted them. He hadn't been on a normal date for years, and he figured he would indulge once in the luxury that Tony offered him. After what he thought was the fourth mixed drink, Tom realized that he was far from sober. Getting wasted with Tony Stark was a thing no one would consider smart, especially not Tom, but under these circumstances it was far too amusing to not get drunk. Now that he had a reason to do so.

Tom sipped his drink before he raised his gaze to scan Tony's face. The content expression made him smile.

"Is this what you had in mind? Getting me drunk?" It was not a question, merely a statement. Tom knew what the other would reply before he spoke.

"I told you so." The billionaire shrugged and emptied his scotch.

"You know that..." Tom started again and watched his hand swirl the liquid in the glass around, before he bit his lips and turned lust-filled eyes back on Tony. "I'll sleep with you anyway, right? You don't need to get me drunk." It was now Tony who looked at him in disbelief, the revaluation stunning him into silence.

"Ah." Tony purred approvingly and scooted over, one hand now resting on Tom's hip.

"I usually don't drink so much." The slight slur in his voice made Tony's grin wider.

"Well, today is special." Tony breathed seductively, hand sliding up and down Tom's back, making him suppress a shudder.

"Yes, indeed." Tom agreed and unconsciously leaned into the touch. "You do so much for me. Thank you."

"Welcome?" The billionaire raised an eyebrow at him, before he averted his gaze from blue heavy lidded eyes. "You know that this is pure egoism, right? Having you in a good mood and seeing you
laugh makes you more forgiving of my mistakes. Also...”

Tom cocked his head to the side, watching more than listening, the alcohol making thinking way too stressful. Apparently Tony didn't care enough to stop chatting or notice that Tom wasn't paying attention. He didn't know if it was the alcohol talking, but the more time he spent with this man, the more he started to fall in love. It was scaring him to an extent, but their relationship went far beyond lust, this was getting serious. Without Tony he wouldn't even be here, he would be rotting in one of SHIELD's cells. He owed him.

Tom caught himself staring then, and quickly looked down at his drink again. He couldn't believe that he was still embarrassed by something so trivial. Just as he lifted his drink, Tom almost dropped the glass in shock, because a hand was on his knee, caressing his leg. Tom turned his head to look at his lover, who in turn acted as if nothing had happened. How he was able to become the innocent with him in this situation was a mystery. He gulped, trying his hardest to ignore the feeling, and gazed around to check if anyone could see. As the hand wandered upwards Tom inhaled sharply, biting his lip as he whispered to Tony.

“You can't do that.”

“Why not?” Tony muttered in to his glass, a playful smirk on his lips. Tom stared incredulously back at him. “Come on, just a little bit of fun.”

“Tony...”

The hand moved again, stroking up and down his thigh and Tom hung his head, closing his eyes to regain his composure. An effort that was completely futile when fingers touched his groin. Everything about this was too much for Tom, the teasing was driving him mad. Tony had obviously picked up on his arousal, because his fingers were deliberately stroking his crotch, brushing the head of his cock teasingly. Tom could feel himself hardening more at his touch. Casting a pained look to Tony, he clenched his fist and swore to pay him back double, but his thoughts dissipated quickly when the hand squeezed lightly. Damn him for doing this in public, again. Apparently it wasn't enough to just kiss, no, he needed to do this right in front of the barkeeper, who shot Tom a questioning glare when he narrowed his eyes as if in serious discomfort.

“Don't pull that face on me.” Tony crooned then, his hand still sliding over Tom's thigh, stroking the sensitive skin, causing him to shiver involuntarily.

“Then maybe you shouldn't try to...” The words got stuck in his throat, fingers messaging his cock now, not even trying to be subtle about it anymore. Blue eyes stared at Tony now, who leaned in to have better access.

“Well, it seems like you are all up for it.” He chuckled, not bothering with the scowl greeting him.

“I hate you.” Tom spat, which educed a laughter from the other man.

“No you don't.”

Of course he didn't, but his patience was running thin. Tony doing this to him made it harder to form a complete sentence. His breath hitched when Tony's hand cupped him through his jeans. He was already panting, gasps escaping him as he tried his best not to moan outright. He wasn't actually sure whether Tony would stop in time.

“Right now I am dangerously close to.”
“What? Coming into your pants?” The smug grin was once more on his face and Tom cursed silently. This would very likely happen if he wouldn't cease touching him.

Just when Tom wanted to say something, another hand found his neck and pulled him in for a kiss, lips crashing into his own and he couldn't help but whine into Tony's mouth. He only parted his lips slightly to breathe, but the other man instantly took the opportunity to push his tongue in, licking and playing with Tom, turning his gasp into a mewl. Tom loved kissing him, feeling Tony's lips moving on his own when calloused hands held him in place. Their surroundings were completely forgotten at this point. He could feel Tony's lust and urgency rubbing off on him and now he didn't even mind the hand on his crotch anymore. It was obvious to both of them that they craved more. Tony licked his lips brazenly, brown eyes wandering over his features hungrily, Tom bucking his hips into his hand to get more friction.

Tom was a shivering mess when they finally parted. He had his eyes shut tightly, a blush gracing his cheeks. The hand retreated from the bulge of his pants and grabbed his wrist, pulling him off his seat.

“Let's continue this upstairs.” Tony suggested and Tom nodded frantically in response.

Tom didn't quite know what had happened on their way up to their suite, or how they made it there in the first place. The only thing he clearly remembered was that they were all over each other in the elevator and that Tony had ordered him to take a shower. And now he found himself naked on his knees, hips in the air and face pressed into the sheets. His hands were fisted into the silky fabric, hair still dripping and he had his eyes closed as hands ran from his sides to his hipbones. He couldn't keep the moan in when a hand brushed his erection and gave it a quick stroke. The hands moved to his ass and Tom buried his face in the pillow, muffling his whimper. He didn't know what Tony was planning, but his body shivered in anticipation of what might come.

“God I love this.” Tony mumbled and Tom opened his eyes slightly to peer over his shoulder. Lust-blown brown eyes looked back and Tom sighed.

“Stop saying that, idiot.” He stuttered, abashed by the other's honesty, who ignored him entirely.

“That sweet ass of yours.” Tom jerked as he felt the man kissing his backside. In any other scenario he would probably complain, but now he just couldn't give it any thought. The sensation was just too good. “Bet you wouldn't let me do this when you were sober.”

Before Tom could progress what Tony had meant by this, a tongue licked over his grundle, his eyes widened then fluttered shut when he groaned. “Fuck.”

He could almost feel the other man grinning when he backed off a bit. The only thing Tom could focus on was the hot breath fanning over his ass.

“You know what's actually funny?” Right now Tom wanted to kick him for talking bullshit and not getting on with it. This was what the man had reduced him to. “You only curse when you're horny.”

Fortunately for him, Tony wasn't about to let him wait any longer and licked tentatively over Tom's balls. It felt strange, but not in the bad kind of way and Tom felt himself push back against the hot mouth, embarrassment completely gone. He responded immediately when Tony's hands urged him to spread his legs further, tongue pressing flat against his scrotum. Tom involuntarily bucked his hips and heard an amused chuckle as a result.

“Easy there.” Tony laughed and patted his ass. It might be easy for him to stay calm, but being on
the receiving end was a whole different story. Tony snorted before he started sucking on his perineum again, one hand parting the cheeks so his finger could move over Tom's entrance. Tom flinched at the touch, instinctively trying to back away. Panic was rising in his chest and he turned around to face Tony, who met the displayed concern with a warm smile. “No need to be scared. I got you, make you feel good. Just keep your hips up and leave the rest to me. You know I won't do anything you don't like.”

Tom wasn't too sure about that. The other man looked as desperate as he was and yes, he trusted him, but didn't know if Tony would be able to stop in the heat of the moment. Still, his intoxicated mind would never let this end so he nodded, even though he had doubts about it. It was normal to be nervous, right? He had never done this before. What if... Tom's train of thought got interrupted when something pressed against his hole. This time it wasn't a finger, it was Tony's tongue, lapping at his entrance, making it slick with saliva.

Tom shivered, feeling bare and vulnerable whilst clinging to the bed sheet. Tony could feel him tensing, and his second hand reached under him and began stroking his cock, distracting him.

Tom moaned at the simultaneous stimulation on his cock and his buttocks. Only distantly he noticed how the tongue was replaced by a finger, gently pressing against the tight ring of muscles.

“Relax.” Tony's voice was soothing, trying to reassure him.

“I don't think I can--” Tom inhaled sharply when one finger pressed inside, sliding in without much effort.

It didn't hurt like he had anticipated. It was an odd feeling, the digit stretching him when it started to pull out and push inside again. The other hand never stopped jerking him off.

“Hmm already in.” Tony purred and Tom spun his head around to growl at him.

“Shut up.” He gritted, looking into lust-filled brown eyes. Only when his gaze wandered over his lover's body, he could see how aroused Tony was himself. His length strained against his stomach, pre-cum already forming on the tip. Tom unconsciously licked his lips at the sight.

“You are so gorgeous.”

Tom's restraint faltered with these words and he pressed his face back into the pillows, trying his best to stay relaxed. His erection twitched in Tony's hand when he felt a second finger circling his opening, his mouth dropping open in a silent gasp. And then the tongue was back, slicking him up again, easing the way for the second digit and the sound dropping from his lips sounded just like a whine.

“Damn.” Tom panted, his toes curling.

“Good?” Tony asked between licks and Tom mused why he had to even ask this. Bucking his hips should be evidence enough, but Tony wanted confirmation so he nodded.

“Yes.”

The second finger entered him then, immediately starting to stretch him with scissoring motions, it being just a little bit too much at the moment. Tom hissed at the burn, clenching down on the fingers, forcing them to stop moving.

“Sorry.” Tony breathed and planted a kiss on his cheek, waiting a few moments before moving again, slowly, to let Tom adapt to the feeling.
Tom bit his lips. It wasn't so much unpleasant as it was strange, but when Tony rotated and curled his fingers to brush against Tom's prostate he screamed in pleasure, melting into the mattress.

"Told you so." Tony snickered and repeated the gesture, making sure to always hit the spot when he slid his fingers in and out his hole.

Tom couldn't think anymore, couldn't do anything but react to the intense feeling. His knees started growing weak as he rocked back against the fingers, panting heavily into the sheets. He opened his eyes to look to Tony's hand working his dick, seeing a thumb sliding over the sensitive head and he ground his teeth in desperation. It wouldn't take long for him to come, so he stilled, looking up to Tony with pleading eyes.

"Something wrong?" The billionaire asked, concern layering his voice.

"No, I just..." Tom heaved a sigh before he shut his eyes in embarrassment. "I don't want to come yet." This wasn't true at all. He died to come, but he didn't want be first again.

"What?" Tony only raised an eyebrow at him, but slowed the movement of his hands, staring unbelieving down at him.

"Yes, I..." A shudder ran down his spine when Tony pulled his fingers out. "I always come first. I want you to..."

"You want so see me cum?" The tone of his voice was taunting and before Tom could react, Tony pressed his hips down. "Hmm. Fine with me."

Tom felt Tony's weight on him then, his slick and hard prick sliding in between his cheeks. Tony entwined their fingers then, nibbling at the spot right beneath Tom's ear while he started rolling his hips. He was panting just as hard, but Tom was too busy grasping the sheets and trying to suppress a moan at the building sensation in his buttocks to notice. Pre-cum smeared against his cheeks, causing a delicious friction and Tom arched his back at the wet feeling as Tony intensified his thrusting. He felt the length slide over his entrance over and over, teasing him, making his muscles twitch there. The other man's passion was so strong, exciting him in every way so that when Tom looked into brown eyes he knew that he craved more, needed more. But just as he wanted to say something, Tony growled into his ear, gripping his hips tightly and came, spurting his seed over Tom's lower back.

Tom winced as the liquid ran down his side, staining the sheets. Only now he was reminded of his own erection, painfully hard and straining against the fabric, and he bucked his hips instinctively to get the desired contact. Tony chuckled and rubbed himself with relish against Tom's ass one last time before he retreated and wiped his cum away with the blanket. A hand found Tom's leg and turned him around. Now lying on his back, Tom blushed, his stomach sticky with his own precum. Tony didn't seem to mind, quite the opposite. He was eying him up now, taking in the sight in front of him and spreading his legs even further to make more room for him. Tom couldn't keep his eyes off the other's face, the look of admiration making him even more jittery with need.

Begging wordlessly, Tom watched as two fingers vanished in Tony's mouth, coating them with saliva before they pressed down on Tom's perineum again, sending a jolt of pleasure through his body. One finger entered him, sliding in without much resistance. Tom arched his back, pushing back against the digit to get it to hit the spot again. The second finger quickly followed the first one, thrusting in and out in slow motions. A strangled whine left him when Tony's other hand wrapped around his cock, slowly pumping in time with his fingers, curling them to brush against Tom's prostate. Tom melted into the touch, moaning. He was close, he knew, but just as he thought the thumb pressing into the slit of his cock would bring him over the edge, it was gone. The touch
was gone, the hand now rested on his thigh. Tom opened his eyes in puzzlement, gaze switching desperately from his twitching length to his lover.

“Why did you stop?” The question turned into a breathy moan when Tony pulled his fingers out, only to slam them back in.

“Think I can make you come without touching you anywhere else?”

Tony continued fucking him with his fingers and Tom moaned in pleasure. He was so close to his release, just a little stroke would be enough, but Tony saw the hand that snuck to his hips and pinned them back down on the mattress. Despite the raw need piling up within him, he discarded the idea of touching himself and instead moved his hips in time with the trusting. It was torture, and he was sure that Tony was slowing down on purpose to savor the moment to it's full extent. Blue eyes focused on Tony through long lashes, observing him until he looked back and smirked. Tom wanted to feel him, wanted to be closer to him. So he wrapped his legs around his lover's waist, heels digging into his back, pulling him closer until Tom felt his half-hard cock pressing into his thigh. Tony looked at Tom, baffled at his motions.

“Tony, I need you.”

“No. Not today. I don't want to--” A frustrated groan left Tom at this and Tony swallowed visibly, apparently reconsidering his answer. “So desperate?” His hand caressed Tom’s thigh gently, trying to soothe the growing irritation. “I can't take you now, as much as I'd love to, I would hurt you.”

That was bullshit. As if he wasn't loose and drunk enough to take him in. God, he wanted nothing more than feeling him now and a moment ago he had believed that Tony would jump at the opportunity, but apparently the man had more self-control than he had imagined. A shudder ran through Tom's body. The two fingers pressed deeper inside, stretching the muscles to an almost painful degree, but at the same time causing him great pleasure that he thought he would burst the next time they pushed against that sweet spot.

Tony's eyes widened at Tom's wanton reaction.

“Yeah we should probably save this for another time.” Tom threw his head back at a particular hard thrust of his hand, cock twitching and dripping pre-cum, smearing it all over his abdomen. “God how I hate myself for saying this right now.”

The actor didn't bother to look up at all, instead basked in the pleasure and the words that were whispered to him.

“You should see yourself.” Tony panted against a cocked leg, before kissing it lightly. “You will come for me, right?”

Those words were enough to drive Tom over the edge and he screamed in bliss as the waves of his orgasm washed over him. It was by far one of the best orgasms he had ever had and it took him more than a few minutes to come down from his high. He felt glorious, relaxed, and dizzy, and he didn't notice that Tony was already cleaning him up. He felt incredibly good, but all too soon he noticed the feeling of being sweaty and dirty slowly crept into his conscience, yet when Tony climbed over him and looked down with a pleased smile, Tom couldn't think about anything else.

“Why are you smiling like that.” He asked and nuzzled his nose against the billionaire's.

“Because I'm happy.”

Tom didn't feel the need to say anything to this.
Two days later they went home again, figuring that four days off were enough to drive Fury crazy. Which massive notes and missed calls confirmed. If Tom hadn't been so equally happy and relaxed, he would have given Tony a lecture about that. It was funny that they hadn't taken any luggage with them, but returned with a big bag full of stuff Tony had bought in Vegas. It was mostly clothes, because whenever Tom had looked at something for a second too long, Tony bought it.

It was early evening when they made it back to Malibu. Both exited the car and saw Bruce sitting at the desk working on something. This alone wasn't strange. Tom had figured that he probably was the one who had looked after Loki, but the fact that he sat there without a shirt made him narrow his eyes in confusion. But it was Tony who actually took the words out of his mouth.

“What the fuck?” The billionaire dropped the bag in his hand and exchanged a look with Tom.

The sound made Bruce jerk his head around, clearly he hadn't suspected anyone to be there.

“You're back.” He exclaimed and the hint of surprise in his voice made Tony snort.

“I told you when we would come back.”

“Yes, but... I didn't think-”

The man was clearly hiding something. Bruce's behavior was really suspicious. His eyes followed Tony when he checked the room's temperature.

“It's not exactly warm.” A nod from Bruce came when brown eyes focused on him again. “So why are you sitting here shirt--""  

The familiar click of the opening door sounded through the room and everybody's attention moved to the man that entered the workshop.

“Bruce, I just fed the kitten and--” The words stuck in his throat as he saw all three men gape at him. Only Tony's expression changed from shocked to ecstatic a second later.

“I fucking knew you two had something going!” Tony chirped and clapped Tom on the shoulder. One should think that he wouldn't throw stones, for he was in the same situation. Steve blushed and averted his gaze, obviously uncomfortable.

“Leave them alone.” Tom sighed, but the stupid grin couldn't get wiped off the other's face.

“It's not what it looks like!” Bruce tried, but Tony wasn't having any of it. Instead he just snorted and waved him off.

“It is exactly what it looks like. Man up and come out.”

“What? I am not. This is...” Bruce stuttered and threw a look over to Steve, who heaved in defeat.

“Hey, I don't judge.” Tony shrugged and pulled Tom in by his waist. How come the man could be so cocky. Especially since these were his friends, who had just enabled him a free weekend with his lover. And now he was mocking them for being together. Rolling his eyes, Tom was dragged along towards the stairs and he could only watch in annoyance how Tony clapped Steve approvingly on his shoulder. “Don't worry, your secret is safe with me.”
Tom shot Bruce an apologetic look and shook his head.

“Thanks for looking after the cat. Take your time packing up your stuff.” Tony winked and moved up the stairs, ignoring that Steve was about to open his mouth to talk back.

A few wordless moments passed, creating an extremely awkward silence. The silence was only interrupted when Tom cleared his throat.

“I don't know if I should make up excuses for that behavior, but anyway. Thanks for taking care of Loki.” Both men turned their heads.

“No problem.” Bruce said ruefully and nodded. Steve just stood there, hands in his hips, hanging his head. Apparently the man wasn't too sure about all this and Tom took pity, as he was in almost the same situation. He wasn't sure if they would face any consequences when their relationship would come to light, and the captain possibly didn't either.

“You know he won't tell anyone.” Tom tried to sound reassuring, but Steve only groaned and moved away from the door and collected his shirt which hung over one of the many screens. He refrained to comment on that. He did nod back at Tom, which he counted a small victory.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed the chapter <3
The ultimate trick

Chapter Notes

I am actually really anxious to post this, but it explain things and develops the story. Many thanks to my Beta again <3 and I hope all you readers can forgive me for doing this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was coincidence that they met, here and now. He hadn't planned on it, to say the least. Sure, he had been in his universe for a reason, but it hadn't been to actually have small talk with his doppelganger. The only thing he had wanted to do was check on him. How he was holding up. Whether SHIELD still held him captive or not. Loki had half expected them to torture him until he would confess that he was indeed the god of mischief. It wasn't above those men to do that. And he would have liked the sight of it. That was the whole reason for him to switch universes. Why he had stuck to his heels without him knowing.

But this was not what he had found. The mortal had befriended Tony Stark and seeing him taking refuge with the Avengers made Loki furious. It shouldn't have come to this. That was not what he had planned for him. He wasn't supposed to make friends and have a good time here. He was supposed to suffer. And Loki wanted to make sure of it. He couldn't ignore it and let them live happily. For some reason it was affecting him more than he would like to admit.

So Loki changed his appearance, walking around as a beautiful female with dark hair and long legs. One he knew Tony Stark wouldn't reject. But the man hadn't even looked at him, even though he had made sure to cross their way more than once. He just couldn't help himself. Loki didn't like how everyone ignored Tom's heritage, that he was from another universe, an intruder. He hated it, hated them all for it. Thor, Stark and all the others would regret this soon.

It was when he had seen them kiss at the poker table that he had snapped. Loki felt his blood boiling at the sight. It wasn't so much disgust as it was envy. There was no denying that. Tom had been gladly invited into their circle and was obviously enjoying all this. Something no one had even considered in his case.

Loki had wanted to get away from them, just strove aimlessly through the casino, as he had accidentally bumped into him. For one moment he had feared that either of them would recognize him, but that had quickly subsided when his other self had offered him a hand to stand. Loki hadn't bothered to listen to the man’s excuses and apologies, instead a thought manifested when he heard his own voice talking to him. This needed to end. He needed to destroy this relationship.

After they had parted, Loki had followed them, invisible to their eyes, shielded from everyone's sight and with every passing hour he became more and more spiteful. It was two days afterwards that they had left for Stark's home again. The god had been taken aback as he saw the beast in the workshop, memories of his defeat flooding his mind. The information he had been able to pick up had been even more disturbing. Only thinking about the captain being with the beast made him taste bile.
Almost three days he had needed to wait for a chance to interfere. His doppelgänger was about to go out, Loki didn't care why, but judged after the sullen look of his... partner, he would be gone for quite some time. Exactly the opportunity he had waited for. Loki was thinking about how he should proceed, what he should do to cause them despair. It was when Tony walked into the bath and stripped that it became clear to him. He was aware that he was staring a little bit too long at the naked body in front of him. Tony Stark was an attractive man, no need to deny that. Maybe this attraction was what motivated him. And apparently him and his fetch shared this. Loki went back into the living room, green magic swirling around him as he shimmered into Tom's appearance, hair and clothes matching his completely.

He waited impatiently for a few minutes, having a look around in the meantime. The sound of the shower hit his ears and just then he called Tony's name. It took a moment until the shower was turned off again and the engineer emerged from the other room. The man was just wearing a towel around his hips, barely hiding anything, hair still dripping. Tony raised an eyebrow at the other male, clearly wondering why he was back so soon.

“Forgot something?” Before Loki could answer this, Tony already approached him and wrapped his arms around him.

Although this could have been foreseeable, Loki was startled by this reaction. Trying to wiggle free of the man's embrace, the god wanted so snap at him, but was cut off when the other's lips were pressed onto his. Loki inhaled sharply through his nose, hands pushing against the other's chest to keep him at a certain distance. However his restrain was quickly cast aside as the other man intensified the kiss and pulled him in by his hips until he was flushed against Tony's frame. He could feel the man's cock pressing against his thigh and he involuntarily blushed, a small gasp escaping him, which Tony used immediately to push his tongue inside his mouth.

This was not going as planned. He hadn't wanted to kiss him or have any kind of intimate contact. But now he couldn't believe how hard it was to actually call a stop to this. Loki had been intrigued by Tony Stark the first moment he had seen him, and now his tongue was dancing around his, wanting him with every bit of his being. The hands on his hips cupped his ass now and Loki couldn't keep the groan in that forced itself out of his throat. One hand was pulling at his wrist then and Loki found himself get pulled over to the couch to get pushed down on his back. Since when would he let a mortal handle him like this. But actually, this served the purpose just fine. The more the man was into him, the more would it hurt him later. It was a shame, really, but it was a necessary evil. Loki was distracted enough not to notice that the other man was towering over him, looking down with hungry eyes, until it was too late.

“Fuck.” The engineer grinned and pressed himself against the slender body beneath him. “Didn't think you would be back so fast. Couldn't stay away, huh? Well better for me.”

Loki just stared with wide eyes, prohibiting himself to react in any inappropriate way. He was a god and this pitiful mortal was nothing more than his plaything. Hands slipped underneath his shirt, a shiver running through his body at the touch, making him lose his sense of reasoning.

“God, I can't control myself around you.” Tony purred, his breath fanning over the god's neck before he started kissing the same spot. Loki wanted to stop him, but the little bites and kisses, as well as the hands that roamed his body made him reconsider. “You are so beautiful.” Was whispered into the god's ear and he unconsciously leaned into the touch, bathing in the compliments, the admiration, the love.

This felt to good to do something against it. How long had he lived without a lover. It had been too many years. And why should he let this end too soon? There was no reason to not enjoy this. Loki
chuckled slightly and gave in to the sensation, arching his back to get more friction, causing the other to groan.

“Perky, aren't we?” Lips were back on his jawline, kissing down to his ear.

“Just a little bit.” Loki countered, now daring to run fingers over the man's skin. He liked where this was going.

Tony lifted Loki's shirt to place kisses on his abdomen, trailing his tongue towards his waistband. Loki bucked his hips in return, smirking mischievously at the intention behind the motion. Brown eyes looked up then, waiting for something and the god raised an eyebrow, getting more impatient by the second.

“What is it?” He asked and bit his lips, when Tony was about to open his zipper.

“Just thinking about what we could do.”

“Hm...” Loki just murmured, hand fisting in the short brown hair, pushing him down towards his groin.

“So what are we going to do with you, Tom?”

Loki stilled. The sound of the name shaking him from the haziness and lust. It made him angry. It was the least thing he wanted to hear. How it wasn't him Tony wanted. That this was just because he wanted his doppelgänger. Not him. Yes, at least the man had reminded him on what he wanted to do. With inhuman force the engineer was pushed back and landed ungently on the floor, staring in shock at Loki, who got up and straightened himself. The god bared his teeth in a snarl.

“Who do you think I am?!” Tony obviously couldn't understand the sudden change of behavior. “I am not your toy you can just play with!” The other man was still sitting on the floor, completely dumbstruck by what Loki threw at his face. “If anything you are my toy, my distraction from all this!” He gestured around, brown eyes following his gesture.

Yes. He would end their relationship right here and now. Make their life miserable. They just couldn't be happy. Tony still blinked in utter confusion, but got up and stalked over to the immortal, one hand holding the towel in place.

“What? What's wrong all of a sudden?” He reached out to touch his thought to be lover, but the hand got slapped away.

“Don't touch me!” Loki hissed. “I wasted way too much time on someone like you. You have nothing to offer anymore.” His downcast look made the other furrow his brows and approach him again, but Loki easily evaded the touch.

“You can't be serious. If this is a joke, it's a really fucked up one, Tom.” Tony growled, his face getting even more grim when he heard Loki's chuckle. “What's going on with you? Got up on the wrong side of the bed or what?”

The mortal just couldn't understand the reaction from his lover. Eyes searching his face for any clue as to why he was acting this way. And if this wasn't for the purpose of hurting his look-a-like, he would feel bad for this man. How he looked at him with those puppy eyes, perplexed and helpless.

“No.” Loki said indifferently, not even looking at him. “I just realized what I am doing wrong with my life.”
“Huh?” Okay now he was getting tired of repeating himself.

“I said. Why should I bother to keep you company, endure your rantings and flaws when I'll go back to my universe anyway.”

Hands grabbed Loki hard, pulling him in until they were face to face. Tony's hands were fisted in his shirt and the god could tell that he was fuming.

“What are you babbling on about?” The aggressive tone didn't manage to impress Loki at all. He just stood there and rolled his eyes. “I don't know why you keep talking bullshit, but it's not funny anymore.”

Tony pushed Loki back until his back hit the wall and kissed him hard, invading his mouth, thinking he was in control. Loki let him do it though, not reacting in any way this time, waiting until Tony finally backed off, panting slightly.

“This a game for you, Tom? Playing farouche? Want me to conquer you or what?”

Tony dragged his tongue once more over Loki's neck and just with this the god decided that it was enough. If he said someone should not touch him, they better not touch him. With one swift motion he grabbed the engineer's wrist that rested on his hip and twisted it, making him howl in pain. The god towered over Tony now, gnarling.

“Stop that now. I told you this-” He gestured between the two of them. “Is over.”

The grin that had been on Tony's lips just now was gone, the man suddenly serious. His mouth dropped open and he hung his head in realization.

“You really mean that...”

Loki just sighed at the sad face in front of him. He let go of Tony's wrist and walked past him towards the front door, leaving him standing on the spot. This was still not enough.

“You can throw me out if you want.” Loki shrugged, voice even without one hint of pain. “I won't be here for much longer, anyway.” He was about to go when a hurt whisper came from the other man. The tone made him clench his teeth.

“You can't do this. After all these months, I ...” Pitiful whimpering. Apparently he really grew attached to his other self. “Why?” Brown eyes shot up to look into green. “I mean... I thought we-”

An annoyed tsked left Loki's mouth. He couldn't bear this any time longer.

“There is no we. And there won't be. Come to your senses and make a decision. I will go for a walk.”

“Please don't do this.”

Loki almost rushed to the door, wouldn't hear anymore of his begging and stammering and immediately vanished into thin air once he was out of sight. He teleported back to the alley where the portal was and leaned against the cold bricks for support. His plan had worked, but now that he was able to process what had happened, he was embarrassed with himself. He shouldn't have given in to his own urges; how pathetic he was. Loki was panting slightly in anger. The man did things to him, made him wanton and needy. The god slammed his fist against the wall and walked through the portal, only one thought left in his mind.
Loki stomped through the corridor of the hotel, seeing that both of the kids were still standing in front of the door. He yanked the male away by his arm, snarling at him until he bowed his head.

“Hadn't I told you to stay away from this room when you aren't needed?!?” There came no answer. Of course not. Both of them had a too weak mind to not succumb to the tesseract's power, unlike Stark's fetch.

Loki threw the smaller male to the ground and snapped his fingers, magic opening the door instantly. He stepped inside and was greeted by a baffled looking mortal, who was looking up from a laptop. The sight of him alone made Loki's finger twitch.

“Hey, I have the info you-”

Robert couldn't complete the sentence. His head was pushed down violently until he lay face first on the table.

“Fuck! What is wrong with you?” He was yanked up by his hair a second later and got shoved onto the bed. “What-?”

The phrase 'Next best thing' echoed in Loki's head as he pressed himself against the mortal. Right. Why should he even bother. Stark wasn't needed. He had someone who looked and acted perfectly alike and who would be more than willing to follow his lead, and he needed this right now. Robert didn't quite know what was happening, for he struggled under the god's tight grip, until Loki snarled right next to his ear.

“Who do you belong to?” Was gritted out and Robert's eyes went wide with realization. The struggle immediately stopped and blue eyes shot up to meet green. The hand in the short hair intensified its grip when no answer came. The man arched his neck, baring his throat. “I asked you a question.”

“I belong to you.” Robert gasped when Loki proceeded to rub himself against his ass.

“That is correct. Do you like that?”

The man growled in the back of his throat. “Should I?”

“Oh, you.” The hand in the man's hair stroked now affectionately through it. “Always with those witty remarks. Flirting with me did you no good. You will see. I hope you know what you got yourself into.”

Loki wondered briefly why the man was still so uncontrollable to some extent. Even the hawk hadn't talked back like this. It was quite interesting to know that the staff had a different effect on different targets. The man under him was under his control, yet he wouldn't just take him without his consent. He needed to hear him want it, want him. Even though he was manipulated and the emotion may be faked. His desire was just too strong to stop. The feeling of his hard cock on the mortal's ass prevented him from thinking clearly. Loki ran his tongue over the man's ear, feeling how he shivered underneath him.

“You want me, isn't it so?” He asked, his voice already husky with need. “You have family, but you don't care. You are drawn to me, because you know it is wrong. It is so amusing to see you struggle.” Robert couldn't say anything, a low groan the only thing coming out of his mouth. “So? You want me to take you? Satisfy my need with your body? Answer.”

“Yes.” It came like a shot and Loki chuckled at the eagerness in his voice, which was accompanied by a roll of hips. “Everything you want.”
“Such a dirty mind.” Loki smirked, patting his head again. “Good boy.” A hand fiddled with Robert's pants, pulling them down in one go. “You will take everything I give you.” He hissed and opened his zipper, aligning himself at the mortal's entrance.

The body under him shuddered and Loki could see how the other male gripped the fabric of the sheets.

“W-Why are you so aggressive?” The god raised an eyebrow. “I knew you were into dominating people, but-”

“Hush now.” Loki interrupted him mid-sentence, rubbing his cock against his entrance, eliciting a whine from Robert.

“It's not that I'm averted to the idea, but I just wonder-”

A hand closed over his throat then, pressing down until Robert stopped talking.

“Quiet!”

With inhuman strength Loki pushed him into the mattress, the hand still on his neck, holding him still. He had enough of playing, enough of hearing anything else than moans from him. The man wasn't supposed to talk. A wink of his free hand covered his cock in magic lube and without second thought he pushed inside the tight heat hastily. He needed to have him now; he couldn't be considerate of the man's feelings or pain.

Robert bared his teeth, yelping in pain before a hand pressed his face down once more. Loki didn't stop until he was buried to the hilt inside him. He reveled in the feeling of clenching warmth, closeness. Loki halted for a moment, taking the time to run his fingers over his back. Neither of them said anything anymore, it was silent until the god moved his hips and started thrusting, making the body shudder violently.

“You're doing good.” Loki murmured, and narrowed his eyes at the discomfort he saw on the other's face. “Give yourself to me completely. Please your god.”

The thrusting took on a ravaging rhythm and it didn't take long until Loki was sweating. He didn't care for the mortal's pleasure as he was completely lost in his own need, but hit his prostate nonetheless, making Robert scream out in pleasure. Loki loved to hear his voice, every outcry and whimper bringing him nearer to his release. It was madness how he enjoyed him.

Loki came silently inside him, hand clawing at the hips, leaving bruises. He had his eyes closed as the aftershocks of his orgasm rushed through him and just for a moment he allowed himself to remain in this position, before he pulled out nonchalantly. Robert was panting heavily, blue eyes now focusing on Loki. He saw devotion, adoration, even though he had just used him to his own interest. Gulping, he backed off. It was not that he didn't want to pleasure him. But just now he felt a hint of guilt, felt disgusted with himself, even if he could clearly see the man's excitement.

“Take care of yourself while you take a shower. I don't want you to reek.” Loki ground his teeth as Robert's expression dropped. He silently got up and left as the god grimaced at his own stupidity.

Chapter End Notes
Again, sorry.
Chapter Summary

Still the 20.11 in the story. Tom comes home after Loki had visited Tony.

Chapter Notes

SO eh. This is very angsty. And yeah. I can't possibly say how Tom would react in a situation like this, so let this be my interpretation. If you think it might be different, that's totally fine, it's just my "Tom-version". It was really hard for me to write and all these chapters give me the feelz. Meh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was already dark when Tom made it back home. He had needed a new pair of jeans, as well as some shirts. The ones Tony had bought him just didn't cut it anymore and he had been so happy when the man had agreed on giving him some money. Tom would pay him back someday. It was something he had sworn to himself. Except for the clothes, Tom had bought some gifts from the spare money. A new feathered toy for Loki and a small hilariously looking Iron Man plush for Tony. The engineer would probably laugh at him for spending money on such a thing, but Tom really liked it. On his way back he had also stopped at a supermarket. On Tony's grocery list weren't too much healthy things, such as fruit or vegetables, so he had decided to take that into his own hand.

Laden with backs of cloths and groceries, Tom stepped through the door into the dimly lit entrance hall. It was strange that the door was opened for him, but Jarvis didn't welcome him home. Tom shrugged it off and resorted into the old fashioned way of calling out. But even after shouting through the house, no one answered. Maybe Tony wasn't home, or was working on something important. Funny enough that this did happen from time to time. Tom had a smile on his lips when he moved into the kitchen and unpacked the items. As he started to put the food into the fridge, Loki snuggled up against his leg, saying hello.

Tom loved that little guy. He stroked him a few times before he pulled out the toy, with the cat immediately fixating on it, meowing to indicate that he wanted it. Tom played with him for a few minutes, laughing when Loki jumped and landed ungracefully on his furry butt. The person who had declared that cats always land on their feet had definitely never met this one. Once the little guy was too exhausted to even run after the feather toy anymore, Tom put it aside and patted him one last time before he took the Iron Man plush and went to look for Tony.

He found him in his workshop, just as expected. Tom smirked as he looked down on the plush, hoping that the engineer would be chuffed by it. Even though Tony had granted him access to the lab, he knocked on the glass door anyway. There was no reaction and Tom could see that he was definitely working on something. The man sat there with his back to him, not even looking up when he knocked a second time. Maybe Tony was listening to music and didn't hear him. After waiting for a minute and growing rather impatient, Tom finally pressed down the handle and came
“Hey.” Tom chirped and put out his hand to present the doll expectantly. “Look what I got.”

But even now Tom got no reaction from the other male. He wasn't even acknowledging his presence. And Tony definitely wasn't wearing any in-ear headphones, so why wasn't he replying.

“Tony?” He asked again, a little bit more calm.

“What?” Tony growled after he heaved a heavy sigh. The way he sounded made Tom's heart sink. Why was he so edgy? Tom tried to not let the hostility of his voice get to him.

“I, eh...” A small smile crept to his face, which left as Tony cut him off short.

“What is it? I'm working.”

Tom couldn't wrap his head around the fact that he was apparently so pissed off. Everything had been great when he had left and now Tony was barking at him without a reason. At least none he was responsible for. Not that he knew of anyway. Even if it was SHIELD or his work that went on his nerves, he shouldn't take it out on him. Tom furrowed his brows and let the hand with the puppet drop to his side.

“What's wrong? I just wanted to show you something I found while I was out. You don't need to be so aggressive.”

For a few minutes there was silence between them, until Tony startled chuckling bitterly and shook his head. He still wasn't looking at him and Tom wondered what could have happened in just a few hours that he was so outraged. This was so not like the man he knew. Tom raised an eyebrow at him.

“I can't believe it.” The engineer leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling.

“Huh?”

“You really don't care, do you?” Tony huffed and stood abruptly. “I don't get it. But hey you're gone soon, right? So why bother.” He walked to the workbench, YOU wanting to hand him a screwdriver, at which he just groaned.

Tom was still standing on the same spot, trying to figure out what his lover was babbling about. What was this supposed to mean. He wasn't about to go anywhere soon. Even if the portal would be finished, he didn't know if he wanted to go anymore. He had to, obviously, but definitely not without giving it second thoughts.

“What? Why should I leave now?” He then asked, trying to make sense of all this.

“Cut the crap.” Tony snapped back, causing Tom to wince. Was this because of the possibility of him leaving? Tony had never reacted this way before.

“I don't know what you're talking about!” Tom spat right back, slowly getting annoyed by Tony's aggressive tone. The way he was talking was nowhere near acceptable.

The desperate outburst stopped Tony after all, hands on his hips as he hung his head. Instead of explaining himself, he kept quiet. Never had a silence been this awkward, and just when Tom couldn't bear it anymore, Tony spoke up.
“You know, I thought about it, just as you told me. And I really thought, up until this point, that I could let you stay.” Tom narrowed his eyes, watching Tony how he ran a hand through his hair. Even though he couldn't see his face, the other looked incredibly worn out. Letting him stay? Was he about to throw him out? “Because fuck, you meant something to me.”

‘Meant?’ Tony was talking as if he would leave any second. Just when he was finally settling in completely. He couldn't mean that. He had to be joking. It couldn't be what Tom thought it was. This couldn't be a break-up.

“But this?” Tom's eyes bore into the engineer's head as he huffed a laugh. “Go. Stay in your room or leave. I don't care, just... I don't want to see you.”

It was as if his world collapsed with those few words. What had happened? He just couldn't figure it out. How could he say something like this. Tony couldn't be serious about this, he couldn't just throw away everything that was between them. His breath hitched and he felt his lips trembling as he tried to speak.

“Did I do something to you to make you treat me like this? Because I can't see it.” Tom swallowed the lump in his throat, tears forming in the corners of his eyes. He was angry, hurt that Tony would just set him up like this. “I don't know what you're talking about. Explain it to me, because I-”

Laughter silenced him, and he watched as Tony finally turned around to look at him. The sight made him flinch. Those brown eyes which had always looked at him with affection were now gazing at him in hatred and disgust. When had this changed?

“You think this is funny? A game? Is this a game for you? Because I have enough of this bullshit!” The sound of hysterical laughter filled the room and Tom could only gape in disbelief. “And you ask me if I am serious?”

“A game?” Tom repeated and faced the floor. This was far from a game to him. He was a universe away from his home and finally felt comfortable here, had admitted to himself that there was no place he would rather be at the moment, even though he hated himself for it. And now Tony acted as if this was worth nothing? That it was nothing but a childish play? He wished that the man would at least give him a chance to understand, but apparently getting a specific answer was too much to ask.

“Tony, please, I just don't understand what-”

And again the man interrupted him with laughing. Slowly the hurt started to change into real anger. Tony wasn't even trying to make him understand. This was over for him.

“Oh, playing the innocent now? Really? That's new.” The tone was biting and Tom flinched at the sarcasm. Were they really at insults now? “How about you get your shit together. This is so pathetic.” Tony closed his eyes, and for a brief second Tom thought that he looked as hurt as himself. The grim smile was wiped from his face now as he focused on the ground. “You're playing with me...” His gaze switched back up to pierce into Tom's eyes and he wanted to crawl into a hole at the hatred he saw there. “And now you intentionally want to hurt me. Nice.”

Tom felt as if the air was ripped from his lungs, as if he couldn't breath. His chest hurt, this was so wrong. He would never hurt him, he was the only one he had here. Both men were silent, and Tom had trouble holding his tears back. Every breath was agonizing, his hands clenching around the little doll for any support at all. After a few moments, Tom's shaking hand reached out to touch Tony, but it was slapped away.
“Fuck off! I'm done!” He screamed, and every word echoed in Tom's head as he stared wide eyed at the man that meant the world to him just moments ago.

His free hand dropped to his side. What did he do to deserve this? Tony was telling him that it was over, and the realization made Tom grind his teeth. He didn't want him anymore for whatever reason. He was blaming him now, held him at fault for their break-up. Instead of just giving him a straight up reason. If Tony wanted to end it he should just say it and not put the blame on him. It was incredibly unfair that the man would resort to something so low, especially because Tom had thought that they were more than just a fling. He should have known, he had known that Tony Stark wasn't trustworthy, that he couldn't just stay with one person. Perhaps he was tired of him now that he had gotten him into his bed. Maybe he should be thankful that it was over before anything bad could happen. But he wasn't.

Much to the engineer's surprise Tom moved in on him and threw the doll against his chest. He wouldn't just let him leave just like that, wouldn't let him go without telling him how furious he was. He had opened up enough to let Tony hurt him, had risked it all and was deserted. Now it was his time to yell at him. He had tried to talk calmly to him, to no avail. Tom clenched his hands into fists and pushed the man, making him stumble back, looking at him in shock.

“I knew it!” Tom didn't know whether he was shouting or sobbing. “I knew you can't take anything serious, that I was just a plaything to you!” Tears were running down his face as he poured his heart out and slammed his fists onto Tony's shoulder. “I asked nothing of you but honesty, which obviously doesn't mean anything to you! I wanted to hurt you? Do you have any idea what you are doing right now?! You're discarding me like a piece of trash, even though you know that I don't have anywhere to go!”

He was panting now, and the initial shock in Tony's face had been replaced by a hostile snarl.

“You should have thought about that earlier! I won't let you make a fool of me any longer. Fuck, how could I have been so stupid.” Tony said that, all this time looking straight into his eyes.

No. How could he have been so stupid. Tom bit the inside of his lips, tasting his own blood. Even the pain in his mouth hurt less than the pain in his heart.

“I knew of your reputation, it was probably my fault for falling for it.” Tom shook his head and chuckled bitterly, hands still on the other male's chest. “But I never imagined that you would pin this on me just to save your own pride.”

Tom quieted, and looked away, his voice barely more than a whisper. How he wanted to throw curses at him, hit him for how much pain he had caused him, but he simply couldn't. What he had thought to be love was tearing his heart apart. He had thought their bond to be stronger, but apparently this was the end of it. After a few minutes, Tom smiled softly.

“You know what? I thought I loved you.”

He couldn't look the other man in the eyes, didn't want to see the emotion there. Tom was too scared to see Tony just shrug it off or grin at his confession. A tear ran down his cheek, and he didn't bother to wipe it away. He felt so exhausted all of a sudden, so with a slight shake of his head he turned around and walked away.

Tom made sure not to fall into Tony's sight-line for the following days. Days that he spent in his room, trying to sleep, hoping that everything would change back to normal when he opened his eyes again. But it didn't, because Tony wasn't there when he woke. Didn't watch TV with him, didn't hug or kiss him. And Tom hated every second of missing him.
Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment <3
Not a misunderstanding

Chapter Summary

Tony tries to deal with the situation.

Chapter Notes

Hey there, everyone! Unfortunately another unhappy/hurt chapter, but all the pain will lead to better times, promise. Someday. And stuff. Thanks for all those comments on the last chapter, and I am seriously sorry for breaking your hearts and I will be sorry again soon. Sorry. Really.

Also, just in case, Loki is not 'evil' in my story or anything. He's just hurt and his pride is wounded and everythings dumb. Everything will be explained in time. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Days had gone by without any contact whatsoever. Tony was still pissed, which wouldn't change any time soon. It was over and everything had gone to shit in one hour. He still didn't know why Tom would do this to him, and then act as if he didn't know what was going on. Bastard. For a second he felt pangs of remorse when the man had looked at him with tears in his eyes. His reaction had been strange. Tony had expected him to sneer and laugh at him, like the moment before and not clinging to that stupid doll and crying in front of him.

But Tom was an actor. How could he possibly know what was going on in the other's head. This all seemed like some kind of tactic. As if he wanted to hurt him even more with this behavior. First treat him like shit and then claiming to be the victim. Tony wouldn't let Tom do that to him. The whole argument had added insult to injury. How had he dared to tell him that he didn't want him anymore, that he was nothing more than a dissipation. Fuck him. Fuck everything. He didn't need him.

The day after their fight Tony hadn't seen Tom once, and he was thankful for it. It was the last thing he wanted and needed. If he had his druthers, he would throw him out. Preferably right now, so he wasn't constantly reminded on their time together. It hurt to even think about him. Which was strange, considering he had known from the start that the man would eventually leave him. Still, Tony had thought that this had been serious between them. Apparently he had been wrong. Tom had backstabbed him, had turned his back on him, and it had made Tony so incredibly angry that he had wrecked half his equipment the moment Tom had left the workshop.

A day later, he had began work cleaning up and replacing his destroyed equipment. Tony had made his way up the morning of the second day to get something to eat. Jarvis had been nagging him about eating once every twenty-four hours, and since he hadn't enough willpower to actually discuss this, he had just complied. If he had known that Tom would stand there, he would have kept on starving himself down in his lab. The man had only thrown him a look of disgust and had turned away. Exactly the reaction Tony had anticipated. His anger had immediately flared up once
again and this time a car had to suffer from the outburst.

For the second time in two days, Tony was disposing of shattered glass and broken machines, only to be interrupted by a loud bang coming from up the stairs. He shrugged it off and continued his work, but flinched as a second sharp sound hit his ears. Tony looked up as another bang sounded through the house. Annoyed, he groaned and got up from the ground, stalking up the stairs to see what caused such an unnerving noise.

“What the fuck is he doing now?” Tony grumbled and blinked in absolute disbelief when he saw what the other man was doing. “Are you fucking stupid?! What do you thing you're doing?!” He yelled.

Tom ignored him as he sat on his bed and threw things against the wall. Ungrateful bastard.

“Are you crazy?!” Tony's gaze wandered to the cat, which sat frightened in one of the room's corners. “You can't be right in the head!” For some reason he now felt sympathy for the pathetic looking furball.

Suddenly those blue eyes glared at him, with just as much hatred and anger that piled up inside Tony at the moment.

“Why do you care?!

Get lost!” Was snarled back at him and just now Tony noticed that his eyes were red from crying. It was funny that both of them dealt with this in the exact same way. Destroying things. And he could deal with it, if it hadn't been for that disrupting sound. If he wanted to throw his things against the wall, so be it. But when Tom's reached for the book of Shakespeare, Tony had enough. He grabbed Tom's hand and yanked it away, making the man face him again.

“Could you stop this shit?!” Tom only narrowed his eyes, not granting this an answer. “I bought this for you.”

“And that's why you can have it back.” The voice sounded not enraged anymore, but quiet and sat. “I don't want your gifts anymore.”

Tony released Tom’s wrist when the book hit him in the face. The initial bafflement quickly passed for anger again and Tony clenched his fists to keep himself from hitting back. Instead he shook his head and scowled before getting up and leaving the room, slamming the door on his way out. Tony had taken the book with him and looked down at the item in his hands, sighing heavily. He hadn't believed that this could ever go so wrong between them. Placing the book into one of the shelves, he ran a hand over his face.

“Fuck, I need to get out of here.”

This was the third time the dialing tone sounded through his suit. It drove him crazy. Bruce wasn't answering his fucking phone. Tony was halfway across the country at the moment, crossing the border to Missouri. Tony had enough of dealing with Tom for today. Even when that meant he had to fly all the way to DC. It made sense why Bruce had rented an apartment there, the Captain. Tony was about to hang up when the call finally came through and he heard a loud sigh.

“Bruce, I need to come by.” Was that panting on the other side of the line?

“I'm kind of busy right now, Tony"

“It's urgent.”
After a few minutes, Tony wasn't too sure whether the line was still up, Bruce heaved a sigh.

“Tony...” It sounded more like a strangled whine or a plea. “I really can't--”

“Don't say you have someone over.” Tony could picture the other man rolling his eyes as he stayed silent. “Listen up. I really don't care, but I just need someone to...” He stopped himself and rephrased the sentence. “Just need to vent.” Bruce was still silent on the other side of the line and Tony was fairly sure he knew why.

“Fine. I assume you know where I live?” The meekly asked question made Tony suppress a chuckle. “Why do I even ask?” The call ended, and the billionaire was glad that at least Bruce wouldn't turn him down. It was the last thing he needed, and he didn't really know what he would have done if that would have been the case.

He hadn't expected anything fancy, Tony knew that Bruce didn't like splendor and liked to stay off the radar, but this was getting ridiculous. This was no suburban neighborhood or some apartment block, the building looked like a freaking drug hideout. Garbage was everywhere, Tony couldn't take a step without stepping on something. He didn't understand why Bruce would keep house in a place like this, especially since he was banging SHIELD's captain. A fact that was strange all the more. Rogers was not the type for this kind of environment. Nice and cozy, sure, but not dirty and shady. Hopefully he wouldn't catch any disease on his way to the his apartment.

Tony knocked on the only door that wasn't blocked up, and just as he had anticipated, a very displeased looking Bruce opened up. His fake smile wasn't nearly met with anything similar.

“Won't you invite me in?” Tony asked after a minute of staring at his friend before Bruce stepped aside for him to enter.

It was much nicer inside than outside. Not that worse was even a possibility, but the flat was clean and tidy, comfy. Tony placed the suitcase next to the door and let his gaze wander around the room to spot Steve on the couch, reading. The three of them were silent until Tony opened his mouth to speak and was interrupted by the captain.

“So, what's wrong with Tom?” Tony narrowed his eyes, and was about to bitch back that this wasn't his business, and how he didn't want to talk to him about this, but Steve was faster. “You fucked it up, right?”

Tony didn't deign with an answer, and his silence was affirmation enough for Bruce to groan miserably. So Steve knew too. Why was he not surprised.

“What happened?” There was pity in the captain's voice now, which was almost worse than his usual reproachful attitude towards him. Why had Steve to be here. And why had he been so stupid to think that Bruce would be alone. Tony knew full well that those two men had been dancing around each other for the last couple of weeks. Hell, he would do the same. The grimace on Tony's lips faded away as he looked into worried blue eyes. He didn't know whether the concern was to him or not.

“He told me I am nothing more than a pastime for him.”

Bruce had sat down on the armrest of the couch and was now staring in complete disbelief at him.

“What?” The doctor shook his head, trying to process what he had just heard, but failed judged by the grimace on his face. “I can't believe that.” He exchanged glances with Steve, who sported the same expression.
“You've got to be kidding me” Steve chimed, neither of them trusting the engineer's words, much to Tony's dismay. “Were you drunk? Imagining stuff?”

“I am fucking serious.” Tony gritted out, and Steve pressed his lips into a thin line, keeping quiet. “He told me to fuck off, how he would just leave anyway and that I didn't mean anything to him.” The look on the captain's face spoke volumes and Tony bit back the urge to growl at him for it. “Come on, neither of us want me here, I just want my therapy session.”

Bruce opened his mouth to object, but quickly deserted the idea, since Tony wouldn't listen anyway. Steve on the other hand wasn't about to remain silent.

“And what does that mean?”

Tony ran a hand over his face and rubbed his eyes, hanging his head in shame that he was just pouring his heart out to the man that was partly to blame for his daddy issues. Not fair, but still somewhat true, and talking was not something Tony liked. Especially when the topic was his feelings. He tried to avoid that at all costs. Now Steve was questioning him, making everything more awkward. Talking never did any good, it made him appear weak and vulnerable, yet he forced the words out to give the man the answer he wanted to hear.

“It's over. That's what it means.”

The silence that stretched through the room was making him uncomfortable and the fact that Bruce and Steve looked sorrowfully at each other didn't make this any better. Tony clenched his hands into fists, trying to swallow the hurt and anger that flared up inside him again. Now Steve put his book aside completely.

“Do you want this?”

“If I want this? Do I look as if I'd want this?” He exhaled violently, and tried to keep his voice calm. “It's not about me wanting anything. There's nothing I can do about it.”

“You could try to talk about-” Steve offered, but was silenced by Tony's enraged huff.

“Talk? He's destroying my things as we speak.”

Bruce frowned and cocked his head to the side, clearly not understanding.

“So he is angry?”

“Well, apparently.” Tony gnarled. Wanted to sneer at the other for stating the obvious. It was scary how much this situation made him feel on edge. He was so angry, he suddenly didn't want to talk anymore. Favorably he wanted to punch a wall right now. Bruce still stared at him as if the answer was not satisfying enough for him. “He dared to make a scene after he had the guts to dump me in the most disgusting way.”

A bitter smile appeared on Tony's lips that made the others look at him warily.

“Are you sure that this isn't just a misunderstanding?” Brown eyes focused on the doctor now, who quickly averted his gaze to avoid eye contact, as if not to aggravate him even more. “He shouldn't be angry if he was the one who ended-”

“No.” Tony spat back and he grimaced at his friend flinching at the tone. “Fuck, sorry...” Bruce only nodded, and Tony was glad that he wasn't take it personally. “I don't think so.” He added, a little bit quieter. “Unfortunately. Thought it was a cruel joke at first, but...”
Tony closed his eyes in resignation and stared at the ceiling, before turning his gaze back to his friends, seeing how Steve's hand now touched Bruce's. It was a small, subtle gesture. Nothing he would normally notice, but just now he became incredibly envious of them and gulped, turning his head to force his mind off those feelings.

“And what are you planning on doing now?” The captain asked, but Tony kept looking away. “I mean, he lives with you and...” As if he needed to be reminded on that.

“Don't know. That's why I came here, to get some kind of input.” Steve only nodded. “I really don't have a clue.”

Tony could see how distressed Bruce looked. The guy had every reason to say that he told him so before. If he had listened to his warnings, none of this would have happened. That's why he never wanted to commit to a relationship. It always ended up in pain. Same had been the case with Pepper. Come to think of her, he wanted to talk to her so badly. It had been weeks since they last spoke to each other.

“I can't throw him out.” He heard a relieved sigh from the other. “I told him he could stay until you made that portal.” He focused back on Bruce now. “And I hope that you finish that soon, because I can't manage to be near him anymore. Can't even stand thinking about him.”

“We made great progress.” The doctor said ruefully.

“Great, at least some good news.” His voice was layered with despair. “So only a few more days spending alone in my lab.”

“But...” Tony raised an eyebrow at Bruce, who narrowed his eyes in concern. “Do you think it’s good to avoid him all together? I mean-”

“What? Should I pretend nothing has happened and be all happy around him?”

Steve rolled his eyes in obvious annoyance at the man's sarcasm.

“No.” Bruce stammered. “I just think that...”

Apparently Steve had enough of his partner beating around the bush and undertook the talking.

“What Bruce is trying to say is, you come here to talk to us, and that's perfectly okay.” Tony wasn't sure what he was aiming at. “Even if I could imagine better things with my time.” Even Tony had to smirk at the blush that crept onto Bruce's cheeks now, but the smile immediately disappeared when blue eyes bored into him. “But Tom has no one aside from you.”

Fuck. It was true. Tony hadn't considered that. Right now he felt a glimpse of guilt, but he quickly force the emotion away. It was his own damn fault.

“He is completely alone, you are the only one he has.” Steve sighed when he heard the indifferent voice that came back.

“Yeah, well, he doesn't want to talk.” The way Tony looked at him probably rubbed the captain wrong, because he was standing in front of him now, looking down at him, irritation gracing his features.

“And I just can't think why someone wouldn't want to talk to you in this state.” he stated sarcastically.
“What?” Tony hissed. “Don't blame this shit on me now, I wasn't the one ditching and hurting him on purpose. He insulted me like a dipshit and said it's over!”

“Point still stands, Stark.” Steve all but shrugged and went straight past him, vanishing into another room. Before Tony could stomp after him, Bruce forced his attention back on him.

“I thought you two were into each other.” His voice was sad, disheartened, soothing Tony's anger and he looked down instead of going after Steve.

“I thought so, too. Everything had been great before that. Everything changed with just one second. Apparently this was a game for him.”

The sympathy in the doctor's eyes was replaced with confusion.

“No, I can't believe that. As far as I know Tom, he wouldn't do something like this.” Really, Tony hadn't believed it himself, if someone would have told him this. But this was reality, everyone had fallen for the real god of mischief. Evidently Tom wasn't what he made everyone believe. “Maybe you should try talk to him again.”

Tony didn't answer. He didn't want to shove the fact that he thought that was useless into Bruce's face.

“At least if you still want to be with him.” Tony looked up at the last part.

He wanted to be with him. There was nothing he wanted more, but how would talking solve anything. Even if he seriously tried to solve this, it would only end up in shouting again.

“I don't think that this...”

“So what do you want to do then? Just avoid him, not even trying to fix it? Then he isn't that important to you as I thought he was.”

And just like that Tony was standing there, feeling as if he had made a fool out of himself. Bruce was right, of course. He should fight for it. But at the moment he didn't see any possibility of them being together again, or interacting at all. Both of them were too furious, too hurt and even though he wanted to, he just couldn't let his anger go. Bruce smiled at him sadly, and Tony had taken his leave soon after, aimlessly flying around for hours, trying to figure it all out.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you 'liked' the chapter, even though it only has a hurt Tony in it <3 Next chapter they will talk to each other, not much, but at least they're talking.
Going home

Chapter Notes

It's still the 23. November in the story.
Eh. Meh- Nothing happy about this chap again, but I promise it will become better eventually? Bah.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was dark when Tony returned to Malibu. This had to be the first time in ages that he didn't want to go home; on one hand he wanted to be with Tom, and on the other he was so incredibly angry at him. The man had clearly told him what he thought of everything, had said directly to his face that it was over. There was no way that he would suddenly change his mind, and there was no way that he would beg for him to come back. Still, there was that feeling of regret, which depressed his resentment. Maybe Bruce was right and he really should fight for their relationship. It just seemed so pointless at the moment. Even though everything about the other's behavior was strange. He had never seen Tom like this.

Tony thought about spending the next couple of days in a hotel, but he remembered Steve's words. That Tom was now alone and had no one else. He couldn't leave him alone in his house. Not only did he feel bad for him, but he feared for his furniture. He really hoped that Tom had stopped smashing things and that his house wasn't burnt down to the ground when he arrived.

The nearer he got the more nervous he became, and he thought hard about his next move. The only thing that really mattered was whether he loved him. Whether this was just an affair or really more. Up until now Tony had always avoided that question, with good reason. That was something he never wanted to talk or think about because it made things too complicated and final. Commitment wasn't something he liked. Fuck, even if he would admit to love him, in their case it was just bad. Tom was right, he would leave someday and what then? Tony would be miserable and alone. Maybe it was good that Tom had ended it early, before he grew too attached to him. Love was not for him. It would make both of them suffer even more. Tony cursed to himself, hating the way his thoughts went.

“Sir?” Jarvis' voice sounded through the speakers of his helmet. Apparently the AI was addressing his rambling.

“Nothing.” Tony murmured back. “Just cursing myself.”

“So nothing out of the ordinary.” The snarky undertone rubbed him the wrong way, and Tony rolled his eyes in exasperation. “Apologies, is your bad mood related to Mr. Hiddleston's liability to destroy the furniture?”

Tony only groaned and turned into his driveway, landing just in front of his own door. For a moment he just stood there, unable to step inside.

“Jarv, could you check where our guest is at the moment?” He really didn't want to run into him right now.

“Of course, Sir. Mr. Hiddleston is located on the balcony.”
“And what is he doing?” Tony finally entered his own house, relieved that he could just go upstairs without seeing him. The sight that greeted him made him grimace, but fortunately for him his living room was still in one piece. He realized uncomfortably that everything was dark, and Tom was nowhere to be seen.

“It appears that he is simply sitting.” Tony let the suit deploy itself and stepped out of it, not bothering to put it away.

“What?” Casting a glance to the balcony door, Tony was flabbergasted to see that Tom really was sitting out on his balcony, looking at the ocean. “Fuck it.” He whispered to himself and went straight up and into his bed.

Tony was tired. Fucking exhausted to tell the truth, but it still wasn't enough to fall asleep. His bed was cold and empty, and whenever he closed his eyes thoughts of he and Tom lying there ran through his mind. It was not that he wanted to be alone, but seeing him doing nothing enraged him. His hand unconsciously moved over the fabric, anxious to find the warm body next to him. But there was no one there. Of course not. Tony spent more than a full hour tossing and turning in his own bed, until he finally drifted off, only to get haunted by nightmares. Tony jumped awake, panting and sweating. A hand covered his drenched shirt, checking if the arc reactor was still working. The dim glimmering light calmed him down, the fear of dying slowly fading away. He hadn't had nightmares in a long time. Not since Tom had moved in anyway.

Tony rubbed his aching head, trying to soothe the pain and got up. If nightmares would disrupt his sleep, he could just as well get into his workshop and work through it. It wasn't the first time he had been awake for days without proper sleep. So Tony dragged himself down the stairs, in only his boxers, the sweaty shirt had landed in a corner of his bedroom. When Tony came down the stairs, he noticed that the door to Tom's room was still slightly ajar. Usually the man closed it every time. Especially in the evening or when he wanted to sleep. Out of curiosity, Tony let his gaze wander to the balcony and indeed, the man was still sitting there. If he was to sit there for the whole night, he would probably catch more than a cold.

Okay, was he worried for his well-being now? That was ridiculous. Tony sighed and slapped himself mentally for what he was about to do. Against his better knowledge, he walked to the door and peeked outside. For a while he didn't say anything, but he was sure that Tom had already noticed him standing there. Tony sighed audibly when he saw the dismal expression on Tom's face. Damn those puppy eyes. The moment Tony finally found the willpower to say something, Tom looked away, clearly conveying his mood. Tony didn't want to talk either, but the way his ex-lover stared blankly into the blue made him reconsider.

“What are you doing out here?” Was this stuttering croak really his voice? It didn't sound like him at all and Tom didn't even care to look at him.

“Why do you care?” He also didn't sound like himself. Not sweet and loving, but sad and distant. It wasn't an insult or scoffing, it seemed like a genuine question, which made Tony avert his gaze as well.

“You will freeze to death here. It's cold, in case you haven't noticed.”

Of course he knew. He was sitting there for a few hours. But obviously Tom didn't care, even though Tony could see the slight shiver that occasionally ran through his body.

“And again, why do you bother?” Tom frowned now, confusion turning into annoyance and slowly, Tony started to get irritated as well.
“Could you cut that crap? You know exactly why I bother. I wasn’t the one who decided to dump me out of the blue!” Tony spat and swallowed hard a second later. He hadn't meant to say it that way.

Tom looked at him with bright blue eyes, bewilderment written across his face. Tony knew that he should have kept his mouth shut. He hadn't come out here to argue. But now Tom glared at him and he couldn't help but feel remorse. This was his lover and they were treating each other like shit. Tony was yanked from his thoughts when Tom’s voice hit his ears in a shout.

“What?!” The growling took Tony by surprise and he staggered back when Tom gestured with his hands. “I didn't do anything!” The taller man yelled furiously.

Like hell he didn't do anything. All this was because of him.

“I came home to you being cold and distant, before you started insulting me and treating me like your enemy! You do me down, acting as if I wronged you, with you being the only one that hurt me on purpose! And now you blame me?!”

Tom was panting in anger as Tony stood stock still, baffled by the sudden outburst. He hadn't even been so angry when Tony had missed the SHIELD call.

“Just leave me be.” Tom said quietly, looking away. The next sentence was a whisper, his voice brittle and sad, but Tony heard it nonetheless. “I count the days until the portal is ready and I can go home.”

Tony gasped. For some kind of reason the last sentence stung more than any insult the man could have shoved into his face. Why did this hurt so much? He had accepted the fact that Tom would leave eventually, but like this? What if this really was a misunderstanding. It hadn't been any clearer when he had laughed in his face. Seeing and hearing him that miserable broke his heart. He couldn't walk away and let him sit there in the cold. Hesitantly Tony took a few steps in Tom's direction. It was odd that after all this time his heart was still beating so fast that he feared it bursting through his ribcage. Tony wanted to touch him, comfort him, but as he reached out his hand got slapped away.

“I wouldn't have thought that you would do this to me.” Tom said, his voice becoming even more wobbly and Tony had to bite back the urge to say the same to him. Instead he listened, just as Bruce had advised him to. “I trusted you, with everything.”

Tony really shouldn't feel bad, but he did. Because what Tom said, was the exact same thing he felt.

“You self-righteous bastard just throw everything away. It didn't really mean anything to you, right?”

Tony could see how close Tom was to sobbing and without thinking, he knelt down next to him and pulled him into his arms. He was still angry, very much so and what Tom had just said was bullshit, but he just couldn't bear the sight of him crying. So he hugged him, holding him tightly, much to the other's discomfort, who tried his best to push him away.

“Go away.” Tom gnarled, hand pressing against Tony's chest, wanting him to let go. “What are you doing? You can't-”

“I can't figure you out.” Tony murmured into Tom's ear, soft hair brushing his cheek. How much he had missed having him close, holding him in his arms. Having his scent in his nose, his skin
under his fingers. The truth was, he didn't know why Tom was behaving like this.

“What do you want, let go of me.” The taller man was struggling in his grip now.

“No.” Blue eyes stared at him in indignation and Tony returned the look just as strongly. “I don't know what went through your head there, but—"

Tony landed hard on his ass as Tom shoved him away. He hadn't expected the sheer amount of force the other would use to get away.

Tom's face darkened in anger. “My head? What goes through my head?” he shook his head and Tony winced at the hatred in his voice.

He didn't want to see him like this, Tom should never look at him like this. Fuck it, maybe he could set things right by apologizing. Even if Tom had been the one destroying everything.

“I'm sorry, okay? What do you want me to say?” Okay maybe not in that tone. Tony realized his mistake when Tom's shoulders dropped.

“Don't. Just don't. I'd rather you not say anything than lie to my face.” Tom stood up then and started to leave, but Tony was on his feet fast enough to block his path.

“Yeah, well you shouldn't act as if you're not responsible for all this!” And there it was again. The irresistible puppy look that made Tony regret ever opening his mouth to argue.

“I just want to go home, so could you please let go of me. I don't want to be miserable anymore.” Instinctively Tony took his hands away, perplexed at what the other man just said. “I want my own life back.” With this Tom vanished inside the house, leaving Tony standing on the balcony.

“Yeah, fuck you too.” He said to Tom's retreating back.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! Leave a comment and tell me if you'd 'enjoyed' the chapter, it really means a lot to me <3
Phase two

Chapter Notes

It's the 28.11 in the story. And Loki chapter. And feels. I have no time to write more here because it's 4.36 am =D Nighty night!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki had fled as soon as Robert vanished into the bathroom. He hadn't cared where to, the only thing mattered was to get away. Now he was sitting on the rooftop of some apartment tower high above New York. He needed to vent, to scream; how stupid could a single person be. First he couldn't control himself around that stupid mortal, allowing him to touch and kiss him, so that he couldn't focus on the task at hand anymore and then...

Loki groaned again as the memories flooded his mind. By the nine, how could he think that this was a good idea. To get involved with a simple slave who should have been there just to serve the mere purpose of getting to Thor's fetch. But who could have thought that his feelings would grow out of perspective when he would see Stark again. Up until the evening when he had kissed him he hadn't even thought about that human in any other way than an enemy, a probably useful one, but that aside. And no matter how you look at it, the man he had under his control here, the actor, was not Stark. He might behave similar, but he wasn't him. And Loki didn't even know whether he really wanted Stark in the first place, it might just be the effect of jealousy, that he didn't have him.

But all that thinking was pointless. It had already gone too far, there was no going back. Loki had never wanted to fall into any commitment and he wouldn't let that happen again. This was a one of a kind situation, he had needed it and – actually, he wasn't even sure how the human thought about all this. He wouldn't have wanted it if he hadn't been mind controlled. Everything was bound to go downhill with his plan. What should he do with this minion now, the man was supposed to get him to Thor and nothing more. This wasn't about Stark, this was about getting his revenge. The payback for the humiliation that the man and his team caused him.

Well, at least his plan had somewhat worked. Stark was more than just miffed about the rejection. And Loki was sure that their talk would have consequences for their relationship, but the fact that the man could so easily distract him was embarrassing; pathetic. This attraction was impending. And his pet? He wasn't interested in the actor, or was he? Sure, the man was charming in his own way, but no where near what Loki would consider intriguing. And despite the fact that he was useful to him, he couldn't let that happen again. He would just ignore him from now on, he had better things to do. Phase two needed immediate realization. Unfortunately Loki had to go back to the hotel for this. The minions wouldn't be able to climb this tower.

If this day hadn't been worse enough, those two were nowhere to be found when Loki teleported back to the hotel. Apparently they had taken his 'advice' to heart and had left. Which was good, considering. They caused suspicion by merely standing there. But now they, when he finally needed them, weren't anywhere near. It would take a few hours for them to get here. So now he was stuck in the hotel with his pet. He could just wait elsewhere, but this would be even more inconvenient. Loki would have to check in every hour to see whether they would have returned. And a mere mortal wouldn't dislodge him from his chamber.
With a huff, Loki entered the room, gaze immediately falling onto the man sitting at the small table in front of a laptop. For a second Loki anticipated him to grimace at his presence, or say something hurtful into his face, but there came nothing. Robert just sat there, calm and collected, not even looking up. In fact, he seemed quite relaxed. It made Loki wary. Never taking his eyes of him, he moved past the man and sat down on a chair next to the vast window front. He briefly thought about saying something, but quickly discarded the idea. There was no need to justify his actions towards him. Minutes went by without them saying a word, and Loki almost thought that he would be spared from small talk, but much to his frustration, the mortal gazed over to him now.

“So you are back.” Loki didn't answer this, as it wasn't a question and obvious. “What's next?”

Loki narrowed his eyes as he finally locked eyes with Robert. It was strange that he didn't mention anything about earlier, or at least looked tired. He had to be sore and aching all over, yet he was still talking to him in that cheeky, disrespectful tone.

“What's that face you're pulling at me?” Robert sneered when Loki rolled his eyes.

“What?” The question took the god by surprise.

Robert raised an eyebrow, not even bothering to repeat the question. Why he even wanted to know this was a mystery to Loki. The man was way too much himself for his liking. Maybe the scepter's effect was running off. Even though he should be controlled, he certainly acted as if he was not. Well, technically he was, since he was still here, and his eyes were blue, still... The man obviously noticed him being in thoughts and sighed, pressing the matter.

“You scowl. Why?” It was said so indifferently that Loki wondered how he managed that.

“I don't.” He gritted out, annoyance growing quickly because of all this questioning.

“You do.” Robert countered, ignoring the mood of the god completely. “Is it because-”

“There is nothing to discuss!” Loki hissed, interrupting the other mid-sentence. Robert instantly raised his hands in defense.

“O-kay... Mud much?”

“Mud? I am no such thing as dirty.” Loki stared in confusion when Robert sighed in resignation.

“A synonym for mad. You are mad. Care to explain?” The man just wouldn't give up. And was it really too obvious that he was riled up about all this? His slave knew nothing about the circumstances as to why he had acted the way he had.

“As I said. There is nothing to talk about. You obey my wish.”

Both glared at each other for a moment, before Robert broke the eye contact, murmuring something to himself and shifting his attention back to the laptop. Loki was actually kind of baffled by the reaction, that there was no talking back this time. And for some reason he didn't like it.

“Isn't it so?” The god clenched his teeth, growling low in his throat to force an answer. But the other male didn't say anything, instead he pressed himself off his chair and stalked over, now looking down at Loki unimpressed.

“You need approbation, god of mischief?”

“Mind your tongue.” Robert didn't seem to be intimidated by the snarl at all and placed a hand on
his shoulder.

“How is it that you aren't flirty anymore now that you've fucked me?” Loki could only blink at the boldness the other displayed. “What. Do I see remorse in those green eyes?”

Loki swallowed hard, but kept the a straight face as he looked into amused blue eyes. How could this pitiful mortal see through him so easily? And why let hi get away with this?

“So you're into Tony? Many fans would love that, I mean, for you and him to be... together.” Now the god was officially staring in disbelief and as if Robert could read his thoughts, he shook his head, grinning delighted. “You aren't too hard to read if one knows your back story. The narcissism and the daddy issues. You two have much in common.” Robert shrugged and let his hand wander over Loki's hair, feeling the soft strands between his fingers. Was this man trying to pursue him?

“You don't know anything about me.” Loki grumbled back, but the smirk didn't disappear.

“Oh I know all about your life. The movie version, as well as the mythological one, which is quite disturbing, if you ask me. Also know what happens after Ragnarok, the comic one of course.”

“Hush.” The man was chattering way too much.

“How you get reborn and-”

“Shut your mouth!” Loki snarled as his hand pressed down forcefully on the mortal's mouth, keeping him from completing his sentence. The cheerful expression turned into a grimace and only after a minute Loki removed his hand while still glowering at Robert, who didn't even think about keeping quiet.

“You sound as if you want to harm me, but you won't.” The victorious tone in his voice made Loki grind his teeth.

“Is that so?” His hand wrapped around Roberts neck, applying just enough force to get his point across. The other man's lips quirked upwards.

“Yes. Because you still need me, else you wouldn't bother.”

Of course he was right. He still had plans for him, but that wasn't the reason he kept him. Loki couldn't help but mimic the grin. It was kind of refreshing that someone would talk to him without any fear. With a huffing laugh, he released the man from his grip and stood, pushing him aside and going to the bed to lay down. Why was he feeling so exhausted all of a sudden? The fetch was really tiresome when he talked. Much to Loki's annoyance, the human followed him and looked down on him, as if he was waiting for something. It was unnerving.

“By the nine, what do you want?”

“Nothing, just making small talk here.” Loki groaned. He couldn't believe what the man was doing. How could he be so willful? “What, am I not worthy enough to talk to you?” Robert bowed derivatively, mocking him on purpose.

Robert found himself grabbed by his shirt-collar and pulled face to face with an extremely pissed off god.

“Mind your tone around me.” Loki was serious, forcing the grin off of Robert's face. “How annoyingly uncontrollable.” He mumbled to himself and shoved the mortal away, making him stumble and almost fall. It wasn't meant for discussion, still Robert had picked up on it and started
talking again as he straightened his shirt.

“Were you ever on the receiving end of that scepter?” What question was that. “It's not as much controlling as it is convincing, forcing you to open your eyes. It just... Everything makes sense what you say or do.”

Loki thought about it. Conviction. It would explain this man's behavior at least. Still, it raised questions as well.

“I don't know what you did to those two brain dead children, but-”

“What else do you know about me?”

Robert hadn't seen this question coming, Loki could see it in his face. But he just had to ask. It could be worthwhile. Maybe it would even aid him in his plan. The mortal frowned slightly.

“I read some comics after I read the script for the Avengers. Not many, though.” Loki watched him, green eyes wandering over his face, judging every little twitch of muscle. “But the movie verse, where you are from, is significantly different. You are actually different from what I thought.”

Blue eyes now locked with his and Loki could only mistake it for affection, what he saw in them. It was strange and he needed to know why the sentiment was there after he had so shamelessly used him against his will.

“Why are you giving me such a look? Shouldn't you approach me with hatred and disgust for what I have done to you?” The baffled reaction of the other amused Loki more than it should, but he raised an eyebrow when Robert shook his head, a troubled expression on his face.

“No.”

“So you don't mind?”

“Hm... I don't have a choice, do I?” Loki huffed at the little smirk that crept up onto Robert's lips.

“Maybe. Tell me why then. You have family.” The man took a second until he grasped the meaning of the question.

“Yes. And I plan on seeing them again. They are important to me. So I have to stay on your good side. I can't grow attached because we both know that you won't stay here for long.”

Yes, he wouldn't need to threaten his family, if the man complied. Which, up until now, he did without any objections. Even though he did a lot of teasing lately. Maybe it would be safer to control his mind completely, but it would be way less fun. The man became more and more intriguing. Maybe it wasn't too bad after all. At least he would find relaxation through him once in a while.

“Is that all?”

“Should there be anything else?” Robert then asked, looking down at him in bewilderment when Loki pulled him in by his arm, so that he almost fell onto the god.

“No there absolutely shouldn't.” Loki let his eyes roam over Robert's body, approving how the man towered over him. Funny. An hour earlier he had doomed himself for even wanting this, but the fetch was just too convincing. Hell, if he wasn't averse to the idea, why not take advantage of
it. “But there might?”

A wide grin spread on Robert's face then and he leaned in closer.

“People might call me out on the Stockholm syndrome, in case they're ever going to find out.” Now Loki was smirking as well and he dared to let his hands wander over the man's back, who instinctively arched against the touch. “But they'll just pin it on drugs again, so whatever.”

A small chuckle escaped Loki, even though he really didn't care for what he was going to face once he was gone. There was no way he would take him back to the other dimension, or that he would stay here in this one. Getting involved with Robert would mean consequences for him, especially when he was released from the scepter's control. Loki pitied him, for it was pure coincidence that he had chosen him out of all the doppelgängers.

“What do you want to do now?” His voice was husky, and only now Loki noticed that he was almost flushed against him.

“Hm...” Loki licked over his lips, throwing a knowing glance over to Robert, but just as he wanted to kiss him, there was a knock on the door. Of course he knew who that was. His minions finally arrived. Unfortunately for them this had to be done, so he just whispered into Roberts ear, sending a shiver down his spine. “Get those two.”

“Why?”

“I finally found a task they can do.”

“What do you want them to do? Go on a suicide mission?” It was meant as a joke, but when green eyes stared indifferently back, the cheerful voice turned blank. “Wait, seriously? Who... what?”

“Fear not, it's just meant to fray, get Thor's attention. The oaf always freaks when innocent people are involved. Still, I won't take the blame for whatever happens.” Robert harrumphed and got up from the bed to let the two teenagers in.

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Tom could see how Tony looked at him when he went past him to the front door. He was scowling, pulling the same annoyed face that he had for the last few days. Tom himself was dead tired, exhausted from having to avoid him twenty-four seven. This wasn't doable for him, there was no way he could endure another day. Whenever he and Tony bumped into each other, it had ended in disaster. They were outright screaming or ignoring each other. And it was enough now.

So he had decided to move out. Even SHIELD was better than this. Tom had stuffed his clothes into a bag and apparently Jarvis had told Tony what he was doing. The man had stomped up the stairs and was now standing there, basically blocking his way and giving him a grim look. But Tom ignored the scowling and moved past him to the front door, bag under his arm.

“You can't be serious.” Was called after him and Tom wasn't about to answer this. His getup should be sign enough. While he got into his shoes, a huffing noise came from the other, making Tom sigh and hang his head. He really didn't want to discuss all this now. “You know I can't let you go out alone.”

Tom narrowed his eyes and turned his head to look at the engineer.

“Since when?” Tony looked slightly taken aback. But he was really curious. Why wouldn't he be allowed anymore to go out. Just a week ago the man hadn't had a problem with it. “And seriously,
why do you care? You even told me that if you had your way you would kick me out. You don't want me here and I don't want to be here as well. So where is the problem?"

Tony's face dimmed, brown eyes staring down at him. Tom cringed at the gravel tone of his voice.

"Yeah, I really can't stand your presence, but that doesn't change the fact that I can't let you go. And please..." Tony was now smirking wickedly and Tom wasn't too sure what to make of it. "Where do you want to go. Where will you stay? Without money or friends?"

It sounded skeptical, as if the man didn't want to believe that he would be able to survive on his own. For a few seconds Tom was quiet, thinking about a possible counter for this. But he didn't want to throw insults into his face, so he just repeated his question.

"Why do you care?"

"You know perfectly well that SHIELD explicitly stated that-"

"I don't have anything to do with SHIELD anymore.” Tom just shook his head when Tony rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, as if. You know that it doesn't work that way.” Before Tom could react Tony was at his side, grabbing him by his arm and yanking him up. “That won't work. Where do you want to live then? Under a bridge? Explain it to me.”

Tom quickly wondered why he sounded so angry, before pulling his arm away forcefully. He should be the one angry at being treated like this. That attitude was off-putting. Tom sighed and locked eyes with Tony.

“I will work, Tony. Just like normal people earn their money.” Tom said calmly, knowing full well that it would rile him up. And Tony groaned in annoyance, just as expected.

After finally getting away from Tony and his shoes on, Tom started walking again and out of the corner of his eyes he noticed him just standing there, not knowing what to do. Only when Tom's hand touched the door handle, he raced after him.

“I know what I said. And hell, I meant it. I can't take it. You running around here. But I can't let you leave.” His voice was low, warning, but Tom didn't listen and opened the door nonetheless. He felt a pull on his bag then and turned around to see that Tony had grasped the strap. “I can't let you-”

He fell silent then, gazing past Tom, who narrowed his eyes at the reaction and followed the direction he was facing with his eyes, only to gape in surprise as well. There, a few feet away stood two teenagers, smiling at them. Tom was still blinking in confusion when Tony barked from behind him.

“What are you doing here?” Now that he thought of it, how did they managed to get past the gate? “How the fuck did you get in here?”

Both were ignoring Tony completely, only stepping closer to them instead of answering.

“Are you Mr. Hiddleston?” The girl asked and Tom could only nod in reply. “We have a message for you.” She smiled sweetly at him and gestured to her companion, who immediately stormed forward, punching Tom in the face and making them both fall to the ground.

“What?!” Tom gritted out, gasping as he saw a dagger appearing in the boy's hand. Tom's hands
shot up to defend himself, desperately trying to keep him from pressing the weapon down and into his chest. The struggle was no use though, he was sitting on him, pushing his entire weight onto the dagger. It wouldn't take long until Tom's strength would falter. He growled, clenching his teeth in frustration and glancing over to Tony, who was fending off an attack from the girl.

“Fuck!” Tony cursed, evading a swing from the female and stumbled back. “What the fuck is going on?” He ducked another attack, using her movement in his advantage and shoved her forwards, so that her head hit the door frame and she sank to the ground in an ungraceful heap.

For a moment the engineer just stared in shock at the body that lay next to him, until a desperate yell redirected his attention and he bolted to Tom, grabbing the young man by his neck, trying to get him off. But even with joined forces, they weren't able to get pull him down. Tom felt how his arms started shivering, saw the blade coming closer and closer to his chest. He could hear his heart beat in his ears and just out of desperation he looked up to see bright blue eyes and a grin that pierced marrow and bone. Something was seriously wrong here, how was he so strong? Tom's gaze fell to Tony, who was still trying to get the man off of him, but to no avail. The man shook his head, eyes wide with realization.

“Fuck, I'm trying as hard as I can!” He hissed. “I can't get him off!”

As Tony retreated from his sight, the only thing Tom could see was a raised hand, and the attacker's head bent back. Tony's other hand had fist into the his hair and he braced himself against the young man, still holding a hand over his head.

“This son of a bitch has superpowers or some shit!” The engineer looked around frantically before he focused back on Tom, who bared his teeth as he met his eyes and both knew that it was too late.

A second later the dagger vanished into Tom's chest, cutting through the flesh with ease and a loud scream erupted from his throat. The pain was overwhelming, ripping through his whole body, making it unbelievably hard to breathe. The only thing he could see was the horrified face of Tony, then everything went black. As he slipped into delusion, he thought he saw Tony's armored arm sending a blast through the man's head.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed this chapter!
Just as I promised, and thanks to my wonderful beta, here's the next chapter. Still angsty and feely, but next chap it is when things start to get better.

It's the 29.11 One day after the attack.
And we're already at chapter 50! Whut! (The one teaser art chap doesn't count) There are 35 more to go, yes I added two chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything happened so fast. Never had he experienced such agonizing pain. It felt as if his ribcage was about to burst. One of the last things Tom remembered before everything went black was Tony running around frantically, a telephone pressed to his ear.

Tom opened his eyes abruptly and inhaled deeply, as if he hadn't taken a deep breath in ages. His chest still hurt like hell, hindering him from breathing freely. As his vision cleared he looked around, trying to make out where he was. It was some kind of laboratory, and Tom twisted frantically as he saw the machines connected to his body.


He groaned as he tried to sit up, the pain in his chest flaring up once again. One hand instantly reached up to touch the wound, which was bandaged now.

“Not so fast, please.” A worried voice came from behind him, and his arm was grabbed gently to keep him from moving.

Tom turned to see it was Bruce, who smiled apologetically at him.

“What-”

“You were stabbed. Fortunately no vital organs were harmed. I treated the wound, and it will heal given time.” Tom should be relieved to hear that, but there were still so many questions. He looked to Bruce to explain further. “Tony contacted SHIELD, who brought you here yesterday.”

Tom brought his hands up to gingerly cover his face.

“I just don't understand...”

“What did happen back then exactly? Tony could barely speak.” Bruce asked while he pulled out the IV on Tom's lower arm.

“I don't know.” Tom declared truthfully, gazing blankly through the room. “There were these two teenagers and-”

His gaze fell on Tony then, who was leaning against the door frame, a fierce look on his face. In that moment memories started flashing behind Tom's eyes, memories of the boy falling lifeless off of him after Tony had shot him in the head. He had killed him. The realization struck him and Tom stared bewilderedly at the other man, who just grimaced and left the lab a second later. This
couldn't be true. Everything was falling apart. He closed his eyes and sighed. How could this have
gone so wrong. All he wanted was to move out, just as both of them wanted and now a boy was
dead. Tom wanted to just sleep, get back into his bed and hope that all of this was nothing but a bad
dream. As if the break up hadn't been enough. Now they were at fault for a kid's death. Sure, he
had attacked them, but still...

Tom tried to sit up and swing his legs over the bed, but found his head swimming. Bruce shook his
head at the actor's determination and walked over to him to assist.

“You should be able to walk, but remember that your body needs to heal, so you need to be
careful.” Bruce said admonishingly and waited until the actor finally found his footing and was
able to stand on his own, before he walked over to a table and retrieved a shirt. “Here. It might not
fit too well, but your old one was a little stained.”

Bruce put the shirt next to Tom and inspected the bandages again.

“You were lucky.” For some reason Tom couldn't see how he could possibly be lucky in a situation
like this, so he offered a quiet 'hmm' in reply. “So, what happened?”

“They attacked us. A girl and a boy. They wanted to know my name.”

“Forgive me for asking, but,” The doctor faced the ground and straightened his glasses. “Why
were you two outside? Tony told us they attacked you in front of the house.”

Tom stayed silent. He really didn't want to talk about any of this with anyone, even though Bruce
was nice and understanding, the topic was tiresome enough as it was. It wasn't as if he could
magically change Tony's mind, that being the only help he could give.

“Sorry, I don't want to interfere in your-”

“He ranted, didn't he?” Tom cut Bruce off sharply

“Yes.” Bruce admitted and Tom nodded. So that was where he had vanished to that night. He
wanted to ask so badly what Tony had told him, but he remained silent and instead tried to drag the
shirt over his head. He found that he couldn't move his arms very well without a lot of pain
radiating through his chest, he looked imploringly at Bruce, who in turn helped the poor man get
his shirt on. For that Tom was thankful, he didn't want to look at all the bruises and stitches
covering his body from his earlier ordeal.

“Maybe it was just a misunderstanding?” The sorrowful look on Bruce's face stilled the anger that
was forming within Tom at the question. It wasn't a misunderstanding, and both of them knew it.
Bruce was trying to comfort him and he was grateful for it, but it wasn't what he wanted to hear
right now.

“I don't think so.” Tom smiled back lightly. “Where did they bring her?”

Bruce looked up then, needing a second to understand what Tom was talking about. He frowned
and looked as if he wasn't allowed to tell.

“The girl?” Tom tried again and only heard a sigh.

“Interview cell.”

“Show me.”
Tom clearly noticed that Bruce was rather compelled to go along with him. His resigned face spoke volumes. And Tom got why he wouldn't want to lead him there. He himself didn't really want to face everyone on the team, especially not Tony, but this was important. He needed to know why they were there to attack him.

When both men turned the corner, Steve and Clint came into sight, staring through a window into the interrogation room. Fury, as well as Natasha were inside, obviously talking to the girl, who looked more than intimidated. In an instant Tom was at the window, startling the others with the sudden movement. He clenched his teeth as the director took over and was obviously screaming at the girl, but no sound hit his ears. Steve was still blinking in surprise when Tom faced him angrily.

“What are they doing?” Steve opened his mouth to answer, but Clint chipped in before the words could leave his mouth.

“Interrogating her.” He said blandly.

“So screaming at her is the new standard?” Tom looked at the smaller man, who raised an eyebrow at him. “They can't treat her like that.”

“Why not?” Clint shrugged, making Tom grimace.

“She has rights.” He pressed out, but Clint didn't respond. Yes, why should anyone care. SHIELD had treated him like a criminal as well, Tom sighed and gazed over to the girl again. She started crying and even though she had wanted to harm him, it broke his heart to see her so scared. A quick glance to Steve was enough to make him avert his gaze and Tom shook his head. He heard footsteps coming towards them, but didn't need to look around to see who it was.

“You can't do this to her.” The actor tried again, getting more and more aggravated by this situation.

“They wanted to kill you.” Tony muttered from behind him, clearly not amused.

“Even so.” Tom replied, venom lacing his voice.

“Are you stupid!!” Steve and Clint shot each other a look of disbelief, and even Tom wouldn't have believed the words that had come out of his ex lover's mouth if he hadn't heard them. “This chick wouldn't have hesitated to kill you, and you take a stand for her? Seriously?”

Tom stared into dark eyes. He swallowed down his own rage and focused the ceiling, showing him how ridiculous his behavior was.

“Would you shut up? You have no idea what you're talking about.” Why was he like that all of a sudden? This girl could have information how to get back into his dimension. He was sure she was somehow connected to all of this. And he needed to talk to her about it.

“What?!” Tony spat back and wanted to move in on him, but Clint placed a hand on his chest, keeping him from moving.

“What the fuck is going on between you two? Trouble in paradise? Calm the fuck down.” He growled, separating the two men from each other.

“You still have no right to treat her like this.” Tom insisted and resorted to Steve. “Let me go inside and talk to her.” He pleaded. “Maybe she can help us with the portal. She obviously knew me.”

Steve sighed, pressing his lips into a thin line.
“I am sorry.” Was the only thing the captain could say, before Tom groaned. Of course it wasn't his fault, but it was just too frustrating.

They needed to wait until the interrogation was over. Tom was anxiously pacing the room, usually he was patient but right now his patience started wearing thin. When he gazed over through the window and saw that the director placed a gun on the table, it was enough with the waiting. Within a second he was through the door, nobody being able to stop him in time, and screamed unintelligibly at the director.

“What are you doing?!”

Even Natasha looked up now, cocking her head to the side as if she wasn't sure what to think of it.

“Who let him in here?” Fury shot a glance over to two agents who should have guarded the door.

“Mr. Hiddleston...” The small, wobbly voice came from the girl. She was crying, and Tom rushed to her side, laying a hand on her shoulder. She definitely knew him, which meant that she was from his dimension.

“Are you okay?” The girl was just sobbing, unable to form an answer. Tom's face fell at her obvious distress before turning and directly addressing Fury. “Why are you scaring her like this?”

The man looked at him as if he was stupid. Maybe he was, maybe he shouldn't care about her at all. Tony was right, she had tried to kill him, but one death was enough. For some reason she definitely seemed different from the day before. She was just a girl who was now crying and clinging to him as if nothing had happened. It was just as he had thought, Loki had his hands in this. At least that was what it looked like. No one could fake fear like this.

“She is a terrorist, nearly killed you and wounded Stark with their attack.” Fury said blankly, not wanting to discuss this.

“Maybe she isn't at fault for this.”

“And how so?”

Tom gulped. Both Natasha and Fury waited for an answer. If he would be wrong, and the girl really acted, he would make a fool out of himself.

“I think she was under the influence of Loki.” The man narrowed his eyes, obviously not impressed by the theory. “This is what it does to people.” Tom looked down into helpless green eyes. “What's your name?”

“L- Lena.” She stuttered, a hand fisted in the sleeve of his shirt. “He just... You tapped me with the prop and it just... it-”

Tom couldn't believe his ears. It had been him who did this to her? So Loki was running around his world impersonating him. That was how he got the photo of Chris' family. Everything he had feared for had come true. He just hoped that no one else had been harmed and that his family and friends were save. Probably wishful thinking. Tom stroked Lena's arm gently to comfort her, trying to soothe the sobbing.

“She still...” Director Fury chimed, but Tom wouldn't have any of it.

“No! It is not her fault!” Tom barked, straightening himself to look into his one good eye. They glared at each other for several seconds, until Tom heard the others entering the room as well, and
he turned around to gesture to Clint. “You should know how it is, Clint. How it feels to be under
the control of the tesseract.”

The archer stood there with his mouth open, before grimacing slightly. Of course he knew and
everyone in the room was now looking at him, until he nodded. The girl was still sitting on her
chair, crying and only now Natasha leaned in on Fury to whisper something into his ear.

“No.” He growled and Natasha backed off, crossing her arms in front of her chest. “She will stay
here.” It was that kind of final tone in his voice that wouldn't allow any objections, but Tom was
not about let this go so easily. They wouldn't imprison her like some kind of criminal.

“You can't do that. She has to go back.” Tom's voice was soft now, he pitied this girl. She had been
abused for a wicked plan, her friend had died and now she was interrogated by the world's best spy.
He turned back to her, ignoring Fury's ranting. “How did you two get here in the first place?”

“I didn't ask.” She replied nervously, averting her gaze to the ground. “He just teleported us to an
abandoned alley, but I wasn't familiar with that place. I never been there before.” Tom desperately
tried to think of a place that could fit the description, but those information were just too scarce.
“And he shoved us through a wall, and then we stood at the same spot again. I didn't even look
around. I just waited for him to give us direction. And... He brought us to the mansion, told us to
ask for you and...” She started crying again. “Everything seemed so clear, so easy, right...”

“It's not your fault.” Tom tried again, but the sharp voice of Fury made him look at the man.

“It is.” Face marked with indifference. “Get her into a cell.”

“No! She is just a kid, I won’t let you do that to her! If she really is from my universe then she
could be the key to-” Tom yelled, trying to grab Fury's arm as he wanted to leave, but two agents
held him at bay.

“There will be plenty of time to discuss that later, get him out of here.”

“What?” The two agents dragged him out of the room before he could react and the Avengers
followed them, only Natasha stayed behind, talking to Fury. He could only look on in horror as the
girl was whisked off.

“Let go of him.” Steve said to the agents, sounding vaguely annoyed. The two men did as they
were asked, but stayed close by, keeping an eye on them. He then turned to Tom, frowning at the
grim face that looked back. “Let it be. There's nothing we can do about it now.”

The bitter grimace vanished when Steve's hand found his shoulder. Tom dared to look at Tony in
his desperation, but after a second of staring back, he averted his gaze. Of course he wouldn't help
him. Why should he. They weren't involved with each other anymore. Tom swallowed the lump in
his throat. It was hard seeing him there and not being able to talk to or touch him normally. He
couldn't deny that he missed him. A hand on his arm drew his attention to Natasha, who pulled him
away, out of earshot.

“Look. I don't know what happened between you two, but it's pretty obvious that something's
wrong.” Tom didn't say anything. Natasha always seemed to look through everyone, there was no
need to lie. “We could arrange a room for you here. I imagine how tiresome it can be to live with
Stark, especially when he got his panties in a twist.”

A small smile crept onto Tom's lips, even though the topic wasn't even remotely funny. Maybe it
would be best to stay away for the rest of the time until the portal was done. It would release some
of the stress that had formed in the last few days, and he and Tony wouldn't fight all the time.

“Thanks, I think I'll take you up on that.” Natasha nodded and gestured for him to follow. Only when Tom walked past Tony he saw his bewildered expression, but choose to carry on walking and not think too much about it.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you can still bear with me and my chapters *bows* Thanks for reading <3
Alone

Chapter Notes

It's finally up! And it's getting better for them :__; So sorry it took so long, but I hope you'll enjoy the chapter.

It's the 2nd december in the story now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was strange to come home to an empty house after all this time of living with someone. It was too quiet, too dark. Usually Tom would welcome him with a meal, or would be sitting on the couch reading, beckoning him to come and join him. Now it was just him, and Tony felt lonely for the first time in months. Fuck it, it was good that he was gone, it should have been like this from the beginning. His stay here should have been temporary and never should he have fallen for him. At least now he hadn't have to deal with a crazy guy destroying his stuff and lying to his face. But he still loved that stupid cat. Maybe he would just take it to an animal shelter.

Tony spent the next day working, didn't matter if it was a new prototype for the arc reactor or blueprints for a new suit, anything to keep his mind from wandering. It didn't work as planned, even though he worked till morning. It was ridiculous how much he had gotten used to Tom. When he finally fell asleep the sun was peeking over the horizon and Tony couldn't work or stand. The only thing he did was talk to Jarvis, arguing with him over how he should eat more, and why Mr. Hiddleston was not there anymore. He really needed to rethink his AI's conscience.

Then it had been three days and Tony realized just how much he missed him. He hadn't slept, and he was pathetic. He should be happy that he was gone and usually he would be over someone in a couple of days. But this was different for some strange reason. Why was he special? It was his fault that they had broken up. He had ended it and fuck, he deserved to suffer for it now. It had been Tom’s decision to leave, to stay at SHIELD. Tony rolled onto his stomach and buried his face into the pillows, groaning. Stupid bastard. How was he able to make him feel guilty, and unreasonably so. He was rightfully pissed, and where was his fault for not wanting a relationship with someone who betrayed him like that.

With a jump Tony sat up, realizing what he had just thought. He stared wide eyed into the blue, mouth hanging open. Relationship? When had this changed? Sure he had wanted to fuck him from the get-go, but a relationship? He really shouldn't let sentiment get in his way. Fuck. Just as Tony lay down to forget the inane thoughts racking his brain he heard meowing. Damn. He had forgotten all about that damned cat.

“Stupid, annoying piece of...” Tony turned his head to look at the source of the sound and saw the small black furball sitting next to the bed.

When had it learned to climb the stairs? The cat meowed again, and Tony rolled his eyes as he got up. He was hungry too, but you didn't see him nag anyone for food. He dragged himself down the stairs and to the kitchen, with the cat following at his heels, making him stumble more than once. And the fact that the thing wouldn't stop crying made it even worse.

“I get it you're hungry. Stop bitching.” Tony grunted and put some of the cat food into the bowl.
“I'm hungry, too, but will you make me dinner? No.” He watched the cat eat for a while before taking a look into the fridge and getting a piece of pizza from the day before. “He should have taken you with him. You annoy the fuck out of me.”

The cat didn't look at him, so Tony shrugged and walked back to the stairs, stuffing the slice into his mouth. He was just laying down again when he heard the animal mewing. It was jumping up the stairs again and stopped right in front of his bed. Tony groaned and ran a hand over his face.

“What the hell do you want from me?” He stared at the black cat, which hopped onto the bed as soon as their eyes met. “No, no, no! Get off!” Trying to shoo the cat away didn't help, even when he almost kicked it off, it always jumped back up and after a while Tony surrendered. “What do you want from me, cat?”

Tony had expected anything, but this. The cat walked to him and snuggled up against his hand, purring loudly. Tony was speechless. The cat had never come up to him like this before without scratching or spitting. Tony scratched behind his ears.

“You miss him, right?” A high-pitched meow came from the kitten. “Yeah, me too.”

Tony spent the next morning in bed with the kitten, letting him climb all over his body and explore the folds of fabric in the large bed. Tony remembered Tom's words, that he would come to love him someday. Yes he liked that cat, even if it was just for the fact that they both shared the same feelings. They both missed Tom. Hell, Tony wanted him back here. The last three days were the worst in a very long time, but he had no idea how to get him back. He couldn't just go to SHIELD and get him. Even if he would be so bold, there was no way that Tom would come with him. Tony doubted that saying sorry would help any. Though it was his fault, something Tony would never say, he was sorry. Sorry that Tom wasn't here now. Sorry that they had fought.

The doorbell shook Tony from his thoughts and he called out for Jarvis to tell him who was there, but no answer came. Oh right, he had disabled him the day before yesterday to update his system. Fuck this. Tony cursed and got out of bed, grudgingly scuffling to the front door.

“Who the hell is here so fucking early in the morning...” He mumbled, but when he opened the door Tom was standing there.

Tony's mouth dropped open at the sight of him and for some reason, the bitter face of the actor made him still angry, the plan to apologize instantly forgotten.

“What do you want?” Tony spat, the words flying out on their own. Both of them were uncomfortable, and Tom sighed.

“I am here to get my stuff. Let me in, please.”

Tony narrowed his eyes and thought about it. Yes, his bag. They had left it here on the day of the attack. He probably needed clothes. He stepped aside, never taking his eyes off Tom as he entered the house and went straight to his room. It only took him a moment to come back, Tony was still holding to the door, when Tom was held up by the cat. The little one had probably heard him upstairs. Loki meowed piteously, looking up at the man, who bowed down and petted him. The sad look on Tom's face made Tony cringe. Fuck. It was now or never. This could be his only chance. Tony moved in on Tom, who stood and tried to walk past him, but Tony grabbed his arm. The actor tried to break free, but Tony wouldn't let him go so easily.

“Okay Tom, hear me out, I-”
“Leave it.” Tom cut him off and looked away.

“No, I can't.” Tom frowned. “I don't know how it went for you these past couple of days, but fuck... Maybe you are happy like this.” The last part was not more than a whisper. “I, fuck, I'm sorry, okay?”

Tom grimaced.

“I don't know what happened back then-” The actor opened his mouth to protest, to complain, but Tony was faster, clinging to him now and making it obvious how serious he was. “I am sorry. I don't want you to leave.”

Tom looked at him in bewilderment and shook his head.

“I can't believe you. Can't you make up your mind for once?” He ground his teeth, closing his eyes in distress. “You insult me for things I didn't do. You tell me you don't want me here, that I am a burden and now you think everything will be fine because the oh so great Tony Stark apologizes?”

Tony could only stand there and take the verbal beating. Never had he seen him so aggressive.

“No, Tony. It's enough.”

The words hurt, and despite his best effort Tony felt himself growing frustrated. He tried to make everything right even though he wasn't at fault, but the other man apparently didn't want to hear any of it. Dickhead.

“Yeah it's enough with the bullshit.” Tony gritted out and Tom rolled his eyes.

“What bullshit exactly? Don't tell me you still think you're the victim here. I told you that I never did anything to you, yet you behaved as if I was the one that-”

Something was seriously wrong here. No one would pretend to be innocent after all this time, and Tom said he never did anything... Tony shook off the thoughts as Tom started off.

“Don't go back to SHIELD, you can stay here. I told you so.” It sounded way too desperate in Tony's ears but it was true. He didn't want him to leave again. Tom huffed, stopping only to look into the baffled face of his ex-lover.

“To see you each and every day? Sorry, but I can't do that.” Tom replied with a fake smile.

“You told me it wasn't you that day? That you can't remember that incident? You know what? That's fine! I don't care anymore, I-” Tony turned Tom around to look at him. “I am apologizing, even though I don't know why. I’m just trying to make things right!”

“You can't understand it, right?” Tom said with a gruff voice. “I know you don't believe me and even if you would, I can't just look over all of this.” Blue eyes locked with brown. “You don't know how much you hurt me. You treated me like any other girl you dated and now you tell me I should stay here?”

Tony couldn't say anything, Tom shoved him away before he could react.

“I don't need to be with someone who distrusts me and won’t take my word when I swear to tell the truth. So don't tell me you care.”

“I do care! I wouldn't try if I didn’t want you here!” Tony spat back with the same hurt tone. He
wanted to scream at him and let him know how much he hurt him, how much he had suffered, but kept that to himself, knowing that it wouldn't help his cause.

“And why now all of a sudden? After a whole week of ignoring me and letting me feel that I’m not welcome here. You wanted me to piss off. Now I’ve finally found the will to move out and you’re still not happy! What’s your problem? Why do you want me to stay now?!”

“Because I love you!” Tony screamed.

The words had just left his mouth when he realized what they meant. Tom was staring wide-eyed at him, completely taken aback by the outburst. Tony was embarrassed, he shouldn't have said it in this situation and now he didn’t know what to do. Judging by Tom's face he had no clue either. The more time passed, the more uneasy Tony became. Tom averted his gaze, stunned by the words, and Tony pulled him in until they were millimeters apart. How he had missed touching him, breathing in his scent. He was so drawn to the man that he couldn't control the urge to touch him.

“I love you.” Tony whispered again. Sighing, he stroked his hand over Tom's arm, who flinched at the touch. “You said you thought you loved me. I want you to. Please don't go.”

Tony reached down to Tom’s hands and caressed them until the bag he was holding dropped to the floor.

“I don't want to be angry anymore. Stay.”

Chapter End Notes

<3 Love you all, thanks for reading!
Forgive me

Chapter Notes

It's the 2nd up to the 6th of december this time. I needed to skip a little bit of time here, because I needed to make my boys happy again. ;__; Next chap will be good. My wonderful beta can cofirm that. Thanks to her, this chapter is early and the next is also finished =)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom gave into Tony because he hadn't been able to bear the miserable display in front of him. He had come here to pick up his stuff, nothing more, but now he was standing mere inches away from him, rooted to the spot. He said he loved him. Tom didn't know what to do, and wasn't able to form a reply. He felt trapped by the words, as if they were nothing more than an attempt to make him stay. Tony sounded serious, but he didn't know how he could be sure. Up until now, Tom also had thought that their relationship was serious.

“Tom?” Tony’s concerned voice shook him from his thoughts. “Please talk to me.”

No. He couldn't talk. Not now. There was no way that he could pretend that nothing had happened and go back to normal. Tom was still looking at the floor, not daring to look up and see the emotions on Tony’s face, but when a hand reached out to touch him, his eyes darted up to meet Tony’s and he stepped back to avoid the embrace. Tony was about to go after him, but Tom held a hand up in warning, sighing softly.

“I can't. Please.” He needed the space, and Tony got the drift, backing off and nodding.

Loki was snuggling up to his leg again and Tom bent down to retrieve his bag and picked up the kitten as well before he turned and walked towards his room. He wanted to say he was sorry, but couldn't get the words out.

It was strange to be here, and Tom didn't feel comfortable at all lying in his own bed. It had been three days. Three days that managed to pull them this far apart. Tony had obviously used the time to think and truth be told, he had too. It wasn't a matter of what he wanted, but Tom didn't know if what he and Tony once had would ever be fied. He also wasn't sure whether Tony meant what he said.

He had missed him over the past few days, and felt even more alone than when he had first arrived here. Tom wanted to go back to Tony, but the man had deeply wronged him and he couldn't simply look past it. It wasn't easy to forgive and forget, but he had taken the first step. He had stayed because everything he had said that day was true. He really thought that he loved him, and even though Tony had thrown it all away in the blink of an eye, he wanted him back.

Groaning in frustration, Tom buried his face in his pillow. There was nothing he could do now. He had decided to stay, so he would have to deal with him. He curled himself into a ball, hugging his legs tight to him. He still couldn't believe that Tony had said it. He never thought that he would actually say ‘I love you’. At least not to him. It had stolen his thunder immediately, and he had been unsure and confused, thinking that maybe he should really try to give him a second chance.
The next day was awkward and Tom didn't even want to leave his room in fear that he would cross Tony's path. Which was stupid in itself, considering he had wanted to at least try to get closer to him again. There was no reason to stay if he was just going to barricade himself in his room. He needed to get used to being around him again, so he finally left his room, after thinking for much too long, to make himself breakfast. He was barely to the living room when he remembered to contact Natasha and inform her of his new plans else she raid the mansion, and that wouldn't be too pretty. Tom sprinted back to his room to get the phone she had given him for emergencies. Fortunately the female was always thinking ahead.

Tom decided to text her instead of calling because he wasn’t sure whether he would be able to explain to her why he had decided to stay, especially after he had ranted to her how bad his week had been. She would question his intentions, no doubt about that, but at least he could lie in a text. Eye to eye, now that would be unthinkable. Tom was texting and walking, so he didn't notice Tony standing in the kitchen until he was almost on top of him. Tom blushed and immediately took a step back, but Tony didn't seem to mind his. He had his back to him and did something on the stove. It definitely looked like he was trying to cook, but it smelled as if something was burning. Tom gulped and tried to leave, quickly becoming uncomfortable in the silence, but then Tony turned around.

“Don't go, there's no need to run. Sit.”

Despite being uneasy, Tom sat down at the counter hesitantly, focusing on anything but Tony. And of course Tony picked up on his mood. He sat down across from him and looked at him for a moment before he sighed heavily.

“Hey, I know this is-”

“I don't want to talk.” Tom said hastily, cutting him off mid-sentence. It was true, he probably wouldn't be able to say much, but Tony grasped his hand, turning his attention back on him.

“I'm still the same guy.” Tony whispered, his voice low and sorrowful. He looked as sad and stressed out as Tom felt.

“I'm sorry.” Tom replied barely audible. He didn't want to treat him any differently, it just came naturally.

“No, don't be.” Blue eyes darted up to blink in surprise. “We’ve had enough of that.” Tom sighed, and jerked when Tony’s hand reached up to cup his cheek, his thumb caressing the skin there.

“How's your wound?”

Tom's hand shot up to touch the spot where he had been stabbed. The bandage was still there, but the pain had subsided enough to touch it.

“Better.”

“I missed you so much.” Tony breathed and Tom hung his head, leaning slightly into the other man’s touch. His hand touched Tony's, lingering there for a second.

“I missed you too.” He admitted and melted at the sight of Tony smiling shyly at him. The harsh look he had given him the last few days, the way he had talked to him had been unbearable. Now he was smiling at him again and-

“Fuck!” Tony yelled a second later, jumping of the chair and sprinting to the stove. Tom stared in bewilderment as he took the pan and threw it into the sink, turning the water on. The metal hissed,
smoke and steam billowing from the sink.

“Sir, shall I call the fire department?” Jarvis' voice echoed dryly from the ceiling, and Tony cursed, not at all amused by the AI's sassiness.

“Oh shut it, will you?” The engineer scowled at the sight of the burned food. “Dammit.”

Tom couldn't keep his laughter in anymore, and covered his mouth to hide his obvious amusement.

“It’s not funny!” Tony snapped at him and Tom immediately went quiet, averting his gaze. Tony ran a hand over his face, groaning and laughing at the same time. “Of course this had to happen the one time I try to make food.” The billionaire whined. “How did Pepper do this all this time, I mean come on, this shit demands more time and effort than the string theory!” Tony threw his hands in the air and pulled a face when he stalked over to the counter. “And all this just because I couldn't look away from those beautiful eyes of yours, you bastard.” he said with a playful smile.

Tom blushed and looked down at his feet.

Two more days passed, and Tom noticed their relationship improving. He wasn't as tense around Tony as before, even though he was still unsure whether they should really be together again. Especially since Tony did some things he didn't approve of, such as giving him presents. He had told him multiple times that he didn't want or need any gifts, but the man had ignored him completely. Simply put, nothing unusual for Tony.

Tom was watching TV in the living room, a hand supporting his head on the armrest. He was tired for some reason and television managed to make him fall asleep. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Tony coming up from his workshop clad in boxers and a tank top, a towel hanging over his shoulders. He went straight to the fridge and got himself a can of soda before he strolled over to the couch and dropped down on the opposite side.

As Tom glanced over, his heart screamed that he was too far away, screamed for him to scoot over and snuggle up against him, but there was no way he could bring himself to do that. They silently watched the screen together for a while until Tony went back down to work again.

Five days in and almost everything was back to normal, at least as far the daily life was concerned. They were talking quite normally by this time and spent far more time together, but there was just nothing romantic in it. Neither of them seemed sure about the other's feelings, even though both had expressed them more than once. It wasn't easy to overcome the invisible barrier. Even though Tony tried almost everything he knew to initiate physical contact.

“I don't think this is such a good idea.” Tom murmured, but the smirk on Tony's face didn’t falter.

“You know you'd love it. And I swear I won't try anything.”

Tony wanted to take a bath with him and to be fair, Tom wasn’t averse to the idea of bathing, especially since his bath had no bathtub. He hadn't been in Tony's quarters since the incident, and the intimacy coming with the idea scared Tom, even if Tony promised to not do anything, he couldn't quite believe it. He wasn't sure whether or not he would be able to hold back in such a situation.

“Come on.” Tony crooned and shoved Tom up the stairs. It wasn't that he didn't want to, but it was strange, like the first time they had been together. Still he wanted to try to get the feeling of love back. When he looked over his shoulder Tony was still grinning hopefully at him, so Tom sighed and nodded.
“Fine.”

The man next to him could barely hide his joy and walked ahead to turn on the faucet and pour some soap into the water. Tom stood uncomfortably next to the king-size bed, fiddling with his shirt. He never had actually spent a night here, and it felt unfamiliar. Only when Tony called for him did he go into the bathroom. Tom felt heat creep up his neck as he saw Tony stripping to get into the water. They exchanged glances before Tony shook his head in delight and pulled down his boxers to step into the hot water. Tentatively ridding himself of his clothes, Tom followed, his muscles relaxing straight away as the water encompassed his body. Tony had been right, he had needed this after all the stress of the last few weeks.

The engineer was sitting across from him, head laid back with his eyes closed, obviously enjoying this as much as Tom did.

“Best idea ever after hours of work.” He hummed and Tom smiled softly.

It was impressive that the Tony didn't try to approach him. Normally he would be clinging to him in no time, his hands all over his body, nibbling at the spot right under his ear--. Tom closed his eyes, trying his best to ban those thoughts from his mind. The fact that Tony was giving him his space calmed him down, relaxing him enough to stretch his arms and lie his head back as well. He was about to doze off when he felt something touch his hand, his eyes flying open to see Tony's fingers toying with his. His heart leapt in his chest as he glanced over to Tony who still had his eyes closed. It was a tiny gesture, so he let it go, enjoying the caress and humming contently.

“I could give you a massage.”

Tom tensed, thinking back on the last time Tony had given him a massage and how he had reacted to it, wanton and needy. He gulped.

“I'm fine, but thank you.”

“Ohh.” Tony shrugged and closed his eyes again.

Being honest, Tom had expected him to be more persistent, and now that he thought about it his back really was uptight. The muscles were hurting and Tom rolled his shoulders to ease the tension. Much to his dislike, Tony was watching him now, wriggling about where he sat.

“You sure?” The engineer asked skeptically and raised an eyebrow at him, knowing full well that Tom was struggling.

But wasn't this what he wanted? That everything worked out again? Maybe this was what could help him achieve this. He wanted to touch him, wanted to be close to him again, so why was he so scared. Tom nodded carefully and Tony moved over, carefully placing his hands on Tom's shoulders and starting to knead the tender flesh. Hanging his head to give the man more space, Tom groaned when his fingers loosened the knots in his muscles. His skills were too good to resist or pretend that he didn't enjoy it.

“I missed that too.” Tony's voice sounded right next to his ear, causing a shiver to run down his spine. “Missed touching you, feeling you under my hands.”

Tom didn't reply, he was too far gone to form a sentence. Tony's hands on his back felt like heaven, and he could barely believe that the moans he was hearing were coming from him. He would be embarrassed with himself if it didn’t feel so glorious. After what felt like an eternity, his hands disappeared and Tom looked up dreamily, blinking as he looked into warm brown eyes.
Tony was right in front of him, way closer than before and as far as Tom could tell, he seemed nervous.

“Let me kiss you.”

There was nothing he could say during that moment, nothing to prevent it from happening, and before he could think of reacting, a calloused hand was on his cheek, holding him in place while Tony closed in on him and kissed him softly. It clicked the moment Tom felt his lips on his, how much he had longed for this, how much he wanted Tony. His hands grabbed Tony's shoulders instinctively, holding on to him as he couldn't help but kiss back. Tony groaned in return, his hands wandering over Tom's back, pulling the leaner man against his chest. It charmed a startled gasp out of Tom, which caused Tony to pull back slightly.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to-”

Tony was about to back off, but Tom remembered that he wasn't suppose to hold back around him. They loved each other and Tom wanted them to be happy again, not fighting or hurting each other anymore. He wrapped his arms around the engineer's neck, keeping him from leaving.

“Tony...” Tom whispered, voice soft, hoping that Tony would understand.

Tony pulled him into his lap, hands fondling his sides as he leaned his forehead against Tom's.

“I missed you so much. I couldn't think, couldn't work, or eat. I need you.”

“I'm so sorry.” Tom whispered and looked down, hadn't wanted to cause him pain, but Tony just brushed a strand of hair away and tilted his face up.

“No, it was my fault. I shouldn't have let you go.” Tom leaned into the touch of his hand, clinging to it as if his life depended on it. “I love you.”

Swallowing hard, Tom looked into his loving eyes. He never thought that either of them would commit, especially since they had been doomed from the beginning. But this man was his life now, and he had wanted to say those words for so long.

“I love you too.” Tom said sheepishly and smiled at his lover, who captured his lips in another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

As always, thanks so much for reading <3 Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter.
Okay, because you readers are the best and always make my day by leaving me awesome comments, I thought I'll give you this. The thing everyone's been waiting for <3 (Btw I almost posted the chapter after this, wth XD Good that I checked twice XD)

It's the 7th. of December in the story.

Tom woke up in Tony's bed a few hours later and realized that this was the first time he had actually slept here. Nothing had happened between them earlier, they had enjoyed their bath together, the closeness, until both of them started feeling dizzy. Tony drug him into the bed then, wrapping his arms around him and sliding his hands over his back until he dozed off. He exhaled heavily and stretched, feeling the warm body next to him. It was almost too warm, but he couldn't be bothered to get out of the arms that were holding him close. It felt so incredibly good to lie next to him, inhaling his scent and feeling the warmth of having Tony beside him. He was his again and he had to smile at the thought, so relieved that they were back together. Tom was glad that the whole ordeal was over now. Shifting carefully to his side, he snuggled up to Tony even more, getting comfortable in the crook of his arm. It was strange because he was taller but still the small spoon. In general, Tony was more dominant, and very anxious to show it sometimes.

For a moment Tom just watched him sleep. His breathing was relaxing and he soon felt like dozing off again, but the soft blue light of the arc reactor captured his interest. Tom reached out to touch it, a finger running over the edges. He still couldn't believe that something like this was possible, that someone could live with a electromagnet in their chest. His quiet chuckle woke Tony, because the arms around him tightened their grip.

“Hmm?” The engineer asked, his eyes still closed.

“Nothing, just thinking.” Tom looked up and smiled at the content expression on Tony’s face.

“About what?”

“I love the way it glows.” He purred, fingers tracing the metal again.

Tony opened one eye to look down skeptically at his lover, who was completely focused on the device in his chest.

“Yeah, I'm a nightlight.” The cheerful tone made Tom smile widely while Tony turned to lie on his side, face to face with him.

“Yes.” Tom whispered sheepishly, blushing slightly at how close they were now.

A hand tilted his chin up, brushing a strand of hair out of his face, before Tony pressed his lips lightly against Tom's.

“I can't tell you enough how much I missed this.” Tony breathed into Tom's ear, a shudder running through his body.
“Hmm.” Was the only reply he could give, hands clinging to the other's shoulders now. Even though this was exactly what he wanted, Tom couldn't banish the incident from his mind. His thoughts were still racing as to how events played out the way they did. Talking about it probably wouldn't be good. In fact, it would most likely kill the mood. Or worse, spur the argument on again, but he had to know. He needed to know what had happened that day. So Tom swallowed heavily and buried his face in the crook of Tony's neck.

“What did I say to you that-”

Suddenly, Tony was wide awake and grabbing him by the shoulders, pushing him away, so he could look into his lover's eyes. Judging by the groan, he didn't sound too happy.

“Don't start this again.”

Tom understood. This wasn't an easy topic for either of them, but he wanted to know.

“Tony, I don't mean to... Please I just want to understand-”

The engineer heaved a sigh and pulled him into his arms again, ruffling Tom's hair with a hand.

“I don't want to argue with you again.” Tony grumbled.

“Me neither, but-” The arms hugged him even tighter now, unwilling to let go. “I just can't remember me saying anything that could have caused all this.”

Tony opened his mouth to speak, but instead grimaced and averted his gaze. It was obvious how much the man wanted to tell him what he did, but just sat up and ran a hand over his face.

“Jarvis.” His voice was muffled by his hands.

“Sir?” Came the AI's voice.

“Do you still have the recordings from the Twentieth of November?” Tom cocked his head to the side when Tony shot him a look. “I actually watched this a million times.”

“Of course Sir. Whenever you delete files, I keep a safety copy just in case.”

Tony raised an eyebrow.

“Anyway, glad to hear your voice again, buddy.”

“Thanks, Sir. The update did wonders to the security system.”

“Great, bring the video on the screen.”

The TV turned on and played the surveillance video, showing the evening when everything went to shit. Tom sat next to Tony, staring at the screen.

“Yes, that's where I left.” The video fast forwarded to an image interference and Tom's eyes widened in shock when he saw himself walking into the living room again. “What?”

Tony only shrugged and gestured for him to watch. They watched as the scene played before them and Tom narrowed his eyes when he saw Tony making out with that person. During the conversation Tom stared in devastation, not believing his eyes or ears. The entire situation was too strange.
“That wasn't me.” Tom breathed inaudibly. At least now he understood why Tony had acted the way he did, but how this was possible was an enigma. He hadn't been there. They both watched as the argument took place and Tom's hand instinctively reached up to stroke over Tony's arm. The man only sighed and massaged his temples. Tony paused the video when the other person left the scene then.

“So, now you know.” Tony said, a pained undertone present in his voice.

Tom ignored the irked tone and kept staring at the screen. This couldn't be everything.

“Tony, do you have cameras on your porch?”

Tony turned to look at him then, clearly getting the idea.

“Jarvis, front cam, same time.”

The camera angle switched and revealed the front door, where the man in Tom's shape stepped out and vanished on the spot. Both men stared incredulously.

“He's just gone?”

“Fuck, what?” Tony stammered and gazed at Tom, who was completely silent now, appeared as if he had seen a ghost. “Tom? What's wrong? I mean, besides this obvious mindfuck.”

“Loki.” Tom said suddenly, incredibly horrified by the thought.

“Loki?”

Nodding, Tom started fiddling with the blanket. This was much worse than he had expected. Sure, he had brought the kids here and all but Tom had thought that he was after Thor, not him. Why should he-

“You sure? I mean, that sounds crazy.” Tony shrugged and placed a hand on Tom's thigh to soothe him.

“Is it? I am here and he isn’t. He attacked Thor and gave him the picture of my friends. He let those kids attack us.” His voice came out as a whimper. The thought of all this horror just because of someone's stupid vendetta. How many lives Loki could destroy with something like this. “I don't know what he’s planning Tony, I don't. This doesn't make sense, I-”

Arms crept around his waist, pulling him close.

“At least we know that we aren't imagining things.” Of course Tom knew that Tony was trying to cheer him up, but this drug him down nonetheless. A finger lifted his chin so Tony could look him in the eyes. “And hey, Loki seemed to like being kissed and-”

It wasn’t funny anymore. Tom punched his lover on the arm, but the man kept laughing at him, a big grin on his face. As if he didn't care that he had been toyed with. Loki had kissed him and damn, even touched him. Tom grumbled at his own train of thought.

“Sorry, sorry.” The engineer was still laughing, but held his hands up in defense. “Just a joke. Don't make such a face.”

Only after glaring at him one more time, Tom nodded.

“This is bad.” He let himself fall back, groaning and covering his eyes with his hands. A quiet
chuckle came from above, Tony towering over him now. “I'm sorry Tony. I never imagined-”

“It's alright.” Murmuring, Tony leaned in to kiss him tenderly. “I should have known that it couldn't have been you.”

A small gasp escaped Tom as his lips wandered to his neck. He would never understand how the man's mood could swing from annoyed to horny in a second. Hands ran up his side, pulling his shirt up, but all Tom could think about was Loki. What he was planning and how far he would go to achieve it.

“Stop it.” Bluish eyes looked down to see Tony smiling. “You're brooding over this again.”

“Yes, how could I not?” Tom spat back unintentionally, put off by the way his lover grinned at him.

“Oh I have an idea.”

With this Tony pulled Tom's shirt up and over his head, using one of his hands to pin down his wrists. The way Tony looked down at him reminded Tom of a predator, and he wasn't sure whether he was supposed to like it or not, but it send a shiver down his spine. Tony kissed him again, dragging his teeth over his lips until Tom couldn't think. Parting his legs, Tony settled in between them, gazing up at him with lust filled eyes. Tom felt his heart race, his body incredibly eager to be touched by the man. He moaned when Tony's hands teased the skin above his waistband and then moved down to stroke him through the fabric of his boxers. His body moved on its own, bucking into his touch as if it couldn't get enough of it. He wanted him so badly, wanted to feel him. Tom swallowed hard, trying to voice his needs, and Tony apparently noticed his interior struggle after a few moments.

“What's wrong?” He asked in a husky voice, his hand not stopping its movements.

“I need you.” Tom whined, frustration coming through as Tony leaned down again to lick over his jawline.

“Is that so?” Tony breathed against his skin, and Tom groaned at his teasing. He could see that Tony was just as turned on as he was, still he wanted to play instead of getting on with it.

“Tony.” Tom tried to get his breathing under control, but his hand was driving him crazy. “Please.”

Lips pressed against his with more force, claiming his mouth and pushing his tongue inside to wrestle with Tom's, dominating him. Tom moaned into the kiss, and Tony released his hand around his wrists to caress his cheek.

“You can't imagine how much I want you.” Tony murmured, licking over his bottom lip, his other hand coming up as well, making Tom miss the friction on his straining member.

Tom had enough of being passive then, especially since Tony wasn't about to do anything. He pushed the man back lightly so he was able to sit up and with a swift motion removed his boxers in one go, before sliding onto Tony's lap and pressing himself against him. Even though Tom was embarrassed, seeing the slight blush on Tony's features was totally worth it and at least now he had a little bit more control. His hands wrapped around Tony's neck, kissing him more greedily now, biting down on the other's lips as he started to roll his hips, grinding against him. A guttural moan left his lover's throat at the contact.

“Damn, I thought I had to convince you.” Tony kissed his neck again.
“Sometimes I think you take me for a virgin.”

“No, no, no, that's not what I meant, I-” He sucked in a sharp breath when Tom started rubbing himself against Tony's crotch. “How could I ever think of that.”

Grabbing his ass, Tony pulled him even closer and his own boxers down as far as they went in this position, so that their cocks slid against each other. Tom lay his head on his shoulder, planting little kisses and licks on Tony’s skin to encourage him further. The friction made Tom buck his hips against him until he was panting heavily into Tony's ear.

“Not enough.” Tony stopped suddenly and looked at him as if he didn't quite understood what Tom meant with this, so Tom exhaled in slight frustration. “I want you.”

Tony's mouth dropped open, clearly at a loss for words, and stared for a few moments. Only when Tom nudged him with a hand, he woke from his trance and reached for the top drawer of the nightstand, almost making Tom lose his balance. A bottle of lube appeared in Tony's hand and he placed it near them on the bed. Then he went to flip them over.

“No.” Tom said, and pushed Tony onto his back, pinning him down with his weight.

“Hey, wait a sec. You want to top?”

The incredulous look on Tony's face caused Tom to burst out in laughter. He had never thought about that, up until this moment anyway. It had never occurred to him that he could play the dominant role because for some reason he had always assumed that he would bottom. Tony had much more experience with these things, and he didn't want to ruin anything with his lack thereof. Tom was still chuckling at his expression as he ran a hand over his chest.

“No, stupid.” He snorted and Tony visibly relaxed at this. He took one of Tony's hands in his and placed it on his ass, then bent down to whisper into his ear. “It's just easier if I dictate the speed.”

Tony nodded frantically, his free hand grabbing the lube, trying desperately to open the cap. He coated his fingers with the cool liquid and threw the bottle back onto the bed. Tom voluntarily lifted himself onto his knees to give Tony's hand more room. Fingers were immediately on him, sliding over his length and down over his perineum to his entrance. Tom shuddered at the touch, closing his eyes and instinctively wanting to press down on the fingers, but Tony's other hand held him up. It was hard to not ask for more when your body was on fire. And Tony wasn't doing anything, just prodding, lightly pressing against the ring of muscles before retreating to caress his balls.

It didn't take long until Tom was moaning shamelessly, the feeling of his member straining against his belly and his buttocks slicked up with lube made it even harder to wait. Apparently picking up on the slowly growing desperation, Tony pressed a finger against his hole again, the digit sliding into him easily. The feeling was still a bit strange, but this time Tom knew that it would give room for sensation once Tony hit the spot. He tried to encourage his lover by moving his hips, urging him on, but Tony took his time, slowly moving his finger in and out of his tight hole.

“Come closer.” Tony suddenly demanded and Tom immediately complied.

He was kneeling over his chest now, looking down through lust-filled eyes, his cock jutting proudly into the air, just in front of Tony's face. The other male grinned, sticking his tongue out to lap at the sensitive head. Tom gasped when lips wrapped around his length, a throaty moan forcing it's way out and thanks to the ministrations, he barely registered a second finger entering him. Tom tried his hardest not to thrust into the willing mouth, it was hard enough for Tony to take him in
this position, but those fingers made him crazy, craving for more. The wet warmth was gone a second later and brown eyes glanced up as Tony licked his lips.

“You're more relaxed than last time, even though you're sober now.”

Tom rolled his eyes, but couldn't keep the smile of his face, but gulped and involuntarily tensed when a third finger tried to push in.

“I’m trying to not hurt you, please try not to clench.”

“Easier said than done.” Tom replied, his hands clawing at the headboard, trying to hold himself up.

The fingers paused for a moment, letting the man adjust before Tony started pulling his two fingers out, only push them back in, curling them to hit the sweet spot over and over again. Tom could barely keep himself upright as he panted heavily, his whole body shivering at the sensation. A third finger entered him, but just as Tom closed his eyes in discomfort, Tony’s lips encircled his cock again to ease his mind off the burn. The fingers stretched him on purpose now, making scissoring motions and soon Tom grew more and more impatient. He didn't wanted to come yet, but knew he wouldn't be able to endure this any longer if Tony kept that rhythm up.

“Tony.” The name came out as a breathy moan and Tony snickered in return, the vibrations making Tom arch his back.

“Eager, aren't we?” The engineer teased and he pulled him down into a kiss just as Tom wanted to complain.

Tom was shuddering, his body aching with need and all he wanted was to come right now. He reached down to stroke himself, but Tony tsked at him and withdrew his fingers, making Tom’s breath hitch.

“Don't.” Tony said and Tom whined miserably.

“I can't take it anymore Tony.”

Instead of answering, Tony pressed his fingers back in, making sure to hit his prostate and Tom wasn't able to do anything but rock back on them, his body reacting to every movement of Tony’s hand. He was sweating, his cock brushing deliciously against Tony's skin.

“When?” Is the only thing he could grit out, but the engineer only shook his head.

“No, I can't.” Tom gritted out and earned a roll of eyes.

The fingers retreated then, applying more lube and Tom winced when he felt the cold, wet touch on him again.

“Relax.”

“There's no way...” Tom murmured and closed his eyes when he felt four fingers entering him, groaning loudly. It was too tight, stretching him almost to his limit. “It burns.”

“I know.” Tony said soothingly, his other hand coming up to stroke the small of his back. “Just a little more.”
That was an understatement. It was almost too much, and he wanted to get away, but Tony wouldn't let him. Only when the fingers easily slipped in and out, Tony stilled before withdrawing them slowly, giving his lover time to catch his breath. The engineer reached for the lube again, coating his fingers in liquid before slicking up his cock. Tom followed the gesture with his eyes, suddenly incredibly nervous again, but the reassuring smile on Tony's face made him swallow his doubts. With shaky legs, Tom positioned himself over the throbbing length, both of his hands on Tony's chest for support. He lowered himself until he felt the head of the cock on his entrance. Blushing, Tom looked down at Tony, who's lips were slightly parted as he watched. Fuck it, it was now or never. Tom clenched his eyes shut as he pushed himself down, the head pressing into the tight ring of muscle. He tried to relax himself, reminded himself to breath, but the discomfort was overwhelming. Just as he wanted to push down further, Tony touched his face.

“Take it easy.” He said, whilst looking completely turned on and Tom briefly wondered how he could say that with his face like that. “Don't force it or it will hurt even more.”

Tom swallowed and nodded, slowly moving up and down, only the head of the cock pressing inside. A gasp caused Tom to open his eyes abruptly, staring down at the other man, who had the most lecherous expression on his face. He wanted to feel him, to hear more of those little pleasured sounds. It took him a little while until he dared to push down again. His heart beat so fast, but the pain was a little more bearable. Only when Tony was buried to the hilt in him did he start to feel more uncomfortable.

“You okay?” Tony asked, hands wandering to Tom's hips, drawing small circles to ease the pain.

“It hurts.”

“I know.” He whispered back, stroking his sides now. “It will get better.”

Tom couldn't quite believe that right now. Never had he felt anything like that. Even with Tony's reassuring words, he couldn't do more than sit there. Only after several minutes the burning slowly faded away, a completely new sensation waving over him. It still felt as if Tony ripped him apart, but aside from that he felt so incredibly full, whole. Tom opened his eyes to look at Tony, who was seriously trying to not move either and Tom was thankful for that.

“I...” Tom stuttered when brown eyes gazed back at him.

“You're doing good, just...” The engineer gulped. “Take your time.”

Tom tentatively moved then, the burn immediately returning, making him hiss, yet he moved so that the head slipped in and out of him. It was right. It became easier over time. Tony moaned and bared his throat, eyes closed in pure bliss, even though he still didn't move. It took some time until the ache in Tom's ass subsided enough for him to press down again. There was no sensation until he experimentally rolled his hips, Tony’s cock brushing against his prostate, a surprised gasp forcing itself out of his throat. Tony grinned.

“Told you.”

“Shut up.” A blush crept onto his cheeks as he did it again, making Tony moan and Tom bite his own lip.

It was still painful to an extent, but Tom moved nonetheless, riding him and grinding against him until he started to get exhausted. He bowed down, barely an inch away from his lover now. Wincing slightly, he pressed himself down on the cock again, shivering from the strain. Tony noticed the exertion and sat up, pulling Tom into his arms, who immediately wrapped his arms
around his neck and buried his face in the crook of Tony's neck. The engineer started thrusting his hips up, while one of his hands snuck in between them to stroke Tom's member.

“I love you.” Blue eyes darted up to meet Tony's.

“I love you too.”

Tony closed the distance between them, kissing Tom lovingly, his hand stroking him easily into full hardness again, helping him to not focus on the ache too much. The rhythm of his hand matched that of Tony's hips now, the man making sure to hit his prostate with every thrust and Tom couldn't help but moan, the pain finally fading into the background. Tony was planting kisses over Tom's neck and shoulders, his hands running over his whole body, helping him to move in sync with him. Before Tom could react, Tony spun them around without withdrawing from him, now looking down at his lover through heavy eyes. Tom lay on his back, his cock straining against his belly, watching as Tony's hand stroked him leisurely. Tony thrust into him then, and Tom threw his head back, his cock twitching and dripping precum, as the man hit his prostate again.

“Tony.” Tom whined and arched his back, giving him room to get in even deeper.

“God, you feel so amazing.” The other panted, increasing the speed of his thrusts, charming a low moan out of Tom.

Hearing Tony like this did things to him, it didn't matter what he said, but the way he was whispering those sweet nothings into his ear made him giddy with need. He could feel how close he was, the hand on his cock consistently stroking him in time with the thrusts. Now he was reminded why he let Tony top after all. The man knew exactly what he was doing to drive him crazy. A hard roll of hips made him clench hard and Tony inhaled sharply.

“Damn.” Tony growled, briefly holding still before picking up the pace again.

“Just a little bit more.” Tom breathed back and felt how the hand moved faster, his body writhing and shuddering before he came with a scream.

Tony worked him through his orgasm, until he lay there panting and sweating, completely satisfied, with the most content smile on his face. He pulled out slowly, grabbing his own cock and stroking himself, all the while never taking his eyes off Tom, who glanced back wearily. His brown eyes devoured him whole, needing only a moment until he came all over Tom's stomach. Both men were looking at each other, not saying a word, enjoying their high. Tony grabbed the corner of the sheets and wiped away the mess on Tom's belly before laying down beside him, his hands caressing his smooth stomach, causing Tom to shiver. Tony’s hand moved up to his cheek, pulling him into a kiss. The smile on Tony's face was matched by Tom's, who snuggled up to his lover.

“I love you.”

Tom spent the next two days in bed, barely able to stand properly and his body much too exhausted to do anything but sleep. Fortunately, Tony had taken care of him. The man had even tried to cook, although that hadn't been crowned with success, so they had ordered pizza in the end. Still, Tom had been thankful, especially for the massages the man gave him all day long, easing the ache in his lower back.

Chapter End Notes
Leave me a comment and make my day <3 As always, thanks for reading, I love you guys!
Reasons why

Chapter Notes

It's the 9th of December.

I have written up to chapter 60 now and wow. I am starting to realize that the story is about to end, that everything gets serious and shit. Urgh. Fortunately there will be some cute and hot chapter in between, but still. Wow. I'm kinda baffled.

Again thanks to my lovely Beta for making my writing awesome <3

The next day both of them felt more relaxed and happy, and Tony used every opportunity to get him into bed again, staying at Tom's side twenty-four seven and overwhelming him with presents and compliments. For the first time in ages, Tom appreciated it, relishing in every word that came out of his mouth. He hadn't thought about anything Loki related because Tony had made sure to keep him occupied.

"No Tony, I seriously can't take anymore!" Tom whined, pressing a pillow over his head as he lay on his belly in the king-size bed.

"You exaggerate." The other man said, removing the pillow.

"Surely not!" A tray was placed in front of his face, a selection of different fruits on it and Tom was quick to shove it aside. "Tony, please, enough, you'll fatten me if you'll keep doing that. I'm not sick or anything. There's no need to feed me."

"Oh no, princess, those aren't all for you." Tony sat down next to him, snatched a strawberry from the tray and stuffed it into his mouth. "So glad you aren't allergic to those." Raising an eyebrow, Tom glanced up. "Here."

Another strawberry was held out for him and he hesitantly bit into it, glaring at Tony. Much to his dismay, the fruit was too good to not take another. Tony laughed when Tom's hand snuck out to grasp a strawberry.

"What was that? Ah right. Don't feed me Tony, take your food elsewhere, I don't want it." The engineer exploded with laughter and fell backwards off the bed when Tom punched him lightly in the chest.

"Oh shut up, will you?" Tom vainly tried to sound angry, but couldn't keep the smile off his face. Tony grabbed Tom's arms and pulled him off the bed.

"Now look who's there." The man purred and groped Tom's ass, bucking his hips up to meet him. Tom just shook his head and kissed him. Not that Tony minded at all, quite the opposite. He was moaning into the kiss, his hands wandering over Tom's body, the food completely forgotten.

"You're already horny again?" Tom raised an eyebrow that was greeted with a lust-filled leer.
"Again? No, the word you are looking for would be ‘continuously’. I'm afraid you have that effect on me."

Both men chuckled, enjoying the closeness, even though they were lying on the floor. Tom scraped his teeth over Tony's bottom lip, grinding his hips against his crotch, making clear how much he wanted him.

"Mhm.” Tony crooned, appreciating the action. "Any idea what we're going to do now?"

"I don't know.” He responded with a coy grin, pretending that he didn't know what the other was aiming at.

"Maybe we could come back to that favor you owe me. You know, the-"

"Sir?" Jarvis interrupted, and Tony's good mood faltered.

"What is it?" The engineer sighed, his face grim as he stared into Tom's amused blue eyes. "You think that's funny, don't you?"

"I do."

"Ms. Romanov is on the line.” The AI answered, making Tony groan in frustration.

"I swear, I'll leave that boy band squad. I'll change my number, I'll immigrate. The constant interruptions are driving me insane.” He grumbled before lightly pushing Tom off of him to stand, offering him a hand. "On the screen.”

The female appeared on the screen, face indifferent and unreadable as always. Tom stayed crouched on the floor trying to hide from the spy, but Tony gestured for him to get up.

"She can't see us, silly.” He whispered and smirked at his lover, who rolled his eyes. Turning his attention back on the screen, Tony assumed a facade of nonchalance, eying her up as she stared unamusedly at the camera. "Natasha, to what do I owe the honor?"

"No time for small talk, Stark.” She hissed back and Tony pulled a face.

"Okay someone's cranky today. What's up?"

"I'm calling to tell you that we have a special guest."

Tony narrowed his eyes.

"A guest? And why should I care?"

The woman panned the camera angle and Tony's jaw dropped. Loki was standing on the bridge of the helicarrier, surrounded by SHIELD agents and grinning smugly at the camera. The god bowed mockingly, at which Tony ground his teeth audibly.

"On my way.” The engineer growled and ended the call. "That bastard!” Tony stormed down the stairs.

Tom followed the enraged man down into his workshop, barely able to keep up with him. He couldn't process what had happened because Tony was about to grab the glove of his suit, making it clear what he was thinking of.

"Tony, what are you doing?” Tom asked and placed a hand on his armored arm.
"What does it look like? I’m gonna teach that fucker a lesson.” The engineer growled deep in his throat and freed himself from Tom’s grip. "He’ll learn to not fuck with me.”

Tom gulped and watched how his lover scrambled around his lab, collecting all kinds of weaponry, most of which made the actor uncomfortable. This would make matters even worse. Loki wouldn't practically deliver himself to SHIELD without a back up plan, and attacking him was something the god expected from them, and would react to in some nasty way. Tom didn't want Tony to be harmed.

"Wait.” Tom pleaded and Tony raised an eyebrow at him. "We still need him and-

"Oh no. I am going to kill him.

"Okay, stop.” Tom grasped him again and spun him around, the other man surprised by the sudden movement. "Calm down. I know, okay, I get it and believe me I'm just as angry, but this won't do anyone any good.”

The other male looked at him for a few seconds, until the grim expression faded into something close to resignation, admitting that Tom was right. He nodded and put the glove, as well as a taser he had snagged, back onto the table.

"There must be a reason for him to come to SHIELD. A plan, a scheme. I need to know what it is.” Tony was still looking incredulously at him, before suddenly shaking his head.

"I won't take you with me, I can't risk that. What if Loki attacks you again?"

Tom huffed indignantly. "I am an adult, Tony. I'll come along.”

Tony tried everything to make Tom reconsider, but he was too determined to change his mind. Loki was the only one who could solve his problems, and he needed to speak to him, even though there was the undeniable possibility of the mad god plotting something again. They arrived at SHIELD forty minutes later, with Tony nagging about how they could have been faster if he had taken the suit, which Tom easily ignored. They were greeted by Steve, who smiled a little bit too wide when he saw them together, making Tom blush slightly. By this time he wasn't sure anymore if their relationship was considered a secret anymore, judging by all those people who seemed to know. Other than Bruce and Steve, he was positive that Natasha knew as well.

"He's on the bridge.” The captain said, gesturing before turning and leading the way.

It was strange seeing Loki strolling around the helicarrier. The sight was so odd, but not as much as the smug smile on the god's face. Everyone present was tense. Tom glanced to Fury as he followed the god with his eyes, never taking his gaze off of him. Agents were still watching him, but kept their distance, definitely valuing the threat highly. Tony was fuming next to him, and Tom touched his hand in an unobtrusive manner, trying to calm him. Loki apparently noticed them, for the smile grew wider as he took a few steps towards them.

"Stark.” The god purred, far too close for either of their liking. "Did you enjoy our little liaison?”

Loki was way too confident and Tom narrowed his eyes as his gaze darted to him for a split second.

"You damn son of a-” Tony bared his teeth and moved towards the god, only to be held back by Tom, which made the god snicker in delight.

"I thought you would like my company as well. Or maybe you just appreciated a fetch over the real thing?” Everyone's eyes were on Tony as Loki leaned to whisper in his ear, just loud enough for
Tom to hear. "Did you miss me, Anthony?"

The engineer snarled and threw a punch at the god, who dodged the hit without any effort.

"Since Stark is here now, would the oh-so mighty god be so kind to finally say what it wants?" The director said mockingly, a tone that was interpreted as 'I'm-really-pissed-off-right-now'.

Loki said nothing, instead choosing to wait painterly with an expectant look on his face. Moments later, a door was kicked open and a very peeved blonde god stormed into the room.

"Loki!" The thunderer screamed and threw himself at his brother, but Loki teleported away and in front of Tom, now eye to eye to him. Tony wanted to get in between them, but was sent flying through the room, his back hitting the wall.

"Ah, ah." The black-haired maniac raised a finger, his arm sneaking around Tom's waist. "Don't be so rude, Odinson. I'm having a conversation here." Thor growled angrily, clenching his hand into fists, while Loki turned his attention to Tom and grinned. "You seemed to have recovered. Good." The fingers on Tom's waist started stroking, making the actor suck in a breath. Tom wanted to push him away, but Loki's grip was painfully tight, holding him close. "I never aimed to kill you, but it did have it's effect, right?" The seductive voice whispered into his ear before shifting his attention to Tony, who had been able to pull himself up from the ground.

"Leave him alone Reindeer Games." The threat was met with a sneer.

"Oh, you don't like us together, Anthony? Here I had imagined this to be one of your wickedest fantasies, hmm?"

Tom felt that he had to do something before Loki ruined everything again. So he smiled and leaned in to whisper back.

"Why are you doing this?" The question drew Loki's focus to him again. "All this for pride and revenge? You know exactly whose fault it is that you were imprisoned, right?" There was a flicker of uncertainty in his eyes, but it was gone fast and replaced with his usual mask of indifference.

The god huffed a laugh.

"Oh, I know. By the way, have you met your friends today? Wonderful mortals, splendid laborers." Tom winced. He needed to focus, to not fall for Loki's obvious baiting.

"All this to get back at Thor?" Loki smirked, but the expression vanished as Tom kept talking. "He's so important to you, and you can't stand the fact that he would ignore you, so you do everything to get his attention."

Annoyance spread on Loki's face and he released Tom with a roll of his eyes.

"I take more interest in other people." The god looked over at Tony and Tom grimaced. Were they really so alike? "But you are right." Loki was talking at a normal voice level now and walked to a grim looking Thor. "Today I have business with my brother." The obvious emphasis on the final word was to spite and hurt Thor. "Have you made up your mind?"

"You can't do this." The blonde growled through gritted teeth.

"I can and I will." The smirk was back on the god's lips. "Come on, Thor, it's a simple decision."

"What are you talking about?" Natasha chipped in, frowning.
"Decision?" Fury barked and Thor ran a hand over his face, downhearted.

"He told me to choose."

"Between what?" Tony asked sceptically and Thor sighed audible, casting a guilty look over to Tom.

"Between my life and those of Thomas's friends."

Tom went rigid, staring at Thor, who averted his eyes. He doubted that Loki would actually kill either Thor or any of his friends. It was a bluff, a method to humiliat Thor and get him to surrender and admit that Loki was better than him. Still, this was the first time he had heard about this, and it worried him nonetheless.

"So you are still indecisive." Loki said without any emotion, mockingly.

"I won't let you hurt innocent people." The thunder-god growled and grabbed at the other, but Loki evaded him skillfully.

"Generally you are so impulsive and jump to conclusions. Do you need more time?"

"You won't drag other people into this."

"It's too late for that."

They glowered at each other until Thor dropped his head in defeat.

"Why are you doing all this? Isn't it enough?" Blue eyes closed in despair.

"Why? You dare to ask me why?" Loki laughed as his mocking smile turned into a deadly snarl. "Why was I fooled my entire life? Humiliated by my so called family? You will learn to know the feeling of being not good enough. No, this is not completely about him." He pointed to Tom. "There's something for me in it, too."

The smile on Loki's face made Tom wary.

"You are going to far, Loki." Thor muttered, watching tensely when Loki started roaming the room again. "You want your revenge on me? Then spare the innocent people and fight me."

Loki huffed and waved him off.

"You and your pack of low mortals here? I pass, Thor."

"I can show you low, asshole." The captain crossed his arms, obviously ready to follow up his words with action.

Looking incredibly unimpressed, the god faced Tom again.

"I thought these people were more intelligent." It was loud enough for everyone to hear and Tom saw a dangerous twitch in Fury's good eye. "I for one learned many things in your world. Maybe you could finally start teaching them a few things? I bet Thor would be more than willing to listen."

At this, Thor's restraint faltered and he lunged forward to smash his fist into his brother's face, but as his hand was about to connect, Loki vanished in a green cloud of smoke. The thunderer stared at the empty spot, his face stony.
"An illusion?" Steve asked, looking confused.

"More like a clone." Tom mumbled as Thor screamed in rage, slamming his fist through a wall.

This was not right. Loki had seemed confident, but something was definitely off. There was no trace of remorse whatsoever, and since the events of 'The Dark World' hadn't occurred, Frigga was thankfully still alive, so Loki had no reason to rethink any of his decisions. There hadn’t been any consequences. Thor had told them that Loki had been imprisoned, but for how long?

Tom felt a hand on his shoulder and he turned to see a furious looking billionaire. Both of them jumped when Fury shouted through the room.

"What the fuck were you thinking?!" The man barked, staring at the blonde god, who grimaced.

"There is nothing you could have done. This does not concern you."

For a moment Tom watched as the men argued, wanted to intervene, but the hand on his nape stilled him.

"Fucker."

Tony grumbled before drawing his hand away. "You okay?"

"Yeah." The actor said and looked down, frowning.

"Next time I won't let you sweet-talk me into leaving my suit behind." Tom winced at the face that looked at him and bowed his head. The man had taken a beating for him.

"I'm so sorry Tony, I hadn't expected this. His behavior is extremely unnatural."

"Huh? He's just as always. A cocky bastard." Tony shrugged, but Tom shook his head.

"No. He knows what he did was wrong. Or at least he should." His lover raised an eyebrow. "It's still not entirely clarified whether he was under the influence of the scepter himself or not. I mean I have a theory, but-"

Loud shouting made Tom fall quiet and he turned to see Steve getting in between the director and the thunder god, trying to reconcile.

"Stop it, dammit! This doesn't help anyone. This discord is just what Loki wants."

The director huffed and backed off, a hand running over his face, massaging his temples. His one eye darted up to look at Tom, who flinched at the intensity of his gaze.

"Why don't you tell us what his plan is?"

"What?"

"He told us to learn from you, so what do you know?" Fury moved closer to Tom, eying him up as the poor man searched for words.

"I don't know what he's planning."

"Didn't you play him? Told us that he was your role? That you two are kind of the same person? You should know."

Tom laughed.
"That's not how it works."

The director nodded to Hill, who waved a group of agents over to follow her.

"Maybe we should have another talk."

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter <3 I'm always happy to hear your thoughts on it!
What Loki wants

Chapter Notes

It's the 9th of december in the story.

Not feeling too well at the moment. I apologize.

Tom was sitting on the round table, staring at the director as he paced the room. All because Loki had slipped one sentence, he had to thank him later for this second interrogation. Tony groaned, making it obvious what he thought about everything. They shot each other a glance, neither one amused that they had to waste more time here. At least now he was deemed an asset of some sorts.

“Do we really have to hash and rehash this over and over again?” Tony supported his head with his hand, faking a yawn.

“It's alright. At least I’m useful now.”

It was meant to ease the tension inside the room, but apparently that wasn't about to happen. Steve was leaning against the wall next to Thor, who looked as if he was about to smash anything and everything. Fury was still pacing, and Natasha had left a while ago, after five more minutes of silence the Captain couldn't stand it any longer and pushed himself off the wall. Tom only then wondered where Bruce was.

“This isn’t getting us anywhere. We already questioned him and he doesn't know what Loki's up to, so why the interrogation?” He asked, not moving out of the way when Fury glared at him.

“This isn't an interrogation.”

“No? I thought he was free to go, but he's still sitting here.”

“Captain.” The director stated. “We just want to figure out whether Loki is an even worse thread than expected.” Turning his attention to Tom, he placed his hands on the table, leaning forward. “And as Mr. Hiddleston said, he knows him best.”

Thor huffed irritably and looked away pointedly. If Tom would have known that this would get to him so much, he wouldn't have said that. He needed to talk to him later, ask if he was okay. Just as Steve started to protest again, Tom shook his head, gesturing for him to stand down.

“It's alright, Steve, thanks though.” He said with a weak smile.

“Maybe there’s still something that might be useful.” The captain grimaced and took a step back and Tom gasped, remembering that there really could be something he could do.

“You know what could be useful?” He started, startling both men. “To have Lena here. She could-”

It took Fury a second before understanding, but once he did, he instantly snapped back.

“She will stay where she is. In her cell.”
Tom exchanged looks with Tony, who was staring challengingly at Fury now.

“Why? Shouldn't we consider every option, or are you bending the rules because you could actually be wrong?” He smirked back at Tom as he waited for an answer, which promptly came in the form of tired grumble.

“We already questioned her, more than once, and she was never able to give us any useable information. That girl is not worth the time.”

Tom couldn't believe this. He was sure that she had to know more and he wanted to talk with her so badly. They hadn't been allowed before but maybe he could get the chance with a little help from the team.

“Maybe you just asked the wrong questions?” He murmured, thinking about what they could have possibly asked her. The only thing he was positive of was the they hadn't been gentle with her. He really shouldn't have let her alone here. It was his fault. Looking to Tony for support, he saw the man grinning. Fury ignored the ridiculing smirk and frowned, never taking his eye off Tom, who grew tenser by the second.

“Where should I begin?” Tom sighed and hung his head. This was bound to take some time. “What did Thor tell you about Loki?” He looked apologetically to the god as he sighed audibly, as if he was ashamed of what would follow. And he probably was. “I am sorry, but I have to tell them as it is.” A nod came from Thor instead of a verbal answer. There might be differences between the real Loki and the one I played, so I can't be entirely sure, but-

“Stop beating around the bush.” Fury interrupted, and earned several glares from the team as a result.

“He's a frost giant.”

“We already know. go on.”

“I would if could complete a sentence.” Even Tom's patience was wearing thin. There was silence then, which Tom took as a sign to continue. “He was adopted by Odin, with the greater purpose in mind to bring peace to both realms.” It was sad if you thought about it, and Tom ran his hands over his face. How often had he read his story until now. “Loki grew up always feeling different, out of place, never being able to live up to Odin's standards. A life in the shadow of his big brother.”

Thor swallowed hard and Tom wanted to stand up and comfort him, knowing how hard it must be, but decided against it.

“He loves Thor. Maybe more than anyone else. He is his family, but more than anything, he wants to be his equal. To be worth his attention, his praise. That's why he’s done all this.”

“Negative attention is better than none.” Steve echoed the thought and Tom nodded.

“I don't know whether he was controlled by the tesseract as well, but everything he does at the moment? Ugh, this is so different from what happened in the third movie.” He started fiddling with his sleeve. “Of course it is some kind of revenge on Thor and Odin, but still...”

“So this is his motive? Revenge? Why not get it the old fashioned way?” Tony cocked his head to the side and Tom briefly thought about telling them what may happen, but reconsidered. Telling Thor that his mother died could be counterproductive and would be a very bad idea indeed.

“Loki doesn't fight like a brute.” Thor threw into the conversation and Tom was surprised that he
would describe it that way. “He uses tactics. He is one of the best strategists in all of Asgard.”

“Yes, he definitely has a plan, but I can't possibly know what it is. It's obvious it has something to do with my friends and that he blackmailed Thor with their lives. He sounded so embittered when he talked to me.”

“Thor is so important to him that he dedicates his very being to hurt him, to show that he doesn't need him to be successful, that he can be better than him.” Shaking his head, Tom smiled weakly and stared at his fingers. “I don't even know if he really wants to go through with hurting them.” His voice became shaky with his last words and before Tony could reach a hand out, Thor placed his on his back, consoling him. This would have consequences for him later, judged by Tony's pissed pout, but right now he couldn't care less. Misery sought company.

“Did he tell you what he wants in exchange for my friends' lives?” Tom looked over his shoulder to Thor, who grimaced.

“He asked me to bring him an artifact from father's vault.”

Tom narrowed his eyes.

“Which one?”

“I do not know. He wanted to tell me at a later time.” Thor answered, shaking his head.

“And what will he do now?” Everyone's eyes were on Fury, and Tom shrugged.

“I don't know. The only person who could give us any information at all is sitting in a cell.”

After a moment, Fury opened the door to talk with someone. In that moment Tony leaned in, nonchalantly brushing the god's hand off his back.

“Boring.” He stated, claiming the space on Tom's back with his hand, drawing small circles, shooting Thor a glance so obvious Tom had to groan in annoyance. Especially since Thor didn't seem to back off at all. He was still standing behind him, not moving an inch. His expression made it clear that he wouldn't let Tony dislodge him.

“Necessary. I hope Lena can help bring light into this.” Tom ignored the tension behind his back, hoping it would solve itself. Maybe he really should tell Thor that they were together and how jealous Tony could be.

“You think she knows something?” The engineer asked, not looking at him but at the thunderer.

“Maybe.” Tom answered truthfully. “I don't know. I hope so.”

It didn't take long until the young girl was led into the room and had to sit down on a chair across the table. Tom offered a sad smile and the girl responded the same way.

“Mr. Hiddleston.” She whispered and Tom couldn’t fail to notice how bad she looked.

“Lena, maybe you can help us out.” The girl raised her head to look into blue eyes, waiting for him to continue. “Loki was here.”

“I'll try.” Her voice was still quiet and faint, as if she hadn't gotten any rest, and she looked horrified by his words.
“Thank you.” Tom smiled and started to reach out to touch her hands reassuringly, but Fury reminded him of the task. “Did Loki mention a specific place?”

Lena lowered her head, awkwardly moving her feet as Fury raised an eyebrow at the question.

“Not that I can recall. He just sent us to run errands. We memorized the place by sight.”

“What kind of things did he tell you to get?”

“Food, mostly. A laptop, cables.”

The room fell silent, and even Fury was listening in intently. A laptop definitely served a purpose.

“A laptop? What for?” The director pressed, tone belligerent enough to make her squirm.

“I- I don't know.” She stammered. “We were never allowed to come inside the room.”

“Room?” Tom blinked.

“Yes, the hotel room. He is living there.”

“Do you know the name of the hotel, or a street nearby maybe?” Tom said quickly, sounding way too hopeful for his own liking. He couldn't keep his excitement in, because this could be a lead to his whereabouts.

“I don't know the name anymore, but it's in New York. That's where the convention was, and he gave us an address, but that was months ago. I’m sorry.”

Tom shook his head, trying to tell her that she was doing great and that it wasn't her fault.

“Fuck we know where he is, but we can't get to him if we don't have a portal.” Tony groaned and scratched the back of his head.

“Did you have to obtain any ingredients for the portal?” Thor asked absently and Lena frowned.

“No, never.”

“Then he does it another way.” The blonde stared into the blue as he thought about it. “Loki was always god in finding gaps between the realms to travel through.”

A thought struck Tom.

“Was he alone?” The expression on Lena's face was answer enough, but Tom still had to make sure. “So he wasn't?” Everyone was focused on the girl now, making her wriggle about in her chair.

“No, he wasn't.” Tom stared at her intently, waiting for her explanation. “He brought a man with him one day and he’s stayed in the hotel since then.”

There was something about her tension, the sadness in her face, that made Tom feel uneasy.

“Do you know who he is?” For a few moments the girl looked down at her feet, not daring to speak. “Lena?” he prompted softly.

“Yes.” She replied “It's Mr. Downey Jr.”
The air left Tom's lungs and he couldn't do anything but stare at her in disbelief. That was why Loki had talked like that, had given Tony and him those glances. Tom didn't want to imagine what Loki had in store for Robert, he just hoped that he was okay and that the god wouldn't do something to actually harm him or his family. If the man was compromised, anything could happen. Tom barely registered that Fury had taken over again, questioning Lena about Robert, before some time later dragging her out of the room again. Only when she called out for him, telling him again how sorry she was, was Tom yanked from his thoughts.

“Everything alright?” Tony asked, concern lacing his voice. Maybe the man had remembered his name when Tom had told him about his doppelgänger.

“No.” He replied absentmindedly.

“What do we do about Loki then?” Musing, Steve turned to look at the blonde god, who grimaced. “He wants Thor and that artifact, right? Isn't it more secure for him to go back to Asgard?”

At this, Thor growled fiercely.

“No. I will not leave my friends in danger!” His tone was low, warning, as if the god wouldn't allow any sort of back talking.

“We can't let you die either.” The Captain objected, now nose to nose with an angered god.

“If Loki wants a fight, I will take the challenge.”

“Or we could just relocate the base?” Tony said, jabbing at both men sarcastically “So Loki won't be able to threaten anyone and Thor is still able to go face first into battle when he has to.” Both blonde men fell silent, pondering.

“Fine. I'll talk to Fury about it and let you know the details.” Steve nodded towards Tom and walked out of the room, followed by a very peeved god of thunder.

Originally Tom had planned to ask Steve how the portal was coming along, but there hadn't been a suitable moment for. He couldn't approach him while Fury was standing next to him, and Tony had told him that it was a secret. Why he didn't know. Even when he and Tony had made their way out of the helicarrier, Steve was occupied with SHIELD agents and the director, arranging things, so he had given up on it for today.

Neither of them said a word, both of them sitting quietly next to each other as a pilot brought them down to the ground base. Tom sighed when they stepped into the sun, the day being much too bright for a situation such as this.

“You don't look so good.” Tony muttered and Tom rolled his eyes at the blatancy. He knew that Tony was trying to make conversation. Charming.

“He's a friend.” He replied, ignoring the statement. “And I worry for his safety.”

“Understandable.” The tone of his voice made Tom look at him, and just as expected, Tony narrowed his eyes. “This was my clone, right?”

“What?” A smirk crossed Tom's lips at the pout that was forming on his lover's face. “He’s not a clone.”

“So you two are close, then?”
What was it with him and the jealousy? This was not the time for nonsense. The smile vanished from Tom's face, and he heaved a sigh.

“No, we are friends, Tony. Just... Could you not do this? Not right now?” Tony shrugged and kept walking, even as Tom was stopped in his tracks. There was a black car waiting for them, at least he assumed that much. Frowning, he waited for Tony to turn around.

“I asked Happy to pick us up. I’ve had enough of SHIELD’s drivers for all eternity.”

For some reason Tom felt unsure about this. Happy was close to Tony, maybe one of his closest friends and now he should get to know him, after months of he and Tony being together. This was bound to be awkward, even Pepper didn't know about them yet. He watched as Tony got into the car, and Tom followed hesitantly. This was the least favorable moment for him to be introduced to someone, and Tom really wasn't in the mood to talk.

“Where to, Boss?” Happy asked as Tom closed the door.

“Nothing fancy, just take us home. I'm too tired and SHIELD keeps hauling us out of bed.” The engineer whined. Tom shot him a glance.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Tom noticed Happy narrowing his eyes through the rear mirror, before his lips quirked up in a smirk, obviously knowing full well what Tony meant by that. This was definitely not Tom's day. Turning around, Happy nodded in greeting.

“Hello.” Tom said, clearly uncomfortable.

“Fury's a pain in the ass as always.” Tony's voice brought both men's attention to him again and Tom wondered why he would say that, even though it was true. “Late for a meeting once and next time he insists on calling you to not let that happen again. As if those meetings would be interesting or important.” He grumbled. “I needed to drag him out of bed this morning, can you believe this? Me.”

Staring indignantly at Tony while the man conceived the most ridiculous lie, Tom pressed his lips into a thin line, whereas Happy started laughing.

“It's usually the other way around. The boss sleeps in whenever possible.” Dark eyes darted to Tom again and he exchanged a hand for him to shake. “I'm Harold, but everyone calls me Happy.”

“I'm Tom, nice to meet you.” He shook his hand and glimpsed over to Tony, who looked out of the windows.

Happy started the engine, setting the car in motion.

“So you are the Loki of that other world?” Tom's eyes widened at the words, but Happy waved at him. “Pepper told me a few things.”

The incident again. This would never leave him alone. Tom dropped his head.

“I'm so sorry. That was-” Tom tried to justify himself and explain it to Happy, but the man cut him off mid sentence.

“Don't worry, she has more serious things to worry about.” His gaze fell on Tony and Tom placed a hand over his mouth to hide his smirk.

The whole drive Happy kept on telling embarrassing stories about Tony, much to his chagrin and
Tom’s amusement. Now he was glad that they had been picked up by Happy. The man had brightened up his mood. They arrived in Malibu two hours later, it was already dawning, Jarvis opening the door immediately once they stepped on the porch.

“Good evening Sir, did Fury finally dismiss you?” Tom imagined a smug undertone as Jarvis spoke.

“Yes. Took his time, as always. Make sure they can't breach our line next time.” Tony replied and stepped into the house.

“I'm afraid without a security update that won't be possible Sir.” Jarvis sounded reproachful and Tony just offered a shrug of his shoulders. “It seems you have failed to install it.” The engineer ignored the AI from then on, throwing his jacket over an armchair and sitting down on the couch. Tom got himself a bottle of water from the fridge and leaned against the counter, watching Tony as he switched the TV on.

“Come here.” The engineer said, patting the space next to him, but Tom shook his head.

“I'm not in the mood.”

“What?” With a groan Tony heaved himself up again, stalking into the kitchen and grabbed Tom to drag him over to the couch.

“Tony...” He whined as Tony pulled him down with him. “I really don't-”

“I should feel offended that you think I always want sex.” Tom averted his gaze. He had thought that this was what the other wanted. “Let's relax a bit. Or cuddle as you put it.” An arm wrapped around Tom's shoulder, pulling him closer. “Okay, shoot.”

“Huh?”

“Over thinking again.” Tony just stated and snuggled up to his lover, gently planting a few kisses to his neck. Tom looked into brown eyes..

“What do you think I should do?” Now it was Tony's turn to wonder. “I love you, but... I can't just-”

“Hey, hey, don't look like that.” Tony cupped Tom's cheek with both hands, kissing him lightly, trying to calm him down. “If Bruce is able to make a fucking portal, and he will, because he's a fucking genius, we will get you back into your world.”

Why didn't Tony look sad one bit? It was strange. He had thought that the man would be just as devastated. Those arms pulled him into a hug.

“And if we can get you there, we will be able to get you back. Or me through.” Tom's eyes went wide with realization. He hadn't thought about that. Good that he had a genius at his side. Sometimes he felt incredibly stupid.

“But...” The word caught Tony's attention. “You can't just come to my world. Everyone knows you there and I can't have a relationship with someone who looks like Robert, that wouldn't be fair to him.” The miffed face that stared back told tales. Okay, that wasn't fair to both of them either, but what could he do? “And two of you in one dimension? We don't even know if there are any consequences-”
Lips crashed down on his then, silencing him as a tongue pressed inside his mouth. Tony dominated the kiss, pulling Tom's body against his.

“Thinking doesn't suit you.” He said when they parted.

“How come that you don't worry about anything?” Tom panted slightly, cheeks flushed from the kiss.

“I'm Iron Man.” Rolling his eyes, Tom hit Tony playfully on the chest. “No, seriously. I hate thinking about something that may or may not happen. I know I won't lose you, not again. I'll find a way. This is what I do, I fix things.”

Tom clung to him, hands fisted in his shirt as he buried his face in the crook of Tony's neck.

“Thank you.” He whispered and Tony ran a hand through his hair, stroking gently.

“We need to cut it.”

“Hmm, yes.” Tom purred, enjoying the caressing. “Do you want to keep it a secret?”

“What exactly?”

“Us.”

“Oh.” Tony sounded surprised that he would addressed this topic at all. A huffing laugh came from him then and he pushed Tom back a bit to look into his eyes. “Do you want to tell them? I could arrange a press conference. At least then they have something to talk about, since I haven't been drunk or slept around in ages.”

“It's not that, but what if they'll ask?”

“Then I won't deny it, why should I?” It was said so naturally that Tom wondered why he had even asked.

“No?”

“You act as if you are the worst person I ever shared my bed with.”

He didn't know whether this was good or not.
They were sitting on the couch, watching a movie. Tom didn't know what they were watching, the book in his hands was way more interesting.

“So.” Tony started and Tom looked up.

“Hmm?”

A sly grin was gracing the inventor's face, one that made Tom slightly uneasy.

“You remember you owe me, right?”

“How could I ever forget. You remind me every day.” Tom answered with an arched brow when Tony shifted closer to him.

“So, tell me what you like. Kink wise.” He added a moment later, eliminating every possibility for Tom to find a loophole.

Tom put the book aside, trying hard to not blush as he thought about it. Up until now his sex life had been quite normal, or plain and boring as Tony put it. He hadn't tried some of the extraordinary stuff, his partners had been more the vanilla sex type of girls. Not that it hadn't been good, but there really was nothing he could tell Tony now.

“Eh, well...” Tom murmured, hemmed and hawed until the other male narrowed his eyes in amusement.

“Shoot, lover boy. What crazy shit can this head come up with? You've got to have some fantasies going on.”

“Seriously, I don't know” Shaking his head, Tony clapped him on the shoulder.

“Fine, I'll start. I love toys.” A skeptic glance was shot his way which Tony took as an invitation to continue. “All sorts, I don't care. Toys are great.”

Tom felt his cheeks redden as the man talked on. How could he talk about his sex life without
feeling any shame?

“Also love me some bondage once in a while.” Blue eyes stared at him in confusion, and he rolled his eyes in return. “Not hardcore stuff, but nonetheless. Having someone chained to your bedpost at your mercy is incredibly sexy.”

Tom could only nod slightly as his lover was apparently daydreaming.

“So, does dom sub mean anything to you?” The grin made it obvious that Tony knew that this type of talk made him uncomfortable, and that bastard was enjoying it.

“I am no kid, Tony, I know what that is.” Tom said indifferently, causing Tony to shrug.

“So, is there anything you wouldn't like trying?”

“Nothing disgusting.” He said, meaning it. There were things he definitely wasn't willing to do.

“Up for toys and fun then, great.”

---

He should have known that this would happen. He really should have after that talk, but Tom actually hadn't expected Tony to be so direct. Fifteen minutes later he found himself bent over the kitchen counter, his face lying on the cool surface, with Tony pressed up against him, fucking him. God, he had never imagined himself in this position and how on earth-

A particular hard thrust made him see stars, and all thoughts vanished from his mind. Tony chuckled behind him.

“You're even louder than usual.” He panted, his rhythm fast and relentless, his thrusts hitting his prostate again and again. “You know what could happen here, right?”

Tom was barely able to answer, his body and mind more focused on the pleasure than on the words that were panted into his ear.

“What?” He finally breathed.

“The door.” Tony crooned and Tom looked over his shoulder, realizing that if anyone came by they could see them through the glass door. A knot of panic formed in his chest and he tried to squirm away, but Tony held tightly on to his hips, keeping him in place.

“No running.” He whispered in a husky voice, and Tom felt his teeth sink into his shoulders. It aroused him even more and he slammed his hips back, falling into Tony's rhythm. Biting his lip, Tom turned his head to look at Tony.

“Tony...” He moaned, gasping for air.

“Come for me.”

Tom slipped a hand under himself, grasping his throbbing member. It didn't take more than a few strokes before he closed his eyes in bliss and came over his fingers and the counter. Only distantly he noticed as Tony spent himself deep within him, and bowed over him completely, kissing his neck. They were panting hard and when Tony chuckled, a small whine left Tom.

“Why are you doing this to me? You'll drive me insane. You'll ruin me forever.” Tom joked, and winced as Tony slowly retreated, already becoming sore. Not that he wasn't feeling good, damn he
felt amazing, but that would change by tomorrow. Straightening himself, Tom stretched his limbs, all while brown eyes were eying him up.

“So no problem with publicity anymore?”

The pleased grin faded from Tom's face as his eyes darted to the door.

“Oh damn you!” He cursed, pulling his pants up and rushing towards his room.

---

A few hours later they were back on the couch, relaxing. Tom's head was in Tony's lap, and he was caressing the nape of his neck, fondling the short hair there.

“I hope you don't think we're done for today.” Tony purred and Tom shook his head.

“Really?” The only answer was the trademark grin that always boded ill. A groan forced its way out of his throat when Tony stood up and pulled Tom with him.

“I don't think that's a good idea.”

Tom watched uneasily as Tony placed his second wrist in the suit's gauntlet. His feet and hands were restrained by metal, robotic arms holding him up. He felt exposed, weak, and he closed his eyes in embarrassment. It wasn't uncomfortable, Tony had made sure of that, but it felt strange having his legs spread and being tied to a machine.

“If I had known about this...” Tom grumbled, but Tony cut him off.

“This will be fun, don't worry.” The engineer seemed to be pleased by his work. “We have the safe word. Just in case.”

Tom nodded and was glad, even though he didn't think that Tony would do something he didn't like or want, but still.

“Tell me again.” The other male demanded while slowly walking away.

“London.” Tom said with a frown, looking after him leaving.

“Good.”

When Tony walked out of sight, Tom started to get antsy. Being strapped to a machine, without Tony near was nerve-wracking. If someone were to come down here for any reason and saw him, he would have to die of shame. Instinctively, Tom tugged on the metal that kept him restrained after a few minutes, didn't want to stay here any longer. Just as he was about to call out for Tony, he came back with a big box in his hands that was filled with all kinds of toys. Blushing, Tom averted his eyes primly at the sight of lube, vibrators and many things he had never seen before, and the smug smile that spread on the engineer's lips.

---

Tom moaned as Tony's fingers pushed in again. Tony had made sure to use plenty of lube, so everything was moving smoothly. Closing his eyes, Tom moaned above him, enjoying the ministrations of his fingers. Then they retreated, and Tony rummaged in the box, the same grin from before on his face. Following the motion with his eyes, Tom gasped as he watched the man coat a toy with lube and slide his hands over it teasingly.
This was new and Tom wasn't sure about it, still he said nothing and waited, his lips pressed into a thin line when the tip of the toy brushed his entrance, massaging it, making his cock twitch in anticipation. A small chuckle escaped Tony.

“So eager?”

“Tony...”

Apparently Tony was not in the mood to tease any longer, and he pushed the toy in slowly, making Tom gasp because of the stretch. He only stopped when it was buried to the base, and Tom hung his head, moaning at the feeling of being so incredibly full. After a moment the toy was pulled out, only to be slammed back in, hitting his prostate in the most delicious way. A shudder ran through his whole body, his hips jerking the longer it went on. Tony was playing with him and a look into his eyes told him exactly how much he was enjoying this.

“Tony, I need more.” He panted and exhaled vehemently when he saw the obvious bulge in Tony's pants..

“Hm?” The engineer gazed up through hooded eyes.

“Let me come please. I can't-” Tom whined.

“You can't?”

“Yes, I-” The words stuck in his throat when Tony pulled the toy out and put it aside, only to replace it with a vibrator this time.

Switching it on, Tony dragged the vibrating toy over Tom's thigh, making him yelp, his hips pressing forward, longing for friction. The reaction amused Tony and he repeated the motion before turning it off again.

“You can't be serious...”

Tom whimpered when Tony slicked the toy up again and positioned it over his hole. He pressed it in without a problem, even though it was thicker than the last. Tom's hips moved of their own accord when Tony established a slow rhythm again, bucking against the toy, trying to get it to brush his sweet spot again, but Tony prevented him from struggling too much. A grin was plastered all over his face when he turned the vibration on and Tom jerked against the metal restraints.

“Fuck.” He whimpered, shutting his eyes tightly. He felt as if he was about to burst and it wouldn't take long until the sensation would become unbearable.

“Hold it in.” Came from the engineer and Tom's eyes sprung open at that.

“What?!” He barked, having trouble coping with what Tony wanted from him. How the fuck could he ask something like that?

Clenching down on the toy and making the feeling even more intense, Tom watched as Tony licked over his own lips and retrieved something from the box.

“You won't like this.” He said with a wicked grin.

“Huh?”
A ring out of rubber was held out for him and it dawned on Tom what the Tony was about to do. Tony fastened the ring around the base of his cock and the realization that he wouldn't be able to come made Tom whine miserably.

“Tony, no. Seriously, I can't!” He moaned. All he wanted was to come; the toy was pressing against his prostate deliciously, the vibration causing him to flinch and writhe.

Tony didn't listen, kneeling down before him and wrapping his hands around Tom's straining erection, his tongue darting out to lick the forming precum away. His body shivered violently, the sensation on both his cock and up his ass was too much. A low groan forced itself out when Tony started bobbing his head. Tom panted heavily, it was almost painful now and he screamed when a hand pushed the vibrator even deeper.

“Tony stop, please! Stop...”

But Tony didn't. It wasn't the safe word. He wouldn't stop as long as he didn't say it and Tom wasn't sure whether he wanted to say it. Grinding his teeth, Tom looked down, completely out of breath by the time the man finally stopped sucking him off.

“Make me come Tony...” Tom tried again, his voice dangerously close to begging as Tony raised himself to his feet and pressed a light kiss to his lips. His fingers grabbed the cock ring, taking it off and letting it drop to the floor before beginning to stroke the throbbing erection, his eyes never leaving Tom's.

“Since you asked so kindly.” Tony kissed him hard, jerking him roughly, and it was mere moments before Tom exploded, coming all over his hands.

Tom hung his head, panting hard as he tried to catch his breath. If the suit hadn't been holding him up he would have collapsed to the ground. Tony was already kneeling down again, turning the toy off and slowly pulling it out, and Tom winced at the feeling of the toy leaving his body. Now that his mind could actually focus, with the need for his orgasm gone, he felt how sore his body was. His arms hurt from being strapped in this uncomfortable position for slightly too long, and Tom fell forward as Tony released him from the suit, his legs too exhausted to support his weight.

---

Tony carried him to bed and Tom had slept for a few hours, trying to recover from the day. The engineer was playing with a tablet when Tom opened his eyes again.

“Hello there.” He joked, but Tom payed no attention to it, instead he snuggled closer to him. “Were you able to sleep well?”

Tom nodded, enjoying the sensation of a hand brushing through his hair.

“Good.”

“What?” The actor opened one eye to look up in confusion.

“The day isn't over yet.” Tony gestured at the clock and yes, it was barely nine o'clock.

Heaving a sigh, Tom rolled onto his back again, folding his arms over his chest. This day was getting tiresome and not only his mind protested against another round of wildly kinky sex. His body felt worn out, but for some reason he was curious what Tony had come up with this time. Oh, right. He didn't come last time. Tom couldn't help but blush, images flooding his mind and he bit his lips as he looked up to him.
“And what do you have in mind?”

“I have some ideas, don’t worry.” Tony said with a smirk as he put the tablet down on the nightstand.

“Never doubted that.” He whispered back and watched Tony's hand reach into the drawer of the nightstand, pulling a pair of handcuffs out. Tom gulped as his eyes scanned the leather pieces. Even though they seemed to be soft, Tom couldn't quite believe that it would be too comfortable to be restrained with them. “Hands behind your back.”

The command made Tom do a double-take, yet he sat up and did as he was told. A bet was a bet. There was no way he would chicken out now after the Iron Man suit story. His hands were grasped gently, and Tom felt the leather cuffs closing around his wrists, keeping his arms in place. Tony sat back against the headboard, cocking his head to the side and watching him intently. One of his hands touched Tom's chest, the actor leaning into the touch immediately and sighing.

“What should I do?” He asked, getting more and more antsy by the minute when no answer came.

Tom knew what this was about. Tony had told him explicitly about his fantasies. This was some kind of game for him and Tom experimentally pulled on the cuffs, squirming on his knees as his feet had started to fall asleep. He grimaced slightly at the numb sensation and looked over to Tony, who was opening his pants and freeing his already hard cock to begin stroking. As the first moan left Tony's lips Tom averted his gaze, looking down at the bed sheets, still he could feel those brown eyes staring him down. Tom swallowed hard. Knowing what the other man was doing as well as hearing the sounds he made was arousing him, and he glanced up again, seeing how Tony had closed his eyes in pleasure.

It was embarrassing, awkward, but also incredibly exciting. This man was probably the only one who had such an effect on him. Watching Tony jerk himself off had him mesmerized, he himself already hard from just watching. He shifted on his spot, feeling wanton and needy, his cock twitching with every moan and gasp. A hand suddenly fisted in his hair and pulled him in for a rough kiss, nothing but a clash of teeth and tongue that the engineer clearly dominated. Tony dragged his teeth over Tom's lips, biting and nibbling, pushing his tongue inside to stroke his. The hand in his hair pushed him down then and Tom understood what he wanted him to do. He had never given anyone a blowjob, but he still let himself be guided into his lap.

For a moment he hesitated, but Tony growled above him, his hand pushing down with more force until his cock pressed against Tom's lips. Under any other conditions he probably would have called a stop now, but this was Tony's game. Everything was just for show, so he played along. Tom tentatively licked over the sensitive head, a pleased groan coming from Tony, encouraging him. Soon he was absorbed in the task, lips encircling the tip, sucking, tongue lapping over the shaft before taking him in as far as he could.

“Oh god.” Tony moaned as Tom bobbed his head.

He didn't think that he was doing too well, just mirroring the motions he always enjoyed, but apparently it was good enough for Tony. The engineer leaned back again, brown lust-blown eyes watching him. Tom looked up to meet his gaze, a smirk gracing his features as he licked his lips.

“I'm going to have you do that more often.” Tony panted and bucked his hips up slightly to get more friction.

Tom was determined to make him come, wanting to give him the same pleasure Tony always gave to him, even when after a while his jaw was aching and his back hurting from the uncomfortable
position. He could feel how close the man was, the thick member pulsating in his mouth, but just then Tony pulled him off and positioned behind him, pressing himself against his ass. Tony rubbed his cock over his entrance, slicking it up with his precum and saliva and looked at Tom in a quick warning before pushed inside, making Tom hiss at the pain. A hand found his hair again, pressing his face into the mattress.

“You like that, don't you?” Tony chuckled, pushing in until he was buried inside him completely. “You like my cock deep in your ass.”

Tom blushed furiously, swearing that he would get back at him for all this. He wanted to say something, but no other sound than a moan came out when Tony started thrusting in and out. The engineer was clearly savoring the moment, moaning loudly. A pillow was pushed under his hips, holding him up, and the initial pain quickly turned into intense pleasure.

“You always act so innocent, but I can see how your body reacts to me so nicely.”

A playful slap came down on his backside and Tom yelped at the burning sensation that spread through his whole body. It was unbelievable that this could make him even harder.

“Fuck!”

Tom growled when the cock inside him hit his prostate hard and Tony's rhythm became faster with every thrust. His hands were clenched into fists, still bound behind him as Tony flipped him onto his back. This position was even more uncomfortable, his hands were pressing into his back, but all Tom could focus on was the way Tony entered him, making him writhe underneath him.

“What is it?” Tony breathed letting his hands wander over Tom's chest.

“It’s-”

“Hm? What do you want?”

“Stop playing around.” Tom hissed, aroused frustration layering his voice, but Tony didn't seem to care. “I want to come.” He said after a moment, closing his eyes.

“No.” The answer made Tom blink in confusion.

“I...” He only brought out before Tony slammed into him again, making him forget every word that he wanted to throw into the other's face.

“No before me.”

Tom wasn't sure if he would be able to hold out. Every thrust made his body shiver and shake in need. Judging by how Tony looked down at him, he was clearly enjoying the view, but instead of finishing inside him, he pulled out, quickly stroking himself to orgasm, coming all over Tom's chest and stomach. A pleased smile was plastered all over his face and Tom looked up at him through heavy lashes, thinking that it would be now his turn, but Tony did nothing. A whine left Tom's throat.

“Untie me,” he panted. "I need-"

“What exactly?” Tom blushed as he saw that smug smirk returning to his face. “You are so dirty.” He said playfully as he ran his fingers through the come on Tom's chest.

“Oh come on!” The actor rolled his eyes and Tony chuckled, taking pity on him as he pushed him
onto his side to open the cuffs.

“Then go on.” Tom swallowed hard, was he really saying that- “You heard me. Jerk off.”

A shaking hand slid down over his body to his own straining member, he hissed at the friction, his cock throbbing in his hand. Tom closed his eyes, embarrassment completely forgotten. One of his fingers pressed into his slit and Tony purred above him, caressing his thighs.

“Beautiful...” He crooned and bowed down to kiss him gently, Tom's hand picking up on speed, making him come a second later.

Tony was planting kisses on his neck and chest while Tom tried to get his breathing under control. With a corner of the sheets the mess was wiped off his stomach and the blanket was thrown over them as Tony took him into his arms. He was already dozing off, a hand moving up and down his arms.

“So tired?”

“Shut up, you jerk.” Tony flashed a toothy smile.

“Can't tell me you didn't enjoy it.”

Tom said nothing, smiling inwardly to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoy this story! I would love to hear what you think.
The way I work

Chapter Notes

First I am really sorry that this took so long. It's been almost a month, sheesh. I have to apologize for that. Summer is warm and me and my Beta had been busy, I hope you understand. Up until now I have written until chapter 67, so there are not many left. It feels strange.

Second:
Please, I can't say it enough. Please don't read if you don't like the pairing or anything else about this story. No one forces you to read it, so please just don't if you don't like it. It makes me incredibly sad when I have to read and delete rude comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had to be a miracle, because an entire day had come and gone without Tony spoiling Tom absolutely rotten. After all the kinky sex, the man had clearly needed some rest, and they were sitting in the hot tub again, which had quickly become Tom's favorite place in the mansion.

“So what have you got planned for today?”

Tom opened his eyes, blinking at his lover, trying to pretend that he hadn't just dozed off.

“Hmm?” He thought his limited options. “Reading, maybe.”

The other man frowned slightly, running a hand through his hair.

“I should take you out more.” Tony said and moved in on him, claiming his lips in a kiss.

“With Loki running around?” Tom's concerned expression made the engineer roll his eyes.

“Who cares what he plans?” Tom threw him a look. “Seriously.” Tony's hands were now on his shoulders. “That bastard won't make my life hell with his temper tantrums.”

Averting his gaze, Tom considered it. It was obvious the other man was always more concerned about everyone else. Tony speculated to himself, thinking that he really needed to remind Tom to actually live his life and not speculate about what could possibly happen. A sigh left Tom as he ran his fingers over his lover's arm.

“Tony?” Brown eyes looked at him In question “Christmas is coming up.” A smile appeared on the engineer's face. “Do you celebrate? Because the only thing I know is that you gave Pepper these really weird presents, and I don't want a giant plush bunny that looks as if it—” Tom went quiet when Tony blinked at him in amusement.

“What?” Tony asked, laughing. But Tom seemed to be serious, furrowing his brows.

“Please don't buy me anything.”

“What? There's no Christmas without presents.” Tony exclaimed, moving until his back hit the wall of the tub, looking smugly at Tom. “This—” He gestured with his hands. “This is the land of
capitalism, you're fucking a billionaire, and you're the only person on earth who wouldn't milk that.”

“What?” Tom burst out in laughter. “No, really. I don't want anything.” His gentle smile was wiped from his face when Tony shook his head.

“Nope, you can't prevent that, sorry.”

“I can't give you anything, Tony, that's why I feel terrible whenever you spoil me.” Looking down, Tom played with his hands awkwardly.

“Still.” Tony shrugged and was splashed with water a second later. “Hey! Watch it.” He grimaced, but was splashed again a second later, now looking into Tom's smug smile. “Kid.” He teased as Tom moved in on him and wrapped his arms around his neck.

“I love you.” They both smiled at each other. “Still, no presents.”

Tony was about to reply when Jarvis interrupted. Both men looked up in annoyance at the AI's terrible timing.

“Sir, you know I hate to disturb your bathing, but I feel that I should tell you that Ms. Potts has just pulled up in the driveway and is about to enter the house. Might I suggest getting dressed, Sir?”

Tony sat there wide-eyed, before jumping out of the tub, leaving Tom behind in bafflement.

“What?!” He grabbed a towel, cursing under his breath as he wrapped it around his hips and stormed out of the bath and down the stairs. “Hey Pep!” Tony greeted as Pepper and Happy came through the front door. “How can I be of service?”

Pepper's eyebrow lifted sardonically as she took in Tony's appearance.

“Did we disturb you?” She said in the neutral tone that Tony had come to hate.

“Nah.” The engineer waved his hand in the air. “Just sat in the bathtub and-” Damn, Pepper wouldn't buy it, he knew that look.

“You knew I'd come and you still invited someone over?”

“You didn't?” Seriously, he couldn't remember hearing anything about a meeting or something today. Pepper groaned and massaged her temples as she walked into the living room and set her bag down.

“Don't you ever check your AB?” Pepper asked and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“Whoops?” He probably should do that sometimes. “Really, I am alone.” Why was he lying again? Right, because she wouldn't approve of his relationship. The first meeting between Tom and Pepper had left some serious marks, but lying to Pepper had never worked out for him.

“Why don't I believe you.” It was more of a statement than a question, and before Tony could react, Pepper walked past him and towards the stairs.

“What? Are you offended now?” The grimace that she threw him told him that he should just shut up now, but he had to do something to keep her from walking into the bathroom. “Even if I had someone over, why do you care? We aren't together anymore, I can do what I want!”

Pepper didn't deign him with an answer and went straight up the stairs, only stopping when Tony
rushed to her side.

“Tony.” She sighed. “Even though I usually do everything, there are times like these that you actually have to work. This was planned for weeks. I sent you memo after memo to prepare you and you did absolutely nothing.”

Okay, she was pissed, and rightfully so, but fuck him if he couldn't have his privacy. Tony stepped into her path, wanting to block her, but the woman shoved him to the side as if it was nothing. Tony saw her scan the bedroom, before moving to the bathroom.

“Pepper, come on this is stupid.” Tony tried again, but Pepper was determined to search every inch of his space.

The moment she stepped into the bathroom, she stopped dead in her tracks. Tony was glad that Tom had taken the initiative to dress in the time he had been down in the living room. After an endless moment, Pepper shook her head and turned on her heels, throwing Tony a glare.

“I can't believe it. I should have known. I can't even-” Pepper stammered while walking down the stairs again. She turned around to face him “You have no idea how much I would love to strangle you right now.”

Tony only ran a hand over his face, sighing. Usually Pepper was always calm, never flipped, but this might have really gotten to her. Ever since they had separated, she reacted differently than before. For years she had taken the women, and occasionally men, out when Tony had been done with them. A hand found Tony's shoulder and he looked up into worried blue eyes.

“What should we do now?”

Really? Tony had no idea.

“Might as well explain everything.” He said while picking up his clothes and starting to dress.

Pepper was still mumbling curses when they came down, even though Tom hadn't wanted to, due to the fact that the last time he met Pepper she had aimed a knife at him. They sat down on the couch while Pepper stared them down from the opposite chair. Tom averted his gaze, shifting tensely. Happy had gone to get her a cup of coffee to soothe her anger. Tom figured that he knew about the two of them, but had graciously chosen not to tell Pepper, which had saved their asses until now.

“Pep I can explain.” Tony started, “Fuck, it's not what you think.”

“Not what I think?” Pepper's eyebrows shot up, and she smiled sarcastically. “You're not sleeping around again? That's what you're saying?”

“Hey!” Tony growled back, feeling a little bit insulted, and judging by Tom's blinking he didn't approve of the comment either. “This is different.”

“Is it? How?” For a moment Tony couldn't do anything but blink in disbelief. “You explicitly said that he wouldn't be staying long. That you gave him asylum because of pity and curiosity.” As she spoke, Tony could feel the second pair of blue eyes on him.

“Yeah, well it started like that, but-”

“Tony...” Pepper sighed heavily
“When I don't go out and meet anyone, it's wrong, but if I’m with someone, it's also wrong. What do you want from me?” He exclaimed.

“I want just a tiny little bit of respect.”

“I respect you.”

“Do you?” The severity of the question stopped Tony in his tracks. It seemed that he had definitely stepped over a line this time. “Then why do you never answer my calls or my emails? Why do you keep me waiting for a meeting that was planned three hours ago and make me come over and walk in on you again while you’re screwing around?”

“Pepper it's different with him, he's not-”

“What is he then if not a pastime for you like it’s been with everyone else?” The words stung, and Tony saw out of the corner of his eyes how miserable Tom looked.

“I love him.” Tony said and noticed how his lover jumped, turning his head to look at him. Everyone in the room was silent, Pepper and Happy stared with their mouth open, as if they hadn't expected to hear that. “Really? I fall in love, and you’re all acting like it’s the best thing since sliced bread.”

“It is.” Happy chimed in and exchanged glances with Pepper, who was clearly assimilating and processing the new information.

“I...” She faltered, waiting a few moments to gather her thoughts. “I am sorry.” This was directed at Tom, who nodded in return.

“So,--and apologies for blunt question beforehand-- why are you here?”

Pepper reached into her handbag and pulled her tablet out.

“China is undecided whether they want an arc reactor in Beijing or not.” She scrolled down on her tablet, unhappy with the outcome.

“What? I thought this was in the back. What changed their mind all of a sudden?”

“Well, the executive committee was not able to ban the investors' concerns. The CEO from Huan Ming Enterprises even exclaimed that an arc reactor would be a risk to China’s people. And since you weren't there to prove them otherwise...”

It was now Tom who looked reproachfully at him.

“I told you to not neglect your duties.” He grumbled and Tony could do nothing but grimace. A small laugh came from Pepper then, gaining the attention of both men.

“I told him more than a thousand times. I wish it would be that easy to just tell him what he should do, with him actually doing it.” The engineer huffed at that. “Anyway, the investors insisted on talking to you in person.” Pepper saw the roll of his eyes and harrumphed. “Tony, we've been planing this for years.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“This is important for the future of Stark Industries.”

“Yes.” Tony ground his teeth. It seemed he really had to work this out with her. “So?” He gestured
for her to continue.

“I need you to fly to China.”

That wasn't too bad. He could use a variation. Going on vacation was actually a great idea. The moment he turned to Tom to ask him whether he wanted to go on a trip, Pepper tsked at him, a frown on her face.

“Alone.” She added. “I can't risk you not attending the meetings.”

“What? That's not fair.” Tony leaned back and looked at the ceiling.

“It's your job.”

“Why did I make you the boss? You are my representative.” That wasn't fair to her, but it was a legitimate question. Now it was Pepper who pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Tony...” By now he was getting tired of hearing his name for tonight, at least from her mouth.

Tom and Happy both wore the same indifferent expression, shaking their heads ever so slightly at the man's stubbornness.

“Your plane leaves tomorrow.”

This made Tony stare incredulously at Pepper, as if he hadn't understood her correctly.

“What? Why didn't you tell me earlier?” He complained, but Pepper just shrugged it off.

“I did, two weeks ago.”

Tony really needed to make Jarvis read him his AB from now on.

“For how long? Tony grumbled, making it obvious that he wasn't thrilled to actually go on that trip.

“A week, maybe two.”

“Pepper, I won't spend Christmas eating Chinese food.” Narrowing his eyes, Tony heard how Tom sighed next to him.

“You don't need to, just do your work and do as you are told.” This was easier said than done. He wasn't used to arguing in Mandarin, especially when your business partners only spoke to you in Beijing dialect. He already had the pleasure to attend to such an awkward dinner once.

“Happy will pick you up tomorrow morning, 8 AM.”

“Morning?” Tony briefly wondered why Pepper was looking quite content now. “You are killing me here.” He groaned and watched the slight smile that spread on Pepper's lips. At least now she didn't look so grim anymore. She was beautiful when she smiled. Pepper then stood, with Tony doing the same thing, walking her to the door, followed by Happy.

“See you tomorrow, Boss.” Happy clapped him on the shoulder, before moving out through the front door.

He still wasn't happy about all this, but neither was his opposite. She tugged at his shirt, straightening the folds.
“Are you sure about this?” Her voice was softer now, she was almost whispering. It took Tony a few seconds to understand what she meant.

“Yes Pepper.” He affirmed and saw her nodding in reply.

“Hm. I hope you know what you’re doing.” The sweet smile was back on her face. “Be on time, please.”

“Yeah.” Tony looked into sky blue eyes and sighed.

“Thank you Tony.” With this Pepper turned and went after Happy, closing the door behind her.

“Fuck.” The inventor cursed and shuffled back to the couch, dropping down and wrapping an arm around Tom's waist. “So sorry about all this.”

“You and your missed calls.” Tom smiled weakly. It was meant as a joke to cheer him up, but it was true nonetheless.

“I'm sorry.” Tom shook his head at this, moving in on Tony, hugging him and laying his head onto his shoulder.

“I'll manage alright.” He breathed into his ear, making Tony shiver, his body immediately responding.

“I'll make Jarvis your personal slave, I-” Lips closed over his earlobe, silencing him.

“Don't worry.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope I can publish the next chapter soon. Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter.
Going crazy without you

Chapter Notes

First let me say this: I love Chinese people, okay? Yeah I really do <3

Okay update, yay? Thanks to my wonderful beta you get this early =D *hugs*
This time we have Tom home alone and the way he deals with all this. *cough*
The chapter covers the time from the 14th December – 19th December.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony left the next morning, but not without kissing Tom for ten minutes straight and embarrassing him in front of Happy. The first day passed quickly. Tom spent the entire day reading on the couch, cuddling with Loki and cooking for himself. All in all a good day, and he thought that a little bit of distance after the last few days would surely do him good.

The second day he slept until noon. Tom had slept in his own room, didn’t know why he hadn’t slept in Tony’s bed. He had been more comfortable in his own bed, and he could actually lock his door. Not that he didn’t trust Jarvis, but being alone in such a big house was strange. After eating breakfast he had grabbed the laptop to shop online for a few things. Tony had insisted that he buy new books or anything that he could use to kill the time. He really needed new hobbies that he could do indoors, since everyone always told him he wasn’t supposed to go outside. Unfortunately the Avengers were making sure no one got in or out of the house, and were either checking in on him or observing the house from a distance, and Tom had wondered in the beginning whether Tony had pursued them to do this, or whether they were actually concerned about him. Tom spent some time with Steve that day, talking over coffee and happy to have someone he could talk to because jogging, shopping, or meeting new people like normal human beings would do was out of question. Tom bought himself a few books, as well as some new clothes before he spent the afternoon in Tony’s gym.

Tom really hadn’t thought that he could get bored from reading, but it happened. By the evening of day three, Tom sat on the couch playing video games. Something he would never have thought about had there been anything else to do. He wished that Tony was there to entertain him.

On day four Tom ignored every warning that Jarvis gave him and went out, only to be held up by paparazzi, who grilled him about what he was doing, what Tony was doing, what they both were doing, and how the Avengers movie was coming along. Tom fobbed them off politely and went his way. When Tom made it home that day, he collapsed on the couch, sighing. Because of those people and their questions, and the fact that all he was able to think about was Tony. His gaze shifted to the kitchen and he couldn't help but think about how the engineer had taken him against the counter that one day. Much to his distress the memory was so vivid that his body instantly reacted to it. Groaning, he headed off to bed, deliberately ignoring his needs.

It was the fifth day of Tony’s absence and Tom couldn’t help but miss him greatly. He wanted him to come back right now, which of course wasn't going to happen. Tony hadn't even written him a message until now, let alone call, which meant that he was very busy. As Tom took a shower that evening, his thoughts went back to Tony and their night at the hotel in Vegas, how he had massaged him, how those hands had moved south and over his groin. How his mouth had closed
around his cock, his tongue licking over his shaft-

Fuck. Almost everything was reminding him on Tony now. The kitchen, the couch, the shower… Sighing, Tom looked down at his already hard member as the water was pouring down on him. His cock begged for attention, straining against his belly and he couldn't help himself anymore. His hand wrapped around his erection, stroking over it leisurely a few times. A moan left his throat, and he already panted from the small stimulation. Tom closed his eyes, leaning his head against the cold surface of the wall and chuckled bitterly. It wasn't the same without Tony, and he was pathetic for being this needy after four days. Ever since they had started being intimate with each other, Tony hadn't left him alone for more than a day. Now months later, he needed it, needed him. Before that he had easily spent more than two weeks without jerking off. Not that he didn't like it, quite the contrary, but now without Tony he just didn't feel like it. Tom gulped and turned the water cold.

It was almost one AM and Tom was lying in his bed, his phone in his hands. Still no messages. He really wanted to talk to Tony, but wasn't sure whether he should text him or not. Maybe he was in a meeting, or he was sleeping- Right, it was already the next day in China. Tom sighed heavily.

Man…” He whined, putting the phone back on the nightstand to try to grab some sleep.

A few hours later, a ringing sound jarred him from his sleep. He had dreamed of Tony, no wonder that he was sweaty and hard. Damn.

“This needs to stop.” Tom murmured to himself when he reached for his phone, which was blinking. The moment he looked at the screen and saw the SMS from Tony, his heart started beating faster in his chest.

- hey, whats up? sorry for not writing sooner -

For a long moment Tom stared at his screen, unable to do anything. A smile crept onto his face as he typed a response.

- All good, how are you? - He wrote back, even if it was a lie.

- good I guess, considering the circumstances. food sucks, also its kinda boring, pepper keeps me on a tight schedule. - Tom's smile widened at the way the man typed. Everything in lower cases, without proper punctuation. Lazy.

- Ah, too bad. -

- are you in bed? guess its somewhat around midnight, amirite - Tom bit his lips slightly. Why would he ask that if he knew it was late?

- Yes. Tony? -

- hmm -

- I miss you. -

- lol, how much -

Idiot. Tom narrowed his eyes, closing the conversation and placing the phone on the nightstand. This didn't warrant an answer. For about ten minutes there was silence, and Tom was about to drift off again, when the phone beeped again. And again. And again.
Tom rolled his eyes as he read the messages.

- When are you coming back? -

- dunno yet. All this crap with non-english speaking chinese people. It takes so freakin long to translate everything etc -

- Oh, alright... I don't want to bother you or waste your time. -

- nah, ya dont. dont worry. Soooo what are you doing -

Tom swallowed hard. Should he tell him just how much he missed him? How desperate he was? No, it was embarrassing enough as it was. He didn't need to give him the opportunity to mock him further.

- Nothing really. I tried to sleep. - Tom sighed again, staring blankly at his phone. -

- Tony, could we talk sometime? I want to hear you... - He typed and felt his cheeks heating up, expecting some kind of joke again.

- hear me? Why is that -

- Because... -

- ohhhh -

- Oh? What is that supposed to mean...? -

- eh Im in a meeting right now. -

- What?! - Tom lay there, gaping at the screen. The man couldn't be serious. He knew something was fishy. - How can you text me while you're working? -

- calling you is off the cards but seeing me... - Great, completely ignoring the question. What did he mean by that?

- Huh? - Tom wrote back, not expecting in the least what was about to follow. An incoming video transmission. He bit his lips as he hesitantly accepted it and Tony's face appeared on the screen. Tony was looking at him from above, probably had his phone under the table. God, he loved him.

- better? -

- Hmm, yes. - The concerns he had just moments ago about distracting the man from his work were suddenly gone.

- cant see ya babe, turn yours on as well -

Tom needed a few minutes to actually find the feature, turned on the small lamp on the nightstand to illuminate the room and started the transmission. Tony smiled warmly at him and Tom couldn't help but look down in embarrassment. All of the sudden the billionaire looked up, obviously talking to someone, and Tom just shook his head at him and his work ethic. But right now he was
glad that Tony hated actually doing his job.

- hey, are you naked -

Tom just blinked for a second, baffled by the question while Tony was obviously savoring his reaction, grinning from ear to ear. He looked down on himself and noticed that he probably saw his bare chest. Still, he had balls to actually ask.

- Not completely. -

- Why not <3 -

- You can't be serious. What if someone looks over your shoulder and sees me? -

- Not going to happen. How about it, you up for some fun? You said you missed me -

- Oh my god. Tony, this is ridiculous. Get to work. - With this he ended the video transmission and put his phone back down. He ignored the next SMS, knowing fully well that it would be some kind of sexual joke. Tom fell asleep with a smile on his face, even though his lover could be as mature as a fifteen year old sometimes.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter! It helps me a lot to get more motivation to write <3
Have a wonderful day, wherever you are on this planet <3
Tony hadn't texted him again that night, nor did he in the days following. A week into his trip had Tom feeling incredibly on edge. He just wanted him to come home. Preferably right now. Tom decided to sleep in today, not bothering to get up early. No one else was there for him to wake up to anyways.

A sound woke Tom up. Frowning, he turned on his side and pulled his blanket over his head, trying to doze off again, but another, louder sound made him sit up straight in his bed. It sounded dangerously like a door slamming shut. Still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Tom clamored out of his bed, if only to make sure that he wasn't dreaming. Peeking out of his room, he gulped as he saw Tony standing on the door step, talking to Jarvis. Hesitantly, Tom took a few steps into the room. This wasn't a hallucination, right? Apparently not, because the engineer walked towards him, a smile playing on his lips, fading as he saw Tom's baffled expression.

"Um, hi?" Tony said and narrowed his eyes, confused as to why his lover looked at him with his mouth open. "Okay?" Shrugging, he placed a light kiss on Tom's lips before walking back to the front door, getting his bag.

Only now Tom really realized what was going on, having needed a moment to fully understand that Tony was indeed back from his trip. Biting his lips, he followed Tony, startling him when he turned around. Tony was about to speak when Tom jumped into his arms, catching him so unaware that they stumbled and fell to the ground. Tom straddled him, looking down with lecherous eyes. It has been too hard. These last few days had stretched him to his limits, and now his lover was here again, lying beneath him. Tom bent down and kissed Tony hard, pushing his tongue inside, and making him gasp in surprise. Hands were immediately on his back, pulling him in more, sliding over the curve of his ass, squeezing gently. Only minutes later Tom finally stopped kissing him, panting.

"Whoa, what's up with you?" Tony murmured, a smirk on his face.

"I missed you." Tom answered, following Tony’s eyes as they raked over his body, noticing his excitement.

"Yeah, I can see that." Amusement layered his voice and Tom blushed. "I wasn't gone for too long." He chuckled, making Tom frown.

"Far too long." Shifting his weight, Tom started grinding against Tony, the thin fabric of his boxers providing a delicious friction.

"Oh, okay, eh..." Tony stuttered, clearly at a loss for words. "Tom-" He sputtered, but the man in question ignored him completely, urgently pressing himself against his lover. "Tom, we're in front of a door, a glass door and-" His hands made their way to Tom's thighs, trying to slow down his movements. "Okay, could you-"

A hard kiss interrupted Tony's protestations, stopping him from forming words. Lips wandered over his jawline to the spot right under his ear. Tony instinctively cocked his head to the side to make more room for him, even as a heavy sigh forced its way out his throat.
“Tom, really, I’m tired and even though I’d love to—” Tony looked up into needy eyes, swallowing
the rest of his sentence.

“Tony, please, I—” The man was still blinking in confusion, but nodded a moment later.

“Eh, fine. Yes, sure. I eh, just let me strip.”

“No!” Tom exclaimed, biting his lip. “No. You look good.” He sat up again, stroking the silky
fabric of the expensive suit Tony was wearing. “I like it.” Tony snorted.

“Yeah, I can see that.” He rolled his eyes. “Why so aggressive? How long have I been gone?” Tony
joked and Tom narrowed his eyes at him. “It was a week, right? I mean, didn’t you—” Tom glared at
him, and Tony’s eyes widened in realization. “Oh... Oh! Okay, continue.”

With a sigh Tom started grinding, ignoring the ridiculous grin on the engineer's face. Fingers
played with his waistband and pulled his boxers down as far as they went in their current position,
exposing his straining cock.

“Do it.” Tony breathed, looking him over. “Come on.”

Tom's hand wandered down to wrap around his erection and he began to stroke himself. He hissed
at the touch, the friction almost too much.

“Gosh, that's—” Tony all but moaned, his hands kneading Tom's thighs. “Jarvis, bud?”

Tom was torn out of his haze at Tony’s words. “You’re not going to film that,” He growled
stopping the movement of his hand.

“I’m not going to, but Jarvis will.”

“Tony.” Tom whined at Tony’s attempt at a joke. He just really wanted to come, but Tony’s smirk
told him that the camera’s definitely weren’t going to be turned off “Fine.” He grumbled,
continuing to stroke himself.

It didn't take long until Tom closed his eyes in bliss, throwing his head back as Tony's hands
cupped his ass. Tony was bucking his hips up and Tom could feel his hard cock through his pants.
Tom bared his teeth at the sensation, coming over his hand and dripping over Tony’s suit. Tony
hummed in appreciation.

“Better?”

“Yes.” Tom gasped.

“Can I unpack now?”

A blush crept onto Tom's cheeks as he scrambled off of Tony. “I'm sorry, I—”

Before he knew it Tony was on his feet as well and pulling him into a kiss that maneuvered them
wall. Suddenly, hands were on his ass and were lifting him up, pressing his back against the wall.

“Hmm. No, no. I love it.” The engineer whispered next to his ear. “Do that more often.” He
chirped, dragging his tongue over the sensitive skin of Tom’s neck, making him shudder.

They ended up in bed and Tony kept his suit on while he fucked him. A smirk spread across
Tony's face as he let his fingers run over Tom's back.
“If you’re always like this when I come back I’ll need to go on working trips more often.”

Tom dropped his gaze, unsure of how to respond.

“Well, you should work, that’s important.” His frown was met with a huffing laugh.

“Just a joke, can’t leave you hanging, since apparently you have a habit to not jerk off when you’re alone.”

“Oh, come on.” Tom grumbled, but Tony pulled him in to his arms.

“Well next time we could try phone sex. Or video chat.” He whispered seductively, biting at his ear.

“What?”

“Just saying.”

“You where in a meeting.” Shaking his head, Tom playfully slapped the hands away that were roaming his body again.

“Yeah, whatever, my phone was under the table, no one else was able to see you. Generally speaking, it’s not that I really pay attention to any of those meetings, especially when there’s something better to do.”

For a moment Tom stared incredulously at Tony, wondering how Stark industries would do without Pepper.

“So giving you a boner in a meeting is good by your standards?” He asked.

“I would excuse myself for a few minutes.” He shrugged and Tom closed his eyes, shaking his head in disbelief once more.

“But fine, if it means you’ll wear a suit more often.” Tom purred as a hand ruffled his hair.

“You little bastard.”

“Well, you prefer me naked, I prefer you suited up.” Turning on his side, Tom stretched, getting comfortable on the big pillows.

“Fine by me.” Tony said and snuggled up against his back and playing with his hair.

“And how was China?” Tom sighed as lips moved against his neck.

“Didn’t see much of it. Pepper didn’t let me have any leisure time.”

“Which was probably for the best.”

“Probably.” Tony agreed.

“And did everything work out?” Fingers stroked over his arm, caressing the soft skin and Tom leaned against him, enjoying his touch.

“Yeah, we’re allowed to continue building the arc reactor. The Chinese realized that they need it to stay competitive.”
“I see; and is it as dangerous as the one guy said?” Tony’s hand faltered, and Tom opened his eyes again to look over his shoulder.

“Nah, we made sure that only the company itself is able to operate it. Outside influence is kept to an absolute minimum because of the newest security systems.”

Tom hummed approvingly and pulled the blanket over the two of them, shifting so that he was face to face with him. Both were silent for a while, enjoying the closeness.

“Tony?” The man in question hummed in reply, starting to doze off. “It's almost Christmas.” Brown eyes shot open at his words, blinking in realization.

“Really? Fuck. Well, I don't usually decorate. Pepper was the one that did all that stuff.” Tom tried to hide his disappointment, but Tony picked up on it instantly. “So we’re gonna go and get decorations, aren’t we?” Looking up happily, Tom wrapped his arms around his neck. “Can't have you not celebrating.”

“Thank you Tony.” Tony reached for his tablet on the nightstand and switched it on. 

“So what do we need?”

“You shop online for Christmas?” Tom pursed his lips.

“What?” The engineer turned unimpressed eyes on his lover. “You tell me you really want to go shopping, just days before Christmas. Are you mad? The streets will be crowded with people.”

“That makes it all the more fun.” He rolled. “Spoiled brat.” Tony pouted, but put the tablet away.

“Fine. We’ll go shopping.” Tom’s hands cupped his cheeks to pull him into a kiss, but he pulled away. “No, fuck off.”

Tom laughed at his childish behaviour, placing kisses on his chest.

“Thank you so much.”

As they settled in a more comfortable position, Tom could help but think about presents. There was no way he could actually buy Tony something. He didn't have the money or the means, but he so did want to give him something. He sighed as Tony stroked his mop of curls affectionately.

“What is it?” He asked, eyes closed with his head lay back against the headrest.

“I can't get a present for you.” Tom whispered, his voice low with disappointment.

“There's no need to-”

“Yeah, because you already have everything in the world.” He interjected, making Tony roll his eyes.

“That's not what I meant.” He said “I have everything I want here.” He reached over Tom’s torso and pulled him closer. “I just want to spend the day here, with you.”

They looked at each other for a moment before Tom relaxed against Tony's chest.

“Okay. But please don't buy me anything.” He added, and brown eyes darted to him as if he didn't know what he was talking about. “Please Tony, I mean it.” Tony smirked at his insistence.
“Fine.”

“Thank you.”

“You always tell me I shouldn't buy you anything and yet I'd love nothing more to buy you everything in the world. At least then I'd spend it on something reasonable.”

Tom cocked his head, not understanding why Tony was looking so down. His hand moved up his arm, fingers drawing circles on his skin to soothe him.

“You do good things Tony, why would you say otherwise? You know as well as I do. I watched you change through the movies.” The last part was said with a small quirk of lips but Tony still looked upset.

“Movies.” Shaking his head, Tony looked down at him. “Tell that to the press.”

“No need to.” Tom lifted himself to face level with Tony, whispering against his lips before he kissed him. “I know.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry for letting you all wait. Still hope some of you like the chapter and I want to thank everyone who is still reading.
Christmas

Chapter Summary

Christmas!

Chapter Notes

I'm actually going through a break-up at the moment, so I don't really feel well. So, I'll hope that the chapter are still up to par n stuff. Plot will resume soon by the way.

I want to thank all those who still read this and take the time to comment. You guys are the best.

Tom woke up at eight AM on Christmas Eve. Looking to the side, he saw Tony sleeping peacefully, and he smiled at the sight before rolling back over and trying to go back to sleep. A couple minutes later, he was startled out of his daze by Loki’s meowing.

"Hey bud.” Tom whispered and Loki purred in response, jumping up onto the bed.

For a while he stroked the tiny kitten as it snuggled up against his hand before walking over onto Tony’s chest and waking him as a result.

“What the fuck?” The inventor groaned, scrunching his face to get the kitten's tail out of his face. “Fucking-” Opening his eyes, Tony grimaced as he realized what was itching his nose. “Oh stupid furball! Get off.” Tony pushed the cat off the bed, a laugh coming from his lover.

“Hello there, grumpy.” Tom said, quite amused by the engineer's mood.

“Meh.” He replied, narrowing his eyes at Tom’s smirk.

“I get it, you're not the Christmas kind of guy.”

“Oh please.”

“Grumpy indeed.” Tom murmured and leaned in to kiss him, a contented hum coming from the other man, his mood improving immensly.

“Okay, I don’t care what you call me as long as you keep this up.” He breathed against Tom’s lips.

“We should get out of bed.” Hands wandered over Tom's back and down to cup his ass, ignoring the statement.

“Why?” Tony purred, planting kisses on Tom's neck before licking down to his collarbone.

“Because we need to buy things?” Tony reared back. “Since you couldn't bring yourself to go out yesterday and the day before. We don't even have a Christmas tree.”
“Ah right. Fuck. I promised, huh?”

Tom nodded, grinning.

“Yes, you did.”

“Fine.” The engineer groaned and took his hands off of Tom. “But I need to shower first.”

Tony had his hands all over him while they showered, which he probably just did to pursuade Tom to not go shopping, but Tom had stuck to his guns and insited on going. He also demanded that Tony dressed nicely for a change. Not that it had actually worked, so while Tom wore black pants and a white shirt, Tony had thrown a jacket over his normal clothes. For the sake of today, Tom had let it go.

They were walking next to each other on the street when Tom retrieved a piece of paper from his pocket. Tony raised an eyebrow.

“Is that a list?” The engineer sneered.

“It is, because I know that we would forget half of the things we need.” Tom countered cheekily, grinning at his lover.

“Whatever.” Tony replied in a neutral tone and grabbed his hand.

“Tony.” Tom sighed, looking down at their hands. “I was approached by some reporters last week, and they asked about us.”

Tony stopped walking, spinning Tom around to look him in the eyes.

“So you want to tell me that you have a problem with us holding hands in public because it could be in the press tomorrow?” A wide smirk spread on Tony's lips as he looked into Tom's concerned face.

“Yeah.” Was whispered back ruefully. “I just don’t think it would be good for your reputation.”

“My what?” Shaking his head and laughing, Tony walked past the baffled man, letting go of his hand. “They expect me to fuck around, drink and drive, and blow up everything I touch. But—” He leaned in to whisper into Tom's ear. “It’s fine, I won't grab your ass in public. Getting Christmas stuff with you is obvious enough.”

Tom sighed, and just as predicted, paparazzi were all over them by the time they had gotten downtown. He tried to ignore the people and leave the talking to Tony.

“Mr. Stark! Up so early on Christmas Eve?” One of the reporters stuck their tape under his nose.

“As you can see,”

“What are you doing here in the morning?” Tom rolled his eyes at the question.

“Hmm. What do normal people do in a shopping mall?” The billionaire pantomimed deep thought. “Shopping, maybe?”

“So for the first time in years, Tony Stark celebrates Christmas?” The reporter’s voice was layered with surprise, and Tom looked to Tony in confusion.

“I celebrate every year, I just don't tweet about it. Or decorate my whole mansion. Hell, my
electricity bill would go through the roof.” He joked, earning a few amused chuckles from the bystanders.

“So what's the deal between you two?” Another asked and Tom swallowed hard.

“Nothing.” Tony shrugged. “Just friends. Neither of us had plans, so we decided to hang out.” Never had Tom thought that those words might sting like they did, but he decided to stay silent and nod.

“But you two are living together, isn't that right?”

“For the time being, yeah. Until the movie is done.” One could hear that Tony started to get annoyed fast by the questioning.

“Apropos, there is no information about-”

“Shall we then?” He turned to Tom, ignoring the ongoing prattle around him and walked on. Tom was barely able to keep up with his pace.

It took hours for them to get everything on Tom's list: decorations, food, and so on. Wherever they went people were staring and wanting autographs and photos with the great Iron Man. Tony reluctantly complied because Tom told him he should. Both men were exhausted by the time they decided to take a coffee break, each carrying multiple bags. They had just ordered their drinks when Tony's phone rang. He excused himself and took a few steps aside while Tom waited for their order. Upon glancing over he saw Tony grimace, unhappy with the topic of the conversation. He hoped that it wasn't anything bad, because it seemed like they could never catch a break. Tom took his and Tony's coffee the moment it was ready and walked over to him, but the man turned around and walked away to get out of hearing range.

Tom blinked in bewilderment, unable to understand why Tony was avoiding him. Another approach was answered the same way, and Tom narrowed his eyes when Tony waved at him to wait there. Sighing softly, he stood there in the middle of the coffee shop with hands full of bags and paper cups, waiting for his lover to finish his call. That was definitely ruining the mood. Minutes later Tony finally dropped the phone into his pocket, walking over and taking his coffee from Tom's hand. He didn’t make any attempt to talk about his phone call, so Tom didn’t ask.

It was afternoon when they finally arrived home and as they stepped through the door Tom's gaze fell on the giant Christmas tree. He dropped the bags as he stared in astonishment.

“How did you? When?” He gasped, eyes darting between Tony and the tree.

Tony grinned and kissed Tom on the cheek, hugging him from behind.

“Well, that's what I do. I'm a genius. And you didn't really think I would take an unimportant call while I'm with you, right?” Oh. That call. That did make sense when he thought about it.

Tom beamed at Tony and freed himself to sprint towards the tree, starting to decorate. It took quite some time until the tree was done, because Tony was no help at all. The man got up to more nonsense than anything. Hell, even Dum-E was more helpful, so Tom had sent the engineer downstairs to his workshop.

It was after seven and Tom was reading on the couch, a pleased smile on his face, when Tony walked into the living room again. The engineer stared, and out of the corner of his eye Tom watched how he looked around, marvelling at all the soft lights that illuminated the room.
“Well I guess you could definitely call this festive.” Tony mumbled and Tom snorted, putting his book away.

“Thank you.” He exaggerated a bow, knowing what Tony meant. “It was fun and I think Dum-E and I did a good job.”

“Yeah, well it looks great. As long as I don't have to clean it up later.”

Tom chuckled as he reached out for his mug of hot chocolate.

“Oh I will make you clean it all up. Labor division.”

Before Tom could react, Tony had darted next to him and his mug was stolen from his hand. He rolled his eyes, but smiled when the other male tasted the sweet drink and closed his eyes in indulgence.

“Mhh.” Tony hummed. “This is great.”

Tom knew that he probably didn’t mean the chocolate.

“Yes.”

For the rest of the evening the men enjoyed themselves by cooking, laughing, and spending time together, and it was late night when they finally made it to bed, falling asleep in each other’s arms. When Tom awoke the next morning, Tony was already awake, looking down at him with a soft smile and his hand in his hair.

“Morning.” Tony whispered, planting a kiss on Tom's forehead.

“Did you watch me sleep?” He asked, narrowing his eyes in amusement.

“Yes, as is often the case when I can't sleep.”

“You really should go see a doc-” A hand covered his mouth as Tony snuggled closer.

“Oh, shut up.” Tony grinned and moved his hand to Tom's cheek, his thumb caressing the soft skin. “Merry Christmas.”

Closing his eyes, Tom smiled back.

“Merry Christmas.”

They spent some more time cuddling before getting up, neither of them actually bothering to dress. It was a cloudy day and Tom loved how the lighting bathed the living room in a soft and beautiful light. They made themselves breakfast, taking their time to enjoy their food and talk about anything and everything. It was noon by the time that they sat down together in front of the carmine. Normally it was time to exchange presents, and Tom wished that he had been able to buy him something.

“Hey, uh, wait a second.” Tony murmured and got up, coming back a few moments later to sit down behind Tom.

“What's wrong?”

“Just hang on a sec.”
Hands reached around him, fastening a necklace around his neck. Tom gasped as he felt the jewelry on his skin, his hand reaching up to touch it. It was a long necklace with a small, round pendant attached to it. The more Tom looked at it, the more it resembled Tony's arc reactor. Even minutes later, Tom was at a loss for words.

“I know we talked about not giving each other presents, but-”

“It's beautiful.” Tom whispered.

“It's platinum. Turn it around.” Tony whispered back, kissing his neck.

Tom lips pressed into a thin line as he did, seeing a fine engraving. 'Even if we're apart, I will always be with you'. For a moment he couldn't say anything, was barely able to breathe as he looked at the pendant.

“Tony, I-” Tom stuttered, unable to form the right words. “I don't know what to say.”

“Say you like it.”

“I love it.” He exclaimed, turning around to fall into Tony's arms, clinging to him. “I can never repay you for this.” A hand lifted his chin and he looked into loving brown eyes.

“There's no need to. I love you.”
The next step

Chapter Summary

Loki Chapter

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all those comments on the last chapter. This is a Loki chapter and yeah I still need to say that this chapter happened before GOTG, so yeah. Anyway, I hope you guys like this chapter (even though it's rather short, sorry about that)

Loki was smirking to himself as he lay in bed. Everything had gone according to plan, and it was a shame that this game was to end so soon. Thor would comply eventually, he was sure of it, and then his plan would continue into the next phase. Of course he knew that the Avengers would hatch a scheme to counter him or catch him off guard, he didn't expect anything else.

Loki narrowed his eyes, thinking back about the previous day. It was too bad that Stark and his dopplegänger seemed to get along again. It was a turn of events that was quite unexpected rather counterproductive. Tom had even dared to talk back at him, lecture him. The god laughed, still quite amused by what Tom had said to him. He really wanted to talk to him again, since it was apparently easy for the man to see right through him. His knowledge about his life was exceptional, but the best reaction had come from Stark, his sulking and pouting had been quite entertaining. Too bad he hadn't outed them, it would have been one hell of a show.

He was still smirking when Robert stepped into the room, loaded with bags of groceries. The mortal raised an eyebrow as he looked at Loki.

“Oh, you're back.”

“As you can see.” Loki replied matter-of-factly.

“Did you pay your brother a visit again?” Loki tsked at the judging undertone in his voice. “I'll take that as a yes...” Robert mumbled, placing groceries on the table next to the laptop. “Do you really have to do provoke him?”

“This is no joke.” Loki hissed.

“Of course.” Robert replied, rolling his eyes.

Sometimes this freedom of speech really went on his nerves. The backtalking was unbearable, yet he still liked to have him around, he just needed to correct his idiosyncrasies.

“I should try the scepter on you again.” Loki growled as Robert looked at him in confusion. “Watch your mouth around me.” The mortal held eye contact for an impressive amount of time before finally looking away.
“Okay, got it.” Robert sighed and began unpacking the food. “So did you get what you wanted?”

“Yes.” The grin returned to Loki's face as he watched him. “Did you find out more about the things I told you about?”

“The artifacts?” Loki just kept looking at him in silent question. “Yes, eh... One second.” Opening up the laptop, Robert turned the screen so Loki could see what was on it. “Odin has massive amounts of artifacts in his vault, and based on all the websites about Marvel canon the most powerful one is the infinity gauntlet. It should still be there, but only one of the six gems are not.”

“I know, the soul gem is in my possession. Do you know where the other four are?”

Robert huffed slightly at that.

“No. There's a list of all owners online, but I can't possibly say who has one in your universe.” The god grimaced slightly when Robert went on. “I just know that in Thor 2, the warriors three handed the Aether over to the Collector.”

“Interesting. Good, come here.” Loki purred. Robert stood there until Loki grimaced and then he stalked over to the bed.

“What is it?”

Instead of answering Loki grasped his arms and pulled him onto the bed so that he was kneeling next to him.

“I feel like celebrating.” With this Robert was hauled up against Loki, chest to chest and the god let his hand wander through the short hair. “Too bad I still have a task for you today.”

“Hm? Why is that bad all of a sudden?”

Loki laughed at the baffled expression.

“I would do some things to you if it wouldn't be important. I’ve taken a liking to you, mortal. I may keep you when all this is over.” He whispered into the man's ear, who shuddered visibly with poorly concealed arousal but shook his head.

“No you won't. We talked about that.”

“I will do as I please.”

Lips encircled Robert's earlobe, moving down to his neck, gently nibbling at the soft skin there, a tongue darting to trace his collarbone.

“T-the task, remember?” Robert stuttered, suppressing a small smile.

“You're avoiding me.” Loki murmured, tilting the other's chin up with his hand to breathe against his lips.

“Probably. Most likely. Maybe?”

Chuckling softly at the answer, Loki pulled the man into a kiss.

“It's way too much fun to play with you... But since you asked so nicely, do you have the number of your fellow actor?”
“Which one?” Robert asked, eyes switching from Loki's lips to his eyes and back.

“The Thor one.”

Robert hesitated “Yes.”

“Ask him to come.” Loki requested and met uncertain brown eyes.

“Why?”

“Isn't that obvious?”

“A little too much.”

The conflict on the man's face was very visible and Loki enjoyed seeing him struggling with the task. He knew how hard it must be for him, but the fact that Robert would still do as he was told excited him to no end. Loki smirked as he pulled him in by the hair, kissing him again.

Robert made the call later in the evening and both men had ended up in bed again. Loki let his hands wander over Robert's body, appreciating how he shuddered under his touch. The man was straddling him, clawing at the headboard for support as Loki's hands slid under his shirt and over his chest. Lips found his neck again, licking over it before kissing him passionately. Robert was already panting, moaning into the kiss when they heard a knock at the door.

The sound startled Robert and he tried to get away, but Loki didn't stop, instead he cupped his ass and squeezed lightly, eliciting another low moan from him.

“The knock...” Robert breathed out.

“So?”

“Shouldn't we-”

Loki just shook his head, effectively silencing him with a deep kiss. With a gesture of a hand he opened the door and revealing Chris, whose eyes grew wide at the sight that presented itself before him.

“What the fuck is going on here?!” Chris blurted out, staring in shock at both men kissing.

Robert winced when they finally parted and turned to look at Chris, who was still rooted to his spot, mouth wide open.

“Robert?”

Only then Loki pushed the mortal away, licking his lips as he stood up from the bed, summoning his scepter and strolling over to the blonde, who took a step back in defense.

“What's going on here? Are you two...? Fuck, dude that's-”

“Be quiet.” Loki grunted as he lifted the scepter and pointed it at Chris' chest. His already blue eyes flashed, indicating that the magic had worked. “Better.”

Robert slowly came over to stand next to Loki, eying his friend up.

“He's different.”
“Of course.” Loki huffed.

“Why?”

“I don’t need two of your kind.” The god answered truthfully, and looked down at the other male, who seemed troubled by the statement.

“What...”

“I don’t want him to be able to think for himself. I’ll need his absolute obedience for this.”

Robert sighed in resignation as his friend stared into the blue.
It's the 28th of December in the story.

I'm moving atm, getting rid of all my stuff, it's so stressful.
By the way, I'm really sorry I couldn't respond to comments the last few chapters. I will do that again from now on, just didn't had the time.
Thank you nice people for reading and leaving comments.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Tony screamed, running around the living room and startling Tom as a result. "Dammit!"

"What's gotten into you now? What's wrong?" Tom asked.

"Pack your things."

"What? Why?" Tom asked, confused at the engineers antics.

"I need to go to New York." Tony called over his shoulder as he walked up the stairs.

"Okay, and?" Tom called from the bottom of the stairs.

"We can stay there over New Year's Eve. Maybe go to some parties, or invite the team."

Tom watched in disbelief as Tony rummaged around in his dresser, pulling some clothes out and into a carry-on.

"You'd want that? Seriously?" For some reason he never imagined him actually wanting to spend time with the Avengers.

"Maybe." Tony replied in a neutral tone, which made Tom ponder whether it was sarcasm or something else. "We all need some time off."

"Well, fine with me then, but why now all of a sudden? I thought we had plans."

"Yeah, I know, but Pepper left an angry note on my AB."

Rolling his eyes, Tom wondered why the woman hadn't killed him by now. Sighing, he shook his head.

"What about Loki? --The cat" he said in exasperation.

"You can bring him, it's not as if I hated cat hair or anything." The engineer replied with a roll of his eyes. "Just... Get your stuff."

"Okay."

"We'll see it as a trip. You can have a look inside the Stark Tower, or something."
A smirk crossed Tom's features as he thought about it.

“I've already been there.” Tony glared at him.

“Haha. Funny.”

“Well I could take the costume with me.” Tom’s seductive wink made the him think about it pretty hard.


“I hope so.”

They took the Stark Industries private jet, for Pepper had arranged everything. Tony carried their luggage and Tom carried Loki. When they stepped out of the elevator and into the penthouse, Tom gaped at the extravagance. He looked around, ignoring the bar and the sitting area and went right to the window front, setting Loki down and pressing his hands against the glass. The billionaire chuckled behind him as he marveled at the view and he came up behind him, wrapping his arms around Tom’s waist.

“And this is where I normally live when I don't have to babysit a wannabe god.” Lips found Tom's neck and he smiled at the remark. “The Avengers have their own quarters a few floors down, but at the moment Loki and Fury have got them pretty busy, so they won't be here much.”

“Hmm.” Tom hummed contently before turning around and kissing Tony lightly. “It's fantastic here. No comparison to the set.”

“I had hoped so.” Tony smirked triumphantly and gestured to the hallway. “Over there's the bedroom, you can unpack your things there. By the way, the room as a door. Use it. I don't want the cat in there.”

“Okay, just this once.”

Tony nodded and released Tom from his grip.

“I'm sorry that I have to fob you off right now...” He looked at his phone, checking the time. “But I have to get going. This time Pepper really will kill me if I'm not on time.”

“Justifiably so.” Tom joked and earned a grimace in return.

“Make yourself at home. If you want to eat something, order it. Suit yourself.” Tom watched as Tony put on his jacket. “Don't get up to nonsense. Or wait. Do that and take a lot of pictures. You have my number.”

Snorting, Tom shook his head and smiled as the other leaned in to place a kiss on his lips.

“Don't know when I'll be home. Might take some time to soothe Pepper’s anger.”

“Fine by me.” He shrugged and couldn't help but laugh when Tony pouted.

“I expected a heartbreaking goodbye. Now I'm disappointed.”

“Move your arse.”

Tom unpacked his clothing as well as his dopp kit and spent most of the afternoon staring out of
the window, still overwhelmed by how much of New York he could see from up here. After this, he had no reason to wonder why Tony loved to fly so much. If this is what he saw everyday, he himself would love to try it sometime. The penthouse didn't have the electronics that Tony had back in Malibu, but Tom still liked reading better anyway. He sat down on the large mahogany colored couch and enjoyed the last rays of the day, noticing that it had begun to rain slightly. He was in the middle of a thrilling scene when his phone blinked, the quiet sound barely reaching his ears. Reluctantly, he put the book away and grabbed the nuisance. It was a message from Tony. The message read:

-Boring. Send me pictures of you.-

-No.- Tom wrote back. It was always fun to deny Tony. Also, why should he distract him from working?

-Oh pleeeaaaase!-

-No.-

-No fun... *cries*-

Tom laughed put the phone back on the table, still snickering as he resumed his book. About two hours later his phone chirped again.

-Fuck-

-What's wrong”- Tom frowned at the screen.

-Another hour and then I'll be wet, its fucking raining pitchforks!!!!-

-What? Why? I thought maybe Happy would take you home?- -Thought so too. But he’s taking Pepper in the opposite direction. So its either waiting or going. And Id rather walk than take the bus or call a taxi-

Tom frowned, trying to think of something he could do. He googled where exactly the local Stark Industries office was and found that it wasn't too far away from the tower. Scanning around, he spotted an umbrella that he snatched up as he headed out the door.

Tom had been waiting for fifteen minutes in front of the company grounds before Tony exited the building. He looked rather exhausted, and Tom smiled shyly and waved at him, holding the umbrella over his head. Tony man came closer and only when he stepped through the security checkpoint he realized who was standing there. Tony blinked in amazement, his hair already damp when Tom took a few steps towards him and held the umbrella over both of them.

“You walked here.” The engineer stated matter-of-factly.

Tom nodded. “Couldn't let you get wet now, could I?” Tony cupped his cheeks, holding him close.

“God, I love you.” Tony whispered and closed the distance between them, kissing his lover under the umbrella.
Consequences

Chapter Summary

It's the 29th of December and Fury pays our boys a visit.

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for the support you lovely people ;; It really means a lot to me! I'm still extremely busy searching for a new flat and getting rid of the old one. Ugh. Anyway, new chapter yay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their kiss under the umbrella made headlines the next day in almost all of the major newspapers. 'Tony Stark and the Actor' or 'Stark dating Loki Lookalike?' and so on. Not that he had really cared about revealing their relationship to the world, but Tony wondered how he hadn't seen anyone taking pictures that night. Granted, he had been distracted by the kiss, those soft and gentle lips on his own. The moment had been perfect and had it not rained that night he would have probably done much more than kissing. The press would have liked those pictures even better.

But now his, as well as every phone in Stark Industries was ringing off the hook, his official mail spammed by nosy reporters, and how could he forget the masses in front of the tower's gate? It was annoying, yes, but not as much as SHIELD's attempts to contact him. Tony was certain that Fury was raging. He had even sent the team to fetch him, which wasn't exactly crowned with success, since Jarvis had just shut down the penthouse so that neither Fury nor the Avengers, nor anyone else could get in. Thor had seemed quite upset when he banged against the reinforced doors, but apart from him everyone else appeared to be fine. Only Clint was pouting as Natasha had told him this morning. The hunter still couldn't wrap his head around why Tony would fuck a Loki look-alike.

At least now everyone knew and he didn't need to keep it a secret anymore. Now there was no way he would let Thor touch Tom again and he would kiss him whenever and wherever he wanted, it was his tower after all -- technically, twelve percent of it was Pepper's. Out of common courtesy they had stayed in Tony's bedroom for the day, deeming it unnecessary to scare the team even more. He thought about letting them walk in on them sometime. Maybe he would get his tower back that way.

“Stark?” Steve's voice sounded through the door of his bedroom.

“What?” Tony answered, voice perfectly calm as he bent Tom over, one of his hands jerking him off and the other covering his mouth so he couldn't make a sound. He was still fully clothed, but Tom's jeans were down by his ankles.

Tom was panting heavily through his nose, his cheek a bright red, completely embarrassed by the fact that somebody was just behind the door, able to hear them if they were too loud. But Tony could see how aroused he was, just how much it turned him on. His cock was throbbing in his
hand, every word that Steve said making the hot flesh twitch with excitement.

“Does this turn you on?” Tony whispered, smirking as Tom closed his eyes and whined against his hand. He just had to hear it from him. “Knowing that they could hear us?” A low moan left Tom when Tony leaned in to lick down his neck. “I know it does.”

“You know that Fury is on his way here because of the stunt you pulled? Ignoring calls isn't really helping your case.” Steve's voice snapped Tony's attention back to the captain for a second.

“Stunt?” The billionaire repeated, as if he didn't know what Steve could possibly be talking about, “The press Tony? The pictures of you two kissing?” A few seconds of silence followed, which Tony used to play with his lover. “By the way, what are you doing in there?” Before he could even answer, Steve blurted. “No! I don't even want to know! Just warning you.”

“Go away, Rogers.” Tony said. Thankfully, the captain did as he was requested.

Tony removed his hand from Tom's mouth and crushed his lips against his lover's. The kiss was passionate. He bit down on soft lips, sucking at his tongue until Tom was shivering and mewling underneath him.

“You know this could get awkward.” Tony breathed against his lips, hand still stroking the straining cock.

“A-awkward?” Tom repeated, brain too clouded with need to think properly and Tony was perfectly aware of his state by just looking at him.

“You think you can keep quiet?” The engineer said with a smirk, his thumb brushing over the slit of Tom's cock.

“What?” Blue eyes shot up to look at Tony and a strangled whine fell from his lips as Tony's hand picked up it’s pace. “Fuck.” Tom cursed and jumped as a loud bang came from the door, the excitement of somebody being there making him come over his stomach with a silent outcry.

Tom was shivering in his aftershock, body writhing as Tony lifted his thighs and hooked them over his shoulders.

“Stark!”

“Oh, Nicky, I hadn't expected you.” Tony grinned and glanced at Tom, who stared at him in terror.

“Don't you have any fucking dignity left? I knew that I shouldn't have let him stay with you.”

“Uh huh, go on.” Tony wasn't even pretending to listen as he pushed Tom's thighs together and pulled his zipper down, freeing his cock and fitting it in between them. He rolled his hips and closed his eyes in bliss, enjoying how his erection slipped through the soft skin.

“Loki’s running around causing chaos and you’re fucking his fucking dopplegänger!” Fury snarled, still banging against the door.

“Oh, go talk to someone who's interested.”

“I'll get you for this! You’ll go into custody for this!”

Tony snorted at the threat, biting his lip to muffle his moans as precum smeared over Tom's thighs.
“Nope, I won't. I'm doing nothing--Nothing illegal at least. The whole world knows he isn't Loki, so what is your problem?”

“You give our enemy room to attack, you fucking idiot!”

“I couldn't care less.” The engineer snarled back. “Anything else SHIELD wants me to do? Isn't it enough that you're ordering me around in my freetime? I did your stupid patrols, came to all of your--” His voice stuttered as he hit a particularly sensitive area “completely unnecessary meetings. I won't let you dictate who I fuck!” Tony growled and then focused back to Tom, grinning.

“I expect you to show up for an inquiry tomorrow.” The director grumbled, having obviously enough of this nonsense.

“We'll see about that.” Tony whispered while thrusting, the tip of his cock rubbing against Tom’s entrance and making him moan silently.

“You will come.” Fury spat.

“Try me.”

It didn't take long until Tony was panting hard, and with one last roll of his hips he came over Tom's stomach.

“This will have consequences Stark!”

“Oh yes, it will...” But Tony was definitely not referring to Fury.

A few minutes went by with them both making sure that the director had left. Tony was still panting, while Tom stared up at him with arched brows.

“Seriously now?” The engineer just shrugged. “Was this necessary?”

“Was good, wasn't it?” Tony's hand stroked gently over Tom's cheek, but the other didn't seem to be amused at all. “The excitement of someone listening?” He winked at him at which Tom rolled his eyes.

“Definitely not.” He said, blushing and averting his gaze while wiping his cum away with the sheets. A heavy sigh left him then. “Why can't you take this seriously? This is no game, he's right!”

“He's not.” Tony growled back, startling Tom. “He is not.” Leaning in, Tony kissed his lips. “Yes, maybe I opened doors for others to attack us, SHIELD or whatever, but I won't listen to him calling this, calling us, stupid.”

“I get that, Tony, I really do.” Tom started, fingers dancing over Tony's arm. “But arguing with Fury won't do us any good at all. I mean, look. He won't make our life any easier if you fuck with him on purpose. I don't want you to be away either, but really, that's your job. And with Loki and all the other things, we can't just pretend that these things didn't happen. So please, if you're going to flip him off, then don't do it for my sake.”

Tony was silent, just looked down on Tom with a slightly baffled expression.

“Alright, got it. No more fucking when Fury is around the corner.” He chirped and Tom was about to growl in annoyance, when Tony cut him short. “Just joking. I know. It's just... That guy really
drives me up the wall with his fucked up logic. Loki already knows that we're fucking and really, which other enemies are there except for the usual suspects. As a spy he just hates that people have secrets.”

“That might be the case, but still...”

“Understood.” Tony mumbled as he rolled off Tom, but stay right next to him, his head supported by his hand. “Sorry. Next time I'll handle that better.”

“I hope there won't be a next time.” Tom huffed a laugh.

“Oh don't tell me you didn't enjoy it.”

“I did.” He answered ruefully. “Still.”

“Yes. Got it.” The billionaire repeated and for a moment both of them just lay there. “You know, those evening with the guys probably get really strange now that it is out in the open.”

“I feel better with this.” Tom admitted and shot Tony a lazy smile.

“That's good.” Stretching, Tony closed his eyes. “You made me tired again.” Tom just snorted and shifted closer to lay his head onto Tony's shoulder. Sleep was actually a pretty good idea before they would have to face the team.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter! You'll make my day with just a few words <3
Our new Year

Chapter Notes

It's the 31th of December!
Anyway, I found a new flat, will move in with my two best friends. After the next chapter the updates might slow down, because my gorgeous Beta is away for some time.

Hope you are all well my dear readers <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

New Year’s Eve had the entire Avengers crew together in Stark Tower for a much needed team-bonding experience to cope with the past couple of days. Most of them had come to terms with Tony and Tom’s relationship, although Clint was still wary, but after Natasha agreed that spending the evening together in one place would be the safest idea for everyone, the hunter had no other choice than to come along. Tony suspected there was something more behind her motives, but Tom didn't really care so he left it.

Thor hadn’t left since he had heard of their relationship and had told Tom explicitly that he wanted to make sure that he was treated well, much to his amusement. He had left only to pick Jane up, who had insisted on celebrating with them.

Tom was thrilled to have guests, much unlike Tony, and had been in the kitchen preparing food for hours. Most of what they needed for a fondue dinner was ready: there were large dinner trays full of meat and vegetables, buttered breads and cheese, and anything else he could think of. He only needed to cut some fruit for dessert and the punch. Tom liked to cook, even though Tony couldn't see why, he would much rather hire a catering service.

Tom was standing behind the bar counter cutting strawberries when the elevator beeped and Natasha and Clint stepped out. They waved their hello at the engineer, who was sitting on the couch watching TV, before they strolled over to the bar.

“So...” Natasha began, and Tom's eyes darted to her. She looked casual enough but he knew that the woman always had more than one motive behind everything. “What's the deal with you and Stark?”

Tom snorted.

“Are you glad you can finally talk about it in public?” He asked. Her answer was a smug grin. Of course she had known, she was much too hard to fool. “There’s no deal.”

“So what are you two then? In love?” Clint asked. Tom thought about the necklace that Tony had given him and he wanted to say yes, but was interrupted.

“Are you sure Stark is serious? I think it could be a-” Natasha fell silent when he shot her a look of disapproval. “I’m only asking because the team is worried about you.”

“I’m old enough to know what I'm doing.” Tom stated, dedicating his attention to the fruit once
“That’s not it.” Tom knew that she meant he couldn’t stay here and that it wasn’t safe for him.

“I know.” He sighed. “Sorry, I don’t-” Natasha nodded in understanding, taking a slice of apple as she distanced herself from the counter.

“It's funny. I was right about you two from the first time I saw you two together on the carrier.” Clint grinned triumphantly until Natasha murmured his name in warning.

“That joke's getting old quickly.” Tom replied smugly, still cutting the fruit.

“Whatever.” The hunter said and grabbed a strawberry from the tray, causing Tom to narrow his eyes at him.

They talked and joked, and Natasha and Clint were more relaxed than Tony had ever seen them, and Tom was enjoying himself. It was five before Steve and Bruce showed up at the tower, one after the other of course to avoid any additional suspicion which Tony found that incredibly amusing. Bruce walked directly over to Tony and joined him on the couch, but Steve on the other hand walked towards Tom and leaned on the counter next to Clint, who was still stealing fruit when he thought Tom wasn’t looking.

“How are you?” The captain asked, smiling.

“Fine, thanks. Hope you didn't have too much trouble calming Fury down” Tom replied, offering the same kind of smile. Then Clint tried to steal another slice of fruit

“Oh, well-” Steve began, but was interrupted by a knife embedding itself into the tray and attracting everyone's attention--especially Clint's--whose fingers had been dangerously close to it.

“You've had enough for now.” He said firmly, pulling the knife out and looking Clint dead in the eye as he stared back in bewilderment. “I have been cutting and preparing for hours and you sit here and eat and eat and eat.”

“Good thing I didn't take one.” Steve mumbled, before laughing at the horrified expression on his teammate’s face.

“It’s just sitting there, practically begging for me to eat it!” Clint protested and tried for one more, but Tom slapped his hand away.

“No.”

“Fine...” Rolling his eyes, he got up from his seat and stalked over to the couch, slumping down next to an amused Natasha.

“So, what's the plan for the evening?” Steve’s voice made Tom look up again.

“We're still waiting on Thor and Jane. I thought we would eat first and then watch a movie, play some games, whatever we want?”

“Drinking games!” Was shouted and Tom shook his head at the remark. “Need to get everyone drunk tonight!” Tony really should listen to himself sometimes.

“Anyway... No food until Thor is here.” His voice was low and dangerous. Steve nodded frantically while Tony laughed at Tom’s growling.
It was about an hour later and a very content Tom had settled in Tony's arms when they finally heard thunder above them.

“Finally.” Clint groaned, mirroring Tom’s thoughts, he had had real trouble keeping Clint away from the food.

Tom watched as the lightning struck the surrounding buildings. He quickly wondered if the lightning was actually dangerous, but no one seemed to be very concerned about it, so he cast the thought away. Tom stood when the thunder god stepped into the room followed by his girlfriend; once he saw Tom, he beamed brightly at him.

“Thomas!” Thor exclaimed joyfully, lifting him up when Tom crossed the room to greet him.

“Okay, okay, I'm happy to see you too.” He laughed, even though he could hear Tony muttering his discomfort.

“Alright big guy, put him down.”

Tom hadn't noticed that Tony had come over as well and he watched in uncertainty as both men glared at each other. Thor put him down gently, and Tony grabbed his hand.

“Okay guys, enough.” Jane glanced from one to the other until Tony backed off, then she turned her attention to Tom. “You really look like him. Without the long black hair and the manic expression, that is.”

Tom's mouth stood slightly open as he looked at her. Only a second later he was able to actually shake the hand she offered.

“Yeah, crazy isn't it?”

“I'm Jane, I guess you already know my name.”

Nodding, Tom smiled.

“Tom.”

“Nice to finally meet you.”

“Finally?” Raising an eyebrow, Tom followed Jane's gaze over to Thor.

“He hasn’t been able to stop talking about you.”

Tom was about to comment, but Clint's loud groan cut him short.

“Can we eat now? I'm starving.”

Everyone helped carry the food to the table in the middle of the living room, the sheer amount of it barely fitting. At first, Thor was extremely confused at the prospect of only using small pieces of meat, and everyone made fun of the clumsy god when he dropped multiple pieces into the sauce. He was miserable, and was about to give up when Jane took pity on him and helped him to skewer his food on the fondue forks. Tom enjoyed everything about the night. The whole team talked and laughed together as if nothing was wrong in the world, everyone seemed to be in a good mood, and one after another told embarrassing stories about someone else in the room. He had never expected to hear anything like this from the Avengers. He definitely had to pitch this as a movie some time.

“So, Tom.” Steve's voice casued him to look up from his dessert. “Tell us how you used to
celebrate New Years.”

Everyone at the table went silent all of a sudden. Concerned glances were cast towards him, as if his former life was some kind of taboo topic no one was allowed to talk about, and even Steve immediately held his hands up in an apologetic manner.

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-”

Tom exhaled softly, shaking his head with a smile on his lips.

“No, it's alright. I always celebrated with my sisters or my friends. I was never the type for big parties.”

“I get it.” The captain replied, relieved that he hadn’t offended Tom.

“What?” Clint butted in, eyes darting back and forth between the both of them. “Seriously? You just stay at home?” Snorting, he looked over to Natasha who smiled and shrugged.

“That year after Budapest?” She said just loud enough for the table members to hear.

The two exchanged knowing glances at which Tony only rolled his eyes, his hand reaching to touch Tom's thigh under the table. Tom smiled at him and stuck another piece of fruit into his mouth.

After supper, the team sat down to play a game of Life. It was funny to see how the different characters played, with Natasha trying to get her way through manipulating others, Clint and Tony piling up money, Jane playing in Thor’s stead while the god finished eating. Bruce didn't want to play, choosing instead to play with Loki.

After Natasha won Tom insisted they go on with lead-pouring, a stupid New Years tradition he had always done with his sister to foretell their future. It was childish, but still fun.

“The fuck is this?” Clint grimaced as he inspected the shape of his lead. Grabbing the package, his gaze shifted from the metal to the list and back. “No seriously, what is that?”

Steve frowned as he looked down at his piece, trying to figure out its shape as well.

“I really don't know, it doesn't resemble anything on the list.”

Even Tom had to raise an eyebrow at the unrecognizable thing in his hands. All of a sudden Jane started laughing, pointing at Thor’s lead.

“It looks like an umbrella!”

“It does not.” The blonde god replied petulantly. “It's a hammer.”

“That's not how it works, buddy. You can't just-” Tony began.

“It's a hammer friend, can't you see the handle here?” Judging by the expression on Tony's face, he definitely didn't see what Thor saw.

“That is definitely a pig.” Natasha snorted as she swiped Clint's lead.

“What? Tasha...” He whined as Natasha slipped the figure into her pocket.

“Hmm.” Tony murmured while staring at his lump of lead. “I don't know.”
“Could it be a molecule?” Bruce mused, taking it from his hands to get a closer look.

“No, it's just garbage.” Tom snorted, nodding in agreement. It didn't look like anything at all, just a unrecognizable mass of lead.

“Yours looks like a star my friend.” Thor's voice made him blink and look back down at his own.

“You think?”

“Yeah, it kinda does.” Jane agreed.

“At least one of us got lucky and got something out of this.” The engineer said, before retrieving yet another bottle of whiskey.

“I got something as well.”

Everyone looked at Natasha who presented her slightly gun-shaped lead, which was creepy considering her profession. Maybe there was a spark of truth in lead-pouring after all.

“She really creeps me out sometimes.” Tony breathed into his ear as Tom tried hard not to laugh out loud.

It was a bit after ten when they decided to start a drinking game, something close to MIA or The Liar's Dice as Tony explained to him. Tom wasn't really into those kinds of games, wasn't the type for drinking excessively, but with everybody playing he couldn’t resist.

“You're lying.” Tony bluntly said into Clint's face and revealed the dices.

“Oh fuck off.” The hunter growled and drank the shot in front of him, his glass immediately refilled by a grinning Thor.

Tony was still smirking as he rolled the dice. He looked around the table and handed the plate with the shaker over to Tom.

“Sixty-five.”

Tom looked at him for a second, narrowing his eyes as he scanned his face for any clue at all. The other didn't even bother hiding his smile as he looked back. Whether Tony lied or not didn't matter to him, already feeling a bit drunk, so he took the dice-box and rolled.

“Pair of two.” It was a lie and he was sure that Natasha saw right through it. Without any hesitation she shrugged.

“Lie.” She smirked, making Tom whine in frustration.

“It's no fun when I sit next to you. You always know when I bluff.”

“You're just a bad liar.” Taking the shaker from him, she rolled the dice and continued the game while Tom downed his glass.

“I did this on purpose.” Tony chuckled into his ear, sending a shudder down his spine.

“Oh I know.”

“I loved how drunk you were that night.” He purred and kissed his neck. Tom immediately felt the heat in his cheeks, and blushed furiously.
“Oh stop that you two.” Clint grunted, pulling Tony off of Tom as the inventor protested vehemently. “Not when we're sitting right next to you, you freak.”

Thor laughed at their quarreling, pulling Jane closer to him and murmuring something into her ear while Tony and Clint argued playfully with each other.

It was ten minutes before midnight when Jarvis switched on the big TV. Not that it was necessary to hear the countdown, they were able to hear and see the streets of New York and the people from up here. Everyone had a glass in their hand as the countdown began and they went out on the balcony, counting down with the cheering crowd. Tom couldn't believe how loud it was when the countdown reached zero and the fireworks started. Everyone cheered, clapping each other's shoulders and wishing each other a happy new year. He smiled when he saw Thor lifting Jane up and kissing her before he was pulled in by Tony's hand on his waist.

“Happy New Year.” Tony smiled and kissed him while fireworks illuminated the sky around them.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter, I appreciate it <3
Planing ahead

Chapter Summary

It's the fifth of January in the story and Loki tries to pursue his plan.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for the hiatus! Everthing was crazy and I simply didn't have time to add a chapter. hope you can forgive me ;;
Today is my first night in my new flat btw, and I love it. So happy to finally have a new home <3

So~ I'm writing the chapter before the last at the moment and I'm so emotionally attached to it, it's sooo hard... Anyway. I hope you guys like the chapter, even though it's kinda short. Please leave a comment if you liked it <3

Loki had visited Thor once, bursting in as he and Jane were sitting down to dinner. Apparently Thor thought that Loki would be unable to trace him, but it had been quite easy for the mad god because the oaf was always with his paramour or with his team. The woman had screamed and tried to smash his face in, which was astonishing in and of itself since they all knew that she couldn't harm him no matter how hard she tried. Loki hated that stupid woman, thought her bothersome and annoying. Even with her there, he had been able to conduct a meeting for the handover of the artifact. Loki knew he wouldn't actually deliver until he saw who was to come with him, but that was part of the fun. He was certain that there would be a trap set for him and he was dying to know what they had planned this time.

“I can't lose when I bring him with me.” Loki grinned to himself as he gestured to Chris as he sat on the couch.

“How far did you think this through?” Green eyes darted to Robert who was sitting on the table and supporting his head with his hand. “I mean, you don't need to do this and-”

Loki huffed, making Robert look up at him from his laptop.

“Of course I don’t need to, but it must be done.”

“No it doesn't. You don't need to involve any more innocent people.”

Loki narrowed his eyes at Robert when he saw the judgmental expression on his face.

“I don’t recall asking you for your opinion.” The god snapped.

“Yeah, I know.” Robert sighed.

“This human is my insurance, the only way I can get out of their trap.”
“And what will happen when they get him? Is he going to end up trapped in that dimension like those two kids?” Loki grimaced. Robert shouldn't be so concerned about the man's fate, even though he might have been his friend before.

“I don't care for him.” Loki answered truthfully and watched as Robert grimaced.

Time progressed differently between the dimensions, so Loki had calculated exactly when he should drag the blonde human through to be at the meeting place at the right time. Loki pulled the dagger from his belt, wasting not one second before cutting the palm of his hand. Blood ran down his arm in streaks as he began to write sigils on the wall. When he was finished, the sigils glowed green and Loki shoved Chris through before following.

As they had arrived before anyone else, Loki hid them in the shadows to wait until the others showed up. It didn't take long before the thunderer arrived, behind him the captain, just as he predicted. Loki stepped out of the shadows, a smirk gracing his features.

“I had expected more of your team to be here. How disappointing.”

“Loki.” Thor growled. Loki held up his hand, effectively silencing him.

“Do you have the gauntlet?” He asked.

“I don't have it. Now you need to stop harming innocent people.”

“Of course I do.” Rolling his eyes, Loki took a few steps towards his brother. “I also expected that of you.” His gaze darted to the rooftops. “And I can see the hunter as well as agent Romanova on the roof.” He waved up dismissively, acknowledging their presence.

“It really doesn't matter to you if others have to suffer for your cause...” Thor was devastated at his own words, making the triumphant grin vanish from Loki's face.

“Don't be a fool, Thor.” Loki spat.

“You know that I am the guardian of this realm, yet still you choose to attack it and it’s people again and again! This is madness, Loki!” Thor bellowed.

“Yes it is.” Loki agreed. But of course Thor wouldn't understand, he never expected him to.

“You really think you deserve revenge? Then do it now.”

“That wouldn't be fun now, would it? I don't want your death. I want you and your father to be humiliated. I want to see you suffer. I want to see you perish.” He hissed.

“This has to end, Loki.” Thor sighed.

“It will soon. Don't worry. Give me the gauntlet and-”

Loki narrowed his eyes at the apologetic look on his brother's face, eyes widening in terror as a mighty roar came from behind him, turning just in time to dodge the Hulk's first hit. Standing up and straightening himself, he snapped his fingers to reveal Chris standing next to him just as the Hulk began another attack. The beast's eyes widened as he saw the man and he was barely able to slow down so that he wouldn't crash into him. Instead, he hit the building next to them, causing Loki to chuckle in amusement.

“Loki, what is this?” The look on Thor's face was priceless, not once in his life had Loki seen him
Taking a few steps toward him, Loki huffed.

“This is you. Well, another version of you to be precise. You surely remember the photo I gave
you?” A low growl confirmed his query. “Unfortunately, killing him wouldn't affect you. Still,
wouldn't it be a shame if something happened to his family?”

“You wouldn't dare.” Thor snarled “How dare you resort to something as low as this?” He was
pleading now, a tone that Loki knew well from their days together as children.

“I knew you wouldn't come alone Thor, even though you promised and told me you would. You
couldn't possibly expect me to come unprepared.”

Frowning, Thor stepped back and turned to whisper into the captain's ear.

“Anything you want to discuss, dear brother?” Loki asked, rolling his eyes “I have things to attend
to, and I would much appreciate--”

“Loki?”

The god turned as he heard his name, recognizing the voice but knowing that it should be
somewhere else. Robert stood there, gazing at him with big brown eyes.

“Why are you here? You shouldn't be-” Loki stammered. He turned around in a daze, and in his
confusion he did not notice the fist that slammed into his face and sent him to the ground.

Loki wiped the blood from his mouth, groaning as he heaved himself up. Out of the corner of his
eye he saw the captain grabbing Chris's arm and leading him away. Loki cursed as he saw Thor
walking towards him.

“Thank you Tony.” He said, his eyes never straying from Loki.

“Knew the fucker would fall for it.” Tony said as Loki looked on in horror, realizing that he had
been tricked. Only now that he looked closer did he realize the subtle differences between the two.

“You tricked me.” Loki smirked, taking a step back before Thor could grab hold of him.

“Loki, it’s over.”

“No, it’s not.”

At that, Loki vanished.
It's the 11th of January in the story.

I also wish all of you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year 😊

As mad as Tom was at Tony about not telling him about the stunt they pulled, once he heard that Chris was in their dimension and with SHIELD, he insisted that Tony would take him to the base, vowing to deal with him later. Tom feared that they would treat him just like Lena, and he had to make sure that this would not happen. He hadn't been able to help the girl, he wouldn't do the same mistake twice.

Tom flew down the corridors to the interrogation room, ignoring everyone and everything on his way, including the Avengers. He needed to see Chris and know for real that he was here. When he reached the interrogation room, Fury rolled his eyes and stormed out in annoyance, leaving Chris in a chair. It really was Chris. Tom stopped in his tracks, unable to comprehend that his friend was really there, but when Chris stood up to greet him he threw himself into a hug. This was the first time in ages that he had seen any of his friends and to know that Chris was fine was all he could think about.

“Chris, I was so worried.” Tom said before backing away and looking up into nervous blue eyes.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” Chris nodded, one hand reaching up to touch the back of his head. “Well apart from this bump on my head and a giant headache.” He joked. Tom glanced down, chuckling.

“That will go away, fortunately.” He said.

“I still--I can't wrap my head around all this. Like... What the fuck is going on here? This is all like a crazy rabbit hole.” Chris talked as Tom nodded along.

“Yes, exactly.”

“It's like. We are in the movies. This is surreal as fuck. I can't even-”

“Yup.”

The man ran both hands over his head and scrubbed his face.

“This is so strange.”

He gestured to Thor as he came through the door, looking distraught. Tom turned to offer a smile, but the god only sighed.

“I'm so glad you're alive. I didn't even realized that it was him. Or not you. Or however you want to describe this situation.”

“It's not your fault.” Tom said softly.
“He took your place. He impersonated you and I knew you were acting differently, especially around my daughter. And then the thing with the hotel...”

That made Tom prick up his ears.

“What do you mean?”

Chris looked at the floor nervously.

“Well, Loki enslaved some people and-”

“Yes, I know.”

“You know?” Chris focused on him again, unbelieving.

“Those two kids and Robert...” Both of them swallowed heavily.

“Maybe. Well, I never saw those kids, but when I came in that day... You two, Robert and Loki were, well...”

Tom pressed his lips into a thin line, trying to figure out what he was going on about. He placed his hand on Chris' shoulder as a calming gesture.

“Tell me.”

“Well, they were making out.”

Tom felt breathless. Stumbling back, he walked into Tony. A blush crept onto his cheeks as he imagined the scene. This was embarrassing and Tom thought about the fact that they might never be able to get back to normal after all this was over.

“Dear god. He’s using him like that?”

“Probably as a replacement for me.” Tony stated nonchalantly and shrugged.


“Loki has a thing for me.” Tony said.

“That makes sense I guess. On some crazy level at least. But why him, when-” Chris looked up to see Tony nuzzle Tom's ear from behind and realized what the coherence was. “Wait. You two are...?” Chris stared at them in shock and Tom held up his hands in defense.

“It's much more complicated than this. I didn't intend for this to happen.”

Chris' mouth hung open.

“What?” He staggered back and sat down, one arm over the backrest of the chair.

Natasha cleared her throat.

“Done now?” She asked “We still need to question him further.”

“I told you I don't know about Loki's plan.” Chris said, turning to face Natasha “The only thing I know is that he wants that gauntlet, but you already knew that because Loki told Thor. Before you ask, no, I don't know why he wants it. All I know is that it will give the wearer a massive amount
of power.” Chris looked back to Tom. “You probably know about this, right? You read some comics.”

“You mean the infinity gauntlet.”

“That guy is even more fucked up than in the movies.” Chris laughed bitterly. “What the hell would he use all that power for?”

“Maybe hide from Thanos? Or kill him?” Tom speculated. “That’s why he’s in another dimension, so that he had more time before the mad titan would find him.” He was so buried in thought that he didn’t notice that Thor had come to stand in front of him, completely ignoring the fact that there was someone looking just like him.

“The titan?” He asked.

“Yes, when he fell in the void. The one who gave him the scepter and the Chitauri army in exchange for the tesseract. But he failed and now- This all makes sense now.”

“We could have helped!” Thor grumbled and looked helplessly down on Tom. “I could have protected him.”

“Thor, this is Loki we’re talking about. He doesn’t trust anyone, least of all you and your father. He wants to do this alone.”

Thor’s face fell and he remained silent.

“I think we can stop him.” Chris’ voice caught their attention. “He stays in the London New York City hotel.”

“Yeah, everything’s fine and dandy with that Thor number two.” Tony said, leaning back on the wall. “Only problem is, it’s impossible. There’s an entire dimension between us.”

Chris rolled his eyes.

“There is a portal under a bridge or in a tunnel. I don’t know the name of it but if I saw it I’d recognize it.”

“Go on.” Fury said, staring intensely at the man.

“He used a ritual to open it. Wrote some symbols on the wall. I don’t know what they were though.” He added a second later.

“Loki studied all the time in Asgard, so he knows many spells and rituals. My mother taught him magic.” Thor explained, still looking incredibly downcast. “I will consult with my mother. Hopefully her information can help us find the portal’s location.” Fury nodded.

After a brief silence, Chris groaned. “Could I get some sleep?” He asked “I have the worst headache.”

Natasha immediately nodded, moving towards Chris to escort him to his room.

“Of course.”

“We’ll need to get that information for the record.” Fury said and Chris nodded slowly. “The sooner we get Loki, the sooner you can go back to your family.”
“Yeah, sure.” Chris turned to Tom, clapping his shoulder. “Good to see you buddy.”

Tom smiled bitterly.
What I want

Chapter Summary

It's the 11th of January in the story.

Chapter Notes

SO. Yeah. Some news.

First:
I hope everyone of you had a great start into the new year!

Second, I'm sick and will have to go to the doctor almost constantly, which makes it kinda hard on me, BUT: I have every chapter written out. It's done. I plan on publishing the last few chapters within the next two to three weeks, depending on how fast I can edit/proof read them. My lovely Beta had to quit her work, because she is busy with work. She did great work and I owe her so much. Thank you <3 That said, if there might be mistakes, please bear with me, I'm trying my best. I also have seven more chapters for my Jotunheim fic ready. If someone has time and wants to read my terrible writing before anyone else (aka wants to be beta) just note me on here or on my tumbler: omgitsmudpie.

Thank all of you who are still reading all this. I love you and hope you'll enjoy this chapter.

“You can't be serious!” Tom blasted out once he heard the words, looking around for anyone of the team for help.

Fury had dared to suggest to use Chris as a bait, a bait for Loki, so that SHIELD or the Avengers, Tom wasn't too sure about who wanted him more at this point, could finally catch him. This was bound to fail and Tom wouldn't just stand here and let this happen. He wouldn't let them use Chris for trapping Loki, or for anything dangerous for that matter, no. This was his friend, not some stranger they could just use for their own benefit. Especially since Loki would probably see through it easily, you couldn’t trick a trickster more than once.

“This is way too dangerous for a civilian.” Clint agreed, his voice impassive, his arms crossed in front of his chest as he leaned against the wall.

“I agree. We can’t do this, there has to be another way.” Tom was glad that Steve went along with him, he could need every support he would get to change Fury’s opinion on that matter.

“And why not?” The director paced the room, before suddenly banging his fists on the table, startling not only Tom, but Bruce as well. “It worked with Stark.” His one good eye darted to the inventor and back to the captain.
“Yeah maybe, but Stark's not exactly an innocent civilian.”

“Well thank you, Captain.” Tony raised an eyebrow while Steve shrugged.

“This might be our chance. Our only chance.” Fury pressed, but Tom just kept shaking his head.

“No. Why can't we wait for Thor to actually ask Frigga? She knows Loki better than anyone and I know for a fact that she could help us locate-”

“We don't have time to wait on a wannabe goddess to maybe reveal her kid's secrets to us.”

“Show more respect. My mother is a noble woman and should not be ridiculed.” Thor grumbled and stepped into Fury's view. “I will not let him or any innocent Midgardian get hurt by my brother’s schemes. Too many people already died because of Loki.”

Fury huffed affectedly and turned around for a moment before he rolled his eyes. “We have to utilize him as long as he's here, or do you want to waste more time, giving Loki more chances to do exactly that, hurt people.” Thor’s mouth opened as if he wanted to say something, but closed the second after. The thunderer looked conflicted, was furrowing his brows heavily while watching the other man stalk around the room. “Either we set up a trap or we'll drag him-” He was pointing at Chris now, who sat behind a glass wall in the adjoining room with Natasha, “across New York to find that fucking bridge he talked about.” The director retorted, making it clear what he thought about waiting.

“We could go and search for places he recognizes.” Steve suggested. “That would be a good alternative to using him as a bait.” Frowning, he looked to Tom, who still didn't know what to think of all this.

“If he agrees to this, then maybe. But I definitely want someone to be there when he will be asked.” Tom met Steve's eyes, who nodded in promise. No matter if Fury was a honorable man, Tom didn’t trust him more than necessary.

“Of course.”

Thor just nodded and turned to leave.

“We will have a talk about that later.” Fury said in quite the indifferent tone and walked out of the room.

“What's wrong with those people?” Tom breathed out when the man was out of sight. A hand touched his arm, making him turn around to face Tony, his hands immediately tugging on his shirt. It was still strange to touch him like this while the others were around, but fortunately for him, no one really payed much attention to it anymore. Well, except for Clint who waved his goodbye in a sarcastic manner and left a second later. Tom could see why he was uncomfortable with this, on some level at least.

“He does what he thinks is best for the situation.” Steve murmured then. “Even though I most of the time don't approve of his methods, he is right. We have to do something now.” He leaned in to whisper. “Especially since Bruce treads water when it comes to create a stable portal out of the hydra weapon.” The doctor next to Steve rolled his eyes but nodded eventually.

“Damn. This would have helped.” Tom sighed while Steve nodded.
“I know. He does what he can. Bruce doesn't even get out of the lab anymore, he basically lives in there.”

“Sorry.” Bruce whispered which made Tom immediately raise his hands in the a plagiative manner.

“Oh no! I didn’t mean to insult you or anything. I’m glad you’re working on this. I just wish I could help.” A smile smile played on Steve and Bruce's lips as the captain clapped him on the back.

“We'll do what we can.” With this both men walked to the door, leaving Tom and Tony alone with the last pair of agents.

They just stood there for a moment, Tom's hand still fisted in Tony's shirt.

“What's with the long face?” Tony asked while he led them out of the room. “Shouldn't you be happy that your friend here is alive and kicking?”

“I am.” Tom groaned, shooting him an irked glance. “I am glad that he's okay, but that doesn't mean I have to smile or except Fury’s suicide plans. All of this is just fucked up.”

“Oh. Whoa.” Tony held up his hands in defense. “Talk about mood swings. It's not my fault that Loki decided to jump to your universe to fuck your friends. Literally. So don't vent your anger on me now, sweetheart.”

Tom could only stare at him in bafflement, couldn't believe that he would actually say something like this. Of course he knew that this wasn't Tony's fault, but he had never said that it was, right? Still, he was right. He shouldn’t behave like this towards him. Letting go of his hand, Tom looked down.

“Just get me home.”

It didn't take them long to get back to the tower, neither of them saying a word on their ride home. Really, the only thing Tom wanted was to sleep. Almost immediately after stepping out of the elevator, Tom wanted to go lie down on the couch, but a hand grasped his and kept him from moving. He turned and looked at his lover, who apparently was equally annoyed by now.

“Okay stop this. We are not arguing. You know I'm not good with that.”

Tom just screwed up his eyes, trying to get him to let go of his hand.

“Good that you can decide that for the both of us.” The actor gave back but sighed a second later, running a hand over his face.

What was he doing here? Tony was right, they really shouldn't fight about something like this. But sometimes the man was just unnerving without noticing it. Especially in situations like this he didn't need witty comments. Before Tom could react, Tony pulled him into his arms, keeping him close. A hand brushed over his hair soothingly.

“You know that I don't mean to offend you. You shouldn't take it so seriously.” Tom enjoyed the caressing, leaned into the touch and did his best to consider what Tony was telling him. “Still, that's good. Your friend is alive and save. Well, as save as one can be when staying with SHIELD.”

Tony joked and Tom shook his head.

“I'm just tired Tony.”
“Come on then.”

Tony dragged him up the stairs to the bedroom, slowly opening the buttons of his shirt and sliding it off his shoulders.

“You still look sad.” He mumbled against Tom's skin as he kissed his neck, the man voluntarily hanging his head to make more room for it. “I thought seeing your friend was a good thing.”

Tom closed his eyes, humming at the sensation of Tony's lips moving over his nape.

“It is, but it's just too much.”

“Hmm...” Tony mused and walked around him to pull him onto the bed.

“I mean, knowing what Loki does to Robert- The man has family and-“ The blanket was wrapped around them in a fraction of a second and the hand back on his scalp, stroking his hair and Tom just snuggled up to him instinctively.

“Everything will turn out fine.” Tony whispered and even though he knew that this wasn't true, Tom nodded. “I mean, it'll probably be kind of awkward between you guys, but apart from that? At least no one died up until now.”

“Except for that kid.”

“Well, yes. You know that I had no choice.” Tony breathed into his ear, placing kisses to his cheek. Yeah, of course he knew. If Tony hadn't acted that fast, he they had killed him instead.

“Yes. I guess.”

They just lay there for a bit, both of them enjoying the silence. Tony gently ran his fingers over Tom's arm, comforting him and just then it became clear again why he had fallen in love with him. Tom loved the man, despite the fact that he could be eccentric and arrogant at times, because he could be just as loving and caring. Tom didn't even notice that he had drifted off to sleep until he opened his eyes again and saw that it was suddenly raining outside. A moan left his lips when he felt Tony licking over his neck.

“Were you that tired?” The engineer purred and Tom had to chuckle because of the vibrations on his skin.

“What are you? A cat?” The touch tickled him and he tried to push the other man away, to no avail, Tony only snuggled closer, pressing his body against Tom's.

“I just want attention. It works for the cat, so...” Tom laughed then, couldn't believe his ears. “What? You love that cat.”

“I do.” Tom reached up to cup Tony's cheek, stroking the skin there. “But I love you more.” He offered a small smile when Tony backed off an inch to look into his eyes. Only then Tony returned the smile and closed the distance between them, capturing Tom’s lips in a slow and tender kiss. Tom melted into it, moaning softly as he felt Tony's lips on his own, his hands holding on to his shoulders for dear life. He lived for moments like this, these simple and easy moments that made you forget everything around you. Arms wrapped around him again, hands stroking his back.

“So, tell me about this Thor actor.” Tom opened his eyes in question when they finally parted, not knowing why he would actually be interested in that. “Anything between you two-”
Tom groaned in annoyance, growling in his throat while he shot him a glance.

“Your jealousy borders on obsession, Tony. I really thought geniuses were smarter than that.” Tom sat up and was about to leave, but Tony held on to his wrists, keeping him from getting away. “I really run out of patience with that jealousy of yours.”

“Okay, sorry, sorry. I didn't mean it like that.” The engineer grinned.

Tom turned his head to look at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh yes you did.” He was still scowling when the smirk on Tony's face widened.

“Yeah I did.” Tony admitted, now sitting up as well.

“Why are you so jealous? I never gave you reason to. You can't possibly think that I would cheat on you, do you?”

The other male was laughing now, his hands reaching around to hug Tom from behind.

“No. That's not it.”

“But you don't trust me.” Another snort came from the inventor as he huddled up against his back.

“Tom, please.” Only then Tom actually turned around, of course just to show him the sullen look on his face and not because he spoke in that charming voice again. “I tell you why.” His hands were back on his chest, drawing circles. “You are mine and fuck, you are sexy as hell. And not just I’m thinking that. People like you and you are nice, you let them touch you all the time. And the Thors? They really have that touching thing down. Do you even notice how often they touch you?”

Tom just stared at him with his mouth open before he started shaking his head, snickering.

“Really? Thors? God, you really are stupid.”

“Maybe. I just want you for myself. Especially now.”

The amusement vanished from Tony's voice and Tom instantly picked up on the change in mood. He knew what he was talking about, how could he not?. If they really would be able to find Loki, or the portal to be exact, their time would be limited to a few more days at most. Maybe a week. Tom still wasn't sure how he should react, what he should do. The only thing he knew was that Tony couldn't come with him, even though he wanted to and would possibly try to still do it. Tom wanted to go home, but leaving Tony here, never seeing him again would break his heart. He averted his gaze and Tony pulled him in for another kiss.

“I wonder how long we have until...” He wasn't even able to say it out. It felt wrong to even think about it.

“You can always stay here. I will make that happen. Whatever it takes.” Blueish eyes darted up to meet Tony's. “They think you are an actor. If you'd like I could-”

Tom swallowed the lump in his throat, even the thought of having to decide between Tony and his life was making him feel like crying. Tony was his life now, how could he possibly choose? Staying silent, Tom wrapped his arms around Tony's neck, pressing close. He didn't want to talk about it now, wasn't even sure what he wanted, so he just clung to him, never wanting to let go.
Loki was still panting in anger when he teleported back to the hotel room. A groan left his throat when he thought back on how this day had gone. He was annoyed, no, the word he was searching for was apoplectic. Not only had he been tricked, by that stupid oaf of a brother nonetheless, but he had also lost one of his most valuable assets. Nothing had gone as planned. Loki cursed silently to himself, how could he have been so stupid to not see through that scheme?. He had expected anything but this. How hadn't he been able to see that this was not Robert but Stark? It simply didn't make sense. He knew that the mortal wouldn't have been able to follow him without the dagger, but he hadn't thought that the Avengers would even be able to come up with something like this. Kudos. And, even if Loki hated to admit it, he was behaving differently when it came to that actor, more carelessly.

Robert looked up from the bed as he heard the god cursing, his expression going blank as he saw that he was alone. Loki could see in his eyes that the man wanted to say something, but he didn't, instead he just stared with his mouth open, saying nothing. Not one word. The mortal averted his gaze a moment later, sighing and looking incredibly sad.

The god couldn't pay it any mind though right now, he was too frustrated and exhausted to care for this Robert's feelings right now. With a wave of his hand his usual attire disappeared and left him with a simple linen shirt and pants. Sitting down on one of the chairs, Loki supported his head with his hand, sighing heavily. Both men were silent, saying absolutely nothing, even though both knew that there were questions to be answered.

A while later Robert apparently had enough of just sitting around doing nothing because he suddenly stood and wanted to get the laptop, but Loki just groaned, attracting his attention.

"Just ask." The god gritted out through his teeth as brown eyes darted to him. "I know you want to."

"No I don't." Robert answered indifferently, getting the computer and sitting back down on the bed.

Another few minutes of silence followed then and only reluctantly Loki got up from his spot to stalk over to the human, kneeling down in front of him. His hands moved up to rest on Robert's thighs as he hung his head. He was tired, exhausted and just now he didn't want any argument, just for once.

"It's a shame." Loki whispered and could hear the confusion in Robert's voice when he answered.

"What?"

"That our time will come to an end so very soon." Loki looked up into a frowning face. "I have to go back and get the gauntlet, else..." He chuckled bitterly.

"Do you actually regret it?" Robert asked, ignoring what Loki had just said, his voice soft with something close to empathy.

"Hm, maybe." Loki smiled as the human sighed.

"You know things could have been handled differently."

"Yes. Most likely." It was the first time that Loki admitted that his plan had not been the best, that
his approach had been flawed from day one and it was relaxing for some reason. He didn’t need to keep up a mask around Robert, he judged him for what he did, he even snarked at him for that, but it somehow felt different with him.

“And what now?” Robert’s voice brought Loki’s mind to the present again.

“Nothing. I will go back to Asgard. Whatever happens then happens. Either I will be able to abstract the gauntlet and kill the mad titan, or he will seal my fate, whatever that may be.” He had already resigned himself to the fact that he had lost. This time he probably wouldn’t get out of it without suffering.

A snorting sound made Loki raise an eyebrow.

“You are way too stubborn.” Loki chuckled lightly, shaking his head. In the beginning it had bugged the hell out of him that Robert wouldn’t obey him like any other slave, but now it was refreshing and he couldn’t imagine it to be any different.

“Yes, maybe.” So Thor had been right after all, he was just as bullheaded as his brother.

Loki’s fingers started stroking along Robert’s legs as he leaned his head against one of them.

“I know what you want to ask. Will I be able to get back to my life?”

Out of the corner of his eyes he saw how Robert looked down at him, but he ignored it and snuggled up against him, and before the god could answer the question, the human’s hands were stroking his hair. Gazing up in surprise for a second, Loki hadn’t expected him to actually comfort him, he began chuckling slightly.

“Yes, you will. I can’t take you with me under these circumstances. It would be too much of a risk.” Both were silent again and Loki sneered when he saw that the other didn’t move a muscle in his face. “No trace of sadness. I am deeply wounded by your indifference.”

Robert just rolled his eyes, but frowned then. Maybe it did affect him in some way, maybe all of this wasn’t just because of Loki’s mind control. He could only hope. The god closed his eyes and wondered why this was even an issue. This should be nothing more than a purposive relation.

“This will be our last night.” Loki gave a sad smile, which was wiped out of a face a second later.

“Why?” Robert’s voice sounded quite startled, for whatever reason.

“I have to get back.”

“Right now? You look like shit.”

Loki raised an eyebrow at the insult, but couldn't help but to start laughing.

“Yes, I know.” He would really miss the man’s honesty. “Time elapses faster in the other universe, so I already wasted a lot of it.”

“And what will you do once you’re back?” Robert was watching him through half lidded eyes, a wary expression playing on his face.

“I will have to fight my way through.” Shrugging, Loki’s hands massaged Robert's thighs, at which the man’s posture visibly relaxed.

“That doesn't sound like you at all.”
“You are right. You always were. From day one. But I just don't have the time to plan anymore. I feel his grip on me even here, in another dimension.” Loki whispered, closing his eyes at the soothing sensation of Robert's hands in his hair.

“You are scared.” The other male stated and instead of answering, Loki just smiled, enjoying their talking, even though he was not coming out on top this time. There he was, hanging in a human's lap, talking about how he felt. This was something he had never expected doing.

“I have to apologize for-” Loki began a while later, but Robert cut him off early.

“No. Don't.”

“There's no way I can ever be forgiven.”

Both knew what he talked about, the time when he had used Robert against his will, and only when Loki's hands reached up to move over Robert's hips, he replied.

“Probably not.” The man agreed.

“Yes. Once the spell is gone and you are yourself again, you will hate me for it and for good reason.” Neither of them said a word and Loki narrowed his eyes, regretting what he had done to this man.

“Just for tonight...” Robert whispered as he bowed down, his hands cupping the god's cheeks. “I won't.” He breathed and pulled him in for a kiss.

Loki couldn't believe what was happening. Never had he thought that the man would even consider doing something like this out of his own free will. He wasn't forcing him in any way and Loki was welcoming the change of events, felt incredibly good despite what had happened today. Moaning into the kiss, Loki's hands clawed at Robert's hips, enjoying the sudden closeness. Their kiss was gentle, loving even and Loki heaved himself up to get on Robert's face level, his hands moving to the buttons of the other's shirt, opening it and revealing the toned chest. Loki let his fingers wander over his skin, caressing a nipple and Robert gasped into the kiss, hands falling to Loki's shoulders in return.

This time he wanted to be gentle with him, not force himself onto the man and he opened green eyes to search for a hint of hesitation when his fingers ran south to the man's waistband. Loki's heart beat faster in his chest as he felt a shudder running down the other's body and he couldn't stop himself, fingers skillfully opened the buttons of Robert's pants, pushing it down to his ankles. He leaned in, placing his lips on Robert's neck, gently but greedily kissing down the soft skin until he reached his stomach. A low moan escaped the human then, green eyes darting up to see him stare back with hooded eyes and the god grinned before his hand cupped the still clothed erection. Loki almost moaned himself when he felt just how hard Robert already was from just this and he continued stroking him through his boxers to see his reaction.

Robert eventually groaned in frustration, which Loki took as a hint to continue. He pulled the boxers down slowly, revealing the erect cock and the god licked his lips before he wrapped his lips around the tip, sucking lightly. It earned him a guttural moan from the other man, and he had to press his hips down so that he couldn't buck into his mouth. Chuckling, Loki took in more of the straining cock, hollowing his cheeks and sucking hard as he started to bob his head. Normally he wouldn't do this for just anyone, not even for lovers, but here, with him, Loki felt like giving him something in return. His tongue swirled around the head, pressing into the slit and Loki moaned in delight around the thick flesh, enjoying this probably more than he should. He loved the little noises of pleasure coming from the other and he felt fingers fisting in his hair.
“Loki...” Robert panted out after a little while and Loki looked up, giving him his most lecherous grin.

The cock in his mouth throbbed in thick waves, the body under his hands shuddered, and he knew that the man was close. Loki didn't stop though, he just moaned in response, sending vibrations through him and with a long groan Robert came inside his mouth. Loki swallowed all of it greedily, only pulling off when Robert released his hair, licking his lips like a cat. Robert was still panting above him, looking down through thick lashes.

“Why?” He asked breathlessly. “I thought it's just about-”

“No. I apologize for my actions. It hadn't meant for it to happen like that in any way.” Loki instantly replied, voice tainted with bitterness. “I just wanted to make you feel good for once.”

Loki was about to stand and walk away, but Robert grabbed him by his arm, keeping him from doing so. The god could only blink in surprise.

“And what's with this?” A smug grin was playing on the human's lips as he gestured towards the obvious bulge in the god's linen pants.

“Not necessary.”

“I think it is.” Robert murmured and pulled him on top of him, easily pulling the linen shirt over Loki's head and getting rid of his pants before he kissed him again.

The kiss was heavy, a clash of teeth and tongue, leaving both moaning and longing for more.

Loki woke up a few hours later, Robert sleeping right beside him. His eyes darted over the man's features and he had to sigh heavily, thinking about all the things he had done to him. He regretted everything, but right now he needed to leave and couldn’t stay out of remorse and affection towards the other man. Slowly getting out of the embrace, Loki got off the bed, fully clothed with just one gesture of his hand.

“Fare well.” Loki whispered and bowed down to touch the sleeping man's forehead, strings of green magic flowing into his body, breaking the mind control. He looked at him one last time, before he vanished into thin air.
Capturing a god

Chapter Summary

It's the time between the 15. and the 21. January

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was awkward between them for the next few days. They hadn't exactly argued, but the conversation about Tom staying here or going back to his world had made both of them miserable. Tom noticed that Tony behaved differently around him and he couldn't really blame him for it. He should feel good that the man was loving him so much that he didn't want to let him go, and frankly Tom felt the same way, but thinking about never going back was just too much. Tom missed his family, his friends and he wanted to go back to his work as well. This world was just not his own.

So naturally both of them were tense around the other, especially since they knew that they wouldn't have much time left now that SHIELD had information about the portal and Loki's whereabouts, even though these information were sparse.

Tom was at SHIELD today, visiting Chris and making sure that Steve kept his word and the man save of Fury's interrogations. Apparently the captain had been able to do exactly that, because Tom was knocking on a private room right now and the door was opened by a smiling Chris.

“Hey.” Chris beamed, pulling Tom in for a quick hug before he let him inside. He was positively surprised that the man had a more comfortable room than he had gotten months ago. Well, Fury apparently was teachable, who would have thought.

“How are you?” Tom asked and sat down on one of the chairs in the corner of the room, his smile matching Chris’s. Before he could say something, the other male brought two glasses and a bottle of water. Sitting down, the blonde frowned lightly and sighed.

“I'm fine considering the circumstances.”

“You don't look like it.” Tom joked and Chris shook his head in an amused manner.

“We searched the city back and forth, but up until now we didn't find the bridge. I am certain that we'll find it eventually though. Do you know how many fucking bridges there are in New York? It's crazy dude.” The man opened the bottle and filled both glasses before he continued. “I hope all of this will be over soon.” Only now blue eyes darted to Tom, who waved off. “Sorry.”

“It's alright. I know what you mean. How's everyone?” Really, Tom couldn’t speak about that again. He needed something to distract himself, a topic that somehow cheered himself up.

“Except for Robert, everyone's fine. But damn, the whole situation is fucked up.” Tom only nodded. “You know what's also strange?”

“Hm?”
“The time here is going like crazy. Natasha told me it's already January, but back in our universe it's not even December.” The blonde shrugged, a grin on his face as Tom's mouth dropped open.

“What?” Tom blasted out, blinking in confusion.

“Yeah, I don't have a clue either.”

Both men sat there for a while, before Tom gulped and looked back to Chris as he tried to comprehend the information given.

“So, anything else Loki did you know of?”

It seemed like Chris was thinking hard about it, his lips pressed into a thin line as he stared into the blue for a moment.

“Well, if you were really gone since August, then he definitely was the one participating in the Halloween special. But, yeah he did quite good.” The man seemed surprised when Tom started snickering.

“Well he is the god of mischief after all.” Tom purred, couldn’t help but find that funny. He would need to watch that tape when he got back. Loki as an actor, priceless.

“Yeah.” Chris agreed, nodding slightly as he sipped on his water. “So, I don't get this in my head.”

Cocking his head to the side, Tom waited for the other to continue. “Not that I judge you or anything, I'm far from that, but I really don't get it. I thought you were into women.”

A blush crept onto Tom's cheeks as he cleared his throat. Back to this topic again. He wondered how often he would need to explain this.

“Yeah, well, I am as far as I know. I'm not attracted to anyone else. It's just him. I don't even know when it started.” He ran a hand over his face, he was feeling extremely exhausted all of a sudden.

“Tony was interested in me and after a few months it just... happened. And now I-”

“You're head over heels.” The other male finished the sentence and Tom looked up at him with a soft smile.

“Yes.”

“And he feels the same? I just ask, because-”

“I know, I know. He's quite the playboy, but- After I got to know him, I saw more than just the Tony Stark from the movies. He has way more personality.” He could go on about how charming and loving Tony could be but figured that this wasn’t really necessary. “We talk about that topic a lot these days.” Tom heaved a heavy sigh when he saw the concerned face of his friend. “But I can't stay here, can I?” He huffed and Chris looked down.

“Well...”

“Anyway, I hope you don't consider doing what Fury wants.” This was a futile attempt to change the topic. Talking about his relationship with Tony was making him uncomfortable.

“What do you mean?”

“The plan.” The fact that Fury wanted him to be a bait. Chris groaned, smiling bitterly.

“I know you don't like it, but I already agreed to it.” Tom was about to complain, to rage that this
could be suicide, but Chris held up his hands. “I know what you think, but frankly, I don't care. Really, I just want to get back to my family Tom, sorry. I want this fixed, I want my family to be save. I'd rather risk my life than theirs.”

Tom stared for a moment, just looked the other into his eyes before he eventually nodded.

“I understand...”

They talked for a while longer, exchanging experiences and funny events, talking about everything not Shield or Loki related for a change, and just enjoyed each others company.

It took SHIELD almost a week to find the right bridge, which Chris had immediately recognized when they had driven by. They had stopped the car in the middle of the road, the assassins as well as Chris had gotten out and into the small alley, but had found absolutely nothing that would hint for a portal. Still, the team, minus Tom and Tony, were sitting together later that day, discussing how they would proceed.

“I would like to not tell Tony that we found the place until we're really certain.” Bruce murmured, his hands fiddling with the sleeves of his shirt nervously as he looked down on them. “I want them to have a little bit more time.”

The team looked at him, obviously agreeing.

“Yes, Tom's face spoke volumes the last time he was here. And there's really no need to tell them until we succeeded and caught Loki, or find a way to open the portal without him.” Steve commented, glancing over to Bruce.

“There shouldn't be a problem with not telling him.” Natasha said drily, crossing her arms in front of her chest. “He probably has other stuff to think about. They will have to deal with all this soon enough.”

“So we're going to do this?” Clint chided in, arching an eyebrow up as he looked to Chris.

“Yes. It might take a while though. It will only work if Loki comes through the portal.

“And you really want to wait there?” Steve frowned, worried about the man's safety.

“Yeah, will be fun.”

It was actually a really stupid plan, considering that they didn't know whether Loki would even appear or not. Chris would wait for him at the stretch of time when Loki usually appeared, pretending to be still under his control. Thor, as well as Steve and the assassins would wait in close vicinity, waiting for the sign to attack. The thunderer had gotten a spell from his mother to keep them from anyone's eyes, so Loki would not see them and flee once he got through the portal. Chris had come up with this, had told the team that he was important to Loki's plan somehow and it would get them time to act. The portal was the only way for the god to jump through dimensions as it seemed, so it would just be a matter of time, patience and a little bit of luck until they would catch him.

So the actor waited in the alley and for days nothing happened. There was not even a sign that there was a portal to begin with, but Chris was dead sure that it was the right spot. Today was the fourth day of their observation and Chris was leaning against the wall, arms crossed as he waited for something to happen. After some hours a green spark jumped over the brick wall and Chris gasped, pushing himself off to give the others a signal. He stood there, watching sigils appear, trying to ban the worry from his face, averting his gaze to the ground. But much to his and
everyone's surprise or shock, no one stepped through the portal once it was completely open. Something was not right. Chris dared to look up, narrowing his eyes, not able to understand this at all, but a moment later a steel blade was pressed against his throat, making him inhale sharply.

“You don't really think that I would fall for something so trivial as this, again?” Loki's voice sounded close to his ear.

“It could have worked.” The mortal retorted at which the god only huffed.

“I might have to teach you a lesson.” He murmured, trying to pull him with him, but once he wanted to step through the portal a hand grabbed his shoulder, yanking him off the mortal. “Gods, what-!”

His eyes widened when Thor appeared right next to him.

“How by the Norns- A spell?!” Loki hissed, the answer dawning on him, his gaze switching from Chris to his brother and back, anger and panic visible on his features.

“Mother gave it to me so I can bring her son back.” Thor explained, voice soft, soothing while he bent Loki's arm behind his back carefully, making it unable for him to move without causing himself pain. “I will bring you back to Asgard, brother.”

Instead of growling and struggling, Loki just chuckled bitterly and let his brother drag him away.

"Mother had given it to you..." The raven-haired man mumbled absentmindedly to himself while Thor nodded. “It does not matter.” He grimaced, hurt clearly audible in his voice now. "Not that it would make any difference in which world I’ll perish.” The god murmured at which Thor just furrowed his brows.

“We want to help you, Loki. Never did mother, father or I want anything else. You are safe in Asgard and you had been if you hadn’t been so stubborn. Why do you act like such a scared infant?”

This made Loki’s grin widen in a feral way and much to Thor’s dislike, he started laughing.

Natasha watched the brothers for a second before she finally approached the portal, but the moment she was about to touch it, it was gone. Despite days of effort, even with the information from Frigga and Thor, they weren’t able to recreate or open it.

Chapter End Notes

Let's be honest here, he wanted to be captured.
Like glass

Chapter Summary

It's the 22th of January in the story.

Loki was sitting in the very glass cage he had been imprisoned in last year. It was kind of ironic that he was trapped in here again and it made the god smile to himself. And just like last time, they hadn't even bothered to give him something to read. Maybe he should have asked the director for that magazine. But at least now there was an additional table and a set of chairs in here, probably because they wanted to grill him for some information. Predictable. What else should they do? They were just as desperate as he was as it seemed. Thor going to his mother for help? That was indeed new. But without her help they wouldn't have been able to capture him, so it had been necessary. Loki huffed. Why her of all people? The only one he still loved in that forsaken place. She shouldn't have been dragged into all this.

Loki was sitting on the small bench, fingers intertwined and resting on his lap, thinking about all of this. So this was the end. It wouldn't take long until the titan or his minions would get to him here. Without his magic and nowhere to flee, it would be easy for Thanos to track him down. Loki just wondered how long it would take. Even the Avengers wouldn't be able to fight him off; they would probably suffer as well, as the titan would associate them with him, but really why should they even fight for him? They would rather deliver him on a silver plate. That was too bad, but there was nothing he could do about it and Loki had already resigned to the fact that he would die eventually when time came.

For two days nothing happened. The only person visiting was an agent that brought him something to eat and drink. It actually surprised him that they hadn't jumped on the opportunity to question him, or torture him to get the information they wanted, they weren't above that after all.

Loki was lying on the bench, staring at the ceiling, almost dying because of the tedious silence. At least in Asgard's dungeons there were these pathetic creatures who amused him on a daily basis, but this here was pure boredom and the god feared that he might die because of it before Thanos would even arrive. Loki didn't need to look up when he heard someone entering the room to know that it was Thor. The way he stomped while walking was indication enough.

“Oh, brother. You finally put in an appearance.” Loki purred, but wasn't at all amused. “What an honor.”

“Loki.” His brother heaved a heavy sigh, sadness and frustration present in just this one word. He walked over to the glass, looking down on him. “Why did this have to happen, brother?”

Only now Loki turned his head to look at him with the most indifferent expression.

“Why not?” Shrugging, he sat up.

“Quit playing around. No more schemes. We know why you're doing this.”

A small chuckle escaped the raven-haired god then and he shook his head. a skeptical expression on his face.
“Is that so?”

“Loki please, talk to me. I'm trying to-”

“What? What are you trying to do?” Loki hissed suddenly, not bothering to let him finish. “You can't even accept what and who I am, didn’t step in when your ever so great father banished me into the depths of Asgard’s prison, together with the low lives of all realms, so what exactly do you want to change now?!”

“That's not it.” Both men fell silent then and Thor averted his gaze to the ground, seemingly being miserable. “I would have helped you if you, for once just-”

“Get lost, oaf! I won't discuss this with you, especially since you never listen to anything I have to say before. Get. Lost.” Loki snapped, lying back down on the cot and closing his eyes.

Thor tried to talk him into speaking, but Loki ignored him, not listening to another word, until he eventually left the room.

A day went by and this time, Loki was baffled by who brought him his food. It was the hunter who was carrying the tray. He stood then, observing the other's gesture. It was obvious that the man didn’t want to be here at all, while Loki thought it was pretty comical. Both men held the eye contact for a moment, before the human cursed silently and opened the door to basically throw the tray onto the ground. Loki just arched an eyebrow up at this, seemingly unimpressed by the move and the mud they called food.

“If there is something you want to tell me, then do so. I don't want you to waste valuable groceries.” The smirk on the god's lips grew even wider when Clint shook his head, sneering.

“No thanks. Already wasted too much time and effort on you.”

Loki was still chuckling when the archer went out of the room.

After this, all kinds of people tried to get information out of him. Even the director himself. Not that Loki would even consider talking to any of them, especially since every last one of them tried to hide their intention so pathetically. They couldn’t offer him anything, so why by the nine should he even consider telling them what they wanted to know? Only when the female came into the room, the god looked up. Agent Romanov had woken his interest the first time she had successfully interrogated him in this cell. She was intelligent, and intelligence always interested him.

“Okay, godling, listen up.” She didn't beat around the bush as it seemed and Loki turned towards her in an instant. “We want to know how you travel through dimension; how you open up that portal.”

Loki’s mouth formed an o before he smiled.

“That's why all of you behave like that?” He asked, sarcasm dripping from his voice. As if he wouldn’t know. “Interesting.” Loki was pacing the cage, hands crossed behind his back as he looked at her. How would she react if he told her the truth? That was something he definitely had to test. “Unfortunately, agent Romanov, there is nothing you can do to open it. No one is able to do it but me.”

The god watched as her expression got just a tad more grim before the emotion vanished from her face altogether.
“So I can make you open it.” She wasn't asking; it sounded more like a threat, which left the god cold.

“No you can't. Because you simply don't know how it works and you wouldn't get through even if I would tell you how I do it.”

“And why is this?” The assassin asked, not seeming to be overly impressed by the information she had been given just now.

Loki only huffed and shook his head, before green eyes focused back on her.

“And why, dear, should I tell you? There's nothing in it for me.”

Natasha shrugged, smirking smugly.

“Maybe it would clear your guilty conscience?”

A laugh escaped Loki as he heard that.

“Oh, Romanov. It's far too late for that.”

“Yes, I heard. Rape's not cool.” The woman looked at her nails while answering in the most indifferent voice.

“Ah, rape, that’s what you’re aiming at. Well, it's not considered that if someone agrees to it, right?”

“Compromised people can't possibly consent to anything.” Natasha stated, eyes darting back to the god.

Loki heaved a heavy sigh, growing increasingly frustrated with with her. She was right, he knew, but that wasn’t a reason to back down.

“Oh he was able to. I assure you, not everyone gets treated like your partner. I had no desire to fuck him or even talk to him in private. The actor on the other hand...” Loki all but purred, wearing the most lecherous expression on his face, even though he felt like screaming at her.

“Ah. Tell me, do you have a thing for Tom too?”

“Oh no. If I wanted myself I would just create a clone.”

Within the blink of an eye another Loki appeared at the glass, slamming his fist against the surface, startling the human. The original grinned at her reaction before, with a wink of his hand, the clone vanished again.

“There is no way you, or any of your team for that matter, will get through the portal, woman. Let it go.” He snarled, sitting down on his cot again.

“We will see about that.” Natasha only muttered while turning to leave the room.

The avengers were once more sitting together, trying to find a way to solve the puzzle that was called Loki. Natasha huffed, screwing up her face as she crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“He won't tell me anything. Apparently the guy has learned from our past encounter. The only thing he did tell me was that we should forget to ever get through. He said it wouldn’t work.”
“Not good.” Bruce murmured, taking off his glasses to massage the bridge of his nose. “At least they have more time like this.” He whispered to Steve, who seemed to be concerned about the whole situation.

“Yes, but still.” The captain looked at the others, who were animatedly discussing how they would get the information out of Loki. “We will need to tell them soon. We can't just keep this to ourselves.”

“I know.” Bruce stammered, frowning. “Just- I just want them to have a few more days together. I just think that having Loki here now will change everything to the worse, at least for their relationship.”

“Yes. If Tom really wants to leave, then this will be the turning point for them.” Steve sighed as he averted his gaze. “I really don't know how Tom thinks about all this after these months, but he has to make his own decisions. We can’t decide this for them.”

Bruce could only nod, hoping that everything would work out for them. Right now it seemed that everything could shatter like glass within the next moment.
Winning you over and creating memories

Chapter Summary

This chapter starts on the 22th of January

Chapter Notes

I combined two chapters here, because they were too short. So yeah only four more to go.

Tony wanted to make the best out of their last few days. Yes, their last few days. Bruce had called him to let him know that Loki had been captured and that he was basically questioned night and day by the assassins. It had left him devastated. To know that they hadn't much time left made Tony anxious. He had already spent many hours thinking about what he should do, what he could do to change Tom's mind, to make him stay. There was nothing in the whole world that Tony wanted more at this time, he couldn’t imagine being without him anymore. This situation was fucked up in itself, because he knew that Tom couldn't just stay, even if he wanted to and the last thing Tony wanted was him to be unhappy. Fuck.

At least Bruce was successful in keeping SHIELD of their asses, even if only for the time being. They had enough stress as it was and like this, Tony could spend more time with Tom. Since their relationship was out in the open now, they went out more, ate out in the finest restaurants and well, showed themselves around, something the press definitely loved. The newspapers and magazines were full of pictures featuring them in more or less dicey situations. Tony instructed Jarvis to save all pictures he could find on the internet to his personal server.

One day Tony actually had an idea how to spend their time the best way possible- Away from everyone else.

Tom sighed again as he looked out of the window, his head supported by his hand.

“How can you even remotely think about going on vacation right now?” The actor asked and glanced over, pulling a face, but Tony just smiled softly as their eyes met.

“Maybe there won't be another opportunity for me to do this. If not now, when else?”

It was true and he could see it on Tom's face. Both of them had feared this moment for so long, so in Tony’s opinion, they deserved just a little bit of happiness before everything would go downhill. Tom nodded then, offering a sad little smile.

“I also need to leave an expression.”

“Huh?” Tom chuckled at the statement, now turning completely towards his lover.

“Well, you shouldn't be able to say that I'm not the best you ever had.”
“Oh god, Tony.” The actor shook his head and facepalmed. “I know what you're doing.”

“Is that so?” Tony arched his brows up, waiting for a reply.

“Yes. You try to win me over.” Tom's voice was barely audible by the end of the sentence and he looked exactly the way Tony felt. So the inventor eventually sighed and nodded in defeat.

“Yeah...” He admitted and Tom raised his gaze again to smile at him. God, he didn't want to let him go.

“Where are we even heading?” Following Tom's gaze, Tony looked out of the window and down onto a sea of clouds.

“You'll find out soon enough.”

It was four hours later that the private yet landed and for the next twenty minutes, Tom was just gaping at him in pure shock or awe, Tony didn’t really know which one it was.

“You can't be serious.” Tony had to laugh at this. “This-” The actor tried to find words when Tony led him towards a rather big mansion. The sun was burning down on them which caused him to place a hand on his forehead to shield his eyes. “This is amazing. I didn't know you have your own island. What the-”

Tony just gestured towards the few staff members he entertained; they had come from a neighboring island to get their luggage inside the mansion. Tom was still gaping.

“Everything's stocked and ready for us.” Tony murmured while hugging Tom from behind and nuzzling his face against his neck. “Staff comes only in the morning to clean, except for that, we'll be alone.”

“You own an island. I can't even wrap my head around that.” A hand found Tom's waist and urged him on to keep on walking.

“Let's go inside.”

Tony showed him the mansion first, which was held in a vacation home style, comfortable yet luxurious. It had a indoor pool, not really necessary when the beach was just behind the back door, but nice anyway, a gym, two large bedrooms with adjoining bathrooms and the usual rooms Tony never used, living room and kitchen for example.

“This is amazing.” Tom sighed while Tony grinned and shoved him into the master bedroom.

“The sun will wake us in the morning.” He murmured while kissing Tom's cheek.

“You and your cockiness.”

“You love it.”

“I don't. I don't need any of this to be happy.” Tony narrowed his eyes in confusion and wanted to say something, but soft lips on his own caused him to stay quiet. “I just need you.”

Now it was Tony’s turn to chuckle into the tender kiss and he pulled back a moment later to look into those beautiful blue eyes..

“But it's definitely nice to have.”
“Oh, yes, definitely.” Tom purred back, letting his hands wander over Tony's back.

“And you haven't seen the best yet.” Tony breathed onto the other's lips before he pulled the perplexed man with him down to the patio. The sun was already setting, bathing the normally azure blue water in a bright red. He could see how Tom marveled at the sight, but he didn't stop there. Pulling Tom down the stairs with him, he stepped towards the water, at which Tom frantically shook his head.

“We can't-”

“Oh we can!” The inventor sped up and laughed when he pulled the man into the water by his arm. “See?” He chuckled and wrapped his arms around Tom's waist, going further until they were up to their chest in the water. “Let's enjoy ourselves just for some time. Let's have fun and create memories here.”

A small nod came back from Tom as he relaxed in his arms and leaned in to brush his lips against Tony's.

xxxx

Chapter 72: Holidays 23.01

Tom woke up by the first rays of sun that came through the blinds the next day. Blinking sleepily, he stretched in the big bed and snuggled up to the soft and nice-smelling pillows. It felt like heaven, there was no way to describe it any different. It had been ages since he had slept that well. A pleased grin spread on his lips as he decided to sleep just a little bit longer today.

“Morning.”

The whisper made Tom look up eventually and he blinked slightly when he realized that the voice belonged to his lover. When the daze in his head cleared enough for him to actually react, he offered a small smile but wondered why Tony was already dressed in a shirt and boxers. Brown eyes gazed lovingly at him, a hand running through his hair, which caused Tom to hum in pleasure and close his eyes again. Tony sat down next to him, chuckling silently as he continued petting him for a while.

“This's so good...” Tom murmured into the pillow, body completely slack as he enjoyed the caress.

“Sounds like it.” Came back from Tony, his fringers scrubbing Tom’s sculpt. “I made breakfast in case you want some.”

Blue eyes shot up at this and Tom nodded before heaving himself up.

“Thank you.” Tony only nodded at this and went to get a tray, which he placed on his own lap when he sat down next to Tom again. Leaning against the engineer's shoulder, Tom gaped at all those delicious things. Fresh buns and fruits, coffee... “Did you do this yourself?” Tom asked, arching a brow up in question.

“Yeah... No. You can thank the maids for that.” Of course he had known that. The day Tony Stark would actually prepare or cook dinner would be the one where hell would freeze.

“Doesn't matter.” Tom said and Tony beamed a smile at him.

“You can thank me for getting it for you though.”
Tom snorted at this and turned his head to kiss him on the cheek.

“Oh, thank you very much then.”

“You can keep your mocking to yourself.” The inventor said, amusement layering his voice. “Come on, dig in.”

They took much time to eat, both enjoying themselves and the food. At the end, Tony was lying on the bed again, dozing off, grinning like an idiot. Tom loved that smile. The day went on like this, just them being together. They had spent some more time in bed, Tony watching TV while Tom read the most stupid love story ever, until they eventually had enough of it and went to get a shower. Which was really not smart, because they would end up sweaty in the end again, especially in this weather, but letting the water running down on them and massaging the other’s skin was definitely worth it. The only thing that really made sense in this heat was lying on the beach and bathing in the sun, which Tom insisted in doing. Tony didn't even brought his phone or his tablet, a fact that astonished Tom, because he had thought that the man couldn't spend an hour without at least one electronic device. Instead, they talked about all kind of things, mostly stupid things concerning Shield and the Avengers. Tom would have never believed those stories if he hadn't heard them from Tony himself.

It was already dawning when Tom sat up, stretched and jumped off the beach towel, startling Tony as a result.

“I'll go for a swim.”

“Hmm? Now?”

“Yup.” The actor didn't hesitated and pulled his lover up as well, who groaned but let himself get manhandled. Yet he waited in some distance when Tom stormed towards the water and dove into the flood. It was just the right temperature to cool his heated skin and Tom sighed in pleasure the moment he was encompassed by the azure blue water. “This is great. Come in.”

“No, thanks, not interested right now.” The engineer waved off and earned a splash of water in return. “Whoa there, stop that.” He growled at the next splash that had followed the first only a few seconds later. Tom could only laugh, but before he knew what happened, he was tackled and shoved under water. “That's what you get for annoying me, brat.” Tony grumbled.

Heaving a heavy breath when he surfaced again, Tom still tried to stifle his snickering.

“Oh aren't we grumpy again.” He murmured when he placed his hands on Tony's shoulders at which the engineer just rolled his eyes in return. “At least you're in the water now.”

“Obviously. So I guess you like it here?”

“Very much so.” Tom gave back, smiling softly when he felt Tony's hands on his waist.

“I had hoped so.” The other whispered and leaned in more to capture Tom's lips with his own, moving gently and loving for a moment before deepening the kiss. His hands moved up and down Tom's back, pulling him in more as his lips moved from his jaw to his ear and down to his neck. “Needed to provide some memories after all.”

Tom just shook his head in amusement, a gasp coming from him when Tony started sucking on his collarbone.

“Here?”
"Yes, why not?"

Tom couldn't actually say anything against that. There was no reason why they shouldn't just make out here. It was a beautiful place and they had an whole island for themselves. So he eventually leaned his head to the side to give the other more space, moaning slightly.

"Come on." Tony whispered and maneuvered them into slightly deeper water until it reached to their chests.

Hands stroked down Tom's back and to his ass, pulling him close and against Tony's frame. Tom's arms instinctively wrapped around Tony's neck, holding on to him as Tony kissed him again, a roll of his hips making him gasp. His body was already responding and he couldn't help but moan and bite his lip when he felt Tony's hard prick pressing into his thigh. The thought of Tony wanting him that much was arousing him even more and without wasting another thought, Tom pulled the man's boxers down, smiling sheepishly. The other male just matched the smile before reaching down and doing the same, freeing his hardening cock before his fingers then held on to Tom's hips. A roll of hips followed which made Tom positively whimper. Now he really was glad to be slightly bigger than Tony, since the other's cock could deliciously slide between his cheeks, prodding at his entrance and making him shiver in anticipation. Tom moaned, felt the heat building in his guts and blushed slightly. God, he wanted him so much it hurt. If he could have his way, he would just jump up on him and hook his legs around his hips, riding him, but in water this deep that wasn't possible without them falling over.

"There." Tony breathed, already panting through his mouth, a sound that dragged Tom back into reality, and gestured towards a rock formation a few feet away.

Tom did as told, moved through the water toward the rocks and held onto them before he glanced over his shoulder as Tony pressed himself against his back, his cock sliding in between his cheeks, the head nudging the tight ring of muscle.

"I want you." Tom murmured, a shiver running down his spine when he felt Tony's hot breath on his neck.

One hand reached down behind his back, positioning Tony's cock right at his entrance, which was followed by a roll of his hips. The water was easing the friction and Tom groaned when he felt the head slipping in without much resistance. God, he loved that stretching feeling and he really couldn't wait anymore, so he just pushed back, eliciting a low moan from his lover.

"So tight..." Tony purred behind him as he slowly pushed in deeper, inch by inch until he was buried to the hilt inside him. "You feel so amazing."

Tom's lips dropped open in a gasp, his hand clawing at the stone when Tony rolled his hips, the tip of his cock rubbing against his prostate with every motion. This slow and loving rhythm was good and Tom loved how Tony's hands wrapped around his chest, caressing his skin, but it was just not enough. He swallowed down his need to ask for more, wanted to enjoy and savor the moment, but when he heard Tony moaning loudly behind him, he just had to.

"Tony, please..." He whimpered, looking over his shoulder again with hooded blue eyes.

It was enough to make Tony stop and pull out, only to shove him gently over to the beach again. Tom gladly obliged and lay on his back, wanting to see him now. He eagerly spread his legs for Tony, who smiled softly and lay down on top of him, kissing his lips softly as he pushed into him again. A little blissful moan fell from Tom's lips at the first thrust, his legs hooking around Tony's hips, his heels digging into his back to get him to move. Tony immediately complied and set a
faster pace, his eyes closing as he groaned in pleasure. Tom's hand fist ed in the sand, his head thrown back as the cock brushed against his sweet-spot over and over again. He was close, clenching down every few thrusts and he could feel that Tony was as well, his cock throbbing inside him.

As if he had asked, Tony reached between them, starting to stroke Tom's cock in time with his thrusts.

“Ah! Yes.” Tom gasped, hips bucking up into the grip while Tony leaned back more, tilting his pelvis up to hit his prostate with every stroke. “Tony- Hng! Right there.”

Tony moaned loudly, speeding up the rhythm of his hips and his hand and after another hard thrust, Tom cried out in bliss, coming between them. His lover followed not long after, spending himself deep within his pulsing walls. He loved that feeling of being fully sated, happy and lump, his body completely relaxed. Tony leaned his forehead against Tom's then, breathing heavily, but wearing a smile. Blue eyes opened and looked into brown and he closed the distance between them to breath a kiss onto the other's lips.

“I love you.”

Tom just smiled back, forgetting the time completely while lying in Tony’s arms. Right now he really didn’t want anything else but stay here, on this island and never get back to his old life, which seemed to be so far away anyway. For days he just left all his worries behind and let himself get distracted by Tony, who did a really good job doing so and for the first time this last month he couldn’t waste a single thought on Loki or his schemes.
The next couple of days went by in a blur and Tom could seriously say that these were some of the best days of his life. Spending time together with Tony, with nothing to worry about was great, especially in a location like this. The fresh air, the clear blue sea and that luxurious house. Tom had been finally able to relax a bit, had used the time to just live and not overthink every single thing that happened. And he had really needed the time. He had felt so much on edge because of everything that had happened the last few weeks. Now Tom only had to worry about what he wanted to drink while lying in the sun.

When he woke up this morning, Tom stretched as he blinked sleepily. Even though he tried to turn around, he couldn't for some reason and only after a minute his brain finally caught up. Tony was still hugging him, his arm lying over Tom's stomach, hindering him from getting up. Shrugging, the actor snuggled up closer to his lover again, enjoying the warmth of his body. The shifting next to him apparently woke Tony, because he turned and faced Tom, his eyes still closed as he lay his forehead against his.

“Morning.” The inventor mumbled sleepily and Tom couldn't help but smile.

“Hey. Slept well?” He whispered back, eyes watching the pleased face in front of him.

“Like a stone. Not that anything else would be possible with you by my side, even though I have to say that you feel like a heating blanket.”

That actually made Tom laugh as he snuggled up to him even more, this time on purpose.

“And still you held on to me for the whole night?”

“Couldn't possibly give you the feeling of not wanting you by my side.” Tony said in a neutral tone and shrugged, only now opening his eyes.

Blue eyes locked with brown for a moment before they looked away, thinking about what the other had said just now. A small smile played on Tom's lips. Having him say that, even if it was something pretty insignificant, was making him feel good. If he thought back on their first few encounters, he would have never thought that Tony Stark would be able to undertake any kind of commitment at all and at first he had wondered whether it had been a mistake to involve himself with Tony. But now he was incredibly glad that Tony had pursued him enough to make him at least try. He felt happier than in the last few years probably.

Humming, he placed a kiss onto Tony's lips, one hand coming up to stroke over his cheek.

“I like the sound of that.” He purred.

“Bet you do.”

They both kept lying there like this for a while before a sound interrupted the silence. Tom opened one eye and arched his brows up, while Tony kept snoring next to him.

“That your phone?” He asked but got no answer. Staring incredulously at his lover, Tom heaved himself up into a sitting position to reach over Tony to get the phone. A message. “Tony, do you want me to read it to you? Since you obviously aren't capable of it right now.” The actor chuckled and only got a grumbling noise in return, so he figured he could just do it, since there were no complaints.
It was a message from Bruce and Tom had to do a double-take as he read it.

'You still have time. SHIELD's not through with their interrogations of Loki up until now.'

Tom just stared at the screen, unable to even breath for a second. Loki was with SHIELD? When had that happened? And how? A million questions were running through his mind, but a specific one was making him mad. Angry eyes looked down on his lover then, who obviously didn't suspect a thing. He had to know about this, else Bruce wouldn't have texted him. How often did they have to go through this? That Tom hated it to get left out like this.

“You really do this on purpose, right?” He muttered, the enraged tone making Tony look up.

“Huh? What do you mean?” Tom just showed him the message wordlessly, knitting his brows even more when Tony's mouth dropped open. “This is not-” Apparently he was rethinking this. “Yes, fuck. I knew that they captured him, alright? I knew. Guilty here, but please, hear me out.”

Tom was about to say something and Tony rolled his eyes as he sat up to be able to look at the other male better.

“Look. He was the only thing on your mind for weeks and I just... Call it egoism or whatever, I just wanted to spend some time with you.” Tony's featured grew soft as he reached out to run his fingers over Tom's arm. “Please Tom, I just wanted to use our time and not waste it sitting around and waiting for you to leave.”

Tom huffed slightly and looked away. How could he stay angry at him when he was right about this? Sighing, he leaned in to wrap his arms around Tony's neck.

“Why didn't you just tell me?” He asked in a low voice. “I would have come with you anyway if you would have asked.” Tony snorted at this and shook his head.

“You wouldn't have.”

“Probably not.” Tom agreed, smiling weakly against Tony's shoulder. “Still.”

“I know.” Hands came up to stroke up and down his back. “Sorry.” At this Tom was the one to shake his head.

“We need to go back, though.”

A groan came from Tony as he backed off slightly to look at him helplessly.

“Tom, please, just-”

“No. No. Seriously, it's alright. I'm not angry or anything, but I really want to talk to him.” That left Tony staring.

“Talk to him? To Loki?” There was a moment of silence between them as Tony tried to find words. “That's not how it works with him. You know that. He's crazy.”

Why was he feeling insulted by that? Should he? Shaking those thoughts from his mind, Tom screwed up his face.

“He's not, clearly. And yes. I believe I will be able to talk to him and really, Tony. I will go back, even if you won't let me. I'd just call Natasha if you're not willing to go with me. You could stay here if you'd want.”
“Now I think you are crazy. I would never let you go alone there.” Tony blasted out, his grip on Tom's arm tightening as he groaned. “Fine then. God, you're more stubborn than Thor. Just... Tomorrow, okay? Give me one more day please.”

Tom briefly thought about it before he eventually nodded.

This type of base was definitely not to Tom's liking. They were taking an elevator down, going deeper and deeper underground, which stressed him out more than he would like to admit. So they were trapping Loki underneath a big cover of dirt. Tom wasn't sure whether this was a bright idea or not. When they made it to their desired floor, the whole team minus Bruce and Thor was standing there, clearly talking about what they were going to do with a certain someone. They fell quiet though when Natasha cleared her throat, her eyes meeting Tom's.

“Uhm, hey.” Steve greeted and waved at them.

“Why are they here? I thought you didn't want to-”

“He's too nosy.” Tony interrupted, shrugging as he had his hands stuffed in his pockets. “Read the message.” So they all knew about it, lovely.

“Sorry.” The blonde smiled apologetically. “At least you had some days.”

“Yeah.” Tony sighed and looked into an unamused face next to him. “Not that it matters much now though. He wants to speak to him.”

“No.” Natasha shook her head, arms crossed in front of her chest. “He is dangerous.”

“Not for me.” Tom said, frowning as he approached the female. “I need to ask him a few questions. Need to ask him why.”

“I get that. I think we all do, but this is still Loki, the real one, and I certainly won't feel good leaving you alone with him.” She exclaimed and Tony looked as if she was speaking out his mind, so Tom sighed and looked at him instead.

“Please.”

Tom walked into Loki's cell about an hour later, he had gotten his will because Tony really couldn't say no from time to time and was brilliant in pursuing the others. His gaze fell on the god then, who sat on a chair and whose hands were bound by heavy shackles which reminded him on the ones Thor had used in the movie. Sitting down at the table opposite from Loki, Tom folded his hands while Loki just smiled triumphantly.

“Good evening.” The god cooed, a sound that made Tom sigh and roll his eyes in return.

“No need for these false courtesies.”

“Oh, you seem upset. Why could that be?”

Tom had never believed that his own smirk could get on his nerves like that.

“It never fails to amuse me how much of an actor you yourself are.” He shook his head and offered a smile himself. “Let's drop the nonsense and talk.”

“Nonsense? I thought those games were fun.” Loki gave back and lay his cuffed hands onto the table with ostentation.
“Really? Do you? Is this still fun for you?” The actor pointed at the shackles.

“It is. And before you ask. Just because you and I are different variations of the same being, it doesn't mean I will tell you anything. That's why you're here, is it not?”

“Not exactly. I'm rather here because I wanted to tell you some things.” This made the god arch up a brow. “So, the infinity gauntlet? Thanos is still on your heels then.” Loki didn't seem to enjoy the change of topic, since his smile vanished from his face. “And now that you are trapped here, I guess you can't get away from him anymore.”

“I might admit that my plan had some flaws, but who could have thought that mother would help that oaf. Still, it caused some trouble, didn't it?” And there was the smirk again.

“No, it didn't caused trouble.” Tom smiled while his opposite's eyes narrowed. Loki was interested, no doubt about that, Tom could tell by his body language.

“How's that?”

“It caused much more.” Tom averted his gaze then, thinking for a moment. “Tell me why Loki. Tell me why everything you do has to be covered up with lies.” Before the other man could even open his mouth, Tom continued. “I know why you started all this. It wasn't revenge, even though you were hurt and I can see why everyone would think that. A boy that had never gotten the attention his brother did, who was neglected and alienated from his father. It didn't matter to them that you didn't want a throne, that you just wanted to be equal to Thor. But revenge for your failed attempt to conquer earth? No. I don't think so.”

“Then why do you think I did all this? Just as a laughable prank to get to Thor?” Loki said in that calm and collected voice Tom knew to be a mask.

“After you fell from the Bifröst and lost everything, your family, your home, yourself, and were found by the other... It wasn't you anymore. The script didn't explicitly state it, but I know.”

Loki's gaze flickered down for just a second and Tom knew that he was right.

“And in the tower when you talked to Tony, even though you weren't yourself, you got intrigued by him, by his nature, that he wasn't intimidated by you and even offered you a drink. You liked that, didn't you? Sure it wasn't strong then, no love, no lust.” Tom smiled when Loki stared back at him with his lips pressed into a thin line. “But you wanted him by your side, but couldn't get him. And then you were brought back to Asgard, captured and imprisoned and realizing that, now that you mind was yours again, you still wanted him. The only problem was that you were imprisoned and very much waited for Thanos to strike.”

There was silence between the two men for a moment; green eyes just glared at blue until Tom sighed heavily.

“Your mother was the only one who still supported you.” The smile on Tom's lips was tainted with bitterness. “You should really be glad to have her on your side.”

“Who said I wasn't?” Loki leaned back in his chair, his expression darkening by the second; Tom could see him grinding his teeth. He didn't actually addressed the question though, feeling it unnecessary to agree, since they both knew how close Loki and Frigga were.

“I don't know how you managed to escape. You would have been relatively safe in Asgard's dungeons as well, but now you are on the run from a mad titan and want the infinity stones to get him off your tracks, so you could be free and maybe sleep a night through. And of course you
needed help with that. And who would be better than Tony, but unfortunately he would never help you, so you tried this stupid idea of switching our places to get information where those stones were and how to get him to comply maybe? But there was something you couldn't have known, could have never prepare yourself for. The same thing happened to you that happened to me. You fell in love.”

Loki's eyes met his then and he couldn't even begin to describe the incredulous face that stared back at him. So it was true. It wasn't Tony. It had been him in the beginning, yes, but not in the end.

“I knew when Chris told us what he saw. I knew when they told me how you reacted to Tony playing him. You fell for a human. An actor.” Tom huffed a laugh and ran a hand over his face. “Why can't you for once be honest and admit to yourself what you really want? It is so obvious Loki, and I wish you would just open up at least to yourself.”

Tom's face fell when he heard Loki chuckling bitterly, and he raised his gaze to see how the god hung his head.
Tony's misery

Chapter Summary

It's the 28th of January and Tony can't take it anymore

Chapter Notes

Only one chapter left. I feel like crying.

Much to Tony's relief, Loki had really told Tom nothing. Not a single word had come out of the god's mouth, at least if he could trust his lover's words. They hadn't been allowed to switch the cameras on during their talk and Tony still didn't know why he had agreed to that in the first place. Maybe because of those puppy eyes, yeah definitely that. Sure, Loki had been cuffed and all, but Tom going into his cell alone had been incredibly reckless. And this came out of his mouth after all.

And really, Tony was happy that the mad god hadn't spilled anything at all. Like this he would have a few more days with Tom, or more he he would be lucky. If they wouldn't get any information about the portal, or how to open it, that would mean he would get more time with Tom. Unfortunately Tom wasn't about to make anything out of the time they had still left. Tony had asked him multiple times if they should leave and get some space between them and Loki, but Tom had refused every damn time, which happened to change Tony's mood for the worst. He was on edge, couldn't really sleep through anymore and was basically pissed off twenty-four seven.

And it really brought matters to a head when Tom refused to go back home. Tony was staring in pure disbelief at his lover, who was answering with a grim expression of himself.

“You can't be serious.” Tony muttered and Tom rolled his eyes.

“I am. I need to be here.”

“You don't need to be here. Loki didn't tell you shit. You had your chance. Why can't you let it go?” He was more quiet now, slowly approaching Tom to touch his arm, but the actor pulled away before he could reach him. Never had he thought that they would spend their last days arguing about something trivial like this. And that Tom acted so coldly towards him didn't help matters.

“I can't believe you. The solution is within reach and you want to... what exactly? Go on a trip again?” Tom huffed, even though he looked incredibly sad. “Tony, I- This might be the only chance for me to go back to my world. To get back to my friends and family. I can't just stay here and act as if I belong here just because we're-”

The other stopped and averted his gaze while Tony stepped closer and wrapped his arms around his waist. He hid his face in the crook of Tom’s neck, inhaling his scent. He didn’t want to imagine that this could be one of the last times that he would hug him.
“I-” The engineer started and pulled back a moment later so that he could lean his forehead against Tom's. “I know. I don't want to force you or anything but-” He sighed, his fingers gently stroking up and down Tom's back. “I just think it's not good for you to stay here for literally days. All this time is wasted if-

“Wasted? It's not wasted. We achieved so much in these last days, I need to be here. Be with Chris. I'm sorry, but I can't go.”

With this Tom freed himself from Tony's embrace and walked past him. He couldn't say anything to him, couldn't do anything to stop him. Tony knew that when Tom was determined, no one could change his mind. So he just stood there, staring into the blue, realizing that their time was probably over and feeling how his heart hurt at the mere thought.

Tony decided to stay as well, not because he wanted to, but rather because he couldn't leave him alone here. Having Tom be around a maniac wasn't exactly a thing where he could just relax. On the contrary. With Tom's mood, Tony's got worse as well. Both of them got more and more irritated and annoyed by the hour and the whole team had to endure it thanks to them being caged together in SHIELD's underground base. It had been more than a day now that he hadn't seen Tom, or spoken to him for that matter and even Clint had made an effort to cheer Tony up, which was, honestly, disturbing in itself. Everyone was shooting him apologetic glances, even though it wasn't their fault, but probably because they couldn't take his mood anymore.

It was kind of odd that no one was able to get Tom off tracks, with even Natasha trying to talk sense into him. But all the other did was waving them off and spending time with Chris. God, how much he hated that blonde Aussie.

One of the most hurtful things had happened the morning after. They were still sharing a room and when Tom wanted to leave, Tony was on him in a second, holding on to him to at least kiss him goodbye, but Tom just scowled at him and left. Tony could just stand there and watch how the one he loved left. He couldn't understand that behavior anymore, didn't know what he should do to make him happy. He had never seen him like this and being neglected like this hurt. And soon after the increasing confusion came the anger. Tony hated the fact that, just from one day to another, he wasn't one bit important anymore. It was as if the only thing that mattered to Tom was how to get away from him and they apparently didn't matter at all. They. Well, right at the moment he didn't see much of a relationship between them anymore. Tony himself knew that this wasn’t fair, to both of them, but how could he try to save any of this, when Tom didn’t give him a chance? He would leave, and deep down he knew that they both felt like crap, yet he was so incredibly hurt that he couldn’t pay that any mind.

Tony had fought through the day, endured the boredom, anger and hurt and was now walking to their makeshift room, hands in his pockets as he stared to the ground. This was not what he had imagined for them, how they would spend their last few days together, how they would say goodbye. All he wanted was to be alone with him, tell him how much he loved him, that he would miss him and that he would do everything possible to create that damn portal. Pressing down the handle of the door, his gaze darted up to Tom, who was about to go to bed. Grimacing, Tony shut the door behind him and went straight towards the other male and grabbed his arm. Enough was enough. He couldn’t stand this anymore. He couldn’t just let him leave like that. Tom's head spun around to meet his eyes, both men silent for a moment before the actor sighed.

“What is it Tony?” He asked in a resigned tone, obviously not wanting to argue. The tension between them felt almost like the first few months they had spent together and it stung.

“Please, please talk to me.” Tony all but pleaded.
“About what?”

“Tom please, you know exactly what I mean. I try for days to get to you, to at least spend a little bit
of time with you before-” The inventor swallowed hard, at which his opposite visibly tensed. “You
ignored me, scowled at me, hell, I can't deal with this shit anymore.”

“I didn't-” Tom tried but was silenced by the glare Tony shot him. “Did I? I'm sorry, really, I didn't
mean to-”

“All this?” Tony gestured around them. “It's too much for me. You don't talk to me, you avoid me,
you don't want to come home-”

“This isn't my home, Tony.”

“Of course it is!”

“Tony...”

The engineer hung his head in defeat, groaning.

“If you don't want to stay here with me, I could-” Tom's eyes widened at this and he wildly shook
his head.

“It's not about not wanting to be with you Tony.” He said and tilted Tony's chin up to look into his
eyes. “There's nothing you can do about this. Not this time. With Robert there, you can't. We don't
have that technology in my universe. There are no super heroes, no villains, no magic. You just
don't fit in there, it's-”

“Then it would be even more beneficial if I'd bring it.” Tom just stared incredulously back at him
and Tony knew that what ever reason he would present, it would not be enough to make him agree.

“It won't work, Tony.”

“But I-” Tony stuttered, didn't know why he was feeling that heartbroken. Maybe because this was
the first time someone was that important to him and this certain someone was about to leave him
forever. “I can't let you go...”

Blue eyes narrowed as they looked away. Tony could see that the other had trouble saying
anything to this, so he let go of his arm a second later and stepped back.

“I'll leave you alone then.” Tony said then, his voice nothing more than a disheartened whisper.

“Tony...” The other gasped out, but Tony couldn't really stay with him right now, not when all Tom
wanted was to leave.

xxxx

Tony sat on the round table next to his teammates when Tom suddenly spoke up. Except for him,
everyone looked at the actor as he cleared his throat.

“I want to speak with him again.”

“You can't be serious.” Clint groaned and leaned back in his chair, a hand coming up to run over
his face. Natasha wore almost the same expression, while Steve just sighed. By now they knew
that he would do it no matter if they agreed or not. Even Fury would not be able to talk him out of
it. “Again? Really?” Clint was saying what lay on Tony's tongue. “You think he will tell you
anything this time? What is this... the fourth try?"

Tom just pressed his lips into a thin line, but didn't deign this an answer.

This time they watched through the cameras, wanting to know what they talked about. Loki instantly picked up on it and looked straight into the camera, smirking. Bastard.

“Oh look who's back.” Tony really didn't know whether he meant Tom or them. Maybe both.
“What can I do for you today? I hope you don't mind our guests listening to our little...” The god gestured with his hands as if he needed to think of the right word. “Tête-à-tête.”

Tom just sighed and looked over his shoulder.

“It doesn't matter. You know why I'm here.”

“I do indeed. But your desperation really doesn't concern me.” So the guy hadn't changed at all since Tom had spoken to him. Well, good to know. Tony grimaced when Loki grinned again. How different those two were. He loved Tom’s smile but couldn’t stand Loki’s.

“Why should it. I'm not here to small talk with you today.” That made Loki raise an eyebrow, silently gesturing for him to continue. “I'm here to propose a deal to you.”

The god leaned onto his elbows, fixing his gaze on Tom.

“I'm all ears.”

“If you tell me how to get us back to my own world, I-” Tom began but was interrupted by a huff.

“You what, mortal? What could you possibly get me that I desire?” For a moment they were both silent and Tony exchanged glances with Steve, unsure what to think about all that and apparently the others didn’t know either. “Can you give me a throne and a kingdom to rule? Maybe change the past? My freedom?”

Blue eyes shot up and fixed on indifferent green ones.

“Oh.” Loki said, amusement reflecting in his voice. “I see. You would go against them to get what you want? Interesting.”

“What?” Clint snarled and was about to storm into the room, but Natasha held him back by his arm.

“He isn't really considering-”

“I don't know...” Tony answered before Steve could complete the sentence, never taking his eyes off the screens.

“So in return for you leaving everyone behind, your precious inventor included, you will get me out of this... prison?” Loki chirped, obviously enjoying this.

Tony gulped when everyone looked at him for a second, but really what should he say to this? It wasn't up for discussion anyway.

“Yes.” Tom finally muttered and Loki laughed while the room around Tony burst out in loud scolding. No, right now he couldn't focus on what was going on around him. “Yes. If you tell me how to get through the portal, I will make sure you'll get out of here.”
The god hesitated for a second, eyeing Tom up before the smile returned to his features.

“Very well. You got yourself a deal.” Leaning back, Loki once more looked at the camera. “I have to say that you surprise me. I wouldn't have thought you would do something so drastic.”

Tony could see by the way Tom's shoulders sunk that it hurt him how the god talked, but in his voice was nothing present of that.

“There are some things one doesn't want to do, but rather has to, don't you agree on that, Loki?”

Loki just smiled in return.

xxxx

When Tom came back into the conference room, every pair of eyes was on him.

“You will not, and I repeat, not free Loki!” Fury snarled at him when he sat down, way too far away from Tony. “You know exactly that this is a fucking trick. He wouldn't even tell you what you want to know when he got what he wants.”

Steve crossed his arms in front of his chest and sighed audibly before looking over to Tom as well.

“He is the god of mischief, you can't trust him. That is, if he even speaks the truth and can get you back.”

“It is the truth.” Tom mumbled indifferently, his hands folded on the table in front of him. “We have to let him go.” His gaze fell to Chris then and just then Tony was positive that he was ignoring him on purpose.

“This is our only chance. We have to try.” The blonde said, his palms pressed flat to the table as if he wanted to stand up.

“No.” The director said firmly and Tony felt bad for actually being glad about that. “We can't let him escape again. This time we will take care of that, since Asgard did a splendid job the last time.”

“You can't do that.” Chris growled. “We need to get back into our world and if this is the only chance, I'm willing to take it.”

“Too bad that this isn't your call.” The director waved at the other before walking out of the room, but not without talking to Hill to increase the security.

Even Tom stood then, obviously peeved about the decision. Tony wanted to go over, but the other was already at Chris's side, whispering something into his ear before they both walked out the room. Steve just patted Tony's shoulder then, giving him one of those looks Tony came to hate. These 'everything will be alright' looks, even though everyone in the room knew that nothing will be alright.

Tony sighed audibly when his lover, well to be honest, he didn't know whether they were anything close to lovers at the moment, came into their room, obviously still pissed by Fury's decision. Turning back towards his tablet, he tried to ignore the bad vibes that came from the other.

“I can't believe it.” Tom started and really, Tony couldn't believe it either, just because of other reasons. He went on ranting, but Tony didn't really bother listening, was way too deep in thought. Only when a few minutes passed he spoke without even looking up.
“So this is how we spend one of our last days.” The inventor smiled bitterly to himself as he shook his head. “Wouldn't have imagined it like this. Especially not here or now, but oh well.” He wanted to have him close, wanted to hug and kiss him, but couldn’t. Tony felt like crying.

Out of the corners of his eyes Tony noticed how Tom fell silent and looked to the ground. Just a moment later hands found his shoulders and Tony instinctively leaned into the touch, suddenly needing it to live. His own hands were shivering and he had to put the tablet away to not drop it accidentally.

“I'm sorry.” Was whispered into his ear then and those hands slid down to his chest, soft skin brushing against his cheek. “I am sorry.”

Brown eyes narrowed and he stared into the blue for a moment before the corners of his mouth quirked up in a quick, bitter smirk.

“Doesn't really matter though, right?” He could feel Tom looking at him. “If you stay. It's not that I'm in love with you or something.” The fake amusement left his voice in seconds as he hung his head. How should he do this? How should he just go on without him? It didn’t matter if Tom was sorry, he would leave him, that much was clear now.

Tom didn't say anything, but instead pulled the inventor up by his arm and out of the chair. Tony just let him, didn’t feel like arguing or doing anything at all. Both men were silent when Tom led him toward one of their beds, pushing him down gently and following a second later. Tony just frowned but complied, his eyes never leaving Tom's.

“I'm sorry Tony.” The other man whispered again as he lay down, his hand starting to comb through the short hair. “I- I didn't think. All this happens too fast. I didn't think about-”

“Us.” Tony interrupted and Tom nodded slowly. “I know it's stupid. I knew from the start that you would leave, but still, I-” He tried to gulp down the building sadness, but couldn't really do it. Tears started running down his cheeks and Tom's hands immediately cupped them to brush them away as he snuggled up closer. Tony could tell that he was on the edge of crying as well, and without wanting it, Tony just melted into the embrace.

“Please don't... Don't get me wrong Tony, I- I love you. I do, but this is just not my home. If I would never see my family again, I wouldn't know what to do.” He averted his gaze then and Tony turned to be able to look at his face. “I just... I will miss you so much, but I just don't belong here.” His voice cracked in the end, all built up anger immediately vanishing from Tony's mind and he wrapped his arms around him, holding him close. “I just don’t know what I should do. I want to be with you but I can’t and it breaks my heart to see you like this. It hurts me too much, so I just-”

“I love you...” Tony whispered back, shutting his eyes tightly when Tom started sobbing. He would never be able to see him cry and not do the same. Now he clinging to each other, trying to be as close as possible and for the first time in days Tony felt like home, even though he knew that this would be one of the last times he would hold him in his arms.

“I was such an ass.” He mumbled against Tony's chest while Tony stroked over his head, trying to calm them both down.

“You were.” He smiled and a little bitter laugh escaped the other.

“Sorry.” The way Tom's hands fisted in his shirt made him hold on to him even tighter.

They lay like this for a while until Tony just had to ask.
“You will free him, right?”

Tom didn’t even look up, just hid his face under his chin and nodded. He had known, of course, Tom never just gave up without trying.

“You believe him?” Another nod. “If you’re sure about that, I will help you. I don’t want him to trick you or worse.”
At this Tom looked up, his face devastated as he shook his head.

“No. I can’t let you do this. SHIELD will make you responsible for it and I can’t live with that.”
Another whimper came from Tom, his hand wiping the forming tears away. “I want you to be save Tony. I won’t do this to you.”

The engineer just looked at his beloved before he stroked lovingly over his back.

“I would do anything for you.” He whispered and kissed Tom’s forehead. “You mean the world to me.” His lover met his gaze then, asking him without words to not interfere. “I love you.”

It was somewhat later when Tony came to a conclusion.

“You know I will find a way, right?” Tony whispered in a soothing voice and only then blue eyes peeked up at him. “I won't let you get away.” It was meant to cheer them both up, but he knew that this wasn't really helping at the moment and that Tom probably wouldn't believe it anyway. To his defense, he hadn't really tried to make that portal. He hadn't had a reason to work on it until now, but with Tom leaving him, he really had to figure that thing out.

“Of course.” Tom said, which baffled him for some reason and he hid his face in the crook of Tom's neck when he saw how he smiled at him.

“I promise I'll find a way. I promise.”
Tom had woken up in the early morning hours after he had cried himself to sleep like a little child. He opened his eyes to see Tony still sleeping and it hurt that he would need to leave him behind, especially like this. He didn't want to imagine how the other would feel when he would wake up and he wasn't there anymore. But there was nothing else he could do. Tom didn't want to include him in his plan to free Loki, not when SHIELD was absolutely against it. It would only cause more problems for him. And that was the last thing he wanted. They had already said their goodbyes, had talked for hours and Tom had been sure that he could leave him, but now that it had to be done, he felt like crying again.

It was hard and Tom knew that it would only get harder the longer he waited. He loved Tony and leaving him behind was probably the most hurtful thing he could ever do to his beloved. He regretted it before he had even done it. Why did all this have to be so complicated? Why couldn't all of this be easier? Without the whole inter-universal shit? He just wanted to be with him, but he knew he had to go, that he couldn't stay here. As much as he would miss Tony, would hate every day not being with him, he craved to see his family again, to have his old life back.

So Tom carefully got out of Tony's arms and stood, not needing to dress since they had slept in their clothes. He sent one last longing glance over to his lover, tears filling his eyes as he thought back on their time. He would miss him too much, probably more than anyone else once he would be back home. Eventually Tom grabbed his few belongings from the table and left their room quietly, careful to not wake him.

They had decided to meet at four AM at the corridor to Loki's holding cell and Chris was already standing there, hidden in the shadows, looking slightly on edge. No wonder, they were going to knock a few guards out and break a maniac free. Well, if they'd manage that was.

“There you are. Finally.” His friend hissed in the most quiet manner, gesturing to him to hurry up.

“Sorry, you know I-”

“Yes...” Chris muttered and looked down for a second before he clapped Tom on his shoulder. “Let's do this. I know that the left one of those guys-” Peeking around the corner, he nodded towards the two guards how were yawning right now. Really, that was the improved security Fury was talking about? “Has the key card. I saw him exchange it with the last shift.”

“For how long are you standing here?” Tom smirked but the other just waved him off.

“I couldn't sleep. Really want to get out of this shithole and back to my family.” Tom only nodded at this.

“So how-”
“You'll get in front of them and lure them here so I can bash their face in?” Chris was rather asking than answering and Tom arched a brow up.

“That sounds like an awful plan.”

“That is an awful plan.” The voice made both men jump and they spun around to stare blankly into Natasha's face. Oh damn. Now he understood why Fury only put two guards in front of the cell. “I have to admit, I didn't think you would actually do this.”

“Natasha I-”

“We need to get into our world. This isn't right.” Chris cut him off short, but it was the truth. Both pairs of blue eyes looked pleadingly at the woman.

“I can't let you get in there and free him.” Natasha said with the most indifferent voice Tom had ever heard her speak with.

“This is our only chance to get back. I can guarantee that he tells the truth, I-”

“You want to really leave that badly? Did you speak to Stark? He's pretty devastated since you two arrived here, and that puts it lightly.”

Tom's stomach made a turn and he suddenly felt incredibly sick.

“Yes. I know, but I can't help it.” He whispered, tone indicating how much it hurt him. “I told him. We talked about it. I said goodbye...” Eyes fixed on his then, eyeing him up for quite the moment before she sighed. “Please. We need your help Natasha.”

The female pressed her lips into a thin line as she crossed her arms in front of her chest, uncomfortably shifting from one foot to the other.

“My help? How do you think that will work?” She all but hissed, her gaze moving between the both men.

“I don't know, I-”

“Did you really plan this through, Tom? Do you really know what this would mean? Are you sure you want to just free Loki and leave?”

Natasha's biting tone made Tom avert his gaze to the ground. Of course he had thought about it. About Tony and how much he would miss him. It hurt. He could feel how both pairs of eyes bore into him and he flinched visibly, which made the female sigh again.

“You don't just ask me to betray SHIELD, you also ask me to betray Starkl.”

“It's his choice though.” Chris interrupted, even though his voice was soft.

“It's not if his plan involves freeing a maniac.”

“You really think he lies?” Tom then asked, looking her right in the eyes. The question elicited a groan from Natasha, who now rubbed the bridge of her nose. “That's what I thought. He will bring us back.”

For a moment, which was way too long for Tom's liking, there was silence, neither of them saying one word. Chris swallowed nervously when he looked over his shoulder, a sound catching his attention.
“Make up your mind, because we don’t have any more time to lose here. Also… What about that girl? Should we take her with us?”

Natasha just arched a brow up.

“Girl?”

Tom gasped as he understood. Damn. He had totally forgotten about her. What kind of person was he? He had promised her to get her out of here.

“Lena.” He brought out and looked at Natasha. “Can we get her out?” She just shook her head.

“Not as of now. No way I could get you in and her out. Not if you want to actually get out of here.” Tom didn’t know whether he should be happy or feel let down. Probably both. She would help them, but Lena would still be here. “SHIELD will release her and if Stark tells the truth, she will be able to follow you somewhat later.” Yes, if Tony managed to build a portal.

“Anyway.” Natasha harrumphed at this and stepped closer to lean in. “I hope you know what you’re going to really lose here, Tom.” She whispered before walking off, a hint of sadness in her voice.

The actor let out a breath he hadn’t realized he had held and nodded to himself. A hand found his shoulder, squeezing lightly.

“You alright?” Chris asked at which Tom finally nodded visibly.

“As good as it will get, let’s go.”

Loki had stared at them with wide eyes, a broad smirk on his lips, as if he hadn't expected them to really pull through with the plan. Much to everyone's surprise, it had been rather easy to get out of the base. They probably had to thank Natasha for that, since there were almost no agents on their way up and the door to Loki’s cage had opened itself mysteriously. Loki's tricks and illusions had done the rest, distracting the few people they had come across.

“So?” Loki's green eyes darted over to Tom's, questioning him in silence. “How-”

The god rolled his eyes and leaned against the cold surface of the wall behind him. They were standing in the very alley where everything had started months ago. Tom felt how his chest tightened because of what was going to happen. Grimacing, Loki let a dagger appear in his hand, the hilt made of gold, a chip of a green stone embedded in the middle. He balanced the blade on his finger before he handed it over.

“Cut the palm of your hand and draw the rune on its hilt onto the wall with your blood.” It was said so indifferently that Tom could only imagine how hurt Loki must be himself. “It will not work with anyone's but yours.” Tom kept looking at Loki, trying to figure that out. How had the other been able to just hop through dimensions like this? Old spells or was there something else to it?

The god was about to vanish, when Tom grabbed his arm, making him spin around to look at him with an incredulous expression.

“I-” Tom started, his brows twitching in tenseness as he wet his lips. “Stay safe, alright?”

Loki huffed at this and for a moment Tom imagined him to smile. When the god vanished in front of his eyes, he hung his head, obviously not feeling too well. He looked down on the dagger in his hands, wondering if it was really going to work, or if they had just freed Loki to fall for one of his pranks.
“Are you sure you want to do this?” Came from behind him then and he turned sad eyes onto Chris, who looked just as devastated. He had to, right? For himself, his family and Chris’s sake. They had to. Swallowing hard, Tom tried to form words, but nothing came out as he blinked away tears. “You still can-”

“Can't. Can’t talk about that right now.”

“Tom, really, if-”

“No. Just, don't.”

The other man fell silent next to him and Tom inhaled heavily as he dragged the sharp edge of the blade across his skin, baring his teeth at the pain. Blood was quickly starting to drip down onto the ground and Tom shook his head to clear the fog in his mind. Without wasting time, he did as Loki had told him and drew the sigil onto the bricked wall in front of them. Both men almost jumped back when the bloody sign started glowing, the bricks surrounding it blending in color and slowly opening to reveal a portal. It actually reminded Tom of a mirror, just without his own reflection. An uncertain look was thrown at Chris before he hesitantly touched the waving surface. His finger went through without any problem and he heaved a sigh before he took a wide step forward.

He was panting for some reason and his stomach felt as if it was cramping when he finally found himself standing on the exact same spot. Everything looked the same, felt the same way, only that it was somewhat colder here. Only seconds later Chris appeared next to him, stumbling over his own feet as he held his head.

“Fuck.” He groaned and Tom could only close his eyes in agreement as he tried to force the nausea away.

Without them noticing, the portal closed behind them, leaving them on the other side, in their own world.

“It worked, right?” The blonde asked and looked around.

“I-I guess so.” Tom responded and did the same as he started walking towards the street.

“It feels different.”

Tom only nodded to this, his lips parting in a silent gasp as he saw that it was snowing. It was snowing in this New York. What date was it? His gaze fell to Chris when he heard the man chuckling.

“Damn, we made it. We're back home.” The smile only widened when he clapped Tom on the back, baring brilliant white teeth. Even Tom had to smile at his joy. “I can't thank you enough. I still can't believe all this. It's like-”

“Yes.” Tom tried to stop his rambling, with only semi success.

“I'm- Fuck, sorry. I didn't mean to-”

“It’s alright.” Tom muttered and looked on the dagger in his hand, which seemed to not be the same at all. The blade was rusty, the hilt aged and the stone in the middle of it was missing. The actor furrowed his brows as he looked at the weapon. For some reason he didn’t think that this would be of much use anymore. So this was a one time thing.

“It won’t open the portal again, will it?” Chris more stated than asked and placed his hand on
Tom’s back to comfort him.

“I don’t think so.”

“Fuck.” The blonde cursed. “If there’s anything I can do-”

“It’s alright. Just, go. I know you want to see your family.” Tom's voice cracked a bit, betraying his words. He didn't want to be alone, but how could he be so selfish to demand that the other would spend time with him instead of with his family? He couldn't, so he lied. “I'm fine.”

Tom was sure that the other man saw right through him, it was easy to see on his face.

“If you need anything, just call.” Chris said and scratched the back of his head. “I'll be there.”

“Thank you.”

Their ways had parted then and while Chris had immediately boarded a plane, Tom had gotten himself a taxi to the nearest hotel. Fortunately his debit cards were working again, so at least this wasn't giving him any headaches. And also the people were reacting normally towards him again, but instead of liking it, he felt strangely out of place. When Tom finally made it up to his room, he got out of his jacket and noticed that he still had the phone Tony had given to him. Smiling sadly, he placed it on the nightstand and only when Tom sunk down on his bed, alone in his room, he slowly started realizing what he had done. What it really meant to be without him. Without being able to stop himself, he dropped his gaze and buried his face in his hands, starting to sob quietly, his whole body shaking.

Chapter End Notes

Got you there! There's still one chapter left. One last chapter. Please leave a comment (I know I'm an ass <3)
At last

Chapter Summary

The last chapter

Chapter Notes

So this is it. For real this time. It isn't long, but I think it's a nice end for this fic. I don't know, maybe I will add a little chapter for Robert and Loki as well later. Or maybe a little epilog: Tony comes to our world, would be damn funny.

Anyway. I can't thank you all enough for sticking with me until now. All those chapters were so much work, but your comments and kudos gave me motivation to actually finish this fic. I really appreciate all the feedback you gave me. You guys are the most awesome readers. Thank you so much for your support.

With much love -
Mudpie

Tom stared grimly down at the digital alarm clock on his night stand. The twenty-fourth of December. Again. Yet this time he was alone in his apartment in London and not preparing dinner or sitting on the couch watching TV with Tony. Shaking his head, Tom sighed heavily. It has been some days since he had come back to his own world, but he still couldn't believe that all of this had happened. It all seemed distant, like a dream almost and now that he was back, reality had caught up with him. All kinds of people had called him the past days, trying to finally get a hold on him, but now that he had his own life back, all of it didn't seem to matter anymore. Theater, his acting career, everything had become subsidiary next to the fact that he had left Tony.

Yes, that was it. He had left him alone, without even saying goodbye properly. That was why he was feeling so miserable. Sure they had talked, saying farewell to his love hadn't really been the topic. It probably had been more of a ‘hopefully see you soon’, and this wasn’t right. Tom was not only missing him, but also felt guilty for doing this to the one he had come to love. To the only person he wanted to be with.

Groaning, Tom heaved himself up and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. If he could have his druthers he would stay at home today, bury himself in his bed and just sleep, but his family had insisted on him joining them for Christmas. And really, he wanted to see them. He had missed them all so much, but now that he actually could visit them, it felt meaningless. All he wanted was to go back, or at least talk to someone who actually knew that he wasn't batshit crazy, but the only one who would fit that description was Chris and he was probably busy with his own life. And really, who would believe him that he had jumped through dimensions and had met his own character in flesh and blood? They might even turn them into an asylum for that. No, he couldn't tell anyone.

Tom knew that he would need to eventually get over it, that he needed to get back to his own self,
but it just hurt to even think of it. How could he just forget Tony? It wasn’t possible nor fair to the man. Thinking about it, Tom wouldn't have believed that he would ever fall in love which such a person, a man even, but here he was, sitting on his bed feeling as if his heart had been ripped from his chest. How was he supposed to act all natural around his mother and sisters? They would see through his charade in a minute. But it couldn't be helped, they had left him multiple messages on his AB and he had eventually agreed to come over for the holiday.

It took Tom longer than he would like to admit to even get into the shower and dressed, all motivation gone at the moment. Even when he finally left the house, he mostly ignored everyone and everything. Normally he would take his time to greet his fans, let them take photos even, but right now he couldn't bring himself to do that. Everything he usually enjoyed, everything he cared about seemed to be unimportant now.

The evening had gone by quite unspectacularly. The women had immediately hugged him once he had come into sight, had questioned him to the max about the past few months and had only given him some rest when the dinner was finally served. Each of them told their stories, how they have been the last year, what they had done while they were away and even Tom had to snicker from time to time when he listened to his sisters arguing. His mother had of course noticed that he was sort of reversed though, no wonder, she was the one who knew him best. But Tom refused to speak about any of it today, he just didn't want to drag any of them down as well. This was something that shouldn’t be discussed on Christmas Eve. So he pretended to be happy, forced a smile on his face while they ate, exchanged presents and talked.

It was somewhen after midnight that Tom entered his old room, his mother always insisted they would stay for at least one night, sighing heavily. It had been nice, no need to deny that, but he was glad that he could finally go to bed. He was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to sleep. Kicking his shoes off, he was about to stumble out of his pants, when he heard a faint buzzing noise in the pocket of his jacket. For a moment Tom thought he might have imagined it and continued undressing, but when the sound came again, his eyes immediately darted over to his trenchcoat on the other side of the room. What could that be? The only thing that was in there was...

Tom's brows narrowed in wariness, he couldn't really make sense of it. He crossed the distance with quick steps and reached into the pocket of his jacket to pull the phone out. His eyes widened when he realized that it was indeed ringing. That wasn't possible, was it? This was the phone Tony had given him, no one had the number to this thing, at least not in this dimension. There was no way that anyone would be able to call him here. Swallowing hard, he unlocked the screen and almost sent the thing flying through the air when he saw the number that was obviously sending him messages.

Tony's number was displayed in thick digits.

No, that wasn't possible, right? There was no way this could be real. They had said that they didn't know whether it would be able to even breach the interdimensional barrier. But even though Tom knew that it was very much impossible, his heart was beating fast in his chest, hope blooming without him wanting it. With a wave of his finger he let the message appear on the screen and literally gasped at what he read there.

'Hope it works. Tell me if it does.'

Tom was staring down at the display, his legs giving out under him, making him sink to the ground. Was this really Tony? Could he dare to hope that he would see him again? With shaky hands Tom tried to text back, tears dwelling in his eyes.
'How did you do that? It works!!! Is it really you?'

Tom hit the send button and waited, and almost jumped when the text was answered.

'Sure am. Damn it's good to read you. I missed you so much. So glad you took the phone with you, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to track it down.'

'I missed you too' Tom wrote and brushed away a tear. 'I thought this wouldn't work, how-?'

'<3 Launched a new satellite and with Jarvis tracking down your phone's signature it was just a matter of time. You see these dimensions aren't too far apart. It's like puddle jump once you find a way through. And hell, I had months to work on it.'

Tom froze, probably looked completely distraught by this. He had no clue about how this stuff worked, but Tony and Bruce were geniuses and if someone would be able to do it, then it was them. Months… The word stayed in his mind for a moment. Right, their time passed faster. How long had Tony waited for him until now? Shaking his head, Tom smiled lightly, banned the thought from his mind and replied.

'I'm so glad. I thought I lost you. I'm so sorry how I treated you back then, Tony. Please forgive me.'

'There's nothing to forgive, love. I know that it wasn't easy, but fuck, glad to know you're okay.'

'I'm not really. Right now I just want to go back. Ironic isn't it?' Tom had to huff in annoyance at his own naivety.

'Never doubted that-' God, he could even imagine the way Tony would say that, how he would grin just to tease him. Damn, he missed him.

'Do you think there is any way that we could- well, see each other again? I miss you so much…'

It took a few minutes this time for the other to reply, minutes Tom spend hoping and fearing at the same time.

'I will find a way, and if it is the last thing I do.'

Tom started chuckling then, a wave of relief and happiness flooding him and he clutched the phone to his chest. It was a promise.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!