Wanted in Several Different Ways

by arianapeterson19

Summary

Bucky and Steve are together and Tony is not jealous. At all. Nope.

OR

The one where Tony would like Bucky and Steve to please stop trying to woo him if all they want is a one night stand.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Steve and Bucky were absolutely adorable and Tony really wished there was a better word for it. However, for two terrifying people in battle, they were nothing short of overgrown puppies off the field. House trained puppies – except that one time when Barnes peed in the plastic plant on a dare – but puppies all the same. Steve was eager to learn and do the right thing, Bucky was always up for a round of mischief, they were perfect.

So it made sense that they were dating. They were both adorable, both awesome fighters, and both overgrown puppies. And Tony was happy for them. He really was.

That was probably the thing that baffled him the most when he started feeling jealous. He hadn’t
felt jealous since he was a child and Howard gave more attention to finding Captain America than Tony. When someone had something he wanted Tony would just make a better version, buy it from them, or simply found a way to have it. But he didn’t waste time on jealousy. So when he started feeling jealous of Steve and Bucky’s relationship, it wasn’t because he wasn’t happy for them – it made him all warm and squirmy inside to see them so happy – but because he wanted to have that too. He wanted the goofy grins, the dumb dates to a carnival, the couch cuddles, the sharing food, he wanted all of that but he didn’t want it from anyone but Steve and Bucky.

“Tony, it’s movie night,” said Steve for what was probably the tenth time.

“And I’m still busy,” said Tony, not looking up from his fiddling with the laptop Bucky had somehow broken.

“I told you, just fix it later,” said Bucky. “Come on, I want to watch the movie.”

“Then start without me and I’ll meet you guys up there when I’m done,” said Tony.

With a sigh, Bucky followed Steve out. They wanted Tony to join them but they were not going to force him; if the genius needed the space – which he clearly did since that computer wasn’t worth saving in the first place – then Steve and Bucky were going to let him have it. But that didn’t mean they had to leave him like that.

Bucky and Steve thought Tony was adorable – like a cat. The genius was aloof when he wanted, cuddly, intelligent, and did exactly what he wanted when he wanted to do it. Bucky and Steve thought he was perfect and they had been trying to court him in subtle ways for several months.

So when Tony wanted to skip movie night, Steve brought dinner to the workshop in the form of Tony’s favorite pizza. When Tony was still working in the morning, Bucky brought him coffee and a bagel. When Tony still had not emerged the following evening Bucky and Steve joined forces and converged on the exhausted billionaire.

“Tony, we’re going upstairs,” said Bucky.

“And we’re going to watch Titanic,” said Steve.

“Have fun,” said Tony.

“We’d like you to join us,” said Steve.

“Why won’t you guys just leave me alone already?” demanded Tony, finally looking up from his project and glaring at the men in front of him. “Seriously, you’re always pestering me to join you guys for things. Is your relationship that boring that you need me to entertain you? Because I know I used to be all about the one night stands – and trust me, I’m amazing in bed – but I don’t do those with people I have to fight battles with because I don’t want my head blown off.”

“We don’t want you for a one night stand,” groaned Bucky.

“What Bucky means is that we enjoy spending time with you,” said Steve. “And we would like to continue spending time with you and if you’re willing we want to date you as well.”

“So would you please let us date you?” asked Bucky, exasperated with the entire ordeal.

Tony blinked at them, trying to figure out if they were joking or not. It didn’t seem like the type of joke Steve would go along with but maybe Bucky had convinced him. Bucky could be very convincing. And even if they weren’t joking there was no way a relationship between them all would last. Steve and Bucky were perfect and Tony was his own brand of crazy that no one could
handle for long. They would get tired of him, see how insecure he really was, how needy, and they would leave.

“Well?” prompted Steve, causing Tony to realize he had been silent for almost a minute, just staring at them.

“I can’t,” said Tony softly.

Then he left because he couldn’t face hurting Steve or Bucky. He didn’t want to hurt them but he couldn’t let them see how badly he wanted to say yes, because he couldn’t get hurt like that again.

Tony barely made it to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean before he was shot out of the sky with an EMP missal and dragged onto an old, rusted boat.

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When he opened his eyes, Tony confirmed what he had been pretty sure of – he was not someplace he wanted to be. It looked like he was inside of a boat, kneeling in frigid water that sloshed around with the sway of the ocean. Tony supposed that he should be bothered by the temperature of the room as his shirt was off and his hands chained out on either side of him, making it virtually impossible to conserve body temperature, but he had long since stopped feeling the cold – though the lack of shivering was concerning.

“So, Mr. Stark,” said a man, pushing away from his spot on the far wall where he had been observing Tony. “How nice of you to join us here.”

“A boat? Really? You could have held me captive absolutely anywhere and you chose a boat?” said Tony, trying his best for sarcasm but his voice sounding far weaker than he wanted. “Do you know how many jokes I can make about boats?”

“I could find out,” said the man, sounding indifferent. “Or I could gag you and wouldn’t that be its own form of torture?”

“Ah, but what form of entertainment could you possibly have on this piece of shit boat besides my sparkling personality? That’s why you snatched me from the sky, isn’t it? Because you were bored. Because if you abducted me for any other reason you’re out of luck. There’s a strict No Ransom policy in place for me and quite frankly you caught me after I just blew my best chance at someone rescuing but I pissed off Captain America and the Winter Soldier.”

“I’m tired of you talking,” said the man.

He walked forward and shoved an old rag into Tony’s mouth, securing it in place with a tie. It was effective, as gags went, muffling his screams of protest but that didn’t deter Tony from yelling until he lost his voice. The man left, talking about making calls to whoever he worked for about where to drop Tony. The man wasn’t even the person who was try to use Tony, he was just the middle man.

Hours. It took several hours before anyone returned and when the door flew open, Tony was almost happy. Because it while it wasn’t that man returning to take the nasty gag out of Tony’s mouth and give him some answers, it was the Winter Soldier and Captain America. And if Tony wasn’t so certain that they were just going to leave him after telling him he was an idiot, he would have been thrilled to see them.

“Shit, Tony,” said Bucky, running over to Tony and undoing one wrist while Steve undid the other. “Are you okay?”
Tony raised an eyebrow at Bucky, trying to indicate how unimpressed he was with the fact that they hadn’t removed his gag before asking him questions.

“Dammit,” cursed Steve, helping Tony up with one hand and ripping the gag free with the other. Tony spat the rag on the ground and all but collapsed against the two soldiers, his legs too numb from the cold water and not being moved for hours to support his weight.

“Here we go,” said Bucky softly, shrugging out of his black jacket and wrapping it around Tony’s torso before Steve picked the genius up. “Let’s get you out of here.”

“Why did you come?” asked Tony, though he had meant to ask them if they had followed the GPS signal from the suit.

“Because after you left we talked about it and decided that we don’t care that you think you’re not dating us,” said Bucky, checking the hall to make sure it was still clear. “You’re ours and that it.”

“I know you’re worried, Tony, but I promise that Bucky and I will never hurt you,” said Steve as he followed Bucky through the maze of halls that made the old boat. “We’ll always come for you.”

“In every sense of the word,” said Bucky with a smile over his shoulder.

Steve rolled his eyes fondly before turning his attention back to Tony. The genius was blinking up at him with glassy eyes, shock setting in now that his body recognized that it was safe enough to react. The quinjet was waiting on the deck of the boat, Clint in the pilots seat, Natasha watching the surrounding area to cover them, and the three men hustled inside.

“Blast the heat,” ordered Steve. “He’s freezing.”

Bucky unceremoniously stripped Tony of his soaked pants, toweled him dry, before stripping himself down to just his boxers and wrapping Tony in a hug, Steve covering them both with a blanket. Both Tony and Bucky hissed at the contact – Bucky because Tony was so cold and Tony because Bucky was so warm.

“At least take me to dinner first,” muttered Tony, rubbing his nose against Bucky’s collar bone, trying to warm it up.

“Is that a yes to dating me?” asked Bucky hopefully while Steve rubbed at Tony’s feet with his own large hands, trying to get them warm again.

“Thought you said you didn’t care what I said.”

“I’d care if you said no and meant it, which is different than you saying no because you’re scared.”

Tony huffed but pressed his icy lips to Bucky’s bare chest, earning a shriek from the sensation. Tony smirked before the feeling that his skin was on fire set in, causing him to groan and try to get away from the sensation while still sinking closer to the heat. Bucky held him tighter, forcing the genius to absorb the heat radiating off of his body. Steve moved from Tony’s feet to his hands, working more gently to avoid aggravating the rubbed raw skin from the chains. Tony turned his head into Bucky’s chest, eyes screwed up tight, teeth clenched as he tried to ride out the waves of agony as his body warmed up to the proper temperature.

“You’re okay,” said Bucky softly, rocking ever so slightly in an attempt to comfort the genius. “We’ve got you, you’re okay.”
Tony started trying to think of all the times he was hot and how much he took those times for granted. He wanted each and every one of those times – except that one time he was in the desert for three months – back. Dimly he was aware of the steady movement around him but all he could really focus on was the pain his nerves were crying about. Never had he known that returning to normal body temperature would be so painful.

When he finally came out of his pained daze, Tony found himself dressed in a pair of boxers, one of Bucky’s sweaters and a pair of Steve’s sweat pants, wrapped in an electric blanket, curled up between Bucky and Steve on the pulled out futon in the common room.

“I hate kidnappings,” groaned Tony.

Bucky chuckled and offered Tony a warm glass of coco. Tony tried to take it but his hands were shaking too much, so he ended up grumbling while Bucky held the cup for him to sip from.

“Me too,” said Steve from Tony’s other side. “But I also hate seeing you hurt, so that might have something to do with it.”

“You’ve gotta stop saying shit like that,” said Tony with a yawn. “I’m going to start believing you.”

“That’s the goal,” said Steve.

“I already told you guys that I’m not into hooking up with people I live with.”

“What about dating? Because quite frankly Bucky and I would much rather date you then settle for a one night stand.”

“I’m too tired to have this conversation,” said Tony, hiding his face in Bucky’s chest, missing the smug grin Bucky shot at Steve at being chosen as a safe place to hide.

“Fine,” said Steve, rolling his eyes at Bucky. “But when you wake up we will be talking before you hide in your workshop.”

“Or we could all hide in your workshop and talk there instead,” suggested Bucky. “Everyone wins that way. Steve gets his talk, Tony gets to hide, and I get to play with the bots.”

For a long time, Tony was so silent that Steve and Bucky thought he had fallen asleep. But then he shifted slightly.

“Okay,” whispered Tony, eyes still closed, sounding far more asleep than awake. “But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“We’ll work on self confidence later,” said Steve with a soft smile.

“Tuesdays are normally good,” muttered Tony before falling asleep for good.

End Notes

I couldn’t resist this prompt. (Turns out there are very few prompts I can refuse)

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