I've been everywhere

by melonbutterfly

Summary

For the prompt: "I just want to see Loki topping the hell out of Tony and describing everything he wants to do to him. Making Tony beg before he actually fucks him."

Notes

Title comes from Rihanna's song "Where Have You Been". The prompt can be found here.

The handcuffs snick shut. And naturally, because Tony can never just let something rest, he has to pull at them until the metal cuts into his wrists, unyielding and cold, warming against his skin.

Of course Loki doesn't miss it; he never misses a damn thing Tony does. He smiles at Tony, a proud, cheerful thing that doesn't exactly make sense in the context. But everything between them is a fight, a challenge, a test, and right now, it looks like Loki's the one in control.

Doesn't just look like it; that's the way it is, and if Tony weren't afraid to admit it he'd have to be crazy. Then again, nobody's yet accused Tony of sanity, and even if they had – he's in bed with the God of Mischief. Loki hasn't been accused of sanity either, not in a long time.

"Good?" Loki asks pleasantly, as if he were inquiring about the weather, not the sturdiness of the handcuffs he used to cuff Tony to his own bed.
"For now." Tony smiles his winning smile. "Still not convinced you can do it, though." Nobody's yet to make Tony beg, not in under thirty minutes. And yeah, Tony's hard, that's sort of a prerogative with Loki in his bed, but nowhere near desperate yet. And begging comes somewhere beyond desperate, Tony knows – more from having done it to other people than from having it done to him, though that not all that often either. He's into instant gratification, and two orgasms are better than one single, drawn-out one, in his opinion.

Of course, Loki likes to twist everything, up is down and true is false, only it isn't. He's good at that. Sleeping with him is like riding a dragon, a volcano, a tree trunk pointed towards the Niagara falls – one hell of a ride, and you might very well end up dead. But worth it, Tony has found, for the exhilaration and the adrenaline and the strange feelings Tony has afterwards, both terrifying and strangely comforting.

That's how Loki's smile makes him feel too when he pulls back and looks down on Tony. Yeah, maybe this is suicide, but what a way to go. Nobody's accused Tony of not being suicidal either.

Loki gives a laugh, maybe reading his thoughts, maybe sharing them, and then he starts taking off his clothes. He doesn't make it especially seductive, doesn't make a show of it, but as with everything he does, it's elegant, and the slow reveal of skin makes Tony's mouth run dry. Especially because Loki knows he's got a thing for hips, for waists, and he sways his as he undoes his belt, peels down his criminally tight jeans. Tony doesn't know what it is, it's not like Loki's wearing anything special, but he's never found a striptease so erotic. And it must be all him, he's not under the influence, not drugs (not for a long time), not alcohol, and there's been a promise not to use magic. Since there's a bet in place Tony is sure Loki won't use underhanded methods to win – it would be admitting that he couldn't do it after all, and very much like Tony, Loki would rather die in an attempt to best someone than be bested.

Once he's naked, Loki moves to straddle Tony's thighs and starts undoing his belt and jeans as if he has all the time in the world. They had the foresight to take off Tony's shirt before they put on the handcuffs, and Tony's rather relieved to have his jeans off too now; they'd been feeling rather tight and restricting. Still, he can't resist a little teasing. "Wasting time here."

Loki sends him an amused glance, but otherwise ignores him, busy pulling his jeans and boxers down his legs. He liberally touches them, pausing at one point to run his hands up and down Tony's thighs, going against the grain of the hair there. Loki has always been strangely fascinated by Tony's body hair; it took Tony embarrassingly long to realize it's because Loki doesn't have any. Tony had been somewhat confused why because he had been under the impression that Loki didn't like body hair, what with the meticulous shaving, but yeah, not starting out with any explains that.

Finally, they're both naked, and Tony thinks Loki's going to go to town now, touch him everywhere, drive him crazy, but Loki doesn't do any of those things. No, he merely slides up Tony's body, brushing over Tony's hard cock as if by accident (but nothing is ever an accident with Loki). He cups Tony's face, the gesture oddly tender, as is the expression on his face.

Leaning in, Loki brushes their lips together and croons, "I've always wanted to have you like this."

Tony swallows, abruptly remembering that Loki is dangerous. He wouldn't do anything to him, Tony is almost sure, but there remains a tiny percentage of doubt – the knowledge that Loki is crazy just like Tony, but in an entirely different way.

Loki smiles and kisses him right below the eye, making Tony blink, feel Loki's lips against his eyelashes.
"You're delicious, Tony," Loki says like he's revealing a secret. Tony wants to say something snarky, clears his throat in preparation, but Loki puts a finger on his lips and hushes him. "Not a word." It's an order, there's no mistake about that, despite the deceptively soft tone of voice. Tony swallows.

"I can see inside you," Loki murmurs, lips brushing along his cheekbones. "You pretend it's not so, but you don't trust easily. I've been wanting to have you like this, at my mercy, with both of us knowing you put yourself there, half because you trust me, half because you thrill at danger. You relish in the knowledge that I could rip you apart."

Loki pulls back. There's a feverish expression in his eyes, almost manic, and fuck, he's right – it terrifies Tony, and it makes him incredibly hot.

For a moment they stare at each other, tension vibrating between them, making Tony feel breathless, light-headed. And then Loki puts a hand on the arc reactor, just puts his palm right on top of it, fingers spread out like a spider, the tips of them on his skin.

"This." Loki smiles. "I could rip this right out of your chest, and you wouldn't be able to get yourself out of these handcuffs in time to get one of your back-ups in." He smirks at Tony's expression. "And you like it." He pulls his hand off, slides his fingers down Tony's chest, fingernails scraping over his skin.

"For now, I won't." Loki licks his lips. "But maybe, one day, I will. And you'll never know." His hand comes to rest on Tony's pelvis, right next to where his dick is resting, hard and pulsating. Tony can't hold back a whimper.

The corners of Loki's lips quirk up. "I wonder, if I told you that today is not that day, would this be less exciting for you? Would you prefer if I made no such promises? You would, wouldn't you." He starts to run his fingernails across Tony's sensitive skin, just tiny movements, back and forth like a cat extending and withdrawing its claws.

Leaning in, Loki whispers right into Tony's ear, "I'm the God of Lies, Tony, and you'll never know when I'm telling the truth. There is only one thing you can be certain of, and it's that I'm going to fuck you. Spread them."

At first Tony doesn't know what he's talking about; it takes him a moment to gather his bearings. When he gets it he immediately spreads his legs, trying to cover that moment of witlessness, but of course Loki notices. He doesn't comment verbally on it, but he smirks as he moves to kneel between Tony's thighs. Sitting back on his heels Loki looks at Tony, expression self-satisfied and predatory. He slides both hands up the insides of Tony's thighs, spreading them further, and leans in again.

"I'm going to fuck you, Tony," he says silkily. "That's a promise. I'll give you the good, long, hard fuck you've been dreaming about all your life and that you never quite got." Extending his tongue, Loki licks around the arc reactor. It's not sensitive, neither the skin there nor the arc reactor (showering would be a real pain if it were), but still it makes the breath catch in Tony's throat.

"Do you want to know what I've thought about doing to you when I have you like this?"

It takes Tony a moment to realize that this is not a rhetorical question. When he does, he nods quickly, flicking his tongue out to wet his lips. Loki's dirty talk is divine, no pun intended. Silvertongue, indeed.

Loki smiles. "I've thought about riding you," he reveals. One of his hands slides down Tony's body again, teasing along the line where thigh meets hip. "Putting a ring on your cock and riding
you, making myself come again and again, just using you for my pleasure until you're crying for
release, until you're on the brink between pleasure and torture."

Tony groans, eyes fluttering closed; god, he wants that. Yes. There's nothing like a sex marathon
with Loki, who can make it so he never gets sore, who can – and has – made it so both their
recovery times are minimal. He's done some of his best (and maddest, to be honest) inventions
after week-ends spent doing nothing but fuck and be fucked by Loki.

Loki leans in, eyes bright and intoxicatingly green, his index finger innocently stroking the skin
right next to Tony's balls. "You would come so hard you'd scream," he promises. "And then
you'd pass out. And when you wake up, you'll find yourself still cuffed to the bed, only this time
on your belly, and I'll be riding your ass like there's no tomorrow. You need a good reaming,
Tony, I can tell."

Finally, finally he presses their lips together. Tony is so eager for it he immediately opens his
mouth, unashamed at his need to have Loki's tongue in him. It maybe is a little embarrassing how
relieved he is when Loki doesn't tease, kisses him thoroughly, tongues twining and one hand in
Tony's hair, but he doesn't care.

When Loki pulls away they're both breathing hard, staring at each other for a moment before Loki
sits back. Looking down on Tony with no areas of their bodies touching, he orders imperiously,
"Show me. Show me that needy hole of yours."

Tony doesn't even think about it, just automatically pulls up his knees to his chest. It's a little more
difficult than usual because he can't hold on to his legs and his balance is a little off with his arms
tied over his head, but he manages, and it's worth it for the expression on Loki's face. Greedy and
possessive, it sends a shiver down Tony's body, and before he knows it, he hears himself say,
"Loki." His voice is raspy and it's an entreaty, there's no doubt about that, but Tony's almost
forgotten why he should care.

"Very good," Loki croons, and suddenly his fingers are between Tony's cheeks, rub wetly across
his hole (magically appearing lube has to be one of the best things about magic ever). "You need
this, don't you?"

Helpless, Tony can only nod, trying to nudge his hips up a little, something which really isn't easy
with the position he's in.

Loki smiles. "I will fuck you all night long," he promises. His voice is like silk and it makes Tony
shudder, makes him nod hastily. "But first," Loki says, leaning in, and fuck, fuck, fuck. Of course
it wouldn't be that easy. "I need you to tell me how exactly you want it."

Okay, he can do that, he can definitely do that. "Hard," he croaks. "I want you to fuck me hard."

"Hard and fast?" Loki enquires innocently. His fingers keep unrelentingly stroking over Tony's
hole, sometimes almost dipping in, but never actually doing it, no matter how Tony twitches and
wriggles his hips.

Tony has to clear his throat. "Slow. Hard and slow. I want to feel it." For days he wants to be
reminded of this every time he sits down, walks, moves. Every time he jerks off he wants to put
his fingers into himself and remember this.

Loki's eyes glisten like green agate. "You want to know it. Know that I've fucked you, that you
submitted to me, that you didn't just let me, that you wanted me to do this. You'll sit next to your
friends and know what we've done, what we're going to do again, because you've grown addicted
to it. To me." Tony moans. He wants to deny it, because fuck, this terrifies him, the truth of it.
"Try to lie," Loki whispers almost hypnotically. "Lie to the God of Lies. Tell me you don't want it, and I'll leave you alone in your cold bed. I won't come back."

"No!" Tony gasps before he can stop himself. Not that he would even if he had the chance, because fuck it, Loki is right, and maybe he should be ashamed, but in the long list of things Tony should be ashamed for, this is pretty far down, in his opinion. "Don't. I need it."

A smile blooms on Loki's face and he pushes both his fingers into Tony's ass.

Tony groans and throws his head back, presents his throat. Loki's teeth are immediately there, scraping over his pulse as his fingers push in and out of him in a slow, torturing rhythm, not enough by far. Tony's never been particularly tight-assed (hah!), and he indulged himself this morning and played with some of his sex toys.

Of course Loki can tell. "Have you been having fun without me, Tony?" He asks, voice deceptively soft. Their eyes meet, and there's danger glittering in Loki's.

Tony nods towards his dresser, where the metal dildo he used is lying. He cleaned it, of course, but he didn't get to putting it away yet. "Put that in me and thought of you," he pants.

Loki likes that, this much is obvious. His eyes burn and he thrusts his fingers in hard, making Tony moan and his eyes flutter closed. "Did you now," he murmurs, voice dark like Criollo chocolate. "Yearning for me, were you?"

Right. Tony's not so far gone he's going to answer that, not with the truth and certainly not with a lie. Instead he swallows and whines, writhes a little, only half for show. He does it again when he sees interest flare in Loki's eyes, and then he almost loses it when Loki suddenly pushes his fingers in, aiming right for his prostate. Loki does it again, and again, putting his free hand on one of Tony's knees, pushing it back even further.

"Loki," Tony gasps, shivering. His heart is pounding in his chest and he's rock hard – he wants more, needs more.

"Tony," Loki returns, licking his lips. He looks greedy and in control, like a conductor conducting a symphony, everything going perfectly according to plan. Tony doesn't even remember why that should bother him; he throws his head from side to side and gasps for breath.

"More," he whines.

Loki smiles. "Ask nicely."

Tony shakes his head, pushes his hips up and bites his lower lip. He shouldn't do that, he doesn't remember why, but he wasn't supposed to do that.

Loki pulls his fingers back abruptly. "Ask. Nicely." It's an order, and that combined with the loss of contact has Tony caving in immediately.

"Please!" He moans when Loki's fingers push back in, and now there's three instead of two. The positive reinforcement works better than any threat could; "please," he gasps again, "please, please, please."

Cursing, Loki shifts. His eyes are dark and intent, focused on where his fingers are thrusting into Tony's body. He doesn't keep either of them waiting for much longer and soon pulls his fingers out, coating his cock with lube with one impatient gesture and guiding it to Tony's entrance. Not hesitating, he pushes in with one long, slow motion, making both of them groan.
Once fully buried in Tony's body Loki pauses, giving himself a moment to catch his breath and Tony to adjust, but neither of them needs long, and pretty soon he's going to town, thrusting into Tony's body with slow, hard thrust that shake the bed. Tony can't control the noises coming out of his open mouth; he wraps the leg Loki isn't pressing to his chest around Loki's body, digs his heel into his ass. "Yeah," he groans, "god, yeah."

Loki's teeth gleam as he smirks. One of his hands is on the mattress next to Tony's head, holding him up; the other is wrapped firmly around Tony's knee. He fucks like a machine, unrelenting and unforgiving, unerringly hitting Tony's prostate with every thrust, and if nothing else, this would keep Tony with him. It's not magic, even though sometimes he'd prefer if he had that excuse, but nobody's fucked him like Loki does, like Loki owns him and is taming him simultaneously. And fuck if Tony doesn't let himself be tamed, if only for a little while.

His orgasm catches him completely off-guard; suddenly, he's throwing his head back and yelling as pleasure makes his toes go numb, paints his chest and belly white with come. Above him, Loki grunts as Tony's body clenches around him, but his rhythm never fails even as he comes as well.

"Fuck," Tony says a little while later, once he has enough breath in his lungs to waste it on words. His whole body feels alive, and he's still handcuffed to the bed. Loki's lying on his back next to him, breathing hard as well. He smirks, Tony can hear it.

"This is another bet I won," he states, sounding very satisfied.

Tony blinks. "Wait, no, we said thirty minutes."

Loki turns his head to look at him. "And as you will find, it has been less than when you started begging."

Tony sort of wants to deny that he begged at all, but there's no way around it – he begged. But really, nobody can blame him, Loki is a sex god (pun intended). "Jarvis, is that true?"

"Loki is correct, Sir," Jarvis says. "You started begging at twenty six minutes and twelve seconds."

When Tony turns his head to look at him, Loki looks unbearably smug. "Well," Tony concedes. "Guess you'll get your safe house after all."

Loki smiles. Then he sits up and strokes his hand down from Tony's heart to his cock, sending a familiar sensation through his body. "The night is young," he proclaims, "and I believe I promised you to fuck you through it."

Yeah. Sex god. Tony's not complaining.

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