Right Place Right Time

by samptra

Summary

Tony’s on a mission, Steve is in a bad mood, Clint is playing cupid

Notes

This is a oneshot I wrote for Halloween this year, I liked it for what it was wanted to share. Enjoy!

“Stark,” Fury pinned the man with a stare, the self-proclaimed genius, playboy, billionaire, philanthropist blinked dozily. “Are we boring you?” he asked in very unamused voice. Snorting he wiped at red-rimmed eyes, “Late night you know how it is, running with the ladies, drinking to excess.” Steve seated across the table frowned, he knew for a fact Tony had been working all night in the lab. In the sixth months since the Avengers had defeated Loki, Steve knew the man had been working almost non-stop. “Well then it looks like you could use a little work,” Fury tossed a file across the table. Frowning, Anthony Stark opened the rather low-tech paper folder, clenching his jaw when he saw the very familiar pictures; Jericho Missiles. “Yeah I thought so,” Fury went back to the briefing on the latest current events in the area, but Steve wasn’t really paying attention any more; he was watching Tony. A bad habit he’d adopted of late.

If anyone had told Steve Rodgers when he’d first met Anthony Stark, they would eventually end
up the best of friends; he would have probably broken a jaw or two. Now months later, living in what was now Avengers Tower, he and the rather madcap genius had grown quite close. For Steve though, more recently, had begun to worry about the man more frequently. Silly things like weather he was eating, getting enough sleep…things that friends really had no right to be involved with. Yet he couldn’t help it. Now as they sat listening the Fury drone on and on, he knew with certainty Tony was upset. His face never changed but Steve knew.

“Well, that about concludes this meeting that is all,” Fury dismissed them briskly, Tony already up and moving nose still buried in the file. Steve rushed after him. “Hey, Tony,” he called long legs having to move, pausing the dark haired man looked up blinking at him uncomprehending. “Yes, what? Sorry Steve.” He said absently closing the file he ran a distracted hand though short hair, “You headed back to the Tower?” he asked absently. “No running training exercises this afternoon.” Nodding Tony seemed to shake himself off again. “I’ll see you later then,” he flashed Steve a half-smile, one that made Steve’s heart do funny things.

Before the blonde could get his thoughts together the man was already gone, and he was standing alone in the hall more frustrated then when he began. “You going to tell him you like him?” an amused voice asked, Steve nearly came out of his skin. Clint chuckled, Steve glowered the man was far too sneaky, and perceptive for his own good. “I’m…I don’t…” his mind stuttered even as he blushed. “I have to go,” he finally got out brushing past the assassin and out the door. Keen gray eyes watched him go, “You playing Cupid now Hawkeye?” Natasha stepped out of the shadows, a smirk playing about her lips. The man shrugged strong shoulders, “They need each other, more then I think either of them actually realize.” He mused, idly rubbing his chin; he glanced to the women beside him, “Feel like helping?” The assassin grinned.

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“Run! Do not look at me Son, pick your feet up and run!” He bellowed in his best parade voice a scowl firmly set on his face. The recruits knew immediately he was in no mood to be trifled with. The big blonde was putting his students through their paces today. Blue eyes watched unseeing as they went through the obstacle course, his mind a million miles away replaying the morning meeting over and over again in his head. Why hadn’t Tony defended himself? The inventor had been working hard updating his own equipment as well as the rest of the team. The others perhaps had not noticed but Steve had, his uniform more resistant, his shield handles better suited to his arm.

So why then hadn’t he confronted Tony about the lie? Why hadn’t he stood up for him against Fury? Steve winced, hitting the nail on the head; that was the real issue. He had kept his stupid mouth shut and let Tony fob it off, let him take the heat and now his own guilty conscious was eating at him. On top of that he’d been blindsided by Clint’s rather astute observation. If he was honest with himself, he did like Tony Stark liked him more then any friend. He sighed aloud, what was he going to do about it? He’d had a bad enough time in his own decade trying to get a date; he had no clue how to go about it in this time.
His cadets were beginning to flag, “Call it a day,” he bellowed a collective groan of exhaustion echoing from the youngsters as they all but limped off hurriedly before Instructor Rogers changed his mind. He waited until they had departed before shrugging out of his sweater. Shaking out long arms and legs he began to run the course, breathing deep as his confusion melted away; but charming dark eyes stayed with him.

Across the city in what was now known as the Avenger’s Tower, the object of Captain America’s affection was currently suiting up for his own mission. The file, now committed to memory, lay discarded on his desk. Tony was headed to the Middle East with every intention of destroying those damned missiles. Fury had managed to hit his buttons today; the man had got him where he lived. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew it was a set up, the puppet master was making him dance. Damned if it wasn’t working though, the one eyed man had him by his balls and he knew it.

As his helmet clicked into place, Iron Man stood determined facing the setting sun atop his launch pad, hesitating before taking off. “JARVIS you with me?” he spoke to the AI ever present, “Always Sir.” He smiled, a guy could not build a more loyal companion, “Call Steve Rogers,” a picture of the blonde sitting before a large window, brow furrowed as he sketched appeared on his screen. A candid photo he’d taken on the sly of the man, and one of his favorites. Steve picked up on the fourth ring.

“Hello?” he sounded out of breath, “Hi Steve,” Tony said smiling a little despite the situation, that man could make him smile so easily. “Tony, just finishing up training headed back soon.” The dark headed man took off from the tower, “Ok, I’m headed out for a while I have some things to take care of.” There was pause, “Something to do with that file?” he asked softly, “Yeah.” Tony responded just as softly, “Will you be ok?” there was a pause on Tony’s end this time, “Yeah, I’ll see you soon.” JARVIS hung up then and the dark haired man sighed, why did he feel suddenly guilty? Shaking his head, he faced forward jaw firm. He had a job to do after all, sooner accomplished the sooner he could come home. “JARVIS first set of co-ordinates in the nav, let’s get this done.”

Steve looked down at the small device saying ‘call ended’ a deep frown on his face. Something was amiss what had been in that file? Mind set he headed to the Tower not stopping until he reached Tony’s lab; still and dark. He punched in the code, stepping in as the lights came up. The place was immaculate, Tony keep a very tidy workroom, his projects neatly stored away. Which was why the file thrown across his desk stuck out, sitting he opened the manila folder frowning at the photo’s of what looked to be large weapons of some type. He turned the photo sideways reading what was written down the side of the large metal projectile ‘Stark’.

He shuffled the papers there was a map with small ‘x’ markings in five separate places. A classified article on a terrorist cell, Steve put together the pieces quickly. “JARVIS,” he called out staring at the map, “Has Tony gone off to do something foolish?” He asked dreading the answer, “I’m afraid so Captain,” he replied. The blonde man felt a sudden knot of worry in his stomach, “Oh Tony…”
“Shit…shit…shit…” he mumbled trying to doge the missile headed right for him, but he and his suit were running on fumes. He had managed to destroy the thing, but not before they had got a shot off. He’d been here close to a week now, and this was the last of the reported Stark Jericho missiles Fury had thrown at his face. The last of his father’s blood legacy, and a fraction of his own atonement for his culpability. He spun out the projectile making for a small village on its trajectory. “Damn,” he hissed diving; grabbed the metal casing he used the last of his power to throw it off its path. Sending both he and the deadly weapon into a tailspin. They crashed into the desert a flurry of sand and metal. The suit absorbing most of the impact, but Tony still took a pounding blackness creeping up on him; things were hazy, thoughts hard to hold onto. Ironic that he was once more in the desert more then likely going to die; and all he could think of was Steve Rogers.

Thousands of miles away, in the newly refurbished tower, hot coffee sloshed onto the hand of Captain America. Taking no notice of the liquid, big blue eyes where fasted on the TV in the kitchen, the news showing pictures that he was having a hard time comprehending. The title read ‘Breaking News out of the Middle East’ Steve barely moved, didn’t blink as he announcer spoke. “Billionaire Tony Stark, once CEO of Stark Industries, and more notably Iron Man is at it again. Images taken earlier today show Iron Man destroying reputed Jericho Missiles belonging to recognized insurgents.” The pretty women flashed the camera a smile, “The latest video shows what looks like Iron Man cashing into the desert.” The quality of the video was poor but that was indeed what seemed to have taken place. “It is unknown at this time if Iron Man is ok-”

Steve stopped listening he was all but running from the Tower; he had to get to SHIELD.

Everything hurt. Groaning dark eyes fluttered, squinting, grunting when that hurt as well. His face felt puffy and swollen. The bright light filtering through the window made his eyes hurt. He frowned ignoring the pull of pain, where was he? Eyes rolled behind what he assumed to be swollen eyes, it looked like a tent. “Back in the land of the living I see,” slowly, neck protesting the movement, Tony turned to look at the man standing beside what he guessed was a cot. A very uncomfortable one at that. The newcomer was wearing military fatigues, a white armband with a red cross denoting his function; things began falling into place. “Where am I?” he mumbled slurring a little through puffed lips, struggling to sit up. The yet unknown medic helping him into a semi-seated position, “Military outpost, you where picked up by a patrol yesterday. Thankfully your suit saved you.” Tony grinned wryly “Doesn’t feel like it.”

The soldier chuckled, “Caused quite a stir around here Mr. Stark, don’t get many Superhero’s in our neck of the woods.” The genius smiled, “Life of celebrity,” wincing as his ribs and face
protested the movements “What’s your name doc?” the man shook his head, “Saunders Sir, Sergeant John Saunders.” He shook Tony’s proffered hand gently, “My thanks Sergeant, how bad is my suit out of curiosity.” The man gestured to the cot beside his, dark head turning to look. “Took some doing to get you out, sorry Sir,” he gave him an apologetic look; it looked as if they’d pried it off. “You have a couple broken ribs, a busted nose and a whole bunch of scraps, cuts, and bruises.” Hearing the litany of injuries he suddenly felt worse for ware gently touching his swollen nose feeling the tape there, nice of them to set it. Still he felt like he’d been smashed in the face by the Hulk. He glanced from the worried looking Saunders to his ruined useless suit, smiling ruefully, “Nothing that can’t be fixed.” Saunders seemed to sag relieved, “Can’t fly back in it though.” Tony mused mind beginning to work through various calculations. “We’ll get you home Sir,” the Sergeant promised eagerly, “There’s a plane leaving in a couple of days from the main base.”

Nodding Tony began to move again, pausing when a thought occurred to him, there was a good chance his latest exploit had made the news, and with his notoriety it would be front-page gossip. Steve would be worried. “Can I get a line out of here? I need to check in,” he asked the Sergeant setting feet on the floor, nodding Saunders clarified, “It’s a bit spotty Sir, but we can probably get you a call through.” He moved to stand realizing for the first time he was in nothing save his underwear, “Oh right,” Saunders presented him with a bundle of clothing, gratefully Tony pulled on the fatigues. Lacing up his boots he was presented then with flack jacket, vest and helmet “Safety, Sir.” Not one to argue he suited up, half grinning, vainly wondering how he looked in uniform.

“This way,” Saunders tugged his helmet on, leading him across the tented compound to the communications center. Tony physically wincing at the dated equipment, it was practically medieval. Ignoring the whispers and stares his entrance garnered he managed to get the computer up, fingers flying, his first thought to get through to Steve.

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The two combatants squared off in the conference room, neither giving nor taking an inch. “What’s going on here?” Bruce paused outside the glass were Natasha and Clint stood watching the drama unfolding. “Steve wants to mount a rescue mission for Tony,” the Black Widow explained never taking her eyes of Captain American, the normally wholesome man looked ready to kill. “Let me guess what the answer was,” Bruce mumbled. He had seen the footage as everyone had, and he was worried for his teammate. Tony had a brilliant mind, annoying at times yes, but a more loyal friend Bruce had found, few and far between. “Steve looks ready to kill,” Clint muttered greatly amused by the whole thing, “Wondering how this will end.”

“Absolutely not Cap, this was completely his own undertaking. He chose to go, and SHIELD will not expend already scarce resources looking for a hot head in the desert.” Steve clenched his fists, “You all but dared him too!” He hissed eyes blazing, “That file? Come on Fury that was strategy pure and simple.” The man in black feigned innocence, “Stark is difficult to control at the best of times, he’s self-centered, selfish-” a furious fist hit the table cracking the large marble surface. Steve, colour high in his cheeks, opened his mouth before snapping it closed again he needed to
get out of here. Go away before he did something he’d regret. Spine ridged he turned on his heel storming out, ignoring the other three Avengers scurrying to clear his path. Alone in the room now, Director Fury chuckled shaking his head; glancing to Clint standing outside the glass he gave him a nod.

Steve was halfway down the hall when he felt that infernal phone of his start ringing in his pocket. Fumbling with the device he almost snapped hit in half before finally pressing the green button. “Hello?” he snapped still fuming over the meeting. “Well hello to you too grumpy,” the voice sounded echoy and distant, but unmistakable “Tony!” he all but yelled, relief washing over him “Are you ok? Where are you?” He clutched the phone tighter, “In one piece for the most part, suit took p-“ the phone went static for a moment, “Have to catch transport ou-“ Steve lost him again momentarily, “Be home few days.” The sudden surge of lightness that caught him, almost made the blonde weak in the knees. “Have to go, lines bad…” his voice sounding distant now, fading out, “Ok, be safe.” He managed before the line was gone completely.

The big body slumped against the wall then, running a shaking hand through blond hair. The last twenty-four hours had been an emotional hell; he had thought he’d lost him. Lost him without telling him…he curled his hand around the phone, making a decision. When Tony got back, he would tell him. Confess all, and hope for the best. First though he needed to do a little research, like any good soldier he would recon and plan the best method of attack.

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“Come on chuckles, what you holding?” Dark eyes pinned the other man over the top of his cards, face impassive. The poker game was winding down, just Tony and Corporal Mackey left, and the stout man had the biggest shit-eating grin Tony ever seen; hell of a poker face. “Pair of ladies,” he laid his hand down staring at the billionaire, grinning in triumphant. Tony showed his hand, “Full house,” he crowed lifting arms, chuckling as the tent gave a cheer.

Tony Stark, also known as Iron Man had managed to make quite a few friends in the last two days. Signing any number of autographs, taking pictures, and answering a seemingly never-ending amount of questions about himself, and the other Avengers. It had been an experience here, one he wasn’t soon to forget. Finished the poker game the group dispersed headed for bed, morning began early around here. Tony too had been bedding down with the soldiers, tonight though sleep eluded him. He was thinking again, a dangerous thing for Tony Stark; especially when the thoughts revolved around certain blonde headed Captain America. Silently he stepped out of the tent and into the night, mindful his vest was strapped in place, the blue glow of his chest would give away his position, or so Saunders had chastened him at night. He had to admit having the Kevlar protecting the most vulnerable part of him was rather comforting, maybe he start wearing one at all time. It also made him look badass.

Dark eyes looked skywards, millions of stars stretching out across the inky blackness. He forgot how clear the sky was out here in the desert. The lights of the city bloated them out, but out here
you could drown in a sea of them. He was feeling oddly placid and melancholy tonight, it had been a foolish thing he’d done running off to destroy those missiles he knew it, and he’d known it at the time. He’d had to do it, now with what he hoped was the last of his merchant of death legacy, he would put the past to rest, along with his father.

Finding a rocky outcropping he sat surveying the camp in the moonlight; quite save the sentries strolling around. Black boots stretched out in the sand before him, “I wonder if this is how you felt,” he whispered to himself, thinking of Steve who’d spent years in a war zone. Steve who’d been thrust into the future with no lifeline, and had in Tony’s estimation adapted remarkable well. Steve who was honest, courageous, loyal…and a little old fashioned but Tony didn’t mind. A little old fashioned was good for the team…good for him.

Sighing he looked up at those stars once more, imagining endless blue eyes, strong honest broad face, and how a man out of time managed to firmly situate himself in Tony’s heart. “He get you too dad?” he quirked to the dark. His father had been intensely private, and to Tony cold and aloof when he was a child. The one thing he had talked about with a half smile and a far off look had been the soldier of legend. Now years later he too had fallen under the man’s spell, only problem was, “How do you tell a man for 1944 your head over heels for them?” It was like a bad joke, and one Tony had been telling himself for months. Working hard to avoid the punch line.

This week though, had hit to close to home. Life was short, even shorter when saving the world was involved. “Time to man up Stark,” he was getting drowsy, time to sleep, big day tomorrow he was headed home; home to Steve.

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“Steve!” the big blonde paused, stepping aside so people could pass by as Natasha hurried to catch up, “Natasha,” he nodded acknowledging the women, and fellow Avenger. “Glad I caught you, we need some help.” The soldier was immediately on the alert, “No, no, world’s not ending, just need some help with the Halloween party tomorrow night. Steve frowned, “Halloween party?” she nodded, “It’s sort of staff party as well as the new recruits, and they want some of the instructors to just keep an eye on things. It will be fun, Clint, Bruce and I are going…even dressing up.” She gave him a half grin, ignoring the frown on the larger man’s face. “Halloween is for children,” he said flatly, an auburn brow quirked, “Old man, have some fun.” Steve sighed, “I don’t have a costume,” he tried feebly, knowing damn well he was about to cave. She snorted rather condescendingly, “Yeah you do.”

With a wink she was gone leaving a still glowering Captain America, he didn’t want to go to a Halloween party; he wanted to wait for Tony to get back. Having braved what Tony referred to as a ‘lap top computer’, Steve had managed to use the Internet. It had been an education to be sure. His first big worry had been put to rest in short order; in this time it was not uncommon or wrong for two men to be together. It had been a constant worry for him since coming to terms with his feelings, the 40’s had not been kind to those who preferred the company of the same sex. Steve
had never taken issue with it, having known Commando’s under his command who’d found love and companionship in each other arms. At the time Steve had been jealous. It had been the sort of love that people could only hope for, that he could only dream of. To find that sort of love in any lifetime he knew was a gift. One he hoped he could find.

He could still vividly recall catching a couple, in the middle of the woods on night as the rested before an assault on Hydra. He had thought it was enemy soldiers trying to sneak up on them, yet what he had seen at the time had knocked the wind out of him. The pair in the moonlit night, in an elicit embrace. Torn between turning and leaving them to their privacy and watching on, he had played the voyeur that night. Having never experienced something so real and visceral again. Sometimes late at night, between nightmares of battles bygone that moment would come to him again, and he would once more see and hear everything.

He had formulated a plan with the help of articles he had read, he was going to be strong, sweep Tony off his feet, and tell him how he felt. Men of this time liked confidence, wanted a man who knew what he wanted. “All easier said then done Rogers,” he mumbled, but now it looked like his plans would be put on hold. “Halloween party indeed,” sighing he ran a hand though blonde locks, he had a class to get too.

The day seemed to drag from there, the recruits barely paying attention, minds on the upcoming festivities. Steve angry his soldiers where not in the here and now had them running the course again as punishment. Ignoring the angry mutterings his enhanced hearing was picking up.

“Captain Rodgers needs to get laid seriously…”

“Guys been froze for 70 years, definitely needs to get laid.”

“Man’s a slave driver…just bust off a nut or something…” Steve had no idea what any one of those statements meant. Perhaps he would ask Tony when he returned. For now though, he was going to show these kids up. Shrugging out of his sweater he flexed large muscles under the too tight shirt, “Pick it up!” he called joining them. Long legs eating up the course as he barely broke a sweat first lap through. A little smug when not a single one could keep pace with him.

When the last one made it through, Steve took pity on them; dismissing for the day, with a warning in no uncertain terms if they weren’t focused tomorrow they’d catch the devil. He couldn’t help listening to them whisper to one another as they departed, “I’d hit that,” he heard a girl mutter, wondering if in her anger she may try to attack. “I know what you mean, I’d give him the ride of his life,” another replied the pair shooting him a glance, Steve remained impassive logging away that one as well he didn’t expect she meant going for a drive in a car.
The last of them disappearing into the showers, he let out a sigh slumping. He didn’t really care if they liked him or not, like had nothing to do with keeping them alive in the field. Still he maybe had been working them a little more then necessary.

Tired himself Steve headed back to the Tower, resigned to another evening alone. The others working or generally away having been spending the nights elsewhere this week past. Leaving him alone in the overly large tower, with nothing save his thoughts. Moving through his nightly routine without having to think about it, he half-hoped he would receive a call from Tony; no such luck. Lying in his big empty bed he folded large arms behind his head, wondering where the man was at the moment; wondering if he was ok. His mind conjuring up images of Tony in his suit, working in his lab, the time he’d caught him just out of the shower wearing nothing save a towel. He blushed a little at that, his fingers had itched at the time to touch that glowing reactor, to pull him close and… blue eyes closed slowly as he fell asleep thinking of dark eyes and teasing smile.

Steve frowned glancing towards the woods; he could have sworn he had seen a movement there. They where camped just outside their latest target, the Hydra outpost tucked deep in the German countryside, waiting for the wee hours of dawn when they would attack. Downtime was rare, the men stretched out by the small campfire resting, cat napping in the warm glow. Not wanting to worry them he slipped off following the movement, treading silently shield rising slowly ready for an attack.

What he saw however was much different. He stopped instantly recognizing two of his men, frantically tearing at one another’s clothing, lips locked together. They sank to their knees shirtless now; hands going for trousers, Steve gasped shocked face heating, his lower body responding to the scene. He turned to leave, intending to give them their privacy.

“Waiting for me?” blue eyes widened, Tony was standing before him, dressed as one of his men, slowly shrugging out of his shirt. Pressing close he leaned in to kiss him, “I’ve been waiting for you Steve.” Stunned Captain America took several seconds to process the lips before his mind turned over, and he hungrily responded. Hands fumbling with each others clothing. Impatient, he ripped off the dark haired man’s shirt feeling him chuckle into the kiss. Tony stripped to the waist arched into him, arc in his chest pulsing blue. Steve ran his hands down, sinking them into the worn combat pants, squeezing his backside, swallowing the gasp. Tony’s own rough hands were in his pants pushing the material down. “I want you,” He whispered in his ear, pushing the blonde to sit, his pants around his ankles, the smaller man crawling into his lap. Grinding hips together, never once stopping the harsh kisses. Steve steadied him as Tony impaled himself crying out his name in ecstasy, it felt so good…

Steve woke with a start, chest heaving as if he’d been running for hours; the dream had been so vivid…so real, he was hard and aching. Groaning he threw an arm over his eyes, he couldn’t recall ever having a more fantastic dream. It was amazing; he’d take one of those over a nightmare any day. He wished Tony where here…at the moment he felt like he’d have no problem confessing to the dark haired man. Sighing he got out of bed awkwardly, cold shower for him this morning.
The small convoy rumbled through the desert, headed for the transport. Tony indistinguishable from the other soldiers was riding shotgun in the Lav. Excited to be going home today, carrying what was left of his suit packed away in the duffle, they were making for the waiting carrier. Cresting a small hill, the patrol was within eyesight of their destination when the insurgents sprung their trap.

It happened so quickly a yell, then bodies rising from the sand, running and firing. Tony ducked down watching with a sort of detached interest, adrenaline and fear kicking in. Feeling utterly useless, and vulnerable without the aid of his suit. A cry to his right caught his attention; one of the soldiers was on the ground clutching his leg, bullets biting the sand around him. Tony didn’t think, didn’t even consider the repercussions. With one fluid motion he was out of the jeep and hurrying to the man’s side, “Hold on,” he yelled grabbing under his arms. Crouching he dragged him back towards the safety of the others; barely registering the sudden sharp burn of pain across his upper arm.

Outgunned, and outnumbered the attackers fled soon after, the medic hurrying to see to the fallen. Tony was shaking, adrenaline still coursing through him, barely able to believe he had just done what he’d had. Men where patting him on the back, the soldier he’d pulled out of the line of fire was thanking him heartily, embarrassed Tony tried to change the subject. Bundling the injured into vehicles they hastily hurried the rest of the way to base, hurrying to get the wounded to hospital.

“Sir, come with me, you’re bleeding,” surprised Tony looked at Saunders who in turn was staring at his arm, blood soaking the cloth. “Oh so I am,” he said a sudden bought of nervous laughter welling up in him. He had been in a fight before, many times to be exact so why was he feeling so light head? Saunders guided him into the medical tent, were the attendant had him shrugging out of his protective gear checking over the deep furrow. “Just a graze, few stitches you’ll be right as rain,” nodding Tony watched as they patched him up, bandaged and cleared to leave, all within the hour. “All set Sir,” Saunders was back, “Carriers waiting.”

Tony nodded Shrugging back into the gear without thinking about it, following the man to the waiting plane. “Thanks for everything Sargent, best of luck to you,” Tony held out his hand, “And to you sir, and all the Avengers...thanks for looking after us.” They shook, the man offering him a salute before heading back to the medical tent. Tony watched him go shaking his head. Hurrying onto the carrier he settled by some of the others, suddenly tired and worn after the firefight. Leaning back in his seat he glanced at his arm, the cloth torn and bloody there. Chuckling he pulled off his helmet bucking it to his vest like the others, “Never felt so manly in my life,” he mumbled settling in for the long flight home. He had ample time to practice what he was going to say to Steve. Eyes closing he rested his head against the hull of the plane, he would start with I love you, and work his way from there.
“Looking good Hawkeye,” Natasha said with a perfectly straight face. The blonde headed man didn’t look the slightest bit embarrassed. Dressed in a tunic, the white fabric falling about his knees, on his head sat a wreath of olive leaves, and he had wrapped some gold foil around his bow, and quiver. “Cupid right?” He bowed to her at the waist, “One and only, and I love yours by the way; Hulk.” Laughing she held her arms out, wearing torn purple pedal pushers, and a white t-shirt strategically torn; her skin a remarkable green. “How did you get so green…and how are you going to ungreen?” She shrugged, “A girl has her secrets, and I’ll worry about it tomorrow.” The pair glanced around at the rather crowded room; SHIELD had turned out in fine form, the pair spotting more the one Iron Man and Captain America both male and female versions.

“Damn I was hoping the Hulk would be the in costume this year, looking good Tasha,” a teasing voice joined them, Doctor Banner was wearing a blood stained lab coat over even bloodier surgical scrubs. “Nice, just coming from work then?” Clint chuckled, keen eyes finally spotting the man he was looking for, “Ahh there he is…looking pretty dapper too.” The other two followed his line of sight; a rather put out looking Steve Rogers was entering the room wearing his dress uniform circa 1944. Spotting them he shuffled over, “Cap,” Clint acknowledged, “Lot of fans here tonight,” a particularly well endowed agent walked by her ‘sexy’ Captain America costume leaving little to the imagination.

Steve shook his head, “I’m going to get some punch,” he muttered moving off towards the table of food, Banner following leaving Clint and Natasha alone once more. “So how goes the big matching making plan Cupid,” Clint grinned, “Tony’s due to land here in about an hour were I will escort him to the party.” He grinned the normal red head, giving him a sidelong glance, “That why you wanted Steve here?” shaking her head ruefully, had to give the man his due, he was some kind of sneaky.

They joined the Cap and Bruce at the food table, chatting and eating until giving her the nod Clint slipped away; time to put his plan in action. Hurrying up to the landing pad, he glanced up as the lights from the helicopter swept the painted target landing gracefully on the pad. The archer taken aback by the man who disembarked, thinking his eyes where playing tricks on him he squinted into the bright lights watching as someone in full combat gear strode towards him, green duffle slung on his shoulder. “Evening Cupid, what brings you here?” the voice was defiantly Tony Stark.

Gathering his wits the assassin shrugged, “Looking for you actually,” a dark brow arched, “Oh really? That’s never a good thing; I’m assuming Fury wants to chew out my ass…which is why I am here and not at my Tower enjoying the modern luxuries of civilization.” Chuckling he shook his head, “Nope, party going on thought you might like to come.” Tony frowned, “A party? Is this a trick?” he gave the man a suspicious look, “No it’s Halloween,” dark eyes blinked, “So it is…explains a lot actually… I don’t have a costume though.”
Clint grinned, “I think you do, put your helmet on soldier.” Tony hesitated, what he really wanted was to see Steve…party be dammed. “Cap will be glad to see you; I don’t think he’s enjoying the party much,” Tony perked up, Steve was here? He buckled his helmet, “Lead on Eros.” Headed down the stairs, now in better light, Clint finally got a good look at the man’s face, he had two nice black eyes, and his nose was heavily bandaged. “Who rearranged your face?” Grinning at the sour look the other man gave, “I took issue with a missile.” The assassin couldn’t help laughing.

Steve was wondering how he could get out of this, Tony would be back soon. He wanted to get to the Tower and put his plan into action. Blue eyes roamed across the floor of people dancing, he knew a couple of the costumes picking out Dorothy and the Scarecrow, and he knew Iron Man and himself….Clint appeared in his line of vision, talking to someone. A someone who caught his attention. Dressed in what he recognized as today’s combat gear, a green checked scarf draped around his neck, his helmet obscuring his features. What intrigued him though was the authenticity of the costume it looked like a real soldier…something about the man… Setting aside his punch he approached the pair meeting them half way, about to introduce himself to the other he got the shock of his life when the helmet tipped back and the smirking, albeit bruised face of Tony Stark was looking at him, “Hiya Cap.”

Steve’s mind turned to mush, Tony Stark in uniform…his dream came back to him in sharp relief and he knew without a doubt he was blushing darkly. Without thinking he gathered the other man close in a bone crushing hug. Tony wincing slightly injured ribs protesting, but he couldn’t deny him the embrace, returning it with a chuckle. “Missed you too big guy,” parting blue eyes gave him a hard look then, “Never do something so stupid again.” Tony wrinkled his nose, “No promise Cap.” They where surrounded then by Natasha and Bruce each exclaiming how they’d seen him on the news, asking what had happened. How come he looked like he’d lost a fight with the Hulk? He answered their questions flippantly, slipping into his persona with ease until they drifted off to chat with others leaving he and Steve alone once more. “What happened here?” he asked gently brushing a darkly bruised eye before moving to tug at the bloodstained rip in his arm. “Bullet graze,” Steve could see bruises still on his face, were fading now but they still looked tender.

Tired Tony leaned against the wall, Steve joining him. In a dark corner of the room they watched the people move together on the floor. Steve swallowed feeling suddenly tense and nervous, “I umm…I missed you,” he managed softly, feeling the blush on his cheeks, thankful for the dim lighting. Tony looked at the blonde man, focusing intently on nothing at all; he felt the sudden tension, the things left unsaid between them. “I missed you too,” he ventured, wondering if he’d be able to do what he’d set out to. The music changed then the beat slowly, people paring off. Taking a breath, Tony jumped in with both feet, “Let’s dance.” He grabbed a large hand dragging the big man onto the floor, expecting a protest he was pleasantly surprised when Steve, awkward and endearingly sweet, copied those around them wrapping big arms around Tony’s smaller frame.

Hiding his discomfort as his feet were trampled a few times, happy for the protection of his boots as they moved round the floor. “I’ve… I’ve never danced before,” Steve confessed, Tony gave him a half smile, “I’m a pretty terrible dancer myself,” he shared with a grin. Steve returned it
widely, taking a breath for courage he pulled Tony closer, the bodies pressed together tightly. Tony’s shock lasted a moment, before a sudden hopefulness blossomed in his chest; it was time to test the waters a little further. Steve bolstered by the positive response moved his hands a little lower, resting just below were the flack jacket ended, Tony shivered arms wrapping tightly around Steve’s neck. The pair in a world of their own, uncaring of the interested looks they were getting. Not realizing the arresting picture they presented, Steve in his dress uniform, a picture of another time a quite dignity and elegance about his form as he moved. Tony was the here and now; his desert combats dirty and worn. Two sides of the same coin.

The slow dance ended, the beat picking up once more. The pair paused, not wanting to let each other go. Tony grabbed the big hand once more, tugging Captain America out of the room and into the deserted hall way. Curious blue eyes widened as Tony pushed him against the wall before pressing his lips to Steve’s. The blonde had made the first move; Tony was going to up the ante. It took the big man all of half a second to respond. Eagerly if a little inexperienced he kissed back, big hands settling on slender hips as he pulled him close opening his mouth deepening the kiss.

It struck Tony momentarily they where making out like a couple of teenagers outside a school dance, an odd but apt way of looking at things. Parting they heaved for air, barely an inch apart, “Wanted to do that for so long.” Tony mumbled, kiss swollen lips quirked, “Me too.” Tony kissed him hard, once more, “Let’s get out of here.” Eagerly the blonde nodded grabbing a callused hand he pulled Tony towards the parking garage. Giddy with anticipation, he climbed on the back of Steve’s bike, tugging on his helmet as Captain America hurriedly sped off towards the Tower. Clever hands reached around giving Steve a brief squeeze, feeling him already hard and straining against his dress pants. Tony felt a large frame shudder, chuckling wickedly. Steve cranked up the bike, driving like a mad man. Laughing with abandon Tony squeezed against him tighter, his own straining need pressed between them; home couldn’t come quick enough. They didn’t stop until they were in the garage.

It was some feat for the pair to make their way to upstairs, laughing and stumbling over one another not wanting to be separated for a moment. Heading for the closest room, they spilled into Steve’s. Tony hurriedly shedding Kevlar, scarf, and over shirt, hopping as he struggled to undo his boots. Steve was unbuttoning his jacket and shirt hurrying to be rid of the clothing, hungry for naked skin. There was a need; hot and all consuming….they had come so close to losing one another before they’d even had a chance. Tony threw off his t-shirt his arc glowing in the dimness of the room, illuminating the sculpted perfection before him. Steve was stripped to his boxers; waiting…Tony was on him the pair falling into the bed, kissing wherever their mouths would reach. Nipping at perfect pink nipples he felt Steve gasp in pleasure.

Not one to idle Steve gave into temptation hands running across sinewy frame, circling the blue reactor feeling Tony shudder in pleasure, filing that information away. Moving to the band of his underwear as Tony moved his lips to the band of Steve’s. There was the briefest of hesitations by both before Tony was tugging his boxers off, and he was pulling on Tony’s. Steve had been nervous about this moment, worried that about being somehow inadequate. Embarrassment turned to surprise as he caught Tony’s small blush staining his cheeks in the glow from his chest. Suddenly Steve felt confident, in control, he sat up tugging Tony close the man gasping in surprise. He had almost expected Steve to be innocent, hesitant, but was very much turned on by the aggressive Steve who was holding his hips tightly, kissing him sloppily. Almost dazed with
passion Tony felt fingers in his mouth, sucking them deeply without thinking about it. Another big hand moving to stroke his already painful erection.

Steve was determined, he recalled his men from that night in the woods the erotic picture held in his mind, overlaying with the dream. He removed his fingers replacing them with his mouth, as the now slicked digits moved to probe at Tony’s tight entrance. Gasping Tony grinned a little trusting against the intrusion, secretly loving the take charge attitude of the blonde. He tried to relax as a single digit penetrated him, moving inside, stretching him, joined by a second long blunt finger. Unable to help it he moved into the fingers egging Steve on. The blonde was dying; he wanted to be inside the dark headed man… desperate to feel him.

Long fingers hit something in Tony then that had him shouting in pleasured surprise, “Steve,” he moaned, breaking the other man there and then. The fingers stretching him disappeared Tony feeling suddenly empty had no time to complain as he was bodily picked up and turned to face away from his soon to be lover. His confusion lasted seconds as Steve quickly spit in his hand coating his own straining erection; lifting Tony’s hips he brought him down slowly penetrating the sorter man. Chocolate eyes widened as he felt the rather substantial intrusion, trying to relax he winced in pain, biting his lip as Steve began to sink inch by inch inside him.

Steve shuddered pausing fully sheathed inside the other man; eyes closed breathing deep that tight heat was incredible. “Tony,” he mumbled kissing a broad shoulder bring his hands up he pulled the man flush to his chest a palm resting firmly on his reactor. Tony shuddered this time, shifting hips slightly, the pain subsiding to a dull throb, leaving him feeling full, stretched; he shifted again. Steve gripped his hips again, “Don’t…” he tried but the wicked streak in the smaller man got the better of him and he moved very deliberately snapping that super soldier control. Steve pushed them forward Tony on his hands and knees shouted in pained pleasure as the big man began to thrust inside him, slowly at first, but gaining strength and momentum. “Steve…ohhh…” he moaned burring his face in the sheets, panting, he arched back into Steve, shifting slightly, he felt the blunt head of the other hit his sweet spot head on. “Ahhh!” he cried. Steve grinned wickedly this time, as suddenly his long buried fantasy was here. That strong back arching for him, buried deep in that sweet tight heat, as Tony called his name. Leaning forward he kissed sweat-damped flesh on his neck hand moving to jerk Tony.

As that big hand fisted around him Tony lost it, one more solid hit his prostate and he was cumming hard. Spilling across Steve and the bedspread he moaned into the comforter. Tony tightened around him impossibly; he thrust twice more he too found his release shuddering at the intensity of it. Hands gripping hips hard enough to bruise.

They collapsed onto the bed then Steve gingerly pulling out of the new found lover, before pulling him into his arms. Tony smiled languid in the after glow, “Where’d you learn that,” he asked smiling sleepily, “Half expected you to be a virgin.” Steve blushed a little looking into hooded eyes, “I was…it just happened to catch two of my men…..” He trailed off and Tony chuckled, “Glad you did.” He rolled to kiss him once more slow and sweet, “I really need to shower, want to join me?” he smiled seductively, “Help me keep my stitches dry.” Steve frowned; coming to stand beside him he gently kissed the bandage, before scooping the tired man into his arms.
“How about a bath?” He suggested, Tony moaning in bliss, looped an arm around his neck he leaned his head on a broad shoulder, “I love you Steve, I need to tell you that. You don’t need to say it back or anything…but I needed to tell you.” He felt the other pause, curious he looked up into the serious face, suddenly worried he’d ruined everything. “You beat me too it,” he said finally giving him a smile, “I love you too.” Grinning Tony leaned up and kissed him on the nose, “Best Halloween ever,” he sighed, Steve snorted, “Halloween indeed…” he muttered, “You sound like an old man,” Tony laughed before pointing, “Bathe me now, then we can sleep. Think I’ll sleep for a few days.” Chuckling Steve gathered him close stepping into the tiled room, “Sounds like a plan. Oh by the way Tony, what do they mean when the say ‘he needs to get laid?’” Tony’s laughter echoed off the bathroom walls.

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“Well what happened Cupid?” Natasha glanced around the floor unable to spot either Tony or Steve, “Left ages ago, mission accomplished.” He winked at her feeling rather smug, the recruits could thank him later, the rumor was Captain Rogers…needed to get laid badly and as far as Clint figured it had all gone swimmingly. “How did you manage it?” Chuckling he threw an arm around her, realizing it would probably be green now. “Right place, right time.” She gave him a mock glare, “Happy Halloween Clint,” he steered them onto the dance floor, “Happy Halloween Natasha.”

End

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