

dick drunk

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31173011) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31173011>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Marvel (Comics) , The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types
Relationship:	Steve Rogers/Tony Stark
Characters:	Steve Rogers , Tony Stark
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Porn with Feelings , Tony Stark Needs a Hug , Steve Rogers is Not a Virgin , Bottom Tony Stark , Top Steve Rogers , Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism , fucking makes it better , Rimming , Comeplay , Spanking , Rough Sex , Dirty Talk , POV Tony Stark , Protective Steve Rogers , Multiple Orgasms , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Pining Tony Stark , Pining Steve Rogers , Mutual Pining , Resolved Sexual Tension , Dom/sub Undertones , Intense Sex , New Avengers Vol. 1 (2004) , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Collections:	VH , we're bringing sexy back
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-08 Words: 17,650 Chapters: 1/1

dick drunk

by [mistymountainking](#)

Summary

“I’m going to fuck you stupid,” Steve says, pulling away only a fraction of an inch to say it, a promise as deep and certain as the look in his eyes, “and you’re going to take it. Aren’t you, Tony.”

Tony wants a drink. Steve gives him something else.

Notes

this is pure, unrepentant smut cleverly disguised as a bunch of Tony angst, with a healthy dose of mutual pining and dirty, sexy Steve.

set just after New Avengers #6, after the fight with SHIELD in the Savage Lands. I mean, why *is* Tony naked when he answers Jessica's call at the start of #7, HMM??

He has more good days than not, which, for an alcoholic, are pretty decent odds all things considered. It used to be the other way around, and that wasn't good for anyone. Especially the Avengers—new, old, or future.

So when Tony feels the itch start in his fingertips, that telltale tacky dryness prickle in his mouth, after days of fighting everyone from the prisoners at the Raft to corrupt SHIELD agents and dinosaurs in the Savage Land, he goes dark. Says goodnight to Jarvis and the team, the *new* team, with as big a smile as he can muster even as he shoves his trembling hands into the back pockets of his jeans and pivots on a heel, fully intending on beelining it straight to the elevator and down to the workshop.

It's just stress, he tells himself. And nerves. A lot of those. But that's to be expected, isn't it? A few days ago he was doing the Lone Ranger thing again, and now there are two Spider-people in his living room, and Luke Cage is talking about moving his wife and unborn child into the tower.

And Steve. Steve is here, back in his life in a way he hasn't been in ages, slotted back into place like he never left, and that fact isn't the thing that makes Tony want to drink, really, but it's definitely pushing him over the edge of something he doesn't want to acknowledge, or dwell on, but he recognizes it all the same. And usually when that happens, he turns to alcohol to blur the view, but there's no alcohol in the tower. Not even mouthwash. But he has the workshop, and blackout protocols in place to keep people *out* and himself *in*.

It's not the same as getting blackout drunk when the shit hits the fan, but a good 72-hour uninterrupted workshop binge should just about do the trick.

That's the plan, anyways, until Steve's hand appears out of nowhere and shoots out to stop the elevator doors from closing.

"Room for one more?" he asks, even as he's maneuvering his bulk into the mirrored box. Tony, feeling clammy all of a sudden, hasn't even had a chance to hit the button for the workshop floor.

"Course," Tony replies, shifting aside to let Steve in. Even Steve looks tired after days of relentless action, ups and downs and everything in between—he looks hopeful, tired and harried, and a little lost, but there's an undercurrent of something behind his eyes that makes the hairs stand up on the back of Tony's neck. Steve's always had issues with adrenaline after long battles, Tony remembers; he's probably wondering where the heavy bags are.

Biting down a smile, Tony offers: "Gym's on the 40th floor. Living quarters are on floors 57, 58, and 59."

"What's on 60?"

"Penthouse," Tony answers blithely. Steve nods, smiling to himself as if he's thinking, *duh, I should have known that*. "Have you picked out a room yet?"

“Not yet,” Steve demurs. He even has the decency to look *embarrassed*. “Been a bit preoccupied.”

“Yeah,” Tony chuckles, “I’ll grant you that. Come on, I’ll show you around.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Steve says, and *God*, even after all this time, after everything they’ve been through, he still manages to sound so goddamn earnest, like everything Tony does for him is an unnecessary expenditure of Tony’s invaluable time and effort and not what Tony loves doing most in the world.

God. The things Tony would do for Steve Rogers if he’d let him.

It says everything about his current state of fatigue—the roughened, vulnerable place he must be in to admit this out loud to anyone, but especially to Steve, who’s standing there next to him in the unmoving elevator like he has no place better to be—when Tony chuckles and answers:

“It’s a lot better than what I had planned for the evening.”

The words taste bitter on his tongue. He wants to wash them down with something amber. He *can’t*, and he tells himself he won’t, but nothing changes the fact that right now he is so strung out and overwhelmed by everything that’s happened the past few days that he *wants* to drink.

Steve turns toward him, broad chest straining against his white tee shirt. Tony doesn’t look. He doesn’t have to. He’s thought enough about Steve’s chest over the years, he could draw a perfect 1:1 ratio of it from memory.

“What *did* you have planned?” he asks carefully, and Tony knows before he opens his mouth that the truth will out, because Steve has that effect on him. He always has, goddamn him. But for once, Tony is almost relieved, because if there’s anyone in the world who will appreciate what it means for Tony to say this, it’s Steve Rogers.

“Oh, you know, lock myself in the workshop for a few days until I forget about how much I want a drink.”

The pin-drop silence makes Tony’s skin crawl. Maybe he misjudged—maybe it’s too soon to put this kind of thing on Steve’s shoulders, what with everything else he’s been burdened with this week. But too late now; the words are in the air. Tony can’t take them back.

Steve shifts, his heavy blue jacket lifting from his hips as he raises a hand and rests it on Tony’s shoulder. Even at arm’s length, Tony can feel the heat radiating off the man, as bright and infectious as the day they met.

“You haven’t—?”

“No, no, don’t worry. It’s just an itch, it’ll pass.”

Tony reaches out for the keypad, fully intending on hitting the button for the workshop floor, way down in the belly of the tower where he won’t disturb anyone. Where no one will disturb

him.

Steve reaches out with his other hand and holds Tony by the wrist. Stops him a few inches shy of the button.

“Why do you want to drink, Tony?”

Steve sounds upset. He sounds—Tony looks up and sees it, the *sadness* there, the worry writ large in those beautiful blues, but he’s relieved to note that Steve isn’t disappointed in him. He’d see it if he was. The frowny face is cute, though.

“Just stressed out,” Tony replies. “You know how it is. Too much too fast too soon—gotta level myself out somehow.” He leaves out the bigger picture stuff, the things he really can’t bear thinking about even as—or maybe especially as—the New Avengers move into the tower: Wanda and Vision, Hawkeye and Ant-Man, the mansion, their *home*... he shrugs. “It used to be booze; now I subliminate the urge with tech benders. It’s a win/win for everyone, when you think about it: I don’t drink, and the Avengers get new toys.”

“It’s not a win for *you*,” Steve says. The furrow between his brows deepens. “Exhausting yourself isn’t good for your health, and we need you healthy and rested for what’s ahead of us.”

Tony smiles gamely and pats Steve’s hand, the one on his wrist that hasn’t moved this whole time.

“I’ll get plenty of rest on the other side of this,” he says. “Just need to ride out the itch first.”

Before Tony can retrieve his wrist from Steve’s grasp, the fingers around it squeeze ever so slightly. The energy in the elevator shifts just as subtly, a frisson of *something* crackling to life in the air that wasn’t there half a second ago. Tony looks up at Steve, who hasn’t moved a muscle, but who *feels* closer all of a sudden. His chest rises and falls evenly, but Tony—who over the course of his lifetime has studied that chest to within an inch of its life—can tell Steve’s breathing has sped up.

That post-battle adrenaline must really be doing a number on him.

For a moment, Steve holds him there under his searching gaze, one massive hand still wrapped around Tony’s wrist. The heat in the elevator is climbing, Tony notices, sweat building up in the small of his back. It’s hard to think with Steve this close, even if he hasn’t moved any further into Tony’s space; alone together in an elevator, alone for the first time in god knows how long, and all it takes for Tony’s higher thoughts to dislodge and fall headlong into pining, pining, *want* is Steve’s hands on him, his eyes on his.

And here he thought he’d shoved that addiction down just as well as he had the alcohol.

When Steve pulls away, folds his arms across his chest, cold air rushes back in, dousing whatever inappropriate thoughts Tony was thinking of having before they can materialize. Tony assumes the conversation must be over. He offers Steve an awkward half-smile and

goes to reach for the button for the workshop floor *again*, but this time, Steve beats him to the panel.

He presses the button for the penthouse.

Tony's first thought is quite tame, he'll remember later. He thinks, wryly, that Steve is just making sure Tony goes to bed instead of going to the workshop. That he'll order Tony under the covers and wait until he starts snoring to leave. Because Steve is a bossy mother hen, and this week has been rough on all of them, to say nothing of the past year. It wouldn't be the first time.

When Steve faces him, rises to his full height and levels a look at him that is equal parts Captain America and *Captain America*, Tony isn't surprised in the slightest.

"You can't give me a bedtime, Cap," he says lightly. "You're not my *real mom*."

The elevator lifts them smoothly up, smooth as the suit in flight, the subtle Gs making Tony's stomach swoop. The only reason he notices time passing is because of the floor numbers flashing on the screen behind Steve's head.

"Tell me something, Tony," Steve says—and it's not a command, but it's not *not* a command, and Tony tells himself that that doesn't do anything for him—"when you used to drink. What were you looking for, at the bottom of the bottle?"

It's the most forthright question Steve has ever put to him about his alcoholism. The sheer shock of it makes Tony's mouth drop open. He's not offended, just...surprised. Steve's done a lot of growing over the years—sometimes Tony forgets, and then sometimes Steve says something like *that*, knocks him upside the head with it.

"Uh," he says, smartly, "I don't know what you mean, Cap."

"Yes, you do."

"I—well, shit, what is any drunk looking for?" Tony bites out, a little more harshly than he intended, but it's not like Steve's plucking at a particularly *resilient* nerve, here. Throwing his arms out wide he continues, "What do you think *I* could possibly want at the bottom of a bottle after everything that's happened this past year?"

"I want you to tell me," Steve replies.

"*Oblivion*, Steve!" Tony all but shouts. Because Steve is too smart not to know this. How can he not? It's always been Tony's need, to disappear into something, anything big enough to take all of him until Tony Stark no longer exists. Iron Man. Stark Industries. Sex. The Avengers. *Alcohol*. "I want to forget, for two seconds, that a bunch of our friends died recently, and razed our *home* in the process. I want to ignore how much my back hurts, because I'm not as young as I used to be. I want to forget how old I'm getting, how scared I am about this new team. How easy it was for *you* to convince me to let them in." Breathing hard now, Tony rubs the heel of one hand against his forehead. "I just want my brain to shut off and to not have to think about the real world for two fucking seconds."

The elevator dings, announcing their arrival, at the same time Tony drops his hand and Steve surges forward, taking up the dedicated space between them that's been there for years and that Tony has never called into question until this exact moment, because one minute he's ranting about how he's trying not to let his need for a drink get the better of him, and the next he's got a mouthful of Steve Rogers, whose arms come around him and *lift* Tony out of the elevator and into the penthouse before Tony can even string a coherent thought together.

For a split-second Tony thinks he's flying. But he's not in the suit—it's *Steve*. Steve, who's carrying him from room to room like he's already memorized the layout of the place as he kisses the breath out of Tony like *Steve's* life depends on it.

And, Christ, has Tony thought about kissing Steve Rogers. A lot. A man can fit a fair few fantasies into the span of a decade, after all. But here he'd thought he'd imagined them all: post-battle snogs, sweet and lingering kisses under sprigs of mistletoe; hell, he'd entertained more than a few iterations of their wedding day kiss at the altar. But this: this hot, almost devouring kiss, Steve's hands firm on his hips, lifting him bodily without struggle and keeping his feet a few inches above ground, is beyond anything Tony could have ever imagined.

Tony has never been one to look a gift horse in the mouth. When Steve tips his head to the right and kisses Tony like one of them is dying, hot and hard and openmouthed, Tony follows suit, throwing his arms around Steve's thick neck and his legs around Steve's hips, surging forward to kiss back and finally, *finally* feel that big beautiful chest against his. In an instant, Tony is hot all over.

"What—what is this," he gasps against Steve's lips when the other man pulls away to let him breathe. Steve moves a hand under Tony's ass, claspings a handful and squeezing, *hard*. He swallows Tony's moan with a scorching kiss that leaves Tony dizzy. He hears Steve turn the doorknob and realizes with a jolt that Steve is, in fact, taking him to *bed*.

Before he can stop himself, Tony presses against Steve, *plasters* himself, more like, until he's leeching Steve's body heat for his own and chasing his hot, unhurried tongue with his.

"You gotta tell me, Steve," he groans, watching the door slam shut behind Steve with the kind of resolute sound that usually means someone's angry and not very, *very* horny. "Did Jessica hit you with pheromones or something? Do I need to get Strange down here to run a blood panel on you?"

"Don't you dare," Steve husks before diving in for another kiss that knocks the air right out of Tony's lungs. And that's great, that's—*fuck*, that's so good, Tony thinks, shivering at the scrape of Steve's perfect teeth against his swelling bottom lip, but it's not an answer, and this is too close to everything Tony's ever wanted from Steve for him to just let it *happen*.

"Steve, please," Tony insists, reluctantly prying his fingers away from Steve's neck and holding them against his shoulders. Only when Steve stops trying to Hoover Tony's soul out through his mouth does Tony realize he's a good four, almost five feet off the ground. Steve lets him down with a pout that Tony refuses to capitulate to, but it's a near thing. Panting like he's just run a mile, Tony looks Steve in the eye and says: "Not that this isn't—" *oh god, don't say 'everything I've ever dreamed of and then some,' don't give yourself away, Stark—*

“absolutely lovely, but this all coming a bit out of left field. Care to share with the class what it is you’re scheming?”

There. He acted like an adult and did the adult thing. Where’s his cookie?

Steve’s hands are back on him like they never left. Like he never *wanted* them to leave. Tony isn’t exactly complaining—Steve’s hands are magic, big and steady and confident, like the rest of him, and they curve around his hip and the swell of his ass perfectly. And he *looks* confident, dead certain about whatever it is that’s going through his brain, which is encouraging, but still isn’t doing anything to answer Tony’s question.

“Steve?”

“You said you wanted oblivion,” Steve replies. “I’d like to be the one to give it to you.”

Tony laughs. “Steve, that’s not your job. Besides, I’ve tried replacing booze with sex, and it’s really only a quick fix at best,” he says. Something dark flashes in Steve’s eyes at that, the same way, Tony realizes, they did when Tony had mentioned *riding out the itch* before. Sure enough, Steve is moving in closer in response, his grip on Tony’s body tightening noticeably, promising in a way that sends something deliciously, *dangerously* electric down Tony’s spine.

He forgets, sometimes—not often, but every now and then—that Steve Rogers is Captain America even without the stars and stripes. All that strength, all that focus, all that goodness, all that genuine earnestness, all that intelligence; it’s all Steve. The rest is just branding.

So he forgives himself for forgetting, in his not-so-subtle idolization of Captain America, that Steve Rogers has also been around the block a few times since he got de-thawed. Which is why Tony squeaks a little when Steve uses that firm, unyielding grip he’s got on Tony’s body to press him up against him, *really* against him, so much so that Tony can feel the absolute monster filling out the front of Steve’s pants even as Steve dips his head down to press a searing kiss against a deceptively soft spot under Tony’s ear that Tony refuses to admit makes him weak in the knees.

“You’ve never had sex with *me*,” Steve tells him, voice a low growl in Tony’s ear. Before Tony can respond, Steve latches onto that same spot on his neck, sucking a bruise high and hard into the sensitive skin there. Forget weak, Tony’s knees are *water*.

“Are—*fuck*, Steve—are you sure?”

He should stop this. Even if they both want it—and Tony really, *really* wants it, has wanted it, wanted *Steve*, longer than he’s wanted anyone in his entire miserable life—it will hurt so much to have it and then watch Steve leave after.

“More than anything.”

Fuck it. He’s been hurt worse before.

Resolved, thrilled, terrified, and painfully needy, Tony does what he always does in these situations, Steve Rogers notwithstanding: he moves to take the lead, because while Steve’s

words are still ringing all of the bells in Tony's animal brain—*You've never had sex with me*—this is what Tony Stark is all about. And he would never be able to live with himself if he disappointed Steve in bed. Not after all the years the man has had to deal with hearing about Tony's sexual prowess.

Except when he does try, pressing his hands against Steve's shoulders to push him around and down onto the bed, he's met with pure resistance, a steel wall of Steve Rogers, who looks half-starved and is staring at Tony like he's a whole meal.

"Nice try," Steve says. His dark, promising smile is the last thing Tony sees before he's being lifted and dropped down belly-first across his own California King, face landing in pure white 1,000 thread count sheets that haven't been slept in once.

Hell of a christening, Tony thinks, giggling to himself only for the sound to cut off when he hears Steve's jacket hit the bedroom floor. Suddenly, he needs to turn around; he needs to *see*. But before Tony can lift a finger, Steve is on him, *over* him, pressing him into the duvet with the full length and breadth of his body and sealing his lips over that same spot on Tony's neck as before, purpling the bruise even deeper and darker with his hot, humid mouth while Tony gasps and moans against the bed.

"Yes, Steve, *god*, your *mouth* ..."

Steve just hums, licks the burning bruise on Tony's neck before bringing a hand up to cradle Tony's jaw and turn his head toward Steve. Tony goes willingly, because of course he does, and it's worth it, because he's seen Steve Rogers in a whole host of states: angry, vengeful, depressed, happy, but he's never seen him like *this*, like his pupils have just about been burned out of his skull with want, so blown out and dark Tony can see his reflection in them.

That would be enough to make Tony mewl with want, seeing how badly Steve wants him. But then Steve starts *talking*.

"Look at me, Tony," he says, as if Tony's not already drowning in Steve's eyes, but then his meaning becomes clear when he presses and drags his massive cock, hard pressed against the zipper of his jeans, against Tony's ass, and Tony's eyelashes fucking *flutter* because *holy shit*. He can feel every inch of him, thick and hot and so fucking long it has to be illegal in a few states. Tony must say something to that effect because Steve is humming again, not quite a moan, not quite a laugh, as he firms up his grip on Tony's jaw and grinds against his ass like a sealed promise Tony has to sign for.

"Feel that?" Steve asks, breathing hotly next to Tony's ear. Against Steve's hand, Tony nods, never breaking eye contact, even as Steve slowly pushes his own hips down to drag what is unmistakably the thick, blunt head of his cock up and against Tony's balls through his jeans. "Tell me you feel that. Feel me."

"I can feel it—you, Steve, *fuck*. Want to feel *more* of you..."

"Oh, you will," he answers, low and hot against Tony's mouth, kissing him slow and heavy and deep like it's an act of mercy. Tony moans into it, arching up on his elbows to meet Steve halfway, rocking back with what little leverage he can muster under Steve's weight to grind

against his cock, which he wants inside him *yesterday*, holy shit. “I’m going to fuck you stupid,” Steve says, pulling away only a fraction of an inch to say it, a promise as deep and certain as the look in his eyes, grinding the whole time, “and you’re going to take it. Aren’t you, Tony.”

“Yes, holy shit, Steve, you are rocking my *world* right now—”

“Stay there.” Steve’s voice is raspy already, Tony thinks wildly as air rushes back into his lungs in Steve’s absence. Not that Steve’s gone far—oh no, Tony can still *vividly* feel the beast in Steve’s pants where it’s pressed up against his ass—but he’s off of him enough to take off his t-shirt, which Tony can tell by the rattling of dog tags on the ball chain that never leaves Steve’s neck. And then Tony feels hands reach under his hips and grip the waist of his jeans and *pull*, hard and fast, taking Tony’s briefs and socks and shoes with them, incredibly, until he’s left in nothing but a black Henley, spread-eagled on his own bed.

“Nice move, Cap—Sharon teach you that one?” he says breathlessly, laughing. He doesn’t expect the smart, sharp smack to the ass he gets in response, but *oh*, he loves it, arching up for another one that never comes, because Steve is too busy undoing his own belt buckle. But he does hear the man hum thoughtfully, even as he shucks his own jeans and kicks them onto the floor to join the rest of their clothes.

Tony does the obedient thing for once and waits, because he wants to see what Steve’s got planned—sure, he’ll reassert himself later, but for now it’s a thrill to lie spread out for Steve and *wonder*. Maybe Steve’s not as vanilla as Tony made him out to be.

“I learned a lot of things before I met Sharon,” Steve’s voice rumbles in his ear, and Tony gasps, because *when had he moved*, and then he’s moaning into the duvet because of Steve’s hands, both of them, kneading and spreading his ass, hot and insistent. “I’m not the boy scout you think I am, Tony.”

“Well, can you blame me for assuming, Mr. Fate-Brought-Us-Back-Together?”

Steve smacks him on the ass again for that, the opposite cheek, smothering Tony’s cry with his mouth before it hits the air. Each kiss is a brand on Tony’s heart, on his *soul*, and he’s not counting them but he’s not going to forget a single one of them, either. This one is hard, fierce like Steve is fierce in battle, charging forward with single-minded focus; Tony moans, kissing back as much as he can in this position, bent-backed and breathless as Steve siphons the air from his lungs and sucks his lips until they’re slick and pliable and helpless against Steve’s. When his arms start to tremble from the effort of holding himself upright, Steve notices, and he moves a hand from Tony’s ass to his throat, holding him there so, so gently, even as he continues to plunder Tony’s mouth like he’s digging for gold. Tony shivers—Steve is so strong, he could crush Tony’s windpipe as easily as if it were a twig, but Steve is also hypercompetent and infinitely caring. He would never let it happen.

Tony falls into it, Steve’s kiss, the hard, kneading hand on his ass; his own erection catching against the duvet is practically an afterthought. He just wants *more* : more skin, more contact, more *Steve*, almost more than anything he’s ever wanted in his life.

Almost.

“Can I take this off?” Steve asks, pulling at the hem of Tony’s shirt. It’s the first question he’s put to Tony that requires an answer, and it takes Tony a second to respond. When he does, it’s in the form of stripping the offending article from his own body, revealing the whole of himself to Steve’s eyes—the backside, anyways. And that’s fine, he can handle that much; Steve doesn’t have to see the scars, or the arc reactor, in this position. Maybe that’s why he laid Tony out like this in the first place, so he wouldn’t have to see how painfully, boringly *human* the man inside the can really is.

It’s fine. His ass always was his best feature.

Tony swallows down the bitter pang of his own miserly self-consciousness and arches his back under Steve’s roving hands, purring under the attention and shoving down thoughts of scars and judgment and pain. Steve seems determined to only make him feel *good*, so Tony focuses on that.

“Where have you been hiding those hands of yours all this time, Winghead?”

That gets a laugh out of Steve, finally, short and low and sweet. “Right in front of me, Shellhead.”

“Har-har-har,” Tony deadpans. “Keep that up, though, and I might pass out on you.”

Steve pauses his ministrations with his hands on either of Tony’s hips. The gentling motions, contrasted with the too-fleeting smacks from earlier, are starting to make Tony’s head spin. When he feels Steve move over him again, the feeling deepens; the man is so large, so hot, so *everywhere*, it’s impossible to move an inch and not feel him. It’s liable to make anyone lose the run of themselves, even someone with an indefatigable brain like Tony’s.

“Can’t have that,” Steve says, pressing a kiss between Tony’s shoulders. “I haven’t even gotten started with you, yet.”

“No?” Tony responds, hoping his voice doesn’t betray the terrified thrill that goes through him at Steve’s words. In a second it doesn’t even matter anymore, though, because Steve’s got a hand on the back of Tony’s neck and is pressing him down, face first into the duvet, and lifting his hips up with the other, brushing burning kisses down the length of his spine as he does so. Hysterically Tony thinks Steve can’t possibly be planning what Tony thinks—hopes—he is. He’s gross, hasn’t showered in a couple days, but that doesn’t seem to be stopping Steve, who’s spreading Tony’s ass with one hand and licking a hot, wet stripe up from Tony’s balls to his clenching, empty hole, groaning like *his* life depends on it.

Tony wails into the goose down, fingers clenching the edge of the mattress, his whole body *shuddering* like he’s got the chills. Steve just rolls with it, taking every shift and judder of Tony’s body in stride, his tongue never leaving the tight furl of Tony’s hole; if anything, he presses his face *closer*, humming as he licks and sucks Tony’s rim, opening him up with infinite patience and that insistent, wet tongue until he goes from prodding little licks to a deep, languorous tonguing that leaves Tony drooling even as he babbles himself breathless, “Fuck, Steve, *fuck* yes, don’t stop, *oh my god, ohh...*”

Steve pulls away with a wet suctioning sound, filthy and loud in the soundproofed bedroom. Tony moans at that, because who wouldn't. It's so lewd, so unlike Steve, but he knows if he looks over his shoulder, that's who he'll see. And isn't *that* a whole mindfuck.

"You're so noisy in bed," Steve says, but because Tony can't see his face, he doesn't see the way Steve smiles when he says it. Something small and hurt curls up in Tony's chest; he buries his face in the sheets and mutters an apology. Steve's answer comes in the form of a hand to Tony's untouched cock, warm and firm, barely moving once it wraps around him. Tony shudders and whimpers, trying desperately to smother his noises so he doesn't annoy Steve with them, but Steve once again is in his ear, rumbling deeply, "Don't hide from me, Tony. Never from me. I earned those noises—I want to hear them."

God, Tony thinks, who does Steve think he is, being this hot and this sweet all at once. What is Tony supposed to do—*not* fall any more in love with him? Granted, that ship sailed eons ago, but Tony likes to think he still has some degree of restraint left in him. Maybe. After this, though, probably not. But that's a problem for Future Tony to deal with, after Steve *fucks him stupid*.

As if to drive home his point, Steve rocks back and Tony is crying out, loud and unrestrained, when he feels that long, scalding tongue push back inside him and lick, deep and wet, all the way back out to lave Tony's hole before Steve is spearing him again and kissing his rim with all of the dedication and attention he paid his mouth before, hard, sucking kisses that make Tony moan like he's dying, but what a way to fucking go, pried open on Steve Rogers's tongue while he holds Tony's impossibly hard cock so, so gently, lets it drool precome thick and heavy over his fingers as he works Tony open.

"Yes, yes, *yes*, oh my—fuck, Steve, fuck, *Steve*," Tony chants, pushing against the hand on his neck as he moves against Steve's face, shameless now, wishing he had a mirror to watch this in, because Steve is always gorgeous, but he's never seen Steve with his face buried in Tony's ass like he wants to live there, licking him loose and sloppy wet while Tony gasps against the mattress, trying to maintain enough higher brain function to memorize the feeling of Steve fluttering his tongue against Tony's rim before sliding it past and fucking him with it and failing. Miserably. Gladly. Jury's out.

Steve rewards Tony's plaintive, mindless moaning with a lewd, wet suck to his hole; Tony's senses are so focused on that spot, he can *feel* the muscles quivering where Steve presses his lips, pressing hard before humming deep and low in his chest, a resonant sound that vibrates through Tony and makes him gasp and buck against Steve's mouth with a choked *ohfuckyes*.

When Steve's tongue unceremoniously leaves Tony's ass, Tony groans. "God, Steve, *more*," he croaks, turning his face so he's not being muffled, and tries to catch a glimpse of the man who just ate him out like a starving man at a buffet. He catches a hint of shine on the corner of Steve's mouth before he's got both of Steve's hands grabbing and manhandling him onto his back like Tony is a featherweight. Which is impressive, because he's not. He and Steve are pretty evenly matched when it comes to height, and while Steve's definitely got more mass on Tony, Tony isn't *slight*. But with Steve's super strength, he might as well be.

Tony tells himself that isn't a turn on. It is, but he can deny it a little longer.

That's his last thought before he realizes with a cold shock of dread that Steve has turned him over onto his *back*, and that there's nothing stopping Steve from getting an eyeful of Tony's scarred, brutalized chest, or the bright blue battery in the middle of it.

"Ah..." Tony huffs a soft laugh, smiling crookedly and averting his eyes so he can't see the expression on Steve's face. He doesn't want to see the sadness, or the disappointment. He can't stand it. This is why he never takes his shirt off during hookups. Relationships, sure, he can build up to this, but Steve didn't offer him that. He offered to fuck him stupid.

Unfortunately for both of them, Tony can still think straight.

"Bit of a downer, I know," he says lightly, staring up at the ceiling, hands hovering undecidedly on either side of his head. "You can just turn me back over, I don't mind."

Steve is slow to answer. When he does, a minute or so later—the longest of Tony's life, he's pretty sure—it's with a gentle hand against Tony's sternum, below the arc reactor, nothing but the barest touch of fingertips to naked skin. Tony shivers, his cock twitching even at that chaste touch. He looks up at Steve from his place on the bed and shivers harder, thighs dropping open ever so slightly, on instinct, at the voracious expression on Steve's handsome face, the slick shine of his own saliva all over his lips and nose and chin.

The thing is, Tony knows what people look like when they're put off by the scars, the reactor—there's always a flinch, a wince, maybe a sympathetic tutting, like Tony is some pitiable creature they found in the road. He knows what it feels like to be looked at like he's disgusting, disposable; that kind of scrutiny, that *judgment*, is impossible to forget.

Tony doesn't know if he can describe how Steve is looking at him, even with his brain on high alert, borderline fight-or-flight mode, because he's *never* been looked at the way Steve is looking at him right now.

"God, Tony..." he says, a low rasp that comes from somewhere deep inside him. In the low light of Tony's bedroom, the arc reactor lights up Steve's roving eyes an even more vivid blue, deepens the unfathomable black at the center of them until Tony feels like he's falling in headfirst. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Tony burns with embarrassment. He knows his face is bright red, because Steve is staring right at it and grinning like he just won a prize.

"Flatterer," Tony rasps, breathing shallowly against Steve's steady hand.

"Can't help it if it's true," Steve replies, leaning forward with both eyes rapt on Tony's face before he hesitates with a wince. "Ah—hold that thought."

Before Tony can blink, Steve is off the bed, making a beeline for the bathroom and leaving Tony naked, starfished and Steve-less on the mattress. "Uh."

"Grab lube!" comes Steve's voice from the bathroom, muffled slightly like he's chewing on something. Lucky for Steve, Tony's legs still work; he moves up onto his knees and reaches

across to the bedside table, tugging open a drawer and rifling around for the bottle of lube he knows is in there. (Hedonism, thy name is Tony Stark.)

As Tony rights himself onto his knees, he hears running water and a long gargling sound, followed shortly by the sound of Steve spitting in the sink.

“Cute,” Tony mutters to himself, laughingly.

“I heard that!” Steve calls out, emerging a moment later from the bathroom with one of Tony’s fluffy white hand towels against his face. He drops it and smiles, which would normally be enough to make Tony’s heart skip a beat—Steve really does have the most gorgeous smile, big and a little goofy, nothing at all like Tony’s plasticine fakes, thank goodness—but then it hits Tony with the force of a chest blow from the Hulk that Steve, Steve *Rogers*, is completely fucking naked in front of him. *For* him. And not only that, he’s *hard*. Painfully so, from the looks of it, the whole gorgeous length of him a deep, throbbing pink, that blunt head Tony had felt through his jeans earlier so slick with precome it’s practically *glossy*. There’s so much of it—even as Tony stares it spills over and runs down Steve’s shaft, following a particularly protrusive vein all the way down to his balls like a river through a gorge. Tony wants it in his mouth *yesterday*.

And then there’s the rest of him—Steve, standing there waiting for Tony to react, a shit-eating grin on his face if Tony ever saw one, and Tony has seen Steve’s shit-eating grin so many times over the years, but never with this heady undercurrent of promise. He’s massive even out of the suit, tall and broad, but graceful, gentle as he climbs back onto the bed and reaches for Tony; even as he watches Steve move, all that muscle and strength, he can clearly see the guy Steve used to be—that bony, sickly kid who picked every battle that was worth fighting, even if it was the neighborhood bully for stealing the neighbor’s milk money.

“You’re still thinking too much,” Steve smiles, carding his fingers through the hairs on the back of Tony’s head. When he presses with a faint upward movement, Tony goes without a word of complaint, up over Steve’s thighs and down onto his lap, too riveted by Steve’s mouth so close to his to realize their cocks are barely an inch apart. “What about?”

“Uh,” Tony murmurs, breathless again already. Steve is so fucking *warm*. “You?”

Steve smiles again, bigger this time, and leans forward to kiss Tony properly, palming the small of his back but not pulling him in any closer. Tony is so greedy, so eager and weak, he takes Steve’s kiss without a second’s hesitation, rolling into it with a moan that’s been caught in his throat since Steve left the bed to—

“Did you brush your teeth?” Tony splutters.

Steve chuckles, nuzzling Tony’s nose with his. This close, Tony can count the freckles on Steve’s cheeks. There are twenty-seven. “I did.”

“You used my toothbrush, didn’t you.”

“I’ll buy you a new one,” Steve replies, gaze never straying from Tony’s mouth. “I wasn’t about to stop kissing you,” he husks, and then he’s proving his point, laving Tony’s bottom

lip with the flat of his tongue before slipping it between his teeth and pulling Tony in for a kiss that makes him keen, helpless against Steve's sweet, perfect mouth, those slow, soft passes of Steve's lips against his, so lulling and so good it makes Tony want to cry, because this really is everything he's ever wanted. Steve in his arms, in his bed, taking up space in his life the way he's been taking up space in his heart for years.

Tony can't even muster the energy to balk at his own nakedness in light of his deliriousness as every last thought in his head is pushed out of alignment by Steve's sweet, hungry mouth. And then there's Steve's nakedness, the hard, hot planes of his perfect body against Tony's, the slightest slip of sweat already easing the way between them. But Steve's hands stay on Tony's back. He doesn't move to take Tony's cock in hand again, or even slip his fingers into Tony's wet, loosened hole; he can feel Steve's spit on his rim, cooling in the open air as he sits spread out over Steve's massive, muscular thighs.

"Not that I don't love a good makeout session," Tony says, pulling away from Steve's mouth disdainfully, "But I thought you were gonna fuck me stupid?" He's happy to continue to let Steve drive but he's helplessly curious all the same. The question is just a little *are we there yet?* in case Steve forgot.

"Are you still thinking about that drink?" Steve asks, moving a hand up to cradle Tony's face. His palm is so huge, it covers most of Tony's jaw and cheek too. When his thumb comes up to brush against Tony's bottom lip, kiss-bruised and tingling, Tony sighs. The temptation to take that thumb into his mouth and suck is so strong, but he knows Steve won't let the question go that easily.

Tony shakes his head.

"It's not exactly a priority anymore, no."

"But it's still in there."

"It always is," Tony murmurs, dropping a kiss to Steve's lips to chase away the sour taste speaking that particular truth always leaves in his mouth. Steve breathes in deep and pushes up, grazing his chest against Tony's, not even flinching at the arc reactor as it grazes his sternum, pulling Tony in closer for another deep, hard kiss that makes Tony's head spin. Steve presses down with the hand on Tony's back and Tony gasps, forced forward until there isn't a speck of space between their bodies, not an inch of skin Tony can't feel acutely. Every nerve ending is precisely attuned to Steve, the soft wet heat of his tongue—which he'd had up Tony's ass not five minutes ago—fucking his slack mouth, the hand on his jaw moving him this way and that at Steve's whim, the burning brand of his massive, hot swollen cock grinding ever so slightly against his own.

"Oh, God," Tony moans, distantly aware of himself like he's left his body out of pure overwhelm. Steve is pressed against him, hot and long and so fucking thick, Tony has to put his hands on him to believe it. He takes Steve's moan into his mouth with a smile of his own when his fingers wrap around Steve's cock, and fuck, they barely meet, he's so thick, all the way around, hot and slick with precome, enough to smooth the way when Tony decides to push down, down, all the way to the root, knuckles brushing the golden thatch of Steve's pubic hair before he pulls back up. Steve pants against Tony's mouth, ragged little noises of

want leaking out of his beautiful, unblemished throat, his eyes burning through Tony's as he works Steve's cock with both hands, arching up into every push and down into every pull, his ass brushing Steve's thighs on every twisting pass of his palm over Steve's weeping slit.

"*Hah, fuck,*" Steve hisses, finally breaking that perfect resolve with a curse, and God, isn't he gorgeous when he curses, Tony thinks, kissing the word right out of Steve's open mouth.

"That's right, big boy," Tony hums, fucking Steve's cock between his hands slow and twisting and long, "two can play at this game."

Steve groans something hoarse and needy and takes his hand away from Tony's back, just long enough to grab the bottle of lube Tony forgot he'd retrieved from the bedside drawer, pop the cap and slick his fingers with a wet, telling squelch.

"We'll see about that, Shellhead," Steve says, flexing his thighs hard and fast so Tony almost bounces up off of them and pressing two dripping wet fingers into Tony's empty hole as he comes back down.

That high, plaintive keening sound is coming from *him*, Tony realizes, hands abandoning Steve's gorgeous cock to scrabble at his big, meaty shoulders and hold on for dear life as Steve pumps those two thick, *thick* fingers into him, slow and easy, because Tony is already loose for him, loose where Steve tongue-fucked him open, sweet and sloppy and ready for Steve's big, strong, beautiful fingers. Tony moans, moans, can't stop, can't *breathe*, and this is just Steve's fingers; how is he supposed to survive Steve's cock—

"Feel so good inside, Tony, God..."

"Ah—*ah,*" Tony answers dumbly, too gone on the way Steve's fingers feel inside of him, so deep in his ass, dripping wet and so, so clever, seeking out Tony's prostate and pressing against it with two flat fingertips, holding perfectly still as Tony cries out and grinds down against the heel of Steve's palm, riding Steve's fingers like nothing else in the world could possibly matter. "Yes, Steve, *yes, oh, oh...*"

"You like that?" Steve rumbles. Like this, chest to chest with him, Tony can *feel* just how deep Steve's voice can go, how low and dark and promising. "You like my fingers inside you, filling you up?"

Jesus *fuck*, where was Steve hiding this part of himself all this time? Tony gasps and clenches as around his knuckles tight as he can. Steve's breath stutters against his throat. "Yes, so good, so—*Steve,*" he whimpers, chasing that pressure against his sweet spot and whining when he can't get it, squeezing Steve's shoulders and driving his hips down against his hand for more of those fingers, more, *more*, "More, Steve, oh, *god...*"

"Come on, Tony," Steve purrs, stretching his head and neck up to press hot, open-mouthed kisses to Tony's jaw, his neck, his chin, his collarbone, so sweet and gentle and whisper-soft where his fingers are hard and driving, deep in his ass, glancing against his prostate, "ask me nicely."

“Ugh, fuck—” Tony hurriedly wipes his drooling mouth with the back of his hand because holy shit, when and *from who* did Steve Rogers learn to talk like that? “That’s not fair.”

The answering glide of Steve’s knuckles past his loosened rim, so slick and easy, frictionless where Steve’s worked him nice and open, makes Tony’s head loll forward onto Steve’s shoulder even as he tries to summon up some other protest. All that comes out is a long, breathless *haaa*, and then Steve presses against that devilish spot inside him again and Tony is crying out against the meat of Steve’s shoulder, “Fuck, Steve, *please, please more, ohmygod,*” over and over, losing air on every plea until Steve decides to show mercy and slip a third finger inside him, slow and steady and dripping wet. “Please, please—*yes, holy shit your fingers, hoshit, fuck...*”

“Knew you’d be so good for me,” Steve murmurs against his neck. Tony is slipping—he almost doesn’t hear it. “You’re so sweet like this, aren’t you, baby. That’s it,” he says, scraping the back of Tony’s neck with his blunt fingernails, “ride my fingers, just like that.”

Tony wants to live in this moment forever. He’s going to invent time travel and come back to this over and over and over again until he dies or the machine breaks, whichever comes first. He never could have guessed Steve would be like this, so beautiful and intense and so fucking *sexy*, talking to him in that husky, sex-roughened voice like he just walked off the set of a porno and meaning every last goddamn word of it.

Tony can’t have it forever, but he can have it for now. That’ll have to do.

“Steve, I’m—oh, God, I’m getting close,” he breathes, rocking up to cling to Steve’s head and mash their mouths together in a graceless kiss that’s more teeth than lips, but it’s so hot, feeling Steve like this, panting against his mouth as he fucks his thick, slick fingers in and out of Tony’s fluttering hole. The pressure is right there behind his groin, deep in his pelvis, buzzing and terrifyingly close. He hasn’t come untouched since he was at MIT, young and soused and fucking anyone who’d have him, but with Steve it’s easy, too easy, to let go like this. And really, if anyone could break that particular streak, it’s Steve.

When Tony’s thighs start trembling, he gasps. It’s too soon. Panicked, Tony tries to pull off of Steve’s fingers, but Steve just clamps one immovable hand on Tony’s hip and holds him down, grinding the heel of his palm against Tony’s perineum and tapping his prostate once before circling it with those unerring fingertips, faster the louder Tony gets, harder the more he tries to break away from the pleasure of it, building and mounting and crashing down over him like a fucking tidal wave.

Helpless, overwhelmed, Tony sits on Steve’s hand and jerks his hips, chasing that impossible pleasure to its peak, moaning against Steve’s mouth as loud as he wants, because those are *Steve’s* noises. He earned them, he said. And who is Tony to deny Steve what he wants? He never has before. He can’t. So he comes on Steve’s perfect fingers, shooting all over Steve’s abs, his huge, leaking cock, trembling bodily and gasping for breath as his orgasm rolls through him bright and hot and perfect and Steve tells him he’s *so pretty when you come, Tony, look at you, and all for me...*

Before he’s even finished shaking, Steve moves his hand off of Tony’s hip to fist his own cock, collecting Tony’s come and slicking the way with it, groaning hoarse and hot against

Tony's slack mouth.

"So good, Tony, so good, so good for me," he rasps, a filthy mantra scraped off the tongue he'd shoved up Tony's ass earlier, and *God*, Tony is never going to forget that as long as he lives. He's not going to forget Steve's fingers, either, holding perfectly still inside him now as Steve brings himself off fast and hard, chasing Tony's orgasm with his own like he can't let Tony be the odd man out. The sounds his fist makes as it flies over his cock are lewd and filthy and *perfect*, and Tony remembers with a jolt that *his come* is helping ease the way for Steve's hand, slicking that silky skin so Steve can jerk himself as hard and fast as he likes with that big, battle-roughened hand of his.

Blinking away the haze of his own orgasm, Tony presses in closer, cradling Steve's head in his hands and taking advantage of the moment and his own clarity while he can, licking his way into Steve's mouth with a groan and sucking on that cunning tongue while Steve fucks himself noisily with his fist, covered in Tony's come, wet and rock fucking hard. Steve's fingers never leave his ass the whole time, just hold there in stasis, like he doesn't want to forget what it feels like inside, and Tony knows what that's like, wanting to stay in that warm, perfect place forever.

Sensitivity be damned, Tony rolls his hips against Steve's hand. It's worth it just to hear the noise it shakes loose from Steve's chest, a deep, shuddering gasp that sounds almost surprised. The hand on his cock moves impossibly faster.

"That's it, sweetheart," Tony murmurs as he presses gentling kisses to Steve's face, "you want to come for me, don't you? Feel me inside, how wet I am—that's it, baby, come on, *yes...*"

Steve gasps, throat clicking as he pumps the blunt, purpling head of his leaking cock with his fist, tight little circles and twists until he comes with a grunt against Tony's shoulder, shuddering as he comes, and comes, spilling all over his own fingers, his cock, and Tony wants to cry, it's so beautiful, how much Steve comes, dripping through his fingers and down the shaft of his cock with it. Perfect, squeaky-clean Captain America, covered in his own spunk—"Fucking *gorgeous*, Steve," Tony breathes, drinking in the sight of dazed, sex-flushed Steve Rogers like it's his own personal art exhibit, bought and paid for and his for keeps. It's a dizzying sight, sweet and a little bitter.

Chest heaving, Steve looks up at Tony and asks, still shaking, "How about now?"

Tony's tongue is heavy and sluggish from orgasm, from watching Steve come like that, but that nasty, pestering phantom taste is still there on the back of it. He doesn't feel as bad as he should when he shakes his head and replies, "Still itching."

"Hm." Steve huffs, but he doesn't look at all put out. If anything he looks—happy, if Tony had to put a word to it. Happy, and not a little bit satisfied, like he's *glad* Tony's not out of the woods yet. Not like he wants Tony to suffer, but like he wants to see this, whatever it is, through to the end. "Guess I'll have to try harder."

Tony laughs, then groans, remembering as his lungs contract the fingers still lodged in his ass. Steve slips them out with a beatific smile, the smug bastard, but at least he takes care not

to trip on Tony's prostate on the way out. Mercy, indeed.

"You try any harder and I might actually pass out," Tony says, sliding off of Steve's lap and leaning back on his elbows to drink in the tableau that is Steve Rogers reaching sideways for a pillow and stripping the white silk case right off it with his teeth. He's still so hopped up on giddy endorphins, he can't even muster the energy to be mad when Steve uses the pillowcase to wipe the lube from his fingers.

"If that's what it takes," Steve replies evenly. Tony gawps at him.

"You're a menace."

When Steve smiles, it's not cute, or goofy, or sweet. That same frisson from earlier shoots through Tony's gut, hot and burning, when Steve cuts him a look with a dark, sideways smirk that promises only the filthiest, most terrible things Tony can imagine.

"You have no idea," Steve rumbles, tossing the ruined pillowcase aside and moving forward to hover over Tony's reclined body, reaching for the back of Tony's neck. "The fact that you're still talking is proof I haven't menaced you *enough*," he says in a rough, low voice, growling out the last word like a swear. Tony arches against him to hear it, feeling the way it rolls out of Steve's chest and into Tony's. The iron grip on the back of his neck forces him to keep still, eyes straight ahead while Steve does something with his opposite hand—the one, Tony realizes, that has been on his cock this whole time.

Tony looks down, can't help it: Steve is just so gorgeous, massive where he hovers above him, and Tony gasps when he sees the absolute work of *art* that is Steve's huge and heavy cock covered in come, gripped in a loose fist and still, unbelievably, hard. Tony licks his lips and thinks again about how much he wants that in his mouth, as much as he can possibly fit, suck Steve off with all of the mastery he's acquired over the years and make *him* see stars. He loves it, sucking cock, and Steve's is *right there*, begging for it, all wet and hard for him even after orgasm.

"Steve—" Tony breathes, reaching down, readying the words on his tongue: *please let me blow you, fuck my throat, Steve, please, I need it*, but Steve has other plans. He stops Tony's hand with his and presses his wrist to the mattress.

"Later," he says, leaving Tony's wrist to reposition his legs for him. While Steve works, pulling Tony's legs out and down and open, Tony swallows down the burning need to beg Steve *now, please now*, because when is he ever going to have this again? As soon as Steve is satisfied that Tony's urges have passed, he's going to leave and take that perfect mouth and that gorgeous smile and that stunning cock with him. And what's Tony going to be left with? A beautiful memory, to go with all the others he has of Steve.

But like everything else in Tony's life, he's happy to take what he can get. And if it's Steve Rogers offering to fuck the need for alcohol—however briefly—out of his head, then Tony is hardly going to complain. But he will hurt, tomorrow, and the next day, and every day after this point, because Steve is going to give him a perfect memory and then leave him to face the future alone.

“I can hear you thinking,” Steve says as he lowers himself onto Tony, who wraps his legs around Steve’s absurdly narrow waist without a second thought. “Care to tell me what’s going on in that big beautiful brain of yours?”

Tony blushes, because only Steve would call Tony’s bastard, too-big brain *beautiful*, and shakes his head.

“It’s nothing.”

Steve frowns. “Something tells me it’s not,” he says, leaning down to brush a kiss against Tony’s burning cheek, “but we’ll table that discussion for later.”

“Got something better in mind, Cap?” Tony says, wriggling his hips against Steve’s, gasping at the brush of wet fingers against his hole. As if to answer his question, Steve presses them inside, slow and deliberate and so wet, it drips past Tony’s balls and onto the sheets. Something goes loose in the back of Tony’s brain at that, at Steve feeding his come into Tony’s body. It’s so fucking filthy, it’s perfect. Tony gasps against Steve’s grinning mouth, whines despite himself at the gentle way Steve fingers him, soft and gentle. He doesn’t know what to do with his hands. He settles on clutching the bedspread, squeezing his thighs against Steve’s hips.

“You like that?” Steve asks him, pressing his come-soaked fingers in deep, so deep Tony knows he’ll never forget the feeling. “Like having my come inside you?” He gasps wetly and nods, screwing his eyes shut so Steve can’t see the dazed, love-sick look he can barely hold back anymore. “Yeah, you do. You love it. Love being marked,” Steve says, pressing hot, branding kisses to Tony’s cheek, his neck, his chest as he fucks his come into Tony’s soft, open hole, brushing his thumb against his slick rim every now and then as if for emphasis. “You liked it when I spanked you, too, didn’t you. You’re so good, you’ll take anything I give you.”

Tony moans, arching up against the hard, hot plane of Steve’s body, pushing down on Steve’s magic fingers. “Everything,” he whines, white-knuckling the sheets and biting his tongue to stop anything more incriminating from spilling out. But Steve doesn’t seem to mind it—if anything, his answering groan says he *likes* the sound of that.

“I could do this for hours and you’d love it, wouldn’t you, Tony?” he says, and Tony’s eyes fly open when Steve follows that up with a long, slow graze of his fingertips against Tony’s sweet spot, deep inside. To Tony’s bewilderment, he feels his cock stir, motivated by Steve’s patient and decidedly *thorough* attention to his ass. “Fingering you over and over until you come dry…”

“Sounds dreamy,” Tony sighs, reaching down to cup his half-hard cock and biting his lip when he does.

“Oh,” Steve gasps. “*Look at you,*” he says, like Tony is a revelation. When Tony glances at him, Steve’s eyes are wide, blown black, his expression a little dazed. “Does that feel good, Tony?” he asks. Tony moves his hand, nodding, sucking his lip into his mouth only to release it with a groan when Steve pulls his fingers out to graze Tony’s rim oh so softly.

“Feels so good,” he whines. “*More*, Steve. I can’t—the fact that you’re getting a second erection out of me is a miracle, I need—”

“Shh,” Steve hushes him with a soft kiss to the corner of his mouth, “it’s alright, honey, I’ve got you. Just tell me what you want and I’ll give it to you.”

Oh, that’s cruel, Tony thinks, already blinking away tears and biting his lip again to stifle the heartbroken moan he feels building in his chest behind the arc reactor. Steve can’t say things like that, pet names and promises, when he doesn’t mean it—at least, not in the way Tony wants him to. Because if life was fair, Tony would tell him everything, how much he wants Steve every day of his life, how much he wants Steve to be *his*, and Steve would reciprocate, but this isn’t real life. This is a fluke, a generous departure from their day-to-day lives so Tony doesn’t break his sobriety or go on an insomniac tech bender for three straight days. After this, Steve will go back to his life, and Tony to his, and they’ll be friends, but Tony will have to go on living knowing this is what he could have had if things were different.

They’re not, though. So he’ll take what he can get. A memory is better than nothing.

“Need *you*,” Tony breathes, kissing Steve because he’s close enough, because he can. Writhing against the man on top of him, Tony tilts his hips just so, feels the whole slick length of Steve slide up against his balls and swallows the shocked groan that spills out of him. “Fuck me, Steve. Please, *please*, need you to fuck me, need your cock inside me, want you to split me open and make me come, *please*—”

Steve comes up onto his knees and holds Tony’s raised hip with one hand, keeping him steady on his raised lap as he babbles hot nonsense into the humid air, talking about how hot Steve is, how gorgeous, how much Tony wants this. When Tony feels the blunt, fat head of Steve’s cock kiss against his stretched hole, he keens, words dying on his lips. Steve holds it there, just pressing, letting Tony *feel* him, his girth, how wet he is. He can feel it alright, just like he can practically feel his own heartbeat in his rim, throbbing against the shining head of Steve’s dick. For Tony. Everything is so slick with come and lube already, Tony is surprised Steve doesn’t just slip right in, easy and deep, but Steve still takes a moment to retrieve the bottle of lube that had rolled away somewhere over by the pillows earlier. He pops the thing open with a *click* that makes a shivering chill run down the length of Tony’s bowed spine.

“Please...” he gasps, groaning at the amount of lube Steve pours out onto his hand and smooths up and down the length of his cock, smears messily against Tony’s asshole and presses inside for good measure. Even the cool touch of the gel isn’t enough to chase away how burning hot Steve is between his legs, against his cock and his empty, needy hole; Tony jerks himself absently, mostly to keep himself loose and relaxed while Steve presses against him, nudges the thick hot head of his cock against his rim with a cool wet kiss before easing it in.

Tony’s body pulls taut, buzzing like a live-wire before the tip is even inside him. He can’t even make one of his noises for Steve, he’s so overwhelmed. The stretch is unreal, pushing him out and open like he’s never been before, further, wider, big, bigger, stretching, *fuck*; Steve leans down and teases a nipple into his mouth, sucks hard with his damp, burning mouth while Tony tries to think past the way Steve is breaking him open on his cock and he’s barely even inside. Steve distracts him gamely, biting and teasing his nipples with that hot,

wet tongue, staring down at Tony and smiling, his dog tags tickling Tony's sternum, before he reaches for his cock and guides Tony's hand, up and down, leisurely to make him relax, enough to make his muscles loosen and allow the head of Steve's cock, the biggest part of him, slip inside fully.

Steve looks—he looks so fucking gone already, Tony thinks, flushed and panting, staring at Tony's mouth, his chest, their hands moving on his cock, like *Tony* is the work of art in this scenario. He stays perfectly still as Steve works his way into Tony's willing body, slow and inching, stretching Tony to fit around him with all the patience of a fucking saint. Tony groans, clutching the sheets with his free hand; he's half out of his mind already and Steve isn't even halfway in, so big and overwhelming with his impossibly thick cock pressing against his walls. It shouldn't be so difficult, after Steve worked so hard to open him up, tongue and fingers, but he's just that *big*.

Tony's mouth falls open on a trembling gasp when Steve jerks him, an opportunity Steve seizes with relish in the form of a deep, deep, shuddering kiss, because Steve is tall enough and seems to like kissing as a general rule. Tony kisses back, not frantic but not restrained, either, grabbing the back of Steve's head and moaning as he uses this new leverage to work himself down onto Steve's cock, slow and steady.

"Yeah...yeah, Tony, that's it," Steve groans against his mouth, touching Tony's fingers where they're wrapped around his now-hard cock before covering them with his own, easing Tony's hand up, down, up, over the head and back down, smearing Tony's pre-come along the way, "fuck yourself on my cock, want to feel all of you."

"I—I'm, I'm trying, big guy," Tony laughs, more breath than sound, eyes watering as he tightens up around the head of Steve's cock inside him as a result. "It's a tall order."

"You can do it," he replies, leaving Tony's cock to run his hand up and down the outside of Tony's thigh stretched around him, the curve of his flexing hip, his heaving side; Steve kisses him to drive the point home. "You feel so good, Tony. *So* good. So fucking *tight*. Even after I licked and fingered your sweet little asshole open, huh? That's okay. I'll open you up. Gonna fuck you wide open. Keep going, sweetheart, that's it. That's so good..."

Steve likes how tight he is. He likes his noises. He touches Tony so carefully even as he talks the dirtiest stuff Tony's ever heard, keeps himself steady so Tony can writhe away, further down onto his hot, hard, girthy cock until Tony can feel the thick base of him push past the traitorous ring of muscle and *holy shit, holy shit, holy shit* Tony might actually die like this, pinioned on Steve's cock, gasping for breath against the man's hungry mouth, being pet like a wild horse that needs gentling, but what a way to go.

Tony's thighs are shaking. This is the best thing he's ever felt. "Oh," he gasps. "*Oh, Steve.*"

"So close, Tony. You're so close, almost there. Almost all the way inside, can you feel it?" Steve asks, not expecting an answer, given how he claims Tony's mouth in another kiss as he rocks his hips ever so slightly, almost for emphasis.

"As if—as if I could f-feel anything else, big gu-ugh, *fuck, yes,*" Tony groans, hoarse and needy, throwing his head back against the sheets as Steve presses that last little bit forward,

pressing him wide, *wide* open, until Tony is gasping from it, the thickness, the burning heat, the wet, slick sound of Steve's cock shifting in his ass. In the quiet room it's the only thing Tony can hear besides their breathing. At this point he can't even tell if it's dark outside, what time it is, what he's supposed to do next: all Tony can do is lie there and let Steve press inside, deep, deeper, massive, burning.

"Fuck," Steve gasps, and that's how Tony knows he's all the way inside: that gasp, Steve's fingers squeezing his side where he's holding him, and the feel of Steve's hips against his ass, holding him up halfway in the air. There's a frisson of pain as Tony adjusts, nothing that won't pass in a few seconds, but it serves as a reminder that this is what they're doing. That Steve is *inside him*, balls deep, dripping with come and lube and holding oh so perfectly still while he waits for Tony to acclimate.

"S-Steve..."

"Are you okay?" Steve asks, so earnest, so sweet, kissing Tony on the cheek before he leans up and away from him to take in the sight of Tony spread open on his dick. "Oh, *Tony*," he breathes, tracing the seam of him where he's squeezed tight around Steve's cock with a reverent thumb, the one Tony had so badly wanted to suck earlier. "Just look at you. All full of me. You take it so well, don't you, sweetheart? All that cock, deep inside you..."

"Y-yeah," Tony manages, voice trembling, weak and watery, despite his efforts to quash it. "I want it. I want—I want it."

"That's right, baby. And I'm gonna give it to you," Steve promises, looking at him with those big, pupil-black eyes when he says it, and then he pulls back just enough to thrust forward and drive the point home.

Tony gasps wetly. It's too much. It's too much, and it's not enough. Tony makes a high, plaintive noise in the back of his throat and releases his cock, instead grabbing Steve's waist with both hands and holding on for dear life as Steve does it again, and again, and again, short, slow, deep thrusts that keep Tony full to bursting, so much he can barely *breathe*. He's panting, sweat making Steve's hands slip on his thighs, but he doesn't care; nothing else matters but this, but *Steve. Steve. Steve.*

"Ah, hell, Tony," Steve gasps, shifting his thrusts so each stroke is longer, deeper, *more*. "Listen to you, moaning my name. Think we should open a window, let the whole city hear you?" he says, using all that beautiful strength to push Tony back enough to get some leverage into his thrusts, really take advantage of his length and thrust into Tony long and hard and faster, faster, until Tony is moaning with every stroke like he's dying, the only sound louder than the lewd *slapslapslap* of skin on skin. He wants that. He wants whatever Steve wants. He wants *more*. "Is that right?" Steve says. Tony looks—Steve's grinning like a cat that got all the cream, eyes glinting in the low light, and he realizes with a swirl of dread amid the bone-melting *pleasure* that is Steve fucking him that he said that last part out loud.

And god, is Steve ever fucking him. Relentless, so damn thick, bussing his prostate on every withdrawal only to drive against it on every return thrust, intense, blinding pressure and deep, throbbing heat, so deep inside him. He's so hard, cock pulsing against his belly as Steve fucks him, but he can't touch himself. If he does he'll come, and he wants so much more of

this. He never wants it to end—Steve being so deliciously dirty, talking like a goddamn sailor and fucking him like it's his job, ruthlessly sweet with his hands on his skin, pinching his nipples, squeezing his cheeks as he thrusts long and deep into Tony's ass.

"I can give you more," Steve says, and then he's grabbing Tony's hips and stalling his own, leaves his cock inside Tony like the world's best, hottest buttplug, keeps him full and spread open on his lap as he adjusts him, fixes his grip on Tony's narrow hips, and then he's using that gorgeous supersoldier strength to fuck Tony down on his cock, all the way down to the hard, thick base of him and up, almost to the tip, before pulling him back down. Tony *wails*, abandons his grip on Steve's waist in favor of—he doesn't even know what his hands are doing, scratching Steve's thighs, tearing the sheets, pulling on his own hair, because *holyshitohlyshitohfuckohfuck* it's so good, so wet and driving and *good*, the way Steve is using him, making him *take it*, like Tony is weightless, his own personal fuck toy. Every thrust hits that spot inside that makes Tony's voice do funny things, makes his vision go a little fuzzy around the edges and his mouth water. It's so hot, Steve fucking him like this, but all he can get out are variations of *fuck* and *yesyesyes* amid long, watery wails of Steve's name.

Steve, meanwhile, is gasping, grunting as he works Tony over, sweating along his hairline and across his big, beautiful chest. It pools in the notch at the base of Steve's throat and Tony wants to lick it, more than anything else, so badly he all but launches himself off the bed and onto Steve's lap, scrambling to get his arms around those broad shoulders and seal his mouth to that beckoning notch. Steve doesn't even blink when he does it, just wraps his arms around Tony and holds on, flexing his hips to thrust up into him without missing a beat.

"Mmm, that's nice. That's perfect, Tony," he groans, right into Tony's ear. At this angle Tony can fuck back, and he does, pushing his hips back every time Steve thrusts up, and he drinks in the low, punched-out sound that comes out of Steve's mouth with a smile and a long, laving lick to the column of Steve's throat, tasting his sweat and memorizing the heady salt tang of it on his tongue. "O-oh, fuck, yes, Tony, just like that. Fuck, yes..."

Tony licks and kisses and bites a roadmap across Steve's neck and throat, leaving bruises that'll heal all too quickly on his shoulders and the sweet, bulging join where his shoulder meets his neck. When he nibbles on Steve's earlobe, Tony is rewarded with a hard, hot gasp in his ear and a thrust so hard he about loses one of his fillings, *holy shit*.

"Not yet," Steve growls, but it doesn't sound like it's for Tony. More like Steve is talking to himself. And then Steve's hand is in his hair, the other on his ass, and he's taking Tony fast and hard, fucking up into him as he kisses Tony hard, slipping him tongue just to give him something to hold onto while Steve fucks him into another plane of consciousness entirely. Tony is powerless like this, speared on Steve's hot, throbbing cock, being moved up and down by Steve's hand on his ass, being held in place by Steve's mouth, the hand on the back of his head; he hangs there and takes it, takes him, bounces helplessly on Steve's dick and sucks on Steve's tongue in lieu of his neck, which is now mottled with deep, purple bruises and livid red bite marks that will fade before the sun rises on another day.

Tony can't talk, but he can make those noises Steve likes so much, moaning around Steve's tongue as he sucks it into his mouth, gasping out little broken noises on every long, powerful

thrust of that huge cock inside him. He wheezes when Steve speeds up, drops his head onto his shoulder and cries out as Steve smacks his other hand to Tony's ass and hauls him up and down, slow and deep and dirty, holding him down to spread him out on his thick base before pulling him up, teasing his sore, slick, prickling rim with his fat cockhead before shoving him back down on it, filling Tony up with one shuddering thrust.

"Ah, hell, Tony, take it, sweetheart," Steve groans against Tony's sweaty temple, brushing the damp hair back from his eyes before replacing the hand on Tony's ass. Tony nods, reaching up to hold onto the side of Steve's neck, just to feel a thundering pulse that isn't his own. "Take it so good for me, don't you, baby. Yeah, just like that. You're so loose now, you feel that? Taking me so easy now. So good. Perfect, Tony. You're *perfect*."

He wants to tell him to stop. Stop lying. Stop saying things he wouldn't mean in any other context. But Tony is helpless, greedy, needy, and starved; he's wanted Steve for so long. He should let himself have this while he can get it, as long as he can get it.

Rolling his hips, Tony presses a kiss to Steve's neck and holds on, whimpering when Steve instead slows to a stop. Thick and heavy and deep inside, Tony can feel Steve *everywhere*, pressed up against his sweet spot but only as an afterthought, a purely incidental point of contact that nonetheless is driving Tony absolutely *crazy*. The overwhelming stretch is still there, shifting his muscles into new places; he'll feel it all tomorrow, for sure. But it's so worth it for the way Steve breathes against him, chest heaving, the way he presses a worshipful kiss to Tony's sweaty shoulder before rolling forward, lowering Tony onto the mattress and following him down, never leaving the hot clutch of Tony's body as he settles in between his legs and folds his arms over Tony's head. Like this, Tony can hold Steve, too, tight against his body, and revel in Steve's warmth, the perfect heat that radiates from him like the purest sunlight. When Steve kisses him, it's soft, slow and sweet, a taste of lips before Steve thrusts again, deep and thick and steady.

Tony is so fucking *gone*, moaning past Steve's ear when he drops his head next to Tony's and holds him down against the mattress with his entire body, pinning him in place with each thrust. Tony hugs him close and loses himself in it, the wet, rhythmic slap of Steve's balls against his ass, the scorching puff of Steve's breath against his ear, the burning sensation of Steve's eyes on him from his place by Tony's head. When Steve cards his fingers through Tony's hair and pulls, Tony wails, and he *feels* Steve's cock slip in impossibly deeper, his stomach dragging against Tony's dick on every powerful driving thrust.

"Steve," Tony gasps, babbling, "Steve, *Steve*, Steve, oh, *oh, oh, ohmygod* ..."

"You feel that, Tony? All the way inside you now. Every time. You're so open."

"J-just for you, handsome," Tony slurs, swallowing around a mouthful of drool because Steve's cockhead keeps grazing his prostate and it's so, so fucking good, it's *sinful*, and Tony has been on the outs with God and organized religion for years but for Steve he might just be willing to reconsider his stance. "Fucked me all the way open, loose, you-you did that."

"I sure did," Steve responds, a self-satisfied husk in Tony's ear *ohfuckohfuck*. "I think I could keep you like this all the time. Filled up with my cock, all loose and wet and open for me whenever I want it. I could come by anytime, slide right in," he says, drawing his cock all the

way out in a long, wet slide that Tony can *feel*, every inch, every vein and ridge, the flared tip of his cockhead where it meets the shaft, and then he's thrusting back in with a grunt, so hard and deep Tony's head rocks back against Steve's hand, "and fuck you any way I want, whenever I want. Feed you my cock until you can't think of anything else. And you said I could do whatever I want, Tony. Remember that?" He does it again, slower this time—draws out, so slow Tony feels *everything*, and then plunges back into Tony's waiting body with a groan that shakes Tony to the core—and again. Tony squeezes his eyes shut to hold back tears but he can't stop the way his body thrashes under Steve's, the way his moans pour out of him like he's drowning in pleasure, because that's what he is. Drowning. Falling. Hard.

"Yes, Steve, any—anything you want, everything, please *pleasepleaseplease*—"

"*God*. Such a good little cockslut, Tony. Let me hear you. I want to hear it all. Give it to me." Steve is fucking *hammering* his prostate now, hips flying, and Tony is scratching him, leaving long red marks all over Steve's back and shoulders, but Steve doesn't seem to mind. If anything, his own noises get louder, deeper the more Tony marks him. And Tony is lost in sensation, barely capable of higher thought; all that comes out of him are high, breathless, fucked out noises of pure *want* as Steve plows into him, sucks the skin of his shoulder and tells him how beautiful he is, how sweet he is to let Steve have him like this, fucked open and still somehow desperate for more of Steve's gorgeous, heavy cock.

"Ah, oh, *uhn...uhn...uhn...Steve*, fuck, me..."

"You got it, honey," Steve says, laying a kiss to Tony's slack, drooling mouth before pulling out with a filthy wet *pop* that makes Tony shudder and bite his lip. Steve kisses him again for it. Tony rolls when Steve pushes him over, onto his belly; with a moan, Tony drags his own burning cock against the wet spot under him, reveling in the cool, slick touch even as Steve runs his hands up and down Tony's back, gentling him again before the next round.

"God, Tony, you look..." Steve's words drop off. Tony isn't so far gone that he can't peek over his shoulder at him and raise a questioning eyebrow. Steve is flushed, pink and ruddy all the way down to his nipples, which are tight and the same pretty-pink as the tip of his cock standing up proudly against his abs. His hands come down to knead and massage Tony's ass; he digs his thumbs in between them and pulls, spreading his cheeks so Steve can look his fill. Tony can feel how wet he is, dripping with lube and Steve's come. He must look a mess. But based on Steve's poleaxed expression, that's not what Steve thinks. "Gorgeous," he husks, looking Tony in the eye when he says it. Tony can't *not* blush at that.

"If you say so," he replies. Sarcastic, because of who he is as a person, but deep down Tony *feels* it, gorgeous like Steve said, because if Steve said it, it must be true. Never let it be said he can't come around to seeing things from Steve's perspective.

Steve smiles at him and rubs a thumb up against Tony's hole, smearing the mess around and back inside him. Tony drops his head and whimpers, clutching Egyptian cotton for dear life as Steve moves, sliding his knees up to bracket Tony's hips before he pulls his cheeks apart again and nudges the head of his cock against his rim. It flutters on contact, desperate for more of that perfect heat, more of Steve filling him up to bursting; Tony nods, biting a knuckle as Steve slides in, easy as anything. God, he's so open; Steve's fucked him loose and sloppy wet.

Tony quivers bodily and moans into the sheets, cotton and down absorbing his shocked cries of mindless pleasure as Steve fucks him, thrusting long and fast with that burning, throbbing cock against Tony's trembling insides, talking all the while, saying things—impossible, ridiculous things—like how sweet Tony is like this, how *good*, such a beautiful, eager hole for Steve to fill. And he does, over and over again, hot and huge and so goddamn *hard* Tony feels reshaped, divinely molded to Steve's perfect, overwhelming shape. And then he feels Steve's mouth on him, lipping over his shoulders, dragging his tongue up the side of Tony's neck and biting him on the meatiest part of his trapezius, holding him there like fucking animal with its willing prey. Tony makes a mindless, openmouthed sound of pure fucked-out *want*, probably the filthiest sound he's ever made in bed, and then he reaches backwards awkwardly to make a grab for Steve. But Steve has other plans, because of course he does.

“*Fuck*, you sound so good. Going to make that my ringtone for you,” he growls, hips never losing their rhythm as he fucks into Tony with those long, deep, *deep* thrusts that Tony can feel all the way in his *throat*. Then he's rearing up, hips still pistoning, and grabbing Tony's left arm, then his right. Tony's head collapses against the bed as Steve folds his arms across the small of his back. “Right there,” Steve says, squeezing Tony's arms with one massive hand for emphasis. Tony grabs hold of his elbows and braces himself against Steve's thrusting hips, moaning wetly into the sheets as Steve fills him up again and again and again, deep shuddering thrusts from tip to base, so thick and unyielding Tony can't not give way to it, can't not feel the warm, spiking pleasure of orgasm pulling him higher, closer to something he can't fathom but wants, desperately, enough to keep his hands to himself and drool into the sheets as every one of Steve's bone-shuddering thrusts nudges the tip of Tony's cock against that wet spot and pings his prostate simultaneously until Tony is tingling all over, fingers flexing helplessly against his own elbows.

Above him, Steve moves liquid-smooth, fucking Tony with all of that enviable stamina right there on display. With each giant hand planted on the mattress on either side of Tony's head, Steve holds himself low over Tony's back and groans deep in his chest, cursing when Tony's hole squeezes around him in response to the new, deeper angle. Tony is loose and tender, moaning uncontrollably as Steve presses featherlight kisses to his temple, his cheek, the corner of his lips, never losing his rhythm the whole time, just fucking Tony with those smooth, steady, rolling thrusts (*fuck. yes. fuck. yes. fuck. fuck. fuuuuuck*) that Tony is 99.99999% sure are actually magic. And Tony *hates* magic.

“Please,” Tony whines, *whimpers* into the sheets in front of his mouth. He's so close, he can *see* the bright white light of orgasm barreling toward him, but it's not *quite* enough to get him there. He doesn't know what will, but Steve might.

Sure enough, with a too-soft kiss to Tony's shoulder, Steve switches his movements on a dime, turning those long, aching, endless thrusts short and driving and *hard*, filling the room with that telltale wet slap of skin on skin as Steve's hips slam deliciously hard against Tony's ass, faster and faster, favoring speed for depth, now, with every soul-jarring thrust. His cock drags against the wet spot on the mattress with every push of Steve inside him, but with his arms crossed behind his back Tony can't do anything to help it along; he just has to lie there and *take it*. Take Steve.

“Want to watch you come on my cock,” Steve rasps, coming down on his forearms on either side of Tony’s head to speak right in his ear. His fast, deliriously hard thrusts never falter for a *second*. “You’re beautiful, Tony. The most—ah, *yes, fuck*—beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. Let me watch you. Let me *see*.”

It’s so, so much. Tony is almost afraid of it, how much he *feels* when Steve fucks him like this, breaking him open and stitching him back together again. He’s never been too nervous to come, but like this, pinned under Steve’s huge, sweltering body, being fucked open and full, it feels daunting, like jumping off a skyscraper without the suit. There’s no promise as to where he’s going to land, or how hard the ground’s going to hit him when he does; all he can trust is that Steve will be there with him, falling too.

“Y-you first,” Tony gasps, voice breaking around a cry when Steve responds with a thumb against Tony’s fluttering rim. It’s *so much*.

“Such a gentleman,” Steve says, easy and almost giddy, and Tony smiles because he loves that. He loves making Steve happy. He wants to make Steve happy every day of his life.

He doesn’t realize he’s said that last bit out loud until Steve sighs as he presses a kiss to Tony’s slack, drooling mouth and says, low and sex-roughened to a coarse grit, “That’s all I want, Tony. All I want. Always.” Tony can’t kiss him back at this angle, so he does the next best thing, pulling his legs tightly together under Steve’s and squeezing around Steve’s punishing cock with every ounce of internal strength he can still muster, squeezing and clenching his loose, sloppy hole until he hears Steve choke on a gasp and curse. “*Fuuuck*, yes, fuck yes, Tony, squeeze me just like that, baby, just like that, gonna fill you all the way up, full to bursting, make you *leak, fuck*—!”

And that, just the *thought* of it, how much he *wants* it, does it for Tony. Something inside him *breaks*, and he’s sobbing, *sobbing*, wet and weak and shivering violently head to toe as he careens head first off that highrise, coming hard against the mattress while Steve fucks him with those hard, short, breathtaking thrusts, never letting up even as Tony thrashes under him, bucking and *sobbing* as he comes and comes and *comes*, harder and more than he ever has before in his entire goddamn *life*, holy shit, holy shit, “*Steve!*” he cries, literally, big fat tears leaking out of the corners of his eyes as he strains his neck almost backwards to look up at Steve, who gazes back with those big blue eyes of his, awed like Tony’s pleasure really is the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

Tony collapses a second later, clutching his elbows in lieu of the sheets, shuddering as the last of his orgasm, the best and biggest of his life, rolls through him, making a high, broken sound as Steve follows him off that terrifying precipice with a low, soft sound, pressing inside deep, so deep Tony will never forget the feeling, and *coming*, so much, holy shit, filling Tony up just like he promised he would. It’s hot and slick and so much, breathtaking, and Tony wants it all, grinding his ass back against Steve’s hips to keep him there, inside, until it’s all out. Steve slides a hand under Tony’s stomach and holds him even closer, if that’s possible, pressing them both down into the mattress as Steve’s orgasm pummels him, makes him shoot all over Tony’s stretched and gaping insides until Tony can feel it sliding around inside of him. And all the while Steve holds him, kisses whatever skin that’s closest to his lips, tells him how good he is, how hot he is inside, how sweet he is to let Steve fill him up like this,

calling him things like *honey* and *baby* and *gorgeous* all the while. Tony is crying, now, unabashedly, moaning every time Steve kisses his body, gasping every time he feels another blurt of Steve's come splash against his insides, and he can't. stop. *shaking*.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Steve whispers, and that little brush of his thumb against Tony's belly absolutely *destroys* him, makes him cry tremulously into the duvet and somehow, incredibly, come *again*, dry and unbearably intense, full of Steve's cock, his come, his name the only word left in Tony's head.

"*Steve*," he sobs, shuddering like he's being electrocuted, trapped under Steve's body so all he can do is let it roll over him, every brain-melting wave of hot, electric pleasure, over and over again until he's grinding his spent, wet cock against the mattress, heaving in long, dragging breaths and sobbing out Steve's name.

"Beautiful, Tony. God. You're—*ah*—so fucking *beautiful*. And all of that for me. Keep going, baby, get it all out. I'm here." Tony nods and trembles, asshole fluttering around Steve's softening cock, shifting the copious amounts of come Steve left inside him, so much Tony is keenly, breathlessly aware of it, hitching his hips this way and that just to *feel* it, how wet and sloppy he is inside with Steve's spunk. "That's right, all of that come inside you," Steve husks, massaging one of Tony's trembling ass cheeks with one hand, "all wet with me inside. Feels good?" Tony can't even *speak* at this point. He just nods against the drool-dampened spot on the mattress by his head and squeezes around Steve again, not even meaning too, his nerve endings sparking and reacting all by themselves. "A-ah, Tony, *shit*. Keep doing that and you're going to make me hard again."

Tony groans, bussing his lips against the sheets. "S'fine," he slurs, senseless.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you," Steve rumbles in his ear. He unfolds Tony's arms from behind his back only to take both of Tony's wrists in one of his massive, rough hands and pin them above his head against the bed. "Such a good little cockslut, you'd let me fuck you over and over and over again. Wouldn't you, Tony?" Even as he says it, Tony can feel Steve growing again inside him, thickening against his overstimulated rim, stretching it out wide around the base of him. "Just lie there and let me use you however I want. Whenever I want."

"Yes, please, *Steve* ..."

"You're *still* able to talk," Steve huffs a laugh, presses a searing kiss against the bruise he left on Tony's neck earlier and licking it with the wet flat of his tongue for effect. "You amaze me, Tony. You're so—how are you so *good*," he says, and then Tony whimpers, lost in the buzzing, hurting pleasure of Steve fucking into him *again*, hard and hot and massive inside his abused, fluttering hole, pulling out with a thick, sloppy wet sound to run his length across Tony's asshole, smearing his come over Tony's too-sensitive perineum and his hot, puffy rim with a groan that sounds like it came straight out of the earth before plunging his heavy cock back inside with a hoarse shout that makes Tony's traitorous heart skip a beat. It's so good, so hurting and so deep, slow and deliberate where Steve was rough and fast and hard and wild before; this is just for Steve's pleasure, this time, and there's something liberating about that, being soft and spent while Steve fucks him again, pinning Tony's hands above his head in a rough, unbreakable grip even as he's works Tony over, so sweet and gentle with his motions, paying special attention to the squeeze of Tony's rim around the hot, blunt head of his cock,

pumping himself there, thumb spreading Tony's cheek so he can *see, staring* at what must be an absolutely mesmerizing sight, based on the devastated noises spilling out of Steve's mouth with every short thrust into Tony's loose, wet heat.

Tony can feel Steve's come frothing around his hole as Steve fucks in and out of him, slow and leisurely, all that spunk smoothing the way for Steve's bulging cockhead to spread and press against his hole before he slides all the way in to the root, filling Tony with the whole massive length of him in a single thrust that tears a broken wail from Tony's throat, squeezes more tears from his hazy, unfocused eyes.

"Gonna fill you up again," Steve groans, coming down to lie on top of Tony, who moans at the weight, feels safe and protected and held there under Steve, hot all the way through, inside and out. "God, Tony, you're so *wet*. Full of my come, you're—fuck, ah, *soaked* with it. Can't wait to see me leaking out of you, all over your sweet, perfect thighs. Maybe I'll fuck those, too, give your, *uhn*, pretty little hole a break."

Nodding, Tony flexes his hands in Steve's grip and folds one over just to pretend he can hold Steve's hand. He can't even *speak* anymore, Steve's got him so blissed and fucked out, there's a good chance he's not even going to be able to wake up tomorrow, let alone *move*. But that's okay, because Steve can move him, just like he is now, never pausing in his thrusts as he turns them sideways in tandem to lie back-to-front across the bed, spooning Tony into the gargantuan curve of his body with one arm down around Tony's belly and the other high across his chest, right above the reactor. Like this, Tony can feel *all* of Steve, everywhere, inside and around him, and he's never felt safer or more cherished. Beautiful. *Gone*. Capable only of making breathless, broken sounds of pleasure against Steve's soft mouth while Steve pulls Tony's leg up and fucks him sideways, every thrust deep and massive and twisting and *long*.

"O-oh, Tony, *Tony*," Steve gasps, kissing Tony's mouth tender and open and wet, fucking it with his clever tongue like he's fucking Tony's ass, punishingly gentle, inescapably deep, scraping Tony's moans off his loose tongue with his teeth and then biting his lip before kissing him again, kissing him breathless and insensate before he starts hitting that spot inside Tony again, over and over, pummeling his prostate even though he knows, they *both* know Tony can't get it up again. Tony's hands fly out, grabbing wildly at Steve's ass, his thigh, the back of his head, his thick, muscled forearm, as he sobs under Steve's relentless assault, realizing with a plaintive yell that Steve is zoning in on that spot because every time he does Tony's ass clenches around him, flutters and squeezes, full of Steve's come, and how that must *feel* for Steve—Tony can't even *begin* to imagine.

"Gonna come again," Steve says, breaking away from one of his soul-sucking kisses to look Tony in the eye, hips pistoning at top speed. Tony would be bent up against the headboard if it weren't for Steve's arms around him, keeping him in place. Were there two of Steve before? Three seems unlikely, but there they are, floating in and out of Tony's field of vision. Tony gasps, nods bonelessly, clinging to Steve with nerveless fingers to whatever part of him he can grab hold of first as Steve pumps his cock in and out of his loose hole, all the way out so he can kiss Tony's rim with his fat cockhead and then slide in deep again. He does it again, and again, all the way out, all the way back in, a long slide and a wet, filthy kiss and a deep, hard thrust.

Forget waking up tomorrow. Tony's gonna sleep for a *week* after this.

"I want you to look at me, Tony. Keep looking at me. I want to watch you when, when I come, oh, *hell*, Tony, yes, shit—just like that," he babbles, staring deep into Tony's eyes as he dips his cock in and out of him, drinking in the sight of what must be Tony's flushed, fucked-out expression with a soft, heartbreakingly earnest smile, like Tony really *is* the most beautiful thing Steve has ever seen. "Just like that, baby, keep looking at me like that, so gorgeous, beautiful, *beautiful*, Tony..." Steve taps Tony's sweet spot once, twice, three times, gets him to squeeze his cock just so on ever pass, and then Steve gasps and comes, mouth smearing a sloppy kiss against Tony's neck as he spills inside him again, hot and thick and so beautifully much. Tony works Steve's huge cock as best he can, milking him for all he's worth, until Steve is trembling, too, pressing sweet kisses to Tony's lips and holding him close against his shuddering body, filling him up until Tony can feel it leaking out around Steve's softening cock, which pulls out of him with a filthy, thick, slurping sound and a telltale feeling of something slick and hot slipping out of his hole and down his balls to coat his thighs. Tony can't even muster the wherewithal to *blush*.

"Oh, *Tony*," Steve sighs, awed, taking in the sight of him the way an artist appraises a masterpiece, methodically absorbing every square centimeter of what's on display with wide, blown-black eyes, licking his lips when he sees the mess he's made of Tony's ass and releasing the arm around Tony's middle to reach down and play with it, pushing his fingers through the hot, sticky mess of come between Tony's trembling thighs and slipping it back inside him just because he can. "Perfect. You're perfect. And all for me," he says, and Tony's throat clicks. He wants to respond, tell Steve *yes, yes, always, all for you, love you, always have*, but his brain is *broken*, too sluggish to form syllables and turn them into words. He's a goddawful mess of tears and lube and come, so much come, and he can't even *think* a full thought anymore. Steve really did it—he really fucked Tony stupid. Now all that's there in Tony's head is *Steve* and *love* and *always*.

Steve reaches up with the hand he's not using to play with Tony's sweet, sloppy asshole to turn his face in for another breathtaking kiss, fingers gentle against Tony's cheek as Steve licks him open, kisses him deep and thorough and hard until Tony's lips are tingling tender and slick with Steve's spit. He stays soft against Tony's thigh as he kisses him, seeming to enjoy this on its own merits, Tony's soft, panting breaths against his mouth, the quivering, messy center of him on and around Steve's delicate, searching fingers as he pushes his come back into Tony and keeps it there, plugging Tony's hole with the heel of his palm for a minute while he kisses every last coherent thought out of Tony's head. Then Steve lets go, kisses Tony deep, fucking his mouth with his tongue as Steve's come dribbles out endlessly over the backs of Tony's thighs and pools between them on the mattress. Steve leans back to look and groans.

"Gorgeous," he says, leaning in to kiss Tony again, soft and chaste and sweet. "Perfect."

Tony's eyes flutter closed. He kisses Steve back, reaching up to cup his face, feel the sweat of exertion there, the kind that makes Steve glow. Breathing each other's air, they come down like that, wrapped around each other and kissing, breathing, kissing, touching. Tony's face is wet from crying, but Steve doesn't seem to mind. If anything, he takes particular care to wipe

every last trace of Tony's tears away, whispering sweet nothings in his ear as he goes, kissing away a new tear when it escapes.

"Shh," Steve hushes him with a soft, delicate smile that twists something in Tony's chest. "It's okay. You did so good, Tony. You were perfect."

God, how does he *know*, every time, exactly what to say? What Tony *needs* to hear? It's unnerving, how well Steve knows him, and yet not wholly. He doesn't know what Tony wants to hear most, more than anything in the world, doesn't know how many times over Tony would *die* to hear Steve say *I love you, Tony* as he pets him, kisses him quiet in this exact state, suspended in the sublime afterglow of a marathon fucking.

This will do for now, though; Steve's touching him, and he's not running away. If anything, he seems more than happy to stay right here, in bed with Tony, touching him like he's something precious to be cherished and kept safe. When Tony opens his eyes again, Steve is right there, smiling down at him.

"Welcome back, mister," he says. "How're you feeling?"

Tony tries to lift his head. Fails. Drops it back down to rest against Steve's massive bicep. That's fine. That's better than being able to lift his own head, by a mile. "*Guh*," is about the most intelligent response Tony can offer before his brain shuts off again.

"Uh-huh," Steve says through another patented shit-eating grin. "What do you want for breakfast?" he asks, smoothing Tony's hair back from his sweaty forehead. Tony grunts, confused. "I'm spending the night, Shellhead, and I'm making you breakfast in the morning. What do you want—*besides* coffee," Steve laughs, cutting off Tony's response before he can even try to say it. Which is probably for the best, because instead of "coffee" Tony was probably going to say something a lot more dangerous, like *I love you* or *marry me*. "How about this: you sleep, and in the morning I'll ask you again when you're not dick drunk."

Tony grins. It fills him to bursting, how much he loves Steve, *loves* him, the goofy bastard, and he tries to say it with a smile, with his eyes, beaming up at Steve from the pillow of his arm. To Steve's endless credit, he seems to understand, enough, anyways, to smile back, big and toothy and *happy*, and pull Tony in for a deep, tender kiss that makes Tony's heart *leap*.

"Is that okay?" Steve asks. Like he didn't just fuck Tony to within an inch of his life. So sweet, his Steve; sweet, and hot, and dirtier than Tony could have ever guessed, could have hoped for, the evidence of which is still leaking out over his thighs. "I'd like to stay. With you."

Always. forever. 'Til death do us part. "S'long as you want," Tony replies, warm all over, boneless and happy in Steve's arms.

Steve smiles. Tony smiles back.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!