

MCU Oneshots Kinktober 2018

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Characters: [Tony Stark](#), [Stephen Strange](#), [Loki \(Marvel\)](#), [En Dwi Gast | Grandmaster](#), [Steve Rogers](#), [James "Bucky" Barnes](#), [Bruce Banner](#)

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[Kinktober 2018](#)

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MCU Oneshots Kinktober 2018

by [sunnywritesstuff](#)

Summary

Going to do oneshots for Kinktober this year for the first time! These are going to be all MCU ones, I'll list the ships in the tags as I go along (and in the note at the beginning of the fic), as well as all of the kinks I will be writing about. (Please mind the tags in case of triggers) Feel free to comment/rate and let me know what you guys think. *I will be using a variety of ships, so hopefully everyone can find something they like here. I'll try to update as often as I can, chapters will likely be of varying lengths. Enjoy the collection everyone!

Notes

List of kinks and ships (so far):

Day 1: Ironstrange - Masks, Deepthroating

Days 2 & 3: Ironstrange - Begging, Medical Play, Edgeplay

Days 4 & 6: Stucky - Spanking, Daddy, Corsets

Day 5: Frostmaster - Shotgunning, Feet

Day 7: Ironfrost - Praise, Aphrodisiacs

Day 8: Stucky - Fisting (+ some bondage and dirty talk)

Days 9 & 10: Stony - Bondage, Lingerie, Hair-pulling (+ dirty talk, deepthroating, minor nipple play)

Day 11: Ironfrost - Object Insertion, Crossdressing

Day 12: Ironstrange - Licking, Rimming/Anilingus, Costumes (+ very minor foodplay)

Day 13: Stony - Creampie (+ A/B/O, Crying, Dub!Con -sorta-, Fuck or Die, Hatefuck - technically-)

Days 14 & 15: Stucky - Asphyxiation, Uniforms

Day 16: Ironfrost - Nipple Play, Body Worship, Sixty-Nine (+ blindfolds, deepthroating, and edgeplay)

Day 17: Stony - Masturbation, Seduction (+ some crossdressing)

Day 18: Frostshield - Xenophilia (+ handjobs, jotunn!Loki, mutual masturbation, seduction)

Days 19 & 20: Ironstrange - Formal Wear, Dirty Talk, Hot-Dogging, Cock-warming (+ rimming)

Day 21: Sciencebros - Foodplay, Drug Use

Masquerade Ball (Day 1)

Chapter Summary

A little late to the first day, but here is the first oneshot!

Kinks: Masks, Deepthroating

Ship: Ironstrange

Enjoy!

Tony plowed into the man's throat, caught up in the wild frenzy of chasing bliss. It was classic, how they had ended up here. The stranger had approached him at the blackjack table and they'd hit it off almost instantly as they played the game of chance.

The stranger's silk mask only covered his eyes, it wasn't even the centerpiece of his look. He was dressed in strange but beautiful robes, embellished with various tassels and other decorations. He also wore a great red cloak. The two had made a series of small wins at the table which amounted to a decent wad of cash at the end of the night. They used the money to buy several drinks, and Tony had let slip that he was looking for a pickup that night.

"I don't know about you, but I think I've had enough of this whole scene for tonight. We got good winnings, but I want to play a different game..." Tony studied the other man's face for a reaction, hoping his crappy starting line wouldn't ruin things.

The stranger only smirked and took another sip of his martini, "I'd love to play, where are we going?" The thrill of being a veiled mystery to the other man was exhilarating, finally being able to take a different kind of chance.

This was at a time before Stephen Strange had even met Tony Stark. The masquerade was the perfect occasion for him to indulge in one of his more... Guilty pleasures. Even as a doctor and an expert in medicine, knowing about the risks he would be taking, he dreamed of being picked up by a handsome stranger. Being used by someone he didn't know was, regrettably, arousing to him. Spending one night with a masked man one of his favorite fantasies, and now he was living it.

Lying on his back with his head hanging over the side of the bed, Stephen stroked his own cock to the rhythm of the other man's thrusts. It was almost dizzying, but the chestnut-haired gentleman let him come up for air and checked in to make sure he was okay every few minutes. They had also established a safe signal if Stephen needed to stop.

He had also practiced deepthroating many times before in his own time in case he was ever able to find a partner. It was another one of his favorite kinks-the feeling of his throat being

full and fucked raw. Stephen was proud of his ability to satisfy the stranger above him, who was grunting and groaning with all sorts of pleased noises. He was very handsome with his shirt partially unbuttoned, Stephen could tell it was expensive.

“Mm, yeah, you like that, Mr. Stranger?” Tony relished in the pleased expressions the man below him made as he fucked his throat.

Stephen internally laughed at the irony of his pickup’s stupid nickname for him, trying to focus on obtaining his own release.

With his own orgasm on the way, Tony offered to help the stranger pleasure himself. He made quick work of the other man’s dick, stroking it rapidly and wanting to make sure he came as well.

When Tony came, his face scrunched up as his cock pulsed, waves and waves of pleasure making his knees feel weak for a few fleeting moments.

The other man came a minute later, warm seed spurting out and coating Tony’s fingers. Tony pulled out immediately after his orgasm was finished so he could breathe and sat down next to him on the bed, trying to catch his own breath.

“As one night stands go, that wasn’t bad,” Tony chuckled, “You’ve got some skill there, any chance I see you again after this?” He peeled off the condom and brought over the box of tissues after throwing it out.

“Thank you,” Stephen smiled, in pure bliss, “But I was counting on a one-night thing tonight.”

He sat up, grabbing the nearby tissues to clean himself up a bit, “Don’t get me wrong, it was wonderful. I’ve always wanted to try that, but I think I’ll remain mysterious for now.”

Tony nodded, “It’s okay, I respect that. Maybe in another life,” he joked.

“Maybe. Come find me when the world is ending, we can do like they did in Pompeii. One last ride,” Stephen was relieved when the other man took his will seriously, throwing out his tissues.

“I’ll remember that,” Tony replied, “Especially the part about the ‘last ride’.” They both burst into slightly drunken laughter, and Stephen came to sit back down next to Tony. He rested his head on Tony’s shoulder, not knowing his identity but bathing in the touch of his warm skin. Tony rubbed Stephen’s shoulder, not knowing his name but feeling comforted by this little moment they were having, even more so than the great sex they’d just had. It was a night forgotten by the two of them, and unknown to all the rest of the world.

Doctor's Orders (Days 2 & 3)

Chapter Summary

Chapter 2! Stephen and Tony have an established sexual relationship and decide to try out edging and medical play in the bedroom. Even though Tony has never tried edging before, he pulls through for Stephen and they have a good time anyway. Safe, sane, and consensual everyone!

Kinks: Begging, Medical Play, Edgeplay

Ship: Ironstrange

Tony's legs shook and his eyes pricked with tears at the strain, he didn't know if he'd be able to keep his ass in the air any longer.

"Please..." he moaned, "Let me cum."

Stephen ignored his request, it was only the 14th time he asked. Stark had to get to 20 in order to cum, that was the rule for their session.

Instead, he stopped stroking Tony's cock and around his hole and peeled off his gloves, "I don't think we're ready for that yet, Mr. Stark. We haven't even started your prostate exam."

Tony groaned.

They weren't dating, per say. They were more sexual partners than anything, not having much time to go out on dates and preferring to explore their various kinks together instead. They had long-time discussed safe words and signals, as well as things they wanted to experiment within the bedroom. This, however, was Tony's biggest challenge yet. He knew about Stephen's past history as a doctor and was immediately interested in trying medical play.

Stephen, however, had jumped at the idea and suggested edging, something Tony hadn't tried before but was willing to in order to get his ass fingered by the naughty doctor of his fantasies.

Stephen changed his gloves, snapping them as he put them on, the sound resonating in the silence of the room and the anticipation making Tony's dick twitch.

Stephen slowed things down even more as he ghosted his gloved fingers over Tony's ass, just barely touching his skin. His partner squirmed, but Stephen grabbed him by the meat of his thigh to keep him steady.

“Just relax, Mr. Stark. I assure you this won’t take long,” Stephen took glee in the blatant lie. He would be savoring this experience for as long as Tony could handle it. He was beautiful as he begged, over and over, keeping his ass up like a good boy.

Stephen began to rub over Tony’s ass in slow circles, killing him further with the anticipation before finally spreading his cheeks gently to peer at the already slick but unstretched hole in front of him, “Oh, I’ll need to you on your elbows for this one. I’ve got to get the right angle, you know?” He felt almost cruel, making Tony wait so long for everything, but the orgasm would be worth it in the end.

Tony obliged, biting back the urge to beg and speed things up again. He could last. He would prove it.

“All right, just keep still for me. I’m going to insert a few fingers into you, I’ll make this as comfortable for you as I can,” Stephen admired Tony’s resistance to his touches, wondering how much longer it would take him to beg again. He squirted some more lube into the crack of Tony’s ass and onto his fingers before he began to rub over the tight hole again.

Tony hissed a hot breath through his teeth when Stephen returned his fingers to his hole, “Please.” He couldn’t wait another five minutes, he needed something inside of him now, and he still had five more begs to go.

Stephen smiled at him, picking up the pace and working open his needy hole, “What a good boy you’re being for me, just a bit longer.” He rubbed Tony’s back soothingly as he managed to push a finger into his partner, eliciting more soft whimpers.

“What a tight little ass, we’ll have to do a lot of stretching. I believe in a thorough examination, you know,” Stephen reached around Tony again with his other hand and began to fondle Tony’s balls, another one of his weak spots. He pressed his fingers into his taint, rubbing against the sensitive area there.

“Do whatever ya gotta do,” Tony forced himself to speak, confident he could still make it a little longer.

Stephen found it adorable that Stark was trying his best for him, even if edging wasn’t something he had tried before. He would be sure to tell him that after they finished the scene.

After Stephen was three fingers deep into his ass, Tony had begged twice more in quick succession, so Stephen felt it was time to finally wrap things up. He had begun to pleasure his own cock, which was filling out steadily at the sight of Tony struggling not to cum while Stephen undid him in all the right ways.

“Are you ready for something a little bigger? I think we need to go deeper,” Stephen pulled his fingers out of Tony’s ass and removed his gloves.

“Yes, pl-That sounds like a good idea,” Tony caught himself before he wasted another beg, trying not to think about how badly he wanted his release.

“Why don’t you turn around, I haven’t seen your face in a while,” Stephen instructed, his tone innocent but mind brimming with other implications. He wanted to Tony to watch him as he fucked his ass, then he would have to beg for more.

Tony obeyed, relieved to finally lay on his back, the soft blankets below him a mercy on his sore knees. He kept his legs spread, though, giving Stephen a full view of his straining dick.

Stephen gave Tony a reassuring smile before he began to press his tip against his loose hole, pushing in gently. He had been so slow and careful with his stretching in order to bring Tony further to the edge that his walls gave way easily to the bigger intrusion. He began to rock slowly in and out of his partner, who was squeezing his eyes shut and gripping the blankets below him, “Please just start fucking me already, Stephen.”

“Giving up on our little scene already?” the doctor gasped in mock surprise, “I thought you liked Doctor Strange.” He gave into Tony’s wishes and began setting a normal pace after he bottomed out, reaching out to grip his partner’s cock again.

“Oh, fuck, fuck me, shit,” Tony began whispering a litany of swear words as his climax began racing toward him again, he could no longer ignore his mighty need to let go.

“Please, Stephen, god, fuck me like you mean it, baby, please,” he reached up and wrapped his arms around Stephen’s neck, pulling him close. Between the pleasure of having his ass fucked and Stephen fisting his sensitive cock, Tony was about to go over the edge.

“Good, good, I’m going to let you cum now, go ahead,” Stephen started to pound into Tony, and almost instantly he felt him climax.

As Stephen began his rapid pace, Tony’s orgasm crashed into him like a tidal wave. A loud and primal groan escaped his throat, and immediately he bucked his hips to meet with his partner’s merciless thrusts. He savored every last moment of what he felt was the most powerful climax he had ever experienced, his cock spurting drops of cum onto both of their chests.

Even if it was amazing, it was still short-lived and Stephen came shortly afterward. Tony was panting helplessly, a warm lull overtaking his body.

Stephen pulled out and collapsed next to him, removing his condom. He tied it and tossed it into the nearby wastebasket before rolling over.

He reached out to pet Tony’s cheek, “How was that orgasm?”

“Fucking beautiful,” Tony said in a hoarse whisper, “It really was, but I think I’m going to need a drink after all of this.”

Stephen laughed and got up, “All right, all right, but water first and then a shower. Doctor’s orders.”

Tony responded by picking up a pillow and playfully tossing it at him, “Some doctor!” He called as Stephen made his way to the bathroom, making him chuckle again.

Stuck on Sakaar (Day 5)

Chapter Summary

Loki is stuck on Sakaar and decides that servicing the Grandmaster to get on his good side is pretty much his only way out. However, the Grandmaster is a pretty eccentric guy with some pretty eccentric ideas that Loki isn't sure how he feels about. Overall, this is kind of Dub!Con and not really safe as they are mixing sex and drugs, so please proceed with caution, readers!

Kink(s): Shotgunning, Feet

Ship: Frostmaster

Note: Not really into either kink, but I wanted to try something new out and contribute to the Frostmaster fandom. It's not really one of my ships, but I've always found it interesting and felt like it worked for this prompt, so here y'all go. Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This was the first time Loki had ever been nervous. Sure, he had had plenty of sex before. He'd even done it to climb the ranks before. However, for the most part, people fucked HIM for their own gain. He had been in a position of power for so long he had almost forgotten what it was like to be on the dealing end of a purely political sex act. But here he was, stuck on Sakaar, and he knew there was really only one way out. He realized he was lagging behind the Grandmaster and picked up the pace.

Once they had gotten through the ornate doors into the Grandmaster's room, there were already several people sprawled out across the bed. Dressed in various colored silks and robes, they each had collars and chains of gold around their necks, feet, and hands. All of them appeared to be of different genders and were currently playing some sort of game that involved six colored stones and a candle.

Another aspect of the room that caught his eye was a towering shelf of smoking devices that stretched from one side of the back wall of the room to the other. He wondered just how much all of these people smoked, noting it as a possible cause for all of the insanity on Sakaar.

The entire decor of the room was also pretty tacky, or at least Loki thought so. Many of the pieces of furniture were covered in chunky jewels and other boujee decorations. There were several lamps that were surprisingly taller than Loki himself and a few exotic animals lounged on large cushions strewn about the room. The animals wore collars, not unlike the ones of the people on the bed. Lastly, Loki noticed an abundance of gold was used. It was

hardly tasteful, things looking as if the Grandmaster had obtained the Midas touch and gone on a spree.

“Ahem,” the Grandmaster interrupted Loki’s inner monologue of scrutiny about the room, “Hello kittens, this is one of my new toys. His name is Loki, we’re going to welcome him to the Pleasure Room whenever he likes. For now, you can all get going. I want his first time to be alone with me.”

The blunt speech seemed not to affect any of the other slaves, who simply picked up what they were doing, made the bed, and left. The Grandmaster kissed the hands of one thin man with blue skin before he left, and they exchanged a knowing smile. Other than that, none of the rest of the intoxicated lot stood out to him.

“Come here, I’ll let you have the first pick of our poison tonight,” the Grandmaster beckoned him to the wall of bongs and hookah pipes. He also saw various bottles of alcohol stored in shelves underneath as well but decided to play along with whatever the Grandmaster wanted. All he needed to do was be like the other blue boy and get on this man’s good side so he could make his escape eventually.

“That one,” Loki pointed to a random purple hookah device that looked semi-normal to him. He had never tried it but figured one night wouldn’t kill him.

“Oh, that’s a special one,” the Grandmaster started, his eyes gleaming with excitement over Loki’s choice.

“Fuck,” Loki thought, having many regrets.

“It makes the smoke turn fun colors, it also has a variety of random and interesting fruit flavors. You’ve got a sweet tooth, I can just tell. Well, I’ll indulge you for the night, Loki, but I want to try something with you that I’ve been in the mood for lately,” the Grandmaster went on as he began assembling the hookah.

“What would that be?” Loki asked, trying to sound enthused with the proposition and shuffling uncomfortably while the Grandmaster’s back was turned.

“I want to take a look at your feet, you look like you have such soft skin, I just want to try it. You’ll love it, I promise,” the Grandmaster told him, clearly curious about trying something new, “Just do me a favor and go get cleaned up in the bathroom over there. You can change into one of the robes when you’re done washing but please refrain from wearing anything else.”

Loki swore he had the worst luck in the entire universe, was this really the price he was going to have to pay to leave this god-forsaken place? He cursed himself for not being more careful when Hela was chasing he and his brother in the Bifrost. They had made just one wrong move and he had ended up here, of all places.

“Sure thing, I’ll be done as soon as possible,” Loki gritted his teeth in a forced smile that the Grandmaster didn’t pick up on. He was going to regret this.

Loki surprisingly only had a few main regrets. It wasn't the feeling that he hated, it was just the submissive position he was in. Other than that, everything just felt weird and slightly good. For starters, the Grandmaster insisted on taking hits from the pipe and letting Loki swallow the smoke before kissing him passionately, this was something that both confused and aroused him.

Loki didn't even think he could explain all of his current emotions to himself, but for sure he would try to avoid these sessions as much as possible. He also thought he would eliminate the drugs next time, barely being able to think straight from the high. Loki much preferred being in control, having sacrificed all of it as he was laid on his back while the Grandmaster used his feet to pleasure his cock.

The Grandmaster, in question, was clearly enjoying the hell out of rubbing his dick between Loki's arches. The lube on the bottoms of his feet had felt weird at first, but he eventually grew used to the sensation.

Admittedly, having his toes sucked was not the worst feeling in the world, either. After a bit of waiting while the Grandmaster whispered insanely naughty things in his ear and peppered his neck with kisses, Loki wanted to finish this strange night of sensations and put more effort into the footjob to try to speed things up.

Finally, the Grandmaster managed to jack himself off with the assistance of Loki's feet, spilling his seed onto his new pet's chest.

He was out of breath by the time he came down from climax and had totally ignored Loki's half-hard cock as he flopped down next to him, "Wow, that was something. That sure was something, you've got great skin, honey, just like I thought. So soft. We're definitely doing that again."

"Fuck," Loki's previous thought echoed back to him, brain muddled as ever.

He reached for the hookah pipe again and took a long drag, giving up on being responsible for the night. He just wanted to forget about his situation, "I'm glad I could service you, Grandmaster. Do you desire anything else from me tonight?"

"Nah, we're good for now. I probably have to go melt some people or something, so I'll be going- But I think we're going to enjoy our time together very much," the Grandmaster didn't seem all there, but he was the only ticket out of this place. He gave Loki another quick kiss before wandering off to the bathroom and leaving Loki in his place on the bed, intoxicated mind distracted by the lights and the colors in the room. A heavy feeling weighed in Loki's chest as existential thoughts entered his mind. Would he ever be able to leave this new life? Not wanting to face that question just yet, he took another hit.

Thank you for reading chapter 3! I'm excited for tomorrow's challenge, I think I'll be doing Stucky but I'm still undecided. Let me know what you guys think of this one- I've never written Frostmaster, shotgunning, or anything with feet before so it's not my favorite oneshot so far? But I still wanted to experiment a little and take the Kinktober challenge, so hopefully someone out there enjoyed reading this. ^^" Have a good night everyone!

Punishment (Days 4 & 6)

Chapter Summary

After picking another fight, Steve's boyfriend Bucky punishes him for getting into trouble. This is an established relationship type-thing with a preprepared scene. Also, this takes place during The First Avenger, so we're talking pre-serum Steve Rogers here.

Kink(s): Spanking, Daddy, Corsets

Ship: Stucky

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Seven!” Steve yelped as Bucky gave his backside another loud smack. The sting was building up, and it seemed like Bucky could tell. He paused the spanking and rubbed a gentle hand over the sore marks.

“Good boy, only eight more to go. You better keep counting or it’ll be twenty,” Bucky ceased his gentle ministrations to play with one of the ribbons on Steve’s corset, “And next time you better not fight those guys. Do you understand?”

“Yes Daddy,” Steve mumbled, every word Bucky spoke in that low voice he loved going straight to his cock.

Bucky smacked him again, “I don’t think I heard you, what did you say?”

“Eight!” Steve groaned, “Yes Daddy,” he said more clearly. God, did he love it when Bucky treated him like this, like his little toy, like his own personal doll. No one else would ever know about this submissive side he had, the one that wanted to be bent over his Daddy’s knee and punished. He couldn’t help it, the dizzying feeling of being bound in a tight corset and being spanked made him get straight to the edge.

After rubbing his sore ass again, Bucky issued a bunch of hard spans in quick secession, each sound cutting through the air like the thwack of an ax. Steve’s cock began to strain against Bucky’s thigh, moans ripped from his throat as he counted, “Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!”

Bucky took another break and went back to playing with Steve’s lingerie, “Don’t you like being punished, Steve? I can feel how hard you are as we speak. Why don’t you thank Daddy for disciplining you?”

Steve gritted his teeth, straining not to whimper at the hot, painful feeling in his ass.

Another hard smack followed, "Speak up, boy. Don't keep me waiting."

"Thank you, Daddy," Steve forced out, gasping for breath, "Thirteen."

"Thank you for what?" Bucky hit him again, "Finish your sentence, we're almost done."

"Thank you for disciplining me, Daddy," Steve squirmed in Bucky's lap, "Fourteen."

"Good boy," Bucky slapped him once more, making Steve wince as his punishment finished. He got up once the stinging subsided a little. His boyfriend gave his butt a gentle pat before scanning his face, making sure he wasn't in too much pain.

To his disappointment, Bucky also reached down and pulled up his panties for him, "Daddy has one more punishment for you today."

Steve whined, "I only wanted to give him a piece of my mind, I could have taken him, honest."

Bucky gave him a stern look, "What did we talk about, boy? No interrupting. And you needed me to pull you out of the trash again and kick their asses. You've gotta be more careful, Steve." Even though he broke his character, Bucky felt it was important to let Steve know he was serious about his fighting habit.

Steve sighed and looked down at his feet, "Fine, I'll try to be more careful...I'm only going to try for you. Anyway, what's my other punishment?"

"Very good, that's what I like to hear," Bucky replied while he unbuttoned his shirt, "And you're going to cum with those panties on."

Steve smirked, "That doesn't sound like a punishment, that sounds like a challenge."

Bucky undid his belt and pulled it off, "Then show me you can do it, I want to watch you touch yourself like a naughty boy. When cum, then I'll unlace you."

Masturbating through the panties did prove to be a challenge, but after ten minutes, he couldn't manage to pull himself over the edge.

"Please," Steve begged, face red from the strain, "I can't do it."

Bucky smiled knowingly, "Then I'll help you. Remember, you can always ask me for help when you need it."

It finally dawned on Steve why Bucky chose this punishment. The fight. He didn't like having to get help all the time, but he supposed this was Bucky's way of telling him it was okay. Steve sighed, coming over to Bucky and taking his hand out of his panties.

Bucky applied some lube to his fingers and slipped his hand into Steve's underwear, rubbing the pad of his thumb over the head of his boyfriend's cock, "Mm, you're still good and hard, baby. Won't take you long at all."

The feeling was amazing, Bucky's strong hand wrapped around his rather small cock. He leaned in for a breathy kiss, his boyfriend's lips looking so inviting as he pleased himself.

Bucky kissed him back full force as he picked up the pace, bringing both of them to the brink of orgasm. When Steve came, his skinny legs trembled and he broke the kiss to press his face into Bucky's neck. Bucky finished shortly after, cumming with a long, low groan as he stroked his length vigorously.

"Can't breathe good," Steve whispered as he tried to collect himself after the orgasm, breathing hard and struggling at it. Bucky quickly turned him around and undid the corset, letting it fall to the floor.

"You okay now?" Bucky asked with concern, rubbing Steve's back, "Sorry baby, we'll be more careful next time."

"Mhmm," Steve replied, gasping, "It's okay, I'm fine." When he felt okay to move around again, he peeled off the panties and sat down on the bed, flopping onto his back.

Bucky leaned over and gave him a sweet kiss on the forehead, "You were such a good boy for me today, Steve, you make Daddy very happy."

Satisfied with himself, Steve smiled up at Bucky, "Thank you, Daddy I'll try to be good more. I want to be good for you."

Bucky ruffled his hair and gave him one more kiss before getting up to collect their clothes.

"All right, you can start by taking a shower," Bucky joked before he made his way to the door.

Steve groaned and called after him, "All right, but then I'm getting back in bed, my ass hurts!"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading guys! This is my first Stucky fic, so hopefully it was accurate. Looking forward to doing the next prompts. What do you guys think so far? If anyone has any ship requests for the future, I'll definitely consider them! See y'all tomorrow. <3

After Apple Eating (Day 7)

Chapter Summary

Little twist on the Robert Frost poem title for this one, for those of you who aren't familiar. Tony is Loki's good boy, and in this one he's going to eat some special apples. Very simple concept, or is it?

Kink(s): Praise, Aphrodisiacs

Ship: Ironfrost

Other kinks not from Day 7: (light) Bondage, (light) Asphyxiation, Daddy kink, Feederism, (light) Deepthroating, Food play, Overstimulation, Orgasm Denial

*Note: Some Dub!con in here, so just proceed with caution, please!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Come now, take another bite, you’re doing so well,” Loki pressed another piece of the apple to Tony’s lips.

Tony strained to stop himself, but that sweet, alluring smell made him accept it. He whimpered as he chewed, Loki keeping two fingers pressed to his throat to make sure he swallowed.

“Please let me stop, I’m already so hard, just touch me and I’ll cum, ple-” as Tony begged, Loki shoved another slice of apple into his open mouth.

“Just keep eating, darling. You can do it,” he cooed, stroking Tony’s tummy as he fed him more.

Tony didn’t know why he let Loki do this to him, he didn’t even know if he was sane anymore. He was fucking an internationally hated fugitive on a daily basis and it wasn’t even normal sex, it was fucked up games that Loki enjoyed. Sometimes Loki denied him release so long he wondered if it was really sex and not some glorified form of torture. All the same, there was no one else who could pleasure him like this, no one else who made him feel as safe.

Today, Loki seemed to have enchanted some apples, each slice making Tony's lust even more powerful. His cock was dripping precum and straining, untouched and longing for any kind of physical stimulation, but Loki refused to touch him. It wasn’t like Tony could pleasure

himself, either. After Loki had insisted on bathing him, he had tied him to the bed, so there was no way to escape.

“Please, please let me cum, I’ll eat all your apples, but please let me cum first,” Tony whined, accepting another slice of apple onto his tongue.

“Hm, maybe you need a little extra motivation to cum for Daddy, I can fix that,” Loki replied, putting down the plate of apple slices to Tony’s great relief.

Instead, he undid the ties on his fancy robe to expose his cock which he had been playing with as he fed his pet. He took great pleasure in pushing the human until he couldn’t even hold back from orgasming until he was almost in tears from his urges. There was just something about the process of undoing him with praise and smothering him with saccharine words that Loki loved.

Approaching Tony, Loki began positioning himself in front of his face, “Go on, be a good boy and do your duty.”

Tony’s jaw was sore from chewing and from clenching his teeth from the strain. His lips were raw and pink from Loki’s fingers holding open his mouth. He let out a little whine as Loki brushed the tip of his cock over his sore lips. Still, he refused to open his mouth.

Loki sighed, knowing what he had to do, “Bad boy.”

With one hand, he pinched Tony’s nostrils shut, and with the other, gripped his throat. Tony panicked as his air was cut off, trying to breathe through his nose to no avail. He was forced to open his mouth after a few moments and in went Loki’s cock.

Almost instantly, Loki began to fuck his mouth even as Tony struggled to catch his breath. He was a bad boy, he deserved it. He deserved to be punished. Tony squeezed his eyes shut and took the punishment to his throat, his dick growing even harder as Loki used him. God, did he love to be used, being forced to comply until he came. He wanted to make Loki happy, and this was the only way.

Loki slowly quickened his pace until he was hitting the back of Tony’s throat, making him gag. After another moment or two, he pulled his cock out abruptly and came on his pet’s face. Tony barely got a breath in as Loki sprayed his face with his hot seed. He was allowed one pitiful cough before another apple was shoved in, and this time he chewed eagerly.

“See? I knew I could make you good again, you like the apples don’t you?” Loki smiled, getting up to clean himself off while Tony chewed.

Nodding, tears streaming down his face, Tony swallowed and opened his mouth for more. He felt as if he would burst, his stomach from the fruit or his dick, screaming for touch. He felt his climax building, the magical fruit making him get right to the edge.

“Good, good, you’re my best boy, Daddy loves you,” Loki caressed his cheek while he fed him another piece of fruit, “You’re going to cum soon, don’t worry. You’ll make me very happy when you do that, just a little longer.”

Those words, that was what did it. Tony almost choked on the apple in his mouth as he came with a jolt, his poor, untouched cock spurting long-awaited cum. He swallowed as the cataclysmic climax swept through his body, lighting his every nerve on fire, pulling desperate moans from his throat. As he came down, his groaning turning to sobs of relief, fresh tears falling from his eyes. Loki was quick to wipe them up, leaning down to kiss his cheeks.

“Good boy! Oh, what a lovely little mess you’ve made. That made Daddy very happy, Anthony. I’m going to get you a nice treat later for being so good for me,” Loki whispered to him, reassuringly petting his hair.

Tony calmed down after a few moments, by then Loki had untied him and was cleaning him up with a warm rag. An overwhelming urge to sleep was edging over Tony, all of his energy sapped from the fruit and awaiting his climax. He closed his eyes, letting Loki finish cleaning him off.

After he was done, Loki kissed his little pet goodnight and tucked him in, “Goodnight, my love.” Tony could only blink open his eyes momentarily in response, making Loki happy. He brushed his cheek once more with a gentle finger before turning to take his leave, shutting the door quietly. A great sense of satisfaction overtook him, he loved being the only one who could make Tony feel that good.

Tony dozed, falling deeper into sleep, knowing he was safe with Loki always there to keep him company before bed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading my prompt for day 7! I hope everyone enjoyed this one, I love writing for Ironfrost. I just updated [What's A King to a God?](#) if anyone wants to read more from that ship. Please comment and rate and I'll hopefully be posting again tomorrow, I'll definitely be updating my Frostshield fic [A Ticket to London](#) .

Trying to Forget (Day 8)

Chapter Summary

Post-Civil War, Steve is confused about how he feels about Tony (they were previously dating). Well, there's nothing like having the Winter Soldier's fist up your ass to help you with your internal crisis. ;)

Kink(s): Fisting

Other kinks: Bondage, Dirty Talk

Ship: Stucky

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Ohhhh,” Steve groaned as Bucky inserted another finger into him. That made four, and god did it feel good. He had been missing Tony in the worst way since they had split off. As much as Steve couldn’t bear to think of being in a relationship with him anymore, he had to admit that Tony was exceptional in bed. He missed his little switch, always “dtf” as he referred to it, especially in such trying times. The first few months had been horrible, but Bucky took care of him, made sure he wasn’t feeling too lonely.

They had started off as just friends again but slowly grew closer. After a few weeks of kissing, cuddling, and a couple of dates, they had already started having sex again.

“This is my first time since 1942, so go easy on me,” Bucky had told him. It had been the best time Steve had had in bed since Tony, but then again he had just been making love to his right hand. Even so, the sex was great and he actually had some hope for the future. Things had gotten considerably kinkier, though.

“Hey Steve, you ready for another one? God, you’re so tight...” Bucky grunted, twisting and scissoring his fingers around inside of his boyfriend. He was beautiful, arms tied with a ribbon (easy to break and more for aesthetic purposes, but still hot) and kneeling with his tight little ass in the air.

His ankles were bound too, but with a tight black cord. If his other arm wasn’t made of metal, Bucky would be stroking his own dick at the sweet sight of Steve. Though, he knew he would find relief later on. After he got Steve open nice and wide he would definitely be taking advantage of that with his cock.

“Yeah, I think I can take it, baby, just be gentle,” Steve braced himself as he felt Bucky pour more lube onto his stretched hole. The sensation was wonderful, being opened up like that by a big, strong hand. It always burned slightly as more fingers were added, but nothing really

hurt. Bucky always made sure he was comfortable and that he was wet enough, which was mattered. He wouldn't trust anyone else with this, well... He would trust Tony.

Steve gritted his teeth as he felt Bucky's hand inching further into him, "God, Bucky, I never realized how big your hand was until you started shoving it in my ass."

Bucky chuckled and added more lube, "But no pain, right? Everything feels all right? It's all about patience and a lot of lubricant."

"Yeah, it just stings a little, that's all. But nothing really hurts, I'd let you know if it did," Steve replied to dispel Bucky's concern. He almost felt normal when they had sex like they hadn't learned the truth about what happened to Tony's parents.

Even if it wasn't Bucky's fault, sometimes Steve felt guilty about the way they had left things. As of yet, there wasn't any animosity. They didn't talk, but he made sure Tony had his number in case anything big happened. God forbid, though.

The last thing Steve wanted to think about was the possibility of the end of days coming again, right when he was feeling normal again. It was funny he thought, how normal he felt with a fist inside of him.

Speaking of which, Bucky had finally managed to get his thumb inside, which was now pressed right against his prostate. Steve moaned deeply, he couldn't wait until Bucky started to move, it would feel so heavenly and so tight.

"Jesus, you're a sexy thing aren't you Steve?" Bucky murmured, adjusting himself so he could card through his boyfriend's hair with his free hand before trailing a cool metal finger down Steve's back.

This made him shiver, his hole clenching up around Bucky's hand, "Mm, I guess I must be sexy if you're willing to do this for me, take control for a little so I don't have to."

Bucky smiled and patted him on the back, "That's right, sometimes all you need is to relax and get fucked."

Steve smirked at Bucky's bluntness as he curved his spine a little to improve the angle, "That's a good philosophy, Buck. You can move your hand more now, I think I'm adjusted, I can feel your wrist too."

Bucky gladly obliged, starting slow and being careful not to go too deep.

He felt proud as Steve began to relax more, whimpering and making other little noises of pleasure as he picked up the pace, "Mm, I'm going to wreck this little fuckhole for you, sweetheart. I'm gonna get you all loose and open and wet for my cock..." He whispered many naughty strings of words to Steve, trailing off to kiss his back and his neck gently as he fisted his hole harder.

Soon, wet, squelching sounds could be heard in the room as he pumped his arm at a rapid pace.

Steve was in heaven, Bucky hitting all the right places inside of him, “God, Bucky, fuck, I think I’m getting close.”

“I bet! Look at you, coming undone just like that. Here, I’ll help you a little more,” Bucky reached down and pulled off the ribbon that was tying Steve’s hands together, “Go ahead, touch yourself. I want to see you cum.”

Steve felt his chest soar even higher as Bucky’s voice dipped low into that sultry tone he couldn’t resist. He stretched his wrists out and Bucky gave him some lube for his dick. Once he started pleasuring himself, he felt himself hurdling toward orgasm.

The combination of Bucky’s huge hand punishing his slick hole and his own efforts pumping his cock furiously made Steve come undone in minutes, spilling cum onto the bed below him as he moaned Bucky’s name into the bed. Right as Steve came, Bucky pressed his hand to Steve’s neck, pushing his face into the mattress.

“Yeah, you take that, you dirty boy. You like getting your ass fisted, huh?” he whispered in Steve’s ear as he pummeled his hole. After a few more seconds, he let Steve up and slowly removed his hand.

Bucky’s hand on his neck had only intensified the orgasm for Steve as he came down, feeling the last of his fleeting release. He felt so deliciously good when he was tied up and held down like that, being fucked through an intense orgasm. Steve had definitely missed the feeling.

“Sometimes I wish you talked to me like that all the time,” he joked to Bucky as he reached down to undo the cord that bound his ankles together.

Bucky got a glorious view of his boyfriend’s gaping hole for a second before it closed again. He could not wait to put his dick there after Steve’s refractory period was over, his own cock throbbing with need in his boxers.

“That would be embarrassing with people over,” Bucky replied, “Felt good?”

“Oh yeah, definitely, Buck. It’s been so long since I’ve felt this good,” Steve yawned and stretched out on the bed, finally laying himself down completely.

“Better than Tony?” Bucky asked quietly, studying Steve’s face for his response.

“Yeah,” Steve told him, feeling nervous as Bucky brought up exactly what was on his mind, “It was, actually.” When Bucky smiled, the lie almost felt right. Steve loved him, but he wasn’t really ready to let Tony go mentally. Not yet, but in due time. If the good sex continued, he would forget eventually, right? Steve surely hoped so, trying to erase the image of the billionaire from his mind. Something deep down told him he wouldn’t be able to.

Hope you guys enjoyed this one! Hopefully gonna get day 9 done tomorrow, but if not it will definitely be posted this week along with the other oneshots. Gonna be a busy one for me.

You're Killin' Me Steve (Days 9 & 10)

Chapter Summary

Exactly what the title implies, I was in the mood for something a little comedic and sweet today and I haven't written for Stony in a long time. Steve comes home from work and Tony surprises him, they get down to business because Steve wants to get up early tomorrow but can't resist the prospect of a good fuck. This is safe, sane, and consensual. Hope you guys enjoy.

Kink(s): Bondage, Lingerie, Hair-pulling

Other kinks not for day 9 or 10: Dirty talk, Deepthroating, (very minor) Nipple play

Ship: Stony

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Stark, what the fuck?” Steve gave Tony a deadpan glare when he walked into their room.

Tony, in question, had tied himself to the bed and was wearing an outfit of ornate red lingerie that looked more expensive than all of Steve’s clothes combined. They had just started with the sexual aspect of their relationship; but admittedly, things had been getting more interesting. This, though, was something else.

Grinning, Tony gave him a small wave with one of his tied hands, “Come take a walk on the wild side, Captain. I promise we’ll go to sleep by 10.”

Steve cocked an eyebrow, enticed, “Are you really sure about that? I’d like to get to bed at a decent time, actually. You know we have stuff planned for tomorrow.”

“God, you’re killing me, Smalls. If you really don’t want to have sex, we can try another night. But I just want you to know: I did shave above the knee for this so you could see the pretty little flowers on my stockings, that is all,” Tony adjusted himself with what little room he had to move. He loved Steve, but Tony knew he needed to let loose once in a while.

“Smalls?” Steve didn’t understand that one, he would have to write whatever movie or show it was from down, “And, well...” He surveyed Tony, sprawled out for him and completely vulnerable. He admitted his arousal was perked, Tony’s undergarments didn’t hide much and he seemed to be enjoying being on display.

The man didn’t look bad in garters, and Steve could indeed see the aforementioned flowers on the stockings. His boyfriend had clearly put a lot of effort into this, he even had some

tasteful air fresheners out that gave the room a faint hint of cinnamon.

“It’s from ‘The Sandlot’, it’s one of those movies everyone has seen before,” Tony explained, “And is that a yes?”

“Something we can watch while we do it?” Steve smirked and slid himself onto the bed, dropping his bag on the floor, “And yes, I’m willing to try whatever this is. Just be patient with me, it’s been a long day.”

“Absolutely not, I’ll explain later,” Tony needed to deter this conversation from the baseball movie immediately, it was ruining the mood, “And sure, I promise you’ll like it. I even got a gag if you want to shut me up for a while.”

Steve chuckled and straddled Tony’s hips, running his fingers over his body and brushing all the little details in the silky lace covering his partner’s body, “That would be more useful outside the bedroom, I think. You look gorgeous by the way, where did you get this from?”

Tony’s cock twitched when he saw the hungry look in Steve’s eyes as he roamed over his body, “I’m going to forget you said that, and it was a ‘gift’ from some company we partnered with. I can’t remember, but now I’m your little present for the night.”

Peeling off his shirt, Steve leaned down to kiss Tony sweetly on the lips, “I missed you at work today.”

Tony let Steve start with his usual routine of gentle kisses, nuzzling him back affectionately, “I missed you too, honey. Especially when I was covered in dirty gasoline and wishing you were here to clean me up.”

Moving to press light kisses into Tony’s neck that always got him going, Steve rubbed the pad of his thumb over one of his boyfriend’s nipples through his shirt, continuing down to play with the hem of his panties and the garter straps.

“Mm, naughty, Rogers. What do you want to do to me? I’m completely at your mercy, here,” Tony murmured, raking Steve over with a lustful gaze.

Blushing, Steve went back to hide his face in Tony’s neck, “You know, I like this look on you, but I think I’d rather have these off.”

He tugged on the edge of the panties a little, stalling the action to make Tony beg a little. He unclipped the garter straps, though. He wanted to keep those harlot leggings on.

“Ravage me,” Tony strained against his restraints to press himself against Steve, “Come on baby, make me yours.”

Steve gained a little more confidence with his partner whispering words of fiery encouragement to him and pulled the little red thong down, exposing Tony’s cock. He was only half-hard, but Steve would fix that.

He had a mischievous glint in his eye as he focused back on Tony again, “If you want to cum, you need to prove to me you deserve it first.”

Tony gasped in mock surprise, knowing what was coming, “And how am I going to do that?”

Steve reached over and undid the restraints on Tony’s wrists so he could sit up, “You’re going to suck me off first.”

Tony thought Steve’s vanilla-ness was adorable. Even though it wasn’t the kinky sex he was used to, making Steve happy was what really turned him on. He knew they would grow to do more complex things in the bedroom eventually, but wanted to take things slow for Steve in the meantime, “Sounds like a fun way to beg. Get over here, honey.”

Steve eagerly adjusted himself to pull off the rest of his clothes while Tony stretched and sat up, “Do you want to use lube?”

“I’ll be fine with just my mouth, we ran out of that minty one I like anyway,” Tony waved away the concern, yearning to get Steve’s dick in his mouth already.

Once Steve was fully naked, he had Tony lie back a bit before positioning himself in front of Tony’s mouth, “Okay, go ahead.”

Tony nodded and descended quickly, bracing himself by gripping Steve’s hips. Taking him in inch by inch, he savored the salty taste of precum on his lips. He absolutely loved blowing Steve, who had a beautifully thick length courtesy of the super-soldier serum. It felt amazing to have his throat filled, especially when he got to look up at the pleasing view of Steve’s washboard abs. After years of experience, Tony knew exactly how to take care of a man, enthralled by the action in itself.

By a few minutes in, Steve was already groaning and had his hands tangled in Tony’s hair, “God, fuck, Tony, your mouth feels so fucking good, how did you learn to do this?”

Tony took the question as an opportunity to breathe, pulling off of his partner’s member with a wet pop, “Years of experience, and you can pull my hair you know. I want it rough today, so it’s okay.” He then resumed what he was doing, giving Steve a long, slow lick from tip to base like a spry young slut.

Steve instantly took this opportunity and pushed Tony down slightly onto him, “Like this?”

Tony moaned in approval, getting back to his rapid pace of pleasuring Steve. Pretty soon his face was pressed into Steve and his nose brushed some of the coarse hair at the base of his cock, it felt amazing.

His eyes rolled back in pleasure as he enjoyed the last moment or two before coming up for air, “Can I touch myself now? Please?”

“Yes,” Steve strained out, “But don’t stop what you’re doing, it feels so fucking good.”

Spitting into his own hand, Tony was finally able to pleasure himself. His cock had grown considerably hard and begged for relief. Obeying Steve’s wish, Tony continued deepthroating his boyfriend while pumping his own cock at a manic pace to catch up.

As he climbed toward release, he couldn't help but moan more around Steve, who was enjoying himself just as much Tony was- judging by the expression of ecstasy on his face.

All of the little groans and moans Tony emitted went straight to Steve's core, and soon he was on the edge, "Fuck, Tony, fuck! I'm going to cum, god, I'm going to cum in that pretty little throat of yours." He had an iron grip on fistfuls of Tony's hair, bucking his hips into his boyfriend's mouth as he chased his orgasm.

Tony felt Steve tighten up and heard him let out a choked groan before he came, and immediately after he felt the delicious spurts of Steve's release spilling down his throat. The feeling of the warm seed and Steve pulling his hair was enough to push him over the edge as he spilled into his hand, letting out little, pleased grunts while he jerked himself off through the orgasm.

Once they were finished, Steve collapsed next to Tony on the bed, "God, that was fucking great."

"It's only 8:30, we could do it again if you like," Tony replied, catching his breath again.

Shaking his head, Steve couldn't help but smile, "As much as I enjoyed the hell out of that; we agreed on sleeping by 10. You promised. We both have meetings tomorrow morning, need I remind you."

Tony groaned, this time out of sarcasm while he bopped Steve with a pillow, "Damn you for being responsible."

"Someone's got to do it," Steve whumped him back, "But you just wait until the weekend, then I'm really gonna do you. Finally get my cock in that cute little ass... It'll be so good."

"Or we could do it tonig-" Tony offered, grinning sneakily as he untied his ankles. Steve playfully hit him with the pillow again, making them both burst out into laughter. Tony supposed it would have to wait...but that would only make it sweeter in the end.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for reading, things are really busy this week so I'm doing my best to produce content. Please like and comment and let me know if you want to see any particular ships in the future. See you all soon for Day 11!

Crossdressing and Cucumbers (Day 11)

Chapter Summary

Genderfluid Loki in this one, crossdressing as a woman for Tony. Title says it all, really.

Kink(s): Object Insertion, Crossdressing

Ship: Ironfrost

Chapter Notes

“I’m sticking this long vegetable you gave me inside of your ass, what does it look like we’re doing?”

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oh god, fuck, Jesus, Loki, what are we doing?” Tony winced at the intrusion.

“I’m sticking this long vegetable you gave me inside of your ass, what does it look like we’re doing?” Loki responded pointedly, “Do you want to stop?”

“No, fuck no,” Tony replied quickly, “Just get it in there, it’s cold.”

“Well your ass will be just the thing to warm it up,” Loki assured him. Even though they had done many strange things over the course of their relationship, this was by far the most outlandish...He supposed. On Asgard, things were different: Plenty of orgies, lots of drinking to keep the pleasure going, many different ways to have sex, it was basically a paradise for all sorts of reveling. At least... It was in the sectors he frequently visited, the ones with the more ‘interesting’ aspects about them.

While Loki didn’t think much of it, Tony was used to what Loki called the boring rich human experience when it came to sex. He was a good-looking billionaire and every harlot and man-whore in the world wanted him, and all he did with that was have drunken one-night stands. Rather, that was what he did do before he met Loki.

The god, in question, was now applying more lube to the end of a cucumber to fuck him with. From what Loki understood, this was the first time Tony was having sex with a crossdresser who got off on shoving large objects into people. It was one of the many roles Loki knew how to play, one he had been experimenting with for a while before Tony.

“Is that better?” Loki slowly swirled the cucumber inside to test how well his partner was taking it, “You’re doing great, really. I didn’t expect to get this far so early in the game.”

“Yeah, sorry, I just got nervous. You smell really good by the way, which one is that?” Tony felt dizzy with pleasure and Loki’s perfume was contributing to the blissful trance he was put in during their sessions.

“The perfume? It’s from Asgard. It’s called ‘Fruit of the Gods’, I thought it was ironic,” Loki answered, proud that the human had noticed his good taste. It was expensive perfume and he had to hide it from his father as well, a very difficult task.

Tony closed his eyes as Loki opened him up slowly, feeling the cucumber go deeper and deeper into him. It was amazing, hard and long and possibly the biggest intrusion he had ever taken.

Loki tapped him on the cheek sharply, “Don’t go closing your eyes on me, I didn’t put all of this on for you to ignore it.” He could almost hear his father scolding him for being a brat, attention-seeker, but he didn’t care. He was giving this human the best sex of his life, he would get the attention he deserved.

Tony blinked open his eyes and chuckled, “Okay baby, sorry about that.”

He reached up to pet a hand through Loki’s soft hair. He had no idea what Loki used to get it so soft and shiny. At first Tony had thought perhaps it was a wig Loki bought for the look, but his assumption was dissolved when Loki wanted it rough one night.

Either way, he was going to make sure this was pleasurable for Loki too. Tony found his demands whimsical sometimes, but he was always willing to give someone pretty the attention they wanted. Especially if that someone was a god, or rather, goddess in this case.

Tony moved his finger down and traced Loki’s jawline very gently as to not smear his perfectly applied makeup, “You’re so beautiful baby, either way. I love you both ways, I love you any way, really.”

“You love me when I’m not fucking you with vegetables too? I’m honored,” the god laughed sarcastically and grinned back, leaning in to peck Tony on the lips, “I know what you mean, don’t worry.”

Tony moved on to play with the tie that held Loki’s dress closed, “You’d look even prettier naked.”

Loki shook his head and tsked, removing Tony’s hand gently, “You’ll just have to be patient, darling. I’m going to make a mess of you first.” He grabbed the bottle of lube again, slicking Tony’s cock with it.

Moaning deeply, Tony welcomed the wonderful stimulation and opened his legs wider, “Fuck, now you’re really going to make me cum.”

“Good boy, I want you to,” Loki murmured softly, stroking more rigorously and rubbing his thumb over Tony’s sensitive tip, “Show me how badly you want it and then you can see my tits.”

There was really nothing Loki loved more than undoing people, bringing them to their edge in the most beautiful and insane ways and then being responsible for their enraptured releases. Tony was no exception. Yes, he had experienced many fine things, but no one had ever given him orgasms like the ones Loki gave him, and that was a fact.

As Loki picked up his pace, Tony grunted and moved his hips to the rhythm, desperately trying to find his release. Little ah!’s escaped his throat as he got up to the brink, wet sounds becoming faster as Loki used his hole and worked his magic over his straining cock. They had warmed up before, so Tony really didn’t have long left.

The cucumber was working wonders inside of him, too, opening him up in ways he didn’t even think were possible. Ever present, Loki’s lithe grip on his dick never subsided as he focused on the tip, something many of Tony’s pornstar pickups neglected in favor of suckling the sides of his shaft.

After a few more pumps, Tony came like a roaring title wave of pleasure was upon him. Loki fucked him through it, leaning down to whisper words of encouragement to him in between kissing up and down his neck.

When he was finished, Loki sat above him, smiling and proud of himself, “That was beautiful, I’m so proud of you, sweetheart.” He dipped his finger into a drop of the seed Tony had spurted all over his belly and sucked it into his mouth, humming at the taste.

Tony felt sleepy, pleased he could make Loki happy. There was nothing he loved more than that look in Loki’s eyes, whether he was a man or a woman or someone in between. Loki didn’t always like to be touched, he carried himself sometimes like a doll. He didn’t always want hands ruining his furnishings and messing up his hair, Tony was meant to earn it. Other times, he was only to look, which satisfied him all the same. All he needed was his god, with him, smiling down on him and keeping him safe.

Loki let Tony rest for a bit as he cleaned up around them. He didn’t often read Tony’s thoughts, he trusted him of course, but sometimes he couldn’t help it. Loki relished in how Tony admired him, looked up to him, treasured him almost.

Humans were very strange creatures, indeed. He could see, almost, why Thor loved them so much. Loki didn’t care for many of the others, and sometimes Tony could be a handful with his obscure human ways. Loki loved him in his own way, though, even if that way involved kinky sex and cucumbers.

Hope you guys liked Day 11! I'm trying to write these when I can, but as always, life is busy. Day 12 will be next, so stay tuned and please rate and comment. :))

Edit 10/18/18: Hey guys, I know it's been awhile since I've posted. I'm trying to make time, but life is just really chaotic. Definitely gonna shoot to write some of these this weekend and/or tomorrow afternoon when I'm finally free to write.

Trick or Treat (Day 12)

Chapter Summary

Peter is out trick-or-treating on Halloween and Tony and Stephen decide to have at it.

Ships: Ironstrange

Kinks: Licking, Rimming/Anilingus, Costumes

Other kinks not for day 12: Foodplay (they just eat some candy) and also very minor roleplay

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Stephen trembled under Tony's touch, moaning with delight as felt his husband's tongue going deeper and deeper, "God, I love Halloween."

The two had decided to have a bit of 'naughty' fun while Peter and his friends went trick-or-treating. Tony had left Dum-E on the porch with an enormous bowl of candy and then the two got down to business in the bedroom. Of course, he had bought costumes for them- And of course, they were slutty. To sweeten the deal, he broke out some of the extra candy to snack on after he got done eating the real treat of the hour- Stephen's ass.

Tony smirked and removed his mouth for a moment to watch Stephen's hole wink before inserting two fingers into the stretched pucker, "Me too, you wanna feed me some more M&Ms? It's not that I don't love the taste of this tight little ass, but I'm still hungry."

Stephen whimpered with pleasure as Tony began scissoring his fingers inside him, "You have such a sweet tooth, no wonder my ass tastes so good to you."

He dipped a hand into the bowl of M&Ms again and fed them to Tony, who made a big show of sucking on his fingers after he finished eating the candies, "What are you supposed to be, anyway?" Stephen asked in a mock tone as Tony guided his wetted fingers to his cock. Tony's cock was so hard already after alternating between eating Stephen out and sucking him off. Stephen began to pump Tony's cock, grabbing the lube and using more as needed, every slick motion making Tony more aroused.

"I'm slutty Iron Man, didn't you recognize me?" Tony gasped in mock surprise, pointing to the crappy red and yellow crop top he had on, trying to keep up the act while Stephen gave him a hand job.

Stephen rolled his eyes and laughed, petting through Tony's hair as he rubbed his thumb over the head of his cock, "That's just you every day, you should be something more original."

Tony couldn't help but grin at the remark while beginning to thrust his hips to the rhythm of Stephen's ministrations.

"You don't like my costume? I guess I could just...Take it off," Tony seductively pulled on the tie of the top, biting his lip and giving Stephen an over-dramatic lusty gaze.

"Better off than on, I suppose," Stephen smirked and sat up to help Tony remove his scanty outfit, "Now lay back, I want to sit on your dick before Peter gets home."

"Someone's getting hasty," Tony teased as he laid back on their bed, dragging the M&M bowl closer to him.

Stephen pulled up the skirt on the slutty nurse outfit Tony had bought him before lining up Tony's dick with his needy hole, all too ready to be fucked and filled.

"Careful nurse, is this going to hurt?" Tony asked, opening up the buttons on the top Stephen had on, putting on the fake voice again.

"It shouldn't, you've had your tongue in my ass for a good 20 minutes, but let me know," Stephen half smiled at Tony who was quite enjoying taking off his "shirt".

Slowly sinking down on Tony's cock, Stephen's eyes flitted shut and he groaned deeply, "Fuuuck, Tony, that's good." Once he felt Tony's balls brush up against his ass, feeling the pleasant fullness of the whole length of Tony's cock throbbing inside of him.

Tony hummed contentedly as he waited for Stephen to adjust, resisting the urge to fuck up into him.

Instead, he ran his hands up Stephen's sides and under his shirt. Playing with his nipples, he let Stephen set the pace for the time being- long, slow strokes. Each time Stephen sunk down onto his dick, Tony felt his tight walls close even tighter around his manhood.

Stephen was thoroughly enjoying himself before he realized Tony was straining not to go faster, "Mm, you wanna go faster honey?"

Tony flicked over Stephen's nipples to harden them, "Yes baby, if that's okay with you."

Stephen moaned again, leaning forward and bracing himself on the bed with his hands, "Go ahead, Tony, give it to me hard. We should probably wrap this up soon anyway, I'm pretty close."

Tony gladly took the lead, thrusting up at a faster pace into Stephen's stretched hole. Still, he went gradually before he was finally at a bruising pace.

All the while, Stephen crooned and moaned Tony's name. Tony passed him the lube before grabbing his hips and bucking up to get deeper into his hole, letting Stephen pleasure his own cock.

“Oh, fuck yes! Shit, Steph! I’m getting close, baby, I’m getting close,” Tony gritted his teeth as he chased his climax, balls slapping against Stephen’s ass as he fucked into him at an almost brutal speed.

“Oh, fuck, go ahead. Do it, Tony, you can cum in me, go ahead,” Stephen tugged his cock harder, willing himself to cum and getting closer to the edge.

Tony spilled into Stephen, grunting loudly and digging his fingertips into the soft meat of his husband’s ass as he bred him, dragging out every blessed moment of the orgasm.

Momentarily after, Stephen managed to push himself over the edge and came with yelps and gasps as he spilled his seed onto Tony’s belly and chest. They both rode out the last few seconds of their climaxes before Stephen gently got up from straddling Tony. He collapsed on the bed next to his husband, the bowl of M&M’s between them. Tony shoved handfuls in between breaths.

“God,” Stephen gasped out in his post-orgasm bliss, “I fucking love Halloween.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for being patient, here's day 12 even though it's really late. I'm gonna try to finish these up next week when I have some time off, so stay tuned for that! Have a good night everyone and Happy Halloween!

*If you like my work and want to see more, check out the newest chapter of my frostshield fic with prostitute!Loki and good soldier Steve: [A Ticket to London](#) or the really intense frostiron fic I'm writing with a friend here: [What's a King to a God?](#)

An Angst Fuck (Day 13)

Chapter Summary

Basically, this takes place after Civil War. Tony was Steve's omega and started taking suppressants after their breakup, but one day he forgets and tries to ignore his heat to no avail. He and Steve have some sad, emotional sex in a hotel. For all of you guys who want some angsty Stony, here we are.

Ship: Stony

Kink(s): Creampie

Other kinks not for day 13: Dubious consent (sorta), Hate fuck (pretty much, I mean,,,), Crying, A/B/O, Fuck or Die

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tony fiddled with a new invention, trying to ignore the dull pulses of heat making their way to his groin. The screw he was trying to put back in jiggled free and fell to the floor, rolling under the couch nearby. The pressure against his cock when he bent down to pick it up only made the feeling worse. Frustratedly, he plunked the new toy down onto the coffee table and sat back down on the couch, trying to keep his mind from reeling. Why the hell had he forgotten to take his suppressants?

Steve rolled over in bed, trying not to think of Tony but not being able to help it. He wasn't going to go into a rut, but he knew this week very well. The third week in each month, that was when Tony's heats always happened. By now, he imagined his little omega was on suppressants and would have no lust for his alpha.

Tony paced around the house, trying to think of solutions for this problem he had, scratching absentmindedly at the fading claim mark on his neck. He hadn't allowed anyone to see him very much lately, even though it had been months since... He shook his head, trying not to remember that day. There was no use mulling it over again, he and Steve were no more... Or they would be. If Tony didn't find some way to ride out this coming heat, he didn't think he would live.

The soldier sat up, sighing huskily and going to stare up at the bright midnight moon. Sometimes he wondered if Tony was really over him, even if he never called. Steve went over to his pillow and took the small phone out, looking over Tony's contact number again. He thought of calling, he really had, but his pride always got the better of him. Still, he turned the phone in hands over and over again, mulling over a fake conversation with Tony in his head.

Tony fished into his pocket for his phone, thought of calling Bruce to ask him what to do to make the heat more palatable... But remembered he was still missing. He was beginning to freak out, now, what was he going to go? Most of the friends he had left were betas or other alphas, there wasn't much he could do... Unless... Tony took out the other little phone he kept with him and went to the contact list, finding Steve's name. Trying to catch his breath, Tony had no choice but to call the number.

It was then when the phone rang and buzzed in Steve's hand, which almost made him jump out of his skin.

Steve let it ring twice before picking it up, "Tony?"

"Hey," Tony replied, "I need your help."

Two hours on a plane and a cab ride later, Tony was faced with the door of a little motel in Berlin. Panting and nearly trembling with need, other omegas had stared at him understandingly when they saw his fading claim mark. The alpha at the front desk had been eyeing him the second he walked in and insisted on seeing him up to his room.

When Steve opened the door, another alpha was hovering over Tony, who was clearly in a great deal of pain.

Growling quickly and glaring at the other alpha, Steve pulled Tony into the room, "Get outta here, can't you see this one's taken?"

The other alpha backed off when he saw the situation, shaking his head disapprovingly before leaving quickly down the hall.

"Alright, Tony, what's the deal here?" Steve started, shutting the door, "I'm not going to do this again. You're either with me or against me, and if you're against me then you need to get another alpha or take your damn suppressants."

"Listen, I don't want to be here any more than you, I don't know how to feel, just... Just please do me, we'll talk after," Tony was studying his feet, pride clearly hurt by the situation he was put in. Steve felt an ounce of pity for his omega, but still angry about his irresponsibility.

"Fine, have it your way," he pointed to the bedroom door, "Bed's in there and the couch is straight ahead. We can do it wherever you like."

Tony didn't answer, just slinked over to the bedroom, pushing open the door reluctantly and surveying the room for potential threats. He didn't detect anything and tried to relax, even with his nerves prickling with anxiety and desire. There really wasn't a way out of this.

Steve followed Tony in, closing the door behind them. They awkwardly stood a few feet apart, Tony not able to meet Steve's gaze. He could smell the slick already, arousing his own cock for the first time in months. He supposed they would just have to get it over with,

“Alright, I’ll try to make this quick because this isn’t going to be fun for either one of us. Go ahead, present for me and let’s just pretend like we don’t hate each other for a few minutes.”

Tony couldn’t help but snort out a laugh with Steve’s sarcastic comment, this situation truly was abysmal, “Sounds like a plan.” He did the bare minimum of removing his clothes, just hiking his sweatpants and boxers down to his knees before bending over the bed and presenting himself.

As soon as Steve was inside, he couldn’t help but groan as Tony’s wet heat enveloped his cock, sucking him in hungrily. He pushed up the back of Tony’s shirt to run his hands up and down his back while he set a quicker-than-usual starting pace. He had forgotten how good this felt, he really had. Once he was able to go faster, the act felt almost normal again. God, how he had missed the feeling of his tight little omega’s hole...

Tony tried to enjoy it, he really did, but the smell of Steve left him tense and anxious, even if he felt amazing to have his lust sated. Little whimpers escaped his throat as Steve touched him, plowing into his hole and making wet squelching noises with every thrust. While he was pushed farther into the mattress, his breath quickened both from his climbing climax and also panic setting in.

When his omega began to tense more and more under him, Steve knew he would have to cum soon so he wouldn’t torture him any longer, “Alright Tony, I’m almost ready, don’t worry honey.” The last word caught in his throat, how quick he had fallen back into his old ways...

As Steve picked up the pace, going deeper and thrusting harder, Tony’s erection flagged. It was like Steve was leaning on his chest, he could barely breathe from the fear. He let his body go limp and squeezed his eyes shut. His breaths coming out as gasps, voice cracking, “Please, Steve, I don’t wanna do this anymore.”

Hearing his little omega’s pathetic plea had tears pricking in Steve’s eyes as he rushed his orgasm, knot swelling in Tony’s hole as he bred him. He never thought he would hate himself or sex this much, but here he was. While his dick pulsed waves of seed into his omega, Steve bit back tears as he placed gentle kisses on the claim mark scarred into Tony’s neck, “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, Tony. Where did we go wrong?”

Tony had been biting back sobs even before Steve came, but couldn’t hold them back anymore as he was filled. He wondered if this was the last time they would touch each other, Steve crying into his neck and Tony getting close to hyperventilating.

Even so, they eventually reached a calm while Steve rubbed soft circles over Tony’s belly and moved them onto their sides under the blankets. Tony refused to speak to him, trembling and trying to catch his breath. There was nothing the alpha could do but cry as quietly as he could, hot tears dripping down his omega’s neck...The omega who had once loved him and would never love him again.

This was a heavy and deep fic, so hopefully something more sexy and fresh later on? I dunno, I was really feeling this for some reason? Hope at least some of you enjoyed this emotional rollercoaster of a story. See you guys soon for Day 14! ^^"

Sucker For A Man In Uniform (Days 14 & 15)

Chapter Summary

Some sweet and spicy Stucky fucking. Pre-Serum Steve and uniformed Bucky having some fun with choking/asphyxiation and some dom/sub themes. Enjoy!

Ship: Stucky

Kink(s): Asphyxiation, Uniforms

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Listen to me,” Bucky yanked Steve’s head up by his hair and gave him a light slap, “I told you to swallow the whole thing, don’t you disobey me.”

Steve sputtered and gasped for air, his chest heaving with the intensity of it all. His dick twitched when Bucky’s voice dipped low and commanded him, making him even more aroused.

“Yes, sir, sorry sir,” he forced the words out, even though they came out as a desperate whisper in between pants. He leaned down to take Bucky back into his throat but he was stopped.

“You alright?” Bucky asked, breaking character for a minute. He knew Steve enjoyed this sort of treatment when it came to sex, but he never wanted to actually hurt him.

“Yeah, I just,” Steve swallowed hard and tried to regulate his breathing better, “I just need a minute.”

“Sure, let’s just take it easy for a little,” Bucky picked Steve up and laid him down on the bed gently. He removed his boots, which Steve had polished earlier while getting his ass fingered, and took his place next to his partner.

Steve was still a little tired looking, so Bucky rubbed his back with one hand and petted through his hair with the other, “You okay, honey?”

“Mhmm,” Steve wriggled into Bucky’s arms and pressed his face into the crisp uniform he so desperately wished he could fit into.

He loved being dominated and controlled, being punished when he was disobedient. If he couldn’t be a real soldier, he could at least have a little fun being a toy for Bucky. There was no greater feeling than the dizzy one that accompanied being choked and fucked at the same time or being humiliated while he polished Bucky’s boots.

It didn't always have to be degrading, though. These little cuddles were times that Steve knew Bucky enjoyed, and it made Steve feel safe when they were outside of a sexual setting.

"If you want we can wrap this up, I can just finish myself off in the bathroom or something," Bucky offered while he nuzzled Steve, "You look like you're getting tired."

"No, I don't want to stop completely," Steve replied and looked up at Bucky, "But we CAN skip to the part where you're inside me and whispering naughty things in my ear while you choke me."

Bucky's lips curled into a smirk, "Alright, still hungry for dick, I get it." He gave Steve a kiss on the temple before rolling him over onto his back. He looked up at Steve for approval and parted his legs when he received a nod of approval.

Steve's hole was still wet and soft from being fingered, but Bucky slipped two digits inside and began scissoring them around just to open him up a bit more. This brought on quite a bit of moaning from Steve, who by the third finger was begging for Bucky's cock.

"Alright, alright," Bucky chuckled at Steve's begging and unzipped his pants, pulling out his cock, "You wanna get fucked?"

He would definitely need to have his clothes washed later, but it would be worth it to get Steve off.

"Please," Steve groaned wrapping his legs around Bucky's waist and letting out a little whine when Bucky didn't immediately thrust into him.

Bucky took the time to slick and line up his cock and he slowly pressed into Steve. He was able to get inside with relative ease

but kept his pace of careful probing so he didn't hurt his partner. While they waited, Bucky took a bit of lube on his fingers and reached down to stroke Steve's cock.

"Mm, don't worry about that, Bucky. I've got it, put that hand around my neck," Steve quickly replaced Bucky's hand with his own and adjusted himself to their position, "You can go faster if you want, too. I'm adjusted, don't worry."

"Alright, but do our signal if you need me to stop, okay? I don't want to hurt you, baby," Bucky set a faster pace after Steve nodded to him again. He was both amused and aroused by the faces Steve made while he was being fucked. He often closed his eyes and leaned back with this sort of focused and enraptured expression, like he was focusing solely on achieving orgasm. Bucky loved watching him, he always loved looking at Steve. Even when they weren't having sex, he savored all the memories they had together and kept hidden photos of Steve wherever he could.

In the meantime, Steve was quite enjoying the new fast pace Bucky had set. Once they had reached a rhythm, Bucky ran a hand up Steve's torso before pressing it over his neck, "Mm, you like getting choked like that, huh? I can feel it, you little slut. Your little hole's so damn tight."

Immediately, Steve felt the pleasure rush to his groin as he was pinned down. His desire doubled when Bucky whispered those words to him, soft lips ghosting over his ear. The dizzy feeling made his brain fuzzy for a few moments before Bucky let up.

Stroking his cock to the rhythm of Bucky's thrusts, which were getting progressively faster, Steve felt himself climbing steadily toward release. Each time Bucky constricted his throat and he lost control, jolts of pleasure coursed through Steve's body. He moaned with need and Bucky's name slipped from his lips over and over again as he gripped his waist with his legs.

As his boyfriend raced toward orgasm, Bucky pounded mercilessly into him. His balls slapped against Steve's ass as he rawed him, feeling the hot slickness of his tight hole. Before he knew it, Steve was coming undone below him and spilling cum all over his belly while he groaned deeply and gripped Bucky's shoulder with his free hand.

After another minute, Bucky was climaxing too and pouring his seed deeply into Steve with each thrust. Once he finished, he pulled out and they laid still for a moment before Steve grabbed his hand.

"Thank you, Buck, I loved it," Steve kissed his hand before bringing it to his chest, "And I love you."

"You're welcome Steve, I'm always happy to make my baby feel good," Bucky smiled as Steve placed a little butterfly kiss into his knuckles, "And you know I love you too." He lazily rolled over onto his side and brought Steve close, ignoring the state his uniform was in. It was all worth it, all of this, for Steve.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, guys! Hope you guys are enjoying the collection so far. If you have any suggestions, again, let me know. I'm always open to comments and I look forward to to writing for day 16! :)

*If you guys are interested, I just updated one of my other fics which is a frostiron WW2 AU. Characters include good soldier steve and cynical prostitute Loki, if that seems like something you'd be interested in, you can check that out here: [Chapter 6](#)

Slave To The God (Day 16)

Chapter Summary

Tony is Loki's sex slave. During this particular session, Loki has Tony blindfolded and fucks his throat while giving his nipple clamps a tug or two to urge him on. It's all up to his whims if he will let his slave cum or leave him unsated.

Ship: Ironfrost

Kink(s): Nipple Play, Body Worship, Sixty-Nine

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Now now, is that any way to worship your god?” Loki yanked the chain that clamped Tony’s abused nipples, making him squeak, “Open your mouth like a good slave, go ahead.”

Tony slowly opened his mouth, wanting to be obedient for his master, “Yes, master.” His voice cracked with the strain.

Unfortunately, Loki had not permitted him to cum yet, something that had been torturing him for over an hour. He loved serving Loki, but this becoming too much. Loki had barely even been touching his neglected cock, only giving it warning slaps when he didn’t suck fast enough.

At the moment, he was postured over Loki, presenting his ass and sucking his cock while blindfolded. Loki was laid lazily below him, occasionally toying with the plug in his ass or the nipple clamps, but mostly enjoying glass after glass of “weak” human wine and fruit from the platter on the nightstand next to him.

Tony made a mental note to be more careful and not let Loki’s cock slip from between his lips, the last thing he needed to do was poke himself in the eye with it while trying to find it again.

“Hurry up, slave, or I won’t let you cum until the sun rises,” Loki scolded again, slapping the base of the plug that was buried in Tony’s ass, making him flinch and jerk forward. Tony found his dick quickly and began sucking again.

“Mm, good boy, put that throat to good use,” Loki raised his hips to push more of himself into Tony’s mouth, almost making him gag. He had to acknowledge, as frivolous and stupid as humans were, he hadn’t gotten this treatment on Asgard. Then again, he also hadn’t been able to find a decent slave. Most of them required payment in the form of money, which wasn’t always easy to steal from the treasury without his father or mother noticing.

On earth, all he had to do was feed the human a magical fruit or make him cum with the snap of his fingers to keep him around. In return for magic tricks, Loki had won his own personal cock-sleeve in the form of an otherwise dominating billionaire.

Tony continued to suck Loki off, rubbing over his perineum and the underside of his balls to quicken his climb to orgasm. His throat was sore and his eyes watered every time Loki slammed his cock up into the back of his throat, but Tony couldn't help getting hard every time they did this. Precum leaked freely from the head of his own cock, which throbbed with need. He was tempted to beg, but he knew this process would only be drawn out longer if he didn't make Loki cum again.

"Alright slave, I'm about to-I'm about to cum, let me do it on your sweet little face," Loki ordered, voice betraying his desire. For emphasis, he gave Tony's ass a good warning slap to keep him going.

Finally, Tony was able to bring Loki to his climax while he stroked his cock, the saliva making the dirtiest wet sounds as Loki came with a yelp. Tony couldn't see but he felt the hot drops of cum spurting onto his face, a feeling he could only describe as heavenly.

"Oh god, yes, please mark me, master. I've been a bad boy, please cum on my face," Tony gasped with need, hoping his devotion would bring Loki to have mercy on him and let him cum.

Once Loki was finished, he took a few moments to catch his breath before ordering Tony on his knees.

He admired his work, the drops of cum dripping down Tony's blindfolded face, "Mm, I bet you like that cum all over your face, you messy little whore. What do you say?" Loki stood up, using his cock to rub his seed into Tony's face, continuing to ignore his slave's poor, straining dick.

"Thank you for using me, master. I'm glad you could make use of my dirty whore mouth," Tony replied, his voice raw.

Loki found great pleasure in teasing Tony's mouth, poking the tip of his half-flaccid cock between his pretty lips, pushing it halfway in again before pulling out and rubbing over his face.

After a few moments, the god grew bored, "Alright, I suppose I can let you cum now, not that you deserve any mercy from me."

"Oh please master, please let me cum," Tony moaned, shifting around, restlessly hoping for release.

Loki slapped him in the cheek with his cock to keep him at bay before undoing the blindfold and pushing Tony back onto his back.

"Hands behind your back, slave," Loki ordered as he knelt back down, pulling the plug out of Tony's ass, "You are not to touch yourself, or I'll put you in chastity."

“Yes master,” Tony obeyed, pinning his hands under his back and spreading his legs for Loki, biting his lip as the plug was removed.

Loki made quick work of Tony, shoving a few long fingers inside of his soft, loose hole, beginning to scissor them in and out mercilessly. He gripped his cock firmly, paying extra attention to the reddened tip that continued to ooze precum.

After what seemed to be under ten seconds, Tony was cumming undone in Loki’s fingers. Uttering a long string of swear-words, he came in powerful waves, warm spend decorating his belly and chest.

The orgasm was so powerful he was left almost in tears, “Oh god, thank you master, thank you, oh god...” He was overtaken with tiredness, his body feeling heavy and finally sated.

Loki snorted at how quickly his little slave had reached his tipping point and was not inclined to let him rest just yet, “Look at this mess you made, clean it up immediately.”

“Yes, master,” Tony dripped, willing his worn-out body to move, sitting up dizzily. Even with the treatment, he couldn’t deny it, no one made him cum harder. As he made his way to the bathroom to grab towels to clean up the mess, it occurred to him that no one would ever be able to satisfy him as Loki did.

Sometimes it scared him, how close to a slave he actually was to Loki, bending over backward just for an orgasm. Still, there was no going back on their agreement now...And Tony didn’t think he would ever want to.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed this one! I'll be coming at y'all with chapter 17 very soon. ;)

Dance For Me, Darling (Day 17)

Chapter Summary

Tony acts out a sexual fantasy that Steve has been dreaming about for awhile now.

Ship: Stony

Kink(s): Masturbation, Seduction (+ crossdressing)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Go ahead, put it on,” Steve ordered, giving Tony an endorsing pat on the thigh.

“I never thought you’d be into something like this,” Tony laughed, climbing out of Steve’s lap and shaking out the sparkly dress he was given.

Steve huffed impatiently, “I can’t help it, okay? It’s in all those dreams I’ve been telling you about, you in a dress just like this...dancing for me.”

“You mean the wet dreams you keep having?” Tony couldn’t keep the smug look off his face as he undid the buttons on his silk shirt slowly for Steve.

Steve blushed and crossed his arms, “If you’re going to make fun of me the entire time it’s pointless!”

“Okay, okay. Settle down, soldier,” Tony leaned in and gave Steve an affectionate peck on the cheek, “We reenact literally all of my fantasies, so it’s only fair we do one of yours. I’ll put on a good show for you, just lean back.” Once he saw Steve calm down a little, he continued his striptease.

In a matter of time, Tony’s outfit was completely changed from the tasteful blazer, dress shirt, and trousers combo to the sequined flapper dress, garters, and stockings that Steve had bought him.

It was a mishmash of styles, but Tony still felt sexy, “Alright darling, pick whichever song you want, but I am insisting on a bare minimum of at least 2 Queen songs.”

Steve couldn’t help but smile at his fake-sultry tone. As much as Tony wanted to pretend he was just doing this to throw him a bone, Steve knew he was going to enjoy this just as much as he did. Tony was, simply put, a diva, no matter what he was doing or what he was wearing. Mulling over the list of songs in his list, he decided to start with something Tony would know and selected it from the playlist J.A.R.V.I.S. had helped him make.

Tony recognized the song immediately from the number of sex clubs, bars, and burlesque shows he had been to.

“Is this ‘Sexy Silk’ by Jessie J? Steve, you rascal!” Tony gasped in mock surprise, clutching the long string of fake pearls that dangled around his neck, “How did you even find this song?”

When Steve raised his eyebrow as a warning gesture, Tony abstained from further teasing. It took him a few moments, but soon he had the rhythm down and was putting his all into the dance.

Steve couldn’t help but suppress his moans as Tony paraded around the room. Occasionally, he would make his way over to give him a stroke on the cheek or run his fingers through his hair, which made it all the more arousing for Steve. He couldn’t help but touch himself as Tony danced through the list of songs. Pawing at his growing length through his boxers, he saw he had caught Tony’s attention.

“Mm, naughty boy, you’re going to make me give you a lap dance at this point,” Tony came over and murmured in Steve’s ear, reaching down to give his bulge a quick squeeze. This had Steve short for breath, the little wet spot of precum on his underwear becoming more apparent. He removed them carefully and leaned back to grab some lube from the bedside table drawer closest to him.

Tony took great pride that Steve was enjoying the little show he was putting on. His partner had picked a good playlist, just the right balance of slow songs and fast-paced ones to keep Tony on his toes while giving him rests in between. He didn’t ever peg Steve to be into something like this, but it was pretty hot. Dancing to serve Steve’s interests while he touched himself was making Tony feel hot and bothered himself.

As Steve rubbed over the slick head of his cock, his eyes drifted closed as he pleased himself.

Tony decided to take this moment to his advantage and waltzed over. In a series of light touches, Tony’s fingers danced over Steve’s body, making his eyes open up again. He swayed and dipped low after he had his partner’s attention, daring to lean forward and lick up the entire length of Steve’s cock before quickly dancing away.

The simple tease almost undid Steve right then and there, but he managed to keep himself together before gripping his member again, “Damn, Tony, you look so good.”

“Language,” Tony taunted, shaking his hips from across the room. He didn’t know what song was on at the moment, but he didn’t care, it was fantastic.

Steve huffed out another sigh, “Do not ruin this for me, Tony, I’m very close to coming right now.”

“So come,” Tony slipped his fingers under the skirt of the dress and began flashing Steve with the view of his garters and freshly waxed legs.

Watching Tony like that, body twisting and flowing with the music, exposing himself for his enjoyment, Steve came in minutes. He felt like an animal, jerking himself off in what felt like a primal haze to the view of his partner dancing for him. He groaned deeply as he stroking himself through the orgasm, feeling the bliss crash over him like waves.

Tony floated over to the bed, while Steve stroked himself through the end of his climax, "I'll take that as a sign that I did well?"

"Yes," Steve gasped out, easing back onto the mattress with his spent cock softening, resting atop his belly. His whole body felt deliciously heavy, his nerves still throbbing with the excitement of it all.

"Well, I'm glad I could entertain you, but what's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?" Tony smirked, unable to resist one more jab.

"Shut up, Tony," Steve whispered, still smiling. He would have to think of some comebacks to get back at Tony the next time he wanted to try something kinky, but for now, he would relish in the fact that he had just gotten Tony Stark to serenade him.

Chapter End Notes

Another Stony fic for you guys! Threw in a little line about Queen after seeing Bohemian Rhapsody last night, I've always loved them. Hope it was enjoyable, please rate and comment and I'll be starting the next oneshot very soon. :)

Siren's Call (Day 18)

Chapter Summary

Jotunn Loki lures a curious Steve into his room for a bit of fun at the end of the night. A little OOC but I tried for the Frostshield fandom. ;^)

Ship: Frostshield

Kink(s): Xenophilia (+ handjobs, jotunn!Loki, mutual masturbation, seduction)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Steve had always found Loki alluring. After the Civil War, Thor had taken his side and became very useful to him. In turn, Loki popped up every now and again when he wasn't making mischief on Asgard. In the beginning, Steve steered clear of what he understood to be a war criminal. He only tolerated Thor's brother because of their friendship. In the beginning, Loki didn't seem to want anything to do with Steve, either.

But in time, things began to change. Every now and then Loki would involve himself in discussions between Thor and the torn, but healing Captain. Eventually, it was like Loki hadn't done anything wrong at all. With the exceptions of a few outbursts on Asgard, he was like a friend to Steve.

One day, though, Loki made a new advance. It was winter in the city above and Steve was just leaving after dinner with Thor. A small bit of snow fell onto his head from one of the balconies above. Slightly annoyed but sure it had been the fault of some small animal, Steve looked up just in case. A story or two above, Loki was leaning over the railing and waving. He didn't look like himself, though. His skin was darker and so were his eyes. Admittedly, it was dark, but Steve was understandably confused by Loki's change in appearance.

Seeing his confusion, Loki ducked down for a moment and emerged with a lantern. Finally, Steve could see Loki's eyes had changed from their usual blue to red and his skin was a shade or two lighter than a blueberry. Darker blue lines streaked up and down his face and arms in alien shapes and his long black hair hung handsomely over his shoulders. Two horns protruded from his head and his teeth looked considerably sharper. He had decorated himself with a few very expensive-looking pieces of gold jewelry and he was wrapped in some soft white robes. Steve felt like he shouldn't have been turned on by something...someone, so far from being human, but his breath caught in his chest at the sight before him.

As if Loki could sense Steve's thought process, he pouted for a moment, frowning down at Steve before giving him a beckoning gesture up, "Come and join me, Captain. I want to show you more!"

“What happened to you Loki? Is that some kind of magic? I have to get home,” Steve only hesitated as not to seem hasty. The night was still young and he was curious...and aroused. Surely, this was planned. Excitement buzzed inside his belly as he saw Loki grin from the balcony.

“It’s not magic! Just come let me show you!” Loki beckoned to him once more before turning and disappearing into the darkness of the room, the light from the lantern following him like a golden fairy.

What Steve had been greeted with was Loki sprawled out on his large bed, a proposition, no doubt. More and more curious at Loki’s new appearance, Steve crept closer.

“Come closer,” Loki opened his arms, a sultry grin on his face.

“What are you doing, Loki?” Steve chuckled nervously, “What do you mean by all of this?”

“Don’t keep lying to yourself, Steve. I’ve seen the way you look at me, and now I’m showing you the real me,” Loki replied simply, studying his nails, “I also haven’t had a good fuck in a while.”

“You really want... I mean, what about..?” Steve shuffled nervously, unable to keep his eyes off of Loki. His eyes raked over the alien features, unable to understand his sudden attraction to the man.

“Oh, your alliance with Thor?” Loki laughed and twirled a piece of his hair around his finger, “Don’t worry about that, he doesn’t have to know about my every action. If it really bothers you, we can just pretend like this didn’t happen. No strings attached.”

The premise excited Steve more as he moved closer to the bed, eager to see what Loki looked like underneath the white robes ..

“Good boy, come on, come closer,” Loki waited until Steve was next to the bed and used his magic to slowly undress him. The Captain was mesmerized, carefully climbing onto the bed once he was fully naked. Loki then removed his own garments, bringing Steve’s hands to rest on his chest.

“You feel so...Different...Colder,” Steve felt his cock strain forward, unsheathing itself as Loki unearthed himself. He couldn’t help but look down and notice Loki’s cock, which was larger than he expected and had a pointier tip than his own. The blue member pulsed and Steve could see a lot of interesting ridges going up and down the sides.

“Go on, you can touch it. I was pleasuring myself before you came up, so it’s good and hard,” Loki coaxed, spreading his legs wider, “I’m a frost giant, or a jotunn as we call ourselves. I’m sure Thor has told you about my kind.”

Steve reached down and gripped Loki’s cock, which was cool to the touch like the rest of him. His skin prickled and his own member grew harder as he began to stroke Loki cautiously, “He did... But it doesn’t sound like your countries have a good relationship?”

Loki reached out a blue hand to cup Steve's balls, fondling him gently before his fingers grazed up his shaft, "Well, you aren't bad for size yourself...And no, they don't, but I'm adopted. My allegiance is with Asgard."

Steve blushed and looked up at Loki for a moment, who's red eyes were still glued to his dick, "Thanks, I uh, I like yours, too. And I should tell you something about me... I haven't done anything like this with a man before, so that's my secret." He hated how insecure he sounded, but they were this far in. There wasn't any turning back.

Loki hummed in amusement as he played with the leaking tip of Steve's cock, "Oh, I know, that's why I asked you. I like virgins, it enhances the surprise."

"Oh, I-" Steve started.

"I know. You've had sex before. But you're a virgin to me, so that's what matters. Now, let's make this quick, hmm? We don't want Thor to find out you're here," Loki whispered as he read Steve's mind, leaning in kiss him for the first time.

"You can read my mind?" Steve thought, not rejecting Loki's kiss and leaning into it as he gave Loki's cock some hesitant strokes, feeling the unknown shape all over.

"Mhmm," Loki said into the kiss, deepening it and flicking his tongue against Steve's bottom lip.

Steve didn't know what to think about that side of things, but he at least wanted to take advantage of the situation while he could.

In only a matter of minutes, Loki had lured Steve in and had him on the brink of orgasm (with lube added as necessary of course).

Steve pumped Loki's cock in a frenzy as he tried to catch up, only pausing as he was sent over the edge. Loki claimed his mouth again as he came with grunts and groans, his hips reflexively bucking forward into the prince's touch.

Once Steve had finished climaxing, he blinked open his eyes to see Loki finishing himself off, jaw tightening and hissing pleased gasps through his gritted teeth as he came.

One thing Steve noticed in his post-orgasm bliss was that Loki came a lot more than he did, the white seed overflowing onto Loki's thin fingers. It wasn't a great deal much more than Steve's, but there was still an apparent difference.

Loki, sensing Steve's desire, brought two of his cum-covered fingers to his mouth. The Captain took them into his mouth and moaned, licking all of the cum from his digits.

"Good, very good. I assume we'll be sneaking in another session sometime soon?" Loki whispered to Steve, stroking his golden hair with his free hand.

Steve nodded and hummed a yes around the two fingers, he absolutely had to try this again, there was no doubt. And Thor...Like, Loki said, he didn't have to know.

Chapter End Notes

Tried something new with this one, hopefully some of y'all liked it. If you haven't already, feel free to check out my other frostshield fic: [A Ticket To London](#), I promise it's better than this one. ^^'

The (After) Life Of The Party (Days 19 & 20)

Chapter Summary

Title taken from the Fall Out Boy song. Stephen and Tony go at it after they ditch one of Tony's huge parties, pretty vanilla with the kinks but I wasn't in the mood for writing something crazy today.

Ship: Ironstrange

Kink(s): Formal Wear, Cock-Warming, Dirty Talk, Hot-Dogging (+ Rimming)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tony rubbed his cock teasingly over Stephen's hole, "Some party, huh babe?"

"Mmm," Stephen hummed, still tipsy off of the strawberry champagne his husband had ordered to satisfy his sweet tooth, "It's still going on, darling. We're going to go out with a bang!" He chuckled heartily at his own joke, grinding back into Tony's length.

Tony produced a bottle of lube from his box under the bed, it was mint flavored. He knelt down, having Stephen keep his legs spread as he applied a bit of the lube to his hole, "I'm gonna stretch you out real good for me, okay?"

"Go ahead," Stephen adjusted himself a bit for Tony and loosened his tie, undoing some more buttons on his shirt. It was really too expensive to be worn during sex, but he didn't really care. All that mattered right now was Tony's tongue in his hole.

Not wanting to disappoint, Tony got right to work on Stephen's hole. The lube helped as he slowly teased his husband over with a rapacious tongue. Once his opening was tender enough, Tony bore his tongue in and began to open him up. Meanwhile, he passed his husband the lube to pleasure his cock with.

The sensation was amazing, Tony's warm mouth making his ass feel so incredibly good. In the meantime, he used the interested lube Tony had bought to jerking himself off. After a few minutes, he was already starting to get close to coming and reduced his speed.

"Tony, I think I'm getting close..." Stephen hinted, trying to focus on not coming so quickly.

"Hmm?" Tony snapped out of the haze that came over him when he focused on pleasuring Stephen, "You want my cock now?"

“Yes please,” Stephen moaned to convey his point and Tony got back onto his knees, his cock already hard from the smell of Stephen’s musk and hearing him make those delicious little whimpering noises every time he swiped his tongue over the right spots. Tony rubbed his cock in the wet crevice of his Stephen’s ass, getting his cock nice and wet and adding more lube as he went along.

“Ungh, Tony, just fuck me already,” Stephen whined, bucking his hips frustratedly against Tony’s dick, trying to elicit some form of satisfaction.

“What’s the magic word?” Tony teased, continuing to tease Stephen’s ass.

Stephen reached around them to give Tony’s thigh a half-hearted slap in frustration, “Please, Tony!”

The action made Tony chuckle a bit, “Someone’s eager.” He loved making Stephen beg, but he didn’t want to keep stalling and began to press his tip inside of his husband’s hole. He was greeted by Stephen letting out a lusty growl as he pushed his cock fully in with relative ease.

“Fuck, that’s good. I forgot how good this felt,” Stephen closed his eyes, enjoying the welcome intrusion of Tony’s cock.

“Yeah, it’s been a little while, hasn’t it?” Tony breathed, setting a slow but steady pace to start with, “Mm, this little ass is so nice and tight; I’m going to come in no time.”

Stephen’s cock jumped in his hand as Tony leaned over him and started mumbling compliments in his ear, “That’s good Tony, fuck. Keep talking to me like that.”

Tony hummed over the back of Stephen’s neck as he thrust a little faster, “You like it when I talk nasty to you?”

“Yes, I can’t help it. You always tease me, this is the one time I can indulge,” Stephen stroked himself faster to match up with Tony’s thrusts.

“Mm, then I’ll make sure I undo you real good,” Tony pressed hot kisses into Stephen’s neck, giving him a hearty slap on the ass as he plunged deeper, “I’m gonna own this little ass, gonna cum so deep in you.”

“Oh please, yes, please fill me up,” Stephen begged, “Please come in me.”

Tony couldn’t help himself as he began fucking Stephen at a rapid pace, his cock straining. As he thrust faster, he could hear the wet slapping sounds of his balls against Stephen’s ass, “Fuck, Stephen, I think I’m gonna come. I’m gonna breed you so good, babe.”

“Ohh fuck, do it Tony, please, oh god-” Stephen couldn’t endure anymore and came into his hand, coating his fingers with his spend.

When Stephen came, his ass tensed and clenched Tony’s cock in the best way, just enough to rip an orgasm out of him shortly after. He pinned Stephen to the bed as he filled him, shoving his cock in as far as it would go, “Fuck!” He gritted his teeth as his orgasm finished up, whispering more words of praise into Stephen’s ear.

Stephen hissed with desire as he felt Tony's cock twitch inside him with the last spurts of come, relaxing under his weight and settling down on his stomach.

Taking a slow deep breath, Tony let himself down with Stephen, keeping his cock in his ass as drowsiness overtook him as quickly as arousal had, "Can we stay like this for a little bit?"

"Sure, honey, but you're gonna deal with the wrinkles on this shirt later," Stephen mumbled sleepily.

"That's why they call me Iron Man," Tony couldn't resist the cheap joke, looping one arm around Stephen and turning them both onto their sides, not breaking their connection.

"Goodnight baby," Stephen whispered, muffled by his pillow, "Thanks for that, it was really good."

"I can tell," Tony yawned amusedly, "Goodnight sweetheart."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and being patient! I've had a busy time lately and I needed to take a little break from the smut. Hopefully I will have the next oneshots out soon.
Happy Thanksgiving everyone.

What's Your Secret? (Day 21)

Chapter Summary

Bruce smokes a bit of weed to calm himself down after some technical problems get in the way of his research. Tony joins him and they have a bit of smutty snacking. Light nsfw on this one, but enjoy!

Kink(s): Foodplay, Drug Use

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Bruce decided it was time to wind down for a bit. His newest research project was taking hours to complete and the computer decided to update in the middle of his work. He hadn't been able to save the table one more time, and unfortunately, half an hour of data-entering had been lost. He wasn't keen on losing it right now and figured he could spare himself a quick bake while the system rebooted to install the updates.

Bruce didn't smoke often. It wasn't really his thing, but every now and then he indulged. The pot didn't always make him calmer, but if he caught himself early enough it did have some good sedative effects. After carefully rolling a joint, he rolled idly around the lab area in his office chair. Letting his mind wander, Bruce scanned the lab for snacks. He would get hungry at some point, he always did, and Tony got the munchies down here too. There was definitely something lying around, he just had to find it.

Eventually, Bruce discovered a full pack of double-stuffed Oreos hidden under an old prototype of Tony's. How it got there, God only knew, but he was starving and quickly ripped opened the package. He began crunching away on a couple of cookies, back turned to the door, so he didn't see Tony making his way down the stairs.

"Whoa, smells like a party in here! Oh my god, are you eating my Oreos? Banner, you bastard!" Tony joked as Bruce whirled around, jumping at the surprise entrance.

"Listen, you eat my yogurts a lot, you owe me, Tony," Bruce remarked, offering Tony the joint.

"Well don't mind if I do," Tony accepted and took a hit, "Looks like you're waiting for some extensive updates there." He gestured to the computer, which showed little progress in its reboot.

Bruce looked over and groaned, "I don't want to think about that. I didn't save my data when that started happening, I have to do it all over later."

Tony hissed a sigh through his teeth, “Yikes...Well, that’s tomorrow’s problem. How much weed you got?”

“Oh, I’ve got plenty,” Bruce replied, amused, "We're gonna be higher than the sky."

“And like... I just wanted to say, like, the entire time... Pickles? On pizza? Are you out of your mind? He ended up being a good lay, though,” Tony laughed loudly at his own joke as Bruce slid further off the couch while he giggled at the absurdity of the story. Before he could fall, Tony pulled him back up. Almost all of the Oreos had been eaten and the ashtray was filling up, but the two scientists paid it no mind.

“That’s probably the craziest meal you could eat before sex,” Bruce smiled, he couldn’t really keep the look off his face, really. He just felt so great right now.

“Even a whole package of double stuffed Oreos and a bag of weed?” Tony turned, raising his eyebrows seductively. He picked up another cookie and brought it to Bruce’s mouth, leaning over.

“Mm,” Bruce nearly fell forward as he parted his lips to accept the cookie. Tony fed it to him in nibbles, recognizing Bruce's clumsiness even in his own intoxicated state. By the end, he was sucking on Tony’s fingers. He knew how this would probably end, especially with their habits. He and Tony had a sort of friends-with-benefits relationship, which they were both comfortable with. It had been a while since they’d done it anyway, which increased Bruce’s lust.

Soon, the situation had escalated. Tony’s hand was down his underwear and his pants lay in a crumpled pile on the floor.

“Oh god, Tony, I’m gonna... I’m gonna cum, take these off,” Bruce moaned, having trouble pulling his boxers down. Tony helped him before he resumed, adding more lube as needed, stroking him at a steady pace. With a powerful groan, Bruce came in spurts all over Tony’s hand. He bucked his hips as Tony jerked him through it, the tiredness then hitting him like a ton of bricks.

“You good now, baby?” Tony grinned, running his clean hand through Bruce’s hair and giving him a kiss on the forehead.

“Yeah, I’m feelin’ good, Tony,” Bruce rolled over and yawned sleepily, curling up on the warm couch.

Tony got up and went to wash his hands, afterward grabbing Bruce some tissues and a wastebasket to clean himself off.

“You keep any blankets down here?” Tony murmured, passing Bruce the box and feeling a bit sleepy himself, “I’m cold.”

“Yeah, there’s one in the drawer next to my computer chair,” Bruce pointed, clearly in the wrong direction, but Tony got the point. After retrieving the blanket, Tony took the

opportunity to crash on the couch next to Bruce and draped it over them.

“G’night Tony,” Bruce whispered, adjusting himself in the crook of his lover’s body, feeling so full and tired. His data-entering was forgotten, at least.

“Good night, my lil’ oreo,” Tony snickered at this, burying his face in Bruce’s dark curls. He was elbowed half-heartedly for the remark, but soon they were both drifting off to sleep. There were many ways to keep the other guy at bay, but this one was probably Tony’s favorite.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, thanks for being patient and for all the support so far! I decided to try something new, so here's a sciencebros fic. Big credit to Theafternoonbreak for helping me come up with the ideas for this oneshot. Please rate and comment and see you guys next time for day 22!

Final Author's Note

Hi guys, I just wanted to finally address this because this is still getting bookmarks and hits two years later and I feel really bad for leaving up those messages about me continuing this. I was really working hard on this collection and I did actually have more stuff in the works to finish it, but it just never ended up working out for a lot of reasons. I've been needing to give Marvel a break for a bit and after seeing how much traction this got, I really wanted to finish it. This collection is by and large my most popular work on here and I guess I really wanted to see it through to the end, but I can't. It's two years old and I'm not inspired to write for it anymore, and I figured that just explaining the truth to you guys would be better than just leaving it hanging. I've changed a lot about the way I post on here and what I write in the last two years, including the fact that I will no longer publish chapters of works unless I'm completely finished with them outside of AO3. I will definitely be doing more Marvel stuff in the future, but my main focus is definitely elsewhere (mainly Star Wars) for the time being. I can't thank you guys enough for all the support you've given this collection and I'm sorry I don't have the energy to finish it. I hope everyone understands and thank you for reading. <3

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