

Mark On Your Heart

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Mark On Your Heart

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Summary

Tony Stark just can't do anything half way... not even pretend to be an alpha... Luckily in a world where your mark sits on your soulmate(s) skin and is nearly detailed over your own heart, he can find a chance at happiness.

Jarvis, Tony's most genius invention takes it upon himself to find his creator some happiness. So what if it involves hacking into the Mark's Database and sourcing the exact alpha and beta matches for his beloved Sir? And then he sets up a little video feed before said Sir is to travel to their base?

-- excerpt--

Steve's pupils widen, his beta brain taking in the image of a clearly aroused omega taking care of their need. Slowly his brain caught up with exactly what it was seeing he opened his mouth to alert his mate but no sound escaped.

Realizing his mouth wasn't working, he quickly slapped the brunet to his right repeatedly, trying to get his attention.

"For fucks sake punk," The brunet complained taking off his headphones and half turning, "use your worry-omg!" Bucky's train of thought got derailed when it focused on the video feed on Steve's screen, "Oh daymn," sitting up he moved his chair in close to Steve huddling in on the laptop.

Notes

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

Jarvis is EVERYWHERE!

Steve sighed, paper work was so damn boring but it had to be done. Tapping away on the state of the art laptop he had been given as part of his work duties he went about completing his tasks. A notification appeared on his desktop a request for a video chat. Sometimes the officers or generals communicated via video chat so this wasn't strange. The lines were supposed to be secure. He answered and prepared to greet said officer when the words died on his tongue. Oh it was a glorious death. The most delicious scene greeted his eyes, it was hedonistic and downright pornographic. Scratch that it was better than porn. This was real life.

The camera was positioned on a desk it seemed, probably a laptop camera or phone. A lean slim hipped omega was on all fours facing away from the camera with his knees spread just right. The view of his dripping opening and sweat glistened skin clearly spoke of a heat. His thighs quake as a slim hand reaches around and thin fingers begin to circle his need. Short brown curls come into view as the omega's head rolls back as his fingers enter seamlessly. This omega is experienced but judging how his need stretched and clenched those fingers he seemed virgin tight. If only there had been volume.

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"How did you get porn onto the this laptop?" Steve sure did have some sheer dumb luck, but why did he wait till their secound tour to work his voodoo to get porn? Bastard.

Steve tried to speak again but no words come as the omega removes his fingers and bows his head showing a delicious curve in his spine. This curve highlights his full round butt. Those marvelous cheeks aren't doing well at containing the copious amount of slick seemingly gushing from him.

The omega was clearly lost in heat.

The two soldiers are mesmerized as the hand returned holding the base of a knotted dildo.

"Fuck, why doesn't it have volume Stevie?" Bucky hissed as the omega slowly worked the tip against it's opening head thrown back in pure bliss as the bulbous head penetrated him. The omega continued to handle the dildo until it was completely within them.

Slowly the omega worked himself up onto his knees and turned their face finally coming into view as they grinded down into the bed and placed a hand on their hard cock.

Bucky and Steve's eyes widened, pupils completely blown. Slow realization dawning on them. That perfectly sculpted face with a strong jaw and neatly trimmed facial hair. Those sweat dampened curls and oh so kissable pink lips.

"Is that?" Steve has finally found words.

"Tony Fucking Stark!" Bucky exclaimed looking back at his computer for a moment and seeing the announcement email. The weapons manufacturer was going to be on tour at their base in a few weeks. "Hot diggity damn," Bucky looks back at the screen. He's so hard he doesn't think there's blood anywhere else in his body but his crotch.

"Fuck!" Steve curses, and cocked his head slightly as he made out the rough outline of a lion on one of Tony's legs.

They say you know your mark when you see it on another, even in photographs. Steve had thought it was nonsense until now. He knew it. That lion was his lion.

"FUCK!" He heard Bucky curse echo his own, their eyes focusing on the self pleasing omega on the screen.

They watch the omega bring himself to completion as he stuffs the knotted portion of the dildo into his hole and comes in long hard spurts. The tale tale signs of a heat more present as the omega remains hard and looked as though he let out a cry of frustration as his hips rock back into the bed. He had turned away from the camera again and was clearly grinding himself into the bed.

"Does he even know we're here?" Bucky asked palming his erection through his uniform. Seriously though volume was needed but at the same time the soundtrack Bucky's mind provided was sinfully delicious. The choir of moans and cries he imaged Tony was mewling. He wondered how his name would sound whimpered from those lips as the omega was overcome with pleasure.

Steve slowly shook his head eyes not leaving the rise and fall of the round rump of the omega on the screen.

"He's gotta..." Bucky couldn't look away from where the beginnings of triangular ears became visible as Tony stretched out his legs seemingly looking for a better angle as he adjusted his thrusts.

"Do you think this is a test?" Steve asked trying to find the logic.

Bucky now knew this wasn't some crazy boredom induced dream. Only Stevie would try to find the logic in what's clearly a gift from God.

"Why the fuck would someone do that as a test? Look at the man he's clearly enjoying himself." Bucky swatted Stevie with his free hand clearly missing as he wouldn't take his

eyes off the screen.

“Hellooooo?” Steve decided to try speaking into the mic on the desk.

Bucky tapped on the keyboard trying to see if any text boxes appeared but no...Nothing.

Well they tried. His alpha brain supplied. “Nothing to do now but enjoy the show I guess...” He said getting himself comfortable, his erection tenting his uniform. Ugh he might actually knot from this. What was he a teenager?

“Buck, Its not-” Steve began with that self righteous voice of his.

“Don’t ruin this for me,” Bucky cut him off as he moved his hand into his trousers. “Fuck... He’s so hot isn’t he?”

“Yeah he is,” Steve agreed noticing he was hard too but clearly not as affected by the sight of the omega in heat as Bucky. Sometimes being an alpha seemed really unfortunate.

Steve didn’t even look when Bucky took his free hand and guided it to his length. “Help your alpha out Stevie...” He moaned as they continued watching the omega ride that dildo, this was going to be a pleasant afternoon...

Is it too much to ask for both?

Chapter Summary

Bucky's made eye contact and maybe a bit more than that with Tony, then they take a ride in a hummer that might have just fucked in and have an explosive experience.

Chapter Notes

WARNING! Abduction and Iron Man 1 typical violence.

Two weeks later.

“Wake up Tones.” Rhodey’s voice is gentle as he slowly shakes the sleeping brunet’s shoulders. The brunet grumbled and rolled away from him clearly uninterested in waking. “Come on Tones. Next time we fly out of Berlin maybe you won’t party the whole night before?”

Tony let out a groan and turned completely away from the other.

Thank god it was a private plane. If anyone knew what a pain it was to wake Tony Stark once he had finally passed out the rumors would never end.

“Come on Tone’s put some fresh clothes on we are going to land soon.” Rhodey informed him motioning towards the brunet’s travel bag and the onboard shower.

Tony let out a large yawn and nodded, patting the air near Rhodey, “Anything for you honey bear.”

Rhodey merely rolled his eyes at the brunet’s antics. He scented after Tony got up and made sure there was no lingering scent of omega. Nope no omega, just sex and booze, the shower

would get rid of that.

This trip had been delayed long enough due to first security concerns and then Tony's heat had come unexpectedly. Pepper had done well claiming a case of food poisoning and staging a hospital stay.

The two friends sat side by side. Tony complied with taking the offered aspirin and guzzling down the water provided, ugh that stopped his dry mouth. Rhodey rattled on beside him about what they were actually doing here for and that he should *behave*.

"-and *finally* have you been to the toilet?" The dark skinned man stretched slightly in his chair, being Tony's friend was a privilege and a nightmare, he both loved and hated the man.

Tony whipped his head around mock offended, "I'm not a child!"

Rhodey merely gave him an unimpressed look.

"Okay fine I'll go," Tony hasilty got up to use the bathroom before they settled in to land...

Bucky's metaphorical ears and tail perk up as he spots the neatly dressed omega as he swaggers his way through the base like he owned it. In some ways he probably did but still, this irked Bucky a little but he still couldn't stop looking at the man's ass, those slacks were a knock-out.

Wetting his lips as he stepped inline with the current entourage noting that the alpha by Tony's side eyed him warily.

Everyone knew this alpha, Lieutenant Rhodes was Stark's best friend and according to some rumors their bond went deeper than friendship. Bucky smirked he knew better, he'd seen

their marks on the omega's legs. Stark was his omega.

What are you looking at flyboy? Bucky put on his best murderous stare forget rank and formalities, he could take him.

Instead of intimidating the other alpha, Rhodes merely moved closer to Tony.

Tony seemed unphased as Rhodey moved closer to him. He turned and noticed the new alpha; Smokey grey eyes with the brooding pout? Was he giving Tony the sex leer? That's definitely what that is... Okay stop that, no-one knew he was an omega.

Tony was freaking out a bit. He carefully scented himself, nope definitely alpha scent... Although he didn't want to admit it that was thanks Greg and his ingenious scent blockers. They were different from the ones used by the general public and allowed him to keep his secret.

Bucky let out a low grumble at the other alpha's lack of concern. This got him a funny look from a couple of his other comrades.

Rumlow rolled his eyes. He hated babysitting duty. His eyebrow arched as he noted Buck's hard stare down of Stark's ass. He looked for a moment and shrugged did not see the appeal. Other alphas just weren't sexy.

"Come on Sergeant Barnes, let's leave our guests to prepare." He took Bucky by the arm and led him away from the other soldiers and two visiting alphas.

They made their way down the walk path into an empty supply office. Rumlow pushed Bucky inside, "What the fuck Barnes?"

"I don't know what your on about." Bucky replied motioning with his hands.

“Really? I thought you liked your tiny beta... Looking to add another alpha to your pair?” Brock rose an eyebrow. “Even a blind man could see you tenting up looking at Stark.”

Bucky looked down, “I was not!” His uniform still perfectly fine.

Brock rolled his eyes. “Look, I’m not looking for a court marshal because your knothead self jumps a visiting guest.” He put two fingers into Bucky’s left shoulder, “Keep. It. In. Your. Pants!” He accented each word with a sharp poke into the other alpha.

“Yes sir!” Bucky offered a semi mock salute as Brock walked away to attend to some other duty.

Bucky in the meantime decided to go to check on his next post. He’d be on free time in a few hours.

The last few hours of Bucky’s shift flew by, literally as Sam had apparently arrived on base. The two spent the remains of Bucky’s shift catching up while Clint and Bucky inventoried the armory.

Just as they finished up a familiar sharply dressed brunet wondered by seemingly mumbling to himself with his head down.

Bucky didn’t hear either Clint or Sam calling him as his attention wandered to his omega. He licked his lips.

Clint looked at Sam and the two shrugged agreeing to go the other direction. They had no interest in the disciplinary action Bucky would face if Stark reported him for inappropriate flirting or for picking a fight. Besides Bucky wasn’t into other alphas, he liked fierce tiny betas.

Bucky proceeded to follow the omega through the camp, until they came to the mostly abandoned area where the humvees had been prepared for transport.

“Hey, there good looking,” Bucky said as he got in front of Tony offering the omega a huge smile.

Tony, whom had been mumbling about blast coefficients and explosive recoil looked up ready to tell the soldier off for interrupting his train of thought, when his voice got stuck in his throat.

The tall alpha smiled down at Tony. He was letting off bonding pheromones everywhere; as if he and Tony were familiar. As if he knew Tony was an omega and could reciprocate those hormones.

Tony took a step back. This could be dangerous. He should go find Rhodes and probably avoid this alpha.

Bucky took a step forward. “What’s the matter Stark? I’ve heard a lot about you...”

Tony’s mind supplies his reputation for sleeping around had preceded him. He calmed down a bit. Ah just a horny alpha who wants a lay with ‘Tony will fuck anyone Stark’. He could play that role.

Tony backed himself against a wall just out of view of the guard tower. “So soldier what were you thinking, a quickie with the local celebrity visitor?” He tried to play it cool but he could already feel slick building up. Usually he could hold himself together better than this. He’d never once become a slick factory for Tiberius or Sunset when they’d been dating. If anything he’d only ever really produced slick during his heats.

Bucky smiled as he motioned towards one of the hummers to their left. He smirked as the smaller man shivered from all the alpha hormones pouring off him, “You wanna have some fun?” He licked his lips and motioned with his hips.

Tony scanned the man's uniform quickly, “Sergeant Barnes, what makes you thi-” he attempted alpha bravado.

“Ah-ah-ah, I know you can take it,” He raised an eyebrow, swiping his eyes down the man once more. “I know your secret.”

Tony’s mouth fell open. That was impossible. This was a bluff. Tony felt his anger rising. “I don’t know what you’re talking about...” Tony snipped angrily.

“Oh I bet you don’t, *omega Stark*.” Bucky let the words roll off his tongue as he boxed the omega against the wall with his arms. “I can smell you from here... all delicious and needy.”

Tony moaned a little as a thin trail of slick traveled down his leg. This alpha’s scent was too much, too close, too much danger. It was almost like he was going into heat. He wanted this alpha, more like he needed him now.

Tony wanted to argue with Barnes that he was also an alpha. He wanted to pretend to be insulted he had been outed as an omega. But instead he found himself wrapping his hands not around the approaching alpha’s throat but around his head bringing him in for a kiss so hungry you’d think neither man had eaten in days.

The two brunet’s tongues battled for dominance as the soldier marveled at this omega’s boldness. Bucky cheated rutting his hips against Tony’s stomach to seal his victory and dominance. The pair broke apart.

Bucky all triumphant, smirks, aroused pheromones everywhere.

Tony looked a bit dazed with eyes already glazing over with need.

“Come on,” Bucky lead Tony to a hummer across the way pushing the omega into it and onto his back and making quick work of his rather expensive slick stained trousers. “Don’t worry we’ll be quiet... No-one will even know were here.”

Tony's mind reminded him this model of armored car was soundproof as he watched the sergeant unzip his pants. He pulled them down to his knees and spread Tony's thighs.

"Don't worry Mr. Stark," he soothed again as he began to enter Tony. "Your secret is safe with me." He entered in one fluid motion and paused reaching above Tony for the stabilizing bar.

The omega breathed in, fuck no one had ever been that deep. Tony wasn't even sure he owned a dildo as big as Barnes. His eyes rolled back into his head and any logical thoughts he might have had vanished.

"Alpha please..." he begged rolling his hips.

Bucky smiled, "Of course." He leaned down offering his omega a kiss before pulling back till just the head of his penis remained in Tony's slick warm passage. Wanton moans filled Bucky's ears as he thrust back in.

Tony's mouth opened, moaning louder than before. He couldn't even quiet himself down as an area guard on duty walked by. Thank you Tesla for soundproofing. He thought as another scream of passion left his throat.

It seemed like this *Sergeant Barnes* was doing his best to rock the damn hummer.

Tony couldn't control how his thighs tried to pull Barnes closer nor how his hands were grasped tight to the soldier's massive biceps. He knew he was making the omega "o" face as he felt the beginning of the alphas knot forming. The mass slowly building as the alpha thrust into his heat.

God like the rest of Barnes, his knot was also massive. "Fucking do it big man! Fill me!" Tony screamed as his walls clenched around the fully formed knot.

Bucky heard the omega let out an un-godly moan as his knot locked into place and couldn't help but lurch forward and clamping down on the tanned neck on display, the need to claim so deep within the alpha that he couldn't help but set his jaw into place, letting a connection form.

Dear fucking god... was their first shared thought.

Before Tony could even get the words rude out of his mouth a tidal wave of sensation came rolling over him almost blinding him with hot pleasure as he heard the deep groan come from the alpha above him.

This is heaven, was their second shared thought.

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It wasn't so much that Sam wanted to get rid of Steve. It was more Sam wanted Steve, the rational one in the alpha beta pair; to go talk some sense into his wayward mate. Nothing good could come from the looks Bucky was throwing Tony Stark. And also if Lt Rhodes discovered he knew Barnes was giving Tony looks and didn't report it he'd be in serious trouble. So he did the responsible skin saving thing and ratted on Barnes. And also he'd seen a certain alpha heading towards the mess hall.

Steve was furious, he knew exactly where his mates were now and didn't care what they were up to, swinging open the hummer's back door. He felt and heard the clonk of Tony's head against the armored frame of the car, head now too close to his crotch for his current liking. Steve flicked his eyes up noting the two where linked together and Bucky was grinning like the fool he was.

"Ugh, fuck," Tony groaned trying to lift his head and failing, "there are two of you."

"Yeah fuck, get dressed, *NOW*!" Steve looked around frantically, there was going to be a stream of people coming over soon, they were supposed to be moving to another camp.

The omega shivered not knowing such a deep voice could come from such a small man, “Kinda, ah fuck, kinda stuck here.” He wiggled slightly causing the larger brunet to let out a choaked off moan.

Steve’s face only got redder, “Bucky, fucking pull it out or so help me-”

“I’m sorry Stark,” Bucky kisses both of Tony’s cheeks in apology. “Relax...” He prompted and with a swift motion removed himself from the omega, watching in ridiculous satisfaction as a quick slurry of slick and seed followed him.

Tony let out a moan and lulled his head to the side. Fuck taking the alpha’s knot has been one thing but now, he clenched and tried to focus on tightening himself up.

Bucky at least had some wet wipes and offered a small quick aftercare before he righted the omega.

“Damn it Buck! You couldn’t keep it in your pants?” Steve laments as he attempted to air out the hummer. “Knothead is what you are!” He complained turning as voices approached. “You owe me!” He quickly cut off Rhodes approach and steered him towards the second hummer upwind of the one that the pair was currently sitting in.

Steve would regret it later. He’d rethink their first meeting hundreds of times in the coming days and even years later. No amount of drills, training, hardened front line experience could have prepared him for what was about to happen.

Halfway between old camp and the new encampment, fifteen minutes into their journey all hell broke loose.

Sometimes when Steve closes his eyes he still sees it. He can still hear the pleasant silence between Rhodes and himself come to an abrupt end. The image of the armored Humvee in front of their own by only maybe 20 feet get rocked into the air by an IED and sent tumbling into a dried riverbed.

“Shit-shit-shit!” He remembered Rumlow saying as their Humvee turned to begin returning fire.

They had sat pinned under heavy fire and all Steve could see was the other Humvee burning before RPG fire created enough smoke to hide the carnage.

The next time Steve woke, having finally succumbed to what he’d learn later was a concussion and sensory overload due to pain his mates had suffered during the attack. He was in a field hospital and both his mates were gone. Missing. He hadn’t been able to do anything about it.

Project Lazarus

Chapter Summary

Welcome again :)

--> This chapter brings us Tony's family and Steve coming to the realization his newly found mate and alpha are gone. Non-graphic depiction of torture for Bucky and Tony as its Iron Man typical Violence still in affect there.

** Also in MCU it was Project Rebirth but here in Marks on Our Hearts it was called Project Lazarus because Greg is in charge of the project.

++ Warnings: Non consensual medical injections. Torture on the parts of Bucky and Tony.

Chapter Notes

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

The leader of the Stark pack was pacing, rage and thinly veiled worry rolling off him, “Tony’s missing, Gregory.” His voice snipped and tight, Howard was a master at holding in his emotions.

The older Stark twin rolled his eyes, flicking a hand out in a blaze expression, sighing he lifted his feet up on his father's desk. “He’s been kidnapped before he will be fine,” he looked around the room ignoring his dad, he would look good sitting here.

Howard growled in frustration, at his son, he could be so selfish, “This isn’t just any kidnapping. He’s missing. In a war zone.”

“Rhodey tells me he met his soul mate over there, and he was with him at the time.” Greg pointed out ostentatious wafting a hand over towards his father before picking up a paperweight turning it over in his hand, his father was such a drama queen. Besides Tony was the heir to spare... he had Greg did he need anyone else?

Howard side eyed his son again, breathing in slowly, before pinching his brow. He knew it was risky but going to Afghanistan himself would be worse, “You’re going out there-”

“WHAT?!” Gregory sat up slamming his hands down on the desk. Proving that in fact, the dramatics ran in the family.

“We have to be seen doing something, I’m sure you’ll be able to help those trigger happy idiots over there.” Howard could see the cogs turning in Gregory’s head, it worried him. Scared him even, how intelligent his son was. Or criminally insane, he wasn’t sure.

“Well,” Gregory elongated the word lazily, “I’m sure they haven’t utilized the mate that was left behind.”

“*Another* one? That brother of yours is going to be the death of me. Never one to conform, the board-”

“Well your the one that made him future head of the company...”

Howard just really wanted his son to be gone now, he wasn’t having this argument again, Tony was taking over for a reason, “Just go out there, look to be helping or heaven forbid actually help.”

“Yes, father.” With that Gregory sauntered out of his dad's office not caring for the slam of the door as he left. He had work to do.

Tony dragged in a painful breath, his throat sore his ears ringing, head spinning, his lungs crackle from water intake and his chest...In so, so much pain. What the *fuck!*?

A hand in his hair ripped his head back, looking around frantically he couldn't see where Barnes, no Bucky? Was, was he dead? Was he alone with these animals? That hadn't even made much sense.

Movement, from behind him and some grunts brought out the alpha he was searching for, placing him in front of Tony and kicking him to his knees. His eyes where red and his breath was coming fast through his nose, tape over his mouth. Tony frowned as his pain lessened and Bucky hunched forward slightly.

What the fuck was happening.

The captors spoke over their heads quickly and in a language he didn't understand.

Bucky eyed them suspiciously, trying to translate their words, he was good with languages.

Fuck! Had they finally figured it out? His eyes loomed wide and he thrashed in his bonds as they shoved Tony into the water again, the panic and sheer amount of pain that Bucky felt being this close to his mate was intolerable, but if he didn't breathe Tony would drown.

Seemingly happy with their experiment Bucky could only watch, as Tony was pulled back out of the water, gasping for air, shuddering as the water dripped down his chest next to whatever the fuck that was.

Their captors pulled at Tony's hair kicking the bucket away. Well there was that. But Tony didn't think this was the end of it.

Bucky got hauled up in front of him and he strained his neck to keep eye contact with the man, no. One of the grunts started pummeling the man's mid-section, another swung at his face.

The pain coming through caused Tony to heave, and throw up the water that had been forced into his stomach.

The torment continues. At some point they remove the tape forcefully from Bucky's mouth and now breathing is easier for both of them. They gain their own breath, Bucky's handsome face is swollen and bruised before Tony's eyes.

Tony let out a whine. No... Alpha. It took all he had to not try to rush over to soothe the pained alpha.

Bucky laughs, "You can't hurt me." He then spits at their feet. He has to protect Tony, whatever that thing in his chest is it can't withstand the beating these assholes were giving him.

One of the men speaking again too quick for Tony to understand, the movement is just as fast, a snap echoed in his ears and although no-one had touched him, searing pain ran through Tony's leg.

Tony's scream rang in Bucky's ears.

Bucky's mouth is open but no sound is escaping. He can't scream, what have they done to his leg?!? He tried to look but found a hand in his hair holding it up and away. Bucky looked over and saw both of Tony's legs looked fine. The pain in his left knee was hot and radiating.

"What do you want?" Tony tries to sound angry, he cannot show weakness. Tony is simply smothered over the mouth with a rag and then...nothing.

Bucky glares at his captors, they taunted him in their language, "He looks hurt to me." Bucky wants to respond but his mind is sluggish whatever they'd done to Tony was affecting him too. He didn't even fight when they placed the same cloth over his nose.

Steve leaned over a bucket and vomited, even though his mates were possibly miles away he could feel everything and it was torturous. The field hospital had only been able to do so much, he was medevaced to an actual hospital in the capital. He only had a few moments of peace the entire ride when finally the torture must have stopped. But now it was starting again. It had barely been an hour of peace.

Gregory eyes the scrawny beta, of course, Tony found the most inferior specimen possible to mate with. Sometimes he just wanted to kill Tony to save himself all this trouble...But then who would challenge him? Reed wasn't anywhere near as interesting or creative as Tony.

He straightened his tie and checks the syringe in his pocket. This inferior specimen doesn't do him any good vomiting into a bucket.

He'd been working on this technology for quite some time and it would do one of two things for the beta. Disrupt the pain signals coming from his mates or stop his heart and kill him.

Honestly either way it would work out for Greg. This beta dies and his brother and the other one are never found, he gets the company. Alternatively the beta lives and he now has a living test subject for Project Lazarus.

Greg let himself into the medical ward and kept a wide berth around the puking soldier. He didn't need gruel vomited on his Armani loafers and if it got on his pants he'd have to burn them.

"Master Sergeant Rogers," Greg began just as the soldier fell back into his cot.

The blond gave a weak salute before lurching forward.

"I've brought something for the nausea and pain," Greg said prepping the syringe with a quick release out of the tip and then fed it into the soldiers IV.

Steve tried to say something as the cold liquid entered his arm through the IV. He opened his mouth but everything went black as the feeling of his heart, shuddered to a stop in his chest.

Greg stood there as the monitor showed a flat line. Oh well, he thought flippantly. One down. He turned to leave. He stopped at the door only to pause as the heart rate monitor started to slowly picked back up again and started to climb. He turned around and looked at the small narrow chest rise and fall steadily.

Greg tossed the syringe in the trash and placed his hands in his pockets. This is going to go excellent. He needed to make some calls Rogers would need to be transferred to a more secure location, so they could begin testing.

—

Steve groggily awoke to a room that smelled like bleach with white walls and a white ceiling. He rubbed his eyes and paused.

Greg has been sitting across the room working on his tablet. The blond looked up. “Ah Master Sergeant, good evening and welcome to Project Lazarus.”

Steve seemed confused, where was he? How did he get here? Who is this immaculately dressed blond man with familiar cheekbones?

“Ah, the dizziness should wear off soon. And that the confusion you’re probably feeling, will clear as well.” Greg explained, “I’m the younger alpha Stark. You are mates with my omega twin brother Anthony.”

Steve paused and as the images of the hummer in front of him being thrown from the road and engulfed in flames flashed before his eyes. He reached out but couldn’t feel anything from Bucky. Oh god had they died? Steve let out a low pained sound. He couldn’t feel Buck. Was he dead?

“We have not re-established a bond with your alpha or Anthony yet. The bond you had was causing you a great amount of physical trauma,” Greg explained, “This is why you were drafted for Project Lazarus.”

Steve nodded, though he did not understand. He didn’t know you could block a bond with your bonded. “What do I have to do?”

“First we are going to run a few more tests. Then, if you’re a match, perform a series of injections.” Greg explained putting his tablet away.

“Injections for what?” Steve wasn’t just going to let some guy claiming he was a Stark poke and prod him.

Greg chose to ignore him continuing on with his monologue, “Now that you’ve awakened we can get started.” He moved to open the door muttering to himself, “Hopefully I can at least make you a less of an unsightly specimen... Cannot believe Anthony...” his words jumbled as he walked out of the room.

Steve frowned he was still none the wiser but he was never one to back down and if it was going to help his mates then, he would do anything.

It was six weeks of grueling tests and injections. Six stressful weeks of knowing Tony and Bucky were out there somewhere and he couldn’t help them. Feeling pathetic and weak.

Finally the day came and he sat there inside the modification pod. He’d momentarily blacked out after the final injection but now he was coming to.

He raised a hand to his face to rub the pain in his brow away but paused; Instead of the thin bony fingers he’d known his whole life, there were slim strong fingers. Steve opened his eyes and looked down, his shirt and pants were in ribbons.

“AH!” He screamed blinking down at himself. His thighs were thick, strong they had shredded the small sized trousers he had been wearing, his shoulders broad and chest chiseled peaked out beneath the ribbons of his previous shirt. He's thankful his marks don't appear stretched or disturbed merely enlarged along with his chest. He ran his hands over his body as he heard people moving around outside the pod.

He could hear them clear as day asking if Steve was still alive? Was he okay? Did it work?

Steve realizes then his massive growth has knocked the sensors they placed on him off and onto the floor. He took a moment to steady himself and pushed the emergency escape button. The light was blinding as he opened the door.

Greg couldn't help but smirk. He was amazing, better than his father and certainly better than Anthony. His cold blue eyes raked over the perfect specimen in human existence. He'd done it. He'd turned that inferior beta into the perfect alpha specimen.

Or at least he thought he had.

Steve allows himself to be poked and prodded. To everyone's surprise his blood designation still showed as beta. Which didn't bother him one bit, meant he wouldn't have to put up with stupid ruts.

Greg was pissed, of course his annoying brother's mate couldn't just fully transform and prove that for once he was the genius here. Not his brother.

—

A few days later Steve was allowed to see his friends, he had been told they would be part of the recovery team. As finally there had been word on a possible location for Tony and hopefully Bucky as well.

Steve was greatly comforted by the fact he could feel his mates again, even though the pain they were in was numbed now due to the serum.

Sam and Clint paused at the door making eye contact with Steve.

“HOLY SHIT!” Clint pointed an accusing finger.

“Language Clint...” Steve corrected.

“Oh god, now your body matches your voice.” Sam said lowering the omega’s accusing finger.

Natasha walked in and hid her amusement well. She had apparently been hired as private security by Stark Industries.

“Well I kinda got a promotion too...” he points to his uniform.

“You’re a Captain now? Oh Brock is gonna be pissed.” Sam laughed patting Steve on the back.

Nobody commented on that.

But you could tell Clint wanted to.

Chapter End Notes

So...

Lazarus means "God has helped". cuz Greg be like that ...

Next time you ride with me

Chapter Summary

Tony has devised a way to escape. It appears to be a metal suit of armor!

Steve and his recovery team head out to find his lost mates.

Our Triad is finally reunited in a moment of comedy and tenderness.

Chapter Notes

Iron Man 1 Canon Typical Violence Still in Play.

Aftermath of Torture...

Reunions of Friends and Soulmates :)

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

Tony slowly rolled out of Bucky's embrace and spent a few moments soothing his alpha. "It's okay, I just need to pee. I'll be back soon." He promised kissing the brunet's sweaty brow. The antibiotics he'd held out for seemed to be working, but the injury to Bucky's arm was extensive.

Tony had tried his best as he could, yet they still had to do an amputation. Bucky has had this low grade fever for a long time. Tony could feel them running out of time.

He quickly went to check out the suit of armor. Feeling it heavy in his hands and bulky. It could withstand most bullet rounds and was large enough to fit himself and Barnes inside, even if they were plastered together. He was certain the alpha would complain but they had very little time and had to get moving.

Tomorrow they'd move out.

Tomorrow...

The next morning was a combination of fireballs, ammunition rounds and burned bodies. Tony didn't have time to fuck around here. This was their one and only chance at escaping.

The suit launched itself into the air and they disappeared in a plume of smoke. Tony steered them as best he could in what something told him was the right direction. The suit made it quite far before crashing into a dune.

Tony somehow managed to get him and Bucky out then make shift a sled. With Bucky's damaged leg, fever and general lack of coherence right now Tony wasn't even going to try and let the alpha walk.

Tony had dragged them both through the desert for quite some distance, when something told him to look to the right. He could almost hear someone calling his name.

Bucky groaned out a name, "Stevie".

Tony turned to the right and saw it. The faint outline of a chopper. Oh thank Tesla they were saved! It was then as the chopper approached the exhaustion of all he'd been through caught up to him. He collapsed to his knees still clutching the makeshift pull handles his eyelids felt so heavy.

—

Steve was demanding they divert to the left. Sam after a few moments nodded and allowed 'The Captain' as they'd taken to calling him, tell him which way to go. He could tell by the look in Steve's eyes he had a lock on Bucky. They flew over what looked like the remnants of a shiny aluminum colored IED impact crater and began following a distinct dragline in the sand.

Steve could hear Bucky, the brunet was in a startling amount of pain and his only partial bond with Tony let him feel the omega's, but also his fear.

Finally they came into view two oddly shaped lumps in the dunes.

“Oh no...” Someone said over the radio as they began announcing a need for medical as soon as they returned to base.

Steve jumped from the chopper as soon as it steadied itself and hit the ground with one knee and one hand down.

“Does he have a harness?” Clint asked as he prepared to drop the ropes and medical gurney.

“Nope.” Rumlow replied as he set up a harness and headed down with Lt. Rhodes.

Natasha was the last one down while Clint remained overseeing the ropes and pulley systems. His eyes carefully looking out for any approaching enemy as Sam let the chopper hover. They were too deep in enemy territory to actually set the chopper down.

Steve ran across the short distance and stood over his mates. His strategic mind taking in their posture, Tony crumpled up on his knees, Bucky curled up on a piece of thin metal.

He carefully leaned down and brought his forehead to Bucky’s allowing the alpha brunet to scent him.

“Ah Stevie... knew you were coming Punk.” He groaned slowly opening his eyes. “Where’s Stark?” He gripped his good arm on Steve and paused, “I remember you being smaller...”

Steve was about to reply when Lt. Rhodes grabbed Tony and pulled him into a fierce hug.

“YOU ARE NEVER RIDING IN YOUR OWN HUMMER EVER AGAIN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?! YOU WILL ALWAYS RIDE WITH ME FROM NOW ON!!”

Rhodes shouted pulling back to look at Tony and then smashing the omega back against his chest.

Tony let out a grimace and slight whimper of pain. The arc reactor he'd built was still new and tender in his chest.

Bucky growled purely out of instinct. When he tried to turn to Tony he collapsed in Steve's arms.

It then Steve realizes Bucky's left arm of his jacket is empty.

Bucky has been seriously hurt.

Rhodey helped Tony cover the still healing flesh and the reactor with some gauze.

Natasha and Brock brought up the rear and were each pulling a sled behind them.

Tony sighed at the sled. "Thank God I was getting tired of dragging Barnes everywhere."

Brock scoffed as he helped Rhodes secure the omega. "Please, an omega is docile and homey." It was a stretch that a posh omega like Stark could really have done whatever it took to free Barnes and himself.

Bucky kept trying to crawl into Tony's medical gurney even though he could barely sit up.

Finally Steve got Bucky strapped into the gurney and then he pulled both his mates behind him with no difficulty.

Tony, Bucky and Steve were the first ones allowed back onto the chopper. The field doctor immediately gave both injured men IVs and prepped a morphine injection for Bucky.

Once the chopper took off it was Tony who sat up and crawled over into Bucky's gurney and snuggled up to his side and reaching out to touch Steve.

They'd been through so much and were still going to go through more.

The silence in the chopper was broken by Tony as he looked up at Steve from the safety of their alpha's arms.

"I know the last time we met, I was kinda mushy brained and starry eyed from the through knotting our alpha gave me, which you completely interrupted... Rude by the way ... But I swear you were smaller..." Tony made a motion with his hands almost as if he was compressing Steve. "You know now it's like when you order a small fry but the lady behind the counter gives you a large? It's like wow today must be my birthday! Oh..." turns from Tony to Rhodes. "Honey Bear... Is it my birthday? If it is I'm having a questionable time can we just go out and get burgers?"

Rhodes looked at the medic. "Sometimes strong painkillers make patients hallucinate and say things they wouldn't normally say."

Rhodes shook his head, "We'll eat burgers back at base, lay down Tones we have a lot to discuss once we land."

"Okay, Rhodey." Tony made this cute contented omega face before cuddling back up to Barnes.

The alpha was already knocked out cold from the morphine coursing through his veins.

There's a blur of activity after they set down on base. The triad was quickly taken to a private medical ward.

Bucky after a quick examination was started on a round of high grade antibiotics and prepped for surgery.

Tony is treated for malnutrition, dehydration and refuses to let anyone look at his chest.

Tony growled recovering some of that false alpha bravado. He wasn't going to let these men touch him. He had an alpha now and not just anyone could put their hands on him.

Steve slowly crawled behind the omega and held him close.

Tony found himself melting into the beta's embrace. Tony had been with a few betas over the years. They couldn't make him slick and were much safer to date than an alpha. But Tony could never remember feeling this safe in anyone's arms except Bucky's.

"It's okay Tony, I'm here." Steve soothed gently running a hand through his omega's hair. "Everything is going to be okay."

Tony found himself soothed to sleep, in his? Yes his beta's arms.

Chapter End Notes

Did you all like that superhero landing? Steve is a BAMF lol.

See you guys next time...

My Mark On Your Skin

Chapter Summary

We finally get the boys all three together and they bond and explore their marks on each others skin. There's some sexy times ahead please enjoy.

Tony tried to sit up groaned, his head felt heavy and like someone was pounding on it. He rolled over onto his side and let out a pained moan. The air smelled like bleach and the sheets against his skin were cool.

Where am I?

Panic started to spread through Tony's bones, he reached behind himself for his alpha, Barnes hadn't been far from him since they'd taken his arm. When there was nothing but a cold spot he began to sweat. His eyes were still screwed shut, they'd been separated.

How were they going to escape if they were separated? How was he going to get them out of here if he couldn't find Barnes. They'd only had to wait till morning.

"Shhh... Tony I'm still here." A large gentle hand smoothed his hair and a deep sense of calm filled Tony.

The blood that has been rushing through Tony's ears eased.

Slowly Tony began to remember, the fireballs, crashing in the desert, Steve! This feeling was Steve!

They had escaped, he reminded himself. He was with Steve now... it's okay to rest.

“Relax, Tony go back to sleep.” Steve’s voice was calm and reassuring. Tony let his beta’s voice carry him back to sleep.

—

Tony slept for two full days.

Bucky was released after sixteen hours in surgery.

Bucky woke after three days, to the feeling of something solid and warm against his back and a pleasant calming weight on his chest.

Something tickled his nose and smokey grey eyes opened to a nest full of messy brown hair as his registers his only remaining hand is clutching onto the omega’s in front of him.

He leaned a bit back into the warm chest listening to it raise and fall calmly. Bucky carefully scented the air and relaxed instantly. This was his pack. They’d come to be with him. If Stevie was here they were safe. He let this thought carry him back into darkness.

Later that afternoon, both Bucky and Tony were up. It had taken quite a bit of work to get Tony out of Bucky’s bed so the alpha could be examined. Tony had pouted from Steve’s lap the entire check up. It wasn’t until after the doctor’s left that Bucky turned his dreamy eyes onto his beta and omega.

“So Stevie... You’ve had quite a growth spurt.” He teased noting his the blond’s shoulders seemed to tighten.

“Yeah,” he rubbed the back of his neck, smile not quite reaching his eyes, “It wasn't exactly what he said would happen. But this is the new me...” He motioned towards his body.

“Pfft...” Bucky replied waving Steve’s noncommittal hand wave away. “You just finally grew into your voice and huge head of your’s, is all.” He teased. “You seem ever the bit my Stevie as I can remember.”

“Cuz nothing’s changed.” The blond nodded as if Bucky’s words had brought back all his courage, “I’m still me.” Steve replied with a blush.

“Exactly.” Bucky said smiling as the tension left Steve’s shoulders.

“Which reminds me...” Steve said carefully patting Tony’s head. “Somebody admitted to a chopper full of our friends and one very unhappy air force lieutenant that there might have been shagging occurring prior to any proper courtship...”

Tony looked over at Bucky, “Why would you do that? Rhodey is going to try to kill you! Even my one night stands at least buy me a drink... Why’d you have to say anything?” Tony’s voice got away with him.

Bucky blinked a little lost, “I don’t remember saying anything...” He drew a blank right after Tony told him to crawl into that insanely useful metal suit he had built out of nothing in the cave and then a small flash of Steve pressing their foreheads together.

Steve pointed an index finger at Tony, “Well regardless everyone now knows and I already got my earful for hiding it.”

Their conversation was cut short by a nurse wheeling in a cart with a set of trays. She placed two down on the table next Steve before finally bringing up the table across Bucky’s bed and places the third tray down. She smiles and instructs Steve to make sure Bucky only has ice chips for now and to eat as much of his meal as he is able. She gives similar instructions for Tony and leaves them.

Tony makes a grimace at the bowl of chicken broth jello they expect him to eat. He instead reached over and opened the lid on what was obviously Steve’s food and immediately stuffed the sandwich, he’d later realize was Turkey on Rye, into his mouth.

Steve didn't even have time to protest.

Bucky snorted and then sighed looking at his own food. Bucky had been left handed so trying and failing to get the spoon to his mouth, Steve leaned over and began feeding him.

Tony seeming to not want to be left out, put the bowl of fruit that had come with Steve's sandwich, into his hands holding it out and opened his mouth expectantly.

"What a handful our omega is going to be..." Bucky joked as Steve reached over and took popped a blueberry into Tony's mouth from the bowl the omega was holding.

"What a handful indeed." Steve echoed kissing the omega's lips before going back to give Bucky another bite.

—

Three months later...

The triad reunited back in New York. Tony had been sent ahead of his mates to prepare his 'nest' for their arrival. Plus he also had a company to co-run, several foundations to sit on the board for and of course his workshop needed his attention.

Bucky's leg had been set back properly, his arm amputated to just above the elbow and most of the other physical scars healing across his chest and torso.

Greg had performed a procedure similar to the one he did on Steve to Bucky. It had become necessary when it was clear Bucky was going into septic shock after a seemingly healing infection had spread suddenly during the night after his first day awake.

Steve had stayed back with Bucky to complete the testing Gregory required and also to assist with Bucky's recovery.

Tony was finally coming to terms with the fact he had an alpha and a beta who actually wanted him in their lives and now he would be taking them to meet his family. Well his mom and Howard.

Tony was also back to wearing omega scent blockers and his alpha scent, much to Bucky's displeasure. But the Stark's hadn't made any public announcements yet regarding Tony's status. As far as anyone knew the Starks had always been a family of alphas.

Tony couldn't help but smile when he saw them. His tall, blond Greek god of a beta, Steven Grant Rogers and his equally tall, now long haired and Casanova-esk alpha, James Buchanan Barnes.

Tesla...God... whoever's responsible for this, how'd I get so lucky? He wonders.

"Boys... My parents have agreed to give us a week of bonding time before they meet you. Shall we go back to our humble abode?" He quirked an eyebrow allowing both of them to take an arm..

"Sounds good doll." Bucky kissed his cheek.

"Sure thing Tones." Steve replied as they let their omega lead them to the waiting limo.

Once the door was closed Tony sat himself as close to Bucky as possible and began nuzzling his alpha "I'm so happy I found you. I can finally wear shorts again..." He mumbled offhandedly before turning to nuzzle Steve too, "my wonderful lion," he kissed Steve's neck and turned to kiss Bucky's face, "and my brave wolf."

"Yeah, doll you're our cheeky little fox, aren't you?" Bucky kissed Tony's forehead.

“I wanna see...” Tony’s voice sounded small and almost desperate. “How do I look on your skin?”

Bucky smiled and pressed their foreheads together the three of them. “Absolutely gorgeous... When we get to your place we’ll show you.” He let a bit of aroused pheromones out, “first thing we’ll take a shower and rinse all that alpha scent off your body.”

—

Tony’s personal estate was not far from his parents or Gregory’s. It was a modest mansion that he had previously used to host extravagant and lewd parties along with entertaining guests, yet it was also the home of his workshop. Tony had plans now though, to have his new mates fuck him on every surface of his mansion, to erase every memory of all the drunken stupor fueled orgies and then the same again at the penthouse after they completed their bonding and met his parents.

Tony knew it was rude but he skipped the grand tour and simply lead his mates to the master suite. This was their first time together and Tony couldn’t wait any longer.

The alpha and beta pair moved slowly once they got their omega onto the bed. Sex was on their minds but first to see their marks. Tony had unintentionally teased them in that video with an outline of the beta’s mark.

Steve knelt down and carefully removed both of Tony’s shoes and then began to peel back his socks. He gently worked the brunet’s feet in his hands providing a gentle massage.

Bucky kicked off his shoes and climbed onto the bed behind Tony he gently nibbled at the smaller brunet’s neck leaving hickies in his wake before he captured the omega’s slightly opened mouth in a kiss.

Steve worked his way up Tony’s legs to his waist band and waited for a moan to continue before opening the omega’s pants and working them down his hips and legs.

“Wow...” Steve was breathless as he looked at the beautiful constellations splashed on, clean watercolor like brush strokes on the back of each of Tony’s legs.

On Tony’s left leg was a strong majestic lion seemingly on the prowl etched into a starry scene. The bold black lines a sharp contrast to the Star shapes and the brushed background.

Bucky looked down and took in the sight, his mark is on Tony’s right leg. A constellation of glittering stars outlined in black lines showing a wolf howling upwards as if calling out on a beautiful seemingly brushed background.

Steve brushed his lips over the lion and then the wolf as his hands reach up to touch the hem of Tony’s shirt.

Ocean blue eyes stare up into unsure brown.

“You’re beautiful doll face... That thing in your chest doesn’t matter.” Bucky encouraged, “I wanna see you now that you’re healed.” He drew Tony into another kiss before Tony tentatively removed his shirt, eyes averted now the reactor was on show. Extensive, still pink scarring, dominated the omega’s chest as the bright blue glow shone on the three.

Steve gently moved a hand up Tony’s chest to stop just below his left pec. “It’s so beautiful...” He complimented as he looked at the fox seemingly made out of mechanical gears and iron, a richly detailed abstract fox sat just out of range of the damage.

Steve can’t help but lean forward and kiss it. His lips move across the fox and down to capture Tony’s nipple. Oh he was indeed their match. They had found their beautiful fox.

“Look at you...” Bucky nibbled along Tony’s ear, “to think this wolf could be made out of stardust... You should see Stevie’s...” He motioned for Steve to take off his shirt.

Steve slowly pulled away from Tony's nipple smiling a string of saliva connected his bottom lip to Tony's nipple. He reached up and removed his shirt, brilliantly broad chest now on display.

Tony carefully moved his hands to Steve's firm pecs and looked over the scene. The orange and off white silhouette with its tail up and clearly prancing takes up much of Steve's sternum, it's head playfully turned back towards Steve's right leg as it climbs towards his heart. Tony leaves one hand on the blue and golden silhouette of a lion that was perched upon Steve's breast over his heart. He ran the other over the fox and down further to Steve's pants, the barely visible watercolor snout of their wolf peeking out under the waistline of his jeans.

"Buck's are real special..." Steve teased as he looked up over Tony's shoulder, "real artsy. Used to have everyone so jealous."

"Stop it Stevie. Let's take a shower. It will be easier to see them there." He offered.

During his and Tony's time in that dimly lit cave they had been too focused on survival to spend any intimate amount of time looking at their marks on one another's skin. Though prior to losing his left arm Bucky had tracked the outline of Steve's mark on his right arm to soothe himself when their omega was sleeping.

Steve reached up and pulled Tony against his chest burying himself in the omega's neck when those slim legs wrapped around his waist. "Come on Alpha." He said using one hand to support Tony and the other to help Bucky off the bed. "The door on the left or the right Tony?"

"Leefft." Tony moaned bucking his hips against Steve's hard stomach. "Jarvisss, ssh-shit-sshhowerrr." He slurred as the shower seemed to magically turn itself on for them.

Some part of Bucky and Steve should have been concerned but right now all they wanted to do was bury themselves in their omega. They had waited for such a long time to find each other.

Steve finished stripping Tony of his shirt, letting it fall somewhere to the side as they came into view of the large walk in shower with seated benches inside. He then kicked off his pants never once letting Tony waver in his arms before gently taking him into the shower and kissing along with the water droplets as they raced down Tony's chest.

"He's beautiful right?" Steve asked as Bucky turned away from them removing his shirt and pants awkwardly before turning back around to give his omega and beta a sultry smile.

Tony's pupils were blown. He'd never thought his mark could be that beautiful... He reached out for Bucky. "Alpha..." He whispered moving to pull the brunet with him under the spray and into their beta's embrace.

Tony ran his fingers gently along Bucky's right arm taking in the sight of the detailed portrait of a fox staring curiously with such life in its eyes back at him. He could make out the fine teeth in its mouth and almost run his hand through the detailed fur and over its erect ears. Inquisitive and playful it seemed to say as it looked out from its perch on Bucky's bicep. Over Bucky's shoulder was a long maned and fierce eyed lion in portrait seeming to cast a watchful eye over the fox with its mane spilling out over Bucky's shoulder Its eyes holding a fiery passionate promise in them. Tony's fingers continued to trace along the lion until they came face to face with the howling wolf's side profile carefully covering Bucky's heart and left pec. It almost seemed like the wolf was serenading the lion and fox, calling them forward back home to him. The wolf's neck stretched along Bucky's pec and its lean neck spread out across the brunet's sternum.

Though the marks looked different, abstract geometric figures, constellations , detailed portraits and beautiful watercolour silhouettes, they were all matches. You know your mark when you see it on your mate's skin.

The rest of their shower was spent carefully preparing Tony for what was to come. Gentle kisses, careful touches and easy preparation. By the time they got out of the shower Tony was a boneless needy mass in Steve's arms.

Tony pulled Steve onto the bed with him bringing the beta's mouth to his own in a kiss full of tongue and teeth. Tony tried to find words once broke apart but the beta's mouth was moving along his neck and the scent of their aroused alpha overtook him. He spread his legs and moaned as a gush of slick slid out onto the sheets.

“Ah-ne-need, fu-fuck.” Tony tried to form words but instead his eyes merely rolled into the back of his head and he squirmed in Steve’s hold. He felt another hand gently grasp his cock and give it a firm stroke. More slick left him as he moaned even louder raising his hips in an attempt to get more friction.

Bucky’s hand left Tony’s penis and carefully made its way between the omega’s wet cheeks feeling his omega’s opening and Tony gasped at his touch. He gently pressed a finger inside the already stretched entrance and allowed his fingers to massage the tight insides of Tony’s channel.

Steve for his part was doing a great job of distracting Tony by rutting his large cock against the omega’s hips while he licked and nipped Tony’s neck.

“Need...” Tony whimpered a little already over stimulated from the shower. “Inside...” Omega pheromones were everywhere in the room. There was no doubt Tony was horny as fuck and desperately wanting to be filled. “I need it.” He begged, “Please ALPHA!” He screamed the last part as Bucky removed his fingers, “NO-NOO!” He moaned in frustration.

“Calm...” Steve whispered moving so he was sitting beside Tony now kissing along the brunet’s arm and side.

Bucky smirked as he moved to straddle Tony’s right leg placing Tony’s left leg against his hip he began to guide his hard cock to Tony’s leaking hole. He carefully pressed the large tip to the entrance in a tease before pulling away.

Steve leaned forward to drink in Tony’s moans of frustration. “Shh...Tones...” He mumbled against the omega's lips. “Let him make up for last time.”

Bucky moved and pushed all the way into the omega in one fluid movement.

Tony’s hands grasped the sheets as his body came off the bed like a live wire, “OOHHH!” His mouth contorted making the orgasmic ‘omega face’.

“Hmmm.” Bucky groaned leaning forward and rubbing his hand along Tony’s trembling thigh. “Did yea’ come dollface?” Bucky asked feeling Tony’s thighs trembling uncontrollably and feeling the way the omega’s channel seemed to be milking him. “Good omega...My sweet omega...” He stroked Tony’s thigh as they continued to quake. His cock jerking as he shot off a load finally having the alpha inside him.

“Our sweet omega.” Steve corrected kissing the dazed omega’s face as he stroked his own hard cock. He moved down to clean the omega’s freshly spent come from his abdomen and chest being careful not to jostle the arc reactor.

Tony mumbled something incoherently as his body seemed to move on instinct. His hips began to shallowly thrust back onto his alpha. When that didn’t work he started rolling his hips causing a different sensation, attempting to entice the alpha to pull out and begin fucking him.

Bucky didn’t wait any longer. Their bond was so much stronger now than it had been that fateful day in the humvee. He could feel all Tony’s pleasure and all of Steve’s wanting and it was causing him to fuck Tony hard into the mattress, to strike his claim. To mold Tony’s insides till they were a perfect fit for his cock.

Bucky’s hips thrust at a bruising pace until he felt his knot forming. Fuck, Tony wasn’t in heat and he was making Bucky pop a knot again. “Tones... I wanna’ fill you up with pups. I can do that right?” He whined leaning forward balancing himself on the one hand, taking the omega’s lips in a violently passionate kiss.

Steve was stroking himself vigorously as he sat watching the two of them from the headboard of the bed. “Fuck fill him with pup, Buck.” Steve chimed in working his hand up his length faster. “I wanna see him take your knot.”

Tony nodded his head and then reached out his arms for Steve, “Be...Stee-ah!” Tony seemed unable to form any words as he motioned for the beta to come him.

Steve crawled down the bed until he was looking at Tony upside down. The two shared a passionate upside down kiss as Steve drank in all Tony’s passionate moans and incoherent

pleadings.

Bucky's mind was blown by the sight of his mates kissing. But nothing could have prepared him for Tony to slowly lead Steve down his body until he could take the blond's massive organ into his mouth.

Steve bit into Bucky's hip when Tony experimentally took the tip of the beta's large, red cock into his mouth. He ran his tongue over the slit before carefully licking beneath the head and working it into his throat with no hands.

Steve tried to get a hold of himself. But ever since the serum he had developed some alpha like tendencies even if he couldn't pop a knot like Bucky. He began to shallowly thrust his hips. Enjoying the slide of his penis over Tony's tongue and just to the back of the omega's throat. The current angle made it hard for him to go any deeper but God he wanted too. He licked at Bucky's hip worrying a hickey into the alpha's skin.

This sight was all it took for Bucky to thrust his knot into Tony and let it swell. He leaned down and pulled Steve into a passionate kiss while his hips continued to shallowly thrust into the omega filling him with his seed and letting his knot hold the omega in place.

Steve placed a hand carefully on Bucky's member and found himself coming as he felt his alpha's cock pulse in his grip filling their omega with his seed.

Tony for his part took all of Steve's release and then continued to suck on the beta's cock even after it had gone soft.

Steve slowly rolled off of Tony trying not to get hard again but the disappointed groan Tony let out made his cock lurch and twitch into life again quickly.

Steve lay onto his back just out of Tony's reach.

The omega remained pinned between the alpha and the bed allowing himself to be filled. Oh he could get so used to this. His hips rolled upward slowly while Bucky's hips rolled slowly downward the alpha's knot keeping the two attached and intimately close.

Sometime later Bucky slowly withdrew his cock, this time waiting for his knot to fully deflate. Again he was greeted with the sight of his cum and Tony's slick sliding out of the omega. He didn't have to move far for Steve to place a hand on his hip and carefully clean his alpha's cock with his skilled tongue.

Tony let out a needy moan as he watched the alpha slowly fuck the beta's mouth.

Tony had had his fair share of threesomes but none of them had ever been this hot. He couldn't remember ever wanting anyone as bad as he wanted Bucky and Steve and he felt it was the same for them.

Bucky smiled, "Don't worry Tones... Once Steve's done he'll clean you out and then fill you up." Bucky's hand came to rest in Steve's hair, "And so you know, the serum didn't change that one bit." He motioned towards Steve's massive cock now fully erect again and dripping precum down its veiny sides.

The beta's cock twitches like it can sense the eyes on it.

Tony moaned, "I wan-n i-it's," He slurred rolling over onto his side trying to get closer to the blond's cock.

"I'm clean enough Steve go see to our omega, he needs to form his bond properly with you too." Bucky motioned towards Tony.

Steve maneuvered himself until he was directly behind Tony, keeping his cock out of the brunet omega's hungry reach.

Tony's whine of disappointment became desperate whimpers as the blond spread the omega's cheek and began licking the leaking seed and slick directly from the source. The smoothness of Steve's chin against the base of his balls was too much. Tony began rolling his hips back into Steve's face trying to push the blond's tongue deeper.

Bucky sat back spent for the moment since he wasn't in a rut and Tony wasn't in heat. He could feel his arousal bubbling again but for now it was about Stevie and Tony. They needed to properly form their bond.

Steve ate Tony out for who knows how long, reducing the omega again to a mumbling puddle of slick and need. Tony's thighs trembled as Steve slowly withdrew himself from the omega's hole and position the him up on his knees. Without much of a warning he let himself into their omega.

He slid in until he was fully seated. Tony's thighs tried to close as he came from the insertion again. His eyes rolled into the back of his head and he went completely still.

Steve was a good three inches longer than Bucky and at least another inch thicker. His dick perfectly stretched Tony's needy omega hole in ways no one had ever done before.

Steve held onto Tony's hips and curled over him, worrying the back of the shorter brunet's neck with his teeth. Even though he wasn't an alpha and had never had the urge to bite before, for some reason, maybe the serum, he felt the need to claim Tony. To let everyone know Tony belonged to him. Them...Steve reminded himself seeing the bite mark on the front of Tony's throat from the day he first met Bucky in his mind's eye. Ah yes...One on the back of the neck would be good.

Steve waited until Tony's orgasm settled before he began the slow drawn out fucking their omega. He'd do all the wooing Bucky seemed incapable of. All the gentle nips on the back of the neck and ear lobes, all the romantic touches and carefully made thrusts. This would be about Tony's pleasure and not his own.

Steve got Tony off two more times before he let himself go filling the omega with his seed as he bit the back of the omega's neck.

The spent beta and omega looked up just in time to catch the splashes of Bucky's come over both their faces. No one one could question who they belonged to.

Their week of love making and bonding seemed to fly by when finally on day eight a respectable English voice chimed in from seemingly the ceiling alerting them 'Sir's family will be arriving in two hours for introductions.'

"Who's that?" Steve asked as he nuzzled Tony's cheek.

"Jarvis...Buddy, you gotta reschedule..." Tony said offhandedly snuggling into Bucky's hold.

"Sir, your mother has already had Anna prepare the traditional bonding cannoli for you to share with your mates." The voice replied seemingly from everywhere.

Tony groaned, "We better get dressed..." Tony mumbled beginning to kiss Bucky awake.

"He's always like that. Sleeps like a dead person." Steve shook his head. "Let's go shower he'll figure we're gone in a few minutes."

Family, Friends and Pack Formation

Chapter Summary

Bucky and Steve meet the family and see a new side to their loving omega. Tony gets a new set of bodyguards and our story progresses forward. :)

Chapter Notes

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

Tony managed to get Bucky and Steve dresses by the time his parents' car worked its way up the drive. They'd stuffed their bags into the front office and closed the door.

Maria straightened Howard's tie as they stood at the door. Presentation was everything.

Jarvis took a moment to let the alpha pair prepare themselves before knocking.

Tony carefully opened the door and stepped out onto the porch, "Mom, Howard." He greeted as his mother hugged him before offering his father a handshake.

Both alphas froze at their child's scent. They had tried to prepare themselves as best they could for their son expressing as an omega, but it was difficult. And now his scent, already foreign to them carried the scent of not only an alpha but also a beta.

Tony gave his parents a moment to adjust as he turned to greet Jarvis. "Good morning Jarvis."

"Good morning Young Sir. I've heard your alpha is quite something." His voice had that cross politeness Tony knew from childhood pranks gone right and wrong.

“Ah, that would be James, but everyone calls him Bucky...” Tony explained moving to open the door. “Shall we go inside?”

“Oh it’s just wonderful isn’t it Howard?” Maria gave a sparkling smile at the two men standing next to Tony in the parlour.

Howard managed a vague attempt of agreement with his wife as he peered at his son’s new mates, they were. *Okay* , he supposed. Although the weaker of his two children Howard liked Tony the best. He didn’t want any old schmuck taking away their boy.

By the time other people started to arrive Howard had taken a deep interest in the Beta, being at the peak of human perfection but yet un-burdened by any sort of mating call, he found it fascinating and Maria well, she was won over by Bucky’s charms, giggling like a love struck girl.

“TONY! MY BOY!” large arms engulfed the omega as he was pulled into a spine crushing hug accompanied by a gargantuan amount of alpha pheromones.

Swamped by the bigger man Tony managed to muffle out a, “Hi Uncle Obie.”

Bucky let out a growl and Steve gave him a pointed look.

The brunet schooled his face back to a neutral expression as he watched Tony interact with the large alpha.

Bucky could totally take him! Bucky could totally show Tony he was the better alpha of the two of them! Bucky is the one with Tony’s mark anyway... but then again Tony’s parents didn’t have matching marks! Bucky is definitely going to show Tony he’s the better alpha! With his mind made up the brunet made his way across the room.

Before he could reach his omega another omega cut him off mid stride.

“Hey, there.” An older omega, a lady, said with one of the fiercest smiles Bucky has ever seen. Every alarm in his head said ‘watch out this one’s trouble’.

Steve sat watching the scene, he thought it all rather odd the way Tony acted around the others in the room. But this was not a world Steve was accustomed too. The Tony he was watching seemed faux, like a character on tv. Not one bit the insatiable loving omega he’d come to know. If anything Tony was throwing off alpha vibes again. Steve wanted to go over and cuddle Tony reminding their omega that he and Bucky were here now.

Steve was drawn from his thoughts by Howard as the alpha continued to question him about his experiences. Apparently Project Lazarous which had turned him into a ‘prime specimen’ as the man said, was loosely based on a project Howard had started called Project Rebirth way back at the end of World War 2. Steve was mercifully saved by the call for dinner.

Steve rolled his eyes as he saw Bucky take a moment to kiss their omega rather deeply, boarding on obscenely, before they made their way into the formal dining room.

Bucky watched as Tony sat down straightening himself out and *Uncle*, the man wasn’t even a relation, Obie sat down next to the smiling omega who abruptly stood up and moved one seat over, Bucky then ran a possessive hand over Tony’s shoulders and sat in between the two, nice move old man but he’s mine.

Dinner was a quiet affair which included a toast to Tony finding his soulmates and them accepting the congratulations.

After dinner they were having refreshments in the formal sitting room when it happened.

Tony had been talking with his brother, who arrived after dinner, his father and his soulmates. Obie walked over offering Tony a glass of champagne. Tony waved it off.

“No thanks Obie.” He said before turning back to Greg. “No... if you’d accelerate this particle like that you risk combust-“

“Are you pregnant already?” Obie asked looking at the refused glass in his hand confused.

“What?” Bucky said looked between the two.

“No, being trapped in a cave then being beaten and starved worked better than any posh rehab facility my parents could have paid for.” Tony snapped back uncharacteristically quick to anger.

Peggy cut in saving any un-ease to come from the conversation but it seemed she just caused more, needling Bucky even more that she already had, “Yes I’m sure your alpha wouldn’t have done such a thing already, you should still go through a formal courting procedures .”

Steve snorted which earned him a glare from Buck, if only she knew.

Tony was completely lost in his argument with his brother, it seemed they did in some sort of odd way get along. It was like the two of them were in their own world with their father every once and a while dropping in an anecdote or comment. It sounded like they were talking about some sort of element or compound.

Stane had gone off to discard the glass in his hand.

Steve was now being subjected to Maria’s company, not that he minded so much, she was very much like Tony. Although Tony said he looked more like his father. Steve felt Tony carried a lot his mother’s mannerisms.

Maria was beautiful for an alpha. She had a slender frame, sparkling eyes and a certain presence which all reminded the blond beta of Tony.

“I’m sure you will keep your alpha in line won’t you. We won’t be having those two making grandchildren just yet!” She let out a knowing smile. “I’ve heard a soulmate bond between an alpha and omega can be quite strong but I’m not old enough to be a grandmother just yet.” Maria smiled softly stroking a hand on the beta’s well muscled arm.

Steve thought it rather odd he may not have to watch himself at all. They acted like he was just going to be some passive partner in his own triad relationship. He could work with that. He could pretend to be the demure platonic beta partner. It wasn’t anyone else’s business what he and his lovers got up to in the bedroom anyway. “Of course, Mrs. Stark.” He offered a charming smile.

“Oh, please dear your going to be my son-in-law! Call me Maria.” She blushed over him like a schoolgirl.

“Then, Maria I will most certainly be keeping a close eye on both of them,” his cheeks were dusted pink as heat smolders in his eyes. The look he shot his lovers caused a flare of surprise from Tony and a rumble of appreciation from Buck, cheeky bastard liked to be watched.

“He keeps a close eye on us all the time, Mrs. Stark.” Bucky acknowledged. “Especially when Tony and I are-“

Tony put his hand over Bucky’s mouth and Steve was blushing all kinds of red.

Obie glared at the blushing Beta. “How are we going to explain Tony’s situation to the board? Howard you made him the heir to Stark Industries.”

“I’m still me.” Tony replied removing his hand from Bucky’s mouth.

“Of course you are Tony. But after you get pregnant you’ll stay at home won’t you.” Obie stated his point not even bothering to make it a question. It had been that sort of thinking that made his parents hide his designation to begin with.

Tony didn’t say anything and it felt like all the eyes in the room were on him, he was feeling every bit as small as he was, pain flared in his chest and he rubbed it anxiously for a second.

Then Tony felt it a strong sense of indignation from Steve, “You know what Uncle Obie, no.” Tony felt a strong feeling of pride from his mates as he made the older man stutter in surprise. “I’m not going to stop being me just because I’ll have children! Aunt Peggy went everywhere Howard could and they took both Greg and I with them. Why should it be any different now? Nothing has changed.” He paused, “Or has it?”

The large man was clearly flustered. To challenge an alpha as an alpha was one thing. It was still rare for an omega to do so.

Tony had always been a firecracker. It was part of the reason people believed he was an alpha. He was a Stark after all. Despite his second gender he had never once let anything stop him, sensibilities be damned. “I’m still Anthony Edward Stark, heir to Stark Industries and head of Technological Research and Development. I will continue to always be Anthony Edward Stark pregnant or otherwise. Okay? *Obadiah* ?” Tony could feel the pride swelling from most of the people in the room and even his father. Greg seemed indifferent but Greg was just like that.

“Well, that settles that then.” Steve clapped his hands, smug smile firmly in-place, “Anyone for another drink?” He asked coming over and placing his arms protectively around Tony.

Bucky had already moved to flank Tony’s back.

Meeting the family had been easy enough. It has been everything Bucky and Steve figured it would be. New in-laws to win over, friends to receive the shovel talk from and most

importantly an omega to smother with love. They both agreed wholeheartedly that they love Tony without any reservations.

Tony snuggled closer to his alpha as they laid in bed together. Tony had been getting used to lazy days. But yesterday had been the last one.

After what happened in Afghanistan Natasha and Pepper - or Natper as he called them in private - demanded Tony have vetted and hired on private security. Tony had so far persuaded them otherwise. But they were coming over today still adamant he needed yet another alpha following him around and possibly getting into fights with Bucky.

Tony would have probably been put off by the level of Bucky's possessiveness if he hadn't grown up with Gregory. Greg could be classified as an extremely hostile alpha if he got riled up too much or someone tried to take something he thought was his. For most of their young life Gregory had classified Tony not as a brother but as a belonging. He'd injured more than one person protecting what was his.

Tony let Bucky wake him up with butterfly kisses across his neck and shoulder. He opened his mouth to moan only to find it eaten up by Steve.

Fucking Tesla's ghost he loved these two so much it felt like his heart was just overflowing when they showered him with attention like this.

They continued sharing lazy kisses and gentle caresses until Jarvis' voice echoed from the ceiling, "Ms Potts and Ms Romanoff are inbound to the manor. Expected time of arrival is twenty-three minutes, Sir."

"You're so smart doll." Bucky praised as he kisses on of Tony's cheeks.

"To think, you built such a smart program." Steve added kissing Tony's other cheek.

Tony's cheeks were flushed and his lips bruised from all their kisses. "Ah thanks J." He moved to sit up letting the sheets pool around his hips. "We should get dressed. Pepper used to throw water when I stayed in bed too long." He shivered at the memories.

"Cold?" Steve asked getting out of bed with a stretch.

Tony admired his fingernail marks on the beta's back knowing full well they'd be gone by breakfast. "No..." Tony said as he rolled out of Bucky's embrace to stand at the side of the bed. "Come on Alpha we need to shower."

Bucky yawned before stretching like a cat then kicking the sheets free from his body. "Alright alright," He stretched again before walking beside them giving Tony's butt a light swat and enjoying the way it jiggled.

Tony squawked and jumped to Steve's otherside, "Ah! Protect your omega Steve!"

Steve rolled his eyes and kissed the top of Tony's head, "Aww, poor Omega." He cuddled Tony at the bathroom door.

Bucky leered at them. He wanted cuddles too.

Steve filled up the bathtub and set himself down with Tony in the water.

The omega got himself, nice and comfortable in his beta's lap before looking back at the door. Bucky was basically wallowing in his own self pity.

"Come on Alpha." He called opening his arms up.

Bucky didn't have to be told twice.

Natasha greeted Tony with a well placed kiss on the cheek and her arms wrapped around his shoulders.

“You’ve healed well since I last saw you.” She praised him and pat his head.

The way her slim fingers moved through Tony’s curly brown strands made Bucky’s eye twitch.

Bucky had known Natasha for many years. He knew she was an alpha only attracted to other female expressing alphas but even then he didn’t like her touching Tony.

Bucky walked over and immediately scented up on Tony ignoring the omega’s indignant groan.

Natasha merely chuckled as she turned to reveal a series of Manila envelopes, “These are the top 3 candidates Pepper and I have selected.”

Bucky pulled Tony into his lap and the omega indulged his alpha. Steve rolled his eyes and after greeting Pepper sat down.

Four hours and Bucky nearly throwing a chair through a wall later it was decided that whomever was hired as Tony’s private security would have to be somebody Bucky approved of. Tony’s flippant nature about the whole situation was only setting off his alpha’s protective instincts more.

The following weeks saw them testing out and replacing sixteen qualified applicants.

Natasha sat across from Bucky, “You can’t be with him all the time James,-” she used his first name to make sure he was really paying attention, “We have reason to believe the ambush and abduction in Afghanistan was an inside job.”

Bucky turned his head at that. Tony was down in the workshop fiddling around with a new body armor and Steve was out on a run.

“We have to have someone we *trust* watching out for Tony,” She stressed the word trust. “Pepper was beside herself when video of the attack surfaced. Not to mention his mother.” She added, “Every applicant Pepper and I selected has been vetted and is more than capable of protecting Tony.”

“No, Nat, they’ve all made eyes like they want to fuck Tony and I’m not leaving him alone with an alpha who makes eyes at him like that.” Bucky growled.

Nat huffed, “You are such a knothed. I miss when you were understanding and mellow before puberty...” She mused then sighed. “That’s not really true back then you were just tripping all over yourself trying to impress Steve.”

Bucky rolled his eyes, “We won’t have an alpha ‘round Tony that I don’t trust.” He got up after that and moved to make himself a sandwich.

Natasha got up to leave, “We will review more candidates and come back tomorrow.” She went down to retrieve Pepper from Tony’s lab before going.

Pepper called later that night to inform Tony, Natasha on Gregory’s authority had hired him a set bodyguard and they would be reporting in the morning. She added that he needed to reign his alpha in or Gregory would have him castrated.

The next morning Natasha had to resist rolling her eyes at all the hickies on Tony’s visible neck and collar. She didn’t even bother hiding her amusement at the way both Bucky and Steve were seemingly glued to Tony’s sides and the omega was just oblivious to their possessiveness.

“Coffee?” Tony offered Pepper a mug.

Pepper accepted the mug and began going over some paperwork she had brought over for Tony to review.

After a few minutes Tony turned to look at his partners. “I don’t need you loitering over me while I read documents about microchip contracts in China. Go sit down.” He pointed towards the couch.

Steve went obediently while Bucky almost definitely stayed exactly where he was.

Tony rose and eyebrow but before he could comment JARVIS alerted them to someone arriving at the door.

Bucky was at the door before anyone else could even get up. He threw open the door putting up his best alpha bravado.

“Что ты здесь делаешь?” Bucky’s surprised voice carried from the hall. “Товарищ Брок!?” (What are you doing here? Comrade Brock?!”)

Brock rolled his eyes, “I’m here to see Natalia. Something about a job.”

Bucky rose an eyebrow.

“Fancy place you got here... Only you’d fuck your way into a mansion Barnes...” He adds letting himself inside.

Natasha smiled and gave Brock a welcoming handshake. They were ever the cool exes, “Come let me introduce you to your new boss.”

“Wait wait!” Bucky said as he followed them back into the living room.

Neither Steve nor Tony had gotten up.

Tony looked up and surveyed Brock from head to toe, “Really Natasha you hired a \$10 fuckboy to be my bodyguard?”

Brock licked his lips and smirked, “Please you couldn’t write a check worth enough to get into my pants.” He then turned completely to disregard Tony.

“Oh they’re going to get along great,” Pepper said finishing her coffee and heading to the kitchen. “Please finish reviewing the paperwork I showed you.” She pointed to the dotted line for Steve before leaving the room.

“Relax Bucky... There’s a part two to this team. Since you raised such a stink about Tones being alone with an alpha all the time-” Natasha was interrupted by the doorbell.

“Jarvis get the door.” Tony said without looking up again from the paperwork.

A few minutes later none other than Clint Barton came into the living room guided by JARVIS’ voice.

“Oh hey! The crew is all here!” He chimed in seeing Brock and Natasha standing by the counter going over paperwork, Bucky clearly annoyed with this situation and Steve on the couch next to Tony, “Wow... Who knew by going back to civilian life I’d get my unit back minus the horrible uniforms and shitty food.”

Bucky just let out a groan, “Please tell me they’re not going to be living here...”

Tony nodded, “No one will be living here.” He said looking up. “The tower has finally been renovated and is ready for inhabiting in Manhattan. We will be moving there next week.”

Bucky and Steve both looked at one another then their mate. What were two boys from the wrong side of the tracks doing moving to Manhattan?

Chapter End Notes

Notes: Are the avengers assembling? You tell me hahaha :)

I Could Do This All Day!

Chapter Summary

- ** Tony learns more about his mates past before they met. (We learn a bit about how marks form)
- ** Tony goes into heat... Did you all see the new Tags?
- ** Tony goes into heat... 3/4th of this chapter is the boys helping him through. Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

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

Tony and the boys were getting used to living together. They had gone back to a semblance of 'normal'. They moved into the penthouse suite of Stark Tower. The floor below them was converted into a large workshop. The floor below that was inhabited was by Brock and the floor below that by Clint. There were several common floors including a gym with an Olympic sized pool, three indoor gun ranges, guest quarters, several kitchens and game rooms.

The boys spent their days doing various things. Steve had taken up painting and sculpting. He could often be found sketching the New York skyline from one of the common room windows. He also assisted with veteran affairs down at the local VA office. Steve was taking to civilian life as well as one could expect. Bucky spent his days either helping Steve down at the VA or by following Tony around and 'learning the business'. Really he just entertained Tony when they were in private. He also got along well with Brock and Clint so their days were never boring.

Today was a rare day off for Tony. The triad was down in Tony's workshop. The omega often spent his days off tinkering on various projects. Today it seemed to be some sort of prosthetic.

His alpha and beta were snoozing on the couch covered by a warm blanket.

A long and rather loud yawn caught Tony's attention. The omega turned from the holographic image of a hand to look over his shoulder.

Bucky was awake now hand covering his mouth as he continued to stretch and yawn, "Oh... morning..." He said sleepily rubbing his eyes.

Tony rolled his eyes, "It's..." He motions towards the ceiling. "J?"

"Good afternoon Sergeant Barnes. It is currently 3:32pm in New York." Jarvis replied. "You slept a total of four hours and twenty two minutes."

"So much for a twenty minute power nap." He looks down at the snoozing beta. Steve's head is firmly in Bucky's lap, the book he'd been reading was folded over his chest, "You've been workin' this whole time Doll?" He asked looking at Tony from over the back of the couch.

"Of course," Tony's tone was a little short, "Today is my one day for personal projects."

Here it comes, Tony thought bracing himself. Bucky was going to tell him he shouldn't be worrying his omega head about personal projects. He might even say Tony was working too hard. He wasn't an alpha after all. Bucky didn't want him to act so independently.

Bucky just smirked idly playing with Steve's hair, "We really lucked out with you. Stevie and I are so lucky."

Tony frowned not really understanding what his alpha was on about. Sure they had a really fantastic sex life and Tony knew his way around a knot but to say they were *lucky*. If anyone had been lucky it was Tony.

Bucky looked at his omega wrinkled brow and sighed, "Stevie and I have dreamed about meeting this fox," He looked down at his bicep, "since the day the mark appeared on my skin."

He looked down for a moment messing with the snoozing blond's hair.

It's probably embarrassing. Tony thought that he somehow didn't meet their expectations and his alpha was looking for a way to tell him.

"See, I've loved Stevie since the day his Ma moved in next door. His Pa had died in some bombing overseas and she'd moved into our building fresh out of military housing. She had the cutest little blond bundle in her arms. My sister whom was four at the time asked if it was bread." He chuckled at the memory, "She still calls him хлеба." He turned back to Tony, "You should have seen him the day I got my marks."

Bucky sighed thinking back, "He had rushed over the morning of my 16th birthday. He was so *excited*, probably more than I was to see what marks would grace my skin. I'd already been up that morning with my Ma and Pops. They were taking photos to have my marks submitted to the Marks Database." He paused for a moment his voice growing sad.

"The look on Steve's face when he walked into the apartment and saw me standing there with my shirt off." He leaned down and kissed the sleeping blond's forehead, "He took one look at this lovely trickster, the proud regal lion and the howling wolf on my chest and started crying."

Steve made a noise but remained asleep on his lover's lap. Buck's name light on his lips as he continued dreaming.

"I don't think he even realized he was doing it poor guy," Bucky remembered his Ma putting down the camera and going over to calm Steve down. She'd taken him into the kitchen for some tea and cookies. "I hid them after that and things were so awkward for a good six months..."

"It took six months for little lion hearted Steve Grant Rogers to gather up his courage to confess to me." Bucky chuckled again, "He was so small and cute shaking like a leaf from his nerves. He had the nerve to apologize to me for loving me..." Bucky looked Tony directly in the eyes, "He apologized for not being an omega, for being someone I couldn't claim as my own. You see," Bucky petted Steve's head again, "We thought I must have two omegas."

One who's quite lively and sneaky and one who's quite prideful and brave. We couldn't have hoped we'd be an ABO triad. They're rare even now with the Marks Database helping to match people."

"And what did you tell him?" Tony asked enthralled with the story. The fact that his lovers were so in love made a small part of Tony, that deep inner romantic, that his logic brain kept in a cage somewhere, hope they could have a love like that with him too. He'd long since put his wrench down, hologram forgotten.

"Well I loved Stevie too. As much as a 16 year old can love a 14 year old anyway." He shrugged. "So I told him we'd wait. I wouldn't go looking for my matches until he got his marks too. Then we'd look together. And no matter what even if they didn't match that I'd always love him. He's my рыбок after all." (Yankee)

"So you two lived a happy life once you'd discovered your Marks matched and weren't even looking for me were you?" Tony asked trying to keep the hurt from his voice. No one would have looked for him, he was an omega pretending to be an alpha. Someone who'd lived a lie his entire life. *Did he deserve to live happily ever after with his lion and wolf now?*

"Of course Steve was happy we matched. He had so much anxiety the night before his 16th birthday he made himself sick. His Ma finally gave him cough syrup so he would sleep. When he woke up in the morning with that lion on his chest, fox on his stomach and wolf on his thigh he nearly broke down our front door to show me. The moment he saw me he shouted in this anxious voice, 'Tell me it's your mark.'" He chuckled again, "Steve was so dramatic when he was younger... He grew out of it, sort of."

"Needless to say you matched." Tony replied before biting his tongue, was that envy he heard and bitterness he tasted. He'd been alone all this time thinking he'd never find his marks only to hear they'd been so happy without him.

See no one needs you... that inner voice told him. They were happy without you. You're just a fuck toy for them. At least you're wealthy it will keep them around longer.

"Yeah we matched but we started looking. Hell on Steve's birthday we submitted his marks to the database and registered our match. We spent months crawling through all the photos of foxes people submitted that also had wolves and lions as marks. While ABO is rare that

combination of animals is not..." he snorted. "Steve used to get so sad when we didn't find you. I told him maybe they lived somewhere foreign maybe we'd save up and pay to use the international system to search. But that's an expensive membership." He shrugged, "Luckily we didn't need it. Just joining the good old fashioned army found us our match." The alpha's smile was so bright. "It's apparently the Barnes-Rogers luck, both our parents met in the military too."

"We're so lucky we found you Tony. You make us complete and so happy." Bucky concluded a look of passion in his eyes that Tony couldn't name. It wasn't possession nor lust. *What could it be? Lov- no that wasn't possible. He couldn't have that as an omega he knew that like he knew his own name, gender and orientation. He was lucky to have what they had already he wouldn't get greedy.*

Tony snorted rolling his eyes and looking back at his work. He couldn't look at Bucky anymore, the alpha's expression made him hopeful, "Come on, I'm not that good, I'm sure, soon enough you'll find something to hate." *They always do...*

"There is nothing I could hate about you doll. I'm pretty sure this punk feels the same. We waited a long time to meet you and you surpassed all our expectations and then some." Bucky smiled warmly.

The alpha noted how the omega shifted and distracted himself whenever they tried to express their feelings for him. Tony had no problem sleeping with them and the sex was fantastic, but it felt like he was keeping his heart at arms length. He wasn't letting them reach him there.

In the weeks that followed Bucky and Steve would try to think up a way to show Tony how much they loved him. They spent their morning runs talking about it. Different ways to show him exactly how much they care that maybe didn't end with them, or mostly Bucky, dicking him into a drooling mess.

They'd been living in the tower about three months when *it* happened. The call came in from Jarvis and then five minutes later from Brock.

Tony went into heat.

Tony awoke alone, that wasn't unusual, his lovers usually went on a morning run, then come back to him with hot donuts and coffee from his favorite spot near the tower.

What was strange about this morning wasn't the fact he was alone but the fact that he was hot, felt sticky and in an incredible amount of pain. He slowly pulled the sheets away from his stomach praying to Tesla or any other God who was listening that his flesh was being consumed by rabid bed bugs or a flesh eating virus.

No luck. Tony's heart deflated in his chest. He was in heat, alone... They'd left him.

He let out a low whine. He'd never hurt quite like this before but he'd also never been in heat whilst bonded.

They had not fucked the night before instead enjoying an old sci-fi movie and cuddles on the couch. Lately his mates had been *kind* (?) and while they still had sex they also did more normal 'couple things'. Tony had read it was called nonsexual intimacy in one of the bonding books. Omegas were supposed to like it. For him the jury was out and in this moment he hated it. He needed his alpha's cock.

His insides clenched as he felt slick leak out of his channel. He ground his hips into the bed and moaned. He craved his alpha's cock. He needed him so bad. He felt so unbearably empty.

He tried to get up. The penthouse had a heat room, everything he needed would be there. He could get through this alone. Fuck them if they left him like this. He'd do this alone if he had to, like he'd always had too.

He managed to stumble into the bedroom door hitting it with a loud thud. He bounced off the door landing on his butt with a groan. His soaked boxers squished and stuck to his backside

spreading the slick further down his thighs and onto his back. He was a fucking mess.

“Tony, are you alright?” Brock called moving to open the door and paused the moment he cracked it about an inch.

The scent of a foreign alpha immediately engulfed Tony. Brock did produce a large amount of pheromones when he didn't wear scent blockers.

Tony made a gagging noise, other alpha's near a bonded omega in heat made them nauseous and ill. It was a way to keep a bonded omega from willingly breeding with an alpha they were not bonded too.

Tony cursed himself he was so weak and he wasn't even sexually interested in Brock. That thought made him want to puke. He put a hand over his mouth.

“I'll bring Clint he was making coffee. Don't move.” The door closed again.

A few moments later it opened fully, revealing Clint. The other omega made a soft sound and moved to help Tony stand. “What a day for them to go for a run huh? Let's get you to the heat room.” He put Tony's arm over his shoulder and held him around his waist.

Tony hesitated at the door. He knew Brock was in the apartment somewhere.

“He's waiting in the elevator. He's been around omegas in heat before.” Clint promised, “Come on.” He helped the other omega down the hall towards his heat room.

Clint set Tony on the bed and helped him strip out of his clothes. It wasn't strange for two omegas to be together during a heat. Though nothing sexual happened between them it would help Tony feel at least connected to someone, especially now that he was bonded.

“Where is your heat box Tony?” He asked looking around the room and spying a closet.

Tony moaned and motioned vaguely in the closet's general direction.

“Alright... Alright...” Clint nodded moving to the closet and seeing a box there. “You want to wait for your alpha or do you want a toy?”

Tony ground his hips into the bed. It was getting worse. He’d never been this turned up before.

Clint’s detached almost clinical tone wasn’t helping him either. He still felt abandoned. His alpha and beta had both left him when he needed them most.

Clint sighed and took the box back to the bed and placed it beside him. He placed Tony’s hand on top of it, “You know what’s in here better than I do. Do what you have to do, I’ll be waiting outside with Brock until Bucky and Steve get back. I’m sure they’re on their way.”

Tony turned towards the box nearly flipping it over on top of himself.

Clint saw himself out. He’d been in a bad way like this before. When he was much younger and unlike Tony he hadn’t had an alpha to look after him, but he had been *looked after*. His daughter would be seven soon.

Bucky and Steve were pacing around in the elevator. After receiving the call they’d returned immediately to the tower. Neither of them had sensed Tony’s oncoming heat. Tony had not shown any signs of going into heat. He wasn’t anymore cuddly then normal, he hadn’t even hinted to wanted sex the night before and he sure as hell didn’t start stocking his heat room in preparation. How were they supposed to know this would happen?

Bucky’s pacing was normal. It was expected for an alpha to be anxious about their omega being in heat so far away from them. Especially with another unmated, unbound alpha living in such close quarters. It took everything Bucky had to not want to find Brock and tear him apart first just to make sure he hadn’t touched Tony. Bucky smacked himself that was definitely the rut talking. He knew Brock didn’t like omegas.

Steve turned when Bucky smacked himself. It was a momentary break in his pacing and in that moment he had some clarity. He shouldn't be this concerned about Tony in heat. He did love Tony but he was a beta. Instead of having a neutral almost supportive attitude he almost wanted to take Bucky on for the right to breed Tony. This was a new feeling. *It must be from the serum* he thought as the elevator door opened and the two stumble out tripping over each other.

They landed in an unimpressive pile of flailing limbs and pheromones.

"That's embarrassing as fuck." Brock commented off to the side. He was wearing a pheromone suppressing collar now so he basically didn't have an alpha sent.

"Tell me about it..." Clint added from the back of the sofa, "Relax, your omega is fine. He's waiting for the two of you idiots in his heat room."

Before they could say anything else the pair were moving down the hall. The sound of a door opening and slamming shut followed them.

"Want to go out and get something to eat?" Clint asked moving towards the elevator.

Brock opened his mouth to answer and was cut off by the most needy and hellacious almost inhuman wailing of "Alpha Please" he'd ever heard. It made him want to puke.

He couldn't get into the elevator fast enough.

Clint laughed, "Jarvis lock up the floor till we get back. Level 2 Heat Blackout, please." Clint said as the elevator closed. The triad would be fine for the next few days.

Tony was thrusting the familiar toy from his box into his spasming hole trying to bring himself some form of solace. It wasn't enough, it didn't feel like his alpha at all. Now that he'd known Bucky's scent, taste and shape this imitation wasn't enough. He screamed out his frustration as he tried to force the knot into his body. He needed to be filled. His body cried out for it. His soul cried out for his mates. He needed them why did they abandon him?

He'd finally worked the knot into his weeping channel when he heard the door to his heat room open again. He smelled them before he saw them. He was afraid to open his eyes. Would they be disgusted with him. He was so greedy he couldn't even wait for their return, he tried to take care of himself like always. He didn't let his alpha take care of him. He whined working the fake knot deeper into his body.

"Dollface," Bucky said walking over to the bed and looking over his shivering omega from head to toe. He licked his lips, "Sorry Doll. If we'd known we'd have stayed here with you." He promised pulling the omega into his clothed lap. He obviously didn't care about his running shorts were getting covered in his omega's slick.

"ALPHA PLEASE!" Tony screamed turning and burying his face into Bucky's neck. "I NEED YOU!" he bucked his hips into Bucky's greedily.

"Level 2 Heat Black Out Protocols have been initialed." Jarvis' voice echoed from the ceiling. That meant they were alone now.

"Don't worry Tony." Bucky promised moving Tony's bangs out of his face, "Stevie and I are here for you."

Tony shivered he hadn't even thought about Steve. The guilt he felt was immediately trampled down when he felt another pair of hands on his hips. He turned and crushed his lips against Steve's. He was so needy. He wanted them so bad. "Please...Please..." He begged when they parted, "It's not the same." He moved his ass against Steve's thigh moaning as the toy touched his prostate, "Please..."

Tony threw his head back in a soundless scream, sweat trickling down every inch of his body as the beta thrust up into him, slick running down the inside of his thighs with each thrust

making the lewd sounds of their skin lapping together even more pornographic.

Tony was doing his best to ride the beta's cock looking down he could see the beta's drool sliding down his parted lips.

"Oh, fuck, omega." Steve's hands gripped even harder onto the tanned hips, leaving bruises in his wake. Lost in the feel of Tony's channel, doing his best to pleasure his omega. *NO! Their* omega. He and Buck would both fill him with their pups. They'd both fuck a pup into Tony if it the last thing they did.

Tony struggled to keep his balance as Steve picked up the pace. He was going to cum soon. He got this look on his face when he was going to cum. Tony had memorized it long ago. That was the look he wanted Steve to have. He wanted to be the cause of that blissed out expression.

He got lost in the sensation of his beta beneath him, the feel of his hard knotless length bringing him so much pleasure. It was unreal how deep Steve could reach inside of him and how he made him feel even without a knot. Now mind muddled from his heat he was even more in love with Steve's massive cock. He kind of wanted it in his mouth now. He licked his lips as his mind went after that train of thought.

Tony barely registered the bed dip behind them. He moaned as a strong arm came up under his armpits and large hand found its way to his nipples, teasing one of them between nimble fingers. He moved his head back against his alpha's strong chest and shoulders baring his neck.

Bucky clutched the omega close to him moving to position his cock between the cleft of the smaller man's ass. Steve's movements pause for a moment as he feels another cock head brush against his length. He looks up barely recognizing over Tony's shoulder.

Tony and Steve both moan as the blunt head of Bucky's cock slid against Tony's rim. The brush of their alpha's need against his rim made Tony moan and start to move his hips. The feel of Bucky's cock against his made Steve's pulse.

Bucky licked up Tony's neck receiving a deep needy moan for his efforts. He moved his hand from Tony's nipples to his entrance, tracing where his lovers met. "Do you like this omega?" He asked licking up to Tony's ear, "Being trapped between us? Can you take both of us?"

Tony nodded sluggishly trying to move his hips.

Steve's grip on his hips was unyielding.

He couldn't get any closer to Bucky's cockhead.

Both Steve and Tony moaned again as one of Bucky's fingers breached his slick soaked entrance opening him up.

"Can you take us both?" The question came again.

Tony moaned and when he wasn't answered he nodded a little more frantically. "Alpha-Buck-Steve-Beta," His words slurred together as he tried to move his hips again. "INEEDITNEEDIT!" he moaned as another finger suddenly entered against Steve's cock.

Tony's eyes closed he was lost in the sensation of them both inside of him. They'd been fucking for what felt like hours. He was more than loose enough to take them both.

"Good boy," Bucky continued to lick the omega's neck randomly applying his lips to suck and kiss skin whenever he felt like it. He carefully stretched their omega wider before ever so slowly nudging the head of his cock in beside Steve's massive length.

Steve moaned moving one of his hands off Tony's hip to Bucky's thigh. The vice like grip he had would leave bruises for days.

They all panted heavily as Bucky came to rest deep within Tony. The omega's back flush against his chest, his ass firmly against Bucky's hips.

Tony convulsed and came falling back against Bucky for support. He'd never been this full before, never been this complete. He was overcome with the sensations. It was better than the first time they'd fucked at his mansion in his bed. This was a new level of connection. His eyes rolled back in his head as his thighs trembled and calves shook against Steve's ribs.

Steve tightened his grip on Tony's thigh, the spasms of Tony's extremely tight channel was pushing him closer and closer to the edge. He closed his eyes as he felt a hot splat hit him in the face. He opened his mouth and licked the substance off his lips smiling. Their omega had come. He looked up seeing the orgasmic 'O' face as Tony's eyes crossed before rolling into the back of his head. Their omega was moving completely on instinct now orgasming on their cocks and trying to rut his hips more. Steve couldn't be happier. He'd done well bringing their omega this far. He looked up making eye contact with Bucky.

Seeing the aroused look in his alpha's eyes was all it took. Steve bit back and shout as he felt himself cum deep inside their omega. His cock convulsing within Tony's spasming channel. It felt almost like Tony was milking him for all he had.

Bucky looked down at his beloved mates. This was one of the few times being an alpha was saving him. Alphas, especially in a rut could be hard for hours even as their omega orgasmed on their cock multiple times. It was a beautiful part of his biology and in this moment he couldn't be more thankful.

He waited for his partners to calm down. He slowly lowered Tony down into Steve's embrace, resting his hand on Tony's back. He carefully slid his hard cock out of his omega's channel until only the blunt head was resting against Steve's semi firm, spent cock. He licked his lips and thrust back inside loving the joined screams of his beta and omega.

Oh yes being an alpha was good indeed!

They were in heaven right now. Finally all joined together in the most intimate of ways.

Bucky thrust into his omega's heat just enjoying the way Tony spasmed on his cock and the feel of Steve's cock constricting the channel in the most delicious ways.

Omegas were vulnerable in a heat. Even a bonded omega ran the risk of being attacked by an unmated or unbound alpha if their pheromones were strong enough. Omegas needed to spend their heat with their mates, alone or with other omegas, if life never brought them an alpha to mate with. The complete lack of control an omega underwent once they let go and the high chance of impregnation made heats an extremely dangerous situation for everyone involved.

Unbound alphas and sometimes even bound alphas would fight one another for omegas in heat. An omega lost in pleasure only cared about being filled once they were knotted. It was all a very intimate experience being with *your omega* during their heat. It was a great honor indeed.

All Bucky wanted to do was honor that trust and take care of Tony.

Tony came back to himself sometime later. He was still in Steve's arms and could feel both his mates hard inside of him. He moaned as both their cock heads hammered into his prostate one after another with extreme synchronicity. Each time their cocks passed one another Tony groaned like he might split open. He felt so deliciously tight and full of them. He never wanted this to end.

Tony's body felt boneless as he felt Steve come inside of him again. His channel clenched around the two organs. He could feel thick globs of the beta's spunk slide down his thighs along with even more slick. He rested his head against Bucky's shoulder.

He swore his lovers were talking but he couldn't make out anything they were saying. He was floating in this warm place with a fair amount of white noise buzzing in his ears. He bit his kiss swollen lips as he felt his lover's lifting him off Steve's cock. He looked down and saw the impressive organ finally laying limp against the beta's thigh. He licked his lips. He really wanted it in his mouth. Before he could chase that thought a wanton moan escaped his lips.

Bucky began moving again thrusting up into Tony's channel all on his own.

Immediately Tony's arms went out to brace himself as the alpha lowered him closer to Steve.

The beta reached up and kissed Tony in a sweet show of intimacy. The sweetness only lasted a moment before their teeth met and the beta worked his tongue into Tony's mouth.

Tony lost track of how long the beta kissed his neck and devoured his mouth. The white noise in his ears grew louder as the heat in his belly became an inferno. He could barely feel the sticky mess of Steve's seed and his slick between his thighs, but he felt *it*. The knot he had been begging for. He opened his mouth only to have his moan swallowed greedily by Steve.

Bucky fucked his knot into Tony's stretched and come soaked passage. He pushed it in so deep until he swelled enough to tie them together.

Tony's knuckles turned white as he gripped the bedding on either side of Steve's shoulders, "Ooh, shit," Tony crumpled onto Steve's chest. His limbs now jelly. He'd never in his life been so thoroughly fucked before. Not even in their previous mating.

All the pent up frustration was gone. The feelings of intense loneliness evaporated as he came his cock trapped between his body and Steve's abs. The heat was settling, for now. His skin felt pleasantly warm with a healthy post coital glow.

Both his mates had filled their primal need to mate with him.

Dear Tesla... God... Did we... am I? Tony thoughts faded as he was overcome with exhaustion. Tony tried hard to follow that train of thought but the large hands patting his head and soothing his aching backside lulled him into sleep. He slipped into a dreamless sleep feeling safer and more loved than he ever had.

Once Tony's breathing leveled out, Steve slowly moved to sit up cradling their exhausted omega in his arms. He was amazed, he'd never stayed hard that long before. Even in previous matings with Tony since the serum. His body acted almost alpha like but still he didn't pop a knot. He helped coordinate their omega's body as Bucky moved to lay back against the headboard.

The alpha was still hard and knotted within their omega. He let their omega's small back rest in his wide chest moving a pillow to allow Tony to rest more comfortably. He rubbed their

omega's rounded abdomen. Fuck they'd filled him with so much cum. Between him and Steve he was sure Tony was pregnant. One of them had succeeded. The question was who?

Bucky was surprised, but not nearly as surprised as he should have been, with the fact he was okay with the idea that Stevie had possibly knocked Tony up first. He kissed Tony behind the ear and mumbled to him, "You're such a good omega Tones... So perfect."

Steve watched the alpha and omega for a moment before getting up and going to the bathroom. Someone had to clean them off a bit. Sure all the slick and cum was sexy as fuck in the moment, but now that moment had passed and they needed to be cleaned up. He walked into the adjoining bathroom and carefully wet some towels with warm water and turned to the towel warmer beside the door taking a warmed towel with him.

He made his way back to the bed and carefully began wiping down Tony's abdomen and thighs. He tentatively cleaned around Tony's rim ignoring the growl Bucky let slip when he first touched where they joined.

"Calm down Knothead. I'm just cleaning up. I'm not gonna take him away." Even being mated to them it wouldn't be wise for Steve to try and separate them while Bucky was knotted inside their omega. It could invoke an Alpha Rage Fit.

Bucky let out a quiet apology as Steve moved to clean off Tony's face and neck.

The alpha and beta shared a kiss.

"I love you Buck." Steve confessed just as shy as he had that first time.

"Love you too, Punk." Bucky replied looking at his beta with such love and adoration.

Tony whimpered between them.

"I love you too Tony." They said in unison both looking at each other and blushing.

Steve used the warm towel to dry Tony and Bucky off before moving into the bathroom to clean himself up quickly.

He returned to the room to see Bucky had maneuvered himself and Tony onto left side facing the door. Bucky's arm protectively around the omega, as his hips rotated, shallowly working his knot that was still inside their omega.

An alpha could come for up to thirty minutes, it almost guaranteed that Tony would become pregnant.

Steve thought silently to himself what that would be like. Bucky as a father, Tony as a mother, where did that leave him? He decided not to think about it as he looked inside the heat closet finding a large red and gold fluffy blanket inside. Steve carried the blanket back to the bed and carefully moved himself to Tony's front. He then carefully moved his arms to work the large fluffy blanket around both his lovers. He joined his hand with Bucky's in soft reassurance over the now slumbering omega. They still loved one another and they both loved Tony. He looked up to meet Bucky's half lidded eyes.

"He'll need more attention soon." Steve said quietly. They weren't sure how long between knotted orgasms Tony would wait before needing more attention.

"Yeah? Not up to it again so soon, punk?" Bucky smirked staring adoringly down at the slumbering omega.

"No, I could do this all day." Steve chuckled, motioning to their slumbering omega's hole and touching his mouth lightly with their joined hands, "But I'll be nice and let you go first this time."

Chapter End Notes

*Are we all still alive? Did we make it through? I know Tony's heat was quite intense... And the story only picks up from here :) Please share your thoughts with us :)

The Merchants of Death (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Tony's first heat since being bonded is over and the plot appears to be thickening around them. There's a missile crisis in Sokovia, which Stark will rise to the occasion and deal with it? What's this list of suspects Tony is formulating for?

Chapter Notes

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

After several days of pure hedonistic fucking, Tony awoke with a start. His mind was slowly clearing off its heat-induced omega brain. The white noise had vanished but the warm safe feeling remained. He was still floating a bit, but he was coming out of it. Tony had never been this gone after a heat before. It felt wonderful.

Tony carefully sat up and let out a moan. He pushed himself up, using the alpha's chest as support.

Bucky groaned but otherwise remained asleep.

Tony took a moment to look at his alpha. His handsome face soft with sleep with a deep five o'clock shadow and his long hair tied up in a ridiculously adorable man bun. Tony couldn't help but smile.

It was a moment of fondness that faded the instant he sat up far enough to feel the combination of cooled, gelling and in some places flaking remains of spent bodily fluids.

He looked around the room and felt his mouth drop open in a combined feeling of lust, amazement and momentary disgust. There was come everywhere! He cocked his head to the side, there was interesting splatters of come staining nearly every surface from the floor to ceiling, fuck the floor to ceiling full-length windows of the room were hit with a mosaic of jizz and handprints.

The cleaners were going to have to sign a new NDA and were probably going to require therapy after they cleaned here. His nose wrinkled everything stank of sex.

The longer he consciously sat in it, still joined with his alpha he could sense it. It smelled like sex but also bonding. All three of their scents melded together stronger than before. It made Tony feel something deep in his chest. He could almost hear them speaking *I love you, Tony*. A soft sound escaped Tony's throat as his chest vibrated.

That was how Steve found Tony sitting up looking at Bucky with this dopey smile purring like a contented cat. He waited a moment burning this moment into his memory to sketch later, before he spoke, "Hey there sweetie. How are you?"

Tony shrugged and offered the beta a wide smile. He wasn't sure he was capable of talking right now. He didn't feel high on his pheromones anymore but talking required a lot of brain activity.

Steve frowned. Tony hadn't done that after sex before. But this was the first time they'd had heat sex. He slowly approached the bed sitting on the edge of it, "Are you okay, Tony? Are you in need still?"

Tony gave him another dopey smile and opened his mouth but no sound came out. He made this cute perplexed expression. Almost like when a kitten sees something interesting for the first time.

Steve would have cooed at it if he wasn't worried. Sometimes omegas had a hard time coming back after a hormone high. If it was serious they might have to take him to a hospital for a hormone evaluation. He gently placed a hand on Tony's forehead smiling when Tony reacted to the touch.

He pet the brunet omega's head for a few minutes watching more and more recognition return to his lover's eyes. He was still coming back.

“Ah, there you are... How are you feeling?” He asked still petting the omega and smiling.

“I’m fine-” Well, his voice sounded horrible. He sounded like he’d screamed away his voice box and it felt like someone had run sandpaper across his tongue and down his throat, “Water, please?” He asked subconsciously mourning the loss of the beta’s larger than life hands.

Steve nodded and moved to the minifridge across the room pulling out a bottle of water and a flavored sports beverage.

He returned to the room with a straw and gave it to his omega the water bottle first.

Tony removed the straw and inhaled the water licking his lips like a man starved.

Steve chuckled.

Bucky remained asleep clueless to what his mates were getting up to. His eyelids moved when a few splashes of cold water hit his chest but he did not wake.

Tony coughed lightly allowing Steve to hand him another straw and a sports drink.

“Slower this time,” Steve instructed carefully watching the omega this time as he slipped down half the bottle.

“Thanks, I need a shower.” He tried to raise himself off the alpha, only to slide back down on the semi-hard length. “Ohh...” He moaned and Bucky grunted bucking his hips in his sleep, “Can I get a little help here?” He motioned with his arms for Steve to help him off Bucky’s cock.

“Yeah, it was the same for me too. The shower will help.” Steve smiled coming close to help the omega up from behind. They had gotten him almost completely off Bucky’s softened cock when the alpha let out a pathetic whine and grabbed Tony’s ankle making him slide back into Steve’s broad chest.

“Let go alpha, I need to shower,” Tony mumbled leaning back into Steve.

Bucky reluctantly let go. His omega was safe and sated he could go back to sleep.

All three of them moan when Bucky pops free of Tony’s entrance and a gushing of slick and seed coats Tony’s slightly parted thighs.

Bucky rolled onto his side and fell back asleep. His job as alpha was complete for now. He couldn’t care less about the mess pooling near him.

Steve reached for a discarded towel and used it to contain most of the slick and seed sliding down Tony’s legs.

“Thanks,” Tony said with a slight tremor in his voice, “I’m gonna go shower.” He said carefully walking towards the bathroom.

Tony walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

Steve nudged Bucky awake and mostly monologues a steady stream of consciousness about how he was feeling. Every fifth or sixth word Bucky would grunt a response. Steve just spoke the thoughts as they came to him.

“Do you think he’s pregnant? What do you want for food? Are you even hungry? Hey, are you listening? Tony will want cheeseburgers. I kinda want a burrito myself, maybe we’ll order Chinese or donuts? I feel sorry for the cleaners. We broke a lamp. Who’s come is that on the ceiling? That was like nothing I’ve ever experienced before. Fuck he’s just so... Buck, do you think Jarvis recorded it all?” Bucky was about to tell Steve to shut the fuck up when Jarvis cut in.

“Everything that occurs in the heat room and penthouse during a Level 2 Heat Room Protocol is recorded for security purposes. These protocols were created with Sir’s safety in mind. All audiovisual feeds are saved in a high-level secure server. Sir will have to give you and myself permission to review the footage as per the proper protocols. No one else can give permissions unless there is an ongoing law enforcement investigation. In that case, it would be the word of his brother, Master Gregory Stark.” Jarvis explained in a prim and proper voice.

Before either could be bothered by the fact Tony’s brother technically had access to his sex tape collection they were interrupted by a shout from the bathroom. “How did it get in my hair?! And all over my neck? Oh, dear mother of atoms, you guys are disgusting. What is wrong with you?!” Their omega howled. He was coming back to himself more and more every moment.

The pair just laughed, their genius omega was the best.

After his momentary freak out about finding an ample amount of his hair frozen stiff by his partners’ jizz, he began washing his hair. Washing his hair had become tricky since the cave, since the water torture, but his need to get clean outweighed any possible panic in that moment. He managed to get the suds into and out of his hair before a steady stream of water rolled down his face.

His spine went rigid and his entire body froze. He collapsed to his knees and tried to control his breathing. Slamming his eyes shut he bit into one of his hands to keep from screaming. He was there again. This was a dream and they’d never escaped.

“Weapons you will build us a weapon!” One of their captors shouted after pulling him up from the water bin.

Tony collapsed only breathing because Bucky was in the next room. His eyes rolled back into his head and he prayed for death. He’d never build weapons for terrorists but he also wasn’t sure how much more torture he and Bucky could take. It was at this moment he decided to build the armor. He saw a vision of it as he was surrounded in blackness.

“You cannot kill him, brother! Our supplier has already doubled prices for warheads. If we are to win our battle with the infidels we need better weapons than what we already have.”

Another lectured.

Tony kept his eyes closed. That wasn't possible. The weapon that had nearly destroyed their humvee and had killed two occupants and injured both himself and his alpha had been an SFX-650. He had nicknamed it the Armor Splitter after he and his brother crafted the prototype. Greg had rolled his eyes.

Tony had blocked this memory from his mind. It wasn't possible. Terrorists couldn't have Stark Weapons.

Gentle kisses and rocking slowly pulled Tony from the memory. He opened his eyes to see he was tucked into Steve's chest as the beta rocked him and Bucky was talking to him in a calm voice. They were on the floor in the shower and the water was off. He was clinging to both of them.

"You back Doll?" Bucky asked carefully moving some wet curls from Tony's forehead.

"Yeah... Sorry." He leaned back into Steve and carefully pulled Bucky forward to nuzzle their foreheads together.

He was a sad broken omega... They were gonna see that and hate him. They were going to hat-

"No need to be sorry, it's alright," Bucky kissed his omega's nose. "Let's get you dressed and back to our room shall we?"

The voice in Tony's head stopped talking.

Tony nodded and let Steve carry him back to their room from the heat room.

After a nap and more cuddling with his partners, Tony got up to go to the workshop. He cleared the Level 2 Heat Protocols, so Brock and Clint were alerted the heat was over. He needed to look into something before he made any rash decisions or spoke to his father and brother about what he'd seen.

Steve arrived around 9 pm to usher Tony to bed. He'd come straight back down to the workshop after they fell asleep and had given zero fucks about any sort of cuddling. He was looking for a snake and he was going to find it.

Two days later found him tearing his hair out. There was no trace of missing weapons anywhere. No convoys ransacked, no shipments missing from a manifest, no excessive amounts of money detailing movements. This could only mean one thing... Someone inside the organization was doing this. Tony felt the pit of his stomach give. *Who was it?*

He drew up a list of suspects:

Anthony E. Stark, CTR&D

Gregory H Stark, CWR&D

Howard A Stark, Founder

Obidiah Stane, CFO

Joshua Burke, CTO

Rhodey, Military Liaison

Now Tony knew he was reaching when he put both his own and Rhodey's name on the list but he had to consider everyone. He was pretty sure his dad bled red, white and blue blood even though he'd married an Italian socialite at the end of the war. So he was probably out too. Burke while a good businessman lacked the connections and in Tony's opinion, the intelligence to orchestrate something this well hidden. That left him with two suspects:

Greg and Obie.

Now the question is are they in it together or is it just one of them? *Could still be neither*, he reminded himself but something in his gut told him at least one of them had done this.

He figured he'd meet with Greg first. If his brother was on some weird power trip he was the best person to try and diffuse it. It didn't seem like something Greg would do but at the same time... Greg went around doing odd things from time to time.

The morning he'd called Greg to his office to have a meeting they were interrupted at the meeting by a call from Rhodes.

Brock was sitting in an armchair paying the Stark brothers barely any attention. The odds of an attack happening in the tower were fairly slim to none. Clint unknown to Greg was sitting up in the air vent behind Tony's desk.

"Ah good, you are both together," Rhodey has sounded relieved, "Makes it easier than having to track you down separately."

"What's up Rhodey?" Tony asked trying not to let the stern look on Rhodey's face concern him.

"There's been a series of bombing in Sokovia. Several of the warheads have yet to detonate." Rhodey began.

Greg had this unamused expression. He never liked the fact the family solely made weapons for the US military. The Russians had always offered to pay a lot more.

"What does this have to do with us, Rhodes? We don't have any established contracts for weapons to be sent to Sokovia." Greg replied huffing, clearly already bored with this topic.

"As we are all aware. And yet two hundred and some odd Armor Splitters were launched into a series of known mutant camps. The casualties are extremely high. We've done well containing the incident but these are Stark weapons." Rhodey explained. "The Pentagon--"

“Impossible.” Greg interrupted. “The only agency we sell too is the US Government. Are you accusing Stark Industries of selling weapons to another entity?”

“Brother...” Tony began making sure to keep his voice calm and neutral. When Greg got upset he could become quite dangerous. Tony had seen Brock get up but the other alpha hadn’t otherwise moved.

Greg looked at Tony, “What Anthony?”

“The missile that destroyed the humvee in Afghanistan... When the doctors asked me in recovery if I remembered I couldn’t... But the other day it came back to me. It was an Armor Splitter. It did exactly what we built it to do. It shredded the truck and left us wounded and defenseless. Whoever fired it knew exactly how to use it.”

“You’re telling me terrorists have their hands on Stark weaponry?” Gregory’s eyes turned a deep shade of blue.

Tony backed up a bit. Gregory was enraged. Mentally Tony ticked Greg’s name off his list. He only had one suspect left.

“It appears that way,” Rhodey cut back in, “I’m calling about the warheads that did not detonate. The Pentagon wants to know if there is a way to disarm them so they can be removed safely from the camps. There are rumors of people trapped beneath them.”

“If they didn’t detonate that means someone has altered the warhead,” Gregory responded pursing his lips for a moment, “One of us will have to go and investigate this.” He looked at Tony.

“You’re still recovering from a heat, so I suppose I’ll go.” Greg added rolling his eyes, “Can’t have you becoming useless out in the field again...” he pulled out his phone, “But I’m going to need assistance, let’s see if Rasputin and Howlette are free for the trip. Tell your mission manager to not touch any of the bombs. I’ll be on a plane in the next hour.”

Rhodey nodded and ended the call.

“Our meeting will have to wait until I get back.” Gregory directed Tony, “Share this information with Father and no one else... If these are Stark weapons someone inside the organization is supplying them.” Greg then stood up and left the room.

Brock walked over to the desk taking up the seat Greg had vacated, “So you have your answer now?” He asked kicking his feet up onto Tony’s desk.

Tony nodded then looked up at the vent, “Come on Clint we’re going to Stark manor. I have to have a word with Howard.”

He walked around the table heading for the door.

Clint jumped down from the vent and flanked his six, Brock walked out of the door first.

—

Bucky looked up from his canvas. He had agreed to come to Stevie’s art therapy class at the VA so they could get out following the heat. He was a bit down. Tony had seemingly pulled away from them once the heat was over.

Their omega had not wanted to cuddle. Instead, he barricaded himself inside his lap only eating when they brought him food and sleeping when they forced him between them on the bed. This was not the post-heat fairytale they told Alphas about in school.

He’d been told an omega freshly seeded would be drawn to spend more time with their alpha and the two would be almost inseparable.

Tony had no problem waving him off that morning as he headed into the office with Brock and Clint in toe.

A part of Bucky was angry that Brock was spending more time with Tony than himself. He growled at the thought and stabbed his brush against the canvas.

“Is something wrong?” Steve asked coming over and gently placing his hand over Bucky’s guiding him back to making smooth strokes.

“No...” Bucky said continuing with the gentle brushstrokes. The pout clear on his lips and the brooding expression had not left his eyes.

Tony stood awkwardly in his father's office for a moment whilst he finished with his paperwork, it was weird being back here. Howard eventually looked up and held his hand out for Tony to take a seat.

Howard took a breath, “So,” an awkward pause and then, “Your mother told me you had a heat. Am I expecting grandchildren?”

Tony blinked for a second, this is not why he was here nor had he been expecting this topic from Howard. He didn’t talk about this kinda stuff with his parents that’s what Pepper and mimosas at brunch were for, “First of all. EW. Second, no.”

Howard let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding, visibly relaxing, “Oh, thank physics.”

Tony snorted a little, he didn’t feel physics had anything to do with it. Tony had a slight smile on his lips, Howard did have a personality sometimes it was always a pleasure to see it.

“So what are you here for?” He eyes his son curiously.

Tony took a moment and fixed a nonexistent wrinkle in his suit. Being in front of his father always made him slightly nervous, especially when the news wasn’t good.

“There was a series of bombings in Sokovia, Rhodey says the US Military Investigation Unit have confirmed they’re Armor Splitter.” Tony began looking at his father. He held up his hand, “Gregory is already on a jet heading towards the damage they have units that failed to detonate.”

Howard looked at his son all signs of relief vanishing to the solid lines on his face, “What?”

Chapter End Notes

Bonus points if you can name who Greg calls without looking :)

The Merchants of Death (Part 2) - Other People's Heartbreak

Chapter Summary

: Greg and his team go to deal with the bombs in Sokovia and end up coming home with interesting souvenirs. Sam's finally joining his friends in civilian life and Brock gets sent to pick him up at the airport. Obie gets some bad news and then good (?) news? And finally there's something happening on a planet called Asgard that's going to have echoing consequences on Earth. Bruce gets an unexpected surprise. Buckle up buttercups.

Chapter Notes

Part 1 of 2 release today. Hope you enjoy.

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

A phone rang in the quiet apartment in Westchester County. The chime echoed through the private detached teacher apartment near the manor. Finally, a door seemed to be torn off the hinges cracking against a wall down a long hallway leading to the kitchen as a large burly man walked into the kitchen and pulled the phone off the cradle.

“What do you want?” He asked irritably scratching his chest. Thick fingers traced lazily over the large silhouette of a black bear with a silver outline and a bright red star over its left eye on his sternum. *Can't a guy take a nap around here without someone calling the house? Who still had house phones anyway. Pitor that's who...* He growled into the phone. “Yeah, yeah we're free. Send a car we'll meet you at the airstrip.” Once the conversation concluded said man dropped the phone back against the cradle.

Without looking back, he walked to the hall closet and pulled out two packs then turned to find his wayward housemate. He walked through the kitchen down a second long hallway, opposite the first and stood at the door leading out to a small garden.

Of course, he was gardening... The grumpy man thought as he opened the door. “Pitor! We have a job. Stark called, there's been a bombing involving some mutants in Sokovia.”

The large Russian man turned to look at the man at the door, “What’s happened, Logan?” He asked taking off a straw hat with a blue band on it and removing his gardening gloves on each of his hands were three clawlike markings etched into his skin.

The carnage from the bombings in Sokovia was being shown everywhere by the time Gregory and his bodyguards had arrived to assess the damage. Gregory was annoyed and had a very serious tick in his left eye following a conversation with Howard. Apparently his mother and several other goodwill PR ambassadors were coming to Sokovia to survey the damage from themselves. He had about twelve hours to diffuse the bombs and make sure the situation was as safe as possible before she arrived.

“Jocasta, we will be focusing on Svetlaya, it appears to have the most potentially active warheads. It was also the largest camp attacked.” Greg pointed to a map as they drove in an armored car out to the countryside.

All three camps that were attacked were known as ‘mutant sanctuaries’. In this part of the world such abilities, or even supporting people with said abilities, were grounds for internment and sometimes death.

The camp as it was called was really the remains of a Cold War ghetto. It was in a way, self-sufficient; with tall buildings and a factory. Most of it laid in ruins now thanks to the armor splitters.

“Let Pitor and I out first,” Logan said as the car stopped.

Wolverine and Colossus were greeted with mixed feelings from the troops. The soldiers from this side of the world were distrustful of mutants. The soldiers who were familiar with Greg, already knew of their presence.

After the alpha pair sensed it was safe they motioned for the door to open revealing Greg in a black and red Armani suit with black monogrammed loafers followed by a dainty woman who was dressed in a 1950's stereotypically style; black denim boiler suit accented with red-painted lips and bright red rose printed bandana on her head. She wore a bright calming smile which was a great contrast to the annoyed expression on Gregory's face.

"Gentlemen, I'm Gregory Stark and my team and I will handle it from here just stay back." He said moving dismissively towards where the first warhead was.

"Jocasta, Colossus, I need the two of you to move towards the first warhead. You'll be my eyes. Jocasta, I need you to relay to me everything you see that's different from the original blueprints." He said motioning her towards the first warhead.

"Of course Mister Stark." Jocasta said with a smile as she skipped over to Colossus and took his arm. "Come, my scans show your strength will be very useful in this exercise."

The large metal man was clearly blushing as she held his arm near her bosom and they walked off towards the first warhead in view.

"Sir, it's not safe for her to get close without protective ge-" One of the safety advisors started.

Greg held up a hand, not acknowledging the advisor, whilst doing something on his phone, "Jocasta will be fine. She's been in worse situations before."

The first bomb was defused without incident.

Jocasta walked back towards her boss the epitome of grace and poise as she resumed her spot at his right brushing a stray brown hair back into her bandana.

Colossus lumbered back carrying the 200lb warhead like a bit of 2x4. He placed it carefully on the recovery trailer.

This pattern continued until they got to a dud buried deep inside of a building near its support beam. The building was supposed to have been evacuated. It was supposed to be clear.

And yet here they were two little heads stuck in a small crawl space blinking up at Colossus and Jocasta as they began lifting the last dud away from the base.

Jocasta motioned for Colossus to stop, “Are you alright?” Her voice was motherly filled with kind, gentle words, and feeling, “It’s not safe, children come on out.”

The two heads looked at one another than at her, “Монстр!” They shouted huddling closer together.

A quick flash went through Jacosta’s eyes and then a moment later out came fluid Russian, “Мы не монстры. Мы здесь чтобы помочь вам. Я приду за тобой сейчас. Пожалуйста, будьте терпеливы.” (We are not monsters. We are here to protect you. I will come get you now. Please wait right there.)

She lowered herself into the small space landing without issue on the ground and carefully held out her hands, “Come now we are leaving.” She picked both of them. She quickly looked them over then back into the crawl space. Two unmoving bodies lay there, scans did not detect any signs of life.

The small red-headed child looked back towards the hole Jocasta had pulled her from. Jocasta leaned back and jumped the ten-foot distance to land back beside Colossus with a natural ease and grace. “There are no other survivors.” She said quietly carrying the two children in her arms. “Bring the Warhead.”

Back at mission control, Greg was looking over the changes made to the Armor Splitter. It was a detailed job from someone who knew the weapon. But the changes made the warheads unstable and dangerous even for transport. He was going to recommend they be detonated here and not taken back to the states or any armory.

“Stark, you’re gonna wanna see this.” Logan interrupted Gregory’s train of thought.

Gregory’s phone chirped on the table.

Ultron: I tried to stop her. A new set of data impulses is at work here.

Gregory was about to type back a response when a loud racket erupted outside mission control.

“Mutants do not belong here! Put them back where you got them!” A set of soldiers shouted at Jocasta as she stood next to Colossus.

“Excuse me, please don’t shout it will startle the children. They have been through enough.” Jocasta’s voice is even and calm as she has one child on each hip carefully held against her slender body.

“We do not want any trouble. Please let us pass.” Colossus ever the peacekeeper tried to diffuse the situation.

The soldiers didn’t seem bothered by the fact that a giant metal man holding a 200lb warhead was towering over them. “Those rats don’t have security clearance we’re not letting them through the check. Bad enough you lot were let in.”

“I must return to Mister Gregory and give my report on the warheads. You will not stand in my way anymore. You will see these children have adequate security clearance.” She turned to the children and spoke again in clear Russian, “Please tell him your names children.”

The little girl just shook her head.

The silver-haired boy looked at her for a moment then spoke, “I’m Pietro and she’s Wanda.” He said quietly.

A moment later the guard cursed as a higher ranking American officer came over and looked at the screen. "Their names are on the list let them in."

Jocasta didn't stop until she was in front of Gregory.

The blond man stood looking at her with one eyebrow slightly raised and not an inch of amusement on his face. "Jocasta, these don't look like warheads."

"No sir they're not. They are organic organisms known as children." Jocasta replied finally setting them down.

Each child immediately grabbed onto one of her legs.

She smiled brightly at Gregory, "I have done some calculations and with minor enhancements such as bathing and a grasp of the English language they will make excellent additions to the Stark Household." She offered as she smoothing both of the children's heads. "Just like when Anthony will have offspring to care for. These two will be good for Mister Gregory's health and peace of mind."

Gregory felt his eye tick. He didn't have time for this. What did Jocasta know of child-rearing?

Before he could decide what to say Colossus appeared, "The last of the warheads have been removed from this area. Are we moving on?"

Gregory was interrupted yet again by his phone ringing. He flipped up the screen. "It appears the PR party has arrived, we are to meet up and debrief them on what we can and can't say."

He turned to disregard Jocasta with a simple hand motion and the phrase, "Keep them out of the way."

Three hours later Gregory was regretting his leniency as his mother offered the little girl, Wanda, and the little boy, Pietro candy. It was clear she loved them. This could clearly spell trouble for Gregory.

Sometimes he wondered if his creations weren't just out to get him.

Brock stood in the arrival area holding up a sign written in red and gold sharpie that read **SAMUEL "THE FALCON" WILSON THIS α IS HERE TO RECEIVE YOU!** Brock was happy he'd managed to stop Stark before the glitter pen got rolled into this. It was already embarrassing enough. Fuck the omega who signed his paychecks. It was like he knew something about him and Wilson. Brock shook his head.

There was nothing going on between him and Wilson...

He checked his watch, Wilson's flight should have landed by now. What was he making claims in customs? He wondered when finally a large influx of people began to depart the airport.

Sam spotted his ride before he spotted him, black polo, black aviators, black combats and black boots. He was radiating dominant alpha energy apart from the bright red and gold sign smirking he walked up to the man and patted him on the shoulder, "What's with the getup man? If it wasn't for the sign I'd say you were here to kill me."

Brock rolled his eyes, throwing the sign away as he turned to walk off. No passionate welcome home for Wilson. He couldn't deal with this, the man although tired and probably jet-lagged, made his insides squirm excitedly. He steered them towards the men's restroom that was out of the way for most of the airport traffic and being the early hour it was most people were leaving almost immediately, not many wanted to dilly-dallying around.

There's nothing going on between me and Wilson. Brock told himself, yet here he was leading Sam *fucking* Wilson into the damn men's bathroom like a fucking horny teenager.

Sam just huffed following Brock, adjusting the bag over his shoulder; the only thing he had was his ridiculously sized army duffle, not like Brock would offer to take it. Sam wasn't paying attention to where they were going. He instead choose to stare at the other alpha's sweet ass and admire the way those combats highlighted the defined curve of Brock's ass and the lean, muscular build of his thighs. Sam licked his lips, he'd missed those thighs after Brock had been discharged. He'd kept his word from their last meeting out behind the barracks just after Tony Stark's rescue mission.

The sound of a door opening and a throaty cough brought Sam from his memories of the base. He frowned as he found the stall door being held open for him to the toilets. He was about to look at Brock when he caught it, the slight whiff of arousal, the other alpha was trying to hold back.

Oh, it's gonna be like that? Sam threw his heavy bag against the ledge over the toilet and moved into the stall.

Brock crowded into the stall after the other alpha and locked the door. He didn't turn to face Sam as he started to hastily undo his belt, "This is gonna hurt." He mumbled it low, probably just a last thought as his sanity faded away.

"Man, shut the hell up." Sam closed the distance between them, spinning the other alpha around and smashing their mouths together. It had been so long and evidently Rumlow had missed him too. The older alpha wasted no time getting Sam's belt down and his hands into Sam's pants to caress his growing erection.

Brock let out a low grumble and forced Sam against the stall wall, the force of the movement making it bow a little.

Sam pushed up into the skilled hand bringing him a full erection with ease, his hands were busy working their way under Brock's stupid skin-tight black polo. He moaned into a clash of teeth as his fingers traced that familiar glorious torso. *God how, he'd missed this body. His fingers trace over-familiar scars on Brock's abs as they made their way up his sternum. This passion,* Sam pushed back taking control of their kiss finally.

Brock growled and pulled away just as Sam's hands moved to touch his chest. He dropped down to his knees and Sam couldn't help but smile. *He'd really missed this man, Brock Rumlow, the alpha that had taken his heart. The alpha that somehow wore his mark...* He stopped that train of thought as the image of a Jaguar appeared in his mind's eye.

Brock was on his knees panting heavily, "Fuck it." He quickly wet his lips before guiding Sam's erection to his mouth and swallowing it whole.

Sam bit into a fisted hand as the kneeling alpha worked him with his tongue. He looked down to find Brock looking back up at him with this critical expression. The kneeling alpha's eyes blown with lust but still gazing at him with such an analytical nature.

It was different. This time was different from the usual let's fuck in the latrine or an abandoned storage room 'mating calls' he'd answered in the past. Those were always quick and a special kind of dirty. This didn't feel like that.

Sam cursed internally, it felt like Brock was trying to suck his brains out through his dick and at the moment Sam was willing to bet his left nut Brock could do it. He was struggling to think about anything more than those brown eyes staring into his and Brock's sinfully moist, wet heat, his skilled tongue and the way it worked him. He finally had to look away head landing with a solid thunk against the stall. His eyes snapped shut as he worked his hips shallowly still biting into his knuckle.

Sam let out a grunt when cool air swept across his warmed cock making it jump. He looked down, catching a glimpse of Brock tongue out against his lips still attached to the head of his cock by a dripping string of saliva.

Brock was quiet eyes turned towards the door. He watched it critically. Neither of them had ever been more thankful for the clean air ventilation that swept all the pheromones they were spouting into the ventilation system and out of the room. Otherwise, they were both going to be arrested for indecency for sure.

"Yeah, yeah I know Mr. Pierce. The plane just landed, I'll be on my way to Manhattan for the meeting in fifteen minutes. Have to get the rental." There's a beep and then the guy groans,

“FUCK! I’ve been holding this in for the last thirty minutes... Longest taxing of my fucking life.” The sound of the guy relieving himself then washing his hands and leaving didn’t do much to dampen the mood.

Brock had frozen, waiting for the random stranger to finish up and leave. He didn’t want to admit it but he wanted the other alpha *inside* him. A part of him deep down had relentlessly missed the younger alpha. He could never *tell* Wilson, Sam, that. It went against everything Brock had ever been taught. He growled once the footsteps faded out of the room.

It was fine Sam understood him, he’d have to settle for the next best thing to actually asking. Brock licked his way up Sam’s cock one last before standing up and turning around. He placed hands on the wall, legs apart and assumed the position for a search. He ~~had to trust~~ knew Sam would know what to do.

Sam moved closer, he knew this game. They’d played it many times over the years they’d been ~~mates~~, no, friends with benefits, maybe they were fuck buddies (?). It was getting harder and harder to figure out exactly what they were. For the sake of what it was they didn’t define it.

An impatient growl brings Sam from his wondering. He moved closer slowly pulling down Brock’s black combats staring as more of the submitting alpha’s tanned backside became visible. He paused just below the waistband as a thick black band with gold lettering appeared. He pulled the pants back just enough to see the tight ass he loved so much, “Damn, these are a nice upgrade.” He snapped the elastic of the conveniently black Versace jockstrap Brock was wearing before dropping his lover’s, Sam considered them lovers, pants to the ground. Grabbing a tense cheek in each hand he squished his cock into the cleft of Brock’s ass, groaning slightly and licking up close behind the other alpha’s ear, “Versace, really?” The amusement clear in his voice.

“Shut it, you almost killed my boner.” Brock pushed his hips back a little. He found Sam’s voice in his ear extremely arousing but Sam didn’t need to know that. Brock moved his neck a fraction giving Sam a little more room to nudge the collar of his polo down. Brock was already lost in the sensation of ~~his alpha~~ Wilson’s cock sliding wet against his ass cheeks. His eyes closed and he bit his lip to contain his needy moan when Sam spreads his cheeks and the hot tip of the dominating alpha’s cock caught his rim.

Sam grumbled lowly as he sucked a mark low onto Brock's neck, having the man like this always got his blood going. He longed to be inside of Brock. He released Brock's cheeks then repositioned the alpha's hips back a little. Brock would never just present for him. Brock never made it easy.

Sam feeling a bit emboldened by Brock's rather controlled desperation, he'd already been given so much. It had been so long. Knowing it was a long shot he began feeling up Brock's shirt again making sure to tease the spots on his neck Sam knew the other liked. His fingers worked their way up the other's well-muscled torso again. In one coordinated movement of tongue swiping across the back of Brock's neck and one brave hand working its way to Brock's hip, Sam felt extremely daring.

He was 96% sure Brock was going to turn around and punch him but he couldn't help himself, he just had to reach down and stroke his partner. He took Brock's earlobe into his mouth and moaned his teeth teasing the flesh as his hands worked over the submitting alpha. The hand that had been caressing Brock's chest moved to join the other on his cock.

Brock's hands made fists against the wall as he sucked his lips in tighter. The feel of Sam's hand carefully stroking his cock and the other stroking along his inner thighs was so new and just excruciatingly arousing. Brock thrust his hips back to meet Sam's forward thrusts feeling his knees going weak at the feeling of Sam's cockhead brushing against his rim. It was taking all his willpower just to stand.

Brock had to lock his knees in place when he felt ~~his mate~~ Sam press just a little into his rim. He didn't remember closing his eyes and he was fairly certain he'd bitten the inside of his cheek as he felt Sam's cock twitch between his ass cheeks. The other alpha's cock spasmed in the cleft of his ass. He looked down completely dazed seeing his own spent seed sprayed across the stall wall and Sam's hands. He turned and lost his balance.

Brock was surprised Sam caught him.

Maybe this was the beginning of something new for them after all...

They say when bond mates meet after a long time apart they have an insatiable need to be near one another and often become intimate right away to reaffirm their bonding. It's another

reason bond mates don't separate for too long. They miss one another with body, mind and soul.

"I apologize for my associate. His plane seemed to have been delayed. He should be arriving soon." Peirce said sitting across from Obie's wide oak desk. "So tell me Mr. Stane, we are very interested in this miniature reactor prototype."

"Yes, Stark Industries has developed a miniature reactor that's capable of infinite energy production once it's been turned on." Obie informed him. "It's the only good thing to come out of Anthony being lost in the desert." His face fell at the words.

"Ah so it was the younger Stark? The mechanic as they call him, not the engineer, who created it?" Pierce asked taking a sip of his coffee.

"Yes, Anthony seemed to have developed a base prototype while in Afghanistan. This is proprietary information. You must understand." Obie warned him, "Very few people know about this even within SHIELD."

"Yes," Pierce replied, "The file I received on Anthony's injuries didn't mention anything about a reactor." He placed his cup down. Maybe it was time to hold another meeting with the founders. It wasn't possible they suspected something. "And the alpha Stark son. You're certain he can be contained? I've heard he's quite the character."

"Gregory will come around." Obie promised, "He wants the company and will do anything to have -" Obie is interrupted by the phone. "Speak of the devil. Excuse me one moment." He accepted the call, "Yes Gregory, how are things going in Sokovia?"

The sound of skin on skin and deep groans echoed in the vast chamber. Low floating saucers filled with dim fire bulbs showed a sordid display of shadows across the drawn burgundy and gold curtains of the bed. It would appear like a pornographic puppet show to any outsider

A deep rumble echoed through the palace as streaks of lightning flowed in the sky. A serene blue glow illuminated the lithe body that moved with purpose anchored in by the outline of long strong arms. A lean back bows before the person throws their head back whipping their hair back. A moan of pleasure fills the room followed by an almost bestial growl as a large hand comes to stroke down the narrow flat chest above it.

“I need... I pleas-“ the cry of passion is disrupted by the sound of a door crashed open. The shadows jump slightly and rearrange a deep startled moan escaping the larger of the two shadows.

Odin and his guards entered the room pulling back the elegant gold and burgundy curtains to reveal Thor coming into Sif, his fiancé and fellow warrior. The two had left a ceremony earlier together.

“Cease this illusion at once. Impersonation of the Royal Consort is a crime punishable by banishment.” Odin decreed.

“Father it is not-“ Thor was cut off as another guard walked into the room with Sif. She mouthed an apology before lowering her head.

“You are to marry this woman. Who do you have warming your bed?” Odin demanded when the other woman’s illusion did not drop.

“Father-“ Thor tried again.

“Clearly she has placed some sort of hex upon you.” Odin interrupted looking at the woman still beneath Thor.

He motioned with his hands and two guards moved to pull Thor away from the woman and another two grabbed the woman holding her down.

A look of pure unadulterated rage appeared on Odin's face when the guards placed a muzzle over the woman's face cutting off her Magic ability. He looked from Thor still naked and trying to fight off the guards at the foot of the bed and then back to the nude body of his youngest child.

Odin's eyes looked ready to burst from his skull as his face became red, "YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE BROTHERS! THIS IS NOT AN ACT OF BROTHERHOOD! HOW DARE YOU!"

Loki flinched back mouth effectively covered.

"To use your magic to trick Thor into bedding you like some cheap whore!" Odin cursed. "Take him away!"

"Father!" Thor was being held down by four guards. Thor was unashamed by what they had been caught doing. He had loved Loki beyond brotherhood for many years. Only recently though had they physically begun a relationship.

The guards moved to clasp Loki in chains, Thor moved to help his lover, throwing off the guards, "No Father, you can't, he-"

"It is your duty to the throne to take a wife! You are to be wed. I will send a healer to remove whatever hex Loki has placed on you. Get dressed." Odin turned to leave motioning for the guards to bring Loki along.

"NO! You cannot take him, I won't let you." Thor tried to throw off the guards but more came to hold him back as they dragged Loki away.

With a resigned expression, Loki made a motion with his hands telling Thor to stop.

Reluctantly Thor watched Loki being dragged away wrapped only in a blanket from his bed.

Thor quickly dressed and went after them followed by Sif.

Thor was banned from going into the dungeon to see Loki. Odin would not listen to reason that his *sons* who both knew they were not brothers could be in love. Even when a healer and his own mother confirmed Thor was of sound body and mind.

Meanwhile, in the dungeon, Loki was huddled under the blanket he'd taken from Thor's bed, turned away from the view window. He had almost nodded off when one of the shadows in the room slowly began to snake across the floor. He eyed it suspiciously knowing he was basically defenseless nude and powerless in this cell.

The shadow stopped a few inches from him and opened wide morphing into a portal.

"Loki, the God of Mischief, it's wrong what Odin has done to you. Come with me and be free. We can help each other. I'll never abandon you like that spineless God of Thunder. I'll never lie to you like Odin either." A sugary sweet voice called to him.

Loki found himself drawn to it. He felt something creep into his chest; rage and uncontrollable heartbreak filled him. Without thinking again he dropped the blanket and vanished into the portal.

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Meanwhile in a small apartment in Jakarta, Bruce was giving himself the usual morning pep talk. He was leaning over the bathroom sink refusing to look in the mirror as he brushed his teeth. He didn't need that critical voice in the back of his mind to remind him how monstrous he was.

So unlovable... you don't even have a mark. So useless couldn't even save your own mother. So disgusting you turn into a giant-

He slammed his hands against the sink and took a moment breathing deep before spitting the

toothpaste in his mouth into the sink. He wiped his mouth and looked up finally picking up a black comb. He looked into the mirror.

The comb fell into the sink as Bruce reached for his glasses.

“Impossible.” He said touching the mirror.

For the first time in his life, there was a mark. A three-point deer was prancing around his chest kicking its feet up excitedly when it seemed to realize it had his attention before moving to dance around the waistline of his pants.

Bruce looked down seeing the deer dance around his waistline and slowly reached to put on his shirt.

“That radiation must be messing with my brain.” He said shaking his head. Marks didn’t move, and they certainly didn’t appear on twenty-something year old’s skin.

Almost as if the deer could hear him it appeared on the side of his face resting on his cheek.

“AHHH!” Bruce snapped startled unintentionally turning green and destroying half of the rundown apartment he was living in.

The deer didn’t seem to care as it pranced around the hulk’s bulging muscles.

Chapter End Notes

We wanted to give some of the other important support characters a chance to shine this chapter. Their actions will have echoing consequences as the story continues :) We hope you enjoy :) Please let us know in the comments. :)

Sometimes You Gotta Run Before You Can Walk

Chapter Summary

Our lovely triad is back and bonding yet again. Tony has been working on his suit and tracking down the jerk who sold Stark weapons to terrorists. He comes down with another heat and gets a pleasant surprise from his loving Beta and Alpha.

Chapter Notes

Post 2/2 for today. We return you to our favorite triad couple.

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

Tony rolled his eyes and slowly took off his sunglasses, “Are the dramatics really necessary, Agent? I can almost feel my alpha ready to break through the elevators to get back to me.” Tony said placing the glasses into his breast pocket of his suit coat. Tony was currently lounging in his pool fully clothed on an inflatable pink donut. “You can’t just make appointments like normal people? I was attempting to relax.”

“Mr. Stark, my name is Agent Coulson, I’m here with the-” his voice was clear over the sound of the retreating helicopter.

“Agent, I know who you are. You come here every so often but usually, it’s to bother Greg. I’m sure you of all people know my brother is currently in Sokovia dealing with the growing missile crisis.” He waved towards one of the TVs visible from the pool.

Howard was on the screen making a statement as the current head of SI. Tony knew he was going to have to go out there and face the wolves at some point too. But right now was for lounging in the pool.

Phil nodded, “Yes, but today I’m here to speak with you about Afghanistan and the exact parameters of your escape.”

“The Stark Foundation and SI’s PR department gave out official statements, Agent,” Tony replied taking his sunglasses back out and putting them on. “You have thirty seconds to get back to the elevator before I have Brock take you there.”

Brock for what he was worth was sitting in a chair sunbathing paying Tony very little actual attention. He’d already been briefed by Pepper - the alpha that ran Tony’s business life - about this interview. As if to show his lack of interest he turned so his back was to them so he could tan evenly.

Tony grumbled and rolled his eyes behind his shades, “So Agent any luck tracking down your elusive chicken?”

“Mr. Stark-“Coulson adjusted the glove on his left hand.

“Is my father. Please stop calling me that. My name is Anthony Edward Stark but that’s a bit formal for this situation, so you can just call me Tony.” His interruption is to the point.

An annoyed, ‘I’m clearly not paid enough for this shit’, expression settled on Coulson’s face. “Alright Tony, then would you please exit the pool, so we can address this issue.”

Tony thought about it for a moment then shook his head like a displeased child. “I don’t feel like it. Call Pepper and make an appointment for next week or maybe never. I’m done talking about what happened.” Tony said dipping an alligator shoe into the pool to propel himself ever so slowly away from Phil.

Phil blinked for a few seconds when a loud whoop followed by a huge cannonball into the pool covered Tony from head to toe in a wave of water.

Brock propped up his aviators and shook his head, “Come on Barton I’m working on a tan here!” He snipped at the omega as he broke the surface of the pool.

“Aw poor Rumlocks.” Clint teased as he swam to the edge of the pool.

“What the fuck hawkass?!?” Tony snipped from his inflatable now looking like a drowned rat in an Armani suit.

“Ah, sorry boss. The big boss said you were going to be in an interview so I figured you’d be inside not in the pool... Fully dressed...?” He swam over to Tony’s inner tube and began to push it.

“Look, I don’t question your gaudy hawk tramp stamp and you don’t question why I get in my pool fully dressed, got it?” Tony growled then paused, “What do you mean big boss? I’m your boss!”

“Yeah yeah calm down. Natasha and Pepper both told me you were meeting with Agent Coul-“

“Agent... his name is Agent.” Tony interrupted Clint. “Why does no one understand this...”

“Because my name is Agent Phil Coulson, and Tony we are having that interview,” Phil said literally manhandling Tony out of the pool like a disobedient child.

Clint waved them off before flipping Tony’s now abandoned donut over and climbing inside content to float about in the pool.

Brock groaned, “Ugh, that’s the gaudiest tattoo I’ve ever seen turn the other way!” He groaned. “It’s not even your mark!”

Clint merely flipped Brock off, “Whatever Rummelpuffs.”

Tony pouted as he was taken inside by the older alpha and sat down.

“I want to change.” He demanded moving to get up.

“How did you escape the Ten Rings stronghold?” Coulson asked getting right to the point. “You and your alpha were severely malnourished and dehydrated. Your alpha even had part of a limb amputated, a broken leg along with severely bruised ribs. Your injuries were written about in a file only the directors can see. How did you manage to get yourself and your partner nearly two hundred miles clear of the stronghold you were kept in?”

“I don’t remember how we escaped. A lot of what happened at that time was kind of lost, behind the torture and stuff.” Tony waved his hand as if that would explain it all.

“My associate Maria Hill is also interviewing your alpha for his version of events.” Phil explained looking at Tony.

Tony wasn’t worried, near the end Bucky was pretty much fever dreaming. Tony had tested Bucky’s memories and brought up the suit on three distinct occasions and Bucky didn’t know a damn thing about it... He only really remembered the explosions, then Steve being there and then waking up in the hospital with the horrible chicken broth jello.

“I’m sure Bucky will answer any questions she has to the best of his abilities. He was very ill when we escaped. We’re both lucky my parents raised me like an alpha! Sorry I didn’t act like ‘*a poor defenseless delicate flower*’.” Tony ended his statement making his eyes all large and soft almost innocent looking. The way omegas were perceived by most alphas.

Phil was resisting the urge to roll his eyes, “Tony, do you know why dragging someone on a piece of metal through the desert might have been a bad idea.”

Phil opened a folder he had been holding on to reveal pictures from his crash site. The impact crater and what was left of the suit. Shiny pieces of metal, nothing useful or salvageable.

Greg had promised him that. Everything had been hit with a localized EMP and the more distinguishing features had been taken. It just looked like an IED has gone off. The suit was a

secret.

The questioning continued and after nearly two hours Bucky appeared through the emergency stairwell. He walked right up to them growled at Agent and the pulled Tony onto his lap.

“Hey to you too Bucko, what’s up?” Tony asked pecking his alpha on the lips.

“Nothin’ missed ya.” Bucky replied nuzzling the omega and kissing his neck.

Phil coughed into his hand, “Sergeant Barnes, I’m Agent Coulso-“

“His name is Agent and I just finished answering your questions, didn’t I?” Tony asked dismissively.

“Tony, Mr. Stark, SHIELD knows you are up to something and we will figure out what.” He warned before standing up taking his Manila folder and heading towards the elevator to take his leave.

Bucky watched the agent leave before looking down at his omega and nibbling on his earlobe then pulling away, “Why are you wet exactly?”

Tony gestured towards the pool then whispered in Bucky’s ear about asking him to help him find something else to wear.

--two days later--

“Ah! Fuck Shit!” Bucky thudded to the floor like a lead balloon, tumbling unevenly unable to catch himself.

“Language Buck!” Steve shouted from across the room where he was already on his third punching bag. He really needed to ask Tony for something more durable.

“Ah-ha! You DOWNNN SON!” Clint jumped around boxing gloves on happy as a clam. That he’d conveniently ‘downed’ the broody looking super soldier.

Meanwhile downstairs in the lab...

A loud woosh echoed in the lab as Dum-E doused his creator with the fire extinguisher. The foam cloud wafting through the air.

“Ah, yeah, good job their bud.” Tony groaned as he stood up from where he had fallen - very gracefully - to the floor. Dropping his hand triggers, Tony pushed himself up then looked down and frowning at his repulsor boots, “Well that hurt a lot less than expected.” He moved his boots a little pausing as Dum-E raised his extinguisher again.

“Ah! Ah-ah! I will give you to a community college!”

A sad whir could be heard from the robot.

“Good,” Tony unhooked himself from some wires around his reactor and got up stiffly. That really should have hurt more. He could already feel the bruises forming on his chest and backside, yet it didn’t hurt as much as it should have.

- two weeks later -

Tony walked upstairs after receiving a message from Jarvis that Greg was finally inbound. They still needed to talk about this whole missile crisis and try and figure out what was going on.

The omega greeted his alpha and beta as he waited for his brother to arrive. He sat at the counter in the common area.

Brock had taken the day off and was doing who knows what. Sam, whom Tony had met a few weeks before had left earlier to go for a run. Clint was currently playing videogames in the multimedia center.

The elevator door opened to reveal an impeccably dressed blonde in a white William Westmancott Ultimate Bespoke suit with an accented black and gold tie.

Beside him was a smiling brunette with bright red painted lips and an immaculate white dress with black and gold accents.

It never failed to amaze Tony how creepy it was Jocasta dressed just like Greg. She took ‘fashion accessory’ to a new level.

Before Tony could get lost in his musings and forget to greet his brother and Jocasta he felt himself falter. The elevator door remained open and toddling behind Jocasta being sure to stay very close to her legs were two children.

A little red-haired girl in a black dress with gold and white accents peeking out from the left. Beside her a white-haired boy in a black dress shirt and pants with gold cuffs and a white tie.

“What are those?” Tony spit out all manners forgotten.

“It’s good to see you too, Anthony, ” Gregory said dismissively. “What have you discovered about the weapons?” Just like Greg to get down to business.

“How... Where?” Tony pointed to the children hiding behind each of Jocasta’s legs.

“Sokovia. Mother and Jocasta insisted they return home with us.” Greg said offhandedly already heading towards the secondary elevator that went to the workshop. “Fill me in as we walk.” he passed Tony.

Tony just looked at Greg stunned, “Are you even capable of taking care of another living breathing thing... Much less two of them?” He asked as the kids continued to hide behind the finely dressed woman.

Before Gregory could answer Jocasta spoke, “Mister Gregory has done an excellent job making sure Wanda and Pietro have had more than adequate food, water, and shelter.” She smiled slowly working the two children from behind her. “Come children say hello to your omega uncle Anthony and his mates. The alpha is Sergeant James Buchanan Barnes and the very tall beta is Captain Steve Rogers.”

The two children shuffled themselves back behind Jocasta’s legs peeking out shyly.
“Привет.”

Bucky and Steve perked up hearing the children speak Russian.

“Go and talk with your brother sweetheart. We’ll stay up here with Miss-”

“My name is Jocasta. I’m the personal assistant to Mister Gregory Stark.” She smiled sweetly introducing herself. She offered a hand for them to shake.

Both his boys blushed and Tony felt a pang of jealousy.

Jocasta let go of Bucky’s hand without comment but when Steve took her hand she paused. “I assure you, Captain. You can squeeze my hand just like you would with your mate Anthony or Mister Gregory. I’ve been engineered from a titanium vibradium alloy capable of withstanding the detonation of C4 and other low-grade ballistics equipment. I promise, Captain Rogers you won’t hurt me.” She said with a smile.

Steve just looked confused.

“Don’t look so confused, Beta.” Tony said turning as he heard Gregory huff from the workshop elevator, “She’s an android. Not human at all. Despite how she seems.” he added before the elevator doors closed. The brothers heading down to the lab to talk and leaving the children and Jocasta were the alpha, beta, and omega still playing video games across the room.

-4 months later-

Tony huffed in defeat. He and Gregory had been sifting through years of back data around Obidiah and the company. There was nothing connecting Uncle Obie to the weapons being sold. But there was no one else high enough that could effectively cover something like this up.

Tony scratched his head and let out a low groan. He moved his hand to scratch his stomach letting out a deeper groan. He wondered where his alpha and beta were. It was getting late at 5 in the afternoon. He felt the need to go see them now, he had an odd sensation to be held, he really wanted to be held by his alpha.

He came out of the workshop elevator he found his alpha and beta playing video games with Clint. The blond omega was technically on body guard duty but his body guards weren’t allowed in the workshop during ‘private hours’. So the blond spent his time playing video games in the lounge. Brock was off doing something in Little Russia, Sam was assisting Natasha with security checkpoints for the tower.

The brunet omega made his way over to the couch and promptly dove into his Alpha’s side placing himself across his alpha’s lap.

“Bucckaaroo!” Tony whined into the soldier’s waist, squeezing tightly, “Stop playing games its bedtime!”

“It’s 5:20. Tony, it’s not even dinner time yet.” Bucky replied smashing the trigger button on the AR handheld device.

Tony let out a hefty sigh and wiggled himself against the alpha letting their hips grind. “Come on bedtime.” He said again gnawing playfully at Bucky’s exposed hip.

“Our omega is tired Buck. Let’s take him to bed.” Steve suggested from his current spot on the sofa nudging the alpha’s back with his foot.

Bucky huffed in mock put upon-ness he wasn’t doing very well against Clint anyways. Tony being so close and smelling so good wasn’t helping any.

Why did he smell so good? Bucky wondered as he shook his head and stood up. Tony still latched awkwardly to his waist, “Sorry Clint, looks like I have been summoned.”

Clint waved a hand and some sort of grunt as he moved onto the next mission without looking away.

Bucky put down the hand trigger and took off his VR glasses, “Want me to carry -”

Tony was latched onto Bucky like a koala. He sighed when the alpha supported his back with his one muscular arm.

Tony mumbled contently as they entered the elevator.

The trio went to the penthouse, Tony motioning to be put down on the couch. The super soldiers had settled down to play games with Clint after their run a few hours ago. So they weren't the freshest smelling and went off to shower. Tony was flicking through the TV channels.

The alpha and beta showered quickly happy to finally have time with their omega. He had been quite busy the last couple of months, with *special* projects and the whole missile problem in Sokovia. He had also been busy bonding with his new niece and nephew. Despite what Tony said, his inner omega loved the two beta children and he quite clearly enjoyed spending time with them. They had recently started school so maybe that's why Tony was feeling clingy. He missed them?

Jarvis's disembodied voice sounded crisp over the steam of the bathroom, "Captain Rogers? Sergeant Barnes?"

"What's up J?" Steve replied as he was already drying off, Bucky trying to wash out the conditioner Tony had brought for him to use, something about being silky smooth.

"We are now in a Level 3 Heat Lockdown Protocol. Sir has gone to the heat room and is awaiting you there." Their digital butler explained.

"OH! Oh, shit. BUCK!" Steve was overcome with excitement. This was different from last time.

"I heard Stevie no need to shout." Bucky rushed to rinse his hair and step out of the shower.

Once out of the shower he was greeted with a towel in the face and Steve practically vibrating with excitement.

"Come on Buck, he needs us!" Steve was only wearing a set of boxers.

"I know, I know!" Bucky hastily dried himself and wrapped his hair up. Shoving on the soft sweats not bothering with a shirt or underwear

They walked out of the bathroom door and were smacked with the overwhelming scent of omega in need. Tony had scented the entire apartment in less than fifteen minutes.

Steve felt his mouth water. Something about this heat was different he could sense it. He sniffed the air and licked his lips not having to look over to know Bucky was doing the same.

Their omega needed them.

Walking forward they managed to wedge themselves into the bedroom door frame. Bucky turned to Steve wide-eyed.

“Really punk?” He snapped pushing himself through ahead of Steve.

Oh yes, something was definitely different this time.

As they made their way across the penthouse to the heat room Steve felt himself needing to beat Bucky to their omega. He *wanted* Tony first.

The heat room door was wide open and radiating with the scent of omega in need. Steve licked his lips as they walked to the open door taking in the sight of their omega.

Tony was face down naked on the bed presenting himself. Slick was smeared between his cheeks and lean muscular thighs giving them a delicious shine. His arms twitched around the pillow he had mounted and was slowly working his hips into. Tony let out small gasps and moans as he worked his hips. A slight sheen of sweat covered his body making his entire body shine in the low light of the room. Nostrils flared as he breathed in the scent of his mates. Tony let out a desperate whine.

“Oh Tony.” Bucky, sighed trying to enter the doorway only to find himself wedged against Steve’s side again. He growled and nudged forward.

Steve looked down at Bucky and being the physically stronger of the two and clearly overcome by the scent of *his* omega in heat, he pushed Bucky back and entered the room. The blond pushed down his boxers and lost them as he crawled onto the bed. He curled himself over his omega. The bulk of his frame completely swallowed Tony but only gave the begging omega the ghost of a touch. "Turn over for me gorgeous omega, I wanna see that pretty face of yours." He whispered into the shell of Tony's ear feeling the shivers it sent down the omega's spine.

Tony whined in frustration, and arched his back groaning when Steve arched his as well.

The blond smiled kissing the back of his omega's crown, "Turn over for me baby."

Begrudgingly his omega turned around releasing the pillow he'd been humping. He grasped onto Steve making something in the beta sing. It had never been like this before.

"There we go." Steve praised as he raked his eyes over the beautiful man. His omega was marvelous, panting and already so worked up, pre-cum smeared his abdomen. He wanted to claim, needed to own.

One of his hands carefully rubbed over the omega's quivering abdomen drawing designs into the precum.

Tony's head lulled back into the mattress.

Steve leaned in and started to leave open mouth kisses across Tony's neck sucking marks as he moved down his omega's chest.

Tony's moaned spurring him on. As he moved, his kisses turned tender around the metal cage holding the reactor keeping his omega alive. He kissed the underside of it and licks at the rings.

He left butterfly kisses down Tony's abdomen and moved down the omega's left thigh. He hooked his omega's leg over a broad shoulder and licked from the quivering thigh to the back of Tony's tight yet soft balls. He looked up into glossy eyes, happy that he had Tony's undivided attention.

Steve softly worked his way beneath Tony's balls licking them each for only a moment before working Tony's cheeks apart and taking a casual swipe up Tony's entrance.

Tony wailed his legs trying to close over the beta's head at the knee as his hips jutted upward.

Tony's hole twitched chasing the fleeing tongue. Steve licked up the omega's length and twirled his tongue around the omega's weeping member.

Bucky worked hard to bite back a growl. Instead, he focused on Tony, enjoying the way the omega let himself enjoy the attention Steve gave him. He observed the way the omega's hands bunched in the sheets as his body squirmed, mouth open, eyes closed with his face in pure bliss.

Tony was the perfect picture of an omega in heat.

This was what was important. That their omega was being cared for. He looked at Steve's exposed backside and felt a smile come to his lips. He sauntered to the bedside to find the lube.

Steve removed his mouth with a soft pop from their omega's cock. He moved to work two fingers into the omega. He licked down the side and slowly worked Tony's dick back down his throat. He thrust his fingers straight past the second knuckle and nearly choked on Tony's cock as a cold spurt of lube oozes down the cleft of his ass, "Buck!" He gasped resting his head on Tony's thigh. A moan escaped him as the lube moved down one thigh and Tony's warm entrance clenched around him. "Warn a guy would yah," he complained coming back to himself.

"M'sorry Beta, but I'm working with one hand here." Bucky gingerly waved at his beta with a smile on his face. He was still the alpha here, let's not forget. He leaned down giving Steve

a quick kiss before taking those skilled fingers and working them through the lube and into Steve's tightness.

Steve shivered as a weak whine from his omega drew him back to the task at hand. He returned to moving his fingers in and out slowly as he swallowed the omega's cock to the base.

Tony moaned and gasped rolling his hips up and his head rolled back. He mumbled words, gasped prayers and whimpered several versions of the word, please. The omega was too lost in his own heat to call out.

Steve whimpered around Tony's cock as Bucky helped open him up, sliding in just the right places to work him up. It had been some time since they'd been together like this.

Bucky's fingers turned knowingly making Steve see stars. Bucky smirked in triumph as he carefully maneuvered his fingers in Steve's hole. "Aren't you two a pair? I'm almost jealous it's not me there, on the bed." He jabbed Steve's prostate hard causing the beta to pull off Tony's cock so he could moan. Tony cried out at the loss of his beta's mouth, "It feels good Omega?"

Steve looked up to see Tony nodding furiously whining as he did, hips moving trying to get more friction.

"And you, oh glorious beta of mine, you feel like taking your alpha's cock." He punctuated the word by hitting the bundle of nerves again making Steve's insides coil tight. "It's been a while." Steve could only moan burying his face in Tony's hip. He knew Tony's heats were all about the omega, but he wanted pleasure too. He tried not to feel guilty about it. But Bucky kept his deft hand moving, a tongue on Steve's ass cheek made him jump a little.

"Hnnngg! Beta, b-beta," Tony writhed on Steve's fingers, he was floating but not completely gone yet. The need to be knotted was real. Tony spread his legs as wide as he could and ran his hands through his messy hair. "FU-AK!" He screamed grasping onto Steve in a tight grip.

Steve's chest nearly exploded with pride as Tony came on his fingers. "Aw baby." He purred out as Tony's head rolled from side to side, floppy after his first orgasm of the heat. He smiled when Tony's arm released him, the omega had gone boneless.

"Come on baby," Steve removed his fingers and smirked when Tony whimpered.

Steve pushed back he dislodging Bucky from sucking a mark into his ass cheek.

The alpha let out a growl of protest at being deterred.

Steve maneuvered Tony up by his thighs throwing the omega's ankles over his shoulders. He kissed the side of Tony's jaw as he quickly guided his aching need to Tony's awaiting heat.

His omega attempted to thrust up onto his cock the moment the blunt tip touched the messy hole. Steve heard himself growl before he spread Tony's cheeks and claimed his omega in one swift thrust.

As he came to rest inside the omega Steve felt Tony's back bow with the force of his thrust. Steve felt like his head was swimming. He was having a hard time holding still so Tony could adjust. He just wanted to seed his omega. He needed to fuck a pup into Tony this time.

Steve opened his eyes, not realizing he had closed them. He peered down to look at his omega's face.

Tony's lips were parted in a silent "Oh".

Steve growled when a confident hand came to rest at the small of his back.

Bucky growled right back as he began to enter Steve. "Ah Shit... Stevie so tight." Bucky praised as he continued to sink into Steve.

Steve worried a hickey into Tony's thigh for each inch of Bucky inside of him. Tony was going to wake up with quite a few hickies when this was over.

"Al-alpha," Steve couldn't help it falling into old habits, just because they had an omega now didn't mean he didn't enjoy Bucky being his alpha still. He had missed this more than he realized. Being this connected with Bucky felt good. It reminded him of the old days.

Bucky growled into the beta's ear, "I'm gonna fuck you wide open. Payback for the doorway." He pulled out and thrust back in four times in rapid succession.

Steve and Tony let out combined moans as Bucky made the momentum. For each sharp snap of his waist and thrust of his hips caused Steve to plow into their nearly folded omega.

Steve was definitely lost somewhere in an orgasmic haze cloud. He was inside his omega and being filled by his alpha at the same time. Steve knew here at this moment exactly where he belonged in this relationship.

Steve was overwhelmed by it, all of it. "O-omeg, omega, ah fuck, I-I'm gonna fill you," he left messy kisses along Tony's calf as he snapped his hips forward with purpose.

Bucky's impassioned voice agreed, "Yeah you are Stevie, fill 'im up good an' proper, like he should be, then Imma do it all over again, and again, and again."

Steve risked a glance down at his omega. His balls tightened, but something was different. Something was catching on Tony's rim and it added something extra tingle. It tickled a carnal need to mate and own this omega entirely. Steve chasted the feeling. Moving himself as fast and hard as he could between his two lovers, "Yes, Yes! Oh!"

Steve came so hard he collapsed on Tony for a moment. He quickly tried to right himself and froze. He tried to move his hips back and felt Tony move with him and the omega's heat gripped him like a vice. He tried one more time and moaned when Bucky grazed his prostate. He saw stars that immediately sent him crashing back to earth.

He was stuck in Tony and fucking, still cumming. His brain was numbed by the orgasmic feeling of Bucky jackhammering his prostate and intense tightness of Tony's insides.

"Oh-fucking," he thought he might pass out, "Jesus, Mary mother of Christ! Buck, Buu-ck!" He'd never felt this good before.

The alpha was too lost in chasing his own pleasure.

Bucky was making good on his promise to fuck Steve open. Each thrust from the alpha moved the beta inside his omega.

Steve tried to focus by looking at Tony's face. The omega's eyes were closed with drool escaping his perfect 'o' face. Steve felt himself catch on Tony's rim again. Stars exploded behind his eyes as his omega continued to do a wonderful job at milking the colossal amounts of cum he was producing.

The alpha was chasing his own pleasure in the constricting channel, damn that felt good. He let out a strangled moan as he came. Pulling out he rolled over onto his side no arm to catch him, sated and happy surrounded by happy omega pheromones he didn't notice the state of panic his beta was in.

"Oh my fucking God! Are you even alive, Buck! Help me! I'm stuck! I'm- oh shit that's good - I'm fucking stuck!" Steve had no idea what was happening he was in complete bliss but stuck, stuck inside his omega filling him up, he could feel it his member pulsing. An unconscious roll of the omega's hips ripped out another orgasm out of him, "Ugh, ah, sweet Mary!"

Steve's moans drowned out the wanton moan from Tony. He looked down at where the two were attached and he could see was the swollen mass, "A KNOT?!?" Steve screamed.

That got the alpha's attention, he blearily opened his eyes, trying to look over at his beta, he looked concerned along with some sort of panic even with the twitches of his hips. Looking down he could see Tony's lower abdomen swelling, he knew Stevie was big but damn. Moving sluggishly to rub a hand over where the swelling was it shifted and the omega

whined legs tensing. He then moved a little lower, feeling where the beta's cock disappeared inside the omega. Lower still to where they were connected and heard the blond whine too. Shit. "That's a fucking knot!"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you big hunk of fucking knot head! I'm fucking stuck, what am I doing to Tony?!?" Steve started breathing quickly, almost like he was having an asthma attack like before the injections.

"Okay, okay, breath Steve don't panic, I mean it's not like our omega minds you filling him up." Bucky's sure eyes shifted back up to Tony's face, still look of pure orgasmic bliss.

"Buuck..." Steve growled low, only to have Bucky growl back at him.

Everyone's hormones were high and it didn't help the situation one bit.

Tony would know what was happening, how it was possible. Steve shuddered his entire body feeling the force of yet another orgasm being pulled from him. Tony was just too damn tight.

Steve's eyes began to slip, something primal coming over him, he needed to bite Tony, needed to stake his claim. He hadn't done that since their first time. He didn't even do this during the first heat. He wasn't an alpha...He shouldn't need this.

Steve shifted all too quick pushing himself deeper, groaning as he shoved his nose around the side of Tony's neck, and clamping down hard.

The guttural moan coming from Tony and Steve both caused Bucky to move, he swiftly pinned Steve between his and their omega's body biting the back of the beta's neck, hard. Almost like a dog would to force submission.

It worked but for a totally different reason; being wedged between his lovers feeling the flush of endorphins both from being bitten and biting caused him to shudder and his brain to stall, falling limp his body softened into the omega. He was calm.

Tony groaned as the lovely warmth above him is shifted to the side. He stilled as cool air runs over his bare chest.

“Don’t worry omega.” Bucky’s voice whispered in his ear. “You’ll be full again soon.” He promised as he positioned his lovely omega over the side of the bed.

Bucky growled low as he looked at his omega’s ass on display over the edge of the bed, Steve’s seed seeping out of the sated omega. He loved his beta but **HE** was the alpha. Steve didn’t just *knot* people, that was his job. Placing his hand at the base of Tony’s back he slid home.

Tony wiggled from the pressure on his spine. It moved the pressure in his lower abdomen causing Steve’s come to lube Bucky’s path into their omega. At the feel of Steve’s come around his cock he growled.

Tony whimpered he didn’t want an angry alpha.

Bucky shushed him, nuzzling the back of Tony’s head and kissing the side of his neck. Although he had just came the pheromone’s rolling of their omega in heat meant he could go as much as he was needed. Also he had an omega to claim. He was the alpha, not Steve.

—

Steve was shocked into consciousness when his entire body moving with a pleasurable force. He bit down on his lip to stifle a moan as he tried to get his bearings.

Still not fully aware of his surroundings he reached out and grasped. His left hand landed on a soft blanket covered leg the right grasped air. then his brain caught up with his body and his hand clamped down on that leg as his back arched in pleasure. “Oah, fffs,” his mouth did not want to play ball.

Bucky's warm chuckle above him made him smile, "There we are beta, rise and shine."

Steve opened his eyes, Bucky's hair was damp and stuck to his face, he was panting out of breath yet muscles tense as he worked himself into the beta, his entire body seemingly caught in a fit of rut.

There was a whine of displeasure from under, Steve's grasp. The beta wretched his hand away quickly realizing he was probably holding on a little too tight.

"That's it beta, just let me knot one, last, timeeee-ugnffh." The brunet alpha seemed to collapse on top of his beta limbs crumbling as he spent what was left of his seed deep inside the blond's body.

The swelling of his alpha's knot causing Steve to moan out, his own release squirting between them.

—

Somewhere between Bucky's third and fourth knotting of their beta, Tony had gotten restless and taken himself and his blankets down to the lab.

Sitting for a moment on his chair he tiredly looked over the progress of his suit, his body aching a little as his eyes adjusted to the light, "How long we got J?"

"About an hour Sir."

"Alright, set the lab on lockdown, I suppose I should take a shower. Get whatever is in my armpit out." Tony grimaced a little lifting his arms up.

"Yes Sir, that would be advisable."

Tony shook his head as he sauntered to the workshop shower, blankets left on his chair. Who taught him to be so sassy. He supposed he only had himself to blame there.

Shower done and appropriate clothing in place Tony smiled as his robots whirred and came to life, fitting the new and improved suit to his body.

The face plate came down uploading his faithful AI into the system, suit moving and calibrating effortlessly around him.

“Test complete, beginning to power do-“

“Yeah, I tell you what. Do a weather and a.t.c check, start loosening in on ground control.”

“Sir there are still terabytes of calculations needed before and actual flight is-“

“Jarvis,” Tony reprimanded his AI sounding like a parent telling off a child. “Sometimes you gotta run before you can walk. Ready? In 3, 2, 1.”

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? are you ready to see Ironman? Finally 10 chapters in lol.

End Notes

The ABO, Soul Bond is tricky.

~

Constructive criticism, questions and anything else you might have for us is welcomed and appreciated.

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