

## Steamy Stuff

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# Steamy Stuff

by [Little\\_Firestar84](#)

## Summary

SlothBaby is yet again going at it, and yet again Carol finds herself reading the stuff the cyber identity behind Kamala writes: fanfiction. About her. And Tony Stark. Only, they didn't just make out any longer in her stories: they do... steamy stuff. Of the adult variety.

## Notes

informal sequel to [with eyes wide open](#), it's not necessary to read it before this, but it's just a drabble, so, really, just two minutes of your time.

*"We can't do this. It's... it's wrong." She whispered to no one in particular as she stood before the window of his penthouse, hugging herself, standing still, tense. She swallowed as she felt, rather than hear, Tony's armor leaving his body, freeing him from the mechanical cage he protected his body with to fight evil- and nowadays, she was evil in his eyes.*

*It didn't make her relax, knowing that he was there, a mere human, at her mercy. If nothing else, it scared her to death. He trusted her; more than he was supposed to, more than, maybe, everyone else she had ever met before him.*

*"Who are you trying to convince, Carol? Me..." He covered her shoulders with his big, callous, warm hands, and squeezed, hard, trying to loosen the knots in her muscles, and left a butterfly kiss on the exposed column of her neck. "...Or yourself?"*

*She sighed, melting into his embrace, letting it go of all of her inhibitors, her doubts: just for now, for those short moments, she could truly believe that something that felt so right- that made her feel so alive- wasn't wrong. For the briefest moment, she could really believe that years as friends had turned them into something more, that she wasn't merely warming his bed at night.*

*For the briefest moment, she could believe that what they felt wasn't lust... but love.*

*She expected Tony to try to undress her, like he had always done up to that point, but instead, he embraced her from behind, his chin resting on her shoulder in an awkward, and yet rather sweet, position.*

*"Stay the night. Sleep with me." He begged, pouting like a child.*

*"I always sleep with you, Tony," she chuckled, turning slightly in his embrace so that she could, at least, see his eyes.*

*He sighed, shaking his head. "I don't want sex, Carol. It has never been about just your body. I... want you. All of you." He admitted, unable to meet her gaze.*

*"But you have me, my love." She admitted as she cupped his chin, and forced him to meet her eyes. They were honest and clear, and now, now she truly knew that he wanted more than sex from her- that maybe, just maybe, there was a chance for them.*

*"Want to celebrate? I got the best grapefruit available on the market." He chuckled, eyeing her lasciviously and dragging the blonde heroine towards his King size bed, all dark wood and silky, black sheets, the embodiment of his prominent masculinity.*

*"I thought you said you didn't want my body..." she giggled as, pushed her man to sit on the bed, she started to undress for him, all sexy and sleek muscles revealed inch after agonizing inch.*

*Tony swallowed, drinking her in. "Well, matter of fact, I did say I wanted all of you."*

*Carol giggled again, and joined him on the bed, stark naked, and kissed him passionately on the lips as her hands were busy unbuttoning his pristine shirt.*

*When she got him naked, he started to worship her body, kissing every inch of her, leaving a wet trail of kisses from the tip of her toes to the valley of desire as the hard horn of his sex grinded against her soft, coral-scented skin ....*

As red as a tomato, Carol closed the computer, and watched around, as to try to make sure no one had seen her reading those.... Things. She hadn't even been able to read another line- just the foreplays were enough. She had just had had a glimpse of the next few lines, and they were, well, to put it bluntly, they were *filthy*.

They were an *erotica fanfiction*. About she and Tony. Sure, now they were back at being friends, but that was all there was to it. She had never imagined, never *thought* about... Tony's horn. (Who called a man's sex an horn anyway?) And now? Now that image- that *idea*- wouldn't get out of her head.

Oh, crap, how was she supposed to face him? To fight *alongside* him?

She was going to kill Kamala. Or... or find a way to strip her of her powers.

She sighed. Nope, it wasn't right, and it was a tad too much. She couldn't do it. Maybe she would just... she didn't know. Make sure Kamala wasn't allowed on the internet any longer? It was a nice idea, and yet, idiotic- youngsters didn't use the internet for school a lot, but sometimes they still did, and she couldn't take away a means of schooling.

Just a few sites, then. Like the ones about fanfiction, maybe? She wondered.

And yet... yet, she didn't have the strength to do *any* of that. Kamala was struggling, now that she couldn't be a super-hero any longer, and having a secret identity she was keeping from her family had already taken a toll on her. Writing fanfiction was her way of de-stressing, and Carol Danvers wasn't going to take that away from the young woman.

Besides, it was her fault. Just because Kamala wrote that stuff, it didn't mean she had to read each and every fiction the inhuman girl wrote. Especially since she had started to write steamy stuff. Ah. This one was even tame, in comparison to other stuff she had written in the past. There was one that looked like a particularly well-written version of *50 shades*, with her and Tony as the main protagonists.

Kamala was *always* writing about the two of them. She wondered if she was just fan-girling, shipping them as if they were fictionalized characters- like people did with people from shows, even when it was obvious they would have never been in a relationship to begin with- or if was something else.

She heard Tony laughing in the corridor, and lifted an eyebrow as she spotted him, talking with McCoy about who knew what – science, probably. She looked at him, with a critical eye, wondering if Kamala was seeing something- something that, apparently, given the reviews, many people out there agreed with her on.

Looking around, she re-opened her laptop, and decided to peek at how the story progressed. She was doing that for... scientific purposes, she told herself. Even if she knew it didn't make sense. At all.

She bit her lips, her eyes as big as saucers, as she read about all the ways fictional Tony pleased fictional her, taking his sweet time and making sure she was, well, *happy*. She dared another glimpse at Tony, and wondered if Kamala could have gotten it right, if maybe, just maybe, he *really* was that kind of lover.

*Well, there are two ways to actually get to know it for sure... one to try it myself, or ask Nat. Too bad she would tease me mercilessly for the rest of our lives if I admitted that I'm thinking about how Tony Stark is in bed...*

Gasping, she closed the computer shut again, and stood, putting some distance between herself and the artifact of evil. She couldn't believe what reading a story had done to her. She wasn't attracted to Tony and she wasn't going to picture how... *intercourse* with him could look and feel like. Nope. Not at all. Kamala was wrong. She was oh so wrong on oh so many levels.

She just *had* to.

"Oh, please, don't tell me Ghost managed to break into our servers once again!" Tony wondered out loud, scratching his head as he saw her staring, terrified, at her laptop. "I don't get it. I'm way out of his league, and yet he keeps breaking into my servers. I have to find out who is providing him with this technology!"

Without waiting for an actual answer, he grabbed the computer, and, holding him under his arm, he hurried to his lab to get a glimpse to what was happening, keeping mumbling between himself about his bloody nemesis and the likes, while Carol cold-sweated in her Kree uniform, frozen on spot.

She was unable to move, her eyes fixed on Tony's derriere, studying it for God knew why, and yet she knew she had to hurry up and stop him before he opened the laptop up and saw that she was reading... *smut* about the two of them, and he got the wrong idea.

She sighed, her eyes closed, and shook herself back to work-mode.

Time to stop Tony before she embarrassed herself too much.

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