

Stubborn Love

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Stubborn Love

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Summary

Tony was very respectful of his boyfriend's boundaries and would never want to push him to do more than what he was comfortable with. But he was starting to think things were standing still more than they were moving slowly.

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"I'm telling you, Steve, the man is obsessed with you!"

"Come on, Nat, we're just friends. You know that."

Or, the one where a pining Steve thinks he's in the friend zone, and Tony thinks they're already dating.

“Everything special about you came out of a bottle.”

Why did Tony Stark have to be such an arrogant prick? And why—*God, why?*—, couldn’t Steve get him out of his mind.

The two could spit insults at each other for hours bringing up every self doubt and negative thought each had ever had, and still, Steve would walk away thinking of how pretty Tony looked when he got all worked up like that. *Stop thinking that. Tony hates you, and you have a job to do. That’s the only reason you’re here.* Who was he kidding? It was all he could do not to grab the back of Tony’s neck and stick his tongue down his throat every time he got so close to his face searching for the perfect insult to get right under his skin. Little did Tony know, he didn’t even have to try. Though, this might not be quite what Tony had in mind.

At least they were teammates. At least they always helped each other out when needed. Steve could live with that much. Though, Tony not wanting Steve to die doesn’t necessarily mean he likes him, but it was enough, for now.

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“Is he breathing?” Steve pressed his cheek and a hands against the armor on Tony’s chest. Nothing.

No matter, one good hulk yell later, and Tony was conscious and joking like always. “Please tell me nobody kissed me.”

Steve couldn’t help but grin. “We won.”

“Alright, hey. Good job guys. Let’s just not come in tomorrow. Let’s just take a day... You ever tried Shawarma? There’s this Shawarma joint about two blocks from here. I don’t know what it is but I wanna try it.”

“We’re not finished yet,” Thor reminded them.

”Then, shawarma after?”

That’s what Steve had grown to adore about Tony. He could be terrified watching Tony fall, nearly to his death, and not two minutes later Tony’s cracking jokes making him grin. At the end of the day he didn’t want to ride away on his bike, but it’s where they are now. Maybe, one day it would develop into more. Steve hoped so anyway. For now, he could wait.

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A bunch of superheroes living together? What a stupid idea. But, damn, did Steve love that stupid building each morning when he woke from yet another dream about Tony and got to watch him sip a hot coffee over breakfast.

Unbelievable. That's how Steve felt the first time it happened. "Wanna watch a movie, Cap'?"

"Sure, I'll get the team."

"Oh, uh okay.."

Steve glanced at him inquisitively.

"I just, uh, thought *we* could hang out for a bit.." Tony trailed off.

Steve beamed. Tony was *finally* warming up to him. And he had to admit, this was so much better than hating each other but not wanting the other to die.

"I'm telling you, he looks just like Fury!"

"I don't see it," Steve laughed at Tony as the two sat closely, watching Pulp Fiction. "He's got twice as many eyes!"

"Mr. America, I am shocked that you would make a mockery of our beloved leader's disability," Tony dramatically pretended to be offended, but couldn't help the smile that crept through.

Steve fell asleep that night with a glowing heart as Tony lay peacefully with his head in Steve's lap. Little did Steve know, many nights like this would follow.

Over the next several months, Steve and Tony got closer and closer over many boxes of takeout, deep talks, and late nights. The team was shocked that they could be in the same room let alone spend practically every day together. I mean, Tony wouldn't even hole up in the workshop without Steve on the couch sketching or reading or talking about his old life anymore. Not to mention, they started noticing the heart eyes Steve never seemed to notice being thrown his way.

Steve couldn't believe his own misfortune. Now, he had to spend day in and day out with Tony and not kiss him or anything! Though they did their fair share of cuddling and hand holding, but that was totally platonic! I mean, he and Bucky use to do that all the time when they were young, and Bucky was straight as they came. It was so unfair being best friends with the man he was in love with.

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Tony Stark tried to be the best boyfriend he could possibly be, considering his personal history and their rocky start when the two had first met. Nowadays he spent every spare minute with his lover, and took him out every chance he got. Now, his boyfriend definitely seemed shy about their relationship, but Tony didn't mind. So he made private reservations at his favorite restaurants or went out somewhere they'd never be recognized. They even spent a week in Italy together on "business," and he did everything he could to make it as romantic as possible. The only problem was, Steve didn't like to be very affectionate. They held hands and cuddled regularly, but they had been going out for months and hadn't even kissed! You might find this hard to believe given the playboy tendencies, but Tony was very respectful of

his boyfriend's boundaries and would never want to push him to do more than what he was comfortable with. But he was starting to think things were standing still more than they were moving slowly.

He'd wait forever for Steve if he had to. His Stevie was absolutely worth it. He only cared that they loved each other, though they hadn't said it out loud. He just hoped the feeling was mutual, and he wasn't smitten out of his mind for someone who only saw him as something casual.

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"I'm telling you, Steve, the man is obsessed with you!"

"Come on, Nat, we're just friends. You know that."

"Trust me, *I've* come downstairs many days to find you two still on the couch. I'm not dense."

"Really, though. We just hang out a lot! We're really close friends but that's all."

"Right, and he didn't buy you flowers or take you for candlelit dinners every night on your honeymoon either."

"Vacation, and no. Only most days." Steve said smugly. "Really, Nat. I don't need the false hope. Tony just sees me as a friend."

"So you two aren't going to this big charity event together, then?"

"No, why would we?"

"Because you're practically dating?"

"Oh, give it a rest. I don't even think Shellhead likes men. But thanks for reminding me to find an *actual* date for Friday."

"I don't think your little boyfriend would like that very much."

"He is *not* my boyfriend!"

"Wait, did you and Tony break up?" Steve groaned as Thor walked into the kitchen and joined their conversation.

"Nat, come help me find a cute girl to bring to this thing."

"If you insist.."

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He looked absolutely stunning as he walked out of the elevator with a blonde in a tight, red dress on his arm--wait a minute. Why the hell was there a blonde chick in a tight, red dress on Steve's arm. Tony couldn't take his eyes off the pair as they took a seat at the bar. She threw her head back laughing at some cheesy joke Steve should've been whispering in Tony's ear. *What the fuck?* It was one thing to cheat on Tony, but to bring her to the event he was hosting? Now, that had Tony absolutely fuming.

"What's the matter with you?" Pepper asked, sitting down next to him.

"Oh, ya know. Just checking out my boyfriend's date." Tony said, pressing his lips together as thin as they could possibly be.

"What the hell? I thought things were going really well with you guys."

"Yeah, I did too." Tony swallowed the last of his glass of scotch.

"Why don't you go talk to him, Tony?"

"Yeah, okay. I'll go talk to him."

Tony strode across the room swiftly feeling about as angry as he imagined Banner had to be to go green.

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"Hey Tones!" Steve smiled genuinely at his best friend.

"A word, Cap?"

"Oh, er, sure." Why did he sound so angry? "What's wrong, Shellhead?"

"Who's your friend?"

"Oh, uh, sorry. How rude of me. Tony, this is Abby."

"Sorry, not one for pleasantries." He stopped the girl in her tracks before she could excitedly introduce herself to *the* Tony Stark. "If you'll excuse us, I'd like to speak to Mr. Rogers alone for a moment."

"Mr. Rogers, wha-" Steve questioned as Tony grabbed his hand and started dragging him through the crowd. "Tony what is *wrong* with you?" *When did his arrogant prick side suddenly make an appearance?*

Tony finally faced Steve once the elevator door closed with tears in his eyes.

Steve very nearly yelled at him for behaving like this when he noticed the tears streaking down his face. "Aw, Tones. Don't cry. C'mere." Steve pulled him into a hug, but Tony pushed him away. "Okay, what is going on with you?"

"What's going on with me? What's going on with *you*?" Tony shouted back as the elevator carried them to the main living room which was restricted from the public this evening. "I don't even know what you want from me anymore. I try so hard, but no. You just have to go find some slut to bring with you to *my* banquet. If you didn't want something serious, you could've just said so instead of stringing me along just to humiliate me like that!"

"String you along? Tony, what the hell are you talking about?"

"I don't know, Steve. Maybe the last seven months you let me think we were dating when clearly you want nothing to do with me! I mean, I thought you just wanted to take things slow, but apparently you're just too focused on your side piece to-"

"Hold on, back up. Dating?"

"Unbelievable," Tony stormed out of the elevator, heading straight for the bar and lighting a cigarette.

" Tony, wait!"

"Leave me alone, Rogers."

"Tony, seriously. What are you talking about?"

"I can't believe I just wasted seven months of my life thinking you actually loved me."

"Tony, please." Now was Steve's turn to tear up.

"Save it." Tony carried a bottle with him to the elevator.

Steve wasn't giving up that easy. He chased after Tony, cutting in just before the doors shut.

"I'm not talking to you."

"Tony, I-" *Okay, Steve. Now's the time to be brave.* "Tony, I've loved you as long as I've known you. I swear. I'm addicted to your laugh-your real laugh, not the one you use to laugh it off when someone says something nasty to you. Your smile is always on my mind, so I'm constantly trying to say something to make you use it more. Every day I've spent with you has been the best day of my life-I just didn't know you felt anything back."

Tony finally looked him in the eyes and grinned. "You're telling me I asked you out, proceeded to go out with you for half a year, and you didn't even know I liked you?"

"I thought you were just being friendly!" Steve defended with a laugh. "I mean, you never even tried to kiss me."

"I thought you wanted to take things slow!"

"Seven-months-and-not-even-a-kiss-slow?"

"Well when you say it like that... I just didn't want to make you uncomfortable."

"Trust me, I'd be more than comfortable with a *lot* more than a little kiss."

"Noted." Tony smiled, pulling Steve in for a kiss-*finally*-as the elevator stopped at his penthouse.

"I love you, Tones."

"I love you more."

Steve pushed Tony toward his bedroom where they'd had many late night discussions about how cold caves and solid ice can get.

Tony pushed against Steve's chest as Steve pressed him against the wall kissing down his neck. "Y-you should probably go find Abby." Tony gasped out as Steve pulled both their shirts off, pressing his own hips against Tony's. "She's probably w-wondering where y-you went." He stuttered as Steve kissed down his chest.

Finally, Steve pulled back with a grin. "Who the hell cares about Abby?"

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