

## All In

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# All In

by [ifitwasribald](#)

## Summary

Turns out Bruce isn't that good at strip poker. But it also turns out that that's just fine with him.

Strip poker, as a game, isn't very well engineered. Poker depends on the ability to escalate, to place larger and smaller wagers and feign confidence or hesitation to draw opponents to miscalculate.

When the consequence of a losing hand is invariably shedding a single article of clothing, skill goes out the window, replaced by sheer dumb luck.

That, at any rate, is Bruce's explanation for why he's wearing nothing but his boxers, while Clint and Tony are in jeans and undershirts, and Steve's still clothed down to his damned socks.

At least Thor has fared almost as badly as he has, though his complicated outfit means that he's still left with pants and likely undergarments as well.

The thing is, Bruce is finally staring at some improbably good cards, but Thor and Tony have already folded, and Clint's wavering, so he's pretty sure his four of a kind is going to net him nothing but one of Steve's socks.

Unless.

"I raise."

"You... can't raise," Clint objects. "That's not how strip poker works."

Tony shoots him a glare. "Hear him out. Because," Tony's eyes rake up and down Bruce's mostly naked body, and Bruce finds he doesn't mind the heat in the gaze at all, "he doesn't have a lot left to lose."

Bruce can feel himself flush, but between the whiskey and the company, and, to be honest, his desire not to be the first one completely naked, he's feeling bold. "A blow job. Worth, let's say, four items of clothing."

For a moment, no one speaks, and it occurs to Bruce that it's been a long time since he's had more than a glass of wine to drink, and longer—much longer—since he's gotten laid. And that maybe those two things put together have seriously impaired his judgment, to the point where he read far too much into his teammates' interest in a game of strip poker.

Or maybe not.

"If no one calls this, I am going to—" Tony doesn't finish. Apparently he isn't sure what he'll do if nobody calls Bruce's wager, but from the look on his face, Bruce has a feeling it would be entertaining.

Clint looks down, and Bruce can practically hear him doing the math, that losing four items of clothing gets him fully nude. He studies Bruce's face and shakes his head. "Too rich for my blood."

All eyes turn to Steve, who blushes furiously and casts a nervous glance at his cards, and back up at Bruce. He fights a slow, awkward smile, but can't seem to keep it from spreading across his face. "Call."

"Ok, show'em," Tony urges, his lascivious grin threatening to split his face wide open.

Bruce spreads his four nines out on the table, and Steve registers it with a still deeper flush.

Bruce entertains the old standard question of just how far down the flush extends, and finds himself looking forward to finding out when Steve places his own hand face up on the table. Straight flush, seven high.

Bruce swallows. The odds of two hands that good in one round of five card draw—he spares an instant to consider just what those odds are, but loses the thread of the simple calculation when he meets Steve's eyes.

"You don't have to," Steve manages.

"He so has to," Tony chimes in. "If a man stops honoring his wagers, what happens to civilization?"

"*You* don't have to," Bruce assures Steve. "I won't be offended."

"I, uh." Steve licks his lips nervously, and the gesture is hotter than it has any right to be. "Wouldn't want to make you a welsher," he manages, his voice suddenly carrying a rough hint of an old Brooklyn accent.

Bruce stands, all too aware that his interest in the proceedings clearly shows through his thin boxers, and circles the table to Steve. "Here, or did you want—" he nods his head towards the door.

"It's terrible form to leave the table during a game."

Bruce glances over at Tony. "You just made that up."

"My house, my rules."

"I don't mind," Steve told him softly. "Please?"

Bruce feels the delicious heat of arousal shiver through his body and he sinks to his knees and reaches for the fastenings on Steve's pants.

Steve scrambles to help him, and an awkward moment later Bruce's lips are inches from Steve's dick. If he'd had any doubts about Steve's motivations for going along with this, the state of his cock is enough to assuage them. He's rock hard already, and Bruce can see a tiny suggestion of moisture beading at the head.

Bruce leans over and flicks his tongue out and over Steve's slit and hears a gasp—or rather, a set of gasps, one clearly from Steve, but at least one other from their audience.

Bruce lets himself moan a little and takes the head of Steve's cock between his lips, licking and teasing for a moment before pressing firmly with his lips just below the crown and sucking until Steve moans in earnest and bucks up a little.

"Goddamn, Bruce. More?"

And fuck if having the pinnacle of human perfection moaning under his lips isn't the hottest thing that's happened to Bruce in longer than he likes to think about. He pushes down, taking Steve's cock deeper into his mouth. He feels a little catch in his throat when the head reaches the back of his mouth, but he's got the self control to keep the other guy at bay—his gag reflex doesn't stand a chance.

He hears a low whistle and a lower moan, neither of which come from Steve, whose lips are too busy forming a string of fervent obscenities.

Bruce gets to business, taking Steve in and out with a quick, firm rhythm that makes his intentions clear. A gratifyingly short time elapses before Steve's curses dissolve into incoherence, and then resolve into a litany of "yesyesyes" before a final shout of "Bruce, coming, fuck!" presages a hot spurt and a satisfied groan.

When Bruce rises from his knees, bringing a thumb up to wipe one side of his lips, all three of the others watch him with dark eyes. For a moment Bruce thinks—hopes?—that one, or maybe all, of them will simply pounce on him and he can do something about his borderline painful erection. But no one moves.

"Another hand?" Tony finally suggests.

This time no one folds upon examining their cards, and once they've all exchanged a card or two, the betting begins in earnest.

"The rest of my clothes, and a hand job," Tony announces, his grin daring anyone to object.

Clint looks at his cards again and smirks. "Call."

Steve doesn't respond immediately, and when he does his voice is a little slurred with pleasure. "I think I need a breather. Fold."

Thor grins at his cards. "I will gladly take the wager."

Bruce nods. "Call," he agrees.

"You," Tony objects, "have way fewer clothes to put on the table. So to speak."

"Rest of my clothes and a blow job, then," Bruce amends, and Tony's answering leer makes Bruce's cock jump.

When they lay down their cards, Bruce sees immediately that Thor's got them all beat with a flush.

Steve frowns. "So, how does this work?"

“Lowest hand pays up?” Clint suggests.

Tony eyes Clint’s cards—a pair of twos, which is soundly beaten by what the rest of them hold. “By all means,” he agrees with a laugh.

Bruce leans back in his seat and watches as Clint struts over to Thor and straddles his lap, reaching between them to slip his hand into Thor’s pants and pull out his cock.

Thor tips his head back and groans. “You have clever fingers.”

“Perk of the profession,” Clint notes, and swipes the calloused pad of his index finger over the head of Thor’s cock.

Thor groans, and Bruce finds his own hand drifting down to palm his erection.

Tony glances away from Clint’s performance to Bruce’s hand. “Uh-uh, hands on the table,” he admonishes. “We can’t have any cheating.”

Bruce feels a moan of complaint low in his own throat, but complies, laying both palms flat on the table.

Still, frustrating as it sort of is, he can’t mind the view. Clint’s hand moves smoothly, up down and around, fingers working their subtle magic and drawing deep, loud expressions of pleasure from Thor.

After a moment, the two of them begin to bob, and Bruce realizes that Thor has started to thrust up into Clint’s hand, moving both of them and probably doing little to change Clint’s rhythm, but the motion is mesmerizing nonetheless.

“Harder,” Thor demands, and Clint must comply, because Thor comes with a roar, spattering both of them with thick white ropes of come. Clint works him through to the end before drawing his hand up to his mouth to lick his own thumb clean, and Bruce can hear Tony and Steve’s low moans on both sides.

After another long silence, during which Bruce again half hopes they’ll dispense with the game and move on to another game entirely, Tony picks up the deck, cuts it in one hand, and starts to deal.

They look, discard, and draw, almost as if this were some normal game.

The bet comes to Bruce, and he glances at his cards. “Fuck me,” he mutters.

“Good or bad?” Steve asks.

Bruce grins. He hoped someone would ask. “That was my wager.”

“Call,” Tony groans. “I *so* call.”

No one folds, or raises either, and when the cards hit the table, Bruce could not have been happier to lose. Or, truth to tell, to see Tony’s three of a kind sweep the table.

Tony's on his feet at once, grabbing Bruce's arm and pulling him close enough to whisper in his ear. "You have no idea how much I want you."

Bruce shudders with need and casts around desperately, wondering if there's the slightest chance that there's lube somewhere in the room.

Tony moves to the dartboard on one wall and presses a couple of buttons. The board swings out gently, and Tony grabs a bottle and a fistful of condoms from behind it.

"You—?" Steve murmurs.

"Complaining?" Tony asks, and Steve shakes his head adamantly. Tony turns back to Bruce. "On the table?"

"Yes," Bruce gasps, and bends over it, feeling the felt against his cheek. "Please, fuck."

Hands—Tony's hands—pull down his boxers, and he feels slick fingers in the cleft of his ass.

"Please," he begs again, and then Tony presses in with one finger and Bruce loses it entirely, bucking back until it reaches just the right spot inside him and he sees stars. He's coming before Tony even gets a third finger inside of him, and maybe he ought to be embarrassed, but he feels far, far too good to care.

Tony pauses, allowing a little noise of disappointment to escape his lips.

"No," Bruce gasps out. "You don't have to— Please, need you to keep going."

"You're sure?"

"So sure. So. Sure."

And then he feels Tony push into him, smooth and hard and so, so deep.

Bruce tingles with the acute pleasure/pain of all his oversensitive nerves, but Tony's gratified moan overtakes the pain and Bruce sobs at the too-much pleasure of it.

"Holy fuck," Tony mutters into Bruce's ear and thrusts faster with rough, hard strokes that have Bruce's cock at attention again in minutes.

Bruce can hear soft curses and hummed appreciation from around the table, but all his focus stays on Tony's groans above him.

"Fuck, fuck, Bruce, so good. God, so good. Can't—I can't—"

Hold back is apparently what he can't do, because his thrusts turn erratic and seconds later Bruce can feel his cock throb as he collapses against Bruce's back.

"Fuck," Tony mutters again, with feeling.

Bruce whines, and it takes most of his considerable self control to keep himself from bucking back. “Oh, fuck, please. More.”

Tony’s breath comes in gasps as he pulls out and carefully rolls the condom off. “Gonna have to wait a little for that, I think.”

“Fuck,” Bruce whines. He doesn’t get up, can’t bring himself to so much as shift his position to keep his ass from sticking into the air so obscenely. If he thinks about it, it’s more than a little humiliating, but the truth is that that doesn’t lessen the appeal. He looks up at Clint, who’s nearest to the deck of cards. “Deal.”

Clint blinks.

“Deal,” Bruce repeats.

Clint obliges, flicking the cards into five neat stacks.

Bruce ignores his hand. “All in.”

Tony takes his cue from Bruce, and leaves his cards face down on the table. “Call.”

Clint’s smirked “call” is followed by Steve’s steady echo.

Thor looks around the table and realizes that the rest of the group pointedly left their cards alone. He puts his own down quickly. “Call.”

Tony flips his cards over, showing a pair of threes. Clint’s got three jacks, and Steve shows two pairs—queens and eights. Thor lays down his hand, with nothing but a couple of twos.

Bruce grabs his own cards and flips them, pushing himself just upright enough to read them and see that his hand is a whole lot of nothing—nine high.

He’s never seen a hand so good.

Tony grabs a condom and lube, and presses them into Clint’s hand. “To the victor—“

Clint groans, and Bruce barely manages to take a breath before he feels three of Clint’s fingers thrust into Bruce, all at once. He’s still easily open enough to take them, and easily turned on enough to beg for more.

“You know,” Steve notes, a sly lust in his voice that’s miles from the wholesome Captain America he presents to the world, “he said ‘all in.’”

“He really did,” Tony agrees.

“What’d’ya think, Bruce?”

“Please. Oh, fuck, please.”



Bruce feels hands, Thor's, he's pretty sure, and Steve's too, nudging him to another angle on the table such that his hips stay high on one edge and his head hangs just over another. Suddenly Steve is right in front of him, his gorgeous cock hard in front of his lips again. "You were so good," he whispers.

Bruce moans. He was. He is. And wants to be again, right now. He parts his lips and tries to lean far enough forward to get Steve's cock between his lips. He doesn't quite manage it, because firm hands have grasped his hips and are pulling him backwards onto Clint's cock, and all he can do is beg for more.

Steve's fingers lace into his hair, coaxing his mouth towards Steve's cock, and Bruce is unspeakably glad to oblige, sucking sloppily at his head and groaning in pleasure when Steve pushes further in.

And then the world narrows to the blurry push and pull, thrust and recede, friction everywhere, and everything so so good.

He's vaguely aware when Clint's hips stutter hard, and he'd like to sob at the loss when he withdraws, but his mouth's a little busy, and then he's being filled again, fuller than before, and the hands holding his hips are larger and grip him harder still.

The tiny portion of his brain that can still manage to think anything at all proffers the information that Norse mythology named Thor a god of fertility, and never has anything seemed so appropriate as that.

He's so close. He's so close and he almost can't stand it, the perfect slide and drag everywhere. Except it isn't quite everywhere, and somehow he only realizes that it *wasn't* everywhere when suddenly it *is*. Wet heat closes around his cock and he just registers that it's Tony's mouth providing the sweet suction before it sends him tumbling, falling, flying over the edge. And then there's nothing but throbbing pleasure.

He has no idea how long it takes before he's able to pull himself up and flop back down onto a chair. None of the others seem to be bothered by the wait, each of them lounging bonelessly in various states of undress.

"Strip poker," Tony notes. "Good game."

"Really good," Steve agrees.

Thor stretches and groans. "We should play more often."

"We could have a regular poker night," Clint suggests.

Bruce exhales, but the sound it makes is more of a moan. "I'm in."

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