

Conflict Resolution by [wirewrappedlily](#)

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It hadn't even really been all that dangerous.

It was just...a dip and a zig-zag, and then he had Natasha and they were speeding away from the weird, snake-thing as it snapped its poisonous, razor-sharp cuddlies right where Natasha had been thrown to just milliseconds before Tony had caught her.

She was fast, but she wasn't that fast, and a bite like that would've killed her, *easy*.

Even Tasha shot him a look of thanks.

So *why the fuck* was Steve blowing a gasket over the comms, tearing Tony a new one for reckless behaviour?

"Look, Stars'n'Stripes, I don't give a shit that you think that was dangerous. I saw an opportunity to save one of our team and I took it!"

"That was needlessly reckless! Pulling that stunt could have killed you both!"

"Stunt? Stunt! Capsicle, in case you weren't looking, I was being a team player! Lay off my ass!"

Hulk didn't like it when the blue man and the red one fought.

Hulk ran up and jumped, grabbing the red one from the sky, reaching for the blue one on the ground and bringing each of the squirming, angry men together, "HUG!" Hulk roared, tossing them, still smooshed together, into the remains of the parking garage to their right. Cap's shield made its use as a sled, skidding across the pavement with Iron Man still in Captain America's arms until it caught on a curb, launching them into the small area for elevators and parking validation. Dazed, slightly stupefied, Steve and Tony slowly began to disentangle themselves, tipping their heads back towards the fight-right, perfectly in time for the parking garage to come crashing down around their ears, rubble spilling in through the swing doors just a little and breaking cracks into the glass.

Tony's faceplates where drawn back, his keen eyes surveying the neat little cage they'd been thrown into, Cap without his shield and Tony with enough firepower to both blast them out and burn them to little pieces of Steve- and Tony-shaped charcoal.

"Well shit..."

"He doesn't like conflict! Especially not with Tony and Steve!" Bruce exclaimed under Natasha and Clint's withering glares.

They needed to stop spending time together, they were beginning to share facial expressions.

"Bruce, the last time we heard comm chatter from them, they were being Hulk-smashed together. What would the other guy have done with them?" Coulson's voice filtered through Natasha's comm on speakerphone.

"I don't know! I've just...Tony made Hulk-sized Crayons for the other guy, and I've found some drawings from the downtimes. Red and blue blobs hugging and stuff."

"Mommy and Daddy drawings from Big Green, huh?" Clint snorted, and Clint didn't even need to see him to know that Coulson was giving him the evil eye.

"Find them, before I can't stop Fury from finding you." Came the chilling response, and they knew, all of them, that they were now in serious shit.

"So, you saw the other guy grab them?" Bruce confirmed from Clint.

"Yeah, looked like you threw them that general direction..." Clint gestured to the giant pile of rubble that had once been a parking garage. "Hopefully we don't have Iron pancakes in star-spangled syrup."

Natasha hit him before Coulson even asked her to, walking towards the wreckage, "Bruce, we need Hulk to even begin to try to get through all of this."

"Yeah, I'm on it." Bruce grumbled, annoyed, and Natasha and Clint took a step back as he hulked out, watching him grow.

"Hey, big guy! We need help." Clint told Hulk, perfectly at ease with the fact that Hulk never would hurt him, "Cap and the tin man are stuck in there somewhere, we need help digging them out. You down?"

Hulk looked at the rubble, then back down at Clint. Rising back, Hulk folded his arms across his chest with a scowl, dropping his ass to the pavement like a spoiled six-year-old, growling at Clint.

Natasha snorted quietly, amusement in her eyes, "Start digging, bird brains."

"Okay, fine, I'm sorry I snapped at you! I refuse to take it back that that was reckless, though. You could've died."

"And we both know that would've made you very sad..." Tony teased, before suddenly being on the ground with Steve on top of him, kissing him senseless, "That was sarcasm, Steve, please don't tickle me."

Steve snorted, licking at the spot on Tony's neck that drove him absolutely insane.

"You don't fight fair." Tony grumbled, thoroughly trapped, "I know you'd be sad if I died. You know how I know? You make me watch you run into these stupid fucking fights, over and over, and it kills me, that's how!"

Steve bit the tendons in Tony's neck, scowling, "I at least have a plan!"

"We've had this argument, I'm not having it again." Tony said, flipping them with a groan, laying his weight out on his hands and knees even if Steve could take it. Tony bent his head down to kiss Steve firmly on the mouth, groaning and chuckling as Steve's hands came up to start stripping Tony of his armour. "Here?"

"You complaining?" Tony raised his head and looked around.

"You know I hate it when you're making yourself uncomfortable-"

Tony had sat back on his haunches, and was presented with Steve suddenly climbing up against him, his thighs wrapped around the suit's hips and his arms around Tony's neck, "Like this, then." Steve told him breathlessly, smiling like a six-year-old, though the expression was so sexually charged that Tony felt that comparison was wrong on so many levels.

"You're going to be the death of me." Steve laughed at Tony's whining, shaking his head as he nimbly took the suit from the man, sliding Tony's shirt off as soon as he could, Steve hooked his mouth over Tony's collarbone, open and hot. "And you have a neck fetish, just putting that out there..." Tony's voice was gratifyingly breathless as he unzipped and undid Steve's armour, tossing it away like it'd done him a personal affront by hiding the body beneath. Tony slipped out from under Steve's mouth in order to attach his to Steve's nipple, biting and sucking fruitlessly to leave even a shadow of a bruise for later. Tony would be covered in marks from Steve, but Steve's super-serum just wasn't having it when it came to marking Steve. Steve made a sound of complete desperation that shivered down Tony's spine and made him moan into his mouthful of perfect chest, pulling off with a vulgar sound to attach himself to Steve's mouth, trying to shift their armour and clothes off without dropping Steve to the ground.

They broke away from the kiss, panting the same air, and Tony felt his skin break out in a light sheen of sweat, his cock aching as he looked at the answering sheen on Steve's skin. "I like knowing under the suit and the shirts you're mine." Steve told him simply, sighing the words against Tony's shoulder and shivering when Tony touched him where he most liked to be touched.

"Kay, off." Tony groaned, needing bare Steve *now*. Steve looked at him for a moment, before realizing what was going on. Scrambling off of Tony's hips, Steve slid his jeans down his thighs, and Tony had to swallow and concentrate, the look of Steve like that nearly making him high. Steve looked down at him, a completely debauched and *ruined* version of himself-and Tony had to concentrate again because *he hadn't even touched him yet*-and it took Tony a moment before he realized that his lower half was kind of horribly still encased in metal and clothing.

Tony stood up, stripping off until Steve's hand stopped him on his jeans, moving his hand away to do it with his teeth, unzipping Tony's fly slowly and flicking his tongue over the bare skin underneath, chuckling darkly at Tony going commando.

"N-Not to complain, but I don't think you were a virgin two weeks ago..."

Steve smiled, a flash of white teeth against olive-skinned hip, "I'm learning from the best." Steve purred, and Tony made a sound he needed to be ashamed of, his knees going soft as Steve licked and sucked at his shaft.

"s not fair...your mouth is prettier than mine..." Tony gasped out, eyes blown and staring down at Steve. Said lips quirked in one corner, knowing exactly what Tony meant. Steve gave one last, slow swipe with his tongue, blue eyes opening wide to

stare up the length of Tony's body as he did. Tony's thighs clenched, his eyes rolling upwards as he seethed through his teeth to keep himself under control.

Steve rose up slowly again, kissing and licking Tony's belly up to his chest, trying to taste as much as he could while Tony was right there with him. Steve had never hated Avengers call-outs more than he did when he'd been watching Tony sleep that morning, considering waking Tony up with his lips wrapped around Tony's cock.

There was scuffling and laughing, and Steve nearly ended up tackling Tony to the ground, but they got each other sorted out and in position.

Tony was about to start apologizing for their grand lack of anything resembling lube, but Steve was already sinking down on him, tight but wet. "Nnn-guh! H-How...?" Tony knew that he sounded almost like he was in pain, but Steve was so hot around him, the tight, hard muscles shifting and working under his skin in perfectly fluid motions, that Tony couldn't bring himself to care how broken Steve made him sound.

"Did this...earlier. B-Before you woke up..." Steve bit his lip hard, his hips stuttering as he tried to raise himself up again.

Tony's long, rough hand closed around his hip, stopping him, "Hey, no...go slow. Don't hurt yourself...I don't want you to be hurt." Tony kissed him, hot and filthy, and whatever Steve had had to say before that was gone now. Steve carded his hand through the black hair, pulling slowly up insistently, ignoring the small burn of friction that meant he'd feel empty for a few minutes longer than he usually would. Sometimes he hated the advanced healing almost as much as Tony did.

Tony reached down, his hand gliding smoothly over the inside of Steve's thigh, opening his legs a little more, bringing his thigh a little higher, and Steve whimpered dully at the tiny but powerful changes that made to where Tony was hitting him.

Lost and dazed in the heat of such a tiny, enclosed space, Steve went lax slowly, his amazing strength loose and languid in Tony's hands. "Tony, Tony, please..." Steve gasped and panted, eyes fluttering and mouth slack.

Tony drew their mouths together again, sucking on Steve's lower lip as they both got lost for the little time they had.

Clint made a sound of victory-shortly followed by a choking, gagging sound that made Natasha turn to him.

He had, of course, been on the very tallest pile of rubble for his search area, but now he was almost limply falling back down the small hill. Hulk, still angry they were looking for Tony and Steve and therefore not turned back, reached out a hand and caught the peaky-looking archer in his palm as Natasha ran for him.

"What is it, Clint?" Natasha demanded, searching him for wounds.

Clint shuddered, making the gagging sound again and closing his eyes as if he wished they weren't there, "They're...and the suit...and *Tony*..."

Curious, Hulk set Clint carefully down against Natasha, going back to look where Clint had been.

"HUG!"