

Why Asgardian Alcohol Is (not) A Bad Idea

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Why Asgardian Alcohol Is (not) A Bad Idea

by [itsallAvengers](#)

Summary

They were both tired, and everyone else was either still being poked and prodded in medical (Clint- a broken arm and fractured jaw), taking impromptu trips to Asgard (Thor- trying to work out what the reason was for the sudden surge in alien invasions as of late), in the gym doubling their training regime (Natasha- paranoia, probably) or meditating in their room with a 'do not disturb' sign hanging off it (Bruce- tired of all their bullshit).

So Tony had suggested an idea. Purely for the sake of science and pursuit of knowledge, of course.

They were going to get Steve drunk.

Notes

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

Okay, so Tony had to admit- he wasn't quite sure how they had got here.

Actually no. Tony remembered seeing Steve look sulky. Oh yeah, they had been talking about alcohol and it's many uses, and Steve had started grumbling about the fact that he couldn't get drunk. He had been using his special Sad Face and everything.

It was very distracting. Made Tony want to hit something.

But anyway- Steve had been looking sulky and was in a generally bad mood due to the five callouts they'd received in the course of eight days- resulting in little to no sleep and a fuckton of absolutely delightful injuries for everyone to deal with. Tony, surprisingly, had got off rather lightly this time, with nothing more than a black eye and sprained left wrist to show for it. Steve, however, was sporting a spectacular stab-wound on his left side, which probably would have killed a normal man in a few minutes. Steve had been in hospital for a day before walking out.

So yes. Bad moods all round.

They were both tired, and everyone else were either still being poked and prodded in medical (Clint- a broken arm and fractured jaw), taking impromptu trips to Asgard (Thor- trying to work out what the reason was for the sudden surge in alien invasions as of late), in the gym doubling their training regime (Natasha- paranoia, probably) or meditating in their room with a 'do not disturb' sign hanging off it (Bruce- tired of all their bullshit).

So Tony had suggested an idea. Purely for the sake of science and pursuit of knowledge, of course.

They were going to get Steve drunk.

It had taken a damn long time before any results came through. Tony had tried *everything*; from cocktails to lines of shots to a simple mix of every drink he had ever owned. All it did was make Steve need to pee.

At a final last resort a few hours later, when he himself was well on the way to drunk and Steve was nothing more than his usual calm and collected self- he finally resorted to Plan B.

Steal from Thor.

Tony *knew* the sneaky bastard had a secret supply of Asgardian mead or whatever-the-fuck hiding in his quarters somewhere. He'd only ever tried it once, but *dear lord* it had been the best thing that he'd ever tasted.

It had also managed to get him blackout-drunk after three shots. No one would leave that shit to waste away on a different planet. Ergo, therefore, consequently- Thor had to have a supply hidden somewhere.

Sneaking stealthily into Thor's glorious quarters, he ordered Steve to help him in his search.

"I'm technically still not allowed to be moving, according to the doctors, you know,"

"Well then, i don't fucking know...offer moral support? Jus' use them beady super-eyes of yours- it looks all Asgardian and beautiful, you won't miss it," Tony had replied, before shoving open the cabinet and rifling through its contents in search.

"I'm sure this is violating *so* many privacy issues," Steve mumbled, as he wandered over to the bed and gingerly got to his knees, peering underneath.

Tony gave him a look from across the room. "Steve. This is Thor we are talking about. As in, Thor-I-would-happily-walk-into-the-street-buck-naked-Odinson. He doesn't know what the words 'privacy' or 'shame' even are."

Steve opened his mouth to argue, but sensing that it was probably futile considering that it was entirely true, he just gave a shrug and nodded. "You have a point,"

"I always have a point. Having points is my forte. I exist solely to offer points- ,"

"Tony. shut up and concentrate on finding me alcohol, please,"

He giggled, and saluted over to Steve before continuing the search.

They found it, in the end. Hidden in his underwear drawer (????Really Thor???).

And as it turned out- yes. Asgardian alcohol could get a supersoldier drunk.

Very. *Very* drunk.

"Mmmkay- fifth shot for you, Steven, get it down your neck, and then we will...we'll... do that thing- with the pencils an' shit..."

"Write down...results? Effects? Ya mentioned, like- variables? I think?"

Tony nodded enthusiastically, clicking his fingers to the best of his abilities and smiling. "Yeah! That. Go on, Steve, drink it up."

And Steve did. Tony watched him as he effortlessly pulled the shot up to his lips, adam's apple bobbing up and down his throat as he did so.

He wished he could lick it. Would that be bad? Steve probably wouldn't mind. Would he?

He should probably stop drinking.

"Okay. My turn," Tony said, as he poured himself a shot and tipped it up, draining the contents and then reveling in the taste it left in his mouth.

He turned seriously to face Steve, shuffling over on his legs and grabbing at the pencil and paper on the coffee table. “Time for another... thing,” Tony frowned, trying to pull up the word.

“Test?”

“Test! Tha’s the word. Follow my finger, soldier.”

He held out a finger up in the air, waving it about a little and watching in amusement as Steve desperately attempted to follow it, his whole body moving in effort. He ended it by flicking Steve’s nose, before writing something (a note? Probably a note. Hopefully) down.

“Fail.”

“Outrageous.”

“I would try and get you to walk in a straight line, but I value all the objects in this room and I don’t want you to throw yourself on them by accident.”

“Also your legs are on my legs and you’re too lazy to move.”

“...Also that.”

Steve laughed lightly, looking down at Tony and scrunching his whole face up in his amusement. “Y’know what I think we should do?”

“Go on,”

“See how... how fast our cog- cognitive functions are. ‘N’ reflexes. Whilst under the influence of alcohol.”

“And how do you suggest we do...that?”

Steve looked into the distance thoughtfully for a second, before he raised a finger to point in the air. “Fight me,”

Tony paused, processing the idea in his head for a few seconds.

Gym. Fighting. With Steve. Probably involving a lot of grappling and. Sweat. And stuff.

“That is a *great* idea,” Tony said, nodding his head enthusiastically and grabbing the nearly empty bottle on the table and taking another gulp, before it was snatched off him from Steve.

“Hey, no more for you. Y’re g’nna get alcohol poisonin’. Don’t... want that.” He chastised, raising another disapproving finger and wagging it in Tony’s face before tipping the bottle up and downing the rest of the contents himself.

“*Hey!*” Tony yelped angrily, trying to reach for the bottle before Steve finished it. But it was too late- all of that lovely drink was now gone. Steve was just giving him a shit-eating grin, eyes scrunched up once again as he laughed helplessly.

“Right. Fighting. Me ‘n’ you. Right now,” Tony said mutinously, using the coffee table and couch to haul himself back into standing position. Rather unsuccessfully.

He felt the world spin for a second, and the air rushed into his face as he toppled over sideways. But there was something there, blocking his descent to the floor, and after a surprised yell, he turned around and saw Steve’s hand, gripping his shirt as he hovered, nose an inch away from the floor.

“Right. Reflexes are still good, then,” Tony observed casually, as Steve pulled him effortlessly back up again, before stumbling backward himself, falling on to the couch with a dull thud. “Balance is off, though.”

Now Tony had got used to being upright again, he was relatively okay- years of practice, after all. Steve however, was far newer to this, and was obviously struggling with walking, careering to the side at random intervals.

“Oh my God, you loser. Hold my hand, Steve. I will get *sooo* told off if you give yourself a concussion in result of me getting you drunk,” Tony finally said after the third time of Steve faceplanting into the wall.

Steve looked at Tony’s hand and raised an eyebrow suggestively, before grabbing it and locking their fingers together, batting his eyelashes and pretending to swoon. “Oh Mr. Stark, you’re such a gentleman,” he said breathily.

Fuck. Tony was far too drunk for pretend flirting right now.

“Well someone’s gotta make sure you don’t crack your skull open, don’t they,” Tony muttered, pulling him along.

His brain had to do a small reboot when Steve just cackled and planted a kiss on his cheek, patting the mark where his lips had been gently with his fingers.

“Right. Okay. Um- sparring. We’re doing it. That. With you. As in sparring,” Tony spluttered, literally feeling the hole he was digging himself into get deeper and deeper with every word.

He briefly closed his eyes in mortification, and when he opened them again Steve was looking at him with a sad little frown on his face.

“Sorry,” He mumbled, untangling his hand from Tony’s and continuing to walk forward. Until he tripped over his legs and fell forward and into a potted plant at the side of the door that led to the kitchen. “Ah, *fuck.*”

“Listen- you know what? Sparring? Not a good idea. One of us is g’na die. I have a feeling it’s gonna be you. Maybe we shoul- urgh!” Tony yelled, the breath rushing out of him as Steve used his position on the floor to sweep one of Tony’s legs out from underneath him and send him tumbling to the floor.

As soon as he had fallen, Tony retaliated with a kick of his own, guiding Steve, who had just gotten back on to his haunches right down to the floor again. “You fucking *asshole*, Rogers,

don't make me fight you when you're wasted, you can barely- oomph!"

And that was Steve tackling him back on to the floor.

"You're really set on attacking me, aren't you," Tony muttered, before snapping out his palms and pushing Steve off him, rolling the other way and putting distance between them.

God. Everything was spinning. If Steve made him vomit, he was never going to forgive him. Last time he'd thrown up under the influence of alcohol was when he'd been a teenager.

"You ain't scared, are ya?" Steve replied cheekily, grinning at Tony as he jumped up to his feet. And then fell back down again.

"Of a lightweight who can't even stand straight? I'm terrified, yeah,"

Steve scowled, and sent out a right hook which Tony only just managed to doge out of the way of. It didn't stop the white spots blow up in his vision anyway.

"Okay. So your reflexes are still fairly good- 'though I was goin' slow, and you still only just managed to dodge outta the way. In a real situation, I think you're fucked," Steve admitted, just as Tony spun back around and did his level best to kick at Steve's ribcage.

It would've worked, except his aim was rather off, and instead he ended up only managing to raise his leg to thigh-height before it made contact, and resulted in sending Steve into the wall instead.

"The fuck was *that*," Steve asked, before running at Tony and tackling him. Again.

However this time he appeared to change his tactics a little, as he began digging his fingers into Tony's sides, legs pinning Tony to the floor as he straddled his waist and then tickled him mercilessly. Tony yelled out in uncontrollable snorts as he did a full-body jerk underneath Steve's powerful grip, but it did nothing to push Steve off, and if possible he only moved further in, putting more weight down on his legs and holding him in place as he grinned smugly.

Jesus Fucking Christ. Steve Rogers tickling him? Really? It was like God wanted him to suffer as much as humanly possible.

"FUCK, OKAY OKhHhKAY OKAY, STEVE. STOP IT- OH MY- *FUCK*, STEVE I'M SERI-HNNHG" Tony couldn't finish his sentence as Steve brushed too near to an armpit and he dissolved into squeals like a five year old.

"If I were a HYDRA 'n' my hands were knives, you'd be *very* dead right now," Steve said, relinquishing his tirade of tickling for a moment to give Tony a disapproving look.

It would have been an awful lot more convincing if he were sober. As it was, he was just furrowing his brows very deeply and narrowing his eyes so you could barely see them.

"You are. A fucking. Supersolider soldier man," Tony muttered, sucking his breath back in and scowling at Steve, 'M'allowed to not be able to throw you off."

“Nope. You’re not. Get me to let go of you. Use your big...brain, thing. Mind. Genius. I believe in you,” and he actually sounded genuine as he said that, the sweet, wasted man.

“How the hell am I supposed to get you off, Steve?”

Steve raised an eyebrow and *leered*, actually *leered* at Tony from above him, leaning forward just a little and shrugging, “I can think of one or two ways, actually,”

Tony spluttered, as Steve looked on unfazed. Damn. He took it back. Steve was not sweet when he was wasted. Steve was a dirty *bastard*.

He opened his mouth, trying to think of something to say that wouldn’t sound like the equivalent of verbal vomit, but before he could get anything out, he heard a quiet cough from behind him. Craning his head as far as it would go, he saw the upside-down version of Natasha stood against the doorway, watching them intently, one perfect eyebrow raised in question. She was sweaty and ruffled; and yet still probably looked more presentable than them at that moment in time.

There was dead silence in the corridor for a second, as Natasha assessed them. Tony wanted to say something, but considering he was completely wasted and whatever came from his mouth would almost certainly be bad, he decided against it. Despite popular opinion, he did have *some* semblance of survival instinct.

Suddenly, Natasha sucked in a small breath and looked to Steve in surprise. He cowered slightly under her gaze, retreating toward Tony for reassurance.

“Holy shit, you got him drunk,”

Tony had no idea how she’d worked that out; neither of them had said a word since she’s made her presence known- but he grinned all the same and nodded enthusiastically, patting Steve’s cheek proudly.

“Yuupp. Completely wasted. Can’t even walk straight,”

“Suppose that’s why he’s draped all over you, then?” She asked casually, taking a sip out of her water bottle and continuing the walk down the corridor.

Tony blushed, but dammit, Steve didn’t even seem fazed by it *at all*- he just laughed and winked (*winked!!!*) at Tony, before rolling off and leaning up against the wall to beam up at Natasha.

She stopped when she got to him, unable to hide her own fond little smile as she knelt down and raised her index finger up to his eyelevel.

“Follow it,” she ordered, doing a dainty little figure of eight and watching in amusement as, once again, Steve’s whole body moved along with the effort of trying to watch it’s pattern.

“Yep. Well done, Tony- nice to see you put all that unprecedented genius to good use and get the national icon drunk,” she said, getting back to her feet and patting both of their heads affectionately, “you two boys going to be okay by yourselves?”

Steve gave her a thumbs up, and Tony raised his head up from the floor in order to give a salute. That was a gesture of affirmation, right? Probably. Hopefully.

Shaking her head, she leant down to press a little kiss against Steve's cheek, and then, apparently too lazy to get all the way down to the floor for Tony, she contented herself with ruffling his hair.

"Goodnight, guys," she said, making her way back down the hall.

"y're bein' affectionate in the hope that we ain't gonna remember it tomorrow, aren't ya?" Steve called after her.

"Yup. Believe me, you won't- my secret is safe with you," she called back, before shooting them one last grin and sweeping back into the communal room.

"Y'know- I used to think she was a witch when I firs' met her," Tony confided, slowly getting up into a sitting position and crawling over to Steve by the wall, leaning heavily against his shoulder.

"She scared the shit outta me. 'M' supposed to have all this fancy hearing an' shit, but she could always sneak up on me. Never knew how she did it. Fuckin'...creepy as shit, though,"

"Did you always used to swear that much, or is it like, a drunk thing?" Tony asked curiously.

"Huh?"

"Well, using my Amazing Powers of Deduction, I know that you don't have such a foul mouth when you're sober. So is it jus' your good ol' Brooklyn Boy coming out or is there another reason?"

Steve laughed, and let his head fall against the wall as he stared at the ceiling, a ghost of a smile on his face.

"Got it from Bucky- he couldn't go more than three sentences without cursing. 'S' a habit I can usually curb, 'm sorry-"

"Whoah whoah whoah, why are you apologizing? I love the cursing, and the accent. It's-"

Uh oh.

*Say something. Say something that won't make him want to punch you. Whatever you do, **don't say hot.***

"Cold," Tony blurted.

Fuck.

“I mean. Wrong word. I meant... cool. Yes. Cool. As in, ‘hey bro, that’s so cool’ cool, you know, except you probably don’t, because you refuse to learn any slang for some reason-“

Stoptalkingstoptalkingstoptalkingstoptalkingstoptalkingstoptalking.

He shut his mouth with an audible click. Steve was silent for a moment, and he looked at Tony intently, his eyes still dazzlingly clear as opposed to Tony’s undoubtedly bloodshot ones.

“D’ya know- I could get a fuckin’ pension if I wanted to? I’m fuckin’... I’m *old*, man. Jesus Fuck...*so old*...”

Tony burst out laughing at Steve’s forlorn face, and smacked him on the shoulder. Or tried to. He ended up hitting him in the face instead, but both of them were too wasted to notice.

“Did you know that according to all known laws of aviation, there is no way that a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyways. Because bees don’t care what humans think is impossible,” Tony added, leaning closer a little to rest his head even further into Steve’s shoulder and giggling.

God- if he heard himself now when he was sober, he’d never touch a drink again.

Steve looked utterly astounded by that fact, his eyes opening comically wide as he stared at Tony in shock. “Where’s your source?”

“Barry Bee Benson.”

Steve whistled, leaning his head against the wall once again. “Sounds like a smart fella,”

“Oh yeah. Smartest ‘fella’ I know. He’s got a ‘dame’, too, although she’s actually a woman so it’s kinda weird. They have a lot of discussions about it on tumblr,” Tony mused, and Steve looked at him blankly for a second before nodding as if he understood.

He did not. Tony made a mental note that he would immediately forget when he woke up the next morning to introduce Steve to the Bee Movie. That would be hilarious.

“You should- watch a movie. With someone. ‘S’got bees in it. Good movie. Will explain a lot,” Tony mumbled into Steve’s shoulder.

“Huh?”

“Bees. Movie. Someone.”

“...Are you tryna get me to go on a date with someone?” Steve asked, and Tony was briefly caught up in the weird feelings that Steve’s accent was bringing out in him, so it took a while before the words were fully absorbed and he realized he was being asked a question.

“No. But yes- you should. Probably meet people. Go on dates with people. That’s a healthy-life-thing, right? Yeah, um...go on date with people, Steve,”

With me with me go on a date with me go on a date with me.

Steve looked thoughtful for a moment, glancing at Tony and tapping the pencil (where the fuck did that even come from?) against his bottom lip before lowering it just so that he could bite at it, the bastard. It was as if he wanted Tony to be unable to ignore that stupid mouth, and how much he wanted to kiss it.

Fuck. Drunk and in love was never a good combination.

“Well... there is this one person, actually...” Steve trailed off, eyes glazing over a little as his thoughts were drawn away from their conversation and to whatever person he was thinking of in his head.

By the way his face was spontaneously beginning to light up at the mere thought of whoever it was- Tony guessed they were someone special. It sobered him up a hell of a lot more than coffee or sleep would.

“Right. Um, cool. So anyway-“ Tony began, wishing to move far away from that topic and live happily in his little bubble of denial for the rest of his life.

But Steve had turned around to him, until they were mere inches apart, his legs crossed over his chest like a little boy as he looked over to Tony, a glint in his eye.

Probably a loving glint. Of love. For someone else. Someone who wasn't him.

“They're great, Tony. Really, *really* great.”

“Uh huh, bet they are. Anyway, you've gotta-“

“Gorgeous. Ridiculously, *unfairly* hot. Even when I first met them and kinda hated their whole existence and everything they stood for, I couldn't deny that they were hot.”

“So glad you're telling me all this, Steve, but-“

“And funny. They act like everything annoys them but deep down they're just soft 'n' cuddly. Like a teddy bear. They've got like... pets? 'S'kinda hard to describe- but yeah. And they act as if they despise 'em, and like they're the worst thing ever. But I can see 'em playing with them when they think I'm not there. *God*, it's adorable,”

“Sounds like a keeper,” Tony said glumly, feeling a kind of nausea that didn't really have anything to do with the alcohol.

“They're also a genius. Hottest thing I've ever seen in my whole life; watching them work. Make excuses to go and visit them all the time, jus' so I can get to see them in their element,” Steve paused for a moment, and took a deep breath, before looking over to Tony and staring him dead in the eye, “I think I'm in love with them, you know,”

Ow. Well that one hurt.

Suddenly, spending the night with Steve as he talked about the mysterious love of his fucking life didn't sound quite so appealing any more. Going back to his workshop and drunkenly blowing things up sounded better, actually. Maybe he could forget that Steve had found someone smart and hot and lovely and didn't actually want anything to do with him, and even the *idea* had just been a fucking pipe dream in the first place, who was he even kidding.

Who the fuck would ever chose him, really?

"Right. Cool. *Fabulous*," tony said, getting to his feet as fast as he could and beginning to back away, "as much as I would love to hear about your amazing girl, who's cleverer and better-looking and better-everything than... than- well, whatever. I gotta go. Work. And sleep. Yeah. Night, Steve," Tony tried for the pathetic excuse, not even caring if Steve saw straight through it this time.

He just wanted to get back to the Shop. Maybe there was some more alcohol down there.

Turning his back with a wave, he stumbled down the corridor with as much dignity as he could muster whilst drunk on Asgardian liquor.

"You really are fuckin' dense, sometimes, aren't you?"

Steve's voice either carried a hell of a way, or he was right behind Tony. Why or how he had managed to get there that fast was honestly a fucking mystery, but as something pulled his arm back and turned him around, he found himself pretty much nose to nose with Steve.

He was quite tall. Tony was eye-level with his mouth.

Steve looked down at him for a second, just as Tony looked up.

There was a moment of nothing.

And then suddenly Tony found himself with his back up against the wall, Steve's hands pinning his shoulders as their lips met harshly, both of them crashing into one another in desperation. Tony wound his arms around Steve's neck in order to steady himself and leaned in even further, everything feeling as if it were exploding around him. Bursts of fire and electricity running through his body with every touch and press of lips- the sound of Steve making a desperate noise low in the back of his throat as Tony nipped on that gorgeous fucking bottom lip of his being enough to make his vision white out for a second.

"I don't... what about that... your... person," Tony muttered, unable to help himself from ruining a good thing.

Who the fuck even *cared*? Maybe Steve just wanted this; a dirty kiss and a quick fuck- and then he could go back to pining for whoever it was. Tony could take that. He could.

He just wanted this. Anything. It would be enough. Even if he never got the opportunity again.

But Steve had stopped kissing him now, and was looking at him like he was crazy. Of course he was. Way to ruin the fucking mood. What the hell was he *doing*- bringing that back up.

Jesus- why had he had so much to drink, he was ruining this before it had even begun-

“Tony. I...”

Steve paused, struggling to keep a straight face as he watched Tony stare at him in confusion. Eventually, he burst out laughing completely, snorting with laughter and burying his head in the crook of Tony’s neck as he shook.

He could feel Steve’s smile.

“It’s *you*, Tony. Oh my God, it’s y-you,” Steve laughed again, leaning up to press another little kiss down on his mouth before stopping to giggle.

Tony felt the words as they slowly sunk through the layers of alcohol induced brain-fog, and then suddenly, it was as clear as day.

“Gorgeous. Ridiculously, unfairly hot.”

“And funny,”

“They’re also a genius. Hottest thing I’ve ever seen in my whole life; watching them work.”

This time it was Tony who was pushing against Steve, throwing himself into the other man’s arms and grabbing anything he could find for purchase; neck, hair, arms, whatever. Steve knocked him back against the wall and readjusted himself, pressing kisses down Tony’s neck, further and further until he was at the arc reactor that was just peaking out over Tony’s tank top.

Pressing a kiss that was almost gentle against the glass casing, Steve wrapped his arms around Tony’s ass and hauled, picking him up and slamming him back into the wall as he reached up for Tony’s mouth again.

Tony gasped, his hands grabbing at fistfuls of blond hair and tugging upward, exposing Steve’s throat as he pulled. Moving his head and trailing open-mouthed kisses down the skin there, Tony’s hands moved to fist against Steve’s chest.

“Bed. Now,” He muttered.

Steve broke off for a moment, just looking at Tony softly, before breaking out into a positively filthy grin and starting to pull away from the wall, carrying all of Tony’s weight as if it were nothing.

“Agreed,”

God. Fuck. Was he dying?

His brain felt as if it were about to burst right out through his skull with the force it was pounding at, and the rest of his body felt no different. Every muscle was paralyzed; every bone fixed in place.

He couldn't even open his eyes.

Drugs? Poison? Kidnap?- his mind supplied helpfully.

There was something soft underneath his head. Warm. He knew that much. And around him: there was warmth there too. He couldn't exactly see, but he was aware of a brightness in the room. Sunlight, maybe? There was also the faint smell of cinnamon and honey in the air, very similar to that of-

Ah. Asgardian alcohol.

Okay, so: hangover. Very severe hangover, it seemed. On the bright side, however, not poison. Or kidnapping.

It took a few minutes, but eventually he decided to go through the painful task of opening his eyes. Burying his head into the warm thing his head was resting on, he tried to shield his sensitive eyes away from as much of the sunlight as possible, a pathetic little whine escaping from his throat at the tiny movement.

It still wasn't enough though, and he groaned dismally as the blinding light streamed in through his eyelashes and made his head pound even harder, sending a wave of nausea rushing through him as he curled up into a ball around whatever he was resting on.

It was nice. Soft.

Moving.

It took a while for the facts to begin processing, and when they finally did, he shot up like a rocket and yelled- just as whoever else was in his bed did the same.

Bad move. For both of them, apparently.

Tony had closed his eyes as the unbearable hammering in his head overwhelmed him, but as he heard the person yell something like "Oh my fucking- *Jesus Christ*, am I dying?" he opened them again, unable to believe what he'd just heard.

Not the words, obviously. But he knew that voice anywhere.

As his stare met with Steve's across the bed, suddenly everything came flooding back; each memory blurred and hazy, but there all the same.

Oh, *Jesus*.

He'd gotten wasted with Steve. And then *slept with him*.

It was bad enough that he was in love with the guy in the first place- and now he'd gone and done this? Fuck, how the fuck was he going to explain that to Steve? He was never going to speak to him again.

Tony couldn't take his eyes off him. Unfortunately, not in the romantic sense; more in the I-hope-he-doesn't-swing-at-me sense. Steve looked... well, pretty bad. His hair was a mess, his eyes were red and bloodshot, and there were- fuck, he had hickeys *all over him*.

Tony was hit with a strange mixture of pride, horror and lust all at the same time.

Steve was staring at him, too. Glancing down quickly, he noticed... well shit, he didn't really look much better. There were bruises and marks all down his front. Tony had no idea how far down they went.

It was then that he realized they had gone a good seven seconds without saying a word; and someone needed to start speaking, or they'd be stuck like this forever.

"Okay. You're not allowed to yell at me because it takes two to tango, y'know, and it's not like I could or would make you do anything you didn't want to, plus I don't possess a brain-to-mouth filter when I'm wasted and so I start talking about all my feelings and shit and that's probably why we're here in the first place because I kind of lose 80% of my inhibitions when I'm around you anyway and god only knows what I was like last night so pleasedonthitmeimsorry?" Tony rambled, backing away even further and thanking god for his huge bed and even huger bed sheets.

Shit. This was a nightmare. No doubt Steve was very much aware of his stupid feelings by now; if he hadn't blurted something out last night, then the cat was almost certainly out of the bag now.

"Fuck. I'm so sorry. I'm just gonna... find some clothes, and then leave. I'm sorry- *shit*," Tony mumbled, wiping a hand over his face before sliding his legs over the edge of the bed and searching for something he could wear to get the fuck out of this god-awful situation.

Steve looked confused for a second, and then lifted a hand to his head and groaned, the facial expression clearly causing his head to complain.

"Tony, hold on a second. I'm not... wait- do you remember what happened, last night?"

Tony shrugged as gently as he could, trying to pinpoint the memories. I- slept with you. Yes, yes, I definitely remember that part,"

“No, I mean- the rest. Before that. Do you remember what I said? Which then lead to the sleeping together part,”

Tony tried to zoom in on the memories, drawing them to the forefront of his mind. He'd been sat down. In the middle of the corridor with Steve. They were discussing...dates? Movies? Steve had been talking about his...

Oh.

Oh.

“Tony? You with me?” Steve asked, shuffling forward slowly and reaching out until his hand was resting against the back of his neck, tracing a thumb gently across the skin there.

“Look. Tony- I don't know what this was to you. But it meant something to me, okay-“

“Steve- you were off your face on Asgardian liquor. You couldn't even walk straight.”

“Think I did a pretty good job when I was carrying you to bed, didn't I?” Steve asked, unable to hide the smirk.

“Well, whatever, you work well under pressure, then,” Tony muttered, and Steve's hand stopped its movement across Tony's neck at that point, as Steve looked over to him in concern.

“Tony, if you want to go, then that's fine, I'm sorry... I just thought-“

“Um, whoah there buddy,” Tony interrupted, turning around to shoot Steve a condescending look, “do you realize how many times I have pictured this scenario in my head? Obviously, minus the god-awful hangover, and I'd hoped there wouldn't have had to be alcohol involved. I'd have asked you out, old school, y'know? Taken you out, small little restaurant in the middle of New York. There's an Italian I'd always thought you'd like- they do the best food. And we would talk, God, we'd talk all night, because it's so easy when I'm with you, I don't even have to try. And then we'd come home, and I'd kiss you goodnight, if you wanted to take it slow. Thought you'd be that type of guy. Obviously not,” Tony took a pointed glance down at one of the purple bruises on his collarbone. “But yes. It did mean something to me, Steve- and I'm just pissed I never got to do it the way I wanted.”

Tony sucked in a breath and looked down at the here wasn't really a lot of point in trying to hide anything now, Tony figured. He'd never been good with finding a happy medium. It was all or nothing. He just hoped that Steve wouldn't freak out. that really would suck.

“We still can.”

“Huh?”

Steve shrugged, moving closer. “Take me out. The Italian place. Talk with me for hours. And we could finish with a goodnight kiss, yeah- but we both know I'm not really that type of guy,” and this time it was his turn to look at the purple mark on Tony's collarbone. “But until then-“

Tony felt as Steve's hand wrapped around his waist and pulled him back down on to the bed, into the lovely warm covers that shielded them partially from the disgusting bright light.

"I'm not getting out of this bed until I feel like a normal human being again, and it's your job to stay with me, because it's your fault and influence that I'm feeling this way in the first place," Steve finished, pulling Tony into his chest and shutting his eyes.

Well- that statement was rather unfair. Not that he was complaining too much, as Steve buried his face into the top of Tony's hair

Tony felt the kiss that was placed against his forehead, and he smiled into Steve's shoulder, fingers tracing the now-fading bruise that had been made on his neck.

"Can't argue with that, can I?"

End Notes

Not gonna lie I really loved writing this. Comments always appreciated!

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