

## I'm Your Wildest Fantasy

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# I'm Your Wildest Fantasy

by [KandiSheek](#)

## Summary

Unbeknownst to the general public, the serum gave Steve tentacles. Bucky never blinks an eye at them, but it does become an issue when they get together with Tony. Steve can't parse what the hell Tony is thinking when he stares at his tentacles, but it can't be anything good.

Steve is very wrong about that.

Or: Steve and Bucky have never heard of tentacle porn and Tony despairs at their ignorance.

## Notes

I haven't written tentacles in a while, so this was really fun :D Thanks for reading, and I hope you enjoy this one!

Kinktober Prompt 04: Consentacles

“Hey.”

Steve looked up from his book, smiling at Tony as he walked in, loosening his tie with one hand. “Hey, lover. How was work?”

“Oh, you know.” Tony bent down to kiss him before he walked past Steve into the kitchen where Bucky was standing at the stove, making something that smelled delicious. Steve twisted in his seat to watch as Tony hugged Bucky from behind and pressed a kiss to his neck. Bucky hummed.

“Save it for later, buster. Dinner first.”

“Mmh, you know how I love skipping straight to dessert,” Tony purred, and Steve saw Bucky's lips twitch with a smile even as he rolled his eyes and pushed Tony away.

“You probably haven't eaten all day. You'll have a goddamn full course meal before you get dessert.”

“Ain't that the truth,” Tony said, leering at Bucky before he turned to give Steve the same treatment. “And a lovely appetizer, too.”

Steve raised an eyebrow. “Is that what I am?”

“You're a snack and you know it, babe,” Tony said with a wink, and Steve smiled indulgently before turning back to his book. “Wow. Tough crowd.”

“Don't take it personally,” Bucky said, bumping Tony with his hip. “He's had a long day.”

“More like long month,” Steve sighed, rubbing at a crick in his neck. “SHIELD's keeping me pretty busy.”

“Oh, we know,” Bucky said with feigned reprimand, shaking his head. “I thought I'd have to google your face to remember what it looks like. And I bet you haven't had much time to yourself either.”

“I don't know. Do bathroom breaks count?”

Tony laughed, and Steve looked up with a frown when he heard the note of tension in it. Bucky must've heard it too because he turned and gave Tony a long look.

“You alright, honey?”

“Course I am.” There was nothing in his voice that would suggest otherwise, so Steve smiled and patted the empty space on the couch next to him.

“Speaking of quality time, why don't you come here? We can starve together until Bucky's done.”

“Don’t act like I don’t feed you,” Bucky said, waving his spoon at them as Tony dropped down on the couch, some distance away from Steve. Which wasn’t a problem, but – well. Usually Tony didn’t hesitate to drape himself all over Steve.

“You sure you’re okay?” Steve asked, and Tony smiled at him.

“Sure I am. Are you?”

There was an undertone to the question that made Steve sit up straighter. “I’m fine. Why do you ask?” Tony averted his eyes, looking almost a little uncomfortable. Steve was starting to think that something was actually wrong here. “Hey, seriously, what’s going on? You look a little –“

“You haven’t let them out all month, right?” Tony blurted, still not looking at him, and Steve froze. He could feel Bucky doing the same behind him.

“What do you mean?” he asked, unsure if Tony was talking about... that. He’d never brought it up before. There was no way, right?

“You know what I mean,” Tony huffed, glancing at Steve’s stomach and, holy shit, he actually *was* – “You need to let them out, right? At least once a month?”

“That’s right,” Steve said carefully, and Tony gave a jerky nod, fiddling with his hands in his lap.

“Right. Yeah.” Tony waved a hand at him. “So you should – I mean, you can – if you need –“

Steve stared at him, more than a little alarmed. Tony never got nervous like this. God, he’d known that this would come up again, but he wouldn’t have expected *Tony* to be the one to broach the subject.

“Do you want me to leave?” he asked, a sharp pain stabbing low in his gut at the thought that Tony might be *afraid* of him – but Tony shook his head, looking at him with wide eyes.

“What? No!”

“It’s okay if you –“

“I was thinking you could do it here,” Tony said quickly, like ripping off a band aid, and Steve could only stare at him as he realized what Tony was asking.

“You want me to... really?” He couldn’t quite hide his incredulity, and Tony squirmed in his seat, still not looking at him. Steve almost gasped out loud when he realized that Tony was *blushing*, what the hell?

“I wouldn’t mind,” he said quietly, finally glancing at Steve, still with that shifty look in his eyes. “It’s a part of you, right? You shouldn’t have to hide it. Not from me.”

Steve automatically looked over at Bucky, only to find him staring at Tony with a similarly shocked expression. Of all things to happen today, he never would’ve expected this.

Steve's condition was one of the most well-kept secrets coming out of world war two. No one could've foreseen that particular side effect of the serum, but as Erskine had explained later, when your formula contained that many different types of genetic material, a mutation such as his wasn't outside the scope.

Still, the fact that Captain America had tentacles stashed inside his stomach shouldn't ever become public knowledge.

It didn't really affect him much anyway. When they were hidden in their pouches you couldn't tell that they were there at all, and Steve could control them the way he could any other limb. Sure, they got itchy and started to sting if he didn't spread them out every once in a while, but all in all he could've had it much worse. Having to lounge around with his tentacles out a few days a month didn't really bother him at all.

Bucky had never blinked an eye at them, not even when they started living together in the tower. As it turned out, Bucky had managed to avoid that particular side effect, his stomach still certified tentacle free. But considering what Bucky had been through, knowing that his boyfriend had a couple of extra limbs didn't seem to be much of a blip on his radar as far as strange phenomena went. Honestly Steve had almost forgotten about how weird it might look to other people.

That was until they got together with Tony.

Tony had only seen them once, walking in on Steve as he was relaxing in his and Bucky's living room. Steve had told him about his condition early on, but despite technically knowing about it, Tony had taken one look, physically recoiled, stammered an apology and walked right back out of the room. Steve hadn't really expected anything else, but it had still hurt. A lot.

Tony had apologized for it later, saying that this didn't change anything, and Steve had no reason not to believe him. But him and Bucky both had been careful to keep that part of Steve's life separate from their relationship with Tony. And it was fine, obviously. He'd dealt with worse than locking himself in a room to let his tentacles out if it meant not traumatizing Tony again. He counted himself lucky that Tony still wanted to be with him, despite being so obviously creeped out by his condition.

Which was why Steve never expected in a million years that Tony would want to bring it up again.

"You're serious?" he asked, and Tony nodded a little too quickly, his eyes firmly fixed on Steve's stomach.

"Yeah." His voice was almost a little breathy, but all Steve could focus on was the curious glint in his eyes, the one he'd seen time and time again when Tony was down in the workshop. It figured that Tony would want to see his tentacles out of scientific curiosity, Steve thought as he tugged at the hem of his shirt, still unsure if he was going to do this. If Tony ran away from him again... he wasn't sure he could take it.

“If it gets too much at any point, I understand,” he said carefully. “Just tell me if it does, and I’ll leave the room and Bucky can –“

“God, shut up,” Tony huffed, hands clenching into fists on his thighs. “I’m not gonna freak out, okay? I know I didn’t handle it very well last time, but I know what your situation is. And it doesn’t make me feel any differently about you.”

Steve frowned, and Tony grimaced slightly.

“Okay, fine, maybe a *little* differently, but not in a bad way. I promise.”

Steve could tell that Bucky was holding his breath the same that he was, searching Tony for any sign of discomfort. When he found none, to his surprise and tentative delight, he slowly started unbuttoning his shirt, letting it hang loosely off his shoulders. Tony licked his lips, eyes going a shade darker, and Steve couldn’t suppress a cheeky grin.

“Want a picture? It’ll last longer.”

“That’s a terrible line. I am shocked and appalled,” Tony said, never taking his eyes off Steve’s chest. “But also, where’s my phone? I’ll make a six page spread.”

Steve chuckled, some of his apprehension melting away in the face of Tony’s lack of fear as he watched the slits in Steve’s stomach wink open, revealing the crevices that hid his tentacles. It wasn’t until he started moving the first one out into the open air, curling it a little at the abrupt change in temperature, that Tony’s expression changed into something Steve couldn’t quite place. “Still okay?”

“Yeah,” Tony said, his voice carefully even, and Steve decided to go for broke, letting the rest of his tentacles spill forth until all eight of them were out. He gently unfurled them, shaking out the slight discomfort and luxuriating in a nice stretch before he brought up his arms and draped his tentacles across, letting them hang loose to enjoy the fresh air on their soft skin. He only looked up when Tony made a choked noise, and Steve’s heart sank as soon as he lay eyes on him.

Tony was staring at the tentacles, his eyes wide and whole body tense, and Steve winced, curling in on himself in an instinctive need to hide them. Fuck, he’d known this would happen. Why did he think Tony would be able to handle this after the way he’d reacted last time?

“I can put them back,” he said quickly, although now that his tentacles were out, it would be a little painful to tuck them away again so soon. “It’s okay if you don’t want to see this, Tony. You don’t have to –“

“Can I touch them?” Tony blurted, and Steve’s mouth snapped audibly shut. Okay then.

“If you want,” he said, and Tony glanced up at him before he looked back down, swallowing hard as he stretched out his hand. Steve raised one of his tentacles to meet it, like a handshake, hovering in the air between them until Tony breached the final distance. Steve could feel Tony’s fingertips twitching at the touch, but he still wrapped the tentacle around

his hand, pressing it flat against Tony's palm. Tony barely seemed to be breathing, but instead of the fear Steve had expected to see in his eyes, Tony looked *captivated*, his eyes wide with wonder.

"Wow," he breathed, and Steve couldn't help but feel relieved as Tony caressed the tentacle with his other hand, so gently that it almost tickled. He'd never expected Tony to willingly touch this part of him, never mind that – huh?

Steve frowned when he noticed how fast Tony was breathing, his heartbeat noticeably picking up speed. "Hey. Are you okay?"

"Fine," Tony said – or rather squeaked, his cheeks getting redder and redder as he petted Steve's tentacle. "It's – um. Just, wow." He took a deep breath. "Can you control them? Or is it more like..."

"No, all me." Steve waved another tentacle at him, curling the two closest to Tony into the shape of a heart. Tony laughed a little too loudly, his heartbeat not slowing down in the slightest. Steve barely kept himself from grimacing. It seemed Tony wasn't as okay with this as he thought after all. "I know it's... a little strange. It's okay if you –"

"My my," Bucky suddenly purred from right behind them, making them both flinch. "Looks like you've been holding out on our Stevie here, Tony."

Steve frowned, confused, but when Tony abruptly pulled his hand away, sitting back on the couch, Steve's mouth dropped open. "You – what?"

"I'm sorry," Tony said, looking more embarrassed than Steve had ever seen him as he crossed his legs to hide the bulge in his pants, never mind that Steve and Bucky had already seen it. "You have *tentacles*, okay? What the fuck else am I supposed to think?"

"I don't follow," Steve said honestly, and Tony huffed with frustration, throwing his arms up.

"*Tentacle porn*, Steve! I've been watching that shit since I was fourteen, knowing it's an itch I can't scratch because it's not *real*, and now here you are, and you're like a tailor-made wet dream, are you fucking kidding me? How is this my life?"

"You're into tentacles?" Bucky asked, and Tony groaned, covering his face with both hands.

"Fuck. Just fucking kill me."

"Tony." Steve swallowed hard, his head reeling a little from that revelation. He looked down at his tentacles, still wrapped around his arms, and tried to understand how on earth anyone could view them as arousing. He certainly never had. "I gotta admit, I'm a little... confused."

"That's the worst part," Tony moaned miserably. "You have these and you don't even *know* – and I'm such a pervert because that makes it even *hotter*, what the hell?"

Steve twisted his tentacles, rubbing them against each other. Despite how soft the skin was, they weren't especially sensitive. They definitely weren't erogenous zones, which was probably why it never would have occurred to Steve to view them in a sexual context.

But when he looked up and saw the way Tony's eyes were fixated on his tentacles, something wild and almost desperate in his eyes – yeah. Steve was starting to see the potential.

“Do you think about them inside you?” Tony jolted, looking at him with wide eyes. “Stroking your cock? I think I could do both at the same time.”

Tony made a garbled noise, which was an admission all on its own. Not to mention the way Tony was gripping his knees, his cock tenting his pants so much Steve was surprised Tony hadn't taken them off yet. That couldn't be comfortable.

Steve glanced up at Tony to check his reaction as he reached out with a tentacle, slowly moving forward until it was resting on Tony's thigh. Tony seemed to stop breathing entirely before he slowly leaned back on his hands and spread his legs. Steve took the invitation for what it was, curling the very tip of his tentacle around Tony's zipper and pulling it down until he could see Tony's cock straining against his boxers.

“Jesus,” Tony breathed, his chest heaving already as if he couldn't get enough air, and Steve clicked his tongue, bringing his tentacle down to trace the shape of Tony through the fabric. He was incredibly satisfied by how hard Tony's whole body twitched at that.

“Shit, that's hot,” Bucky breathed, and Steve looked up to see him leaning over the couch to get a better view. “I think you're on to something there, Tones.”

Tony gave a strangled laugh, head thumping back against the couch when Steve brought another tentacle up, trapping his cock in between them and rubbing slowly back and forth. “Oh god – holy shit, *Steve* –“

Steve swallowed hard, captivated by how far gone Tony was already, his face scrunched up in desperation as his hands clutched at the couch. He moved his tentacles up to slide them inside Tony's boxers, tugging them down until his cock sprang free and he could drag them down to Tony's ankles. Bucky had apparently moved behind him, judging by the hands sliding down Steve's chest.

“Could you lift him up?” Bucky asked right in Steve's ear, and Tony groaned, eyes wide as he looked at Steve.

“Fuck. Could you?”

Steve shrugged, opening his arms so Tony could straddle Steve's lap, which he scrambled to do immediately. Tony's hands found Steve's hair as he pulled him into a kiss, and Steve lost himself in it for a second before he wrapped his tentacles around Tony's wrists to pull them up over his head. He didn't wait for Tony's surprised gasp before he captured Tony's thighs with his two lowest tentacles and lifted him up effortlessly, grabbing onto Tony's hips with both hands to support him in the air. Apparently his tentacles were stronger than he'd thought.

“Holy *fuck!*” Tony was panting open-mouthed now, an almost pained look of lust in his eyes. “Fuck, I swear to god, if you don't fuck me –“



"I will," Steve said, nodding gratefully when Bucky pressed a bottle of lube into his hand. He squirted a little onto his hand and was about to slick up his cock when Bucky suddenly grabbed his wrist. "Huh?"

"I'll take care of that," Bucky said, his free hand sliding down to get a firm grip on Steve's cock. Steve breathed out heavily, his back arching when Bucky gave him a cursory stroke. "I think Tony wants something else, don't you?"

"Oh," Steve said as Tony's breathing hitched. "Right." Steve brought a tentacle up to his hand, letting it slither through his fingers to get it nice and wet, and Tony groaned loudly, squirming in Steve's hold.

"You're gonna kill me," he gasped, and Steve couldn't hide a smile when he brought his slick tentacle up to slide through Tony's asscrack, tracing the length of it all the way up past his balls and around his cock. The noise Tony made was caught somewhere between a moan and a grunt, eyes snapping wide open as he stared down at where Steve was touching him. Steve pulled Tony's legs a little further apart, tilting his groin up to give him a better view, and Tony cursed under his breath, his whole body tense with anticipation.

Steve twitched when he heard Bucky spit behind him, then groaned when Bucky's now wet hand replaced the one on his cock, gliding over him in a smooth stroke. "I can't concentrate if you do that," he said, and Bucky chuckled, pressing a kiss behind Steve's ear.

"Try harder then."

Steve reached up and fisted a hand in Bucky's hair to pull him forward into a real kiss, nipping at his lower lip in reprimand. Bucky wasn't deterred, squeezing Steve's cock as he returned the kiss with equal fire, licking into Steve's mouth with a dirty swipe of his tongue.

"Not that you guys don't look lovely, but I'm about to fucking explode, so would you mind?" Tony asked tersely, and Steve pulled away from Bucky to give Tony a sheepish grin.

"Sorry, love." He pushed his tentacle in all at once, knowing that Tony could take it. Judging by the choked noise Tony made, it felt pretty damn good. "There you go. Is that better?"

"You fucking bastard," Tony gritted out, twisting his hips to try and get it deeper. Steve held perfectly still, even as Bucky started stroking his cock again, making his thighs tense with the urge to thrust. Eventually Tony huffed. "Yes, okay? Now would you please fuck me?"

"Since you asked so nicely." Steve slowly pulled his tentacle back, just to figure out how hard he had to push before he slid it back in, feeling around Tony's walls as he did. His tentacles weren't as sensitive as his fingers, but he still felt the change in texture when he hit Tony's prostate, rubbing the tip of his tentacle right against that spot. Tony's back arched immediately, a high-pitched whine tearing from his throat.

"Oh my god," Tony moaned, his whole body jerking when Steve kept massaging him right there, barely moving the tip as he reached for the lube again, coating another two of his tentacles with it. His cock throbbed in Bucky's grip when Tony clenched around him, his hands balled into fists as he shook with pleasure. "Fuck," Tony gasped before he grunted, his

thighs straining against where Steve was holding him still as he tried to move his hips but found no leverage. “Oh *god*.”

“Good?” Steve asked, swallowing a groan when Bucky rubbed his palm over the tip of his cock. “Fuck. Think you can take one more?”

“Yes,” Tony panted, looking down at Steve with wild eyes. “Fuck, *yes*, do it!”

Steve swallowed hard, reaching up to wrap one of the wet tentacles around Tony's cock, his stomach clenching at the noise Tony made at the touch. He slid the other one down to line up with the tentacle already inside Tony, pushing at his hole until the tip of it slid in. “Okay?”

“*So* okay, holy shit,” Tony groaned, and Steve needed no further invitation to push inside, stroking Tony's inner walls as he fucked him, keeping the other tentacle firmly pressed against his prostate. He swore he saw tears at the corners of Tony's eyes when he threw his head back, moaning so loudly that it echoed around the room. “God, please don't stop, don't stop, don't stop –“

Steve barely blinked so he wouldn't miss a single second as he started fucking Tony in earnest, twisting his tentacles inside him as he wrapped the other one even more tightly around Tony's cock, stroking it hard and fast. Tony looked like he was losing his mind, his whole body one long line of tension with his back arched and his mouth open in a silent scream. He was absolutely breathtaking.

“God, you two are beautiful together.” Steve shivered when Bucky's warm breath hit his neck, pushing his hips up as Bucky's hand sped up on his cock. He acted completely on reflex when he snapped his last free tentacle out to wrap around Bucky's arm and *pull*, dragging him up and halfway across the back of the couch. Bucky gave an 'oomph' when his face landed on Steve's shoulder, one of his legs instinctively coming up to straddle the couch, which meant that Steve had all the space he needed to slither his tentacle down Bucky's body and stroke his cock through his pants.

“Fucking *hell*,” Bucky cursed, leaning back on his arms to give Steve more room, and Tony moaned, his dark eyes fixed on where Steve was playing with Bucky's cock. Steve's breathing hitched when Bucky reached out and pulled Tony's face close enough to kiss him, bringing his free hand up to rub a thumb over one of Tony's nipples. Tony jerked, sobbing out a gasp as his wrists twisted in Steve's grip. “Fuck. That feel good, sweetheart?”

“You have no idea,” Tony gasped, and Steve grinned, refocusing his efforts on getting Tony off. He had no idea why he'd never thought of using his tentacles like this before, but seeing the way Tony twisted into their touch, so openly desperate for it... yeah, this was fantasy fodder for weeks.

Steve twitched when he suddenly felt a hand on his tentacle, and saw Bucky holding onto the one near his cock, eyes wide as he looked at the way it twisted and curled in his hand. Bucky glanced over at him, and Steve barely had a moment to parse the look in his eyes before Bucky brought the tentacle up to his mouth and – oh, god.

“Holy shit,” Tony gasped, voicing Steve's thoughts exactly as he watched Bucky lick his tentacle before he took it into his mouth, sucking at the end of it. Steve reflexively squirmed in his grip, and Bucky's eyes widened as Steve dragged the tip across his tongue and up to the roof of his mouth, sliding along the insides of his mouth. Bucky was breathing heavily through his nose, and Steve felt the couch cushions shift as Bucky slid fully over the back of the couch, sitting up on his knees and grabbing himself through his pants.

“You like that?” Steve asked huskily, and Bucky raised an eyebrow, pushing his pants down to free his rock hard cock. Steve shook his tentacle free of Bucky's hand only to push it back into his mouth, and Bucky's eyes fluttered shut on a moan, his cock pulsing in his hand. “I'll take that as a yes.”

“Jesus Christ, that's so hot,” Tony said, and Steve suddenly realized that he'd completely stopped moving at some point, so he tightened his grip on Tony's wrists and legs, bringing him a little closer. Tony gasped when Steve experimentally started winding the two tentacles in his ass around each other, rubbing the tips right up against his prostate as he kept twisting the rest of them in a random rhythm.

“Is that good?” he asked, and Tony nodded rapidly, his eyes taking on a glazed look before he slid them shut. Steve watched hungrily as Tony bent his head back, pulling the muscles in his chest and neck into sharp relief, and Steve couldn't resist the urge to lean forward and press a kiss against Tony's stomach, right above where he still had a tentacle wrapped around his dick. He unwound it slowly, reveling in the way Tony gasped at the feeling, before he slid it away completely and replaced it with his mouth, taking him all the way to the hilt.

“Oh *fuck*,” Tony whined, hips jerking against the firm grip of Steve's tentacles as Steve started bobbing his head, sucking him off without much finesse. Judging by the way Tony's cock was throbbing on his tongue this wouldn't take long anyway. Which was good, because Steve was way too close already just listening to his two lovers. “Oh my god, *Steve!*”

Steve paused for a second when he suddenly felt cold air on the tentacle Bucky had been sucking on as Bucky shifted his weight and leaned forward on the couch. It took Steve a moment to realize what he was doing, so by the time he choked out a muffled gasp, Bucky's mouth was already wrapped around his cock, sucking him down without mercy.

Steve's two unoccupied tentacles slid down without much thought, petting through Bucky's hair before they moved lower down between his legs and wrapped around Bucky's cock, stroking it in an alternating rhythm. His thighs shook at the vibrations of Bucky's moan around his cock, but Tony drowned out the noise with a much louder groan, his whole body shaking in Steve's grip.

“Oh please, please please please –” Tony begged, and Steve swallowed him down as far as he could, twisting his tentacles right into his prostate – and Tony came with a shout, his thighs jerking as he tried to thrust even deeper into Steve's mouth. Steve swallowed everything Tony gave him, his own orgasm lurking just around the corner as every noise from Tony fanned the heat in his gut until he had to pull away to gasp for air.

“Fuck,” he ground out, and Bucky moaned around him, his hips thrusting into Steve's grip in a rhythm Steve was all too familiar with. Sure enough, he felt Bucky's cock pulse against his

tentacles a few moment later, and the feeling combined with Tony's hot breaths in his ear pushed him over the edge with the force of a battering ram.

Steve came so hard he saw stars, his whole body tensing up until it shook apart as pleasure rushed through him all the way to the tips of his toes. It only lasted for a few seconds before Steve crashed back into his body, sinking against the couch as he carefully lowered Tony into his lap, his free hand stroking through Bucky's hair.

“Wow,” he sighed, pulling his tentacles out from underneath Tony so he could drape them over his back instead. “That was something else.”

Tony snorted, looking up at him with sparkling eyes. “Something really fucking awesome is what you mean.”

“Seconded,” Bucky said, his voice muffled since his face was pressed firmly against Steve's chest. “Although you made us miss dinner.”

“We have a microwave. Deal with it.”

Steve chuckled, pressing a kiss to both of their temples as a feeling of bone-deep content welled up in his chest. “Thank you. For... you know. Accepting this part of me.”

Tony sat up, giving him an indignant look. “You think I wouldn't accept you when you're literally one of my fantasies come true?”

Bucky snorted, and Steve couldn't help but laugh, a giant weight rolling off his chest. “Sorry. I'm just really happy.”

“We love you exactly the way you are,” Tony said firmly, and Steve's heart swelled as Bucky pinched his thigh, turning his head just enough to smile at him.

“And don't you forget it. Punk.”

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