**Four Is Company**

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**Summary**

Alcohol makes a man do things he regrets, such as sleeping with rivals and former wards, but in this case four unlikely nations find out it was just the relationship they needed. A continuation of International Affairs. Lot's of lemon. Warnings inside.
Woot! Well, it's finally here, the continuation of International Affairs (which I advise all those newcomers to read before they read this). I said there would be more than two nations in this relationship, but I did not say how many (well, the title probably gave that away, oh well) or who. Oh, you will find out, my fellow smutty fangirls, you will. XD

Warning: Swearing, drunk England, innuendo, alcohol. (no lemon this chapter, but there will be some next chapter… gotta set the scene *hums Mission Impossible theme*)

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Blame it on the Alcohol

"Another shot, please." Arthur tapped his shot glass with a lazy finger.

Alfred gave him a worried look. "Um, bro, I don't think you can take much more."

"Codshallorp, Alfie," Arthur slurred, looking at him with a dorky smile and half-lidded eyes. "I can take… mushh bloody more than this… show that arseholo China watzit I can most cersaintly hold my liquooor!"

"Yeah, don't stop him now, America." chuckled Gilbert. He had his phone out, avidly recording Arthur. "This is YouTube gold. Kesesese!"

Francis nudged him. "Help me get him back to the hotel, and you'll have more to record than just his intoxication." He smirked seductively.

Alfred sighed. They had finally been let loose by their bosses and—after a good talking to with them in which Alfred basically told his to fuck off—Ivan had led them out into the cold, Russian evening to a quaint little bar just around the corner. Gilbert had complained that he'd wanted a livelier bar, but he had quickly been silenced by a glare from Ivan. Ivan had said that they'd all be pretty tired after the 'signing', so Ivan decided on going to a quiet bar… unfortunately, Arthur seemed hell-bent on changing the quiet part.

The bartender came over. "More?" His accent was thick.

"Uh, no thanks, I'll—" Alfred began, but then Arthur started shouting in gibberish again beside him and he sighed, "I'll take another, please."

Ivan watched the quartet from halfway down the bar. Francis was trying to grope Arthur, but the Brit was wriggling about and shouting too much for him to get a hold of. All the while, Gilbert recorded him, laughing the obnoxious laugh that annoyed Ivan to the core. His eyes then traveled to Alfred, who was holding his head up with his hand, the other wrapped around another glass of bourbon. Ivan frowned. He'd been counting how many glasses the man had been through: four full glasses of alcohol and he was halfway through his fifth. Ivan himself could drink as much as he wanted without his senses being hindered in the slightest. Francis, he found, was quite the same—he'd drank more than Alfred in wine coolers and was still coherent enough to not immediately drag someone off to the hotel to have sex like he usually did when he was buzzed (well, he just about did that all the time, but
more inconspicuously than if he was drunk). Gilbert, meanwhile, had had a fair amount of beers, but he hadn't managed to drop his phone yet so he was still rather alert. Alfred, though, seemed as if he was getting drowsier by the second, his eyes half-lidded and glazed over with the effects of the alcohol.

_He looks like he'll pass out soon._ Ivan mused, smirking to himself. _I must have really done him in…_

Wanting to keep himself busy while he waited to see Alfred totally drink himself under the table (as that would soon be the case), Ivan gestured to the bartender, speaking to him in his native tongue.

"Just give me the whole bottle, please."

"Of course, sir."

Yao and Kiku sat in a corner of the room, drinking with regal slowness and muttering about the activities going on and of things as ancient as themselves. Ludwig and Feliciano had stowed themselves away in a booth, Feliciano eating some pasta and Ludwig enjoying a couple of beers. Matthew felt uncomfortable and just a little left out sitting at the bar a ways down from Alfred. He'd hoped Gilbert would join him, but he was too preoccupied with recording Arthur's blunderings to notice him. Matthew, though, was through with waiting, and he was determined to get Gilbert to notice him. He had issues with people ignoring him after all, and he wasn't just some random whore who could be tossed away after use, he would show Gilbert that.

He downed the rest of his drink and rose from his stool, boldly walking over to Gilbert and putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Gilbert,"

"Uh, what…? Not now, Mattie-boy, I'm filming this buffoon."

Matthew hissed as he pulled Gilbert so that he swiveled around in his seat and faced him. Gilbert blinked in surprise, putting down his phone.

"Gilbert," Matthew said sternly. "When I call you, you look at me."

Gilbert stared at him in shock for a moment and then broke out laughing. "Kesesese! Calm down, Matthew, it's not like I didn't answer you!"

Matthew narrowed his eyes. "You will if you want any."

It took a moment for Gilbert to process that reply, the beer fogging his mind. "You can't… you think I don't have other ways of getting off? Chicks line up just to look at my awesome five meters, kesesese!"

Matthew scoffed, turning. "I guess you don't want it, then."

Gilbert didn't say anything until he was a few feet from the door. "Wait! … Ugh, Matthew!"

Matthew turned around and as soon as he did, Gilbert pressed his lips onto his. The kiss was sloppy, but didn't fail to excite him.

Gilbert pulled away, his face flushed, whether from the alcohol or from the fact that most of the patrons in the bar were now watching them with intent, Matthew would never know. "I could always share my awesomeness."

Matthew smiled and pecked him on the lips. "We'll see what you think after tonight."
Gilbert realized after a span of ten seconds what Matthew was suggesting, and a goofy smile parted his lips. The Prussian wrapped an arm around Matthew's waist and began guiding him toward the door. "A sleepover?"

"If that's what you want to call it."

Ivan watched with intrigue as Gilbert turned on his stool without the help of his legs, talking to someone who wasn't there. The next second, he had jumped up, ran to the doors, and kissed the air. What the hell? Gilbert must have been drunker than he'd thought. He chuckled to himself as Gilbert wrapped an arm around his imaginary friend and led him through the doors to the bar and toward the direction of the hotel. Ivan shook his head, returning to his vodka. Half the bottle was nearly gone.

Alfred didn't pay much mind to Gilbert talking to himself, nor the fact that Francis was now trying to feel him up. He was just too damn drunk to care about it. He didn't feel tired. Not at all. His mind was just slow to react, and he assumed it would be too much of an effort to respond to anything.

Somehow, two hours had passed and Alfred had barely noticed. When his drunkenness wore off enough for him to regain some coherency, he looked around the room and realized that the only ones left in the bar were him, Francis, Arthur, and Ivan.

"Calm down, Angleterre." Francis said as Arthur began to chew out the bartender.

"I will not bloody cam dun!" Arthur slurred, slamming his fist down on the counter. "This boggle-headed blighter wun give me my fuckin' drink!"

Francis sighed. "That's because I told him not to, Angleterre."

Arthur turned to him and continued to shout, his cheeks flushed with the effects of the alcohol. "Why the bloody hell did you tell 'im that, eh?"

Ivan finished the whole vodka bottle and pushed it across the counter to join the six other bottles he'd drunk along with his empty glass. He had been drinking at intervals throughout the hour, enjoying watching the activity in the bar ebb away and watching his fellow countries.

He looked at his pocket watch. "1:03," He looked around. They were alone, except for a mangy-looking old man in a corner booth, but he appeared as if he'd passed out. Ivan stood from his stool and stretched, yawning. It was a work day tomorrow, which explained the absence of many of the bar's usual customers. He presumed he'd better be going; even though he didn't have any meetings to go to or work to do, he still didn't want to stay. He knew if he did, he would be tempted to drink more, and despite being immune to intoxication, he'd still have a hell of a hangover the next day.

Ivan paid his bill and walked over to where Arthur was drunkenly shouting at Francis. They were so busy with each other that they didn't notice he had come up behind them.

"Done, comrades?"

Francis started and tensed, too scared to turn around. "Ou-oui, Russie, I just have to convince Angleterre it is time to leave."

"I could help~"

Francis was too afraid to say anything, stepping aside to allow Ivan to confront Arthur. Too close, Francis thought. Way too close.
"England, be quiet." Ivan said, a slight growl in his voice. Arthur looked at him and seemed to shrink away, shutting his mouth immediately. Ivan smiled. He had experience dealing with lushes. After all, he did live in Russia. "Now, you're done drinking. We are going to take you back to your hotel room."

"We?" Francis squeaked.

Ivan smiled creepily. "Yes, we, France."

A tremble shot up Francis's spine. Not good, not good… He definitely didn't want Ivan to see where he slept, though he could find out at any time. It just made Francis feel better to assume that he didn't.

Ivan turned to Alfred, who had his head in his arms, leaning on the counter. "Amerika, we are leaving for the hotel. Are you coming with us?"

Alfred stiffened and sat bolt upright. That voice… Oh, God, Russia. He couldn't look the man in the eye ever since their forced sexual encounter. He gave a safe reply, knowing the question Ivan had posed was more of a command hidden behind his childlike tone, "Yeah, okay."

With that, Ivan smiled and guided Arthur out of the door, a hand on his shoulder the whole time. Alfred and Francis followed a ways behind, feeling a bit sympathetic of the drunken Brit.

Arthur was drunk, but certainly not unaware of the icy-cold grip on his shoulder or of the presence of a potentially-malevolent force walking behind him. He trembled not only from the cold wind that hit his face as he exited the bar.

Alfred wanted to get to the hotel as fast as possible so he could take the elevator the furthest away from Ivan as he could and get back to his room. It was fucking freezing outside, and seriously dark… if anything, he didn't feel in the least bit safe with a big, mean guy like Ivan with him. Honestly, it just made him all the more frightened.

They arrived at the hotel not five minutes later (no doubt the scariest five minutes of Arthur's, Alfred's, and Francis's lives), and quickly entered, Ivan still guiding Arthur with his hand. Arthur tried to escape his grip without offending him, but could not get a step away before Ivan's hand latched onto his shoulder again.

Now he knew what it felt like for a mouse after being caught by a cat.

Alfred was anxious to get to his room, but instead Ivan went to the front desk.

"Your stay is up, sir?" the woman said in Russian.

"Yes," Ivan answered. "And so is their's. We were only booked for a week. Has everyone else left?"

The woman nodded. "Yes, the last of them left at midnight."

"Thank you. Be sure my luggage is delivered to my home… and their's as well~" Ivan gestured to the three men standing bewildered beside him.

The woman smiled. It was rather forced. Ivan scared all the employees at the hotel and they would follow any command he gave them. "Of course, Mr. Braginsky."

Ivan then shuffled them toward the doors and out into the chilling cold, flagging down a taxi as he did.
"What the hell?" Alfred finally piped up, getting over his fear. "Where the fuck are you taking us?"

"Away," Ivan said vaguely, slipping into the front seat of the cab and speaking to the driver, ushering the others in the back.

The house was huge. It was also very old and crumbling at some corners. There were water stains on the ceiling in a few areas as well and a wooden staircase that led up to the second floor at the end of the hall.

As Ivan took off his coat and hung it up in a closet by the front door, Arthur had the gall to say, "Why are we at your house, Russia?"

Alfred started. "W-what? Why the hell are we here?"

"Why did you bring us here, Russie?"

Ivan turned to them, silencing them immediately with his violet gaze. "I only booked you for a week, and your stay expired at midnight tonight. I know all of you scheduled your flights to be in three days time since you wanted to see the rest of the city. Don't deny it, Amerika, I know you do. Anyway, this is my house where you will be living for the next few days."

They were all too shocked and frightened to do anything but stare. Ivan pointed to the room closest to them. "That is the kitchen, and the dining area is just beyond it. The room further down the hall is the den. Up those stairs is the second floor, where your rooms are. I suggest you settle down."

No Translations

A Word From the Writer: Okay, so you basically know who's going to be in the group now, right? Riiight? Oh, Russia, you are so good at trapping people in your creepy house

Note! Since school is starting again for me, I will probably be posting chapters once every week. And don't flame me if I forget! Flaming will prompt Russia to come to your house and rape you with his pipe, da. I will post every Saturday. Thanks much!
Phew, okay! Well, I'm sorry I didn't post on Friday *braces for flames* but I had a lot of crap to do and I normally do it on Friday so I won't have to do any work over the weekend to devote myself to smuttty fanfiction writing. So, here's some lemon for you!

Warning: Bishie Russia (but Estonia stole his sparkles), lemon, swearing, alcohol, masturbation, oral, 69, foursome, incest (I guess…?), mention of pedophilia and rape.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Blame it on the Alcohol II

Alfred entered a guest room upon deciding (after much protest on Francis's part) to share a room with Arthur, who was currently sitting on the edge of one of the two beds having come back from a suspiciously long trip to the bathroom, staring at the floor.

Alfred took his place on his own bed, trying his hardest not to scrutinize what looked to be a blood stain on the floor next to his bed.

"I can't believe we're here." Arthur spoke Alfred's exact thoughts, still staring at the floor.

Alfred gripped the bed more securely as he continued to look around. "Yeah… I wonder how many people have died in here…?"

Footsteps approaching their door made them flinch and stare with wide eyes. The door opened and Ivan entered the room. Alfred felt himself blush.

Ivan was garbed in nothing but a damp white towel that rode low on his hips. His entire chest and torso were exposed to Alfred's and Arthur's wandering eyes. His body was glistening with water, and he was drying his damp hair with a hand towel. (total bishie move! Not fair!)

"I just came to see if you had settled in." Ivan said, oblivious to how his state of undress affected the two men. "Is everything well?"

It took a moment for Alfred and Arthur to respond, too busy admiring the hard body before them.

"Er, yes, we're fine." Arthur replied, unable to take his eyes off Ivan.

"Perfect," Alfred sighed dumbly, and Arthur flashed him a warning glare.

Ivan watched the two men with intrigue. The way their eyes never left him for more than two seconds made him smirk inwardly. How convenient.

"It gets cold up here during the winter months." Ivan said, skirting the bed Alfred was sitting on. He felt the American's eyes bore into his back as he did so. "I believe I have some extra blankets stored under the bed here…"

Then he bent over.
He could practically hear the sharp intake of breath and smiled. This was going to be fun~

Ivan pretended to search around for the blankets beneath the bed for a while, making his way around until he was at Alfred's feet. Then he rose slowly, sighing sensually in defeat. He came to rest, hunched over, his eyes staring into blue, his nose touching Alfred's. "Oh dear~I do believe I've forgotten where I've stored them."

Alfred gazed into those violet eyes, their hungry look making his heart race, setting his flesh on fire, and drawing him in. On the other bed, Arthur watched with eagerness, his heart throwing itself against his ribs and his cock hardening with the palpable sexual tension building in the room.

Alfred couldn't take anymore. He leaned forward, pressing his mouth to Ivan's, moaning softly with the contact.

All it took was Alfred's lips against his for lust to seize Ivan's body and for him to push Alfred back onto the bed. Alfred's eyes widened as he was pinned to the mattress, his legs straddled by the aroused Russian.

Ivan smirked, leaning down to nip at Alfred's neck, sucking at the spots he had found previously that day, his cold hands sliding up Alfred's shirt.

"Russia, Al… oh, God." Arthur groaned to himself, not believing what he was witnessing. Yes, he had been in the same room when Ivan and Alfred had had sex, but he hadn't been watching them directly. It was so sexy how Ivan moved like a forest cat stalking its prey, his muscles flexing as he did so. And Alfred… Alfred was totally trapped beneath him, his face flushed and his mouth pouting to be kissed again. It was all too arousing to do anything but stare.

"Qu'est-ce que vous faites, mes amis?" Francis came gliding into the room, pausing to stare at the scene taking place on Alfred's bed. "Oh honhonhon! I heard Angleterre moan so I came to see what was happening… and it's a good thing I did!" (France has some good ears…) Arthur scoffed, shifting to try and hide his growing erection. "Bloody tosser…"

Ivan backed himself off of Alfred, smirking, his towel still intact around his hips. Alfred whined at the loss of contact, but was ignored. "I think I will sleep now. I feel a bit… tired."

They all stared at him in shock, watching as he walked out of the room, being sure to accentuate his hips so that the towel slid further down.

He entered his room and waited. No more than a couple minutes passed before all three of his guests entered, unperturbed.

They all lined up before him, each trying to gather the courage to make a request.

Finally, it was Arthur who spoke. "We were all, er… we were all wondering if you could havesexwithus." The last part came out so fast, he blushed.

Ivan smirked, studying each of them and watching them shudder under his gaze. "Hmm, of course. But as I have only one cock, I can fuck only one of you."

"That's fine." Francis chimed in. "There are three of us, so we'll find other ways to get off."

Ivan looked them over once more. "Now… who should I fuck?"

They all looked at him eagerly, and honestly it was hard to choose. Eventually, he made his pick and
motioned toward his bed. "England, I shall fuck you. Strip and get onto the bed. All fours."

Arthur couldn't believe what he was doing. It was like some surreal dream that was hot and frightening at the same time. Sure, he'd had the same experience earlier today when he was with Francis, but this was on a whole different level. His mind was still fuzzy from the alcohol, and he had trouble ridding himself of his now suffocating garments. He began worrying about how his arse would feel after Ivan was through with it (especially after what Francis had done to him), but his concerns dissolved with thoughts of how good having a large cock in his arse would feel. That, and he was too drunk to keep up a standing thought without forgetting it a few minutes later.

With little hesitation, he crawled onto the mattress, spreading his legs and exposing himself to whatever Ivan had planned for him. A few tense seconds passed, heightening Arthur's excitement, until Ivan finally walked over and slid a cold hand down the entire length of his back, making him arch with want, and came to rest at his arse.

"Hmm," Ivan's voice was like that of a purr from deep within his throat, making Arthur hold back a moan. "You look suitable enough… you will take me perfectly, just like your brother."

Arthur moaned softly. "Yes… I can take anything, just hurry."

Ivan frowned. His hand wandered down to grip Arthur's balls, pulling almost painfully. Arthur let out a cry, his fingers digging into the sheets. "You will not rush me, шлюха."

Arthur grunted and bit back a whimper. "A-all right! No… I w-won't, please stop…"

Francis couldn't hold back a moan as he heard Arthur beg and saw him squirm on the bed. Beside him, he could tell Alfred was getting aroused as well, as his face was flushed and his pants were slightly tenting.

Ivan smiled wickedly at the perfect ass being presented to him. "Heh, you're very eager, England… all of you. How could I ever satisfy such whores?" He placed his hands on Arthur's hips. Arthur shivered at his touch, arching into him. "You will take my cock dry, since you begged for it so pathetically."

Arthur started and glanced behind him, his eyes wide. "No… please, Russia, I don't think I c—"

Ivan's cold fingers dug into Arthur's hips, and the Brit yelped, lifting himself into the hands holding him despite himself. "You will be silent now, шлюха."

"Y-yes, Russia… God, just fuck me." Arthur's body was growing hot with lust feeling the almost-naked man standing behind him, practically pressing his prominent erection into the cleft of his arse. The alcohol seemed to be muddling his mind and making him forget his worries, focusing only on convincing Ivan to penetrate him.

"Mmm, Dieu…" Francis was being pushed to his limits. He knew Ivan would reprimand him for it later (not that he didn't want to be reprimanded), but his hand trailed down to his trapped cock and rubbed it, loving the rough feel of his jeans against the sensitive skin. He smirked. Francis couldn't wait to see Ivan's face when he saw that Francis had gone commando.

As soon as Alfred saw Francis pleasuring himself, he could not stand it any longer. He knew it must look weak, but the bourbon had numbed his mind to such things, so he snaked his hand into his jeans and pulled out his hard and dripping cock, stroking it. The alcohol had made him overly-sensitive and he could come right then and there.

"Russia… please," Arthur felt as if he was going to die with the feel of Ivan's cock against his hole.
(and *that* was definitely not a feeling Arthur wanted to die with). Ivan shifted against him, and Arthur pushed desperately back into him. "God, please, Russia. I-I don't think I can take anymore…" He wasn't lying. Precum was trailing its way down his swollen cock, adding to the sensations wracking it. Ivan chuckled behind him, making Arthur moan in anticipation.

"What a shameful slut." Ivan smirked as he kneaded the Briton's plush ass. He earned a moan in response. "But of course. You want this." He ground his hard cock into the cleft of Arthur's ass, brushing his pulsing hole. "Tell me," Ivan traced a cold finger over a slender hip. "how much."

Arthur felt like he should be irritated after the demand, but he was too drunk to care. He peered behind him and his face heated when he saw Francis and Alfred stroking themselves, watching. Francis… Arthur *definitely* didn't want to him to see this, him begging. He hadn't let him for centuries and now… His cock gave another twitch and he pushed back into Ivan, realizing that he could not give a damn. "I-I want it, Russia…"

Ivan smirked, moving his large cock between Arthur's cheeks now. "You are going to have to do better than that."

Arthur swallowed. "Please…?"

Ivan dug nails into Arthur's ass. "*Better,*" he growled.

A thought crossed his mind along the lines of 'what the hell are you doing?' and 'this will humiliate you later!' but he ignored them. They were too far away in his head to worry about now. His cock gave a twitch and Arthur pleaded, "Yes, yes, Russia! I-I want your massive cock in me now. I want you to fuck me into the bed. I don't care if I bleed or not, I just want to be filled. I want to feel your hot cum inside me."

Francis nearly lost it. With a shudder, he grabbed the base of his cock to keep from coming. Beside him, Alfred did the same, although being almost too late. But Francis couldn't help it; the sight in front of him was delicious. Arthur was begging for cock… sure, it wasn't his, but it was close enough and it aroused him to finally hear him beg. His hand went to one of his pert nipples, rubbing it slowly with the pad of his thumb. Mmm, yes, *this* was better than any sex scenes he'd ever seen or went through.

Ivan smirked, extremely aroused by Arthur's pleading voice. And though he knew he was hard and that he needed relief soon, he bent down over Arthur and whispered, "Now, *шулюха*, you will become one with me." Before Arthur could say anything, he forced himself inside the Briton. And he smiled with how easy it was to do so. Arthur cried out with the sudden entry.

"Ah," he jeered in realization. "So that's what you were doing in the bathroom when you first got here… you are more shameful than I thought, *Англия.*"

Arthur felt his ears grow hot and he was thankful he was naked because he couldn't possibly have felt any warmer. "Y-yes, all right… you caught me. I was… I was wanking in your bathroom, okay? But I made sure to clean up…"

Ivan chuckled, sending shivers cascading down his spine. "You did more than just 'wank', da, slut?" He pulled out and thrust back in, causing Arthur's back to arch and a cry to leave his lips. "And you are lucky you did so, or you would have been scarred on the inside for a while… So, tell me, England." Ivan smirked as he said this, thrusting slowly and shallowly. "How many fingers do you normally use?"

Arthur lied when he felt he couldn't get any warmer. Now he felt as if his flesh was on fire. He was
hesitant in answering, too hesitant for Ivan, as the Russian reached up and pulled his hair, jerking Arthur's head upward.

"I asked you a question~"

"A-ah! O-okay, I-I use… I use two, m-maybe three! Ah!"

"And who is two, maybe three, шлюха?"

Arthur couldn't help himself. He peered back at the others to see their reactions. Alfred's face was flushed, but he was staring right at him, his blue eyes wide behind his glasses. Arthur turned back and ducked his head, the embarrassment starting to get to him, gnawing on the edges of his consciousness.

"Answer me~"

"Uh… I, uh… s-someone…"

Arthur braced himself for punishment, but instead Ivan stopped thrusting and looked back at the other two. Francis was slowly pumping his dick, his other hand at his nipple, and Alfred's hand was at the base of his cock, the tip red and dribbling with precum.

"Ah~" Ivan said, smiling creepily. "Your shame never fails to amaze me, британский шлюха. Your own brother? The one who was your ward not so long ago? The one who was just a baby when you met him? Heh… you have not been taught proper humility, it seems." Ivan leaned over him and muttered, "Allow me to give you your first lesson."

And he lifted Arthur up and spun him around so that he was now facing Francis and Alfred. "Look at him." When Arthur refused, Ivan grabbed him by his hair and jerked his head upward. Arthur gave a harsh cry. "Look at Amerika and let him see how pathetic you are."

Arthur closed his eyes. He couldn't, he just couldn't… But he opened his eyes in spite of himself and met Alfred's startled stare. His gaze trailed lower until he was watching his brother wanking himself off, but Arthur caught himself and closed his eyes again, ashamed at how hard the sight made him. He was starting to think this had been a bad idea.

Ivan chuckled at the Briton's humiliation. Oh, yes, this had been a perfect idea. He was high off the power he got from dominating the older nation. He pulled out and plunged back in, Arthur crying out with the force. He continued thrusting as he tugged on Arthur's blonde hair again. "Tell them. Tell them how weak you are."

"A-ah! P-please, no…" Arthur begged. It felt like he was being ripped from the inside. His eyes burned. "Please, stop! It hurts!"

"Do not," Ivan growled through gritted teeth, still moving harshly in and out of him, pulling his hair as tightly as he could. "tell me to stop!"

Arthur let out a deep-chested sob. "I-I won't! I'm sorry, ah!"

"Tell them!"

"T-tell them…?"

"Da, шлюха, tell them. Now."
When Arthur hesitated, Ivan thrust particularly deeply, tearing into Arthur's ass. "Ah! Oh, God, please… I-I'm weak! I am! Please…"

"Please what, шлюха?"

"P-please, uh…" Arthur ducked his head when Ivan let up on his hair. "I-let me come, oh God…"

Ivan chuckled. "Oh? This kind of treatment turns you on? What a dirty little slut you are."

"Please!"

Ivan chuckled again and he eyed Francis who shivered with the strength and lust in his gaze. "France, come here and relieve this slut of his problem since you so kindly decided to begin by yourself."

Francis shivered and barely nodded before walking over to the bed, kneeling in front of Arthur. The Briton was gripping the end of the mattress, his head ducked, his face red. "Amour…" Arthur looked up and started as if he hadn't just heard Ivan call Francis over. Francis locked eyes with him for a few moments, then held up his chin with one hand, kissing him sweetly. Arthur was a little startled at the tenderness in the kiss, but returned it nonetheless. Francis broke it, though reluctantly, as he could feel Ivan staring intently down at him. He stripped down, hearing a deep, lecherous chuckle from Ivan as he dropped his pants, nothing underneath. Francis shivered and said, "Lift your chest, amour." When Arthur did so on shaky arms, Francis turned onto his back and slid beneath him until his face was below the Briton's dripping erection. "You will have to do your part, Angleterre."

Arthur was still trying to make out what Francis meant when he felt a hot mouth close around his cock. He moaned, finally figuring out what Francis wanted. He looked down at Francis's hard cock and ran his tongue over the head, hearing the older man moan in appreciation. He took it deep into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked. Francis bucked his hips and groaned around Arthur's dick.

Alfred watched the scene with mounting arousal. He felt like he wouldn't last much longer as he pulled at his weeping cock, stopping multiple times to grip the base so he wouldn't spill over. Ivan had discarded his towel a long time ago, and Alfred watched as the man plowed into his brother, knowing what it felt like, how full he must feel…

Alfred got an idea that made his cock twitch. But would he notice? Alfred decided to take the risk and walked around the side of the bed, Ivan too absorbed in dominating Arthur to notice him. When he was behind the Russian, he clambered onto the bed, (after setting his glasses down on the side table) Ivan barely feeling him for his thrusting. Alfred pulled at his cock a few more times, praying that he wouldn't be killed because of this, but anticipating it all the more. He then grabbed Ivan's hips, and he could feel the man stiffen beneath his hands, but Alfred didn't give him any time to respond as he thrust into him.

The precum was enough for Alfred to slip inside halfway, and he kept inching his way deeper, moaning at the fact that the Russian was so incredibly tight, almost suffocating. Ivan, meanwhile, paused in his ramming to peer over his shoulder and growl, "Вы подлый сука, Amerika."

Alfred didn't know what that meant, but he was sure it was an insult. "Hey! My cock's a decent size!"

Ivan rolled his eyes. "You should not have done this."

"And why the hell not?" Alfred felt he deserved to at least fuck Ivan seeing as the Russian had just
fucked him earlier that day. It was only fair.

Alfred pushed into him up to the hilt, and the sharp retort Ivan was going to snap back completely flew from his mind. He thrust into Arthur and moaned softly. "You are a… bitch, Amerika. A bitch who will get what he deserves when this is through."

Alfred pulled out and plunged back in. "Why? You seem to like this enough… God, you're so tight." He pulled out and pushed in again, this time more slowly so he could fully appreciate the pressure around his cock.

Ivan stiffened and paused in his thrusting. "Nyet… pull it out."

"Huh?"

"Pull it out! Pull it out!"

Alfred held Ivan in place by his hips as the man tried to get away from him. "Hey, hey, dude, calm down!"

"Nyet, I will not! Get away from me!"

"… R-Russia, what the hell is going on? Have you never bottomed before? Because if you haven't, I could be more careful…"

"Nyet, idiot, that it not what I mean!"

"Oh, so you have bottomed before?"

Arthur gave an impatient whine and pushed back into Ivan. "Goddammit, America. S-stop distracting him…"

Alfred ignored him. "What's wrong, Russia? Why are you freaking out about this? I know it's not your thing, dude, but come on!"

Ivan didn't respond for a while, the sound of Francis sucking Arthur off making Alfred all the more anxious to continue. Then the Russian shifted and ducked his head. "Th-the last time it happened…" The rest of the words caught in his throat and he pulled out and pushed back into Arthur to keep the Brit from whining.

Alfred loosened his grip on Ivan's hips. "Whadaya mean 'the last time'?"

Francis suddenly stopped in his endeavors and said, "Shut up, Amerique and do what he says." He knew what the Russian was going to say and he dreaded the fact that he would be forced to feel sorry for him.

Alfred frowned. "No way! I wanna know what's going on!" Maybe it was the alcohol that was making him brave because if he was sober, he'd be extremely careful now.

"A-America, shut up." Arthur said with a moan. "God, Russia, fuck me."

"What is it, Russia?" Alfred asked.

Ivan swallowed, his mind fumbling from the vodka and arousal. He couldn't believe he was doing this. "L-last time… M-Mongolian Empire…"

Alfred was about to ask what the hell it was that Ivan was talking about, but he received a look from
Francis that told him everything. He took his hands off Ivan's hips. "Oh… oh God, Russia. I'm… so sorry, man." Great. Now he felt like an absolute ass. What a way to fuck.

Ivan scoffed. "I do not need your pity." And he began thrusting again. Arthur gave a loud moan of appreciation.

Then Alfred put his hands on Ivan's hips, gently this time. "I won't hurt you. Don't worry. I'll go slow if you want—"

"Nyet!" Ivan growled. "I am not that fragile! Not anymore. Go as fast as you want, I do not care."

Alfred ignored him and continued slowly, although he knew he needed to go fast or else he would come soon. But he knew he needed to do this. For how much longer, he didn't know.

"Shit, uh!" Arthur moaned, as Ivan pounded mercilessly into him. "God, R-Russia!"

There was a wet pop and Francis said, "You should be using your mouth for other things, cher."

Arthur's moan was muffled when he took Francis's arousal into his mouth again.

Alfred continued to move slowly, but the pace Ivan was setting caused the Russian to pull back and sink Alfred's cock further into his ass. It was very arousing to watch.

"Get moving, сука." Ivan snarled, now up to the hilt in Arthur's ass.

Alfred bent over so that his front was molded perfectly into Ivan's muscular back. "I'm so close…" he huffed into the older man's ear.

"я знаю, Amerika. I can feel it." Ivan replied huskily, plunging deeper into Arthur's ass, the other man moaning and pushing back into him.

"Oui, amant," Francis moaned. "Take all of me, uh…" He pushed his hips up to greet Arthur's hot mouth.

Ivan was starting to moan now. He couldn't help it. "D-da, Amerika. Harder."

"Mmm, Russia…" Alfred loved how the deep voice could command and beg at the same time. He decided the time for being gentle was over. He pulled out until just the head of his cock was inside, then plowed back in. Ivan groaned and thrust into Arthur, who in turn bucked into Francis's talented mouth.

Arthur couldn't take anymore. He'd never felt so full in his life and Francis's skilled blowjob wasn't helping him hold off his orgasm. He wished he could, though. He wanted Ivan to pound into his ass all night if possible. "Mmmnnah, oh God! R-Russia, France!" Arthur cried out and he came hard into Francis's mouth. Francis swallowed every drop and his hand went to his own cock, rubbing it fiercely.

"Dieu, Angleterre, uh!" With another vigorous stoke, Francis came onto his hand, some of his cum getting on Arthur's chin as the Briton's upper body collapsed in exhaustion.

Ivan gave a strained grunt as Arthur clenched around him, and it wasn't long before he was spurting hot and wet inside his tight ass, sinking his teeth into Arthur's neck as he did so, making the Brit moan softly.

"Fuck, Russia… God!" Alfred dug his fingers into the man's cold skin as his shaft was squeezed by
the impossibly tight space. He thrust deep into Ivan's ass, shooting molten cum into him, finding that he did not even need to move as Ivan was pulsing around him, milking him dry.

Alfred stayed in Ivan for a few moments catching his breath, then pulled out slowly and rested back against the headboard. He was alarmed to see that he had made the Russian bleed.

Ivan pulled out of Arthur in turn, a string of cum and blood trailing from his soft cock. Arthur gave an exhausted groan and Arthur gave an exhausted groan and rolled away from Francis, his ass still running with semen tinged pink by blood. Francis rolled onto his side, kissing Arthur for a moment and then running his tongue through the stray cum on his chin. Alfred moved to Ivan, eyeing him hesitantly before kissing him too. His lips were cold, but it was a chaste kiss, a goodnight kiss, a thank you kiss. Ivan was startled by the tenderness and turned away, clearing his throat to hide his sudden blush. "It is late. 4 in the morning. We should go to sleep."

No one needed to reply. They were all tired from their romp. Without cleaning up, Ivan lay back on the pillows, Francis curling up on his right side, Arthur on his left. Alfred spooned Arthur, wrapping his arms tightly around him, and instantly fell asleep. Francis chuckled at his quickness, reaching over Ivan's stomach to stroke Arthur's hair until he too submitted to sleep. Francis was too tired to pull his arm back, so he left it draped over Ivan, glancing up at him dreamily before falling asleep. Ivan smirked at the three men dozing around him, relishing the fact that he now had three willing lovers at his command. Tomorrow (and the many days after, he was sure) was certainly going to be interesting. And he closed his eyes, thinking about all the kinky things he could do the next time they had sex.

Translations:

*Qu’est-ce que vous faites, mes amis?*-What are you doing, my friends?

*Angleterre*-England

*шлюха*-whore/slut

*Dieu*-God

*Англия*-England

*британский*-British

*amant*-lover

*Вы подлый сука*-You are a sneaky bitch

*сука*-bitch

*я знаю*-I know

*Amerique*-America

*cher*-dear

A Word From the Writer: This could be the start of a beautiful (albeit dirty) relationship.

And if you were wondering what I was doing on Friday that prevented me from posting this at all, I was doing a story for 15 vocab words. … I ended up writing four pages, front and back. I know, but my hands will not stop!
I also didn't post because when I finished it was too late in the evening and I was lazy. Plus, I wanted more page views. Yes, I'm a page view whore, among other things. XD

Next Chapter Hint: Sex high junkies
Okay! So here is the hottest lemon I've written so far. Lots of yummy smut in this, hope you like!

Warning! Contains lemon, foursome, use of aphrodisiacs, incest, pedophilia, slight s and m, orgasm denial, chain sex, references to LiexPoland and BalticsxRussia, a domineering Russia, a kinky England, a slutty France, and a horny America. No like, no read.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Sex Overdose

Ivan stretched and yawned, his eyes darting to the clock. 8:00. That seemed decent for a weekend. He tried to get out of bed, but was met with resistance and a strange… warmth. Hunh, he hadn't recalled his bed being so warm before, even with the quilts Katyusha wove for him. Puzzled, he looked down.

Oh. So that was why.

Francis was curled up beside him, an arm draped over Ivan's abdomen so that his fingers just barely brushed Arthur's shoulder. Alfred was balled up in the covers, breathing softly. Ivan frowned. So that was why everyone was clinging to him so much, Alfred had stolen all the blankets! He quietly cursed the younger nation as he carefully tugged the covers back into place, succeeding in not waking the completely passed-out American.

Ivan didn't know how to get out of bed without waking anyone, and, frankly, he kind of didn't want to. Although, he had to admit, he didn't look forward to the conversation he was going to face when they all were awake. They had gotten pretty drunk last night, and there was going to be some explaining to do once that was sorted out. Ivan himself wasn't all that hung-over—he drank vodka like it was water, so he was immune to getting drunk off of it by now. Francis, he knew, was also the same way with his wine, so he was a bit scared about having to face him when the nation also knew what embarrassing shit (especially his admittance about Mongolian Empire) had gone on the night before. And Ivan was sure he would remember every little detail. He was France, of course he would remember! With a frustrated sigh, Ivan's eyes wandered over to Alfred, who was now mumbling inaudibly in his sleep. Alfred was young still, so it was very possible that he would not remember last night's happenings with the amount of alcohol he'd consumed. And then there was Arthur… and everyone knew the man couldn't hold his liquor no matter how hard he tried. No doubt he would be affected the worst from his binge.

"You are worried, mon cher." Ivan flinched as Francis mumbled in his sing-song voice. The older nation ran the tips of his fingers along Arthur's arm, making Arthur scrunch his face up in a rather cute way. Francis peered up at Ivan. "What is troubling you?"

Ivan shifted uncomfortably against Francis. Sure, he had been in bed with Francis before, but it was a little awkward to have his morning wood so close to the other nation. He folded his hands over his lap to hide his erection. "Er… it is nothing. I am just thinking about how I am going to deal with England when he wakes up."
Francis chuckled softly, and it bothered Ivan how it seemed to go straight to his crotch. How the hell did Francis do that? Surely he knew that he was doing it. "Oui, bien sûr. I was always the one to bring him home after he got completely stoned and try to help him with his hangover. I am glad you are here to help me this time. He is always such a handful."

"Uh, da," Ivan scratched the back of his head nervously, then quickly remembered he had to hide his morning wood. "I was wondering if I should make some breakfast…?"

Francis smiled. "Sonne bien. I'll wake up mon Angleterre and Amerique."

"Da," Francis scooted over to allow Ivan out of bed. Ivan struggled to hide his erection as he hurriedly pulled up his pants, though he thought he could hear Francis chuckling behind him. "Does blini sound good?" He tugged on a shirt and situated his scarf around his neck.

"Whatever sounds good to you sounds good to me, mon ami!" Francis replied, though Ivan suspected he was just saying that because he was so stuck-up that he hadn't explored any other recipes but his own.

Ivan felt his joints crack as he made his way to the kitchen and opened the fridge—And, thank God, the morning wood was gone—He removed the kefir, milk, and eggs and placed them on the counter next to the stove and then opened a couple of cabinets to retrieve flour, sugar, baking soda, and oil (sunflower, of course). Once he had a pan, a bowl, and a spoon out, he began to combine the ingredients.

He nearly dropped the bowl when he heard shouting and banging coming from the other room. He sincerely hoped that Francis wasn't trying to rape anyone again, though, he had to admit, Arthur had it coming to him.

"Get away from me, frog!" Oh, so Arthur was holding his own.

There was more banging. "Mon cherí Angleterre! Please, you must get back into bed—"

"Like bloody hell, I will!" Arthur shouted again. "What, so you can molest me again?"

"Please, listen to me, mon petit chaton—Non, non! You will get sick!"

"Don't touch me, you sod! Where the hell am I? Why is it so bloody cold?!"

"Dude, England, cool it! You're making my fucking ears explode!" And Alfred wasn't as passed out as Ivan thought… great.

"Don't you tell me what to do, brat!"

Ivan sighed and decided that it would be in his house's best interest if he intervened. He was almost afraid to see what damage had been done to his room. He abandoned the bowl and walked down the hallway, pushing the door to his bedroom open and taking a moment to examine it.

It wasn't as bad as he initially thought. Well, a vase was broken and there were a few dents in the wall from the headboard banging on it, but other than that, Arthur seemed too disoriented to break much.

Francis, who had been trying to guide Arthur back to the bed, rushed up to Ivan as soon as he saw him. "Oh! Merci Dieu! Please, you must help me! Arthur won't listen and he is going to hurt himself!"
"I'll hurt you, wanker!" Arthur stopped trying to smash a window open (though he wasn't really succeeding in the first place, as he kept missing the glass entirely) and marched over to Francis, grabbing him by his hair. "Where the hell am I? And why is it that the first thing I saw when I woke up is you lying beside me with your hand on my thigh?!" Arthur then doubled over. "Damn… and why does my arse hurt like hell?"

"Ugh!" Alfred turned in the bed and wrapped the covers around him. "Shut up, will you? God, my head hurts…"

They all ignored Alfred and Ivan narrowed his eyes at Francis. "France, that was not very smart of you. You know how England is."

"Yeah!" Arthur growled, tugging on Francis's blond locks. "You're just asking for another war, aren't you?"

"Mais, mon Angleterre," Francis grunted, wincing as his hair was pulled at mercilessly. "We signed that contract only a few days ago, so that is impossi—"

"Oh, is that so?" Arthur gave another hard yank, and Francis yelped. "Try that again, and I'll make sure it happens! Now, apologize!"

"Oui, oui! Mon précieux, mon belle, mon cherí Angleterre!" Francis struggled to get away. "Please, mon cher! You will damage my image!"

"I didn't hear a sorry in there!"

"Oui, je suis désolé! Je suis désolé!"

"That's better," Arthur let go of Francis, who immediately stumbled away to hide behind Ivan. Ivan rolled his eyes and smiled mischievously. "You were not protesting last night…"

"Shut up!" Arthur snarled, suddenly appearing woozy and holding his head. He sat down on the bed, shifting uncomfortably on his sore arse. "Ung… what did happen last night…?"

"Well," Surprisingly, it was Alfred who answered. The younger nation didn't even bother turning around as he spoke. "Well your ass is sore, and I feel like someone took a sledgehammer to my head, so my best guess is that we all got stoned and had some wild sex."

"You are correct, mon ami. And some very intimate things were—" Francis began, looking smug, but Ivan gave him a glare, telling him to shut the fuck up.

Francis swallowed and quickly snapped his mouth closed. Damn, why did Ivan have to be so scary all the time? He needed to loosen up!

"Just go back to bed, England." Ivan said, though it wasn't a suggestion. Arthur seemed to get the hint and abruptly retreated to the bed, where he slipped under the blankets, being sure to have a silent fight with Alfred over the covers.

Ivan sighed. This was a mistake from the start. Why hadn't he just dropped them off at their hotel rooms and called it a night? But no, he just had to give into stupid fucking alcohol and risk his entire reputation on one long, drunk night of fucking.

He was about to leave when he saw Francis eyeing the bed hungrily. He grabbed the older country by the shoulder and muttered, "Kitchen. Now."
Francis shivered under his touch and nodded. For some reason, Ivan seemed to scare him and excite him at the same time. He had to admit, being told what to do was real turn-on, though he would never tell Ivan that. God knew what kinky shit he was into.

As soon as they reached the kitchen, Ivan commanded for Francis to sit at the table and not move while he continued making breakfast. Ivan hoped that Francis wouldn't open his big mouth again—he really wasn't looking forward to the conversation he knew was coming regarding the night before.

"You know," Shit. Well, at least he expected it. "It would be easier to control them if we just gave them something to calm them down, non?"

"Are you implying that I hit them over the head with my pipe?" Ivan didn't even bother to turn around. He smiled as he heard Francis's breath hitch.

"Not exactly, mon ami. I hear you and the Baltics have a very interesting relationship."

Ivan shrugged. "Da, so? You are not getting to the point, comrade."

"I found this," Ivan flinched as Francis suddenly appeared behind him and dropped a small bag on the counter. "in your nightstand. I was looking for lube, but this was a much better find, don't you agree?"

"You should know better than to rummage in other people's belongings, France, they may get angry." Ivan said sternly.

"I know you use this on the Baltics." Francis went on, obviously not catching the hint. "I saw Lithuania acting very peculiar at a meeting once. He was practically groping Poland before they both decided to make a dual trip to the bathroom. Toris is not usually that bold, so I assumed there was something else at work there besides his own libido."

"So you suspected me, da?"

"No, I suspected an aphrodisiac had been applied. And a particularly powerful one at that." He tapped the bag with a delicate finger. "I know you like watching Angleterre and Amerique squirming and begging as much as I do, and I know that you don't want to have to deal with both of their hangovers."

"Are you suggesting…?"

"That you put the aphrodisiac in their food? Oui, I am." Francis said with a smirk, watching as Ivan stopped in his cooking to snatch the bag off the counter.

Francis gave him a couple of pats on the back. "Homme bon. This way we won't have to deal with their complaints and we can get what we want also."

"I like the way you think." Ivan said, taking out some plates. He never thought he'd admit it, but he had. "Now go tell them breakfast is ready so we can get to it."

"Oui, mon Russie. Right away," And Francis left for the room.

Ivan placed a couple of blini on each plate, pausing to sprinkle some of the aphrodisiac on Arthur's and Alfred's meals. He was about to put the plates on the table, but couldn't stop his eyes from roaming over to Francis's plate. He was always curious about how Francis would react with the drug in his system. It always seemed when Francis bottomed (so he heard), he was always faking (though it was damn good faking, but Ivan knew nonetheless from his lovers' accounts) being so incredibly
aroused that he lost control. But Francis was always in control, no matter if he was top or bottom, no matter who he was with. And it fucking pissed Ivan the hell off. He wanted to know how Francis looked totally helpless, truly helpless, begging to be fucked, begging for him. His cheeks heated at the thought and found himself sprinkling the aphrodisiac onto Francis's food. When his mind caught up with him, though, he remembered how Francis had identified the aphrodisiac so easily, and he wasn't surprised. However, that did spell a problem for him. Surely Francis had used aphrodisiacs before if he knew what kind this was without even opening the bag. With that being so, the country must be immune to normal doses, possibly even humanely high doses. Ivan sprinkled more on the older nation's food, but when he was unsatisfied, he settled with dumping the rest of it on and mixing it in with the jam.

Oh, yes. Francis wouldn't know what hit him.

"I don't need your help, frog!" Arthur snatched his arm away from Francis as the other country attempted to help him down the hall. He swore, if Francis so much as looked suggestively… Francis pulled away. "Easy, mon cher, calm down. I was only trying to help."

"Don't tell me to calm down when you grabbed my arse while we were walking down the hall!" Arthur pulled out his chair grudgingly and sat down. Francis was about to sit adjacent to him, but a glare from Arthur convinced him otherwise and he retreated to the opposite end of the table.

"France," Ivan chided, setting the plates down in front of them. "One more time, and I will have no choice but to punish you."

"Punish me, hm?" Francis placed his chin delicately in his hands, looking flirtatiously at him. "Mon ami, that would depend on the punishment I will be dealt."

"In this particular case, my pipe would suffice, nyet?" Ivan smirked as Francis looked away, putting his hands in his lap.

"Where is Amerika?" Ivan asked after he had set the table.

"I tried to get him up," Francis began. "but he said he would eat later." And he flashed a look at Ivan that told him he would be very disappointed if Alfred didn't join them.

Ivan took the hint and yelled, "Amerika! Your breakfast is ready!"

"… eat it later…" was the muffled response.

"Do you want me to drag you out of that bed myself, ungrateful pig?"

There was no response. Ivan frowned and was indeed about to go into the room and drag Alfred's ungrateful ass out, but a few moments later, Alfred appeared, slumped over and looking incredibly irritable. The American sat down at the table heavily, and Ivan dared him with his eyes to say anything insulting to him.

"Damn," Alfred groaned. "I'm tired as fuck."

And let the complaining begin.

"Eat, mon petit vauche, you will feel better." Francis urged, though not too much. Ivan could see the excitement in his eyes as he watched Alfred examine the food before deeming it 'cool' and taking a bite.
"The last thing I want is to eat." Arthur said, pushing away his food and looking at Ivan apologetically. "I'm sorry, mate, but I just can't."

Ivan smiled inwardly. He was expecting this from England. "Well, I have prepared some tea for you. You would like that instead, da?"

"That sounds perfect. Thank you," Arthur gladly accepted the tea and took a sip, immediately feeling the throbbing in his head reduce a tad.

Francis glanced at Ivan, a clear question in his eyes. Ivan just nodded and continued to eat. Francis, meanwhile, decided to get back to his food, trying to hold down a smile.

Ever since Ivan had set the plate down in front of him, Francis knew the food had been drugged. In fact, he could smell that Ivan had put in a very hefty amount, though the jam muddled his predictions. He peered across the table at Ivan, but the Russian was quietly eating his meal, avoiding his gaze. Oh, how cute! So, the little Ivan wanted to trick the country of love, the expert of arousal? Well, he would play along. He picked up his fork, tapping it on the plate a little to get Ivan's attention. The Russian glanced up, and Francis speared some blini—and quite a bit of jam, just to emphasize it—and happily ate it. He thought he saw Ivan smile a bit before he returned to his own food, and Francis struggled to hold down a triumphant laugh. Oh, this was going to be good. Francis knew the dosage was too low to affect him in any way, but that wouldn't stop him from teasing Ivan just for the hell of it. And then, at the last moment, Francis would take control, like he always had, and show the Russian that he was the sex expert and always would be.

"Jesus," Oh, great. America again. The younger nation had his arms wrapped around himself. "Why is it so damn cold in here? What, do Russians not believe in heaters?"

"I do not feel the cold." Ivan said. "I am used to it."

"Oh, stop griping, America." Arthur cut in, taking another sip of his tea. "You've always been so ungrateful."

"Excuse me, but I believe you were just complaining about the cold, too. You're such a hypocrite. Maybe that's why no one likes you." Alfred retorted sourly.

"Shut your mouth, you brat." Arthur snapped, his giant brows narrowed. "It's a miracle to think that I raised you."

"Perhaps that is why America is so backwards, non?"

Both Arthur and Alfred growled, "Stay out of this, France!"

"Calm down everybody," Ivan hurriedly cut in. It looked as if Arthur was about to dump his tea all over Alfred (though Ivan did want to see that, he didn't want to go through the trouble of cleaning it up) and Alfred was throwing many threatening glances at Francis as the older nation smiled innocently back at him. "If the heat is the problem, I will turn it up, da? No need to get angry."

"You should have been left at the bar last night." Arthur said, ignoring Ivan. "They could have put you to work, and Lord knows you need the discipline."

"France should have let you get into a bar fight," Alfred spat back. "Lord knows you need the humiliation."

Arthur looked positively furious. Oh, it was on. If it was a fight Alfred wanted, it was a fight he would get. And Arthur was definitely not going to let the other country win. "You little fucking brat.
You know, after you stabbed me in the back, you only went downhill. Now look at you. Two-thirds of your whole nation is overweight and your economy has dropped… Again!

Alfred stood from his chair, placing both hands on the table and scowling. "Well at least I can hold onto territory! When was the last time you owned more than an island? And you even have to share that with two other countries! Totally lame, man!"

"If I may—" Francis began, standing.

The vicious glares he received made him swiftly seat himself. "Shut up, France!"

All Francis could do was exchange exasperated glances with Ivan, who looked just as defeated. He sat back in his chair and hoped to God that the aphrodisiac would kick in soon so they could just have hot makeup sex. Yep, that was the best sex. And it was even hotter when the fight got really aggressive, so Francis didn't intrude anymore.

Ivan sighed and swiped all the dishes off the table, walking over to the sink to wash them. Francis decided he should help, seeing as he was right in the middle of the fight and didn't feel like getting punched.

"They are really fighting like cats and dogs, da?" Ivan said, turning on the hot water and using a sponge to clean the plates off.

Francis chuckled. "Oui, I am just glad it isn't me they are fighting with." Then he leaned in and muttered, "It will take effect within a few minutes."

"Da, I know." Ivan had used the drug on countless occasions, just to watch the Baltics squirm and beg. How he loved it. "Though Lithuania and Latvia react a little earlier than that. I suppose it's because they are so sensitive. Cute, really~"

"Mmm, you must let me borrow Toris for a while, oui?" Francis dried the dishes. "I miss seeing his face when he blushes. He's so cute, I really miss him, you know."

"Worn out your other partners, I see." Ivan chuckled. "And he is with Poland now. That bitch is always taking what is mine… I swear, someday he will regret it."

"Mais, he is actually nice once you get to know him—"

"Having sex with someone does not give you the right to say you know that person."

Francis smiled mischievously. "Ah bon? Well, what if your lover is very… vocal?"

Ivan caught his smile and frowned. This was not good. He had wanted to avoid this conversation all day, but now it was staring him right in the face. Damn, if he was going to have it now! He was about to open his mouth to tell Francis to shut the fuck up and go away, when he suddenly noticed that there was no shouting coming from behind him. He dropped the dish he was washing and turned around, Francis doing the same.

Francis raised an elegant eyebrow. "Alors… you are done fighting?"

"No," Arthur answered, holding himself up over the table. "I'm just… out of breath."

"Dude, Russia," Alfred said, pulling his shirt over his head and discarding it on the floor. "Did you, like, teleport to the thermostat or somethin' when I wasn't looking? It's super hot in here now!" Ivan was about to tell the American to not leave shit lying around his house, when he noticed his flushed,
sweaty chest. A smirk played at his lips and he exchanged triumphant glances with Francis who was also smiling.

"What the hell?" Arthur sat down in his chair. "What's going on? I could have sworn just a few minutes ago it was freezing in here!"

"Ha!" Alfred exclaimed. "So you admit it…" He was panting now, looking completely flustered. "Jesus, fuck… did I just come down with something?"

"Of course not, you git!" Arthur growled despite his rapid breathing. What the bloody fucking hell?! Had he finally gone mad? Had a curse backfired on him? No, no… that couldn't be it—he was too good at black magic for that to ever happen. Well, then how was Alfred feeling the same way also? It didn't make sense… He tugged at his clothes, wanting nothing more than to just rip them off, he was so hot, but decided better of it when he saw Francis hungrily moving his eyes up and down Alfred's bare torso. Wait a damn minute… they were smiling! Why were they smiling? Sure, they must look really silly right now, but by now someone should have done something. That was unless…

"You!" Arthur pointed an accusing finger at Ivan and Francis. "You did this! You fucking sods! What did you put in our food?!!"

"Food?" Alfred breathed. "Are you saying I ate drugged food? I knew it! I knew I should never trust commie food!"

Ivan chuckled, not bothering to hide his smile. "Now, now, why do you suspect us? I give you food and this is how you repay me? With accusations~?"

"Damn straight," Alfred gasped out, surprised to hear how strained his voice sounded. What the fuck was wrong with him? "Never eating food from others again without running tests on it… bastards fucking poisoned me!"

"Poisoned us, idiot!" Arthur growled. He was about to say something else, but a sensation in his lower regions interrupted him. He couldn't hold in a startled gasp as he felt his abdomen constricting, felt his heart begin to pound, felt his…

"Damn you!" Arthur was shocked to hear his voice sounded more like a moan than a threat. His growing erection was pushing painfully against his pants, chafing under his zipper. He suddenly felt very tight and felt the need to have something… something more… inside… "You gave us a bloody aphrodisiac!" he finally confirmed.

"They what?!" Alfred shouted, feeling very aroused. Wow, okay, he had to admit, he was kind of slow with that one. But that didn't matter—those sneaky bastards pulled a fast one on America and that was so not cool because he was, like, the hero, and heroes weren't supposed to be drugged with aphrodisiacs! "You are so going to pay for this!"

Suddenly, Ivan was in front of him, and for a moment, he actually believed he was right with the whole teleportation concept. "You are not in a position to be making threats, мышонка." And he ran a cold finger down Alfred's chest.

Alfred shuddered involuntarily and felt his erection growing. Dammit, Florida! Why did you have to salute now? "Don't touch me, commie bastard."

"Oh, now don't be like that~" Ivan chuckled, loving the way Alfred squirmed under his touch, the deep flush on his cheeks. "I can… help expel the 'poison' from your system." His hand roamed
Alfred snarled and pushed his hand away. "Don't. Touch. Me."

Meanwhile, Francis had made his way over to Arthur. "I could be of help too, non?"

"Unless you want a fucking broken nose, I suggest you back away." Arthur spat.

Francis smirked and lunged forward, cupping Arthur's erection with ease and squeezing. Arthur cringed and moaned softly, slapping his hand away. "Are you desiring anything, mon cher?"

"I… I, uh…” Dammit! He didn't want to retreat, but there was no other outlet… that was, except for humiliating himself, but he wasn't about to do that unless he was forced to. "I have to go to the loo. Sorry…”

"Yeah, uh, we should go together, then." Alfred chimed in. He didn't know what a 'loo' was, but if it meant getting away from Ivan, then he was all for it!

"I am afraid that is not an option, подсолнечник," And Ivan pulled Alfred to him, draping him over his shoulder, fireman-style, and walking toward the bedroom.

Alfred shouted and pounded his fists against Ivan's back. "What the hell! Let me go! I need to go to the loo or whatever!"

Ivan rolled his eyes and threw Alfred down on the bed. "Come on, Amerika. You have done this before with me. Why not now? I'm sure you can take me…"

"Put me down this instant!" Arthur was brought in, carried bridal-style by Francis, kicking and shouting. "I have a fucking hangover and this is what you do to me? Drug me for your own pleasure?! Bloody bastards! I will curse you!"

"Hush, mon Angleterre," Francis cooed, throwing him a flirty look. "Let France take care of you. No doubt, you are in very good hands!" Ah, screw pretending to be drugged. He wanted his sexy British spitfire!

"Yeah," Arthur spat. "In very perverted hands!"

"Oh, don't be so judgmental, mon cheri," Francis said, turning on his sultry voice. Oh, yes. He had been looking forward to this since… well, last night. But who could blame him? Arthur was just so cute! "I think mon Tour Eiffel is ready to satisfy you…"

Francis went to unbutton his pants when he noticed that his heart was pounding. Peculiar, usually this didn't happen until later on, but he guessed since he was about to make love to Arthur, he was particularly excited. He fumbled with his button for a moment before finally getting it undone and kicking his pants off. He placed his hands on either side of Arthur's head, straddling his lover. He laughed at how Arthur writhed beneath him, not knowing whether to try to escape or rub up against him. He leaned down and whispered, "I'm going to make love to you, Arthur."

Arthur shivered and whined, rubbing his legs together to relieve the strain on his already-leaking cock. Damn, Francis would be lucky if he wasn't stabbed in his sleep after this!

Francis smiled and moved to kiss Arthur, but stopped when he felt his chest begin to burn and his whole body growing warmer. Alarmed, he sat up, checking himself over. Yep, he was definitely flushed, but why now? What, was this an omen that he would come early? His heart pounded faster and his flesh became unbearably hot. His once half-hard erection was now straining against his
boxers and his ass feeling incredibly… empty. All Francis could do was squeak as his limbs gave out and he collapsed on top of Arthur, who hastily pushed him off so that he could continue his desperate rubbing.

At first, Francis thought he was dying and tried to ask for help, but every time he tried to speak, all that would come out was a moan. Ivan flashed him an amused look. "Tu bâtard sournois," Francis breathed, chest heaving and slick with sweat. "I thought we were partners… and you drug me."

"You were asking for it, comrade." Ivan smiled as he ran his hands over Alfred's body. "You think you are immune to submitting, but I know what it takes to get you to give in with all of your being, маленькая лиса. Now only I am in control."

"Then… then…" Francis had never felt this helpless before in any sexual situation. Sure, when he had bottomed, he was in a vulnerable position, but he was still in control. But here, Ivan was in control, and that definitely was not good, but then again, his cock… Dammit, now his head was going to his dick! His mind was fuzzy and all he knew was that his ass was tingling and he needed something in it before he exploded. "Just… mon Dieu," He quickly removed his boxers and tossed them on the floor to be retrieved later. His fingers wandered down to his hole, thrusting them in. He moaned loudly, unable to control himself. Ivan just watched, absolutely loving the way Francis squirmed and begged and fucked himself on his fingers… all for him.

"What do you want from me, France?" Ivan teased, reaching over to run his fingers down the other country's chest, tweaking a nipple as he went. "You must tell me or I won't be able to help."

Francis flashed him a sincerely dirty look and pulled his fingers out of himself. "Euh… merde tu,"

That's it. He couldn't take it. He just needed something, anything, to fuck him. He flipped over onto his stomach, putting his ass in the air and wiggling it enticingly. "Fuck me."

Arthur watched all this play out, not admitting to himself that this was making him very aroused. Seeing Francis beg and writhe from the drug as he never had before made him want to take Francis for himself. Oh, to hell with it. And he kicked off his pants and boxers and began fistin his own erection with renewed gusto.

Ivan raised his eyebrows. "My, you two seem eager~"

"F-fuck you," was all Arthur could get out before groaning loudly.

"No… ngh," Francis gave a sharp gasp as his fingers brushed against his sweet spot… but just barely. "Fuck me. Dépêchez, s'il vous plaît! I can't… I need you to…" His face burned in embarrassment as he could no longer control his body or voice. His voice petered into a whine as he removed his fingers and offered himself to the Russian. "Me le donner…" Damn! He hadn't been under the full influence of an aphrodisiac for a while. Now he didn't know how to resist it. Well, that figures…

"Don't forget me!" Alfred huffed childishly, wriggling beneath Ivan. He adjusted his position until his arousal was rubbing against the larger man's thigh.

Ivan licked his lips, growing harder at all the activity going on around him. "Of course not, my подсолнечник. I would never." And he leaned down to run the flat of his tongue across the American's flushed chest. He drew back, giggling as Alfred moaned and bucked up against him.

Oh, this was just perfect.

"That's not fair, Russia!" Arthur exclaimed, trying to keep his voice steady and annoyed—though it
was rather hard when he was wanking off at the same time. "You did this to us, so you should at least give us all an equal amount of attention."

"Oui!" Francis groaned. His mouth struggled to form words as he ground down against the mattress, still on all fours, his ass in the air, his legs spread wide. "Dieu! Pourquoi êtes-vous attendre? Ne pas taquerin, salaud!" He moaned out the words, his brain too fuzzy to translate.

Arthur's eyes widened at that, his mind still coherent enough to understand what the Frenchman was saying. God, had he ever heard Francis beg like that? That whine in his voice… the neediness… he hadn't even heard it all the times he fought against him and won. He was angry that he had not made Francis beg like that before—and it was absolutely pissing him off that it was terribly arousing him.

Ivan smiled at them, his fingers ghosting over Alfred's chest as he did, savoring the younger nation's shivers. "I am terribly sorry, but I can only tend to one at a time." Nyet, I can tend to many more at once. He wanted to tease them. To see them writhe and scream for Mother Russia. "You will have to satisfy one another until then, шлюхи, and if you come before I say, I will be sure to punish you."

"What!" Arthur shouted, convincing himself to let go of his erection so he could conjure up an adequate glare. "You dick! Why did you drug all of us if you knew you couldn't take us?!"

"Oui, p-pourquoi?!” Francis felt breathless and managed to get out a gasped, "Tu putain!"

Ivan shrugged. "I cannot help it that I only have two hands and one cock." And he returned to Alfred.

Arthur winced as he heard Alfred's heated moans and his cock hardened to the point of soreness. His hand shot down to relieve some of the pressure, but something blocked it. His heart leaped into his throat as he peered up.

Francis was lying beside him, holding his hand in his trembling ones. Arthur couldn't speak, only moaned as the older nation straddled him, hand pumping the Brit's aching cock with urgency.

"J-je suis désolé, mon, ngh, Angleterre..." Francis gasped out, rubbing Arthur's erection in the cleft of his ass. He immediately hardened as Arthur groaned and bucked up into him as he did so. "Mais..." He searched his mind for English words, though he knew Arthur understood French perfectly well—another result of their constant rivalry through history. "I... I..." He frowned. It wasn't working.

Arthur seemed to get what he was going through and took hold of his cock, giving it a good pump. Francis threw his head back and moaned loudly, whining as he ground his ass desperately against Arthur's arousal. "Tu n'as pas besoin de parler." Arthur replied huskily. Francis nodded gratefully. He couldn't comprehend much English at this point, nor any other language but his own.

Ivan kissed down Alfred's front, sucking and biting where he saw fit, savoring how the younger nation squirmed under his ministrations. This country, the one that opposed him so, the capitalistic pig, was finally succumbing to Mother Russia. Oh, yes, Ivan would force him to join before the end. And he would be begging and pleading and calling his name… Ivan shuddered at the thought. God, how he wanted America. He had wanted him since the beginning of the Cold War, possibly even sooner. There was so much sexual tension for years, and when the war finally ended, all that settled matters was a violent, wanton, hate-filled kiss. It was the closest they ever got to having sex. Except for that one other time... but that would hardly count. Hmm... he almost regretted hitting Alfred over the head with his pipe before the event... almost. Now, he was finally getting what he wanted: his greatest rival submitting to him desperately, weakening beneath his touch. It was enough
to make Ivan giggle with delight.

Ivan continued to work his way down Alfred's shuddering body, enjoying the squeaks the other country made as he tweaked his nipples. He ran his tongue down Alfred's side and the American shivered, half-heartedly pushing him away.

"Agh… your t-tongue… it's fucking, nnn, cold." Alfred moaned as Ivan ran a hand up his inner thigh.

"Da? My hands are also cold and you can handle them. Is problem?" Ivan purred.

"Aren't you… ungh… ever, fuck, w-warm?" Alfred gasped as Ivan gripped his member, giving it a few generous strokes. He cringed at the coldness in his touch. It was uncomfortable and not really sexy—and Alfred was not enjoying it. He wasn't enjoying Ivan's hands ghosting over his stomach. He wasn't enjoying the fingers teasing his hole. And he was most definitely not enjoying the delicious, freezing pressure Ivan applied to his slit.

"Nyet," Ivan seemed to sigh wearily at that. "General Winter has prevented me from feeling warmth for very long. I remember as a child, I used to complain to my sisters about being cold all the time. Now, I just suck it up and deal with it."

Alfred whined as Ivan's hand disappeared, and bucked into the other man, desperately seeking the friction he needed. "F-fuck, Russia… why the fuck did you stop, you d-dick?"

Ivan's eyes narrowed, and Alfred felt a slight twinge in the back of his mind telling him that he should be wary. He ignored it. "Oh, now don't be calling me names. You will hurt my feelings… and I won't give attention to this," Ivan pumped Alfred's erection in emphasis. "You understand, da?"

Alfred could see a hint of the larger country's purple aura manifesting around him, and he gave a startled squeak—a very heroic squeak, of course—and tried to wriggle away.

Ivan giggled as Alfred tried to make his escape. So, he had realized his intentions…? He had to remember to up the country's dosage the next time he gave him the aphrodisiac. He wanted him completely helpless and wanton. "Nyet, nyet, подсолнечник. You cannot run away from Mother Russia~" And he grabbed the nation's legs, yanking him back beneath him.

Alfred yelped, digging his hands into the sheets to stop himself. However, he was too weak in his current position to even remotely fight back. He winced, closing his eyes as he was pulled back in the submissive position beneath the superpower.

Ivan giggled again, his aura growing larger by the second. He loved the frightened look on Alfred's face—it made his cock twitch. "Now, do you want me to continue, подсолнечник? Or shall I begin teasing you again?"

Alfred was about to say 'fuck you, you dick', but his body seemed to be speaking for him. "Y-yes… fuck, ju-just fuckin' touch me." And he bucked against Ivan.

Ivan tsked and moved away from Alfred. He smiled as the younger nation whined from the loss of contact. "Nyet, илюха, you must first tell me what you want me to do. That way I can touch you properly, da?"

"Commie bastard…" Alfred tried to remain stoic, but couldn't stop his lower body from wiggling uncomfortably. Ivan noticed this, and Alfred's eyes darted away, fearful of staring into those scary violet eyes. "Fuck y-you… ngh,"
"I would like to fuck you, but first you must tell me: where should I touch?" Then Ivan leaned down, his lips brushing Alfred's ear. He smiled as he felt the younger nation tense. "What dirty things do you want me to do to your greedy body, капиталистических шлюха? Хотите ли вы мне ебать Вы напряженно и безжалостно?" Alfred didn't know what those words meant, but the way Ivan said them made a shiver shoot up his spine and forced a moan from his lungs. "Stop speaking your… nn, commie language… bastard."

"Watch your mouth, шлюха, I will not hesitate to get rough." Ivan smiled wickedly. "But you would like that, da?"

Alfred looked away, feeling his cheeks heat up. He hated this. He hated having to submit to this commie bastard, the one who had been his rival for the last fifty years. He hated that shit-eating smile he so wanted to punch. He hated Ivan's tone, and how it ordered him around, made him shiver. But most of all, he hated being aroused by it. It seemed that, in Alfred's mind, someone was standing up to him, the only person that could stand up to him. After his revolution, Alfred thought he was invincible, that he would never be dominated again… or ever allow himself to. Now, knowing that he was being forcibly controlled by his greatest rival, it stirred something in him that wanted more. He wanted to know what it felt like to be controlled. It was strange—and, he had to admit, a little scary considering it was Russia he was talking about—but he yearned for that submission. Just to know someone was awesome enough to dominate Alfred was more than enough incentive to want more.

He dared to glance back up at Ivan, and instantly wished he hadn't. The country's purple aura was more prominent than ever, and his equally purple eyes were full of overwhelming authority. It made Alfred shiver noticeably. "B-bastard…"

Ivan frowned, then smirked as he ran a hand up Alfred's shaft, making the younger nation moan. "Your cock does not think the same, da?"

"Sh-shut up, you son of a bi—" Alfred was cut off as the Russian gripped his erection firmly, moaning loudly and arching off the bed. His cheeks burned and he refused to look at Ivan so long as he was in this state.

"You do not want to be saying that to me, шлюха." Ivan growled, running his finger over the slit and smearing the precum he found there. He could barely keep from giggling as the American let out another helpless moan. "I am the one in charge here, and only I will tell you what to do. You understand, da."

It wasn't a question, more of a command, and it made Alfred shiver noticeably. God, he hated this… but why was it then that he was getting hard? He decided not to think about it. Heroes weren't weak. He wasn't weak. He was just drugged. Yeah, it was just the drug that was making him like this…

Francis shuddered as Arthur traced his fingers over his body in imaginary figures. He arched into him when the younger nation took hold of his dripping dick, giving it a generous pump. "Merde! Mon… ngh… Anglete—re…"

"France, tu es belle." Okay, it was getting hard to translate. As much as Arthur wanted to so that they could understand each other's dirty talk, it was beginning to get difficult to do so. Though, he figured Francis couldn't give two shites if they understood each other or not—they both just wanted to get off, so what was the point?

His mind was brought back to reality as Francis ground against him, the needy, fluid movements of his hips further elevating Arthur's arousal. In response, Arthur used the rest of his coherency to squeeze Francis around the base of his cock, making the Frenchman moan and buck against him.
wildly. Wanting to hear more of those delicious sounds, Arthur continued to stroke Francis, enjoying
the effect Francis's squirming had on his hard cock.

Francis felt completely helpless. This was out of control, far more than he would have wanted in a
normal situation. He felt… well, naked. And even though he was technically naked, he would not
usually be the same mentally. Now, however, was a different story. He felt stripped completely of his
coherency, and he felt so incredibly exposed and vulnerable to anything anyone said or did to him. It
was certainly frightening, but he was too aroused to dwell on it.

Francis moaned and let his hands roam over Arthur's flushed chest, tweaking his nipples. Arthur
wriggled from the sensation, further adding to the friction between his cock and Francis's arse. The
feeling was almost overwhelming. Arthur had never felt so aroused before, so, so… needy. And
though Francis's teasing was great, he felt like he needed something more. Something stirred inside
him and he itched to be filled with something… anything. He squirmed beneath Francis and mewled,
his cheeks heating up before the pleading words even came out of his mouth. "France… please, ha…I
need you to, nn, u-use your fingers, mmm…"

He peered up at Francis, who was looking deliriously down at him. Sighing in frustration, Arthur
snatched up Francis's hands—which made the older nation moan in anticipation—and guided them
between his spread legs. Francis seemed to catch on about halfway through the movement, and
yanked his hand away to wet his fingers in his mouth. Arthur gave an impatient whine. At this point,
he could care less what was shoved up his arse, moist or dry.

Francis slowly wetted his fingers down, moaning around them as he saw his Angleterre gasp and
squirm and want. Francis tried his best to elongate the action, to tease Arthur, but he couldn't bring
himself to. He wanted to see Arthur make more of those beautiful faces, wanted to hear him moan
his name.

When Francis inserted his fingers into Arthur, two at once, he was greeted by a cringe then a wanton
groan. He smirked, panting, his cock twitching. It was a good thing he still had enough sense to
remember to moisten his fingers or else it would have hurt like hell and been an unpleasant
experience for both of them.

Arthur squirmed and tried as best he could to push back on those slender digits. Dammit, why
couldn't Francis's fingers be longer? He groaned in frustration as he pushed back again and the tips
of Francis's fingers barely brushed his sweet spot. After a few more of unsuccessful attempts, Arthur
couldn't stand it anymore and flipped their positions, promptly extracting Francis's fingers.

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couldn't stand it anymore and flipped their positions, promptly extracting Francis's fingers.

His anger dispersed as Francis squeezed his erection with gusto. Arthur arched and gasped,
shuddering. When he looked down next and saw that smirk on the older nation's face, he nearly
punched him—but then a much better plan came to mind.
Arthur smirked. Francis was helpless beneath him. Oh, yes, he would be sure to make Francis remember how he writhed and begged for him. With a determined grunt, he began biting a line down Francis's soft neck, noticing with a scoff that it was clean of any marks whatsoever. So what if they healed fast and Francis may have had lovers who gave him hickeys before? As far as he was concerned, Arthur was the only one at this point in time that was actually leaving marks that meant something, that showed his dominance over Francis. He bit until he could taste blood on his tongue, until Francis's once-perfect neck was riddled with his love bites and the older man was moaning and writhing beneath him. Arthur drew back, panting, emboldened by Francis's reaction. "You like that, do you?" Even though he knew Francis couldn't comprehend much English at this point, the tone of his voice was enough for the other country to turn crimson and look away. Arthur didn't give him time to respond as he leaned in and breathed against the wounds he caused on his neck, making Francis shudder. "You're nothing but a slut, and you'll never stop being one. Greedy little whores like you deserve this kind of treatment, hm? Tell me, France... do you want more? Do you like being treated like this, like the slut you are?"

Francis shivered and moaned softly at his words. It took him a moment to discern what the Englishman was saying, picking out key words like 'slut' and 'whore' and 'more'. Oh, God, yes, he wanted more! He wanted to scream it, to beg for it, but what was left of his retreating pride wouldn't let him give in. But, fuck, did he want it. This reminded him of the days when Arthur was a kinky, bad-mouthed pirate, and their fights would turn sexual. Arthur wasn't much of a prude back then—in fact, he was quite the opposite. On one occasion, Arthur pinned him against a wall and kissed him violently before forcing him onto a table in the cabin of his ship, their hands exploring each other briefly before they were interrupted by Francis's rescuers firing cannons and came to their senses. He dreamt a lot about that Arthur, the one who used sex to get what he wanted, to subdue rivals. The one who seemed to have so many kinks. That Arthur, though, disappeared a while back—much to Francis's disappointment—before they could properly fuck. And, damn, did he miss that side of him. All this gentleman bullcrap had turned him into a total prude and made their fights, unfortunately for Francis, more argumentative than sexual. Now, though, that kinky, domineering side was showing through in Arthur, and Francis was more than happy to submit and beg for something he quite honestly desired more than anything. All of his past lovers had never met his standards quite like pirate England... just toys he would use when he needed to get off. He guessed it was that 'never had' thing again. Once that side of Arthur was gone, he didn't know how much he would miss it until he was jerking off alone in his room at three a.m., unable to sleep because the pirate was wreaking havoc in his fantasies.

And, damn, did he have an arsenal of fantasies involving pirate England.

God, he couldn't take it. He needed to be touched, to see more of Arthur's renegade side. With a buck, he moaned, "Oui! Oui! Ha... s'il vous plaît, Angleterre, b-baise-moi!"

Arthur's cheeks immediately heated when he heard how eager Francis was. His cock twitched, leaking and ready to be inside.

Ivan ceased torturing Alfred to examine the couple across the bed. He raised his eyebrows. Ah, so his little мышей were getting impatient. "Эй!" he called over, and instantly, he was met with the aroused looks of Arthur and Francis. He moved toward them across the bed, dragging Alfred with
him. He could see the two nations shudder as he approached. Ivan assessed them thoroughly, taking in the scene before him with a wicked smirk. He reached around Arthur and grabbed his cock, running his thumb over the slit with a tsk. "Oh, it seems as if you have disobeyed me." He let his lips brush Arthur's neck as he whispered, "You were about to fuck him without my permission, _nyet_?"

Arthur felt his cock twitch at the low tone of Ivan's voice. Was it even possible for someone's voice to sound so deep and sexy? He moaned and reached down, wanting to relieve the pressure building up in his cock.

Ivan, though, had other plans. He immediately snatched Arthur's hand away, twisting it behind his back with enough pain to make it arousing. "I don't like when people disobey me, _шлюха._"

Arthur moaned at Ivan's commanding voice, bucking against Francis who in turn let out a sharp gasp. Ivan smiled from ear-to-ear, giggling at the power he held over them all.

It really was a turn-on.

"You like being disobedient, _da_?" Ivan squeezed Arthur's cock and the Brit let out a cry and arched his back so much it hurt. "What a little slut you are—I bet you would come with anything shoved up your tight ass now, _hm?_"

Arthur managed a soft growl, too high on his recent power over Francis to realize he was in a bad position to argue. "B-bastard… fucked any cows recently?" He immediately shut his mouth, realizing his mistake when Ivan's grip on his arm increased to bruising force.

Ivan frowned and snatched Arthur off of Francis, the Frenchman giving a whine with the loss of contact. He then shoved the other nation's face into the mattress, holding it down forcefully. "I hope you are referring to the _size_ of the people I have recently fucked. Though, either way would have been an insult." Then with a giggle, he added. "Now, _британский шлюха_, you will be punished~"

_Smack!_ Arthur's eyes widened as he fought for breath, feeling the stinging pain of Ivan's hand on his sensitive arse. He felt his cock twitch at the contact.

_Ivan smiled, giggling as he pulled the nation's hair up so that he could hear those wonderful cries of pain and ecstasy._

_Alfred watched Ivan abuse his former caretaker with increasing arousal. Ivan was even subduing the only one who had ever controlled him—England. And the needy noises Arthur was making as he was smacked and tortured… it was enough to make anyone hard, more so for Alfred because those sounds—the wanton moans of his former caretaker—had been foreign to him until now. With a groan, he reached down to fondle himself, arching into his hand and pumping with gusto._

_Francis couldn't help but stare at the scenes playing out before him. One—Ivan was punishing his _Angleterre_, making him emit those delicious, sinful sounds. Two—Alfred was masturbating furiously beside him while watching his big brother being punished. Francis wanted to move, wanted to touch himself, but was afraid to do so because of how Ivan would react. Then again… Arthur sounded like he was actually… _liking_ the punishment he was receiving, so what was there to lose? With a grunt, he moved to Alfred, straddling the younger nation who peered up at him with those big blue eyes. Francis stopped to think how cute America was and how he had wanted to fuck him even when he had been a colony—_Hon, he would have been so tight!_—but fucking England beat him to it… and since it was gentleman England, it was very unlikely that he even touched Alfred in a sexual manner which made Francis all the more pissed off. Ignoring his sudden nostalgia, Francis ran his hands up Alfred's flushed chest, enjoying the soft moan he received and the quiver of Alfred's lean muscle beneath his fingertips. He let his fingers ghost over the younger country's weeping erection,
squeezing at the right places and rubbing a thumb over the slit. Alfred bucked and cried out loudly, and Francis smiled, not noticing until it was too late that a large shadow with a purple aura was hovering over him.

Francis yelped as his hair was pulled and he was yanked away from Alfred. He craned his neck to see Ivan, looking absolutely terrifying, a string of 'kolkolkol's rattling off his tongue. Francis swallowed dryly. "Je suis désolé, Russie! Je—"

"Nyet, шлюха," Ivan pulled his hair again, making Francis cry out in pain. God, why did everyone have to pull his hair?! "You are a dirty whore who doesn't obey his master, therefore, you must be punished." Ivan smirked, violent eyes flashing. "I bet you like to suck cock, hm? A slutty bitch like you would probably be good at it, da."

It wasn't a question, and Francis knew that, but before he could protest, he was shoved downwards. The back of his head was pushed forward, and before long his lips brushed against something pulsing and warm. He peered up at Ivan who commanded, "Suck, шлюха."

Francis shuddered at the feeling of power Ivan had over him, but had to admit, he didn't look forward to sucking him off. Being the largest country in the world, one could only assume that Russia was also large in other places as well. Francis usually loved giving head, as he was good at it and enjoyed making his lovers squirm, but Ivan didn't seem like the kind of guy who could be controlled so easily, so that was sort of a bummer for him. Still, it was good to try new things, and since he had virtually no gag reflex—through extensive training, of course—it wouldn't be that much of a problem.

Francis flashed a smile at Ivan, who in turn glowered at him. Francis knew he was pushing his limits, but the Russian became too surprised to do anything to him as his tongue gently tested the tip of Ivan's large cock.

Ivan flinched slightly, holding in a gasp and feeling his anger disperse as Francis wrapped those beautiful lips around him. He placed a hand forcefully on Francis's head, pulling on his hair enough to make the other nation groan. Ivan sighed as the sound vibrated his cock.

Francis tried to keep down a smile. So, Ivan did have a weak spot after all? He felt a shiver of boldness course up his spine as he continued to tease Ivan with his talented tongue. Ivan wasn't the only one that had control here, and Francis was going to milk this for as long as he could (no pun intended).

He loved teasing—no doubt it was fun to see his lovers squirm. And he was determined to make it happen. With renewed valor, he moved up and down Ivan's shaft with his tongue, licking the underside of his cock from base to tip, swirling his tongue around the head, and then repeating the process with increasing slowness. After a few more rounds, Francis could feel Ivan tense with impatience, and he tried not to show his amusement. But, damn, was it hard to stay focused, staring at and sucking off Ivan's cock that he so wanted to be inside him right now. The feel and smell of the large meat was enough to get Francis off. Francis wriggled a bit where he sat, trying to relieve the pressure on his own painfully hard erection.

Arthur, still lying flat on his stomach, panted into the mattress, growing hotter at the sight of Francis giving Ivan head. Dammit, anymore heat and he'd shrivel up into a raisin! What the bloody hell was this aphrodisiac anyway? He had come across some before when he was a pirate—purely for bartering purposes *cough, cough*—but none seemed as... potent as this. Was it Francis's, possibly? That would certainly be believable. Then again, they were in Ivan's house, and God knows what he did to the Baltics...
An image of Latvia gagged and bound to a chair, a dildo stuffed up his tight arse, suddenly popped into his head. Arthur moaned into the sheets, feeling his balls constrict with the wave of arousal that overcame him. God, why did he imagine that? He was a gentleman now, not a pedophile like Francis! However, he had also been a pirate and a very… raunchy one, at that. And Latvia did resemble Alfred when he was younger… Arthur moaned again, shuddering. No! He would never touch his little America or let anyone else touch him—that was the whole reason he got there before Francis did. Had he thought about doing those sorts of things when Alfred was little? He squinted his eyes shut, struggling to go through his memories. And then… Oh, God, yes, that night… when Alfred had sat on his lap and he was reading him a story… and the younger nation had wriggled a bit too much. Needless to say that Arthur had spent the rest of that evening in the bathroom, drowning in humility as he took care of his 'problem'.

But it wasn't all that bad, was it? He was participating in a foursome involving his former charge, and it's not like he attacked the boy when he was still young. Had he wanted to, though? A shiver ran up his spine at that, and he glanced at Alfred, moaning and bucking into the mattress beneath him with the sight of his little brother, legs spread wide, vigorously pumping himself as he watched Francis sucking Ivan off. Every time he saw Alfred, he would think of him as if he still belonged to him, as if he still controlled him… as if he could do anything he wanted to him, and the younger nation would submit because he trusted Arthur so much. Arthur could barely stand it, grinding into the mattress, fingering his puckered hole, a weak sob of shame erupting from his lungs.

Meanwhile, Francis was making slow progress with his blowjob, and Ivan was none too happy about it. He dug his fingers into the nation's hair and pulled on the blond locks in order to speed him along, but all he got was an innocent look and a sensual lick to the underside of his shaft. Ivan growled and pressed hard on the back on Francis's head, forcing the other nation to take at least half of him in. "Возьмите меня в более глубоких французская шлюха. Я знаю, что вы можете."

Francis didn't know what those words meant, but the way Ivan said them made him moan around him and shudder. How did the Russian make his words go straight to his groin even when Francis didn't understand what he was saying? Francis tried to keep from coughing as Ivan continued to push himself in, trying to relax and ignore the tight sensation in his own vital regions.

Ivan grunted and shivered as he was ravished by Francis's hot, wet mouth. Just how talented Francis was made him wonder how many other lovers he'd had. But then again, there was no point in trying to predict—it would be nearly impossible to count the numerous affairs. Ivan felt a touch of anger rise within him with the thought. Even though everyone knew about Francis's excessive sleeping around, and Ivan had only thought of the older man as worthless garbage for it, he was beginning to become, very much to his displeasure, somewhat… attached to the playboy. And he totally wasn't worrying about how many diseases Francis might have picked up from his many sexual partners…

Francis forced down a smile as he sucked hard, cheeks hollowing, hearing Ivan's moan of surprise. He couldn't resist. He peered up at him seductively, all the while his tongue working its magic.

Ivan peered down at Francis. Was that little shit smiling at him? No, that would not do. That would not do at all. With a growl, Ivan yanked Francis back by his hair, forcing his dick out of the man's mouth with a wet pop. He had to keep down another moan when he saw the generous bridge of saliva snap between his dick and Francis's lips. Gathering himself together, Ivan threw Francis face-down onto the mattress, cold hands roughly kneading the other country's tight ass.

Francis moaned and pushed back against those chillingly arousing hands, spreading his legs and whining as Ivan continued to tease him relentlessly.
"You're a filthy whore, France." Ivan said, stifling a giggle. This was serious time. "I wonder how many times you have begged for a cock up your ass, swallowed cum, been fucked until you passed out?"

Francis shuddered as Ivan ran a cold finger down the length of his spine, arching slightly as said finger reached the cleft of his ass. "Ah, oui, mon Russie… juste là!"

Ivan growled and shoved Francis's head into the mattress. "You will not speak unless I give you permission to do so, сука." Ivan spread his ass cheeks apart, thumb teasing the other country's hole. "Mmm, I wonder how many times you've been used, илюха."

Francis couldn't breathe with his face in the mattress, his lungs were sore, his chest was aching, he felt like he was going to faint… but it felt so good. He wanted to move—and live, quite frankly, because what would the world be without his amour?—but he was afraid that Ivan would cease touching him and continue to torture him. God, he just wanted to be fucked. How hard could that be? All of his previous lovers had wasted no time in claiming him, so what was taking the Russian so fucking long?

Something came to his mind suddenly, and before he could stop himself, Francis was belting it out. "Am I not good enough for you, then, Russie?" Honestly, he was rather angry. No one, and he meant, no one, ever turned down a chance to sleep with him... well, except maybe Arthur, but there was a perfectly good reason for that. Sure, Ivan was all sadistic and shit, so what? The other man could just continue his torture while inside of him, couldn't he? Francis let out an impatient huff as he glanced back at Ivan, the hand on his head weakening a bit. Francis then turned back around, afraid of what reaction he would get from just looking at him. But, he had said it in French, and the Russian, while being a great deal more educated in other languages than Alfred, probably wouldn't care enough to translate his words.

Ivan narrowed his eyes at that and he dug his fingers into Francis's ass, enough to leave bruises, enjoying the scream of pain the other nation emitted. "I did not give you permission to speak, сука," Ivan grumbled. "And you are not worth anyone. You're a worthless tramp, whose only desire is to be fucked by anyone, or anything, I might add, that has a cock. Your body is filthy and used. No doubt you would even sleep with a hermit if he offered you a lay." And then, to emphasize his point, he leaned down over Francis, muttering, "So, нет, маленькая илюха, you will never be good enough for me."

Francis shuddered as he felt the other man's body heat so close to his own burning skin. So, he had spoken in English after all? Damn, what the hell was his brain doing? Nothing, apparently... he eventually concluded, wriggling uncomfortably under Ivan's harsh stare.

Despite all of what Ivan said being true, it hurt to hear the words snarled so viciously back at him. He couldn't help if he was the country of amour! It was his job to do that shit. That and he actually liked it quite a lot… Still, the insults actually sounded… sexy. Yes, he was a slut. Yes, he was a horny bitch that was always up for a fuck no matter the person. And, God, yes, he wanted it now. But the feeling of being used and dominated by someone else… that was his high. He didn't get it very often, because he was normally the one in control, but now… hearing that he was a slut from someone who he wanted tofuck him so bad (because who wouldn't want to fuck him?) seemed like the most arousing thing to him at the moment. Being told what he wanted, what he was—he shuddered and pressed back into those rough, squeezing hands.

Fuck, yes, he was a whore.

"Tell me, илюха," Ivan said with a rather thick accent. Damn, he couldn't go into Russian mode now! It was getting increasingly harder to speak any other language but his own. "Do you want my
Francis nearly exploded as he heard those sexy words. He wanted to stall like he usually did at this point in time, but he was so painfully hard at the moment, he didn't care about his pride. He rolled over, ignoring the warning growl Ivan gave as he defied his power, throwing his arms over his head and spreading his legs as wide as they could go. "Dieu, Ivan, s'il te plaît…!" No, no, English, Francis, English. "F-fuck, Ivan, God… nnha, I want you inside me!"

Francis didn't have time to figure out if he said those last few words in French or English before Ivan pounced. It was seriously scary. How the hell could someone so large move so fast? He'd have to remember that…

Ivan could feel himself grow harder at the Frenchman's words, and hurriedly tackled the other man to the bed to distract from the soft moans tumbling from his lips. Must keep composed! This is no time to surrender power! And everyone knew if you gave Francis an inch, he would take a mile, especially with sex. He groaned again and ground himself into Francis's plush ass, savoring the eager whines coming from the older nation.

Ivan stopped, remembering something suddenly as other moans joined the chorus. Oh, right… they weren't alone. Shit, he hadn't thought this far ahead. How was this going to work out? If only I had two more dicks… Ivan sighed regretfully. He ignored impatient whines from Francis as he wriggled his behind against his hard cock, and came to a conclusion that made him smile.

Oh, Jesus. Ivan was smiling. Arthur was almost worried about what would happen to the frog… and he was also excited at the prospect of seeing Francis mercilessly pounded into.

Alfred sensed the same thing. Immediately, he stopped in his endeavors, removing his hand from his cock. Damn, this had gone on for far too long. Not even masturbating helped to relieve the pressure in his groin. He almost wanted for Ivan to take Francis so he could get to him next.

Hell, he just wanted to see it.

"What horny little sluts you are," Ivan began, giggling as he rocked his hips against the needy Francis. "You all probably want something up your asses, so I will not waste any time in telling you my plan… we will fuck each other."

Everything went quiet… well, except for Francis obnoxiously rubbing on Ivan, demanding attention with wanton moans.

After a few seconds, Arthur couldn't hold out any longer, wanting to move this along. He raised an inquisitive eyebrow. "Fuck e-each other…? What the bloody hell do you mean by that, git?"

Ivan narrowed his eyes, and Arthur 'eeped'. "I would keep my mouth shut if I were you, England. Or haven't I already taught you a lesson?" He kept down a giggle as Arthur spread his legs and moaned, fondling himself without shame. "Now, since I cannot pleasure you all in the way you want at once, I will pair you up. Don't worry, though," he added, as displeased groans erupted from all three of his partners. "You each will be fucked… and two of you will be fucking someone else."

"A-and how do you… nnn," Francis shifted awkwardly against the larger man stretched out beside him. "p-plan on pairing us up, mon cher?"

"Hmm… da, I know." Ivan smiled wickedly. "Let's pair up with someone we've never fucked."

At that, Francis laughed. "Honhon! I believe there will be no match for me, mon amour. So far, I've fucked everyone here at least once."
"Oh, so what am I now?" Arthur spat, increasing his pumping despite his anger. "Just a number to you?"

Francis frowned. "Non, mon chéri Angleterre, never! You know I lo—"

"That's quite enough from you." Ivan pushed Francis's face into the mattress, silencing him instantly. "I have made my choices, and regardless of Francis's many, how does he say? Rendez-vous—my choices are final."

Arthur ignored Ivan and glared at Alfred, still wanking off. God, it was hard to do. "You git! Why in the bloody world did you have sex with France, of all people?"

Alfred shrugged, as if he couldn't help it. "He helped me out in the revolution, bra(1). Hadta pay him back somehow."

"You what?!"

"Um, excusez-moi," Francis turned his head to the side and gulped down several lungfuls of air. "But I am suffocating, so if you would kindly allow me to breathe…"

"That is enough," Ivan's stern voice made them all shut up and shiver. "Let's say that before the 'signing' of the alliance just a week ago, that we were all virgins."

Francis snorted. "As if! I wasn't even a virgin for long, so I don't think I can be included in that notion, ahonhonhon."

Arthur frowned. "That's nothing to be proud of, frog."

Francis tossed Arthur a mischievous look. "That's not what your little America said after I'd had my way with him~"

Arthur growled, wanting desperately to be angry. But, no, the stupid aphrodisiac wouldn't allow him to! "Why you fucking—!"

Ivan sighed. They were getting nowhere. Seriously, sometimes he wondered how they could form a foursome with their differences. "If you all want to get off, I suggest you shut the fuck up and listen." With that, everybody shut their mouths. Ivan's childlike smile returned. It was really starting to become creepy now. "Good, now I have decided the pairs. I will fuck France and America will fuck England. France, since you will be between America and I—since it will be a chain fuck—you will be fucking America. Is good, da?"

The partners exchanged glances with each other.

Okay, so Ivan would be fucking him, and in turn Francis would be fucking Alfred… Francis wanted to give a triumphant laugh at obtaining the biggest cock in the group for himself—and Lord knew he needed it—but was too absorbed in the thought of such a large dick shoved up his ass, he was breathless for a moment. God, he wanted to be dominated right now. No doubt he'd been wanting this for a long time.

Alfred peered awkwardly at Arthur. Was this… right? Fucking his former caretaker? Alfred wouldn't ever admit aloud that he found the prospect extremely arousing. All that control bullshit. So what if he wasn't getting Ivan's horse cock? He was going to fuck Arthur! And he kind of looked forward to Francis fucking him again. He was a virgin then, but now he was accustomed tobottoming (Matthew and Kiku had been helping him 'practice' for a while).
Arthur arched an eyebrow, trying to look regal despite his wanking and flushed cheeks. He huffed ignorantly. "Why do I always have to bottom?"

Francis smiled. "Parce que you are just so adorable, mon belle Angleterre!"

Arthur scowled. "You're fucking lucky I'm too aroused to punch your nose into your perverted brain, you prat."

"Don't be such a hypocrite, England." Alfred snapped with a slight moan. Arthur flashed him a horrified look. Oh, no. Oh, hell, no. "Don't look so surprised, Iggy. You seriously think that the whole time I lived with you that I never saw your frequent trips to the bathroom or just happened to pass by your room one night and hear you jerking off, moaning my name? Seriously, dude, it's not needed."

Arthur was aghast to say the least. He could almost see the smug look on Francis's face without even looking at the bastard. Ivan's brows were raised in intrigue and Alfred still looked on, without the slightest bit of shame, continuing to pleasure himself, his hands growing more vigorous and desperate by the second. "America, I—Oh, God… I'm not—" Arthur began, and once he realized there was no way to counter this claim, he hung his head and muttered ashamedly, "Bloody hell, I am a pedophile."

"Really?" Alfred blinked, eyes wide. Arthur cocked his head in confusion. What the hell…? Had Alfred just lost his mind? Airheaded git… "Oh, I just made that shit up to find out if you really were hitting on me when I was younger. You can be so gullible sometimes, man!" And he flashed a huge smile.

Arthur's jaw dropped and Francis sniggered loudly. Damn him for trusting Alfred, but he couldn't help it. Then again, the last time he'd trusted him, it had led to him losing the colony he loved… "What?! You mean… that was all just some fucking ploy to get me to admit to it? Why the fucking hell would you ask me something like that?"

Alfred's playful smile suddenly turned seductive. "'Cause I fantasize about it. It makes me horny. I wanted to ask just for the hell of it… just to see how sexed up I could get if I did." Alfred groaned and rolled his eyes, letting his head fall back as he pumped himself. Arthur watched as a generous amount of precum coated his ex-colony's fingers. "Mmm, fuck… that did it."

Arthur could feel himself go so painfully hard it felt as if his cock was a cylinder of cement. Dammit, he was through with waiting and dreaming. He needed to fuck Alfred, and he needed to fuck him now.

Ivan was being ignored. And no one, no one, ignored Ivan. Francis was still laughing lecherously beside him, and he reached out, giving him a firm swat on the ass. Francis arched into him, moaning, the deep blush on his face—the likes of which Ivan, and he doubted any other, had seen before—making Ivan giggle.

"I see you are all eager to come, but if you keep behaving in this manner, I will have no choice but to tie you up and stick a vibrator up your asses and leave it at that." Ivan chided, running a cold finger up Francis's spine, making him squirm and whine. His narrowed gaze ghosted over his partners' greedy bodies, smiling as he did so.

Arthur shuddered as those darkened violet eyes examined him all over. Damn, it was like the larger nation was raping him with his eyes! He blushed deeply under Ivan's hungry gaze, still trying to look dignified, but not succeeding in the least. "England," Ivan purred, and the sound went straight to Arthur's groin. "I want you to straddle America and keep him from touching himself."
Arthur felt his mouth go completely dry as he flashed Alfred an anxious look. Sure, they had all had sex with each other before, but Alfred and him had never really been *that* intimate. An impatient growl from Ivan warned him to get a move on, and Arthur did so, if shakily, and kept his head down, trying to hide his reddening face. He clambered onto Alfred, startled to find that he was sitting atop the other nation's erection. He could feel his face grow hot. *Dammit! Figures...* Arthur tried to keep in a groan as he slid up Alfred's sweaty body, his arse brushing against his growing erection. But, damn, it felt so good.

Alfred let out a moan as his older brother moved against his hardening cock, yearning to be inside the other man right then. He could feel his face grow hot as Arthur let a groan escape, and they both met eyes for a moment before looking away, blushing fiercely.

Ivan chuckled as he watched the two brothers. "Oh, you are both so adorable~ I seriously regret not being able to fuck you two at once."

Francis shivered at the sight, biting the back of his fisted hand dramatically. Ivan noticed this and swatted Francis's ass again, forcing a series of harsh moans and gasps out of him as he then kneaded his cheeks. He growled as he ground into him, fiercely biting the Frenchman's neck, amused to see that his neck was already riddled with hickeys. "Mm, it looks as if *Arthur* got to you before I did."

Francis moaned at the mention of the Brit's name—and at how sexily Ivan said it. "But now, it's my turn to claim you."

"*Merde, nnn... Dieu, Ivan, b-baise-moi!*"

"Hmm, didn't you say that to England before?" Ivan *tsked* as his hands slid up and down Francis's thighs, making the other man writhe desperately against him. "You're such a greedy little slut, France. So short into our romp, and you've already begged for release. Even from someone who you fought so much with in the past."

Francis groaned, pushing back against those teasing hands. "*Dieu, yes! I'm a dirty slut... I'm addicted to having cocks shoved up my ass, please!* Please..."

Ivan smirked. Now he was getting somewhere. "Please' what, Francis? You must tell me what you want, otherwise I won't be able to give it to you."

Francis gritted his teeth, knowing exactly what the Russian wanted out of him. He could feel his face grow hot and stinging tears well up in the corners of his eyes. God, it was true. It was all true. He was a whore. But he wasn't angry because of what little control he had over this or because the Russian was degrading him... he was angry because he knew he desperately *wanted* it. "I-I want your cock!" Embarrassed tears spilled over, coating his cheeks. It hurt. Why did it hurt? He wasn't pretending like he usually did. He was actually crying. Ashamed, he sniffled, hiding his face as he continued to push back against Ivan, his body craving more, his mind breaking down.

He was so angry with himself... but, *fuck*, did he want it. He wanted it all. He wanted the hurt, the shame, the insults. It was so confusing, that he gave up trying to hide it, collapsing onto his stomach and letting out an embarrassed sob, reaching down to touch himself.

Ivan wasn't in the least bit surprised. Actually, he was quite excited with this reaction. This was what he wanted all along—for Francis to finally show his true feelings instead of masking them. Not feeling in the least bit guilty, Ivan pulled Francis on top of him, allowing the older man to straddle him, to rock against him pitifully. "Ah, so France has finally broken down? Well, how entertaining. I was looking forward to seeing this side of you."

Francis kept his head down, moaning as he bucked against him. "*Dieu, oui*, Ivan. I-I, oh, want you
to t-take all of me…"

Ivan smirked, placing a hand on the side of Francis's face. "Then, you must let me first see all of you."

Francis allowed Ivan to lift his chin, gazed into his eyes, so alive with need that he forgot how embarrassing this was. This verbal and physical assault on his mind and body was becoming too much for him to contain. His thighs quivered and he bit his lip. "M-merde… I'm going to come…"

Ivan frowned. "Nyet, it is too early for that, France." And he removed his teasing hands and moved Francis completely off of him. The other country writhed and moaned, fisting the sheets, muttering a string of 'please's and 'I need's.

"In good time, my шлюха." Ivan fought a smile, wanting to keep the mood intact. Damn, he was feeling good. Last night, although it was nice, he still didn't get that domineering feeling he usually got during sex. That's because America topped me… Ivan shuddered at the thought and quickly pushed it away. How he let Alfred do it without strangling him afterward, he didn't know. Sure, he would have been less angry if Alfred had asked instead of just attacking him from behind. The uncomfortable, vulnerable feeling still welled in his gut. It was almost like when he was under the rule of—

No! Focus, Ivan!

Instead he studied Francis's delicious body lustfully, barely noticing the scars that crossed his skin here and there. He raised his brows when he found one that was particularly interesting.

Softly, almost agonizingly gently, Ivan skimmed his finger along a deep-looking scar on his chest. It looked like it had been painful when it first appeared, some small scratches extending out from it like little fingers.

"Ah," Ivan said with a smirk. "The Battle of France(2). Isn't that when Germany captured Paris and the Low Countries? How weak you were then. It amazes me still that you are alive and well today."

Francis shivered and tried to scowl. It wasn't working well. "Tu damner…"

"What shameful years. And I wager you are reminded of them every time you look at this scar." Ivan went on, ignoring his comment. "France was once so powerful—had the best armies in Europe(3). Where is that strong France who came to visit me when I was still so young?" He snorted as he ran his hand across some other scars absentmindedly. "And you had to have England and Amerika bail you out. What a mess."

"Sh-shut up…” Francis grunted, his face burning.

Ivan gave a mock growl and rolled them over so that he was on top. "What did you say, сука? What did I tell you about talking back?" He held the other country's hands in place over his head, placing a forceful leg in between his.

Francis was beginning to become delirious with desire. His mouth couldn't form words, and all he knew was that this had been going on for far too long. He ground his length against Ivan's thigh in answer. He moaned loudly to get the point across… and also because it felt so damn good.

Ivan smiled as he watched Francis writhe helplessly beneath him. Oh, yes. He would most definitely enjoy taking him now that he had broken him. "What a horny little slut you are." And he released Francis's hands, gesturing to the other side of the room where a small couch stood. "Get up and lean over the arm of that couch."
Francis's only reply was a soft groan of anticipation. Whatever Ivan had planned, he hoped he'd do it soon. God, his cock was beginning to hurt. It wouldn't surprise him if he got blue balls out of this.

But, damn, it would be worth it.

Francis did the best he could to look tantalizing as he bent over the couch, eyes silently pleading, legs spread wide.

Ivan crossed the room in a couple large strides, standing a few feet away to admire his little harlot. The intensity of his gaze made Francis shiver and moan. Dammit, what was taking him so fucking long?!

Ivan could tell Francis was getting impatient, and that was what he wanted. He wanted the other man to scream his name at the end of all this. "What a beautiful body you have, France." Ivan's purr made Francis shiver with arousal. "No doubt its sole purpose is to please others." He ran a chilled finger along Francis's spine, making him arch and mewl.

Francis was visibly shaking now, his legs a hair's breadth away from giving out. Fuck, he wanted to come. That was all he wanted, all he needed. But, damn, was Ivan making a torture session out of it!

"S'il te plaît... Dieu, Ivan, ah, prendre moi..."

Ivan smiled, but was just as quickly frowning again as he noticed Francis rocking lightly against the couch. Sneaky bitch. He had probably been doing it for a while that way so Ivan wouldn't notice it. He dug his fingers in Francis's blond hair and tugged forcefully. "Stop that, сука. Or do you not want to be fucked?"

Francis groaned and wiggled his ass enticingly. "Oui, mon Russie, uh..."

Ivan slapped Francis's ass again, never tiring of hearing that sound. Francis arched into him and moaned when he kneaded his delicious, firm cheeks. "Mm, your ass is addicting." He leaned in to breathe close to the Frenchman's ear. "I'll take great pleasure in violating it."

Francis rolled his eyes to the top of his head. "Oh, mon Dieu..."

As much as Ivan wanted nothing more than to completely sheathe himself in Francis's tight hole, he felt the need to tease him more. If only he knew how...

Then he got a wickedly nasty idea.

Ivan turned, smiling to face Arthur and Alfred, who were, surprisingly, still in the same position Ivan had left them. Though, Ivan could tell just from a glance that the nations were a second away from completely devouring each other.

"England," he growled sensually, enjoying the way the nations squirmed from the sound of his voice. "Get your sexy British ass over here."

Arthur bit back a groan, and made his way over to where Ivan was standing, his legs unsteady and his heart racing. As soon as he stopped, Ivan snatched him up by the upper arm and pinned him to the wall. Arthur let out a soft 'eep' with the unexpected force.

Oh, hell, he should expect it by now.

"France," Ivan snapped, and immediately, Francis eagerly thrust his ass into the air. Ivan ignored it. "Turn around; I want you to see this."
Francis quickly did as he was told. Anything to move this whole thing along!

Ivan smiled wickedly as he pulled Arthur to him. The other country stared apprehensively at him. What was he up to? His heart raced as he felt Ivan's cold hands ghost up his side, then firmly lock him in place by the hip. Arthur emitted a startled yelp as his hair was pulled, and before he knew it, Ivan's cold tongue was invading his mouth.

Francis was in shock at first, and just stared, wide-eyed. Ivan's kiss was so... demanding. His tongue was thrusting in and out of Arthur's mouth, lips brushing each other. It was only when Arthur gave in and kissed eagerly back that Francis let his hand wander down to his painfully hard erection. Arthur moaned excitedly, and Ivan echoed that moan, letting his fingers brush his cock. Just the thought of that dictating mouth claiming his own...

Ivan let his hands roam up and down Arthur's back, feeling him shudder. He would have continued, if not for seeing Francis threatening to play with himself out of the corner of his eye. He sighed and pushed Arthur away, and before the country could protest, he turned him around and pressed him against the wall. Well, this was the expected result. He smiled.

"Do not touch yourself, шлюха." His grin widened as Francis did as he was told, despite his leaking erection. He ignored the country's needy whine, and turned to face the bed where Alfred, not so much to his surprise, was fondling himself. "You, too, Amerika." His accent became thicker with the mood. "Get over here. I want you to stand behind England."

He nearly giggled at how fast the younger country moved. Within seconds—if even that—he had placed himself behind Arthur, eyes hungrily scanning his brother's body. Arthur moaned, as if he could feel himself being examined.

"Now," Ivan began, letting a giggle slip. Okay, he couldn't help it now. It was getting too exciting. He bent over and rummaged through his discarded coat for the lube. "Use this."

He tossed it over to Alfred, and the nation caught it—with some difficulty—and eagerly slicked himself up, moaning as he relieved some of the pressure on his cock. When he was finished, he looked excitedly up at Ivan. Ivan giggled. Oh, what a wonderful dog Alfred would make! He almost wished he had a leash and collar around here somewhere...

"Good," Ivan purred, "You may enter him. But do not move."

"Ivan..." The way Alfred moaned his name was extremely arousing, and Ivan had to force down a moan of his own. He watched as Alfred grasped Arthur's shoulders and began pushing in, both of them letting out needy little sounds.

"So good... uh," Alfred muttered into Arthur's ear, making his brother squirm.

"God, Al..." Arthur pushed back against Alfred. Shit, this should feel wrong... then why did it feel so bloody fantastic? He never thought sex with his former colony, with his little brother, could feel this good. And he was filling him so well—perfectly.

Well, he reasoned, it could just be the drug talking.

"M-may he, ngh, t-touch me?" Arthur threw the question as hastily as he could at Ivan. In turn, the Russian man smiled, which would have totally made him go soft with apprehension if it weren't for the damn aphrodisiac.

"Da," As soon as Ivan assented, Alfred's hand whipped around to grasp Arthur firmly. Arthur let out a startled cry as his member was squeezed and pumped.
"Don't do it too harshly, Amerika." Ivan reminded swiftly. Jeez, what sluts. Truly, this was exhausting him. "Remember, you can come only when I give you permission to do so."

Arthur squirmed with impatience. "Y-yes, Russia… I'll try."

"Trying is far more different than actually doing." Ivan amended, folding his arms. "And if you don't do it, I'll have no choice but to do this to you all over again."

Alfred grunted as Arthur squeezed around him suddenly. "Dammit, Iggy… stop that, or I'm gonna blow my load."

Arthur grimaced at his little brother's choice of words. "You've always been so classy, America…"

Ivan arched an eyebrow. "Oh? Did my words arouse you~?" He giggled a bit as he reached out to tweak one of Arthur's erect nipples. Instantly, the man squirmed and whined. "You would like to do this again, England, da?"

"P-please, stop-stop that, nn…" Arthur pushed back into Alfred slightly, arching his back.

Ivan was about to tease the man more, but Francis felt the need to say something extremely sexy at the moment. Well, it was more like he had no choice. "Dieu, Ivan! Please… I-I need you to touch me, anything… do whatever you want to me, I don't care, just, ha, just fuck me."

Ivan couldn't hold himself back any longer either. Damn, this was taking way longer than he wanted it to. Without a word, he snatched up Francis's arm and pressed him flush against Alfred. "Slick yourself up and enter him. Remember what I said about coming."

"Oh, oui, mon amant, oui," He did so lightning fast and slipped inside Alfred slowly. Oh, God, he was so tight, just like he remembered. "Ouais, Amerique…"

"Unh, France… fuck," Damn, this feeling! Every inch by delicious inch of Francis's cock pushing into him opened a new door of pure pleasure. God, if he knew it would feel this good…

He cried out and arched, feeling Francis hit that spot inside him that drove him completely wild. In front of him, he could hear Arthur gasp as he was pushed further into also, and for a moment, Alfred thought it would be over for him. Francis, though, seemed to notice his mistake and pulled out a bit, leaving Alfred with the same desperate, empty feeling as before.

Ivan grinned at the delicious sight before him: three very sexy men sandwiched together, all moaning and wanting him. Ivan's scarf—which he almost never took off—brushing his cock reminded him of how close he was to coming, and he quickly rubbed the sweet-smelling lotion over his erection, moaning at how the slick sensation made his cock twitch.

"I-Ivan, please… dépêches-toi!" Francis squirmed as he stood, trying not to cause both him and Alfred to come. It was extremely difficult, seeing as the younger country was so tight and he himself was so incredibly horny…

"терпимое, слут, терпимое…" Ivan mumbled as he positioned himself at Francis's entrance. He heard the other country moan in anticipation as the head of his cocklightly teased the puckered hole. Francis cringed as Ivan pushed in, wiggling slightly to get used to the feeling. God, he couldn't even recall a time when he had been stretched this far before, been this full… it hurt, but the relief of finally having something inside him overwhelmed the bothersome feeling. Just as he was becoming adjusted, Ivan's dick rubbed that spot inside him that made Francis arch his back with a cry.
Ivan watched the scene play out with hungry eyes as Francis bowed back into him, followed by Alfred and then Arthur… similar to a very sexy line of dominoes. Every reaction he reaped from Francis, everyone would feel, not just him. This way, they could all still technically tease each other. Ivan chuckled quietly at how truly ingenious he was sometimes.

"You are so tight, шлюха," Ivan muttered huskily into Francis's ear. "I would have never expected it knowing you've had so many dicks shoved up your ass…" Ivan grunted as Francis squeezed him, noses the Frenchman's bitten neck.

Francis groaned and tipped his head back, resting it on Ivan's shoulder, exposing more of his abused neck to Ivan's hungry mouth. "Oui, I'm tight because of, nn, you, minou… pl-please, stop t-teasing, ah."

Ivan growled and nipped at Francis's ear. "Do you want me, любить?"

"God, yes!" Francis moaned, pushing back against Ivan, making the larger man purr and bite down on the other's neck. "Oh! D-Dieu… please, Ivan, ha, f-fuck me with your big, thick cock…"

Alfred mumbled something in response and bucked against Arthur, who in turn moaned a quiet, but very aroused, "Oh, France…"

Ivan, meanwhile, smiled against Francis's neck, chuckling. "Hmhm, little slut.

"Oui, je suis! Ahh—!" Francis nearly lost himself as Ivan pulled out until just the head of his cock remained inside, then sheathed himself forcefully inside Francis once more with a forceful snap of his hips.

Ivan bit back a moan and growled, "Move,"

Francis waited for Ivan to pull out again before pulling himself out of Alfred. The younger country gave a sharp gasp, and Francis's hands caressed his sides. He wanted to say something sensual, but, damn, was it hard to concentrate when someone was fucking you.

Alfred shuddered. Oh, God… Francis was pulling out, did that mean…? Yes, yes, he was finally going to be fucked, finally! And the other man's hands were softly teasing the sensitive skin on his hips… Damn, how had he not missed those hands?

"Pull out, amour," Francis muttered, and it took a moment for Alfred to process what he was supposed to do before he nodded swiftly and pulled himself out of Arthur, hearing the other man let out a strained grunt as he did so.

Ivan smiled as he took in the sight before him, reaching out a hand to grip Francis's hips, trying to keep his fingers from trembling with excitement. "You will remain still until I tell you to do otherwise, da?"

"Ou-oui…" Francis shivered as he felt those strong hands on his hips. "Whatever you want, Ivan… I'll do anything, please—"

The rest of his begging was cut off, however, as Ivan thrust back into him, making him moan loudly and his hips twitch… wanting so desperately to fuck into the tight ass in front of him. A growl from Ivan, though, warned him not to, and Francis whined as Ivan rubbed his sweet spot mercilessly.

"S'il te plaît, Russie, s'il te plaît!" Francis wiggled wantonly against him, panting hard. "Let me… let me… please…"
Ivan winced as Francis tightened, then relaxed, then tightened again. Fuck, he didn't want to let the Frenchman win, but he couldn't wait any longer. "Да, илюха," He blinked, surprised at how unsteady his voice was. God, he wanted this. "Fuck him."

Francis moaned as he sheathed himself in Alfred's heat. This was so good… fucking and being fucked. The feeling was intense, and Francis had to move around a bit in order to lure Ivan away from his sweet spot to spare himself from coming.

"Fuck yes, France!" Alfred cried out as he was filled and assaulted from the inside. Damn, this was so good, so good, so fucking good! It was all he could think, not even noticing Arthur wriggling about uncomfortably in front of him, whining with impatience.

Francis gave Alfred a nudge to encourage him to move. Alfred eventually got the hint and thrust into Arthur, moaning loudly, legs shuddering.

"Ah! Alfred, nn, shit…" Arthur trembled all over as Alfred pushed into him with force, moving so that his sweet spot could be properly assaulted. Alfred, his baby brother, the one he used to read stories to and tuck in at night… the one he wanks off to… the one he loves so dearly… was now fucking him without worries or regrets. A surge of warmth ignited in his stomach and made his balls tighten. He never knew Alfred could be so incredibly big and sexy… God, why hadn't they done this sooner?

Francis moaned softly against Alfred's sweaty back, the feeling of being stretched to his limits combined with the sound of his lovers' aroused voices almost overwhelming. He moaned as Ivan pulled out again, anticipating the intense pleasure as he drove back in ruthlessly. He did the same to Alfred, and Alfred to Arthur. This process seemed to continue for hours and hours until all they could do was moan and rut erratically into each other, leaving their intricate system of arousal behind.

Alfred felt dizzy with desire and lust. All he knew was that what he was doing felt good, and he wanted more, fast. Francis's teasing hands and magical cock along with Arthur's sexy moaning and incredibly tight hole was completely tipping him over the edge. Knowing the others were most likely feeling the same way—and because he was, like, a total hero—he threw away his pride and groaned, "Fuck, please, Ivan—I'm so close… let me come."

"Let us come, selfish git. Arthur added with a moan, pushing back to meet Alfred's frenzied thrusts. "Yes, right there…"

Ivan was panting hard and had to pause in his endeavors—much to Francis's dislike—in order to catch his breath. "Ha… I think it is about time, да? What about—you, Francis?"

Francis's breath hitched as the Russian purred his name. God, he could come just from that voice… "Оу, оу, Russie!I want it so badly… unh, please, amour, let us come… I can't last for much longer, please…"

Ivan let a moan escape him as he plunged into Francis's tight ass again. "Да, илюхи… come for me."

In a flash, Alfred had grabbed Arthur's hardened length and was pumping it aggressively. Arthur cried out and bucked into his ex-colony's hand as it squeezed the base and ran a thumb over the slit. Arthur moaned and threw his head back, allowing Alfred to attack his neck with greedy lips and tongue. "God, Al… you're-you're such a cocktease…"

He could feel Alfred smile against his neck. "Mmm, I learned from the best, uhn…"
This should have seriously pissed him off. No doubt one of the main reasons he claimed America before Francis could was because the Frenchman was an infamous pervert. But imagining the two together... Francis pounding mercilessly into the young, virgin America... God, and he knew how being with Francis felt... he knew how good it felt and picturing the two men—both of whom he found incredibly sexy—shagging was very arousing, nearly enough to push him over the edge. Coupled with the fact that he was being fucked into the wall and wanked off by his little brother, Arthur was completely overwhelmed and hot with lust.

Alfred hit that spot inside him again and again, squeezing his shaft and teasing the head with expert hands. Arthur could feel himself growing ever tighter by the second, a pressure forming in his abdomen, knowing his climax was incredibly close. Alfred groaned into his neck, tongue lazily flicking along his pulse point. "Ah, so tight, feels so good... mn, love ya, Artie..."

Arthur was in shock for a moment, wanting to say something back, but only getting out a loud moan. When Alfred gave him a string of hard, hurried pumps, Arthur bucked uncontrollably into the hand. "Ah, ah! A-Al! Oh, God—!" And he came on the wall in front of him, all over Alfred's still-teasing hand.

Alfred watched as Arthur came hard, shouting his name. Damn, he never thought fucking his older brother would feel this good... well, then again, he had fucked his younger brother and his best friend, but this was on a totally different level, yo! He couldn't stand the erotic look on Arthur's usually-stern face, those beautiful moans, the way his body arched into him, the way he squeezed around his shaft...

"F-fuck, uh... so good!!" Alfred slammed Arthur flat against the wall, forgetting his own strength, only his pounding into him holding them both upright. He bit Arthur's neck hard enough to draw blood as he came in hot, wet spurts inside his lover, both moaning.

They both would have collapsed to the floor with fatigue if not for Arthur reminding that they had to keep standing so that the others could finish.

Francis grunted as he felt Alfred constrict around his cock, applying deliciously insane pressure. His fingers dug into Alfred's hips, marking that beautifully sun-kissed skin. Ivan, meanwhile, fucked mercilessly into him, thoroughly abusing his sweet spot and rubbing him raw. Ivan was muttering something in Russian under his breath, his husky voice going straight to Francis's cock, despite the language barrier.

"М-мерде! Mmm, Ivan... I-I'm going to—!" But Francis was already coming, arching his back so much it hurt and spilling his seed into the body in front of him who in turn moaned in appreciation. Afterward, Francis sighed, feeling relieved but incredibly... exhausted. His legs crumpled beneath him, but Ivan quickly wrapped a large arm around him, holding Francis flush to him, continuing to pound into him to try and find his finish.

Ivan moaned as he felt Francis tighten in an almost suffocating manner around him. The man was hanging limply over his arm, and Ivan felt a renewed sense of arousing power as he violated the helpless Frenchman.

Just a few more strokes, and he was done, the older nation's greasy ass milking him dry. "Дерьмо!" Francis twitched his arms and cried out as his prostate was thoroughly abused by the Russian man's seed, going limp once more when the torture was over.

All of them took a few moments to breathe before collapsing to the floor in a tangle of sweaty limbs and semen. As soon as Ivan had his breathing under control, he closed his eyes, feeling fatigue set over him like a heavy blanket. However, it wasn't long before something disturbed his slumber.
He grunted and looked down, surprised—and little miffed—to see Francis stroking his cock back into arousal. He shook his head and tried to push Francis away, but the man had an annoyingly vice-like grip, and he wasn't in the mood for visiting the local doctor for a bruised dick. "Нет, Франция," he grumbled. "Another time…"

Francis was persistent, though, and his eyes were wide and pleading and very… convincing. Damn! "Маис, mon amour… I need it now."

Ivan nearly crapped himself as he saw that the Frenchman was already incredibly hard, even after their hour of hard sex. But how…? Oh, right, the aphrodisiac… Ivan silently scolded himself.

Beside them, Alfred was straddling Arthur, rubbing both of their erect cocks together. "Yeah," He sounded breathless despite his arousal. "You did this to us, dude. Now you hafta fix it."

"So, hop to it, lad!" Arthur added, moaning weakly as Alfred continued to tease him.

Ivan sighed in frustration and allowed Francis to pump him to a full erection again. The older nation then clambered on top of him, rubbing Ivan's dick in the cleft of his semen-leaking ass. "Honhon, no lubrication needed this time, eh, mon ami?" Francis smiled innocently, his blue eyes already darkening with lust. Ivan rolled his eyes and snorted.

This was going to be a long day.

Next Chapter Hint: A steamy situation.

Translations (Good Lord, there's a ton!):

**Merci Dieu!**—Thank God!

**Mais**—But

**chéri**—darling

**cher**—dear

**ami**—friend

**Mon precieux, mon belle, mon cherí Angleterre!**—My precious, my beautiful, my darling England!

**Je suis désolé!**—I am sorry!

**Homme bon**—Good man

**Russie**—Russia

**mon petit vauche**—my little cow

**Ah bon?**—Really?

**Alors...**—So...

**Мышонка**—Mouse

**Подсолнечник**—Sunflower

**Tour Eiffel**—Eiffel Tower (Seriously, guys, if you don't know what this is by looking at it, you'd
better get your brain examined. Included it for all you people out there, you know who you are ;P)

*Tu bâtard sournois*—You sneaky bastard

*маленькая лиса*—Sneaky fox

*mon Dieu*—my God

*merde tu*—Fuck you

*Dépêchez, s'il vous plaît*—Hurry, please

*Me le donner*—Give it to me

*Dieu! Pourquoi êtes-vous attendre? Ne pas taquiner, salaud!*—God! Why are you waiting? Do not tease, you bastard!

*шлюхи*—sluts

*Oui, p-pourquoi?!... Tu putain!*—Yes, why?!… You whore!

*Tu n'as pas besoin de parler*—You do not have to speak

...*капиталистических шлюха? Хотите ли вы мне ебать Вы напряженно и безжалостно?*—...Capitalist whore? Do you want me to fuck you hard and without mercy?

*Merde!*—Shit!

*tu es belle*—you are beautiful

*de plus*—more

*baise-moi!*—fuck me!

*Мышей*—Mice

*Эй!*—Hey!

*britанский шлюха*—British slut

*Возьмите меня в более глубоких французская шлюха. Я знаю, что вы можете*—Take me deeper, French whore. I know that you can.

*juste là!*—right there!

*сука*—bitch

*amour*—love (once again, included for all you dumbasses out there XD)

*маленькая шлюха*—little slut

*s'il te plaît*—please (the informal version of *s'il vous plaît*—this is used for when you are talking to close friends, family, and, in this case, a lover.)

*Parce que*—Because

*Tu damner*—Damn you
prendre moi—take me
amant—lover
Ouais—Yeah
dépêches-toi—hurry
терпение—patience
minou—pussycat (okay, I know this also means 'pussy'. But I thought France would enjoy using a nickname that has duel meanings. Oh, poor Russia has no clue XD)
любить—love
je suis—I am
Дерьмо!—Shit!
Франция—France

History References:

(1) The Battle of Yorktown (1781) was the last major battle of the American Revolution in which France aided General George Washington and the American resistance in order to trap and capture British General, Cornwallis, as he tried to make his escape via the Chesapeake Bay. They succeeded, and Cornwallis surrendered. After America gained its independence, France and Spain continued to recognize the United States as its own country and was relatively at peace with it until it began demanding land from them in the 1800s.

(2) The Battle of France was a result of it and Great Britain's alliance and declaration of war after the German capture of Poland. In response, Germany invaded France. France put up a good fight, but the German's new military tactic of blitzkrieg brought the country to its knees within six weeks of fighting. France promptly surrendered to Germany when its capital, Paris, was taken on June 14, 1940. France remained under German rule until the Allied landings consisting of British, American, and Canadian troops on the shores of Normandy (D-Day) in 1944. The Low Countries (including Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands) remained under German rule until their liberation in 1944 and 1945. The battle was officially ended with the signing of the Treaty of Versailles and the surrender was signed in the same train car Germany surrendered to the Allies in during the end of WWI in 1919.

(3) France was one of the most dominant powers in Europe during the 1600s and 1700s, second only to Prussia and rivaling Great Britain. It had an incredibly large and powerful military and owned colonies in the Americas and India and was heavily involved in world trade. In 1660, it had 20 million residents—4 times more than England at the time and 10 times more than the Dutch (who were its main trading rivals). It was advanced in military tactics, weaponry, and army size. One of its greatest monarchs, Louis XIV, set money aside to lead conquests into the Spanish Netherlands in 1672. He succeeded in gaining several towns and was about to lead more, when many other European nations allied together in an effort to stop France and retain the balance of power among the countries. In 1687, the Dutch prince William of Orange became King of England and joined the League of Augsburg, a group formed against France which included Austria, Sweden, Spain, and other small states. Eventually, France was contained, but not for long. King Charles II of Spain promised Louis's 16-year-old grandson, Philip of Anjou, his throne after he died. With his death in battle in 1700, Philip received the title of King of Spain. Naturally, most European nations didn't like
this, as they had been struggling to contain France's power for years and thought they had finally succeeded. Now, France was going to own Spain as well, so, feeling threatened, England, Austria, the Dutch Republic, Portugal, and several German (because there was not yet a united Germany) and Italian states banded together to stop the union of Spain and France in 1701. This was the War of the Spanish Succession, and it lasted 13 years. Finally, the war ended with the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, which stated that Philip could rule Spain as long as it and the French throne were never united. Because of its loss, France was forced to give up its colonies in North America (which included Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the Hudson Bay region) to England. This caused a great dent in France's economy as well as King Louis's constant yearn from military superiority. As a result, all the money earned from what little colonies and trading France had left went to fund the military (such as the 30 Years War, the War of the Austrian Succession—in which it humorously switched sides just to oppose England—and the 7 Years War). Although France had been subdued for a while, it would once again rise to be a world power with the crowning of Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte in 1799 at only 20 years old, who would then make the mistake of invading Russia close to winter.

A Word From the Writer: Yes, it was amazing, wasn't it? Russia got in over his head with the whole aphrodisiac thing. Someone's gonna be sore tomorrow! XD

By the way, I'm updating on Saturdays now. It fits my schedule better than Friday when I'm not rushing to re-read the chapter and do translations ('cause I'm too lazy to do that just after I write it).
Oh, yush. It seems that the aphrodisiac wasn't enough to satisfy these four. The best part about this chapter is... they're going to be drenched in water. ;D

Warning! Contains lemon, shower sex, incest, references to masturbation and pedophilia, seme!England, slutty America, references to the American Revolution, fluff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

They ended up having sex all day, stopping only to go to the bathroom—which was very hard, considering their seemingly everlasting erections—and to eat a snack or two. By around six in the evening, they were all too exhausted to pursue anymore sexual activities—especially Ivan, as he had been milked dry many hours before—and collapsed, exhausted, in Ivan's now very messy bed. Within moments, all of them were happily snoring.

All was well, that was, until 3:32 in the morning.

Ivan woke, hearing some small noises coming from across the bed. Sure, it was only quiet muttering, but he had a habit of staying constantly alert, even in his own home. He had Natalya to thank for that.

"… your bloody hand off me, frog." Arthur hissed.

"Honhonhon, but you are so adorable when you sleep, mon Angleterre…"

"Dun care… leave me alone."

Ivan could almost see the pouting look on Francis's face. "Mais, mon amour…"

"I said no, slimy frog."

Francis huffed childishly and all was quiet. Ivan smiled and began to drift back to sleep when…

"Dude, France, not cool!" Ivan winced as his ears were assaulted. Trust Alfred to have an obnoxiously loud voice any time of the day…

"Quoi, Amerique? I am just cuddling…"

"I don't think 'cuddling' involves you touching my junk."

"What is it now, France?" And trust Arthur to be a tight ass any time of the day (but isn't that also his best quality?)… "Wait a second… how the hell are you touching him? I'm lying between both of you!"

"Ahonhon, I have my ways, mon amour. So… can I—?"

"No!"

"Oh…"
Ivan frowned, crossing his arms over his chest and closing his eyes again, but when he felt a hand sliding up his side, he flung them open.

"France,"

"Oui, mon Russie…?"

"Touch me, and the hand comes off."

Francis's hand quickly disappeared, and he let out an awkward cough. "Oh, ahem, sorry to-to disturb you Russia…"

Ivan snorted and shifted on the bed, arms still crossed. But, as it seemed, slumber had left him entirely, and he laid there with his eyes wide open for a few minutes, the breathing of his lovers telling him that they were equally unsettled.

"Well," Ivan said, twisting around to click on the lamp on the nightstand beside him and sitting up. "Seeing as we are all awake, why don't we get something to eat?"

Naturally, Alfred was the first one to respond. "Good idea, man! I'm, like, totally starving, yo!"

Arthur sat up and rolled his eyes. "You're always hungry America. No wonder a one seventh of the world is starving…"

"Oh, shut up!" Alfred snapped, snatching Texas off of the nightstand beside him on the opposite side of the bed. "You're just jealous 'cause I'm always growing."

"Oui, mon ami," Francis mumbled, also sitting up and running a hand through his messy blonde hair. "But you also have to take into consideration what you eat."

Alfred crossed his arms and huffed. "What's wrong with what I eat? It's awesome!"

Ivan frowned. "You sound like Prussia now, so I suggest you abandon that word lest you want a punch to the face. Now, about your food… greasy beef and sugary, carbonated beverages aren't exactly the foods of choice for a growing nation."

Alfred shrugged. "Well, hey, it's better than Iggy's cooking, I guarantee you that."

"Hey!" Arthur growled.

"It's true, mon ami," Francis chimed in. Damn, always at the worst fucking moment as well… "Perhaps your cooking has made him this way, non?"

"Perhaps I could break your nose right now!"

"Perhaps the world will die because of your food."

"Bite me."

"Honhon, I believe I already have, chaton."

"You say that, but I'm not the one with hickeys all over my neck."

"You're just jealous because I'm so delicious. I believe you have a taste for me now, non?"
Arthur grimaced at this. "Oh, please. That was the aphrodisiac working."

"And you sucking me off the night before wasn't completely of your choice, too?"

At this, Arthur reddened. Even in the dim light, his face was still noticeably flushed. "N-no..." His brows knitted as he tried to remember the night before. "I was drunk. Plain and simple."

Francis was about to rebuke when Alfred broke in. "Dudes, let's go get somethin' to eat. I fucking need something in my mouth right now, seriously..."

"I could help you with that, mon petit vauche." Francis wagged his eyebrows.

Arthur wrinkled his nose in disgust. "France!"

Francis sighed. "There you go being a prude again..."

Ivan sighed in frustration. "Would you all shut the fuck up?"

Everyone went quiet as they stared at him, eyes wide. No one fucked with Russia in his house (or in the morning), and everyone knew that. And judging by the way the Baltics were, everyone was happy to oblige. Ivan smiled. "Now, I have a change of plans. Let's all take a shower before eating—and, no, Amerika, you cannot go last because you'll be gorging yourself in my kitchen if I let you, and I do not feel like having to run out to the store to restock my entire fridge." Ivan quickly added as the younger nation looked as if he was about to suggest something.

"I have a better plan," Francis said, eyes taking up a seductive look.

"Really, France?" Arthur said, exasperated. "After shagging all day yesterday, you want more?"

"Hey, it's your ass that's gonna be sore, buddy, just sayin'." Alfred commented.

"I was just going to suggest that we pair off so that we can 'watch' over the other since Russia is so worried about his pantry being raided." Francis smirked and raised one elegant eyebrow suggestively.

"What?! No, there is absolutely no possible way I will—" Arthur started to protest, but Ivan interrupted him.

"I think it is a very good idea." He giggled as they all looked at him in surprise. "Oh? Don't tell me you were joking, France. It does not matter now if you were, because pairing off to shower would save water." Hell, Ivan could afford for six people to take showers individually in one day, but they didn't need to know that.

Francis, in all honesty, was joking—about doing something sexual in his entire life—and did not look forward to being fucked again so soon. Damn, his ass was sore!

"Good. Then I will pick the pairs."

Everyone groaned. "Why do you always have to pick, man? That's totally unfair!" Alfred whined.

Ivan smiled. "You were not disappointed the last time I picked, were you?"

They all shut up then.

"All right," Ivan continued. "Then I choose to bathe with France, if that's not too much for you."
Francis's cheeks heated up at the obviously suggestive comment. "N-non, Russie. I'm fine." Dammit, no doubt I'll be hospitalized from having his gigantic cock in my ass for three days in a row… Despite the painful thought, it still managed to arouse him slightly.

"Cool," Arthur let out a startled 'gah!' as Alfred pounced on him from behind, wrapping his arms around his chest. "Then that means I'm stuck with you!"

Arthur narrowed his eyes. "'Stuck with'? What the bloody hell is that supposed to mean, git?"

Alfred gave him that warm smile that always melted his heart. "It means that I can't wait to shower with you." Alfred laughed as a dark shade of red settled on Arthur's face. "You should blush more often, Iggy. It looks good on ya."

Arthur grumbled as he crawled to the end of the bed and swung his legs over the side. "… stupid prat… fucking wanker… got it from fucking France…" He stood and stretched, groaning as his back cracked loudly.

Alfred soon got up to join him, laughing. "Hahahaha! You're old, dude!"

"Shut it, git." Arthur snapped, just now realizing he was completely unclothed. Damn, now Francis was looking at him with that perverted grin on his face! He'd have to divert… "Well, at least I'm not as old as France."

Francis immediately stopped examining him to snort in offense. "Pfft, says you. But I have the energy and libido of a teenager."

"At least I don't sleep around. And I've been wondering," Arthur remarked, raising a large eyebrow. "just exactly how many sexually-transmitted diseases do you have?"

Francis looked absolutely pissed—and for good reason. Nobody insulted Francis's sexual status… no one. "How dare you even think such a thing? I use protection when necessary!"

"Come on, France." Alfred broke in. "Even I know you fuck anyone randomly."

"He has a point," Ivan clarified, rolling out of bed and situating his scarf around his neck. "It is pretty sad, comrade, that even Amerika knows about your sex life. Considering he doesn't know much…"

"Hey!" Alfred barked, bristling. "I know a lot of things! You'd be surprised!"

"Oh, da?" Ivan lifted a pale eyebrow. "Then where is the next world conference going to be held?"

Alfred's confidence faded so fast, it was almost comical. Ivan and the others tried to keep from sniggering as Alfred scrunched his face up in thought. Finally, he slumped over, seeming exhausted and sighed. "Fine, all right? I dunno. Besides, you can't make me think so much this early in the morning without food. My brain'll fry."

"Right," Arthur rolled his eyes. "It's in New York, stupid prat. Just thought I'd let you know so that you won't end up boarding the wrong flight—again."

Alfred was about to make a heated response when Francis slid over to the side of the bed and stood, walking over to retrieve his clothes that were abandoned on the floor of the room many hours before. "It is very cold in here. If I go around like this for much longer, my skin will become chapped."

Arthur scoffed. "Yeah, trust France to worry about his skin this early in the mor—"
It was then that Francis bent over to gather his clothes. Arthur could do nothing but stare at the perfect arse, bruises from where Ivan had abused it standing out in the dim light. He could feel his face grow hot as he saw cum dribble down the insides of his thighs.

Beside him, Alfred was breathing rather hard, and it was getting quite annoying. Arthur was about to nag him about it, when Alfred suddenly scooped up his clothes and grabbed Arthur firmly by the arm, pulling him toward the bathroom with urgency.

"Wait—!" The Briton tried to get away, but the other country was stronger than him. Dammit! Figures...

"We'll go first, dude, thanks!" Alfred cut in, opening the door and pushing Arthur in. Arthur stumbled awkwardly against the sink as Alfred shut the door.

"What the bloody hell was that, you wanker?!"

Alfred set his clothes down on the sink and wrapped an arm around Arthur's waist, pulling him in so that they stood chest-to-chest. Arthur blinked, wide-eyed, up at Alfred, his arms folded between their chests.

Alfred's eyes darkened. "Kiss me."

Arthur didn't have any time to protest as Alfred smashed their lips together. It was messy, with a fair amount of teeth, but it still left them both breathless when it was over.

"America…" Arthur said after catching his breath. "W-what are you doing?"

"Want you…" Alfred muttered, planting a soft line of kisses down his brother's neck.

"What?" Arthur could now feel the obvious bulge in Alfred's lower regions. "Y-you're hard? How?" Surely he didn't want more so soon? Pfft, horny teenager…

"Don't be… such a fucking idiot." Arthur wanted to slap Alfred, but the peculiar flush forming on Alfred's cheeks prevented him from doing anything but stopping and staring. "You saw what he did—stupid France—fucking skank bent over… Ivan's cum…" He looked away, blushing deeply. Damn, what the hell? Why did Francis have to choose to do that right then? Couldn't he have waited for maybe a few more hours when Alfred wasn't too exhausted for sex?

"Oh…" Arthur felt himself grow hot just thinking about it and soon, he was sporting a fresh erection. Dammit! And this was why he thanked God everyday that France didn't decide to fight him with sex…

Alfred drew near, hoping for another kiss, but was rejected. Arthur tried not to give in to those wide, puppy-dog eyes that he fell for so many times. "Uhm, ahem, let's just start the water first. It's rather cold in here." And he wandered over to the shower, wincing when his hardened member rubbed against his legs as he bent to turn on the faucet.

Alfred came up behind him and hugged him from the back. Arthur groaned softly as he felt the source of his little brother's desire pressing into his own sore arse. "And then… can we…?"

Arthur smiled. "Of course, wanker. We'll do it."

"Promise me you'll be gentle," Arthur said as he started the water. "Keep in mind that I've had a dick up my arse since yesterday and the day before. You wouldn't want to tear me in half, would you?"
Alfred huffed impatiently, puffing out his cheeks childishly. "Fine, fine, I'll be gentle on your old ass. Now, stop acting like a prude, and get in already!"

Arthur whipped around and pointed an accusing finger at his former colony. "Watch your mouth, brat! And I'm not a prude when I'm standing here completely starkers and allowing you to get this close to me."

He was expecting Alfred to make a witless comeback—as he quite usually did—but instead, the younger man gave him that kicked-puppy look that chased all angry feelings toward him from his mind. Damn, who had taught Alfred how to pout anyway? He thought for a moment on it before shrugging it off by connecting the habit to the one person he almost always connected bad things to—Francis. "… bloody wanker, why do you always have to do that?" he sighed.

Alfred's face turned back to normal in the blink of an eye. He didn't look like the sort of person who would just up and pout like that, but that was part of the effect. "What? Did I catch you off guard? Motherly side coming out?"

Arthur scowled as his anger returned. "You're just as thick as when you left me. It's like I've taught you nothing. Sad, really." He ground the last words out through his teeth.

Alfred shrugged. "Well, hey, you're the one who taught me that pouting would get me anything I wanted, so you did succeed in teaching me one thing."

"You little cheek!" Arthur was still angry, but he couldn't keep from laughing as he pounced and tackled his little brother to the sink top—which, much to his amusement, was unexpected judging by the look on Alfred's very shocked face. Arthur laughed again as he held Alfred's arms down securely with his hands. Although he knew that Alfred could indeed throw him off if he wanted to, he decided to ignore the fact and enjoy his domineering position for the moment. "Why did you do that when you knew all I would give you was my… my…" Dammit, he hated to say it. "supposedly inconsumable food?" There, that didn't sound so bad… if he didn't dwell on it.

Alfred seemed to snap out of his shock long enough to chuckle and let his eyes flicker endearingly around the room, obviously trying to avoid his gaze. "Well… I did like your food, Igs—back then, I mean, now that I have my own food, I like it better… but your cooking was the only thing I knew, so I liked it."

Arthur wanted to spit out a retort, but instead felt himself hesitate in a moment of surprise. Somebody actually liked his food other than himself? Well… he supposed that Alfred was only saying that because at the time he had nothing else to eat but his cooking. Nevertheless, it made Arthur's heart skip a beat and his chest flood with a long-forgotten warmth. "Y-you really thought that?"

Alfred looked at him, blinking. "Uh, yeah, it was nice…"

Before Alfred could say anymore, his lips were claimed by Arthur's. It wasn't invasive or aggressive. It was full of warmth and love… something that could be clearly perceived even by Alfred's feeble mind and made his breath hitch.

After a moment of softly massaging each other's lips, Arthur ended the kiss, though regretfully. Slowly, his hands roamed from Alfred's arms to his chest and then further south. Alfred's face flushed a pretty rouge, and he gasped as Arthur cupped his package, smiling seductively down at him.

"I reckon I should take care of this." Before Alfred could respond, he lifted him up forcefully by the arm and hastily pushed him over to the shower. "Get in before I change my mind."
Alfred did so, welcomed by the torrent of steaming water, followed closely by Arthur. They stood close together, and Arthur suddenly pulled Alfred flush against him, crashing their lips together and invading his mouth. Alfred moaned into the unexpected attack, entwining his tongue with Arthur's and battling a little with him before pulling away for breath. His heart began to pound with excitement when he saw a thin bridge of saliva snap between both of their mouths.

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Heh, if I would've known I could get you horny just from saying I liked your food, I would have done it a long time ago."

Arthur frowned, but was nonetheless aroused by his words. The thought of Alfred wanting him earlier than this… "Don't ruin the moment."

With that, Alfred said no more, diving in for another heated kiss that was immediately accepted. Their hands explored each other's bodies like they had never done before, feeling every crevice and ridge, implanting the memories of the flesh they touched into their fingertips. With gentle touches, they traced each other's scars, eventually both coming to rest on a single, significant wound.

Both their hands were rested above each other's hearts, not feeling the racing heartbeats, but tracing the path of equally long scars. After a minute of silence and inactivity, they gazed at each other in fascination and empathy.

"The revolution," Alfred was the first to say anything, of course. His calloused finger brushed over the rough-looking scar, following its jagged trail across his older brother's pale skin. "I didn't know…"

"Of course I have a scar," Arthur's ire returned slightly. "Or did you not expect me to receive one after you nearly ripped my heart out?"

Alfred stared at him, speechless for a moment—breathless. He'd always thought Arthur had never really cared much for him toward the start of the war, that he was only a tool to be used, and that the Englishman had tired of him. But this… how could he have thought so? "… I never knew…"

"Of course you didn't." Arthur hissed snatching his hand away, letting his eyes roam the walls of the shower, refusing to meet his gaze. "You never even suspected…"

Then something happened that Arthur didn't expect. Alfred grabbed onto him by the shoulders, forcing him to look at him. Arthur struggled half-heartedly, but could not get free. His breath hitched when he saw the strength behind Alfred's blue eyes.

"Artie, I never meant to hurt you. I just wanted to come into my own… to be myself. I'm sorry for what that cost you. I know I meant a lot to you. But my scar… do you know its true purpose of being there?"

Arthur gulped and shook his head, awestruck at Alfred's sudden seriousness. "Look, it's the same as yours. Every line, every curve, every angle… it's all there. See? We're not as different as you might think. Because when I broke away from you, I felt so alone, so… empty."

"What you said to me earlier, about you loving me…" Arthur winced as he said it, ashamed to even bring it up. "W-was that also true?"

Alfred's eyes filled with warmth. "Yes, it is. I love you, Iggy. I always have."

Arthur felt himself practically melt (despite the horrible nickname), and he surged forward, wrapping his arms around Alfred's waist, letting out a choked sob. "Why didn't you say that earlier? You would have spared me so much pain, so much denial…"
Alfred, not quite knowing what to do, patted Arthur's head awkwardly. "I didn't know how you would react. I thought you hated me."

"Never, never..." Arthur muttered. "I could never hate you. I love you, Alfred, so dearly sometimes it hurts."

"Me too,"

"God, I've missed you."

"I've missed you too, Artie."

They kissed again, Alfred feeling his heart flutter from the amount of affection put into it. It nearly made him stagger. Every press of Arthur's lips, every move of his tongue screamed 'I love you! I love you!' It was overwhelming, and Alfred pulled away, eyes avoiding Arthur's gaze.

"Alfred... please, look at me." Arthur's pleading voice drew Alfred's attention, and he swallowed dryly as he met his brother's familiar green eyes. For some reason, Alfred longed for that hard edge to dominate Arthur's gaze like he had always remembered. But this... this was very...

Awkward.

"I need you."

"Smartarse, eh?" Arthur broke free of his hold and, without warning, grabbed hold of Alfred and spun him around so that the younger man's back was to him. "If you claim to 'know' how much I need you, then you wouldn't mind taking care of this for me." He ground his hardened cock into Alfred's plush arse.

Alfred's body heated with Arthur's sudden change of behavior. He moaned and pushed back against him, wiggling his ass enticingly. "Mmm, I'd be glad to." He turned around and shot down a hand to grip Arthur's erection, but Arthur stopped him.

"Not that," the Brit said in frustration. "Turn around."

Nonplussed, Alfred hesitated before spinning back around and placing his hands on the wall. He could almost feel Arthur's eyes roaming over his body.

"Damn, you look sexy like that." Arthur's sultry voice made Alfred moan softly.

"W-what are you planning?" Alfred had absolutely no clue. Perfect.

"Spread your legs." Arthur commanded, and Alfred did so, still not getting it. "Mmm, that's nice... I should take some pictures of you later. I wouldn't mind having a photograph of your bare arse in my wallet."

Alfred grunted impatiently, rubbing his own cock on the slick shower wall. Damn, what an arousing feeling. "Just get on with it already."

"All right, then." Arthur said, rubbing his dick in the cleft of Alfred's arse. Yes, this was going to be good.

Alfred had a sinking suspicion about what Arthur was going to do. "Wait... Artie—"
Oh, no he wasn't. Before Alfred could object, Arthur slipped into his tight hole, moaning as the walls squeezed around him as a result of the sudden invasion.

Alfred cried out, nails scraping the wet tile. "Dammit, Iggy! You coulda asked first, ya know…"

"Mm, but if I had, you might have said no, and I wasn't taking that risk. Besides," Arthur trailed his hands lightly around to Alfred's front, enjoying the feel of quivering muscle beneath his fingertips. "my arse is too sore to take much more banging, so I'll be topping this time. Sorry, love."

"Fine," Alfred huffed, none too happy about the outcome. Then again, he hadn't been fucked by Arthur before so… He pushed back against his older brother, causing Arthur to gasp in surprise. "If you're gonna fuck me, do it right and hard."

Arthur pulled out and rammed back into Alfred faster than he had expected the Brit capable of, and cried out, heart pounding erratically. "You're such a fucking slut, Alfred." Arthur grunted as he drew out and thrust back in again. "No wonder you agreed to let France shag you."

"I was young and stupid and…" Alfred met his thrusts, moaning. "…and hormonal. Hell, ngh, I'm still horny almost all the… ah… time."

"As you should be, nn." Arthur replied, his mind beginning to go fuzzy. God, he seriously regretted not doing this before! "Highest teenage birth rates in the developed world—horny nation, ah."

Alfred craned his neck so that he was smirking mischievously at him. "Are you complaining?"

Arthur gave him a swat on the arse for that, making the other nation yelp. "Where did you learn to be such a smartarse?"

Alfred laughed. "Nothing like having your own influence bite you in the ass, eh, Artie?"

Arthur frowned slightly. "Do you want any?"

"God, yes!" Alfred push back against him, moaning when Arthur's dick brushed his sweet spot. "Yeah, fuck me…"

Arthur groaned, absolutely loving the wanton tone in Alfred's voice. He never imagined he'd be doing this to Alfred after they'd separated. At the least, he thought he would be lucky to receive the occasional glance or 'heya'. But this… this was bloody amazing. "Then belt up, and let me work."

Alfred didn't know what 'belt up' meant, but his mind was too fuzzy to try and figure it out. Instead, he moaned and reached a hand around, grabbing Arthur's firm ass and squeezing hard. Arthur grunted and arched into him, making them both groan in approval.

Alfred couldn't believe that, of all people, he was being fucked by his brother. Not only did it feel insanely good, but it brought up thoughts of previous domination. He remembered trustworthy Arthur coming into his room, watching him while he slept. He recalled hearing strange noises… noises which he had no clue about until he grew older. He remembered himself imagining Arthur making those same noises while sucking him off, masturbating furiously, wishing it all could be true—wishing for Arthur. God, he hadn't been dominated by England in a while… and it felt amazing. It was like they were reunited after many long years of separation, and Alfred suddenly feared Arthur pulling out of him, lest the connection be broken. He wanted Arthur so incredibly deep inside of him so that the other man would never get away. He wanted Arthur to take him, to own him again. He wanted Arthur to rub him raw, mark him as his property like he had never done before.

"Fuck, ah!" Alfred moaned as Arthur continued to thrust rapidly into him. "Mmm, fuck yeah. Ngh!
Shit… Artie. Come inside me, ha, I-I want you to fill me up.”

Arthur was gobsmacked for a moment before easing back into the rhythm of his thrusting. He had wanted nothing more than to shag America, but he withheld himself, not truly admitting to himself that he wanted his younger brother until after the war. He even brought out his old toys one night (the ones he had promised himself he’d stow away after he’d ended his career as a pirate), using them on himself while thinking of Alfred. Of course he felt guilty afterward, but every night after he had found himself imagining Alfred in various compromising positions, and he’d had no choice but to consult his vast array of sexual items. It was like Alfred was a drug… well, he kind of was, considering tobacco came from his lands (which Arthur was opposed to… he never much cared for smoking). Arthur was constantly finding his eyes wandering subconsciously over to his former charge, and listening too intently during his ludicrous lectures. It became so bad, in fact, that Francis even confronted him about it, inquiring about his sudden interest in Alfred’s ideas as of late. He recalled scolding himself after the encounter… only to get back to his hotel room and wank off again. The thought of dominating someone who he had lost—who had refused to have anything to do with him—was an absolutely powerful feeling that set his flesh on fire. That and he felt incredibly naughty having sex with his own brother, his little brother at that. Now he wanted nothing more than to reclaim Alfred, but emotionally so, unlike before, and to pound him mercilessly into the tile in promise that he would never leave Alfred again. "You'll, hn, make me come too soon, talking like that…” And he attacked Alfred’s neck, leaving a trail of red love bites.

"Go ahead, I d-don't care,” Alfred ground out through his teeth, growing impatient. He gasped as Arthur bit a particularly sensitive spot and angled his hips so that special bundle of nerves could be endlessly assaulted. "Ha, yeah, d-deeper… mm, fuck, I want fucking all of you! C-come deep inside me so that, ngha, it'll n-never leave me…” He arched into Arthur, letting out a string of sharp gasps as the older man ran his nails down his back.

Arthur watched, enjoying the angry red Alfred’s flesh turned as he tortured his brother’s sensitive skin. "Oh, I'll mark you,” Arthur growled huskily into his ear, his tongue tracing the shell of it and making Alfred shiver. "I'll make sure everyone, nn, in the whole bloody world knows that you belong to me.”

Arthur's sultry voice went straight to Alfred's painfully hard cock, and he moaned and bucked eagerly against the tile, seeking any friction he could get. "Jesus, fuck! Damn, you turn me on… own my ass, fuck yeah… ah, I'm yours, baby."

Arthur chuckled at Alfred's unfailing honesty and reached around, running his fingers lightly up the American's taut shaft. "Mm, I own this, too, don't forget, baby. No one else can make you wet like I can.” Arthur smeared the precum he found as evidence.

"Finish me, God… so fucking good. You fuck me so, mmn, right. Dammit, your hands… I've a-always wanted them around my dick… ahh, fuck me, bro.”

Arthur snorted and shook his head, feeling a bit of his renegade side come out. He hadn't seen it in a while but… he liked it. "You're an insatiable whore, aren't you? Tell me… do you like being banged by your own brother?"

"Fuck yeah!” Alfred moaned, bucking into Arthur's now pumping hand. "I wanted you… so fucking bad… I, ngh, used to w-watch you all the t-time. Y-you always looked so fucking sexy… I was so close to, ha, t-taking you on the meeting room table in front of fucking everyone… that one time I was so fucking close, then stupid G-Germany acted like a, mm, total cockblock…”

Arthur felt his heart palpitate. Yes, he did remember that time. He had been walking to his hotel room after the meeting in Berlin when the enraged American stormed up behind him and pinned him
flush against the wall. He had remembered wondering what the hell had the younger man so worked up, as Alfred wasn't clarifying why he had chosen Arthur to harass. But, as they stared at each other, both equally infuriated, Arthur's stomach turned over, and a heated flush rose to his cheeks. All that he knew was that they were way too close, and he didn't know whether to push Alfred away or to lunge forward and bury his tongue in that warm, wet mouth. He was about to make his move when Ludwig came rushing round the corner and pried them apart, yelling some codswallop involving the civility of nations and the stupidity of Alfred's actions. Arthur tuned out the meaningless lecture and brushed himself off, kindly telling Alfred to go "fuck himself" and slipped into his room. His cheeks heated as he recalled immediately after the encounter dealing with his painful hard-on while imagining those strong hands that held him earlier roaming all over his body. Needless to say, the maid was kept very busy cleaning up his mess afterward. Poor girl.

"It's true, then?" Arthur managed, applying more pressure to Alfred's cock and increasing the power of his thrusts. Damn, he was turned on.

"Y-yeah," Alfred replied breathlessly. "I w-was angry 'cause I c-couldn't, nn, let go of my pride long enough to, ha, confess... I planned to ambush you after the meeting... damn, I wanted to hold you hostage in my room... force you to suck me off... mm, fuck you until morning."

"Th-that's not the best way to, uh, confess, Al." Arthur grunted as Alfred grew tight around him. "Not that I'm saying I wouldn't have wanted it... actually, I wouldn't have minded in the least if you took me in front of everyone." Then, he leaned forward and whispered, "And you wouldn't have had to force me to suck you off... I'd have gladly done it."

Arthur groaned as Alfred clenched around him in an almost vice-like manner. He nearly lost himself, pulling out just in time to mutter a string of relieved curses.

Alfred craned his neck to glare at him desperately. "What the fuck are you d-doing? Put it back in, you bastard!"

Arthur took a few moments to catch his breath before realizing something and arching one of his large eyebrows. "Oh? Did I say something erotic?" He smirked wickedly.

"Yes, dammit," Alfred growled, though the desperation was evident in his voice. He spread his legs and pushed his backside toward Arthur enticingly. "Everything about you is fucking erotic. Now, get your British dick back in my ass before you owe me double!"

Arthur was about to comment on how he wouldn't mind owing Alfred double, but decided he was too hard to protest and pressed back in, slowly so as to not lose himself again. Alfred, though, being the impatient git he always had been, pushed back and sheathed him in one go, eliciting moans from the both of them. "You, mm, little slut." Arthur grunted as he began to thrust again, absolutely loving how Alfred clenched and unclenched around his swollen member. "You've always been so greedy..."

"Always," Alfred smiled, moaning as his sweet spot was relentlessly ground into. "Fuck! There! Right fucking there..."

Arthur reached around and gripped Alfred's cock again, the tip dripping with precum. He began a steady pace, pumping in time with his thrusts, squeezing the base and running a finger around the head.

"Mm, I should p-punish you for sleeping with France after the, hn, war." Arthur moaned as Alfred grew tighter and tighter around him with each thrust. "I should tie you up, stick a sodding vibrator up your arse and leave you for a few hours."
"Do whatever you fucking want to me, ha." Alfred met his thrusts eagerly, panting. "As long as you… mm, you come back."

Arthur felt his heart sink slightly. That wasn't what he meant. "I'll always come back, Alfred."

"Fuck! I'm so close…" Alfred moaned, bracing himself against the wall to take Arthur's senseless rutting. He then pushed himself back so far that Arthur couldn't even pull out anymore, so that he was buried so deliciously deep inside his tight, pulsing hole. "Yeah…" Alfred groaned, the feeling of Arthur's cock pressing hard and unyielding against his sweet spot making him see white. "Jesus, Art… shit, fuck!" He cried out as he arched into him, coming hard against the tile and into Arthur's squeezing hand.

Arthur felt the pressure building in his stomach increase even more when he heard his little brother's sexy voice, saw the elegant curve of his back as he lost all control. He grunted as Alfred clenched almost painfully around him, seeming to suck him in, seeming as if they would be connected like this forever. Arthur didn't need to thrust, coming deep inside his lover, calling Alfred's name over and over. After he was spent, he collapsed against Alfred's back, still inside him, whispering promises of love and protection, wrapping his arms around him and squeezing, never wanting to let go.

A few minutes passed before Alfred twisted around and kissed him passionately. Arthur kissed back, astonished at how much could be said with just a simple kiss. No, it wasn't just a simple kiss… it was something he had been wanting for so long and meant so much more.

When they broke away, Arthur asked, "How the hell did you learn to be such a slut?"

"That's confidential." Alfred winked at him.

They would have stayed like that, wrapped in each others' arms… if the fucking water hadn't decided to turn bitterly cold.

There was much shouting and cursing—and nearly slipping on the floor—as the two brothers rushed to get out. Arthur got out first, helping a very clumsy Alfred out and throwing him a towel. "Put that on this instant, git." he smiled. "We wouldn't want your dick shriveling up."

Alfred scoffed. "And yours wouldn't?"

"Do you want any of this sexy British arse?" Arthur wiggled his backside seductively.

"Hell yeah!"

"Then shut it, and put on your trousers."

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No Translations

A Word From the Writer: Hmhm, yes, delicious, non? I always like to write seme!England every once and a while. I imagine his pirate side comes out a bit… okay, maybe a lot. And, as always, America is the slut. He's always been a slut and you know it, especially when France got to him after his revolution… Thank you, France!

Next Chapter Hint: The slippery fun continues~!
I don't know whether to pity the fool who agrees to wash with Russia… or be jealous of him. XD

Warning! Contains lemon, shower sex, S&M, oral, references to abuse, fluff. All the good stuff, folks. Enjoy.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

It was then that Francis bent over to gather his clothes.

Ivan smiled wickedly, admiring the purple imprints of his fingers on the rounded ass, his cum trailing down the other man's thighs. His eyes wandered over to Arthur and Alfred, nearly laughing when he saw the looks on their flushed faces.

Alfred was practically panting, and Arthur looked a bit miffed about it. Then, Alfred suddenly scooped up his clothes and grabbed Arthur firmly by the arm, pulling him toward the bathroom with urgency.

"Wait—!" The Englishman tried to get away, but failed to do so and allowed himself to be dragged along to the other side of the room.

"We'll go first, dude, thanks!" Alfred cut in, opening the door and pushing Arthur in ahead of him. There was the sound of Arthur shouting, and then everything went… suspiciously quiet.

After a moment, Francis stood, his clothes bundled in his arms. Ivan gave him an accusing look.

"Quoi, mon Russie? Have I done something wrong?"

Ivan snorted. "You did that on purpose, nyet?"

"But, mon Russie," Francis batted his eyes innocently at him. "I was only trying to get dressed."

Ivan rolled his eyes and snatched his clothes off the floor, motioning for Francis to go ahead of him out of the room. "Come, let's go to the other bathroom, da?"

Francis lifted an elegant eyebrow. "You are saying you lied about who would be going first?" And he walked toward the door.

"Nyet," Ivan replied, following. "I merely said that we should pair off to shower." He swatted Francis's ass, relishing the sound.

Francis grunted. "Eh… be careful, mon amour. I'm still bruised from yesterday."

"And I will give you many more, любить," he growled by his ear, making the Frenchman shiver noticeably.

Francis's heart sped up. His ass was still so sore from their last round of sex, but Ivan's voice made a
heat rise to his skin and his cock twitch. No... he couldn't be overpowered again, he wouldn't allow it. He had to stay in control! "Later, mon cher. I need to rest."

Ivan cocked his head as he guided Francis ahead of him and into a room at the back of the hallway. "Oh? Is France, the so-called 'country of love', refusing an offer of sex?"

Francis shivered at the thought. He'd never been pushed so far before as to deny himself sex, but he had to for the sake of not being completely torn in half. "Ou-oui, Russie. I cannot—"

"I detect hesitance in your voice." The guttural sound Ivan made in his throat made a shiver shoot up Francis's spine. Oh, he was good.

Francis tried to lurch away from his hold on his shoulder, but yelped as he was tugged back into place. He bit back a moan as Ivan's chilled hands moved down his sides, resting at his hips and squeezed. His cheeks heated as he felt Ivan's chest and abdomen line up perfectly with his back. "Start the shower."

Francis stumbled a bit as he was pushed away, quickly recovering and rushing to throw open the door of the bathroom and slip inside. He slid down the door once it was closed, shaking with want and fear. He loved the mix of emotions. It made him feel as if he was being held hostage, as if... no! He had to stay... he had to... "Dammit," Francis found himself stroking his growing erection. What the hell did he do to me?!

A pounding on the door made Francis squeak and bolt to his feet.

"France, is the shower ready? I do not hear the water running~"

"I am going, mon Russie!"

He hurried over to the shower, quickly starting the water and laying out towels so that the floor wouldn't get wet. When he was satisfied, he turned around and called, "Russie! It is ready, mon ami!"

No answer.

Francis raised a suspicious eyebrow and cautiously cracked the door open, eyes darting around the room and finding it empty. "Euh... mon cher?" Francis stepped back into the bathroom and closed the door quietly. Perhaps he could have a peaceful shower? Smiling to himself, he strode over to the shower and stepped into the water, pulling the curtain closed and indulging himself beneath the steaming downpour. He sighed and closed his eyes, leaning his head back and running his fingers through his wet hair. He opened his eyes again to search for the shampoo, but was met with wicked violet eyes. Francis shrieked, throwing his hands up, which were easily caught and pinned against the tile.

"Do not look so surprised, Франция." Ivan said, his child-like grin making Francis's stomach turn over. "I told you I will have you whenever and wherever I want. And I will keep that promise." He pulled Francis flush against him, firmly holding his abused ass.

Francis shuddered against him, moaning softly from the pain shooting up his spine. "Mon Russie, please... I-I cannot..."

"You can and you will." Ivan's smiled widened when Francis bucked gently against him. "So you claim to not want this, da? Such a little slut, always wanting more." He grabbed hold of the older nation's erection, giving it a rough pump before forcing him to kneel. Francis moaned as Ivan stroked himself in front of him.
Ivan smirked. "Dirty whore. You want this in your mouth, nyet?"

Francis's face reddened as he nodded. Damn, he wanted nothing more than to feel that pulsing heat in his mouth, drag his tongue across the warm, taut flesh. He shuddered as it was offered to him, and he wasted no time in taking all of him.

Ivan bit back a groan, digging his fingers into the wet blond hair. Francis's tongue… damn, where the hell did he learn that? It was like the other man knew exactly where to suck and lick, knew the precise time to drag his teeth lightly along his shaft.

Francis lost himself. All opposing thoughts flew from his mind, and all he could comprehend was the present: that he was sucking Ivan off and it felt amazing. Despite his abused body, he became painfully hard very fast. He hummed around Ivan's erection, his hand shooting down to relieve himself.

"Nyet, шлюха, you will not touch yourself unless I give you permission to do so." Ivan growled, pushing on the back of Francis's head so that he was being deep-throated. He loved the feeling of Francis's throat constricting around his dick.

Francis moaned as he was scolded by that deep, accent-rich voice that always managed to turn him on so much. He began to wonder idly why he had not approached Ivan before this… well, then again, everyone did fear Ivan. He supposed it was just because his only thoughts about Ivan had been how to keep as far away from him as possible. There was a good reason that Francis never made any sexual passes at Russia…

And this was it. He was making him lose all control—something Francis was opposed to until Ivan found a way to twist it so he'd like it, love it, desire it.

"I really need to ask him how he does that…" he thought absentmindedly.

Ivan, meanwhile, was fighting hard to keep his hips from plunging his dick down his lover's enticing throat. He decided to distract himself by occupying his mind with the job of forming words—which was becoming an extremely difficult task to do at the moment. "Da, шлюха. You like to suck cock, nyet? How many men have cum in your mouth, I wonder? Surely you have swallowed much of it like the greedy whore you are… Do you crave it? Poor slut must be addicted to the taste of semen, though it shouldn't surprise me. I'm sure, however, that it won't bother you if I release all of it into your hungry ass."

Ah, there it was… the breaking of Francis. It was so delightful to watch, and Ivan had to keep from giggling in triumph as fierce shudders racked the smaller man's body, feeble whimpers escaping from around his cock. The surge of pleasure the power brought was truly overwhelming, and Ivan thought for a second that he'd have to rip his prick right out of Francis's mouth to keep himself from coming. But, luckily, Francis didn't give him that much time to expose his weakness.

Damn, Francis couldn't take it. His own painfully swollen dick getting assaulted by the water, Ivan's sexy voice telling him how much of a pathetic slut he was, and the heady smell of the Russian's erection were too much for Francis to handle. With a strained grunt, he stood hastily, and, knowing he was risking further punishment from Ivan for disobeying him, turned around, pressing himself against the tile wall and pushing his ass back to meet Ivan. He spread his legs as far as the cramped space would accommodate, moaning wantonly.

"Uh, mon Russie, s'il te plaît…” Francis struggled to find his words, forcing himself to keep still and not throw himself recklessly at the other man. Now, to say something that would insure he got what he wanted… "I-I need you inside me… please, fuck me with your big, thick cock."
Bingo. If Francis wasn't so aroused right now—and if he'd had some clothes on—he'd buff his
fingernails on his jacket. Yup, country o' love.

Ivan couldn't help himself. Dammit, why did Francis have to look so sexy and helpless plastered up
against the wall, completely drenched? He growled and massaged Francis's bruised ass, marveling at
his previous work. "All right. I will give you what you want… this time."

Francis's heart skipped a beat as he heard the words, mewling as his sore ass was abused by those
ever-chilled hands. "Y-you will…?" Francis nearly squeaked the words.

"I will," Ivan said, spinning him around and pulling him flush against his chest. Francis yelped in
surprise and blushed as he peered into lust-tinted violet irises. "But you owe me."

Francis nodded hastily, not caring if he had to make it up to the larger man a million times over. At
this point, he just wanted a good fuck.

Ivan frowned at how joyous Francis looked—it didn't please him. In fact, he could feel himself going
flaccid. He needed Francis to crumble in his fingers, just like all the other times. Perhaps this idea
wasn't his brightest after all…

Then, a plan came to mind.

He formed the warmest—or rather the closest-to-warmest-without-looking-creepy—smile he could
muster. It seemed to work, as Francis flushed a dark red and quickly tore his eyes away from him.
Oh? So, it seemed Francis hadn't lost his romantic streak entirely…

Still retaining a caring look—which Ivan immediately found he hated—he ghosted his hands gently
up Francis's side, stopping to caress here and there, places he knew would make the Frenchman
shiver.

And shiver he did. Francis didn't know what the hell was going on, but whatever it was… he liked.
Sure, it was creeping him the fuck out seeing Ivan being gentle and smiling like that, but he felt so
safe with him now… a security foreign to him when he was with Ivan before. Usually, sex with him
was full of unexpected surprises and he was forced to keep on his toes. This time, though, he found
himself getting lost in the fragile touches, even closing his eyes and sighing as Ivan rubbed circles on
his lower back.

"You like that, любить?" Francis flinched as Ivan's voice sounded very close to his ear. It was
certainly strange… it wasn't a growl or a command, but rather like a purr from a cat—something that
calms you and makes you feel warm and loved. Francis nodded, shivering as Ivan's cool breath
assaulted his neck and ear. "I'm going to make love to you, Francis."

Francis felt like his face was burning. What the fuck? That was his line! He sighed in spite of
himself, leaning into Ivan's gentle touches, seeking contact between the man's lips and his own hot
skin. Damn reaction… he couldn't help it, though, he was naturally attracted to those things no matter
how hard he tried to hide it when he was with Ivan. What really bothered him was that all this
romantic stuff was really starting to turn him on. Ivan was supposed to be fierce and demanding, not
slow and caring… even the setting was perfect!

Then Ivan's mouth was on his, and Francis couldn't comprehend what was happening until the
Russian had made his way carefully into his mouth, prodding about as if it was unexplored territory.

Damn, this pace was killing Francis. It was too damn fucking slow for him, and his cock was
constantly reminding him of his need for urgency. Francis reluctantly broke the kiss, locking heated
eyes with Ivan before the other man began trailing soft kisses down the side of his neck.

Francis sighed and laid his head on Ivan's shoulder, arms hanging loosely around the other man's torso. He hummed in content as Ivan continued to caress him, murmuring sweet words under his breath that Francis had never thought were in his vocabulary. He felt guilty for receiving all the attention and decided he should give back … hell, he was feeling generous. He eventually settled for nuzzling the Russian's exposed neck, pausing to examine what he found to be deep, jagged scars.

His heart leapt into his throat. Who could have possibly done this, and to Ivan, of all people?! He had never noticed the marks before because Ivan would be constantly wearing his scarf. Perhaps this was the reason he never took it off…?

There was a hitching of breath, and Francis immediately stiffened, knowing he had been found out. Ivan's purr quickly petered into a low growl and he gripped Francis's arms with enough force to bruise.

Francis cried out as he was pushed against the wall roughly, gasping as the breath was knocked out of him. He whimpered when he saw the malicious look in Ivan's violet eyes.

"Don't ever touch there again, do you hear me, сука?"

Francis's eyes widened, and he nodded hastily. He ground his teeth together as Ivan's grip grew firmer. He screwed his eyes shut, frightened to meet Ivan's gaze lest he anger him more.

Ivan shuddered. Damn, that was close. He had gotten too carried away. He never should have done this, never. If Francis found out… though he was already suspiciously sure the other man had a pretty good idea why he had the scars.

The next thing Francis knew, he was being plowed into, his insides being torn by the sudden invasion. He screamed at the top of his lungs, sure his other lovers could hear him across the house. Tears streamed from his eyes and his chest became sore with his heavy breathing and crying… but the burning, the pain, the shame… he loved it. "Your ass is so greedy… swallowing me whole." Ivan purred, sending shivers cascading down Francis's back and thighs.

This was what he was used to. Actually, he was happy that Ivan was back to his normal, bad-tempered self. At least now he knew what to expect… somewhat.

Ivan looked at his lover with a predatory gaze. Yes, he absolutely adored seeing Francis give in like that, break down in front of him and cry and squirm and beg for mercy. He groaned, feeling his cock twitch at the sight, his pace growing faster. He pinned Francis's hands above his head and against the wall as he tried to touch him, giving him a stern look. "Keep them there. Don't move."

Francis nodded helplessly, keeping his hands pinned on the wall after Ivan's had left them.

Ivan lifted up Francis's leg to get a better angle. Francis moaned with approval, wrapping his legs around Ivan's waist and pushing his hips into him.

Ivan grunted as he was submerged, balls-deep, into the tight cavern that was Francis. The Frenchman moaned loudly, welcoming him in with his legs. This is going to do wonders for my back… Ivan mused as a pain shot up his spine with the effort of thrusting into Francis while being pinned in place by his legs.

"Dieu! Ivan! Ha… you're so big… mnh, so deep…" Francis rolled his eyes and rested his head roughly back against the tile, enjoying the feeling of being completely filled to his limits. It wasn't long before Ivan found his pleasure spot, making Francis arch painfully and lock his legs with almost
bruising force around Ivan. He was on cloud nine. But there was something that was clawing at the back of his mind, something that was… missing. With a sharp gasp, he realized what it was.

"Let me touch you, mon amour, nn, s'il te plaît." Francis put all his effort into begging for this one thing. "I n-need you, please… I need to, ha, feel you…" He waited. And waited. And waited some more. And frowned.

"Ivaaaan, please!" Francis whined, squirming uncomfortably against the wall. "I-I n-need it, please… I'll do anything, merde! A-anything you want, mm, mon Russie. I'll die, please…!" Francis wasn't really joking with that one. He hadn't ever been denied touching someone during sex, and it left him with a burning need… as if he needed it to breathe.

Ivan smiled at that. "Oh, на самом деле? Well, I suppose if you need it to live…" He smirked and nodded for Francis to lower his arms. Francis did so hesitantly, and, to Ivan's satisfaction, avoided his neck completely.

Francis groaned with the feel of cool skin under his fingertips. Finally! Everything about Ivan contrasted with him completely… Francis felt overheated with the steam of the shower, while Ivan remained as a cold as he usually was… Francis was romantic, while Ivan was dominating… Francis was turned on by submitting to Ivan, while Ivan was turned on by the power he got from it… It was a delicious mix that, as backwards as it seemed, somehow worked and never failed to make him beg for more.

"You like the feeling of a large cock ripping you from the inside, da, little slut?" Ivan chuckled darkly, angling his hips slightly so he could grind relentlessly into Francis's sweet spot. "I bet you like the pain I give you… you want to bleed, nyet? You don't care as long as it gets you what you want."

Francis's body burned with Ivan's words. Those insulting, degrading words… words that he would have been appalled by before sounded so good coming from Ivan's overpowering mouth. With a gnawing shame, Francis realized that Ivan had changed him into such a desperate, pleading slut… and he liked it.

Francis shuddered. The fact that the Russian could dominate him so that he could disrupt his very being with only a few—but increasingly amazing—fucks, that Ivan could break him down, make him beg, so easily, ignited his blood and set his flesh on fire. He lunged forward, throwing his arms around Ivan's back and burying his face in the other man's shoulders, being sure to avoid his neck. "Ouais, Russie. Make me bleed, make me beg, make me want… Ha, I am c-completely at your mercy… do whatever you, nn, want to m-me—I don't c-care just, please, fuck me!"

Francis knew it was the right thing to say. Ivan purred and thrust into him violently, and Francis could swear the showerhead was rattling. "Mmm, and I will, илюха. You know, I should have done this long ago. There were times when I almost shoved you against a wall and had you right there. And in the meetings," Francis flinched at that one, shivering noticeably. Ivan raised an eyebrow. "Oh? So you had the same, hn, ideas, da, slut? You would probably suck me off if I told you to at a conference. Though, I don't think England and America would mind… they'd most likely, nn, join in."

Francis's heart skipped a beat with the mention of his other lovers… yes, he would do anything Ivan asked, and they… an image of what Francis thought the two brothers were doing right then made him moan and clench around Ivan. He mustn't forget about his other partners… Ivan and they were all so sexy in their own ways. He wanted all of them, he wanted to be fucked by all of them, and he didn't care whether it tore him apart. And just the thought of doing those things in front of every other nation despite his reputation… oh, yes, he'd put on a show and probably come without shame.
while doing it. And not just because he was France, not entirely.

Francis began to wonder again why he hadn't approached Ivan earlier. Well, he was pretty scary, but if only he had known how the other man was when it came to sex... and then there was his dick. He would never admit looking at the other man's crotch and ass throughout some of the meetings... nor that his eyes occasionally darted down to catch a glance of the Russian's large package in the bathroom... hell, it had been his fault, dammit! No one in their right mind would ever choose to use the urinal when Francis was the one right next to them!

"You sh-should have, nn, done it." Francis moaned, pushing his hips into Ivan's rough thrusts. "You should have buried your fat cock in my ass and, ha, made me beg..." Even the prospect of it turned Francis on.

"Mm, da, you are right," Ivan growled, nipping the other man's pulse just enough to coax a bead of blood to appear. "You would have loved the humiliation. You're such a slut, France. You would even do it in front of your boss."

Francis groaned at that, squeezing Ivan around the torso as his sweet spot was endlessly plundered. "Oui, Ivan. I-I'd want you anywhere... feels so good, and your cock is so big! And your voice, amant... ah! It makes me so fucking hard... just, nn, listening to you talk at the meetings was enough to, ha, make me come." It was true. Francis had never admitted it to himself before, but after Ivan's presentations, he was half-hard. He passed it off as a result of his endless dirty daydreaming. However, he began to notice that, after a few meetings had passed, every time Ivan would comment just a little, his cock would twitch. It got so bad, that when Ivan looked at Francis for what he thought was an unusually long time while he spoke, Francis squirmed in his chair, the crotch of his pants soaked with precum. He swore, the man must have done it on purpose.

Ivan raised an eyebrow, not even trying to control the powerful snap of his hips as he plowed into his willing lover. "Hm, and what would you do with that cum, I wonder? Would you make an excuse to leave?"

"Non, mon Russie," Francis let out a string of helpless moans as he was viciously pounded into the hard tile. But, damn, it felt so fucking good. "I would, mm, lick it off my fingers right in fr-front of y-you... I'd let everyone see how much y-you make me come."

Ivan groaned, letting himself go completely, the image Francis coaxed into his mind making him fuck hard into the other man, driving into him with reckless abandon. Francis cried out as he felt his insides being mercilessly twisted, his pleasure spot being so viciously ground into that it caused such pain and ecstasy, it brought tears to his eyes.

Ivan was completely taken over by his desires. He wanted to see Francis cry. He wanted to see Francis bleed. He wanted to hear Francis beg to come. "Beg," was all he could get out.

Francis leaned himself up against the wall, knowing the other man would want to see his face as he did so. God, he'd do anything to stop the overwhelming, yearning waves of pain and pleasure coursing through him! "Please, Ivan! Please... let me come, I-I n-need it, ha... I need you to come inside me, I want to feel you... I want to feel you m-make me, nn, yours."

"And I will," Ivan purred, sending a shudder up Francis's spine. Just looking into Ivan's predatory eyes was enough to send him completely over the edge. Ivan grabbed the other man's leaking erection, giving it a hard pump and squeezing almost painfully. "Come for me, slut."

Francis arched against the tile, a sting shooting up his back as he did so. He shouted Ivan's name as he shot his seed onto the Russian's hard stomach and chest as well as his own. Ivan moaned as
Francis tightened in an almost suffocating manner around him, bringing him to a hard climax, making Francis gasp as his sensitive spot was further abused by the man's seed.

They remained in that position—Ivan still holding Francis against the wall, Francis's legs still constricting the Russian's torso—for a few minutes, catching their breaths and recovering from their intense bout of lovemaking. Eventually, Ivan whispered for Francis to lower his legs, and the Frenchman did so without complaint, stumbling slightly. Ivan caught him by the shoulders and held him in place, while he rinsed his other hand off in the shower. Francis watched, in an almost hypnotic state, as his cum swirled down the drain.

When he was finished, he pulled slowly out of Francis, his own semen dribbling out as well as blood. He winced. "Eh, let's get you cleaned up, da?"

Francis didn't respond, only stared at Ivan, making the Russian man noticeably uncomfortable. Ivan cleared his throat and reached for the soap, only for his wrist to be snagged before he could get to it. His eyes met brilliant blue, and was shocked to see such tenderness behind the gaze. Then, before he could stop it, he felt hands ghosting up his sides, coming to rest at his shoulders. Francis frowned, his face sad, almost sympathetic.

"I would never…" And Francis dropped his arms, wrapping them tightly around Ivan's abdomen and drawing himself close so that his kiss-bruised lips brushed his shoulder. Ivan's eyes widened, feeling suddenly cornered. He was at a loss. "I would never do anything like that to you, never, mon amour. I would never hurt you like he did." There was obvious venom in the Frenchman's voice as he mentioned the very man who had tortured Ivan all those years before… the one who he could have stopped if only he had paid attention to the younger country at the time. "If only I had been more aware… but it was too late, I wanted to, to… I wanted to kill him!" Ivan flinched with the strength and hate behind Francis's voice. He had never expected the other, softhearted country to ever have that ability. "And I still do. If I would have known before, if you would have asked for help… no, I should have been there, I should have noticed long before he even put his hands on you… I should have helped." He withdrew from Ivan and looked at him with a gaze so tender that Ivan felt his cheeks heat up. Wait, since when did he blush from anything? "I hope he burns in hell for what he did to you and China. And I want you to know that I would never hurt you. I love you, Ivan."

Ivan blinked in shock, not even noticing that the older country was holding his face in both his hands. He let himself be guided toward those red lips, allowing Francis to claim him in a sweet kiss that conveyed so much love and so much feeling that Ivan found his eyes getting wet. He didn't know what to do… he had never really cried before, not since… he quickly drew back, turning away quickly and snatching the soap up from the slippery dish, blinking away the tears. A fear clenched him as he felt his chest fill with a warmth he had never felt before… his heart was beating! Since when did his heart do anything? It was truly terrifying and very awkward.

"D-da," he winced at the stammer in his voice. "Is good. Now, let's wash while the water is still warm."

Francis smiled, knowing full well everything that was happening to Ivan, but not saying anything about the subject. All he needed was the knowledge that he had made Ivan feel good and blush—oh, and what a very cute blush, it was!—and know that he was cared for. Francis snatched the soap out of Ivan's hand and proceeded to lather it into foam under the spray of water. "Bien sûr, mon amant. I'm sure our Angleterre et Amerique have been neglecting to use the water for washing purposes."

And he began to softly wash the other man's back.

Ivan flinched, not used to being gently touched—and washed, of all things—as such. He blushed, imagining what his other lovers were doing at this very moment, and he had a pretty good idea. He
smiled. "Da, but who do you think bottomed, hm?"

Francis smirked. "Oh, I think I know who."

"Want to bet?"

"If you think you can beat me, mon amour." Francis narrowed his eyes mischievously.

Ivan snorted. "You have no room to suggest such things, любить."

"Don't be so sure, Russie. Don't be so sure…"

Translations:

любить—love

Франция—France

Bien sûr, mon amant—Of course, my lover

на самом деле?—Really?

Ouais—Yeah

A Word From the Writer: France likes it rough, eh? Not surprising… and you will soon find out the story behind Ivan's neck wounds. Until next week! *Heads up, I might include two chapters… one has no sex—but loads of innuendo—and one does. Just thought I'd give you guys a treat. I feel like this is moving really slow, but patience is the key!).

Next Chapter Hint: Who have you done?
Down to Business…

You get to hear all the juicy details of past relationships. Turns out that France isn't the only manwhore… XD

Warning! Contains innuendo, swearing, foursome, various historical references, some fluff, references to incest, lotsa talk about sleeping around, yada yada…

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Down to Business…

Francis and Ivan were out in the kitchen, the veil of night still cast over the house. Francis was dressed in a white silk, V-necked nightshirt and pants, a housecoat thrown over him to protect him from the cold. He leaned against the counter, sipping tea and watching Ivan as he prepared some coffee. He raised a curious eyebrow when Ivan tugged the tea kettle to him, pouring himself a cup.

"Why do you make coffee if you prefer tea, amour?"

"I prefer tea, da," Ivan said, bringing the cup to his lips. "But America runs on caffeine. He'll probably pass out completely without it."

"Vrai," Francis said, taking another sip of his tea, smiling inwardly. They had only been together for a couple of days, but it already felt as if they were an experienced couple, talking calmly in the early morning. I never thought I would be like this with Russia, of all people… The thought made a warmth swell in his chest.

While he was distracted, he forgot to blow his tea, and grunted as it scalded his tongue. Ivan looked up, setting down his own cup. "Oh? Did you get burned?" His voice was mocking, but still caring.

Francis flushed, embarrassed at himself. "Euh… it is nothing. I will live—if having your gigantic cock stuffed up my ass 24/7 is enough to go by."

Ivan smirked. "We wouldn't want that talented tongue of yours to be hindered, da? Here," He moved toward him, tipping his chin up with his fingers. "Allow me to help."

Francis eagerly pressed forward, welcoming the man's cooling tongue into his mouth, groaning in relief as it warded away the stinging burn. He tasted faintly the tea Ivan was drinking, loving how the Russian's tongue completely dominated his mouth.

"Ahem,"

Francis and Ivan broke apart and turned to see Arthur standing with his arms crossed, a prominent eyebrow raised as Alfred dried his own hair messily with a towel behind him. Arthur was garbed in a green bathrobe that brought out his striking eyes, along with red pinstriped flannel pants and what looked to be worn out, union jack slippers. Alfred, meanwhile, had on a faded navy seals shirt, his boxers with an American flag motif, and a pair of mismatched, shin-high socks. He had a pair of plaid pajama pants draped over his arm.

"I see that you two enjoyed yourselves," Arthur sniffed, his eyes darting toward the kettle on the stove. "Give me a cup, will you?"
Ivan turned to grab a cup out of a cabinet along with a mug for Alfred. "Very demanding this morning, da, England?" He waved the mug at Alfred. "I presume you want coffee?"

"Hell, yeah! Anything to keep me awake." Alfred replied eagerly.

"He's just grumpy from yesterday." Francis observed. "You're both limping, non?"

Arthur scoffed. "Like you aren't."

"Oh, I am." Francis remarked, lifting a suggestive eyebrow.

Arthur caught the hint and took his cup from Ivan, pulling out a chair from the table and sitting haughtily down in it. "Thank you for the shower, by the way, Russia. It was… refreshing."

Alfred chuckled as he took a large gulp of his coffee, immediately feeling energy return to his limbs. "Very refreshing."

Arthur flashed him a look that clearly read 'keep your mouth shut, brat', but Francis caught it. "So, you had shower sex? Oh, how adorable!"

"Don't act as if we didn't, France." Ivan snorted, feeling slightly hurt.

"Mmm, I'm not." Francis winked at him and sipped his tea, smirking at Arthur.

"How crude," Arthur snapped, his eyes narrowed. "to accuse us of something like that just because we showered together. Why must you always assume that sex is the answer to everything?"

Francis raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Oh? Are you saying you didn't have sex?" Before Arthur could respond, Francis walked over to Alfred, who had finished drying his hair and was about to slip on his pants. The younger nation blushed and let out a startled "Hey!" as Francis stooped to run a finger along his inner thigh and into his boxers, making him shiver. When he pulled back out, he lifted a finger, showing it to everyone in the room as evidence. Arthur felt his face burn as he saw his own cum dripping from Francis's raised digit. He practically moaned when he saw the Frenchman take it into his mouth, his tongue delicately licking off every last drop. "Hm, I know fresh semen when I taste it. So, was it good?" Then, with a smirk playing at his lips, Francis turned to Ivan, stretching out his hand. "I do believe you lost, mon ami."

Ivan growled and fished inside his coat pocket, producing 400 rubles that the Frenchman wasted no time in snatching up with a triumphant smile.

Arthur glared accusingly at Alfred to hide his own embarrassment. "I thought you got it all, Alfred."

"Me too, man." Alfred set down his mug and hastily snatched a few sheets of paper towel off of its roll to clean himself up. "Damn, you must have come way deep inside me!"

Arthur was positively red now. Even he knew it. And Francis's lecherous laugh didn't help the problem. He wanted to say something snarky right now, but he didn't really have any idea how to defend himself. "Dammit, Alfred! You've backed me into a corner! Sometimes he thought the American did it on purpose, but the innocent look on Alfred's face when he glared at him convinced him otherwise.

Ivan smiled his childish smile. "There is no need to get angry, England. We also admit to it, so don't be so embarrassed, da?"

"Oui, amant," Francis chuckled. "You should be proud of fucking him so hard that he's still running
with cum. You really gave it to him, didn't you, mon Angleterre?"

"Yup!" Alfred exclaimed without the least bit of shame. He finished cleaning himself off and slipped into his pants, smiling. "It sure was hot. I wasn't sure Arthur would make a good top, but, hey, guess I was proved wrong!"

"What do you mean by that, brat?" Arthur stood from his chair, finishing his tea in one massive gulp and putting it in the sink. "I've topped more men than you in your entire lifetime."

Francis frowned. "Euh… I thought that was my line, amour."

"Shut it, France. You know what I mean."


Arthur was beyond embarrassed… now he was just plain annoyed. "Oh, stop with your incessant nosing, will you? I know you've stalked me on more than one occasion."

"Oui, I have," Francis said without shame. Then, in a sultry voice, he added, "But I want to hear about your previous lovers from your mouth." His last two words were dripping with arousal.

Alfred's eyes lit up. "Oh, cool! Hey, can we all tell who we've slept with? It'd be pretty interesting!"

"Indeed," Ivan commented. "Go ahead, England. You start." His eyes were alight with childish mischief.

Arthur sighed. "All right, then… hmm, let me see, who was my first? Oh, yes, now I remember…"

"All right, then… hmm, let me see, who was my first? Oh, yes, now I remember…"

He let his words linger for a moment before finally saying simply, "Rome."

"Oh là là," Francis exclaimed, practically drooling. "I heard he was a very good lover… how was he?"

Arthur shrugged, throwing away all his inhibitions. Well, if he had to admit all these things, he'd might as well toss his pride out the window and deal with it. "Other than the fact that he molested me, yeah, he was nice."

Silence hung heavy in the air, so Arthur continued. "Then there came a four-way with Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, but that was short lived and nonconsensual, so it didn't last. And by the time France invaded," Francis flinched at his words. "I wasn't going to let myself be assaulted again, so I firmly decided to keep our relationship purely platonic. I'd learned how to fight from the Vikings, see, and I wasn't about to let anyone take advantage of me in that way again. So, I waited until France withdrew, because I wasn't that strong yet. Then there was my brother, Wales, who just became part of my kingdom, and then my brother Ireland, who the Pope gave to me. Oh, and there was also Scotland, though it was quick and purely experimental on both our parts. Then all my relationships discontinued with the Wars of the Roses." He paused to shiver. "Next was Spain, but only for a short period. I did it so he would stop harassing me… bloody hell, I thought he'd never leave me alone—not surprising since one of his kings wanted to marry Elizabeth, ugh. Then there was India, damn she was good. I guess it was because I needed so much from her at the time. Then stupid Holland got in the way along with France… so she kind of switched off between the three of us, poor girl. We always fought over her. Then finally nabbed Scotland. Damn, he was hard to get a hold of, but satisfying when I did. We joined together purely for political reasons, as a Scottish man was then the King of England at the time… a little spitfire, he was, couldn't resist the bugger—though now he's mostly an arse. Then came the civil war, and well… the Wars of the Three Kingdoms erupted and my family and I were having it out—me, Ireland, and Scotland, I mean. Then
came the fire in London… still got the burns from that, so, naturally I took time to recover. The Revolution of 1688 brought about William from Holland, so naturally, he convinced me to sleep with his country in order to keep good relations. Needless to say, Holland was very miffed regarding our recent past with India, but the relationship got along well. I switched between him and Scotland, as I had also recently made peace with him and was about to take full advantage of it. Oh, yeah, and Napoleon was dealt with by me and my family, so France was still out of the question.” He smirked as Francis snorted haughtily. "China was also one of my lovers(1), but it didn’t last very long and he was too formal for my tastes. All he wanted was a good fuck and to be left alone for a couple years, so I cut the relationship off sex-wise, at least. Then Australia came along… about the same time as America. However, the only difference was that I slept with Australia purely so he would agree to house all my prisoners, so there really was nothing but business between us, not love for a while… The War of the Austrian Succession was none of my concern until I heard France was fighting also, and Austria seduced me so that I would join him. Allow me to say he still bears my mark.” He smirked. "The Seven Years war certainly switched things up. I wanted to fight France, so I had to join with Prussia. Damn, he was strong at the time… scared the living shit out of me, I admit, but while he wasn’t a catch wit-wise, he did have quite the body. Prussia told me that in order for him to trust me, I had to have sex with him, so I did. During the World Wars, I had to ally with certain countries—you know which, I expect. However, a couple of these countries demanded payment for their services, so I did so the best way I knew how: sex. Canada was one of them, and seeing as when I go to war, he’s also at war, I could understand why he wanted it. He’s quite big, by the way. I was rather impressed, seeing as he’s always been so quiet and… wait, who am I talking about now?” He looked curiously around.

Alfred shrugged and Francis and Ivan shook their heads. Arthur sighed and, after gathering his thoughts, said, "Anyway, Russia was also one to ask for payment, though I had a feeling he was only doing so, so he could have the chance to dominate me while he could. Not one of my favorite shags, but it was good."

Ivan snorted. "You liked it, and you know it—if screaming my name wasn't proof enough."

"Oh, shut it, you lout. As I was saying, some wanted payment, but others wanted it just, well… just to 'get in my pants', if that's how you'd call it. France, for example, tried to, but no way in hell was that going to happen, so I forbade it."

Francis scoffed. "So, that's why you never traveled alone with me… very wise of you, mon cher."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Yes, so Alfred was out of the question also, seeing as he still viewed me as the crabby old man who fought him, then there was China again. Poor dear, came running to me when Japan raped him(2)—if that's not too hard to believe. I was sympathetic, seeing as the two were brothers and it was all so tragic. Eventually, China invoked sex, claiming he wanted to feel safe with someone and that I had been pretty good before… a strange concept to me seeing how he had just been assaulted and I had hardly ever had a close relationship with him and there was that whole situation with the Opium Wars. Despite that, though, I complied. Shortly after that came the Blitz… damn, it pains me to even think about. I remember Germany coming to me shortly after whilst I was still recovering… I think he molested me in my sleep, though I can't be sure… all I know was that when I woke up, I was completely nude and some of my scars had been reopened, some new ones added. There was also the fact that there was semen on the bed, but I didn't want to investigate for the sake of my dignity, so I let it slide.” His breath hitched as he admitted it, and he quickly continued, not wanting to hear any of the comments his lovers might have. "After the major wars, I casually slept around in my spare time… with my siblings, the Nordics, Greece, Portugal—he was quite the adventurous one, I tell you(Haha! Pun! 3)—Hungary, Poland for a short while, Estonia and Lithuania, as a pair, after the Cold War, Mexico, Japan—what a conservative bloke, a total pervert but still wants to have sex with the lights off—Australia again, but this time an actual relationship, I
tried to get back with Canada, despite feeling guilty that he was my former ward, but he had Cuba, so I didn't, Romano—dunno how that came around, was just feeling horny and so was he, so it was purely a sexual relationship—Iceland, now he was shy, but very kinky, all the things he thinks about up there alone, just thought I'd pay him a visit, maybe seduce him, though it was quite the other way around… anyway, I think that about narrows down the list, though there are some relationships that were fleeting, just a handjob or tongue-battle here and there, so they're not worth the mention."

After a tense silence, Alfred said, "Well, that was weird…"

"Oui," Francis commented. "I can't see Austria seducing anyone."

"Nor the Baltics running from me to you…" Ivan growled.

"No," Alfred's eyes narrowed. "I mean, I didn't know Cuba was going out with Canada. Canada would have told me, right? I'm his bro! Also considering the fact that I constantly sleep with him, you'd think he'd mention he was going out with that ignorant bastard."

Francis grinned as Alfred admitted to one of his lovers. "Oh, spoiler alert."

"You sleep with Canada?" Arthur looked aghast.

Alfred shrugged. "So what? I sleep with you don't I?"

"Well, yes, but he's your brother, closer than I ever was, at least." Arthur defended, denying to himself that he was aroused by the fact of the two nations being together.

"That's why I sleep with him, see?" Alfred crossed his arms. "He was mine, all fucking mine, until that big-nosed bastard decided to screw around with him—or rather, screw him, in this case. Damn, how did I not know? I can smell his cigar smoke a hundred miles away!"

Ivan snorted at Alfred's over exaggeration. "Now, America, I'm sure your brother has a very good reason why he is dating Cuba and didn't tell you about it."

"That's just it," Alfred growled. "There is no reason! Why the hell would he go out with an asshole like him and not tell me about it?"

"Perhaps your temper is the case," Francis suggested, and everyone nodded in agreement.

"Fine, maybe it is my temper." Alfred admitted sourly. "But I can't help being angry. He nearly attacked me once with no reason at all. With your help!" He glared at Ivan

Ivan threw up his hands. "Whoa, hey, you cannot blame me for wanting to hurt you during the Cold War. You deserved it, da?"

"That was a low blow, and you know it!" Alfred pointed an accusing finger at the Russian. "You were acting like such a coward! What, were you afraid to attack me, or did you just solicit another country for your own amusement? Though I'm sure both possibilities are true."

Ivan lunged forward and claimed Alfred's mouth before anyone could stop him. Alfred couldn't help but moan, his anger forgotten, as the other man's cold tongue plundered his mouth. "This," Ivan purred as he pulled away. "is why I hated you and loved you. Your mouth always says the cruelest things, but at the same time, it can beg and willingly relinquish control to any invading tongue." He giggled as Alfred whined with the loss of contact. "Now, tell us, who were your previous lovers?"

Bewildered by the kiss and sudden change of subject, Alfred took a few moments to gather his
scattered thoughts. "Well, it didn't begin with Artie, that's for sure." Arthur frowned at that. "Aw, I love ya, bro, you know that. Anyway, it began after my revolution. As I said, I had to pay France back somehow, so I did it with sex—which was my suggestion, in fact, not his." He laughed as Arthur looked completely shocked. "Ha, I just wanted to get laid already, man. Was that too much to ask? I was a hormonal teenager, it was like I needed it to breathe. Well, after sex with France, I decided to turn to Canada—"

"You slept with him while he was still under my rule?" Arthur was fuming now. "Have you no shame?"

"Actually, no, I don't." And everyone seemed to be in accordance with that. "And that being my personality, I constantly snuck over to see him. You don't know how many times I fucked him… or he fucked me, either way felt good. Igs never found out! Dunno how, but it worked! And to tell ya the truth, Canada and me's relationship has stayed strong until the present. Actually, he'd just fucked me before the 'signing'. That was why I was kinda nervous when I found out Russia was fucking me, 'cause he is pretty big himself aheh heh heh…” He scratched the back of his head nervously.

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, get on with it."

"Mmkay! So, first France, then Canada, then… oh, yeah, right, Spain! I hadta sleep with him to get Florida. Although he kept talking about Romano, so that was a real turn off. Then France again, for the Louisiana Purchase—he wanted to give it away, but used it as an excuse to 'better relations'. Then there was the Mexican-American War. Alejandro seriously hurt me with the Battle of the Alamo, but I still won Texas." He tapped his glasses proudly. "Afterward we reconciled by having hot makeup sex, so it was all good. During the World Wars, I got horny and had sex with my fellow Allies, including… well, everyone except Arthur, because he was sort of a prude. Then Japan attacked me… we were somewhat friends before then, but never really close. It pissed me off what he did, and I tried so hard to ignore the war… damn! Anyways, I had makeup sex with him later… I never did find out why he forgave me so quickly after what I did to him. Needless to say I felt like shit after we made peace. He told me he just wanted to be friends afterwards, but him, me, and Canada have been participating in a threesome up until the signing. I had sex with Russia to get Alaska, who, by the way, is doing well. Except for his temper, he got that from you."

Ivan smiled appreciatively. "Ah, I knew he would be a handful. That's why I gave him to you. That doesn't mean I don't care about him, though. I miss him. Perhaps I could visit sometime?"

Alfred smiled warmly. "Of course. You're as much his dad as I am. So, as I was saying, Russia, then I expanded my horizons a bit. We share hotel rooms with someone else at the meetings, so I made it may goal to seduce every one of my roommates. As of now the total is, Norway, Greece—he was sleeping half the time, no fun—Belgium, Hungary, Austria, China, Portugal—and you're right, Artie, he is very adventurous(Pun 2x!)—Brazil, Germany—what a serious dude, really, he's no fun—Prussia—why couldn't Germany be like his bro? He's really into roleplay, especially military stuff—Lithuania, Romano—he may be an ass, but he's good in bed, that 'all Italians will be your lovers' thing is so true!—Feliciano—He begged me not to tell Germany, but I wouldn't promise to until he agreed we'd have a few more rounds—Northern Ireland, Scotland, Wales—those I nabbed while you were away, Igs. They were curious, and I was horny so… don't ever ask me to housesit!—Australia, damn he was laidback, wanted to have sex with his pet croc on the bed, said the danger turned him on… what a freak! Belarus I didn't even try to have sex with. I was too busy trying to avoid her knives. Ukraine was good… she's not as pretty as I would have liked, but her tits are friggin' amazing! Denmark—now he's full of himself, first one to actually ask me to have sex—recently, I've tried to make an alliance with Egypt, but he's kinda difficult, so the relationship is on and off… and I need to try Iceland, if he's as kinky as you say." he finished with a smile.
"You should not mess with my sisters." growled Ivan.

Alfred shrunk a bit. "Dude, you totally need to stop being protective of your sisters. They have their own lives, ya know!"

Ivan was about to remark, but Arthur swiftly cut in. "So, since you have sex with Canada… do you have sex with your states?"

Alfred stared at him in horror. "Never! Canada and you are my brothers, but the states… they're like my children. If I did something like that to them, they'd distrust me forever! Plus, I can't love one state more than another. The last time I did that, a civil war broke out, and I'm not in the mood to get myself nearly torn in half again."

"So, the states have sex with each other, is it?" Arthur inquired, curious.

"Yeah… but I don't get involved with their affairs. It's weird, ya know? I don't talk about sex with them, and they don't talk about sex with me, that's the unspoken rule."

"H-how are the 13?" Arthur asked hesitantly. "Are they grown and doing well?"

Alfred blinked in surprise and flashed that heroic smile that Arthur loved and hated at the same time. "Of course, dude! They've been busy lately with the recession and all, but they're holding their own and I'm so proud of them!"

"And… Virginia?"

"As fiery and red-haired as when you last saw her." Alfred replied with a wink.

Arthur felt his chest swell with warmth. "That's good to hear."

"Now for my lovers…" Francis began.

"We already know." all three of them said at once.

Francis frowned. "Well, can I at least tell you my first time?" No one objected, so he quickly went on with it. "Greece was like a father and so was Rome, so they both tried to protect me from Gaul, but… Gaul was sweet though, not aggressive, so I guess you wouldn't call it rape, and we had a long relationship, the longest I've ever had, in fact. Then Rome took me over again, then there were the Franks…"

"Okay, enough, we know." Arthur sniffed.

There was a heavy silence in the room, all knowing what should happen next, but refusing to say anything.

Ivan sighed, "All right. So you all know about my first time already…” He winced, hoping that he didn't have to elaborate any further.

"Actually, no, I don't recall you ever saying anything." Arthur replied with a lifted eyebrow.

"Me too, bro. Dunno what you're talkin' bout."

Francis's heart ached for Ivan, knowing full well that telling this without the help of sex or alcohol would be very painful for him. Francis laid a comforting hand on Ivan's shoulder, and he felt the other man relax under his touch. "It's okay, Russie. You can trust them."
Ivan took a deep, shuddering breath, and he could almost feel Arthur and Alfred's eyes burning holes into his skin. "I… Yao and I were… we were raped by Mongolian Empire."

Arthur held back a gasp. Russia, raped? How? "For how long?"

"200 years," Ivan fought to keep his voice steady, trying not to remember. "Yao… escaped before me… I was young, Katyusha couldn't help me, the Golden Horde… the soldiers, he made me—"

"Don't say anymore," Arthur stopped him with an empathetic look. "There's no need to elaborate. And I thought my life was bad with Rome… but Mongols? That must have been terrible. I'm so sorry."

"That bastard," Alfred growled, his hands balled into trembling fists. "If I would have been a nation at the time, I'd have pounded that asshole into a bloody pulp."

The brothers both hugged him around the torso, each placing a kiss on the taller man's cheek. "We care about you, Ivan. That's in the past." Arthur muttered softly.

"We'd never hurt you. We'd fight for you." Alfred soothed.

There it was, that strange feeling again. Ivan's heart was beating, and it scared him to bits. He liked the reassurance his lovers offered in their touches, but this… it was too much. He patted them on the backs and stepped away from them. "You're right. I must move on. I will never let anyone dominate me like that again. Never. I promised myself that long ago…"

"All this serious shit reminds me," Alfred spoke up, spoiling the moment. "I have to do some work. Shit! I haven't done any since the 'signing'. Ugh, now I'm gonna have to go through a gazillion papers in, like, a day…"

"Bollocks! You're right." Arthur sighed heavily, slapping a hand to his forehead. "Dammit, I completely forgot! Great…"

"Oh, mon Dieu! Merde… and my boss will be calling me soon for updates." Francis muttered with annoyance, drinking all of his tea and setting the cup in the sink.

Ivan frowned, his heart immediately halting and a familiar coldness coming over his body once more. "It seems that my postponing has really come around to, how do you say, 'bite me in the ass'?"

"Bite us in the arse, you mean." Arthur groaned, thinking of how much he had to do.

"Screw paperwork." Alfred grunted angrily. "It can suck on my McNuggets."

Arthur burst out laughing, tears coming to his eyes as he did. He laughed even harder when he saw the not amused look he got from Alfred. "Hahaha! I'm sorry, that was just too funny! Do you ever stop thinking about that stupid McDonald's of yours?"

"Shut up," Alfred snarled, grabbing his mug and struggling not to completely shatter it in his fist. He headed grudgingly toward the guest room, snatching his laptop from the coffee table as he did. "No sex till we're finished. That'll leave us free to do whatever we want and make us even hornier. Until then, no one bother me." And he slammed the door, which Arthur thought was rather rude, considering it was Ivan's house and it was quite old.

Ivan didn't seem to mind, though, as he was in an equally-miffed mood. Without a word, he
continued to his room, also shutting the door.

Francis looked exhausted already, snatching up his briefcase and laptop, plopping himself down on the living room couch, muttering something irately in French under his breath as he did so.

Arthur sighed, massaging his temples before taking a deep breath and opening his own laptop on the kitchen table. He removed piles of paperwork from his briefcase, and regretted procrastinating, even if it meant that he'd had sex with his lovers. Why me…? he thought, taking out his trusty pen and hearing that oh-so disheartening click that signaled the start of a very long and equally depressing day.

No translations

Historical References

1—Referring to the Opium Wars

2—Referring to the Rape of Nanking (WWII)

3—Portugal pun: Portugal was the first country to start journeying to the New World and around the globe. It was very prosperous once and so was Spain (the forerunner), but then England, France, and Holland started taking over and it was completely swept out of the picture (well, not completely, but it was not as powerful anymore). Sad, isn't it?

4—In actuality, the Soviet Union used Cuba as a missile base because they planned to take over weaker countries in South America, thus weakening America's economy since the U.S. relied heavily on imports from those countries (and it still does). The Soviet Union also hoped that by capturing these weaker countries, that they would eventually be right across the border from America, thus intimidating their opponents into either another world war (which was not the favored result) or into giving up its democratic campaigns and its threatening of/spying on the USSR.

5—I imagine Virginia being fiery and red-haired like her namesake: Queen Elizabeth I (aka the Virgin Queen). In addition to being of a similar appearance, Virginia, likewise, is arrogant, stubborn, athletic, and has a nasty temper.

Bet the Queen's servants were looking a little worse for wear after their services, eh?

A Word From the Writer: Ha, I just had to include America saying something stupid. He hadn't said anything about McDonald's at all in this fanfic. Just thought I'd stick to his character and throw it in there somewhere. Okay, so this is part of a chapter double I'm posting. That means two, people, TWO. There was no smut in this one, so I took pity on you guys and decided you needed a little action. You can thank me later. ;D

Next Chapter Hint: Punches and hair-pulling
Finding the Kinks

It's kink time! What one will you expect and what one will catch you by surprise?

Warning! Contains lemon, kinks, oral, foursome, Cold War references, excessive slutiness, and more seme! England.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Finding the Kinks

They worked until the sun came up and as it set into the western sky. At one point, Francis had a right mind to close the curtains so they couldn't be bothered worrying about how long they were taking.

Arthur quietly sifted through his pile of papers, sighing every time he continued to a new one. Eventually, he had most of the pile finished and stacked opposite him. After making a few calculations of his economy, Arthur pushed the papers aside, stretched and yawned, and got up briefly to pour himself some coffee. He winced as the room-temperature liquid raced down his throat. Blech. Now he knew why he stuck to tea. However, it did help, as he felt alert shortly after and began to work on his presentation for the next world conference.

A few minutes into preparing his lecture, Arthur's eyes darted worriedly toward the hallway. Ever since they all began their work, neither Alfred nor Ivan had emerged from their rooms. Arthur always knew Alfred was one to be eating at all hours of the day, and, for once, he was actually concerned about the nation's going hungry. Though, he mused, he did have enough in him to survive a day, that was sure.

Francis rose from his place on the couch to wander deliriously to the kitchen. He and Arthur gave each other a glance, but no words were exchanged, as Francis rummaged in the refrigerator for something to tide him over. After looking around for a while, he found some leftover pelmeni and poured himself the rest of the coffee. As Francis walked past the table, he set down a plateful for Arthur, who nodded appreciatively.

A few more hours passed before Arthur finished his PowerPoint and lecture, eating the last bit of pelmeni on his plate with satisfaction. With that, he cleaned up, packing everything back into his briefcase and closing his laptop. He took his dish over to the sink before deciding to visit Francis.

"You almost done?" he asked, settling down in the armchair opposite the Frenchman.

"Wait for it…" Francis typed the last line and smiled at him, fatigue evident on his face and in his voice. "That's it. Oh là là, I thought I'd never finish! Well, I suppose we shouldn't avoid our work anymore, eh, amour?"

Arthur sighed. "You're bloody right on that one. I don't think I've ever been so tired in my life… and my arse hurts like the devil."

"Moi aussi," Francis said with a grimace. He reached around to gingerly rub his back. "Sacrébleu! I don't think I will be able to stand properly upright for a while."

"If you already hurt so much," Arthur growled bad-temperedly. "then why did you let Ivan shag you?"
Francis smiled seductively. "Are you really asking me why I didn't say no to sex?"

Arthur snorted. "Oh, right, I forgot. You're a cheap whore."

"Be careful, mon cher, or I might just begin charging for my services." Francis remarked with a chuckle.

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. You know, I haven't seen Al and Ivan for a while… do you think they're faring well?"

Francis blinked, then gave a charming grin. "Oh, how adorable! Only two days together, and you're worrying about your lovers?"

Arthur growled. "And you don't?"

Francis tossed his hair and scoffed. "It is my nature to worry about my partners. But you're always such a tightass. I honestly didn't expect it from you." Before Arthur could spit a venomous retort, Francis stood, taking Arthur by the arm. "Come. Let us check on our peti chatons, oui?"

They walked down the hallway, arm in arm, Francis practically dragging the heated Arthur along. He reached the guest room and knocked on the door. "Mon Amerique? Are you there, chaton? Arthur and I were just wondering if you were finished and…"

Nothing.

"Open this damn door, America!" Arthur snarled. "You'd better listen, brat, or so help me God, I'll break down this door myself!"

"Arthur!" Francis squeaked, pulling him back.

Arthur glared at him. "Let go of me, frog, I know how he is! He did this kind of shit to me when he was still a colony. Damn teenage years, you have to be firm with them… America, this is your final warning! Unlock this door!"

Footsteps approached them from across the hall. "What is causing you to make such annoying racket?" Ivan snapped.

Arthur was about to respond, when he heard the lock click on the door and a muffled 'it's open'. Grumbling, Arthur practically threw open the door and stared at what he saw.

Alfred was sitting on the bed surrounded by candy wrappers and empty bags of crisps. Arthur couldn't believe it… they were everywhere! When his eyes finally reached the younger nation's, Alfred smiled and gave him a peace sign. "Yo, what's up?"

"You impertinent brat!" Arthur was honestly trying to keep his temper. "Here I was thinking you were starving, and I get greeted with… this!"

Ivan frowned as he surveyed the room. "You're cleaning up this room, top to bottom, before you leave here, America."

"Whaa?" Alfred gave them puppy-dog eyes. "But I didn't mean to… and I wasn't starving after all, so aren't you glad that I'm not dead?"

Arthur's heart lurched. Dammit, this was why Alfred always got what he wanted after all.

Ivan, though, didn't seem fazed by the act. "Yes, we are all grateful you are once again back to
stuffing your face. And you will do as I tell you."

"Where did you even get all this, mon ami?" Francis stooped to pick up an empty Lay's bag, grimacing.

Alfred broke immediately out of his trance. "Oh, I pack food wherever I go. Dunno when I might need it!"

Arthur rolled his eyes. "All right, aside from this codswallop, is everyone done with their work?" He winced as he shifted legs, feeling his arse burn.

Alfred shot up from the bed. "Hell yeah! I'm totally finished, yo! Now we can—erg." He bent over as a sting shot up his spine.

Francis backed up to lean against a wall. "Mon Dieu, Ivan. Why did you have to fuck me against the tile?"

"Why did you have to squeeze the shit out of my back with your legs?" Ivan remarked, holding his back.

"I think it would be best for us to rest up," Arthur suggested, heading for the door.

"Da," Ivan agreed. "Let's all go to my bed and sleep this off. Until I've had some relaxing time, I doubt I'll even be able to take a piss standing upright."

With mumbled consent, they all climbed into Ivan's bed, which had been cleaned and dressed with new, fresh sheets, courtesy of one of the Baltics. Strange they hadn't heard much from them… Ivan settled in the middle, Francis on one side and the two brothers on the other. They curled up to him, and, before long, were fast asleep.

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After a long, twelve-hour nap, they all got up with empty bellies. By then it was around 8:00 at night. Ivan prepared some dinner for them and they ate in relative silence until Alfred spoke up… naturally, not picking up the vibes in the room.

"Hey, you know what?" he said with his signature obnoxiously loud voice. "We should explore each other's kinks next. If we're going to be lovers, we might as well know what turns us on."

Arthur blinked in surprise. "That sounds… like a good idea, actually." Amazed at himself, he added, "Wow, that would be the first time I've agreed with anything you've said, Alfred."

Alfred scowled. "Hey! What's that supposed to mean?" Then he made those goddamned puppy-dog eyes again. "You don't like my ideas, Artie?"

"Well, ah, uh…" Arthur winced at his stammering. How the bloody hell did Alfred do that? Seriously?!

Francis put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "What he is trying to say, amour, is that he is so jealous of your ideas, that he doesn't bother to listen."

Arthur flashed him a glare, but Francis only put on that charming smile of his.

Alfred went back to his normal self and grinned. "Really?"

"Sure," Arthur rolled his eyes, but Alfred didn't catch it, too wrapped up in his own ego to mind.
"That sounds fascinating." Ivan cut in, standing to wash the dishes. Francis immediately skipped to help him. "Start thinking of things you'd like to do. Oh, and be ready to fuck. I am feeling revitalized after that nap."

They all sat facing each other on the bed, in their underwear, the atmosphere awkwardly quiet. Alfred shifted uneasily. Damn, he hated silence! It was worse than Arthur's food!

He cleared his throat loudly and his lovers looked at him. "Okay, um… who will start?"

"I say we go clockwise." Ivan lifted a mischievous eyebrow.

Arthur glowered at him, then sighed. "All right, fine." He thought for a moment. Now, how to carry this out… well, there was only one way to do it. If he let Alfred do it, he would be sure to give the Brit a broken nose, though not entirely on purpose. Ivan, meanwhile, would probably kill him…

He looked at Francis. Oh, the other man would never let him live this down… "Punch me."

Francis raised his eyebrows. "Quoi? I don't think I heard you right, mon cher."

Why does he have to make this so damn difficult? "I said. Punch. Me." he growled through gritted teeth.

Francis tried to hold down a laugh, which only made Arthur boil all the more. "Vraiment? You seriously want me to hit you?"

"Yes, I want you to hit me!" Arthur snarled, making Francis burst out laughing. He glared daggers at the other man. "Just… do it before I change my mind. This is the only chance you'll get, so make it worthwhile."

"No fair!" Alfred whined, crestfallen. "I wanna punch Artie, too!"

"Why is it that I didn't have a clue how many people wanted to bash my face in until now?" Arthur scowled.

"It shouldn't be surprising, mon ami." Francis chimed.

"Just do it already!"

"D'accord, Angleterre!"

WHAM! Arthur cried out and held his pulsing cheek, absolutely fuming. "What the hell, France?!"

Francis gave him an innocent look. "What is wrong, amour? You told me to hit you…"

"Is true," droned Ivan, smiling wickedly.

"Not that bloody hard, you twit!"

"Mais, you told me to make it 'worthwhile'."

"I'll show you worthwhile, you fucking sod!" With a roar, Arthur pounced.

Francis's eyes went wide. "W-what are you doing, Angleterre?!" he yelled as he was bowled over by the other man, squirming in confusion.
"What do you think I'm doing, git?" Arthur spat, straddling Francis and pinning his arms to the bed. "Are you just going to lie there or are you going to fight me?"

Francis wrinkled his nose in puzzlement. "Angleterre, je ne sais pas…"

Arthur didn't wait for his reply. Instead, he dug his nails into Francis's wrists, making the older man yelp. "Fight me, pretentious bastard."

That was it. Francis was tired of taking Arthur's shit. He had been for centuries, and he was just about getting tired of never being able to surpass him, no matter what he did. "You want to see me fight?" he snarled, wrenching his hands free, wrapping one around Arthur's throat, the other roughly in his hair. He smirked as the other nation cried out, cringing. "I'll give you a show."

With that, he kneeled Arthur in the gut, causing the other man to tumble off of him, gasping for breath. Francis sat up immediately, beckoning him. "Come on, Angleterre. Don't you want to beat the shit out of me?"

"You'd better hope I don't." Arthur shot back, lunging forward and dealing Francis a hefty blow to the chest. Arthur laughed spitefully as Francis wheezed. "Oh, don't tell me that's all you've got!" And he pushed Francis down onto his back again, sitting atop his abdomen, fists drawn and ready.

"Not nearly," Francis remarked, pulled Arthur down onto him so that he could claw at his back and bite his shoulder, drawing blood.

Arthur was panting now, much more in excitement than fatigue. With a scowl, he pulled at Francis's blonde locks and left bruises on the fair skin wherever he could reach.

They went at it for a few more minutes, viciously scratching and biting each other, until Francis noticed something very… out of place.

He let his arms go slack, Arthur still attacking him. "Euh… Angleterre… you're hard." It was true. Arthur was so hard, in fact, that it felt as if he wouldn't last much longer.

"You think I don't know that?" Arthur growled into his neck, biting dangerously close to his jugular. Francis tried to push him off, a bit overwhelmed and very confused, but Arthur had a tight hold on him. "Y-you get turned on by, ah, fighting?"

"Hell, yes." Arthur groaned, grinding almost painfully into Francis's hips. "Now fight me, go on, make me bleed."

Francis shuddered, distracting Arthur from his own growing erection by furiously twisting his nipples. The pain and ecstasy in Arthur's face made him moan, and he wrapped his legs around the other man's waist, forcefully pulling him down, making their hipbones meet in a burning clash.

Arthur dug his nails in Francis's chest, leaving angry red marks that aroused him even more. Francis's beautiful, porcelain skin looked so elegant with his signature. Their mouths clashed, tongues sliding forcefully past each other, teeth nipping, drawing blood.

Arthur drew back abruptly, and Francis gave a protesting whine. "What are you doing, amour?"

Arthur was hastily stripping himself of his boxers. "I-I can't stand it any longer… I need to come."

Francis moaned at Arthur's sultry and eager voice, pulling off his own underwear and tossing it aside, spreading his legs in welcome. "Don't be selfish, then." He smirked.
"You're still angry with me," Arthur said as he lined himself up at the other man's entrance, cock at full attention and dripping with pre-cum. "remember?"

Francis couldn't respond, the breath being completely sucked from his lungs as the Briton abruptly plowed himself in, moaning loudly when greeted with Francis's tightness. Francis cringed, giving a startled shout of agony. His ass was still sore as hell.

Arthur looked at him expectantly. "Well, pet?"

"I am definitely angry with you now!" Francis spat, reaching up to run his blunt nails down Arthur's front, leaving swelling red trails in the pale skin. Arthur yelped, and Francis could actually feel his cock grow harder inside him. The sensation made him shudder, but he remained stoic, glaring daggers at the other nation. "What the hell do you think I am? Some doll that's up for a fuck every second of the day?"  

Arthur narrowed his gaze accusingly. "Well, what did you think I would expect with a reputation like yours?"

"Reputation?" Francis smiled wickedly, purposely clenching around Arthur so that the other man screamed in pleasure and bucked against him helplessly. "I'll show you my real reputation."

Their mouths clashed again, Francis quickly taking the lead, forcing his tongue into Arthur's panting mouth. With practiced skill, the Frenchman dominated the rival tongue, thoroughly plundering Arthur's mouth—much to the younger nation's surprise. Arthur moaned wantonly into the kiss, suddenly lunging forward and taking Francis's tongue between his lips, sucking on it with gusto.

Damn! As much as Francis wanted to gladly indulge in Arthur's arousing show, he was beginning to feel as if he was close to the edge. He broke the kiss regretfully, bucking up into his lover with urgency. "I need you, amour." was all he could get out.

Arthur seemed to understand and pulled out almost completely, ramming himself back in with a loud groan. Francis voiced his appreciation, digging his heels into Arthur's lower back, making the man arch in pleasure.

"Bloody hell, France." he grunted. Yep, those would be bruises. But it was worth it.

Francis shuddered at how strained Arthur's voice sounded. "Tu l'es voulu." he said with smirk. "Now, stop complaining and fuck me."

"Oh, I'll fuck you," Arthur growled, a wicked smile plastered on his face as he picked up his pace dramatically. "I'll fuck you until you bleed and come so deep inside you, my essence will never leave. But you would like that, wouldn't you, French whore?"

Francis arched as his sweet spot was hit roughly. The combination of Arthur's dick moving inside him and the aggressive words spilling from his lips were overwhelming. "Arthur! Ah! Dieu… Oui! Yes! Mmm, yes, you fuck me so good… ngh, I want to feel you tomorrow… feel your cock deep inside me, feel your cum running out of me…"

Arthur dug his fingers into Francis's hair and pulled. "You're such a slut, Francis. It's a wonder Gaul didn't rape you—you probably would have liked it."

"Oui, je voudrais avoir," Francis moaned, rocking his hips into Arthur's merciless thrusts. "But what I really, nn, wanted was y-you, amour."

Arthur nearly ceased moving with the shameless admittance. "Couldn't quite tell with all the blood,
corpses, and gunfire between us."

Francis threw his arms around Arthur's neck, pulling him in and claiming his mouth with passion. "I wanted you from the very start," Francis breathed as he pulled away, lips ghosting over the other man's neck. "Damn, I wanted to fuck you. Mm, but you had to let your, nn, pride get in the way. I thought I could take you by force, but—Dieu, you feel so good." He let his head roll back, bucking violently up into the younger man.

"You bloody pillock!" Arthur growled, shuddering when Francis met his thrusts perfectly. "Did you ever stop to think that maybe I did all those things because it turned me on?"

Francis's nails dug into the skin of Arthur's neck, his chest swelling with rage. "You're saying you killed my people for the sake of your pleasure?"

"It would have been easier if you had just surrendered and let me shag you!" Arthur snarled, biting Francis's pulse point, and dragging his tongue across the wound, relishing the taste of the blood of his long-time rival—the blood he had drawn, the pain he had caused. "Damn, you taste good. Just like I've always imagined."

"You couldn't have offered anymore hints?" Francis fumed, scratching at any place he could reach, wanting Arthur to feel the pain he'd had to deal with for the past few centuries. "And, ngh, this is your way of telling me…"

"You were just as at, ha, fault." Arthur spat back, absolutely loving the way Francis was attacking his sensitive flesh. "Did you not just say you wanted to take me by force?"

Francis didn't know what to say. Instead, he pulled Arthur down for another kiss, their tongues clashing. He pulled back, legs thoroughly pinning Arthur's hips to his own. "I want you deep and I want you now."

Arthur emitted a low growl by Francis's ear that made the Frenchman squirm. "Whatever you want, love."

Their movement turned into senseless rutting, Francis clawing at Arthur's back. Arthur arched into him, crying out with the delicious sting being wrought into his skin. With one final thrust, they came together, Francis's seed shooting between their bodies, smearing on their abdomens. They lay there for a moment, recovering, their breaths heavy.

With a grunt, Francis heaved Arthur off of him onto his back and leaned over him, lowering himself to his stomach. The Brit raised an inquisitive eyebrow, but before he could ask, Francis drew his tongue through his own cum. "I thought I'd return the favor and clean you up." He gave a playful wink and continued his work, chuckling as he heard Arthur moan and saw him grow half-hard.

When Francis welcomed Arthur to sit up with him, Arthur gladly obliged. Arthur felt rather… awkward after revealing all that he had, but if it meant that his lovers knew how to give him the best orgasms of his life, he didn't mind.

Alfred and Ivan were thoroughly shocked. Arthur and Francis were both pleased to see that Ivan was half-hard, Alfred already had his dick out, and they were breathing heavily. The blush on Alfred's face was utterly adorable… the predatory look in Ivan's eyes was absolutely arousing.

Ivan broke out of his lust-filled daze and cleared his throat. "So, that is your kink, England?"

Arthur rolled his eyes. "No, I was just moaning excessively because I wanted attention—of course that's my kink, plonker, what did you think?"
Arthur knew he was in for it after the words had escaped from his mouth. Immediately, Ivan pounced, pinning Arthur to the bed, the latter moaning in anticipation. He knew what the Russian's kink was, and he was ready to take whatever he gave him, painful or no.

"You know well not to mock me, сука." he growled, and Arthur shivered. "Hm, you want this, nyet? To be punished? Well… I'm not giving it to you." And he sat back up, leaving Arthur in a state of arousal and confusion.

Ivan motioned over to Alfred. "America, come here."

Alfred moved like a loyal dog—with eagerness and without hesitance. He made no effort to hide his growing erection. Ivan took full advantage of his exposure, running cold fingers up his shaft, making him shiver. "You are next… tell us what you like."

Alfred suddenly look apprehensive. "Uh… well, ya see… I sorta don't… wanna…"

Arthur narrowed his eyes. "Are you suggesting you're not as brave as me?"

Alfred scowled. "No way, dude! I, it's just… it's very obvious and I don't want it to get out because if it does…"

"Obvious?" Francis echoed, nose scrunched up in confusion. "What do you mean by that, amour?"

"Da," Ivan replied. "We won't tell… if it's of that much concern to you, I will reserve the right of stimulating your kinks in partnership with France and England only."

Obvious, eh…? Well, there had been something Arthur had wanted to try. It had worked with Lovino and Feliciano, but would it work with Alfred…? Arthur smirked wickedly. He just couldn't resist, not with the memory of Lovino turning to putty in his hands and Feliciano into a wanton slut when he'd done it. With that in mind, he lunged forward, catching Alfred off guard. He chuckled as his fingers wrapped around Nantucket, tugging on it gently.

"No! Artie don't—" Alfred was interrupted by a long, drawn-out moan. Francis and Ivan eyed each other in surprise while Arthur stroked his finger along Alfred's sensitive ahoge(1). He placed his lips close to Alfred's ear.

"You like this, don't you, Alfred?" he whispered, smiling in triumph.

"Mmmnn, ah, n-no…" Alfred squirmed, trying his best to get away, but not succeeding, not wanting to pull away from those teasing fingers. "Please, Igs… oh! God, don't stop!" Alfred bit his lip, feeling his face burn with shame as Arthur ran his tongue over the gravity-defying hair.

Arthur's hand roamed down, analyzing the reaction he'd caused. "Mm, you're hard… leaking. So fast, Al… don't tell me this makes you beg and moan and want to come?"

Alfred screwed his eyes shut. This wasn't happening. This wasn't happening! He was not weak! He would not give in! He was America, dammit, and that's not what heroes did! "… ha, please, Arthur, more…" Wasn't working!

Arthur shuddered at the sound of his full name… not any of those idiotic nicknames Alfred's feeble mind had come up with. The younger nation's voice was trembling, begging, breathy… it made Arthur hard. Yes, this was the control he'd missed. He would have liked to savor the feeling longer, but Francis just had to get a piece.

Arthur gave in regretfully, allowing Francis to shuffle past him and curl Nantucket around his slender
finger. Alfred's breath hitched, and his hips lurched forward, searching for any kind of friction he could get. God, he was hard. Why did he ever suggest this?

"Fuck, Francis…" Alfred groaned, his face covered in a beautiful flush. "Mmm, God, I-I need…"

"What do you need, amour?" Francis purred, sending shivers rolling down Alfred's back. The addition of the Frenchman's tongue teasing his ear didn't help him hide his arousal. As if it would make a difference if he did by now.

Suddenly, there was a sharp pull to Alfred's ahoge, making him cry out and squirm. Ivan peered hungrily at him. "How very curious, Amerika," His accent grew deeper and aroused Alfred all the more. "If I would have known this was all it took to make you break down into a weak, pleading mess, I would have done it a long time ago."

"I-I bet you would, nn, commie bastard." Alfred tried to make it sound like an insult, but the arousal in his voice didn't permit him to.

"Be careful, сука," Ivan warned, stroking the hair, giggling at the effect it had on his lover. "You might tempt me to hurt you."

"Do… do whatever the fuck you want with, ha, me, please, just—God, just anything!" Alfred felt so humiliated, but was too turned on to pay much attention to it. He moved reluctantly away from those teasing hands, dropping spread-eagle onto the bed. One hand went to his curl, the other to his painfully hard cock. "I-I need something inside me… mmn, please, God, fuck me. I'm gonna come…"

Arthur's heart raced with the neediness in his brother's voice. Damn, just listening to that could make him come. He snatched Alfred's hands from his dick and ahoge and pinned them above his head. "Such a slut, Al…" And he attacked his neck, leaving bites wherever he could reach.

Francis immediately followed, teasing Alfred's nipples, running his nails across his shivering skin, his tongue tasting his hot flesh.

Ivan reached up a hand and curled Nantucket around his finger, making Alfred moan and buck. "I will give into your demands for now," he said sternly. "but you owe me."

"T-totally not, ah, fair!" Alfred frowned at not being able to maintain his growl. Damn his ahoge! "You're the one d-doing this to me…"

"Da, but sluts need to be dealt with by denial, however," Ivan smirked. "I will make an exception… this time."

Alfred would have liked to say more, but a certain Brit claimed his mouth before he could. Alfred groaned wantonly into the kiss. Damn, when had Arthur become so… forceful? Oh, right, pirate side… he liked it. He opened up to the other man completely, allowing his mouth to be plundered for all it was worth, loving the feel of Arthur's tongue dominating his own.

Meanwhile, Francis was doing his best to get Alfred to squirm. With careful precision, he bit down on one of his pert nipples, making Alfred cry into the kiss and arch off the bed. Chuckling softly to himself, Francis continued down Alfred's feverish body, kissing and licking where he saw fit. When he arrived at the younger country's navel, he dipped his tongue lazily into it, enjoying the soft moan he earned from it. When he arrived at Alfred's stiff erection, he breathed hotly over it, coaxing a few dribbles of precum from the tip and a moan from Alfred's busy lips.

Ivan gripped Francis's shoulder to prevent him from going any further. "Do not continue. I want to
The force in Ivan's hand made Francis shudder involuntarily, and he felt his cock twitch to life beneath him. He knew the Russian had noticed, but was too flustered to look. He scrambled back, eyes pinned on his lovers, absentmindedly stroking his own growing erection.

Ivan took obvious notice in Francis's arousal, flashing him a predatory glance that made the other nation moan in anticipation.

"So," the Russian said, taking Alfred's ahoge in his fingers again and tugging slightly, making the other country squirm and whimper. Arthur finished up his kiss, extracting his tongue from Alfred's mouth, a thick bridge of saliva connecting their tongues before breaking. "This is your weakness?"

"It's not a-a weaknessss," Alfred hissed as Arthur nipped at his pulse, hands roaming over his chest. "It's, ha, an… an erogenous z-zone…"

Ivan lifted a skeptical eyebrow. "And you did not want anyone to know, even your lovers, because…?"

"Sh-shut up…" Alfred fought to keep the arousal out of his voice as his brother continued to pleasure him, whispering dirty things into his ear.

It was quite distracting.

"D-don't act, ngh, like y-you don't have a weakness…"

Ivan frowned. Not good. Definitely not good.

Alfred tried to push Arthur off of him, but the man was stubborn… and he was practically latched onto his neck. Ivan leaned over Arthur, running a cold hand down his back, making him shiver. "It's my turn, любить." He emphasized his point by grinding his hard-on into his lover's plush ass, smiling as Arthur elicited an eager moan. Alfred bucked up into him, anticipating the Russian's promised actions.

Arthur's breathing became ragged. Damn, he felt like his skin was boiling! He didn't quite know what to do. He was more than happy to be sandwiched between two hot, lustful bodies… then again, it would be a bit dangerous to stand between Ivan and his prey. Lord knew what he would do if he was denied anything…

With that in mind, Arthur gladly—though a little reluctantly—rolled off of Alfred, crawling over to join Francis, joining him in stroking his own hardened cock.

Ivan smirked, settling himself on top of Alfred. The man below him shivered, giving him a beautiful influx of power. He leaned over Alfred, pinning his arms above his head. The younger nation didn't even try to fight back… instead moaned and arched into him. Oh, yes, he would like this very much.

"I will decide who the weak one is. Are you weak?"

"H-hell n-no…"

Ivan ran his fingers up the cleft of Alfred's ass. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Alfred writhed, gasping. "F-fuck, yes, nn,"

Ivan leaned down until his lips brushed Alfred's ear. "Then you are weak."
"B-bastard..." Alfred shuddered below him nonetheless.

Ivan flicked a tongue along the shell of his ear. "Tell me that you are weak, Amerika."

"N-never, commie b-bastard." He couldn't keep the moan out of his voice.

"Tell me, Amerika." The Russian continued down his neck, sucking and kissing as he went.

"N-no..."

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Fuck, yes,"

"Then tell me." He took Alfred's ahoge into his fingers again.

Alfred bucked and moaned loudly. "Ah! N-no... mm, ha, please. F-fuck me!"

Ivan stroked Nantucket absentmindedly. "I do not hear an answer~"

"God—yes!" Alfred's face burned with shame, but his stupid ahoge... damn! "Fuck, yes, I am weak! I'm so goddamned weak... please, please fuck me, I need it, dammit. I need to feel your cock fill me with cum."

Ivan could feel his face heat up and he had to hold back a groan. To distract Alfred from his fumble, he buried his face in his neck, biting down until a bead of blood dripped from the wound. "Грязная шлюха,"

"Oh, Dieu..." Beside Arthur, Francis moaned, precum coating his fingers. His head rolled back, gasping. Arthur tore his eyes from Ivan and Alfred to watch, his cock twitching at the sight.

Suddenly, Arthur felt the urge to taste him, to make him squirm. With an urgency, he dove for Francis's cock, taking it into his mouth before the older man could react.

Francis couldn't comprehend what was happening, still in his pre-orgasmic bliss, when something warm and wet wrapped around the head of his swollen dick. When he looked down, he was surprised to see his Angleterre looking up at him, eyes narrowed seductively, sucking teasingly. Honestly, he had always thought Arthur was too proud to ever suck anyone off... well, except for that night after the 'signing', but he was also drunk, so it didn't really count. He dug his fingers into Arthur's hair, moaning as his hot tongue applied pressure along his shaft.

"Uh, Angleterre, mmm..."

Arthur stiffened, knowing the consequences of the outburst. Damn, he should have told Francis to be quiet! Nevertheless, he continued pleasuring him, getting satisfaction out of those little twitches and gasps he coaxed from him. He swirled his tongue around the head, tasting the precum before dragging the flat of his tongue down along Francis's taut shaft and back up again.

Ivan paused in his endeavors to glance back over his shoulder. "Подождите, шлюхи," he warned, his voice sending shudders up both his lover's backs. As much as Arthur wanted to suck Francis off, he knew the Russian meant business, so he moved back off of Francis's cock with a pop and settled himself beside him.

Ivan smirked, returning his attention to Alfred. He took a moment to examine his little slut. He had done so well breaking him. Alfred's body was covered in a sheen of sweat, making his flushed skin
glisten. His legs were spread as far apart as they could go, Florida standing tall and proud between his legs, precum dripping from the rosy-red tip. The younger nation was panting with need, chest heavy with the effort, nipples pert, all of him exposed and vulnerable—ready and willing for anything Ivan would deal him.

It was almost too perfect. Almost. The only thing missing was Ivan's dick up his tight ass.

Ivan pulled back, positioning himself at Alfred's puckered hole, not minding to prepare him. Alfred would take him dry, and he would enjoy it. He smiled as Alfred gasped in pain, eyes screwing shut, breathing becoming heavier. It wasn't long after that Ivan began thrusting, gently at first, and then forming a steady pace. He went slow and shallow, wanting Alfred to beg for it, to writhe, to burn with desire.

Alfred let out a couple of needy whines. Hell, if he didn't know what Ivan was doing… the commie bastard was trying to get him to beg. Well, nope! Sure, he'd already done it once, but he wouldn't do it again! Heroes never begged! No, he would just endure it…

Dammit, wasn't working. Oh, well. That was one idea out the window. Time to try another approach. "D-dammit, fuck me deep, you, nn, bastard." he growled, struggling to keep his voice stern. "I'm not some damn fragile toy."

Ivan leered at him. "Ah, but you are my toy, шлюха."

Alfred gave him a mischievous look. "I never said that I wasn't yours."

Ivan's hand shot down to Alfred's cock, squeezing it almost painfully. Alfred gasped, arching into him, tears forming at the corner of his eyes. "Toys don't talk back, da."

Alfred knew Ivan well enough by now to know it wasn't a question, but a command. Alfred gave him an innocent look, wiggling his hips tantalizingly. "I'm sorry, master. Please, fuck me hard."

Ivan raised an impressed eyebrow. Very convincing, but Ivan knew Alfred was trying to manipulate him—and that was Ivan's specialty. "You have chosen the wrong one to trick, Amerika." He pulled out, his mouth arching into a Cheshire-like smile as Alfred moaned in anticipation. With a grunt, he slammed back in, sheathing himself balls-deep in Alfred's constricting hole.

Alfred arched off the bed, screaming. Once the white specks faded from his vision and he was once more settled on the bed, he scowled at Ivan's smug expression. "What the fuckin' hell, Russia?! Ya tryin' ter rip my goddamn insides open?"

Ivan frowned. Whenever the American was angry, his southern accent came out. It was most definitely not flattering to Alfred's self image. It made him sound stupider than if he used his usual, obnoxious voice… if that was even possible.

He easily solved the problem by covering Alfred's mouth with his hand. "Much better," he muttered happily to himself as continued ramming into his lover.

Alfred was being silenced, which was, like, totally not cool! Like, who wouldn't want to hear his awesome, sexy hero voice while fucking? It was totally taking away from the experience. He growled as he bit down on Ivan's palm, causing the Russian to pause in his thrusting to snatch his hand away, scowling.

"That hurt, impudent bitch."

Alfred spat and gasped for air once his mouth was free. "You're lucky I'm, mm, not Romania(2), or I
woulda d-done more." Alfred grimaced. "Blech, tasted like I was licking your pipe."

Ivan narrowed his eyes, one jab away from muttering a string of kolokol's. "Would you like to taste the real thing, сука?"

Alfred squeaked—but it was a very manly squeak!—and quickly shut his mouth. Ivan giggled. "Is better."

After a few more thrusts, Alfred could feel a heat coiling in his stomach, spreading down to his groin. He moaned, feeling Ivan's cock pressing hard against his prostate, but, for some reason… it wasn't enough. Alfred scoffed at himself. *Please don't tell me that I'm the kinda guy who likes multiple dicks shoved up my ass…?*

With a grunt, Alfred shifted a bit, trying to get more out of the experience, but not succeeding. Ivan could sense his growing frustration. "Something is… wrong?"

Alfred was surprised to hear a touch of concern in Ivan's voice, but passed it off as annoyance. "I-I need… dammit, I can't…" He shifted again, huffing. Why wasn't this working? … Then, an idea struck him. "Ivan… C-can I ride you?"

Ivan gave him a curious look. "Having me rut into you is not enough to satisfy your slutty ass?"

Alfred hissed. "Sh-shut up," A growl from Ivan made him change his tone. Desperate sounded good enough. "Please, just… I need to feel all of you."

And he switched their positions so that Alfred sat astride him.

"Don't worry, unh," Alfred grunted as he adjusted himself to the feeling of Ivan's cock being fully sheathed within him. "I was a cowboy and a damn good one at that. I've ridden bulls that were more aggressive than you."

Ivan chuckled. "I doubt that." And he knreed Alfred's ass, making the other nation moan. "Get to work, *cowboy*."

Alfred happily complied, raising himself up and slamming himself down onto Ivan's large erection. "Ah, nnh, so deep… uh," He set a steady pace, perfectly angled so that his prostate was hit with every thrust. Ivan placed his hands on Alfred's hips, guiding the younger man in his endeavors as their speed increased.

Oh, God. Alfred was moaning. Arthur tried his best not to let the erotic sounds get to him, but… Damn! He was practically salivating. He threw a desperate look at Francis, the Frenchman catching the hint. Both slid to either side of their lovers, eyeing each other before their silent mission began.

Arthur immediately dove for Alfred's swollen dick, taking the head into his mouth and sucking with renewed vigor. He kept down a triumphant grin as Alfred gasped and arched, pausing in his rhythm to stare dreamily at Arthur. The Briton rolled his eyes and trailed his teeth along the shaft, reminding Alfred of his task at hand.

Francis softly moved his hips into the body beside him, letting Alfred feel his hard-on, letting Alfred know how much he did to him. Alfred groaned, his movements making Francis's cock drip with precum. He ventured upward, licking Alfred's neck before taking his ahoge into his mouth, sucking it. Alfred cried out, bucking wildly, causing Arthur to choke a bit. Ivan lay back, enjoying the scene unfolding before him, moaning when Alfred broke his pace to rut senselessly against him.
Arthur grunted, withdrawing Alfred's dick from his mouth to catch his breath. Before he could return to it, however, he found that Francis had eagerly taken his place. Arthur could feel his face heat up as he met eyes with the Frenchmen's, the older nation swirling an expert tongue around the head.

Arthur quickly composed himself and crawled up Ivan's chest, kissing and licking as he went. The Russian tasted tangy, almost bitter... like lemon-flavored vodka. He wrinkled his nose. He hadn't expected Ivan to drink something so, well, fruity. At the least, he'd expected some sort of spice like pepper or cinnamon. Well, he guessed any sort of vodka went with Ivan. He smiled to himself as he made his way to Ivan's chest, tweaking his nipples. He thought he heard Ivan's breath hitch, but the smug look on his face didn't give any hint to it. Arthur quickly dropped his gaze and continued to Ivan's ear, wisely bypassing his scarf-covered neck. Whatever was under there the Russian obviously did not want to show. He reached the conclusion when he felt Ivan relax noticeably beneath him. Arthur smirked and breathed hot air in his ear, lips ghosting the ridge, tongue testing the heated cartilage. "Mm, fuck him, Ivan." He trailed kisses to Ivan's mouth, plunging his tongue in and meeting the other head-on. After a bit of wrestling, he finally relented and let the chilling tongue of his lover thoroughly plunder his mouth.

Ivan broke the kiss, telling Arthur with his eyes to work on Alfred. Arthur felt himself blush. Ivan wanted to watch.

Well, then, he would put on quite the show.

With a seductive smirk, he slid down the Russian's slick chest, giving him a final kiss before coming face-to-face with the still-sucking Francis. The Frenchman eyed him curiously before removing his mouth from Alfred's dick, licking his lips lecherously. Arthur rolled his eyes, trying to hide his arousal before wrapping his mouth around Alfred's cock. As his tongue worked the taut shaft, he noticed Francis watching him through half-lidded eyes. Arthur's heart sped up, and he removed the cock from his mouth, hardening as Alfred gave a whine of protest.

Francis placed his head close to Arthur's. "Why did you stop?" he asked, loud enough for his other lovers to hear, but still soft enough to cause a heat to coil in Arthur's abdomen. "You looked so sexy, amour." Francis's lips ghosted up the Brit's ear, earning a whimper from Arthur.

Arthur narrowed his eyes, blushing fiercely as he continued his work on Alfred's weeping cock. That was, before Francis lowered his face to his.

Arthur tried to keep his focus as he watched Francis drag the flat of his tongue up the base of Alfred's member, not breaking his gaze with Arthur. "Let's share, oui?" His voice was sultry and oh-so alluring. It almost made Arthur a bit jealous...

Okay, it made him a lot jealous.

Wanting to outdo him, Arthur immediately conceded, latching onto the head and sucking. Francis smiled, knowing all too well of Arthur's competitiveness, and wrapped his hand around the base of Alfred's cock, giving it a rough pump. Alfred moaned, pausing to let a shudder roll down his spine. The American watched them as he continued to ride Ivan hard, growing hot at the sight. His two extremely sexy lovers were sucking him off. It was a delectable scene.

Arthur moaned along with Alfred, the sounds of his brother turning him on. With Alfred's every movement, his dick was shoved into Arthur's waiting mouth. Arthur desperately searched for relief, softly moving his hips into the mattress beneath him.

Then, Francis's face was inches away from his again, and Arthur allowed him to take over for a minute, his hand wandering down to stroke himself. Francis offered Alfred's cock to him, and he gladly took it. Anything to get his mind off his own erection. When he ran his tongue up the shaft,
however, he noticed Francis was doing the same thing opposite him. He flushed as their tongues met over the head, almost fighting for dominance. Arthur couldn't take it anymore. He lunged boldly forward, expertly cornering and sucking on Francis's tongue. Francis blinked, thoroughly shocked at the other nation's mastery, and a bit miffed. No one was better at kissing than Francis! He let a moan slip in spite of himself, locking their lips together and attacking Arthur's mouth. Arthur melted, moaning at the invasion, letting himself be taken over. A whine from Alfred reminded them of their task, and they separated, a bridge of saliva coating the tip of Alfred's cock as they did so. They returned to pleasuring him, mouths and tongues working in sync. Every time their tongues or lips brushed each other, they moaned, and soon Francis was deep-throating Alfred while Arthur was squeezing Alfred's and Ivan's balls.

By now, Ivan had gotten so aroused, he had lost control of his emotions. Normally, he would remain stoic and dominating, but now he cared less about keeping control over the situation. It was too damn much, and honestly, he didn't have the drive to do anything but fuck and moan. And so he did. Alfred didn't even have to move anymore when Ivan started bucking up into him. The little slut was taking him dry and deep and was moaning with every move he made... damn, what an empowering feeling.

"F-fuck, Francis, mm, I-Ivan... damn!" Alfred met Ivan's thrusts roughly, groaning. "So g-good... nn,"

Arthur shivered at his desperate tone, snaking up his body to capture that pleading, sexy mouth. The kiss was difficult. Alfred was distracted and panting, so it didn't last long. To make up for it, Arthur located Nantucket and took it into his mouth, running his tongue along it and sucking. Now, really. How could a single clump of gravity-defying hair turn someone on? It was almost ridiculous, honestly.

Apparently, he was wrong.

"A-ah! God, A-Arthur!" Alfred cried out, arching his back and bucking his hips. With a final, breathy shout, he came hard into Francis's waiting mouth. The older nation caught every drop and swallowed, using his hand to pump him through his orgasm. Arthur's hands roamed, tweaking Alfred's pert nipples and grabbing his firm arse.

Alfred's muscles squeezed tightly around Ivan's shaft, and the Russian gave a loud, animalistic moan as he came deep within his lover. Curiously, Arthur spread Alfred's cheeks to watch Ivan's cum leak out, his own hard-on aching with arousal. Francis finished cleaning Alfred up, licking a trail up the younger nation's chest to meet his mouth. Alfred moaned softly into the kiss, absorbed in the afterglow, tasting himself on the other man's tongue. When he pulled away, Francis went for Arthur, and the Briton gladly obliged. Arthur grunted when he pulled away. "Ahem, heh, you have a little..." Francis raised an eyebrow quizzically, and Arthur opted for licking the stray semen from Francis's cheek instead.

With an exhausted sigh, Alfred collapsed on top of Ivan, whispering a breathy "That was good." in the other man's ear. Ivan smirked, pulling out of Alfred and wrapping his arms around him. Alfred squeaked, wondering if the Russian would crush him—after all, that was the only explanation for Ivan to be holding him this way. But, surprisingly, the older nation just hugged him close, nose in his hair, taking in his scent. "Da, you... were good too, любить."

Arthur cleared his throat and their attentions immediately snapped to him and Francis, who were sitting at their sides. "Uh... I won't last much longer seeing that cum run from Alfred's arse, so could we continue...?" He shifted uncomfortably, his neglected erection prominent and his face red.

Francis nodded quickly. "Oui... how about I take the next turn?"
Arthur rolled his eyes and sighed. "Selfish frog…"

But Ivan consented. "Da, you can go. Tell us."

"Wait a goddamn minute," Alfred pushed himself up and off the Russian, looking disgruntled and a bit drowsy. "You're expecting me to just be ready to go again after you fucked me just a few minutes ago?"

"Da," Ivan said, narrowing his eyes. "Is problem, шлюха?"

Alfred shook his head nervously. "Uh heh, heh, no! Of course not. The hero is always ready! Hahahahaha!" He gave that oh-so punchable smile.

"Way to add to his overly-enlarged ego, Russia." Arthur snorted.

"Are you complaining about him being able to go another round?" Ivan asked dangerously.

Arthur stiffened. "N-no…" He shifted again. Damn! What would it take to get off around here? He didn't expect it would take this much among them, honestly. "C-could you just… get to work? I really need to come."

Ivan smiled creepily and sat up, making them all flinch. "Sure. After I hear what makes France hard."

Translations:

*Moi aussi*-Me also

*Sacrebleu*-Damn

*Chaton*-Kitten

*Quoi?*-What?

*Vraiment?*-Really?

*D'accord*-Okay

*Je ne sais pas*-I don't know

*Tu l'es voulu*-You wanted it

*Je voudrais avoir*-I would have

*Подождите, шлюхи*-Wait, whores

*Грязная шлюха*-Dirty whore

References:

1—An ahoge is a single, often large lock of hair that sticks up from the top of the head (or anywhere else on the head). Ahoges are normally found on foolish, carefree, bumbling characters… or in Hidekaz Himaruya's case, characters that have something stupid about them.

2—Romania's totally a vampire and you know it!
A Word From the Writer: Woot! All right, a cliffhanger! Everyone knows Nantucket is an erogenous zone (if you didn’t, well surprise!) and definitely had fun coming up with England's kink. Yep, I'd say I did I pretty darn good job.

Until smut brings us together again, my sweets!

Next Chapter Hint: Doubles and vanilla
Finding the Kinks II

Hey, I'm back with the most perfect (or most near-to-perfect) chapter ending ever! Oh, shut up, you know you want fluff. XD

By the way, I just noticed… I have a lot of chapters with two parts to them. But I bet you guys aren't complaining!

Warning! Contains lemon, kinks, oral, foursome, BDSM, Cold War references, references to abuse/rape, double penetration, uke!Russia, 69, some fluffy stuff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Finding the Kinks II

"Euh…" Francis wrung his hands nervously. Why was he so afraid? He was naturally sexy, so no matter what he said, people would still want to fuck him. But… would they be up for what he liked? Somehow, it felt like he was being backed into a corner. Well, Francis thought with a sigh. I guess I should just blurt it out and hope for the best… "I-I… I want to be tied up and teased and double penetrated." He looked cautiously up at his lovers.

A minute passed, and then… "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that, mate."

"Yeah, slow it down, bro."

"Da, please repeat."

Francis swallowed. "I'm into… being tied up and teased with a lot of foreplay. I guess you could call it s&m with orgasm denial. And, I've also been thinking… about doing some double penetration. I've tried it before, and now I want to feel two of you in me at the same time… it feels great, by the way, once you're used to it."

Alfred and Arthur exchanged curious glances and Ivan leered. "I should have known." the Russian said.

Francis gazed at him seductively. "Why did you not do it sooner, then? It would have been much appreciated."

Arthur raised an eyebrow. "Not surprising coming from you, but, okay." He turned to Ivan. "Please tell me you have something to tie him up with? We need to get this moving along." He glanced down at his own leaking cock.

"He probably has more than just ropes…" Alfred grumbled.

"Ah-ah," Ivan wagged a finger at him, smiling his creepy, childish smile. "You are complaining again~!" Alfred immediately shut up as Ivan got out of the bed and walked excitedly to his closet, throwing open the doors and searching around. Now… where were those ropes he used on the Baltics…? "Aha," He pulled out a bundle of ropes and unraveled them as he returned to the bed.

Arthur looked stunned, but Alfred gave a muttered, "Toldja,"

Francis raised his eyebrows. "How very interesting, Ivan. Although, I must say, I am not surprised."
Arthur examined the ropes for a second before saying, "What are those… stains on them?"

Ivan shrugged. "Oh just… the usual." He smirked.

Arthur stiffened, and Ivan chuckled.

"Now," Ivan nodded over to the headboard. "Get over there and spread your legs."

Francis smiled and gladly obliged, sitting spread-eagle among the scattered pillows, his cock erect and dripping with precum.

Arthur shuddered, averting his eyes, his own cock threatening to shoot. "Damn, Francis…"

Francis softly bucked his hips. "Mn, my name sounds so sexy on your tongue."

"Don't get used to it, frog!" Arthur snapped, face reddening.

"Here," Ivan tossed a bit of rope to Alfred, who caught it clumsily. "Help me tie him."

Alfred and Ivan quickly went to work, Alfred obviously distracted and fumbling with the rope. Ivan, meanwhile, wrapped the rope twice around Francis's hands (for good measure) and knotted it to the spires of the headboard. Then, he took Francis's ankle and tied the rope around it, leaving enough length so that it could be tied around the frame at the side of the bed. When he sat back to admire his work, he was displeased to see that Alfred hadn't accomplished anything and looked a bit lost. He was about to take over when a very anxious Arthur sighed and growled, "Give those to me, you twit!" He snatched the ropes from Alfred's hands. Alfred gave him his signature puppy-dog eyes.

"And don't look at me like that. Let me do this…"

Ivan watched with surprise as Arthur expertly tied and knotted the ropes around Francis's limbs and the headboard. When Arthur finished, Ivan raised a rather impressed eyebrow. "Nice knot work, comrade. You do this all the time?"

Arthur caught his innuendo and blushed. "No… but I had to know them when I was a pirate captain."

Francis snorted. "The last I saw, the excessive amount of rope in the cabin of your ship was suspiciously obvious as to their real purpose."

Arthur couldn't hold down a blush. "That was for flogging and maintenance purposes, impudent git!"

Francis raised a skeptical eyebrow. "And did all of your crew submit to that sort of punishment or was that reserved for the 'special' ones?" Arthur was about to spit back a retort, but Francis sighed impatiently. "Enough already. I need two hard cocks up my ass, who's taking?"

They all looked at Ivan. The Russian chuckled. "You are all learning well." He took a moment to think. "I am pretty tired after that last round, so… England, America, have your turn."

The nations looked surprised, but didn't comment lest the Russian changed his mind. "Although, I hope you don't mind waiting." Ivan added… oh, hell, he hoped they minded. "We have to tease our little slut before taking him, otherwise he'll never learn his lesson."

"And what lesson will you be teaching me, cher?" Francis leered.

"That you shouldn't bite off more than you can chew." Ivan smirked, running his cold fingers down
the country's chest, earning a moan of appreciation.

Arthur wasted no time in massaging Francis's balls, wanting to be inside him as soon as possible. The older nation moaned, pushing into his fingers, his hips twitching. Arthur licked his lips. Damn, Francis was seductive. Though he hated to admit it.

Ivan paused, removing his hands from Francis's burning skin, the older nation objecting loudly. He motioned to the nightstand. "America, look in that drawer over there."

It took a moment for Alfred to process the information, snapping out of his daze and hobbling over to open the drawer. After a bit of searching, Alfred found the only thing Ivan could have wanted. He showed it to him just to be sure. "A… cock ring?"

All his lovers' gazes snapped to the little piece of plastic. Ivan nodded. "Da, that is it. Give it to me."

Alfred handed it over, watching as Ivan expertly snapped it onto to the base of Francis's dick. The Frenchman's breath hitched, and he fought to keep his hips still as Ivan finished his work.

"Now," he purred, fingers brushing Francis's cock. "You said you wanted to be punished, so I will give it to you, da?"

"Ouais, amant," Francis's breathy voice made Arthur want to take him now. "Just… please, make me cum."

Ivan smiled. "Will do, слюха." He kept his promise by running his tongue up Francis's neck. Francis moaned and shivered, and his other lovers approached him, intent on making him squirm.

Arthur decided to take pity on Francis and avoided his trapped cock, instead opting to tease his nipples and lick a trail down his chest.

Alfred, though, seemed to have other plans in mind. Hell, he wanted to see the Frenchman go weak, so he made a beeline for his dick. Francis cried out and arched his back, Alfred's mouth swallowing him whole.

Arthur gave an annoyed snort. *Way to end this sooner… git.* But he had to admit, watching his ex-colony sucking cock was very arousing. Alfred did seem to have acquired the talent a while ago, as he was certainly experienced. It only verified Alfred's claims to bedding various other nations. Regular manwhore is what Arthur would call it. He moaned quietly as he watched Alfred swirl his tongue around the head of Francis's cock, imagining it was himself that his little brother was pleasing.

"Ah, nn, A-Alfred… uh," Francis let his head fall back against the headboard, but immediately snapped it up again, not wanting to miss the sight of Alfred's lips wrapped around his cock.

Arthur snapped out of his daze and remembered he was supposed to be torturing Francis… which was something he was intent on doing. He let his hands explore every inch of the older nation's burning skin, leaving a feverish trail of kisses after. Meanwhile, Ivan ceased in planting large hickeys on the Frenchman's already-marked neck and plunged his tongue into his mouth. Francis moaned, unable to fight off the larger man's advances for the strength of arousal shooting up his spine. It was incredible, being teased everywhere at once. He reveled in the pleasure of it until it became increasingly… painful.

Francis soon found that, with every touch, every kiss, every delicious suck, that he was getting closer to coming. However, the cock ring was preventing that from happening. It was like he could reach his peak, but never take the plunge. He growled in frustration, and now wished that Alfred would
stop sucking him off so well.

His squirming alerted his lovers. Ivan was the first to say anything, of course. "You are getting restless, da?" His sultry tone went straight to Francis's strained cock. "This is what you wanted, no?"

"Look," Arthur was at his ear, his hot breath making Francis shiver. "Watch Alfred suck you off. Watch as your dick disappears into his hot, wet mouth." He followed up by nipping a sensitive spot on Francis's neck.

Francis writhed. Damn, Arthur's pirate tone always made him melt… made him want to roll onto all fours and beg to be fucked mercilessly.

"No… ngh, please… Dieu, fuck me. I need you…" Francis tried to make his voice as desperate and needy as possible. Alfred swirled his tongue around the head of his dick, and Francis arched, unable to find the release he needed. Damn, how he would love to see the younger country's face dripping with his cum…

The thought made him moan and buck his hips, making his cock slide deeper into Alfred's delectable mouth. Ivan noticed this and slithered down his body, holding his hips in place and pinching Alfred's ahoge. Alfred opened his mouth to cry out, releasing Francis's cock. "Allow me, шлюха." the Russian growled, and Alfred blinked in confusion. Ivan rolled his eyes and dipped his head, taking Francis's erection into his mouth. He sucked the head, and used his hand to pump and apply pressure to the shaft. Alfred moaned as he watched, and Ivan broke off to kiss him and remind him to get back to torturing Francis. For being a dominant sort of guy, Ivan seemed to have had some experience with sucking cock.

Francis was in agony. It was a good sort of agony, though. It petered into a burning need as the teasing went on, and Francis swore his balls had shriveled up with the pressure, they were so engorged and pulsing. And Francis's balls never shriveled.

"Mmnh, please, ah!" Francis bit his lip as Arthur pinched his nipple. "Please… getting blueballs is not on my, нн, agenda, so, please, fuck-fuck me…"

Ivan went on for a few more seconds before finally pulling away, leaving Francis with a bittersweet feeling. He nodded to Arthur and Alfred, who were currently leading a duel attack on the Frenchman's mouth. "You two. Get your dicks down here."

Arthur and Alfred complied, Arthur beating Alfred to Francis's arse. No way in hell was he going to let that obnoxious wanker get any before he did! America was always getting too much anyway, of everything. Bloody mass consumer…

Before Arthur could do anything, though, sweaty hands grabbed his cock, squeezing and making him gasp. Serious blue eyes met his. "Get your dick in him before I do it for you." Alfred growled close to his ear, stroking Arthur's shaft, nibbling his lobe, making him moan. Alfred released his cock and Arthur began to press forward… when something was thrown at his thigh.

"Don't get too ahead of yourself, любить." Ivan said, now consuming Francis's eager mouth.

Arthur nodded and grabbed the bottle of lube, slicking himself up hastily. He flung the bottle to Alfred when he was done, and the younger nation immediately did the same. He was about to push in, when a thought made him stop and hiss impatiently. Damn, he had forgotten about preparation. Surely Francis would want it if he would be taking two dicks at once. Damn!

"D-don't mind, ah, pre-preparing me, uh…" Francis gasped, bucking his hips wantonly. "Just,
please, fuck me… I n-need it, nn.”

That was all Arthur needed to hear. With a grunt, he sheathed himself in Francis in one thrust, both moaning with relief. Nearby, Alfred stirred anxiously. "C'mon Artie, get moving."

Arthur smirked and leaned over to kiss him. "Patience, love."

With that, he began thrusting, fighting back groans to the best of his ability and trying not to senselessly rut into his willing lover. Francis simply moaned and raised his hips to meet Arthur’s movements, wanting more, but never fully getting the satisfaction he so desired.

After a few more minutes, Arthur deemed Francis stretched enough. He looked at Ivan for permission, and the Russian nodded. Turning to Alfred, Arthur drew him close and whispered, "You next,"

Alfred gladly obliged, placing the head of swollen cock at Francis's entrance and slowly pushing in. Alfred moaned as he slipped in forcefully. Arthur watched his face intently and grunted. The new pressure on his groin was weakening his resolve. And that was saying a lot.

Francis bit his lip as he was stretched, the delicate skin breaking under the force of his teeth. The blood trailed down to his chin and Ivan licked it up, then plunged his tongue into the Frenchman's mouth. Francis was glad. The Russian's cold tongue was a welcome distraction from the pain swelling in his groin and ass.

Alfred groaned at the tight heat incasing his cock. Damn, he wasn't even halfway in and already he could feel his dick twitching. "Mmm… Jesus, fuck," Alfred let his head roll back as he continued to push in.

Arthur watched, his eyes trained on his brother's flushed skin. He couldn't help himself. He lunged, sinking his teeth into the exposed flesh of Alfred's neck. Alfred flinched, but didn't move, allowing his neck to be explored by Arthur's slick tongue. Arthur made his way up to the American's ear, licking and sucking as he went. "You look so tempting, love."

Alfred craned his neck to kiss him, their tongues sliding past each other. "Mm, yeah, just… uh, I'm-I'm in… s-start thrusting."

Arthur mumbled his assent, pulling out and pushing back in as hard as he could. He moaned along with Francis. Beside him, Alfred was panting hard.

"Damn… that felt good." Surprisingly, it was Alfred who said it.

Arthur raised an inquisitive eyebrow. "How so? You haven't moved yet!"

Alfred leaned over, his lips ghosting Arthur's ear and making the Briton shiver. "Yeah, but Francis's ass… and your cock. Feeling it rub me…"

Arthur huffed. "Don't, you're going to make me come…"

Alfred gave him a cocky smile. "Don't I always?"

Arthur blushed and bit his shoulder, growling. "Bloody cheek,"

Francis moaned with impatience. "Ah, ngh, please… move. I-I can't—" He wriggled his hips, seeking relief. Ivan, meanwhile, slithered down his body, wrapping his lips around Francis's weeping erection and sucking hard.
The two brothers watched, growing hotter every second, intensified when Ivan gave them that arousing, predatory gaze of his. Francis was practically screaming. "Non! Dieu, please! Don't, no… I-I'm going to… A-ah!"

Arthur felt Francis constrict around his and Alfred's cocks, and moaned. Damn, he couldn't last much longer. He wanted more than anything to thrust into the tight heat, but he couldn't resist watching Francis squirm helplessly.

Francis arched, the heat coiling in his groin becoming almost painful. There was a swelling tightness and a rush of arousal, and he came…

Or at least he thought he did.

Ivan peered up at him from his dick, smiling wickedly. "You forgot, France." He tapped the cock ring in indication. Francis flinched from the slight touch. "You have had a dry orgasm before, haven't you?"

"B-bastard…" Francis bucked his hips and flushed for being so naïve. He forgot about the damn cock ring… dammit! "Fuck you…"

Ivan narrowed his eyes dangerously, and Francis whimpered. The Russian clambered to him, throwing a leg over either side of him. For a moment, Francis thought he was also going to penetrate him—which would have been very painful, no doubt, considering the Russian's sheer girth—but he was proven wrong when something warm brushed his lips.

"I think you need to keep that rude mouth of yours busy." Ivan hissed, coaxing his dick into Francis's reluctant mouth. "Suck me, сука."

Francis did so, knowing that refusing would earn him more time with the cock ring on. Ivan craned his neck to look at the two brothers, who were still stationary. "Move. Give this bitch what he wanted."

Arthur shuddered and did so, pulling out at the same time as Alfred and thrusting back in. Francis moaned around Ivan's erection, and Alfred grunted beside him. "Ah… so tight…"

Arthur could feel himself grow harder at the erotic sounds—if that was even physically possible by now—but he forced himself to focus on not coming and keeping his steady pace.

After about a minute of fucking, Alfred stilled, content with just feeling Francis constricting around him and Arthur's cock rubbing against his swollen shaft. Arthur, though, gave him a do-your-share-git look, and Alfred was forced to get back into pace with Arthur, who was going quite fast and deep.

Arthur couldn't focus. The pressure on his cock was making his mind fuzzy. So, with little warning, he abandoned his pace, leaving Alfred to try and match his every sporadic move. He was so close. That's all Arthur could think. He was so close to coming and it felt so good…

It was then that Alfred leaned in and moaned, "A-Artie… fuck, your cock… it's, nn, twitching… feels good."

"Yes, I know," Arthur mumbled, barely able to find the words. "I'm, uh, so close…"

Ivan pushed his dick in and out of Francis's hot mouth with relish. "This is what you wanted, сука, isn't it? Isn't this what you wanted?"
Francis couldn't answer, only moaned in response. Arthur and Alfred were so deep. And then… his prostate was hit. The full-on assault made Francis arch his back and cry out. God, he needed to come. He needed to come now. He looked desperately up at Ivan, who pulled his cock out of his mouth and growled, "Beg, идиотка."

Francis wasted no time. He tugged at his bonds. "Please! Dieu… take it off, Ivan, please! I-I need to come… I-let me, ha, come!"

His heart pounded as he awaited the Russian's approval, and he wasn't disappointed. With a smug expression, he released Francis's cock from the ring, and a few seconds later, Francis came hard onto his stomach with a loud moan.

His muscles tightened around Alfred and Arthur, locking them both in place. With a half-growl, half-moan, Arthur emptied himself into Francis, his quivering arms barely holding him upright.

The sight of Arthur in pure orgasmic bliss and the feeling of Arthur's cock twitching sporadically against his own pushed Alfred over the edge. With a groan, he came into Francis's greedy ass.

Francis rested his head back against the headboard, utterly exhausted. His attention was brought back to Ivan, though, as the Russian moaned. Ivan fisted his own erection until he came with a growl on Francis's face. It was an unwelcome surprise to Francis, but a surprise he was used to.

When he found his strength, Ivan moved off of Francis, signaling to the two brothers who were still buried in Francis's ass. "Clean him up,"

Arthur pulled out first, slowly as not to hurt Francis. He waited until Alfred did so, and gasped. A sickening feeling welled up in his stomach as he saw cum, pink with blood, dribble out of Francis. It was the first time he had ever felt guilty over the frog. Ever.

Alfred seemed equally concerned. "Francis… are you okay?"

Francis blinked, finally realizing the source of their worry. "I'll be fine. Nothing that I haven't dealt with before." When their expressions still didn't waver, he added, "But it felt really good. I haven't been fucked by two nice cocks for a while. I think it was a bit overdue, actually."

Arthur and Alfred seemed to relax, crawling up to him. They each shared a short kiss with him before licking Ivan's cum off Francis's face. Arthur cringed. He'd never liked semen… well, mostly because consuming bodily fluids seemed ghastly to him. Alfred, though, seemed quite enthusiastic, lapping it up like it was one of his saccharine vanilla shakes or something of the sort… but it certainly spurred Arthur on and he found that, actually, it didn't taste that bad.

Arthur untied his knots while Alfred licked—since the hopeless git couldn't possibly do it himself—and released Francis's hands and feet. He gingerly rubbed life back into the reddened wrists, Francis smiling gratefully.

Ivan sat back, catching his breath, watching his lovers lap up his cum. He let out a low purr, absentmindedly reaching down to run his fingers up his already-swelling length. Russia was a powerful country, no doubt, but he'd never been able to produce an erection this quickly after an orgasm. He supposed it was because of his lovers—hell, he had three, what could be sexier than that? … And he was a nation, so fuck nature, it was normal.

After they were finished, Alfred, Arthur, and Francis eyed Ivan mischievously. Ivan narrowed his eyes, shifting uncomfortably. "Uh… da?"

"You know what," Alfred scoffed.
"Don't act like you don't know, git." Arthur commented with a cynical snort.

"Oui, mon amour," Francis added, giving his signature seductive smile. "You promised we'd all take turns."

Ivan's eyes widened. No… he should never have agreed to this. "Nyet… I choose to opt out."

Arthur growled, "That's unfair!"


Ivan was trying hard to keep his temper. He felt like he was being backed into a corner. So much like when Mongolian Empire—"I am no longer communist, сукa, so I would appreciate if you would not refer to me in that way. And how dare you call me a coward!"

Alfred ignored Francis's warning and snapped, "You are so a coward! You pussyfooted around during the Cold War. What, were you afraid to attack me? And then you lent weapons to Cuba so he could terrorize me. Did you not have the balls enough to do it yourself?"

Ivan snapped. What was it with the stubborn American and Ivan's relations with Cuba? He lunged forward, reaching out to wrap his hands around Alfred's skinny little neck. Alfred's eyes went wide, and a familiar thrill shot up Ivan's spine. However, he didn't get far before Arthur gripped his scarf and tried to pull him back.

"Russia, stop!" he yelled. "You know what a prat Alfred can be sometimes!"

Ivan continued to struggle until his scarf unraveled from around his neck. He stiffened, his breath hitching, his eyes wide.

No… not this. Never this.

"Mon Dieu..." Francis gasped. Guilt churned in his gut. He knew it, he thought. I knew it, and I didn't say anything...

Arthur swallowed, staring unblinkingly at the deep scars that crisscrossed Ivan's entire neck. They looked like jagged slash marks… as if someone or something had tried to decapitate him in the slowest, most painful way possible. "Oh, God, Ivan… what happened?"

Alfred, being his usual nosy self, craned his neck to get a better look, ignoring the fact that an angry Ivan was practically in his lap. His breathing became rapid and his features contorted to that of concern. Not a moment later, though, was he angry, a seriousness they hadn't seen in him since the last world war. "Who did this to you, huh?" he snarled, blue eyes wild with rage. "Tell me who did this… I'll kill 'im!"

"Calm down, Al, you'll only make him more nervous." Arthur chided, then turned to examine Ivan again.

"Good God, how did you ever cope?" Arthur gently thumbed at one of the deepest scars.

Ivan flinched, not used to being touched there. "Please… don't touch."

Arthur didn't obey—a risky move on his part, but something he knew he had to do. "Not until you tell us what happened."
Ivan shifted again, backing himself off of Alfred and nervously fingering his scarf out of habit. His eyes fell to his lap. He would not let anyone see him weak. Ever. He took a deep breath and muttered, "Mongolian Empire,"

Francis felt guilt twist his stomach. "Je le savais."

"Damn him," Arthur growled. "Damn him to Hell." He broke in his anger when they all stared at him in puzzlement. "What?" It took him a moment to realize what he'd said. "Oh, sorry… I must have said that in Anglo-Saxon." *I say that phrase too often during rituals…*

"Fuckin' bastard." Alfred snarled, clenching his fists. "I'd go down to hell and beat his sorry, sadistic ass if I could."

Arthur broke in, "Uh… I could help you with that, but—"

"And did this to China, too?" Alfred went on, totally ignoring the Brit and once again provoking him to bash him across the head. But he didn't, because it wasn't about their individual troubles. For now.

Ivan shook his head. "Nyet, he only did this to me out of anger for losing Yao. China escaped before I could."

"And left you for dead?" Alfred went on passionately.

"No, no!" Ivan said quickly, meeting his lovers' eyes in desperation. "I agreed to it. We both did. He promised that he'd help me once he was out, but… he was too weak."

"Did you," Francis broke in sincerely. "love Yao?"

It took a moment for Ivan to respond. He hadn't expected that sort of question. "…Da, I did. But I was young and abused… he was the only one that had been nice to me when I was under the rule of Mongolian Empire. He… comforted me. So, yes, I did love him, but as a companion, someone I knew I could trust. But—"

"But?" Alfred urged, and Arthur jabbed him in the ribs, mouthing a stern "Be sensitive for once, will you?"

Ivan licked his lips. "Yao told me before he left that he loved me. We used to sleep together in the same bed, and he would wrap himself around me, made me feel safe. He would try to defend me, but…” Ivan paused and shook his head. "Then, the night before he left, he asked if he could touch me. I complied, because I trusted him. It was not long before I began to feel uncomfortable, like when Mongolian Empire or any of his filthy soldiers touched me and… I hated it. I hated thinking of Yao's fingers belonging to someone so vile. So, I asked him to stop and he did. Then, he asked me if he could kiss me. I had been kissed before, but in a violent way. I said yes anyway. It was not invasive, but… tender. That memory is what got me through the rest of my days under Mongolian Empire."

"It must have been heartbreaking to see him go," Arthur said, trying to swallow his jealousy.

"Not really," Ivan said with trepidation. "Only after he went did I feel lonely and scared."

"That is horrible," Francis said.

"It was, but…” Ivan paused, contemplating. "I want to put it behind me. I never opened up to Yao, and I probably never will. So, I want to do this with you. I want to trust you."
"You sure?" Alfred asked.

"Da, and that requires me to show you what makes me hard, so…"

Before he could finish his sentence, Francis lunged forward, running his fingers over the scars on Ivan's neck.

Ivan, caught off-guard, moaned. Arthur and Alfred looked at each other curiously.

Francis smirked. "I knew you had to be hiding something under that scarf, and that morning in the shower confirmed it. I'd struck gold."

Ivan pushed him away out of habit. "Uh, da… I do not know how, but my scars… I do not like having them, but I do not mind showing them. The only reason why I hide them is to eliminate the possibility of someone brushing up against me and making—"

"Your cock swell?" Francis finished for him, tongue flicking out to run across a particularly deep scar. Ivan shuddered, biting his lip to hold in a moan. "You moan like a slut?"

"Da, that…"

"So, what should we do with him?" Alfred chirped, his attitude completely overhauled.

Arthur thought about it for a moment. "I believe bottom would be the best in this situation. And I'll be glad to top…"

"Non, non, mon cher." Francis chided. "I believe that would be me. I've dealt with people of Ivan's background before, so I know how to handle this better."

Arthur gave him an offended look. "Arrogant frog! Why do you always feel the need to put yourself above everyone else?"

Francis smiled mockingly. "Because I am me."

Arthur was about to rebuke, but Alfred shook his head, making him reluctantly shut his mouth. *Damn git and his bloody puppy face…*

"And what exactly do you expect *us* to do?" Arthur couldn't help but snipe a little.

Francis narrowed his eyes. "Don't tell me you two don't want each other. Ivan and I could practically hear you moaning in the shower. You'll find something, trust me. After all, I am incredibly sexy to watch."

Arthur snorted, rolling his eyes, and Alfred blinked, blushing a bit in embarrassment. The Briton couldn't help but stare. Alfred's blush had always been so adorable.

Francis looked at Ivan softly. "D'accord, Ivan. Lie down."

Ivan nodded, feeling himself tense up like he usually did when being faced with someone else dominating him. Francis noticed this despite Ivan's great attempts to hide it. "Don't be scared, Ivan. You have nothing to be scared of. I'm Francis—I wouldn't hurt you."

Ivan gave Francis a seething look, feeling quite exposed now that the Frenchman had clarified his hesitation to his other lovers. Great.

Arthur, meanwhile, scoffed. "Like anyone wouldn't be scared hearing that…"
"Hush," Francis snapped, trying to recover from his fumble and turning back to Ivan. "I apologize… take your time. No rush."

Ivan grumbled unhappily to himself as he lay beneath Francis, arms crossed. Francis looked at him worriedly. Now, how to go about this the right way…? "Ivan… you're going to have to put your arms down." Ivan snorted, doing so. Francis breathed a silent sigh of relief. Okay. Now for the next step. "Now, ahem, uh…" Dammit, why couldn't he speak? It wasn't like he hadn't dealt with apprehensive partners or rape victims before. Then again, he hadn't dealt with a rape victim that could easily snap his neck if he did something wrong. "Spread your legs, please."

Ivan did so, trying to keep from trembling. Francis relaxed at that, relieved to see he had at least made it this far. Jesus, it was like being a midwife—which Francis had acted on a few occasions.

"I'm going to touch you now," Francis said. "Tell me to stop if you feel the need."

Ivan nodded softly. Francis leaned over him, and suddenly, Ivan felt very… exposed. His clothes were gone. His scarf was gone. His body was vulnerable. It was almost like when Mongolian Empire had left him naked and in his soldiers' barracks, defenseless against what they may do to him… Ivan shuddered noticeably, but didn't care. This was getting too similar. Francis, though, sensed what was coming, and immediately pushed himself off of Ivan, looking tenderly down at him. "What is wrong, amour?"

Ivan couldn't help himself. He learned a long ago from Yao that talking about his problems, especially this one, would help him greatly. That, and it was almost instinct by now.

"I… am sorry." Ivan said, his voice barely audible. "But I feel a little too—exposed."

Francis gave a sympathetic look. "Je suis désolé, amour. But I can do nothing to help that. You have too let me work in order for you to feel comfortable. Just try not to think about it, okay? Think about other things… think about what we've been doing these past few days." He waggled his eyebrows playfully.

Ivan felt a smile twitch at his lips, but he willed it away. "Da… I will try."

"Bon," Francis whispered, leaning down to kiss him softly on the forehead. At this, Ivan relaxed. No one had ever kissed him like that before. "You can trust me."

Ivan exhaled shakily before closing his eyes.

"It's just Francis…"

Francis's hands ghosted over his sides, making him shiver.

"I can trust Francis…"

The hands moved to cup his face and soft lips met his.

"Francis is not a monster…"

Those hands moved down his body, leaving heated trails where they went.

"Francis won't hurt me…"

Fingers brushed his cock.

Immediately, Ivan's eyes flew open and he jerked away. Francis looked worriedly at him. "What is it,
amant? Am I hurting you?"

"N-nyet," Ivan said, willing himself to relax.

Francis studied him for a moment before coming to a conclusion. "Don't close your eyes, minou. You need to see me. Otherwise, you will see other things."

Ivan nodded and he suddenly felt frustrated with himself. Why was he acting like a virgin schoolgirl? He was Russia, one of the most powerful countries in the world! And he refused to be defeated by something as simple as fear. Fear was what held him back from advancing even after Mongolian Empire left… fear was weakness, plain and simple. And being weak was absolutely unacceptable in Ivan's book.

With that in mind, Ivan allowed Francis to touch him wherever he wanted—to tweak his nipples, to stroke his cock to life, to prod at his entrance.

"Wait,"

Francis backed off of him. "Oui?"

"I…" God, Ivan wished he had his scarf right now. He needed to be doing something with his hands. "I cannot do that yet."

"You have to get over it some time, amour."

"Nyet," Ivan said, avoiding his eyes. "It's too… soon."

"Too soon…?" Francis stopped mid-sentence, coming to a realization. Then he leaned in and brushed Ivan's cold lips with his own. "I understand. But we need to solve this, chéri, or you may never get better."

Ivan took a chance and pressed his lips to the other man's, finding with surprise, that it didn't bother him. It also didn't bother him when Francis's hand came up to entangle in his ash-blonde hair.

Everything was going fine until Francis's tongue ran along his lower lip. Ivan stiffened and withdrew, looking away, ashamed at letting one of those horrible images pop into his mind. "I am sorry…"

"Don't be," Francis said. "I am the one who should be sorry. I pushed too far too soon."

Ivan now seriously wished he had some vodka. Everything seemed to go easier with vodka in his system. The only reason he let Alfred fuck him earlier without totally freaking out was because he was drunk. Well… semi-drunk, but whatever, it still made a difference.

Francis then moved down his body, watching him carefully for a reaction as he did so. When he arrived at Ivan's half-hard cock, the man said, "Tell me to stop if you must." and took the head of Ivan's cock into his mouth.

Ivan bit his lip to keep from moaning. It felt good… and it felt familiar since Francis had sucked him off only ten minutes before. It was nice not to worry over pleasure that came naturally, of it's own accord, when you wanted it to, not being ripped from you forcefully by some Mongolian freak.

*Don't think about him.* Ivan thought determinedly. *He's gone. Don't think about him…*  
And Ivan didn't. He found watching Francis helped, because when he saw that the man pleasuring
him wasn't Mongolian Empire, it calmed him and made him feel safe.

And, Ivan had to face it, he'd never really felt safe for most of his life. That was why he grew strong and seemed menacing to most. But he really wasn't… at least not to anyone who didn't piss him off.

Ivan lay back and enjoyed the show, the sensations, finding his body growing warmer and his cheeks heating—something that happened rarely. Francis's mouth felt molten on his dick, and he came to stand at full mast quickly. Francis then released his cock, a string of saliva and precum following. Ivan's cock gave a twitch at the sight.

Francis locked eyes with him and said, "I'm going to prepare you now, amour. Feel free to tell me if it hurts."

And Francis stuck two, three of his fingers into his mouth, thoroughly wetting them. Across the bed, Alfred and Arthur were beginning to get aroused. Despite the fact that Ivan was trying to overcome a sexual hurdle, the brothers found themselves absentmindedly stroking themselves as they watched.

When Francis's moist fingers prodded at his entrance, Ivan shirked away out of habit. Then he took a deep breath, settled back into place and said, "все в порядке, I am ready."

Francis nodded and began pushing in. Immediately, Ivan cringed. He hadn't been penetrated by anything in a long time and Alfred's previous fucking hadn't helped much. The feeling brought up bad memories—memories of when Mongolian Empire or one of his soldiers thrust into him without any preparation whatsoever. Ivan tried to tell himself that this was he preparation and he just had to relax, but he clenched around Francis's fingers nonetheless, trying to keep the invaders out like before.

"Relax, amour." Francis said and he grabbed Ivan's cock with his free hand, giving it a few pumps in order to distract him. Ivan let a soft moan slip and allowed Francis's fingers further into his hole.

"I'm going to add another finger, cher." Francis muttered, inserting it just as he gave Ivan's shaft a rough pull.

Ivan moaned more loudly this time, half in pain, half in pleasure. The thrusting was beginning to lose its painfulness. Soon, Ivan found himself enjoying the fingers moving in and out of him.

"Mmmah!" Ivan was breathing hard now and sparks exploded behind his eyes when Francis hit that arousing spot inside of him. He saw Francis smirk and when the man looked at him, Ivan felt himself blush.

He hadn't blushed for centuries.

Hearing Ivan moan helplessly like that made Alfred harden immediately. He looked over at his brother and found that he was desperately hard as well. Then, Alfred got a totally awesome and heroic idea.

He leaned over and whispered, "I'll do you if you do me."

Arthur smirked. "How do you want it?"

Alfred snorted. "You sound like a hooker."

"If anyone's a hooker, it's you(1). Now tell me what you want."

Alfred flushed and said, "How 'bout a 69?"
"You couldn't have suggested anything better."

With that said, Arthur was the first one to lie on his side. Alfred could only stare for a moment, mesmerized by Arthur's flushed skin and tight ass. Arthur wiggled his backside enticingly. "Don't just sit there gaping, you git. Get down here and suck me."

Alfred did so, smirking as he lined his cock up with Arthur's face. "I never thought I'd hear you say that."

Arthur gave Alfred's dick a few pumps. "Mmm, if only you could read my mind." And he took almost all of Alfred's cock into his mouth.

Alfred bucked his hips. "And you say *I'm* such a slut… how many times have you sucked cock today?"

Arthur flipped him off, sucking him deeper as he did. Alfred responded by wrapping his lips around just the head of Arthur's dick, sucking teasingly.

Meanwhile, Francis and Ivan were making quick progress.

Francis continued to thrust his fingers, hitting Ivan's sweet spot with arousing accuracy. His other hand was still pumping the Russian's now prominent and dripping erection and he hit the spot a few more times before Ivan was thrusting up into his hand. Before Francis could go on, a pale hand clasped his and violet eyes gazed lustfully up at him. "I will come if you continue." he warned.

Francis withdrew his hand, taking that as permission to fuck him. So Francis gently extracted his fingers and lined himself up with Ivan's entrance. "Are you ready, *amant'?"

Ivan nodded and squinted his eyes shut as Francis pushed slowly into him. That was the word: slowly. No one had ever fucked him slowly before. Normally they just pushed in and immediately began thrusting… Ivan tried not to think about it and opened his eyes to confirm it was Francis who was fucking him and not a filthy soldier.

Francis couldn't believe how tight the Russian was—he truly hadn't been fucked in a while. And it only made Francis all the more anxious to come. But he knew he needed to wait. He had to, for the sake of Ivan's wellbeing. So he thrust slowly at first. That seemed to please him and make him show more of that adorable blush. Before he sped up his pace, his hand covered Ivan's and he looked at him, muttering, "Are you okay so far?"

Ivan blinked up at him, nodding. "Da… you can go faster now."

Francis did go faster, but only a little. He didn't want to overwhelm the Russian, though it was becoming hard for him to hold back.

Ivan didn't know what Francis didn't understand by 'you can go faster'. Seriously, he was too slow, and it was beginning to make him think that Francis was treating him like a frightened virgin when he was not. It was getting annoying, especially since Francis was still pumping his cock.

"Fuck me," Ivan was pushed to say, and finally Francis began to pick up his pace.

Francis was not thrusting nearly as hard or as aggressive as the Mongols, and Ivan found himself liking the experience, pushing himself down on Francis's hard cock, wanting more of it in him, wanting to feel that one spot pressed mercilessly inside of him—something he hadn't wanted so badly in his life. "D-da, right there." Ivan said, grabbing Francis's hand which was over his and holding it to tell him to stop. "Stay there… do not move."
Francis did so and watched Ivan's face contort with pleasure, shudders rolling down his body. Francis could have watched him forever, but he needed to move. He didn't know if Ivan realized that, but…

Then Ivan locked eyes with him and demanded, "Fuck me hard right there."

And so Francis did. He was on the edge and moaned as Ivan's tight heat clenched and unclenched around him. His hand was moving faster on Ivan's dick and he could feel precum soaking his fingers. And the sounds coming from Arthur and Alfred were absolutely setting his skin on fire…

Then Ivan did something that neither of them expected: he wrapped his legs around Francis, forcing their hips to clash. Damn, Ivan had had enough. If Francis wasn't going to fuck him right, then he was going to make him do it. After watching Alfred and Arthur suck each other off and hearing their moans, he felt as if Francis was going too damn fucking slow. He forced Francis's cock further into him, forced the head to press unyielding against his prostate, forced their bodies to meld with one another in a hot, sweaty embrace…

It was enough to make him come right then.

But he needed Francis to fuck him already and stop acting as if he was made of fucking glass!

So he removed Francis's stalled hand from his dick to be replaced with his own and growled, "Fuck me, goddammit."

Francis leered and raised himself on his hands. "But of course, amour."

How was it that Ivan was dominant even as a bottom?

Francis fucked him. And fucking him hard. The headboard was banging against the wall and Alfred and Arthur had stopped in their ministrations to watch them.

Ivan couldn't hold it in any longer. He moaned and stroked himself with vigor, angling his hips so Francis could hit that spot inside him every single fucking time.

Francis felt a jolt of arousal shoot down to his cock when he saw Ivan touching himself, moaning, face twisted in pleasure. And suddenly he wanted to touch Ivan all over, to kiss him, to love him. "Dieu, Ivan…" he moaned and lowered himself onto the other man, melding them together from hip to chest. Francis kissed Ivan's neck, running his tongue into the deep grooves, sucking at the scars. He interlaced their fingers, squeezing Ivan's hand in reassurance and need.

Immediately, Ivan arched and cried out, a shiver coursing down his body and right to his cock which twitched sporadically and spilled an excessive amount of precum. He could feel the molten-hot pressure building in his cock, creeping up his shaft, threatening to spill. And then Francis hit his prostate at the same time he dipped his tongue into one of his scars and he lost it. "D-da! Francis, 60r!" And he was coming in molten spurts, hips grinding into the man above him, the man still thrusting into him, pressing mercilessly on his prostate.

When Francis felt sticky wetness erupt beneath him, coating his abdomen and Ivan constricting impossibly hard around him, he came deep within his lover, thrusting through his orgasm, his shots of cum abusing Ivan's prostate, making the other man moan and rock against him.

The sound of the pair coming spurred Arthur and Alfred's efforts. Arthur had taken Alfred's whole cock into his mouth while Alfred was just sucking the head. Arthur eventually extracted Alfred's cock from his mouth and growled, "Stop teasing, fucking sod, or I'll come all over your face!"
Alfred gave Arthur's cock a tantalizing lick before leering and saying, "I don't think I would mind."

Arthur flushed considerably and took Alfred's cock back into his mouth, seeming to Alfred wanting to swallow it all. Alfred moaned and thrust into the hot, greedy mouth, deciding that it was high time he stopped teasing and got to sucking. So, without further ado, he took all of Arthur's swollen length into his mouth.

And without warning, Arthur came, hard and hot down Alfred's throat, moaning Alfred's name. Alfred nearly gagged at the sudden influx of semen. But he swallowed it all and was so aroused by the fact that he had consumed his brother's cum, he himself came. His spurts were so hard, that cum leaked out of the sides of Arthur's full mouth, and Arthur swallowed all he could, though when he opened his mouth to lick some of the leftover semen off of Alfred's softening cock, a few dribbles spilled out onto the head and trailed down to the base, teasing Alfred's still-pulsing balls. Arthur made sure to clean everywhere he got the mess on, making Alfred groan wantonly and sit up, bringing Arthur to sit up with him. Alfred claimed his mouth before Arthur could say anything, and the Briton moaned when their tongues slid past each other, both men tasting themselves in each others' tongues.

When they finally pulled away, a bridge of saliva following, Alfred said breathlessly, "God, you're sexy."

Arthur winked at that. "Naturally," Then he turned to Francis and Ivan who were now curled up to each other. He was about to say something to them when Francis raised a slender finger to his lips and mouthed, "He's asleep."

A warm smile tweaked Arthur's lips when he crawled slowly over, discovering that Ivan was indeed fast asleep, his breaths heavy, snuggled up to Francis's chest in the most endearing sight Arthur had ever seen (and doubted he'd ever see again).

Alfred followed him groggily, yawning and draping an arm over his brother. "I think we should follow his lead."

Arthur nodded and said, "We'll lay behind him." And he settled down to spoon Ivan, who sighed with the warmth. Then he beckoned to Alfred. The younger man took off his glasses, putting them on the sidetable, then spooned up to Arthur, just like Arthur always had to him when he was younger. Arthur twisted around and kissed him on the lips. "Goodnight, love."

"G'night, Artie."

Francis then leaned over to kiss Arthur. "Bon nuit, amour."

"Same to you, love."

Then Francis softly kissed Ivan on the forehead, the younger man shifting and mumbling contently. "Bon nuit, mon petit minou."

And without another word, they all fell asleep, bodies entwined, minds at ease, as lovers should be.

Translations:

*Je le savais*—I knew it.

*все в порядке*—All right
Bon nuit, mon petit minou—Goodnight, my little pussycat (or pussy, either way France I assume is down with)

References:

1—Thought I'd include an allusion to the bloopers from Hetalia: Paint It White! Yes, America, you are a hooker. :D

A Word From the Writer: Aw, sweet right? I know you all want to see Russia curled up and sleeping. I imagine he looks like a little kitty. Now if only he could sprout a pair of ears and a floofy tail… England, I need your spell book! X3

Next Chapter Hint: Dog days
Hmm, what shall our four lovers do on their last day together? Well, you guessed it, folks!

Warning! Contains lemon, oral (lots of oral, actually), horny England, slutty France, America's and England's bad language, lots of innuendo (courtesy of France), orgasm denial, references to the Cold War, communism bashing (guess who does?), hints to GreecexTurkey, cum-swapping, food play, and references to bestiality, and a little fluff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

When Ivan opened his eyes the next morning the first things he felt were two warm bodies pressed on either side of him and the first things he saw were the peaceful, dozing faces of his three lovers.

He knew he should probably get up (judging from the light streaming in through the curtains he guessed it was about ten in the morning), but he just couldn't bring himself to disturb any of the three men curled up next to him. Although he was alarmed at how cold it was in the house. This place was old and worn out, even Ivan had to admit it and so was the heating system. And they were all sleeping completely naked without any covering whatsoever. Yeah, that was a cold in the making. Not that he'd get one, though. He was practically immune to them by now.

So he slipped out of Francis's and Arthur's arms enough to reach the blankets and pull them over them all. Ivan smiled as he felt their shivering lessen.

He was about to go back to sleep (fuck it, he was damn tired and he'd sleep all he wanted, his boss could wait), but Francis stirred right then and his eyes fluttered open, gazing at Ivan warmly.

"Good morning, minou." Francis muttered and wrapped his arms around him, pulling him in close to his chest, kissing and nuzzling his cheek. "Why won't you sleep? You went through a lot last night."

Ivan felt a bit uncomfortable in the embrace (and the fact that Francis had brought up that he had bottomed last night), but felt his chest swell with warmth nonetheless. "Eh… my boss will be expecting me at his office for a report I had to write up the other day. And I forgot to set the fucking alarm…"

Francis sighed, his breath ghosting over Ivan's ear and making him shiver. "That is too bad. I was hoping to spend more time with you and the others before we left."

Just then, Arthur flung open his eyes, first looking at Ivan, then glaring at Francis. "Not one for sharing, then, frog?"

Francis scoffed. "Like you need anything else to curl up to. You also have Alfred behind you. I would say you're being the greedy one, amour."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Whatever. At least I don't grope the people I sleep with in the middle of the night."

Francis huffed. "That is a lie! Ivan, tell him I did not touch you like that while you were sleeping. Tell him!"
"Don't you try to force him to lie, frog!"

"Oy," Ivan sighed. "Such children you are." (Yoda moment, Russia?) He waited for them to quiet before answering, "Francis's hands do roam of their own accord—though I suspect it is more out of habit than it is out of lust."

"Ha!" Arthur laughed spitefully. "I was right!"

Francis pouted. "You are so cruel, amour. Teasing me for a compulsive condition."

"It's no bloody 'condition', frog, and you know that." Arthur smirked, then said seductively, "Though I wouldn't mind if you sucked me off when I was sleeping. Seeing my cum all over your face would certainly make up for waking me."

At this Francis blushed and smirked, "But of course, amant. You are more of a slut than I am."

"Don't insult me, you pompous prick!"

"It wasn't an insult, cher." Francis leered and Arthur turned a deep shade of puce.

There was a shifting on the bed and Alfred turned over, grumbling and pulling Arthur to his chest so tightly, that Arthur couldn't get away. The Briton stopped in his struggles to pry himself free of Alfred's constricting arms when he felt something… peculiar rub against his arse. Upon discovering what it was, his face turned darker still.

Francis leered. "What is it, amour? Did you get hard?"

"N-no…" Arthur said, trying his best not to move. "But I'm not the one you should be asking."

Ivan raised his eyebrows. "Oh… how cute—What shall you do, England?"

Arthur hesitated before doing anything. He did feel quite comfortable… in fact, he felt more comfortable than before with Alfred's hard cock nestled in the cleft of his arse. It was a good feeling—an arousing feeling. So without further ado, Arthur turned over and straddled the still-sleeping Alfred, finding himself half-hard in anticipation. He shivered at the chilling air (what, did Ivan keep it fucking 30 below in here or something?) and pulled the blankets over his still-nude body. He could feel his lovers' eyes taking in all of his exposed skin, but he didn't care.

He was on a mission.

Arthur bent down, placing his hands on either side of Alfred's face and kissed a line down the younger man's jaw. When he still didn't wake up (what a blockheaded git), Arthur went for his sensitive neck, kissing softly before being forced to resort to licking and sucking.

When Arthur sucked at a particularly tender spot in the groove between Alfred's neck and shoulder, Alfred finally woke up.

"Wha… watzit…?"

"Good morning, poppet."

"A-Artie…? What the fuck…?"

Arthur huffed. "That's no way to greet me, especially when I'm doing this." He kissed him a couple times on the ear before continuing, "You're hard, love. And I intend to take care of it for you."
"What…?" It took a moment or two for Alfred to realize just what the hell Arthur was talking about. He wasn't a morning person. But when the sheets moved slightly over his shaft, he knew…

Oh, so that was what Arthur was saying—that made him hard.

He found himself speechless (when had Arthur become so brazen as to suck someone off as soon as he got up? … not that Alfred had any proof that he hadn't, but he had a pretty good impression that Arthur had been a prude up until their relationship) as his brother snaked down his body, being sure to press every inch of their heated skin together. Alfred watched him with half-lidded eyes until Arthur disappeared beneath the covers, petting Alfred's already-leaking erection with shockingly cold hands.

Alfred arched as a violent chill shot up his spine. "Jesus, Artie! Have you had your hands stuck out of the window all night??"

Arthur huffed at this, making Alfred shiver with the effect it had on his cock. "Of course not, you twit. You were greedy with the blankets."

"I was not!"

"You were," Arthur said firmly, breathing tantalizingly hot air on Alfred stiff cock. "And you always have been. Don't try to lie to me when I raised you and you slept with me most of the time."

At this, Alfred blushed and Ivan smiled. That was so cute~ "N-no, I didn't!" His blush gave him away.

"Oh please," Arthur didn't feel like arguing this early in the morning. Honestly, he hadn't expected such lip from someone he was sucking off first thing he got up. "You crawled into my bed up until a few years before your revolution."

Alfred's blush deepened and Ivan giggled, "Aw~you were so cute when you were younger, Amerika."

Francis sighed. "Mmm, yes he was. I remember his adorable little virgin blush when we first had sex. Oh, happy times~"

"Da," Ivan said. "Before he turned into an asshole."

"Oh, will you just fucking drop it about the Cold War shit already?" Alfred growled, his voice not as strong as it usually would be when he was angry for Arthur stroking his cock, his hands now significantly warmer. Ivan, meanwhile, frowned. He hadn't been the one mentioning the Cold War for the past few days. "The only reason we both acted like assholes was because we wanted to fuck. That was it."

At this, Arthur nearly gagged on the head of his cock. Alfred frowned down at him. "Don't act like you didn't know it! You and France were the same way except Ivan and me didn't cause any bloodshed for centuries on end."

Arthur glared up at him from under the covers. "Yes, but we also didn't nearly destroy the earth."

"Ah," Alfred stuck up a triumphant finger. "But we didn't."

Arthur didn't say anything more, voicing his disapproval with a rough squeeze of Alfred's balls. Alfred bucked and moaned. "F-fuck, Artie, be careful down there, will you? I don't much like the idea of going to the doctor's and explaining why my nuts have finger-shaped bruises on them."
Arthur snorted, not letting up. "As much as I love my insides being coated in your cum, brother dear," He growled the last couple words. "Do not think that insulting my wisdom will come without consequences. I will make you go without."

Ivan felt his cock twitch to life upon hearing Arthur's statement, and he could tell by the feeling of something hard and hot pressing into his thigh that Francis was growing hard as well.

Alfred snorted and folded his arms, trying to ignore the fact that he wanted Arthur's hot mouth around him so goddamn much. "Yeah, so? Heroes can live through anything! I could handle it."

"Oh?" Arthur narrowed his eyes. "So you're claiming that you could hold out through anything I deal you?"

"Totally!"

"You would hold out against this?" He ran a slender finger from the tip of Alfred's cock and over his balls.

Alfred shivered. "Y-yeah…"

Arthur smirked, breathing hotly over Alfred's prick. "And this?"

Alfred found it harder to respond now. "Uh-huh," "And this?" Arthur's voice was dripping with seduction as he ran his fingers over Alfred's quivering inner thighs, stroking his twitching hole, and teasing just above the base of his cock, but never touching it. He continued to breathe over it, leering as dribbles of precum slipped down from the tip and gathered on the sheet below.

Alfred was trying to remain stoic, but… dammit! Arthur was good. He was fisting the sheets to prevent himself from thrusting up into the waiting mouth, his face heated and flushed with arousal.

"Mmm, you're wet, Alfred." Arthur said lecherously. "Do you want to see? Do you want to see how much you want it?"

Well… it was not like Alfred couldn't already feel how much he wanted it. "I-I… ngh…"

"I'm sure Francis and Ivan will be pleased to see how close you already are." And with that, Arthur flung off the blankets, allowing the cold air to hit him, but not caring in the slightest.

He had Alfred cornered.

Alfred gasped when the frigid air hit his skin as the blankets were whipped off his over-heating body. It sort of came as a relief, but his cock twitched at the sudden chill, the fact that Arthur had laved is whole cock in his saliva not helping him contain the shuddering sensations.


Arthur smirked. "I try,"

Ivan, meanwhile, chuckled. "It is nice to see Amerika's ego to finally be broken down." And he reached one hand down to stroke himself, but was surprised to find that Francis's hand was already there.

Francis gave Ivan's large cock at deep-fisted pump that made the Russian purr deep in his throat. "Relax, minou, and enjoy the show. I will take care of you myself."
Just when Ivan was about to ask how Francis would get off, the Frenchman's hips ground into his back, the older man's erection rubbing in the cleft of his ass.

Ivan never thought he'd think it, but it was an arousing feeling.

"Mn, I'd love to suck your cock, Alfred." Arthur went on. "But you have to admit that I am always right."

"N-no w-way…" Heroes were always right. Which Alfred most definitely was.


"You have a taste for cock now, do you England?" Ivan smirked.

"Ohonhon, our little Angleterre is becoming a cum slut~" Francis leered.

Arthur narrowed his eyes as he looked at them. "Do you want any?"

"Da, Англия,"

"Bien sûr, amour."

"Then shut it," And Arthur returned to teasing Alfred. He placed the tip of his finger on the slit, rubbing it around in the precum from a bit and then lifting it. A string of sticky precum followed. All the time, Alfred was watching, and he bit his lip to keep in a moan.

Arthur chuckled. "This would all be easier," The tip of his nose brushed against the swollen shaft. "if you'd just admit it."

"N-no… I w-won't…"

"So stubborn," Arthur tsked. He ran his tongue from base to tip of Alfred's twitching cock.

Alfred arched and moaned, bucking his hips to get more of that delicious contact. "O-oh God…" He couldn't believe he was so close to coming when he had barely been touched. "F-fuck, Artie."

"Admit it," A finger swirled around the head of his cock again.

"N-no… dammit."

"Admit it," Arthur said huskily, teasing his balls.

"I-I can't…"

"Admit it~" Arthur trilled, breathing over his erection.

Okay, that was it. It was fucking messed up for Arthur to be touching him one second and then go back to not touching him at all. It messed with Alfred's already-muddled brain and forced his body closer and closer to climax.

But, dammit, he refused to come now. It would be humiliating to come this early and he wanted to feel Arthur's delicious, hot mouth around him again.

He had no choice. Fuck it all. "Oh God, Igs… Fuck, I'm gonna come."

"You'd better not." Arthur said and licked him tantalizingly again. "Or I'll have you drink it."
Alfred grimaced. "That's, like, totally gross, bro!"

"Sounds good to me." Francis said with a leer, wanting to see it.

"Then confess!" Arthur said. "And I'll suck you." He rubbed at the taut shaft with one finger. "Besides, it can't be all that bad. I swallowed your cum last night."

That only succeeded in making Alfred more aroused. God, last night, seeing his cum spill out of the corners of Arthur's mouth...

"F-fuck, Artie. Just fucking suck me already."

"You have to admit it~"

"Fuck—okay!" Alfred moaned, bucking his hips again, but to no avail. "Okay, God, you're right. You're right, okay? Now, please, please suck me, Artie. Shit… I fucking need it."

Arthur raised an eyebrow. "I'm always right?"

"Yes, yes, you're always right! Please, Artie, please…"

Ivan grew harder at the desperate tone in Alfred's voice, and he could hear Francis groaning behind him, feel his cock twitching against his thigh. The Frenchman moved softly against him and gave Ivan's arousal a few hurried pumps, making Ivan moan quietly.

Arthur chuckled, a sound that went directly to Alfred's cock. "Good poppet," And he took him slowly—so goddamn slowly—into his mouth, Arthur's hands snaking up Alfred's sweat-slick chest to thumb at his pert, rosy nipples.

As soon as Alfred felt himself slip into Arthur's hot, wet mouth, and felt Arthur's fingers pinch his nipples, sensitive from the cold, Alfred lost it. He knew he was coming early, but he didn't care, as he shot his seed down his brother's willing throat, moaning loudly, fisting the sheets, one hand moving to push Arthur's head down so that he took in all of his spasming cock, so that he swallowed all of his cum, the cum Arthur had forced him to spill so frustratingly early. He almost hoped Arthur gagged.

But the Briton didn't. In fact, he swallowed every drop of cum so smoothly, Alfred would have thought he was Francis if not for his short, spiky hair and enormously bushy eyebrows. When he was done, Arthur sucked the head of Alfred's dick softly, then swirled his tongue around it, coaxing out a few more pearls of cum which he then scooped out of the slit with his tongue. It was so sexy to watch, that Alfred didn't mind the discomfort his now extra-sensitive cock was experiencing from the rough touch of Arthur's tongue.

Ivan felt his face grow warm as he observed the scene, hearing Francis mutter a husky "Dieu, amour…" behind him and thrust gently into him, pulling at Ivan's cock.

"Mmmn," Arthur groaned, picking himself up and crawling up Alfred's body, giving him an open-mouthed kiss. Alfred eagerly thrust his tongue in, but was alarmed when he felt something salty and foreign dribble into his mouth. He tried to turn away, but Arthur held him in place with both hands on the sides of his face, forcing the liquid into Alfred's mouth and down his throat.

Ivan and Francis watched with intrigue, both moaning when they saw a trickle of white appear at the side of Alfred's mouth and trail down his face to his chin.

"шлюхи," Ivan muttered.
Only when Alfred and Arthur parted, a bridge of white connecting their mouths did Alfred realize: *Oh, he didn't swallow.*

Immediately, he wiped at his mouth, embarrassed at the fact that he had just been forced to drink his own semen. "That's totally not fair, bro!" he protested, looking everywhere else but at Arthur and his other two lovers. "I said what you wanted and you still made me… do *that.*" He grimaced in disgust. There was just something… weird about drinking his own semen.

Arthur settled himself on Alfred's lap with a huff. "Oh, stop being such a child. Don't try to tell me you haven't ever gotten curious and tasted your own cum before."

Alfred stiffened. "Well…"

"Then swallowing a teaspoon or so can't be so bad."

Alfred blinked incredulously up at him. "A teaspoon? No way in hell was that just a teaspoon!"

Arthur sighed. "I doubt you even know what a teaspoon is."

"Yeah, I do! I can cook, unlike you."

"Since when?"

"Since my revolution." Alfred said, swallowing the lump in his throat that had formed upon saying the word. "I needed to feed myself, didn't I? Besides, I don't really cook anymore now that I have—"

"Numerous, low-class fast-food chains?" Ivan filled in for him. It was hard to pull off a sarcastic look when Francis was still jerking him off.

"Ye—they're not that bad!" Alfred said with offense, shifting uncomfortably under Arthur.

"Oh, shut it, they are to bad." Arthur snapped, placing both hands on his brother's shoulder to hold him down. "Now stop talking and get yourself hard again. I want you to fuck me."

"What!"

"What? You can't do it?" Arthur smirked. "Oh, don't tell me the 'hero' can't produce a suitable hard-on for his needy lover?"

"More like slut." Ivan said, smirking.

"Oh? Are you saying you don't like my slutiness?" Arthur looked innocently at him, but his eyes gave away the mischievousness of the question and he wiggled his hips.

"As long as you're all ours, *amant.*" Francis said, eyes poring over every naked inch of Arthur and Alfred's bodies, all the while jerking Ivan off and thrusting softly into his plush backside.
"Dude," Alfred said firmly. "I'm not a fuckin' porn star. I can't just produce an erection two minutes after I came."

Francis snorted. "Obviously you do not know the mechanics of shooting porn. You see, the reason porn stars seem to have such stamina is because they break between recordings to rest. Then there's this one person—male or female, I have seen both used—that are called 'fluffers'. Their job is to 'fluff up' the porn star and make him ready for screen time. That is to say, they clean them up for the next shot so they don't have to move and give them a handjob to keep them aroused."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "You would know, Francis."

"Oui, I would. You do not seem to remember that time when you were drunk and I took you back to my hotel room with Prussia."

Arthur stiffened. "What? What time?"

Francis smirked. "Oh, you will see. I am sure Prussia has posted it on the internet…"

"Oh, da, I have seen that one." Ivan said, smiling and talking as casually as if Francis wasn't currently jerking him off. "And all the others. Did you see the comment that I posted?"

Francis laughed. "Oohnhon, oh oui. Begging for unicorn cock. That would be something Arthur would do…"

"Unicorn cock?" Alfred said, wrinkling his nose. "That's just wrong, man. I said that that flying bunny thing he's always talking about would gladly deep-throat him."

Ivan blinked at him. "And you say my unicorn comment was wrong?"

"Hells yeah! Wouldn't it, like, totally rip him apart? Horse cocks are huge!" (No shit, Alfred)

Ivan sighed. "Nevermind. You are so dim sometimes."

Francis laughed. "Oohnhon, if only I could have gotten Alfred drunk! He would have probably been up for anything."

"Fuck no! Not any of that weird shit Iggy was begging for…"

And amidst all this, Arthur sat astride Alfred, staring at them in horror and confusion. "H-how long have I not known about this?"

"As long as there has been a YouTube." Francis replied, leering.

Arthur felt his face drain of all color. "W-what?"

"Oh, do not get panicked, chéri." Francis said with an offhanded gesture. "You were not completely naked and there was a limit on what you could say. It is YouTube, of course."

Arthur relaxed a little at that. "Oh, great. What a relief."

Ivan raised a finger. "Ah, but he did not say it was only on YouTube."

Arthur blanched again. "Y-you put me on… other sites?"

Francis nodded. "Oui, sites that would allow particularly explicit scenes to be shown." He gave a lazy wink.
"Y-you…" Arthur couldn't find his words he was so furious. "You fucking prat! Why would you do that?!!"

"Is simple: he is France." Ivan answered him.

"Well," Arthur said, wanting so much to throttle Francis, but knowing he really shouldn't. He still wanted to play today and he didn't want to spoil the mood. "As long as Francis was the only one to record and upload them…"

Francis and Alfred exchanged wincing looks.

"What? Who else has been doing this?"

"Euh…" Francis began. "Well, Gil and I first started it, so he's in on it. He records most of it on his phone, but I thought the quality was pretty bad so I asked Hungary to—"

"Hungary?!!"

"Oui, Hungary," Francis went on. "I asked Hungary to film you (she's into that kind of stuff). But then her camera broke and we had to get it fixed. But I figured, why get it fixed when we already have the country who made it to do the job for us free of charge?"

It took a moment for Arthur to realize who it was. "Japan?!!"

"Oui, Japan," Francis continued, looking a little sheepish. "And since he enjoyed filming too (and those kinds of films), I let him stay."

"And how many people know about this?"

"Well, since Hungary began selling the tapes," Arthur looked horrified as Francis ticked off his fingers on the hand that wasn't still pumping Ivan, who was mewling with arousal at the moment. "Nearly all of the countries, plus anyone who has seen the uploaded videos."

"Sh-she sold the tapes?!!" Arthur's voice was high-pitched with anxiety.

Ivan sighed and wriggled out of Francis's grasp, making the Frenchman shiver from the cold air his body (and erection) were now exposed to. "Enough talking. We will explain later, England. Now we are both hard. We would appreciate if you both sucked us off."

Arthur looked indignant. "And what about my fucking?"

Ivan's mouth curled into a Cheshire-like smile. "You will get it in due time."

Arthur 'hmphed', but clambered off of Alfred to sit in front of Ivan. Alfred, though, turned over, pulling the covers with him. "Mmf, too early to blow you."

"I didn't say that when I was blowing you." Arthur snapped. "Now get your arse over here. The sooner we do this, the sooner I'll have a cock in my arse."

"Impatient, are we, amant?" Francis leered as a grumbling Alfred crawled over to sit in front of him. Arthur rolled his eyes. "Bloody yes, I'm impatient. If I haven't already made that obvious. Alfred, do your part."

"All right! All right! Sheesh!" Alfred bent to give Francis's leaking erection a lick, Arthur doing the same to Ivan.
Immediately, Francis's hand shot down to entangle in Alfred's caramel-blonde hair. "Mm, this reminds me of your first time."

"Your first time?" Arthur said in shock. "You sucked him off your first time?"

"Yeah," said Alfred, thinking. "Oh yeah, and I rode him. Shit, that was good."

Ivan smirked. "A slut from the very beginning."

Alfred chuckled and winked. "You know it."

They both returned to sucking, hot tongues and mouths teasing and engulfing their lovers. It wasn't long before they were both coming down their throats, already having been aroused for a while.

Arthur quickly sat up after swallowing Ivan's cum. "Now?"

Ivan shook his head. "No, любить, you have done enough this morning. Let's eat and relax first."

"Eat?" Arthur asked grouchily. "Do you possibly think I would be hungry with your's and Alfred's cum in my stomach?"

Francis laughed as Alfred continued to clean him up with long stokes of his tongue. "Ohonhon, the penalty for being a cum slut."

Arthur sat back on his arse and huffed as Alfred shared a short kiss with Francis. Ivan tugged the blankets around his three lovers. "It is cold, да? You will be sick."

"Yeah," Alfred grumbled. "Expect your house to be fifty below in the mornings."

"I will turn the heat up." Ivan settled.

"I could help you make breakfast, amour." Francis said, dropping the blankets from around him.

"I could too." Arthur said cheerfully.

"No!" the rest said all at once and Arthur shrunk back a little. "What?" he asked. "Nobody likes my cooking?" The Briton knew the answer, but it was his excuse to pout and perhaps make them forget about breakfast so that he could get what he wanted.

They all stared at him, at a loss of what to say.

The Alfred threw an arm around his shoulders and said, "Just stay out of the kitchen, bra, 'kay? We'll cook for you. Our treat."

Arthur scoffed. "I don't think I'd prefer eating any of your food, America."

"I can cook decent food when I want to. It's not like there was a McDonald's in 1812!"

"If you had the technology back then, there would be one!"

"… And that relates to the argument how?"

Ivan sighed. "Nyet. Stop fighting. I will make breakfast. It is my house after all."

"Your fucking drafty house." Alfred said under his breath.

"Oh~?" Ivan replied with a wicked smile. "I could just stick you outside and see how well you fare.
Is no trouble~

Alfred immediately stiffened and pulled the blankets further around himself, forcing Francis and Arthur to move closer to him. "What? W-would you really leave me outside?" He made his signature kicked-puppy face.

Ivan pondered. "No… but I could have you sleep in the library."

"Well… that doesn't sound so bad."

"Nyet? Lithuania told me that he heard something in there when he was cleaning last." Ivan's smile broadened when Alfred tensed and paled. "It could be a ghost. But I have not properly investigated."

"N-no thanks, Ivan." Alfred muttered in defeat. "I'll sleep here—but not alone!"

Francis smiled. "Oh, you won't be alone, amour. You will at least have me."

Arthur snorted. "Like that makes him feel any better."

"Will you stop making such cruel jokes, cher?" Francis pouted. "It is beginning to hurt me."

Arthur felt a pang of guilt, but he looked away and muttered grudgingly, "Yes, fine."

"все в порядке," Ivan said, moving off the bed to stand on the cold floor, wrapping his scarf around his neck from where he'd discarded it last. "I will go make us breakfast now, da?"

"Wait, Ivan," Arthur said, a bit concerned. "Aren't you going to put something on other than just your scarf? It's bloody cold."

"Почему?" Ivan asked. "I am immune to the cold. It feels quite comfortable in here to me. I am not to be needing clothes, да?"

Alfred looked at him as if he was a madman. "Okay, dude, whatever you want. But I'm not having a cold dick shoved up my ass, got it?"

"As you wish, шлюха." Ivan said, smirking and turned, walking out of the room.

All three of them watched him until he went out.

"Mm, I wouldn't mind seeing his ass like that every day." Francis said.

"Agreed," Arthur said. "I could get used to this."

"That's sexy," Alfred said. "I can't wait till the next meeting. It'll be warm enough in our hotel room so we can all walk around naked."

Arthur cringed. "Not a good choice when other nations might be dropping by to check up on us. You know how Germany is."

"Fuckin' OCD is what I'd call it." Alfred said. "I mean, why must he check to see if everyone's got the right room and are comfortable every single time we have a meeting, especially when I'm the one hosting? It's not like I choose cheap hotels or put someone in the room with the wrong person."

"Well," Francis said. "You did put Greece and Turkey in the same room once. I would know. I was next door with Gilbert and had to listen to the shouting all night. But then… it got suspiciously quiet." He gave a lecherous smirk.
"Greece and Turkey together?" Arthur asked in disbelief and then scoffed. "I'll believe it when I see it."

"Me too," Alfred said. "Hey, maybe I should 'accidentally' put them in the same room next to our's~"

"Not a chance," Arthur said, moving to plant a line of rough kisses down his little brother's neck. "Besides, we'll be too busy fucking to listen to them."

Francis chuckled. "Honhon, I like how you think, amour."

"Shit, it's cold." Alfred said with a shiver, pulling his two lovers in until they were squashed up against his sides. "That's better."

"We should lie down." Arthur suggested, and the other two were in quick accordance.

And they did, Francis and Arthur snuggling up to Alfred who was in the middle, pulling the thick woolen blankets up till they were just under their chins. Alfred yawned and felt drowsy, wanting to fall asleep, but then he felt something brush Nantucket and he was wide awake, feeling his cock twitch with the slight tease of his erogenous zone. He turned and saw Francis running his finger along it. Meanwhile, Arthur was rolling one of Alfred's nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

"Mmf, stoppit." Alfred said drowsily, batting away Francis's hand. "I don't wanna be hard when I eat. It'll be too distracting."

"Something distract America from his food?" Arthur chuckled in a sultry tone as he moved onto the next nipple, sucking at a spot just below Alfred's ear, making the American squirm. "I would have never thought it possible."

"I'm serious," Alfred said pulling away from Arthur's hands. "Leave that for later. I'm fucking starving and I don't want to be interrupted from my meal by a hard-on."

"I'm not hungry," Arthur said with a seductive look. "I could just suck you off while you eat."

Alfred pondered this and then shook his head. "Nah, too distracting also."

"Why don't we just lay here and rest, huh?" Francis suggested, throwing an arm over Alfred's stomach, head in the crook of Alfred's arm. "It would do us good before playing~"

"Sounds good," Alfred yawned. "I'm tired." And he stretched his arms around both his lovers, pulling them in close to him so that he could feel their entire bodies from shoulders to toes.

Arthur also threw a hand over Alfred's stomach. "Yes, I am a tad sleepy from doing all that sucking." He entwined his fingers with Francis's.

Francis was about to make an obscene comment involving Arthur using cum as a form of sleeping pill, but decided not to when the Briton took his hand. It made his chest swell with warmth and he suddenly felt happily content to just gaze into those beautiful green eyes he had thought he'd never get the chance to appreciate up close.

After about a half hour, Ivan returned with a tray full of food to find his lovers fast asleep, curled in an adorable embrace. He could watch them sleep forever. Then… he smiled as he got an idea.

He set down the tray softly on the side table, hoping the smell of food didn't rouse any of his lovers (especially Alfred), and taking out his camera phone. Ivan snapped a couple pictures of the sleeping trio and giggled. Yep, this was wallet material.
Alfred started to stir, and Ivan quickly pocketed his phone again, picking up the tray just as the American blinked open his eyes and yawned.

"Good morning, Amerika." Ivan said. "I see you got more sleep while I was gone?"

"Food," was all he said with a sniff.

Ivan rolled his eyes and set down the tray on the bed across from them. "Wake the others before so that I know you will not eat all of it."

Alfred pouted, but roused Francis and Arthur who were snuggled up on either side of him. "Uh… guys, wake up. The food's here and I'm gonna eat it all if you don't."

Arthur opened his eyes and sat up along with Alfred, stretching. "Mn, I needed that."

"Oui," Francis said, joining them and tossing his blonde hair. "That was refreshing."

Alfred crawled over to the tray before shivering and motioning for the others to join him. "Damn… did you turn the air up?"

Ivan nodded. "Though it may take a while. As you can tell, this house is old, and as so the heating system among other things may be faulty."

Alfred scoffed as Francis and Arthur pulled the blanket around him and themselves again. "Good. But if the lights go out, I'm locking myself in the bathroom until they turn back on again."

Ivan smirked. "This wouldn't happen to be about that ghost~?"

Alfred stiffened. "N-no… so, what's this?" He changed the subject by scrutinizing the food.

"Is typical Russian завтрак." Ivan explained, pointing to each item in turn as he explained, "You have seen blini before, da? You can eat them with jam, but I like mine with sour cream. I have made omelets for each of us, see? I did not know what you wanted as filling, so I made a simple cheese. That is kolbasa—kielbasa, is what you call, it Amerika?—and next to it is black bread with ham and salami slices. Then there is the kasha… is porridge… it tastes a bit bland, but I have gotten used to it over the years. And there is also some coffee and tea. I did not have to clean out my fridge this meeting since I was the host, so I took advantage of it and decided to… how do you say? Splurge? I was originally expecting to eat all of this alone, but it is nice that we can all share, da~?"

Alfred was about to dig in when he suddenly stopped, a frown on his face. He looked suspiciously at Ivan, who was still wearing a wide smile. "Wait… you didn't put anything weird in any of this… did you?"

Ivan giggled. "Nyet. Not this time, Amerika."

Alfred sat there and eyed him for a bit more before shrugging and spearing a kolbasa.

"You mean to say," Arthur began, watching Alfred in disgust as he ate messily. "you were planning to eat this all yourself?" He too took a kolbasa, eating it with enough etiquette and glaring that Alfred noticed… but kept on eating his own way nonetheless, making Arthur frown.

"Da," Ivan said. "Over a few days. Is problem? It is not like I am a pig like Amerika."

"Hey!"

Ivan ignored him. "Breakfast is the most important meal of day, da? So why should it not be large? It
helps a lot to get through work."

"That… makes sense," Arthur said, astonished he was admitting that bigger was better in this case when it was normally Alfred's motto.

Francis was currently eating one of the omelets and his face immediately lit up. "Oh~I did not expect you to be such a good cook, Ivan."

Ivan's smile broadened such that it was creepy. "You are saying that because~?"

Francis shrunk back a little and swallowed. "Euh… I mean, of course you can cook, cher! It is not like you are America or England."

Alfred swallowed a large mouthful to say, "I told you I can cook! I just… don't do it often…"

"And my food is good." Arthur said this even though he knew everyone thought his food was disgusting. "Granted it may not be to your refined tastes."

"Refined?" Francis scoffed, scooping a spoonful of kasha. "Hon, by refined do you mean 'without tastebuds' or 'without a heartbeat'?"

"Shut it, prat, you just don't like it because you think your food is the best!"

"Euh… it is, amour. You have not noticed the fact that many more people comment on and like to eat my food rather than yours?"

"Criticize my food again and you won't get any for a week!"

Francis pouted. "Mais, that is not fair, amant." Then, leaning in close, he muttered, "You will be craving me before long, though, non?"

Arthur stiffened, reddening a bit before snorting and shoving Francis away from him. "Go eat your bloody food and stop breathing down my neck, wanker!"

Francis leered, pulling back and leering. "You know you like it, amour."

Arthur scoffed and rolled his eyes, trying to focus on his food and not the slight twinge of arousal currently making its way down to his groin. After a few more nibbles of kolbasa, he set down his fork and apologized, "I'm sorry, Ivan, but I'm just not hungry. The food is good and the tea is wonderful, don't get me wrong."

Ivan was finishing up his own meal, eyeing Arthur with surprising concern. "Is it the cold? Because if that is the case—"

"No, no, love, I'm perfectly fine." Arthur said.

Ivan gave a content smile. "Good. Then I will not feel bad if you do not eat anymore. Is good to have leftovers, da?"

Arthur was just about to answer when Alfred suddenly said, "Damn, I have to take a piss."

"Take one then, git." Arthurs snapped. "You don't have to inform us of the state of your bladder."

"Where did I go wrong with him…? Honestly, Arthur had taught Alfred all sorts of etiquette and had honed his manners to near perfection and now… Arthur shook his head and huffed, not wanting to
think about it.

Ivan raised his eyebrows and pointed to a door across the room. "The bathroom is over there."

Alfred shivered and pulled the blanket around himself further. "Fuck no! There's no fucking way I'm leaving this bed until the room heats up."

Ivan smiled. "Should be taking an hour or so~"

"What!"

"Is old heating system. I cannot help that." Ivan's smile widened. "You must wait, da~?"

Alfred frowned and began squirming, much to Arthur's displeasure.

After about five minutes, (Alfred squirming all the while) Arthur sighed and snapped, "Just go already! I'm sure it won't kill you."

"Dude, my friggin' piss would freeze!"

"Once again, thank you for informing us." Arthur growled, giving him an encouraging (and rough) shove. "Go on, then. And please remember to wash your hands!"

"All right, all right!" Alfred said, moving off the bed and nearly jumping when his bare feet hit the cold floor. He then proceeded to take two big bounds toward the door. "Seriously, Artie, stop being such a nag."

Arthur frowned. "I'll stop being a 'nag' as soon as you stop acting like a child!"

Alfred closed the door behind him and through it he called, "Whatever, mom!"

Arthur bit back a retort and took another sip of his tea. It would be rude to continue. "Disrespectful yank…"

"… Oh, amour~"

"What is it now, wan—gah!"

Francis was sucking tantalizingly on a kolbasa, eyeing him seductively. Arthur reddened and looked away. "Ugh, that's vulgar."

"It is no different than what you were doing just a half hour ago." Francis said, taking the sausage out of his mouth and swirling his tongue around the tip a couple of times.

"Would you stop being a perverted sod for a couple more minutes and allow the rest of us to finish our meals?"

"Oh, nyet," Ivan said. "I am quite liking this show~Feel free to go on, France."

"Merci, amour."

Arthur scoffed, trying to focus on the tray in front of him and not how much he wanted to watch Francis. "You two are disgraceful."

Ivan chuckled. " Says the cum slut~"
"Oh, I drink cum one goddamned time and now I'm suddenly labeled a cum slut?" Arthur grimaced, suddenly losing his appetite (what little of it he had left) and setting down his tea.

"I believe it has been three times, amant." Francis said with a leer.

Arthur scoffed, trying not to think how much the label aroused him. "Whatever. Don't act like you haven't ever drank cum before, France."

Francis chuckled. "Honhon, but I have not nearly been so… creative with it."

Arthur stiffened, his face on fire now. He knew he must look harried, but he turned around to confront Francis anyway. No way was he going to allow the frog to accuse Arthur of being a bigger slut than him! "Highly unlike—" But he was cut off abruptly as Francis put the kolbasa back in his mouth and, moving in close to the Briton, brushed the sausage against Arthur's lips.

"Ah, this arguing is tiring me," Francis said, taking it out of his mouth again and running it teasingly over his other lover's lips. "Why don't we share, amour? It would be just like last time~"

Arthur stiffened, his cock twitching to life when he remembered last night. He hesitated.

Francis raised an eyebrow. "Do not tell me you are not already hard after your recent arguing." His leer widened when Arthur's blush deepened.

"Th-that's," Arthur stuttered. "I don't get hard from just simple arguments… not that hard at least. Only if it's a real physical confrontation do I become increasingly aroused." Embarrassed at what he just said, he tried to counter it by saying, "As you should already know!"

"Or," Francis said, trying to poke the tip of the kolbasa between Arthur's lips but could not get it in his mouth for the wall of teeth blocking his way. "You could suck this. I have noticed it is another fetish of yours."

Arthur scoffed, knowing he should probably retort, but he found himself moving forward to take the sausage between his lips and sucked lightly, smirking at Francis, who he was surprised to see, was not expecting this. The Frenchman's cheeks were dusted red, but that didn't stop him from taking more of the kolbasa into his mouth so that their lips were close. Arthur didn't stiffen, didn't panic. No, he would show this French bastard he could do just as much as Francis could and not be embarrassed or… a prude, as most would say. So he took the sausage further into his mouth also. And all the while Ivan was watching, feeling himself grow hard.

Then, just as sudden as it began, the competition ended. Francis sucked the kolbasa out of Arthur's mouth and into his own, chewing it with a wink. "I am sorry, amour, but Ivan's cooking is très bien."

Arthur was about to flash a rude comment back, face tomato-red, when the door to the bathroom burst open and Alfred stepped into the room. "Thank God. I think I may have pissed a fucking gallon."

Francis frowned and swallowed. "Wonderful of you to tell us."


"That's because I am, dipshit." Alfred flashed back, not catching the dangerous glare Ivan was giving him as he settled back into the blankets again.

Instead, he was examining Arthur. "Uhh… bro? Did something happen while I was gone, 'cause you look a little red in the face."
Arthur stiffened and looked away. "What! Absolutely not! Meals are for eating not for—"

"… sucking?" Francis finished for him with a leer.

Arthur's eyes wandered down the the couple of kolbasa left before focusing on a crease in the sheets again. Then, for one of the only times in his life, Alfred got it. "Oh… so you two were doing some dirty things with a sausage? Ha!" Alfred laughed and Arthur glared. "What a couple of whores. First you suck me off, then you want to fuck immediately after, now during breakfast you—"

A cold hand on Alfred's shoulder made him stop mid-sentence. He turned around to see that Ivan had moved across the bed to look hungerly at him. "Do not tell me you would have not joined them, маленькая шлюха."

Alfred would not admit the fact that the thought of Francis and Arthur sharing a kolbasa rather… intimately made him hard, so in answer, Alfred pressed a hard kiss to Ivan's cold lips. "Hmm, it does sound nice. But unlike them, I'd want the real thing in my ass."

Ivan's eyes flashed, turning from childlike and innocent, to predatory and lust-filled in seconds. Alfred gasped harshly as he was pinned to the bed by the larger man, Francis and Arthur scrambling away on either side to make room.

"Oh~?" Ivan said as he attacked Alfred's bite-ridden neck and planting some of his own. "Are you saying that the proud Amerika now craves communist cock?" Former communist, of course. But Ivan doubted that would make any difference to Alfred, and it was more exciting this way.

Alfred half-scoffed, half-moaned, throwing his arms around the Russian and pulling him in, tipping his head upward so that Ivan could gain better access to his neck. "Mm, yes. But that also means that a communist bastard like you wants my heroic ass."

"Nyet, Amerika," Ivan growled, now sucking at the junction between Alfred's neck and shoulder, making the younger man squirm and mewl. "It is your ass that is greedy for my cock. I cannot help but satisfy it, да?"

"Wait," Alfred said, and immediately Ivan stopped, much to Alfred's disappointment. The Russian propped himself up on his elbows and gazed worriedly down at his young lover.

"What is it, подсолнечник? Have I hurt you?" He looked genially concerned.

"No," Alfred blinked up at him, still in shock that the Russian had stopped when asked. Then again, he supposed it was because of what happened to Ivan when he was younger and he couldn't tell the people assaulting him to stop… "No, it's not that. It's…" His face reddened and Ivan smiled. Alfred's blush had always been so cute to him~ "You said after the signing that you'd call me by my human name from now on. C-can you?" Alfred hated himself for stuttering, but he was afraid of being rejected or teased.

Ivan blinked at him and said, "I am sorry. I did promise you that, да? Okay, then. I will call you Alfred." Then, thinking for a moment, he added, "And I will call France Francis and England Arthur, да? That would only be fair since you all call me Ivan."

Alfred blushed two shades deeper and looked with wide eyes up at him. "Ya mean it? Thanks… I mean, I never thought we'd be close enough to call each other that… ya know?" In Alfred's mind, if most everyone called him by his country name, then someone calling him by his human name was an extremely intimate thing.

"Да, Alfred," Ivan said, and Alfred's heart skipped a beat. "I know." And he kissed the American on
the lips. Alfred moaned, pulling Ivan down so that they were chest-to-chest, opening his mouth and letting Ivan's cool tongue explore. They were just beginning to grind into each other, their breakfasts long forgotten, when… a cellphone so annoyingly went off.

"Whose is that?" Arthur asked, resisting the urge to stroke himself after watching Alfred and Ivan exchange heated kisses in front of him… so tantalizingly close…

"It is from Ivan's coat pocket, I believe." Francis said, stretching over the bed and snagging the coat from off the floor. When he fished for the cellphone in the pockets and tossed it to Ivan (who was now crawling reluctantly off a very disappointed and peeved American), he noticed Arthur staring at him, and the Briton blushed when he was caught.

"Honhon, it is perfectly okay to stare, Angleterre." Francis said, giving himself a smack on the ass. "I have that affect on people." He winked.

Arthur rolled his eyes and looked away, denying to himself that the red hand mark on Francis's ass made him hard.

Meanwhile, Ivan was looking at his phone. After a few more seconds upon seeing who the caller was, he gave an uninterested snort and placed it on the nightstand where it continued to ring.

When it finally stopped, Alfred propped himself on his elbows, still in the shadow of the larger Russian, and asked, "Who was it?"

Ivan huffed childishly. "My boss. I was supposed to be giving him a report today, but I don't feel like running into the Kremlin to deliver it."

"Pfft, fuckin' commie headquarters…"

"What was that, Alfred~?"

"Nothing!"

"Shouldn't you at least call him back?" Arthur asked him. "Tell him you're sick or something of the sort?"

"Oui," Francis said. "My boss would kill me if he couldn't get a hold of me. But your boss…"

Ivan shivered. His boss was scarier than General Winter sometimes. "Eh… is true…" And the report was kind of important. "But I do not want to leave you here all alone, especially when this is our last day together for a month."

Francis's face fell. "Oh, that is right. I forgot about that."

Alfred sat up and scratched the back of his mussed head. "So? Screw your boss! Blow him off. I do it to mine all the time, and I don't get much shit for it."

Ivan smirked. "I am not sure that screwing my boss and blowing him off would make him less angry with me if I did not show up… unlike yours, it seems."

Alfred flushed red at the innuendo. "N-no! That's not what I meant, sick commie perv!"

Ivan sighed. "I will tell you again, Alfred, I am no longer communist."

"Yeah? Well," Alfred huffed and folded his arms. "Once a commie, always a commie."
"Are you saying you hate communists just because one practically owns you right now?" Arthur asked with a smirk.

Alfred stiffened. "Fuck no! Well… if fucking China would just drop my fucking debt… it's not like it's much…"

"15.9 trillion is not much?" Ivan asked.

Alfred sighed and moved to sit in Ivan's lap, knees on either side. "Why do you always have to be so depressing. Honestly, why don't we just quit talking world crap and fuck already?"

"So, _amour_," Francis said. "You have sex to forget your problems… sounds like me. And then Arthur drinks in order to forget his—"

"I do not!" Arthur fumed.

"Uh, dude," Alfred said, ignoring the fact that his and Ivan's semi-erect cocks were brushing deliciously together. "That whole Catholic and Protestant crap you were spewing was definitely something troubling you. I mean, God, you should have fucking beheaded that Bloody Mary chick and put Liz in power _much_ sooner. Problem would have been solved a lot quicker."

"It wasn't that bloody easy, git!" Arthur snapped. "There were plenty of Catholics at the time who supported Mary… and don't call Queen Elizabeth I 'Liz'. You're bloody horrible with nicknames."

"Oh? You called her that when you were drunk. Quote 'Oh, my poor, poor Liz, having the throne stolen from her by that ruddy she-devil…'" He did a drunken imitation of Arthur's voice.

"Shut it," Arthur barked and then added, "Damn, I've been waiting too bloody long for cock, so could someone kindly fuck me already?" He hoped he wasn't accused of changing the subject… which was exactly what he was doing.

Alfred pouted. "Aww… but Awtie, I wanted Ivan to fuck me."

Arthur frowned. "I'm not falling for your fucking puppy face this time, git. You owe me, so get your arse over here and pay back your debts for once!"

"All right, all right! Sheesh," Alfred relented, a pout still on his lips as he kissed Ivan before backing off of his lap. He gave himself a few quick pumps to get himself hard again, but seeing Arthur so willingly sexy was more than enough for him. He was about to tell Arthur to lie down, but an almost painful chill made him freeze… literally. "Uh… bro, could we move up the bed a bit? It's kinda cold…"

Arthur nodded and pulled the blankets up with him as he wriggled beneath them, sinking his head into the scattered pillows, sighing with the warmth. His other lovers followed him, Francis crawling over to join Ivan, stretching himself like a cat on top of him. Alfred slipped under the covers himself and lined his hard cock up with his older brother's entrance.

Arthur moaned and spread his legs further. "Mmm, bloody hurry up already, yank. What about 'I need a cock in me' did you not understand?"

"God, you're such a nag, even during sex." Alfred said, feigning annoyance as he began to push into Arthur. Alarm sparked within him when he saw Arthur wince. He pulled out. "I'm sorry, bro. I forgot to lube up." He looked to Ivan who was currently in a heated liplock with Francis. "Uh… Ivan? You don't happen to have any lube…?"
Ivan resurfaced and shook his head. "Nyet. You three sluts cleaned me out."

Alfred gave a frustrated huff. He looked around the room, searching for something to substitute as lube. But there was nothing. His eyes traveled back to the half-eaten tray of food, wishing he could finish it (but he'd rather have sex).

Then… he got an idea.

"I have an idea." he voiced and Arthur scoffed, rolling his eyes. That was never a good sign.

"What is it then, git?"

"Um… I thought we could try…" Alfred turned around, leaving Arthur exposed against the cold of the room to dip two fingers into some sour cream.

As soon as Arthur saw what he was doing, he quickly said, "No fucking way, prat. That's cold!"

"Oh, yeah, you're right." Alfred opted for sucking the dollop off his fingers, then dipped the same ones into the jam. Great. No more jam for anyone but the American.

Alfred turned back around and said, "Okay, uh… what about this?"

Arthur examined the gooey, sticky lubricant and cringed. "Er… that stuff is rather sticky, lad…"

Alfred shrugged. "It's either this or dry."

Arthur pondered for a bit, the sounds Francis and Ivan were making beside him spurring him on. "All right, but you're going to help me clean it out later!"

Alfred nodded and spread the jam over his cock. God, that was a bit cold! And… it felt really weird…

"Okay… uh," Alfred tried to adjust himself so that he was not exposed to cold air of the bedroom. Arthur rolled his eyes and grabbed Alfred's wrists, guiding his slicked fingers toward his hole. "God, you're slow. Just get on with it, git! I want your cock in me as fast as possible."

Alfred smirked. "And what got you so horny this morning?"

Arthur scoffed, but his green eyes still retained that mischievous glint that turned Alfred on all the more. "Your morning wood. Would I have loved to see that wet dream. You were quite hard."

Alfred felt himself blush. "Uh… right. I'll tell you later." He inserted one finger in Arthur's entrance and pushed up to the second knuckle.

"Ah~," Arthur shifted and pushed his hips down. "Dammit, Alfred. I'm not made of bloody glass."

Alfred raised an eyebrow. "So, you wanna go rough this early? Damn, Francis is right. You are a class A slut."

Francis chuckled from his place a few feet away, still stretched out on top of Ivan. He broke their kiss to say, "Honhon, France is never wrong when it comes to anything sexual, amour."

Arthur scoffed. "Ivan, would you be so kind as to silence that prat by burying your tongue in his mouth?"
Ivan smirked. "Gladly~"

Francis moaned as Ivan forced his cold tongue into his hot mouth, holding the back of Francis's head so that he could not get away.

Alfred was about to insert another one of his fingers, when Arthur stopped him.

"Wait,"

Alfred sighed. "Dude, I'm gonna be soft soon."

Arthur glared at him. "Insulting when I'm lying beneath you naked. I should bloody well be enough to keep you hard."

"Just sayin', bro."

"I have an idea."

Alfred frowned. Whenever Arthur had an idea, it was almost always one that was complex. Damn. "What is it, then?" he asked, hoping his brain wouldn't explode.

"Take your fingers out."

"What? But, bro, you just said—"

"Just take them out, git!"

Alfred did as he was told and sighed, "Man, we're moving fucking backwards."

"Shut it, yank." Arthur snapped and propped himself up on his elbows, rolling over onto his side. "You'll appreciate this. I'll give you a show."

Alfred's brow furrowed. "Okay…?"

Arthur snorted again and moved so that he was lying across the top of the bed on his stomach, his arse in front of Alfred, and his face close to Francis's. It took a while for the lip-locked couple to know he was there, but once they did, Francis broke away and thrust his tongue into Arthur's mouth. A string of saliva followed as they parted for air, and Arthur then dove for Ivan's mouth, allowing the other man to plunder his. And all the while, Alfred watched, his body heating up and his cock growing harder.

"No fair, bro! You can't just ignore me!" He pouted.

Arthur rolled his eyes as he extracted his tongue from Ivan's mouth. "I'm getting to that, git. Stop being so impatient." He then looked at Francis. "Sit up. Do you mind riding Ivan?" Arthur smirked.

He already knew the answer, and Francis knew that.

The Frenchman sat up and leered. "Mmm, I'd love to, amant. What have you got in mind?"

Arthur smirked. "Something you'll enjoy, I'm sure."

Francis reached around and rubbed Ivan's large erection into his ass. "Mn, you feel ready, amour."

Ivan responded by giving Francis's equally-hard length a couple of pumps, making the Frenchman throw back his head and groan. "Oh, ou-oui, minou. F-fuck me, s'il te plaît."
Ivan's eyes gave a flash of concern. "No lubricant?"

Francis was surprised by the question, shaking his head. "N-non, mon amour. I can take you dry."

Ivan leered. "Of course you can, slut."

Meanwhile, Alfred was rocking back and forth on his knees impatiently. Finally, he gave a huff and said, "When do I come into this? Just wondering."

Arthur peered back at him and snapped, "No one said you couldn't finish preparing me."

Alfred positioned himself so that he was straddling Arthur's legs, pulling the blanket around to cover himself and Arthur. "Okay, damn! You don't have to get all bossy."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Twit," he muttered under his breath. But an endearing twit…

Alfred once again worked his finger into Arthur's tight hole, quickly adding a second. Arthur moaned and said, "Francis… if you're going to ride Ivan, then I suggest you do it."

Francis blinked at him, still being stroked by Ivan's cold hand. Then a look of realization spread across his face. "I think I know what you have in store, Angleterre."

Arthur winked. "Get to it, then. You know what I want."

Francis blushed a bit, but did as he was told, raising himself up on his knees and taking Ivan's cock into his hand. He guided it between his cheeks, pressing it against his hole. "Be careful, amant. I ride hard."

"Hey! That's my line!" Alfred huffed.

"Shut it, twit!" Arthur snapped and peered lustfully up at the other man. "You know I don't care. Now get to it before I change my mind."

Francis smirked. "I don't think you will." Before Arthur could retort, Ivan's cock had slipped all the way inside Francis's ass. Francis's fingers dug into Ivan's pale chest, moaning, cock twitching in the Russian's hand. "Oh, Dieu… a-ah~"

Ivan chuckled. "Hmhm, you have such a greedy ass, swallowing my cock whole and feeling nothing but pleasure."

Francis swiveled his hips, loving the feeling of being so incredibly full. "Mmm, that's because I am addicted to it."

Ivan bucked up into Francis and said, "Show me how much."

Francis gave another groan and began moving his hips, his movements so fluid and sexy, Arthur could have come just from watching. But not yet.

He needed a cock in his ass badly.

"Mn, Alfred," Arthur moved so that his knees were beneath him, then lifted his backside into the air, spreading his legs so that Alfred could gain full access to him. "Damn, it's cold. Warm me up, will you?") He gave a sexy smirk.

Arthur's promiscuous attitude coupled with his very compromising position made Alfred anxious to be inside him. He quickly extracted his fingers from Arthur's ass and situated himself at his pulsing
"G-God, Alfred," Arthur pushed back against his little brother's hard length. "Stop fucking teasing me and put it in already."

Alfred ran the head of his cock up and down the cleft of Arthur's ass before giving in. "And you say I'm a whore?"

Arthur's retort was lost in a moan as he was finally filled. "Ah, shit… A-Alfred…"

Francis peered down at Arthur's flushed, aroused face as he moved on Ivan's cock, the Russian guiding his movements with his cold hands on his hips. "_-Angleterre, ngh, don't forget about m-me…"

Arthur lifted himself up to run his tongue over one of Francis's pert nipples. "Mn, never, love." And he lowered himself down, giving Francis's erection a deep-fisted pump before swirling his tongue around the weeping head.

Francis broke in his motions to buck into Arthur's hot mouth. "Oh, nn, _Dieu, amour…_ little cock-sucking slut…"

Arthur dug his nails into Francis's hip, making Francis arch and moan. "Heh, at least I don't get off by having multiple dicks shoved up my arse."

Francis smirked. "U-uh, _touché, amant._"

As soon as Alfred saw what Arthur was doing, he increased the speed of his thrusts. Seeing his brother sucking someone off was amazingly arousing. Mostly because no one (not even Francis) would have suspected that Arthur would be good at and like giving head. Even though Arthur wasn't sucking him off, it was sexy to think that Arthur had two cocks in him, swallowing them from both ends. On that thought, Alfred moaned and thrust particularly deep, assaulting Arthur's prostate.

Arthur moaned around Francis's cock, feeling his sweet spot attacked ruthlessly. He was forced to take the cock out of his mouth in order to catch his breath. "Oh God, A-Alfred… Y-yes, mm, right th-there…"

Ivan shuddered when he heard the voices of his lovers and watched as Francis rode him beautifully, all the while Arthur was sucking the Frenchman off, the cock going deeper into his mouth the more aggressive Francis's movements were. He eventually lost control and dug his fingers into Francis's hips, forcing him to still so that he could thrust hard up into that delicious, pulsing hole. Francis dropped his head back and moaned, seemingly unable to catch his breath as Ivan's large cock moved in and out of him viciously, rubbing him raw, just how he liked it.

"O-oh! _Ou-oui!_ Harder, deeper, mmnah… so f-full, yes…"

Ivan chuckled, barely able to keep the groan out of his voice as he watched Francis bounce helplessly up and down on his cock. "Hmhm, I never knew French whores could be so tight—or so needy. Your ass is insatiable, _nyet?_ You would not mind if a horse cock was stuffed up your ass, you would still get off. Would you not, greedy little _шлюха_?"

Francis flushed at his cruel words, finding them incredibly arousing despite the derogatory comments and questions. He knew it should feel wrong, disgusting even… but it didn't and that only made him more aroused. "_Ou-oui, amant…_ I am addicted to having big cocks fucked up my ass. Mmm, yes… i-it will swallow anything. Unh, so deep…"
Ivan bit his lip to hold back a moan. "What a shameful whore. Begging for cock. What would you do if you were deprived of it, I wonder? Would you lay with any man off the street? Maybe two?"

Francis shuddered as he angled his hips down to meet Ivan's hard thrusts, crying out when his sweet spot was ruthlessly abused. "D-Dieu! Y-yes! Any cock… I would take th-three at once if I could…"

At this, Ivan growled and reached up, burying his fingers in Francis's blonde locks and pulling viciously. Francis screamed and bucked, grinding down onto Ivan's cock even as the Russian was slamming mercilessly into him. "Nyet, шлюха, you are mine. You belong to me. You have become one with Mother Russia. Now only I can satisfy you. Do you hear me, worthless slut?" He gave another harsh tug to his hair.

Francis moaned, half in pain, half in pleasure, peering desperately down at the angry Russian. "Ou-oui, Ivan. I am yours. S'il… s'il te plaît, fuck me deep."

Ivan smirked. "If I go any deeper, you will surely bleed." He extracted his fingers from Francis's hair to bury them in Arthur's, pushing down his head so that more of Francis's dripping cock was swallowed. Francis gave a groan of appreciation, rolling his hips to meet Ivan's thrusts.

"I-I don't c-care," Francis panted, face flushed. "I want you t-to violate m-me…"

Ivan's eyes gave off a dangerous glint and his nails dug into Arthur's scalp, making him moan. "Very well, французская шлюха." And he began to gyrate his hips with such intensity that Francis had to dig his fingers into Ivan's chest to keep from being bucked off. But he didn't need to. Ivan held both hips down firmly, forcing Francis to take all of his large length as deeply as it could go.

Arthur groaned as Francis's cock was forced further into his mouth. He didn't know why, but he got turned on whenever he gave head. He guessed it was the feeling of the cock in his mouth. Coupled with the fact that he was having another pounding into his arse, it was enough to make him cum early, but Arthur wouldn't allow himself to endure the humiliation.

But he couldn't hold out much longer, not with Francis's voice and Alfred's cock assaulting his sweet spot.

"A-ah, damn…" Alfred moaned as he thrust into his brother's tight, delicious ass. He was so close to coming, but he was determined not to be the first—heroes never came first, right? So he recalled what turned Arthur on the most and gave the Briton's ass a harsh swat. Arthur arched and moaned, pushing back into him. Spurred by this reaction, Alfred leaned over his brother, clawing at his sides and planting rough love bites down the length of his spine.

Arthur had to take Francis's cock out of his mouth to catch his breath. "G-God, Alfred…" He arched into the warm chest above him, into the abusing mouth and fingers. "Y-yes, mmn, mark me… be rough with me, yesss…"

Alfred's chuckle sent shivers rolling down Arthur's spine. Alfred commenced to attacking his neck with his teeth and tongue. "Heheh, aren't you supposed to be doing something, slut?"

Arthur moaned at the assault Alfred was dealing to his body and obediently returned to sucking Francis off, making him all the more aroused. He pushed back his hips to meet Alfred's thrusts, hollowing his cheeks around Francis's cock as his prostate was hit one rough stroke after another.

"Sh-shit," Once again, he was forced to catch his breath. "God, yes… Uh, A-Alfred!" With a final press of his prostate, Arthur was gone. He moaned as he spilled himself over the sheets, still pushing back to meet his little brother's thrusts. He ran his tongue over the head of Francis's dick, taking the
head back into his mouth and pumping with his hand, the feeling of it in his mouth prolonging his orgasm.

Arthur's voice and vigorous blowjob pushed Alfred over the edge. He thrust deep inside the pulsing hole and moaned, "Ah, such a slut, Artie!" his hot cum filling up Arthur's insides, thrusting through his orgasm.

Ivan was still pounding into Francis. Just when he was wondering just what would satisfy the greedy whore, Francis threw back his head and cried, "M-merde! So good… Ivan, oui!" Francis moved on Ivan's erection as he came into Arthur's teasing mouth, slowing his movements as the last spurts of cum shot from his cock and onto the Briton's tongue. He still continued to roll his hips elegantly afterward, wanting to get as much out of the Russian's erection as possible.

And he did. Not but a few seconds later, Ivan followed, slamming into the pliant body above him. "This is what you wanted, slut. I will 'fill you up', da?" And he thrust particularly deep, shooting his seed into the tight ass, abusing Francis's overly-sensitive prostate and leaving the Frenchman completely sated.

Arthur took Francis's softening cock out of his mouth, giving it a few more licks before swallowing what was left of his cum.

"Mm," Alfred pulled out of Arthur with a squelch, a trail of cum following and dripping down Arthur's quivering thighs. He pulled the Briton up to sit on his knees, pulling a blanket around his own shoulders and pressed chest-to-back into him, wrapping his blanketed arms around Arthur's front. He planted a few soft kisses on Arthur's abused neck. "I never knew someone could be so horny in the morning."

Arthur scoffed, but turned his head to peck Alfred on the lips. "And I'm the only one?"

As if Francis had heard them, he moved off of Ivan's lap and collapsed into the pillows beside him, breathing heavily. Cum and blood dribbled from his abused ass. Chuckling, Ivan ran a cold hand up the Frenchman's chest, tweaking one of his nipples. Francis gasped, allowing Ivan's tongue to invade his mouth. After a few moments, he pulled away and said, "You are mine now, da?"

Francis pulled up the blankets over them both and hummed as he lay his head in the crook of Ivan's arm. "All yours, amour." It took him a lot of effort to say it, though he didn't know why.

Ivan gave a smug smile and reached over, picking up a remote off the nightstand and clicking it. "Let us see what the weather will be like for your flights tomorrow, da?"

Francis pouted as Ivan skipped through the channels, finding the news. He planted a line of sweet kisses down Ivan's jaw and exposed neck. "Mais, I do not think I want to leave, cher."

Ivan shivered when Francis's lips brushed over a scar on his neck and said, "You must be returning to your homes, da? You will be missed by your bosses."

Alfred huffed as he settled down beside Ivan, his arm around Arthur. "Screw my boss…"

Ivan leered. "You would~"

"Shut up! God, you're just as bad as Francis…"

"Nyet, I am only stating the obvious." Ivan's smile broadened when Alfred flushed a deep red.

"Whatever…"
"You had better not be screwing anyone else, git." Arthur said, back to his irritable self. "Or I just might have to kill you."

"Now *that* would be something I'd expect Ivan to say." Alfred replied with a smug look.

Ivan scoffed. "Nyet. I would do no such thing. Use my pipe on you, *da*. That would be sufficient, don't you agree, Alfred?" He leered at him.

Alfred suddenly tensed and Arthur became mildly suspicious. "What is he talking about, Alfred?"

"*Oui, amant,*" Francis said. "I would like to know as well."

"N-nothing!" Alfred stuttered and pointing to the t.v. said, "Oh, look a cow!"

Ivan frowned. "Nyet, that is a yak."

Alfred snorted. "What's the fucking difference?"

"The long hair and the size…?"

Silence.

"Uh, well," Alfred said. "I totally knew that!"

---

After about thirty minutes of watching the news, Arthur began to grow tired of listening to it. Honestly, he was more of a world news person, and it somewhat amused him that he was the only one other than Ivan who could understand anything the reporters were saying (that and the news had begun repeating headlines, as it always did in any country). After all, he did know quite a few other languages. You couldn't afford to be ignorant when you were a country! Except maybe if you were America.

He gave a few obvious sighs (which were promptly ignored) and decided that he would rather be doing something else. Sure, he didn't have the short attention span of Alfred (who was still watching the news as if he could understand everything… God, Americans and technology…), but he did want to make his last day spent together with his lovers for nearly a month quite memorable.

As such, he wriggled out of the blankets (Alfred barely noticing, the twit) and clambered over Ivan, moving the blankets to cover himself as he straddled Francis.

Francis shivered and glared. "It is cold, *amour*. I believe you had enough cover where you were originally laying, *non!*"

Arthur frowned, but said nonetheless, "I'm bored, Francis. I need some *entertainment.*"

Ivan giggled. "That would also be something Alfred would say~"

"Will you shut up about—? Hey, Artie," He was blinking at him in puzzlement. "When the hell did you get over there?"

Arthur rolled his eyes. "While your eyes were glued to the t.v., like always, twit. But Francis," Arthur returned to talking to the lover currently beneath him. "I will be awful *lonely* in the next few weeks. I was hoping a day of *good, hard fucking* would make up for it." He tried to pout, but he doubted he was as good as Alfred.

Francis leered. "And what would you like me to do about that, *amour?*"
Arthur smirked and moved his hips sexily on his lap. "I want to fuck."

"You're such a slut, cher, wanting more cocks stuffed up your ass this early in the day."

"I didn't say anything of the sort." Arthur's eyes narrowed, and he ran his hands over Francis chest. "I want to fuck you."

Francis stiffened. "Ah... I do not think I can, cheri. Ivan wore me out..."

Arthur frowned. "You're saying that a whore like you wouldn't like another cock up your arse? Now that's just something I'd never expect to hear from you." When Francis hesitated, Arthur smirked. "Well, if you're not so willing, I can persuade you." And he snaked down Francis body so that he was level with the Frenchman's soft cock.

Francis chuckled. "I think you just want another excuse to suck a cock again, cher."

Arthur raised his eyebrows. "Are you saying you'd rather not have it?"

Francis quickly shook his head. "Non, non, amant. How about this? You suck me off and then if I'm satisfied, you can fuck me."

"Deal," Arthur said, running his tongue over Francis's flaccid cock. "But I doubt you won't be satisfied."

"With you, amour, probably not."

Ivan watched this play out with intrigue. So, Arthur was a complete whore after all? How surprising he could hide that... but then again, he couldn't hide it when he was drunk. That should have been a sign.

Ivan was about to return to watching the news (they repeated the same shit, dammit, but he was totally spent from their last romp. Damn slutty, French bitch...) when he felt something nudge at his side. He looked down to see Alfred looking up at him with round, pleading eyes, and he sighed.

Well, he had no choice now.

It wasn't as if he'd hate it, though.

"Come here, подсолнечник," And he pulled the American onto his lap, burying his tongue in that hot mouth. When he pulled away he asked, "How do you want it?"

"Up my ass,"

Ivan blinked at him and sighed, fingers drawing invisible circles on Alfred's lower back. "Always so simple-minded."

"Do you want it any way else?"

"Nyet,"

"Then shut up and fuck me already."

And so it was that they made the most of their little time left together, only breaking to get snacks or make a freezing trip to the bathroom. Of course, the whole time Ivan's cell phone was ringing, but they all didn't seem to 'hear' it.
Translations:

Англия-England

Bien sûr, amour-Of course, love

все в порядке-All right

Почему?-Why?

маленькая шлюха-Little slut

подсолнечник-sunflower

A Word From the Writer: Oh, slutty England, we never knew you had such talents *lecherous laugh* Well, it looks like our favorite Brit is a fan of cock-sucking and cum-swallowing. Who would have thought? *coughwellpracticallyeveryone whoknewpirateEnglandcoughcough*

Stay tuned to see if these four can survive their few weeks apart!

Next Chapter Hint: Enter Sandman

"All yours, amour." It took him a lot of effort to say it, though he didn't know why.~ Remember this quote. You will find out its meaning in the next chapter!
Les Mauvais Rêves I

This chapter and the one after are going to be a bit intense and sad. Read the warnings carefully and I am not responsible for any psychological damage!

Warning: Contains rape, gangbang, forced prostitution, shotacon, abuse involving whips and knives, hints to LietRus and RussiaxChina, nazi!Germany, offensive comments about other nations (Allies), drinking/blackout, infidelity, comfort sex, oral, hardcore stuff yo.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Les Mauvais Rêves I

When the time came for them to part ways, it was a somber goodbye. And a frigid one too.

Ivan drove Francis, Arthur, and Alfred to the airport for their flights, a blizzard blowing in. There was a joke about not being able to see any sites like they had planned, but the laughs they emitted were hollow. Even though they knew they would see each other again, they also knew that it wouldn't be for a long, long time. Well, for a new relationship, that was what it seemed like. And even though they never voiced it, they were all thinking the same thing: what if this was really the last time? What if this didn't work? What if, after weeks spent apart, they can never seem to rekindle whatever they had before?

First it was Francis. Then it was Alfred. And, finally, it was Arthur.

Ivan and Arthur looked at each other, their expressions equally dark.

"So," Ivan said.


The announcement came over the loudspeakers again: Last call for the 11:00 flight to London.

After another few moments of silence, Arthur cleared his throat and said, "Er, well, I should probably be leaving now…" And he began to walk past Ivan, when the Russian suddenly seized him by the upper arm. Arthur couldn't help but yelp as he was pulled in close to him, Ivan planting a small kiss on his forehead. The Briton was shocked, but his immediate reaction was to push the taller man away and look around anxiously—which, he had to admit, was sort of an arsehole thing to do.

He looked back into Ivan's sad violet eyes and was about to apologize when Ivan said, "запомнить,"

Arthur was about to respond when the announcement came on again, and he huffed. Dammit… He gave the Russian one last look before crossing the Terminal and boarding his flight.

And as the plane took off, Arthur went over Ivan's last word in his mind, something he knew would plague him for the entire flight and maybe even for the weeks to come:

Remember.

Ivan drove home, feeling somber and a bit… empty. He didn't think about anything on the way,
trying to focus on the road now that the blizzard had finally arrived. When he got home, he hurried into his house. So, General Winter was eager to wreak his wrath upon him again now that he was hollow and alone. Typical.

He hung up his coat and made his way down the hallway. He stopped when Toris suddenly appeared, carrying a stack of laundered sheets. The man startled as soon as he saw Ivan (as he always did) and said, "H-hello, Mr. Russia. I thought since I got back from Poland's place that I would clean up a bit." Sure, he was his own country now, but to avoid getting on the Russian's bad side, he found himself obligated to come over and work for a few days... despite how horrible the visit was.

Ivan frowned at the mention of the Polish freak and Toris stiffened. "Of course. I trust Estonia and Latvia are performing similar duties?"

Toris nodded shakily. "Y-yes, sir. Estonia is balancing your checkbook and Latvia is cooking lunch."

"Good~" Toris stiffened further. The more innocent Ivan's voice got, the more temperamental he was prone to be. "You took the liberty of changing the sheets on my bed, da?"

Toris felt like an ice cube had been dropped down his back. "Y-yes, Mr. Russia. Is... should I not have done it?"

"Nyet," Ivan said, smiling creepily. "It was what I expected."

"I-I wanted to dress your bed before you got home, but... I am sorry."

"There is no need to apologize, comrade." He stepped forward to put a freezing hand on his shoulder. Toris shivered under his touch. "But you do know what needs to be done now that you have gotten home from that Polish bastard's house, da?"

Toris flushed and his heart skipped a beat. "P-please, Mr. Russia. Please, I-I don't w-want..."

Ivan's eyes flashed dangerously. "Are you saying no to me, Lithuania?" His grip tightened on Toris's shoulder.

Toris gasped in pain and said, "N-no, Mr. Russia. Please, don't do this... not again..."

"As long as you keep going over to that Polish skank's house, I will have to. You are not clean enough to remain in this house if I do not, da~?"

Toris felt his eyes burn. "Y-you hurt me last t-time..."

"But you were fit enough to go back to Poland's house, da?" Ivan replied, then let go of Toris's shoulder. "You know what to do, Liet. I will see you in my room later with the usual items, da?"

"Y-yes, M-Mr. Russia..."

"And Lithuania?"

"Y-yes, Mr. R-Russia?"

"Do not be late~"

Toris swallowed and looked like he was about to cry, but Ivan did not care. He would teach Toris a lesson, and keep teaching it until he got the point: Lithuania was his and no one else's.
He watched until Toris disappeared into his room, feeling satisfied with himself as he continued
down the hallway, descending the stairs into the storeroom.

It was dark and cold, but Ivan did not mind. It only seemed fitting now that his lovers were gone and
General Winter was once again pounding harshly at the windows. He crossed the room and took a
couple bottles of vodka from a cabinet, sitting in a chair in the corner. Oh yes, this chair had seen
many scenes like this: after the French Invasion, Bloody Sunday, murders of the Romanovs', the
Battle of Stalingrad, the disintegration of the Soviet Union, the 2002 Nord-Ost siege(1)…

It was like an old friend… an old, dark friend.

He opened a bottle and downed a quarter of its contents in one go. It caused a slight rush of
seductive light-headedness to envelope him for a moment, but it was gone as soon as it had passed
through him.

He drank at least thirty bottles before he passed out.

He was chained. Chained and blind and alone and cold. But he would rather be here than out there
where he was. He knew, though, it would only be a matter of time before it would all happen again.
The pain, the humiliation, the fear. He knew it was coming. He knew it was close.

Then the flap of the tent opened. He stiffened, his heart racing as he squinted in the bright light that
streamed in. A figure stood in the door—the image of his nightmares. He was the Fetcher. The one
who always came to get him if ordered. The man walked forward and unshackled him silently before
tugging him up roughly by his arm and guiding him out of the tent. He'd always hated this man. This
man never spoke. This man never even acknowledged what would happen when he had escorted
him where he had been ordered to escort him. It only made the whole experience all the more
worse.

The man took him to the room he knew all too well. A feeling of dread enveloped him as he was led
into the General's chambers. The General—the man he hated so—was always seated in the same
place and wore the same expression: on his throne with a look of mock fondness, as if he actually
cared. But he knew the General didn’t. He was a ruthless bastard who got off by hurting others. That
was all.

"Oh," the General said, shifting on his throne with interest. "Good, yes. It looks as if you have rested
up some from the last time. Well, Ivan, you know what has to be done. The troops are back from a
long journey. You will satisfy them as they see fit."

Ivan felt his heart drop, but he thought that impossible. All this time his heart had been in his
stomach. Ever since this whole thing began. Since the General 'found' him. Since he took him away
from his sister…

"Did you hear me, Ivan?"

Ivan did not like it when the General called him by his name. It sounded dirty and wrong when he
said it, like his name was tainted… but he knew what the alternative name was, so he did not voice
his dislike. "Da, Mongolian Empire,"

The General sat back. "Good. I expect to hear no complaints this time. If I do, you know what
happens."

"Da, Mongolian Empire,"

"Take him to the barracks." the General said. "The men will be glad to see him." A sinister smile
twisted his lips.

The Fetcher dipped his head and proceeded to guide Ivan out into the harsh cold of the Russian evening and into the first large tent they came across.

As soon as Ivan entered, he cringed. It smelled awful; of men and dirt and blood. It sickened him equally when he was forced to accept the fact that he knew these smells… all too well. He started to shake when he was led into the middle of the barracks, men turning to watch and wolf-whistling as he was guided through by the rough hand on his shoulder.

It was so crowded, but a special little ring was reserved for him. It was just how Ivan had remembered it: roped off like some animal would be paraded around inside it. Well, that's what the soldiers thought of him anyway, as far as he knew. Worthless. Dirty. Whore. That's what they called him, so how was he any different from an animal?

Ivan could feel his stomach twist sickly as the Fetcher left him. It was the same thing, the same ritual. Why, then, did it feel worse and worse every time?

Ivan was forced to stand in the circle. He could feel eyes moving up and down his body.

Then one man said, "What're you waiting for, slut?"

There was some laughter and similar comments before Ivan hesitantly slipped off his thick fur robe. He tried to focus on the ground as he did so, trying to ignore the dirty cheers and the eyes scrutinizing every part of his nude body.

He felt disgusting.

"Heh, back up," a man said, shouldering his way to the front and pushing aside the folds of his fur tunic to ready himself. "It's my turn first."

Another snorted. "And what makes you so special?"

"I just got promoted, and you will be smart not to challenge me."

The others scoffed but kept their distance as the man stepped over the ropes and into the ring, towering over Ivan and said, "Lean over that stool there, bitch. You'll take it up the ass first thing, not be a pussy and do oral first like usual."

Ivan kept his head down, determined not to let anyone see his flushed, embarrassed face as he obediently walked over to the stool in the corner and leaned over, placing his elbows upon it. He spread his legs on instinct. He had been doing this for far too long.

"Yeah… like that." the man said with a sick smile, walking over and giving Ivan's abused ass a rough swat. Ivan gasped, nails digging into the stool, but otherwise kept his face hidden and said nothing.

The man frowned. "Hm… so that's how you're gonna be, eh? No worries. I'll have you screaming by the time I'm done."

The men gave supportive, dirty comments and the man was silent for a moment. Even though Ivan couldn't see, he knew what the soldier was doing.

Once the man was prepared, he stepped out and dug his greasy fingers into Ivan's pale hips. "Hmh, you'll like this. Don't you like when it's rough? I bet you do, slut."
The men laughed and began calling out other dirty names as the man lined himself up with Ivan's small entrance. He winced. He was small... only around the size and appearance of a twelve to thirteen-year-old from what he was told. He had appeared eight when Mongolian Empire had found him. Ivan had been serving Mongolian Empire for nearly 200 years now. He wondered when his sister would find him, though he knew she was too weak to do anything if she did.

And that was when the soldier slammed into him. A burning pain twisted his insides and shot up his spine. But he would not cry out. No, he would not give any of them the satisfaction of seeing him in pain. So, he bit his lip hard enough to draw blood, trying his best to hold in a scream.

This was how it always was. The pain, the humiliation, the—

"Blood?" The soldier laughed as he thrust in and out of the tight, young ass. "Oh, what? I thought a whore could handle more than this!" He picked up the pace and power of his thrusts until he was practically slamming into him. "Pathetic. Little. Bitch!" he ground out between strokes.

Ivan could barely breathe, the pain was so intense. It felt like his insides were being shredded to pieces and then set on fire. He struggled to remain on the stool as it rocked back and forth. Twice he had to pull the stool back into the ring from where it was sliding away beneath the ropes.

After years and years of this torture and abuse, you would think Ivan would not feel anything anymore. But he did. And it hurt worse with every man that took him. Mongolian Empire never gave him enough time to heal, so his insides were permanently scarred and sensitive. The bastard probably did it just to make him hurt. After all, he did like seeing Ivan broken beyond all measure. And it was also the mentality of what was happening that got to Ivan the worst; the fact that another country was using him as some kind of prostitute and belittling him made him feel like he was worthless. He couldn't do anything to stop this. He was weak. So, so weak...

The men's voices rose in roars of encouragement, egging the soldier on as he plowed into Ivan's ass, shouting out all sorts of derogatory comments and names to Ivan.

"Mn," the soldier grunted. "You're so tight... I would never have guessed since you're such a slut. Taking all the cocks in this tent shouldn't be a problem for you, huh? I guess it's just greedy, eh? Is that why it's so tight?"

Ivan put his head in his arms. He had started to cry. He hated when he cried. That meant that they would demean him further.

"Hey!" another man called, stepping forward and extracting his hardened cock from his robes. "I bet his mouth would be just as greedy as his ass."

The soldier pounding into Ivan's ass did not pause as he said, "Yeah... fuck his mouth. The bitch deserves it for taking my cock so deeply."

The other man grabbed Ivan by his ash-blonde hair and pulled his head up. At this, Ivan couldn't help but cry out, and the soldier holding him laughed.

"Oh, look! The bitch is crying!" The rest of the men watching responded with guffaws of their own. "Does it hurt? It should. A whore like you doesn't deserve to cry. You're not innocent. You like this, admit it. You like being fucked and you like giving head." He reached down to fondle Ivan, then brushed his pulsing organ against Ivan's lips. "Suck, slut. And you'd better not bite this time."

When Ivan hesitated, the soldier behind him gave him a burning slap to the ass. "Get to it before we have the whips on you!"
Ivan shuddered and opened his mouth, allowing the cock to be shoved down his throat. Ivan gagged at the sudden and quite violent entrance. The soldier laughed at him when he tried to pull away, holding his head so that his cock remained in his throat. "Haha! Suck it, slut! And you'd better not vomit!"

Ivan felt his throat spasm, but he took the cock willingly, allowing the man to pull back so that he could catch his breath before the soldier slammed back in, driving the head of his dick all the way to the back of his throat. Ivan coughed again, but again he took the cock, not wanting to be whipped.

"Hey, don't be greedy with him!" another soldier said, approaching, pumping his cock and shoving it close to Ivan's face. Ivan had no choice but to alternate between cocks, feeling totally humiliated as tears streamed down his cheeks from the depth of the thrusts being dealt to both his mouth and his ass.

Another soldier stepped into the ring and stooped down, stroking Ivan's flaccid cock into life. Ivan sobbed around the cock in his mouth at how his own prick slowly hardened, completely humiliated, the man whose cock was down his throat, pulling him by the hair and shouting, "You'd better suck me right, bitch!"

The soldier stroking him began to bite harshly at his already-marked skin, drawing blood. He continued up to Ivan's ear, nipping it as he muttered, "You like this, whore. You like being pounded into and having cocks shoved down your throat while others watch. You've always been a whore. And you always will be."

Ivan continued to suck the two men off. Then one pulled abruptly out of his mouth and ordered, grabbing him by the hair, "Look at me while I come all over your pretty, slut face." Ivan had no choice, and he squinted his eyes shut as cum shot onto his face and tongue, dripping down his cheeks and to his chin. The other man, quickly grabbed Ivan and shoved his cock once more into his mouth and held his head firmly in place. "Swallow it, whore. I know you like the taste." And he also came, the cream pouring down Ivan's abused throat until he could barely breathe. Just when he thought he might pass out (which was bad, because he might get beaten for it), the man pulled out, releasing Ivan's locks and letting his head fall back into his arms, the boy panting heavily.

Ivan felt so embarrassed. And on top of it all, he was about to come. He felt sick and dirty and wished he didn't feel so aroused by the hand jerking him off. He shouldn't like this. He didn't. But he couldn't help it if the man's hand was teasing him relentlessly. He was about to come, his cock twitching, when the man gripped the base so hard it made him scream and said, "Not yet, slut. You don't deserve to come before everyone's finished."

Ivan cried out as his ass was pounded into with severity. The man behind him thrust deep, growling as he came, his sticky seed filling Ivan and making him feel like he was absolutely filthy. The man pulled out and slapped him hard on the ass again, examining him before saying, "Look at that! Blood running down your thighs like a virgin. But you're anything but, aren't you, little whore?"

"Admit it," said the man jerking him off. "Admit that you're a whore. Admit you like to be fucked by large cocks and swallow cum. Say it!"

Ivan hesitated, but the man was impatient. He bit hard into Ivan's skin, making the Russian yell and say, "D-da! I… I am a wh-whore… I like to be fucked by… large c-cocks! I l-love the taste of c-cum…"

The man sniggered. "Good slut," And he jerked him off vigorously until Ivan came over the dirt floor, collapsing in it, feeling so incredibly dirty, it hurt more than his torn ass. He shouldn't like this. But he had just come. It was all so degrading and confusing. He hid his face behind his hands and
immediately wished he had the scarf his sister had given him. But even that had been taken away by Mongolian Empire. His honor. His dignity. His freedom. Even his sexuality. He had nothing left. He was worthless. He sobbed without a care, knowing the men were watching and laughing. The soldier that had jerked him off pulled down one of his hands from his face and offered his cum-covered fingers to him. "Clean it off. I don't want your filth."

And Ivan did, tongue going over the dirty fingers, swallowing his own cum and feeling so sick he could throw up. But he couldn't. Because he would be beat.

The man who fucked him stood up and tucked himself back into his robes, turning to the rest of the soldiers and throwing out his arms. "He's all yours, boys!"

And the torture continued for the next few hours, just like it always did, Ivan slipping into a daze where he was enduring so much pain and suffering, he was numb to the world.

When it was done, the Fetcher came and got him, covering him with his fur robe as his weakened body was taken back to the General’s tent. Mongolian Empire raised his eyebrows in interest at the broken youth presented to him.

"Take off the fur. I want to see what they did to him."

The Fetcher did just that, and for what seemed like the millionth time that night, Ivan felt violated as the Empire’s eyes scrutinized him. Cum and blood were running down his legs and his face, chest, and just about every other part of his body was covered in the disgusting semen of the equally disgusting soldiers.

Mongolian Empire sat back and chuckled. "Good gracious! They were certainly eager. But that is your job. You satisfied them well, my little harlot Ivan."

Ivan felt his face grow hot with rage. "Do not call me Ivan."

Mongolian Empire blinked. "What was that, Ivan?"

"I said... DO NOT CALL ME THAT!"

At this, Mongolian Empire stood slowly and walked with that same dangerous calmness Ivan always knew was deadly. He immediately wished he could take back his words when the Empire seized him by the throat and squeezed violently.

"I will call you whatever I want, impudent bitch." The Empire allowed Ivan to choke a little and turn blue before he released him and the boy collapsed to the floor. He was too weak to get up.

Weak. Weak, weak, so fucking weak. Ivan hated it.

Mongolian Empire chuckled at him as he lay, helpless, on the ground at his feet. He circled around him like a shark, hands folded behind his back.

"You forget your place, Ivan." the Empire said and Ivan glared with all his might back. "You forget that I have power over you now. And there is nothing you can do about it. Nothing."

Ivan gathered enough strength to sit up and cough before muttering, his voice raspy and trembling, "I will become s-stronger..."

Mongolian Empire stopped circling and stood before him, glaring down. "What did you say?"
That was it. Ivan didn't care if he was punished or not. He looked up into the Empire's face, the face of the man who had abused him for all this time and shouted defiantly, "I will become stronger! And you will be s-sorry!"

Mongolian Empire frowned and was silent for a moment, Ivan glaring at him all the while, then the older man slapped him. The force was so hard it knocked Ivan to the floor. Blood trickled down his cheek.

"I was going to let you rest," Mongolian Empire said with a growl. "But it is obvious to me that you do not deserve it." Then, looking at the Fetcher, he ordered, "Take him to the torture room. I shall remind him of his place."

"Of course, sir." The Fetcher dipped his head before he dragged Ivan off, the boy writhing and sobbing. Anything. Anything but the whip. He'd gladly take thirty cocks up his ass if it meant he wouldn't be flogged. The last time Mongolian Empire had flogged him, he was left with marks on his back so deep, that he'd passed out and they didn't fully heal for months. And yet he was still offered to the soldiers, worsening his state, and if anything he didn't want the process repeated.

The Fetcher ignored his pleas and threw him in the room, giving him a disgusted look, as if he was no more than a cockroach, as he chained Ivan up and left.

Ivan sat there, head down, crying, afraid. He didn't want this. Him and his stupid big mouth. If only he had kept his thoughts to himself, then maybe he wouldn't have had to suffer so much in one night…

God, he wished Yao was here. He wished Yao was holding him. He wished Yao would tell him everything was going to be okay. He missed Yao so badly. Where was he when he needed him? Hadn't Yao said that he'd come back to get him as soon as he was free?

He was alone. Alone and weak and no one could help him. He was worthless. Yes, right, he'd forgotten…

Just then the tent flap opened and a dark figure that could be none other than Mongolian Empire stepped inside. Ivan stiffened and tried to quiet his sobs. He needed all the breath he could get before the torture began. Something caught Ivan's eye in the Empire's hand. The light from the outside glinted off of something shiny and metal.

And just when Ivan had identified what must be a knife, Mongolian Empire was upon him, holding him by the neck, the blade cutting ruthlessly into him.

"I know that you are a pre-nation, Ivan," Mongolian Empire growled. "And I know that you can take much more than a human can. I will take great pleasure, then, marking you as my slave."

The knife continued its jagged line down his throat, then cut deeper, and deeper…

"Yes, I will show you just who will be sorry, bitch."

Ivan startled awake, the vodka bottle he was holding slipping from his hand and shattering on the floor at his feet. He found he was breathing hard and his heart was pounding (actually beating) fast, as only it ever beat during those horrible times he'd just remembered. His face felt sticky and he reached up, his fingers numb from the cold, but he could still feel evident tear tracks over his cheeks.

Then footsteps were hurrying down the steps and Toris's worried face appeared. "M-Mr. Russia? Are you okay? I heard a crash…" The man stiffened as he took in the Russian's state. He looked disheveled, trashed, and… was he crying? The Lithuanian was so shocked, he couldn't do anything
but stare. He knew he shouldn't have come down here when Ivan was down here. The man was normally drinking something bad off and was very dangerous if bothered. Raivis would know. He was the one who had warned Toris after he had been severely beaten in one of the Russian's drunken rages.

Ivan couldn't believe he was letting Toris see him like this. The Lithuanian was standing there on the stairs, gaping at him while wearing a robe. Ivan could tell with one glance that he was wearing nothing underneath it.

"S-sir?" Toris practically squeaked. "I-I'm ready for... my-my punishment... if you want—"

This only managed to make Ivan feel sick. Here he was having just dreamt about his abuse and now he was expected to abuse Toris in the same manner? I am just as much a monster as that Mongolian bastard. Rage welled inside him at the sick comparison, and he stooped, picking up an empty vodka bottle and throwing it at Toris. "Get out!"

The bottle shattered on the wall just inches away from Toris's head and he yelped and hesitated, casting Ivan a concerned look. "B-but, sir, I-I could help…"

"No one can help!" Ivan shouted, sir. No one ever did. "Get out! GET OUT!"

The Lithuanian squeaked before rushing back up the stairs as fast as his legs could take him and promptly slamming the door shut. Ivan knew the other nation was gone, but he couldn't stop throwing the bottles in his rage, wanting so much for it to be Mongolian Empire's face that he was throwing them at. He wanted to make him bleed like he did him.

Finally, when he'd run out of bottles, Ivan sat back in his chair again, exhausted, and shouted, "WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, UH?!" He was silent for a few more minutes before he got up and snatched another bottle of vodka out of the cabinet and sauntered back over to his chair. He opened it and took a sizeable swig, laying his head back on the top of the chair so that he was staring dazedly up at the dark, leaking ceiling.

"Why won't you just leave me alone?"

Francis sighed when he got home, unlocking the door and dropping his bags immediately. He leaned up against the wall of his hallway, closing his eyes.

God, it was great to be home.

But he was missing his lovers already.

The Frenchman left his bags by the door. He could get them later. Right now he needed a drink and something to eat. He rounded the corner into the kitchen, flicked the lights on, and screamed.

A man was standing by the counter, a knife in one raised hand, Pierre held tightly in the other.

The pale man gave a wide smile. "Oh! It's you. I didn't know when you would be back, so I decided to awesomely raid your fridge. Kesesese!"

Francis heaved a sigh of relief and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Prussia... what have I told you about breaking into my house and eating my food?"

Gilbert startled. "Uh... you gave me a key...?"
Francis stiffened. "Euh, oui... now I remember." *You stole my key and refused to give it back so I had to make a copy...*

"Why do you have Pierre?"

"Oh," Gilbert seemed to just realize he was holding the small bird, and he released it. Pierre chirped angrily and proceeded to circle around the albino's head, pulling at his hair with his talons. "I was trying to cut this sausage and your stupid bird started attacking me out of nowhere. I mean, I was just trying to feed myself. I couldn't let my awesome self go hungry, could I? Ouch! Damn bird. Get away!"

Francis watched him struggle to bat away Pierre for a few moments more (because, honestly, the Prussian deserved it) before calling him back, the bird obediently flitting over to sit on Francis's shoulder, still glaring at Gilbert.

"That's because," Francis began with a smug look. "I trained Pierre to attack anyone who breaks into my house."

"That's a dog's job!" Gilbert countered, returning to the sausage and cutting it with the knife he had been holding. "And I told you. I wasn't breaking and entering. I just unlocked the door."

Francis was about to say that it was basically the same thing, but decided he would rather not argue at the moment. "Whatever you say, ami." And he walked over to the fridge, taking out some bread, spreading the cheese on a slice before pouring some wine and heading to the living room.

Fuck it. Let Gilbert do whatever he wanted. As long as he didn't annoy him, it was fine. He didn't have much in his fridge now anyway...

He was about to sit down in his favorite armchair when he heard a crash in the kitchen. Great. What had the fool broken this time?

After setting down his food and drink on a side table, Francis walked cautiously into the kitchen. All he saw was an overturned chair and a dropped knife.

"Gilbert...?" He took another step into the kitchen, though warily. He knew the Prussian liked to play tricks. "Gilbert?"

There was a sudden laugh from behind and a triumphant, "I've gotcha, Frenchie!" And before Francis could turn around, Gilbert had punched him in the back. It shouldn't have hurt a nation like him, but the wound from before was still there, and Francis instantly stiffened and the tile floor rushed up to meet him.

*The chair he was bound to creaked every time he shifted. He kept his head down, not daring to look the men in the eyes. The last time he did that, they had beaten him. Sure, he was a nation and it did not hurt as much, but it still left a lot of painful scars.*

Then the iron door slid open with a metal screech that bit at Francis's ears. *The heavy, confident footsteps circled around him and then stopped. Even though Francis couldn't see him, he knew who it was who had come in. He knew those footsteps.*

"So," the man said, starting to circle again. "You thought all of the western front was defended, ja? Well, were you mistaken..."

*Francis wished the blindfold was off so that he could glare.*
The man stopped again, this time only feet from him. "Your negligence to protect the Ardennes was your ultimate downfall. You relied on England to protect you there. But what did he do? Abandoned you, because he knew you were weak. And your leader is negotiating with us. A pathetic excuse for a ruler. We were right to take your land. You do not deserve it when you cannot even defend it properly."

Francis was silent. He had to be. But he wanted to speak so much; he wanted to yell and curse and growl at the German. But he could not. He was too weak.

The German waited for a few moments then said snappishly, "Take off his blindfold."

"Ja, Deutschland." And a man stepped forward from behind to snatch off the ragged piece of cloth that blinded Francis.

And then he saw him. His enemy. His captor. The bastard.

But Ludwig ignored his glares and went on, pacing again. "I have gotten word from near the frontlines. It seems that your people refuse to give up, no matter how beaten they are."(3)

Francis had a snarl on his face now. "They refuse to give up because they are still loyal to me, bâtard Allemand!"

Ludwig lunged forward and slapped him hard across the face. "I have not told you to speak yet!"

Francis was quiet, but he still maintained his malicious glare. He would not let the German break him. Not like Poland. Not like the Netherlands. Not like Belgium.

Ludwig went on, now leaning in close to his face, one hand gripping the wooden arm of the chair. "The attacks on Normandy will not help. The Allies are losing, France. They cannot save you. They will never get past my guns. Surprise or not, we still caught them. We knew their plan. Remember that beach in Italy that was invaded? General Rommel did. And he made sure the beaches were well fortified before they landed.(4) Nein, France, it is not what you think. We caught them by surprise. They are dying by the thousands. They will never reach you." He smirked. "Oh, but you still try. Pathetically so. Your tactics are weak. What you do is pointless." Then with a chuckle he said cruelly, "I have since found all of the French Resistance. Every single one. And you know what happened to them, France? They were shot."

Francis stiffened, rage pulsing through him. He was about to shout at Ludwig, but another man entered the room, walking over to the nation. Ludwig looked miffed about the interruption, but nonetheless asked, "What is it, Major?"

"Deutschland, sir," the man began, anxious. "A report from the front."

"Ja?"

"W-we are being attacked from both sides. The flooding of the countryside did not kill all of the parachuters. (5) And the enemy is growing bold. The ships have begun to take out our guns. And sir," By this point, Ludwig was absolutely fuming, so the man went on quickly, "Th-the supply lines have been destroyed and vital information has been passed to the Allies. It is suspected that these things were the doings of the Resistance."

At this Francis guffawed. "Ha! The Resistance may be gone, bâtard, but you got to them too late. They had already done their part. What shall you do now, all-powerful Germany, hm? What will you do when the Allies come to rescue me and take what is yours?"
"Be silent, wertlose schlampe!" Ludwig said, slapping him across the face again, this time hard enough to draw blood.

But Francis only continued to laugh. "The mighty Germany will be struck down!"

"I said shut up!" A punch to the stomach.

Francis paused to cough up blood, voice rasping as he chuckled, "Your time as a tyrant is coming to an end, ami... you cannot run from the rest of the world any longer."

Ludwig looked as if he would explode. He rounded on the Major and shouted, "GET OUT!"

"J-ja, s-sir!" the Major stuttered and quickly exited, closing the door behind him.

Ludwig then turned to the two other men still in the room standing behind Francis. "Tie him over the table!"

Francis felt his heart leap into his throat. He did not know what the other nation was up to, but if he ordered that Francis be tied down like that, it couldn't be good. He yelped as the two men untied each of his hands and then bent him over a nearby table so that Francis's ass was facing Ludwig. The Frenchman was still pondering over what the German had in mind when suddenly each of his legs were spread, his ankles being tied to the legs of the table.

"A-attends..." Francis's heart was hammering against his ribs now and his stomach was starting to churn. "Germany, ami, w-what are you doing?"

Ludwig stood with his arms folded as the other two men seized his arms and tied his hands together behind his back. It was a very uncomfortable position. Ludwig gave a wide smirk. "What I should have done a long time ago. You deserve punishment, France."

Francis stiffened as Ludwig told the other men to leave. Even though he hated everyone here, he knew that being alone with Ludwig was dangerous and normally didn't spell well for him. Ludwig then took out a pocketknife and walked slowly over to the Frenchman, running the sharp blade softly along the seam of Francis's pants before cutting into them on the thigh.

Francis flinched and he began to tremble, unable to stop. "G-Germany... w-what happened to your w-whip...?" He normally got flogged when he was mouthy.

Ludwig's chuckle made Francis's stomach drop out. "Apparently my whip did not seem to work on you. As so, I am forced to resort to more drastic measures."

The knife made its jagged way down Francis's pants until it reached his ankles where the bottom was cut out, leaving the pant leg to drape around his leg like some grotesque skirt. Then Ludwig continued on to the next one, slicing a line from thigh to ankle.

Francis was too frightened to say anything. Ludwig then leaned over him, chest pressing to his thin-clothed back, nose in his hair. "Just remember, France. You did this to yourself."

Immediately, it felt like a bucket of ice water had been poured down Francis's back. He was speechless as the other nation used his own hands to tear his shirt to shreds, exposing his scarred back (from the flogging). Ludwig then carved up Francis's pants until they were nothing more but pieces of polyester ringing his ankles. A hand grabbed the hem of his underwear.

"Stop!" France begged, twisting around to give the German a desperate look. "Please don't do this... you are better than this!"
"Nein," Ludwig ripped his underwear, completely tearing the garment from Francis's body. "You deserve this. Besides, I doubt a slut like you wouldn't mind anyway. You would probably like it."

"N-non…" Francis squirmed, trying to loosen his bonds. It wasn't working. Now the younger nation's hands were running over his cheeks. "P-please stop. I… I don't want this. Please, just whip me. I will be quiet."

Ludwig scoffed at that. "Unlikely, considering you have been resisting me this whole time. But now that those loyal to you are gone, I doubt anyone would care about your well-being."

"E-England does!"

"England hates you," Ludwig replied, digging his nails into one round asscheek. "Remember?"

Francis was about to respond, but he didn't know how. Arthur did hate him. That was no lie. "Then… America will care!"

Ludwig actually laughed at this. "Oh, wirklich? The only reason he joined the war was to get revenge and reap the rewards."

"Ch-China, then…"

"China is tied up with Japan," Ludwig said firmly, slapping his ass with enough force to make Francis scream. "He is too weak and too far away to help."

Tears were forming at the corners of Francis's eyes. He didn't want this. He really didn't. "Russia…?"

"Russia is nothing but a pariah," Ludwig snorted. "A filthy barbarian whose people need to be obliterated from this earth. He let me invade him. But the only reason I was forced to retreat was because of the weather the Russians hide behind in every war. They are worthless cowards and too weak to be allowed to live." (6)

So he really was alone. What if the Allies invaded him and decided not to look for him, to bypass his capital altogether in order to get to Germany? The thought made him feel all the more helpless.

There was some rustling and Ludwig pulled himself out of his pants, stroking his neglected cock to life. "It is shameful that you will be my first in months, but knowing I am punishing you will make up for it."

He positioned himself at Francis's entrance, teasing his hole. Francis bit his lip to keep from crying for help, knowing the German would only punish him harder if he did. Sure, Francis was a sex addict (even he admitted this to himself), but he only had sex for love. Okay, so some were one night stands (well, all right, most were!), but he was still gentle and there was always an air of romance in the room. Now, though… having sex without consenting, nonetheless with someone he hated, someone who had beaten him… it was horrible. He was going to be raped. He had never been raped in his life. And it was a horrible feeling just thinking about it. Someone cruel was going to violate him, take away what was rightfully his… just like Ludwig had been doing this whole war.

"Hmhm," Ludwig chuckled, gripping Francis firmly—almost painfully—by the hips. "So this is the ass of a whore. You've been fucked many times before, so I have no reason to be gentle, do I?"

Before Francis could answer, Ludwig had slammed himself inside.

Francis cried out, feeling his insides torn apart by the painfully-dry cock. He hadn't had sex at all
(save with his own hand) for the few years he had been with Ludwig, so he was extra sensitive to anything remotely sexual. And now Ludwig was moving, his cock carving out Francis's tight ass. Francis knew he was bleeding even though he hadn't seen any blood. He could just feel the softened skin being completely shredded by the German's hard cock.

"Mn, you haven't had sex ever since I got you, huh?" Ludwig asked with a sneer, picking up his thrusts. "Your ass is probably craving it."

Francis screamed as his insides were assaulted, as he was pounded into viciously. His knuckles whitened from where they had balled into fists behind his back, and he bit his lip so hard it bled trying to adjust to the pain. But it was unbearable. No time to adjust. No mercy. Just malicious, cruel fucking. And he could do nothing to stop it. It was one of the most terrible feelings Francis had ever experienced.

"S-stop, please!" Francis pleaded, not caring if he was just being defiant a few minutes earlier. "Please! I-it hurts!"

"Aw, it hurts…?" Ludwig mocked, going deeper than before, ramming Francis's prostate to the point that it was more pain than pleasure. "The whore is admitting that fucking hurts. If that isn't the biggest lie I have ever heard!"

Francis was crying now, tears trailing their way down his flushed cheeks. With every thrust, Francis felt his stomach turn over, felt a molten spark of pain shoot its way up his spine. He would never wish this kind of treatment on any enemy. Never.

"A-ah! S'il vous plaî…!"

Ludwig growled. "What did I say about speaking French here? This is no longer your country, France. It is mine. And so are you." To quiet the Frenchman, Ludwig reached up, grabbing him by the hair and forcing his face into the table top. "That is better… unh,"

Francis screamed into the table, wanting this to end, wishing he would suffocate and just pass out already. It would be much better than being awake for this, than feeling it.

Then there was a sudden sound, a lashing sound, something being whipped through the air and then a harsh sting of pain across Francis's lower back. Francis knew what it was, and his cries grew louder with the prospect of having to endure this pain too.

Ludwig chuckled at his reaction. "Heheh, you wanted my whip, slut, so you will get it. I will mark your pretty back until its nothing but a heap of mutilated flesh and blood."

Francis squirmed, but try as he might, he couldn't get free. He was trapped. Just like all the other times before.

He retreated further into his mind as the whip came down on his back, ripping long gashes into his already-scarred flesh. He didn't want to feel this anymore. He begged for God to just let him pass out, but, as it always had been, God was leading him on.

Soon the whip was joined by more painful fucking, and Francis was crying out in agony, feeling hot blood race down his back and thighs at once. Just when he was feeling light-headed, Ludwig shoved himself deep inside his ass and shuddered. Francis felt like he would vomit when the German's hot cum fill his torn insides, just wanting to die. Nothing was worth this.

"Ha," Ludwig huffed, putting a splayed hand on Francis's back to hold him down, but the Frenchman was too weak to move anyway. "Mn, you are mine now. Whatever speculations
involving who your master is are now obsolete. You will do what I say without question or backlash. Verstehen Sie?"

Francis couldn't speak for the lump that had formed in his throat. Ludwig growled and dug his fingers into Francis's abused ass. "Verstechen Sie?"

Francis arched and screamed, "Ou-oui!"

"'Oui' what? Say you are mine. Say it!"

Francis swallowed dryly and felt tears make molten trails down his cheeks. "I... I am y-yours!"

Ludwig smirked and pulled out, giving Francis's ass a stinging slap. "Gute hündin," he said and circled around to Francis's face. The Frenchman looked up on instinct, but he immediately wished he hadn't. The German's softened cock was at eye level with Francis, and the older nation could feel bile rise into his throat.

No. No, not this.

Ludwig noticed his hesitation and moved to press his cum-and-blood-covered dick against Francis's pursed lips. "You will suck me off, hündin. And if you bite," Ludwig glared down at him and snatched Francis up by the hair. The Frenchman opened his mouth to cry out, but the German took the chance to ram his cock into his mouth. "expect to bleed out like the pig you are."

As soon as the cum-slicked, flaccid member was in his mouth, Francis felt his eyes burn with tears. It was so wrong. What had happened to the young, vibrant Germany who was just coming into his own? This whole regime was turning him into a monster. And now... now Francis feared this would never stop, that he would be trapped forever—that if somehow Arthur fell, he would also be subjected to this torture... the thought made Francis sick.

Oh God, please, don't let what they are doing right now be all for naught.

Ludwig was staring maliciously down at him and gave his hair a rough tug. "You had better get to sucking."

Francis did so, pulling the cock into his mouth, his stomach churning as he felt it harden against his tongue. Ludwig was not like this. This wasn't Ludwig. Francis kept telling himself that as he continued, the German now thrusting into his mouth, driving his cock down Francis's throat.

"Mn, ja, take all of me like I know you want to, Französich schlampe." And he grabbed a hold of Francis's shoulders, holding him in place as he violently fucked his mouth, shoving his cock as far as he could down his throat. Francis couldn't help it. He gagged. At this, Ludwig picked up his whip, holding it menacingly over Francis.

"Do not act like you cannot take this!" Francis cried out around Ludwig's cock, feeling the agonizing burning as his skin was ripped open over and over. At this point, the skin on his back was not even skin anymore. It was just unhealed scabs that broke at the slightest movement. Francis could feel hot blood pour down his back as the German kept thrusting into his throat, holding his head in place by the hair, slashing his back brutally with the whip that had violated his skin so many times before...

Francis was crying. His throat was contracting with his sobs, and Francis felt like he would vomit when he looked up to see that Ludwig was actually enjoying the sensation around his dick. No, this wasn't Ludwig. This was a monster.
“Ja, take it like a bitch.” Ludwig growled cruelly, Francis suffocating around his cock. “That's what you are. Nothing but a worthless bitch. You deserve to be treated like this. You are a coward. You are lucky you are Aryan, or I would have killed you when I first got the chance. Now you will be my captive and you will do as I say without question or protest. You understand, ja?”

Francis nodded, unable to answer, continuing to cry out as his mouth was plowed into and his back was shredded. His head was starting to grow dizzy with the blood loss and the lack of air he was receiving. He just wished he would pass out or die right then and there…

"Do not faint!" Ludwig ordered, his whipping growing worse by the minute. "Take it! Only cowards faint!"

So Francis didn't. Though he felt he was going to die from suffocation, and begged for it to come, but just then he felt hot semen spurt down his throat. The German stalled in his thrusting and flagging, and Francis was forced to swallow his seed, feeling as if he would vomit.

“Swallow it all, schlumpe.” Ludwig groaned as he held the Frenchman's head in place. "Swallow it so that you know you are mine.”

Francis's sight was fading, but he did as he was asked. Finally, Ludwig pulled out. Francis let his head slump as he refilled his lungs greedily, panting with the effort, and gagging on the semen in his throat.

"Do not," Ludwig growled, once again pulling up on the man's blonde locks to make them meet eyes. "cough it up."

Francis nodded weakly and swallowed it all, feeling sick.

Ludwig tucked himself into his pants with a smug smile. He circled around Francis, giving him a few pats to the ass, making the Frenchman flinch. "You are so tense, Frankreich." Ludwig said, raising his whip. "Why don't I help with that? You wanted to faint, did you not?"

Before Francis could open his mouth to plead for him not to flag him, a bomb detonated nearby. Ludwig stopped, alarmed, looking around. Francis did the same thing. There was another and another, this time closer. Suddenly, the door to the room flew open and a man stepped in, not noticing the naked, bleeding Francis tied to the table top, shouting, "It's the Allies! They have broken through our defenses and are headed for Paris!"

"Verdammt!" Ludwig cursed just as a bomb exploded either in front of or on the building. The whole room shook, pieces of cement falling from the ceiling. A particularly large chunk almost landed on Francis's head.

Ludwig turned back to Francis, glaring at him, as if all this was his fault. For a horrifying moment, Francis thought Ludwig would leave him there to die, but the German walked over and quickly untied him.

"Well," Ludwig said maliciously, giving Francis a murderous glare. "You got what you wanted."

Francis was dragged by his hair off the table and dropped to the hard, cold floor where he lay, too weak to move. He could feel blood running off his back and pooling beneath him.

The soldier who had come in gave Ludwig a curious look and the German said, "We will leave the bitch here. Let him die by the bombs of his own allies."

"J-ja, sir."
"But," Ludwig said. "Just to make sure he doesn't get away..." The German went over to the sprawled Francis and stomped on his spine.

Francis cried out as the breath was forced from his lungs and his wounds were further abused. He felt like his back had broken.

The last things he saw were Ludwig smirking at him as he accompanied the soldier out and the walls of the room crumbling around him, the bombs coming ever closer, death looming over him, something he welcomed like an old friend...

Francis woke to see soldiers staring down at him, muttering worriedly. The room was demolished, and he didn't give a damn about his state of dress nor if the soldiers were Allies or Axis Powers... he just wanted to make it all end.

"Get out of the way! Clear out, all of you!"

Francis lifted his head at the familiar voice, his heart fluttering with hope. A blonde man shouldered his way through the crowd, garbed in soldier uniform completed with helmet and weapons vest, a rifle in his hand.

He locked eyes with Francis and they widened. He immediately handed his rifle to someone close to him and knelt down next to the Frenchman, putting a hand on his back that was caked with blood and rubbing softly. He turned to shout, "America, Canada, I found him!" then turned back and said, "It's going to be okay, France. You can rest now. We will take care of you."

Francis gave a weak smile, deciding he would give into the Brit's demands for once in his life. But it was not to be a peaceful sleep. Little did he know, but he would be wracked with dreams of torture and abuse at the hands of Ludwig for long after the war, for long after Ludwig was a monster...

He just wished it would stop.

Francis opened his eyes and looked around.

Oh, thank God. He wasn't in the bunker.

He sat up. He was in his living room, lying on the couch with Pierre chittering on the arm above his head. Weird. He hadn't remembered falling asleep here...

Oh, yeah. Gilbert had sneaked up behind him and jabbed him in that weak spot on his back and he'd passed out. If that was the case, then where was the Prussian?

As if he had heard his thoughts, Gilbert walked into the room, holding a water basin and rag on a tray. Francis was about to chew him out for making him faint, but the look of relief in Gilbert's eyes was enough to make the cruel words catch in his throat.

Gilbert walked over to him, placing the tray on a side table and pulling up a stool to sit beside Francis, batting Pierre away. The bird did not move, so Gilbert whistled and Gilbird took to chasing the other bird out of the room, their screeches echoing down the hallway.

"Gott sei Dank," Gilbert sighed wearily. He picked up the rag and dipped it in the basin, wringing it out. "I thought I'd killed you for a moment..."

Francis scoffed, but Gilbert's expression was far from joking. He dabbed the wet rag on Francis's forehead, surprising the Frenchman. "I am... sorry for making you pass out like that. I didn't know you were hurt like that back there..."
Francis glared, still angry despite the albino's concern. "Like you didn't know what I went through…"

He saw Gilbert stiffen and swallow before saying, "You were… talking in your sleep…"

It was Francis's turn to become tense. "W-what did you hear?" He definitely didn't want anyone—especially Prussia—to find out he still had nightmares about his captivity during WWII.

Gilbert kept his eyes fixed on the rag. "Um… things like 'No' and 'Stop' and 'Please'…" The rest of the words caught in his throat.

Francis knew there was something he wasn't telling him. "Ami… what else?" Even though he dreaded it, he needed to know.

"Uh…" Gilbert swallowed again and frowned, taking the rag off of Francis's head, setting it on the tray and looking at his lap. "You said… you said 'Just kill me already'."

Francis's eyes widened and burned with tears. He quickly covered his face with his hands as they trailed down his cheeks. "W-why won't it go away? I've tried e-everything…" Francis hated that every time he saw Ludwig, the bad memories would be brought up, which would then only make him feel guilty about looking upon Ludwig as the monster he used to be instead of the bright, successful young country he was today.

Gilbert took Francis's wrists and pulled his hands down from his face. He looked him in the eyes for a few moments before saying, "Sit up,"

Francis blinked, but did what he was told, though weakly. As soon as he did, he was pulled into a tight hug.

"I'm sorry," Gilbert breathed guiltily. "I've never told you before, but I'm so, so sorry. I was wrong. West and I were both wrong. We are both sorry this happened to you."

Francis hugged back weakly, feeling all the emotions he'd been holding in about that time spill out. His face heated in embarrassment as he sobbed into Gilbert's shoulder, knowing how weak he must look right now…

Gilbert whispered comforting words and rubbed his back soothingly until Francis was reduced to sobbing hiccups.

"Francis," Gilbert said. "It's okay. You don't have to tell me about what happened. I'll call West and tell him I'll take care of you till the next meeting. You look like you need it."

Francis gave a weak laugh and pulled away from him, rubbing at his eyes. "Ou-oui. I would like that."

"Francis,"

Francis turned to look at his friend and was met with lips on his. At first, he was shocked, and something crossed his mind along the lines of 'What about the others?'. Gilbert pulled away before he could complete the thought and said, "I know we've done it before, but those were just random, drunken, sex-deprived romps. I'm not asking for a relationship. I already have that with Mattie, and I don't want to betray that nor my friendship with you. But let me make it up to you one time. Let me show you that I care. Let me make love to you."

Francis stiffened again, and Gilbert said, "Y-you don't have to if you don't want to. It's completely
But before Gilbert could say anything else, Francis wrapped his arms around him and kissed him again. This one was deeper, and when he pulled away, they were both panting.

"Stop talking and get to it already." Francis smirked and Gilbert began to pull off Francis's shirt. When it was off as well as Gilbert's, the Prussian pushed him down onto the couch and straddled him. Their lips met again, tongues entwined, Francis groaning into Gilbert's mouth. One hand buried itself in Francis's hair, the other interlaced their fingers.

The whole time they were making love, Francis knew this was wrong. *I shouldn't be doing this, I shouldn't be doing this...* he kept telling himself, but Gilbert's touch was so reassuring, familiar, secure—things he needed right now—that he did little to resist the albino's advances. When it was all through, though, and Gilbert had carried him back to his bed where they had fallen asleep together, Gilbert holding Francis close to him, he couldn't help but feel incredibly guilty. This was a feeling he had never known before, at least not after sex. The fact that he was tied down and cheating made him feel horrible. But Gilbert needn't know that. The Prussian had made him feel good, and Francis was grateful for that, grateful enough that he wouldn't inform him of his worries.

Francis was now caught chasing around a question that surely would not be answered until he met with Ivan, Arthur, and Alfred again: Should he admit that he had slept with someone else while he was away?

Translations:

*bâtard Allemand*—German bastard

*wertlose schlampe*—worthless bitch

*Verstehen Sie*—Do you understand?

*Gute hündin*—Good bitch

*Frankreich*—France

*Gott sei Dank*—Thank God

References:

1-In 2002, there was a popular play showing in Moscow called Nord-Ost. On October 23, 40 to 50 Chechen men and women claiming ties to the Islamist separatist movement in Chechnya (during the Second Chechen War with Russia) took the theater and 850 people inside hostage. After two-and-a-half days on negotiations, the Russian special forces unit pumped and unknown chemical agent into the ventilation system designed to render the people inside unconscious and raided the theater. Almost all of the attackers were killed along with 129 of the hostages whom they could not revive.

2—The Battle of France began in the Ardennes mountains where few combined British and French forces had been placed. The commanders thought that the Germans would attack further south instead of trying to push through a mountain pass. They were sorely mistaken, though, and as a result the British troops were forced to retreat via the Royal Navy and took as many of the French forces with them as they could. This was called Operation Dynamo.

3—The French Resistance (also called the French Forces of the Interior) was a big player in Allied affairs. They consisted of small groups of men and women dispersed throughout the country that,
among other things, participated in guerrilla warfare, published underground newspapers, passed on vital information to the Allies, and helped Allied soldiers and airmen escape from behind the frontlines. They also resisted the Vichy regime, which was the current government in France and was negotiating with Germany. During D-Day, they helped pave the way for the Allies by sabotaging the electrical power grid, transportation facilities, and telecommunication networks that were all being used by the Germans. The resistance consisted of conservative Roman Catholics, branches of the French Jewish community, liberals, anarchists, and communists. It is estimated that 8,000 died in action, 25,000 were captured and shot, tens of thousands were deported, and 27,000 died in death camps. Vive la France!

4—In the beginning, Normandy was little protected by German forces. However, famous and well-respected Field Marshal Rommel (Also known as the 'Desert Fox' from his many victories and successful tactics in North Africa) noticed something familiar and alarming. The Normandy beaches were shaped in the same crescent-moon style as that of Salerno beach in Italy where the Allies attacked just a year earlier. Sensing that the Allies' ploy of letting information slip about an attack expected elsewhere was false, Rommel sent more troops to the fort and littered the beaches with obstacles. When D-Day arrived, the Allied troops were caught off guard by the fortifications and many died because of it. There was a division sent to scale the cliffs of the beaches where large guns sat that could potentially take out supply ships. The men climbed the vertical cliffs under gunfire only to get to the top and realize that the guns were fake replicas. So, the Normandy invasion wasn't as much of a surprise as the Allies initially thought.

5—At midnight before D-Day a combined force of airborne British, American, Canadian, and Free French troops were deployed by plane behind enemy lines. However, the Germans saw this coming and had since flooded the countryside. As a result, the men were plunged into feet of water and struggled to rid themselves of their heavy packs and parachutes using a buckle that strapped the supplies to them. Needless to say that more British troops survived than American. The British had a buckle consisting of a single button which, upon pressing, released the parachute and equipment, while American soldiers’ buckles were significantly harder in working as they involved pressing and undoing a number of buttons and straps. Not the smartest design.

6—In his book Mein Kampf, Hitler listed all of the races he hated and wished to obliterate with his master race: Jews, gypsies, the infirm, homosexuals, communists, and Slavs. Now I don’t know why (if Stalin even read it) Stalin made a peace treaty with Hitler (Non-Aggression Treaty, 1939) when Germany invaded Poland which had long been a part of the USSR. It is a known fact that it is impossible for two dictators living next to each other (especially one that wants to expand his country) to agree to friendly relations in any circumstance. I guess Stalin was just trying to buy time since Russia was currently undergoing an industrial revolution and his military was unequipped to face the German army. Just watch the movie Enemy at the Gates and you’ll see just how rough it was for the Russians at the beginning of the war. Most times, two men were assigned one gun. That's why when the treaty was broken in 1941, Stalin was shocked (still don’t know why) and retreated into his home for weeks, no one being able to contact him. Then, of course, he came out with a burning hatred. Thus Stalin's cry of 'Kill the German' was coined. As for the 'pariah' part, Russia was considered by the west to be barbaric and uncivilized, as they had to pull out of WWI to undergo a revolution (Bolsheviks, etc.) and were not even called upon by the Allies to participate in the signing of the Treaty of Versailles that ended the war, which I think is pretty messed up. But not as messed up as England and France blaming Germany for the war and having Germany pay for all the damage caused to both their country and Germany's own, which caused a horrible depression for the German people. And all the while they listed these grievances, the German officials were forced to stand. This was one of the main impetuses of WWII. Afterward, America got a little uneasy about the grudges formed by Germany for France and England and decided that it would make its own peace treaty with Germany. Unfortunately, it didn't work.
*ducks head* I know, I watch too much Military Channel...

A Word From the Writer: I know, I know, it was a lot to take in, especially after all of the fluff. (Well, you got a little fluff this chapter, I was merciful), but I had to take a little break from the fluff long enough to explain why our four nations are a bit uneasy about their new relationship. Now do you know why it was hard for France to say that? Well, it will come up again in the chapter after next...

Next Chapter Hint: The nightmare continues…
Les Mauvais Rêves II

Another sad fic, so don't complain. This is to give the fic a backbone, so cheer up and try not to think about it!

Warning: Contains rape, gangbang, forced double penetration, offensive stuff about the English Civil War, offensive comments about other nations, heavy drinking and smoking, oral, innuendo.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Les Mauvais Rêves II

Alfred took a taxi home to his Manhattan apartment after his flight to New York. He told the driver where to go, but was silent the whole rest of the time, which was unusual for him. Normally he would at least try to make small conversation with the driver, but today he felt like absolute shit.

Today he felt as if it would be a hundred years before he ever saw his lovers again.

This surprised Alfred as much as the absence of his socializing urge. He had never seemed to stick with anyone for long. Sure, Matthew and Kiku had had sex with him on countless occasions, but as far as he was concerned, they were just fuck buddies. He had agreed with Matthew beforehand that they wouldn't allow their occasional romps to interfere with pursuing other, more serious relationships. Kiku had also agreed to this, though it was only because he was conservative and definitely didn't want word of their sex triangle to slip out. Matthew had Gilbert. Kiku had Yao. But —what did he have? Would this work out, or would it just be another one-night stand (albeit an extended one)? Alfred shuddered at the thought of being tied down. It was something he was new to and he was scared to lose what he had but at the same time was equally frightened to take their romps to the next level.

He shook his head to rid it of these troubling thoughts as he retrieved his bags from the trunk of the taxi and paid the driver.

Then he entered the complex and took the flights of stairs (old apartment, had no elevator, dammit) to the fourth floor, where his apartment was. He sighed as he rummaged around in his pockets, fumbled with the key, and finally managed to unlock the door, pushing it open and entering.

Alfred gave a startled cry as a massive weight threw him backward to the floor. He fell back over the threshold as his face was assaulted by a slobbering tongue.

"Max!" Alfred half-laughed, half-growled. "Get offa me, ya big lump!" He shoved the dog off of him for it only to dart back into his arms. Alfred hugged the retriever and giggled as his face was given a few more licks. "Did Nathan take care of you well?" He knew New York adored the dog.

"All right, all right… lemme inside." He finally got up and grabbed his bags, forcing the dog back inside and closing the door. "Damn, I'm hungry." he muttered, looking down at Max, who was wagging his tail in excitement. "You wanna treat?"

At the word, Max barked, and Alfred quickly shushed him, patting his head. "Shh! The neighbors will call animal control on us again." Technically, he wasn't supposed to have a big dog like Max in here. But as long as he kept him quiet, his neighbors were cool with it.

Alfred laughed again and walked to his kitchenette and rifled through the cabinets. "Okay, let's
see…” He eventually plucked a bag of dog treats from the bottommost shelf and offered one to Max. "Here ya go boy," The dog took it and went off to chew on it as Alfred opened the fridge. "Now something for me…” He pushed back some random containers until he found a carton of leftover Chinese. He opened it, examining the shrimp lo mein a bit before deeming it edible and retrieving a pair of chopsticks from a drawer and started eating it at the counter. Or rather what little counter he had.

Just as he had stuffed the first bite into his mouth, the phone rang. Grunting with annoyance, Alfred crossed the room, carton still in hand, and picked up the phone, placing it between his ear and shoulder as he continued to eat, now leaning up against the table. "What's up?"

There was a huff of relief on the other end. "Finally. I've been trying to reach you for hours."

"That's because I just got home, Nat."

"Well, just my luck, 'cause if you didn't pick up this time, I was giving up."

Alfred laughed. "You know you can always call my cell."

Nathan scoffed. "Yeah, like I would do that when you were still on the plane." They both knew how loud Alfred tended to be when talking on the phone.

Alfred gave a grunt as he stuffed more noodles into his mouth. Nathan went on, "How's Maxie?"

"Great. I've just given him a treat, so he's happy."

Nathan snorted. "He should be. I fed him almost the whole goddamned bag."

"He'll get fat if you keep that up. I can't have him overweight living in the apartment. D'ya know how hard it would be just to get him down the stairs to take a piss?"

Nathan laughed. "Yeah…” There was a pause, then he asked, "Dad? You don't usually stay long in the host country. You usually come home right after the meetings."

Alfred paused in his eating. "Yeah… so what? I decided to stay a little longer this time."

"In Russia?"

"Sure… why not? I had to scout his commie whatevers…”

"He's not communist anymore, Dad."

"I know. But that's what he wants everyone to think."

Nathan gave a hopeless sigh. "Anyway, what were you doing staying for three extra days? Did you screw a chick or something?"

Alfred almost spit out his lo mein in surprise. "What?! No! I mean… no, I did that last time…” No, last time I had a threesome with Mattie and Kiku…

"Right," Nathan deadpanned. "Look, Dad, I know you sleep with other countries. Hell, me and the rest of the states sleep with each other. I mean, right now I got this awesome thing going on with Nick and Malachi—"

"Don't tell me!" Great. Now Alfred knew that Nathan was sleeping with New Jersey and Massachusetts. "What did I tell you about telling me your affairs with the other states?"
Nathan sighed again. "Dad. That's not the point. The point is, what were you doing in Russia that required you to stay three days overtime?"

"Uh…"

"If it's Canada and Japan again, you don't have to tell me. I already know."

"What! How the… when—?"

"Remember that one time I called you?"

Alfred felt himself pale. "Yeah…?"

"And you set down the phone, saying that you were 'busy'?"

Alfred swallowed dryly. "… Yeah…?"

"That didn't mean I couldn't hear you were having sex with them in the background."

Color flooded back into Alfred's face, now deepened to a blush.

Alfred didn't know what to say, so he cleared his throat and said, "Okay so… why're you so worried if you know I was with them?"

"I didn't say I knew you were with them. And I know Uncle Matt didn't have sex with you when you were there."

"How?"

"He came back as soon as his hotel stay was up."

"…And Kiku?"

"I contacted him at his house three days ago when you still weren't home."

"Hm," Alfred stuffed more food in his mouth to have an excuse not to speak. Then, "You shouldn't worry about me. I can handle myself."

"Really? The last time I checked, you aren't as strong as you thought."

Alfred stiffened. He knew where this conversation was heading. "Nathan… I was stupid back then. I didn't know—"

"Didn't know it could hurt one of your states? Hell, it hurt three."

Alfred was silent for a moment. "So you still blame me?"

Nathan sighed. "No, Dad. I don't. I know you didn't mean for it to happen, but… I just want you to be more careful and open with us. We could help."

Alfred was still eating. The carton was almost gone. "Well… okay, I wasn't with Mattie or Kik… it was—" He felt bile rise into his throat, pausing to swallow, only for his head to begin pounding.

Nathan's worried voice came over the phone. "Uh, Dad? Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Alfred said breathlessly, setting the carton down on the counter and massaging his temples. "Yeah, I'm fine…"
"You don't sound fine, Dad."

Alfred was about to reply, but he suddenly felt like his head was full of nothing but air. The dizziness in his skull escalated to the point that he was gripping the chairs to hold himself up.

"Dad?"

"Look, Nathan..." Alfred said shakily, making his way around the table and grabbing for the furniture to keep him upright as he headed to his room. "I'm tired, okay? So... I'll tell you later."

"All right," Nathan said, a note of suspicion in his voice. "Call me if you need anything."

"Gotcha," Alfred muttered and hastily ended the call, tossing the phone over to the nightstand beside his bed, only for it to miss and hit the floor.

"Damn," he muttered as the whole back flew off and the batteries rolled out. Great. Now he'd have to fix it...

The noise brought Max into the room, and the dog was nosing worriedly at his trembling legs as Alfred stood in the doorway of his bedroom. Alfred tried to push the dog away. He felt like he could tip over from the slightest touch. There was a long stretch of empty space from the threshold to the end of the bed, nothing to hold onto to ensure he'd remain standing. Well, there was a chest at the end of it, but that was equally far away.

He took a deep breath and lunged, knowing he couldn't properly hold himself up for long. He dove for the bed, but came up short, hands brushing the end. He had enough time to think Oh, shit. before his head bashed against the chest and all went black.

This section has been removed due to sensitive material. I may rewrite it soon but until then this chapter will remain unfinished. My sincerest apologies.

Alfred gasped, sitting up and blinking at the bright whiteness of the room he was sitting in. His heart pounded as he looked around. He was sitting in an empty room with a couple chairs against the wall in a weird-looking bed.

"Where the hell am I?"

"Dad?"

Alfred turned to see a blond-haired boy approaching him, his blue eyes lighting up.

"N-New York?"


"Where am I?" He rubbed what must be a bruise on his forehead.

"Bellevue Hospital. You had a bad case of food-poisoning."

"And you came to get me?"

"I knew something was wrong. You sounded a little woozy. And," Nathan held up the empty carton of lo mein. "Just remember to check shit before you eat it. The shrimp in here wasn't cleaned properly, plus the lo mein was well past it's expiration date."
"Thanks…"

Silence.

"So, Dad… are you gonna tell me what you were doing in Russia for three extra days?"

Alfred blushed at the words 'in Russia'. Damn did that bring up a ton of dirty thoughts… "I'll tell you when you're older."

"I could just tell you about Nick and Malley…"

Alfred paled. "You wouldn't. Not when I'm sick."

Nathan smirked. "You're not anymore~" When Alfred still didn't respond, Nathan went on, "So… Nick and Malley came over to my house last night to throw back a few drinks. We eventually got drunk and there was some groping and then we decided to head to the bedroom. The thing is, Nick just bought some awesome BDSM shit and we convinced Malley let us tie him up—"

"Okay! Enough!" Alfred said, shaking his head. Kind of a touchy subject when it involved your kids. "I'll tell you… later."

Nathan sighed. "Fine. You can keep your stupid secret. You're probably fucking Russia or something, that shit would be rich!"

Alfred laughed weakly. "Yeah, right, funny…"

Arthur sighed when he got home, setting down his bags by the door. He didn't feel like putting his things away now.

In fact, he felt like getting drunk tonight. Why not? It wasn't like Francis was anywhere near to take advantage of him…

Arthur felt a lump form in his throat. Francis. He missed the man he'd hated for centuries.

Yep, that was enough cause to knock back a few.

So, without further ado, Arthur tended to the plants in his house, changed clothes, and headed out of the door.

It didn't take him long to find a pub. London was chock full of them. It took him ten minutes, and he was stepping into the nearly empty bar, taking his usual seat at the counter. The bartender gave him a suspicious look. After all, it was about four in the evening.

Arthur ignored the look and requested his usual drink. The bartender, still staring disturbingly at him, gave him the glass and moved far away from his end of the counter.

Oh, was that a snake tattoo on the back of the man's neck? No wonder he was so wary. He had seen Arthur in this pub many times before, and not all of their run-ins had been pleasant. In fact, most of them had been down right horrible. Arthur had been wrestled out of bars by employees and jailed sometimes, being forced to call Scotland to get him out, which angered him because he loathed Scotland. He would call Ireland, but he would more than likely be in the same position that Arthur would be in:

Rat-arsed drunk and jailed.
Arthur shook his head and gritted his teeth. Scotland, that arsehole. Every time he would bail Arthur out, he would mock him, taking him home, Arthur smelling that horrible cigarette smoke on his clothes…

And then, sometimes, when Scotland was feeling particularly cruel, he would make Arthur suck him off. Sure, it was sloppy and Arthur wouldn't remember a lick of it (pun intended) the next day, but he woke up with the taste of his older brother's dick on his tongue. It made the hangover a great deal worse.

Arthur downed half his glass and refilled it quickly, making the bartender flash him sinister looks. Arthur just ignored him. He was too pissed over Scotland and being away from his lovers and—hell, just life.

Arthur knew he was getting into that pessimistic mindset he usually got into when he was drunk, but he didn't care. He continued to drink steadily until it was nine in the evening. By then, he was too drunk to even ask for more. But that was okay. It wasn't like the bartender was going to give him more anyway. The employee had to endure Arthur's increasingly erratic behavior, and more than once, he'd had to chase down customers when they had decided to leave for a different pub when they'd witnessed Arthur's loud, rambling disturbances.

But Arthur didn't care. Well, it wasn't like he could, exactly. At this point, he could only seem to remember what had surmised in the past five minutes and then his mind would go blank and he wouldn't know where he was, prompting him to consult his drink again.

Eventually, the bartender came over and said, "Sir, the owners have asked that you leave. You are causing a disturbance and are a threat to business." He glared at him, as if trying to tell Arthur with his eyes that he should never come back.

Arthur lifted his head from his arms and looked around, not realizing someone was speaking to him. "Whazzat?" he slurred.

The bartender huffed. "Leave, sir. Or we will make you."

Arthur's brow furrowed and he stood shakily. "Fine then, prat! I wiz bloody well leave an' I wun come back!"

The bartender seemed satisfied with this.

Then Arthur turned to leave, forgetting his drunken state. His muscles felt like jelly, and he couldn't seem to control them. He got about two steps from his stool before he yelped, his knees giving out as he fell forward, managing to avoid a nearby table, but hitting the front of his head on the hard wooden chair pulled out from under it. His vision flickered, and he could clearly hear the shocking sound—his ears so agonizingly sensitive—of chair legs scraping over the floor, a black curtain snapping closed behind of his eyes.

The night was pitch black. There was no moon in the sky.

He slipped through the town, taking alleyways seldom used and pausing at every corner to make sure the way was clear. If it was on any night but this, no doubt he would attract suspicion. That was why he had chosen the new moon to venture out. Though, he would rather have stay locked up in his home.

But he was ill. Severely, in fact. And he didn't want to die.

It had started years ago, the civil war, and even though it was just a civil war, he feared he would
soon be torn in two. It was horrible, and he couldn't find sleep nor could eat, and he ached all over. So he had visited the doctor down the road, lying about his identity. The fact was, people were looking for him, because if they captured him they believed their side would have a great upper hand. Arthur had hoped that he would appear sick enough not to be recognized. The diagnosis, though, was bleak. The bewildered doctor said that he should have been dead at least a month before. So he had left, feeling more frustrated than ever. All the doctors he had tried had told him that, he was just hoping it wasn't true. The only good news was that he had only retched twice today, his throat burning with the bile being forced up from his empty stomach.

Arthur's home was close now. He was so panicked about his dilemma that he felt like he would be sick in the street, so he forewent safety measures and darted out into the open, making fast for the small shop above which he lived (having left his own home behind since people were looking for him there).

But he soon found he had made a horrible mistake. It was late, and as so, the pubs were just letting out. Servicemen poured out from a bar a few blocks down, singing and stumbling drunkenly along, some supported by their comrades.

Arthur sped up his pace, not wanting to get caught by either parties. He couldn't take sides in this war. He couldn't. He would just have to wait it out…

Then, "Oy! You there!"

Oh God.

Arthur hoped to God they weren't talking to him, so he just picked up his pace.

"Stop right there, mangy git! We're officers of the goddamned army!"

Arthur stiffened, not wanting any of them to know where he lived. He turned around to face them. "Er… good evening, sirs." He dipped his head, being sure to keep his face hidden. "Might you need help back to the barracks?" Please say no, please say no…

The soldier with his arm slung over the shoulders of his companion looked Arthur over and scoffed. "Frail arse like you? You look as if you would shatter with the touch of a finger! Catch a bit of age, hm?" The other soldiers laughed at him.

"Yes..." Arthur said, taking a surreptitious step back. "Right, well, thank you for your concern. I really should be off now, a bit tired..."

And he turned to leave.

"Wait,"

Arthur turned back around, a shiver coursing up his spine.

"Yes?"

The soldier examined him again, and Arthur felt supremely uncomfortable. "You might serve us a bit of fun in your state… I'd say, in fact, that you'd be perfect for the job."

Arthur felt as if ice had been poured down his back. "B-but… I really must go—my wife is expecting me." he lied.

At this, the soldier gave a snorting laugh. "That's rich, that! I pity the woman who you managed to
charm!" The others guffawed.

Arthur felt infuriated. "How dare you? At least I have something to go home to, unlike you who have only your hands to keep you company!"

Then one of the more sober men lunged forward and grabbed Arthur about the neck. Arthur gave a yelp and tried to back away, but two more men restrained his hands.

"You say we don't have anything to go home to, eh?" the man with his hand around Arthur's throat smirked. "I say you have a good point. Perhaps we need a little... let-off, eh?"

Arthur's eyes widened and he began to tremble. "No... no, please, sirs, I meant no offense, really..."

"Ha! That's comical. No, you've done enough damage, mate. I think it's about time we correct your rudeness." He eyed the two men behind Arthur and then nodded to his right. "That alleyway. No one will see us and anyone who hears us will know it's the usual thing."

"What?" Arthur looked between them, feeling sick to the stomach. "No! Please! I'm begging you, please! Just... just let me go home. I'm very ill. You don't want to catch what I have, do you?"

The men looked at each other, then the one before him said, "I think it's worth the risk. Take him."

And with that, Arthur and the thirteen servicemen entered the darkened alleyway.

All the while, Arthur squirmed and twisted in the two mens' arms, but it was no use. Then he bit one of them.

The man gave a cry and released him. "The bitch bit me!"

The other man, who still had a hold of Arthur, pushed him forward with such force that Arthur barely had time to catch himself as he fell face forward onto the dirty, cobbled street. He flipped himself over and crawled backward as the men approached, unfastening their belts.

"P-please! No! I'll do anything... money, food, whores, I-I'll give them to you. I swear! Please..."

The men laughed and bent to pick Arthur up by his hair, shoving him against the cold stone wall of a building. "I bet you scream like a whore. People nearby probably won't suspect a thing, will they?"

"Please..." Tears blurred Arthur's vision now. What did he do in the world to deserve this?

Oh, right. He had let his nation erupt into civil war. His stomach churned with the thought.

Arthur tensed when he heard the man behind him slide down his trousers and press up against him. The soldier was already hard.

"You're lucky, whore." he said as he began to remove Arthur's clothing. "I haven't had a good shag in a couple months, so I'll be sure to leave you with a big load in your arse."

Arthur whimpered as his own pants were slid down, the cock, now dripping, brushing against his arse. "N-no..."

"You deserve it for mouthing off." And in a way, Arthur thought he deserved this for many more reasons than that.

The soldier lined the head of his dick up with Arthur's hole. He leaned in, lips brushing Arthur's ear. "Tell me, wench, what side of this war are you on? 'Cause you seem to me like you don't like us very
Arthur bit his lip. Of course I don't like you! You're about to rape me! he wanted to scream, but he decided in this situation, it was best to keep his neutrality secret.

"Hey!" The soldier yanked at his hair and Arthur yelped. "I asked you a question! Are you or are you not a Roundie(4)?"

Still, Arthur did not say a word, even though he knew that if he denied the accusation he would have a better chance at getting off relatively unhurt. He had kept his loyalty secret for years, hell if he was going to spill it now.

"Not talking, eh?" The soldier chuckled as he pressed the head of his cock against Arthur's hole. "We'll make you answer before long."

Arthur bit the back of his fisted handed as the soldier pushed into his entrance, stretching him painfully. His stomach turned over, and he felt like he could vomit, but he held it down, not wanting to embarrass himself further. Instead, he focused on the searing pain in his arse.

"Scream!" the soldier shouted once he was fully sheathed in Arthur's arse. "Do it! No one will care."

But Arthur remained silent, as painful as it was. It wasn't until the man started thrusting violently in and out of him that Arthur made a quiet whimper, tears gathering at the corners of his eyes, feeling completely helpless.

"Heh, this bitch is tight." the soldier told his comrades. "I'm not gonna last much longer." Then he leaned in and said, "You're tight like a maid, aren't you?"

Arthur shook his head and squinted his eyes shut. He felt like his insides were being ripped open, and his legs were shaking violently, threatening to give out, his body already weak.

The soldier continued thrusting until Arthur felt his cock throb inside him. Bile rose in Arthur's throat as the man shot his seed into him. And even though Arthur wanted with everything in him to remain quiet and stoic, he felt so weak and degraded that he let a soft sob escape him.

"Don't cry, whore!" the soldier said as he pulled out, sending cum trailing down Arthur's legs in rivulets. "You deserve this for mouthing off." He turned to his comrades who had been masturbating. "Who's next?"

"I'll go," a man with a deep voice said, and the others laughed and whistled.

"Yeah," the soldier who had just fucked Arthur clapped his friend on the back. "The biggest cock in the bunch. Go on, I made him all good and ready for ya."

Arthur whimpered as he felt the large cock brush against his arse. "Ready, Roundie? You have to be a Roundie to be so afraid of us, huh? Cowards, that's all they are, though I expect you would know that."

He pushed in and Arthur couldn't help but cry out. The thick shaft felt like it was piercing his insides. His nails scraped against the dirty brick wall he was pinned to, sobbing without a care, feeling absolutely horrible.

"Yeah, take all of me, bitch." the soldier growled in his ear as he thrust roughly in and out of him. "Milk another load for me."
The men laughed and Arthur bit his lip, tasting blood, trying his best to arch away from the man, but strong hands locked him in place. All the nation wanted to do was curl up and die right then and there. He was sick, his people hated him, and now he was being violated by his own citizens. He hadn't felt any lower in his entire life.

"Mn, what were you saying about us having only our hands for company, huh, whore?" The soldier plowed into him harder, fingers digging with bruising force into Arthur's hips. "Now look who we have to satisfy us, eh? A cocky little Roundie slut."

Arthur was being practically pounded into the wall. His stomach churned when he felt the large cock throb inside him. The next moment, the man was sinking his teeth into Arthur's neck, coming deep and hard inside him. The orgasm seemed to last forever, and Arthur wished it would stop, loathing the feeling of sticky semen coating his insides.

The man pulled out of him, rubbing his cum-soaked cock in the cleft of Arthur's arse. "That was good, bitch." He tucked himself back into his pants and swatted Arthur's sore arse.

Two more men stepped up. "I think he can take two." one of them said.

Arthur stiffened as a pair of hands grabbed his shoulders and pulled him away from the wall.

"No! Please! P-please, I can't take anymore… you've had your fun… just let me go, please, just let me go!"

The soldiers guffawed and the one holding him said, "You should've thought about that before you decided to insult us." Then he turned and beckoned to another man. "Come here, Johnny boy, let's share."

"N-no…" Arthur pleaded as Johnny walked around to stand in front of him. "Don't do this! I-I can't…"

But the men weren't convinced. "We'll do whatever we want to you." Johnny said as he lined his hard cock up with Arthur's entrance and pushed in. "And you'd do well not to complain."

Arthur grunted, the semen in his arse making the entry easier, but then the man behind him began pushing in as well. When just the head was in, Arthur screamed, his cries escalating as the cock was inched into him, every push opening a new door of agony for Arthur. His insides already felt rubbed raw from the other soldiers.

"Scream all you want, bitch." the man behind him sneered. "No one's going to come and save you. They never do."

No, Arthur thought hopelessly. They won't. For years and years his people had attacked each other without any regard to the whole—to Arthur. They didn't care… oh, in the beginning there was care, but after years of fighting and bloodshed, all the two sides wanted to do now was seek vengeance and fight just to say they fought. There was no purpose anymore, as far as Arthur saw it.

It was just plain savagery.

And now Arthur was feeling the real pain. Now he was feeling his people betray him and degrade him directly. Both sides were at fault and none of them acknowledged him as the victim. It was horrible.

"Feel good, whore?" Johnny growled as he and his partner thrust up together. Arthur screamed out in answer. "Take it deep, Roundie bitch."
"God, John, I'm close." The other man sped up his thrusts, leaving Arthur gasping for breath, tears sliding down his cheeks in rapid succession, practically sobbing. One last, deep thrust, and the man was spurting his essence in Arthur's torn arse, Johnny following suit a few moments after.

They thrust through their orgasms, and Arthur thought it would never end. Then they both pulled out, Arthur's arse so stretched and his muscles so weak, that their loads mixed with blood trailed in great waves down his thighs, his legs giving out at last, falling to his knees on the street.

The man laughed and sneered, one man stepping up and saying, "Don't think you're done yet, whore. The rest of us are still hard." He grabbed Arthur's hair and tugged so that he was facing the soldier's crotch, and pushing on the back of his head so that his lips brushed the dripping, swollen head of his dick. "Suck, and you'd better hope you don't get me sick. We'll come after you if you do."

And so Arthur took the cock reluctantly into his mouth, somewhat grateful he did not have to take it up the arse anymore. There were about nine other men in the party. He sucked them all off, feeling sick as they came in his mouth or on his face. A few times, Arthur was forced to swallow the semen, nearly gagging, but they said that if he threw up, he'd have to swallow that, too.

After they were all spent, they tucked themselves back into their trousers and left Arthur to lie in the street, pantsless and weak.

"Thanks, bitch!" one shouted as they all headed out. "Maybe you should take up employment at the whorehouse down the road. I wouldn't mind having you there!"

Arthur was still sobbing as he wrapped his arms around himself, wanting to die—just die—so he could finally be at peace and escape the pain. He felt so used. But there were no more tears to cry. He eventually bit his lip and got shakily to his feet, stumbling on the path home again, retching on the way, wishing for it all to stop.

And still the night was pitch black. There was no moon in the sky.

His eyes flung open to be greeted with an insanely bright light and a throbbing headache.

He quickly tugged the blankets over his head… wait, blankets?

"You all righ', lil' bro?"

"Sc-Scotland?" Arthur half-groaned, his head still pounding. "Lennox… what… what the hell are you doing in my house?"

Lennox let out a whooping laugh, the loud sound attacking Arthur's ears, that all-too-familiar smell of cigarette smoke pervading his nose. "Yer house? Tha's rich! Ye're in my house, boy, I wasn' gonna take ya to yer house an' letcha hur' yerself more."

"More?" Arthur wanted to sit up, but his whole body ached and the light was too much for his eyes.

"Yessir! Ya sure did a number on yerself las' nigh' a' tha' pub down the wey… I remember the manager said fer ya not ta come back."

Arthur coughed as he inhaled the smoke. "Go smoke some place else, will you? God, this whole place smells like an ashtray." (Oh, how he loathed smoking…)

"Well don' get ta thinkin' I'll letcha go home now." Lennox ignored him, taking a drag on his cigarette, blowing the smoke Arthur's way in mockery. "They found me phone number in yer wallet and called me all the way down there ta pick up yer sorry, drunken arse. An' now tha' I gotcha here,
I'm gonna make sure yer all cleaned up before I send ya back." Then he yanked down the blanket, making Arthur groan as the light assaulted his eyes. "An' keep in mind, lil brother, I migh' no' be there the next time ye're in a pinch."

Lennox released the blankets and Arthur quickly snatched them up, pulling them over his aching head again. "Well, no one said you had to come and get me! Like you would even care… you've treated me like complete crap for centuries!"

Lennox scoffed. "Like ya treated me any diff'rent."

"You should really stop smoking." Arthur said, annoyed at the smell in the house. "You'll blacken your lungs smoking three packs a day, not to mention the wallpaper…"

"Heh," Lennox snorted, walking out of the room and calling, "I'll stop my smokin' when you stop yer drinkin'!"

Arthur groaned again, wishing he could just be back in his own bed that didn't suffocate him with the acrid smell of smoke, where he had curtains on every window (they became a necessity over time), where he didn't have to deal with his arsehole of a brother…

"Sit up! I have some water fer ya."

Arthur gave a frustrated huff, managing to roll over onto his side and peek just barely over the blankets. Lennox sat on the bed, holding a fresh cigarette between two fingers in one hand and offering the drink to Arthur in the other.

Arthur sat up, his muscles aching, taking the cup and taking a sip. He reached up to examine what felt like a bruise on his forehead. Great. If this didn't heal by the time he went to the next meeting, Francis and Alfred would be sure to point it out all fucking day.

Oh, them… Arthur felt his heart sink. He wished he could have been knocked out until the next meeting. Then maybe time would go faster.

His bout of depression was quickly extinguished when Lennox blew smoke in his face. Arthur coughed, eyes watering, his head throbbing with every heave of his chest. He waved a hand to disperse the clog of air. "Would you please stop doing that? Every time I see you, you always make a point of blowing smoke in my face."

Lennox smirked, taking another long drag on his cigarette. "Better'n blowin' smoke up yer arse, wouldn't ya say?"

Arthur ignored him and took a few more swallows of water to help clear his throat of the choking smog. "How long do you intend to keep me here?"

"As long as it takes for ya ta get yer head on straigh'." He snatched the glass from Arthur's hand, placing it on a side table. "Now shut the fuck up an' rest. I don' wanna hear your complainin' so go ahead an' sleep. Be grateful I came ta save yer arse las' nigh', 'cause I was so close ta no' comin' at all." And the taller, red-headed man exited the room, a plume of smoke following him out.

'Shut the fuck up and rest', that sounds like something Ivan would say… Again Arthur felt an emptiness in his chest and he rolled over, balling himself in the blankets, grabbing a pillow and hugging it tightly to him, wishing it smelled like one of his lovers instead of the disgusting rank of cigarettes.

I have a feeling this hangover's going to last more than just a couple of days
References:

(3) Yes, I named all the states according to what their initials are. D.C.=Dillon Cole, New York=Nathan Young, New Jersey=Nick Jerome, Massachusetts=Malachi and Virginia=Victoria. Virginia's nickname is derived from the color of her hair which is modeled after the Queen she was named for.

(4) During the English Civil Wars (all three), aggression between Royalists, who supported the king's rule, and Parliamentarians, who supported the power of Parliament over the king, grew into a series of conflicts that lasted nine years (1642-1651). Royalists were called Cavaliers and Parliamentarians were called Roundheads. 'Roundhead' was a derogatory term that referred to the way some Puritans' hair was closely cropped around the head rather than worn as ringlets that was the courtly fashion of many Royalists (who also, apparently, held Catholicism above Protestantism, which dominated the lower class). Since Royalists considered Parliamentarians as the low class (which was in the most part true), they used this as their nickname. Likewise, 'Cavalier' was a word that played off of the Spanish Caballeros, comparing the Royalists to the Spaniards of the same name who abused Dutch Protestants during the Elizabethan Era (this was a time when Spain was getting very cocky and starting wars with other countries even though it was in debt and thus was hated by many European powers, especially England whom it tried to attack with its armada but was quickly defeated by the superior British Royal Navy. 'Britannia Rule the Waves' is not an understatement.)

A Word From the Writer: Okay, okay. Enough with the depressing stuff. This is the last of it and I won't be revisiting it any time soon… well not as full chapters at least.

Now let's see if our four nations survive their time spent alone!

Next Chapter Hint: No reunion has ever been sexier…

(Also, check out my Halloween one-shot lemon Trick or Tease?)
Love Hotel

Phew, okay the sad stuff is done and over with, so onto some more awesome lemon!

Warning: Contains lemon, masturbation, oral, references to Spamano, a Baltic love triangle, GreecexTurkey, some fluff, swearing, and a very wanton England.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Love Hotel

Arthur gave a frustrated groan, rolling over in his bed when he heard his cell phone go off.

"Who in the bloody hell would be calling at seven in the bloody morning…?" He reached blindly to groove around for the phone on his nightstand before finally grabbing it and answering. "Hello…?" he said drowsily.

"DUDE, ARTIE! I, LIKE, TOTALLY NEED YOUR HE—!"

"Quiet down, yank! I think my ears are bleeding!"

"Sorry, bro. But I'm really stressed out right now! I was just wondering if you could help with the room booking…?"

Arthur sat up straight in his bed, throwing aside the pillow he had been snuggling up to previously. "What! You mean… you git! You knew it was your time to host and you haven't got a single thing prepared?!

Alfred's voice petered into an annoying whine. "Please, don't lecture me, Igs! I'm kinda pressed for time… I'm calling all the nations to ask who they want to share a room with and I've been up for, like, two days straight, and I'm totally hyped up on coffee and Monsters right now, and I think I'm gonna puke—"

"Stop rambling, git, and listen." Arthur said firmly. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Trust Alfred to procrastinate until the very last minute. "Okay… how many nations have you gotten down?"

"All of them except us…" Alfred said sheepishly.

Arthur's heart lifted when Alfred referred to him, Ivan, and Francis as 'us'. So, he still accepted them as lovers, huh? "Well then you're almost finished. Why don't I just tell you…?"

"You can't."

"What?"

"You can't."

"Why not?" Arthur growled through his teeth.

"The hotel I booked says that I'm not allowed to pair nations up anymore." Arthur could almost see his face reddening on the other end. "They say I've caused 'disturbances' which is total bullshit since I wasn't the one shouting or beating the crap out of my roommate."
"No," Arthur said flatly. "You were fucking them. As I recall, you are the local manwhore?" That's for waking me up early and yelling in my ear, git… Arthur smiled smugly.

Alfred was silent for a second and Arthur smirked. "Yeah, well… I was bored. But I'll be plenty entertained when we meet again."

Arthur was about to say something equally suggestive back, but he felt like some teenage girl talking to her boyfriend—well, a teenage girl who was dirtier than most… (moi!). The subject had completely derailed. "Um, back to the point… we now have to call in?"

"… Yeah…"

Arthur sighed. "Alfred, I do hope you realize that procrastination gets you nowhere—and it would get the rest of us nowhere if you decided to delay this any further. I'll call in—"

"Wait!"

"What is it now, yank?"

"We have to be discreet… so no one knows that we're in a relationship. I don't think I'm ready for all that yet."

Arthur understood his reasoning, but it still struck a blow. "Er… sure, I'll do that."

"Thanks, Art. You're a lifesaver, babe."

"Any time, love." He was about to hang up when he added, "And Alfred? Get some sleep. We wouldn't want you worn out tomorrow night."

Alfred laughed. "Sure thing, bro." And he hung up.

Arthur sighed, shaking his head as he phoned the hotel in which he had stayed before in New York. It picked up on the first ring. "The Westin at Times Square(1), how may I help you?"

"Yes, I'm to book a room with another colleague for the world conference."

"Who is your host, sir?"

"Alfred F. Jones."

There was silence over the phone as the woman checked the guest list and she said, "Yes, sir. Your name?"

"Arthur Kirkland."

More silence. "All the rooms are booked except for two."

"… May I ask who is left on the list?" Be discreet, be discreet…

"… Francis Bonnefoy, Ivan Braginsky, and your host, sir."

Arthur thought on it for moment. What would be less suspicious…? When I wasn't in good relations with them, I would never in hell room with Francis, nor would I deal with Alfred's idiocy… "I guess I will room with Ivan, then." Hell, he might choose to room with Alfred if he didn't regard him as anything but a nuisance, but somewhere in the lustful part of his mind, Arthur knew the real reason he chose Ivan was because he would get immediate access to his large cock.
"All right, sir, we have you booked. Is there anything else?"

Arthur was so busy daydreaming that he almost didn’t hear her. "No, thank you."

"Then we will see you tomorrow, Mr. Kirkland."

Ivan stepped out of the cab, grabbing his bags and paying the driver before entering the hotel. He took the escalator up to the check-in desk and there was quite a line. He saw other nations, he saw tourists… Feliciano waved at him while Gilbert (why the hell did Ludwig keep bringing the no-good pain in the ass?) tried quietly to mold into Ludwig’s back.

But he didn’t see his lovers.

He took a seat in one of the chairs in the lobby, waiting for the line to recede a bit before checking in himself. In all honesty, he just wanted an excuse to watch and see if Arthur, Alfred, or Francis showed up. He was restless. His legs jumped and his fingers drummed on the arm of the chair. Ivan could never recall feeling so anxious in his life… well, except maybe during the soviet revolution, but that hardly counted in his mind when compared to whether or not his lovers ever chose to see him again.

He had bad abandonment issues as it was.

"Um… Mr. Russia? Are you o-okay?"

Ivan looked up to see Raivis standing trembling and ashen-faced in front of him. Only then did he realize he was crushing the arm of the chair in his hand. He quickly let up. "Da, Latvia… I am fine." He gave that creepy smile that made the boy take a step back. "Hold my bag while I check in." He practically threw his bag at Raivis, making the boy nearly topple back with the weight. Well, at least this would be some form of entertainment.

Francis took the elevator to the forty-ninth floor, wincing as he felt his ears pop with the height. His hands trembled with excitement as he swiped the key card to his room, knowing one of his lovers would be inside.

He opened the door and was immediately glomped, tumbling backward over the threshold and just barely catching himself. And he was laying flat on his back on the floor, Alfred straddling his legs, peppering his face—or just about any place he could reach—with kisses (hmm, take much after your dog, Al?). "It is good to see you, too, amour." Francis chuckled, his chest swelling with warmth as he caught Alfred’s face in both hands, kissing Alfred hard on the mouth.

Alfred immediately, excitedly, accepted the Frenchman’s tongue into his mouth, and the kiss quickly deepened, their breaths growing ragged, their hips grinding together.

There was a disgusted huff in the hall and they both broke to look up and see a couple—probably honeymooners—glaring at them. The man and woman quickly moved into their room and shut the door, Francis and Alfred sharing a laugh.

"We'd better go in." the American said, red-faced, and got up off of Francis, extending a hand to help him up. But he forgot his own strength and nearly pulled Francis into the wall. "Oops, sorry." And Alfred whisked him into the room.

"God," Alfred groaned, starting to hastily unbutton his shirt. "I’ve wanted to ride one of you for weeks. It’s been all I could think about."
Francis smirked and began to undo his belt, sitting down on the bed. "Vraiment? You did not use the assortment of toys I bought you for your birthday last year?"

Alfred blushed a bit and said, "Uh… yeah, I used them. But nothing can satisfy like a real, hard cock."

Francis leered and tossed his belt on the floor, beginning to unbutton his own shirt. It took agonizingly long, but he eventually got his shirt off and sat bare-chested and beckoning on the edge of the bed. "Come here, amant. Let me love you for a while." (was anyone reminded of Full Metal Jacket…?)

Alfred eagerly complied, expelling his own shirt and sat in Francis's lap, both sitting up, face-to-face, Alfred grinding himself against the other man, making the Frenchman purr. Their lips met once again in a heated kiss, tongues entwining, desperate for a taste of what they had been deprived of for nearly three weeks.

Alfred was getting aroused very fast. Feeling his skin against one of his lover's was intoxicating and he was hungry for more. He was about to step back to rid himself of his constricting pants, when he remembered something and broke off his kiss with Francis. "Wait,"

Francis frowned. "That is the wrong word to be saying right now, cher." And he continued to kiss and suck on Alfred's neck until the younger man stepped off of him and stooped to pick up his shirt. As he buttoned it back up without a word, Francis's disappointment grew. "Amerique… what are you doing? I thought you wanted to ride me."

"Yeah, but," Alfred began, sounding a bit crestfallen himself. "I kinda wanna do this with Artie and Ivan, ya know?"

Francis frowned. "You got me hard and now you are saying you want to wait?" Just as quickly his frown turned into a smirk. "You are quite the tease, Alfred."

Alfred flashed a small smile. "… Is that a yes or a no from you?"

Francis sighed dramatically and retrieved his shirt from the floor. "Oui, I will wait. But I cannot wait for long, amour. Let's go find them. I'm sure they have settled in in more ways than one." He winked.

Alfred felt himself grow hot thinking about what his brother and Ivan could be up to all alone in their hotel room, both needy from their time spent apart. "They should be in room 2108 just down the hall. I booked us a whole five floors so that all the nations could be in close proximity."

Francis snorted as he put on his own shirt. "You just did that so that you could have a rather inconspicuous way of visiting your lovers, non?"

Alfred laughed. "Yeah, well, you got me."

"I'm sure they will be happy to see us… that is if their flights went well. If not… we can count Angleterre out of our romp."

"Dude is pmsing all the time." Alfred said as he walked toward the door, Francis following. He unlocked the door as Francis planted a soft kiss on his neck. "Ha! Imagine if he was a chick, man. It would be a lot worse."

Francis chuckled as they headed out the door and Alfred turned to lock it, pocketing the key card as
they headed down the hall. "Oui, if he was anything like Belarus—"

They paused as they heard shouting coming from a room a couple doors down from them. Alfred needn't verify who was in the room—it was obvious by their raised voices who they were.

"You put Spain and Romano together?" Francis threw a disbelieving look at Alfred.

Alfred sighed and shook his head. "I swear, those two fight too much. So when they called in I told them that there was only one room left and they had to share it with each other. They remind me of me and Ivan back in the day. I figured they just needed a good fuck to end the arguing. I really don't want to listen to their bickering all this meeting. I wanted to stab my goddamn ears with scissors the last time they started."

Francis's lips twisted into a leer. "Oh, you are very sneaky, mon cher."

As they got a couple doors past, they heard the yelling abruptly stop, a soft thump, and a few loud groans.

Francis smirked. "Ohonhonhonhonhon~I think it worked!"

"Well, it worked with Greece and Turkey…"

Arthur got to the hotel room first and upon entering, quickly stowed his suitcase and bag against the wall and proceeded to undress.

Oh yes. He was going to surprise Ivan.

He pulled off his shirt and threw it haphazardly in a corner, doing the same with his jeans. He then slid down his boxers and discarded them as well.

Now he was completely naked in a hotel room. Nothing he hadn't encountered before.

Excitement gripping him, he crawled onto the bed and settled in the pillows. Once he was comfortable—damn, the room was chillingly cold—he spread his legs, squeezing the lube he had brought with him into his hand and coating his cock.

This is something Francis would do… Arthur thought, not believing he was comparing himself to the Frenchman who was now an important part of his life.

As he began to wank off, he cast a hopeful look at the door. No, he wasn't here yet. Well, Arthur would just have to keep on until he was.

Ivan paused in front of the hotel room door and turned to Raivis who gave a shudder under his gaze.

"Tell Lithuania and Estonia that I have no need for them this week. They do not need to inquire about my condition or needs. Understand?" He smiled.

Raivis seemed surprised but wary at the same time. "Th-thank you, M-Mr. Russia. Lithuania asks if you are still going to punish him for seeing P-Poland." By this time, Raivis looked completely white in the face. He knew the Russian did not like to hear the blond cross-dresser's name.

And so Ivan's smile wavered a bit, turning more sinister. "Nyet, Latvia. I understand you are all sharing a room?"

Raivis nodded. "Y-yes, Mr. Russia. As you insisted." Toris had wanted to be with Feliks, but Ivan
Ivan's smile widened. "Then I wish you well on your nightly 'activities'." Oh yes. The Russian knew that the three Baltics were having a love triangle. Things rarely got past him in his own home. Well… he did confirm the fact when he heard peculiar sounds coming from their rooms late at night and whenever he punished one of them, he found that they had been previously stretched or they had a mark on their skin that wasn't there when Ivan had seen them last, but that was enough proof in his book.

Raivis's eyes widened and his legs shook so much he knew they would give out if he didn't move. "Uh… yes, M-Mr. Russia. Thank you. I will g-go now… that is if there is nothing else you n-need?"

"Nyet, Latvia. You may go."

And Ivan watched the boy scamper away, not daring to look over his shoulder, knowing the boy felt his eyes boring into his back.

Ivan chuckled to himself as he swiped the key card and pushed open the door…

And was met with a delicious and much appreciated sight.

Arthur was spread-eagle on the bed, one hand pumping his cock and the other probing his hole. The Briton gave an aroused huff and flashed the Russian an expectant look. "Good evening, Ivan. You've caught me. I couldn't stop thinking about having your large dick up my arse. Why don't you come in and undress, love? It would make my job a lot easier~" He smirked.

Intrigued at Arthur's behavior, but not at all surprised about his current state, Ivan stepped into the room and did as the Brit requested, not caring if he currently wasn't in control, only glad that one of his lovers still considered him part of their relationship.

Once he was naked, Ivan turned to Arthur. The older nation examined him hungrily for a few moments before ceasing his masturbating and moving off the bed. He came to stand in front of Ivan before raising himself on his toes and kissing Ivan deeply, the Russian's cold tongue sorely missed by the Briton. When he broke the kiss, Arthur muttered huskily, "Fuck me into the wall."

Ivan's smirk sent a shiver down Arthur's spine, and soon his back was slammed against the wall, pinned between it and the cool chest of his taller lover. The Russian leaned in and breathed cold air on Arthur's neck, making the man arch and moan with want. "As you wish, шлюха."

Without much warning, Ivan thrust his cock into Arthur, already hard from watching the Brit's sexy show on the bed and from having been parted from him for a while. He absolutely loved the way Arthur's face blushed a deep red, the way his head rolled back in arousal, the way the other man's insides pulsed around his cock.

Ivan set a hard, fast pace that sent the Brit rolling his hips and letting out a string of wanton moans. The Russian smirked as he plowed the other man into the wall. "Hmhm, such a perfect little slut. Insatiable whore." And he sank his teeth into the pale, unmarked neck.

Arthur cried out, bucking his hips, heels digging into Ivan's back, urging him deeper into his tight arse. "G-God, Ivan! Harder, please… I need your cock." He was surprised that he was feeling little pain from their time spent apart, but he was so aroused he guessed it was obsolete to the pleasure.

"Then you will have it, whore." Ivan growled, plunging into the man before him with an intense need. "Take it deep, сука, like I know you like it."
"Yes, yes! I fucking love it. Shit, unh, damn I missed you." Arthur wrapped his arms around Ivan's scarf-covered neck, pulling him in for a passionate and hungry kiss. The Brit felt like he could pass out from the pleasure. He had been thinking about this for weeks, and just imagining a thick, hard cock up his arse during those days had been a cause of arousal and longing for him. Oh sure, he'd used his toys (he really didn't feel that guilty now that he was in a sexual relationship with Francis, Alfred, and Ivan, three of the most unlikely people in the world he'd expect to be with, so the aftershock of pleasuring himself while thinking of them wasn't that strong), but they had done him little good and had left him yearning for more.

He was quite limited when it came to reaching orgasm by himself.

Arthur and Ivan parted, the Russian nipping at the Brit's lower lip, drawing blood and sucking on it, making the smaller nation moan. "My cock missed your tight ass, британские шлюха." Ivan could have 'punished' one of the Baltics (or all three at once, he wasn't opposed to foursomes as it seemed), but he was too depressed—not to mention drunk—and would have most likely felt guilty about betraying his other lovers. He would also feel like he was taking advantage of his lovers' trust, and Ivan would never do that as he'd been taken advantage of many times in history.

"Oh, oh, I-Ivan…" Arthur moaned, wrapping his arms around the man's back and resting his head on the Russian's shoulder as he was mercilessly fucked from below. "Shit, uh…" Arthur began nosing Ivan's neck, making the taller nation falter in his thrusting as the Brit pulled down his scarf, running his tongue along Ivan's erogenous zone, taking the scarred skin into his mouth and suckling it.

Ivan's heart fluttered to life and he felt heat rush to his face and groin as his neck was attacked by Arthur's cock-sucking mouth. The Russian let out a loud groan, bucking uncontrollably, aggressively into Arthur, unable to hold in his orgasm. He came hotly inside his lover, fucking deep and hard, barely able to keep down loud moans that would surely carry through the walls.

Arthur tightened his legs so that their pelvises meshed together, wanting Ivan as deep as he could go, wanting to feel all of that delicious Russian meat he had been longing for inside him. He continued to suck, lick, and nip at Ivan's sensitive neck, drawing out the other man's orgasm, loving the feel of hot cum filling him.

When Ivan was finished, his legs trembling slightly, he tried to catch his breath. He rested his lips on Arthur's warm, sweaty shoulder, kissing it softly and muttering, "That was good, Arthur. Спасибо."

Arthur shuddered when he heard his name spoken in that deep, husky accent he had so missed. "I-Ivan… I'm still hard." He shifted awkwardly against him.

"Что?" The Russian looked down and discovered that Arthur certainly wasn't lying. His cock was swollen, red, and dripping precum. It looked almost painful. Ivan felt completely exhausted from his intense orgasm (and a bit embarrassed that he had come early), but he laughed anyway. "Heheh, that was not enough for you, шлюха? Your ass is greedier than I thought." He was really just trying to save face. Ivan honestly didn't know if he could fuck Arthur again. He was too spent, though he didn't want to voice it.

Arthur shifted on his lap, disappointed at the feeling of Ivan's cock softening inside him. He didn't want to whine and beg and annoy Ivan to the point that he wouldn't even try to fuck him again. So, Arthur came up with a plan. He brushed his fingertips lightly, teasingly, along Ivan's neck. He felt the man shiver beneath him and Arthur continued, breathing on the skin before touching his tongue-tip to one of the scars. At this, Ivan's breath grew ragged again. Encouraged, Arthur went on, first running his tongue over the scar before taking it between his lips and sucking it. Ivan bucked into Arthur, and the Brit smiled, feeling the Russian's length grow rapidly inside of him, filling him once
"Mn, A-Arthur…" Ivan grunted, feeling waves of ecstasy roll down his spine and flood his cock. He felt so tired, but his cock continued to grow with every tease of his neck.

Arthur loved the desperation in Ivan's voice, how his muscles shuddered under his touch.

"Please, fuck me. I need it." he muttered sensually into Ivan's ear, being sure to brush his lips against it, his tongue darting out to trace the shell.

Ivan groaned again, now completely aroused but at the same time very exhausted. It was a weird feeling. "Mmm, you cheat." And he took hold of Arthur's hips, setting his pace again, thrusting with renewed vigor in and out of him.

Arthur moaned, his insides tightening around Ivan, continuing to tease the Russian's neck. "Yes, Ivan, ah~"

Ivan jerked away from Arthur's touches and pushed back on the Brit's chest so that the man sat up straight against the wall. "You will make me come early again if you keep doing that."

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

"Uh… it's us. Can we come in?"

"Let us in, mes amours, we know you are having sex without us~"

Arthur clenched around Ivan when he heard Alfred's and Francis's voices, making Ivan bite back a groan and thrust into him harder. Knowing his other lovers would walk in and see him getting fucked up the arse by Ivan was incredibly arousing.

"The door is open." Ivan said.

"You left the door unlocked?!" Arthur asked, shocked.

"Be quiet and focus on coming, da? I do not think that I can last much longer and next time, you might not be able to get me hard." Ivan thrust particularly deep, hitting Arthur's sweet spot dead-on just as Alfred and Francis stepped into the room.

Arthur couldn't contain his arousal. It was overwhelming. "Oh God, yes! Mmm, yes, fuck me!"

"Ohonhon, looks like we got here just in time~" Francis said, leering in Arthur's direction.

Alfred was flushed but looked smug to catch his brother in the act. "'Shameful', isn't that what you would say to me when I was impatient, Artie? Now look who's shameful."

"Shut it, whelp!" Arthur half-moaned, half-growled. He looked at Ivan and said, "Can we go to the bed? My back is bloody killing me…"

"Very well," was all Ivan could say. He was too tired to form proper sentences. Maybe it was just the jet-lag. He had traveled farther than Francis and Arthur.

Arthur wrapped his legs around Ivan's lower back as the Russian picked him up and carried him over to the bed, laying him down on it and continuing to thrust into him while standing, knowing that if he knelt, his legs would most likely give out.

Arthur felt like he couldn't catch his breath as his sweet spot was endlessly pounded, knowing well
enough he should have come long before this, but also knowing that he needed a good, hard fucking before he could come after having been away for so long.

"How long have you two been at it?" Francis asked, dropping down on the bed to watch, reaching over to tweak one of Arthur's pert and rosy nipples, making the Briton gasp.

Ivan responded, "For about fifteen minutes. I've come once already and this little bitch is being cock-greedy."

Alfred circled around to the other side of the bed and ran his fingers down Ivan's neck, the Russian sucking in a breath through his teeth. "Or maybe Artie just wants your cum?"

Arthur moaned, feeling his face heat up as he glared unsuccessfully at his little brother. "You're just jealous because I have a hard cock up my arse."

Alfred scoffed but couldn't deny Arthur's accusations. He flashed a look over to Francis, but the older man mouthed "After this,"

Alfred was disappointed at having to wait, but watching Ivan fuck Arthur into the bed was enough to get him good and hard.

"Come, slut," Ivan commanded, digging his nails into Arthur's shoulders to awaken his fighting fetish. It worked, and Arthur arched, crying out, ribbons of cum coating his abdomen and even getting as far up as his chest.

It didn't take long for Ivan to come again. With the first pulse of Arthur's ass, he was finished, shooting a smaller seed into Arthur, his limbs shaky with exhaustion.

This was almost what it felt like when Ivan had overdosed his lovers on the aphrodisiac. God, after the first few times, they were just fucking themselves on his soft (but still large) cock and they had to resort to fucking each other.

He was never going to do that again.

As they both came down from their high, their breaths ragged, Ivan moved to lay behind Arthur, pulling him up against him so that Arthur's back was pressed into his chest. A warm feeling overcame Arthur and he relaxed against him, Ivan kissing him a couple times on the neck and wrapping his arms around the smaller man.

They looked expectantly at Alfred and Francis.

"Well?" Arthur said. "We gave you a show. Now it's your turn."

Alfred's blush deepened, but he moved to join Francis nonetheless, the two quickly picking up where they left off in their own hotel room and taking off their clothes, engaging in a heated kiss.

When Francis drew away, Alfred smiled and assured, "Don't worry, I won't tell you to wait this time."

Francis chuckled and dove for the American's neck, ravaging it while he pushed Alfred down onto the bed. "I would not stop even if you asked this time, amour."

Alfred moaned and writhed as the Frenchman trailed his lips and tongue down his neck and to his chest, pausing to tease the nipples to erectness. The American fisted the older man's hair when Francis took the nipple into his mouth, sucking on it eagerly. "Oh, God, Francis, yes…"
The Frenchman chuckled and continued his way down Alfred's flushed body, stopping to lube up his fingers and position them at Alfred's entrance. "Ready, amour?"

"Fuck yes. Now hurry up and fuck me."

Francis smirked and pushed into the tight ring of muscle, moving the finger slowly in and out of his younger lover. He looked up and saw that Alfred looked a bit drowsy.

"Amour, did you sleep last night?"

When Alfred hesitated, Arthur answered, "No, not for two days, and I expect you didn't take my advice and sleep after you called me yesterday?"

Alfred shook his head. "Goddamn, I'm so fucking exhausted." He hated admitting this, because he wanted the sex so bad. Just the thought of it was what kept him alive the whole three weeks he had been cut off from his lovers.

Francis was sympathetic. He pulled his fingers out of Alfred's ass and the American immediately flashed him an alarmed look. "Why did you take them out? I want you to fuck me!"

"I know, mon chéri," Francis crooned, moving his hands gently over Alfred's sweat-slicked skin. "But you are not fit for fucking, oui?" He moved down between Alfred legs, taking his cock in hand and giving it a few strokes. Alfred tossed his head back and moaned.

"I will just have to do it this way, non?" And Francis took Alfred's dick into his mouth.

Arthur's whole body heated when he saw the Frenchman's kissable lips wrap around Alfred's dripping cock, feeling his own member growing as he watched the hot scene. Alfred's face was flushed and aroused, his hips bucking softly up into the mouth sucking him.

Ivan sensed Arthur's arousal and one of his hands trailed down, fingers brushing against Arthur's hardening cock before taking it into his hand, stroking it. Arthur groaned and bucked into the hand, shivers coursing down his spine when the Russian's cold lips and tongue began to tease his neck.

Alfred's moans grew louder as Francis's talented tongue danced over his swollen member. "F-fuck, Francis…" He dug his nails into the older man's scalp.

Francis moaned around Alfred's shaft at the desperation in Alfred's voice, at the aroused flush deepening on his cheeks. He reached down and began stroking his own erection, all the while his tongue pressing firmly on the pulsing vein of the cock in his mouth.

Alfred groaned and arched into Francis's mouth, but the other man wouldn't have it. He knew Alfred was tired and probably would pass out if he bucked himself to a hard orgasm, so Francis firmly held down his hips.

Alfred gave a whine. "Ah, Francis… oh fuck, man, please…" He tried to move again, but Francis held him down, making him groan in frustration and arousal.

Francis ignored the delicious, pleading words falling from Alfred's kiss-swollen lips, choosing instead to run his tongue around the head of his lover's leaking dick, the taste of precum making his own cock throb with want.

"Mmm, G-God… I can't… Francis…" Alfred could feel the pressure building in his abdomen, creeping up his cock in a molten stream.
He couldn't believe he was going to come this soon.

Francis ran his tongue once more around the head and said, looking up, "Come, then, amour. I want to taste it."

Arthur's moans echoed Alfred's as Ivan continued to pump him vigorously, watching Francis's lips move up and down Alfred's hard cock, his little brother's face twisted with pleasure.

And he so desperately wanted that cock in his own mouth.

"Fuck, Francis!" Finally he was allowed to fuck the Frenchman's mouth as the older man let up on his hips, engulfing his whole cock in his hot mouth, deep-throating him. Alfred pressed down on the back of his head to keep him locked in place, to plunge his cock so deliciously deep inside.

Then he arched with a cry, his cum feeling as if it was boiling as it erupted, spurt after hot spurt, into Francis's waiting and greedy mouth.

"Mmn, Alfred... so hot," Arthur wasn't long after him. With a few more strokes, he came into Ivan's still pumping hand, the orgasm not as long but as equally intense as his first that night.

Ivan continued to kiss his neck, letting go of Arthur's cock and lifting his hand, brushing his cum-coated fingers on the Briton's lips. "Suck them, шлюха, I know you want to."

Arthur moaned softly, tired from his orgasm but taking the fingers into his mouth and running his tongue eagerly over them, tasting his own cum and loving it. He cleaned them off as thoroughly as he could, being sure not to leave a drop behind, before Ivan pulled them from his mouth and tweaked one of his nipples, making him gasp.

Ivan kissed his neck once more and brushed his cold lips over Arthur's ear. "You are wishing you were the one sucking cock, da?"

Arthur shivered as Ivan's hand began to run lightly over his skin, raising goosebumps. "Mm, you know me well, then." And Ivan chuckled as Arthur turned his head to peck him lightly on the lips.

Meanwhile, Alfred was just recovering from the orgasm he'd wanted to have for weeks, but had never been able to achieve. He took a minute or so to catch his breath. Francis was doing the same, breathing hard, his essence spread over the blankets, teased out by his own hand—the same way he had been doing it since they last saw each other. Once recovered, Francis climbed up over him and seized his lips in a short but passionate kiss, eventually settling down beside him on the bed, hands caressing his younger lover, Alfred's chest still heaving with the effort of his climax.

"Shit, that felt so good..." Alfred mumbled, eyes half-lidded, completely exhausted. "I'm beat... I could go to sleep right now. It feels like I could sleep for days..."

"Sleep, amant," Francis said, kissing him on the ear and moving him so that they were both beneath the covers. "You look like you need the rest."

"Thanks, babe... hey, what time is it? Feels like midnight..."

Francis cast a glance at the alarm clock on the nightstand. "Only eight, amour."

"Bullshit,"

"It is true. Look for yourself."
"Nah," Alfred grumbled, shifting under the sheets and snuggling his back up to Francis. "Too tired. Don't feel like it…"

Arthur moved from Ivan's arms to kiss Francis on the lips and Alfred on the forehead. "Goodnight, loves. Is that alarm set?"

"Scheduled a morning wake-up call. No need." Alfred half-yawned, eyes fluttering closed. "Night, Artie."

Arthur turned to clamber back to his side of the bed when Ivan appeared out of nowhere (no shit, the bed hadn't even moved) and copied Arthur's actions. "Спокойной ночи, любит." Francis said the same in his own language while Alfred mumbled incoherently.

Ivan then beckoned Arthur back to where they were laying, but Arthur stayed put beside Francis. "I want to sleep close together. We haven't seen each other in a while." He gave a slight blush.

"Very well, любить," And he laid down behind Arthur, hooking his arm under the Brit's and extending it to brush his fingers softly over Francis's shoulder. Francis gave a sound of content, raising his shoulder into his touch. Then Ivan wrapped his arm around Arthur, pressing him snugly into his chest. Arthur sighed contentedly as Ivan kissed his shoulder and murmured, "Sleep well, мой дорогой. I hope you enjoyed tonight, because we will be doing a lot more in the next few days."

Arthur's heart fluttered at the name and he smiled, hugging Francis from behind. "Immensely, love. I can't wait for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow we have the meeting," Francis said solemnly. Alfred was already sleeping beside him.

Arthur frowned. It seemed unfair to him to be forced to be apart from the lovers he hadn't seen for so long, even if it was an important world conference.

"Damn it all. Just when I found out I'm not patient."

Francis smirked. "Well, at least Spain and Romano won't be fighting~"

"Why is that?" Arthur asked, intrigued despite the fact that he was very tired.

"By what miracle?" Ivan urged also.

"Well," Francis began. "I never thought Alfred would think of a good plan in his life, but we all expect at least one miracle or two in our lifetimes…"

Translations:

Vraiment?-Really?

Спасибо-Thank you

Что?-What?

Спокойной ночи, любит-Good night, loves

мой дорогой-My darling

References:
I stayed at the Westin with my family when we went to NYC on my birthday. We got to stay on the 49th floor (which is the same our four boys are staying on) and your ears popped as you went up. My mom was freaking out about opening the window, saying that we all might be sucked out. Unfortunately, we were on the side of the hotel opposite Times Square, so we couldn't see it unless we went out and around the building. It was very nice, but I wouldn't want to live in New York City. The traffic on the sidewalk is ten times worse than the traffic on the street and my sister almost got run over by some impatient maniac who just laid on his horn and punched the gas going over a crosswalk. Though the taxi drivers were all right… most were foreign though. It depends on who you get as to how rude they will be. All in all, they all drive pretty well, however scary it may be. The drivers aren't shy to taking risks and the whole while we were being driven to our hotel I thought we were all going to die. Thankfully we didn't. I take it as a sign that I should write more smut, luckily for you all. XD

A Word From the Writer: Yay! Back to the old grind. And there will be more fluff to make up for the trauma of the previous chapters. Just wait till you see the next few chapters. Kinky stuff, people, kinky stuff.

... And imagining England as a woman... yup, lotsa bitching going on there, contrasting with the ditzy blonde who would be America. XD

Next Chapter Hint: Impatience: 2; Notes: 0
A Quickie, Anyone?

Hmm, a meeting? Hell, no! Let's have sex! XD

Warning: Contains lemon, oral, exhibitionism, mention of Spamano and GreecexTurkey, uke!Russia, misuse of a pen, mention of pipe-fucking, punishment sex, makeup sex/vanilla, fluff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

A Quickie, Anyone?

Alfred's ears stung with the loud ringing of a phone. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to ignore it, but knew he had to answer it.

With a groan, he reached over, propped himself on an elbow and picked it up. "Hello?"

"Good morning, sir. This is a wake up call for the world conference this morning. Please be sure to be ready at 9 o'clock."

"All right. Thanks," Alfred mumbled and before the woman could say 'You're welcome', he hung up the phone.

With a huff, Alfred slid back under the covers and moved back into the body behind him. Francis woke with the movement and shifted, his arm tightening around Alfred. He took a deep breath, inhaling Alfred's scent (mostly of hamburgers, but it was still Alfred's smell) and kissing his neck. "Bon matin, amour. Was that for us?"

Alfred groaned. "Yeah… I don't wanna get up, though… 's warm…"

Francis chuckled a bit and rubbed his lover's stomach, making Alfred give a contented sigh. "You know we have to, mon cher…"

"I know," Alfred half-whined, and turned over so that they lay face-to-face. "But you owe me from last night." And he kissed Francis, the older man gladly opening up. Alfred rolled them over so that he was on top, straddling Francis's hips and deepening the kiss. When they parted, panting, Alfred muttered, "You don't know how horny I am right now. I've been waiting for a good fuck for weeks. Last night I didn't get it, but now I fucking need it." He dove in for another kiss.

Francis moaned at Alfred's eagerness, forgetting about the meeting completely and running his hands up and down the American's sides. "You will have to convince me, then, amant."

Alfred smirked, kissing Francis once more before sliding down his body and beneath the sheets, taking the Frenchman's half-hard cock into his mouth.

Francis moaned softly, glancing at his other lovers. Arthur was no longer touching Francis, as Ivan had pulled him into a tight, possessive hold. They were both still fast asleep.

Alfred circled his tongue around the head of Francis's cock before taking the head into his mouth, sucking with vigor. He now knew why Arthur was so addicted to giving head—having a warm, pulsing cock in your mouth and smelling the heady, purely masculine scent was intoxicating. He moaned around the shaft as he felt it twitch, taking it deeper into his mouth and down his throat.
All that eating had totally wiped out his gag reflex.

Francis buried his fingers into Alfred's hair, pressing on the back of his head so that his cock moved further down his throat. He loved the feeling of a hot mouth around his cock in the morning. They should do this more often.

When he could not take anymore teasing, Francis tugged on Alfred's hair softly. "You have won me over, amant. I think you are ready for a reward, oui?"

Alfred slid his way up Francis's body, being sure their skin touched throughout. When their cocks met, they both groaned and Alfred kissed Francis before sitting astride the Frenchman.

Francis suddenly remembered something and reached over to the nightstand, pulling out a drawer and getting the lube. But Alfred shook his head.

"No," he whined. "No lube… takes too fucking long…” He squirmed impatiently on Francis's lap.

Francis held back a moan as he squeezed a dollop onto his hand and spread it on his and Alfred's cocks. "Only a second… voila, amant. Now I'm all yours." He didn't want Alfred to be sore during the meeting. He didn't want any kind of discomfort for his youngest lover, no matter how horny he was. It would take away from future fuck sessions, and they only had a week together—hardly enough time to recover.

Alfred took Francis's slicked cock in hand and positioned it at his entrance, pushing it slowly in. He tossed his head back as he went down, wanting to go slow and enjoy the feeling, but found himself so desperate and impatient that he quickly took the Frenchman's entire dick in one go.

"Mmn, God, so fucking good, Francis." Alfred groaned, immediately beginning to move, loving the feeling of being filled by a real, hard, pulsing cock.

Francis moaned as his cock was engulfed over and over again in Alfred's tight heat. He held Alfred's hips as the younger man rock back and forth on his lap needily. Oh screw the meeting. He was screwing Alfred currently and it felt amazing. "Mm, I've missed your tight ass, amour. You are just as desperate as when you rode me your first time."

Meanwhile, Arthur felt the movement on the bed, and, assuming his other lovers were choosing not to acknowledge that he was still sleeping while getting out of bed, was about to tell them to be more considerate—or to at least wake him before they decided to be rude—when he was met with a surprising, but sexy sight.

Alfred was riding Francis like his life depended on it, his face twisted in pleasure. Francis lay below him, hands roaming all over Alfred's flushed body, now meeting his thrusts with equal urgency.

Arthur quickly found himself hard and he reached down to relieve himself, but was startled when he felt a cold hand get there first.

Ivan shifted behind him and nosed his neck. Arthur could feel his large erection pressing into his arse and he pushed back against it, moaning. Ivan's chuckle sent shivers rolling down Arthur's body and straight to his swollen cock. "Hmm, so you like watching your brother being fucked by your rival? And you want to be fucked as well? Desperate little slut, even when we must go to the meeting." His cold lips brushed Arthur's ear, a tongue flicking out to trace the shell of it, making Arthur squirm against him.

"Oh yes, Ivan, fuck me." Arthur moaned, turning his head so that their lips could meet, so that Ivan's tongue could plunder his mouth.
"Lubricant?"

"No," Arthur said, casting glance at the clock. 7:50, and they still had to shower, dress, and eat. "No, we don't have the time." The Brit was determined to be punctual, hot fuck session or no.

Ivan chuckled again and Arthur's cock twitched in his hand. He pressed the head of his dick against Arthur's hole. "Heh, slut. It will not be my fault you have a sore ass all meeting." And he pushed in.

Arthur bit back a pained groan as Ivan's cock was inched into him, not wanting to spoil the scene unfolding on the opposite side of the bed. He chose to focus on Francis's and Alfred's senseless rutting until Ivan's entire cock was sheathed inside him.


Ivan did so, blowing their cover by pulling out and slamming back in, his thrusts shaking the bed. Francis glanced over, and, upon seeing Arthur being fucked into the mattress by Ivan, moaned and bucked harder up into Alfred, who was currently too delirious with pleasure to notice that he and Francis were no longer fucking alone.

It wasn't long before Alfred came, his back arching, cum shooting onto Francis's chest with a moan. Alfred's constricting insides milked a large load out of Francis, filling Alfred's greedy ass to the brim. Alfred rolled off of Francis to lay beside him, both sharing a kiss, before Alfred noticed Arthur's and Ivan's activities across from them.

With Francis's and Alfred's eyes trained on him, Arthur came into Ivan's hand, pumping him through his orgasm. Ivan wasn't far behind. With a growl and a harsh nip to Arthur's neck, he spurted his essence into the tight ass in front of him.

As sated and drowsy as they all were after their early-morning orgasms, they all agreed after a few minutes of rest, to get up and ready. They eventually paired up (Francis and Arthur; Alfred and Ivan) and agreed that one pair would take a shower while the other would eat breakfast.

The room service was pretty expensive, but they didn't feel like going out and onto the bustling New York City streets to look around for an eatery. Alfred and Ivan chose to eat first, taking their food to the bed since they didn't have a table, chatting about random things and feeding each other. There was some kissing and petting, but they both knew that they would have to wait until later—temptation, however, was hard-pressed.

In the shower, meanwhile, Francis and Arthur were admiring each others' bodies and washing each other with relish, being sure to linger over nipples, ass, and cock. When Arthur knew Francis was deliberately teasing him by turning around to rinse his hair, a trail of soap running down the cleft of his perfect ass, the Briton wrapped his arms around him from behind and planted a line of kisses down his neck. It was a hot display, and all the more tempting, but they both knew they didn't have the time and parted after sharing a few hot kisses.

When the pairs swapped, it was much the same. Francis and Arthur enjoyed some small talk while feeding each other and at one point shared a sausage link between them, which stirred inconvenient excitement and led to some kissing and caressing. Alfred actually begged Ivan in the shower to take him—hell, he wanted to be fucked by all of them—but he was promptly denied which resulted in him pouting cutely and Ivan couldn't resist kissing him passionately in compensation.

By the time they were all dressed and packed, it was 8:52.

Arthur urged them out the door. "Come on, or we're going to be late."
"Yeah," Alfred said. "Don't want Germany being a tightass and yelling at us first thing…"

"I know who's more of a tightass in a different sense." Francis smirked, grabbing Alfred's ass as he went out the door.

Ivan tsked. "Save that for tonight, Francis. And since our relationship is still secret, we will call each other by our country names at the meetings, da?"

Alfred laughed. "Oh, I don't think the fact we're fucking someone is secret. We certainly made a racket last night."

Francis leered. "Not as much as Romano and Spain, I'm sure."

"Ten bucks says Romano's sore today." Alfred said.

"I match, but I'm going for Spain. Kiss on it?"

Alfred looked around before shrugging. "Sure," And he pecked Francis on the lips, wanting so much to linger on the soft flesh. "I doubt you'll win, though. Romano isn't near as strong as Spain."

"We shall see." Francis said confidently. "Spain has a nice ass, so I doubt Romano could have resisted. Besides, he can be forceful when he wants to be."

Arthur scoffed. "My arse is nicer. And I'd better not hear otherwise."

Ivan chuckled and pulled Arthur to his side. "I agree. You will not hear any complaining from me."

"I second that." Alfred said, kissing his brother on the cheek.

"Moi aussi, amour." Francis agreed, kissing his other cheek.

Arthur tried to quell his reddening face and straightened, scooting a little ways away from his lovers as he spotted two people down the hall. "Spain and Romano, up ahead."

"Gotcha," Alfred said, putting his hands in his pockets and walking like he usually would when among friends.

They followed the pair until they were in the elevator lobby, awaiting for an elevator to go down.  

As they neared the corner to the lobby, they heard Antonio's and Lovino's voices clearly.

"… your own damn fault. So stop fucking complaining." Lovino sounded peeved like he usually did, yet peculiarly smug.

"Pero mi tomate bonito, you really hurt me!"

"You were asking for it, bastardo. Especially when you were flaunting your ass all around the room like some cheap whore."

Antonio pouted. "Like all of this was my fault. May I remind you, Roma, that you were the one who decided to take advantage of me so cruelly."

Lovino scoffed. "Che, take advantage? You were practically begging me to fuck you. So, sí, this was all your fault, sleazy whore."

Antonio mock-sniffed. "You're so cruel, amor."
As they rounded the corner, both men shut up and looked away from each other.

"Buenos días, amigos," Antonio said cheerily, straightening up with a wince, holding his back.

"Same to you, ami." Francis replied, trying to hold down a smirk. "What is wrong with your back, Toni? Lumpy mattress?"

Antonio stopped holding his back and looked anxious. "No, no! The mattress was…” He cast a glance at Lovino, who had his back turned to them, arms folded, waiting for the elevator with a tapping foot. "… perfect."

Alfred and Arthur exchanged surreptitious glances, trying to hold down sniggers.

Francis patted his friend lightly on the back. "Painkillers, ami. They work well in these kinds of situations, trust me." He whispered the last part and Antonio eyed him suspiciously, knowing he'd been caught, the Spaniard casting looks to the others to see if they had also caught on.

But Arthur and Alfred had quickly composed themselves and Ivan was busy pretending to examine a rather abstract picture on the wall.

There was a ding and the elevator doors opened. All of them filed inside, though it was a tight fit. Arthur ended up pressed next to Ivan and tried to look frightened like he usually would, but he found himself rubbing up against the Russian's leg and his hands trailing to rather… inappropriate places, which Ivan seemed to like, as he smirked down at him. Oh well. It wasn't like anyone would see past Francis or Alfred who were currently squashed together in front of him. He looked down and saw that Francis had a tight hold on Alfred's ass and the American kept flashing him multiple mischievous looks. Francis's hand then dipped into Alfred's back pocket and pulled out his wallet. Alfred immediately frowned and scoffed, passing a ten dollar note to the older man who had a smug smile on his face.

The meeting ended up beginning at 9:30 because Gilbert had trouble with the equipment and Ludwig kept trying to get a hold of Heracles and Sadiq, who had yet to show up. When he finally did get them to answer the phone, Heracles told Ludwig—with a very convincing cough—that he was sick and Sadiq had caught the bug also, so they were both staying in. Alfred, Arthur, Ivan, and Francis all exchanged knowing looks.

Damn, why hadn't they thought of that?

Eventually, Ludwig gave up and by that time, Gilbert had fixed the screen and had started up the software with help from Kiku and Eduard.

The meeting was slow and seemed to drag on for days. Alfred was actually convinced it had turned dark and looked hopefully out the window only to be disappointed by seeing a bright blue sky. As with every meeting, he took to doodling various super heroes on his notes, only half listening to what anyone was saying. Though when it got to Arthur (they were going in order and he was close to last, great), Alfred found himself listening to his every word. It certainly was weird, considering he'd try his hardest not to listen to Arthur before, but now he found that the cynical Brit… actually had some good ideas. Well, not as good as his totally awesome ideas. Nonetheless, he found himself reddening. Had he really been that ignorant?


"What? Oh no, I'm not, it's just…”
"… the 1036 Ganymed could generate a dust cloud large enough to block out 6.58% of solar radiation—and, America, would you kindly *keep your mouth shut* while I'm speaking?"(1)

Startled, Alfred looked up, Arthur looking at him with an annoyed expression, one eyebrow raised, arms folded. But behind his green eyes, Alfred detected a note of mischief.

Knowing he was looking at Arthur for far too long, Alfred pried his eyes away—though not altogether wanting to—and looked at the table, muttering a quiet, "Sorry,"

Satisfied, Arthur continued with his presentation, loving the adorable blush on Alfred's cheeks.

After Arthur was finished, he sat down while another nation went up, his eyes wandering over to his lovers who were spaced out around the table.

Alfred was scribbling in his notes, though Arthur knew he was probably just drawing those horrendous pictures based off of pop art. If it could even be called art. His eyes then moved to Ivan next, who was watching the current presentation with intent whilst fingering his scarf. Arthur watched and was amused to think that perhaps the habit was like that of a child with a blanket. It was cute to think that Ivan still needed a palladium(2). Then he looked at Francis.

The blond was biting the end of his pen while watching the presentation, nibbling on the end as if anxious. Then he took the whole end into his mouth and sucked lightly. Arthur tried to look away, but he found he couldn't. He watched, his face heating, as Francis pulled the pen out of his mouth, nibbling on it shortly, then pushed half of it back into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked.

Swallowing dryly, Arthur looked around. No one else seemed to notice, all either watching, taking notes, or, in Feliciano's case, sleeping. Alfred was too busy doodling and Ivan was engrossed in the presentation, nodding softly along with some statements he agreed with.

Then his eyes floated back to Francis and was startled to see that the man was now looking directly at him, his eyes heavy-lidded and seductive. Arthur couldn't take his eyes off Francis's lips as they moved up and down the pen, then parted to release it. A generous trail of saliva followed and Francis flicked out his tongue to catch it, running his tongue up and down the length of the pen in the process.

They stared at each other for a moment, and something unspoken passed between them. Francis set down his pen and raised his hand.

"*Ja, France?*" Ludwig asked, looking peeved.

"*Je suis désolé, Allemagne*, but I must use the restroom."

Ludwig sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. He was already having to deal with Feliciano's sleeping. "*Ja, go ahead. But be back soon, your turn should be within the next fifteen minutes.*"

"*Merci beaucoup,*" And Francis rose from his chair without a backwards glance, exiting the room.

Arthur bit his lip, trying to wait as long as he could, but eventually he got impatient. After five minutes, he stood and said, "I'm sorry, Germany, but the prat is taking way too long for him to be using the bathroom—*appropriately*. Let me go see if he hasn't snagged one of the female employees and run off." *Yes, that sounds like a good enough excuse...*

"*Ja, go. Tell him he has ten minutes.*"

"*Right,*"
Arthur tried to look annoyed as he exited, but he couldn't be any farther from it. He quickly made his way down the hallway and entered the bathroom.

As soon as he was in the door, two hands grabbed him and pulled him into a rough kiss. Arthur held the sink top to steady himself as a tongue was forced into his mouth. When Francis pulled away, they were both breathing hard.

"What took you so long, amour? We don't have much time!"

"I had to make it look inconspicuous!" Arthur muttered. Then, glancing at his watch, added, "Ten minutes."

Francis looked alarmed and dove in for another kiss to move things along, but Arthur pushed him back.

Francis pouted. "What is it, amant?"

"Not out here. People might see us. Into the stall."

Francis frowned but did so anyway. Arthur followed him into the stall, unbuckling his belt and unzipping his slacks. "Turn around and spread your legs."

Francis pouted but obeyed, a disgusted look on his face as he stood astride the toilet. "Euh… this is not very romantic, cher."

"It's not supposed to be." Arthur said. "You wanted to fuck during the meeting, so this is what you get. Besides," he added, inspecting the toilet. "It's fairly clean."

Francis was about to reply when he heard the familiar crinkling of foil. He turned around and leered. "Oh? You came prepared, I see. You were expecting this?"

Arthur pocketed the wrapper and held the condom between his teeth while he extracted his dick. "Somewhat. I knew that if you stayed true to your slutty nature, I would have to fuck you sometime today."

"Mm, hurry," Francis whined, inching down his pants and pushing back against Arthur. "Before Germany comes looking for us…"

Arthur smirked at what he saw. "So, I take that your were expecting this as well?"


Arthur snorted in reply as he quickly brought himself to arousal and slipped the condom on. "No time for lube. You'll have to take me dry."

"Oui, I don't care, amant. Just fuck me."

Arthur didn't say anything as he sheathed himself inside Francis, gritting his teeth at the resistance, but knowing that they didn't have time for preparation. Francis gave a pained moan, tears edging his eyes, but pushed back into Arthur nonetheless.

"Are you…?" Arthur asked.

Francis nodded. "Oui, cher, move."

Arthur pulled out and thrust back in slowly, doing so only a few times before picking up his pace
and pounding into the Frenchman with urgency. The fact that someone could walk in and stumble upon their activities (which were painfully obvious even from outside the stall) was turning him on. Francis scrabbled at the walls, trying to keep himself upright.

"Mmmn, Arthur, yes!"

Arthur leaned forward and kissed down Francis's neck. "Shh, quiet. Someone might hear us."

The Briton's hissed command made shivers roll down Francis's spine. "I, unh, will, _amour. Dieu_, I wish we could have done this in the shower…"

Arthur reached around and pulled out Francis's swollen length, pumping it with urgency. "Then come like you would if we had… we have five minutes."

Francis moaned and began to meet his thrusts. "Faster, _amant, please…""

Arthur growled and bit Francis's neck, making the older man arch into him. "Cheap whore, agreeing to do this in a bathroom… you'll stoop to any level to get a cock up your arse, huh?"

Francis moaned as Arthur stroked him more vigorously, his thrusts hurried and hard. "Oui, _Angleterre_, I need cock all the, unh, time…"

Arthur sucked at a particularly sensitive spot on Francis's neck, his sultry voice making the older nation squirm. "Greedy slut,"

It was too much for Francis and he came in hot spurts on Arthur's hand, semen dripping down into the toilet.

It wasn't long after that Arthur came, thrusting through his orgasm, enjoying the tightness of his shuddering lover.

They took time to catch their breaths before Francis whined, "Aw, I love the feeling of cum in my ass…"

Arthur pulled out, slipping off the now full condom and tying it off. "It was either this or your arse leaking for the rest of the day."

Francis pouted while they both pulled up their pants and moved out of the stall, Arthur disposing of the condom in a trash bin.

"_Merci, mon amour._" Francis said, adjusting Arthur's tie before pulling it toward him so that their lips would meet. Arthur kissed eagerly back, placing one hand on Francis's waist and the other in his hair.

The only warning they had that someone was coming was an angry grumbling and within moments, the door to the bathroom had slammed open.

Gilbert walked in, scowling. "Are you two done—? What the fuck?"

Arthur and Francis looked at him in surprise, Francis choking Arthur with his tie while Arthur was pulling hard on Francis's blazer and hair.

Gilbert scoffed. "You were supposed to _bring him back_, England, not get into a fight with him. Jeez, I just got my arsch chewed out by my tightassed _bruder_. Not awesome!"

Arthur shoved Francis away from him, glaring at the Frenchman and brushing his clothes off.
"Excuse me, Prussia. But this git had it coming to him."

Francis nodded. "Dieu merci you came, ami! He was about to slam me up against the wall and let me have it." He threw a smirk Arthur's way while Gilbert checked out his hair in the mirror.

"Ja, ja, whatever. Just get your asses back in that meeting room or West will kick me out of the house… again." And he turned, the door shutting behind him, expecting them to follow.

"That was some quick thinking, amant." Francis said, winking.

Arthur rolled his eyes. "You almost spoiled it. Stop being so crude and perhaps we might keep this secret for more than a month."

Francis pouted. "But isn't being crude something you love about me?"

Arthur tried to look peeved, but broke and laughed, pulling Francis to him. "It is, cheek. Come here. And you made me miss all my notes. Now I'll have to get them from Ivan…" And he kissed Francis a bit before deciding it was about time for them to return lest they have Ludwig on their tails.

"Please, Ivan?"

"Nyet, I am hungry. And someone might see."

Alfred gave a frustrated huff and pouted his best, but Ivan did not look up, rifling through his bag for his lunch. They were in the empty meeting room. Everyone had left for lunch and the doors were closed. Knowing he wasn't getting anywhere, Alfred came up behind Ivan and wrapped his arms around his waist, unbuckling the Russian's belt.

"Nyet, Alfred. Wait until tonight."

"But I can't," Alfred whined, slipping the belt from the buckle. "I'm too goddamn horny."

"Is your problem, not mine."

Alfred huffed again and then got an idea. He raised himself on his toes and pulled at Ivan's scarf, kissing his neck before Ivan could react.

The Russian shuddered and turned around, pushing him away. "No, I said! Now go eat one of your greasy excuses for beef…"

Alfred was about to pout again when he noticed something. He smirked. "Oh, Ivan~you're hard."

Ivan stiffened. "Nyet… I am just big, that's all…"

"Uh, dude, I've looked at your crotch plenty of times to know you're not that big."

"So you admit to checking me out before all this? You truly are a desperate whore…"

"It looks painful." Alfred said, ignoring Ivan's last comment. "You're gonna have to jerk off, but why do that when I can," Alfred stepped forward and cupped the Russian's large package. "help you?"

Ivan wanted to say no, but he was too aroused to refuse. Damn his stupid scars…

"Da, all right. Pull down your pants and bend over the table…"
"Uh, actually…" Alfred's hands now pushed down Ivan's pants to roam over his ass. "I was wanting to fuck you." He squeezed the firm cheeks.

Ivan's breath hitched and he glared. "Absolutely not. I refuse to be caught with your dick up my ass."

Alfred pouted. "You're really that ashamed of me?"

Ivan rolled his eyes. "Nyet. But—"

"You know you want it Ivaan~" Alfred purred, kissing down Ivan's neck, fingers prodding at the Russian's hole.

Ivan shivered and sighed. "All right, Alfred. But please be gentle."

Alfred scoffed, quickly turning Ivan around and bending him over the table. "Psh, be gentle on you? Dude, you certainly haven't been gentle on my ass!"

Ivan stiffened as his pants and underwear were pulled down. "You know why. I do not think I need to explain."

"A lot of guys fucked you. Your ass should be immune to that by now."

Ivan growled. "You are an insensitive ass, Amerika."

Alfred didn't respond as he undid his belt and zipped down his pants. He patted Ivan's back in reassurance. "Don't worry, baby, I'll be gentle."

Ivan relaxed and snorted. "спасибо, Alfred. And do not call me 'baby'…"

"You don't like my pet name?"

"Nyet… it sounds like what a hooker would call a John."

Alfred laughed. "Yeah, well, I guess I'm not far off the mark. It only makes sense, then, that I keep the name. Sorry, baby."

Ivan scoffed and asked, "Do you have any lubricant?"

"Yeah," Alfred said, popping open the lid of the bottle he had fished out of his pocket (yup, he was prepared) and coating his already-hard cock. During boring meetings, his mind seemed to wander to other things and he'd been trying to ward off an erection for hours. It hadn't worked. "You're a lucky man."

Ivan chuckled. "Not really. You know how horny you get. It would only make sense that you brought the bottle."

Alfred laughed and positioned himself at Ivan's entrance. "Yup, ya got me there. I'm a regular horn dog…"

"Horn what?"

"Nothin', babe." Alfred slowly pushed in with groan. "Ooh, yeah… you feel so good, baby."

Ivan grunted, biting his lip, nails digging into the table. He wasn't used to being fucked often. "Mmf, Alfred… please, wait…"
"Ah, don't be such a girl," Alfred said, pulling out and pushing back in, making Ivan groan, half in pain. "Your ass can't be that sensitive. I know how much you can take."

"D-do not be hasty, Alfred…" Ivan said, squirming a bit as he got used to the burning sensation in his ass. "Wait…"

Alfred huffed. "Fine… hurry up."

Ivan frowned and adjusted himself, trying to get used to feeling a cock in his ass again. It was a strange and foreign feeling to him, but he knew he'd felt good before with the same feeling.

"Done yet?"

"Da… you may move."

Without sparing another second, Alfred pulled out and pushed back in, harder and deeper than before. The American was breathing hard now and Ivan felt a twinge of warmth in his abdomen.

"I said you may move, Alfred."

"Is that a request?"

"If you ever want to fuck me again, then da."

"Okay," Alfred set a quickening pace, moving in and out of Ivan's ass, loving how tight the Russian was, how powerful he felt fucking him.

Ivan, meanwhile, was feeling some pleasure. He angled his hips many different ways until Alfred pressed against that one spot inside him. He arched his back and moaned, "D-da, Alfred! There, oh бог…"

"Ivan, uh, fuck…" Alfred continued to pound that one spot, making Ivan writhe and moan and scrabble at the table. No doubt if anyone was lingering just outside the door, they would hear them.

Ivan felt his cock twitch with every hit of his prostate, and he reached down to stroke himself. "A-Alfred," he moaned and the American leaned in to kiss and suck at Ivan's exposed neck, interlacing their fingers.

"You're so sexy when you're like this, Ivan…" Alfred said huskily, nipping one of the scars on Ivan's neck.

Ivan broke. He arched into Alfred, moaning out his name as he came, only at the last minute remembering to catch all the semen in his hand.

As soon as Alfred felt Ivan's insides clamp around him once, he was done. He spurted long and hot inside his lover, squeezing Ivan's fingers, muttering the Russian's name in his ear.

They stayed like that for a minute or so, catching their breath. Then Ivan shifted and said, "Alfred… I think we should get up now."

"Oh, right," Alfred pulled out of Ivan, snatching a couple of tissues out of a tissue box nearby to clean himself up. "Here… you're kind of a mess."

"Thanks to you…" Ivan grumbled, getting up, his stomach aching from being slammed into the table. "Ah… now I will have cum leaking out of my ass all day long…" He glared at Alfred.
"Oh, lighten up, babe." Alfred said, throwing an arm around him and smiling. "Besides, it'll remind you of me."

Ivan rolled his eyes and huffed, cleaning himself up the best he could and pulling up his pants. "You are not the one with semen in your ass."

"I am most of the time."

"Only in private."

Alfred scoffed and snatched Ivan's lunch up, scrutinizing it before making a disgusted face and handing it back. "Ick… I'll just get something from the vending machine."

Ivan grimaced. "My food is much better than your processed crap. I am making your lunch from now on."

"I'm not eating your commie food!"

"No exceptions or no cock."

"Aw, no fair!" Alfred pouted.

Ivan pecked him on the lips. "Is for coming up my ass during a meeting. Now no more complaining." He smiled. "Besides, would you rather I tell Arthur to make your lunch…?"

"Fuck no! I'm not planning on dying any time soon…"

"Then you will eat my food and be grateful for it."

At 4:00, the meeting finally adjourned. Alfred pushed back from his seat and stretched, yawning and stuffing his notes haphazardly in his bag before slinging it over his shoulder. He looked across the table and smirked.

Ivan had gathered his things and was making his way toward the door. He was trying to hide it, but it was obvious to Alfred that the Russian had a slight limp. Damn, had Ivan been that sensitive?

Alfred smirked, about to join Arthur when a hand came down on his shoulder.

"Hey, America, Francey-pants says he can't go out tonight for drinks, so I was hoping we could get awesomely smashed together, ja?" Gilbert said with a grin.

Alfred shook his head and Gilbert's face fell. "Sorry, bro, but I'm super tired. Seriously, I think I'm fighting somethin' off. I can't afford to have a hangover next meeting."

"Since when did you care about meetings?"

Alfred stiffened. "Uh… since Germany's threatened to put his foot up my ass if I don't stay awake during the meetings?"

Gilbert scoffed. "Forget about my bruder. He's so unawesome, he never lets loose."

"Sorry, Gil, my answer's the same. I kinda need the use of my ass…” Alfred stopped himself before he could say anything more

Gilbert scowled. "Great. Now I have to drink with my tightassed bruder… he won't even let me get
drunk!"

"What happened to Spain?"

"Psh. Says the reception chick came onto him. You know where that leads."

"Yeah," Alfred said. So, Spain wants to spend the night alone with Romano? Damn, I'm good! "Good thing my room's not directly next to his. I'm sure I'd be up all night." Alfred couldn't hide his smirk and bade farewell to Gilbert before exiting the meeting room.

As soon as he was out of sight of any of the other countries, Alfred ran down the hall and to the elevator, punching the 'up' button.

He tapped his foot impatiently as it finally opened and he got on.

And as if to make his impatience worse, that same honeymoon couple were on it. He turned his face to hide it, but he didn't think they noticed much. They were currently whispering to each other, the woman giggling as the man entwined their fingers and pecked her on the cheek. Alfred felt very uncomfortable and his stop couldn't seem to come soon enough, for by the time the doors opened, the couple were locked in a kiss and Alfred quickly darted out to give them privacy.

Now I know what they felt like when they saw me and Francis… The thought amused and embarrassed him at the same time.

As soon as he got to his room, he reached into his pocket for the key card, then cursed as he realized he had handed it to Francis before they had left that morning. Hoping that the man had made it back to the room by now, Alfred lightly knocked on the door, hearing the honeymoon couple coming around the corner.

In the span of a few seconds, the door opened, a hand snatched out to grab him by the arm, and he was whisked into the room. His mouth was claimed hungrily and a sultry voice muttered, "Strip."

Alfred did so, his chest filling with arousal.

Arthur stepped back to examine him, feeling his cock twitch to life at the sight of his nude brother. He slipped his phone out of his pocket and said, "Turn around."

Alfred obeyed, aroused at what Arthur was doing. There were a couple of snaps before Arthur said, "Mm, nice. Now spread your legs."

Alfred moaned softly, bracing himself against the wall whilst spreading his legs as far as they could go. A few more clicks sounded before Arthur set down his phone and came up behind Alfred, wrapping his arms around him and kissing down his neck. His hand trailed down to knead Alfred's plush ass.

"Such a nice arse… I would love to fuck it."

"Go ahead, Artie," Alfred groaned, pushing back into the hands teasing him. "I need a good, hard cock in my ass from that boring-ass meeting."

Arthur chuckled and turned him around, hand pulling Alfred's hardened cock. "Then I've got what you need."

Without another word, Arthur slipped his slicked cock into Alfred's tight entrance. He groaned, swallowing Alfred's needy moans in a heated kiss, practically thrusting his tongue down Alfred's
throat. He continued to push in, pinning Alfred to the wall when he was fully sheathed inside.

"Ah, fuck, Artie…" Alfred moaned when they parted, panting.

Arthur smirked. "I was just getting to that part." And he pulled out, slamming back in with enough force to grind Alfred's spine into the wall.

"A-ah, Artie…" Alfred gritted his teeth as he was pounded into the wall. "C-can we go to the, unh, bed?"

Arthur stopped abruptly and smirked, something mischievous behind his eyes. He nodded, pulling out of Alfred and pulling him over to the nearest bed, pushing him down on the side of it. Before Alfred could even beg, he was filled again.

Alfred moaned, thinking this couldn't get any better, having fucked and been fucked all in a span of a few hours, when Arthur's eyes narrowed and he leaned down, sucking on Alfred's neck.

"We've been horny all day, you know…"

Alfred moaned, suspecting something. "A-Artie… how did you get in here?"

"Good question, amour."

Francis stepped out of the closet (something he'd done long before), completely naked, along with Ivan who was also in a similar state.

Ivan smirked. "We thought a surprise would be nice."

Alfred's face immediately heated up as he examined his two lovers while another one fucked into him without a care. Being watched while being fucked was completely arousing for Alfred. The hungry looks on both Francis's and Ivan's faces fueled his arousal.

And he found, almost with surprise, that he was coming without being touched. He wrapped his legs around Arthur, holding him in place to ensure he was filled deeply with the other man's hot seed.

As soon as he caught his breath, Alfred wrapped his arms around the lover still buried inside him, kissing him deeply and greedily, fingers in Arthur's blond hair.

"Mmm, God, that was so good." Alfred said, still breathless.

Arthur smirked. "Good to know that I satisfied you."

Alfred laughed. "More than satisfied, baby." And he kissed him again.

Francis cleared his throat. "Euh… I believe it is our turn, chatons."

Alfred and Arthur parted, looking a bit peeved, but they moved away across the bed. Alfred sat up, pulling Arthur to him until they were back-to-chest, the American wrapping his arms around him and nibbling on the older nation's neck.

Francis lay spread-eagle on the bed, gazing seductively up at Ivan. "Come and get me, amour."

Ivan snorted and clambered onto the bed, straddling Francis's slim hips. "You are way too slutty for your own good, Francis."

"But I like being a slut. You like it, too, non?" He sported a pout very similar to Alfred's.
Ivan smirked. "Nyet, любить, that is just how I like you." And he leaned down to thrust his cold tongue into Francis's waiting mouth. Ivan broke it off abruptly, teasingly, leaving Francis to whine as the Russian moved onto his neck.

"S'il te plaît, mon amour… do not tease."

"Oh? France does not like foreplay? You are more of a slut than I thought." Ivan chuckled, sending shivers down Francis's spine as he arrived at the older country's neck and paused.

After a long moment of inactivity, Francis shifted and said, "Euh, mon Russie… I said 'do not tease' not 'do not touch me at all'." He frowned in bewilderment as he felt the Russian sniff him.

After a few more silent moments, during which Alfred and Arthur watched from across the bed with avid interest, Ivan suddenly reared up and pinned Francis's arms to the bed. At first, Francis became excited. He had wanted this to move along faster, after all, but upon seeing the malicious look in Ivan's eyes, all feelings of arousal were completely wiped out of his system.

Then Ivan spoke, his voice laced with hate. "Prussia,"

Francis stiffened. Oh no… "Prussia? What are you talking about, amant? I am France!" He laughed nervously, though it did nothing to sway the angry Russian.

"I smell him on you."

Francis blinked in shock. But… how could he…? Oh, merde! My suit! While Gilbert had been staying at Francis's house, he had slipped on some of Francis's clothes for shits and giggles after Francis had woken up following the night that they'd had…

Mon Dieu, what have I gotten myself into…?

Before he could even attempt to get away—which was already a slim chance as it was—Ivan locked onto his hip with bruising force, the other hand pulling at Francis's hair. His scowl deepened. "Why do you smell like that ублюдок?"

Francis whimpered. "H-he got into my house and decided to do my laundry while I was away."

Ivan's eyes narrowed to violet slits. "That does not sound like something Prussia would do… unless he was paying back a favor."

Francis stiffened. He knew where this was going, he knew Ivan knew what had happened, but he still tried to deny it as best he could. "Oui, mon amour! He was paying me back for giving him money for drinks before…"

Ivan did not look convinced. In fact, he looked more pissed than before. "He gets money from Germany."

"Well, Germany did not lend him any this time…"

There was a tense pause during which Ivan stared Francis down with great intimidation. "Do not lie to me, сука."

Francis could feel tears starting to gather at the corners of his eyes, threatening to spill over. He was so ashamed of what he had done. Why in the hell had he done it? What was wrong with him? Eventually, he gathered the courage to say, "I will not lie to you, Ivan. Prussia was over at my house and he was trying to comfort me…" He bit his lip as he examined his lover's face.
Ivan's frown deepened. "Did you sleep with him?"

Francis could feel the burn in his throat become unbearable and his eyes stung as tears slipped down his face and he sobbed out a watery, "Ou-oui,"

There were sharp intakes of breath on the other side of the bed as Alfred and Arthur listened to his confession. Though they weren't too surprised. This was France, after all. Infidelity was expected during the first few weeks of a relationship with him.

But Ivan did not think as mercifully as they did. With aggressive force, Ivan pulled hard on Francis's hair, making him cry out before flipping him over and pressing his face into the mattress. Seconds passed, and Alfred and Arthur watched in horror as Ivan held Francis's face down on the bed.

"Ivan," Arthur said with concern. "He can't breathe…"

Ivan ignored him, but seemed to remember that he didn't want to kill Francis and a few seconds later, pulled his hair again, lifting his face from the mattress. Francis coughed before breathing air into his lungs with desperate greed.

"A-amour, please…"

"Be quiet," Ivan growled, his voice threatening. Very few had heard Ivan's instant-death voice. It was fucking scary. "You have betrayed my trust. Now I will take back what is mine, and you will not enjoy it."

Francis gasped as a hand was slammed into his back, holding him down, almost squashing him, as Ivan slammed into him without lubrication or preparation. The Frenchman screamed, tears streaming down his face as he felt his insides being torn open, the pain searing and almost unbearable.

Across the bed, Alfred tightened his hold on Arthur, both watching in shock as Francis was brutally fucked. The American could feel Arthur's heart pounding and his muscles stiffen.

"Ivan, dude," Alfred said. "You're gonna fuckin' kill him like that."

Ivan scoffed, continuing to plow into the body in front of him. "Heh, nyet, he deserves to live for this. And if he faints, he will have to go through this all over again."

Francis tensed, making the pain in his torn ass worse. Ivan was rubbing him raw, blood bubbling out of his ass.

But he took it. Because he deserved it. He deserved to hurt and cry. He deserved the guilt and the punishment because he had wronged all three of his lovers and the worst part was, he had done nothing to stop his cheating.

But the pain was fucking unbelievable.

"I should be fucking you with my pipe." Ivan snarled. "You are lucky I am having Latvia polish it."

Alfred shuddered at his words, prompting Arthur to look worriedly at him. "He didn't—?" the Briton asked in horror.

Alfred nodded. "I could take it, but Francis…" He shook his head.

Arthur pressed his back more firmly against Alfred and in turn, the American held him closer to comfort him. Well… it was more to comfort himself. Alfred had forgotten how incredibly scary Ivan
could be when he wasn't acting like a child.

And still, Francis endured. That was until Ivan grabbed a hold of his hair, fucking into him with vicious force, going cruelly deep and hard. He pulled the Frenchman's head up and growled, "Say you are mine! Say it!"

Francis stiffened and felt a familiar sickening feeling well in his gut. He shook his head, but Ivan was having none of it. He pulled at Francis's hair again, nails piercing the tender flesh on his hip. "Say you are mine, илюха!"

Then, without wholly wanting to, but not being able to hold it back, Francis broke into tears. "No… please!" he sobbed, chest heaving painfully, his throat sore. He buried his face in his arms and cried more than he had in a long while, not caring who was watching.

Ivan stopped abruptly, disturbed at the outburst. Sure, he had wanted Francis to cry, but not like this, not quite so… forlornly.

The Russian turned him over in order to inspect him more thoroughly, and what he saw made his heart ache.

Francis was curled into a tight ball, face hidden and weeping, breath ragged and shaky. He was trembling from head to foot and mumbling to himself. Watching him, Ivan couldn't help but be reminded of that little boy, chained inside a tent and waiting for the Fetcher to take him to his next torture session.

"Francis…" Ivan said, hand moving gently over Francis's shivering side, concerned.

Francis stiffened, as if repulsed by his touch, making Ivan's heart drop. "No, please, please don't make me… I'm sorry, Ivan. I'm so sorry… please…" He succumbed to another fit of sobs.

His anger forgotten, Ivan pulled Francis to him and coaxed him to sit up. "Look at me, любить." he said gently, and Francis eventually quieted his sobs and looked warily up at him, eyes bloodshot and face splotchy from crying. "What is wrong?" It was a stupid question to ask after Ivan had practically raped him—as much as he hated to think about it that way—but they both knew what he was really asking.

Francis sniffed and looked down at his lap, wringing his hands. "I-I… I didn't mean to have sex with Prussia. He was there a-at my house and he snuck up behind me and hit me on the b-back… I passed out and… and…" His eyes filled with tears again. "And I had a dream. It was about the time I was c-captured by G-Germany… during the time I was with him he-he…" Francis took a deep breath and shuddered. "He told me to say the same thing while he was… while he…" He started crying again.

Ivan felt so terrible. He didn't mean to awaken any bad memories, especially not those. But, honestly, what had he expected? For the older nation to just take it and come out of it mentally unscathed? I really am a monster…

Arthur and Alfred wanted to comfort Francis, but they were both too scared to interfere. They just watched with bated breath, hoping Ivan would make it better somehow.

Ivan then came up with the perfect apology and pulled Francis onto his lap. Francis hesitantly straddled Ivan's legs, eyes still downcast, body shivering and heaving with the effort of trying to keep down his sobs.

Ivan cupped Francis's flushed cheek. "Francis, любить, I am sorry."
"Non, I am the one who should be sorry… I ch- cheated."

"Da, Francis, but you did not deserve what I did to you." Ivan said, feeling sick. He was no better than Mongolian Empire… he tried not to scowl as the fucked up son of a bitch came to mind. "I… could not control my temper." He had thought after Francis's confession that he would lose one of his lovers that he had come to care for dearly… again, abandonment issues.

Francis sniffed, but said nothing.

Ivan wrapped his arms around Francis, pulling him close, and kissing him on a tear-salty cheek. "I will never hurt you again. And I will show you how sorry I am."

Francis sniffed and finally looked at Ivan, giving the Russian the chance to claim his lips. Francis opened up immediately, whether because he was eager or scared of what would happen if he didn't concede, Ivan didn't know. Ivan slowly slipped his tongue into the man's mouth, exploring it softly. They kissed for a long time—not desperate, lustful, hungry kissing, but slow and passionate and full of meaning. Ivan found that when he parted, Francis lunged forward to claim his lips again, desperately, arms wrapping around his neck and pulling him close. This happened several times, Ivan in no mood to rush, until Francis pulled back and said teary-eyed, "Ivan, please…"

Ivan smiled softly, not that intimidating smile he normally sported, but a warm, sincere smile. Despite all that had happened, Francis did look cute when he was crying. The Russian pecked his lover on the lips and said, "Anything for you, любить."

Ivan made sure he was lubed up before entering Francis, though he knew the blood the Frenchman was probably exuding would be enough for him. He tried to fight down a sickening feeling when he felt his cock slide into the blood.

Ivan began a slow and steady pace, thrusting purely for pleasure, not for dominance. He made sure to target Francis's sweet spot and linger on it for a generous amount of time. The Frenchman moaned softly, kissing Ivan just as equally soft, their tongues meeting gently, and there was no battle to come out on top. This was about love, and Ivan knew that Francis needed the reassurance after what had happened previously.

Francis straddled his hips the whole time, Ivan holding him upright, bodies meshed together. Ivan kissed and sucked gently on Francis's neck, hands rubbing in circles on his back. He reached down and took Francis's hardened cock in his hand, giving it a few deep, slow pumps.

Francis was breathing hard now, no longer crying. He locked eyes with Ivan and they gazed at each other until the Frenchman's body gave a shudder, and Francis moaned as he spilled himself into Ivan's hand. And just when the high hit him, Francis was crying again, not sobbing, but crying just from the intimacy of it all, tears rolling down his cheeks as Ivan continued to fuck him from below.

And then Ivan was shuddering, coming deep inside his lover. Francis moaned again, half-crying as he hugged Ivan tightly, the Russian doing the same. They didn't want to move they felt so comfortable in each others' arms.

Eventually, though, the soreness came back to Francis's ass and he groaned in pain as Ivan slipped out of him, kissing him again before getting up and fetching a few tissues and some painkillers. He offered them to Francis guiltily. "So… am I forgiven?" He wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't. But he needed to be sure. The childlike part of Ivan's mind needed to be assured he had done the right thing.

But Francis smiled and he took the items from Ivan, cleaning himself up before swallowing the pills. "Oui, amour. Of course… and I promise I will never cheat again."
"And I will never hurt you again, 

"To bed, then?" Arthur inquired, pulling down the covers and slipping beneath them, Alfred following. Francis did the same, and Arthur wrapped his arms around him, kissing him. Alfred leaned over and kissed him as well.

"G’night. That was sweet, by the way…"

"Agreed," Arthur said and brushed some hair out of Francis's face before kissing him again and curling up to him, arm draped over the older nation's chest. "Just remember, Francis, we're here for you. If there's anything that you want to get off your chest, we'll listen." Alfred, meanwhile, spooned his brother from behind, playfully blowing air into Arthur's ear before the Briton laughed and moved his head away.

Francis smiled. "Thank you, Arthur. Next time, I will. Ah… Dieu, mes fesses…” He gritted his teeth as he situated himself, his ass still sore even after the painkillers.

Ivan snuggled up next to Francis, throwing an arm over the Frenchman's chest and caressing his chest before running his fingers lightly down Arthur's arm, raising goosebumps on the Briton's skin. Arthur made an 'mmm' sound and closed his eyes.

"I am sorry for the pain I caused you tonight, 

Francis chuckled. "Mais, I have already forgiven you, mon cher."

"Da, but I wish I could take it back. I am not a cruel person… temperamental, perhaps." He smirked.

Francis laughed again and Ivan switched from stroking Arthur to doing the same with Francis's chest and neck. Francis let his head fall back into the pillows and he let out a sigh of content. "Mmm, that feels so good, amant…"

Ivan kept moving his fingers lightly over Francis's bumped skin until the man was asleep. At this, he stopped and kissed Francis on the forehead.

"Спокойной ночи, мой подсолнух…"

Translations:

Bon matin-Good morning

Moi aussi-Me also

Pero mi tomate bonito-But my beautiful tomato

Buenos días-Good morning

Allemagne-Germany

Dieu merci-Thank God

спасибо-Thanks

бог-God

chatons-kittens
merde-shit
ублюдок-bastard
сука-bitch
mes fesses-my ass

Спокойной ночи, мой подсолнух...-Goodnight, my sunflower...

References:

(1) Scottish scientists have proposed that if a large asteroid the size of the 1036 Ganymed could be broken up to form a dust cloud around earth, that it would block 6.58% of solar radiation.

(2) Yay! I used one of my vocab words-Palladium: something believed to ensure protection; safeguard-not the element!

A Word From the Writer: *sniff* Aw, so sweet! Well… after the initial horror, but still… I don't think France will ever cheat again!

*gasp!* I've broken my pattern of two-part chapters!

Next Chapter Hint: Opposites attract.
Switch it Up!

Okay, so here it is. Sorry for the delay. I'm not in my usual workplace at the moment and I hate it!

Warning: Innuendo, masturbation, hints to Spamano, lemon, uke!Russia, fluffy stuff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Switch it Up!

Once again the wakeup call came, but this time, Ivan answered it.

"Da?"

"Good morning, sir. This is your wakeup call—"

"Da, da, I know. Спасибо,"

He set down the phone and settled his chest back into the warmth of his lover's back. As much as he would have liked to lay there for a good while longer, Ivan knew that even Arthur, with his new sexual appetite, would be pissed if he let them oversleep.

Ivan sighed in disappointment as he brushed his fingers along Arthur's shoulder, reaching over Francis to do so. If anyone could wake the rest of them up, it was Arthur. The Briton stirred and it took a few moments for him to wake. Arthur took a deep breath and sighed before saying, "It's that damn meeting, isn't it?"

Ivan blinked in surprise. Normally Arthur saw the meetings as extremely important, which, of course, they were. But no one else seemed to see it that way except for Ludwig. Just look at Alfred.

"Now, любить," Ivan chided gently, giving Francis's warm neck a couple of soft kisses to rouse him. "Do not be grouchy, да? It will go smoother if you are positive."

Arthur snorted and shifted against him. "Positive my arse. All I want to do is stay here and fuck. Hell, I deserve that after weeks of separation."

Ivan smiled. "Now you are starting to grow as stubborn as Alfred."

"No I'm not!" Arthur hissed and Alfred stirred.

"Who said m'name?" Alfred grumbled, turning over to face them.

Francis woke and said, "Alfred, you blew our cover. I was going to pretend we were sick so that we could stay in bed together." He smirked.

"Git," Arthur grumbled.

"It is a good idea! Why not?"

"'Cause they'll suspect something, having all four of us sick at once." Alfred said drowsily, then added, "Though I really wish we could. I need a cock up my ass again." He threw an arm across his brother's chest, thumbing the Brit's nipple and kissing a line down his neck.
Arthur purred and turned his head to peck Alfred on the lips. "I know, love, but as annoying as it is, it is quite important that we attend."

Alfred groaned as Arthur slipped out of his embrace, his warmth disappearing as the older nation sat up in the bed, stretching. A few bones popped. Arthur immediately flashed a glare at Alfred, who was just dying to say something snarky.

"Don't you dare, yank. My arse may be older than yours, but I'm still sexy, at least by your standards."

"By everyone's standards, **amour.**" Francis said, Ivan distracting him a bit by nipping Francis's exposed neck. "If only you were not such a prude, I am sure that many of them would proposition you."

Arthur snorted. "I do hope you've realized by now that I am most definitely not a prude."

Francis leered. "But of course, **amour.**" Then Ivan bit down particularly hard and Francis grunted, wriggling away from him and sitting up, rubbing the bite. "*Oh, là là, minou. I will have a mark on my neck.*"

Ivan smirked. "I am sure the other nations will not be surprised. Besides, I mark what is mine." Ivan immediately wished he could take back the last part, as something flashed in Francis's eyes that told him he was remembering the previous night. Ivan sat up and pulled Francis to him, wrapping his arms around his front and squeezing. "Only because I care so much for you, *любить.*"

Francis smiled and turned his head to kiss him.

When they broke, Francis wriggling out of his arms to slide off the bed, Ivan said, "And what does 'minou' mean anyway? I am not very skilled in French."

Francis smirked as he gathered his clothes and headed to the shower. "It means 'pussycat'."

Ivan raised his eyebrows. "You do know that I am not in any way feline, correct?"

"*Oui, minou,*"

"Then why…?"

Francis laughed and flipped his hair. "Because you purr like a cat when we are having sex. It is cute, *non?*"

Ivan stared at him for a moment and was suspicious of the smile on Francis's face. "Ah… there is something you are not telling me, мой дорогой."

Francis finally broke. "*Oui, amour. It also means 'pussy'."*

Ivan snorted. "Of course,"

Francis winked at him. "And you have a very good one, *chéri.*"

Before Ivan could say anything, Francis disappeared into the bathroom. A few moments later, Alfred grumbled and rolled out of bed, also entering the bathroom.

Arthur watched him shut the door and said, "Hey, git. You forgot your clothes."

"Screw it! I'll get 'em when I get out."
"You'll catch a cold."

"Psh! I never get sick!"

Arthur scoffed and rolled his eyes and walked over to Ivan in all his naked glory, sitting on his lap and wrapping his arms around the Russian's neck, giving him a mischievous look.

"Do me?"

Ivan scoffed and shook his head. "You truly are desperate, aren't you?"

"How could you tell?"

Ivan chuckled and kissed Arthur's cheek, hands ghosting up Arthur's back, muttering into his ear, "You are getting just as bad as Francis. Nyet, I am sorry, любить, but we must get ready."

Arthur looked crestfallen. "May I at least suck you?"

Ivan shook his head again. "Nyet. We will save for tonight. I have a good idea."

Arthur pouted, but conceded and kissed him on the lips once before getting up off of his lap and walking over to the phone. Ivan watched him, enjoying the way his ass flexed as he moved.

"You had better have a good one, then. I'm horny as hell and I'll be more than ready for a good romp when we meet next." Arthur snapped with a smirk and picked up the phone, ordering room service.

The meeting was as slow as ever. Gilbert didn't have trouble with the equipment this time, but a fight broke out between Antonio and Lovino. It escalated to the point that Ludwig said to settle their dispute outside the room. They all waited for ten minutes before they realized that the two were not coming back.

Once again Ivan, Arthur, Francis, and Alfred were jealous. They were impatient for that night, which Ivan had informed them all of the surprise he had in store. But everyone in the meeting knew now for a fact that Antonio and Lovino were having sex. Having four people simultaneously make an excuse to stay in, though, would be much more obvious.

The topic today was, go figure, the economy. The presentations dragged on, during which Alfred entertained himself by clicking his pen constantly to the point that Ludwig had to tell him very firmly to stop. Alfred did, but he then began shifting restlessly in his seat and tapping his fingers.

Arthur, meanwhile, tried his best not to look at Francis, expecting another tempting display, choosing instead to glare at Alfred. Unlike times before the American's revolution, it didn't work.

Francis wanted sex so bad, but he knew he had to wait. He'd never had to wait before. It was agony! He was France! He couldn't be denied sex whenever he had the urge. That would be the same as wearing a chastity belt, which, to say the least, he was most frightened of. All he could do while he waited—God, he hated the word—was to twirl his hair around his pen and daydream about sex. Hell, it was the next closest thing, and he had quite a collection of past events he could peruse.

Ivan was listening like he usually did, nodding or shaking his head at some parts of the speeches and being part of the few who actually raised their hands to provide suggestions for or ask questions about the propositions. He took international relations very seriously, especially since the rest of the world's economies were suffering. That and he wanted to play a dominant role in world affairs, which he had missed out on for the better part of quite a few centuries. But he spared a few minutes
to glare at Gilbert, and the Prussian slid down further into his seat, trying to look someplace else. Arthur inquired about some presentations as well, though not as often or as enthusiastically. He seemed more distracted than usual today and only Ivan as well as Francis and Alfred (who weren't really paying much attention to begin with) knew why. Ivan smiled.

When Alfred got up to speak, he was pointedly uninterested which made Ludwig frown and Yao smirk. Arthur was not as obvious as Alfred, though he was more distracted than distant, and he explained a well-thought-out idea without trouble. Though it would have been more entertaining if Arthur was more upbeat like he usually was—which was only ever witnessed in meetings. Francis, meanwhile, seemed to go quicker than all the other nations, as if eager to end the presentation as fast as possible. At this, Ivan smiled and continued to do so until he reached the podium, where he then explained (very extensively) about his plan. His eyes lingered for a while on his lovers, making them squirm uncomfortably in their seats. To his delight, he found that most countries were agreeing with him. He walked back to his seat feeling confident and smug, making a point of staring surreptitiously at his lovers throughout the rest of the meeting.

By the time it was adjourned, Ivan could tell his lovers were all eager to get back to the room, and Ivan was as well. But just when he was about to join them in the hall, Ludwig called all who participated in the signing of the contract back to the room to begin their hour-and-a-half long meeting of (what they agreed to be called) the Allied Nations of Economic Support (I know, I suck at names, don't judge me!)—though Alfred wanted it to be called 'The League of Awesome' and only Gilbert agreed—wherein they discussed how certain nations could support each other. Of course, Ludwig was a supporting nation and Gilbert... no one really knew why he was there.

When it was all through, it was seven at night (they'd broken for dinner at six) and everyone was exhausted. Feliciano had to be carried back to his room by Ludwig and Alfred had to be shaken awake.

"Come on, yank." Arthur said, waiting for Alfred to gather his scattered belongings and stand, adding as he leaned in, "The more time spent here, the less bedroom time we get."

That certainly made Alfred speed up.

They both did not speak as they made their way to Arthur's and Ivan's room, anticipating the events to come too much to talk.

One knock on the door was all it took for them to be welcomed in. Their excitement was heightened when they saw that both Francis and Ivan were naked. With his eyes, Francis told them to strip down.

Oh, that was right. They had made a rule: wear no clothes in the room. Screw Ludwig and his incessant nosing; at this point they didn't really care if he happened to check in on them. He'd quickly learn not to do so again if he did.

They didn't speak, they just did. And looking at all this expanse of reddened skin was quickly making them aroused.

Ivan motioned for them to come over. They all did so.

As they gathered around the bed on which Ivan was laying, the Russian reached over to the nightstand and pulled out the drawer, taking out a bottle of lube. Alfred, Arthur, and Francis watched with avid interest as he squeezed out a dollop and coated his cock, which was already half-hard. It grew before their eyes, gaining a rosy color under the slickness of the lube. Then, just as they were all going to ask a variety of different favors, Ivan lowered his fingers and slipped one into his hole.
All they could do was stare as Ivan moved the digit in and out of himself, spreading his legs further with each thrust. He moaned as he slipped in another, his pace quickening and his fingers plunging in to the third knuckle. Eventually, Francis got impatient and moved to clamber onto the bed. Ivan welcomed him, handing him the lube. Francis stared at him for a moment before finally getting it and smirking as he took the bottle out of his hand, coating his cock and fingers with it. He drove his own fingers into himself, moaning softly with the penetration.

Alfred and Arthur moved at the same time, but Ivan told them with his eyes to remain where they were. Crestfallen and hard, the brothers obeyed, barely being able to keep their hands from wandering down to pull at their dripping cocks.

Then Ivan pulled his fingers out and grabbed Francis by the wrist, pulling his out as well. The Frenchman moaned, cut off when a cold tongue was plunged into his mouth. They kissed for a long minute, Alfred and Arthur twitching and restless to move on. Ivan smirked when they parted, knowing what he was doing to them. Continuing with his plan, he pushed Francis down on the bed, kissing him again, before laying down on his side beside him, both facing each other. He looked over his shoulder at Arthur and Alfred.

"Well?"

They both got it in that one moment, the two brothers leering at each other as they both climbed onto the bed.

"So," Alfred said, kissing Ivan softly on one of his scars. "What's your plan?"

"Yes," Arthur added, reaching over to give Francis's cock a slow pump. "Do tell."

Ivan flinched and replied, "I thought that tonight we could… switch it up." He smirked and pointed Alfred over to Francis and then beckoned Arthur to himself. "Alfred will fuck Francis and Arthur will fuck me. I supposed the new arrangement would be rather exciting. Besides, we should all get our turns."

Arthur smirked and moved so that he was laying behind Ivan, rubbing his hardened cock in the cleft of the Russian's ass. Ivan purred and pushed back against him.

"Lube?" Arthur asked, aware that Ivan wasn't used to being fucked.

"Nyet," Ivan said and when a concerned look passed behind Arthur's eyes, he added, "I can take it."

Arthur understood: in order for Ivan to move on from his past experiences, he needed to show himself that he could take roughness from a lover and not look upon them as someone he despised.

"Alfred," the Briton said, motioning to Francis. "Get behind Francis."

The American nodded and did so. He moved his hand lightly down the older man's side and kissed his neck, swirling his tongue around the wound Ivan had made earlier that day. "You ready, babe?"

Francis mewed and pushed back into him. "You know I am, amour. I've been waiting for this day for a long time." Francis wasn't lying. He had never been fucked by Alfred, and his yearn for it strengthened all the more upon witnessing Alfred fucking his other lovers.

Arthur put a hand on Ivan's hip and ghosted his lips over the Russian's neck. "Ready, love?"

Ivan shivered and nodded. He was determined not to lose his cool this time, but his hand was already fisting the sheets.
Alfred pushed in first, slowly. Francis groaned and in his impatience, moved back into him, his ass swallowing his cock to the hilt.

Alfred gasped. "Damn, Francis…"

"Dieu, amour, you feel so good inside me." Francis moaned, squirming impatiently against him.

Arthur wet his lips, cock aching with the sight of Francis impaling himself on his brother's cock. He lined himself up and pushed in. Ivan winced at the penetration, but moaned nonetheless at being filled. Francis saw this, and took the Russian's hand, squeezing gently. Then it trailed lower, taking a hold of Ivan's growing erection, stroking it. Ivan gave him a grateful look.

When Arthur was settled all the way inside, he shuddered and buried his face into Ivan's neck, his breathing ragged. "God, you're so tight…" The pressure on his dick was almost painful and he dug his fingers into Ivan's hip to will away his orgasm.

Ivan shivered at the warm breath on his neck. "Mn, please move, любить,"

"Of course, love." Arthur said huskily, pulling out slowly. Ivan whined at the empty feeling in his ass, only for it to escalate to a loud moan when the Briton thrust back in.

Francis squirmed at the sight, his hand picking up the pace on Ivan's swelling shaft. "Alfred, fuck me. I need to feel your cock."

Alfred half-moaned, half-growled at the words, pulling out and slamming back in. Francis arched and gasped, scrabbling at the sheets. The American nipped at Francis's neck and said, "Bet you wish you could have had me earlier, slut."

"Yes!" Francis moaned, taking Alfred's cock deeper. "I've wanted you for so long, but you would never, unh, pick up on any of my sexual passes."

Alfred smirked and thrust into him again. "Who said I didn't pick up on them?"

Francis moaned again. "Then you are a worse tease than I am."

Arthur chuckled. "More like whore."

Alfred picked up the pace of his thrusts. "Sounds like someone's complaining~" and he leaned in, pressing his lips to Arthur's.

Ivan's meekness was completely washed away. Alfred's hard thrusts had forced Francis closer to Ivan, and the older nation was now stroking the Russian's cock, looking at him through half-lidded eyes. He was sandwiched between Arthur and Francis while the two brothers kissed passionately above him.

This wasn't anything like the times he'd been fucked in the past. Now he was completely out of his shell. He knew that the men that were touching him, the man that was fucking him, loved him and were not exploiting him. It was one of the best feelings in the world for Ivan.

He knew he must have had a grateful look on his face because Francis moved his hand from off of his cock to cup his face. "Tu es belle, mon amour." His thumb stroked his cheek, whicking away a tear that Ivan hadn't even known was there.

Ivan's chested flooded with warmth and his heart began to beat (Oh, бог, please don't let it fall out now…) as he reached down and took Francis's dick into his own hand, pumping in rhythm with
Alfred's thrusts. Francis moaned, giving Ivan the chance to plunge his tongue into the other man's mouth, every movement of his tongue showing Francis just how much his words meant to him.

Arthur and Alfred, meanwhile, came up for air, but were just as quickly liplocked again. Alfred would never get over the feeling of kissing his brother; Arthur's touch was so familiar and reassuring, yet he knew that this sort of intimacy was morally wrong between them. Then again, he always got high off of incestuous arrangements between his brothers—Matthew had been a big recipient of that. And now that he finally had Arthur, he felt complete.

Arthur could never get enough of Alfred's taste—no matter how ironic it seemed. It wasn't like he tasted sweet (more like beef), but it was his taste, Alfred's taste, his signature. The Briton withdrew and swallowed lungfuls of air, gasping as Alfred nipped and licked at his neck.

"You're such a stud, babe." Alfred breathed raggedly into his ear, taking the lobe between his teeth. "Can't get over it."

Arthur could almost laugh. He'd never considered himself a 'stud'. But hearing Alfred say that was a big boost to his sexual confidence and further awakened his renegade side. Their lips met again, but this kiss was short and lingering as they both were struggling to breathe as it was. Arthur smirked at him and said, "You're not too bad yourself, love."

Alfred looked as if he could punch him playfully in the shoulder, but he was too busy gripping Francis's hip. He drove deeply into him, loving the fact that his first lay was now bottoming him. That and Francis's ass did have an addictive quality to it—like it was begging to be fucked all the time. Then again, this was France. It probably came with the job.

Alfred leaned down, running his hand down Francis's sides, biting his shoulder. "Mm, you're so hot, baby. Your ass is swallowing me up."

Francis moaned. "Oui, cher, I want you deep."

Alfred chuckled, sending shivers down Francis's spine and heat to his crotch. "Can do."

Alfred's pace quickened, and Francis didn't think it possible, but he was plowing into his ass even deeper than before. The American's balls slapped against Francis's ass as it was thoroughly pounded, the Frenchman howling his arousal.

Arthur knew they were all close, so he increased his speed as well. He didn't want to hurt Ivan, so he didn't go as deep as he normally would, his thrusts shallow and controlled. At the same time he slid his hand up and down Ivan's side gently.

Ivan could feel his edge approaching, but knew it would be all the more intense if Arthur drove deeper into him. His prostate was receiving minimal attention with the soft thrusts. He knew that Arthur was acknowledging his history and therefore trying to be easy with him, and Ivan was grateful for that, but Arthur also needed to know that he was not as weak as he was before. So his hand reached up to cover Arthur's and the Briton peered down at him with concern.

"I know you are trying to be gentle, любить, but I can take more."

Arthur nodded and began thrusting harder into him. He looked down at Ivan again in question and Ivan said, "Da, right there. Fuck me like that." He adjusted so that Arthur would be getting a better angle at his prostate. Another push and Ivan moaned as his sweet spot was pounded, pushing back into Arthur.

Francis was still pumping Ivan's cock, but his own needed attention as well. Seeing that Ivan was too
enthralled in his arousal to do much at the moment, Francis took his and Ivan's cocks into his hand, rubbing up and down. His hips jerked between Alfred's cock and his own hand as he felt the delicious sensation of another hard, pulsing cock against his.

Ivan watched as Francis jerked both their cocks, a drool of precum trailing down his own and onto the head of Francis's rosy rod. The Frenchman then took his thumb and smeared the juice over the slit of his own cock, moaning at the feel of it. Francis was so caught up in watching his hand stroking their cocks that when he looked up, he barely had time to react as his lips were claimed with hunger. Their tongues entwined and they both groaned into the kiss as Francis's thumb continued to swirl on the heads of both of their dicks.

When they parted, a bridge of saliva connecting their lips, Francis dove for Ivan's sensitive neck, licking and kissing it before biting at a hot spot he'd previously found.

That was it for Ivan. What little control he'd had was gone as he shuddered and shot ropes of hot cum onto Francis's cock and still-pumping hand, moaning his release.

As soon as Francis felt cum spill onto his hand and drip down onto his cock, Ivan's dick pulsing with every shot against his own, he lost it. He came just as his prostate was brutally rammed, shouting as he spurted cum onto his hand and Ivan's wet cock.

Ivan's walls constricted around Arthur's cock, and for a few thrilling moments, Arthur thought he could die from the pressure and the wave of arousal that rushed through him. His climax burned with a quickness up his cock, his balls drawing up, and he buried himself deep inside Ivan as he shot, thrusting through his orgasm.

Alfred wasn't far behind. Francis squeezed around him at just the right amount, milking his cock as it spurted molten cum deep inside, coating Francis's insides and making the Frenchman moan with the sudden heat and fullness.

Alfred moved to pull out of Francis, but the older nation quickly reached around and held him firmly in place by his ass. "No, cher. Stay in me for a little while longer." Francis never liked it when his lovers pulled out immediately after sex. The afterglow seemed to be a lot better if he remained filled for a while.

Arthur pulled out of Ivan and drew the covers over them all. Ivan turned over as the Briton laid down behind him, throwing an arm around Ivan and drawing him close.

"Спасибо, любовь," Ivan said.

Arthur smiled warmly and replied, "There's no need. I'll do anything for you, Ivan." And he pecked him on the lips, the Russian turning over so that Arthur's warm form could hug him from behind.

Francis put his head close to Ivan's and muttered, "That was a great surprise, amour."

Ivan chuckled and kissed him, rubbing his shoulder. "I know. Goodnight, Francis."

Alfred planted a couple of soft kisses on Francis's shoulder and murmured a goodnight into his neck. Francis moaned in content and drifted off. Alfred was so tired he could hardly keep his eyes open and so he was in a deep sleep not long after. Arthur dropped off a little after that, and Ivan remained awake for a couple more minutes, watching his lovers' chests rise and fall and observing their peaceful faces.

How lucky I am. he thought and let the seductive veil of sleep wash over him.
Translations:

Спасибо—Thanks

мои дорогой—My dear

бог—God

Word From the Writer: Ugh! I'm sorry that I couldn't post this sooner. I'm at my grandma's house for the break and she lives in the middle of nowhere and the internet is terrible! It's been fluctuating the whole time I've been here and I've had a hard time navigating between pages on my account because the internet keeps going down.

*sigh* Anyway, things are getting a lot more interesting now, hm? I figured you would like this arrangement. :D

Next Chapter Hint: Delicacies.

Also be sure to check out my new post "America's 35 Sure-Fire Ways To Annoy England"
With A Cherry on Top

Yup, so I'm back at home and boy have I got a sweet treat for you. XD

Warning: Lemon, oral, 69, some exhibitionism, voyeurism (you won't believe who), food play, and hint to past AmericaxCanada.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

With A Cherry on Top

Alfred shifted against the warm body in front of him, yawning. Alarm struck him when a sharp rush of heat rushed up from his groin. He shifted again and looked down.

Oh, so that was why.

His cock was still resting in Francis's ass and his morning wood was beginning to pulse and ache for release. Not wanting to wake Francis up, but so desperately needing to come, Alfred drew his hand up lightly over Francis's hip as he pulled slowly out of him. The feeling of being exposed and devoid of the pressure and heat that his cock had been feeling throughout the night made Alfred suck in a breath through his teeth.

When he pushed back in, it was pure bliss. Being encased in warmth again made his cock twitch in response. "Hnn," Alfred looked at his lovers, hoping no one had heard. Though he had a feeling he would eventually be found out if his lust proved to be as strong as it always had been in the morning.

His pace picked up, losing his concern for discovery and lacking in courtesy as he began to thrust recklessly into the warm body in front of him. His breath became ragged and came in harsh pants, covering Francis's neck with hot breath. His fingers dug into the soft skin on the Frenchman's hip.

Alfred felt Francis tense in front of him and the muscles move as he shifted. "Q-quoi?… Oh, uh, Alfred!"

Francis pushed back into him, pain searing up his spine from the previous night and the one before—he had forgotten to take some aspirin before bed—but still deriving pleasure from the cock thrusting in and out of him. Sensing Francis's pain (which was a miracle in itself), Alfred reached down and gripped the older nation's swelling cock, running a thumb over the slit. Francis arched and moaned, precum dribbling down his shaft from the teasing contact.

By now the bed was moving back and forth erratically. Arthur's eyes fluttered open and he grinned, seeing his two lovers' activities across the bed. The Briton leaned down and nibbled on Ivan's earlobe to wake him so that he could watch the show as well, only to stiffen when the colder nation said, "I have been watching for a long time, любить."

Arthur chuckled and kissed down Ivan's pale neck, making the man shiver. "Why don't you help out?"

Ivan felt his lips widen into a smirk as Arthur ran his hand up and down the Russian's side. Ivan slid out of his arms and moved over to where Alfred and Francis were fucking, both now quite aware that their other lovers were awake and watching. Francis looked at him through half-lidded eyes, mouth parted slightly in a pant, and Ivan couldn't resist leaning up and claiming that mouth, thrusting his tongue in, Francis moaning in response. Warm hands came up to bury fingers in Ivan's ash-blond
hair, but Ivan did not feel them for long as he slid down Francis's body.

A loud moan split the room. Francis arched back into Alfred before thrusting his cock into Ivan's chilling mouth. Alfred grunted and began pumping more roughly into the body in front of him, so close but trying for the life of him to hold off.

This was getting too hot to come early.

Arthur moaned and reached down, pulling at his own rapidly hardening cock, thinking that this scene couldn't get any sexier.

Wait. Perhaps it could.

Arthur rolled off the bed, wincing as his bare feet hit the cold floor of the hotel room. Smirking to himself, the Briton made his way around the bed, lifting the covers and climbing in so that he lay behind Alfred. The American flinched, knowing he was there, though too engrossed in plowing Francis's ass to acknowledge him much.

Arthur leaned down and growled in his ear, "I bet you want a cock up your arse." His lips ghosted over his ear.

Alfred moaned and pushed back into him. "Hell yeah. Get your meat inside me."

Arthur chuckled and did as he was told—it was only gentlemanly of him after all—spitting in his hand and lubing his cock before slipping it slowly inside.

"Fuck yes!" Alfred moaned, hips pistoning between Francis's hot ass and Arthur's hard cock.

"Unh, Alfred. So tight..." Arthur dug his fingers into Alfred's fleshy hip, pulling out and thrusting back in, causing the American to moan and push forward into Francis's arse.

And then... the phone rang.

Arthur sighed. "Goddammit." The front desk never failed at their inconvenience. He tried to ignore it, continuing to fuck into Alfred, though the sound was terribly annoying.

"Mon amour," Francis said, sounding breathless. "You might want to pick that up. They will only keep calling if you don't. I should know. They would not shut up while I was busy fucking—"

"Shut it or no cock for the rest of the week." Arthur snapped, not wanting to hear of Francis's various other lovers, giving an aggravated huff as he twisted around so that he could reach the phone on the nightstand, his cock still buried in Alfred's pulsing arse.

Francis smirked but obeyed.

"Dude, wait!" Alfred said, looking up at him as if he was crazy. "You aren't gonna pick that up while we're still doing this?"

Arthur's only answer was a smirk, and Alfred knew they were in some deep shit when Arthur picked up the phone and said, "Hello?"

"Good morning, sir. This is your wake up call. Be sure to be at the world meeting at nine o'clock this morning."

"Thank you," Arthur said, smiling. "I will be there."
"You're welcome," The woman started to hang up, when a rather wicked idea struck Arthur.

"Wait,"

"Yes?"

Alfred flashed Arthur a bewildered look and even Ivan peered up from working on Francis's cock.

"Could you… connect me with Ludwig? I need to speak with him about the meeting."

Alfred's eyes widened and Arthur continued to smile down at him as the woman said, "Okay, sir. I'm contacting him now."

"Thank you,"

The phone rang a few times and Arthur patiently waited, even humming 'Rule, Britannia!' to himself as Alfred continued to stare in shock at him.

Finally, a groggy answer, "Guten morgen. Ja, what is it?"

"Good morning, Germany," Arthur answered cheerily and he bit his lip, holding in a laugh as he imagined Ludwig frowning suspiciously on the other end. "I was just wondering about something. I heard you were butting heads with France at the EU Summit. Have you two come to a compromise or shall I 'convince' him?" Francis glared at him, but Arthur just smiled smugly back.

Ludwig sighed. "Ja, it took some time, but we eventually came to an agreement. France has been in debt before, and by his own doing. And I have been in debt also, but I was not the one who caused it. Not entirely, at least." His tone became flat at the end and Arthur knew he was brooding over old wounds that ought not to be brooded over, especially not during Arthur's fuck session.

"Well, I could do it anyway. The perverted frog deserves a good pounding every once in a while and I would be much obliged to do so." Francis's glare turned into a leer and again Arthur smiled. When Francis mouthed 'black sheep', Arthur's smile turned into a frown and he flipped him off, making Francis giggle.

Ludwig sighed. "What do you mean by asking me these things, England? I have much work to do before this morning's meeting and I would rather not be caught up in conversing about nothing in particular."

Arthur was about to answer when Alfred whined, moving against Arthur. Oh, God. He needed Arthur to move, like, now. He'd had his dick in Francis's ass all night and he felt fit to blow and he gladly would if it meant he'd still keep his dignity intact. The pressure on his cock was becoming too much, and he so desperately wanted to shout for Arthur to get the fuck off the phone and stop bullshitting around and fuck him already!

But Arthur went on anyway, ignoring Alfred. "No, no. I have a reason for calling. I'm just getting a bit worried about Spain. He didn't look very well last meeting. A bit pale, I would say."

"Ja. Considering a quarter of his population is jobless, it is not all that surprising."

Arthur could tell Ludwig was getting impatient with him, but he wanted to keep this going for a little while longer.

"Yes, but who is going to take care of him when he is that sick? I mean, it's not like we all haven't seen Spain in a depression before—especially that time when he declared the whole country
bankrupt four times—but no one really helped. Well, that was because his leader was a cocky dullard at the time and all he wanted to do was fight, but—"

Ludwig sighed, interrupting him. "Is there some point to this conversation, England?"

Oh, yes. Arthur had nearly forgotten. He pulled out of Alfred, catching the American's startled look before he thrust back into him, making the younger nation moan more loudly than he intended.

"What was that?"

Alfred was glaring at Arthur, but at the same time he appeared frightful. Arthur smirked. "It was nothing. Just Iv—I mean, Russia. He's quite tired this morning." He winked at Ivan (his assigned roommate) who leered up at him, catching on to his plan and giving Francis's cock another teasing lick. Francis moved his hips in response, clutching at Ivan's hair, biting his lip to hold in a moan.

"Anyway, what do you intend to do with him? It isn't like his economy can bounce back quickly. That's been proven before."

Arthur drew out, hearing Alfred suck in a breath through his teeth, before plowing back in. Alfred dug his nails into Francis's hip, moaning into the Frenchman's neck. The feel of Alfred's voice on his skin made Francis push back into him, bringing Ivan's head—that was now sucking the head of his dick eagerly—with him.

"Well, he seems to be taking it upon himself to be absent from the meetings lately." Ludwig said with obvious annoyance. "I presume he believes the rest of us will take care of him."

Arthur chuckled to himself, knowing very well what Antonio was doing all the times he 'missed' the meetings.

"I'm sure he's trying his best to make good relations." Arthur said, trying his best not to laugh. He pulled out yet again, Alfred squirming in front of him. This time, he rammed in as hard as he could, so hard that Alfred had to bite down on Francis's shoulder to muffle his moan. Francis in turn, bowed into him and Ivan's mouth slid down to engulf his entire shaft, tongue pressing on a pulsing vein.

"Dieu, amour." Francis moaned quietly. Then he whispered, "Please, Alfred, please fuck me. I-I need…" The rest of his plea was lost in another moan as Ivan hollowed his cheeks around his cock.

"I can't," Alfred puffed into his neck. "He'll hear…" But Alfred couldn't help but move his hips softly into Francis's ass, wanting so badly to pound it into the bed. Arthur reached down and pulled at Nantucket, making Alfred turn his head and moan into his pillow.

"Spain has always been a bit airheaded, though." Ludwig said. "I hope he doesn't offend any other nations during his crisis—not that he notices when he does, but perhaps I should watch him more closely."

Arthur thrust twice in rapid succession, making Alfred gasp and cling to Francis. Alfred moved his hips into Francis roughly, Francis groaning.

"And Greece?" The Briton brushed his thumb slowly over Nantucket and Alfred bit his lip.

Ludwig sighed again. "He is missing meetings, too. Verdammt, I need to remind them to keep their heads on straight and focus."

Arthur thrust again, forcing another gasp out of Alfred. "That might be a bit difficult with their situations." He smirked and Ivan peered up, mirroring his expression. Arthur watched, feeling his
cock twitch inside of Alfred as he saw Ivan pull off of Francis's cock, a bridge of saliva following.

It was almost enough for him to come right there…

… If Ludwig's serious voice hadn't totally cockblocked his mind. "England? Are you all right? You are breathing rather hard…"

"Oh, what?" Arthur snapped back to his conversation only to realize that Ludwig was right. He sounded as if he had run miles. "No, no, I'm fine. Really…" His cock twitched again and Alfred squeezed around his shaft, making him inhale sharply.

"England? Do you need me to come over?"

"No!" Arthur said a little too loudly, the shout turning into a moan at the end which he tried to cover up as a cough. "No, there's no need. Really! Oh blimey, look at the time! I really must be getting ready. See you at the meeting!" And he dropped the phone on the bed, slamming into Alfred in quick succession, going as deeply as he could.

"Ah! Oh fuck, Arthur!" Alfred moaned, letting loose his voice, locking onto Francis's hips and slamming into him.

"Ah, yes!" Francis shouted, thrusting into Ivan's mouth.

Ivan chuckled around his cock, pulling it out of his mouth. He then moved so that his own cock was in front of Francis's face. The Russian was hard, dripping, and panting. "Suck me, Francis."

The Frenchman didn't need telling twice. He quickly swallowed the cock, hollowing his cheeks and welcoming the head down into his throat.

Ivan moaned around Francis's cock, causing the same thing in Francis, the sensations on their cocks drawing them ever closer to their peaks.

Alfred, though, was already there. He had been there for the majority of their romp and his cock was starting to throb painfully with his holding back. With that, he pounded into Francis, shouting at Arthur, "Harder, dammit! Fuck me harder!"

"You didn't have to ask." Arthur smirked as he fucked roughly into his brother's twitching hole, moaning.

"Oh, ah, oh shit!" Alfred moaned, arching his back as hot cum crept up his cock and began shooting into Francis's ass. "Oh Artie!"

Arthur clawed into Alfred's heated skin as his ass tightened around his cock. "Yes, Alfred!" And he filled Alfred to the brim with his cum, the American moaning from the fullness.

Francis was still being pounded by Alfred, the younger nation determined to make him see stars. And he did. He cried out, a jumble of incoherent words, as he shot his semen down Ivan's throat, feeling the nation swallow around him, his throat milking him until his balls were empty.

Ivan didn't last long after. He came with agrunt, cum dripping from the side of his mouth as he tried to catch his breath following unloading his balls into Francis's mouth, the Frenchman greedily swallowing it all, sucking until Ivan had to pry him off for the sensitivity.

They all remained still for a few moments, catching their breaths and coming down from their high. Just as Arthur was about to smirk and say 'I knew this plan would excite', they all heard a dial tone
on the phone and stiffened.

Alfred immediately pulled out of Francis, leaving the Frenchman whining as his cum dribbled out of his ass, sitting up and staring in shock at the phone. "You didn't hang up?!

Arthur blinked and his heart pounded. He had wanted to use Ludwig as a tool for their romp, but not for him to know about it nonetheless hear everything that had happened!

"Oh, damn, I guess I didn't."

"Didn't, my ass, douche! You totally just let Germany hear everything that went down!" Then he added after a few moments of thinking, "And me getting fucked up the ass!"

"And screaming like a whore." Ivan added, sitting up and wiping his mouth, licking up the cum that had dribbled out of his mouth.

Francis gave a lecherous laugh as he sat up, flipping his hair. "Honhon~I cannot wait to see his face at the meeting this morning!"

Alfred's face burned as he was confronted with the thought of having to look at Ludwig while knowing he knew everything that had happened that morning.

"Oh, fuck. I still don't want this to get out." Alfred fretted. "It might spoil everything…"

Arthur sighed and rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, it won't. I'm sure Germany only heard that only you and me were fucking. Francis and Ivan hardly spoke."

Ivan smirked. "Oh, that is correct. It will be fun watching your reactions to Germany this morning."

"Shut up," Alfred sulked.

"Oh, don't be like that." Arthur said. "Besides, this won't spoil anything. Do you honestly think we would leave you just because some other nation found out and decided to be judgmental?"

"I don't know if Germany will be too judgmental, amour~"

"Shut it, Francis."

Alfred shook his head and looked down at his lap. "Guess not…"

"Good then," Arthur said, leaning down to kiss Alfred on the lips. "Because we won't be doing that any time soon."

"Right," Ivan said. "We have a really good arrangement going on between us, and I am not willing to let it go so easily."

Francis nodded. "Oui, so we can agree that if it happens, you will be gaining another stalker." He smirked at Ivan.

Alfred stiffened. "Another stalker?"

Francis leered. "Oui, after me."

Arthur huffed. "Sodding wanker." Then he leaned over and kissed Francis, much to the Frenchman's surprise. "Something I love about you."
Francis smiled. "You had better stop saying things like that, _amour_, or you might have a sore ass for the rest of today."

Arthur smirked. "Just keep it in your pants until after the meeting, okay? I had a hell of a time catching up on notes when we had our little session in the toilet."

Alfred scoffed. "Notes? Dude, you still take those things? Too much work."

"Says the one who never knows anything about the meetings and has to ask around to find out."

"Hey! I have my ways and you have yours. Don't criticize me like I'm some kid!" He pouted.

Arthur shook his head. "You are still a child, Alfred. And until you start acting like an adult, I will treat you like one."

Alfred smirked. "You mean by fucking me every night?"

Arthur punched him in the shoulder, and even though he knew it had barely any effect on Alfred, the younger nation still pouted. "Smartarse. Now get into that shower. I'll be right in after you."

Alfred got off the bed and grabbed his clothes. "I might need help getting those _hard-to-reach_ areas, since I'm still a child." He leered.

"Only if you don't annoy the shit out of me first. Now get!" Arthur ordered mischievously and Alfred's bare arse disappeared behind the door.

Ivan yawned and said, "I wonder what Germany is doing right now?"

Arthur snorted. "Probably having a mental breakdown."

Francis smirked. "Oh, I don't think he is faring too badly…"
"Oh, ah, oh, Artie!"

"Yes, Alfred!"

Ludwig came from their voices, his warm essence spilling all over his hand. It was only then that he heard a new voice. Alfred and Arthur must be participating in a threesome, it sounded like, with a woman.

That was so…

Hot.

He was about to go for another round when there was a knocking on the door and Feliciano's voice saying, "Ve~Germany? What are you doing?"

"Nothing, Italy!" Ludwig said, quickly ending the call.

"Are you 'working' again?"

"Ja, now go call for some food! And it had better not be pasta."

Feliciano gave a loud 'Aww', but he did as he was told.

Ludwig took a deep breath and examined his hand which was still wrapped around his now wet cock, glistening with semen.

How in the hell was he going to look Arthur and Alfred in the face again?

As soon as they walked into the meeting room, Ludwig immediately met their eyes. Upon seeing that they were also looking his way, he quickly redirected his gaze to the binder that sat in his lap, a blush rising to his cheeks. Alfred mirrored him, though he looked at Arthur instead, the Briton smiling sheepishly, his face reddening as well.

There was no point in sitting away from each other now that one person already knew about their affair, so Arthur and Alfred took it as an excuse to sit together. They still didn't want to seem like they were any closer than before, though, so Alfred quickly instigated a fight over how bolo ties are just as classy as regular ties with Arthur, which honestly had no point at all. Then again, when did the American's fights ever have a point?

And all the while, Ivan and Francis watched, laughing quietly to themselves. Every time that Ludwig dared to look Arthur and Alfred's way and their eyes met, they would immediately look down and a fresh blush would rise to their cheeks. Every time this happened, only Francis and Ivan seemed to notice, and they tried their best to bite back laughs. Eventually, Antonio (who had been previously chewed out by Ludwig for walking out on the last meeting) noticed and inquired about it to Francis, who only wiped the tears out of his eyes and shook his head, leaving the Spaniard even more confused. But Antonio didn't linger on it for long, as his attention kept going back to Lovino, who was sitting across the table from him, pretending to ignore him even though everyone already knew what they were doing together in their hotel room.

Once the meeting was through, several other nations were once again held back to attend the Allied Nations of Economic Support meeting. Alfred made a loud point of complaining but was shouted down by Arthur. Alfred shut up and sat down next to him, trying his best to look cross, but he couldn't hold down a smug smirk when he noticed that Arthur had a hard-on.
Yes. This was his chance to get Arthur back for embarrassing him this morning.

Arthur kept glaring at Alfred in an attempt to get him to stop looking at his crotch so obviously, but the American was too thick to catch on (or at least that was what he assumed). Not that Arthur didn't like the attention he was receiving. In fact, it only succeeded in making him harder. He looked over at Francis and Ivan who were both leering in his direction, knowing from his fetish that he was painfully aroused.

When it was his turn to add to the conversation, Arthur gave a stuttering, half-arsed comment that had him blushing at the end. Everyone stared at him for a moment, surely expecting him to add something more useful, but Arthur was too aroused to come up with anything else. He turned to see Alfred smirking at him, and he stomped on his foot beneath the table. The American winced and quickly pulled his foot away, not oblivious to the fact that the Briton had made a 'hnn' sound when he had nearly crushed his toes.

Alfred leaned in and whispered, "D'ya want me to start a physical confrontation?" His hand squeezed Arthur's thigh almost painfully.

Arthur glared at him, but his cock twitched in his slacks, which Alfred did not fail to notice. "You wouldn't dare." Arthur hissed back, shifting uncomfortably in his seat, eager to get any friction he could. He knew why Alfred was doing this, and he began to break out into a sweat, knowing that his actions that morning would ultimately decide his fate this meeting.

And so far, it wasn't looking good.

Alfred raised his eyebrows. "Oh, I would." His hand traveled further up, squeezing his erection.

Arthur bit his lip to keep in a moan, knowing he should move away from the hand, but stayed where he was, letting Alfred rub his shaft through his pants, hips twitching upward. Ivan and Francis knew exactly what was happening and kept throwing him dirty looks, which didn't help in his current situation. Arthur wished for the meeting to end soon as precum began to soak the front of his slacks.

Finally, after an hour of discussion, the meeting ended. No one was really into it to begin with in Arthur's defense, and after it ended nobody lingered. In fact, everyone seemed half-dead, standing from their chairs and gathering their things, not seeming to notice anyone around them as they made their way out of the door.

Alfred got up and stretched, stuffing his doodled-on papers sloppily back into his briefcase and said louder than needed, "C'mon, Igs. Time to leave."

Arthur looked around, noticing that Ludwig, Gilbert, and Feliciano were still in the room. Then he glared at Alfred. "Go back to your room, America. I have to organize some things before I'll be ready to leave." He tried not to say this with bite, but it came out that way anyway.

His tone attracted the attention of the other nations in the room, including Francis and Ivan, who were surreptitiously watching from across the table.

Alfred laughed, "Dude, you've already packed up your things! There's not a scrap of paper in front of you." His smile widened and Arthur glared.

Arthur's heart began to pound. "It is none of your business what I do. Now go bother someone else unless you want a good knock to the head." Arthur bit back a moan at the prospect of fighting with a hard-on in the meeting room in front of other nations, shifting in his seat again.

But Alfred wasn't letting up. "Stop being such a hardass, bro, c'mon!" And he grabbed Arthur by the
shoulder, yanking him up out of his seat. Arthur writhed and struggled, but Alfred's grip on him was vice-like and all he could do was stand there, positioning his briefcase to cover the prominent tent in his pants. Ivan and Francis noticed this, and the Russian smirked while Francis let out a lecherous laugh, which succeeded in attracting even more attention.

And all the while Alfred was smiling down at him, as if he had no clue what he was doing to him. Arthur glared. *When we get back to the room, git.* he thought. *You're getting it.* He was a proper British gentleman and he certainly was not going down without a fight.

*Oh-a fight…* Arthur felt his cock twitch and he pulled his briefcase over his crotch even more.

Finally, Alfred moved toward the door, though slowly. Arthur hoped it wasn't too obvious what he was going through, but he was holding his briefcase in a more than obvious position and his face was beet-red. Just before they made their exit, Arthur chanced a glance over his shoulder to see that Ludwig was staring after them, his face bright red and Gilbert and Feliciano were looking completely bewildered.

Once they were in an elevator, Arthur snatched his arm back from Alfred and gave him one of his signature death glares. "Fucking wanker! You don't have any idea how angry I am right now!"

Alfred smirked. "Well, I certainly know how much of something else you are right now."

Arthur grabbed him by his tie and pulled him down. "I'll whip you so hard the welts on your arse won't go away for weeks!"

Alfred blinked in surprise at his temper, but said nonetheless, "Is that a threat or a promise?"

Arthur didn't know how to respond, and since the head on his shoulders had no good ideas, his other head took over for him. He smashed their lips together, demanding entrance and thoroughly plundering Alfred's mouth. When he pulled back, still holding Alfred firmly by his tie, he satisfied himself with knowing that the American's lips would be bruised for while.

"Your arse will be raw by the time I'm done with you."

Alfred's cheeks reddened and he smirked. "Can't wait."

Arthur claimed his mouth again, fingers releasing his tie to thread through the American's hair, drawing their mouths closer together.

When he drew back, he breathed, "You're a fucking tease, you know that?"

"Just wait till you see what ideas I have for tonight." Alfred replied breathlessly. Arthur was about to take Alfred right there, when reality came to him in the form of the elevator doors opening.

A man walked in, staring down at his phone. Arthur and Alfred quickly disentangled themselves. Then Arthur felt Alfred's hand on his thigh. Arthur tried his best not to attract any attention, but Alfred's hand began moving upward until he squeezed his still prominent erection.

"Hnn!"

The man looked up from his phone at Arthur, the Briton feigning a cough as he inconspicuously maneuvered his briefcase over his crotch, Alfred's hand disappearing.

The man returned to his phone and got off after another few awkward moments, exiting quickly as if he feared there was some freak illness circulating the elevator shafts.
Once the doors shut, Arthur pinned Alfred against the wall. "When we get back to the room, your arse is mine. And I won't be friendly with it. Your revenge will have major consequences."

Alfred smirked cockily. "Fine by me."

Arthur ground his hard-on into Alfred, the American moaning in response. "You are going to wish you hadn't said that."

The doors opened on their floor and they quickly got out. They practically raced each other to their room (Arthur's and Ivan's as they had decided they all stay in the first day they were there), Arthur fumbling a bit with the key card before finally swiping it and both slipping inside.

As soon as the door was closed, Arthur tackled Alfred to the bed, too aroused to wait for his other lovers. He had just gotten both their shirts off and was moving onto his belt when Alfred broke their heated kiss and said, "We have to… wait for the others."

Arthur scoffed and continued to undress himself. "Like hell I will. You've pushed me too bloody far today for me to listen to anything you say."

Alfred couldn't stop staring at Arthur. The older nation looked so sexy and hungry for sex that Alfred could barely keep himself from just giving in and letting Arthur fuck him for all it was worth, but he had a great idea that he'd been working up to, and it would all be spoiled if he let that happen.

Just then, there was a knocking on the door.

"It is us." Ivan's voice said, followed by Francis's, "We know you are impatient, amours~!"

Arthur looked at Alfred, then back at the door. He cursed quietly and got up, unlocking the door and hastily ushering them in. He was about to return to Alfred, only to find him rummaging through his bag across the room.

"What the hell are you doing, yank?" Arthur asked, more than annoyed.

"It's a surprise~" Alfred said, and turned around, dropping the things he had been carrying in his arms on the bed. They all stared in bewilderment.

Ivan was the first to speak: "Alfred, we are not making one of your diabetes-inducing sundaes."

Alfred shook his head. "No, no… This," He picked up a can of whipped cream and a bottle of chocolate syrup. "I want you to put this on me."

Silence, then, "Ahonhon~I like the way you think, mon cher~"

Arthur raised a large eyebrow and folded his arms. "You are just hell-bent on giving me blue balls today, aren't you, whelp?"

Alfred pouted. "Pleeeease, can we do it? I've been wanting to do this for a while, but I always kept forgetting…"

Ivan scoffed. "More like you kept eating your supplies."

Alfred mock glared at him and wriggled out of his pants, sitting on the bed and tossing the items down beside him. He laid back and spread himself out. "C'mon. Artie got me all horned up in the elevator."

"Well you got me all horned up during the entire meeting!" Arthur snapped back, slipping out of the
rest of his clothes himself and sitting beside him. Then his eyes darkened as he picked up the can of whipped cream. "Though I am a bit hungry."

Alfred smiled and said, "I'm here to satisfy."

Arthur chuckled and said, "Well, wouldn't want to keep me waiting, hm? Let's see... I'll start," He sprayed some whipped cream in the junction of Alfred's neck and shoulder. "Here."

Alfred moaned when Arthur's mouth attacked his neck, tongue darting out to scoop up the cream, sucking the skin clean.

Francis snatched the can out of Arthur's hand and sprayed some on one of Alfred's nipples. "Hm, oui, and I'll start here." He bent to lick up the cream, Alfred arching into his hot mouth. "Mm, your body heat melts it just enough." Francis said, tongue flicking at the pert nub.

Alfred moaned again, fingers burying themselves in Arthur's hair as the Briton continued to suck teasingly at the skin on his throat.

Ivan, meanwhile, took the whipped cream and sprayed some in a line leading from Alfred's belly button to the base of his cock. Alfred groaned, knowing what was coming.

"You can never get enough of sweets can you, Alfred? Another fetish, da?" Ivan said huskily as he trailed his cold tongue down the path of cream. Alfred let out a startled shout, writhing as the Russian's tongue lapped the cream up in his pubes, then continued on to tease the base of his growing shaft.

"I don't think so," Arthur said, sitting up, Alfred whining at the loss of his mouth on his neck. The Briton looked at Ivan. "His cock is mine. Anywhere else is okay, but I'm determined to teach this sodding yank a lesson in revenge that he won't soon forget." He smirked.

Ivan gave Alfred's abdomen one last lick before backing off. "Da, Arthur, go ahead. I will be happy just watching." He leered.

Arthur mirrored his expression and Ivan moved over to lie beside Francis (who was now lapping at the cream administered to the other of Alfred's nipples), the Briton snatching up the whipped cream and completely covering Alfred's erection in it. The American arched and gasped at the cold sensation.

"Now that I've sampled my dessert," Arthur said, breathing on the shaft so that the cream began to melt and drip down to Alfred's balls. "I think I'll have it." And he gave Alfred's cock a lick from base to head.

Alfred bucked his hips, hand darting down to bury fingers in Arthur's blond hair. "Ah, God, Artie!"

Arthur continued to swirl his tongue around the American's shaft, lapping up the sweet cream. "You taste delicious, love. I could just eat you up. In fact, I think I will." And he swallowed Alfred's shaft to the root.

Alfred's nails dug into Arthur's hair and bucked his hips. "Yes, fuck, Artie!"

Francis moaned, lapping up another trail of cream, scooping it up in his mouth and claiming Alfred's. The American opened up, and tongues slid past each other, battling over the sweet topping (which Alfred certainly won, Francis's expert kissing or no).

Ivan, meanwhile, moved behind Francis, popping the top on the chocolate syrup and pouring a good
amount down the cleft of the Frenchman's ass.

Francis gasped, breaking his kiss with Alfred, shivering at the sensation of the sticky topping dribbling down his ass. Encouraged, Ivan spread Francis's cheeks, bending down to run his tongue in the over-sweet confection. Francis moaned and pushed back against him, breathing ragged. The Russian responded by breaching the Frenchman's hole with his tongue.

"Ahn~ Dieu, Ivan!" Francis moaned as the Russian thrust his tongue in as deep as it could go, teasing his inner walls. The feel of Ivan's cold tongue inside him was enough to drive Francis crazy.

Arthur chuckled at the sight of Francis's torment, the vibrations making Alfred's cock twitch.

Francis shuddered, crawling up Alfred's chest to lock their lips together. The American moaned into his mouth as the older nation seized his tongue, sucking on it with fervor. Alfred bucked his hips, forcing more of his cock down Arthur's willing throat.

The Briton accepted him without hesitation, enjoying his brother's desperation, wanting to push him as close to the edge as possible—he only deserved it for doing the same with him earlier that day. Arthur continued to suck, tongue working around the shaft, swallowing the sweet cream, drawing out more moans from Alfred, the grip increasing on his hair.

Ivan, meanwhile, delved deeper into Francis's twitching hole, being sure to jab at his sweet spot a few times, the Frenchman crying out and driving back against him, before pulling out, chuckling. His hands kneaded the perfect ass, wallowing in the aroused moans of his lover. His lover, and no one else's.

He bent over Francis, who had just broken his kiss with Alfred, saliva trailing between their mouths, and Ivan ran his hands up and down Francis's sides, covering the back of his neck and his shoulders with kisses. Francis arched into his touch, a desperate whine escaping him.

"Hmhm, wanton slut. You want a thick, hot cock up your greedy ass, do you not?"

Francis pressed back into him. "Ah, please, Ivan. Fuck me."

Ivan smirked and drew back, taking his hands completely off of Francis, drawing a protesting moan from him. The Russian chuckled and tipped the chocolate syrup bottle, pouring the sticky-sweet liquid onto his own cock. He leaned over Francis so that it wouldn't get on the bed, some dripping onto the Frenchman's backside.

Francis glanced over his shoulder quizzically just as Ivan was positioning himself at his entrance. Once he saw what Ivan had done, his eyes went wide. "N-non, amour. Please—too sticky, I will not be able to—"

But Ivan didn't wait for him to finish, instead opting for shoving his cock into Francis's ass.

The Frenchman screamed, clawing at Alfred's chest as Ivan's thick Russian meat slid rapidly into him. He could feel the viscous syrup coat his insides, knowing how much of a pain it would be to clean it out later, but losing all of his concerns as Ivan's cock settled to its hilt inside him.

At the sight of Francis being thrust into, Alfred tugged on Arthur's hair. "Unh, Artie, get your cock in me already."

In answer, Arthur peered seductively up at him, taking his mouth off of Alfred's wet cock, running a tongue up from base to tip before swirling it around the head.
Alfred lifted his hips into the hot, teasing mouth, but was quickly caught and held down. He looked with pleading eyes down at Arthur. "Fuck, please, Artie."

Arthur still didn't answer, his head dipping down to suck at his balls. Alfred moaned and fisted the Briton's hair. When he felt Arthur's tongue prod at his entrance, he snatched him up by his hair, forgetting his strength, Arthur cringing as his neck snapped painfully upward.

But Alfred didn't seem to notice as he stared down at him in desperation and arousal. "Please, Artie, don't tease…" Arthur blinked, certain that he saw the American's eyes fill with frustrated tears.

The Briton felt his chest fill with warmth and he raised himself up and settled himself comfortably between the curve of Alfred's quivering thighs. Arthur lifted his brother's legs over his shoulders before coating his cock (purely for the sake of convenience) in a thick layer of whipped cream.

Alfred saw what Arthur used in place of lubricant, but at this point he was too wanton to worry about what a mess it would leave in his ass at the moment.

Arthur timed his thrust perfectly; he plunged in at the same time as Ivan. Alfred nearly screamed and his nails dug into the skin between Francis's shoulder blades from where the older nation was strewn across his chest, and the Frenchman in return bit into Alfred's chest as Ivan thrust roughly into him, driving their bodies together.

Arthur drove into Alfred's hot arse, searching for that one spot that would drive the American wild. He found it without difficulty, pounding it relentlessly. He made sure to rub Alfred's arse raw for all the embarrassment the yank had caused him all that day.

Alfred moaned loudly, fingers digging into Francis's hair. In response, the Frenchman leaned up, capturing his panting mouth and thrusting his tongue in. They kissed for a while before Arthur bent down and separated them, kissing Francis and plundering his mouth. He kept up until Alfred whined and Arthur promptly ended the kiss, turning his head to capture Alfred's needy mouth.

When they parted, Arthur muttered huskily, "This is for being an incessant slut during the meetings today. Take me deep… I know you like it."

"Yes," Alfred moaned lifting his hips to meet the Briton's plowing thrusts. "Yes, so good… give it to me like a slut."

Arthur smirked. "With pleasure."

Ivan smiled at the scene. Francis was writhing beneath him, scrabbling at Alfred's chest and latching onto his neck with his mouth, his hand wandering down to pump Alfred's dripping cock. Alfred groaned and his hand snaked beneath the Frenchman's body to do the same. Francis gasped and lifted his hips, allowing his hand free reign beneath him. Ivan leaned over and nipped at Arthur's shoulder. When the Briton looked up at him in question, Ivan forced his tongue into his mouth.

Arthur moaned in surprise and nearly stopped in his thrusting, but eventually allowed the Russian to attack his mouth, tongues sliding sensuously past each other, parting ways with a bridge of saliva between them.

Arthur licked his lips. "You taste like chocolate."

Ivan smirked. "And you taste like cream."

Arthur leered. "Which kind?"
Ivan returned the expression and pulled back, thrusting all the more violently into Francis. The older nation moaned and pressed back against his lover. He could feel his end rapidly approaching, and he was soon screaming, "Yes!" over and over again as he exploded into Alfred's stroking hand. To quell his cries from the other nations next door, Francis cut off his moans by biting Alfred on the shoulder.

At the sound of Francis's climax, Alfred moaned, "Fuck, Artie!" and erupted into Francis's hand, his essence spilling warmly over the older man's fingers.

"A-Alfred!" Alfred barely had to constrict around Arthur's cock for the Briton to come in hot spurts, filling Alfred's arse with the large seed he had been holding in for the whole day.

Ivan gave one last, deep thrust, and he was moaning, shooting into Francis, the Frenchman moaning in return as the hot cum coated his insides.

They all remained where they were, recovering from their orgasms. Ivan was the first to pull out. He looked down, amused to see his cum mixed with the chocolate syrup. He chuckled.

Francis turned to look at him after giving Alfred a quick but passionate kiss, frowning. "Do not laugh! Do you know how long it will take to clean that out?"

"Dude, I know." Alfred said, a bit breathless. "Me and Mattie did the same thing with maple syrup. Stuff was ten times worse. My ass was sticky for weeks."

Francis gave a despairing groan and Ivan said, "You liked it~"

"Oui, of course I did. But now it is just one more thing I have to tend to."

"Oh, stop your whining." Arthur said, pulling out of Alfred and settling down beside him. "You can take care of that shit tomorrow."

"How? I do not suppose any of you have an enema with you?"

Ivan snorted. "Nyet, I left mine at home." They all stared at him. He shrugged. "Purely for persuasion purposes."

"I'll show you what I did." Alfred said, turning to Francis and wrapping his arms around him. He hugged him close, legs entangled with his. "Tomorrow though. In the shower would be ideal. Right now I'm as tired as fuck."

"Agreed." Arthur said, curling around Alfred and kissing him lightly on the neck. Then he muttered in a more sultry tone, "I would like to see your method, though. Be sure to call me in so I can watch."

Alfred sighed and pressed back against him as Ivan settled behind Francis, hugging him. His lips ghosted over Francis's ear and neck. The Frenchman purred and entwined his fingers with Ivan's as they brushed over his stomach. His other fingers stroked Arthur's still-flushed cheek and his hair. Alfred, meanwhile, pecked Francis on the lips.

The Frenchman leered at Ivan. "Your tongue was magnifique, minou. I would not mind having it in my ass again." Ivan smirked as Francis then looked at Alfred, not losing his lecherous expression. "That was a good idea you had, amour."

"Quite," Arthur agreed, shifting against Alfred. "I could have devoured you if you hadn't embarrassed me in the meetings."
Alfred huffed and said, "I would have gladly let you, but," He glanced at him over his shoulder. "You were too cute not to tease."

Arthur made a *harumph* sound and nipped at his earlobe. "Cheek," But his tone was lighthearted. "You should be careful how far you push a man, Alfred, or you may end up cornered in one way or another."

Ivan chuckled. "And you honestly think you telling him that will stop him? The stubborn pig has been pushing me for years."

Alfred had closed his eyes, but he opened one and glared mischievously at Ivan. "You know we both got off on it."

Ivan chuckled again, reaching over to lightly run his cold fingers down Alfred's arm, making the American shiver. "I know well." He smirked.

After a moment, Alfred said, "I care about you, Ivan." The American's one opened eye gazed directly at him.

Ivan was taken aback, but he did not show it. "I know that all too well."

"Ass."

"It was yours that gave it away, not mine."

No translations!

*Q-quoi?*- What?

*Guten morgen*- Good morning

*Verdammt*- Dammit

A Word From the Writer: Haha, had to do something with America and food, that was for sure. This fic was sweet in more ways than one, though. Did we hear America almost say 'I love you' to Russia? *gasp!* We might see more of that later. ;D

Next Chapter Hint: Risky romps.
What do you get when you mix dirty dreams with dirty minds? There are no boundaries this time!

Warning: Lemon, exhibitionism, oral, toys, other couples mentioned.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Arthur sneaked down the hallway to the meeting room, glancing behind his shoulder every few moments to make sure he wasn't being followed. He opened the meeting room door and slipped in, shutting it quietly behind him. The Briton walked over to the table and sighed.

"How the hell did it come to this?"

Arthur stripped and walked over to his lover, running his hands down Francis's sides. The Frenchman shivered when he felt Arthur brush his hardening cock against him.

"Ah... Arthur~"

Arthur pulled away and slapped Francis's arse, the reddening of it igniting his fetish and making his cock twitch. "Get in before I decide to fuck you over the sink."

Francis moaned and slipped into the shower, followed immediately by Arthur, who didn't hesitate to bury his tongue in Francis's mouth.

When they parted, breaths heavy, Francis said, "Mais, cher, what about the meeting?"

Arthur smiled and gave Francis's cock a rough pump. "After this."

Francis smirked and moaned. "I like how you think, mon amour."

Arthur was about to attack his mouth again, but Francis pulled away. Before Arthur could ask, Francis dropped to his knees in front of him, taking his cock into his mouth.

Arthur groaned and tangled his fingers in Francis's wet hair. "Oh, yes, Francis~"

Francis swirled his tongue around the head, pressing against the underside of it and down to the base. He trailed it back up and applied pressure to the slit before taking the whole shaft into his mouth and down his throat.

"Ah, Francis..." Arthur purred, pushing Francis's head down to take more of him.

Francis hollowed his cheeks as he sucked, bobbing his head. It wasn't long before Arthur was near his limit.

"Ahn~Francis, wait." Arthur said, tugging at the older man's hair. "Not yet. I want to fuck you."
But Francis didn't listen to him and kept teasing him.

Arthur eventually decided that nothing could convince Francis to stop, and he was too near his orgasm to last long in his lover's arse.

Just as he was about to come, though, Francis pulled off of his cock, only his hand around it. Arthur heard an audible click and he looked down, horrified by what he saw.

"F-Francis," he said, studying a red band around his swollen shaft. "What the hell is this?"

Francis smirked up at him. "You do not know, cher? A cock ring."

Arthur huffed. "I know that, but... why the hell did you put it on me?"

To his displeasure, Francis stood and kissed him, tongues entwining. That only made his cock throb painfully beneath the pressure of the ring, blueballs quickly setting in.

When Francis pulled away, he said, "I have big plans for you today. And I do not want you to be working your own cock while you are carrying it out. It would be too... distracting." Francis gave a wicked smile and rubbed the base of Arthur's cock, the Briton sucking in a breath through his teeth.

"To Francis's dismay, Arthur pushed him away. "You sodding prat! I should have expected this!"

Francis smiled. "Then you will expect what I have planned for you~"

Oh, yeah... so that's why he was doing this. Arthur groaned, adjusting his swollen cock beneath his slacks to ward away the pain. He stood at the table, contemplating just running off and hiding, when he heard the voices of approaching nations down the hall.

"Shit," Arthur muttered and dropped onto all fours, crawling beneath the table enough so that he could not be seen.

He sat upright, ducking his head and pulling his legs in as other nations pulled out the chairs and sat down at the table.

It wasn't long before Arthur spotted Francis's legs. The Frenchman's fingers were drumming impatiently on his knee, as if beckoning Arthur. The Briton complied, knowing there was no backing out now, crawling between a jungle of legs in order to get to him. It certainly was a hazardous mission. At one point, he almost got kicked in the gut by Gilbert's foot and he had to maneuver through Feliciano's swinging legs. Along the way, he spotted a footsie game (which he regretted ever seeing) between Antonio and Lovino. He also saw whom he suspected were Heracles and Sadiq holding hands under the table.

Okay, so Arthur wasn't the only secret being hidden beneath the table.

Still, he could be noticed at any time—if he brushed up against a leg by accident, or if he was too loud with his activities, or even if someone dropped an item and bent to pick it up, the possibilities were frightfully endless—and he had resolved that he was going to kill Francis (either that or fuck him senseless, the latter was almost completely likely) if word of what he was doing got out.

Finally, Arthur was sitting in front of Francis. He didn't exactly know how to start, so he opted for running his hands up Francis's legs to let the man know that he was there.

Francis, in response, reached down and ran his fingers through Arthur's hair. The he drew his hand back to zip down his pants. He then set his hands on either side of his seat. Arthur stared at them for
a moment before realizing what he was expected to do, reaching forward and slipping Francis's semi-hard cock out of his fly, the Frenchman having gone commando, as usual.

Arthur was feeling uneasy about this whole situation. Was it too late to pop up from under the table and claim it was all a joke or he was just taking a while to search for his pen? But Francis's hand came to the back of his head, insistently pushing, and Arthur could not protest lest he be heard or Francis do something embarrassing.

So Arthur took the head of the cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it and pressing the tip of it against the leaking slit. Arthur let out a quiet moan at the taste, immediately stiffening, his eyes darting around to spot any sign that someone had heard. Francis's hand was tensed in his hair, but he eventually let up, running his fingers through it while Arthur sucked.

Above him, Arthur could hear Ludwig start taking attendance. When he heard his own name called, he tensed, halting in his blowjob. But Francis covered for him.

"He is sick today."

"Hm," Ludwig's voice sounded more than annoyed. Now that he had Sadiq, Heracles, Antonio, and Lovino here, he was most displeased to find that his most punctual nation was absent. And yet, he still had reason to expect foul play. "Is that so, Russia?"

Arthur's heart skipped a beat. Ivan knew nothing of this! Shit!

But Ivan's voice was suspiciously cool as he said, "Da, Germany. He is quite ill. I had to make him stay in bed."

Francis's hand at the back of Arthur's head pushed him down further on the shaft. Arthur swallowed the cock halfway, bobbing his head now. One of his hands wrapped around the rest of the dick and squeezed in unison with his sucking.

Francis was making no sound, but Arthur knew he was struggling to keep quiet when he felt the Frenchman's nails digging into his skull. The pain coursed through him straight to his cock, and Arthur reached down, pushing down his pants and brushing his fingers along his own stiff rod. But he felt the cock ring and he remembered. Frustrated but so painfully aroused, Arthur returned to focusing on Francis's cock, increasing his pace, his hand going down to tease Francis's swollen balls even as his own were throbbing with pain.

Then Francis's hips lurched forward just as his hand forced Arthur's head down. The cock was thrust down Arthur's throat, and the Briton struggled not to gag. Above him, he heard Francis give a peculiar, harsh cough to mask his groan. Arthur smiled around the cock in his mouth, quickly getting back to work, wanting to hear the sounds that Francis would emit when he came.

Throbs of pain were shooting up Arthur's cock with every throb of the shaft he was sucking on. He needed to come so very badly, it was almost unbearable. He reached down, ready to unclip the ring, when he thought about how the sound of doing so might attract an unwanted audience.

Perhaps he should stop blowing Francis to get back at him? No… no, who knew what Francis would do then? It was too risky, so Arthur kept up, settling with giving Francis an orgasm so intense it would make him have to moan out loud.

Arthur was going fast now, slowing between strokes to swallow Francis up to the hilt. At this, the older nation squirmed in his seat, nails biting into Arthur's scalp. Then Arthur ran his teeth lightly along the length, and Francis was finished. The Frenchman pushed all of his cock down Arthur's
throat and proceeded to come in hot spurts, hips slightly thrusting as he did so. Francis's release made Arthur moan around the throbbing cock in his mouth, swallowing the fresh semen eagerly, not caring who heard. Thank God no one had decided to sit beside Francis… what kind of moron would?

Arthur's cock pulsed with his lover's climax, and before long, he was at the edge. The taste of cum and the wrongness of what they were doing aroused him to no end. And it spilled over. Arthur was rubbing his cock frantically, desperately, tongue circling around the meat still in his mouth. His hips surged forward, unable to control them, but his orgasm was brief. Confused, he looked down and saw that his cock was bulging and twitching beneath the cock ring, the only thing covering his fingers a coat of sticky precum.

And then the pain returned along with the same deep want. The Briton wanted nothing more than to wank himself dry, but he knew he couldn't do that with the cock ring still on. Eventually, Francis's cock became too sensitive to touch, so he yanked Arthur off, much to the Brit's dismay.

Arthur sat back, struggling to keep his breathing in check and his voice quiet. In front of him, Francis reached out and stroked his cheek before tucking himself back into his pants and zipping up. At this point, the younger nation didn't know what to do. The meeting would last for another hour at least. He would just have to wait it out and hope to God he didn't get blueballs.

Francis felt so incredibly sated, he couldn't keep a smug smile off his face. Across the table, he caught Ivan and Alfred watching. Ivan winked and Alfred gave him a thumbs up.

Francis woke up and yawned, turning over in bed to face Ivan. He was so cute to watch. The man looked to still be sleeping, but the Russian muttered, "Fucking is better than staring, you know."

Francis blinked in surprise and smiled. "Of course, but I would not want to disturb the others."

Ivan snorted. "Like they would mind. They would probably be disappointed if we did not wake them."

Francis conceded and was silent for a moment before: "Ivan? I had a dream last night. It was a very sexy dream."

"Go figure,"

"I know," Francis went on, his smile widening. "But I think I want to implement what I saw in the dream in the meeting today. It involves Arthur blowing me under the table."

Ivan chuckled. "Exhibitionism, eh? It sounds similar to my dream…"

"What was your dream, cher?"

"About Alfred," Ivan began. "And I think I know the perfect way to do it…"

He elaborated to Francis, a smile on the man's face the entire time.

"So," Ivan said. "Do you think it will work? I heard about the room on a brochure, and it sounds accessible enough."

"Definitely," Francis replied. "I will tell Arthur about your plans and you will tell Alfred about mine, but do not tell them what we have planned for them."

Ivan thought on this. It took only a moment. "Deal," The Russian kissed him. A smirk was on both
their faces as their lovers stirred beside them.

The memory only served to widen Francis’s smile. A little ways down the table, Gilbert gave him a suspicious look, but the Frenchman ignored him.

His eyes returned to his notes. Damn. Not a single one. The amazing blowjob Arthur had given him had completely dominated his mind. But he wasn't worried. Ivan, he saw, had many pages of notes, while Alfred, meanwhile, had many pages of doodles.

He couldn't wait to see the desperate look on Arthur’s face when lunch break rolled around and Arthur could come out from beneath the table.

And it did. Once everyone was gone from the room (including Alfred and Ivan, the Russian had his own plan to carry out), Francis pushed back from his chair, knelt, peering under the table. But he was barely on his knees before his tie was being pulled along, with himself, beneath the table.

He was dragged to where Arthur sat, fully nude, his clothes tossed carelessly behind him. Francis's eyes immediately trailed down to study the Brit's painfully-swollen shaft, red and dripping. Before Francis could say anything, he was being stripped of his clothes, and it was scary how short a time it took for Arthur to strip him completely naked.

When Arthur was done, he sat back to examine Francis. The older nation moaned softly and said, "A-Arthur… cher… what are you doing?"

"What does it look like I’m doing, git?" Arthur growled, unclipping his cockring and tossing it grudgingly aside, moaning in relief. He crawled toward him, pushing down Francis's shoulders and pinning him to the floor. "This is what you get for putting that damned cockring on me, selfish prat."

And before Francis could protest, Arthur thrust into him.

Francis and Arthur both cried out, Francis grimacing at the pain of the sudden entry, but quickly relaxing, his cock hardening. He could tell just by looking that Arthur was experiencing immense pleasure and relief. The Briton bit his lip to keep in uncontrollable moans, but they still sounded deep in his throat as he pulled out and thrust hard back in.

Francis moaned loudly, but was cut off by Arthur's tongue forcing its way into his mouth. The kiss was short, too short for Francis to be satisfied. He tried to go in for another, but Arthur pushed him down, whispering, lips against his ear, "I hear voices,"

Francis smirked. "Uh… that is no secret, amour."

"No!" Arthur hissed. "Listen,"

So Francis did, skeptical at first. Then he heard them. Some nations were coming back into the meeting room and chatting amiably. He could smell the food they were carrying.

Damn! What happened to the dining room?!

Arthur drew back to meet eyes with Francis, the pupils wide and the face pale. Francis, meanwhile, experienced a short bout of worry… before his cock swelled even more. Ohonhon, so Arthur's vengeance did not seem to be going how he liked after all!

They lay there, frozen, as what sounded to be Roderich, Gilbert, Elizaveta, Vash, and Lili all pulled out chairs and sat down. Oh shit. They were surrounded!
"So," Elizaveta began. "How about Spain and Romano~?"

Roderich snorted. "What about them?"

"She means they're screwing, Rod-up-your-ass." Gilbert snorted.

Roderich growled. "Oh, how crude. Well, it was only predictable…"

"Yes!" Elizaveta squealed in her fangirl voice. "And I have a new microphone, so guess what I'm doing tonight~?"

Vash sighed. "Typical. Call me if they discover you and decide to take a whack at you."

"Oh," Elizaveta said. "You know I can handle myself. I use the old 'whack-and-go' method. They won't know what hit them!"

"Big brother," Lili said in a pleading voice. "May I go?"

"Absolutely not!"

Lili was quiet for a minute, then she sighed. "Okay, big brother…"

There was silence and then: "All right, you can go. But be careful and be quiet."

"Hey, I've been hearing a lot of noises from Russia and England's room lately." Gilbert said. "Do you think they have a thing going on?"

Below the table, Arthur's nails dug into the flesh on Francis's shoulder.


Above Francis, Arthur frowned.

"Hey," Gilbert went on. "It could be happening. Who knows? Though I feel sorry for whoever gets with that homicidal maniac…"

Francis's cock throbbed with need, and he squirmed beneath Arthur. The Briton immediately looked down at him, biting his lip. He looked so caught between fucking and running it was adorable!

But Arthur did something Francis did not expect, but dually appreciated: the younger nation pulled out and pushed back in very slowly. Francis swallowed a moan as he felt every ridge and vein on Arthur's pulsing cock slide into him. Arthur's face was twisted with strain, and Francis knew he was trying so hard to hold back.

As the conversation went on between the nations above them, Arthur gradually picked up his pace, encouraged by the fact that no one was noticing. Francis's arse felt delicious on his aching cock, and he needed to come so very badly. He was practically dying each time he warded off the orgasm he so desperately needed, his balls becoming sore.

And Francis was so close. They both were. Arthur had found his sweet spot and was pressing up against it. Francis had to cover his mouth to keep in his moans.

And then the nations left. Arthur and Francis didn't exactly catch why, but they did, and as soon as they were gone, Arthur dove down to attack Francis's neck. The Briton wanted to say something witty or sexy, but he was too aroused to do anything but fuck and moan. He kissed and bit Francis's
neck as he sped up his thrusts, practically plowing into Francis's arse, balls slapping against his cheeks.

Francis finally let his voice loose, careful to keep it to a reasonable decibel, moaning with every thrust and reaching down to pump his leaking cock. And the look in Arthur's eyes was so incredibly sexy—they were narrowed, determined, predatory. Arthur's fucking was quickly escalating and before long, it was animalistic.

And then Arthur could take it no longer, pulling out and thrusting as deep as he could before shooting hot cum into Francis, fucking through his orgasm, the Frenchman's greedy hole milking a large load out of him.

Francis came not long after. His cock erupted in his hand, hot semen spilling over his still-stroking fingers, his hips twitching.

And Arthur collapsed on top of him, breath against his neck, chest heaving, cock still pulsing inside him. "God, that was hot."

Francis smiled. "You're welcome, amour."

Arthur nipped hard at Francis's neck, nursing blood out of the small wound. "Mm, don't get cocky. Part of it was my doing. And you got two orgasms in an hour, you lucky git."

Francis laughed and they kissed for a moment before Arthur pulled back and asked, "What time is it?" He peered down at his watch. "Okay… we have ten minutes until lunch ends. We'd better get dressed."

"Before that," Francis said, lifting his cum-coated fingers to his own mouth and licking them clean. Arthur watched, eyes dark with want. "Come and taste me."

Arthur dove for Francis's mouth and forced his tongue inside, lapping up all the cum he could get. A string of saliva connected their lips as he pulled back, turning to gather his clothes.

They both crawled out from beneath the table and quickly got dressed (well, more like Arthur got dressed quickly). Afterwards, they shared another kiss and Arthur chuckled.

"You have quite the ideas, Francis."

"Does that mean you liked it?"

Arthur shrugged. "I could have done without the insults from Austria and my balls practically shriveling, but otherwise, it was amazing."

"De rien, chéri." Francis said, adjusting Arthur's tie. Then he smirked.

"What?" Arthur asked, suspicious. "What are you smirking at?"

"Oh, just the fact that right about now, Ivan and Alfred are probably fucking somewhere in public." Francis answered airily.

"What!" Well, at least I'm not the only one. Arthur thought. "Enlighten me."

"Well…" Francis explained to him everything that Ivan had planned, and by the time he was finished, they both had smirks on their faces.
Alfred was squirming in his seat when Francis came. He knew by the expression of sheer pleasure on the Frenchman's face. Alfred immediately felt hard.

When it was time to go to lunch, Alfred longed to linger back to meet with Francis and Arthur, but Ivan grabbed a hold of his shoulder and led him out of the room.

To Alfred's surprise, they didn't follow the crowd of nations going to the dining area, but instead they went the opposite way. Ivan did this quickly so that no one would notice they were gone.

After another few seconds of walking, Ivan stopped in front of a door and Alfred said, "Uh… Ivan, what are you doing? I'm fucking hungry—"

Ivan smiled. "Oh, you will be sated, trust me."

Alfred didn't like the look on Ivan's face or the tone of his childlike voice. It had an underlying note of sneakiness to it. During the Cold War, he had gotten to know when and when not to trust Ivan's words by the way he spoke or the expressions he gave, however vague or momentary. Still, Ivan was his lover, so Alfred really had no reason to be suspicious of him. Whatever happened, Ivan would not put him in danger or embarrassment, he was sure of it.

Ivan opened the door to another room and welcomed Alfred inside. The American looked around and blinked with surprise.

"Whoa!" He rushed over to one of the walls, putting his hands up against it. "This shit is cool!"

The whole wall was a long glass panel. In the room beside them, the other nations could be clearly seen on the other side, milling around and getting their food, talking with one another—all ignoring him… and no one ignored Alfred! He continued to stand there, confused.

"Uh… why can't they see me?"

Ivan's smile widened, though Alfred couldn't see. "It is a two-way mirror. We can see them, but they cannot see us."

Alfred frowned. There was something wrong here, but he didn't know what. "Ivan, why are we here again?" He watched as Roderich checked his teeth in the mirror.

Ivan was silent.

"Ivan—?" Before Alfred could ask again, the Russian's hands were around his waist. Alfred gave a startled yelp as he was pinned between the mirror and Ivan's front.

Alfred squirmed, but he could not get away. "What the fuck, Ivan? You're gonna crush me!"

"Then be still."

Alfred did as he was told—and he was told, if Ivan's firm voice was anything to go by. Upon ceasing in his struggles, however, Alfred discovered that Ivan's voice wasn't the only thing of his that was firm.

"Ivan…" It was more of a moan than a plea.

The Russian chuckled and wrapped his arms around Alfred, unbuttoning his pants. He kissed a line down Alfred's neck, unbuttoning and unzipping Alfred's pants. Alfred moaned at the prospect of what was going to happen, but when he saw Roderich swing by to check his reflection again, just a
few paces away, Alfred stiffened and jerked in Ivan's arms.

"N-no, Ivan…"

Ivan went on with his ministrations, snaking a hand down Alfred's pants and into his underwear. "Why not? No one can see us…"

Alfred continued to squirm, his heart racing, his eyes darting to Roderich. "Y-yeah, but…” He didn't exactly want to see the tightassed Austrian when he was having sex. That would just be weird.

Ivan was silent for a moment, grabbing Alfred's swelling shaft and squeezing. "You are uncomfortable."

Alfred nodded and Ivan smiled. "Good,"

Alfred tensed. "What?"

Ivan didn't answer, sliding Alfred's pants down so that they lay in a pile around his ankles.

Alfred squeaked and looked with horror through the mirror at the many nations present, looking in his direction. But to Alfred, it wasn't a mirror, it was a window. A big, big window that everyone could see into, see him with his pants down, with Ivan feeling him up from behind.

"Hm," Ivan chuckled. "They are all watching you, Alfred. Watching us. We will give them a good show, da?"

And just like that, the horror disappeared to be replaced by a burning arousal. Alfred acknowledged the existence of the mirror and that they could not be seen, but just the appearance that the other nations could see them was incredibly reckless and sexy.

Suddenly, he felt a different kind of hunger.

Alfred pushed back against Ivan, longing to feel the pulsing heat of the Russian's meat against his ass.

Ivan smiled and reached up to take Alfred's blazer off. "Such an eager little whore. You want to show every inch of yourself off to them, hm? You want them to see me fucking your ass raw?"

Alfred's moan was enough permission for Ivan to continue, dropping the blazer to the floor and quickly unbuttoning Alfred's dress shirt. He placed a knee between Alfred's legs, the only thing separating his thigh and the American's cock being the thin fabric of Alfred's boxers.

Alfred bit his lip as he ground himself on Ivan's leg, the friction suffusing his body with heat and making his cock rock hard. "D-damn, hurry up, babe. Need you…"

"What do you need, шлюха?"

"N-need your cock in me…"

"Say it so that they can hear you." He slipped down Alfred's underwear and that was it. Alfred was fully exposed, pressed from nipples to cock against the glass.

Alfred was so aroused, he didn't hesitate. He was practically salivating with want. "I need your cock, Ivan!"

"And you will have it deep, slut." Ivan growled, biting Alfred's neck as he thrust his slicked cock up
Alfred's hungry ass.

Alfred cried out, spreading his legs and moving himself back on the massive cock spearing him. "Fuck yeah, Ivan!"

Just then, Alfred opened his eyes again and saw, with a spike of terror, Ludwig standing right in front of him. Upon glancing into the mirror on his side, Ludwig noticed with irritation that a few stray locks of hair were loose and quickly set about righting them using his reflection.

—and he was staring right at Alfred.

The sight set Alfred's blood on fire, and he moved impatiently against Ivan. "God, Ivan, please fuck me. Fuck me so that everyone knows you own my ass."

Ivan growled at that, a sound that made shudders course through Alfred's body and straight to his cock. "I was intending to, шлюха." He ran his cold hands up Alfred's sides, coming around to pinch and pull at his nipples. Alfred moaned, scrabbling at the glass.

Ivan slid out slowly, drawing out Alfred's want, then plunged back in. Alfred moaned, his voice increasing in volume as Ivan fucked him mercilessly without slowing. As the pace increased, Alfred felt as if his insides were being rubbed raw.

"Da, шлюха," Ivan grunted as he plowed into Alfred. His mouth latched onto Alfred's neck, sucking and nipping. "Make those slutty noises for them. Show them how much you love my big cock."

Alfred groaned and pushed back, meeting Ivan's hard thrusts. "Yeah, I love your big cock! Please, Ivan, more!"

Ivan growled into his neck, responding by reaching up and stroking Nantucket between his thumb and forefinger. Alfred moaned and thrust his hips into the glass, the friction of the cold mirror against his cock making it throb and drip.

And then, in the other room, a group of nations—Antonio, Lovino, Feliciano, Gilbert, and Yao—joined Ludwig by the mirror. They were all standing in a crescent moon-like shape, all facing Alfred and Ivan, all looking at their reflections, appearing as if they were looking right through the wall. At one point, Gilbert stood close to the mirror and dropped his pen, crouching down to get it and coming face-to-face with Alfred's crotch and the exposed shaft that was currently fucking him.

And Alfred lost it. With a strangled cry, he shot molten-hot cum all over the mirror, just as Gilbert looked up to examine himself, looking to Alfred as if he was coming on Gilbert's face. Alfred's hips instinctively lurched forward at the sight, wishing that the Prussian's mouth was around his cock, swallowing his cum.

Ivan continued to pound his sweet spot with bruising force, making his cock twitch even after his climax, the Russian digging his nails into Alfred's hips, pinning them to his own so that he could thrust as deeply as he could into the American. At last, he growled in Alfred's ear, thrusting deep and stilling, letting Alfred's greedy ass milk his cock of its scorching cum. Alfred moaned and pushed himself hard against Ivan, almost painfully, loving the feeling of being filled to the brim.

They stayed like that for a moment, Alfred enjoying the sight of the nations seeming to watch them through the mirror. When his tremors subsided, Ivan slid out of him, a trail of cum following and dribbling down Alfred's thigh.

"So Alfred likes an audience watching him when someone is fucking him? Being a slut, I am not surprised." He planted open-mouthed kisses down Alfred's neck and gave Alfred's softening cock a
pull. "Hm, you came so much. What a mess…"

Alfred shivered and turned around, wrapping his arms around Ivan's neck and pulling him in. They kissed for a moment before Alfred pulled away, a bridge of saliva connecting their lips. "That was so hot." Alfred said breathlessly. "You're one kinky bastard."

Ivan smirked. "Da, but who is the one who was moaning and begging like a slut?"

"True," Alfred laughed and glanced over his shoulder. "Uh… I kinda came all over the glass… shouldn't we clean it?"

Ivan shrugged. "Why? It doesn't seem to be bothering anyone." His smirk widened.

Alfred scoffed. "Don't wanna be the person who has to clean up that mess."

"Da," Ivan kissed him again. "Get dressed. Let's hide out and see."

Alfred gave a wicked smile and did so (being sure to use some tissues to clean himself up a bit) quickly slipping through the door along with Ivan. The Russian pulled Alfred behind a nearby ficus, watching with suppressed giggles, as an older maid wheeled a cart over to the room and opened the door, pulling her cleaning cart inside with her. As soon as the door closed, there was a shrill scream, and Ivan and Alfred ran off in the other direction before she could find them.

As soon as they were around the corner, breathing heavily, Alfred said, "Dude, that was hilarious!"

"Da, I wish I could have seen her clean it up, though."

"Yeah, me too!"

Just then, the doors to the dining room opened and nations poured out. Ivan and Alfred inched around the corner so that no one could spot them together, Alfred peering down at his watch and moaning in despair.

"Ah man… lunch is over. Now I'm gonna have to listen to more boring-ass lectures with an empty stomach. I'll die!"

Ivan snorted. "Oh, stop being so melodramatic. You will survive, I am sure."

Alfred scoffed and folded his arms, pouting. "How do you know?"

"Because you are like a cockroach: so annoying and glutinous, but no matter what anyone does, you simply will not go away. You only become more of a problem, and you are too stubborn to die. I should know." Ivan smiled wryly.

Alfred blinked in confusion. "I don't know if that was a compliment or an insult."

"Alfred, whenever have you known me to compliment you~?"

Alfred punched him in the arm—which hurt like hell, though Ivan didn't show it. "Asshole,"

"Which I now also own, my мало таракан."

When they got back to the meeting and sat down, they noticed that Francis was absent. The question of his disappearance was passed around until Ludwig concluded that he must be off with one of the maids and wouldn't be back. Only did Alfred and Ivan know (by the hands undoing their pants) that Francis was certainly going to be giving a very good deal of attention to something else this meeting
When they all got back to the room, Francis sat down on the bed after expelling his clothes and whined, "Ugh… my ass is still sticky."

They had all since discarded their clothes, as was the rule in their hotel room.

"Oh yeah," Alfred said, going to his bag and picking through it before returning to the bed with a large black dildo.

Arthur studied it for a moment before saying, "You plan to use that on him?"

Alfred nodded, sitting down on the bed beside them.

"Why is it black?" Ivan asked. "You could not get a more whimsical color?"

Alfred frowned. "The largest size only came in black."

Francis snorted in laughter. "Ahonhon~! Typical!"

"Just come here and lay down. I'm too exhausted for a shower, so we'll have to do it this way." Alfred grumbled, then looked at Arthur. "Artie, could you get a bowl of water?"

Arthur didn't ask, curious to see what would happen. He got up and went to the bathroom, finding a basin full of potpourri. He poured the stuff out and filled the basin with water, taking it back to the bed and setting it beside Alfred.

"Good, okay," He dipped the dildo in the water and showed it to Francis. "This'll get all that crap out. It took me a while to figure it out and to get one big enough to do it, but I eventually found a way. I know water is crap lubricant, but it's the best way to get this stuff out."

"Why didn't you just convince Canada use his own cock?" Ivan asked curiously.

Alfred huffed. "Because he was acting like an ass and said he didn't want to get the syrup all over his cock." Alfred turned to Francis. "Spread your legs."

"Mmm," Francis did so, allowing Alfred to press the tip of the toy onto his hole.

Alfred slipped the head of the dildo inside, pushing slowly. Francis moaned, angling his hips up to meet it, trying to ignore the pain of penetration barely helped by the water. Then all at once, Alfred pulled it out, Francis giving a whine as the American dipped the chocolate-covered dildo in the basin again. He pushed it in once more, this time deeper, Francis moaning loudly as he felt it press his prostate.

Immediately his cock was hard. Francis moved his hips into the mattress to get more friction.

And then Alfred pulled it out again, dipping it in the basin. Before Francis could complain, he was filled again.

"Damn," Alfred said as he moved the phallus in and out of Francis in rapid, scrubbing motions. "This stuff is really caked on…"

"Yes!" Francis moved back against him, taking the dildo in to the hilt. "Harder, it is really sticky, yes, harder!"
Alfred gladly obliged him, not hesitating to be rough with the Frenchman. He wanted to see how much his ass could take.

Arthur, meanwhile, moved so that Francis's head was in his lap. When the older nation looked up, the Brit smirked and said, "You dirtied my cock with your arse today, Francis. I expect you to clean it up."

Francis smiled and gladly took the meat into his mouth, swallowing it to the root and hollowing his cheeks around it. Arthur moaned and buried his fingers into Francis's hair. The Frenchman then moved his mouth off of Arthur's cock, giving it a long lick. "Is that clean enough, mon amour?"

"No, I do believe it needs to be thoroughly milked as compensation for the mess you made of it previously." Arthur commanded huskily. Francis moaned and once again took the whole of the Briton's shaft into his mouth.

Ivan crawled over to Alfred and kissed him. When they parted, Ivan muttered, "Let me try…"

Alfred handed the dildo over, watching with hunger as Ivan pushed the toy in as deeply and as hard as possible.

"Uh!" Francis came up for air, tongue swirling around the head of Arthur's cock.

Alfred couldn't take it. Watching Ivan thrusting the dildo so obscenely into his other lover had made him incredibly hard. He crawled between the legs of the Russian, who was sitting on his hands and knees. Ivan stopped thrusting to let Alfred through. They kissed for a long moment, Francis whining impatiently all the while, before Alfred said, "Please, Ivan, fuck me."

Ivan smirked, dildo discarded and forgotten, as his American lover turned over and moved so that he was lingering above Francis's body, his cock brushing the cleft of the Frenchman's ass, and pushed his own ass up into Ivan's growing arousal. "Hmh, even after what we did today you still want more? Greedy little slut." And without hesitation, he plunged his cock into Alfred, making him give a harsh cry. "Oh? Isn't this what you wanted, cock whore? Surely you want to be fucked just like I was fucking Francis's ass with the dildo?"

"Fuck yeah," Alfred moaned, half in pain, but even that was delicious. "Please, Ivan, fuck…” Before Alfred could complete his beg, his face was seized in both hands by Arthur. He was pulled up and kissed fiercely, tongue delving deep into his mouth before being released.

"If you're going to be a cock whore," Arthur said with a growl. "Then get to work on mine."

Alfred nodded and bent down until he was at eye level with Arthur's cock which was currently sliding sensuously in and out of Francis's hot mouth. "Francis," he murmured, and the Frenchman pulled the cock out of his mouth to reply, but Alfred's tongue filled it again. Francis moaned as Alfred's tongue slid past his own, the American tasting Arthur's cock. When they parted, Francis found with alarm that his own cock was throbbing and dripping for release beneath him. He moved his hips into the mattress to find relief, but he couldn't find it. He looked at Alfred desperately.

"Alfred, please," he begged. "I need your cock in me. I-I can't… that dildo wasn't as good… need you." He ducked his head in embarrassment, but Alfred caught his face in his hands and claimed his mouth again, positioning himself at Francis's entrance and thrusting in in answer.

Francis cried out into Alfred's mouth, Alfred sliding his tongue down his throat. When they parted, a string of saliva breaking between their mouths, Alfred said, "I'll fuck you if we share." His eyes darted down to Arthur's twitching cock and then back to Francis.
Francis nodded and moved onto one side of Arthur's cock, licking it. Alfred immediately followed, feeling his cock twitch as he watched Francis move up and down the shaft, Alfred mirroring him.

"Fuck," Arthur moaned, watching his two lovers through half-lidded eyes as they moved up and down his cock, completely in sync. The sight was delicious to see.

And all the while, Ivan was thrusting hard into Alfred, tears gathering at the edges of the American's eyes with the depth of his thrusts. It wasn't that it hurt. No, it felt fucking amazing. It was the fact that Ivan kept hitting his sweet spot with such accurate precision, his body was shaking with the pleasure.

He was so caught up in his arousal, that he barely remembered he was supposed to be fucking Francis as part of their deal. So, he drew back and thrust vigorously into Francis, bodies sliding close together as he did. The older nation moaned as he continued to tease Arthur's shaft and opened his eyes, looking seductively at Alfred before lunging forward and kissing him deeply. Alfred fucked into him harder, the force of Ivan's thrusts driving him into Francis. When they parted, breathless, they took turns swallowing Arthur's cock from tip to root.

Arthur threw his head back and moaned, shooting hot cum onto their faces and tongues. "Oh God, yes, mmm…" Seeing his seed running down his lovers' faces was incredibly arousing.

Ivan kept thrusting into Alfred's ass, pounding him to the point that Alfred needn't move anymore. He and Francis came together, Alfred entwining their fingers as he plundered Francis's mouth. Francis moaned at the feeling of coming and being filled at the same time.

Ivan had been struggling to hold out for the fact that Alfred's ass had been pulsing around him for the better part of their romp, and finally he came, driving deep into Alfred and shooting hard into him, bruising his prostate with his cum.

When it was all through, Alfred and Francis licked the cum off of each others' faces, then Ivan extracted his cock from Alfred, cum running down the American's thighs. As he knew Francis liked, Alfred remained inside him for a minute or so before pulling out, his cock soft and trailing cum. Arthur collapsed back on the bed, still catching his breath.

He wasn't expecting a fuck session when they got back. He was completely exhausted from earlier that day and he felt really sleepy.

Alfred and Francis crawled up Arthur's chest, each taking turns to peck him on the lips. But Arthur grabbed them, tongue delving into each of their mouths, yearning to taste himself. He felt his body heat when he did.

Arthur loved the taste of cum, no matter whose it was.

"Mmm," he moaned and pulled his lovers to him.

"Damn, that was good." Alfred said as he snuggled into Arthur. "But I'm so fucking tired…"

"Heh," Ivan chuckled, moving so that he lay beside Francis, who was curled up to Arthur's left side, while Alfred was on the Brit's right, pulling the blankets over them. He wrapped an arm around Francis and the older nation sighed in content, moving back into him. "You wanted it."

"You know," Francis said sleepily, eyes already closed. "You should fuck me with chocolate syrup more often."

They all shared a few drained laughs before drifting off to sleep.
Translations:

*De rien*-You're welcome

мало таракан—little cockroach

A Word From the Writer: Ooohh, yes. Never trust France with cock rings… or Ivan taking you into an empty room and locking the door behind you. That could be a problem depending on if you've recently pissed him off or not. Lucky America. XD

And, yes, Alfred is a cock whore. I will see to it that he is.

Next Chapter Hint: Sex counseling—the French way~
So France has decided to turn up the charm. The results may surprise you.

Warning: Lemon, slutiness, vanilla, reference to AmericaxCanadaxJapan, and some good fluffy stuff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

French Vanilla

"Unh, Alfred, yes!"

Francis was riding the American, his hands splayed on Alfred's sweaty chest. The hard cock sliding rapidly in and out of him made his insides pulse and heat. His legs ached from lifting himself up and spearing himself on the hot shaft, but he yearned for that meat massaging his insides.

"Fuck, Francis," Alfred panted, hands gripping the older nation's hips as they pistoned, nails digging into the soft flesh there. The feel of his cock plunging in and out of Francis's tight hole was making it twitch and drool. His hands traveled up Francis's flushed skin, raising goosebumps and flicking at the pert nipples.

Francis threw back his head and moaned, sides quivering as he continued to move, his pace urgent now. In turn, he lifted his hands, his legs burning as they took his full weight, running his fingers through Alfred's golden hair. Alfred purred in response, and Francis grabbed Nantucket, stroking it vigorously.

Alfred cried out, hips lifting to meet Francis's hurried onslaught, slamming into him. He pulled Francis's hips down, holding them still so that he could drill deeply into him.

And all at once, Francis felt his climax flood his senses; his balls drew up, his nails dug into Alfred's scalp, heat crept up his twitching cock until it erupted from him, cum splattering his lover's heaving front, painting his flushed skin a beautiful white. Alfred came around the same time, shooting into Francis, thrusting with each spurt, Francis's insides pulling him deep and milking him dry.

When it was through, they remained in their positions, Francis still pulsing around Alfred's softening cock, loving the feel of it inside him. As always, Alfred did not move to pull out of him, further satisfying his lover by staying inside him.

As they came down from their high, Francis reluctantly moved Alfred's soft cock out of him and leaned down, resting on his elbows, kissing Alfred with passion. Alfred returned the gesture in kind, tongue delving into the hot mouth to sate his greedy lover.

When they pulled away, saliva connecting their bruised lips, Arthur cocked one eyebrow and said, "Well, loves, that was quite intense. Again,"

"Da," Ivan added, fingers ghosting up and down Arthur's bare side, the Briton snuggling back into him. "What has it been? The third time?"

Alfred scoffed and pulled Francis close to him as he rolled off, hugging him to his chest and kissing his cheek a couple of times. "Yeah, well, Francis ran me bone tired." He smirked at the innuendo. "I guess I'm addictive." He smirked.
Francis smiled and hummed. "Oui, amour. I can't get enough of your cock now that I've had it." Then he rolled over and kissed up Alfred's neck. "Again?" he looked pleadingly up at him through his eyelashes.

Alfred looked flabbergasted. "Fuck no! Didn't you hear me? I'm exhausted, baby."

Francis pouted. His insides still ached from their previous session, but they burned for more.

Thank God the meetings were over and Alfred had booked them an extra day to fool around.

Arthur laughed. "Insatiable whore. Once a slut, always a slut."

Francis huffed and rolled back over, Alfred's arm encircling him. "So you say, but how many times have you two fucked?"

"Hm, good point." Alfred said, thinking. "The last time I checked, we're still one behind you guys, so I'd say you have no reason to criticize us."

Arthur smirked. "Who said I was criticizing? I loved watching you two go at each other like cats in heat, I'm just proving a point."

"And what point would that be, cher?"

"That you are all desperate sluts." Ivan answered for them and they laughed.

"Well, you aren't wrong about that." Arthur said, sitting up and stretching. "I believe it's high time for another round, don't you think, love? I'm feeling that itch again…" It was a good thing they had taken some stimulants to maintain their stamina and keep the cum flowing, but it was wearing off and Arthur wanted to get as much out of it as he could.

Ivan groaned. He was shit-tired. No way could he even lift a finger to satisfy Arthur's voracious appetite. "Nyet, любить, I cannot. Let Francis do it with you. Alfred and I will lay here and watch."

Arthur snorted. "Fine, then. Francis," He need only say the Frenchman's name, for his eyes did the rest.

Francis slid out of Alfred's arms to slink over to Arthur across the bed. "Who will bottom, amour?"

"Rock, paper, scissors?" Alfred suggested.

Arthur nodded. "I guess," He turned to Francis and balled his hand into a fist. "Ready?"

"Bien sûr,"

"All right… rock, paper, scissors, shoot!"

They looked down.

Francis's mouth widened into a smug smirk. "Oh, Arthur~looks like you will have to take my cock."

Arthur shrugged. "Either way's fine with me." He pushed Francis down on the bed.

Francis gave him a bewildered look. "Euh, chéri, I am supposed to top."

"I know," Arthur said with a wry smile. "But I want to try something new." He straddled Francis's hips, smirking down at him.
Francis chuckled. "Ohonhon~you're going to ride me?" Arthur had never ridden Francis before, and the Frenchman was eager to be the recipient.

"Yes," Arthur purred, wrapping his hand around his own cock and stroking slowly up and down. "Now, relax, love and enjoy the show."

Francis watched Arthur's hand move on his cock, watched the shaft swell and redden with arousal.

Arthur reached around his back while Francis was distracted, grabbing the older man's cock and finding, with more amusement than surprise, that it was already rock hard. "Well," he said, giving it a stroke. "It looks as if I don't have to wait long."

"Hmm, never, amour." Francis said, hands trailing up to grip Arthur's hips. "I am always ready."

"Good," Arthur said. "Then let's get started." He pushed himself up with his legs, and positioned Francis's stiff cock beneath him before going down on it. Arthur moaned as it inched into him, Francis's fingers digging into the skin on his hips.

"Mmm," Francis purred, running his hands up and down Arthur's flushed sides. "You have such wide hips, amour. If you were a woman, you would be very fertile."

Arthur frowned, but said, "Thank God I'm not, or I'm sure you would have impregnated me by now with all this fucking. And I'm not a bloody woman! You'd best remember that if you ever wish to fuck me again."

Ivan scoffed and rolled his eyes. "It would be a miracle if you were that you were not already pregnant."

"Jesus," Alfred added. "Iggy pregnant? Can you imagine what the hormones would do to his temper?"

Francis laughed, but Arthur was not impressed. To keep him focused, he lifted himself up suddenly and brought himself down with force. Francis's laugh turned into a moan, and his blue eyes once again met green.

"Shut it and fuck me."

Francis smirked. "Bien sûr, amant." And he lifted his hips to drive his cock into his lover.

Arthur gasped, a flush of heat reddening his skin, as he began to move, slow at first, savoring the girth of the cock sliding in and out of him, then faster, urgent for arousal.

Below him, Francis watched with hungry eyes, taking in the whole of Arthur's beautiful body. It was certainly very attractive at this angle; hips lurched, sweat glistened, dripping cock bobbed, all of those sexy expressions… Francis had never been able to enjoy them so thoroughly in any other position he had taken Arthur in.

And it made him all the more aroused.

Now Arthur was moving at such a pace, that he had to place his hands on Francis's chest to balance himself. His thumbs brushed across Francis's nipples, toying with them for a bit as he continued to ride the Frenchman, his heart pounding. He didn't know why he was feeling so nervous, but he was. For the life of him he couldn't figure out why—they had fucked many times before now. But this time, he supposed, was different. After all, Francis was still France and Arthur was eagerly riding him before his ex-rival's eyes.
It certainly did strike a chord in him.

Francis could see that Arthur was worrying over something and he frowned. No one should be worrying about anything when Francis was fucking them! So he took hold of Arthur's hands, stroking a thumb over them. When Arthur broke out of his daze and looked down at him, Francis said, "Do not think, mon chéri. Just feel."

And Arthur felt. He felt the hard cock moving in and out of him, his insides pulsing around it. He felt the strain in his thighs as he lifted his body, spearing himself on the shaft over and over. He felt the warm softness of Francis's hands on his hips, traveling up his stomach and to his chest, teasing his nipples.

And suddenly his prostate was pressed and Arthur's eyes shot back open. He gave a gasping cry, moving so that it could be attacked relentlessly. Arthur's speed hastened, his cock throbbing and dribbling precum. His thighs were shaky and aching. He looked down at Francis, begging him with his eyes to give him what he wanted.

Francis smiled and obliged. He took over, stilling Arthur and holding him by the hips as he rammed into him from below, stored energy going into his pistoning pelvis. Arthur moaned as he felt Francis's cock plow deeply into him, assulting his prostate with bruising force. Sure, he'd had sex recently with Ivan and Alfred both (numerous times), but each time was incredibly thrilling, a high, for he knew that once the day was through, he wouldn't be able to touch any of them for another three long weeks.

When Francis's hand wrapped around his cock, Arthur lost it. A few strokes, and he was coming in hot streams all over Francis's stomach and chest. A strange kind of discomfort and arousal surged through him with every pound of his sweet spot after his climax, his cock twitching with each thrust. "Francis… oh God."

Francis kept thrusting until he could hold out no longer. He had wanted to get as much of Arthur's ass as possible before he went home, but with the Briton's insides squeezing around him, his orgasm was quickly drawn out. He stopped moving, but still held Arthur's hips tightly, pulling him down onto him as much as he could so that his cock was engulfed in Arthur's heat and flooding his insides with his cum.

They were breathing hard when it was over, sweating, flushed. After a few moments of just staring at each other, Arthur gingerly moved himself off of Francis, his legs protesting in the process (they had done a good deal of work today). He sat up, still shaking with the effort of their romp, trying to get his breathing and heartbeat under control.

Francis, meanwhile, sat up along with him, and said, "You were so beautiful to watch, mon amour." He leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

Arthur responded in kind, but pulled back before it could become heated, much to Francis's dismay. It wasn't like he didn't want it, though. Hell, he had promised himself that he would fuck all day today. He had something on his mind, something he knew he had to tell, but was afraid to. He didn't know how Francis would react, even after all the years of knowing him, but he hoped by saying what he was thinking that he would not chase his lover away.

After all, he had never told anyone else this. Not to any of his lovers, at least.

Suck it up, he told himself. Just suck it up and say it... So he took a deep breath and covered one of Francis's hands with his own. It was too hard to look into Francis's eyes, he concluded, so he'd look somewhere else. His lap seemed a right place.
"Francis," he began, trying to make his voice firm. "I... I think I love you."

Silence. Dammit, Arthur hated every second of it. He could practically feel Francis's eyes burning a hole in his skull. When he finally gathered the courage to look up, he saw the surprised look on his face and immediately blushed. He quickly snatched his hands back.

Goddammit. He had ruined everything!

"I-I'm sorry," he said, eyes downcast. He shifted uncomfortably. "I didn't mean... if you don't it's fine... but—" The words caught in his throat then, and his face grew hotter. But please don't leave me.

But Francis did nothing of the sort. Instead, he grabbed Arthur's face gently in both hands so that they met eyes.

"You think?" Francis asked, mock-offended. His eyes were bright and he was smiling like an idiot, but he didn't care. "You think you love me? I am confused, cher. What is that supposed to mean?"

Arthur wrung his hands. He felt put on the spot and his mouth as dry. "Er, well... what I meant was..." Fuck, he couldn't say it again. It was too embarrassing and Alfred and Ivan were listening closely.

Francis sensed his unease and said, "If you are not sure, then let me show you how much I love you."

Arthur was breathless. The French shit had said it just like that! Arthur couldn't just toss important statements like that out on a whim. Damn the French, Francis was good.

Arthur couldn't do anything but stutter and blush in frustration as he was gently pushed down onto the mattress. Francis was leaning over him, a position that three months ago would have scared the shit out of him, but now he welcomed. Finally, he found his voice. "A-again?"

"How else?" Francis said with that charming smile that made Arthur's heart flutter. He blushed harder and looked away. Now I'm acting like some virgin girl, great...

And before Arthur knew it, Francis's lips were brushing his ear. "Arthur," he whispered and the Briton shivered, turning his head.

His lips were captured and softly kissed, no rough, demanding intrusion. Arthur began to get impatient with the progress and he squirmed beneath Francis, a growl rising in his throat. Finally, he drew back from Francis and said, "Kiss me properly, dammit."

Francis smiled again and to avoid looking awkward, Arthur pulled Francis down to him with a hand at the back of his head, welcoming the Frenchman's tongue into his mouth.

It was hard to keep from smiling as Francis kissed Arthur, the Briton responding eagerly. He had forgotten how impatient Arthur had become in the past week. Francis gladly obliged him, but Arthur soon began to get bold and started pulling on Francis's hair insistently, grinding his growing hard on into Francis's thigh. But Francis pulled away from him, pushing him down and moving his thigh away from him. Arthur blinked in bewilderment up at him.

"Non, mon amour. I want to make love to you. We go slow."

Arthur felt his face heat and he quickly looked away. Sure, he'd had trysts and been in relationships before, but no one had ever truly made love to him. To Arthur, this foursome they had was purely
sex, just like he'd always known and expected. It was certainly a new thing to him and he was, for one of the only times in his life, frightened at what might happen afterward.

Francis continued to kiss Arthur, finding it hard not to smile. The last time he had seen Arthur this cute and innocent was when he had first met him. He moved his lips softly down Arthur's jawline, dipping below to his neck and eventually his chest. Francis couldn't get enough of Arthur's taste. Ever since he met him, Francis had wanted to lick Arthur all over. His skin he always thought was so soft and beautiful. He had always thought every part of Arthur (even down to his moody tendencies and cynical personality) was beautiful. Though he never told Arthur that.

Arthur squirmed under Francis's ministrations, heat surging up from every area Francis's fingers and lips touched. Arthur whined and wrapped his arms around Francis's neck, fingers threading through the sweet-smelling blond locks. He so wanted those lips on his own, or on some more sensitive areas. He let out a soft moan when Francis's tongue circled one of his erect nipples, teasing the tender skin around it before biting it. Arthur gasped and pressed on the back of the Frenchman's head, wanting more of that teasing mouth on his skin. Arthur bit his lip as his cock twitched and leaked.

"Francis…" Arthur pleaded, nails digging into the skin on Francis's shoulders.

Francis hummed, further arousing Arthur as he felt the warm breath against his skin. "I cannot help but be thorough. You're so beautiful, _amour_." 

Arthur blushed as blue eyes bore into his. Francis smiled and continued south, taking the other's swollen cock into his mouth.

Arthur arched and buried his fingers in Francis's hair. "Oh, Francis, yes…"

Francis cut right to the chase, swallowing Arthur whole. His lover was impatient, and he didn't want to keep him waiting. He went down on him a couple of times before pulling off and giving a long, sensual lick to the entire shaft, tonguing the slit.

Arthur couldn't take it. He didn't want to come yet. "Please, Francis." he said quietly, face red with having to beg to who, just a few months ago, was his worst enemy.

Francis looked up, swirling his tongue around the head of Arthur's cock but withdrawing and lubing up his cock. Arthur hardly needed preparing at this point, but he wanted to make sure that the Briton was not uncomfortable in any way. He slid up between Arthur's slim legs, settling between his soft thighs, positioning himself against his hole.

Arthur moved his hips up to meet Francis's cock, eager for it to be inside him. "Please," He really needed it at this point, the stimulants he had taken earlier making him extra sensitive.

Francis peered down at him with a look of such adoration that it made Arthur's blush deepen. "You do not have to beg, _mon amour_, this is all for your pleasure." And he slipped the head of his cock inside.

"Oh~" Arthur adjusted his hips so that it pushed in more easily, annoyed that Francis was going so slowly, but grateful all the same. His arse was beginning to get sore from all of the fucking they had done today.

When Francis was in down to the hilt, he moaned and slowly started to move. Arthur didn't object; it was what he wanted, he didn't need to adjust. It began as slow rocks at first, then proceeded to a deeper fucking, though Francis wasn't going fast at all. Arthur noticed with annoyance that Francis was purposely being gentle, which pissed him off, mostly because he had given the Frenchman
many reasons not to treat him like some weakling. But Francis just looked down at him with feeling behind his eyes and Arthur suddenly didn't have it in him to object.

Francis knew very well what he was doing to Arthur, but he decided that in order to make this sex mean something, he had to. He knew the instant he had sex with Arthur that the Briton was unaccustomed to the loving part of it. He at first thought it was just because of Arthur's personality, but he soon figured out, by Arthur's behavior and listing of previous bedmates, that he had never experienced that before. He only knew the rough side of sex and the pleasure—but he didn't know the emotional bond that could be forged between partners, which would explain why Arthur had been so lonely in the past.

Arthur eventually became impatient and looked imploringly up at Francis. "Francis—"

"Shh, do not speak, *amour*, just feel." Francis replied as he continued to thrust into him slowly but deeply.

Arthur was irked by the fact that Francis had just told him to shut up, but he complied, though grudgingly so. He looked everywhere else but at Francis, trying to quell his anger.

Francis sighed at his lover's response. Well, this was expected. Arthur had never been one to take orders from anybody, especially Francis. To loosen him up, the older nation leaned over Arthur, planting a line of sweet kisses down his neck, fingers rolling Arthur's nipples.

Arthur gave another moan, but his hands did not touch Francis. They remained defiantly at his sides. The truth was that the Briton was scared more than angry, scared (as he normally used anger as mask for his fear) about what this would mean. This was new territory for him, and he didn't want to say it, but he felt it was so obvious to Francis. He was afraid to open himself up to Francis completely.

Then Francis pressed on his prostate and all negative thoughts vanished from Arthur's mind. Pleasure flooded his lower regions and Francis's kisses left molten trails on his skin. He could now appreciate the fact that Francis was not fucking him, but *loving* him. It was foreign, but it felt so right to Arthur that he welcomed it. And then he knew.

No one had ever loved him like this before.

And just like that he felt his eyes burn with tears. Before long, they were sliding down his cheeks, and he released a shuddering breath every time his prostate was so sweetly teased. Francis continued to kiss him and touch him, Arthur feeling as if he needed the contact or his heart might stop beating.

He clutched desperately at Francis, wrapping his arms around Francis's neck and burying his nose in the Frenchman's neck. He tried to swallow his sobs, but a couple got out anyway, his breath shaky as he realized just how much he cared for Francis. After all these years, Arthur would have never expected that this would be one of the men whom he would love.

His moans were more to the like of desperate, keening whines as his sweet spot was so gently, pressed, Francis lingering on it and moving into it further, ever so slowly, making it feel as if Arthur was dying a torpid, but beautiful death. It both scared and delighted him at the same time.

There were no hurried fucking here. No greedy, lustful touches and wanton, vulgar moans. It was unrushed, meaningful, and breath-taking.

This was not sex anymore, it was something with a much deeper meaning.

Heat crept without haste to his lower regions and up his cock until he was coming warmly between his and Francis's stomachs. He half-moaned, half-sobbed, toes curling and fingers scrabbling for
purchase on Francis's warm skin, needing to be as close as possible to the other man at the moment.

Francis smiled softly, kissing away a tear on Arthur's cheek before whispering, "Mon belle Angleterre…"

At this, Arthur let out another sobbing hiccup, clinging tighter to Francis, sighing as he felt his lover's warmth flood his insides, heating him from inside out.

When it was over, they remained in each other's arms for a good five minutes until Francis drew back to examine his flustered lover. Arthur was no longer afraid to look at him, face flushed and eyes puffy and wet with tears.

Francis smiled warmly. "Do not cry, mon chéri."

Arthur looked away then, scrubbing with embarrassment at his eyes. It still didn't feel right to cry in front of Francis despite their relationship. "I-I'm not crying, git…"

Francis bent down to kiss Arthur's forehead, then drew back to examine him more closely. He could see the little flecks of lime in Arthur's eyes. "Of course, amour."

Francis continued to stare lovingly at Arthur until the Brit snapped, "What? Why are you just looking at me like that? You couldn't want more."

Francis said, "You didn't give me your answer, cher." When Arthur blinked at him in confusion, Francis added, "Do you love me, Arthur?"

Arthur felt his face heat at the question, but he daren't avert his eyes. He was through with all that emotional, childish bullshit. His chest had been weighing heavy with the answer for some time, and he longed to see it away. "Yes," Arthur replied hesitantly. "I love you, Francis."

Arthur saw Francis's eyes grow blurry with tears of his own and the Frenchman's smile turn watery, but he would not look away, dammit. "Et j'taime, mon chéri. J'ai pour plus longtemps que tu sais."

Arthur felt his heart do a peculiar flutter at the words. "I know," he breathed, barely loud enough to hear.

Ivan and Alfred had were watching them with intrigue, the American having previously crawled over and settled in his arms. Now Francis and Arthur kissed before moving to lay one behind the other, Francis holding Arthur closely to him, fingers running lightly down the Briton's arm.

When they looked at him, Alfred felt obligated to spill his feelings as well. The thought made him feel slightly nauseous despite his intimacy with his lovers, but... "Ivan," Alfred turned over, chest pressed up against the Russian. Ivan regarded him with curious and expectant violet eyes. "I-I... I don't know if... it's that..." Alfred paused and took a breath, then tried again, "I'll admit it. I've never been in any long-standing relationship in my life, and this whole emotional thing is really freaking me out."

Ivan scrunched up his nose in adorable confusion. "But I thought that you, Matvey, and Japan—?"

"Nah, they're just fuck buddies." Alfred cut him off. "We agreed long before we started having sex that it was just for fun and it was open."

Ivan narrowed his eyes. "We are not 'fuck buddies', da?"

Alfred's eyes widened. "No, no! You're not fuck buddies. I-I care about you."
"You care about Matvey and Japan, nyet?"

"Yeah, of course I do. Mattie's my bro and Kik's my bud, but…" Alfred chewed his lip nervously.

Ivan watched him for a second, then sighed. "All right. I will start, da?" He looked Alfred straight in the eyes and said, "I love you very much, Alfred, just as much as Francis and Arthur. You are all the most precious things in my life right now, and if I lost you I would not know what to do."

Alfred's mouth nearly dropped open with the confession and his face was burning red. "Uh… I-I…" Alfred stopped and gathered his thoughts. "Ivan,"


"Vanya," Alfred felt weird saying it, like he wasn't worthy of it. Hell, he wasn't worthy of Ivan if he couldn't even tell him he loved him! His tongue felt swollen and useless as he mumbled a few incoherent words.

Ivan sighed. This was like teaching a baby how to speak. Honestly, it wasn't that hard! If Alfred truly loved him (which he hoped was true) then it would be easy for the man to admit it. Then again, Alfred did have a problem with his pride, and since Ivan was Russia… "You said it to Arthur when you were young, did you not?"

Alfred blinked up at him. "Yeah, but that was different. He raised me."

"He cared about your well being. So do I. What is the difference?" Ivan replied.

"Cares!" Arthur corrected. When Alfred glanced back at him, Alfred said, "I still care. Very much so."

Alfred's blush deepened, and he looked away. "Sorry…" Goddammit, since he couldn't say it, the only other option was to apologize. It was almost as hard as trying to say the three words!

But Ivan would not let him. He held Alfred's face gently in his hand and said, "What makes you so afraid, uh? Are you afraid that we would leave you, that it would not work out?"

"No," Well, that was part of the problem, but not the heart of it. "It's just that… we've only been in this relationship for two weeks, during which we were having sex all the time…" His voice dropped to a whisper, "How can I say it when I don't know whether or not it's just another fuck?"

Ivan felt his heart drop, which was strange, for it hardly ever did anything. "But all of us have known each other for centuries… why would we need any more time?"

"I know Mattie and Kik, too, but you don't see me dropping the big 'L' on them!" Alfred snapped back. "Sure, we know each other, but not intimately. Well, we do, but that's just the physical part. We have secrets and desires and traits that barely anyone knows about, and I haven't heard a single one of them!"

Ivan's eyes darkened. "You know about Mongolian Empire."

"Oh, yeah…" Alfred felt like an ass for bringing it up. "I know that, but… I just know there are so many other things I don't know about you, Iv—Vanya."

Ivan quirked a smile. "Peculiar, seeing as you tried so hard only a few decades ago to find out as much as you could about me."
Alfred couldn't help but smile, too. He was less tense now. "And Artie and Francis are still withholding whatever they have. I feel like we have to start over and get to know each other again as lovers, y'know?"

"Ask," Francis said from across the bed. "You need only have asked and I would have told you everything, Alfred."

"Same here," Arthur said. "How many times did I tell you when you were a colony that you could ask me anything and I would tell you whatever you needed to know?"

Alfred laughed and looked back at him. "Well, I kinda suspected that after I asked how big Francis's dick was, you were done with telling me things."

Arthur curled his lip. "That was a special occasion!"

"Indeed," Francis smirked. "But now you know."

Alfred chuckled and Ivan said, "Alfred, we will tell you anything. We are your lovers, and we will make sure that we are as close as we can be." Alfred looked back up at him and Ivan ran his fingers through his hair, being sure not to jostle his ahoge. "You can trust us, Alfred. We will not leave you."

Alfred felt like Ivan was looking right through him, and the American bit his lip before leaning up and placing a chaste kiss on Ivan's cold lips. When he drew back, he forced himself to look into those violet eyes that once held so much hate for him, but now burned with adoration. "Vanya, I... I love y-you." He took a deep breath. "I love you, and... I wish I could have said that thirty years ago." He laughed nervously, a blush rising to his cheeks.

Ivan blinked in surprise. He had just thought that Alfred constantly harassed him because he wanted sex. Well, Katyusha always did say that when someone annoyed you, it normally meant that they liked you... Then again, Ivan had had a liking for Alfred when he was an emerging nation. He was so cute, and he actually had morals back then. "I am glad you finally said that, любить. See? Now I know you were not just acting like a whore during the Cold War."

Alfred snorted. "Well, partly." He winked.

Ivan smiled and pulled Alfred up against his chest, nuzzling his head. "I like to cuddle~ We should cuddle more, da?" He just felt so happy right now. The happiest he had ever been in his entire life.

"Guess so," Alfred smiled, then pushed on Ivan's chest. "Can I turn over? I can't fucking breathe with your chest in the way."

Ivan chuckled and let him loose, giving him only a moment to get onto his side before snatching him up against his front again.

Alfred stiffened, feeling the unusual patter of Ivan's heartbeat against his back, but he soon found the rhythm lulling him into drowsiness. He yawned. "Can we sleep now? It's only noon, but damn I'm tired."

"The stimulants are wearing off." Francis noticed. "I have more of course, if you want some later~"

"Not unless we want to fuck until we pass out." Arthur snapped and moved so that he was closer to Alfred. "May we join you?"

"Sure," Alfred said, and before Arthur could even move, the American had slipped an arm around
him and pulled him close, kissing his cheek. "I love you, Artie."

Arthur snorted. "You've said that to me before."

"I know," Alfred replied, looking through half-lidded eyes at him. Even when Arthur's eyes were puffy and red, the green was still beautiful and striking. "But now I'm saying it as a lover."

Arthur blushed and Francis said, "And I love all of you. You are all so beautiful. I cannot believe how lucky I am."

Arthur pushed back into Francis as he spooned him from behind, turning his head to give him a peck on the lips. "I would say the same for you, but I assume you already know it."

Francis narrowed his eyes and gave Arthur's earlobe a playful nip. "Oui, I do. But it is much different when you say it."

Arthur hummed at the reply and ghosted his fingers up Ivan's arm. "And you, love. Don't let anyone make you think that you're not beautiful or valuable, Vanya. You are."

Ivan felt a slight heat rise to his cheeks and his heart beat faster in his chest. It certainly was a weird feeling. "D-да, never again."

And with that, they all dropped off into their dreams, their bed somewhat warmer than before.

Translations:

*Et j'aime, mon chéri. J'ai pour plus longtemps que tu sais*—And I love you, my darling. I have for longer than you know.

A Word From the Writer: Ack! Sorry I didn't post this earlier. Had a charity event to go to at my school Saturday as an elf. I worked the pinecone ornament station. Needless to say, my fingers were covered with glue, cinnamon, and glitter. It was a bitch to get off!

Anyway… aw, sweet excessive fluff is sweet. Looks like the big 'L' has been thoroughly dropped. But that doesn't put an end to the big 'K' *
coughkinkinesscoughcough*

Next Chapter Hint: Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)
Les Beaux Rêves I

We have heard mention of past trysts, but I've highlighted some of the best memories of our four boys. Warning! They're wet. XD

Warning: Lemon, dubcon, oral, fluff, slutty England, young Russia, hint to Baltic love triangle, comfort sex, and some EnglandxPrussia fun.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Les Beaux Rêves

Ivan sat in his study, nursing a glass of vodka (a glass he thought would be best, since last time he was left alone he'd went a little too far with the whole bottle. This would help him drink more slowly), his eyes running over the page of a book he was reading. After his lovers had departed, Ivan had thought it best to get all of his work done early (his boss didn't quite like how Ivan had blown him off before, and Ivan's boss, though not outwardly scary, did contain a hidden beast of a temper that he dare not tip off again). Afterwards, he was completely drained, but he knew that he would sleep better if he had time to relax.

The Baltics, as so, were lucky. Ivan had felt so good-natured after leaving his lovers that he gave them the day off. The Russian was happier than he had been in a long time—now he knew that his lovers indeed loved him and would not leave him. At least not soon.

The Baltics, as it sounded, were happy as well. For three hours, Ivan had heard pleasurable sounds coming from down the hall, and he smiled to himself as even now he heard who he presumed to be Raivis crying out in arousal.

But as much as Ivan wanted to listen to the Baltics' coital bliss, his eyes were heavy with the effort of reading and he quickly found that the lines of words were becoming two, then blurring themselves completely into each other. Ivan sighed, swiping his reading glasses off of his face and setting them on the side table. He finished off his vodka, the warmth it brought him lulling him into drowsiness and, eventually, slumber.

"Россия, my prince, you must wake up."

Ivan groaned and pulled the blankets over his head. "Нет, Вasily. I went to bed late last night. Let me rest."

"My prince," Vasily insisted, shaking Ivan's shoulder. "The Lord of France has arrived to greet you."

Ivan groaned and sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes. He looked grumpily up at Vasily. "Tell him that he will see me when I will it."

Vasily looked in horror at him. "My prince, you cannot suffer him to wait. We must keep good relations with the west now that we are a country."

Ivan grumbled as he slid out of bed. "Fine. Tell him that I will meet him as soon as I am dressed."

Vasily bowed. "Da, my prince."
Ivan rolled his eyes. "Vasily. Do not call me a prince. I am not of the royal bloodline. I am a country, not a prince." A former whore cannot be a prince…

Vasily looked at a loss for words. Ivan helped him. "Poccus will suffice."

Vasily consented and bowed once again, leaving the room. The man called in Ivan's servants and they came bowing into the room. All Ivan had to do was stand still with his arms out and move occasionally in order for them to rid him of his bedclothes. After he was dressed in some of the finest furs and cloth he owned, Ivan dismissed his servants and examined himself in the mirror.

After all his years of being free from Mongolian Empire, he still did not like what he saw. He saw a boy with the appearance of fifteen years, small and frail—a child-prince whom no one from a more successful country would even consider to be an equal. Then again, Ivan surmised, he was used to it. Years of servitude under the Mongols had broken his pride and spirit. But he would not let that show. Not for as long as the Frenchman was here.

Ivan entered his meeting room. There were three Frenchman and they all stood as he entered the room. The only blond in the group, his hair tied back with a ribbon, bowed.

"Bon matin, Russie, I am France, but you may call me Francis Bonnefoy."

Ivan bowed in return. "I am Russia, though my human name is Ivan Braginsky."

They all sat then. Ivan caught Francis's eyes roaming around the room with a greedy glint. Suspicion coiled in Ivan's gut, but he didn't let it show in his face or his voice.

"I understand you are expecting a trade agreement?" Ivan began.

Francis's eyes snapped back to him then, and he smiled. Such a charming smile. How deceiving, Ivan assumed. "Oui, we are very eager to welcome your wares to the west. France wants to be the first distributor of Russian goods."

Ivan's expression was empty; his past experiences had taught him that being too trusting or too snappish often had bad consequences.

"Da, let us get started."

Ivan returned to his room after supping with Francis and sighed. The day had been long and the plans arduous. Ivan knew he would be having a lot of work to do in the next few months. It wasn’t as if the meal had gone bad. Francis seemed quite amiable and eager—too eager for Ivan's tastes. He knew manipulation and greed when he saw it. But it was only expected. Ivan, after all, was young compared to him and with inexperience came the threat of domination and underestimation. Ivan had firmly promised himself, though, that he would rather die then let that happen again.

He had his servants draw him a hot bath and he slipped off his robes, stepping in. As always the heat didn't affect him. He was too used to the cold to feel much warmth.

Just as he was finishing, a servant stepped in and said, "France wishes to see you, Poccus."

"Tell him that I will be out momentarily."

It didn’t take him long to get out of the bath. He wrapped a fur robe around himself and entered his room. He picked through his clothes until he found some he favored and slipped off his robe, the cold of his room not bothering him in the least. He always hated when servants fussed over him like he was a child. It made him feel more like he was one, like he couldn't survive without his servants
as a country.

There was a shuffling behind him, and Ivan stiffened. He dare not turn around, for he knew who it was.

"I did not realize that my servants brought you into my chambers, France."

"I did not realize that you preferred to go around in naught but your skin in your chambers, Russia." Francis remarked, somewhat smug.

Ivan felt embarrassed and exposed—but he was well used to both of those, so he handled them accordingly. He didn't look behind him as he dressed himself. "Why do you seek council with me so late in the evening?"

"I am wanting to improve my relations with you, Russia." Francis said with an underlying note of sneakiness to his voice.

Ivan scoffed. "Our agreement is that you assimilate me with the west. I will be plenty glad with that. You need offer no more."

"Mais," Francis said, his voice closer now. "I want to offer something else." A pause. "Will you allow me?"

Ivan thought about it for a moment, then said, "Da, show me this that you wish to give me."

Before Ivan knew it, hands came around his front, untying his robes. His words caught in his throat as his clothes tumbled to a heap on the floor. He was now completely unclothed. The hands trailed across his cold skin, their warmth leaving burning trails on his flesh. "This offer requires you to be naked, Russie."

Ivan knew what was going to happen. He had known it ever since he had seen Francis, though he did not consider it at first. The man, he had noticed, had been constantly running his eyes up and down Ivan's body, their look similar to a hungry winter wolf. Ivan had received that look many a time from Mongolian Empire and his soldiers well enough to know what it meant immediately when he saw it.

"You wish to invoke sex for good relations?" Ivan asked with a hint of amusement. "I assume this is how the west deals with political connections?"

Francis seemed astonished at Ivan's brashness, but he quickly found his words. "Oui, somewhat. I need to know that I can trust you."

Ivan frowned. "And what trust will you gain from me by assaulting me?" Ivan knew all too well how sex could spawn extreme distrust and hate. He had been a victim of it before, and he was careful not to be a victim now.

"I am not assaulting you, Russie." There was hurt in Francis's voice. "I am placing a request. You do not have to comply and I will not trouble you with it again if you refuse."

It was then that a plan struck Ivan. As much as his stomach churned at the fact that another, stronger country was once again trying to dominate him sexually, Ivan knew that if he came away from this experience with himself being the one in control, he would gain back a great deal of the pride and confidence he'd lost with Mongolian Empire.

With that, Ivan turned around and looked at Francis with determined violet eyes. "I agree. My bed."
Ivan started off and Francis followed. He sat on his bed and looked expectantly up at Francis. The
man seemed amazed at his boldness, but Ivan did not wait for him to recover. He pulled the man
down to sit beside him. He removed the other's clothes (too fancy and thin for his tastes) and tossed
them aside. Ivan then mounted Francis, pale thighs on either side of his pelvis, snatching a bottle of
oil from off of a nearby table and pouring some of it into his hand. He thoroughly lubricated
Francis's hardened cock.

Francis gave a soft moan and placed his hands on Ivan's hips. "Russie, ami, allow me to—"

"Nyet," Ivan interrupted. "If this is mine to take as I please, I will have it my way."

Francis did not object. The fierce look in Ivan's eyes warned him not to. He just lay back and
watched as Ivan lifted himself up on his knees, positioned Francis's cock beneath him, then went
down.

Ivan bit his lip to keep in a groan of pain. He hadn't done this in a while and he hadn't given time to
prepare himself. Below him, Francis moaned.

"You are tight, Russie," he commented, nails digging into Ivan's hips with every inch of his cock that
slid into the boy.

Ivan ignored the comment. It reminded him of the things the Mongols used to say when they touched
him and…

Francis reached up with his hand and ran a thumb across Ivan's cheek. "You are crying, mon cher."

Ivan blinked, finding his eyes blurry and his cheeks wet. Angry at himself for allowing his bad
memories to affect him like this, especially in front of another country, he snatched up Francis's
hands and pinned them to his sides. "Do not touch me."

Francis looked crestfallen, but he did as he was told. Ivan sunk all the way down on his length,
gasping for breath. It wasn't the biggest cock he'd taken, but it definitely wasn't small, and he hadn't
done this in a while. He placed his hands on either side of Francis and lifted himself, going back
down slowly.

"Oh..." Francis's hands once again trailed to Ivan's hips. Ivan didn't much care for the contact—this
was purely business after all, and he wanted no emotional attachments. But he allowed it; he was
currently too busy right now to care about it anyway.

Ivan set a hurried pace, not wanting to have the man's cock in him for longer than needed. He so
wanted Francis to come, and then it would all end—the damnable memories of years passed and the
horrible feelings that he associated with a cock being in his ass.

Francis came, not too soon for Ivan. He felt his insides flooded with hot cum, and immediately his
eyes blurred again. He so hated the feeling; it felt like he was being marked as future territory, like
he was being claimed. He couldn't hold it in. He let out a soft sob and hung his head, his stomach
churning with every minute the Frenchman's cock remained inside him.

Francis's hands were cupping his face, but they offered him no comfort. "Mon douce, what is
wrong? Do not cry."

Ivan snatched up Francis's hands and moved them away from his face, glaring down at the man
through his tears. "I said do not touch me."

Ivan blinked up at him for a moment before sighing and lifting Ivan by his hips off of his cock, the
soft squelching sound it made as it left his body making bile rise into Ivan's throat. Francis laid on his back beside Ivan, staring up at the canopy of Ivan's bed. His hand covered Ivan's and the Russian flinched.

"Ivan… you are not well. Has someone else… touched you like this before?"

Ivan did not respond at once, the feeling of cum leaking out of him weakening his voice. He moved his hand out from under Francis's. He wanted none of the Frenchman's pity. "That is not for you to know."

Francis worried his bottom lip and Ivan could tell that the man was thinking on this. Before Ivan could change the subject (or order Francis out, which was really what he wanted to do, but that would not make for good relations), Francis rolled over onto his side and said, "Ivan—I am calling you as such because I wish not to relate this to our countries—you are very beautiful, and I will show you so if only you will let me."

Ivan stiffened, but nodded. This was his home. He was safe in it. If Francis did something he did not like, he could call his servants in and threaten the man with blackmail. "Da," was all he could get out for his anxiety, and Francis sat up.

"Sit up, mon cher." Ivan did so, and Francis extended his hands slowly, not stopping when Ivan did not protest. His fingers ran gently down Ivan's chest. "Your skin is soft and relatively unmarked; beautiful." They continued to Ivan's hips. "Your hips are slim and gracefully rounded; beautiful." To his arms. "Your arms are lean for now, but they will become strong enough for you to secure a place for yourself in the world; beautiful." To his neck. At this, Francis gave a little frown and Ivan gave a sharp intake of breath, wishing that he had his scarf. "Your neck tells of many struggles. Your heart is mighty for getting this far and it will remain so for as long as you shall live. Beautiful." To his legs. "Your legs are long and growing. You will be very tall and prominent. Beautiful." To his hands. "Your hands are soft, but big. You will use them for hard work to strengthen your country. Beautiful." To his hair. "Your hair is pale, like fresh snowfall with the feel of the finest silk. Beautiful." To his eyes. "Your eyes are the color of the most polished amethysts. They will seek only the best for your country. Beautiful." Both hands cupped his face and wiped his still-damp cheeks with soft thumbs. "Your face is innocent, but it hides a determined mind. With this face, you belong to no one but yourself. You are beautiful, Ivan. Have I shown you?" Francis pulled his hands back, studying him closely.

Ivan was silent for a moment, looking away, trying not to show how much Francis's words had affected him. "How do you know this?" His voice was barely a whisper.

Francis gave another charming smile. "I know a strong will when I see one." When Ivan was trying to find his words, Francis stepped off of the bed and motioned for Ivan to follow. "Come, mon cher."

Ivan found himself obeying, not as sick as he was feeling earlier. He moved to get off the bed, but Francis stopped him. "Non, cher, swing your legs over the side." Ivan did so and Francis knelted before him, placing his hands on Ivan's knees. Ivan flinched, but Francis rubbed his bare thighs soothingly. "You have given me pleasure, Ivan. Allow me to give the same to you." And before Ivan could say anything, Francis took his cock into his mouth.

Ivan gasped, then moaned, hands threading Shakily through Francis's blond, sweet-smelling hair. "F-France…"

Francis hummed around his shaft, making it twitch and drool precum. The Frenchman eagerly lapped it up before going down completely on him. Ivan's nails bit into Francis's scalp and he moaned, hips twitching.
It felt so good—it was something Ivan had been needing for a long time. No one had ever sucked him off before. Mostly it was just him doing that to other people. But finally having his own needs tended to—to have someone fawn over him—was amazing. His heart started into a slow beating that gradually increased, flushing his skin and bringing tears to his eyes.

This was affecting him too much. He should have known he wasn't yet ready to meet the west.

Francis's talented mouth brought Ivan to a quick orgasm, the other man swallowing his cum and licking him clean. He sincerely hoped that Francis wouldn't look up and see that he was completely undone by his ministrations.

But that was a useless hope. Francis peered up at him. "Ivan..." He reached up to stroke his cheek, but Ivan pulled back, remembering his pride. Anger once again flooded him. He had promised himself since he had gotten free from Mongolian Empire that he would never again cry in front of another country, especially one stronger than him. With that, he stood, glaring like death. "Away with you." he growled. He'd had enough of the Frenchman's emotional manipulations.

Francis blinked in surprise. "Q-quoi? Ivan..."

"I am Russia to you. Now leave me!" Ivan was shaking with anger, holding back frustrated tears as he watched Francis rise, dress himself, and leave the room without a backwards glance.

Ivan sat back on his bed and inhaled shakily. No. He would not, he would never cry. He was strong. He had proven it when he had finally put down Mongolian Empire. And he would show the world just how much he should be regarded as both a cherished ally and a formidable enemy.

The servants knocked and asked about his welfare, and Ivan said he was fine. In later centuries, when Francis's greed was finally revealed during his revolution and he invaded Ivan, the Russian was careful to keep away from him from then on. The man had taken his trust for granted and he didn't want to fall into his emotional trap again. But for all the centuries after that one first encounter, Ivan would never forget that one tender moment, the first act of kindness Ivan had ever received from another country.

Ivan's elbow slipped from its place propping up his head on the arm of his chair and he quickly woke up. He blinked drowsily for a few moments before realizing that he was still in his study and that he could no longer hear the Baltics, which must mean it was late in the night.

Indeed it was. Ivan peered at his watch and found it was three in the morning. His neck felt stiff and sore from the uncomfortable sleeping position. He got up, closing his book and placing it back on its shelf. He would finish it later.

As for his vodka... Ivan took the bottle in hand and, for once, did not feel the intense thirst for it as he usually did. He left the study and lumbered down the hall to his room, where he climbed into bed, not bothering to undress himself. He lay there, smiling to himself as he recalled his dream and then the last day he had spent with his lovers.

Then he remembered what Arthur had said. "And you, love. Don't let anyone make you think that you're not beautiful or valuable, Vanya. You are."

"I told you I would win." he said to the man he was once forced to call 'Master'. "I told you I was strong." And he closed his eyes, dropping immediately off into sleep and more good dreams.

Arthur had decided to stay in tonight, which was miraculous, considering he would usually go out drinking at this time. He surmised that it was best that he caught up on his paperwork. He had been
procrastinating about doing it recently (a bad habit he'd picked up from enjoying his lovers).

When the clock struck ten, Arthur was surprised to find that he hadn't had the craving for anything alcohol since he started. He finished stacking up his finished papers and stretched back in his chair, yawning, eyes heavy with fast-approaching sleep.

He turned off the lights in his office and went to his room. Upon closing the door, Arthur immediately stripped down to his skin, then when he caught sight of himself in the mirror, laughed. Oh yes. He was so used to going unclothed in his sleeping chambers that he forgot that he had no one to be unclothed for. Well, bollocks to it. He had never slept nude before by himself, but he had found after the previous world meeting that doing so was very comfortable… and convenient.

As soon as he slipped under the sheets and clicked off the lamp on the side table, his hand immediately found its way to his exposed cock, fingertips running slightly over it. He hummed low in his throat, feeling his shaft swell and heat to life. Arthur found that he slept more soundly after wanking—that and he had very good wet dreams. He always liked to wake up with a hard cock and wank himself dry before getting up for breakfast. His new sexual appetite led to his mind straying to sex and his cock hardening randomly. Not that he minded it, though; he quite welcomed any memory of his lovers. Arthur always thought about them when he masturbated. Who wouldn't?

But this night, Arthur was too tired to wank. The more his eyes blurred with sleep, the more his fingers slowed on his shaft and, eventually, he was asleep, curled up to a pillow whose pillowcase he'd nipped from the hotel covered with his lovers' scents.

Arthur rode his tall, black charger while flanked by his general and guards. He was dressed in a regimental red waistcoat, chased with lines of silver and gold. His tricorne hat was embroidered with red fringe and feathers and of all manner that distinguished his high rank. He pulled his horse to a stop before the row of infantry spread before him. One of his guards guided his horse forward to greet the other army, but Arthur signaled for him to stop.

Instead, Arthur moved his own charger forward, pulling it to a stop midway between the two lines of men. He straightened his back, trying his best to look regal and commanding, though in reality he was bone tired from having traveled so far from his home.

"Bring forth your high commander—your country's heart."

There was silence, then men parted as a starkly pale man came pushing through the crowd, dressed similarly to Arthur, though his coat was blue and the sigil on his uniform was a crowned black eagle—different from Arthur's own. The man looked up at him with flashing red eyes.

"So, England has finally decided to join me?" Gilbert let out a barking laugh, some of his men laughing with him.

Arthur frowned. "I wish to be your ally."

"Ha!" Gilbert laughed. "What good an ally would you prove when you fought opposite me not but a decade ago?"

Arthur's frown deepened, but he was determined to keep a civil tongue. "That was when France was on your side, was it not?"

Gilbert stopped laughing and stared at him with a smirk. "It is truth. But I should think myself a fool to ally myself with another country whose real motive is to oppose their enemy, and that motive only. Might I remind you that following your fight with France, you abandoned Austria your ally?"
Arthur decided that he had had enough with friendly relations. He stepped off of his horse, one of his guards taking it for him, walking toward Gilbert boldly. Arthur wasn't one for refusal. He always got what he wanted, whether it be by manipulation or by threats.

He stood before Gilbert, an inch or so shorter, but not letting the fact bother him in the least. He looked Gilbert seriously in the eyes and said, "You need me, Prussia. Let us not tarry the point by dealing out insults and jests. Now is not the time to resort to child's play. I am not a patient man, Prussia. You will either accept my offer of allegiance or you will suffer the consequences of not having it at your disposal. I can choose to quarrel with France whenever I will it, but you and I both know you cannot afford to reject me, capable army of yours or no."

The men went deadly silent then and Gilbert's piercing red eyes narrowed. Arthur's hand twitched from where it hung stiffly by his side, navigating surreptitiously toward the pistol at his side. Then the Prussian commander smirked. "I see. You seem eager to join me, England. But I am not easily swayed by haughty words said before a whole unit of my men, and your own no doubt with their hands on their weapons behind you. Come. We shall expand on the subject in my quarters."

Gilbert set off through his men, but Arthur remained rooted to the spot. "And what of my men?"

Gilbert didn't bother turning around. "As long as they do not instigate a quarrel, they are welcome to stay."

Casting a last look back at his guard, Arthur hesitantly followed. The younger Prussian soldiers he passed looked upon him as if he had two heads, while the older ones (the ones he assumed had fought in the last war) glared at him with all their might.

But Arthur ignored the looks. He was not so easily intimidated by humans. No one but another country could kill him. The soldiers were naught but ants to him, as far as he was concerned.

Arthur's back ached from standing rigid and his knuckles were sore from clenching his hands by the time he joined Gilbert at his tent. He was so determined to look fearless and powerful that he had forgotten the limits of his own body.

He hoped Gilbert wouldn't notice as the albino passed through the large flaps of what could only be called a cloth pavilion, expecting Arthur to follow, for he did not say a word. Arthur felt anger boil within him at that. He was not some lowly hound to be expected to follow his master regardless of if he was verbally ordered to or not. Gilbert certainly was pushing his luck, and Arthur would take great pleasure in addressing it.

But as soon as Arthur walked into the tent, Gilbert was standing with his arms folded and eyes narrowed. Arthur started, barely stopping his hand going for his gun after he noticed that the look behind Gilbert's eyes was not malicious. It was something Arthur could not pinpoint.

Before he could speculate further, Gilbert said, "You need not persuade me further, England. I have already made my decision."

Arthur blinked in surprise. "Have you? What say you, then?"

"I say," Gilbert began, with a mischievous smirk that Arthur did not altogether like. "You will have to do something for me first."

Arthur opened his mouth to ask, but Gilbert said, "To my bed chambers."

Gilbert disappeared into his room, but Arthur's feet felt frozen to the ground. He knew what this was about. He'd been propositioned similarly to this before, but that was when other countries were
bribing him and he had been the dominant. It wasn't like Arthur didn't like sex—he very much did, but having it with a country whom he was seeking an allegiance with during a time of war seemed a tad risky in his mind.

But there was no way that Arthur was backing down. Not if he wished to keep his pride intact.

So he followed, head held high, trying to hide his second thoughts. He was surprised to find that Gilbert had removed his military dress, now standing clad only in his breeches. The Prussian eyed him expectantly, but Arthur wanted to be sure that he would not be ordered around anymore.

"I am a country, not an animal you can dictate around at your pleasure. I do hope you know that this is purely a consensual act between two countries of equal power and wealth to secure aid in war."

Gilbert snorted at him. "Ja, ja, I know all that. But this is not for dominance purposes. I need to know that I can trust you." His eyes flashed. "And for that, I need you to trust me with your well being."

Arthur ran the words through his head, coming to a bleak conclusion. "You want me to bottom?" It was what he expected, but he was hoping to convince Gilbert otherwise.

Gilbert nodded, walking over to him. Arthur stiffened at his advances, hands coming around him to unbutton his uniform. "Don't be so opposed to it, England. Not long ago, I recall, you yearned for mein awesome five meters for days on end."

Arthur gave a knowing grunt. Oh yes. How could he forget? Ever since Gilbert had become powerful, Arthur had made frequent visits to his home, lusting after him. But that time was gone. War was too serious a subject to let such basic emotions affect him. Still, Arthur didn't mind the idea of sleeping with Gilbert again, however annoying and arrogant he was. Gilbert's cock was what he was really after besides.

Gilbert continued to undress him, though too slow for Arthur's taste, so he pushed away the Prussian's hands and set to undoing the buttons himself. He smirked as he heard the albino's surprised intake of breath.

Arthur slipped off his coat and hat, hanging them on a chair beside him. He then continued to strip down, folding his clothes on the chair until he was completely nude. There was no need for tact at this point. Gilbert practically knew every inch of his body. At this, he turned around and said, "How would you have me, Prussia?"

Gilbert's lips curled into a wide smile. He motioned to his bed. "I would have you look upon my face. On your back." (Game of Thrones anyone…?)

Arthur didn't let Gilbert see his surprise as he did as he was told. In all of his trysts with Gilbert, the man had never requested what Arthur considered to be such… an intimate position. Normally he was taken from behind, which was how he liked it anyway; no strings attached.

Once Arthur was positioned, he spread his legs lewdly, allowing Gilbert full view of him. "Will you not join me?"

Gilbert crawled onto the bed and settled between Arthur's outstretched thighs, untying the strings on his breeches. "Still such a whore. Just like I remember."

Arthur licked his lips. "Get your cock in me already." Quite honestly, all this war had him horny as hell. He hadn't had a lick of time to himself for a week straight.
"Lubrication?" Gilbert asked with a knowing smirk.

Arthur mirrored his expression. "Mm, no, of course not. You know how I like it."

Gilbert scoffed as he stroked his cock to life and lined himself up. "Sometimes I think you're a devout masochist. Or are you just impatient?"

Arthur shrugged. "A bit of both, I would say."

Gilbert placed the head of his cock at Arthur's entrance and pushed in. The Briton bit his lip and grunted low in his throat. "Oh, God... I forgot how thick you are."

Gilbert dug his nails into Arthur's thighs as he continued to slide his cock in. "And you're still so tight... unf."

Arthur felt like his insides were being torn open by Gilbert's girth, and he now sincerely wished he'd accepted Gilbert's suggestion of lubrication. Gilbert seemed to be feeling similar pain, but he kept sliding in until he was buried to the hilt in Arthur's arse.

They were both breathless by now. Gilbert waited for a minute or two for Arthur to adjust before asking, "May I move?"

Arthur took a deep breath and nodded. At that, Gilbert pulled out slowly and thrust back in. It was shallow and slow, but Arthur could still feel pain shooting up his spine.

But Arthur was not a patient man.

"Fuck me, Prussia." he demanded, bringing his legs up to wrap around Gilbert's back.

Gilbert narrowed his eyes, complying, his thrusts becoming faster and harder. "Greedy little slut." he growled and was soon slamming into him, balls slapping against Arthur's arse.

"A-ah! Damn, P-Prussia!" The pain had petered into a dull ache, and pleasure flooded his loins. Yes, he'd needed this for a while. Yet, he'd forgotten how rough Gilbert could be.

Gilbert was going deep now, striking at Arthur's sweet spot every time without fail or falter. "Ja, much tighter than the whores we have around here."

"Oh, oh yes!" Arthur's back arched and his toes curled. He threw his arms around Gilbert's neck, nails biting into his pale skin. "Yes, Prussia, yes!" He fucking needed this.

"Mmm," Gilbert purred, nosing his exposed neck. "Even sound like a whore..." He bit down.

Arthur cried out, hips rolling upward as he came in hot spurts all over his and Gilbert's stomachs. "Oh! Oh... Prussia..." He went limp as the man kept fucking into him violently, finally shooting his molten seed inside Arthur, moaning into Arthur's neck. Arthur groaned as he was filled, loving the feel of Gilbert's wonderfully thick cock and hot cum filling him up to the brim.

Gilbert's heavy breath was hot against his neck. His warm tongue slid over the wound he left on Arthur's soft neck, sucking at the skin. The Briton squirmed and mewled with pleasure. The contact ignited his arousal and even though he was sore, he still wanted more.

Gilbert could sense his lust, and drew back, looking him over with a predatory gaze, before leaning back down to capture Arthur's pouting lips. The albino thrust his tongue violently in, thoroughly tasting every inch of the other's mouth. When they parted, Arthur eyes were heavy-lidded and his
breaths came in harsh pants.

"Is slutty England greedy for more cock?" Gilbert smirked, cock hardening inside of Arthur.

Arthur moaned and rolled his hips on the growing shaft. "Mmm, yes. I haven't had a taste of cock in a while."

Gilbert's eyes narrowed. "So mein awesome five meters has convinced you?"

Arthur blinked. He had almost forgot about their deal. He responded by pulling Gilbert's hips down with his legs, letting out a contented hum as the Prussian's thick sex slid further into him. "Only if you sate me."

And so it was that Gilbert and Arthur went five more rounds, though Gilbert had long before had his fill and fought to keep himself aroused as Arthur's lust drove him down on the man's cock again and again. The hungry Briton went until he was utterly exhausted, Gilbert keeping his promise by offering his cock, but the albino was too tired to move much and he would much rather have fallen asleep. But Arthur was thoroughly satisfied, collapsing on the bed next to Gilbert following another much-needed orgasm, though his balls had long run out of cum to shoot.

"Enough yet?" Gilbert asked almost irritably.

Arthur curled up to him, vision fading in and out from fatigue. "Quite. May I rest?" The Briton felt so warm, his insides comfortably full with Gilbert's cum. And Gilbert's bed was a welcome reprieve with its goose feather mattress and soft fur blankets...

"Nein," Gilbert said and Arthur's eyes snapped open in surprise. "As good as it was, I am afraid that you must retrieve your men before they become impatient and decide that instigating a fight would prove ample entertainment."

Arthur frowned. "Allow me to stay by say of our agreement."

Gilbert smiled and shook his head. "That wasn't part of our deal. Sex only and until you were sated, remember? Besides, I don't much like bedmates."

Arthur gave a growl as he sat up and stood, walking across the room to gather his clothes. As he dressed, he felt his limbs ache and with every footfall sharp pain shot up from his arse.

Perhaps this was not altogether his best idea.

Arthur felt Gilbert's eyes watching him as he dressed. "Hmm, my cum looks good running down your thighs."

Arthur scoffed, grabbing Gilbert's uniform handkerchief and cleaning himself up, the Prussian frowning as he did. "Enjoy it while you can. I surely won't be fucking with you for a good while, arrogant arse."

Gilbert rolled his eyes. "You'll be back for my awesomeness, I know it."

Arthur didn't respond. As soon as he was properly dressed, he made his way out of Gilbert's tent with a more than obvious limp. He would have it for a while, it seemed. He knew everyone knew what had conspired in Gilbert's tent, if the loud moans could be heard. And if they couldn't be heard, he certainly felt hundreds of eyes pinned on his hindered gait.

But he didn't care. His country as well as Gilbert's were strictly religious, but they always made
exceptions for them. Mostly because they were their countries. Arthur was just grateful that he was now no longer like the needy men among his own and Gilbert's ranks who would give anything for a good fuck. At least Arthur could say he'd had a good time at least one time in a few months.

When he reached his black charger, it tossed its head and let out a snort of recognition. One of Arthur's guards guided it to him and said in a low voice, "Shall we aid you in mounting, sir?"

Arthur let out a harsh laugh at that. His voice rang out over all of the men gathered. He then calmed himself, wiping his eyes of mirthful tears and said in his regular voice, "Your tact never fails to amuse me. No, I quite think that I will rather walk. I very well believe I've done enough mounting for today. About now, a horse sounds a bit like a death sentence, at least for my mobility." He smirked as the guard flushed.

Gilbert was right. Arthur would be back. But the Brit would give the Prussian a week or so just to increase the suspense, but no more than that. After all, Arthur was not a patient man.

Arthur's eyes fluttered open, squinting in the soft dawn light seeping through his window. He was glad to find that he was wrapped snugly in his blankets, curled up to the pillow with his lovers' scents on it. His hand was still extended beneath him, sore now from remaining in such a position, but when Arthur moved his fingers, he felt his cock twitch.

"Mmm," Arthur hummed contently. He wrapped his hand around his swollen shaft, pumping up and down slowly, rubbing precum around the head with his thumb when it oozed out. He was about to ask Ivan to fuck him when he remembered that he was alone. Arthur groaned in dismay.

He would really love a cock in his arse right now.

He settled for wanking himself. He buried his nose in the pillow he was curled up to, the scent of his lovers intoxicating him. Arthur moved his hips into it, moaning softly. He pulled images from his dream to spur his arousal, focusing on the feeling, not the person, imagining that it was Ivan fucking him instead, or Alfred, or Francis. The ones who told him that they loved him.

But he couldn't help laughing as he recalled the memory. "It looks as if I've been impatient all along."

Translations:

Россия—Russia

Bon matin—Good morning

Mon douce—My sweet

A Word From the Writer: Okay! So I thought I'd take a break from the usual pairing of four here. Thought it'd be nice to go through past fucks, yay! ... And France can be quite the romantic when he's not acting like a pedo. As for the Game of Thrones reference... I'm currently reading it, and Princess Daenerys is certainly bold when it comes to sex. Just a little quote from her. Thought I should include it since it's an awesome book.

Anyway, I'm also writing a Christmas-themed one-shot lemon as a holiday present. It will be posted on Christmas Eve (12/24/12). And no, I'm not telling you who the pairings will be, all I will say is that it will be a threesome. Three times the smut!

Next Chapter Hint: More journeying through wet dreams!
Introducing the creation of America the Slut. You're welcome.

Warning: Lemon, oral, threesome, double-penetration, AmericaxCanadaxJapan, virgin America, some fluff, and slutty America.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

"Ugh," Alfred took time to catch his breath before flushing the toilet.

That had been the third time he had puked today.

He sighed and turned to the mirror, inspecting himself. He was pale and had purple bags under his eyes. Alfred pulled open a drawer in the counter and retrieved yet another toothbrush, brushing his teeth thoroughly. He'd had to get rid of two toothbrushes already.

What the hell had he caught? When he got off the plane he was perfectly fine. But as soon as he got home, he'd rushed to the toilet. Ever since, he'd been lying on the couch, flipping through the channels and being generally miserable.

"It's all Artie's fault…" Alfred surmised, recalling how before they had departed, the Briton had mentioned a peculiar pain in his stomach. He loved Arthur—but he sincerely hoped the other man was throwing up all the food in his stomach three times a day like Alfred had been doing for nigh on a week. It was only fair.

"I never get sick." Alfred murmured to himself. His gaze once again trailed to the piles of paperwork on his desk and he sighed. He got up off the couch slowly, waiting for his stomach to settle before walking over to the bathroom and opening the medicine cabinet. He opened it and took out some sleeping medicine. Well… it wasn't exactly sleeping medicine, but it would certainly knock him out, which was what he really wanted.

Something nudged at his pajama-clad leg and he looked down. "Heya, Max," He patted the retriever on the head. The dog remained at his side, peering up at him eagerly. Max hadn't received much more than a pat on the head for the week Alfred had been back, and he was yearning for more. But Alfred was too sick to give him any and he felt guilty about that.

As Alfred popped the pills into his mouth and swallowed, the bitter taste of stomach bile still in his mouth, he said, "Maybe I should call Nat and let him have you for a while seeing as you're completely bored out of your mind here." New York would definitely agree to the arragement. He loved the dog and he had one of his own. "Sounds good, huh? A little playdate…"

He should call about that now, but he was too tired to do it. A little nap… just one and then when he woke he would give Nathan a call.

He laid back down the couch and placed his glasses on the coffee table before closing his eyes and promptly falling asleep.

Alfred sat naked on his couch, staring with impatience at the door. Then there was a knock and he sprang to his feet, his hands trembling with excitement as he opened the door.
As soon as Matthew saw him, he looked left and right down the hall, then back at him. "Al… what if it wasn't me who knocked? What if it was some weird pervert?"

Alfred laughed and ushered him inside. "Nah. I have people who look out for me. C'mon, bro. Show me that big dick."

Matthew rolled his eyes, setting down his things before crossing his arms over his front and taking off his shirt. "Jeez, impatient today, are we? You could have at least asked me how I was doing, offered me a drink…"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Alfred interrupted, folding his arms as Matthew hooked his thumbs into his jeans and pushed down. "You know why we're here. Might as well make the most of the time… couldja go any slower, dude?"

Matthew scoffed, stepping out of his jeans and tossing them at Alfred's face. "Shut up and wait, hoser. I'm not just going to rip off all my clothes for you."

Alfred tossed the Canadian's jeans into a corner and pouted. "Why not? Am I not good enough?" A smirk found its way on his face in spite of himself.

Matthew laughed at that. "Yeah. I just keep coming over here for the hell of it." He finally slid down his underwear, stepping out of them.

Alfred's eyes immediately went to his brother's nine-inch cock. He licked his lips, walking towards him. "Mm, looks yummy." He knelt down and took Matthew's cock into his hand, giving it two, deep-fisted pumps, feeling it twitch and swell to life in his grip. "Been wanting to suck you for so long…"

Matthew rolled his eyes. "What, for a week? I'd hate to see how desperate you'd be when I deprived you of it for a month." He smiled. "Eh, maybe I should do that. Then you would be extra slutty for me."

Alfred gave him a glare. "You'd better not, or so help me I'll break into your house. And I'm not the only slut. The last time I fucked you, you were begging for more."

Before Matthew could rebuke, Alfred took the Canadian's cock into his mouth. Matthew moaned, fingers burying in Alfred's hair as the head of his cock was sucked and licked with enthusiasm. "Oh, A-Al…"

"Mmm," Alfred hummed around the cock in his mouth, taking Matthew's cock halfway into his mouth. He loved the taste of his brother. Sweet and musky. He couldn't get enough of it as he swiped up all the precum from the head with his tongue, taking more of his cock.

There was a knock at the door—a distinct, somewhat musical knock that Alfred knew all too well. He took his mouth off Matthew's cock long enough to say "Come in," before returning diligently to it.

Kiku entered the room and his face immediately reddened. "Oh… I see you have already started without me?" He started stripping.

"We wouldn't have if Alfred wasn't so eager to swallow my cock." Matthew said with another moan as Alfred took his whole shaft down his throat.

As soon as he was nude, Kiku walked over to where Alfred was blowing Matthew, standing beside the Canadian and stroking his own cock to hardness. In response, Alfred pulled Matthew's cock out of his mouth, a bridge of saliva following, and moved to work on Kiku's cock. He swallowed it whole
easily, as it was smaller than Matthew's. His tastebuds were assaulted by the extremely salty taste of the older man's precum, but he could tolerate it. After all, he liked salty foods. And even if Alfred didn't fully favor Kiku's taste, a cock was still a cock, and he would suck it no matter the size or flavor.

"Ah, oh..." Kiku moaned, reaching for Matthew's now fully hard cock, taking it in his hand and stroking him slowly.

Matthew purred and drew Kiku close to him, kissing him deeply. The soft, wet sounds coming from above him spurred Alfred on, sucking so vigorously on both of their cocks that he had to be wrenched off.

"Enough," Matthew said. "Unless you want a soft dick in your ass."

Alfred sat back on his heels and pouted. "But... doncha wanna come all over my face?"

"That is only what you want Alfred." Kiku replied, pulling Matthew's cock down and letting go so that it sprang back up against his stomach. "I think you are ready, Matthew."

"Hmm, so I am." He motioned to Alfred's bedroom. "Get on your bed on all fours. Make sure to spread your legs nice and wide."

Alfred didn't hesitate; within seconds he had disappeared into his room. He climbed on his bed in Matthew's desired position and coated his fingers with saliva. He knew this was going to be some deep fucking, so he reached around and inserted one of his slicked fingers. He moaned as it pushed through his tight ring of muscle, spreading his legs for better access.

By the time Matthew and Kiku entered the room, he had three fingers massaging his insides and he was emitting needy moans. They stood in the doorway for a moment, watching, until Alfred snapped, "What the hell are you waiting for? Can't you see I need something bigger in my ass?"

Matthew circled the bed and snatched Alfred's fingers from his ass, kneading his cheeks bruisingly and slapping them, smiling at how the tender flesh reddened. Alfred let out a gasp and his cock twitched beneath him. Matthew settled on the bed behind him. "Someone's a bitchy whore today."

"Sh-shut up and get your cock in me already." Alfred said, breath heavy with arousal. "I've been waiting for a whole fucking week."

Matthew scoffed, but he conceded to Alfred's demands and thrust into him, filling him completely in the first stroke. Alfred gave a harsh cry as he felt his brother's shaft tear into him.

"What the fuck, bro?" Alfred asked, panting.

Matthew smirked and pulled out. "You wanted it, slut." And he slammed back in with a moan.

"Ah! M-Mattie, oh God..." Alfred pushed back against the Canadian, desperate to feel his brother's thick meat pound his prostate. "Yes, fuck me."

"Hmm," Matthew purred, increasing the speed and depth of his thrusts. "I think that crude mouth needs something more recreational to do. Kiku?"

Kiku circled the bed and got on his knees in front of Alfred, his wet cock brushing the American's lips. "Suck," he demanded, pushing on the back of Alfred's head so that his lips pressed hard against Kiku's shaft.
Alfred moaned as he felt the older man’s cock throb against his lips. "Mmm, gladly," He took the head into his mouth, tongue stroking over the banjo string. Kiku moaned, pushing him further down on his shaft, Alfred's tongue circling the head of his cock, eagerly lapping up the precum.

"Tight for a whore," Matthew said, now pounding into him. "You like being rubbed raw from the inside by my big cock, brother dear?"

Alfred took his mouth off of Kiku's cock, running his tongue along it and pumping it with his hand and moaned, "Mmm, yes, I love your big cock pounding my ass. I love sucking cock while I'm getting fucked like a whore." He returned to Kiku's cock, swallowing it completely, his mind hazy with lust.

Matthew slammed into Alfred, being sure to get as deep as he could, his heavy balls slapping the American's ass. Alfred's prostate was pounded with bruising force, and he cried out as he came, hot cum shooting onto the bed, his ass clenching around the cock still pounding it.

"Oh God, Mattie. Oh fuck…" Alfred panted as his sweet spot was attacked ruthlessly, his cock twitching with every hit. Kiku reached beneath him and dipped his fingers in Alfred cum, bringing them up to smear the warm cum over Alfred's reddened lips. The American licked it up in earnest, gazing seductively up at Kiku while he did so.

Then, suddenly, Matthew stopped thrusting, fully-sheathed in Alfred's ass. Alfred squirmed and whined, "Mattie… fuck me." "I have an idea." Matthew said, a note of mischief in his voice. "Kiku, remember that time last week when we talked about the 'big one'?"

Kiku stared at him in confusion for a moment, then he nodded. "Ah, yes. That sounds wonderful." He then took his saliva-covered cock from Alfred and slid beneath him. His hand snaked between their bodies to pull at Alfred's soft cock. "You will like this, Alfred~"

"What…?" Alfred asked dazedly as Kiku lined up his cock with his hole. As soon as he felt the wet tip press against his filled entrance, Alfred's eyes widened. "Whoa, dude, wait! Mattie's cock is huge, I can't fit another one in there!"

Matthew gave his ass a slap and Alfred yelped. "Shut up and keep still. You can take it."

Alfred whined, but it quickly turned into a pained cry as the head of Kiku's cock entered him. Tears sprung to Alfred's eyes as the shaft continued to push its way into him, and the skin on his bottom lip split beneath his teeth. "Fuck! It hurts!"

"Mmm, you feel so tight, Alfred." Kiku moaned beneath him, halfway submerged in his heat.

"You're doing great, Al." Matthew reached beneath him and stroked his cock, finding it already hard. "Little slut. You like the pain."

"N-no," Alfred said and he gave a strained grunt as Kiku's cock pushed all the way in. "Oh… oh God. Oh fuck."

"Such a foul mouth." Kiku said and captured his lips, thrusting his tongue into Alfred's mouth. Alfred moaned into the kiss, Kiku rolling his sensitive nipples around between his fingers. Kiku began moving his hips, slowly at first, then gradually faster until he was pounding his ass. Alfred groaned when Matthew started thrusting into him again, one cock pulling out, while another filled him.

"A-ah, shit, so full!" Alfred moaned, pushing back into the onslaught, his cock rock hard and
dripping beneath him. Kiku attacked his neck, sucking and biting, leaving dark red marks that would surely last until next meeting. The smaller man's hand increased its speed on Alfred's cock, his thumb circling the slippery head, teasing the slit.

And then, their climaxes approaching, Matthew and Kiku began thrusting at once, both cocks going deeply into Alfred at the same time. The American's back arched and his fingers dug into the pale skin on Kiku's shoulders as his sweet spot was dually and harshly assaulted. Kiku's hand migrated from his cock to squeeze his throbbing balls.

"M-Mattie, Kik, oh fuck YES!" Alfred shuddered, ropes of molten cum erupting from his cock and covering Kiku's still pumping hand. Kiku jerked him through his orgasm, using the cum as lube, milking Alfred's cock with delicious skill.

His ass clamped around the cocks inside him and Matthew and Kiku came at the same time, both filling Alfred's ass to the brim with their hot cum, some dripping out around the cocks and trailing down Alfred's quivering thighs.

Alfred was still trying to catch his breath as Kiku took his hand off his cock, bringing his fingers to his mouth and licking off the American's cum. Alfred watched, his cock twitching. Kiku kissed him, swapping the cum. Alfred eagerly lapped it up. They both parted, breaths heavy, Alfred licking his lips and saying, "Mmm, I should fuck you next."

Kiku flushed, but he smirked and said, "That is why I am here, Alfred."

Matthew pulled out of Alfred's ass with a groan, collapsing on the bed beside him, watching his and Kiku's cum run down Alfred's thighs. "Mm, sorry if it hurt you, Al. I... get a little crazy when I top."

"No need to apologize, Mattie." Alfred replied, leaning over to thrust his tongue into his twin's mouth, Matthew tasting Alfred on his tongue. When he pulled back, Alfred smirked, "That's how I like my tops."

"And is this," Alfred turned to see Kiku with his legs spread wide, his puckered pink entrance twitching with want. "how you like your bottoms?" the older nation finished, finger traveling down between his cheeks to prod at his hole.

"Mmm, yes," Alfred crawled over to him, hand moving on his cock to prepare himself, but the sight of Kiku lying so lewdly was arousing enough. "I can't wait to fuck your tight ass."

Then Matthew straddled Kiku's chest, large cock, engorged with lust, brushing against Kiku's lips, leaving a wet, white trail "And I like my bottoms with an eager mouth."

Kiku's eyes went half-lidded as he took the length into him mouth, sucking with enthusiasm, the feel of the pulsing cock in his mouth making his own cock swell.

Alfred gave Kiku's growing shaft a few strokes, the older man moaning around Matthew's dick. The American lined his hard meat up with Kiku's hole, pushing into the incredibly tight heat while his brother covered Kiku's face with his cum—

"Wha... who?" Alfred snatched his hand back from where Max was licking it hanging off the couch. "Max!" Alfred shouted and the dog immediately whined and crossed the room, laying obediently down on his bed while giving him such an apologetic look, it made Alfred fill with guilt.

He found he was half hard, his cock pushing defiantly against his underwear, forming a prominent tent in his pajama pants. "Damn," he cursed. He'd been having such a good, wet dream. Just a little longer and he might have come in his sleep. It had happened before, even though it was a bitch to
clean up in the mornings, but Alfred was currently too tired and sick to jerk himself off.

And still Max was whining every time Alfred looked at him. Sighing, the American got up and crossed the room, holding out a hand, intent on petting him reassuringly on the head. "Sorry, boy, you just startled m—" Dread filled Alfred as he felt his stomach roil with the quickness of his getting off the couch, and he immediately rushed for the bathroom.

He just barely made it to the toilet before puking. Alfred looked solemnly down into the bowl. "Well, there goes my lunch." Great. Now he would have to spend the next thirty minutes preparing more to eat, facing the risk of jostling his stomach to much.

He sighed and stood (going slowly this time) and grabbed a new toothbrush out of a drawer and squeezing some toothpaste onto it. He brushed his teeth for a good five minutes, wanting to get the taste of bile out of his mouth, before rinsing and tossing the used toothbrush in the trash. He stared at the pile of discarded toothbrushes in the garbage can before saying without a hint of amusement. "Toothbrushes: 5; Hard-on: 0."

This time, Francis made sure to thoroughly check the house before sitting down to relax. Pierre came chirping over to sit on his shoulder.

"Ah, mon ami," Francis held out a finger so that the bird could perch on it. "You did not see Gilbert lately, have you?" Of course the idiot German wouldn't think to step foot around here—not after all the threatening looks he received from Ivan. Francis knew that Gilbert must know that he was with Ivan, but Gilbert wouldn't say anything so long as he didn't want to get his nose punched into his brain.

The Frenchman stretched out on his couch and felt his eyes sag with sleep. He hadn't been able to sleep on the plane, and his last bout of lovemaking with his lovers had left him exhausted. He smiled as he remembered how he finally broke down Arthur's walls. He had always wanted to hear that Arthur loved him, and now that he had, along with his other lovers, he couldn't feel happier.

Pierre stood watch on the arm of the couch as Francis yawned and closed his eyes, too tired to sate his hunger. He would do that after he'd woken up.

_There was a knock on Francis's door and he quickly finished tying up his hair. "Oui, come in."_  
_He got up from his chair and turned to see a young blond man of sixteen, looking awkward standing in an unfamiliar room, papers in one hand._

_"Ah, America," He walked over to him and smiled. "It is late, mon ami. Have you some business for me?"

_Alfred seemed to snap out of a daze. "Oh, uh, yes, France. Here," He held out the papers to him. Francis took them with a bewildered look and went through them. As he read over them, his confused frown quickly turned back into a smile._

_He looked up at Alfred, beaming. "Oh, how nice. France as your first ally?"

_Alfred went a little pink and said, "Yes. I thought it would only be fitting, with your helping me out with Ar—England, you know?"

("Of course. Pardon-moi," He went over to his desk and spread a roll of parchment on the table, picking up a quill and dabbing it in the ink pot. He scribbled a short letter to his king and sealed it with wax. He then handed it to his attendant, who had been standing quite silent and out of sight_
across the room. "I want this to be delivered to the king at once." He muttered and the man nodded, taking his leave.

Francis turned back to Alfred, who looked even more bewildered. It was adorable. "What a gracious gift, America."—Take that, England!—"It really does warm my heart to think that I have gained another friend."—Yes, a very useful friend—"I know it has been hard since England has left you. I know how important he was to you."—Finally, he's mine! I'll make him hate you, England, mark me—"But you will quickly find that France will be more respectful toward your values."—Or maybe instill new, French values. England is tasteless anyway—"England will be sorry he ever disrespected you."—Oh, yes, extremely sorry. I can't wait to rub it in his face!—"Merci beaucoup, Amerique."

Alfred looked surprised. A blush rose to his cheeks. "Uh, well, thanks Francis. You've really been a big help, but... I don't want England to feel sorry—I-I mean, depressed. He's still my..." He looked down at the floor and sniffed.

Francis walked over to him and reached out to pat Alfred reassuringly on the shoulder. "It is all right, ami. There is no need to be sad. You did not need England anyway."

Alfred looked up at him, eyes blurry and red with tears. "But... I don't know if I can do it on my own. I wanted me and England to still be friends, but now he... hates me!" He took a deep, quivering breath, trying his best not to cry.

Francis sighed and guided him over to a couch. "You should sit down, Amerique."

Alfred did so, Francis following beside him. He was looking at his lap, trying to hide his face. "I miss him, Francis."

"I know," Francis consoled, rubbing his shuddering back. "But I will help you now. You do not have to be scared."

"He wouldn't even let me see Mattie, or..." He got control of his breathing and looked up at Francis. "Thank you, Francis. You've done so much for me. If only I could repay you enough..."

"Oh, Amerique, there is no need." Making England regret it is all the recompense I need...

Then Alfred's face lit up. "But I think I can."

"Oh?" Francis said, curious. Even after his revolution, Alfred was still unpredictable.

Alfred turned to him, grabbing his shirt by the front, straddling Francis. "Lay with me, please, Francis. I want to give this to you. I think it will be enough."

Francis blinked up at him, surprised, but not altogether displeased with the situation. "And what is it that you wish to give me, cher?"

Alfred's face went dark red. "I'm... a virgin."

Francis raised his eyebrows. This day was just getting better and better. "Vraiment? But surely you would seek someone around your own age to have the privledge?"

Alfred shook his head and shifted on Francis's lap. "No... no, I want you. Mattie has stopped talking to me and Spain is so distant. Right now, you're the only friend I have. You're a nation. You understand me."
Francis sighed and placed his hands on Alfred's slim hips. He removed the younger nation from his lap, setting him on the couch next to him as he stood. Alfred gazed tearfully up at him. "F-Francis…?"

"Je ne sais pas, mon cher." Francis said airily. "Did England talk to you about sex?"

Alfred's brow knitted in thought. "Well, yes… I asked, but all he said was that I should wait and that it was a 'vulgar practice'."

Francis rolled his eyes. Oh, of course. And just after he quit his pillaging, plundering, and raping pirate life. Easy for him. He already got his fill. Then he smiled inwardly. Ohonhon~ Well, what better way to make him mine? England will certainly hear about this. And I haven't had a virgin in a while… "Amerique, this couch will not do. To my bed."

Alfred rose from the couch and followed Francis across the room and to his bed. Francis stopped to unbutton his coat. He looked up at Alfred, who was staring blankly. "Euh, Alfred, you will have to undress for this."

"O-of course," Alfred fumbled with the buttons on his own clothing before standing in nothing but his breeches. Francis wasn't one for timidity, though. In minutes, he was completely nude, and he smiled as he heard Alfred inhale sharply. Before Alfred could remove the rest of his clothing, however, Francis was kneeling before him, fingers undoing the buckle at the front of his breeches.

"Francis?" Alfred gasped as his cock was fished out of his pants. "What…?"

Francis shushed him. "Do not speak, chéri." And he took the head of Alfred's cock into his mouth.

Alfred gave a soft moan, fingers threading through Francis's hair. "Oh, Francis~"

Francis hummed around Alfred's cock, feeling it swell in his mouth. He expected it to stop growing, but it kept on until its girth filled his mouth. Precum dribbled onto his tongue, sweet and strong with youth. He pulled off, looking up at Alfred whose face and neck had gone bright red. "Hmm, you are big, cher. You are a virgin in every sense?"

"Y-yes," Alfred stammered.

Francis gave a surprised grunt. "And no one has propositioned you before? I find it hard to believe that you haven't been."

Alfred nodded. "Yes… this one milkmaid… a merchant's daughter… a-a stable boy."

"Mmm," Francis purred, tongue darting out to swirl around the swollen head. "They missed out, then."

Alfred moaned, nails biting into Francis's scalp, the Frenchman taking him halfway into his hot mouth. The ribbon fell from Francis's hair as it was pulled. "Oh, God, France~!"

In his lust, Francis had forgotten just how inexperienced Alfred was, and he moaned with surprised as his mouth was filled with hot cum. He swallowed, giving Alfred's spent cock one last lick before standing. "Did you like it?"

It took a moment for Alfred to respond, still dazed from his orgasm. "Oh, yes, Francis. That was amazing…"

Francis smiled and walked over to sit on his bed. "Shall we move on, then?"
Alfred was about to follow after him, but he hesitated. Francis frowned.

"What is it, cher? You do not have to be scared. I will be gentle."

"No... i-it's not that... um," Alfred looked pointedly at the floor, his face burning. "Um... it's just that... you looked like you liked doing... that."

"Quoi? Sucking cock, you mean?" Francis chuckled as Alfred's blush went right to his ears. "Oui, I did enjoy it."

"Um... then, can I...?" Alfred's eyes were on everything but Francis now, and he shifted uncomfortably.

Francis blinked in surprise. It was just one after another with Alfred. "Of course, cher. If you want to... you do not have to."

Alfred smiled. "Really? Great! Um, I mean, I want to. Most definitely. I've been wanting to for years... I mean, not yours, but others... not to say that I don't like your cock. It's a very nice cock—"

Francis shook his head. "Alfred, come and get your mouth around my cock before it says anything else ridiculous."

Alfred flushed and knelt before Francis, taking his cock into his hand and pumping it a few times before running his tongue around the head. He took it into his mouth, moaning around it. Francis hummed contently as Alfred's tongue circled his shaft. His fingers threaded through Alfred's golden hair, stroking it. Alfred moaned again, exciting Francis's cock. He took more of the older man's cock into his mouth, as much as he could. Alfred choked a bit, worrying Francis, but he quickly recovered and swallowed around Francis's cock. He began bobbing his head, looking up to make sure he was doing all right.

"Oh~" Francis couldn't keep down a moan. He hadn't expected Alfred to be so good at this. "A-are you sure you've never done this before, cher?"

Alfred hummed a negative, making Francis shudder. Alfred tried to take the rest of the Frenchman's cock down his throat, but he gagged and withdrew. He blushed with embarrassment—such a pretty little blush—and teased Francis with his tongue, which was unexpectedly talented.

Francis came with moan, forgetting himself and pushing hard on the back of Alfred's head so that all of his length slid into his mouth, shooting his seed down Alfred's throat. When he was through, Francis gave a startled grunt and withdrew, Alfred coughing a bit.

"I am sorry, cher. I did not mean to—"

"No, no, it's fine." Alfred said as he recovered. He smiled up at him. "I loved it~"

Francis smirked. "You like it rough, hm?"

Alfred looked at his lap. "Uh, yeah... I guess."

"That is nothing to be ashamed of, cher." Francis pulled him up by the shoulders and sat him next to him on the bed. "You will find that there are many people out there who also like it rough."

Alfred smiled hopefully at him. "Any nations?"

Francis pondered. "Oui, not too far off from your age either."
"And you?"

"Well, I'm more of a romantic." Francis said, pushing Alfred down onto the bed, hands on either side of the wide-eyed boy's shoulders. "But I am an old man compared to you. However, since this is your gift, you may choose the way in which I will receive it." He smiled.

Alfred was beet red now, looking small beneath Francis. He squirmed nervously. "Uh... y-you'll be gentle, right?"

Francis nodded. "Oui, whatever you want, Alfred." He bent to peck Alfred on the lips, then drew back. "Mais, I will have to prepare you first."

Francis turned to open one of his drawers and retrieved a bottle of bath oil. He poured some onto his hand and coat his cock, then he slicked his fingers. He jabbed at Alfred's virginal entrance, hearing the younger nation gasp. Francis caressed Alfred's shuddering thighs.

"Relax, mon cher. It will be easier." When Francis felt the muscles in Alfred's thighs ease up under his hand, he slipped one finger in.

Alfred gasped and recoiled, but Francis didn't give him time to adjust this time, pushing all the way in. His own cock was straining between his legs, reminding him of his need for urgency. With all the war going on, he hadn't had a good lay for months. Alfred continued to whimper, trying to scramble away from him, but Francis held him down.

"It will feel better soon, cher." Francis assured, reaching up to stroke Alfred's cock.

Alfred gave a relieved sigh, his insides relaxing around Francis's fingers. He moaned softly as his cock swelled to life in Francis's hand. Francis kept stroking him as he added a third finger. Despite the pleasure pulsing from his cock, Alfred gave a pained groan as the digit was inched slowly in, until all three were in down to the knuckle.

Francis waited for Alfred's muscles to relax and then started thrusting his fingers. Alfred cried out, his insides clamping around the intruders.

Francis slowed his pace and gave Alfred's cock a few more pumps, precum dribbling down onto his fingers. Alfred gradually began to accept Francis's fingers, almost seeming to welcome them in. Francis smiled with his success, searching around for the younger country's sweet spot.

When he found it, Alfred moaned, arching into him, his expression surprised. "W-what was that?"

Francis chuckled. "Your prostate, Alfred. Does it feel good now?" He massaged the spot a little more.

Alfred groaned and pushed down on the fingers penetrating him. "Oh, yes, it feels amazing~"

Francis continued to thrust his fingers until Alfred was squirming and whining with pleasure. "F-Francis, please... I-I don't want to come yet."

Francis pulled his fingers out and positioned himself at Alfred's stretched entrance. "Are you sure you are ready, mon cher?"
Alfred nodded, squinting his eyes shut as Francis pushed into him. The younger man's fingers dug into the sheets and he cried out, but the Frenchman didn't stop, not wanting to draw out the pain. That and he was more than ready to spill himself over.

When he was seated all the way inside, tears were running down Alfred's flushed cheeks. Francis leaned down and placed a kiss on his forehead. "I am sorry, ami, but I could not wait. Do you need time?"

Francis was expecting Alfred to nod, but instead he shook his head. "N-no, I'm fine. It doesn't hurt that much anymore..." Francis took that as permission to pull out, but when he saw Alfred bite his lip in obvious discomfort, he stopped.

"You are in pain, Alfred."

Alfred glared stubbornly up at him. "No, I'm not!"

Francis sighed. "Alfred, you do not have to put up a front. I promise you, no one outside this room will know that you let your guard down."

Alfred blinked up at him. "R-really?"

Francis smiled. "Oui, mon cher."

But something behind Alfred's eyes told Francis that Alfred wasn't satisfied with the answer. Francis pushed back in, carefully watching Alfred's face. The younger man's expression twisted slightly in pain, but when Francis was all the way inside him, Alfred's legs came up and wrapped tightly around his hips. Startled, Francis was about to ask what Alfred was planning, but he soon found out as Alfred rolled them over so that he was on top. Alfred moaned as he sank all the way down on Francis hard cock.

"Alfred," Francis said. "What are you doing?"

Alfred's breathing was ragged as he replied with a smirk, "Giving you your gift." And he picked himself up, plunging himself back down on Francis's cock with a force so surprising, that both Francis and Alfred let out pleasurable cries. But Alfred didn't slow his pace. He increased it, going so fast and so deep that further suspicions about Alfred's confessed purity were raised in Francis's mind. But they were quickly washed away by the sheer tightness of Alfred's ass, the way it squeezed him, how, after a time, it practically sucked him in. Francis's hands roamed up to tease Alfred's rosy nipples, smirking as his young lover moaned, half in shock, at having such a pleasurable place on his body.

Francis gripped Alfred's slim hips, pushing him down further onto his cock, his edge close. One hand went to Alfred's cock as its owner continued to bounce roughly on his lap. It took only one slow pump, and Alfred was finished. Alfred threw back his head and cried out his release, his sweet spot being tortuously pounded as he spilled his warm seed over Francis's hand.

The pressure with which Alfred's muscles clamped around Francis's cock was almost painful, and Francis followed soon after, lifting his hips to get deep into Alfred, his cum filling Alfred to the brim. Francis was dizzy as his orgasm came to an end, shooting a large amount of cum into the young ass, feeling light-headed at the pleasure flooding his lower regions. He knew it must be from being deprived of sex for some time and Alfred's virginal tightness.

Alfred's breath was heavy, and he slumped over in Francis's lap. Francis took him by the hips and moved him off of his cock, laying Alfred on the mattress next to him.
"How was it?" Francis asked. He really was curious.

Alfred still sounded breathless as he said, "It was the best orgasm I've ever had."

Not surprising. Francis thought, then frowned. Dammit, this could have happened sooner if England hadn't snatched America up before me! Well, then again, he did manage to nail Matthew, though Alfred's twin wasn't as bold as Alfred had been his first time. Then Francis's lips quirked into a smirk. England doesn't know what he missed. And that was all that Francis needed. As long as Arthur was foiled by him, everything was right in the world. Now, to only figure out a way to invade Arthur that would most likely turn out successful...

Francis barely had time to think before Alfred's lips were on his. Francis kissed back, coaxing Alfred's lips open so that his tongue could explore his soft mouth. When Alfred pulled back, much to Francis's disappointment, he muttered, "Thank you, Francis."

Francis smiled. "I should be thanking you, Alfred. You seem to have a very high sex drive in the making."

Alfred blushed and laid back down on the bed, curling up to Francis. "I want you always with me, France. Can you promise me that?"

Francis sighed contently and held Alfred close to him. "Bien sûr, mon ami. You did give me your most precious gift. It is only fair of me."

Too bad it wouldn't last. Francis was right. Alfred was unpredictable, and when the American began to mend his broken relationship with Arthur (1), Francis was certainly angry. He wanted Alfred all to himself—more than that, he wanted Arthur to hurt, and it wasn't fair that the Briton wasn't suffering like when Francis had suffered when Matthew was ripped from him. But Alfred had matured and gone through some change since their intimate encounter, and he soon wanted nothing to do with Europe. It was a stab in the back for Francis. Since then, Francis never forgot Alfred's broken promise, as Francis had kept his as long as Alfred had desired. Hate was often tossed around between them (and heaven knew Francis had tried to reconcile), but Francis soon found that Alfred was becoming too stubborn to argue with, and that the new nation, despite their previous alliance, was of no use to him, even during his own revolution, which paralleled Alfred's in many ways.

Then again, no matter what Alfred said or did that angered Francis, he always had the amusement of knowing (both of them did, though Alfred disliked to recall it) that once, long ago, Alfred had begged Francis to always be with him. How ironic.

Francis jumped and nearly tumbled off the couch when he felt a sharp pain in his hand. He quickly caught himself and sat up, glaring around for the culprit. Then he found him, looking expectantly up at him from the coffee table.

"Pierre!" Francis snapped, and the bird immediately took off out of the room. Francis sighed and laid back on the couch, hoping that sleep would grant him another lovely dream like his previous one. But Pierre was back once again, this time pulling at his hair, and Francis sat up, intent upon snatching the annoying thing out of the air before something drifted down onto his lap.

"What's this?" He picked the envelope up and read the address. "Russia...?" He blinked in recognition, then tore it open, taking out a picture and a card.

Мой драгоценный подсолнечника,
Remember when not so long ago we discovered that we may be different, but we needed each other?

I hope you will need me for a long time, Francis.

С любовью,

Vanya

Francis read the letter a few more times, his heart fluttering with every word. He then looked at the picture that had been sent, and he laughed.

It was him, Arthur, and Alfred, all snuggled together under the thick comforter in Ivan's room. It had been their first week together, and Ivan had made them breakfast.

Francis smiled warmly at the picture, taking a frame off the coffee table. It held an old picture of him, Gilbert, and Toni. Francis studied it for a while before deciding that a change was overdue. He took the picture out and replaced it with the one that Ivan had given him, placing it back on the coffee table. Now anyone who came over would see who were the most important people in his life at the moment. The time for sleeping around was over. This was a commitment, and Francis was determined to make it work.

After all, he did keep his promises.

Translations:

Мой драгоценный подсолнечника - My precious sunflower

С любовью - With love

References:

1-Referring to Jay's Treaty (Treaty of London of 1794). In short, it was an agreement between the U.S. and Great Britain regarding the evacuation of North American British forts (only partially done), the repayment of debts accumulated by both countries during the American Revolution, and a peaceful trade agreement that would last ten years. France took this as a betrayal (since France spent a great deal of money and effort trying to ruin relations between the U.S. and Great Britain in order to weaken the British Empire and secure a steady flow of New World products without British interference) and they also disliked the fact that America was refusing to aid them in their own revolution. Following America's effort to make up with France, ultimately resulting in the XYZ Affair and the tension between American and French forces, France and America promptly entered an undeclared naval war (Quasi-War with France 1798-1800), fought mostly in the Caribbean, where France still had colonies. After two years of fighting, a treaty was signed that ended the war (or whatever you want to call it) and reestablished trade between the two nations. However, relations between the U.S. and France has been through its ups and downs ever since. America and England are buds, France. Nice try.

A Word From the Writer: Okay, so France got more of the two chapters than he rightfully deserved, but whatever. Thus, the evolution of America. From blushing virgin to class-A slut in a single chapter. And Russia's letter is so cute~I came up with it on the spot one day and I was like 'Hm, this looks like it belongs here' so nice little bit of fluff for ya. ;D

And I'm going to see The Hobbit tonight! I'm so excited, even though the showing's at 10:30. I'm hoping the whole fps thing won't be too bad. I've prepared by putting up three new Hobbit posters in my room. Yes, I'm a happy little fangirl. :D
Next Chapter Hint: All strings attached.

Also be sure to check out my holiday smut: Making Some Christmas Magic.
All Tied Up

Russia and France have been plotting~

Warning: Lemon, bondage, seme! England, teasing, Austria bashing, fluff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

All Tied Up

Arthur tossed back a couple more mints as he drove to the hotel. His stomach had been upset recently, and he'd retched a couple of times in the past three days. He had taken some medicine (double dose, just to be sure) to guarantee that this reunion with his lovers would not be hindered by his illness.

Although he was feeling better, he wasn't sure that he could handle anything particularly rough. He didn't exactly know how he would express that to his lovers (telling them that he might vomit whilst doing it was rather unattractive), but he would find a way if it killed him. He wasn't going to pass up a chance to fuck with his lovers. They had been apart far too long as it was and his constant wet dreams weren't helping to sate his lust.

Thank God that this meeting was in London, else he would have had to endure the uncomfortable plane ride to another country. Not to mention some surprise turbulence that would quite possibly rid him of his lunch.

It took a while (and a great deal more frustration) to actually get to the hotel. The streets were busy, as it was around Easter.

Once he had parked and gotten his belongings, he walked into the hotel and up to the front desk, which was of course swamped with patrons.

He gave an annoyed huff and waited until it was his turn (which was horribly long) and he said, "Arthur Kirkland. World conference."

"Welcome, sir. Would you be staying at the hotel?"

"Yes, with one of the other nations, possibly America?" Might as well switch rooms, Arthur figured, lest someone suspect he and Ivan were in a relationship.

"Yes, room 145. Enjoy your stay."

"Thank you," Arthur said and promptly rushed off to his room.

Arthur knocked on the door, his hands trembling with excitement. It was opened and he was immediately pulled in.

Alfred held Arthur close to his shirtless form, gazing adoringly down at him. "I missed you, baby."

Arthur smiled and chuckled, leaning in to brush noses with the American. "The feeling is mutual, love."

Their lips met, softly at first, and then Alfred's tongue dipped into Arthur's mouth. Arthur had long
since swallowed the mints, but he was still conscious of the taste of his mouth. Alfred sensed his unease and pulled back, his hands moving gently up and down the curve of Arthur's back. "What is it, baby? You tired?"

"No," Arthur said, Alfred's sincere concern warming him. "Just a little… high-strung. You wouldn't believe the traffic I've been through to get here…"

"We don't have to have sex, then." Alfred suggested. "You could rest for a while…"

"No," Arthur said quickly, nails digging into Alfred's bare chest. "No, I want to have sex. I need it. Don't be a tease, Alfred, I know you want it, too."

Alfred smiled. "You're right, babe. Allow me~" Arthur gave a surprised squeak as he was hoisted into Alfred's arms, the American carrying him over to one of the beds. He laid the Briton down on it, still smiling happily down at him.

Arthur laughed. "What was that, git?"

"Oh, I'm just helping you feel better."

"Sorry, all I heard was 'kiss arse, kiss arse, kiss arse'."

Alfred smirked. "Is that a request~?" He began to undo Arthur's pants.

Arthur chuckled. "Maybe," He then caught Alfred's face in both his hands and brought their lips together. The Briton wasted no time slipping his tongue in, unafraid this time. Alfred moaned eagerly into the kiss, fingers threading through Arthur's blond hair. When they parted, breaths heavy, Arthur said, the words just slipping out, "I love you, Alfred."

Alfred appeared like his much younger self on Christmas morning. His response was quick and meaningful. "I love you, too, Arthur."

They stared contently at each other for a moment before Arthur realized that this was all very awkward. He was still not used to saying that to a lover. Alfred seemed to notice, and, thankfully, started to kiss a line up Arthur's neck.

Arthur moaned softly, wrapping his arms around Alfred's shoulders. "Alfred~"

There was a knock on the door. Both stiffened, but then they recognized the knock. Alfred gave Arthur a peck on the lips and walked over to open the door.

Ivan entered along with Francis. Arthur sat up, expecting to see some soft kissing, but instead Ivan grabbed Alfred around the waist and tossed him onto the bed next to Arthur.

"Hey!" Alfred yelled in surprise as he was pinned to the bed by Ivan's weight, the Russian distracting him by thrusting his tongue into his open mouth. "Mmm," Alfred moaned into the kiss, Francis clambering onto the bed, a set of leather straps in his hand. He quickly rid Alfred of the rest of his clothes, tossing them over the bed. Arthur watched, intrigued, as the Frenchman tied off one of Alfred's ankles, the American giving a startled grunt, but Ivan kept him busy with his tongue.

Then Alfred came up for air. "W-what are you guys doing?"

Ivan pinned Alfred's arms behind his back, allowing Francis to wrap another strap around both of Alfred's trapped wrists. The Frenchman then traveled back down Alfred's body, tying a strap around Alfred's legs so that they were tucked under him. Ivan, meanwhile, tied a blindfold over Alfred's
Arthur clambered over to join them, licking his lips at the sight of Alfred, naked and bound, ready to do their bidding. "Hmm, I rather like how he looks in that."

Francis smirked and leaned over to kiss him, tongue dipping inside. Arthur moaned and responded in kind. When they parted, Alfred was squirming in his bonds, muffled growls coming from behind the ball gag Ivan had secured in his mouth.

"You planned this?" Arthur guessed.

Ivan smiled. "Da. It was Francis's idea, and I just happened to have the supplies."

Arthur shook his head. "You two are merciless. Just came in here and attacked him…"

"Oh," Francis said. "But you didn't stop us, _amour_."

Arthur smiled. "That's right, love." He leaned in and kissed down Francis's neck. "He looks sexy all tied up. I could do anything I wanted with him…" His hand traveled down to rub Francis's growing cock through his pants. "But he would look so much sexier with a partner."

Arthur eyed Ivan and the Russian nodded, and before Francis could do anything, the Frenchman was being wrestled to the bed, stripped, and tied up. Arthur used his knot skills to bind Francis in the same provocative position as Alfred, being sure to tie the straps off so that Francis could not get free of them. Francis wriggled around in protest for a bit, and then he went still, submitting. Arthur and Ivan shared a smirk. They both knew the Frenchman liked how things were turning out.

After Francis was thoroughly bound, Ivan tied another ball gag around Francis's head and secured it in his mouth. A blindfold covered his eyes.

Ivan sat back and admired their work. "Heh, it's a good thing I brought two of everything. I had a feeling that the little kinky bitch would want in on it, too."

"Kinky bitch?" Arthur asked. "Is that some sort of nickname?"

Ivan nodded. "Da. You should all have sex names. Francis is the kinky bitch… Alfred is the cock whore… and you," He flashed Arthur a smile. "You will be the cum slut."

Arthur leered. "Those seem to fit." He examined the two eager bodies before them. "Mm, don't they look delicious? Which one for you, love?"

"The cock whore." Ivan said, moving over to sit in front of Alfred. He reached out, running cold fingers down Alfred's chest and stomach. The American shivered. "He will want all the cock he can get up his greedy ass."

Arthur, in turn sat before Francis. He placed the tip of his finger on the Frenchman's leaking slit, pulling it back slowly so that he could watch the string of precum stretch between Francis's cock and his finger. Francis shifted his hips and moaned. "Then I'll show Francis just why he could never invade me."

And with that, both he and Ivan set to work.

Ivan began by running the tips of his fingers everywhere down Alfred's body. His neck, his chest, his stomach, his thighs, his arms, his hips, his nipples. He smiled, enjoying the soft little whines he got in return, and he rewarded the American by running a single cold finger around the tip of
Alfred's leaking cock. Alfred gave a long moan, warm precum spilling over Ivan's finger, dick throbbing with want beneath his fingertip.

Alfred was desperate. He fucking needed Ivan to touch him—these feather-light touches were killing him. He longed to feel the man's cold fingers against his own burning skin. He tried to convey this to Ivan as best he could, but all he could do was moan and writhe, which was hardly a request. So Ivan continued to lightly caress him, whining his best until he felt lips on his neck. He eagerly leaned into the touch, but groaned in dismay when the lips left him. Two fingers trailed down Alfred's spine, raising goosebumps on his skin. Alfred once again tried to press into the touches, but they were immediately gone. Alfred had been liked the idea of bondage at first, but this had turned into a torture session.

Then again, what else could he expect from Ivan?

Arthur, however, was making a different approach. Instead of his fingers, he used his tongue-tip. He moved it up and down Francis's hot flesh, tasting every inch of him. Francis writhed beneath him, his arms twitching as if he was desperate to grab Arthur, touch him, cling to him. It only spurred Arthur on.

When his tongue reached Francis's nipples, the Frenchman gasped. He couldn't take it. He had endured this sort of teasing before, but with Arthur… the Brit knew just how to work him. His nipples were sensitive. And the way Arthur was running his tongue-tip around the areola, how it pushed ever so gently toward the nub, but never actually touched it was agonizing. The sensations were driving him mad. And then Arthur's tongue finally brushed over his nipple. Francis gave a muffled cry, arching his back and moaning for more. Arthur responded in kind, teeth closing around the nub, nibbling gently and then gradually harder, keeping on until Francis was breathless. But it didn't stop there. Arthur's mouth closed around the whole nipple, sucking and teasing it with his tongue, lips, and teeth until it was sore. Just when Francis thought he couldn't take anymore, Arthur pulled away and then went to work on the other one.

Arthur fought to keep down a smile, knowing all too well what he was doing to Francis. To push him more, his hand traveled down to stroke Francis's thighs, moving so deliciously close to his cock… and then moving away. Francis squirmed beneath him, whining through his gag. Arthur ran a tongue around the shell of his lover's ear. "Look at this," Arthur muttered huskily, seeing a shudder go down Francis's back. "A Frenchman sexually subdued by a Briton. How ironic." Suddenly Arthur wasn't feeling so sick anymore.

Francis gave another whine and was rewarded by Arthur's tongue trailing down his neck. Arthur's hand was still at his cock, slick with precum, moving ever so slowly up and down the slippery shaft.

Ivan ran his fingers through Alfred's hair, brushing over his ahoge. Alfred shivered and moaned as Ivan's strokes became firmer, his thumb and forefinger moving along the arousing clump of hair teasingly.

Alfred whined and squirmed under his touch, his cock throbbing with want. His heart was pounding in his chest and he felt like he would die if Ivan didn't move faster. When the hands left him again, Alfred was close to tears, but then they were back, running over his ass. The cheeks stung as they were slapped, but Alfred was too aroused to notice much pain. All he knew was that Ivan's fingers were so close to being inside him, and he knew what would follow that.

But the fingers left just as fast as they were there, and Alfred did cry this time, trying his best not to let Ivan hear him. It was embarrassing, but he needed it so badly. But as much as he tried, he couldn't suppress the little sobs coming out between his moans. He could only hope that Ivan would take pity on him—goddammit.
And Ivan did. The Russian was a little startled at Alfred's reaction, and he felt a bit guilty about making his lover cry. He decided that he had been teasing enough. He reached up and untied the ball gag from around Alfred's mouth, the American stiffening as he did so. Alfred coughed and panted for breath, but Ivan soon claimed his mouth.

Alfred was so relieved. He welcomed Ivan's tongue, sucking on it, showing him just how much he wanted it. Ivan held Alfred close to him, kissing him until he was breathless.

At that point, Ivan realized Alfred's urgency, and he decided that it would be best to take the blindfold off of him. When he did, Alfred blinked up at him, eyes wet and red, and said, his voice shaky, "Vanya, please,"

Ivan smiled warmly and moved Alfred onto his lap, letting him feel his own engorged cock against him. "Of course, мой маленький подсолнечник,"

Arthur saw that Ivan was picking up his pace on the other side of the bed, and he decided that he'd better follow suit. With that, he bit down on Francis's neck and squeezed his cock. Francis cried out around his gag and his hips lurched forward into Arthur's hand. And then Arthur put both of his hands on him, running firmly up and down Francis's shivering sides. His lips brushed Francis's ear. "Do you want me?" Francis nodded urgently. Arthur smiled. "Then you'll have me."

Arthur pushed Francis down onto the bed, untying his legs so that the man wouldn't be so uncomfortable. As soon as Arthur leaned over him, hands placed on either side of Francis's shoulders, the Frenchman's legs wrapped around Arthur's hips, nudging him down to penetrate him.

Arthur smiled and leaned down so kiss up Francis's neck and to his ear. "No preparation?"

Francis shook his head. At this point, he was desperate for something to be in him. But his hands were still tied around his back, and although it may not be that uncomfortable, he needed to touch Arthur. He needed to feel his lover after so long apart.

But Arthur didn't seem to realize that as he prepared himself and pushed in. Francis moaned, hips lifting to meet Arthur.

Ivan had untied Alfred's hands, the American immediately wrapping his arms around him. He looked down at Ivan as the Russian lined himself up with his entrance. Ivan peered in question up at him.

"Do it," Alfred breathed and Ivan complied.

Alfred threw back his head and moaned, squinting his eyes shut as the painfully large shaft pushed into him. Tears sprung to his eyes and trailed down his cheeks, but he would not sob. It hurt, but at the same time it felt so good.

Once Ivan was seated all the way inside him, the Russian placed his hands on Alfred's hips and looked up. Alfred was breathing hard, his face flushed and wet. Ivan kissed away the tears on his cheeks, rubbing Alfred's back soothingly.

"Are you ready, любить?"

Alfred opened his eyes, looking at him for a moment before resting his head in the crook of Ivan's neck. "Don't ask me that… d-dick. I'm ready for anything you g-give me."

Ivan smiled and pulled out. Alfred gasped against his neck, sending shivers down Ivan's spine. "Always so thick-headed." And he thrust back in.
Alfred's moan echoed Francis's as he too was fucked, still blindfolded and gagged. There was some pain from not being prepared, but the pleasure from finally being filled by one of his lovers after weeks apart overpowered the feeling. But it would feel so much better if Francis could see Arthur, if he could touch him. He squirmed and moaned and did all that he could to convince Arthur to take off his blindfold and release his hands.

But he didn't have to wait long. Arthur wanted to see Francis's expressions and wanted to hear his voice. He settled himself inside Francis and took off Francis's blindfold and rid him of the ball gag.

Francis was grateful. The gag was starting to hurt his jaw. As soon as he could see Arthur and was free to talk, he begged, "Please, mon amour, let me touch you. I need to, please."

Arthur smiled, reaching beneath Francis to release his hands. Immediately after they were free, Francis wrapped his arms around Arthur's shoulders, pulling him down so that the Briton was propped up on his elbows, face inches from his.

They didn't need to say anything. The message was in their eyes. Francis leaned up to capture Arthur's lips, kissing him slowly, but then he remembered his urgency and shifted his hips against the Briton.

"Mmm," Arthur hummed in reply and pulled out, thrusting back in with enough force to jab perfectly at Francis's prostate.

"Ah, yes, Arthur~!" Francis cried out, pushing his hips down on the hard cock inside him.

Arthur's lips moved to his neck, teasing the sensitive skin there, the depth and speed of his thrusts increasing.

Alfred moaned as he was fucked from below by the massive cock. He loved how Ivan filled him so perfectly, got to every dip and curve of his insides, something that his toys at home could never do. He decided to repay the service by running his tongue across the sensitive scars on Ivan's neck.

Ivan felt heat course to his lower regions with the stimulation, his nails digging into Alfred's plump hips, lifting the man up and bringing him back down onto his cock with increased urgency. Ivan didn't want to come yet. He wanted to give Alfred as much pleasure as he could, but with the way the American was teasing him, he didn't have long before he reached his climax.

So he decided that if Alfred was going to play that game, he was going to play right along with him. Without hesitation, Ivan grabbed Alfred's ahoge, tugging on it slightly before rubbing it between his fingers.

Alfred clamped around the cock inside him, breathing heavily into Ivan's neck. "V-Vanya, oh~" His cock throbbed from where it was pushed against Ivan's hard stomach.

Arthur was now rutting into Francis, loving how he was constricting around his shaft, how Francis writhed beneath him and begged for more. Francis clung to him, nails leaving angry red trails down Arthur's back, igniting Arthur's sex drive. The Briton growled at Francis's teasing, nipping his neck and applying his nails to Francis's pert nipples.

Francis was intoxicated by the heat they were creating between them, his sweet spot being constantly pounded, his cock twitching and spilling precum with every hit. His balls drew up, heat swelled in his cock, and he knew it wouldn't be long.

Arthur felt Francis tighten around him, preparing for his orgasm. He made sure to thrust deep and aim for his place of pleasure, wanting to hear Francis moan his name.
And Francis did. He was loud as he came between their bodies, slicking both of their stomachs. Arthur wasn't long after. Francis's ass milked a large load out of him, and he groaned low in his throat as he filled Francis to the brim, face buried in his shoulder.

The sounds of their other lovers' orgasms spurred Alfred and Ivan on. Alfred was shuddering with every stroke of his ahoge and jab of his sweet spot, but he was still determined to tease Ivan. He sucked on his neck, tongue swirling around the scars. Ivan responded with a moan, tugging Alfred's ahoge closer so that he could run his tongue along it, then he took it into his mouth.

That was where Alfred lost it. "Fuck, Vanya!" And he came between them, his back arching elegantly and his nails biting into Ivan's back.

The tightness of Alfred and the previous teasing of his scars pushed Ivan over the edge. One, two, three more thrusts and he was finished. He shot into Alfred, the American moaning as he felt hot cum fill him, a feeling he had missed for weeks.

When they were finished, the room was silent except for their heavy breathing. Arthur rested against Francis, feeling both of their hearts beating rapidly between them. Once he got his breathing under control, the Briton kissed a sweet line down Francis's neck, fingers coming up to thread through Francis's hair.

It was easier for Arthur to say this time, maybe because he had been preparing himself to say it for all the weeks they had been apart. Although it still made him feel a bit uncomfortable, he knew that it would make Francis happy, and that was all he wanted. "I love you, Francis."

Francis blinked in surprise and he moved Arthur's face so that he could look at him. "And I love you, mon chéri."

Arthur went pink in the face.

Dammit. Francis was still better at it.

Alfred laughed across the bed. "Well, I would say the same for you," he said, looking down at Ivan, cock still inside him, sitting on his lap. "But you two did attack me the first time you saw me in weeks."

Ivan pouted up at him, hands stroking Alfred's back and thighs. "But… you did not like it?"

"Yeah, I guess." Alfred rested his forehead against Ivan's. "I love you… dickhead."

Ivan chuckled. "You know I love you, Alfred, but a little tease deserves some back in return."

"Yeah, yeah. You and Francis are just horny bastards. Now get me out of these straps before my legs cramp up for good."

Ivan untied him and Alfred moved off of him, stretching out on the bed with a sigh of relief. Thank God he'd stopped puking a week ago, or that would have been a mess. Arthur and Francis joined them soon after, the Frenchman curling up to Alfred, kissing him.

"Hmm, that was a good plan you had." Alfred said. "A bit sudden and forceful, but good."

Francis hummed as Arthur wrapped an arm around him from behind, kissing him on the shoulder. "It seems it was a surprise for me, too."

"It was all Francis's plan," Ivan said as he leaned over to kiss Arthur goodnight. "But I was going to
do it anyway if no one joined me. That's why I brought two of everything."

"Well, you seemed to have given Alfred more than enough." Arthur said, running his fingers over Alfred's shoulder. "Right, love?"

"Definitely," Alfred said. "He made up for the tackling he did earlier. Huge-ass could've crushed me. I saw my life flash before my eyes." He laughed.

"Oh stop," Ivan muttered, settling behind him, fingers lightly running over Alfred's stomach. Alfred purred. "You could have thrown me off any time you wanted. You're just looking for an excuse not to be called a slut."

"Nah," Alfred replied coolly. "I know I'm a slut. In fact, I wouldn't mind if you were a little pushier. If you haven't already learned from past encounters I'm the kind of guy who likes to be pinned against a wall and fucked right there."

Ivan pondered that. Maybe… "Even when other nations were around?"

"Sure. Just not Austria. For some reason it feels like I'm doing it in front of some weird old guy then. He isn't exactly a sexual stimulant."

"You should try listening to his voice while trying to fuck." Arthur said, recalling his under-the-table experience. "It's enough for anyone to go soft."

"Mm, I hear he's a good fuck once you shut him up." Francis said. "I wonder…?"

"Don't even think about it." Arthur snapped. "No way am I having the same cock that was in that ponce's arse inside mine."

Francis shrugged. "It's been in everyone else. I just figured you wouldn't care."

Arthur slapped Francis's arm and Alfred laughed. "Good one. I would like to hear more, but…" Alfred yawned and closed his eyes, not finishing his sentence before he was asleep.

Francis smiled. "You really wore him out, Vanya."

But Ivan, too, was already asleep, arm wrapped securely around Alfred, nose in his hair. Francis moved back into Arthur's warmth. "I guess we should go to sleep as well."

"Yes, I do believe that's our signal. Sweet dreams, love."

"Oh, many sweet dreams~"

"Shut up," But there was a smile on his face as he drifted off.

Translations:

мой маленький подсолнечник—my little sunflower

A Word From the Writer: Whoop! Can't have a lemon series without a little bondage. And how in the hell did Ivan manage to sneak all of that stuff onto the plane? England must know some people from his flights out. XD

Anyway, I saw The Hobbit… in 3D… at 10:30 at night. Wouldn't recommend 3D. It's very expensive. But the good thing was only fifteen people were there. We got awesome seats.
Everyone's freaking out about the whole fps thing, saying it looks T.V.-ish. I'd like to meet one of those critics and ask them which channel they were watching, because I wanna watch it too! Okay, so there's more graphics in place of real actors. So, what? It's technology, people. Every movie has it nowadays, get used to it. As for the Pale Orc, I didn't mind them adding him. The beginning of the book is rather slow, and I would be sorely disappointed if I had to sit there for three whole hours with nothing going on but just travel. Radagast was… weird. He was a little too comical for me to take seriously, but then again The Hobbit was written as a children's novel… however violent the movie made it. The only really horrible part about the whole experience was the previews for other movies. This one Star Trek preview took thirty minutes to go through. I thought I was in the wrong theater! Anyway, hope they expand a bit on the dwarves personalities. All you really saw were Balin, (Though I do like Dwalin, you got to see less of him) Thorin, and Kili and Fili (mostly because they were the only attractive ones).

Okay, enough of my critiquing. Phew.

Next Chapter Hint: Cleaning? Pshh, no... we *pleasure.*
Room Service

There shall be more than mints on pillows~

Warning: Lemon, master/maids, riding crop, spanking, orgasm denial, oral, and a cute England uke

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

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Room Service

Ivan sighed with impatience as he sat on the edge of the bed. He was wearing a black, pinstriped suit, with a black button down shirt beneath and a violet tie.

"Come on. You should be finished dressing by now."

"Dude, wait a fucking second, okay? I can't get this zipper up. Artie, help me…"

"That's because you eat too much, Alfred."

"Are you calling me fat?" He sounded hurt.

"No, but I am suggesting that you eat healthier because I care about your well being."

"Whatever. At least I'm not old..." Zip! "Ow! Fuck, Artie, you caught my skin!"

"Oops, I seemed to have forgotten how to properly zipper up for a moment." Arthur voice was dripping sarcasm.

"Stop fighting, mes amours, we are supposed to be getting into character."

"Like you need any time." Alfred said flatly.

"Oui, you should both follow my lead."

Arthur scoffed. "And you're still expecting me to do that a few centuries after you first suggested it?"

"Are you ready, любит~?"

Silence, then Alfred muttered, "I guess…"

A smile widened as the door opened.

Francis stepped out first, as was expected. His maid's dress barely covered his vital regions, and the ruffled headband and apron were yellow. He walked out with confidence, black heels, stockings, and all, his back straight and stride perfectly balanced. Ivan thanked God again that he'd told Francis to wax.

Alfred was next, pushed out by Arthur, who had been previously squabbling over who would go next. The man stumbled over the threshold, his blue skirt flying up so that Ivan could see the dark pink of the sex between his thighs. Alfred looked up at him once he realized what had happened, a pretty little blush darkening his cheeks as both hands scrambled to pull the skirt down, avoiding the Russian's gaze.
Arthur was last, clad in a green maid's dress that brought out his striking eyes. He tried to appear nonchalant, but Ivan could tell that the Briton was uneasy. He walked surprisingly well in his heels, but his hands still made sure to pull the skirt down so that it didn't sway when he moved and his lower regions didn't show. His cheeks were dusted with red and his expression was that of annoyance and chagrin.

"How can we help you, Master?" Francis began, barely managing to keep a smile off his face.

Ivan smirked and slowly stood, looking each of them up and down. It truly was a miracle that he had convinced his lovers to do this. Well, Francis had immediately agreed, but Arthur and Alfred had been harder to win over. Then again, good sex was all that Ivan really had to offer before they agreed.

He walked over to stand before them, going down the line, stopping in front of Francis. "You seem fit enough. Though of course, I will have to check myself before I assign you any sort of job. Wouldn't want to overwork my little maids~" He reached out and ran a hand down Francis's neck, his thumb dipping into his corset to rub over a nipple. Francis gave a soft moan.

Ivan smiled. "Hm, very sensitive. Just how I like it~" He then moved to Alfred.

The American was still avoiding his eyes, looking down at the floor, his face burning. "Look at me." Ivan said, his voice low and heavily accented, just how he knew Alfred liked. Alfred shivered and did so, the cutest innocent expression on his face. Though Ivan knew he was anything but. He looked authoritatively down at him. "You will look at me when I speak." Alfred blinked and nodded shortly. Ivan grinned and he pulled Alfred to his chest, hands snaking around his backside and lifting his short skirt. The American gasped as a finger prodded at his puckered hole. His face flushed deeper, but never once did he look away from Ivan.

"Very nice~" Ivan purred, releasing him. Alfred stumbled back on his heels, too distracted by his sudden arousal to remember to pull down his skirt over his growing cock, the tip peeking out from beneath the ruffles. "Nice and tight."

He then moved on to Arthur, who was boldly gazing right at him. His eyes were glinting with determination. Ivan chuckled. "Brazen, uh? Heh, I like that." He reached down to pull at Arthur's swelling sex, the Briton's expression breaking to moan.

Ivan took his place in front of them all again. "All right. I will assign you tasks to do, and you will do them properly the first time or else no treat." He smirked. "Francis, you will pick up the clothes on the floor and fold them. Alfred, you will clean the shower from top to bottom. And Arthur, you will make the beds. I expect the best."

"Yes, Master," they all said simultaneously and set off to work.

Ivan pulled up a chair and sat down in it, a glass of vodka in his hand, a riding crop in the other. He watched with hungry eyes as his little maids carried out their duties, stretching and bending in every manner that revealed what was hidden beneath their skirts.

Arthur could feel Ivan's eyes on him, and that made him just a bit uncomfortable. But he did as he was told, sticking to the persona, tossing the pillows off of the bed and stretching to pull the sheets up. He knew his arse was showing a good amount, and his ears burned at the exposure. But Ivan had seen him naked before, so how was this any different? Well, Arthur reasoned, he was in a French maid's outfit and Ivan's attention to his every move had never been so adamant before.

Francis knew Ivan was watching, and he did his best to put on a good show. He didn't squat down
to pick up the clothes the Russian had scattered over the floor for this purpose, oh no. The position was so unattractive. He bent down, using his flexibility to bend down at the waist, his legs perfectly straight and balanced in his heels, all of his ass visible to Ivan's pleasure. He heard Ivan hum in approval, and he bit his lip as he felt his cock harden beneath his skirt.

Alfred grabbed the sponge and got to work. He always hated cleaning. It wasn't sexy at all. It was really starting to turn him off—that was until he felt hands on his lower back. He stiffened as they trailed down to his ass, bare from his hunched-over position, kneading the cheeks.

"M-Master?"

"Remember, I want you to work very hard." Then his hands left him and his footsteps receded.

Alfred let out a breath he was surprised to find he had been holding. The place on his ass where Ivan had touched him now burned with arousal, and his cock was rock hard, dripping. He had totally expected the Russian to take him right then. Fucking dick.

Oh, he would clean 'very hard' all right.

Ivan returned to his seat, knowing what effect he'd had on Alfred. But he wanted his little American maid desperate for his cock, and that would require some teasing and some time.

Across the room, Arthur finished with the first bed. He turned to move onto the next before Ivan stood and snapped, "Wait," Arthur stiffened as Ivan walked over to inspect the bed. He scrutinized it long and hard before turning to Arthur and saying, his voice dangerously childish, "Oh, Arthur~You have disappointed me. Wrinkles in the bed?" He tsked.

But Arthur turned around, gazing at him with strength and an underlying hesitance. "I deeply apologize, Master. Would you like me to fix it?"

"Hmm," Ivan hummed, feigning contemplation. "Da... but after I punish you."

Arthur's eyes widened. "Punishment, Master?"

Ivan nodded, a sly smile on his face. "Da, Arthur. You have been bad. Place your hands on the edge of the bed and spread your legs."

Arthur felt a dribble of precum trail down his shaft at the command. If it was a fucking he was going to be receiving, Arthur was all for it. So he bent over the end of the bed, moving his legs apart. "I am sorry, Master. Please, I will not do it again."

Ivan took out his riding crop. Arthur hadn't seen it. Oh, what a surprise it would be when he felt it dashed across his pretty ass. "Too late for apologies, my naughty little maid~" He turned and said, "Francis, Alfred, quit your duties for now and come and watch. I want you to see what I do to those who fail me."

When both were gathered, Ivan turned back to Arthur, who had obediently not looked over his shoulder. Ivan smirked and drew back the crop. "And now for your punishment, Arthur~"

Crack! Arthur cried out as his cheek was lashed by the leather, pain pulsing hot and unforgiving from the spot. He longed to shy away, but he stayed put as with another harsh crack! his other cheek was assaulted. The lashings continued for nigh on a full minute, gradually gaining speed and intensity until tears were filling Arthur's eyes and his arse radiated heat. But beneath him, his cock was standing at full mast, incredibly hard. A string of precum extended from the tip of his cock to the floor, and Arthur fought the urge to moan, for he knew that if he did, Ivan would stop immediately.
Ivan saw Arthur's state and ceased in his punishment. "Dirty little slut," he purred. "You like this." And Ivan knew he would. He extended the crop so that the leather at the end trailed over the swell of Arthur's balls, the Briton giving a breathy moan.

Alfred and Francis were squirming where they stood. The sight of Arthur being punished was more than enough to get them aroused. Francis reached down to squeeze his hard shaft through his skirt while Alfred rubbed his thighs together, desperate for some sort of friction.

"You are enjoying this too much, Arthur." Ivan said, sitting on his chair. Arthur hadn't moved, but stood, hunched over and panting. "You must be punished further if you are to get the message. Come. Lay over my lap. I shall attend to you with my own hand."

Arthur stood and walked over, his arse still stinging, but eager for the spanking. He laid himself over Ivan's knees, being sure his arse was offered up fully.

With the first hit, Arthur's cock twitched against Ivan's leg, and continued to do so for every hit after. For a full five minutes, Ivan slapped him, and halfway through tears began to slide down Arthur's flushed cheeks. But moans kept leaving his lips, growing louder as he was spanked harder and faster. His hips twitched against Ivan, and he bit his lip. His orgasm was fast approaching, and he wanted so badly to come from the spanking, however embarrassing it would be.

But Ivan stopped just as Arthur's moans reached their peak. When it was all through, the pain returned to Arthur, and his arse pulsed with the soreness left by Ivan's unrelenting hand.

Ivan chuckled as his hands went back to Arthur's abused ass, so deliciously red from the spanking. He rubbed the cheeks, Arthur whining as he did so. His thumb slipped down into the cleft of Arthur's ass, circling his twitching hole.

"You want it, do you not~?" Ivan asked, the tip of his thumb pushing in past the ring of muscle. Arthur groaned and ground his erection against Ivan's leg. "You will have to work harder for it from now on, Arthur." And he pulled Arthur off of him, inspecting his condition. The Briton was red in the face, tears still lingering in his eyes. His eyes were pleading and half of his cock was stretching up from below his skirt, almost painfully swollen.

"Please," he begged. "Please, Master, fuck me. I will do better, but I need it. Please."

Ivan smiled and shook his head. "Think about how much you want it when you're working, then, and perhaps you will earn it when you are finished."

Arthur frowned, but returned to the bed, being sure to flash Ivan a view of his reddened arse so as to convince him otherwise. But the Russian ignored him.

He turned to Alfred and Francis. "Francis, back to work. Alfred," He beckoned him. "Come here,"

Alfred's heart pounded and his cock jumped with anticipation. He walked over. Ivan's eyes narrowed. "Kneel," Alfred did so, peering quizzically up at him. It wasn't until the Russian took his cock out of his pants, the shaft swollen, veined, and throbbing, that Alfred knew what his new job would be.

"Suck," was all that Ivan said before Alfred grabbed the cock, barely waiting for the command to finish, before pumping it a few times and going down on it completely. Now wasn't the time for teasing, and Alfred didn't want to be turned away from a potential fucking if Ivan disliked the blowjob.

Ivan let out a soft moan, not expecting Alfred to be so forward. His fingers threaded through Alfred's
hair, his thumb brushing over his ahoge. The American moaned around the shaft in his mouth, his thighs rubbing at his own as it throbbed.

Arthur glanced over his shoulder at Alfred and moaned at the sight. He grabbed at his cock through his skirt, trying to will away his orgasm, but seeing his younger brother's red lips wrapped around Ivan's large, pale cock was bringing him to his edge. Surely if Ivan had asked Arthur to suck him off, the Briton would have come while doing it. Just thinking of how the shaft would feel in his mouth, how Ivan tasted, made precum spill from his own cock.

Francis was watching too, feeling a bit left out. Was it because Francis was so confident and comfortable in this area or because the Russian wanted to tease him? Whatever Ivan was doing, he was doing it right; Francis's cock jumped every time Alfred went down on Ivan's pulsing sex.

Alfred needed something inside him, now. Ivan's cock sliding in and out of his mouth was driving him crazy with arousal. That cock he was sucking could be soon doing the same thing to his ass. The thought made Alfred stroke his cock before his fingers trailed beneath to trace his hole.

As soon as Ivan saw what Alfred was doing to himself, he pulled Alfred by the hair off of his cock. Alfred groaned, half in arousal, half in pain, a trail of saliva following after his lips. The Russian looked down at him smirking.

"I did not say you could touch yourself, Alfred. That will be enough. Help Francis pick up clothes."

Alfred pouted, but it was immediately clear that Ivan would have none of it. So, Alfred got to his feet, wiping his mouth, his cock showing from beneath his skirt, and set to helping Francis.

Francis smirked at Alfred, and he bent over to pick up a dress shirt from off of the floor and put it on the bed for folding. Damn, how many clothes had Ivan scattered?

But he barely had time to estimate before he felt a hand grab his hair and shove his face into the mattress. Francis at first panicked. The last time this had happened, Ivan had brutally—well, he didn't want to think about that. Tears welled in his eyes, but Ivan seemed to realize his mistake and let go of his hair, gently sliding his hands down Francis's sides. They came to rest at his ass, spreading the cheeks. Before Francis could say anything, Ivan's cock was thrust inside him.

"Oh, Master~!" Francis cried out as the Russian's length slid into him, filling him to the brim. The penetration was so sudden, it left Francis gasping for breath.

Well, there went his teasing theory.

Ivan smirked as he fucked Francis, knowing the older country wasn't expecting this. He could feel Alfred's and Arthur's eyes on him. He made sure to get deep and go hard, knowing that it would further tease the others.

But Ivan wanted to do more than just fuck one of his maids. He looked at Alfred and Arthur, who were both watching intently, their cocks hard and wet. "I want a show. Alfred, fuck Arthur. Be sure to do it hard."

Arthur's heart leapt into his throat, and he threw himself on the bed Ivan was currently bending Francis over before Alfred could ask him to do anything. The American straddled Arthur's hips, plunging his cock into Arthur without hesitation. The Briton moaned at the quick intrusion, welcoming him in. Before he could throw his legs around Alfred, though, the American pulled out. Arthur looked desperately at him, whining, but then the American turned around, on his knees, so that he was facing Ivan and Francis. He pulled Arthur with him.
Arthur didn't need to beg; he was immediately filled. He moaned as he slid down on the hard cock, his back to Alfred, sitting on his lap. He was close enough to Francis for him to feel the older man's breath on his thighs.

Ivan smirked and thrust inside Francis again, saying to the Frenchman, "Suck his cock."

Francis moaned, peering up at Arthur, his eyes half-lidded as he took his leaking cock into his mouth.

Arthur groaned, his head falling back on Alfred's shoulder as he was fucked from below and sucked off by Francis's hot mouth. He watched as Ivan fucked the Frenchman and his own cock moving in and out through Francis's lips.

Alfred's fingers found his nipples and he flicked them, receiving a gasp in return. He nibbled on Arthur's ear. "Like the view?"

"Mmm, you know I do." He turned his head so that Alfred could thrust his tongue into his mouth. When they parted, the Briton pushed his hips down on Alfred's length and breathed, "Harder, Alfred."

Francis looked up when Arthur's cock suddenly began moving in and out of his mouth at a newly rapid pace and saw that Alfred was picking up the speed of his thrusts. Arthur moaned as his hips were held in place, Alfred's cock slamming into him from below. Francis groaned around Arthur's cock at the sight, taking his full length down his throat.

Arthur gasped and shifted his hips. "Oh, Francis, yes~"

Ivan looked up from watching his cock sliding in and out of Francis's delicious ass to see that Arthur was close. "Nyet. Do not come until Master says."

The Briton blinked at him in desperation. "But, M-Master, I can't—"

"You will do as I say, slut." Ivan growled, sending a shiver down Arthur's spine.

Not wanting to get Arthur in trouble—though he would have liked to see how far Ivan would go punishing him then—Francis pulled off of Arthur's cock, running his tongue along the shaft. But his hair was grabbed from behind and his head was pushed forward, pressing against Arthur's length. He felt it throb against his lips.

"I said suck, Francis, not tease." Ivan smirked as Francis took Arthur back into his mouth again. "Give the whore what he wants."

"N-no," Arthur moaned as Francis's lips wrapped once more around his cock. "Please. I won't be able to... oh, oh God~" Alfred struck at his sweet spot, pulling Arthur's nipples to near soreness, sucking at Arthur's neck.

"До не от, илюха." Ivan commanded, fucking all the more harder into Francis. He smiled then. "You have disappointed Master. You must beg him."

Arthur's breaths came in harsh pants, and his balls were beginning to ache with holding back his orgasm. Francis's mouth around his cock wasn't helping, but he knew the Frenchman was doing it because it was what Ivan commanded. "Please, Master," Arthur began, tears gathering at the corners of his eyes. He was desperate, and perhaps Ivan would see that with tears. "Please, I'm so sorry I failed you. Please, let me come. I-I'll do better. Please."
Ivan just stared at him through narrowed eyes. Alfred bit Arthur's neck and growled into his ear, "Mmm, you little slut."

Arthur wished he could tell Alfred to stop fucking him so deeply, but then again, he didn't altogether want him to stop. He could only hope that Ivan took pity on him.

Ivan was feeling merciful. That and he didn't want Arthur to get blueballs this early in their week together. So he smiled and said, "How sweet, Arthur~Master is pleased."

Arthur didn't know if that was a yes or a no, but it was too late to decide as he came into Francis's mouth, hips lurching forward to bury the head of his cock down the older man's throat. "Oh, yes~!"

Francis swallowed Arthur's seed, cleaning his cock before pulling off, a string of saliva and cum following his swollen lips. With a few rocks against the edge of the bed, Francis was done. "A-ah, Master!"

Alfred drove his cock rapidly in and out of Arthur, moaning, "Fuck, yes!" before coming deeply in Arthur's ass, the Briton moaned softly as he was filled.

Ivan's balls slapped against Francis's ass, and the Frenchman was gasping with every rough pound of his prostate. The Russian came, growling out his release, nails digging into Francis's hips.

Francis pushed back on Ivan's cock. "Oh, Master, you fill me so well~"

Ivan scoffed. "Stop complaining when we all saw that you liked it."

Arthur smirked. "I did, when it was happening. Now I won't be able to sit properly for a week…"

"I thought my cock already did that." Alfred teased and Arthur gave him a smack on the arm. Alfred feigned pain and pouted. "Ow, Awtie, that huwt."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Such a child. Shall I kiss it for you?"

Alfred smiled. "In that case, it isn't my arm that hurts."

Arthur smiled back and leaned in, whispering, "Where then, love?"

"You know where," Alfred smirked.

"Enough, you two." Ivan said after Arthur had been pinned to the bed by Alfred, tongues dipping in and out of each others' mouths. "Such sluts. Have you not been satisfied?"

"Stop your complaining, Vanya." Arthur snapped when he came up for air, moaning a bit as Alfred's lips then went to his neck. "We deserve this for wearing heels for you. And a maid's dress. And doing your bidding. Shall I list more?"
"Nyet, I rather like how this is looking."

"Ohon~oui, please, continue." Francis purred, crawling over to straddle Ivan's legs. He looked seductively down at the Russian. "Why don't we make a show of our own?" He moved back against Ivan's growing cock.

Ivan shook his head and chuckled as he teased Francis's nipples. "Whore. But I believe I want to see every inch of your skin this time."

Francis reached around to unzip his corset. "That can be arranged... Master~" And the garment fell away from him.

No Translations!

A Word From the Writer: Hey! I never get any room service like that. D:

Next Chapter Hint: England's way of winning fights
Rule, Britannia!

When getting into a fight with England is one of the best things you can do. XD

Warning: Lemon, fight, make up sex, fighting fetish, some fierce seme! England, a bit of masochistic America, some Spamano sexy time, and fluff.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Rule, Britannia!

Arthur yawned, opening his eyes and rolling over so that he was curled close to Alfred. He could still feel the delicious ache of the American's girth in his arse from yesterday night. He smiled, about to go back to sleep, when his bladder constricted.

He huffed. Damn.

Arthur rolled over, moving the blankets off of him and shivering with the cold that met him. He stood, his legs still waking up. He took a step forward—

—and slipped on a discarded shirt.

He gave a startled yelp as he fell backward, turning at the last moment so that his head didn't hit the nightstand. The loud thunk of Arthur's body against the floor woke his lovers.

Francis sat up and peered over the side. He tried to hold in a laugh as he saw Arthur sprawled out on the floor, looking so amusingly shocked and confused. "What happened, amour?"

"Ugh," Arthur moved onto his arse and picked up the shirt he had tripped on, holding it up as evidence. "Alfred's bloody clothes, that's what happened."

Ivan looked down at him. "Are you okay, moya lyubov?" His eyes were full of genuine concern.

"Yes, I'm fine, just—" Alfred's loud snore interrupted him, and he fumed. He picked himself up from off of the floor and walked over to the bed, smacking Alfred hard on the shoulder.

The American jerked and mumbled, angrily, "Ouch, hey, fuck off."

Arthur was raging now. He snatched Alfred up by the ear and pulled until the younger nation was in a sitting position, growling out a string of "Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!"

"Don't you dare tell me to fuck off when it was your fault that I tripped!" Arthur snapped, releasing his ear. Francis and Ivan had since moved well out of their way.

Alfred glared at him and folded his arms like a child. "No it wasn't. You should have been paying more attention to what was on the floor."

"Clothes don't belong on the floor!"

Alfred scoffed. "They're my clothes. I can put them wherever I want!"

Arthur balled his hand up, presenting it to Alfred. "And this is my fist. I can put it wherever I want as well!"
Alfred was off the bed now, facing him, his fists clenched so hard the knuckles were white. "Yeah? Well, as I recall, the last time you said that, I was too much for you to handle!"

Arthur gave him a death glare. "Oh, ho, ho, it's *that*, is it? Just remember, brat, if it weren't for me, you would've been raised by a pervert!"

Francis was about to say something, but he bit his lip. He wanted nothing to do with this fight. Ivan sat beside him, arm around his shoulders, smiling as if entertained. It made Francis uncomfortable. He felt like he shouldn't even be in the room.

Alfred growled, "Stop talking to me like I'm some kid! I'm grown up now, I don't need to be nagged."

Arthur threw his shirt at him. "There's the evidence of your still being a kid! I do believe I taught you not to leave your clothes lying around on the floor, but obviously you still need that lesson hammered into your head!" The Briton was hot with anger.

Alfred threw out his arms. "Did it ever occur to you that controlling streak of yours was why I left?"

Arthur blinked for a moment, then growled, "I'm *not* controlling. You're just too stubborn to realize that all my 'nagging' was for your own good!"

"Now you're saying that I'm stupid?" Alfred laughed spitefully. "Well, if I'm so stupid to you, how was it that I won?"

Arthur was steaming now, and, as he acknowledged with a twinge of embarrassment, insanely aroused. He marched over to Alfred, his teeth set. The American stood his ground, glowering down at his furious lover, but yelped in surprised when Arthur pushed him up against a wall with unexpected force.

Arthur raised himself on his toes until their faces were inches apart. "You ungrateful brat. I never really did get that mouthiness beat out of you, did I? Well, if the cane didn't work, I suppose I'll have to try a different method."

Before Alfred could say anything else or try to make an escape, Arthur turned him around so that his younger brother's cheek was pressed up against the wall. His fingers were trembling with urgency as he lined up with Alfred's ass, his cock swollen, throbbing, and leaking from their argument. Arthur had to admit, he was surprised he'd been able to keep his fetish hidden from Francis for all their years of fighting. Most of the time, he'd wanted nothing more than to tackle the Frenchman to the floor and shag him senseless, though that would be ungentlemanly…

Alfred, though, hadn't experienced near as much as Francis had regarding Arthur's might. At least the older nation knew what kind of damage Arthur could do, and so took precautions, but Alfred… the yank must have thought he'd had an advantage since he was raised by Arthur.

Well, would Arthur prove him wrong.

Alfred shifted against the wall, panting. "Artie… w-what are you doing?"

Arthur smirked. "Giving you a lesson you will never forget, whelp."

Alfred cried out in shock as Arthur's cock was thrust inside him, not expecting their confrontation to go from argumentative to sexual so fast. He squirmed on the hard length, feeling Arthur's need pulse against his insides.
Oh, so Alfred had aroused him? He should have known.

Embarrassment flooded him at his obliviousness and the manner in which Arthur was taking him. But it wasn't like he didn't like it. No, Alfred loved it. Sure, he didn't like losing arguments, but he also didn't like arguments without make up sex. And the make up sex this time just so happened to come forth in the middle of the argument, which was perfectly fine with Alfred.

Francis's mouth dropped open as soon as Arthur fucked into Alfred. He watched, his own cock jumping, as the American was thoroughly 'punished' by Arthur's eager cock. His own cock hardened.

Ivan, meanwhile, felt himself swelling at the sudden fucking, reaching down to feel up Francis. The Frenchman gasped and spread his legs, welcoming Ivan's teasing hand.

Ivan's lips brushed Francis's ear. "Is this what you wished for all those times you and Arthur fought?"

Francis moaned and nodded, a bit jealous that Alfred had gotten it, but then remembering that he was Arthur's lover, so it didn't really count. His mind then went fuzzy as Ivan's hand slowly pumped him to full erectness, a thumb rolling one of his nipples around. Lips brushed against his neck, sweet kisses followed by a hungry nip. Francis gasped and moved his ass back against Ivan's now full erection.

"Please, amour, I need you…"

Ivan smirked and lifted Francis's hips so that the Frenchman could get his knees under him. Once he had, Ivan lined his cock up with Francis's ass. His cold hands trailed down Francis's quivering thighs. "Come and get me, илюха."

Francis bit his lip as he went down on Ivan's large cock, gasping and moaning as it slid into him, its girth filling him to the brim and teasing every inch of his insides. He felt the pulse of it as it settled fully in his ass, Francis now sitting on Ivan's lap, his knees under him and his thighs spread widely apart.

"Now," Ivan growled, his accent thick, his lips against Francis's ear. The Frenchman shivered.

"Watch them," And he did.

Arthur's hands were at Alfred's hips, nails digging into the plump flesh there. "You may have won the war, Alfred." Arthur's growl was extremely sensual, and Alfred moaned with want. "But I raised you, and I know how to break you down."

Alfred squirmed at Arthur's tone. It had never been quite so… domineeringly sexy before. Alfred's cock drooled at it, the precum dripping down the wall from where the head of it was pressed against the surface.

His arousal didn't go without notice. "Such a little slut. You like being punished. Was it the same case back when you were a colony? Your pretty little blush and the tent in your trousers gave it away every time."

Alfred flushed a deep red, chagrined, but he pushed back against Arthur anyway. "Fuck yes, Artie--"

Arthur chuckled as he pulled out and slammed back in, balls slapping against Alfred's arse, providing no mercy for the American. Alfred cried out at the roughness, but the tightening of his insides around
Arthur's cock told the Brit that he was far from being in pain.

"Take this, yank," Arthur said huskily as he continued to thrust into his brother. "And remember your place."

Arthur wasn't going to lie to himself. He was getting high off the power. So, this is what it feels like to be Vanya… he thought, smiling.

He liked it.

Alfred's moans heightened as Arthur's cock moved rapidly in and out of him, pinning him against the wall from nipples to leaking cock. He pushed back into Arthur, craving for his cock to be as deep as it could get inside of him. Oh yes. He had been a bad boy… and he was loving every minute of his punishment.

Across the room, the bed shook. Ivan was holding Francis by the hips, moving him up and down on his cock. The Frenchman was really light to him, and he was glad as he controlled the speed and depth of his thrusts.

And Francis was far from objecting. Ivan knew how he liked to be man-handled, especially when said man was a sexy, deep-accented Russian with a large cock. Francis needn't move; Ivan was doing all that for him, and he was grateful. He could focus more on the sensations: the heat they were making between their bodies, the delicious friction of Ivan's cock moving mercilessly in and out of him, and his two other lovers across the room, fucking like depraved rabbits.

Ivan stopped thrusting abruptly and Francis whined. He leaned forward, running his hands up and down Francis's flushed sides, placing open-mouthed kisses down the older country's neck.

"Mmm, my beautiful little slut," Ivan murmured in Francis's ear. "Mine for the taking." He bit down.

Francis cried out, shuddering. "Yes, yes, mon beau amant, I am all yours!" He knew it was what Ivan wanted to hear. And he wanted the Russian to take him like an animal.

Ivan chuckled. "Then let me mark you,"

And he plowed into him.

Francis's moans across the room further aroused Arthur, and the Briton picked up his pace, practically pounding Alfred into the wall. He was surprised they didn't make a dent.

But as much as Alfred loved being fucked like this, his body was beginning to ache from being jarred against the wall. He glanced over his shoulder and said breathlessly, "A-Artie, oh, uh, p-please, let's go to the bed."

Arthur didn't say a word. He just grabbed Alfred roughly by the arm, pulling him off of his cock. The American gave a startled yelp as he was flung onto the bed on his back, Arthur quickly pulling his legs apart and filling him again.

"Ah, yes, Artie!" Alfred moaned, pulling him in with his legs.

Arthur moved so that Alfred's legs were draped over his shoulders. He leaned over him so that Alfred was bent almost in half. It was an arousing position. Alfred couldn't recall an earlier time when Arthur had gotten so deep. His sweet spot was being tortured, and before long he was coming in harsh, hot ribbons between his and Arthur's stomachs, screaming Arthur's name.
His orgasm was so long and intense that he hadn't known that Arthur had begun shooting his essence into Alfred's ass, making sure to get as deep as his body would allow. The Briton leaned down and peppered little bites all over Alfred's chest and neck, Alfred moaning as he was filled with his warm seed.

At the sight of his other lovers' climaxes, Francis's balls drew up and heat crept up his cock until he was shooting onto the bed without the help of a hand, the orgasm making him see white. "Oh, oh Vanya!" he cried, pushing back to receive Ivan's molten cum as the Russian bit down on Francis's shoulder, growling out his own orgasm, fingers digging into Francis's fair skin.

When it was through, Arthur collapsed on top of Alfred, not really caring if he was being suffocated by his weight or not. Let the git suffer a bit, he deserved it. But he couldn't find it in himself to be angry at Alfred as the American looked up at him through half-lidded blue eyes that reflected the same disinterest in their recent squabble.

Alfred's arms came up to wrap around Arthur's shoulders, his breaths still heavy, his heart pounding rapidly in sync with Arthur's as they lay chest-to-chest. "Wow," he said when he finally caught his breath. "We should fight more often."

"Yes," Arthur agreed. "But I wouldn't want you starting fights with me just to get sex. You can just ask for it."

Alfred smirked. "What's the fun in that, though?"

Arthur chuckled. "I guess you've learned your lesson?"

Alfred shrugged. "I don't know, Artie. I think I'm still a very bad boy."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Let's not fight over trivial things again. Honestly that argument was pointless…"

"Except for the wild sex." Alfred finished, smiling broadly.

Arthur propped himself up on his elbows and looked him in the eyes. "Yes, I suppose so." He ran his fingers through Alfred's hair and kissed him. When they parted, Arthur smiled. "I won,"

Alfred huffed. "Nuh, uh. Fucking me into the wall in the middle of a fight hardly counts."

"Ah," Francis cut in after emerging from a long kiss with Ivan. "But you didn't object~"

"Is true," Ivan said, looking smug. He sat behind Francis, his arms draped around the older country's waist, his chin on Francis's shoulder. He smiled. "Francis really missed out."

"Oui," Francis sulked. "Even when you were a pirate you didn't go that far."

Arthur looked at him in mild annoyance. "That was because I hated your guts." Francis frowned and Arthur added, "But I didn't truly know you at the time." That made Francis brighten a bit.

They all settled down in the bed, covers drawn up to their chests. Behind Arthur, Francis traced the Briton's tattoo with a slender finger. Arthur shifted uncomfortably.

"Stop. Don't look at it. I hate it."

"I don't know about you," Alfred said sleepily as he moved back into Arthur's arms. "But the next time Arthur has a fight, I'm there. And, Artie, you can take all your anger out on me. It would be my pleasure~"

"Keep talking, yank, and next time you won't be able to sit for a week."

Alfred snuggled into the blankets and smiled, murmuring under his breath, "Totally worth it."

"Hey," Ivan said. "We will have to get up soon."

Francis groaned, then asked, "Hey, Arthur, what were you getting up to do anyway?"

Arthur growled and remembered. "To take a piss." With that, he crawled out of bed and made his way over to the bathroom.

As soon as he shut the door, there were a few bangs and something clattering to the floor before Arthur yelled, "Alfred!"

Alfred was on his feet and rushing over to the door in moments. "I'm coming, Artie! Whatever you do, keep staying angry with me!"

"Unh, Toni~!"

Lovino's nails bit into Antonio's back as he came between their bodies.

"Lovino..." Antonio muttered, lips against the Italian's neck. He released his seed into his lover's body, filling him.

They lay there for a moment, catching their breaths, before Antonio moved off of Lovino to hug him from behind, kissing his ear, his cheek. "I love you, mi querido."

Lovino shrugged away from him. "Yeah, yeah, bastard, I know." He smiled. "Ti amo anche."

Antonio pulled Lovino close to him, his eyes heavy with sleep, when the sound of someone yelling drifted through the wall from the room next door woke him right up.

Lovino sighed. "Who the hell is yelling at this hour?"

"I know that yell," Antonio said. "England. Who is he sharing a room with again?"

"America," Lovino replied with an annoyed huff. "Of course. So much for getting sleep..."

Antonio smirked against his neck. "Hey, you're the one who woke me up for a fuck, so it's not my fault if you're tired."

"I couldn't help it if you were practically dry humping me in your sleep, perverted bastard!"

Antonio sighed happily as he recalled it. "Such a good dream... then I wake up to find that it's real. What a nice surprise, Lovi~"

Lovino growled and mumbled, "I was hoping that you wouldn't wake up..."

"Aw, but then it wouldn't have been as fun~!" Antonio laughed, blowing in Lovino's ear.

Lovino squirmed. "Stop that, bastard. You know I don't like it."
Antonio smiled. "But you're so cute when I do it~" And he blew again, Lovino writhing some more, a laugh escaping him. "See? Such a cute little laugh. I hardly ever get to hear it."

Lovino then turned over, straddling Antonio and smirking seductively down at him. "Well, since we have nothing better to do while we're waiting for the two stupid bastards to shut up…" He bent to capture Antonio's lips.

Before they could get into it, though, something being pushed with force against the opposite wall made them stop and look around. It was followed by a very stern voice, the accent British.

"What are they doing now?" Lovino wondered aloud. "Punching holes in the fucking wall?"

Then there was a yelp that turned quickly into a loud moan. Antonio and Lovino looked knowingly at each other.

"Does that sound like…?" Antonio began.

"Yep," Lovino clearly recalled the first time he and the Spaniard had slept together, and it had begun with similar sounds.

There was more moaning and the sounds of someone being pushed against a wall… repeatedly. Antonio laughed.

"It looks like we're not the only ones in a secret relationship, eh?"

"Shut up, bastard." Lovino growled, kissing him again, tongue dipping inside. He ground his hardened cock against Antonio's with need. When they parted, breaths heavy, the Italian demanded, "Fuck me,"

"Mmm," Antonio hummed, complying by lining himself up with Lovino's entrance. "So, you like the idea of those two fucking next door~?"

Lovino moaned as he sank down on Antonio's cock for the fourth time that morning. He rolled his eyes. "And this is why I wished you were asleep…"

"Aw, Lovi," Antonio feigned a pout as his hands settled on Lovino's hips. "Don't be so cruel. Besides, if I was asleep, I couldn't do this." He pulled out and slammed back in, hitting Lovino's sweet spot with practiced skill.

Lovino screamed Antonio's name, his cries of pleasure joining with those of Alfred's on the other side of the unusually thin wall.

Translations:

moya lyubov'-my love

mi querido-my dear

Ti amo anche-I love you too

A Word From the Writer: The tattoo is back! I know, I've kinda neglected mentioning it for a while, but it hasn't gone anywhere! I guess the subject of England's tattoo has been avoided because he doesn't like it, but now it will be mentioned here and there. Besides, what's a real pirate without a tattoo?
And the Spamano bit… I just thought I should add it because I wanted to write some bitchy Italian sex. You're welcome.

Next Chapter Hint: Old wounds require the oldest medicine
Love Doctor

Sorry about posting late. Had exams this week, so I it was hard for me to find the time to write this! Anyway more history, here. Sad, but it ends with lemon, so hold in there!


Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Love Doctor

He was so nervous. He had never been more scared in his life aside from when Mongolian Empire told him he was going to be his sex slave. He sat in the rickety chair, staring at the wall, his stomach roiling with what he knew was inevitable. He had known it for years, and now it was almost here.

Why? he asked himself, feeling colder than ever. Why did I not warn them? He was no loyal country; he was a coward. A coward driven to silence through seductive words and promises. He had believed them at first, but now, facing what was the come… he was not so sure.

But it was too late for second thoughts now, as footsteps approached him. A hand came to rest on his shoulder, making him stiffen.

"Comrade Russia," said the man. "The Czechoslovakians are closing in and Lenin has approved. It is time."

Ivan's mouth felt dry and fuzzy. "Have they arrived?"

"Yes, sir,"

"How long do they have?" It was more of a whisper than a question.

"Not long," the officer replied, his grip increasing on Ivan's shoulder. "Sir, this must be done. We cannot let them suppress us any longer. Without them, we are free."

Ivan shrugged the man's hand off of him and stood, the touch making him feel sick. He turned around and said, "But the children, too? They played no part in this."

The officer eyed him evenly. "They are of the bloodline. If they are allowed to live, we will not prosper. They want to extinguish the peoples' voice." When Ivan still wasn't convinced, he continued, "Remember the Sunday we tried. We tried, comrade Russia, and it did not work. Nothing will sway them, and we have given them a chance. This is the only way."

Ivan looked grimly at the floor. "So you have told me."

They stood there for a moment, Ivan contemplating refusing to take any part in this and just returning to St. Petersburg. But he had no choice. This was his responsibility, because he was this country.

Nicholas's voice woke him from his daze and he felt his throat get scratchy. Why him? Why not the other leaders passed that were cruel and terrible? Why this sweet man and his family? All he wanted was his family… most Tsars weren't like that. Then again, Ivan reasoned, he was born to rule, so it
was his responsibility. He could not ignore his country, which was what he had been doing for the majority of his rule. Lord knew Ivan tried to tell him, but he would not listen. Such a beautiful and kindly family... how sad it should end like this for them.

Ivan straightened and walked to the door, motioning for the officer to follow. "Let us not delay this further," he managed to say even though there was a prominent lump in his throat. "We must become stronger. They are standing in our way."

He made his way downstairs to the basement, counting each step as he went. His heart had struck up a rapid pounding that escalated with the progress of his decent.

Finally, he joined the others in the basement, ducking his head as if he could hide his identity from Nicholas, so it wouldn't hurt the man so much to see someone he trusted at his execution. He asked the head officer for the telegram Sverdlov had sent just to confirm that this wasn't all just some sick joke. It was given to him and as he read the thick, blocky letters, his heart sank into his stomach.

He handed it back to the officer. Nicholas was asking what was going on, his family huddled around him. Little Alexei was looking around the room, oblivious to the fact that he may never see anything ever again. It brought tears to Ivan's eyes, but he would not let them spill.

Nicholas asked Yurovsky for some chairs, and he got them, the Tsar, Tsarista, and the Tsesarevich sitting down in them.

Yurovsky told the family that they would leave as soon as they deemed it safe, as the Czechoslovak Army was close, and they did not want them to be hurt. They would be transported by a truck to a safer location very soon. Ivan's stomach twisted at the lie.

It must happen. he kept telling himself. This cannot continue. It must happen.

And then the police squad entered the room, and Ivan looked at the floor, not bearing to see the shocked and frightened looks on the family's faces. Then Yurovsky read out the orders:

"Nicholas Aleksandrovich, in view of the fact that your relatives are continuing their attack on Soviet Russia, the Ural Executive Committee has decided to execute you."

The look on Nicholas's pallid face was heartbreaking. He looked at the squad with their guns, looked at Yurovsky, looked at Ivan. But Ivan could not take his eyes off him now. He felt it was his responsibility to oversee the execution.

Then Nicholas turned to his family, casting his gaze over all of them, as if hoping one would say all of this was not true. "What?"

Yurovsky repeated it for him and the squad raised their weapons. This was it. No turning back now. Ivan forced himself not to blink.

Alexandra and Olga tried to bless themselves with the cross before they were shot, but they did not have the chance to finish. Nicholas let out a horror-stricken shout before he was also shot down. He tumbled off his chair and fell to the floor. Blood pooled beneath him and he was still.

The rest were gunned down, some hit multiple times and were still kicking and screaming and scrambling for cover. Ivan could not stop them this time. The tears ran.

He never knew the little girls could be shot so much and still be alive. Three of them were still breathing and twitching on the ground, groaning in pain. A few of the squad stepped forward to dispatch them with their bayonets. At that point, Ivan had to look away. A quiet sob escaped him and
he felt like shouting at them to stop. It was enough. They had suffered enough. Now they were being butchered.

Ivan covered his face and wiped at his eyes and nose, feeling his insides twist with grief and he turned away from his comrades. His murdering comrades, the ones who were supposed to be helping him...

Yurovsky walked over to him, a grin on his face. "It is done, comrade Russia. Some of the ladies had jewels in their dresses protecting them, but we managed to get around that. Now they are gone; we can move forward."

Ivan took a deep, shaky breath. He knew he was bleeding beneath his clothing from the killing of his country's leader and his family, but he ignored it. He deserved it for letting it happen. They were so young, the children... and he had loved them dearly. And yet he looked at Yurovsky, straightening, hope rising within him, brought by the taint of death and the promise of progress at last.

"Yes. It is done. I will be stronger now."

Ivan woke in a cold sweat, sitting up on instinct and reaching over to the nightstand where he kept his knife.

He panicked when he could not find it, but then he realized that he was not at home. He was in the hotel room, sitting in bed, his lovers curled up and asleep around him. He stared at the wall, breathing heavily, convinced for a moment that Death was coming for him in payment for his sins all those years past.

Alfred shifted on the bed, turning over. Ivan watched him, the peaceful face of his lover soothing him, as the man reached out with his arms, as if feeling for Ivan. The American scrunched up his nose and cracked open his eyes. He looked up at Ivan.

"What're you doing, dumbass?" Alfred muttered with a groggy smile. He held out his arms. "C'mon, it's cold."

Ivan swallowed. He was so shaken, he doubted he could sleep. Tears were burning in his eyes as he remembered. Should he tell Alfred why? Would the American laugh at him? He'd kept it bottled up inside for years... he decided it was worth a shot. "I cannot sleep."

Alfred opened his eyes and peered quizzically up at him. "Huh? Why?"

"I had a nightmare." He pulled his knees up to his chest and wrapped his hands around them, resting his chin on them and staring at the wall.

He expected Alfred to laugh, but the younger did no such thing. He sat up, scooting over to Ivan and wrapping his arms around his shoulders. His cheek pressed up against Ivan's arm. "'Bout what, babe?"

"About my revolution."

"Yeah... I get some like that, too, sometimes."

"Nyet," Ivan said, his voice lowering. "It was about the Romanov's. How they died..." He blinked and was surprised to find wetness running down his cheeks.

Alfred was worried. He had never seen Ivan so distraught. And when he saw the tears, he knew something was really wrong.
He was afraid to talk to Ivan. He looked so broken and delicate. Alfred built up the courage to say, "I'm sorry," He didn't know what else to say.

"I loved them." Ivan whispered. "I loved them and I just... I didn't do anything to help. There had to be another way. But... I was too stubborn to see it." He rubbed at his tear-blurry eyes.

They were silent for a moment, Alfred hugging him tightly. Then he said, "It's not your fault."

"Da, it is." Ivan said with bite. "I could have done something."

Alfred was quiet. He muttered, "You know you couldn't have done anything. The result would have been the same."

Ivan took a deep breath and exhaled. "I know,"

Alfred moved around to sit in front of Ivan. "Vanya... I love you. If there's anything you want me to do to help with this, I will do it." When Ivan didn't respond, still staring at the wall, Alfred ran his hands up his legs. "I could... make you feel better, if you want."

Ivan turned his head slowly to look at him. He grabbed hold of Alfred, parting his legs so that he could pull him to his chest. Ivan kissed Alfred, taking comfort in the softness of Alfred's lips and the familiarity of his touch. When they parted, the Russian eyed him gently and said, "I love you, too, Alfred."

The American's heart fluttered. He was still not used to Ivan saying that. He yelped when Ivan suddenly wrapped his arms around his waist and rolled them over onto the bed. Ivan smiled down at him and kissed him again. "I believe I will take up your offer." And his lips traveled to Alfred's neck, ravishing.

Alfred wrapped his arms around Ivan's neck, hand at the back of his head, fingers threading through the ash-blond hair. "Vanya..."

Ivan smiled against the warm skin of Alfred's neck, lips brushing over the American's quickening pulse. His fingers trailed up Alfred's chest to roll a nipple around beneath his thumb. Alfred moaned, grabbing his face and guiding Ivan's lips to his own.

When they parted, both flinched as a hand snaked between their chest to pull at one of Alfred's hardened nipples. Arthur came up to lay beside them, smirking as he continued to tease Alfred, the younger man moaning and rolling his hips.

"When did you wake up, мой дорогой?" Ivan asked, leaning over to kiss him.

Arthur rose to meet him, allowing Ivan's tongue to be thrust into his mouth. The Briton moaned as they parted, licking his lips. "Ever since you sat up, love. It was hard to ignore."

Fingers trailed down Ivan's back, and lips brushed his shoulder. "We decided to help Alfred. That was a pretty scary dream you had. But we will make it better." Hands came around Ivan's front, thumbs brushing over his pert nipples.

"When did you wake up, мой дорогой?" Ivan asked, leaning over to kiss him.

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Arthur moved up to plunder Alfred's mouth a bit before dropping lower to trail his lips, tongue, and teeth down Alfred's neck and chest. His tongue nudged at a nipple while his fingers continued to tease the other. Alfred's breathing became ragged, and he buried his fingers in Arthur's hair as the Briton suckled the nub, applying his teeth.

Ivan, meanwhile, spread Alfred's legs and cheeks, thumb nudging at his hole. The American gasped
beneath him, rolling his hips upward. "Please, Vanya," he begged.

Francis reached around to pump Ivan's cock into hardness. "He wants you in him, amour." When Ivan was at full mast, the Frenchman guided the head of his cock to Alfred's entrance.

"I know," Ivan said. He reached around to feel up Francis's own hard cock from where it was pressing up against his hip. "I want you in me, too."

Francis was shocked. He hadn't expected Ivan to want that after feeling so vulnerable. He ran his hands up and down Ivan's sides and he kissed Ivan's shoulder. "Oui, amour, I can do that." And he slicked Ivan's cock and slowly pushed into Alfred.

Alfred cried out, arching his back as he was penetrated. He kept his eyes locked with Ivan, Arthur now stroking his growing cock, as Francis pushed Ivan's own into him. When Ivan was nestled all the way inside, Alfred wriggled his hips, encouraging him to move. Arthur clambered on top of him, taking a moment to kiss him before moving so that his cock brushed against Alfred's lips.

"You wouldn't mind helping me out a bit also, love?" he asked with a glance over his shoulder. "I'll be sure that you get similar treatment." Arthur emphasized by giving Alfred's cock a lick.

Alfred moaned and took Arthur's cock into his mouth, suckling the head. Arthur rolled his hips, hot breath spilling over Alfred's cock as he teased the shaft with his tongue.

Francis, meanwhile, lubed up his dick, spreading Ivan's cheeks and pressing the head at Ivan's entrance. He could feel the man stiffen, and he kissed down Ivan's sensitive neck to calm him. "It is okay, cher. I will be gentle."

But Ivan pushed back against Francis's cock. "You dare think that I am so fragile?" He glanced over his shoulder and there was a smirk on his face. "I am not afraid, Francis. Fuck me as hard as you like."

Francis blinked at him. Those words sounded foreign coming from Ivan's mouth… but also undeniably sexy. The Frenchman returned the smirk and lined himself up. "I will try my best, amour." And he pushed in.

Alfred watched Ivan's face intently as he sucked Arthur off. His whole body heated with the Russian's aroused expression. Ivan bit his lip as he was filled from behind, and a slight flush rose to his cheeks. Inside Alfred, his cock twitched.

Francis's hands caressed his sides. "Mm, it is in, mon amant."

"Then move," Ivan said, his breath heavy.

"After you," Francis purred, tongue teasing Ivan's scars.

Ivan moaned softly and pulled out of Alfred. The American mewled in anticipation, wriggling his hips and crying out in pleasure when he was thrust back into. Arthur took more of his cock into his mouth. Behind Ivan, Francis placed his hands on Ivan's pale hips and pulled out of him, pushing back in with enough force not to offend him. Ivan gasped in approval, precum spilling into Alfred from his cock.

Trembling with arousal from Francis's work on his neck, Ivan began setting a pace that quickened every time Francis's tongue ran over a scar. Alfred loved watching Ivan's face; he was such a cute bottom. Ivan's cock pressed Alfred's sweet spot and the American arched, nails digging into Arthur's ass cheeks. The Briton moaned with the pain, dipping down to lick at Alfred's swollen balls.
"Yeah, Vanya, fuck..." Alfred groaned, moving his hips down onto Ivan's large cock spearing him.

Francis began to thrust deeper, aiming to fill Ivan up as much as he possibly could, running his cock over the prominent bump of Ivan's prostate with each stroke. All the while, he was teasing Ivan's neck, sending chills down Ivan's spine and straight to his cock.

Ivan moaned, pushing back into Francis, swallowing his cock to the hilt and then rolling his hips forward to plow into Alfred. He could feel his orgasm already coming on, and he tried to hold off as best he could, but it wouldn't be long.

Alfred could feel Ivan's cock throbbing deliciously inside him. He went down on Arthur's cock a couple of times before pulling off and trailing up to the Briton's entrance, tongue darting out to press it. Arthur gave a little gasp, pulling off of Alfred's cock to urge him, "Yes, Alfred, oh God..."

Alfred consented, breaching Arthur's hole and spreading his cheeks to gain more access. "A-ah, oh, yes!" He pushed back, Alfred's tongue slipping deeper into him and brushing over his sweet spot, thrusting in and out of him. Arthur returned to Alfred's cock, licking up the precum before taking it into his mouth again, being sure to fully reciprocate Alfred's rimming by swallowing him whole. Alfred moaned, bucking roughly up into his mouth, but Arthur didn't care. He was too busy enjoying Alfred's tongue moving in and out of him, the feel of his cock throbbing and dribbling in his mouth.

The thrusting had turned into rutting, and Ivan went deep and hard, his nightmare long forgotten. Alfred lifted his hips into his thrusts, moaning, tongue delving into Arthur's ass, loving his taste and the feel of the Briton's hot mouth on his cock.

Arthur's body was so hot, he thought surely he would melt. Alfred's tongue moved in and out of him, while his hand stroked his cock. This and the feel and taste of Alfred's dick in his mouth was more than enough to drive Arthur over the edge. "Oh, God, Alfred... I-I can't—!" He came before he could finish, his cum shooting out in harsh spurts, dribbling down Alfred's still-pumping hand, his arse contracting around Alfred's teasing tongue. He continued to go down on Alfred's cock, lips tightening around the swollen length, the feel of it in his mouth prolonging his orgasm.

Alfred came up for air, moaning as Arthur went down on him fast and deep. He gripped Arthur's thighs with bruising force as he came, crying out his climax as he filled Arthur's stomach with his cum.

Ivan could finally let go. Francis's teasing had him moaning loudly as he shot a big load into Alfred, filling him to the brim. Alfred groaned as he was stretched further and warmed from the inside out. Ivan's orgasm was so harsh, that some of his cum squirted out from Alfred's ass.

Francis wasn't far after. Ivan's ass was so tight, that he had been holding out for most of their romp, and when he finally released, he was slamming into Ivan, unable to control himself. His hands held Ivan's hips firmly to him so that he could get as deep as he could. The Russian did not protest; his ass gladly milked Francis of all his cum, Ivan softly moaning his name at the fullness the Frenchman gave him.

Arthur rolled off of Alfred and lay there, staring up at Ivan's still-flushed face and giving a weak smile. "Was that enough, love?"

"More than enough, подсолнечник," Ivan replied reaching down to run his fingers through Arthur's hair and down his cheek. The Briton caught them with his mouth, suckling the digits, peering through half-lidded eyes up at Ivan.

Ivan smirked and pulled his fingers from him. "Heh, slut."
"Always, darling," Arthur purred, licking his lips.

Francis pulled out and crawled over to sit next to Ivan. He wrapped an arm around Ivan's waist and kissed his lips. "That was good, _amour._"

Alfred sat up, still panting. "Fuck yeah. We should do this in the middle of the night more often. Just roll over and fuck."

Arthur rolled his eyes and moved up to lay beside him. "Unless you want to lose a good hour of sleep."

Alfred shrugged. "Hey, it's sex, I don't mind."

"You wouldn't,"

"What is that supposed to mean?" Alfred asked with a pout.

"It means that you're selfishly insatiable." Arthur replied and leaned in to capture those pouting lips, parting them and exploring his mouth. Alfred moaned into the kiss. After they parted, Arthur said, "Your tongue was amazing."

"Have you never been rimmed before?" Francis asked with a chuckle.

"Of course I have, git!" Arthur snapped, though he appeared a little meek.

Alfred smiled. "Then we should do it more, huh?"

Arthur kissed him again. "Mm, definitely."

"Ugh," Alfred said, swiping up some cum from his ass. "Look at the mess you made, Ivan. I guess I was good?"

Ivan smirked. "You were," Then he flashed a glance at Francis. "But the little tease was making it hard for me not to make a mess."

"Oh, you know you liked it~" Francis said.

Arthur took Alfred's hand and sucked on the cum-covered fingers. "Mmm," he licked his lips and darted forward for a kiss. Surprisingly, Alfred didn't fight him; he opened up to taste himself. "Wow, look at you." Arthur said as they separated, saliva connecting their kiss-swollen lips. "Tasting your own cum and everything. You may be a slut yet."

Alfred rolled his eyes. "I'm a classy slut, Artie. But you're just a straight up slut."

Arthur smirked and slipped down, parting Alfred's thighs. "You wouldn't mind this straight-up slut cleaning you up a bit, would you?"

"That's what a cum slut is for." Alfred said, leering at the nickname.

When it was through, they snuggled up under the blankets together, Arthur yawning and saying, "God, I'm full."

"Most of us are, baby." Alfred said, kissing him. "Goodnight."

"Mm, sweet dreams, love."
"Most definitely," Francis said with a smirk and ran his fingers through Ivan's hair as the Russian pulled him to his chest. "Bon nuit, my love."

Ivan kissed his forehead. "Goodnight, Francis. I am so lucky to have all of you. Thank you. I feel so much better."

"No prob, babe." Alfred said. "The past is the past, and sometimes you just have to let go."

"It's the only way you can be happy and move on with the rest of your life." Arthur added, closing his eyes and slipping off to sleep, cheek pressed against Alfred's chest and Alfred's fingers stroking his hair.

Ivan stared at Alfred and Alfred back as he muttered, the other having already fallen asleep, "You never let go of your past with me."

"Well," Alfred said. "That's because you're… special."

Ivan chuckled, falling asleep with a smile on his face.

Translations:

мой дорогой - my darling
подсолнечник - sunflower

Historical References:

Murder of the Romanovs, occurring in Yekaterinburg on July 17, 1918 under the orders of Vladimir Lenin, head of the rising communist party. The Romanovs were a very nice family and Tsar Nicholas was a kind man, but he was never fit to rule, because he cared more about his family than running his country. On January 22, 1905, lower-class workers and their families gathered outside the Tsar's Winter Palace in St. Petersburg to protest poor working conditions in certain towns affected by the Russo-Japanese War. It was peaceful, and a petition was presented for the Tsar to sign so that the problem would be solved. However, palace guards saw the crowd as a threat and fired warning shots before open firing on the protestors. This was called Bloody Sunday. Officials said that 96 died while 333 were injured, but anti-government sources said the deaths numbered in the thousands. Even though Tsar Nicholas was not present at the Palace at the time, this tragedy was still blamed on him. The communist party used this and many other "Tsar-caused" issues to roil the public into opposing Tsarist rule. The communist party swelled until they were powerful enough to seize the royal family and hold them hostage. Russia's soviet revolution caused it to pull out of WWI and Czechoslovakia, whose transports relied heavily on the Trans-Siberian Railway, took up arms to invade Russia and protect the Railway, which they owned. Mistaking this as an effort to free the royal family, the communist party voted to kill off the family. Yakov Sverdlov (a leader of the Bolsheviks) sent a signed telegram to those detaining the Romanov family (who had been taken out of the Palace and to neighboring Yekaterinburg to live), giving permission to execute them. That night, the Romanov family was told to get dressed, as a truck would soon be arriving to take them to a safer location. They were brought down to the basement and were arranged for a photograph (they were told that the photo would disprove suspicions they were being mistreated). Yakov Yurovsky, the commandant of The House of Special Purpose read the telegram to them. A police squad was brought in and shot the Romanov's and their servants. Nicholas died instantly while his daughters were still alive after being shot several times due to the storage of many pounds of jewels and gems hidden within their clothing. Many of the squad were drunk, and so their shots were not accurate and caused many of the family and royal servants a lot of pain before they died. They were shot and
stabbed several times before passing. Yurovsky himself shot Tatiana, Anastasia, and, the last one alive, Alexei, and is said to have killed Nicholas. All of those still alive were dispatched by the officer's bayonets. Many of the squad were shaken or ill following the execution. Afterward, the bodies were taken out to a secluded, forested location, doused with acid and burned. They were eventually moved after people in the town began asking questions and given a proper Christian burial that many of the Romanov's friends attended. All were identified. None of the Romanov family survived the shooting.

A Word From the Writer: Aw, it was sad in the beginning… but sexy at the end. See? I can combine lemon and tragedy! Honestly, it was just another excuse to have uke!Russia… he's so fun to write. XD

Next Chapter Hint: England's boring movies require some of America's tips on proper entertainment.
Movie dates are so original... they need a little spicing up, yeah?

Warning: Lemon, oral, exhibitionism, slutty France and America.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Arthur was rummaging around in the mini fridge, looking for a bottle of water. They had just finished fucking, and he was thirsty as hell.

But all he could see was ice cream.

"Alfred!"

The American was at his side immediately. "Yeah, Artie? What is it? Are you angry? Wanna fuck over it?"

Arthur rolled his eyes and shoved Alfred away. "No, you git. Why did you stock the the fridge with ice cream?"

Alfred shrugged. "'Cause there was a sale?"

Arthur gave an aggravated huff and said, "Alfred... just go back to bed."

Alfred pouted behind him. No fair. He'd purposefully stocked up the fridge so that Arthur would get angry with him and then they would have some more hot makeup sex. Hell, if every fight they had would be like this, Alfred wanted to make Arthur furious out of his wits as much as possible. But he knew better than to piss off an already-annoyed Arthur. A bitchy Arthur was much worse than an angry one.

Arthur sighed. He knew what the git was doing. Great. Now that he had let himself slip and fucked Alfred out of spite, the yank was constantly up his arse (about being up his arse). He'd started something that would no doubt continue on for a while.

He found a water and went to shut the fridge, but his eyes were once again drawn to the little cups of vanilla ice cream stacked on the shelves. His stomach growled.

He glanced behind him to see that his lovers were paying him no mind. They were watching the evening news.

His stomach growled again. No, he scolded. You don't eat ice cream. It's so horribly sugary... The growl got louder. He sighed and took one of the cups, peeling it open. He took the little wooden... spoon, could he call it? No, more like a miniscule paddle... and scooped some into his mouth.

Arthur was surprised at how good it tasted. He never recalled liking ice cream any time in his life, but within the span of five minutes, he had cleared the top shelf of all of the cups, stacking the emptied ones neatly (because he was a gentleman, after all) beside him.

Ivan knew something was up. At around this time of night, Arthur would surely want to blow him. It
wasn't a surprise that this came to Ivan's mind.

"Arthur?" he asked. He looked over and got a good view of Arthur's shapely ass. "What are you doing, дорогой?"

Arthur tensed noticeably. "Nothing, wuv…"

Alfred pulled his eyes away from the television (a miraculous feat, not doubt) and craned his neck to see what his brother was doing. "Uh, Artie…" He knew that tone anywhere. He had stuffed his own mouth many times over to know it well. But what could he possibly…? No, he couldn't… "Are you eating ice cream?" Francis took interest now.

A moment of silence passed between them before Arthur grabbed the cups and crammed them all in the fridge. It took a few tries, and plenty of catching falling cups, before he finally managed to shut the fridge and turn around.

"No," Arthur laughed weakly. "No, no I wasn't eating it. You know I don't like ice cream, haha…"

"Euh, cher," Francis said, holding down a laugh. "You have a little…" He motioned to his own chin.

Arthur blinked and touched his fingers to his chin, blushing when he felt sticky liquid there.

"Arthur," Ivan smiled. "I do not think that is cum~"

Arthur sighed and sagged with defeat. "No, it isn't."

"Dude, what the fuck?" Alfred piped up. "You ate my ice cream!"

"Shut it, yank." Arthur growled.

Alfred smirked. "Ya wanna fuck over—?"

"No,"

Alfred pouted.

Arthur was surprised he didn't feel sick after all that ice cream. Normally he would, but he was feeling fairly fine. Just a little brain freeze going on or whatever Alfred called it. He straightened and snatched a tissue off of the side table to wipe off anymore of the ice cream, trying to distract from his unusual behavior. "So, before you all came here, I purchased some tickets for a movie date."

Alfred sat up, his attention thoroughly diverted. "Movie? All right, bro!"

Francis smiled. "It sounds wonderful. Allons-y."

"Da," Ivan said, getting up and pulling on some pants. He flashed Arthur a hungry look that made Arthur flush deeper. "But you owe me a blowjob."

They were thirty minutes in and Alfred was squirming restlessly in his seat. God, could Arthur have chosen a more boring film? Honestly, he'd almost fallen asleep twice, and he would have if Arthur hadn't rudely elbowed him in the ribs.

"Would you stop acting like a child and sit quietly in your seat like I taught you?" Arthur hissed with annoyance.
"But… Artie… I'm so bored!" he whined.

Arthur was going to snap back at him, but he knew the American was just looking for a chance to invoke another fight—that would no doubt end in Alfred getting a thorough fucking, the selfish prat.

Alfred huffed and sank down in his seat. This was just great. Now forty minutes in and no blood, no hot chick with great tits, no kick-ass explosions, and he'd eaten all his popcorn and snacks. What the fuck? Did Arthur know anything about attracting an audience? From the look of the theater, only middle-aged couples and lonely guys with nothing to do had come here. He knew he should be grateful for the date—after all, Alfred had said they should go out together more often—but sex definitely sounded a lot better than this right now.

Sex. Now he had something entertaining to think about. He ran all of their romps through his mind, and he quickly found himself with a hard on. It was pushing insistently against his jeans, demanding attention.

He looked to his right. Ivan was watching the screen contently, expressionless, but appearing mildly interested. Beside him, Francis was restless as well (though Ivan was better at ignoring it than Arthur). Francis couldn't sit still. These movies didn't intrigue him in the least. He could do chick flicks, maybe even drama, but what he really liked was how films displayed sexuality. He liked to watch the couples beat around the bush before finally sleeping together. French movies had a lot of these aspects. If there was supposed to be a love-making scene, his country wouldn't just feature snips of it… no, what entertainment would that be? The point of the whole film was for the audience to feel the raw emotion of intimacy. And, okay, maybe go home and fuck later. Francis normally did that anyway. But this movie… had made him resort to other forms of entertainment.

His dirty mind had a menagerie of hot memories and he perused them with fervor. Before long his cock was swollen, and he rubbed it through his pants.

It was then that he and Alfred locked eyes, the American's gaze dropping down to examine Francis's condition. They both leered at each other and exchanged unspoken words before sliding from their seats and crouching on the floor. Francis moved over to sit at Ivan's feet, and Alfred's at Arthur's.

The Briton looked down when he felt hands moving up the inside of his thighs. He looked down. "Alfred," he growled with irritation. "What are you doing on the floor? You know they never properly clean it!"

Alfred rolled his eyes and continued up Arthur's legs until he reached the button of his pants. "Artie~it's all dark in here and I'm so bored~" He undid the button and unzipped the fly.

Arthur's eyes widened when he realized what Alfred was doing. He grabbed Alfred's hands and shoved them away. "No! Alfred, you're mental! This is a theater. We can't do it here!"

"Oh, can't we~?" He smirked, nodding over to Francis. Arthur looked over to see the Frenchman's lips wrapped around Ivan's cock, the Russian's fingers stroking through his hair in encouragement. Arthur couldn't believe it, was scared half to death. What if there was an emergency and the lights came on? Well, he figured nobody would mind paying attention to them trying to get out of the theater. But what if someone saw them? Sure, he had done it in public before, but that was hiding out under a table. This was a theater, and the backs of the chairs in the row in from of them barely came up to Alfred's and Francis's shoulders. The patrons below (because Alfred had chosen the topmost seats, saying that they were the best, although Arthur suspected it was just to sate Alfred's ego) would surely see them if any of the lights were to come on.

But Alfred's hands were spreading his thighs apart, mouthing Arthur through his underwear. The
Briton gave a soft moan and his heart thumped in his chest. It was so risky…

Yet so dangerously sexy. What was he thinking? He wasn't an ex-pirate for nothing. If his slutty little brother wanted to risk getting caught sucking him off, it would be his brother who would be embarrassed. What was life without taking risks anyway?

So Arthur grabbed the back of Alfred's head and pushed, pressing the younger man's face into his swelling sex. "All right then, slut. You'd better suck me good to make up for your rudeness."

Alfred peered up at him through half-lidded eyes. "Mmm, I will." And he took Arthur's cock out of his pants, giving the head a generous lick.

Francis went down on Ivan's cock voraciously. Watching the movie had made him amass pent-up sexual energy, stemming from his wet thoughts. And the fact that he was doing this in a movie theater (not like he hadn't done it before, but not for a while) was extremely thrilling to him. His own cock pushed against his pants with arousal from the danger of it all.

Ivan watched his little slut tend to his cock with enthusiasm. Francis was really working him good; the Frenchman went down on him like he couldn't get enough. The movie must have really been sapping his interest. Ivan groaned softly as the head of his cock slid down Francis's greedy throat, hands fisting his hair.

Alfred made sure to thoroughly swallow Arthur. Over and over. The movie had bored him out of his mind and he was eager for any action he could get, no matter if he could be seen or not. He imagined the people just a few rows down watching as he sucked off his brother. The thought made him moan around the hard cock in his mouth, and he reached down to pull his confined dick out of his pants, stroking himself.

Arthur noticed and smirked. "Such a hungry little whore." he purred. "You like to suck your brother's cock in public, don't you, dirty boy?"

Alfred moaned at his words and precum spilled on his hands from his own throbbing cock. He pulled back from Arthur's cock, peering up at him. "Fuck yeah, Artie. Come down my throat."

Arthur smirked and pushed Alfred's lips back onto his swollen head. "You will have to work for your food, greedy slag."

And Alfred swallowed him whole again.

Francis could feel Ivan's cock twitching and throbbing in his mouth. His lips encircled the head, tonguing the leaking slit, milking the Russian's orgasm out of him. One hand fisted the exposed shaft, the other rubbing himself through his pants. But as Ivan's cock began twitching with impending climax, Francis pulled off of him, a trail of saliva following his lips.

Ivan looked down at him. "You wanted to suck me, шлюха. You will finish what you started."

"No," Francis said, Ivan's narrowed gaze making him shiver. The Frenchman stood, unafraid, his eyes locked on his lover. Ivan was the only one that mattered right now. No one else. He unbuttoned and unzipped his pants before hooking his thumbs into the waist and pushing them down. Ivan watched with a predatory gaze as Francis pushed down his underwear. He was now fully exposed to the entire theater. No doubt if anyone looked behind them, they would see Francis's bare ass. Considering they were so far up that it would be hard for anyone looking behind not to notice, it was a great risk…

… and something that ignited Francis's lust to no end. He smirked as he settled onto Ivan's lap, thighs
spread, cocks brushing. Francis captured Ivan's mouth, expressing his need by thrusting his tongue hungrily inside. His hand wrapped around both of their twitching cocks, giving them a good pump. Precum slid down onto his fingers.

"I want you in me, amour," Francis said huskily.

Ivan leered. "I will give you what you want, slut." Francis bit his lip to keep in a yelp as Ivan took him by his hips and forced him to turn around, his back to the Russian. He shivered as Ivan's lips ghosted down his neck and the large cock was ground into his ass. "And if anyone looks up, they will know the face of a desperate whore."

"Ahn, Vanya~" Alfred and Arthur were watching eagerly, and when Ivan's cock slipped into Francis, the Frenchman biting his lip to keep in a loud moan, they eyed each other knowingly.

Arthur stood, arms folded, wet, erect cock bobbing. "Strip,"

Alfred looked at him, still crouched on the floor, cock exposed through the fly of his pants, eyes wide. "W-what?"

"Everything," Arthur said, feeling a rush of arousing power. "If anyone looks up here, I want them to see your whole body."

Alfred began to shake as he stood. His heart was pounding. Sure, blowing Arthur wasn't that big a deal in a dark public place, but getting naked in a theater for a fuck? It was down right horrifying.

Arthur smirked at how cute and helpless Alfred looked. But the American's cock was twitching and drooling, and Arthur knew Alfred needed this. "Do it," he demanded. "if you want my cock in you."

Alfred nodded, feeling numb as he dropped his pants and underwear. He toed off his shoes and his socks, crossing his arms to pull his shirt over his head. That was it. Now he was completely naked. So, this was the price he'd have to pay for a fuck?

_Dammit, Artie, you're really asking for it._

Arthur gave a wolf-like smile and raised the arm rests between a couple of seats, motioning to it. Alfred swallowed and settled on his hands and knees on the seats, feeling Arthur get on behind him.

The Briton got a lot of arousing power from being fully dressed while his lover was completely nude in a dark theater. He rubbed his cock in the cleft of Alfred's ass and the American gave a small moan, stiffening as if afraid someone would hear.

Alfred tried to calm himself. He tried to imagine that they were in their hotel room, doing it at night in the dark— with a gigantic movie screen at the front and surround sound making the chairs vibrate. But when Arthur's cock pushed into him, he forgot all about his surroundings, savoring the feel of his brother's girth in him.

Meanwhile, Ivan was fucking Francis roughly, fingers digging into the Frenchman's hips as he plowed his greedy ass. Francis bit his lip, tasting blood, in an effort to quell his moans. Francis's hands clutched at Ivan's knees as the massive cock was thrust into him a fevered pace, hitting his sweet spot with wicked accuracy.

It was as if the man was trying to make Francis cry out.

The seats were starting to creak, and Alfred was terrified that they would be seen. But he pushed
back into Arthur anyway, wanting him deep, his prostate teased with just enough roughness to make his cock throb.

Arthur couldn't believe what he was doing. He was fucking Alfred in a dark theater where anyone could see them. It was bloody amazing. He got deep and went hard, wanting to ride Alfred's arse as roughly as he could to teach the American a lesson in courtesy.

Francis looked over to see Alfred naked and Arthur fucking him hard. He let a moan slip as his head fell back to rest on Ivan's shoulder. The Russian chuckled and kissed his neck, sucking, biting. His cock moved in and out of him with hurried strokes.

"Touch yourself, шлюха," Ivan growled, making Francis gasp with arousal. "Let them see you come from my big cock."

Francis's breaths were growing louder, but he didn't care. He took hold of his hard, dribbling cock, and stroked himself with fervor, craving orgasm.

Then an older man turned around, curious at the sounds coming from behind.

Not being able to control himself, Francis came, cum shooting up to land on his chin and cover his chest. He was so lost in his pleasure, at Ivan thrusting vigorously into him, he didn't notice the old man turn back around and nudge another man sitting beside him.

With the clenching of Francis's ass around him, Ivan filled him up with hot cum, thrusting through his orgasm. Francis sighed at the fullness.

Alfred bit his hand as he came on the seats, almost explosively, molten cum shooting out of him in harsh spurts with every jab of his sweet spot. Arthur wasn't far behind, thrusting a few more times before coming deeply into his little slut's arse.

Alfred caught his breath, looking around to see a couple of men staring at them, mouths agape. The men quickly turned back around, mumbling to each other, and Alfred sat up, not bothering to clean himself up as he hastily got dressed. Confused, Arthur stared at him, but Alfred's anxious expression gave it away, and suddenly he felt guilty.

They all decided to leave the theater at that point.

Once they were well outside, Alfred could finally breathe. "Holy fuck,"

Arthur smirked. "You deserved it for interrupting the movie, yank."

"Just wait," Alfred said with a glare. "I'll get you back."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Sure, sure. I can't wait."

Ivan leaned over and kissed Francis, ignoring the curious passerby's. "Did you get all the entertainment you wanted, любить?"

"Mm, definitely." Francis said. He could feel Ivan's cum leaking out of him as he walked and knew that his clothes were splattered with it, but he could care less. "Now I know why the floors in theaters are always so sticky."

They all laughed as they caught a cab and headed back to the hotel room to continue their lovemaking in privacy.
Translations:

дорогой—darling

Allons-y—Let's go

A Word From the Writer: I had to put at least one date in this endless fic of sex. But… it still had sex. Looks like all the entertainment our four boys need is fucking.

And I hope at least someone caught the hint to the chapter title. I'm normally inspired after listening to Adam Lambert. XD

Next Chapter Hint: Let's play telephone~
Damn… I want their numbers. XD


Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

1-800-Pure-XXX

Alfred dropped the tangerine peelings on the floor and bit into the fruit. Sticky juice dripped down his chin and onto his clothes, but he didn't care.

Fucking delicious.

Alfred didn't know how it started, but he had come to absolutely love tangerines. In fact, it was practically the only fruit that he ate, which was weird seeing as he hardly ate anything other than greasy fast food.

The strange part was, he hadn't ever liked fruit this much before. But in the past few weeks, he had stockpiled tangerines like no tomorrow. He laughed as he recalled going up to the check-out counter at the supermarket and placing a whole crate of the fruits in front of the cashier. The guy had looked at him like he was crazy.

The good thing: he wasn't puking anymore. Thank God, or else the acidity of the tangerines would have done wonders for his throat.

He finished up the tangerine and started on another. He'd gotten tired of walking back and forth to the fridge to get more fruit, so he'd just brought the whole crate out to save time and effort. Mostly effort. And now the crate was half empty.

Max sniffed at the various peelings on the floor; Alfred had gotten lazy and the trash can had filled up with the stuff long before, so now he just dropped his debris anywhere. When Max started to eat the peelings, Alfred decided that it would be best to stop his eating (for once) and clean the place up. No way in hell did he want to take his dog to the vet again. New York veterinarians were as expensive as fuck!

He got up and began to pluck the peel from off the floor. They trailed all the way to his room, and Alfred followed, stopping in front of the mirror. He stood and examined himself.

Ugh, great. Alfred lifted his shirt and squeezed the fat around his stomach and sides. He had love handles again… well, he always did, but now they were bigger than he would like.

"Guess I'll have to go running again…" Alfred huffed. He didn't know how he could be getting fat; he'd been eating tons of tangerines! Then again, Arthur always told him too much of a good thing is a bad thing… he supposed this was what he'd meant.

But he wasn't going to stop eating tangerines or go on a diet, though… that shit was just annoying.

And Alfred was bored. He didn't feel like going running now, especially at noon. It was hot, and the tourists were out, and… he just didn't want to.
Just as he was thinking of finishing the whole crate of tangerines, the phone rang. He almost jumped out of his skin. Barely anyone called him. Well… except maybe Matthew, but normally Alfred was the one calling.

He looked at the caller ID. Oh. Alfred recognized this number very well from later, more turbulent decades. He answered the phone. "Yo."

"привет, Alfred," Ivan said with obvious excitement. "I have a surprise~"

Alfred cocked an eyebrow. "A surprise?"

"Da," Ivan giggled and said, "Say hello, you two."

"Bonjour, mon amoure~" Francis purred.

"Evening, love," Arthur chimed, then added, "Well, for me. Afternoon to you."

"And it is late at night for me." Ivan said. "But I could not sleep. So, I decided to call everyone."

Alfred was a bit confused. "Uh, great. Hi, so… what the hell did you call everyone for?"

"For a surprise~" Ivan sang again, then added more mischievously, "Check your suitcases."

"What…?"

"Vanya…"

"Check them, мой любит~"

Alfred turned the phone on speaker and took it with him to his room. He could hear Ivan giggling on the other end as he unzipped his suitcase, not knowing whether to be excited or scared by it. He got it open and frowned.

"Uh… dude, there's nothing in here."

"Same thing here, love."

"I am not seeing anything either, amant."

"Lift up the top and look for the little pouch."

"Little pouch…?" Alfred muttered to himself and then his eyes fell upon something he hadn't noticed before. The pouch. With something long clearly inside it. "Vanya, please tell me you put this here…"

"Da, of course." Ivan sounded more excited than ever. "Go on, open it~!"

On the other lines, Alfred could hear the others unzipping their pouches and he followed suit. Francis got to his first. "Ohonhon, mon amoure, you were very sneaky~"

Arthur had it next. "I see you've been planning."

Alfred took two items out of the pouch and examined them: a vibrator egg and a masturbator. He smirked. "I like how you think, Vanya. What do you have planned for us?"

He could practically hear Ivan leering on the other end. "I want you to use them."
"Now?" Arthur asked, but he was already lubing his egg up in preparation. It didn't matter to him if Ivan wanted him to use it at the moment or not; as long as he was on the phone with the Russian, he was going to have some fun. After all, talking to his lovers while pleasuring himself (while in privacy or aloud) was arousing in itself.

"Da," Ivan said.

Francis chuckled and he shifted around on the other end. "Ah, so we are having phone sex? Why didn't you say so earlier, amour?"

"So, what's the scenario?" Alfred asked as he slicked up the vibrator and stripped down. "Gotta have a good scenario for these things to work."

"Hmmm," Ivan hummed, thinking. "I think I will fuck Arthur. Francis and Alfred, you can choose who you want to top."

"Mmm, I do not care." Francis purred. "Alfred, cher, top or bottom?"

"You know I'm a cock whore." Alfred replied, with a smirk. "Bottom,"

"Very well, amour, let's play it out."

Ivan giggled. "I will start. Arthur--"

"Yes, love? I'm all naked and stretched out on the bed for you. My legs are spread so that you have full view of me."

Francis chuckled. "Honhon, I never knew such dirty words could come from a supposed prude."

"Shut up, Francis." Arthur snapped. "You're spoiling the mood. And I've bloody well said similar things before."

"I was not trying to offend." Francis said, his voice dropping in arousal. "Hearing you talking so sexy is making me hard."

Arthur spluttered and Alfred imagined the blush on Arthur's cheeks as he positioned himself on his bed. Doggy-style felt right. He normally used it when toys were involved. "Stop embarrassing, Artie, Francis. I'm on my hands and knees with my legs spread and ready. C'mon, I kinda need your cock here."

"My cock is hard and ready for you, amant. I'm taking hold of your hips and sliding my cock down your ass."

"Fuck yeah…" Alfred mewed, rubbing the slicked egg up and down the cleft of his ass.

"I am running my hands down your chest." Ivan said to Arthur. "I roll your nipple around in my fingers."

"Mmm," Arthur hummed, hand traveling up his body to pinch and roll one of his nipples. "More, Vanya,"

Ivan's eyes narrowed. "I now have both of your nipples. Pulling hard."

Arthur gasped as he tugged at the nubs, feeling his whole body heat with arousal. "Yes, Vanya, oh…"
"Do you want me, Alfred?" Francis leered.

Alfred, still moving the egg between his cheeks, face reddened and cock hard, said, "Francis, if don't fucking get your cock in me…"

"I push into you. Slowly,"

Alfred moaned as he pushed the egg in. He kept going until it hit his prostate, at which point Alfred gasped with pleasure. His cock dribbled precum. "Oh, God, Francis…"

"I'm stroking your cock." Ivan said. "Fingers teasing the head."

Arthur moaned as he pumped his cock, thumb circling the leaking head. "Shit, so wet… bloody tease, just fuck me already."

Ivan smirked. "I have the head of my cock at your entrance. I start to push in." Ivan bit his lip as he slipped his hard cock into the masturbator, the ridges applying delicious friction to his shaft.

"Ah~" Arthur moaned as he slipped the egg inside him. Not as full as he would have liked, but it would do. "Vanya…"

"I am all the way inside," Francis said, cock fully inside the masturbator in his hand. He had his own, of course, a variety of them, but this was the best by far. It felt like it was swallowing him. "I fuck you slowly." As he moved, lube excreted from the toy to coat his cock. He moaned with the sensation.

Alfred took that as a hint to turn on the vibrator. He took the remote in hand and turned it on to the lowest speed. He flinched as he felt it start up inside him, then moaned as the movement massaged his sweet spot teasingly. "Fuck, Francis,"

"I know you like it rough, Arthur." Ivan purred. "And I am feeling impatient. I fuck you hard." As he said it, he began to move his cock in and out of the masturbator with increasing speed.

Arthur turned on the vibrator to the third setting. He gasped as the egg whirred against his prostate. His cock spilled precum onto the bed. "Oh, Vanya, yes… my cock is so hard and wet."

Francis thrust particularly rough into the toy. "Does your brother's voice arouse you, Alfred? It certainly turns me on."

Alfred blushed and spread his legs instinctively further, as if tempting his lover to fuck him harder. "Y-yeah, oh fuck… Francis, more."

"I pull at your cock, rubbing a thumb over the head, and smear it on your lips. I want you to taste how much you want me."

Alfred moaned as he did so, feeling his cock throb in his hand. He licked his precum off his lips, swallowing. "Mmm, I want you a lot. And if you don't fuck me soon, I'll come. Precum keeps pouring from my cock."

Francis moaned. "I'm fucking you my hardest, amour."

At that, Alfred eagerly turned the notch all the way up, crying out as the egg practically burrowed into his sweet spot. He clutched at the sheets and he was dying to touch himself.

Whe Francis heard Alfred's string of wanton moans, he purred, "You're so sexy, amant, with your
legs spread and begging me to take you. Remember those old days, Alfred? Remember when I turned you into a little slut and you wanted to ride my cock every hour of everyday?"

Alfred blushed deeper. "I'm still as horny as I was back then. Ride my ass, Francis, like the slut you made me." Oh, shit, I can't stop myself. Alfred thought with embarrassment, imagining what Arthur and Ivan must be thinking on the other end of the phone. But Alfred couldn't help it. When he was being fucked, he tended to talk and beg like a whore without being able to control it. Francis had made him that way... dammit.

Arthur moaned at Alfred's words. "God, Vanya, please. I need to come."

Ivan smiled, continuing to thrust into the masturbator, imagining it was Arthur's hot, tight ass. "Then touch yourself, Arthur. I want to see you come for me."

Arthur reached down, turning the vibrator on high. He barely had to touch himself, the egg pushing him over the edge, crying out Ivan's name as he came in harsh, hot spurts onto his stomach and chest. Even after his orgasm, the egg prodded his sweet spot, making him buck his hips. His cock twitched as if it were coming, but he had no cum left to spill. The intensity of it made him see white.

"Shit, Vanya, fuck me!" Arthur yelled, and Ivan 'did', going hard into the toy until he erupted, cum dripping down the sides and pooling at his fingers.

He licked his lips, panting, and said, "Vanya is filling you up~" He continued to move his hips into the toy, shooting until he was finished.

Arthur moaned as he imagined Ivan's cum flooding his arse and his insides pulsed and throbbed with want. "Oh, God, Vanya. I want you so bad... I want your real cock up my arse."

Ivan smiled. "I know, любить."

"Fuck, Francis," Alfred groaned. "I can't take anymore."

"Do it," Francis said huskily. "Come, my slut."

Not a moment after he was given permission, Alfred succumbed to his arousal and shot his load onto the bed. His hips twitched with every spurt, relief and pleasure making him moan loudly. The egg inside him continued to whirr and jab at his prostate, Alfred collapsing and shuddering from the overload.

Francis purred. "Taste your cum, my little whore."

Alfred did so with trembling fingers, scooping up his seed and sucking it off, arousal flaring in him with the taste of himself. "Mmm, Francis, you made me come a lot."

"Yes, Alfred~!" Francis cried out as he came into the toy, moving until his orgasm was complete. He lay there, coming down from his high. He could have enjoyed the moment more, though, if he were watching his cum leaking from Alfred's slutty ass.

All that could be heard on the line was heavy breathing.

"That was the best phone sex I've ever had." Arthur panted, turning the egg down a couple of notches until it was humming pleasantly against his sweet spot.

Francis smirked. "Out of how many? Two?"
"Shut up, or you're getting a clout to the head when we meet next."

"Are you angry?" Alfred asked with obvious delight. "Hey! Hey! You can take it out on me. There's no need to get Francis involved—"

Arthur sighed. "Alfred, will you just drop the fighting thing? It's getting a bit annoying now… I should never have fucked him angry. Well, that taught him. The American was always wanting more of something. Excessively so. Everyone knew that.

Alfred pouted. "You started it."

"And we watched it." Francis added.

"And we liked it." Ivan finished, pulling his wet cock out of the toy. "I would not mind seeing you go at Francis next. After all that fighting you two did before, it would be very fun to see how it turns out~"

"Oui, Arthur," Francis purred. "Teach me the lesson I never learned."

Arthur rolled his eyes. "I'm not starting that again." He tried to hide how much fucking Francis out of spite aroused him. He was already half hard just thinking about it.

"Thanks for the toys, babe." Alfred said to Ivan. "The vibrator was really good. Though I have to say it doesn't even come close to your big cock."

Ivan chuckled. "Of course. The little cock whore is always wanting bigger." Then he added, "And keep the eggs in."

"What?" Arthur asked, about to take his out. "Why?"

Ivan smirked darkly. "Because I want you all to be begging for cock by next meeting. You, too, Francis."

"Ahead of you, cher," Francis replied, slipping the egg inside him. He tested the levels, gasping and his legs shuddering on the highest one. "Oh, I wouldn't mind having this inside me. It feels so good~and everyone knows I would win."

Alfred stiffened at that. "Win what?"

"It seems that Francis has had this challenge before." Ivan said, giggling. "You all are to keep the eggs inside you until you arrive at the hotel tomorrow. Do not think about taking them out for even a little while; I can check the battery usage and I have rigged them to record how long it will be in you. And you cannot reset them unless you have key~"

"And you have the key, I'm assuming?" Arthur asked, almost irritably. Great. What a comfortable flight he'd be having. And everyone knew how much Arthur hated traveling—all the stupid people of the world congregating in one international place and he was forced to be among them. Ugh.

"Da," Ivan said. "Arthur, Alfred, you will start by putting the eggs on the lowest speed, then I will gradually increase it to full throughout today and tomorrow. But, since Francis has an advantage in this game, he will have to go full power from now until we next meet."

Francis didn't want to admit that he didn't think he could hold out for that long under such high teasing. But he was determined not to be outdone. He was French, after all. He would work through it. "Deal," he chirped.
Everyone else agreed. Francis turned the egg up and he moaned trying to keep his hips from moving, but it was hard. And speaking of hard,…

As if Ivan could read his mind, he said, "Oh, yes. No coming."

"What!" Alfred shouted in disbelief. "Dude, do you know how many times I jerk a day? Lemme see… uh, at least four times! And I'm not even through half yet for today… my balls are so going to hate you after this."

"But your ass will definitely love me later." Ivan replied.

Arthur groaned. Even though he wasn’t a horny teenager like Alfred, he would still have trouble coping. Contrary to popular beliefs, he did wank at least once a day, albeit discreetly. "I'm going to have a hell of a time trying to sleep tonight."

Ivan giggled. "Count cocks. It might help~"

"Well," Alfred sighed, looking at the phone. "My phone service is expensive as hell here, and unless I want a bill out the ass, I should probably let you go."

Francis laughed. "Your 'phone service' seemed pretty cheap to me…"

"Not my fault!" Alfred growled, blushing at the innuendo. "You wanted a whore, so you got a whore. Be happy!"

"I never said that I wasn't." Francis crooned. "Au revoir, mes amours."

"Прощайте, мои милые,"

"Sleep well, love."

Alfred huffed. "Like that's gonna happen. 'Bye, babes." And he regretfully hung up.

Arthur had just fallen asleep.

He was in a large meadow with colorful flowers and a blue sky. The sun was shining overhead. Flying Mint Bunny flew up to him, squeaking with glee, "You're back, you're back!"

Arthur plucked him out of the air and hugged him. "Aw, I've missed you, too. But things have been busy."

"Very busy," Uni said as he joined them. Arthur reached out to pat his head.

Arthur laughed nervously. "What do you mean? Just a lot of work, that's all!"

"You think by telling us to only meet you in your dreams that we would never find out that you're fucking three other nations?" Hook asked.

Arthur stiffened. "How… how did you find that out?"

Flying Mint Bunny looked up at him with cute, big eyes. "We've seen every dream."

Arthur could feel himself blanch. "W-what dreams?"

Hook ticked them off on his fingers. "Pirate sex with France, that dream where you tied America up
and whipped him because he had been a naughty boy. You riding Russia on the meeting room table in front of everyone…"

"Oh, and don't forget the one where France, America, and Russia were all pleasuring Arthur in a bed of black silk and roses." Flying Mint Bunny giggled. "I liked that one. It was sweet."

Arthur went red in the face and spluttered. "I—you—I can explain! I was—"

But he didn't have the chance to explain, a startling sensation snapped him out of his dream. He opened his eyes and gasped with the feeling coming from his arse.

So, Ivan had decided to turn it up now. Well that was just peachy.

Arthur moaned as his sweet spot was teased, hand going down to touch his hard cock, when he remembered the deal, and held off. His insides pulsed around the egg, the Briton moving his hips into a pillow, even though he knew it would only give him worse blueballs. Precum soaked the sheets.

"D-damn you, Vanya," Arthur moaned as he eventually drifted off, hours later, to wet dreams brought on by the egg. He couldn't escape the sex no matter how much he tried.

As his dream began, his magical friends gathered round.

"And here he goes again," Uni said, unimpressed.

"Such denial…" Hook said, then with passion, he added, "But with so much creativity~!"

"Shh!" Flying Mint Bunny hissed as the scene came into view: Ivan standing naked and hard with Arthur, in equal dress (or lack thereof), begging for a fuck. "It's starting… and pass the dream popcorn."

Translations:

мої любіт-my love

Прощайте, мої милі-Goodnight, my darlings

A Word From the Writer: Uh oh… who will win? All I can say is, Russia is certainly going to be enjoying himself when they get together now~

Next Chapter Hint: Lock your windows and doors… or not.
Not-So-Fatal Attractions

I think I know what's going to happen to those vibrator eggs after this...

Warning: Lemon, oral, rape scenario, cum swallowing, erotic spanking.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Not-So-Fatal Attractions

Arthur stood in front of the bathroom mirror, drying his hair as he had just gotten out of the shower. He looked down to dry the rest of his body, and when he looked back up, he gave a shocked cry.

Someone was standing behind him, staring into the mirror at him. Arthur went stock still, unable to move or even think before the man surged forward and wrapped his arms around his front.

Arthur writhed and shouted as he was dragged out into the hotel room. But he could not get away. Another man was waiting for him there, and Alfred was bound and gagged on the adjacent bed. The American watched through wide eyes as Arthur too was handcuffed and gagged, the two men handling him pushing him roughly down onto the bed.

His eyes met Alfred's and he looked back up at the attackers, shaking his head imploringly. But the men ignored him and laughed as they examined their victims.

"What did I tell you?" the shorter one asked with a smirk. "I've been monitoring their movements and copied their key card. I knew they would be alone."

The other man smiled. "It is so cute that they are brothers~we will have so much fun with them."

"Yes," the other replied, stroking his chin and peering lecherously down at them. "Hm, but who will you get?"

The taller man narrowed his eyes in thought before he pointed at Alfred. "That one. He was pretty mouthy when I was subduing him. I would like to put him in his place~"

Alfred growled through his gag, glaring, but the man only continued to smile amiably at him.

The smaller looked down at Arthur, who was still squirming on the bed. "Then I get this one. That's good... I wouldn't mind marking that nice body." His smile widened and Arthur shook his head, trying to roll off the bed.

But the man who had claimed him caught him before he could. "Not so fast. I believe I'm the one in charge here."

"We're," the other attacker corrected. He then turned back to Alfred and took the gag out of his mouth.

Alfred spit and coughed before growling, "Whadaya two bastards want?"

The attacker smiled. "Oh, I know for certain we will have tremendous fun together~Off the bed and on your knees."

Alfred glared up at him, still for moment, then slid down to the floor. He sat on his knees, hands still
bound by handcuffs behind him. They were making his wrists itch.

"What now, fucker?"

The attacker unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. It was semi-hard, large, and rosy. Alfred stared at it before shaking his head. "Nuh uh, hell no. I'm not sucking you off for shit."

But he was quickly snatched up by the hair, the back of his head pressed until his lips were smashed against the hard shaft. It throbbed with the contact. On the other bed, Arthur squirmed and made anxious noises in his throat.

"You will do as I say," the man said. "Now suck me."

Alfred glared up at him, and then he looked at Arthur. The man was shaking his head no, but Alfred didn't want him to get hurt if he disobeyed. So, with a growl, he took the cock into his mouth. He began with the head, delicately sucking, before swallowing the cock further and using his tongue to tease the veins and ridges. He just wanted it over with.

Across the room, Arthur was set to the same type of work. He complied, but not without running his teeth dangerously along the shaft. The man above him slapped him. Arthur bit his lip, holding in a moan at the pain.

"Now, now, darling." the man scolded. "You must be gentle or else I won't."

Arthur glared and continued to suck, lips moving up and down the shaft. It was soon at full mast, and Arthur went down further, hand going up to pump what he didn't have in his mouth. Precum leaked onto his tongue, and he eagerly lapped it up. His own cock was starting to swell at the taste.

He didn't realize he was moaning until the man looked down at him and muttered, "Arthur, stick with the scenario... you are not supposed to like this."

Arthur stopped, a blush rising to his cheeks at how loud he had been slurping and moaning around the cock in his mouth. He pulled off of it. "I apologize, Francis, but I can't really help it. You know I love sucking cock."

Alfred released the cock he was tending to and said, "Artie, don't spoil it! I was just starting to get horny." He pouted.

"Just starting?" Ivan asked incredulously. "I thought I conditioned you to get horny as soon as you saw me?"

Alfred batted his eyelashes at him. "Babe, I'm horny all the time. I'm talking about 'I want you to fuck me senseless right now' horny."

Ivan smirked and pressed Alfred's lips against his cock again. "That can arranged. But you will have to work for it first, шлюха."

Alfred fought to keep an equally devious expression off his face as he fell back into his victim persona, taking Ivan's cock back into his mouth and going down on it fully. Ivan groaned and threaded his fingers through Alfred's hair. They brushed his ahoge, and Alfred shivered. Ivan smirked and took Nantucket between his fingers, stroking it. Alfred moaned loudly around his shaft, going all the way down on him again. The sensation on Ivan's cock was delicious.

Francis brushed his own wet cock against Arthur's lips. "Get back to work, little slut. I want you to thoroughly milk my cock."
Arthur fought to keep from moaning at the statement, but he suppressed it, shuddering instead, and taking Francis's dick back into his mouth. He made sure to work the head with his tongue extensively; he had Francis moaning and thrusting softly into his mouth within a minute.

Thick precum spilled onto Alfred's tongue, and he knew that Ivan was close. So he went down, pulling back to tease the head with his tongue before repeating the process. Ivan growled and grabbed the back of Alfred's head, pushing him down, skull fucking him. Alfred didn't mind—the roughness aroused him.

Alfred was squirming, rubbing his thighs together to get friction to his own twitching cock. And then Ivan plunged his cock down Alfred's throat, coming in hot bursts, warming the American's stomach with his cum. Alfred moaned around him, swallowing eagerly, tongue still working the shaft.

Hearing his lovers' moans spurred Arthur on. He increased his pace, rapidly bobbing his head and pressing his tongue on the shaft. He fought to keep from coming himself as he swallowed the heady precum. Then Francis groaned and shot his seed down Arthur's throat. Arthur's lips clamped on and he swallowed, but Francis pulled on his hair, moving him off of his cock. The cockhead popped out of Arthur's mouth, the Briton squinting his eyes shut as cum covered his face and dripped down his chin. All the while, Arthur's hand was on Francis's cock, pumping the cum out of him.

Alfred and Ivan were watching, and Alfred looked up at Ivan, hoping the man was thinking what he was thinking. It was the Russian's say, after all.

When Ivan saw his look, he smirked. He reached down and released Alfred's hands from the handcuffs. "Such a little whore. You like to see your brother covered in cum, huh? Go on. Clean him up for us. Make sure to be thorough."

Alfred didn't say a word. He crawled over to Arthur, grabbed his face in both hands and ran his tongue through the cum he found there. Arthur moaned and captured his lips once Alfred had finished, thrusting his tongue inside, eager to taste more of Francis.

Alfred drew back, saliva connecting their swollen lips, pulling his shirt over his head. He surged toward Arthur again, and the Briton threw his arms around his neck (his hands still bound). Their mouths met again, this time with more need, and Alfred pushed Arthur to the floor, hunched over top of him.

Before they could get any farther, Francis snatched Alfred off of him and shoved him back to Ivan, who caught and held him firmly.

"Hey—Mm!" Alfred protested, but Ivan's tongue invading his mouth stopped the complaint. Alfred got lost in the moment, forgetting about the whole 'rape scenario' and kissing furiously back, hands in Ivan's hair, pulling him close. Oh God, he needed this. Having that egg in his ass all day had been torture.

When they parted, Alfred breathed, "Fuck me."

Ivan blinked, but smirked. He had since taken the eggs out of all of his desperate lovers. Unbeknownst to Arthur and Alfred (since they were in Paris), Francis had arrived first, with Ivan being one of the first foreign nations to get there. They talked over their plan, all the while Francis practically dry-humping his leg. Ivan couldn't resist. That and it was getting annoying and people were starting to stare. Yes, Francis had done this in the lobby. But, in Paris, Ivan doubted the locals were very shocked. In fact, they all seemed to be watching idly.

So, they had quickly headed to their room and it took all but thirty seconds for Francis to strip,
remove the egg, and sink down on Ivan's cock. It took twice that time and only a handful of thrusts for Francis to come.

Now Arthur and Alfred were desperately needy, and Francis and Ivan were eager to give them everything they needed.

With that, Ivan tossed Alfred onto the bed, stripping off his pants and underwear, pinning him there, the whole scenario forgotten. Alfred's eyes were wide before they narrowed with lust. Ivan clambered on top of him, kissing him breathless, before dropping down to suck and bite at Alfred's nipples.

Francis, who was temporarily distracted by the erotic display on the bed, was caught off guard when Arthur pulled him toward the other bed, lips locked. He pulled Francis down on top of him reaching down to stroke Francis's cock into readiness. The Frenchman moaned, and Arthur flipped them over so that he sat astride him, lips still connected. When they broke for breath, Arthur peered down at him in a daze of arousal, reaching back to give Francis's cock a few more quick pumps before lining it up with his entrance and sinking down on the length.

This was only the second time Arthur had ridden Francis, and it was just as delicious to watch as the first. Francis couldn't get enough of the movements of Arthur's hips as he moved up and down on his cock. Francis's hands gripped Arthur's hips as the Briton bounced on his lap.

On the other bed, Ivan's teasing had Alfred writhing and his cock drooling precum in excessive amounts. That goddamn egg had been inside him for so long and he needed release. Now Ivan was teasing him? Alfred had had enough. He would come before long, and he needed Ivan's cock in him, rubbing him raw like the egg couldn't do. That and his balls had been sore since noon.

Alfred squirmed and pulled at Ivan's hair. "V-Vanya, goddammit…"

Ivan smirked and ran his cold tongue up Alfred's flushed chest. "Are you wanting something, дорогой?"

"Fuck yes, Vanya, you know what I want."

"That is not an answer~" Ivan sang as he nibbled Alfred's ear and ground his cock against the American's thigh.

Alfred groaned with impatience and moved his legs, trying to lure that hard length into him. "F-fuck! Get your cock in me before I get off without you."

Ivan moved completely off of him, and Alfred whined. "In that case," he said, flipping Alfred over onto his stomach. Alfred yelped with the movement, only for it to peter into a moan when he felt Ivan's cock press against his hole. "I should get deep. I would not want my little шлюха to be unsatisfied."

Alfred cried out as he was thrust into, not out of the roughness of it, but out of pure relief. He finally felt full, and his insides clamped around Ivan when the man tried to pull out of him, not wanting to lose the feeling.

Ivan smiled at the tightness of him. "You have been wanting cock, da? Though I bet you could have wanted anything similar up your ass all day. " He leaned over Alfred, possessive, fingers digging into the paunch on Alfred's hips, giggling when he realized how much chubbier they had gotten. "Remember, Alfred, you are mine. Nobody can satisfy you like I can."

"Oh, fuck, Vanya." Alfred moaned, pushing back into the cock spearing him. "Fuck me, fucking
move… God, just the feel of you in me… gonna come…”

"Not just yet, шлюха," Ivan said huskily and he pulled out.

Arthur moaned at Alfred's desperate noises from across the room. He glanced over and saw that Ivan had Alfred pinned by the hips, going deep and hard. Alfred clutched at the blankets, face flushed a deep red, cock twitching and drooling beneath him. It was enough for an intense heat to creep up Arthur's cock, and soon he was coming, shouting Francis's name and covering the older nation's stomach with ropes of hot cum. He shot more times than he could count, and even after, his cock was twitching with his release, some of it getting on Francis's chin.

Arthur's insides squeezed and pulsed around Francis's shaft, and the Frenchman did not have to move before he shot his seed into his lover, Arthur moaning as the hot cum filled him.

Alfred watched Arthur shoot his load. The look on the Briton's face was pure ecstasy. Alfred's attention then returned to his own ass, which was throbbing and milking Ivan's cock as it moved roughly in and out of him, teasing his oversensitive prostate with harsh jabs that the egg could not duplicate.

"Oh, oh fuck, Vanya!" Alfred cried out, his hips rolling with uncontrollable force as he came on the bed. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, the cum leaving him with burning urgency and his ass clenching around Ivan almost possessively.

Ivan grunted, surprised when Alfred tightened to much around him that he could not pull out without risking injury to his lover. So he remained inside him, balls against his ass, the delicious pressure milking a large load out of him. With every shot of his cum against Alfred's over-worked prostate, the American moaned and more cum dribbled out of his own cock.

Arthur was so exhausted by the orgasm that had been boiling inside him, ready to come out, for a day and a half. His balls were slightly sore, but they were empty, which gave Arthur intense relief. His limbs turned to jelly, and he fell onto Francis, heart pounding and breaths heavy. Francis did not mind it; he had been the same way after Ivan had relieved him.

Arthur lifted his head and kissed Francis's jaw. "That was… it was…"

"Unbelievable?" Francis suggested, recalling the many adjectives he'd thought of after Ivan had fucked him earlier that day. "Indescribable? Extremely satisfying?"

Arthur hummed and raised himself on shaky elbows. "That and more, love." He kissed Francis softly, every muscle in him resonating fatigue.

Ivan pulled out of Alfred, watching his cum run down the American's quivering thighs. As soon as he was free of Ivan's grip, Alfred toppled over onto his side with a huff, chest heaving. "God… I hate that egg. I'd rather have your cock in me all day."

Ivan smiled and laid down in beside him, facing him, hand propping up his head. "I know, Alfred, but seeing you so desperately horny was so much fun~!"

"Care to join us?" Arthur asked drowsily from the other bed. "You've made quite the mess of that bed."

"Well, you made quite the mess of Francis." Alfred retorted, walking over and laying on the bed that Francis and Arthur were entwined on, Ivan following shortly after.

Arthur gave Francis an innocent look. "Oh, dear me, it looks like I have. I should probably clean up
after myself." And he slid down Francis's body to lap up his own cum, looking up at Francis through his blond lashes the whole time.

Francis groaned softly. "You are doing a good job, cher."

"Have I?" Arthur asked, fingers snaking down to prod at Francis's hole. "Aren't you still in need of a good fucking, love? I don't think I could manage, but Vanya—"

"Already have," Ivan answered with smirk.

Alfred glared. "What? Dude, that's so unfair! You mean Francis got off before us?"

Arthur took his fingers away from Francis's hole and Francis almost whined. Any time was a good time for fingering in his mind. "Probably got off because he was here first. And most possibly rubbing himself up against Vanya like a horned-up dog…"

Francis blinked. "How did you know that?"

Arthur crawled off of him to lay beside him. "How do I know? Francis, love, everyone knows. You do it at least twice during the meetings."

"Used to, amour." Francis corrected, kissing Arthur's cheek. "You know I could never stray from you. Not again, at least. You're too cute to see hurt."

Arthur rolled his eyes, but he couldn't keep down a warm blush.

Alfred, though, was still sulking. He turned his back to Ivan and crossed his arms. "Shoulda known. You've always been a cheater."

"Watch your mouth, шлюха." Ivan growled, giving Alfred a harsh swat on the ass.

Alfred yelped. "Ouch, babe, not so hard. I'm kinda sensitive there from the egg…"

"Then be nice~" Ivan replied, snuggling up to him and pinching his chubby sides. "Aw, look, it's so squishy. How cute~!"

Alfred scooted away from him a little. "'M not fat." he pouted.

"I never said that you were," Ivan replied. "Only that it was cute on you."

Alfred blushed and spluttered, "W-well, Artie always called me fat."

"No," Arthur corrected. "I just told you that you should eat healthier and exercise more."

"Who are you to give advice on eating healthier, cher?" Francis asked with amusement. "Your food is no better. Well, in taste at least."

Arthur fumed. "My food is perfectly fine! It's your pretentious French tastes that makes you hate everyone else's food except your own. Your opinion hardly counts!"

"Well, according to how many more people like my food than your's—"

"Alfred survived it, didn't he? Now shut it before I give you a good clout!"

"… That's what he threatened me with if I didn't eat all of his food…"
"Don't you start as well, Alfred!"

"I could punish him for you~" Ivan said with a smile and swatted Alfred's ass again.

Alfred gave a little gasp this time, and they all looked at him.

"W-what?"

Arthur smirked. "You like it~"

"I… I do not!"

"I don't even know why you waste your breath lying to me, git." Arthur said. "I raised you, after all. And I quickly found out that spanking didn't work on you. Now I know why."

Alfred leered. "I was troublesome for a reason, Art."

"I wouldn't mind watching him being spanked." Francis said offhandedly. "Would you, Arthur?"

Arthur got where he was going. "No. I honestly think the yank deserves it for mouthing off about my food. After all, I could have fed him nothing."

Alfred gasped as he was spanked again, heat rising from his abused ass cheeks. And… oh shit, Florida was at it again…

Ivan narrowed his eyes. "Let us see how much he can take without coming, da?"

And… it didn't take very long before that bed was soiled, too.

Translations:

dорогоi—darling

A Word From the Writer: And now we know why America got into trouble all the time. I wish I could have seen the disappointment on his face when England introduced the corner. XD

Next Chapter Hint: Nope, it's not Halloween. But who's complaining?
Bringin' Sexy Back

The boys are back… and they're dressed for success~

Warning: Lemon, oral, riding crop, 69, cum swallowing, cum swapping, pirate! England, assless chaps, and lots of leather

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Bringin' Sexy Back

Arthur was in the bathroom, buttoning up his breeches, and it was surprisingly difficult. No matter what he did, the goddamn top button refused to go into the hole. Finally, he huffed and gave up, pulling his sash lower so that it would cover the gap exposing his milk-white skin.

He couldn't believe it. Arthur had always been able to fit into his pirate suit, even after all these centuries. But now—of all times—he was having trouble. He could blame it on all of the vanilla ice cream he had been eating lately (eating was an understatement, more like inhaling), but Arthur was too ashamed to admit he'd fallen to Alfred's level of health… well, partly.

… But it wasn't like he was going to stop eating the vanilla ice cream.

He examined himself in the mirror, smirking. He wasn't going to be modest. He was damn sexy, and he knew it.

He slipped a robe on, grabbed his hat, and marched back out to the hotel room. Alfred was sitting on the bed, looking impatient. He was also wearing a robe, a brown Stetson hat by his side. He looked up and smiled eagerly as Arthur exited the bathroom

"We ready?"

"Yes," Arthur replied.

They made sure to look down the hallways to confirm that no one was there… not anyone they knew, at least. Then they quickly made their way to Ivan and Francis's shared hotel room. Arthur walked behind Alfred and watched the American's ass move under his robe. Each of his round cheeks were visible through the fabric and Arthur leered. He looked to not be wearing any underwear.

They knocked on the door and were whisked in immediately. Ivan and Francis were there, waiting for them, dressed in the same plush white robes offered by the French hotel.

"Shall we start?" Francis asked with a smirk and didn't wait for an answer as he untied the sash and pulled his robe off.

Arthur thought it curious—and hot—that Ivan had told them to bring what they considered to be their sexiest costume. Arthur wouldn't consider his pirate suit a costume (it deserved way more respect than that), but the idea of roleplay had his cock swelling. And now, it was jumping with excitement.

Francis was clad in his sky blue pirate suit. Arthur had always thought the excessive lace and ruffles made him look pompously noble, but now the Briton found that every part of it aroused him. As a
pirate, Arthur remembered having a great yearning to shag the hell out of Francis—mostly for dominance purposes and partly because Francis was such a goddamn tease, he deserved it. Arthur had been so caught up in his revenge that he didn't realize how good Francis looked in the suit. It fit him so well. It lit up his blue eyes, complimented his hair… and this was the first time Arthur was admitting that Francis didn't look like a crossdressing lord.

Francis caught Arthur's stare and smiled. "Well, Angleterre? Do you remember?" He did a little twirl and Arthur rolled his eyes, though his face was flushed with arousal.

Arthur slipped off his own robe with sensual slowness. He tossed the garment on the floor, having lost all care for it when he saw Francis's suit. "Well, I know you remember me."

"Mm, oui," Francis regarded Arthur with lustful eyes. His cock rose to full mast in his breeches and he licked his lips. Yes, it was true that Antonio was so hot as a pirate (and he still was) and that was the reason why they'd fucked so much, but Arthur… he was in a whole other league. Antonio was incredibly scary as a pirate, and there was no doubt that Arthur was the same… but the Briton leaned more to a sensual arrogance. Oh yes. Francis had heard from many a whore, crew member, and pirate lord how Arthur was not shy when it came to using his sexuality to get what he wanted. And most of the time, the men and women he bedded didn't even know what the sex entailed… Francis could see it in their eyes when they told him. He had always been one for gossip, especially if it involved sex. And he'd had plenty of spies to get him every juicy tidbit. He bet Arthur didn't know anything about that. "I remember you well."

Alfred looked between them, obviously entranced. They were so fucking hot! If only Arthur hadn't given up piracy when he found him. Now that Arthur would have been awesome—and hot.

Alfred eventually came back to his senses, taking off his robe and also dropping it to the floor. His outfit seemed so scant compared to Arthur's and Francis's. He'd bought this online at some fetish store to use with Matthew and Kiku a while back. They'd enjoyed it, so he figured that his current lovers would also.

And he found he was right as they all examined him, eyes running up and down his body, pausing at exposed patches of skin and at the obvious tent in his pants.

"Excellent choice, cher." Francis commented, his cock twitching with approval.

He'd gone cowboy again. He knew it was sexy. But he switched it up a little. Black leather vest that hung open, exposing his chest and stomach. A studded belt held up his assless chaps (again, black leather). A pair of boots topped it off… along with his hat.

Ivan's eyes had darkened as he examined Alfred's exposed backside. "Hm, how convenient."

"I see someone was kinky before this." Arthur said with a smirk.

Alfred shrugged. "Just takin' requests. Then again, it was fun to participate in the Gay Pride Parade," he laughed.

Arthur felt his cock twitch. Imagining Alfred out in public in that… exposed to any wandering hand… but of course Arthur would never let them get close. He would do the groping himself—and he would love every minute of it. The Parade. He'd have to think about that. It had been a good long while since he'd seen row upon row of hot, scantily clad men…

His thoughts were cut off as Ivan disrobed and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head.

Leather. Black. And, oh fuck, did Ivan look hot in it. Tight pants ran the length of his legs. A spiked
belt was wrapped around his waist. An ebony vest hung open, exposing his pale chest and muscles. A choker encircled his neck, and a black military cap rested on his head.

Arthur wanted nothing more than to walk over and run his hands over Ivan's chest and abs... then again, he would have loved to feel his massive cock, which was stretching the leather material of the tight pants, outlining every ridge and curve. As he looked, the shaft twitched.

Alfred groaned in his throat. His ass pulsed. He wanted it bad.

Francis bit his lip as Ivan slipped the riding crop from his belt. He flashed a glance at Arthur, knowing the Briton loved to be punished. Arthur had his eyes fixated on it.

Ivan chuckled and said, "You like? Well, with you being such whores, I'd figured..." He ran the leather end of the crop over his lips before his tongue darted out to taste it.

Arthur cleared his throat, eager to get on. "L-let's start." As much as he wanted Ivan's cock....

Francis didn't have time to react as Arthur grabbed for him and kissed him roughly. It was a sloppy kiss, but it didn't fail to excite the Frenchman. When they parted, Arthur gave him a domineering look before shoving him sideways down onto the bed. Francis moaned as Arthur snatched up his arm, flipping him over onto his back.

The Brit smiled wickedly down at him. "Always such a stubborn cur. It's finally time to put ya in yer place." Arthur then climbed onto the bed, straddling Francis's chest, slipping out his hard and dribbling cock and running his ringed hand up and down the shaft. Francis watched with mounting arousal. "Ye've wanted m'cock, haven't ya, ya French harlot? Well, now's yer chance." He brushed the tip of his wet cock over Francis's plump lips, chuckling as he watched his precum smear on them. "Get ta suckin', slut."

Francis didn't wait for the command; he already had Arthur's cockhead in his mouth, tongue rolling over it, lapping up the precum that spilled. His own cock was straining in his suit and he felt incredibly feverish. Sure, he'd sucked Arthur off many times before, but pirate Arthur... just the sight and sound of him could make him come.

After a minute or so of light teasing, Arthur pulled his dick out of Francis's mouth. The Frenchman's rapid breaths felt cool on his moist cock. "Eh, stop pullin' m'plonker and suck it right." And he shoved his whole cock into Francis's mouth, down his throat. Francis gagged a bit at the sudden entry, but was just as quickly sucking him. Arthur smiled at the power it gave him to see Francis beneath him, mouth around his cock. And it was so goddamn hot. Shit, what would have happened if he'd done this all those years ago? Francis would have been his little French pet. He'd store him in his cabin, be the only one who could fuck his mouth and ride his arse... Arthur groaned ruefully at all the possibilities that could have come from it.

Seeing Arthur's slick cock slide sensuously in and out of Francis's mouth had Alfred hard and leaking easily. He flashed a wanton look at Ivan and the man wasted no time walking over and grabbing one of Alfred's asscheeks with nearly bruising force. The pain made Alfred moan and he pushed against the hand roughly holding him.

"That's a nice grip ya got there, stud." Alfred said playfully and winked.

Ivan smiled. "All the more to punish you with, my dear." He then dipped his hand to run his fingers beneath Alfred's balls and over his asshole.

Alfred moaned and wiggled his hips. "Oh, fuck, Vanya. Punish me all ya fuckin' want..."
"Such a naughty little cowboy." Ivan leered and removed his hand. Alfred whined. "Go to the wall and put your hands against it. Up, where I can see them. And spread your legs."

Alfred groaned in anticipation, walking over to the wall and doing just what Ivan said. Normally, he would have been defiant. Normally, he would have taken Ivan for a little ride before getting down to business. But Ivan's outfit was all business. And that riding crop left no room for the slow and steady.

Ivan approached him from behind, tapping the riding crop in his hand. "Well, well, it looks like the slutty cowboy seduced the sheriff into letting him out again. I guess I should teach you a lesson, da?"

The first harsh slap of the crop resounded throughout the room and Arthur and Francis turned to watch, Francis's tongue and mouth moving quicker on Arthur's straining cock. Alfred gasped and cringed at the sting that crawled up his spine, but he arched his back, jutting his ass out so that Ivan had further access to it. Another slap and Alfred was moaning. Slap! His cock was throbbing. Slap! He was screaming. Slap! A long string of precum stretched down to the plush maroon carpet.

Ivan giggled with each lash, his strikes increasing in strength and his own cock swelling from the mixed moans of pain and arousal he was extracting from his lover. With the influx of power, came more force, and soon Alfred's ass was a glowing red from his merciless lashes and his voice was shrill with need.

And then Ivan altogether stopped and Alfred was left exposed and wanton, breaths heavy and limbs shaking. He glanced back at Ivan desperately, "C'mon, man, shit…"

Ivan's smile widened dangerously. "You want more, da?"

Alfred nodded, face red.

Ivan giggled. "Then I will give."

Alfred turned back around, anticipating, ass radiating heat and soreness, but he didn't care. It felt fucking amazing. No wonder Arthur liked this!

Arthur took in Alfred's condition and moaned. Oh, yes. He could tell his brother was thoroughly enjoying his punishment. And there was no doubt that Arthur enjoyed watching Alfred being punished while his own dick was sliding in and out of Francis's hot mouth.

Francis's mouth had clamped down on Arthur's cock with the scene, sucking with fervor. He could feel a spot of precum soak through his breeches, and he knew that before long it would be a big wet spot. Good. Then maybe Arthur would notice and move it along. As much as Francis loved sucking Arthur off, he was reaching his peak and he didn't have long.

Alfred shivered as he felt the leather trace softly over one of his asscheeks, disturbing the burns and making the sensitive skin itch. But he pushed back into it nonetheless.

Ivan chuckled as he ran the leather down Alfred's crack. When he paused at his entrance, Alfred arched his back and gasped as Ivan moved the crop into him. It felt so weird. Thin and wiry, pliable, jabbing, and just plain uncomfortable… until it brushed his prostate. "Oh, fuck, Vanya… oh, ah, FUCK!" He was so caught off guard, that he arched his back, cock throbbing as hot cum shot urgently out of him, coating the wall before him. He kept shooting, moaning with each wave, hips rolling gently back on the crop inside him, further teasing his sweet spot.
Arthur watched Alfred's cock shoot ribbons of white cum, seemingly exploding. Oh God. That crop must have felt really good…

And before he knew it, the heat overtook his cock and came erupting out. He growled as he filled Francis's stomach, the Frenchman greedily swallowing as Arthur pumped in and out of his mouth. The wet spot on Francis's breeches rapidly spread.

Before Alfred was fully finished, Ivan pulled the crop out of him, the American giving a needy groan. But he was met with a rough lash across his cheeks.

"I did not tell you to come yet, slut." Ivan growled, and his voice sent a chill up Alfred's spine.

"Vanya…" Alfred whined, turning around and looking at him with pleading eyes. "God, fuck me. Please, Vanya… I'm-I'm sorry, please…” He looked so pitiful, standing there with his ass red and cum running down his legs.

But Ivan remembered their little game and snatched Alfred up by his arm. The younger nation yelped as he landed on the bed next to Francis and Arthur.

Alfred moaned when he saw the cum on Francis's mouth and realized that Arthur must have come, too. That made him feel a little better. At least he wasn't the only one.

But the begging. Alfred hated begging, but that crop had done things to him and it was so thin… and he needed something thicker, something hot and pulsing. And he needed it soon. He hadn't got enough with that crop, and his sweet spot was practically itching for more.

Francis pulled off of Arthur's cock, licking it clean until Arthur pushed him away for the sensitivity. "Enough, ya slut." He climbed off of him to stand at the foot of the bed, unbuttoning his shirt for Francis's visual pleasures. He looked down and chuckled when he saw the wet spot on Francis's breeches. "Ah… ever the whore. Comin' from the feel a m'cock in yer mouth." He pushed aside Francis's sash, unbuttoned Francis's breeches. Francis moaned, anticipating, Arthur's hand reaching inside to pull out his wet, spent cock. It was still hard.

Arthur looked up at him, his determined gaze making Francis's whole body heat. That look… he'd received it before. So many times during his pirate days. God, how he'd wanted to fuck him right then…

"Now, I'll give ya a real taste a m'meat. Not French or anythin' yer used ta, but what I'm sure you'll consider better'n anythin' you've ever tasted." Francis's eyes were half-lidded as Arthur lined himself up with his hole. He looked at Ivan and Alfred, who were silently watching them. "Hey! I didn't say ya got any breaks! I believe you were punishing the bitch?" He stared expectantly at Ivan.

Ivan smiled. Arthur had that look… the mischievous one. That meant he had a plan. A plan Ivan was sure he would like. He nodded. "Any suggestions, Captain?"

Arthur smiled at the title and said, "Thinkin' he needs a cock in that lowly, beggin' mouth a his." He motioned to Francis. "A 69, hm?"

Francis's cock jumped with excitement, and Arthur noticed, chuckling. Alfred quickly got up and crawled over, thrusting his tongue into Francis's mouth. Francis responded in kind, practically swallowing him. Alfred groaned when he tasted Arthur's cum on Francis's tongue.

"Move yer scarlet arse!" Arthur ordered, and they broke their kiss, breathless.

"Shit," Alfred breathed. "If you were still like this when you first fucked me…"
Francis smiled. "Then it would have been more fun, oui?"

Alfred decided it would be best to move before Arthur became impatient again. He straddled Francis backwards, lowering his cock so that it brushed Francis's lips. Alfred breathed against Francis's cock in turn, lips skimming over the taut, pulsing skin.

"What're ya waitin' fer?" Arthur asked. "Get ta work, filthy whores."

Alfred took Francis's cock into his mouth, looking up at Arthur for approval. Arthur nodded and stared back down at him. Oh God. That look. He could come.

How had Francis ever *survived* that?

Francis, meanwhile, had welcomed the new cock into his mouth, once again groaning at the feel of a cock against his tongue. He pressed against it, lips moving, swallowing and teasing the head before taking it deeper, down, into his throat. Alfred moaned around Francis's cock, rolling his hips softly.

Ivan and Arthur met eyes.

"Shall we?" Arthur asked with a smirk.

"Da, how else will we satisfy these sluts?"

They timed their thrusts perfectly, so that Alfred and Francis both were crying out in pleasure as their lovers' cocks sunk into them.

Oh God. Oh God, oh, God, oh God. Pirate Arthur was fucking Francis. *Fucking* him. He'd felt Arthur's cock before, but now it felt different… surreal, amazing. Maybe it was the sight of Arthur clad in his suit or the seductive smirk he had on his face as he fucked him.

Alfred wiggled his hips, eager for Ivan to move, needing his prostate to be so mercilessly jabbed like the crop had done. But now he felt so full… Ivan's thick cock got to every crevice, and he was stretched nearly to his limits. Imagining all that meat pounding his sweet spot… Alfred held off his orgasm by focusing on swallowing all of the precum pouring from Francis's cock.

And his *brother*. Arthur looked sexier than ever. If this was the man who'd raised him, would he have… fucked him when Alfred was old enough? Alfred had wanted it even when Arthur was just Arthur, but he'd been such a prude…

"Alfred,"

He looked up at Arthur's voice and found his face captured as well as his lips. Fingers tugged incessantly at his hair and the angle was kind of uncomfortable and his cock was straining in Francis's hot mouth more than ever… but Arthur's tongue felt so good against his, exploring his mouth. And he tasted… like rum. Weird. Had Arthur actually put thought to how he should *taste* for the part? Alfred hadn't thought of that, and it made him feel a bit stupid… but it was a great touch, and he found himself chasing eagerly after the taste with his tongue until Arthur pulled back and smirked.

"I want ta see ya take cum from both ends." Arthur muttered huskily, and Alfred felt precum shoot out of his cock and down Francis's throat. The Frenchman hungrily swallowed. And Arthur smirked, like he knew what affect he'd had on Alfred. Fuck that. Arthur *always* knew. There was no guessing…

Then the thrusting started—fast and furious, no room for slow starting, just plain, lustful fucking. But
Francis and Alfred didn't mind. They almost forgot about the cocks in their mouths with all the pleasure coming from their asses.

The forceful thrusting had Alfred's nose brushing Arthur's abdomen, and Alfred lifted his head from Francis's cock, running his tongue up the exposed skin. Arthur moaned softly and looked down, giving a harsh, calculated thrust that had Francis releasing Alfred's cock to gulp down large amounts of air, all of it forced from his lungs.

Ivan was thoroughly enjoying watching his lovers tend to each other's cocks with their mouths. And he also liked the view of buccaneer Arthur plowing into Francis. There was no mercy in the calculated roll of Arthur's hips; he meant to get deep and go hard, and the grunts and growls spilling from his lips were enough to tell Ivan that centuries of lust were going into this romp.

Alfred's sweet spot felt fully exposed, like Ivan's cock had broken through some sort of barrier, and he gladly met the Russian's thrusts, moaning uncontrollably around Francis's cock, swallowing both shafts deep. Ivan chuckled behind him, gladly driving hard into him, landing a harsh swat to Alfred's abused ass.

Alfred felt a bit self conscious as his ass was jostled, knowing that he had gotten a bit pudgier since their last romp. But his worries were quickly swept away as the pain shot straight to his cock and it throbbed in Francis's mouth.

"Vanya, fuck yes!"

For the second time that day, Francis swallowed cum, hot and creamy against his tongue. He felt it burn down his throat all the way to his stomach, joining Arthur's spent essence. Alfred lightly fucked Francis's mouth, but the Frenchman grabbed his hips, pulling him so that Alfred's cock slid down Francis's throat to the root and the younger nation's ass was pressed back onto Ivan's dick.

"Damn, Francis..." Alfred moaned softly, the new position making his cock expel a few more streams of cum. The amount of it surprised Francis, and a drool of white began to drip out around his lips as he hurried to swallow it all.

And just like that, Francis's focus broke; Arthur, having seen him repeatedly go down on Alfred and leak his cum from his mouth, drove into Francis with reckless abandon.

Francis cried out at the sudden quick jabs to his prostate and plunged his cock into Alfred's moaning mouth, shooting streams of cum down the American's throat. Alfred groaned and pressed his fingers to Francis's pulsing balls, urging the semen out and down his throat.

Alfred released Francis's cock, a string of saliva connecting his swollen lips to the head and white cum running down his chin. Arthur stared at him, cock jumping inside of Francis, salivating at the prospect of the taste of cum. Alfred caught him looking and raised himself up on shaky arms, welcoming Arthur's tongue in. Arthur eagerly lapped up the cum on his youngest lover's chin before plunging his tongue in, lapping up Francis's cum and swallowing it with fervor.

The taste of it was enough to push him over the edge. He thrust a couple more times before filling Francis's insides. He buried his fingers in Alfred's hair as he tried to back away, stretching his tongue deeper, keeping their lips connected as Arthur moaned into the his mouth.

Francis moaned as Arthur's cum warmed him, running his tongue over Alfred's spent balls. Alfred came up for air, Arthur finally releasing him, gasping and pushing back against the slick, teasing muscle.
Alfred's insides were pulsing and squeezing around Ivan—they had been for a few minutes now. Alfred greedily milked his cock, shots of cum attacking his oversensitive prostate and making his arms give out. He collapsed on top of Francis as Ivan finished, the Frenchman abandoning his balls, tongue trailing up to catch the trails of cum that had escaped from Alfred's hole.

Ivan took time to catch his breath before pulling slowly out, enjoying the feel of Alfred's throbbing ass. As he did, Francis let his tongue run along the bottom of the shaft, tasting him, before going in for more. Alfred jumped and squeaked as Francis's tongue invaded him. He'd been rimmed before, but that was proceeding the actual fucking. It kept up his high and felt incredibly good, until Francis's tongue brushed over his sweet spot and the pleasure was too much for Alfred to endure. He moved away, and Francis understood. He withdrew his tongue, swallowing. Now he had all of their cum inside him. He felt drowsily warm.

They didn't say anything for a minute or so, not until Arthur pulled out of Francis. The Frenchman whined at the loss and the feel of the Briton's cum dribbling out of his ass.

Arthur scoffed. "Don't be greedy, you've tasted plenty of cum today."

Francis smiled. "You say that like it's a bad thing, amour."

Arthur flopped onto the bed, tossing his hat carelessly onto the floor. "I'm not. I'm just implying that your arse milked my balls dry. For now."

"You're one to talk, babe." Alfred flashed a sleepy look at Arthur as he rolled off of Francis and onto his back on the bed. "I was sure for a moment you were gonna suck all the cum from my stomach."

Arthur flushed a bit and smirked. "Glad to hear you enjoyed it."

"We should really clean up." Ivan said, examining the bed and themselves. "We made a mess."

Francis waved his hand in a dismissive gesture. "Just let the maids clean it up. It wouldn't be the first they had to tend to cum-stained sheets."

"And what about your suit?" Arthur asked, looking at him guiltily. "You've soiled it."

Francis raised his eyebrows. "Oh? Is that concern I hear? Pour moi?"

"I-it's a prized piece of history and it should be tended to regularly is all I'm saying!"

Francis rolled his eyes. "Sure," And he winked at him. Arthur scoffed like he could care less, but his reddening face gave him away.

"That was so fucking hot." Alfred said, eyes half-lidded. They would soon be completely closed, because he was exhausted. "Leather, pirates, riding crops, mmm…" His eyes slipped shut.

Ivan giggled. "I think he is asleep."

"Let's hope that we gave him enough material for plenty of wet dreams." Francis said with a smirk.

"Gay Pride Parade…" Arthur grumbled jealously. "I can't believe the git would let crowds of people see him in that tawdry thing…"

"Oh, that is nothing, cher," Francis said. "You should see what I wear on Mardi Gras… or rather what I don't."

Ivan smirked. "Someone sounds jealous that they did not see Alfred in it earlier~"
"Oh, definitely," Arthur replied, surprising them. "You think I would have disapproved of him wearing it in public? Among equally-clad men? Absurd. However, I wouldn't have minded being part of the spectators. Now that I think about it, the gay rallies in my country are conservative compared to California."

"Alfred once told me there's something in the water over there." Francis said. "I'm not sure what it might be, but I have feeling it has something to do with moi."

"And why do you think that?" Arthur asked.

"Arthur, mon amour," Francis purred. "Have you never read of French culture?"

"I try not to…"

"Oh, so that is the reason I could not get you into my bed all those years~"

"Absolutely fucking not! Don't you try to use your froggy mind to twist this around!"

"… But, amant, it is curious that one of your own habits got you this close to me."

"Th-that was a trick! I'd forgotten to never drink with you around!"

Francis went quiet and Arthur comprehended what he'd just said. His anger evaporated. "Francis, that's not what I meant. I'm glad that this happened, but… well, it's just so bloody annoying when you win a fight."

Francis leered and ran a slender finger down Arthur's exposed chest. "You could show me my place, amour…"

Arthur frowned. Goddamn his fighting fetish! "Not you, too. I thought I just weaned Alfred off of that…"

"Oui, but what is there for me to be weaned off of if I have not tried it?" Francis asked eagerly.

Arthur huffed and turned over. "Too bloody tired… haven't you already had enough cock stuffed up your arse for one day?"

Francis moved so that he held Arthur close to him, the Briton's back pressed to Francis's front. "Do not act like you don't know the answer to that, Arthur. You have known me for centuries, after all." And he nibbled Arthur's ear.

"Stop that, sodding wanker!" Arthur wanted to sound annoyed, but it came out as a laugh instead.

Ivan watched his two lovers play and his other one soundly sleeping beside him. Arthur and Francis, pirates, laughing, together… this was truly a photographic moment. He looked down at Alfred and smiled, running his hand down the American's chest before he gently pinched a nipple. Alfred moaned softly in his sleep, thighs rubbing together as his exposed length swelled. Ivan giggled. Perhaps… he could have his fun as well.

Let's see truly how deep you sleep, Alfred. Ivan held down another giggle as he palmed Alfred's cock.

Meanwhile, outside the room, Elizaveta hit a button on her tape recorder.

"Did you get all of it?" Lili asked with eager eyes.
"Yup," Elizaveta smirked. "And I've got a plan about what to do with it."

"What is it?" Lili asked excitedly.

"I'm going to first make copies of this and sell them on eBay for a fairly expensive price. Though I doubt my regular customers would mind—they know I bring the goods. Then I'm going to take care of all that tension bullcrap going on between Austria and that idiot Prussia."

"How?" Lili urged.

But Elizaveta shook her head. "Now, that would be giving away my plan, and that's top secret stuff." Then she nudged Lili and winked. "But I'll just say that their rooming together was all me. And when they get back from the bar, they'll be hearing some pretty… peculiar noises coming from a very hard-to-find place. Let's see how long it takes before I'll be recording them, eh?"

"Can I listen, too?"

She placed a hand on Lili's shoulder. "We yaoi fangirls… we stick together."

No translations!

A Word From the Writer: So… I guess we all know what the theme for Hungary's next costume party's going to be, eh? *eyebrow waggle*

Next Chapter Hint: If sex is the prefix for six…
Hetalia boys are like candy. Four just isn't enough. XD

Warning: Lemon, oral, two surprise 'guest' lovers, swinging, double penetration, cum swallowing.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

The More the Sexier

Ivan giggled with excitement as he guided Francis, Arthur, and Alfred to the hotel room. They were blindfolded, and he ushered them on like sheep (though there was a mishap and Alfred had run into a wall, but it was all good).

"What the fuck do you have planned, Vanya? I'm still not sure I'm comfortable with that laugh."

"Relax, Alfred. And I cannot tell you. It is a surprise~!"

"Oh no," Arthur said worriedly. "You mean a surprise like 'Look, I've discovered and stockpiled hydrogen bombs' or 'I have a plan about how to make our shags amazingly hotter'?"

Ivan feigned pondering to make them all uncomfortable. He giggled again. "You know how we were discussing our fantasies about the other nations?"

Francis hummed. "Mm, oui, though I starkly remember I had a great deal more fantasies than everyone else…"

Arthur scoffed. "That's because all you think about is sex."

Francis smirked. "And you admit that sex is not all you've been thinking about?"

Arthur smiled. "Oh, I didn't say that. Just wait till I top next, you cheek. Then you'll get what I've been 'thinking about'."

"I'm looking forward to it, cher."

"As long as I can watch!" Alfred said.

"Okay~," Ivan trilled, swiping his key card and pushing the door open. "We are here." He guided them inside and faced them toward the bed. "Now… take off your blindfolds~"

Alfred was the first to swipe his off, always one for surprises, and he smiled.

"Oho, it looks like Vanya has gotten creative."

Kiku was laying out on one of the beds, completely nude. If he were alone with Alfred and Matthew, he wouldn't have been shy about showing himself off. But with the other three pairs of eyes on him, Kiku held his thighs together, lightly blushing. He looked incredibly innocent, though Alfred knew the Japanese was anything but.

Francis smirked. "Ah, how nice. Two cute nations for us to play with."
"What?" Alfred blinked. "What the hell are you talking about, Francis? I don't see—"

"Oh, Canada." Arthur said when he finally noticed Matthew who was laying right beside Kiku. The young man was also naked, though he seemed a little bolder than Kiku, with his thighs set slightly apart and an arm resting over a jutted-out hip. Actually, the pose seemed purposefully teasing. A talent picked up from Francis, Arthur assumed. His eyes swept over the cockhead that was peeking out between the Canadian's legs and he felt his own swell. There was no doubt that he found Matthew appealing. He looked almost exactly like Alfred, except he tended to be less loud and more cute.

Alfred finally located Matthew and said, "Hey, bro! Glad you could join us."

Matthew rolled his eyes and sighed. "Oh, don't mind me. I'm just laying here devoid of clothes and horny for no other reason than to be ignored."

"Oh, mon lapin," Francis said. "I will certainly not be ignoring you."

Matthew scoffed. "Yeah, now that you see me."

"Since I heard that you and them had a hot little threesome going on," Ivan said to Alfred. "I thought that they would be the best candidates to add a bit of excitement to our romp."

"Cool!" Alfred smiled. "Though I'm surprised you got Kik here. He tends to be a bit conservative."

"I am horny." Kiku replied, surprising everyone. Though his face flushed a deep red as he said it. "Nii-san has been busy lately, so he hasn't been paying much attention to me."

"Let me guess," Arthur said flatly. "Money?"

Kiku nodded, and Francis crooned, "Oh, mon chéri Japon. You are too beautiful to ignore."

Kiku's blush went to his ears and he looked away.

"What about you, Mattie?" Alfred asked, curious.

Matthew shrugged. "I know Gil slept with Francis, so I figured it would only be fair if I got some."

Francis blinked, ashamed. "Mais, how did you—?"

"I can smell your cologne from a mile away." Matthew replied. "But don't feel bad. You should've seen what I gave him when he got home. Heh, he'll never cheat again."

Francis's eyes darkened. "I see you took some tips from me."

Matthew smiled. "Of course, you raised me."

"Okay, so," Alfred said, impatient to get going. "How're we going to do this shit?"

"I was thinking..." Ivan didn't want any of his lovers to be fucked by anyone else. That was his own exclusive right, as Francis had learned. "That Matvey and Kiku are to be getting a good taste of cock."

Alfred smirked as he saw Matthew squirm a bit on the bed. "Heh, I think Mattie would love that. He and I share a liking for big cocks."

"Lucky man," Arthur commented. "Prussia has the thickest."
"Yeah," Matthew said, licking his lips and spreading his thighs a little. His cock swelled between his legs. "But its still nice to sample."

"So," Francis said with a smirk. "One to the two of us, I expect?"

"Da," Ivan agreed. "Pair up and pick your slut."

"Well, you know I am going pick mon petit Mathieu." Francis answered.

"It's only fair that I should have him too since he's my bro." Alfred said.

Arthur eyed Ivan. "Then we get Kiku."

Kiku looked at Ivan, his eyes traveling down to his crotch and the prominent tent in it. Oh God, he couldn't believe it. He was going to have that cock inside him. The very thought frightened and aroused him at once.

"Da, I have a plan." He looked at Kiku. "Onto the other bed. We will need room."

Kiku did as he was told, his cock growing as he felt their eyes on him all the way to the other bed. He lay down on it, deciding to encourage them by spreading his legs, reaching down, and palming his cock. "Any particular position?"

Arthur's eyes darkened. "Hands and knees."

Kiku moaned and turned over, ass facing them, spreading his legs. He glanced back over his shoulder. "Well? I'm ready."

"Hm," Francis hummed. "I like that position." He looked at Matthew. "You, too."

Matthew got on his knees, elbows holding him up. He gave his cock a couple of pumps. He took off his glasses and set them on the side table.

Alfred examined his brother's cock with desire, undressing. "I would love to feel your big cock in me, bro. But I don't think Vanya would allow it."

"Mmm, that's okay." Matthew replied. "I need a good fucking anyway."

"So, what's the plan?" Francis asked after he was naked.

"Well, seeing as he asked for it," Alfred said with a smirk. "How about the ol' double p?"

"Oh, I haven't had that in a while." Matthew said, wiggling his ass enticingly. "Come on! I didn't come here to hear you two talk."

"Alfred's impatience has rubbed off on you, it seems." Francis said, taking hold of Matthew's hips.

"Oh, it's been more than just rubbing." Alfred replied in his smartass way as he tapped Matthew's thighs. "Hey, make room."

Matthew spread his legs a bit more so that Alfred could slide beneath him. Alfred smirked and moved his hands down Matthew's chest, rolling his nipples around in his fingers. Matthew moaned and pushed back against Francis, loving the feel of the Frenchman's cock on his ass.

"Are you too impatient for foreplay, mon cher?" Francis purred, running slicked fingers up Matthew's ass crack. He stroked a thumb around his hole before pushing it in, teasing. Matthew
gasped and pushed back against the digit.

"Hell yes," Matthew half-moaned as Alfred's hand continued down to stroke his cock and fondle his balls. "Get your cocks in me. I haven't been so full for a while…" Just the prospect of it was making his cock drool over Alfred's teasing fingers.

Alfred scoffed. "You mean ever since we stopped fucking." He kissed up Matthew's jaw. "And you call me needy." He gave Matthew a teasing peck to the corner of his lips. The Canadian turned his head and their lips brushed.

"No kissing on the mouth." Ivan snapped jealously.

Alfred gave a whine, but Ivan's look left no room for argument. Reluctantly, Alfred pulled away—but not before his tongue darted out to lick over his brother's pouting lips. Matthew moaned, wanting so badly to suck on it, but knowing Ivan would kill him if he did. Or, at least something close to kill.

Alfred glanced over at Ivan, who was watching with a displeased expression and Alfred smirked. "You didn't say no licking."

"Now I do. And no biting on the lips either."

Alfred frowned, but he continued to kiss and lick and nip around Matthew's mouth, never quite touching it, relishing in his brother's whines and Ivan's fierce gaze. He wanted to see just how far he could push the Russian before he was seething with jealousy.

"I want your tongue in my mouth so bad, Mattie." Alfred moaned, kissing down Matthew's neck. His hand was still stroking the Canadian's leaking cock.

Matthew groaned and nipped at Alfred's throat. "You're such a fucking tease, Al." Then his voice dropped to a level that only Alfred could hear. "Careful, or Ivan might just pound me to dust because of you."

"Chill, bro, and lemme taste every part of your skin." Matthew was shut up with a groan.

Alfred truly missed his brother's taste. The sweetest part of Matthew was his mouth… no doubt from all the syrup he consumed. And Alfred was very disappointed that he wasn't allowed to touch and taste Matthew like he wanted. He had, after all, never been barred from anything when it came to sex. No matter what, he always got his way.

But Ivan could not be swayed. He knew how to say no to Alfred, and he was firm. But that didn't mean that Alfred couldn't tease him for having a stick up his ass. No kissing was no fun. But Alfred knew why Ivan wanted him to hold back. Alfred was, after all, Ivan's.

Matthew was aroused and nervous at the same time. Feeling Ivan's glare on his back was seriously freaking him out. As much as he wanted to plunge his tongue into Alfred's mouth himself, he wished that his brother would stop. Matthew knew that Alfred always pushed a little too far.

Alfred, though, continued on. He kissed up his jaw, nibbled at the corners of his mouth. When Ivan finally growled out a warning, Alfred stopped, and Matthew could finally relax. But Alfred's teasing had left him with a raging hard on.

Satisfied that Alfred was behaving (for now), Ivan turned to Kiku, who was still in position on the bed. The older man's eyes were fixated on the other bed, his face red, and his cock leaking between his thighs. Kiku looked so small… and Ivan couldn't wait to bury his cock in what could only be a very tight ass.
Arthur caught him staring at Kiku's tempting backside and said, "I see you'll be the one fucking him?"

Kiku flinched, shunted from his focus on Matthew, Alfred, and Francis, back to Ivan and Arthur. His hole twitched with the thought of Ivan's massive length in him. He hadn't taken that big a cock in a long time, but he was eager for it.

"Da, and I think that he has a good mouth."

Arthur chuckled as he stripped down and got on his knees in front of Kiku. He brushed the head of his swollen cock against Kiku's lips, precum smearing on them. "Let's see how good you suck cock."

"But, Arthur," Kiku said, looking up at him beneath his ebony lashes. "I thought you already knew how good I am."

Arthur chuckled and threaded his fingers through Kiku's hair, feeling the man's tongue test his slit. "Well, it's been a while."

"Too long," Kiku said, all embarrassment and timidity disappearing with the taste and feel of Arthur's cock in his mouth. "Mmm," he hummed, going down halfway on him. Contrary to popular belief, Kiku loved sucking cock.

"Oh~" Arthur groaned with surprise. He wasn't expecting someone as conservative as Kiku to know how to properly cater to a needy cock. But the man was surprisingly good—too good, in fact. "You have quite the enthusiasm when it comes to giving head," he commented. "Does it make you want a fat cock in your arse?"

At that point, Ivan prodded Kiku's hole with the head of his lubed dick, and Kiku's breath hitched (though it didn't interrupt his sucking). He pushed back against the pulsing organ, rolling his hips with want. "Mmhmm," he answered, though part of it was an expression of pleasure.

Kiku went down on Arthur a couple more times before the Briton pulled away from him. His cock slipped out between Kiku's swollen red lips, saliva trailing and dripping down the smaller's chin. Kiku peered up at him through hooded eyes, though it took a lot for him to pull his gaze away from the throbbing, rosy erection before him.

"Beg for it." Arthur ordered. "If you want a cock in you so badly, beg for it like whore."

Kiku swallowed, precum sliding down his throat. His heart was pounding, and he was dizzy with heat and lust. But he said, "P-please, Ivan, fuck me." And he moved his ass back into the hard shaft. "I haven't been filled to my limits for so long. I need it, please."

Ivan landed a swat to Kiku's ass, and the Japanese gasped, his back bowing. "Good whore. We will fill you in both ends." He hoped now that Kiku had taken his advice and prepared earlier. But as Ivan spread his cheeks and examined his hole, he found that he needn't be worried. Kiku had thoroughly spread himself wide for him. For him. Kiku wanted Ivan's cock in his ass. From the very beginning, even before they got started, he did. Such a greedy little slut.

Kiku gasped as the head of Ivan's cock pushed into him. But his open mouth was quickly stuffed with Arthur's pulsing meat, and he sucked on it with fervor, distracting himself from the uncomfortable penetration.

Kiku could deal with the length of Ivan's cock, but the thickness, now that was a whole other story. He pushed out as much as he could, and still it seemed that Ivan's cock would never fit. He
whimpered a bit around Arthur's cock, still dutifully sucking it, as Ivan inched the thickest part of his cock into his hole. Oh God. He couldn't believe it still wasn't all the way in.

Arthur stroked Kiku's hair, seeing him squint and grimace as Ivan's length moved slowly into him. He knew how that felt the first time.

"You're doing so well, Kiku." Arthur said, wiping the tears that had spilled from Kiku's eyes. "It's almost in. Almost there."

On the other bed, meanwhile, Francis was lining his slicked cock up with Matthew's hole. "Do you want to taste your Papa's cock again, mon lapin?"

Matthew wriggled and thrust his ass into Francis. "Oh, yes~"

Francis smirked, took hold of Matthew's hips, and pushed in. "You're still so tight, Mathieu."

Matthew groaned as Alfred continued to cover his neck with lovebites, fingers rolling his nipples. "I-I'm not a loose whore…"

"No," Alfred agreed, hand trailing down to move up and down Matthew's shaft. "You're a tight whore."

Matthew bit him on the collarbone for that.

Within seconds, Francis was settled all the way inside, balls resting against Matthew's ass, and meat pulsing inside him. He could feel Matthew's insides constrict and move against his shaft, as if exploring.

"Mmm, I missed your cock." Matthew moaned.

"Just wait," Francis said. "You haven't missed me yet." And he pulled out, ever so slowly. Matthew groaned as the length left him, his ass clamping down, trying to hold onto the meat as it slid out of him. But just as soon, he was crying out as Francis plunged back into him. Francis remained there, his cock still, enjoying the feel of Matthew's insides squeezing around him. After, he pulled out again, then thrust back in. The progress was slow, and each time Francis would bury himself in Matthew's tight heat, he would pause, waiting for a desperate little whine that prompted him to move again.

Matthew was going out of his mind with pleasure. Francis's aim was still so good after so many years of being apart. He'd found the Canadian's prostate almost immediately, and every time he thrust into him, he jabbed it with arousing accuracy, making Matthew squirm and mewl beneath him. The feeling would dissipate, and then Matthew, desperate for more pleasure, voiced his complaints. But now it was getting to be too much. He needed Francis to move faster, to pound hard into his ass, or he might just pass out.

"God, Francis, fuck me right." Matthew moaned out, and then Francis stopped again. He was about to complain again, when he felt the lubed head of another cock jab at his stretched entrance. His eyes went hooded. "Al…"

Alfred shushed him and kissed his cheek. "Are you sure you're ready for two cocks in you?"

Matthew scoffed. "With Gil's cock, I'm ready for anything."

Alfred couldn't keep a twinge of jealousy down from hearing the Prussian's name. Not long ago, it had been Alfred who had been fucking Matthew, and Alfred's name that Matthew had been calling.
But he pushed the feeling away as he worked the head of his cock into Matthew. The Canadian grunted, biting his lip at the pain, and Alfred peppered his face and neck with kisses. His hand traveled down to pull at Matthew’s big, leaking cock. He felt his own hole twitch with want. He missed that cock—but Ivan’s was still bigger, and he could have that anytime he wanted, he quickly reminded himself.

"I'm halfway in," Alfred announced and Matthew let out a shaky breath. "Are you okay?"

"Fuck yeah," Matthew muttered, breathless. "I can't wait to be so full."

That was more than enough permission for Alfred to move it along, and soon his cock was in to the root.

"Are you full?" he asked with a smirk.

"So full," Matthew smiled at him, leaning in to kiss him before realizing that he could not. Disappointment filled both of them, but Matthew solved it by sucking a spot just below Alfred's ear—a hotspot that he’d found earlier. Alfred moaned and thrust into him.

The friction that Alfred’s cock caused by rubbing against his own made Francis moan. He pulled out, and Alfred pushed in. They found a rhythm, and before long, Matthew was moaning as the cocks moved rapidly in and out of him, but he was always being filled with one.

A loud moan on the other bed made Francis and Alfred lose concentration. They looked over and saw Ivan's hips pressed against Kiku's ass, a satisfied grin on his face.

"Very good. You took all of me~"

"Oh~" Kiku moaned, moving his ass around the massive shaft spearing him, feeling every ridge, dip, and pulsing vein. "I have never been so full~"

"Wait until the end, da?" Ivan said, pulling out. "You will be so full, you'll be overflowing from both ends." And he thrust back in.

Kiku arched his back, moaning around the cock that had been shoved back into his mouth. His nose was now nestled in Arthur's blond pubes, the Briton's cock sliding down his throat. His tongue slid around the shaft, pressing, teasing. Arthur gave a growl and fucked his mouth, making Kiku's own cock leak precum onto the bed.

Two cocks were fucking him at once. Yes, this was better than any yaoi he'd ever read.

The speed picked up among them. Kiku was so small, his ass so tight, that Ivan couldn't help but pound it. Kiku didn't protest, moans and cries spilling out from around Arthur's cock, the Briton shoving it down his willing throat.

Francis and Alfred had long forgotten their rhythm and were both fucking together, caught up in their own arousal. The dual force of their cocks against Matthew's sweet spot was enough to make pleasurable tears come to Matthew's eyes. It was too much. Too much. Oh God. He was going to pass out…

But he didn't, and he kept shouting, mewling, moaning, as the cocks drove into him mercilessly, as if fighting for a permanent place in his ass.

Matthew didn't have to touch himself. He barely had to move at all. Just the slightest touch of the blankets on the bed was enough friction to make him come in hot streams. "Yes! Oh God, oh
fuck…” He continued to shoot for what seemed like a full minute, the sensation burning up from the very pit of his abdomen, through his cock, and out in thick ropes of cum.

When Kiku heard Matthew come, he had to touch himself. His own cock was throbbing with need, almost painful. He quickly seized it and pumped it with urgency. When Ivan's cock hit his prostate just as his thumb swiped over the slit, it was over. Kiku was crying out around Arthur's cock, rolling his hips as cum tore from his body. He couldn't remember having this good an orgasm for centuries.

Matthew was already tight with he and Francis's cocks jammed inside, but now, with his insides clamping insistently around them, Alfred couldn't hold out. "Shit—Mattie!” he shouted before pumping his seed into his brother, thrusting throughout.

In the shaky afterglow of Kiku's orgasm, the man remembered Arthur's cock and got back to work on it. He ran his tongue around the whole shaft, lips clamping down firmly on it, sliding it in and out of his hot mouth. And then he slid it out completely, holding and stroking it with his hand while trailing a tongue around the head.

"Fuck!” Arthur shouted, and his first shot of cum flew from his dick and onto Kiku's face. Kiku let a few more streams cover him before sliding it back into his mouth, taking him deep into his throat. He let Arthur fuck his mouth as he swallowed the man's cream, warming his stomach. He struggled to swallow it all, cum trailing out of the corner of his mouth and down his chin.

Francis couldn't control himself now. The tightness of Matthew’s ass combined with the delicious lubrication Alfred's cum provided was enough to send him over the edge. Shouting Matthew's name, he buried his cock in him and flooded his insides with his hot cum. Matthew moaned beneath him as his sweet spot was pressed by the force of the semen, some of it eventually leaking out around the two cocks to slide down this thighs.

Kiku was in a trance. He was spent, but at the same time, insanely aroused. His cock was hard again, which seemed impossible in his mind. He'd thought he was too old to recover so quickly. But the taste of Arthur's cum and the intense pounding his prostate was getting caused his cock to throb and leak. Arthur noticed, and reached beneath him, stroking him in time with Ivan's thrusts.

"Greedy slut," Arthur muttered in his ear, nibbling it, and Kiku felt close to exploding.

And then he felt Ivan's cock swell inside him, filling him impossibly more. The first shot of cum was hot and hard against his prostate, then it was a wave, pushing against his inner walls and stretching him to his limits.

"O-oh!” Kiku groaned, spilling himself into Arthur's hand, only this time it was less cum. But it seemed so much hotter than the earlier semen he had released. This orgasm, although short, lasted longer in its high. For a good minute, his cock was twitching, and every time it twitched, Arthur squeezed it, making him gasp.

Ivan pulled out of him, cum following his cock and pouring out of Kiku's hole. Arthur let go of Kiku's cock and the older man fell onto the bed, rolling over onto his side. He moaned softly as he felt Ivan's cum leaking out of his ass.

"Well?" Arthur asked, seeing how sated Kiku looked. "How was it?"

"Amazing.” Kiku sighed. "But I have a feeling that I will have trouble walking to the next meeting…”

Matthew snorted from the other bed. He was laying down on his side, facing them, Francis and
Alfred curled up behind him. "You? I had two cocks up my ass. Just wait until tomorrow…"

"Yeah, bro, but don't worry." Alfred assured him. "No one will notice you, so it'll be cool."

Matthew landed a punch to his shoulder, and Alfred pouted though it didn't hurt him in the slightest. "Shut up, asshole. You're lucky I even said yes to doing this."

"Well," Francis piped in, smirking. "It is kind of hard to say no when it's us, oui?"

"You can take showers here." Ivan said, cleaning himself up. "Afterwards, you can leave. Just make sure you wash all of our scent off you so that your lovers will not notice."

Alfred pouted. "But, Vanya, what about round two?"

Ivan shook his head. "Later. I am tired, and we should all rest." Kiku's tight ass had taken a lot out of him. Honestly, he'd fucked like bear.

Kiku stood and held his back. "Ow…"

Matthew walked over and took his arm. "I'll help you, Kiku."

"Old ass," Alfred muttered.

He earned another punch from Matthew for that, and the two disappeared into the bathroom.

Arthur lay down on the bed. "Wow, I never expected Japan to be good at sucking cock. Kind of an oxymoron if you ask me."

"You're welcome." Alfred said, smiling lazily. "Who do you think taught him?"

"Well, I expect all the perverted things he reads contributed to at least some of that."

Alfred snorted. "You give me too little credit."

"That's because I'm better."

"Wanna prove it?"

Arthur cocked an eyebrow and slid down until he was eye level with Ivan's cock. Alfred did the same to Francis.

"First one to get their cock to come wins." Alfred announced.

Ivan frowned. "But my cock has been in Japan's ass… don't you want to—?"

"No," Arthur said, taking it into his hand and testing the head with his tongue. "I love cock any way I can get it."

Francis moaned. "You might lose talking like that. I'll come in no time."

Alfred took the head of Francis's dick into his mouth. "Mmm," He could still taste his brother on it.

Ivan huffed, almost in annoyance. "Such sluts… well, hurry it up. If those two come out and see us, they might want to join us."

Suddenly, there was bumping and sliding coming from the shower. They all stopped and looked in the direction of the bathroom door. They heard Kiku's voice over the running water:
"No, Matthew, not after—ah! Oh…" His cry turned into a pleasurable moan.

Arthur turned back to the cock he was holding and smirked. "Oh, I think we have time."

"Enough time for double or nothing," Alfred said. "If Mattie's stamina stays true."

In the end, they went triple or nothing. Arthur won. And Kiku limped out of the hotel room, Matthew following and intent on going back to his room to get as high as a kite.

… And probably fuck with Gilbert, if his lucky streak didn't wear out like it usually did.

No translations!

A Word From the Writer: Oh, horny Canada. And you all know it. He's too cute to be completely innocent.

NOTICE! I will be taking my SAT next Saturday, so I will probably post the next chapter on Sunday.

Next Chapter Hint: Something about that pudge…
I lied. Testing didn't wear me out too much. Plus, I couldn't wait to post!

So, without further ado... bet you weren't expecting this.

Warning: Drinking, innuendo, some grinding, and... something special.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Double the Surprise!

Arthur had shocked himself when he had eaten a whole tub of vanilla ice cream.

He had bought the ice cream, intent on storing it in Francis's freezer to be eaten gradually throughout a few days, but by the time he got to Francis's house, it was completely gone.

"Damn," Arthur swore as he tossed the tub in the trash bin. "Shouldn't have grabbed that spoon on the way out of the store..."

He sat down on the couch and looked around. Francis had invited them to stay at his flat for a special little tryst. After the meeting, Francis told them that he needed to get some ingredients for their dinner later that evening. Arthur had asked what he could do to help, and Francis said that he needed some vanilla ice cream for dessert. Arthur had blushed at that, for his lovers knew how fond he'd become of the cold treat. Alfred and Ivan had decided to go out for some drinks so that they could explain (or at least hint to) where Francis and Arthur were to throw off any suspicions about their relationship.

And so they had parted ways, Arthur buying the ice cream... and ultimately eating all of it before even getting back. Now he was sitting there, feeling guilty and sick all at the same time.

Not sick because of eating the ice cream. No, his stomach felt perfectly fine, more than fine actually. He felt strangely sated... but now he felt like he was, for lack of a better word, fat.

He felt that urge to go work out vigorously, to jog a couple of times around every park in Paris. But he was too tired for that shit... he'd been so tired lately. Probably bogged down from eating all that ice cream. Eating everything, really. Besides, no matter how much he exercised, his paunch never went away. It stubbornly clung to his hips, packing on every time he swallowed another spoonful of the fatty carbs he'd been craving. He never remembered being so hungry or so fat in his life. Maybe Alfred's bad habits were finally rubbing off on him...

"God, I'm fat," Arthur was beginning to feel a bit self-conscious. He wasn't like Alfred, who could go around stuffing his face and packing on the pounds without a care in the world. Arthur had an image to keep up. His lovers gave no hint to noticing it, but Arthur himself knew he'd gained at least ten pounds very quickly and now it was starting to show in rather... unfavorable places. "This fucking weight won't go away. Why the fuck won't it—?"

Arthur paused mid-sentence, his heart starting up a fast tattoo in his chest. No. No, it couldn't be that, that would be impossible...

"But still," Arthur muttered to himself, standing and walking to the nearest bathroom. He began rifling through the sink drawers, the medicine cabinet. "Come on, come on... the frog has to have some in here... come on... ah," Arthur reached the very back of the cabinet after pushing aside
various other medicines and necessities. His fingers shook as he slipped the little box out, staring at it for a moment.

Pregnancy test.

Arthur laughed at himself. "Oh Christ, I really am mad." It was ridiculous, really. How in the world could it even be possible? But his mind was fixated on the possibility. He had to try it, just to make sure, just to eliminate the thought that this might be the cause.

He forced himself to open the box, reach in, and take out a plastic-wrapped test. He pulled the stuff off, letting it fall carelessly to the floor. He went over to the toilet, not believing what he was doing, imagining what his lovers would think if they saw him doing this as he urinated on the test strip.

They would laugh. Of course they would laugh. This is ridiculous, Arthur. What are you thinking, amour? Jeez, you're such a girl, bro. Arthur let out a laugh and shook his head as he finished, though his hands were still shaking.

He set the test in a cup on the sink counter and left the bathroom for a bit, feeling a need to just get away and calm himself down.

Could he be pregnant? No. No, he'd slept with many men, many countries, and he'd yet to get knocked up. Weird. Using that phrase. It made him giggle uncomfortably.

If so, then why now? His current lovers were certainly not his first. Oh God. How far along was he? It could be someone else's. Wait, no, he hadn't slept with anyone recently enough before Alfred, Ivan, and Francis…

Look at you. Arthur chided. Getting worked up over something that's probably nothing.

He waited for the allotted time the box had instructed before wandering back into the bathroom. He found that he was nervous, sweating, his heart pounding. He was acting so unreasonable. He'd have to bury the test deep in the bin so that his lovers wouldn't see how stupid he had been…

He picked up the test, examined the result tab, and let it slip from his fingers.

Ivan and Alfred laughed as they turned the corner to Francis's Parisian apartment, both reasonably buzzed, but not to the point that they were stumbling over themselves. Just to the point that they were laughing hysterically at every little thing they saw.

"Did you see that fucking cat, man?" Alfred guffawed, leaning against Ivan as they walked up the street. "He jumped five feet in the fucking air when I chucked that rock at 'im!"

"That was… really mean, Alfred." Ivan laughed, grabbing Alfred's arm as the man began to double over from his laughs. "You shouldn't… shouldn't throw rocks at cats."

"Fuck that!" Alfred howled. "He was asking for it…" A couple walking on the other side of the street gave them apprehensive looks as they met eyes and both Ivan and Alfred burst out laughing again.

"Did you see their fucking faces?" Alfred roared as they reached the apartment building. "They must think we're fucking stoned!"

"We're not far from it." Ivan chuckled, pressing the buzzer.
Arthur's voice could be heard on the other line. "Bonnefoy residence."

"L-let us in, dude!" Alfred's words were slurred by his laughter and inebriation. "We're higher than a coupla mothafuckas~!"

"What?"

"It's us, Arthur." Ivan giggled. "Let us in."

"You two sound... odd. Do you need help climbing the stairs?"

"No, we'll be fine."

The door clicked open and it was difficult to guide Alfred up the stairs. But after Alfred tripped and almost fell on his face on one of the steps, he seemed to sober up a bit. By the time they reached their floor, their laughs had settled to a few selective giggles.

Arthur opened the door before they could knock, his face red and flustered. He quickly swept them inside. "Sit down. I'll get you some water."

Alfred and Ivan sat haphazardly on the couch, Alfred laying down to loll on Ivan's lap. "Hey, baby," he said with a giggle and a leer.

Ivan giggled back. "Hey, slut."

Alfred pouted. "No fair," He struggled to sit up and when he did, he straddled Ivan's lap. "Hmph, I haven't even been a slut yet today." He grabbed Ivan's collar and brought their lips together in a sloppy, drunken kiss.

By the time Arthur came back with the drinks, Alfred was grinding into Ivan (well, more like dog humping him). Arthur tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hm?" Alfred asked, stopping his ministrations and turning to have a glass of water thrust into his face.

"Stop whoring around and drink this. I need you both sober."

"For what?" Ivan asked, whining with disappointment as Alfred moved off of his lap to sit beside him and sip his water.

Arthur sat down and ran his fingers through his hair, sighing. "We have to wait until Francis—"

The buzzer went off. Arthur gave an aggravated huff and went over to it. When he came back, he said, "It's Francis. He'll be up."

Within minutes, Francis had entered the flat, and Ivan and Alfred were sober enough to help him with the bags. After everything was in the fridge (a very small-ass fridge, as Alfred put it), Arthur said he had something to tell them and gathered them all in the sitting area.

"What is it, amour?" Francis asked. "You look pale."

"Ah, jeez, you're not sick, are you?"

"You should lie down, миленький."

Arthur shook his head. "No, I'm not sick. In fact, I dearly hope I'm not." They were about to shoot a
menagerie of questions at him, but Arthur suddenly stood, pulled something from his pocket, and handed it to Francis, not saying a word. He knew it was stupid, but he was afraid that he would be rejected.

"What's this?" Francis took it and turned it around in his hand. He gave a disbelieving laugh. "A pregnancy test? Where did you—?"

"Shut up and read it." Arthur snapped, trembling.

Francis's eyes went to the tab. His breath caught, and he read it again. He must have gone over it at least five times before he looked up at Arthur and said, "Is this yours?"

Arthur nodded and swallowed.

Alfred looked between them, his brow furrowed in confusion. "Gimme," He snatched the test out of Francis's hand and examined it before looking in astonishment at Arthur and saying, "Artie, you're prego?"

Ivan frowned in puzzlement. "What?"


Ivan blinked in surprise. The news seemed to hit him like a freight train. No one said anything for a really long time.

"Um… wow." Alfred said, shunted from his inebriation. "That's… certainly an eye-opener."

Ivan leaned over to look at the test Alfred still held in his hands. "Pregnant… five weeks plus."

Arthur sat down, staring at the floor. His heart was pounding and tears flooded his eyes. "Oh my God. I'm sorry. I didn't know this would happen. Didn't know it could happen. I'm sorry. We didn't want this, I'm sorry. I-I'll leave, if you want. But I can't get rid of it… I could never… I'm…" He began to sob.

Francis got up and took Arthur into his arms. "No, no, mon chéri, why would you ever think that? We would never leave you, especially when you're pregnant."

Arthur blinked up at him, tears sliding down his cheeks. He felt stupid, but if his lovers left him now, he didn't know what he would do. "R-really?"

"Considering we helped make it, bro." Alfred got up and brushed the hair from Arthur's eyes.

Ivan stood and walked over. "Do not be sorry. None of us could have known. I don't think it has ever happened between countries before."

Francis drew back from him, a big, goofy smile on his face. "Why are you crying, mon amour? You are pregnant!"

"Yeah, bro!" Alfred exclaimed hugging him tightly. "Whoa, I can't believe it! My big bro's gonna have my baby!"

Ivan cocked an eyebrow. "Who says it's yours?"

"Cause I have heroic sperm!"

"Ohon, but I have French sperm."
Arthur laughed and pushed them off. "All right, all right, enough." Arthur wiped at his eyes, and his hand ghosted over his stomach. Hm, it was swollen. How could he have not noticed that earlier? Perhaps he was just ignoring the paunch because he hated it. But now he couldn't imagine harboring anything close to hate for it. "Christ, I'm... I'm going to have a baby." The words sounded silly, foreign, and beautiful all at once, and he couldn't keep a few more tears from slipping out. "Oh my God, a baby's growing in me."

Francis leaned in to kiss his tears away. "And it will receive the best care we can give. How did you even come to consider you were pregnant anyway?"

Arthur sniffed and said, "Well, I've been eating a lot (stuff I normally would keep miles away from), and I've been working out, but the paunch wouldn't go away. It kept getting bigger. I've put on nearly one stone. God, how could I not have seen it?"

"Dude," Alfred said, his mouth full of tangerine. He normally carried some around in his pockets in case he had a knack for one. "How're we gonna take care of a kid? I have, like, fifty of 'em, and believe me, they're difficult littlefuckers."

Ivan frowned. "Don't call our baby a fucker."

"Sowee," he said around a juicy mouthful of citrus.

Arthur studied him curiously. "Er... Alfred, how long have you been eating tangerines like that?"

Alfred swallowed and shrugged. "Dunno. Just started one day. I wanted one, so I got a whole crate... and I went through 'em like no tomorrow!"

Francis saw where Arthur was going. "And... have you gained any weight?"

Alfred frowned and swallowed. "Dude, you know I hate talking about my weight. I know I'm not perfect, so just fucking drop it 'kay?"

"That is not what we are meaning," Ivan said. "Have you had trouble losing it?"

Alfred rolled his eyes. "Well, duh! I always have trouble losing it."

"Any particular trouble?" Arthur asked.

Alfred was in the middle of peeling another tangerine before he came to a realization. "Oh, nuh uh. No way. Fuck no. I'm not pregnant. Like, heroes don't get pregnant, bro, they get other people pregnant! How do ya think Batman got his best Robin sidekick? From his own heroic sperm, of course!"

Arthur reached out, plucked the tangerine from Alfred's hands, (earning an annoyed 'hey!') and shoved Alfred toward the bathroom.

"Don't bitch. I'm only asking you to take the test and see. If it's negative we'll stop interrogating you and put you on a proper diet for once. If it's positive..." Arthur paused and pushed Alfred inside. "We'll see."

Alfred gave a frustrated huff and said, "I'm not taking no girly prego test!"

"Then you will have to stay in there until you do, da?"

"Just take it, yank."
Alfred huffed again, grumbling to himself as he pulled out a test. "Stupid… dumbasses… pregnant, me… pfft, yeah right… heroes don't get pregnant… never seen a pregnant Batman… would be too fucking fatassed to fly…"

He peed on the strip, feeling a little stupid, set it on the counter, and waited.

"How long do I have to wait?"

"Until the strip reads something!"

"When will that be?"

"Just wait a few minutes, git. That's all I ask. We need to know."

An hour seemed to pass before Alfred saw anything on the test. He walked over to it, swiped it off the counter, and his mouth dropped open.

Pregnant

5 weeks +

"Oh… oh, shit." Alfred couldn't do anything but stare at it. Nah, he could just be reading it wrong. It was a joke, wasn't it? Haha, Artie, you got me, the ol' fake pregnancy test, what a fucking hoot. But he could feel his heart speed up, and his palms got sweaty.

"So," Francis said in his sing-song voice. "What does it say~?"

"Uh…" Alfred said, his tongue feeling limp and dry in his mouth. "Uh… it's… I dunno… oh shit… uh…"

Arthur gave an impatient sigh and wrenched the door open. "Give me that." He snatched the test out of Alfred's hands and his eyes went wide. He looked at Alfred with a smug smirk. "So, what was that you were saying about heroes not getting pregnant?"

"Quoi? Pas vrai, let me see." Francis leaned over his shoulder to look and smiled. "Ah, so French sperm wins again!"

Ivan rolled his eyes. "Russian sperm crushes any other sperm. I win."

"It doesn't matter whose sperm it was." Arthur snapped, rolling his eyes. "For all we know the babies are all of ours."

"Whoa," Alfred said, ashen-faced. "Whoa, man, wait. Stop shitting me. You mean that's not fake?"

Arthur pulled up his shirt and motioned at his own belly. "Does this look fake?"

"Oh wow, um," Alfred put a hand on his stomach. "No wonder I was puking my brains out a little while ago. Probably morning sickness… Kid sure does like tangerines, though… heheh."

Francis smirked. "I believe that's a good sign, seeing as his father eats unhealthy."

"Hey!" Alfred snapped. He was about to retort when he felt his gut roil and the blood drain from his face.

Ivan caught noticed his pale complexion and frowned worriedly. "Are you okay, Alfred?"
"Yeah, I-I mean, no…” Alfred's hand pressed further into his belly, and he began to shake. "Oh, shit. We drank. Vanya, I got drunk. You're not supposed to drink when you're pregnant, right? Bad for the baby… oh, Jesus, guys, what'll happen to it?" He started to unheroically cry. Dammit.

Arthur wrapped his arms around him and pressed a kiss to his forehead. "Alfred, calm down. I'm sure it's just fine. You didn't mean it. We'll have to go to the doctor's anyway to confirm how far along we are and make sure everything's fine."

Francis nodded. "I'll call in and see if he has an opening today."

"Dammit," Alfred wiped at his eyes. "What if it has some disease or something? It's my fault." He felt like his heart was breaking. He'd found out he was pregnant just a couple minutes ago, and already he loved the baby dearly. He didn't know what he would do if it... didn't make it.

Ivan enveloped them both in a big hug and kissed both of their cheeks. "Do not cry. Everything will be all right. My two beautiful little ones. I love you both so much."

Alfred laughed, sniffling his last tears. "You're just saying that 'cause we're having your babies."


"Still?" Alfred asked incredulously. "Still? What's that supposed to mean?"

Francis returned from the kitchen phone in hand. "He says he will see us immediately."

They were sitting in one of the examination rooms when the doctor walked in. He smiled at them.

"Hello, I am Dr. Beaufreere, and I believe…” He trailed off as he examined them. "Francis? Didn't you say you were bringing a pregnant woman?"

"Woman, no," Francis said, standing. "Pregnant, yes. My two lovers are pregnant, Médicin." He motioned to Arthur and Alfred. "We just found out today and would like to know how they are doing."

Beaufreere studied them long and hard before nodding and saying, "Right, I will do an ultrasound then to confirm." He told one of the nurses to get him the gel and machine and she quickly hurried off.

Ivan helped Arthur to the bed, even though the Briton insisted he could still do it on his own. He didn't protest too much. The attention and care Ivan was giving him was cute.

When Arthur was laid out on the bed, he asked, "Doctor, do you even have the slightest clue how this could have happened?"

Beaufreere pondered a bit, then nodded. "I think I do. You see, I have been tending to Francis for a while and know of his 'condition'." He looked at Alfred, Ivan, and Arthur. "Do you three have the same 'condition'?"

Alfred's brow furrowed, and then he said, a bit too loudly, "Oh, d'ya mean are we countries? Yeah!"

"Quiet down, git!" Arthur hissed.

Beaufreere nodded again and smiled, "Well, that explains it. Francis has let me run tests on him to know more about people with his 'condition', and I found that it is possible for countries, even male
ones, to get pregnant."

"How?" Alfred asked, much to Beaufrere's annoyance. "I've been with lotsa others. Why now?"

Beaufrere sighed. "While I was studying Francis's and a select few other countries' blood samples, I also found that the feminine hormones that encourage pregnancy only occur when two countries, or more, in your case, enter a relationship and their hormones match. It doesn't happen in every relationship, and there's still no scientific way to explain it, but what I can say, coming from a purely French perspective," Arthur rolled his eyes as Beaufrere continued, "You have found your match. Your soulmate—or rather, soulmates."

"But why me and Artie?" Alfred asked stubbornly. "Why not Francis and Vanya?"

"Some nations were born to be mother nations," Beaufrere explained simply, and paused as the nurse rolled in the equipment and handed him the gel. "And some nations were born to be father nations. It's an irregular and almost undetectable pattern.

"Now, Arthur, is it? Roll up your shirt."

Arthur did so, finding himself a bit nervous. What if the screen showed a fetus with two heads or an extra limb or something? Oh, don't think about that…

The gel was shockingly cold to his skin, and he was almost concerned that the baby would feel it, but then pushed the stupid thought away. The doctor moved the device around on his belly, and by laying on his back, Arthur could truly see how his stomach had swelled. It formed a little bump behind his belly button, and he wanted nothing more than to hold it, to touch it, all the time, to see if he could feel his baby moving around. **His** baby. All that time, he had been eating for two. And he thought he'd been going crazy. It looked like his little one had a knack for sweets. How ironic, since Alfred had a sweet tooth as well.

Finally, the doctor gave a little 'ah', and Arthur turned to look at the screen, his heart swelling with love at seeing the little life he was responsible for. Then he frowned with confusion.

"Could you… maybe point it out?"

Beaufrere chuckled and began pointing to the screen. "Well, here is its head. And there's one of its arms. And its knees are bent, ah, wait, let me see if I can get it to move around a bit…" He pressed into Arthur's stomach and the Briton was so alarmed, he wanted to snatch the doctor's hand off of him for being so rough around something so precious. But it really wasn't all that hard, Arthur reasoned, and he allowed Beaufrere to move over his belly uninterrupted. Everyone was gathered around, examining the screen. Soon, the doctor said, with surprise, "Well, two bits of information. One, it's a boy. Two… it's a girl."

"What?" Arthur asked. "So which is it, a boy or a girl?"

Beaufrere smiled at him. "Both. Congratulations, Arthur, you are having twins."

"What?" Arthur squinted at the screen and, sure enough, he could make out another head. "Twins," He felt his gut drop and excitement grip him all at once. "Oh God, twins."

"This day just keeps getting better and better." Francis said. "Ah, **Dieu**, they look beautiful already. But of course, that is because of their lovely mother and their dashing father…"

"Don't call me a mother, sodding wanker!"
"Hm," Beaufrere hummed, ignoring them. "You are all lovers, you said? Well, the fathers may be hard to pick out, but judging by their size and development, they are around sixteen weeks old."

"Sixteen weeks?" Ivan muttered. "Four months. But that was the time when—"

"When we signed the contract!" Alfred gasped excitedly, and Beaufrere frowned quizzically.

"The first time." Arthur muttered. "Ever since that day, I've been... wait," He began to shake again and tears came to his eyes. "Oh, doctor, I didn't know. One night, I went out drinking and I... I think I blacked out."

Alfred took his hand and squeezed it. "How long ago?"

"About a couple weeks after the signing," Arthur said, crying openly now. He looked desperately at Beaufrere. "Please tell me that it hasn't caused them any harm." He couldn't stand the thought of hurting those who were his sole responsibility, who were so pure and innocent and fragile.

Beaufrere looked worriedly at the monitor. "I don't see any malformations, but that doesn't mean they won't have a disease. It was pretty early in their development when you drank." He looked back at Arthur, who was sobbing, Ivan stroking his hair to try and calm him. "Do not worry, Arthur, okay? It is not good to have stress when you are pregnant. And you will love your babies no matter what they may have?"

Arthur sniffed and gave a weak, watery, "Of course I will."

"Good," Beaufrere said. "Alfred, you are next."

Francis helped Arthur up and over to a nearby chair, where he murmured soothing words to him as the Briton continued to quietly cry.

Excited, Alfred stretched out on the bed and rolled up his shirt. The doctor pushed the gel around on his belly a bit before finally locating the fetus. "You see that little shadow? That's your baby. It's sixteen weeks along as well and... it looks to have flipped itself upside down." Beaufrere chuckled. "Did you feel anything unusual?"

Alfred pondered it and shook his head. "Not really. I eat a lot, so I thought it was just some weird intestinal thing."

"Well, it wasn't." Alfred felt joy fill him as Beaufrere continued, "You have a little girl. See, here are her legs and arms, and—" Alfred flinched as he felt something move along the inner walls of his belly. "—oh, did you feel that? She moved a little. She sure is active. So, this is her head..."

Beaufrere frowned, moved the ultrasound around a bit, then smiled widely. "And there's the other head..."

"What? Other head?" Alfred was confused, then his eyes went wide. "Oh, you've got to be shitting me."

"Nope. Twins again. Wow, this is a marvel. Coming from a French guy, that's pretty high praise. I don't recall anyone coming in here with two lovers that have twins each. Where did you conceive?"

"Russia," Alfred replied. "Commie country. He thought to himself. "Figures that I get knocked up in fucking commie capital... guess that's because commies are backwards as shit..."

"Hm," Beaufrere frowned almost jealously. "Strange, seeing as in France there are so many places to—"
"I drank, too." Alfred said guiltily. "Just today. And I had a little case of food poisoning a while back. I didn't know. What's gonna happen, Doc?"

Beaufrere sighed. "Well, as I said, we will not be able to tell until the birth. As of now, there are no abnormalities I can clearly see." Then he turned off the monitor (Alfred feeling like the window to his babies' world had been shut abruptly) and said, "I'll be right back with the pictures." And he disappeared.

"Food poisoning?" Arthur asked quizzically.

Alfred shrugged. "Bad Chinese food. You know I don't check shit before I eat it."

"As referenced by your constantly eating dirt as a child…"

"What was that, Artie?"

"Nothing, love."

Ivan couldn't keep a smile off his face. "How cute~! You are both having twins. That will be four, da? I can't wait to see them!"

Alfred rolled into a sitting position, holding his belly. He could now recognize the movement of one of his twins as it moved a tiny fist against the inside of his womb. "Whoa, I can feel 'em." Without thinking, he grabbed Francis's hand and placed it on his belly. "Feel it? Wow, it feels fucking weird…"

He didn't know how much like a girl he was acting until he looked up and saw Francis's cheesy smile. He cleared his throat, blushing, and released Francis's wrist, though his hand remained in place.

"Oui," he said. "I feel it. It's so tiny…"

"Oh, I want to feel, too~!" Ivan said, and Francis moved his hand a bit so that Ivan could place his on Alfred's belly as well.

"Active, is she?" Arthur said, resting his palm against Alfred's stomach and smiling when he felt it rise with the movement of the baby inside him. "Now, that'll keep you up all night. Serves you right. You kept me up plenty enough when you were a child…"

Alfred was about to deny it (though everyone already knew he would be lying), when the doctor returned to the room with the pictures of their babies. All the way home, Alfred and Arthur were mesmerized by the sight of them—the precious little things that were growing inside them.

No translations!

A Word From the Writer: Wow, this is certainly ironic. Seeing as French sperm counts are down currently... still, it's French sperm. Hell, France probably trained his, however the fuck you do that, but I'm sure he's found a way.

No, really. Did anyone expect this? Just wondering, because I've been dropping little hints throughout previous chapters and I thought at first it might have been too much and you might suspect... nah, you didn't, didn't you? Well, Happy Birthday and Merry Christmas all at once, our boys are having babies!
And did you think I'd just post without giving you any lemon? This is a special two-part post, so continue on, my dears!

Next Chapter Hint: Special things deserve special attention~
"They are so beautiful, Arthur." Alfred said when they got back to Francis's flat, looking over the pictures of Arthur's twins. "You do good work."

Arthur snorted, but smiled. "I could say the same for you, love." And he kissed him.

But Alfred wouldn't let him pull back. The American seized the back of Arthur's head, another hand going to support the Briton's back, as he slipped his tongue between Arthur's lips. Arthur moaned, and opened up, allowing Alfred to plunder his mouth before coming up for air.

"You're beautiful, Arthur. I'm so lucky." Arthur blushed as Alfred kissed a hot line down his neck. "God, I want to make love to you."

Arthur felt his whole body go hot. "Alfred~"

Alfred's fingers trailed up beneath Arthur's shirt, lingering on his belly for a bit before venturing higher to tease his nipples, earning him a pleasurable moan. The American's lips were everywhere; his cheeks, his neck, his shoulder, his nose, leaving burning trails on Arthur's skin.

"Now, now, you know you must not forget me." Francis chided, coming up behind Arthur and planting him with kisses as well. His hands moved down to Arthur's plump hips. "Hmm, I was right about your hips, cher. Very wide and apparently very fertile!"

"Shut up and kiss me." Arthur growled playfully, turning his head to nip enticingly at the corner of Francis's mouth. He earned a tongue sliding gently into his own, softly exploring, tasting.

But Ivan moved them apart. "We cannot be rough, da? Let's go to Francis's room."

Arthur gave a squeak as he was scooped up into Ivan's arms and blushed a deep red. "I-I-I can walk perfectly fine on my own, git!"

Ivan silenced him with a kiss, laying him gently down on the bed. Arthur buried his fingers in Ivan's ashen hair, moaning into his mouth as Ivan's hands trailed down to rid Arthur of his pants and stroke his belly.

"Hmm, they are lucky that they have such a beautiful mother, da?" Ivan smiled at Arthur's sputterings about not being a bloody woman and captured his lips again.

Francis and Alfred joined them, nude, and liplocked themselves. Alfred was getting a bit aggressive with his mouth and hands, nipping Francis's lip. Francis pulled back and pushed Alfred down on the bed. "No, mon amour. I want to make love. We go slow."

Alfred blinked up at him, blushing, and looked over at Arthur. He took the Briton's hand in his and
"Love you, Artie."

Arthur smiled and turned on his side to kiss Alfred. "I love you, too, cute little wanker."

Alfred smirked and kissed him back. "You raised me to be one."

"Cheek," Arthur said, twisting one of Alfred's nipples.

Alfred cried out and squirmed, his cock twitching. This didn't go unnoticed by Arthur, who reached down to give Alfred's shaft a slow pump. Alfred moaned and precum spilled onto Arthur's fingers. The Briton gave a pleased hum and brought his fingers to his mouth, licking and sucking them clean, making sure to thoroughly tease Alfred before saying, "Mmm, my favorite."

Just as he'd hoped, Alfred lunged forward, wasting no time in thrusting his tongue into Arthur's mouth to chase his own essence. Arthur gladly let him have it all, enjoying the possessive way the American held him, plundered his mouth. Arthur gasped for breath as the kiss ended, and Alfred sucked and nipped at his neck, planting as many lovebites as he could over the tender flesh, marking Arthur—the mother of his babies—as his. Arthur squirmed and mewled with pleasure as Alfred continued down his body, tasting him wherever he could, arriving at the swollen curve of his belly and stopping.

Alfred beamed down at it, his chest swelling with pride, and kissed it gently, holding Arthur's hips. He looked up at Arthur and smiled. "I love them already, Artie."

Arthur's eyes wettened, and he extended his arms. "Come here, love."

Alfred crawled up Arthur's body, hovering over them, feeling their stomachs brush warmly, as Arthur captured his lips again.

"You're too sweet for your own good. You know that?" Arthur laughed, then said, "I do believe certain others want to join in as well."

"Oui," Francis said, stretched out beside them, head propped up on an elbow. He was smiling serenely. "We were enjoying the show." Alfred rolled off of Arthur, and Francis caught him, hand ghosting up the younger's thigh, moving in slow circles around his belly. The Frenchman kissed up his neck to his ear. "Belle, mon amour. Je t'aime beaucoup."

Alfred moved against him, feeling the Frenchman's engorged cock on his ass. "Francis, stop being such a fucking romantic and get your cock in me."

Francis pouted. "You are spoiling the moment again~" Then he added, turning Alfred over so that he was on his back. "Et non, I said I was going slow."

"Well get a fucking move o—mm," Alfred's complaint was lost in Arthur's mouth. The Briton was laying chest-to-chest with his brother, fingers threaded through Alfred's caramel hair.

Francis slid down Alfred's body, leaving a trail of kisses over his stomach and to the base of his cock. Alfred moaned in Arthur's mouth as Francis tested the cockhead with his tongue before taking it into his mouth.

"Oh, Francis~" Alfred moaned, Arthur's lips dipping down to tease his neck.

"Alfred," Arthur muttered between kisses. He ran a hand over Alfred's stomach, almost in disbelief
at the feel of the slight bump there. He laughed a bit. "I can't believe my little brother and I are pregnant. And at the same time, no less."

Alfred chuckled and planted a kiss on Arthur's forehead. "And you say I'm cute."

"Da, very cute." Ivan said, giggling as he ran a couple of chilling fingers down Arthur's back.

Arthur moaned and arched into him. "Ivan~"

Ivan purred as he kneaded Arthur's ass, leaning down. He pulled the cheeks apart, and his tongue darted out to tease down the cleft. The Briton gasped. "Oh, yes~"

"You taste delicious, моя любовь." And Ivan delved deeper, pressing into Arthur's hole. Arthur felt his cock throb. Against him, Alfred echoed his groan.

Francis took half of Alfred's cock between his lips, moving them up and down the shaft. The movements were agonizingly slow, and before long, they had Alfred squirming and begging breathily for more. Arthur continued to suck and nip at his neck, being sure to leave dark red hickeys wherever he could. He looked down at Alfred's heaving chest and smiled at the hardened nubs there. He couldn't resist. Arthur licked his thumb and reached down, rubbing it over one of the nipples. Alfred gasped, his hand on Arthur's back trailing down to squeeze the Briton's ass.


Arthur bit him hard on the collarbone for that, and Alfred yelped. "Hey! I just complimented you."

"You know nothing of compliments then, git. Damn, no wonder everyone hates Americans..."

Alfred smirked. "Apparently not some people~"


Arthur rolled his eyes. "Weren't you doing something?"

Ivan gave him a swat on the ass for that, giggling as it jiggled a bit. The baby fat really was cute. At least now Arthur didn't look like he was all skin and bone. "I said be nice."

Arthur moaned as the sting shot straight to his cock. It began to leak onto the bed. He wiggled his arse. "Go on, then."

Ivan decided to tease Arthur for that. He lapped at his hole, never penetrating it with his tongue, making Arthur whine and push back. But Ivan held his hips. The Russian's fingers trailed down to rub just behind Arthur's balls, pressing his prostate just enough to turn Arthur into a writhing, moaning mess.

"Blast it, Vanya." Arthur groaned, spreading his legs in invitation. "I'm going to come if you keep that up. And I really want your cock in me."

Ivan planted a kiss on the small of his lover's back, fingers massaging his hips. "Not yet, любить. We still have to prepare you."

Arthur stiffened. "Prepare me? And what do you call that little stint with your tongue?"

Ivan smirked. "Foreplay," He looked at Francis. "Lube? I know you have some."

Francis chuckled, giving a last lick to Alfred's cock before sitting up. "You know me well." He
leaned over and swiped a bottle off the nightstand. Arthur snorted.

"Just leave it out like that..."

"I guarantee you, cher." Francis countered. "Any guest in my home would be expecting it long before we got to my room." He handed the lube to Ivan after squeezing some into his own hand. The Russian kissed him in return, tongue slipping through the swollen, cock-sucking lips to chase after Alfred's taste. Francis moaned into his mouth and almost let the dollop of lube slide from his palm before pulling back and licking his lips.

"As much as I would like to see you suck more of Alfred's cock," Ivan said, eyes hooded. "I do believe that our little ones are getting impatient."

"Fuck yeah, I'm impatient!" Alfred snapped, hand snaking down to brush his cock and tease his hole. "Get a move on. You're moving like a couple of old men."

Francis snatched up the Alfred's wrist, bringing the previously wandering hand to his lips and kissing the back of it. "Allow me, mon petit doux."

Alfred blushed and drew his hand back. "Y-yeah, whatever, loverboy. Just get to it."

Francis smiled and prodded his slicked fingers at Alfred's entrance. He pushed one digit in, the American practically swallowing him up. Alfred groaned and pressed down. Francis took that as permission to work another finger in.

Alfred hadn't been stretched in a while. With them screwing like rabbits every time they met, there really was no need to. But he found himself enjoying the slow, sensual feeling of being prepared, having missed it and never known it until now. Before long, little keening whines were falling from his lips as Francis began to brush over his sweet spot.

Seeing Alfred so aroused from the fingering made Arthur impatient for his. He pushed back into Ivan and surprisingly found fingers waiting for him there. Ivan giggled and slowly worked one in. Arthur's back bowed and he bathed Alfred's neck in hot breath. Alfred put an arm around him and held him close as they were both pleasurably stretched.

Francis watched Alfred's cock carefully as it responded to his ministrations; when it was leaking a constant stream of precum, he decided that Alfred had waited long enough. The American was close to incoherence when Francis pulled his fingers from his ass.

"It is time?" Ivan asked, noticing.

Francis smiled. "Oui, I think we have made them wait long enough."

Arthur's breaths were ragged, his eyes half-lidded, delirious with pleasure, but when Ivan removed his fingers, the Briton was immediately alert. He gave another desperate moan, waiting for Ivan's cock to fill him.

Ivan gently held his hips, tipping them upward so that he could get a better angle at the Briton's prostate. He wanted to love him thoroughly. "Are you ready, my darling?"

Arthur felt his heart flutter at the pet name, even though he knew Russian and had heard Ivan say the same in the Ivan's native tongue. But it sounded more intimate when hearing it said in his own language. Still, he scoffed, "Well, I think you made pretty damn sure I am."

Ivan chuckled and pushed into him. Arthur let out a strained gasp. It certainly felt different when he
was prepared beforehand; the fingers had teased his insides and they were sensitive, more than ready to accept something bigger. As Ivan slowly inched in—that was the word, *slowly*, because Arthur felt as if he couldn't breathe—Arthur's fingers dug into Alfred's chest and he bit his lip. Little moans escaped him until Ivan was balls-deep inside him. The sensation of being so full made Arthur's cock throb and drool.

Ivan smiled at the way Arthur's ass was squeezing around him and nodded at Francis. The Frenchman had let Alfred watch Ivan's cock slide into Arthur, and now the American was writhing and moaning with want. He flashed Francis a look so pleading that the Frenchman couldn't bear to make him wait.

"*Tu es trop mignon, Alfred.*" he murmured, slipping a pillow under Alfred's ass and lifting his legs, kissing the inside of his thigh. He lined himself up and pushed in.

Alfred moaned, so relieved that something was filling him. Every inch was delicious, and Alfred found himself gasping and rolling his hips down. But Francis would have none of that. He took hold of his hips, stilling them. When Francis slid home, Alfred arched his back and gasped.

"Francis~"

Francis smiled, letting Alfred enjoy being filled before pulling out. Alfred's ass didn't seem to want to let him go; it was sucking him in. Francis wanted nothing more than to pound Alfred's ass like he usually would, but he forced himself to be gentle—there were, after all, certain *others* he had to worry about. The thought melted his heart and he thrust in carefully, pressing Alfred's prostate. Alfred moaned and rolled his hips down, Francis's grip letting up, but only slightly. He wouldn't let Alfred fuck himself roughly on his cock like he usually did.

Ivan was slowly moving in and out of Arthur. The Briton was moaning into Alfred's neck, watching Francis's cock sliding into Alfred, his body heating with the sight. His hand trailed down to roll Alfred's nipples between his fingers, pulling at them gently, until Alfred was gasping with pleasure. In return, Alfred kissed him, taking Arthur's tongue between his lips and sucking on it with fervor. Arthur moaned and pulled away to suck at the junction of Alfred's jaw and neck.

Their pace increased, though only slightly. They weren't going nearly as rough as normal. Ivan and Francis wanted to make this a special, loving experience, not another fuck. That and they didn't want to hurt their babies... even though they had pretty much already fucked in every way possible, but now was a good time to start.

Alfred couldn't take the slow pace. He thought he would suffocate if Francis didn't move his old ass. "Please," he begged. "Please,"

But Francis only shook his head and murmured, "*Non, mon doux, slow.*"

Alfred could almost scream in frustration. But he gritted his teeth and moaned helplessly. He growled in annoyance when he couldn't move his hips, and beside him, Arthur was feeling the same way. To curb his irritation, Arthur moved his hand down to pump Alfred's leaking cock. Alfred moaned and bucked into his hand. Arthur licked his lips when precum dribbled over his fingers, wanting to feel Alfred's leaking cock in his mouth.

The fucking seemed to last forever; Alfred and Arthur eventually forgot about their impatience and submitted to the pace and the sensations. They felt like they were slowly building to a peak that no doubt would be more intense the longer they kept on. And then the urge to come returned with every time they reached their peak and were denied.
Alfred was clutching at the sheets and struggling to roll his hips against Francis's firm hands. It felt like he was right at the edge, but he just needed that push to go over. And every time that moment came, Francis blew it away by not picking up his pace just a little. It was torturous and arousing all at once, and Alfred knew very well that Francis knew what he was doing to him.

Ivan's big cock was making Arthur mewl and squirm. His strokes became faster on Alfred's cock, wanting him to clamp around Francis so that they would come and Ivan would take that as a signal to give Arthur what he wanted. But, in a way, Arthur didn't want it to end. He would be content if Ivan kept fucking him slowly throughout the evening and into the night if it wasn't for his own cock being painfully hard.

And then the impatience just… disappeared. Arthur's hand moved more slowly up and down Alfred's shaft, matching Francis's rhythm and the cock moving in his own arse. They suddenly didn't care if it went fast or slow—if it lasted all night. Alfred and Arthur were so caught up in the carefully building pleasure within them, the way Francis and Ivan were loving them, that their orgasms almost came by surprise.

Alfred was first. He gave a shuddering moan as he came over Arthur's fingers, the streams coming slowly, pulsing out with each slow press of his prostate. For a full minute he came, and Arthur helped him, pumping his cock and kissing a line up to his jaw.

Another shuddering breath escaped Alfred, and Arthur looked up, surprised to see tears sliding down his brother's cheeks. It seemed silly to cry, but Arthur didn't voice it, kissing them away.

And then Arthur's own realization came in the form of his climax. He moved his hips against Alfred's thigh, gasping and moaning with each shot of cum. Then he felt it. The thing that made tears come to his eyes. They were having babies, and their lovers were accepting, caring, gentle... and the way they went slow for them, how they wanted to please them without worry about themselves—it was one of the most intense feelings of love Arthur had ever experienced. As tears ran down his cheeks, he realized that he loved these men—Ivan, Alfred, and Francis—more dearly than he could say, and he never wanted to be without them.

Alfred knew what Arthur was feeling and held him close. He felt a bit stupid crying during sex. Heroes didn't cry, especially during awesome sex! But at the same time, the way Francis was looking at him assured him that it was all right to cry, to show his love this way. And, for once, Alfred was okay with turning into a useless sap before other nations. But these weren't just other nations. They were his lovers, the ones he had given his heart to. Never before had Alfred committed to a long term relationship. But he didn't want to lose what they had. It was special. The babies proved that. For a moment he wondered how he could have breathed without their company before.

"Alfred, mon chéri. Je t'aime." Before Alfred would have scoffed at how corny the lines sounded, but this time he blushed, feeling his heart melt and wanting nothing but to be close to Francis. I love you, too, Francis. he wanted to say. I love you all so much. But all that came out was another overwhelmed sob.

When Francis filled him with his seed, Alfred felt complete. "Francis," Alfred managed to gasp out, and the Frenchman smiled, leaning in to kiss him. It was soft and loving, and when they parted, Alfred was crying again. "Th-thank you," It was a stupid statement, but Francis didn't give that fact away.

Instead, Francis's hand wandered down to Alfred's stomach, brushing his fingers over it. "There is no need, amour. You are giving me everything I ever wanted. Both of you." Arthur raised his head to meet his lips and moaned softly as Ivan finished inside him. Warmth flooded through Arthur, and he wanted Ivan close. "Vanya," he said. "Vanya,"
Ivan smiled and laid down next to Arthur, cock still inside him, still connected. He put his arm around Arthur, kissing his ear. "I'm here, little one."

Arthur looked at Alfred and kissed him again. He laid his head on Alfred's chest, hand going over to run through Francis's hair. The Frenchman was curled up beside Alfred, hand tracing the curve of the American's belly. And they lay there, not needing to say anything. Everything that could be said had been conveyed through their lovemaking.

After ten minutes of snuggling (with Arthur and Alfred close to dozing off), Francis suddenly planed a kiss on both Arthur's and Alfred's foreheads before sitting up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

"Where are you going?" Arthur asked, feeling like their intimacy had been broken.

But it was back again when Francis said, smiling, "It is nearly dinnertime, and I'm sure the babies are hungry."

Arthur smiled back. "Well… maybe not so much for me. You'll find an empty tub of ice cream in the bin."

"Then I'm just going to have to get more." Francis said, walking around the side of the bed and sharing a kiss with Ivan. "Help me?"

"Da," Ivan replied, pulling out of Arthur and sitting up. "You two rest. We will wake you when dinner is ready."

"Thank you, loves." Arthur hummed and pulled Alfred to him, loving the way their bellies brushed. When they left the room, he kissed Alfred on the lips. "Alfred,"

"Hm?" He was already half asleep.

Arthur felt both their stomachs again, never tiring of it. "We're having babies."

"Yuh," Alfred yawned and hooked an arm around Arthur, drawing him close. He hummed and chuckled a bit.

Arthur blinked. "What?"

"Heh, nothing. Just taking in how unbelievable hearing you say that is."

Arthur felt himself flush and kissed Alfred's forehead. "Well, we are. I wonder what they'll be like?" Alfred snorted. "You know my babies will kick your babies' little asses."

Arthur was aghast. "There will be no arse-kicking between our children!"

"Why not? Don't want 'em to be pansies."

"And what if they just don't like to fight?"

"Dude, at least one of my kids will want to. My hero complex is bound to be passed on." Then he smirked. "Just like one of your's will inherit your wide hips."

Alfred laughed as Arthur pinched him. "I am not a woman!"

"Ow, jeez, all right, I get it! … but you still have wide hips."
Arthur rolled his eyes. "Well your hips can't be too small. You're plenty fertile as well."

"Yeah, dude, but I'm not even close to being a woman."

"Hm? I'm just dying to know how you can explain going against biology." His voice was dripping sarcasm.

But Alfred didn't notice. "Well, seeing as I'm the hero, it'll be normal."

"What? But I thought you said earlier that Batman—"

"Yeah, but now I'm saying that Batman is too awesome to need a chick to get an equally awesome sidekick. He could do it all himself!"

"Yes, but we didn't do this all ourselves, Alfred." Then he laughed. "And none of our children are going to be your sidekick."

"Damn," Alfred swore. "Forgot to fall into a vat of toxic waste. Or get bitten by a radioactive spider. Or be incredibly rich and have a shitload of time on my hands. Oh well, guess I'm stuck admitting I couldn't do it on my own." He kissed Arthur. "You are the Mary Jane to my Peter Parker."

It took a moment for Arthur to get it, and when he did, he guffawed. "You're such a git, Alfred."

Alfred smirked. "Yeah, but you're blushing."

Arthur kissed him again. "Because I can't believe I love an insufferable moron like you."

"I hope this lasts, Artie."

"It will last, Alfred. Or so help me, I will fall into a vat of toxic waste and come after you to kick your arse."

"Don't think I would mind much." Alfred smirked.

"You never have." Arthur muttered, resting his head on Alfred's chest, letting the American's heartbeat lull him to sleep.

_And that's all the assurance I'll ever need._

Translations:

_Belle, mon amour. Je t'aime beaucoup-_Beautiful, my love. I love you so much

_Tu es trop mignon-_You are too cute

A Word From the Writer: Romantic America fail. No, America, just... no. Leave all that gushy crap up to France, you suck.

... Or do you? England thinks not~

Next Chapter Hint: Please, be mine.
Promises

Prepare for cuteness overload…

Warning: Fluff, sex, mpreg.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Promises

Arthur opened his eyes and sighed when he felt Francis's arm wrapped around him, hugging him from behind. He could feel the Frenchman's warm breaths against his neck, feel the steady beat of his heart…

His eyes were halfway closed when he felt Francis move behind him. Lips brushed against his neck. "You are awake, amour?"

Arthur smiled. Francis had been more alert of late. " Barely, but yes."

Francis hummed, and his hand trailed down to the Briton's swollen belly. He couldn't believe the feel of it. Only a month had passed since they had found out about Arthur's and Alfred's pregnancies and already it was obvious that they were carrying. They had gained a good few inches around their stomachs and, since they were having twins, they were progressing a great deal faster regarding weight gain. But Francis didn't mind. He loved watching his lovers grow as the babies in them grew as well.

Francis felt overcome with emotion. He couldn't fathom how he had ever hated this man. He loved Arthur and his other lovers more than anything. And now... he would have four more people to love. His hand passed over Arthur's belly, and he murmured, "Those are our babies, Arthur."

Arthur laughed. He couldn't count how many times Francis had done this since the ultrasound, but then again Arthur didn't think he wanted him to stop. "Yes, and they will be the most beautiful babies in the world." Same response, but the meaning was still as strong as the first time he'd said it.

Francis smiled against his skin. "How are they doing?"

Arthur huffed. "They're certainly moving. I think I nearly jumped out of my skin when I felt a kick in the middle of the night."

Francis chuckled and kissed his shoulder. "I think I hear Vanya and Alfred up. Should we join them?"

Arthur sighed. "I suppose…"

Francis sat up and helped Arthur do the same. No matter how much Arthur told Francis he could still bloody move by himself, the Frenchman insisted on helping him. But Arthur had long since found that his complaints fell on deaf ears and stopped snapping at him. He instinctively rested a hand on his stomach and looked out the window.

"It's raining," he observed, and he felt a sense of comfort. He always liked when it rained. It made him want nothing more than to curl up in bed with a good book.
Francis frowned. "Perhaps we should… stay in today?"

Arthur looked at him like he was crazy. "Hell no! I still have my country to represent at the meeting, and I haven't arranged for a replacement."

"But maybe we could find a replacement…?"

"No," Arthur said firmly. "Too many things I need to talk about. And I can still walk and talk, mind you. I'm not bound to a bed!"

Francis sighed, wanting nothing more than to be at home in his Parisian flat. He'd tried convincing Arthur to stay there with him (as well as Ivan and Alfred), but the Briton refused, saying that he would continue to attend the meetings until he was due—which worried the hell out of both Ivan and Francis. Alfred said that he would continue to go as well, though his drive was more out of 'keeping those commies in their place' and upholding his whole 'hero' persona, though Francis didn't exactly know how that would go down with Alfred being so obviously pregnant. So now they were in Germany, and it was raining. No doubt the traffic would be terrible—and unsafe.

Francis went on trying to get Arthur to agree to stay in as they walked into the kitchenette of the little flat they'd rented out. "What if I do it for you? You can give me your notes, go through your presentation—"

"Absolutely not." Arthur said as he sat down next to Alfred and began reading over a German newspaper. "I have a responsibility that affects many more than just me. I will keep my promises. Thank you, love," he added as Ivan set a cup of tea in front of him.

"Dude, stop bothering him." Alfred said through a mouthful of his breakfast. He was on his third helping. "You know what those hormones or whatever do. Don't poke the bear."

"For once, Francis, I'm saying listen to Alfred. He's not wrong." Arthur said.

"Mai—" Arthur raised a daring eyebrow, and Francis quickly closed his mouth, exchanging a glance with Ivan.

"As I recall, Alfred, you 'poked the bear' many times before realizing that it could bite back." Ivan said, sitting down at the table with his own tea and smirking.

Alfred returned the expression. "Yup, and you poked me right back… with a pole of different sorts."

Arthur flushed and Francis gave his perverted laugh.

And so they finished breakfast, dressed, and flagged down a taxi. Though Ivan was a little anxious about taking it. When he began interrogating the cabbie about how often he cleaned the seats, Arthur gave an irritated huff and tugged him inside. "Come on, git, we're going to be late."

The traffic wasn't as bad as Francis thought, but he made sure to keep a firm arm around Arthur the whole way there. The Briton, although miffed, decided the driver needed to focus on the wet road more than on an argument he could start with Francis, so he kept quiet.

When they entered the hotel where the meeting was going to take place, Alfred touched his belly again and realized that there was no hiding the bump. Everyone would notice. He took a deep breath and regretted keeping everything so secret with his relationship. Now they would have no choice but to tell everyone that they were together and pregnant. Arthur looked at him, realizing this, too, and he said, "Er… I suppose now is the time to come clean, huh?"
"You don't have to do it." Francis said. "I could do it for you, so you're not so nervous. You know what Beaufres said about stress."

Arthur snorted. "I don't think so. I'm the one sporting the belly, so I should probably be the one providing the information." He looked at Alfred. "You?"

Alfred nodded slowly. "Uh, yeah. I'm with you." It was hard for him. He was afraid everyone would judge them. He wasn't fearful of what insults may come their way—nah, if he was worried about what the rest of the world said about him, then he would have been shut up in his home a long time ago. No, he was worried that the constant pressure would tear them apart. And he couldn't lose that, not now, when they had so much to lose. His hand subconsciously passed over his belly again.

His anxiety must have showed on his face, because Arthur took his hand and gave it a squeeze. "We'll be all right, love."

Alfred nodded and tried to convince himself of that as entered the meeting room, Arthur's fingers interlaced with his own. Everyone looked up instinctively to see who was coming in and to greet the new arrivals, but they all went quiet as they took in their condition and their connected hands.

Arthur cleared his throat. "Er, I guess this should have been said sooner, but Alfred, Francis, Ivan, and I have all been in a relationship since the signing." He felt his palms grow a little sweaty as everyone stared at them. An arm wrapped around his waist, and Ivan was standing beside him, Francis beside Alfred.

Then Gilbert—ever the sensitive one—laughed, "Kesesese! We already knew!"

Alfred couldn't keep from gaping. "What? For how long?"

"Well, all of us had our suspicions." Roderich replied, cutting Gilbert off. "The evidence was vague at first, but we picked little details out here and there."

Arthur frowned. "Like what?"

"For one, it seemed like every meeting, you were sharing rooms with the same nations." Yao said. "I thought that was kind of shady…"

"Ja, and every time I asked one of you out for a drink, you were always busy." Gilbert added. "And when I tried to find another one of you to ask, you weren't in your room."

"Si, and we also heard sounds." Antonio said, and Lovino flashed him a don't-you-dare-say-anything-else-shithead look.

"Sounds?" Arthur paled a bit.

Francis laughed. "Ohonhon~we are quite loud when we are making lo—"

"Shut it!" Arthur snapped.

"That and we had a little… information from a certain someone." Mathis said with a smirk.

"Who?" Ivan asked, and everyone pointed to Elizaveta.

"And what juicy information I found out." the Hungarian said, smiling.

"What did you find out exactly?" Arthur asked, a tad nervous.
"Oh," Elizaveta sighed airily. "I'm sure you'll see it sometime. But as a small hint, try googling LizLovesLemon and see what comes up."

"You put it on the internet?!” Arthur exclaimed.

"Calm down, *amour.*"

"Don't tell me to calm down!"

"*Mais,* I've been put on the internet before, and you don't see me worrying."

"Yes, but you also lack any tact whatsoever!"

"Um, Artie," Alfred said, bringing Arthur back to the situation at hand. "Don't we have more to tell?"

"Oh, yes, er…"

"Artie and I are pregnant." Alfred said for him, the words coming out as a blurt that left him blushing.

They all blinked at them for a second before erupting into smiles and laughter. Elizaveta in particular seemed especially happy. Well, more like maniacally happy.

Questions were thrown at them from all around.

"How far along are you?"

"Ve~is it a girl or a boy?"

"When are you due?"

"What are you thinking of naming them?"

Ivan hushed them (and everyone shut up when Ivan told them to) before Alfred said, "Twins, actually. Both of us are having them. A girl and a boy each. It happened during or soon after the signing, but we didn't find out until a month ago." He was feeling a lot less nervous now. He smiled and his hand went back to rest on his stomach.

Elizaveta gasped and stood abruptly from her chair. "Excuse me, but I believe I have to up the prices for my merchandise. Come on, Lili."

Lili nodded and followed her out.

Everyone stared after them. "Um…." Alfred deadpanned. "Okay."

The meeting continued after Elizaveta returned, smiling like a crazy woman. Then again, when had she *not* been a crazy woman?

Lunch came as a welcome reprieve for Alfred. He was fucking hungry. He'd never recalled feeling so ravenous before. And he'd made sure to bring plenty of tangerines.

He followed his lovers and the other nations into the dining area, but just as he was about to sit down at a table, Ivan said, "*Nyet.* Keep standing. We have something for you."
Arthur and Alfred exchanged puzzled glances, but did as their lovers bid them, though Alfred wasn't happy about it. He needed food, man!

But his hunger left him as well as all the breath in his lungs when both Francis and Ivan knelt before them. Beside him, Arthur put a hand to his chest. They both knew what was coming, but were too shocked to believe it. At this point, everyone had gone quiet and were watching.

"Alfred, Arthur," Francis began, looking up at them. "The past five months with you have been like a dream. I never knew how happy I could be with you beside me."

"My life was dark before you came into it like a bright light." Ivan continued, smiling. "I have never loved anyone as much as I love you now. You truly are the most precious things in my life."

Alfred stared, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. He had to remember to breathe.

"And now you are giving us something more precious than anything in the world." Francis continued, his eyes sparkling.

"We promise to take care of you." Ivan said.

"We promise to love you just as much as you loved us." Francis continued, his smile widening.

"And you do so despite our flaws."

"Arthur, Alfred, loves of our lives, mothers of our children," Ivan carried on before Francis joined him.

"Will you marry us?"

Arthur's heart felt like it had stopped. It had been fluttering like a frantic bird in his chest the whole time, and now finally it gave in to shock. This wasn't real. Couldn't be. He was dreaming. A stupid, unbelievable dream. He would wake up soon.

But when both men presented the rings, he knew it was real. Tears sprung to his eyes, and he couldn't find his words.

Alfred was in a similar state. His cheeks were wet and he was trying to recover enough to speak. "I… I… oh God…"

Then Ivan grabbed both of Alfred's hands, looking up at him lovingly, and Alfred could suddenly speak. "Y-yeah… oh God, yeah."

"And you, chéri?" Francis took Arthur's hands in his as well and smiled. That goddamn charming smile that made Arthur melt.

"W-what the hell do you think my answer is, git?" Arthur asked, his voice watery. "Of course, I'll bloody m-marry you."

Across the room, Elizaveta squealed and began snapping pictures like crazy. Kiku had been recording from the start. There was a collective sigh as the rings were slipped on and the lovers embraced. Arthur was holding his breath, determined not to cry, dammit. But Alfred was sobbing like a baby. Fuck it. Heroes could cry, too!

Lovino rolled his eyes. "Oh, please. What a bunch of fucking saps…" But he was blushing, and he looked slightly jealous.
Beside him, oblivious, Toni was smiling like an idiot. "Ah, so cute~"

Ivan let Alfred go to examine him. The American was a blithering mess of tears and snot. It was adorable. Ivan kissed him and held him again, feeling the swell of his belly brush against him.

"F-fuck, I can't even..." Alfred was muttering through heavy breaths. He couldn't believe that he was getting married. To Ivan, Francis, and Arthur, at that. It was so unexpected, but then again, Ivan’s and Francis's actions in previous days made it so obvious to him that they'd been planning this for a long time.

"You do not have to speak, моя любовь." Ivan murmured, rubbing Alfred's back. "I love you, too."


Francis kissed Arthur's cheeks before the Briton caught his face and forced him to give him a proper kiss on the lips. "I can't believe I'm marrying a frog." Arthur said as they parted, though he was smiling.

"Ah, but you already kissed me. Aren't I a prince?" Francis smirked.

"I suppose," Arthur scoffed, kissing him again, arms around Francis's neck.

No one was stupid enough to disturb them when they got back to their flat. Even Elizaveta took a break from stalking them. Well, that was mostly to post the pictures on her site, but they'd like to think she was kind enough to give them some privacy.

After the meeting, they went excitedly back to their flat where Arthur and Alfred were too cute to ignore. A few lingering kisses and soft touches led them to the bedroom, where Francis and Ivan both worked extensively to give their lovers as much pleasure as they could.

Arthur and Alfred weren't complaining. They were too busy moaning. No part of their skin was left untouched or unloved. They were tasted and kissed all over. It was like their first time again, only this was what it would have been like if they had gone slow. Every touch sent electricity through their skin.

When Francis took Arthur's cock into his mouth, the Briton was completely undone. The teasing combined with all that had happened that day had him coming within seconds, Francis swallowing all he had to offer. Alfred was so vocal, people next door banged on the wall to tell him to shut up. But he couldn't give a shit. He was one lucky fuck, and he didn't mind informing anyone else of the fact, however crude he did so.

When it was over, they could never feel happier. Arthur examined his ring. "It's beautiful." It was only an engagement ring, but the little gold band's purpose made it seem like the most radiant thing ever to Arthur.

"How long were you planning this?" Alfred asked curiously.

Francis smiled. "A couple months ago we decided we should… 'pop the question', but we wanted to wait and see how it worked out. When we found out about the babies, though, we thought we'd better move it along."

"The wedding should be before the babies come." Arthur said. "We'll be busier than hell after that."

Alfred chuckled. "Then we should do it fast, huh?" And he kissed Arthur.
When they parted, Alfred shifted against Ivan. "Uh… babe, do you want me to take care of that?"

The Russian kissed his neck. "Nyet. You are tired. Rest."

Alfred was about to protest, but fatigue suddenly fell over him. He settled back into Ivan's embrace, enjoying the feel of his hard-on resting against his ass. He pulled Arthur to him, nuzzling his neck. His stomach fit perfectly into the curve of the Briton's back.

"Your kids better not kick me in the middle of the night." Arthur said with a hint of amusement.

"Trust me, you won't be the only one up if that happens." Alfred said, chuckling before closing his eyes.

Francis curled up to Arthur, his own cock aching to be touched. He looked over at Ivan and they met eyes, both exchanging identical messages:

*Once they're asleep, we'll have some fun in the shower.*

Francis smiled. *Ah, my back is already looking forward to enduring the tile…* Not that he minded, though. Francis still needed to thank Ivan for proposing to him so sweetly earlier that day and Ivan the same.

No translations!

A Word From the Writer: Aw, could it get any cuter?

Just wait for the babies~

As for this fic, it's coming to a close. I'm very sad to leave it, as I love it dearly. Next post will be the last post, whether it be two chapters or one. I'm counting on two. But don't worry, loves! I've been working on multiple Hetalia fics as well as this one, so you will be hearing more from me very soon!

Next Chapter Hint: More to love
Little Miracles

They're finally here~!

Warning: Fluff, sex, mpreg.

Disclaimer: Hidekaz Himaruya, why you so awesome?

Little Miracles

Alfred stood with his back to Ivan, the Russian washing him, shivering when Ivan's fingers brushed his slick skin.

Through his lovers' pregnancies, Ivan had been watching over them carefully. Every time one of them approached a set of stairs, he would be there to help them down. Whenever one of them was making something in the kitchen (which by itself was never good), Francis would usher them out to do it himself, talking of burns and horrible, stomach-churning dishes. It annoyed Arthur and Alfred, but they had come to accept that the constant fawning was more out of love than control.

But Ivan had recently stepped up his game. He had been watching a late night crime show (he knew he should have gone to bed, nothing happy is on after midnight anyway), and he became a bit tense upon hearing the story of how a woman, desperate for a child, had attacked another, killing her and cutting her baby from her womb. Sure, he'd heard this kind of thing before, and even worse. He was accustomed to it; it rightfully shouldn't have scared him—he was Russia after all. But the fact that now he had his own babies to worry about struck a chord in him.

He began by settling their constant squabble about where they would raise the children. Arthur didn't want them to be brought up in France with its 'frilly, sexually nonchalant' culture. Francis countered by saying that their children would surely be ill and horribly pale if raised in England. Before Arthur could give him a good clout, Alfred suggested his own country, saying the French were pansies, the British were boring, and Russia was just downright dangerous. Ivan swiftly reminded Alfred of his criminal count, and the American quickly shut up, though his glare could melt iron. Ivan knew none of them would agree to live in his country. It was cold and so were the people—things he wished he could change. But there was no convincing his lovers of any place. Germany was 'Nazi territory with scary-ass people', Italy was full of 'crazy, groping drunkards', China was 'insanely overcrowded', Japan was 'swarming with creepy stuff', Spain was 'practically revolting from lack of money', and so on. This continued for months until one day Ivan suggested:

"How about Switzerland?"

They all looked up at him from where they sat around the kitchen table. Ivan continued, "It is peaceful and very efficient with banking. A very beautiful place that is multilingual and has a great education system." And sunflowers. Ivan added quietly to himself.

His lovers mulled over it for a few days, as if trying to find any flaws in it. They had their wedding, and the other countries attended. Gilbert got drunk, jumped on a table, then fell and hurt himself, and Elizaveta was a little fangirl crazy, but it was beautiful and perfect and that was all that mattered to them. Ivan was glad when Vash met them to give them his congratulations, and his lovers asked him about living in Switzerland. Vash explained everything to them, and Ivan once again posed the question about where they would be living. Eventually, they all consented. They were going to raise their family in Switzerland.
And yet, even when they touched down in the country and quickly bought up a one-story house in a quaint little town out in the country, Ivan still felt the need to keep his lovers close. He began to set ground rules after their second trimester passed, where they looked so obviously pregnant: no going out without him or Francis, no staying in the house alone, no overexertion (Ivan and Francis would do the shopping and housework), and especially no showering alone—they could slip and fall.

Seriously, Alfred and Arthur thought they would go crazy with the restraints. Alfred couldn't do shit by himself and neither could Arthur. There were always sayings like "How are you doing?" and "Do you need anything?" and "Take a rest, you've been on your feet for a while." It was sweet that Ivan and Francis were concerned about their wellbeing and everything, but it was starting to get ridiculous. They did everything for them. Arthur and Alfred had nothing to do, and Alfred never thought about how it would affect him before now, but it was driving him nuts. But Ivan and Francis were firm. Arthur was, honestly, annoyed. He wanted nothing more than for the babies to be out of him already so he could actually busy himself with something.

On top of this, they visited the doctor frequently for checkups. So far, the babies were growing at a normal rate and there were no abnormalities that could be seen. They had talked about what to name them, coming to the conclusion that they would decide when they were born. The time wasn't far off: two weeks and counting. Arthur and Alfred felt like overfed cows. They were constantly out of breath, and Arthur always had to piss like hell because one of the babies was sitting right on his bladder. But at least he wasn't woken up every hour, on the hour, by constant kicking and other such movements from the babies like Alfred had. They were so rotund, that it was hard to get anywhere and do simple things. They never thought they would feel this weighed down.

And now Alfred was taking his scheduled shower (yes, they had composed a schedule), with Ivan accompanying him to help. Alfred stood in the steamy warmth, feeling a bit drowsy, but at the same time aroused as Ivan moved his hands over his bare skin.

He wished Ivan could see it. What had happened over the past few months? His Russian lover—no, husband, however foreign it sounded—used to read him so well. Now, though, Francis and Ivan were all but ignoring their sexual desires. Sure, Arthur and Alfred were pregnant, but that didn't mean they didn't have needs. Alfred and Arthur eventually found ways to relieve themselves together and, in some cases, alone. Even though Alfred slept in the same bed with his lovers—with their arms around him and his around them—he felt so far from them. The bond was slipping away, and he wanted desperately to bring it back, and Arthur did as well. He wanted to make love, but with Ivan's and Francis's rules and their constant concerns about them, there was no way to get it across. They hadn't connected with their lovers in that way for nearly three months, the last one being on their honeymoon in Seychelles. And hearing Ivan and Francis having sex (trying to make is discreet, but Arthur's and Alfred's hearing had become rather keen since their pregnancies) in the shower made them long for it all the more.

And now Alfred was craving that closeness again. He didn't want their relationship to turn into the mainstream: married with kids and no intimacy whatsoever. He didn't think he could handle that.

Alfred turned around and kissed Ivan's shoulder; he couldn't kiss his lips because his belly took up too much space between them. But, to his disappointment, Ivan kept on washing him, scrubbing fingers through his hair.

"Vanya," Alfred whined.

"Da, сладкая моя?"

"Why don't you touch me anymore?"
Ivan looked down at him and blinked in confusion. "What are you meaning, Alfred? I do touch you. I kiss you everyday—"

"That isn't what I mean." Alfred looked up at him. "Please, baby, we haven't made love for so long. I need you."

Ivan looked a bit guilty, and, really, he was. He hadn't noticed he'd been neglecting his lovers in this way. He smiled and promised, "After you are clean, my love."

Alfred could barely wait. By the time they were out of the shower and Ivan was drying him, he was hardening. Ivan chuckled and kissed him. Not the chaste kiss like he'd been giving him and Arthur for the past few months; it was a full kiss, a proper kiss, capturing his lips, pulling him in close, tongue exploring. When they parted, Ivan tried to dry the rest of him, but Alfred said, "No, I can't wait."

Ivan frowned. "You will catch a cold."

And so Alfred waited with mounting impatience until every inch of him was dried.

Francis and Arthur were conveniently lounging on the bed when they entered the room, naked and kissing. Both promptly made room for them, watching as Ivan laid Alfred down. Arthur felt his own cock stir, and Francis said, "So are we making love?"

"What does it look like, git?" Arthur replied, turning his head to kiss him. "And it's about damn time."

Francis smiled. "D'accord, ma femme, we will." They kissed again and fell beside Ivan and Alfred.

"Stop calling me that." Arthur snapped, though good-heartedly. "I'm not your bloody wife."

Francis raised an eyebrow. "Who are the ones that are pregnant again?"

"Cheek," Arthur said, Francis pulling the Briton's oversized shirt over his head.

Ivan, meanwhile, was struggling to situate himself and Alfred in a way that didn't harm the babies. Alfred's large stomach was like a barrier between them. Eventually Alfred, who had noticed Ivan's plight, said, "Lay down."

Ivan looked at him in bewilderment. "What?"

"I said lay down, russki." He laughed as Ivan frowned at the name and Alfred straddled him.

Ivan's eyes widened. "Alfred, wouldn't you rather I just use my mouth and hands to—?"

"No," Alfred said firmly, settling onto his lap. He could feel his husband's hardness against him. So, Ivan had wanted this as well? "Artie and me have been doing that for months. I want a good, hard cock in me."

"You will need to be prepared, then." Ivan said, reaching over to rifle through the drawer in the sidetable. He slicked his fingers and handed the bottle to Francis who did the same.

Alfred was surprised at how much it stung when Ivan's finger entered him. After being so long without something inside him, Alfred could understand why and was suddenly not as impatient.

Arthur was feeling the same. Francis leaned over him, finger moving slowly in and out of him. When he added a second finger, Arthur gasped. "Are you okay, cher?" Francis asked with concern,
stopping his movements.

Arthur huffed. "If you stop moving now, we won't ever get to the good part."

Francis chuckled and added another. He found Arthur's sweet spot almost immediately—as if they had never stopped making love. The Briton moaned and pushed down on the digits. Across the bed, Alfred did the same on Ivan's fingers, three of them now wedged in his ass.

"Fuck, Vanya," Alfred breathed. "I'm ready."

Ivan stalled his fingers in Alfred's ass. "Are you sure?"

"Yes,"

Ivan slicked himself up and pressed against his entrance. "Slowly, Alfred."

"I know." Alfred replied, though he sunk down on the shaft faster than Ivan would have liked. He really couldn't help it. He'd missed being filled.

Next to them, Francis pushed his slicked cock in. Arthur gasped with the sting of entry, but it quickly dissipated with the feel of being filled. Francis waited until Arthur nodded for him to move, and he did so—slowly and aimed for pleasure, holding Arthur's legs up and apart. Arthur was soon moaning, gripping the sheets.

Alfred, meanwhile, was moving on Ivan's lap. He lifted himself up and pushed back down on the cock inside him, biting his lip as it stretched his ass. Pretty soon, his legs were aching with the effort of lifting his heavy body, though he didn't think he could stop, it felt so good.

Ivan noticed his breathlessness and the redness of Alfred's face, and he grabbed his hips, stopping him. Alfred gave a protesting whine.

"любить, here…" And Ivan gently flipped them over so that Alfred was on his back. He and Francis looked at each other, both in the same position now. They leaned into each other, sharing a short kiss before starting their thrusting again.

It didn't take long for Alfred and Arthur to be at the edge. The slow, pleasurable way they were being fucked made them gasp and moan their partners' names. They didn't even need to be touched before they were coming long and hot. White flashed behind their eyes.

Francis and Ivan hadn't known how depraved they'd been. Sure, they'd had each other, but it felt so good to do this together, it made them complete. They came inside of them, the orgasms equally intense and the satisfied looks on Alfred's and Arthur's faces gratifying.

Francis and Ivan helped clean them up. Afterward, they lay side-by-side, just looking at each other and marveling over how lucky they were.

"Are the babies okay?" Francis asked Alfred.

Alfred smiled. The twins squirmed happily inside him. "Yeah, more than okay."

And they all fell asleep, Alfred not feeling a single kick.

A few days later…

"Alfred, hurry up!" Francis called. "Arthur says the contractions are coming closer together now!"
"I'm coming! Jeez, can I take a piss?" Alfred hurried off to the bathroom

That morning, Ivan was going to leave to shop for food and baby items. They already had everything set—the rooms, the formula, the diapers—but Ivan insisted on going to pick up a few 'last minute things.' Arthur, having been cooped up in the house for so long, demanded to go with Ivan even though the Russian had a bad feeling. And it was just as well; Arthur had gone into labor at some point during their outing, and now he and Ivan were at the hospital, awaiting Francis's and Alfred's arrivals.

Alfred emptied his bladder (though it was hard to navigate around his belly). He was eager to be going, wanting to be there with Arthur to support him and ultimately see their children born. They all wanted that, but he just kept peeing and peeing and peeing and…

"Alfred!"

"Uh, Francis…” Alfred was a bit alarmed. His bladder couldn't be that big. "You might wanna come look at this."

Francis gave an annoyed huff and walked in, looking from the toilet to Alfred and then back again. He looked unimpressed. "You called me in here to watch you pee?"

"No, babe, look." Alfred nodded toward the still-flowing arc. "It's not stopping."

"What the…?" Francis stared for a moment before saying, "It's clear."

"What?" Alfred looked down. "Holy shit, dude! What the hell is it, then?"

Francis swallowed and looked at him. "I… I think your water broke."

"Gross! How the fuck can that even happen?" Alfred asked in shock. "That's biologically impossible!" He flinched as he felt the babies squirm and kick inside him more than usual.

"So is you being pregnant." Francis said. The stream ended, and Alfred quickly zipped up.

"Ah fuck, of all the times…” Alfred sighed. "Let's go."

As they got in the car and Francis started the engine, Alfred yelped and clutched his side. Francis looked over at him. "Contraction?"

"More like a sucker punch." Alfred bit back and struggled with his seat belt.

Francis clicked it in for him. "Just... try to breathe deeply and—"

"Fucking drive!"

"Where the hell are they?" Arthur asked through clenched teeth. Another contraction jabbed like a knife through his abdomen. "I'm going to kill them when this is through!"

"Relax, they will be here." Ivan assured, though he wasn't so confident himself.

"Don't tell me to relax!" Arthur snapped. "I'm bloody birthing children!"

"We're here!" Francis announced, walking in with Alfred leaning on him and breathing raggedly.

"What's up with him?" Ivan asked.
"I'll tell you what." Alfred ground out. "These fucking kids are determined to stab every organ in my body!"

When Ivan looked confused, Francis answered, "In labor."

Arthur gave a weary huff. "Finally! Someone who understands."

"Dude," Alfred said breathlessly as he was helped onto a bed. He'd already been stripped down to a medical gown. "How the hell are they gonna come outta me? I don't have a baby chute!"

"C-section, honey." one of the nurses told him as she hooked him up to the machines. Alfred hissed as she inserted an IV.

"We need to do it now." the doctor said. "You are in labor and there is no place for the babies to go. If the pushing sets in, they may suffer brain damage."

Arthur glared. "Bloody do it, then! I haven't had them in me for nine months for nothing!"

"Um, wait a second." Alfred looked nervous as he was pushed down onto the bed and the curtain was put up. "Guys…?"

Francis took his hand. "It will be all right, amour. We'll be watching."

"You'll need to get into scrubs, then." the doctor told them and ushered them out of the room. They came back not five minutes later and they were already spreading the numbing salve over their partners' bellies.

Arthur was scared. But you couldn't really tell. He just wanted the babies out and now. He was sick and tired of being pregnant. He wanted his body back. Alfred was thinking the same thing, though he was more anxious about the whole surgery than anything.

Arthur was cut open first, and Francis winced at the blood, feeling slightly dizzy but knowing Arthur would murder him if he fainted. Ivan, of course, didn't bat an eye, but it made him uneasy knowing that the blood was coming from someone he loved dearly. Across the room, Alfred was opened up. Ivan and Francis decided to join them.

"I can feel their hands inside me, but it doesn't hurt." Alfred said. "Weirdass shit."

"Hell, are they done yet?" Arthur asked, impatient. "How deep could they be? I've felt every twitch of them!"

"Be patient." Ivan said and held his hand.

Francis took Alfred's. The American looked up at him. "Can you see—?"

"I've got baby A." the doctor announced, and Alfred could feel the infant being pulled from him. A tense silence fell over the room, and Alfred waited, holding his breath.

When the baby started crying, so did he. It was safe, it was okay. It was breathing, at least. He looked up at Francis and squeezed his hand. Francis smiled at him, tears springing to his own eyes. "Oh, mon amour…"

"It's the boy first." the doctor said, handing him off to one of the nurses who quickly bundled him up.

Arthur was so absorbed in what was going on with Alfred, he barely felt when his own baby was pulled from his womb. "It's a girl."
She was crying, and it was one of the most beautiful things Arthur had ever heard. He wanted to hold her, and he suddenly loathed the nurses for taking her away to check on her, as if they were taking her away from him solely to keep her from him.

Two minutes ticked by before the doctor tending to Arthur announced, "And here's the boy."

It took a few more seconds for him to cry, and Arthur breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's a girl." the doctor over Alfred said, and a whole minute passed. Alfred's heart was in his throat, and he wanted nothing more than to slide off the bed and rush over to see if she was okay. Oh God. It was the drinking, wasn't it? Or the food poisoning? He'd hurt his little girl, he'd hurt her...

And then she gave a loud, piercing shriek. It was so strong that everyone in the room jumped. Then they all laughed as they wrapped the squalling baby up.

"Is that the one that was giving you trouble?" the doctor asked with a chuckle.

"Yeah," Alfred breathed and smiled.

Arthur and Alfred were both drowsy, but their excitement about seeing the babies that had been growing inside them for the past nine months kept their eyes wide open. It seemed like forever—and then one of the nurses was shuffling up to Arthur, a bundle in her arms.

Ivan smiled and watched Arthur as he was handed the baby girl. "Congratulations," the nurse said. Arthur didn't hear her; he was too absorbed in marveling over the little thing in his arms. She was small and red, her eyes squinted shut and a pink beanie stretched over her head which fit in the palm of his hand. She looked so fragile that, at first, Arthur was afraid he was going to hurt her just by touching her. But when he saw her tiny fist open and close and she grasped his finger, tears welled in his eyes.

"так красиво," Ivan commented with pride.

Arthur sniffed and gave a watery laugh. "Yes, very beautiful."

His son was then put in his arms—his son—and Arthur began to cry in earnest. He could finally see them. They were here, whole, beautiful and his.

Then he looked up at the nurse, very aware that the tears were flowing down his face but not caring in the least. "Are they healthy?"

The nurse smiled. "Yes, yours and your partners."

Arthur got a hold of himself and craned his neck to see around Ivan. "How's Alfred?"

"Crying like a baby." Ivan said, though he was smiling. The Russian really couldn't seem to stop. He was just so happy. He'd always loved children. Never would he have thought he would come to have some of his own.

Francis leaned down and kissed Alfred's sweaty forehead. "Look at what we made."

"Yeah," Alfred sobbed, holding his twins close. "We did a good job."

"Most of it was you, though."

"Yeah, and you better not friggin' forget it." Alfred took a deep breath and sucked up his tears.
Francis chuckled and brushed his fingers over his son. He scrunched up his face in the cutest expression and gurgled softly. Alfred burst into tears again. The doctors finished sewing them up.

One doctor walked up to them. "Well, they're all done. Had their feet stamped and their check ups. All we need now are names."

"Alfred," Arthur called, and Ivan and Francis pushed their beds together. They didn't hesitate comparing each set of twins, touching them and muttering how beautiful they were and nearly breaking down in tears again.

Alfred looked up at Ivan and Francis. "Well? What're we gonna name 'em?"

"Seeing as there are four of us and four of them," Francis began. "we could each name one."

"That sounds good." Arthur said and they all picked one twin to name. Ivan had Alfred's son, Francis had Arthur's daughter, Alfred had Arthur's son, and Arthur had Alfred's daughter. They all sat there, quiet for a few minutes, simply enjoying holding them. They were not even aware that the doctor left the room and they were alone.

"So?" Arthur asked them. "Any ideas?"

"I know," Alfred smiled. "George," He held his son up to his face. "You like that, don't you? You look like a George."

Arthur rolled his eyes. Of course. But Alfred was happy, and that was enough for Arthur.

"And you look just like…" Ivan paused for a moment, feeling his throat get scratchy. He stared at the son he held in his arms and memories flooded back to him—memories of a better time. Memories that should be preserved and passed on. "Just like Alexei. Just like him." The baby was so quiet. The most still and silent out of all of them.

Arthur's heart went out to him. Before they had their own children, Ivan had treated Alexei and his older sisters as his own. But of course, every nation did that with their leader's families. "Alexei, it is, then?"

"Well, I dunno…" Alfred piped up. "It's a commie name… good thing it's one of the cute ones, though. And we can call him Alex for short."

Alfred's acceptation of the name meant the world to Ivan, and he wished he could tell him that, but all he could choke out was, "Thank you,"

"Now for the notre petite filles." Francis looked down at the girl in his arms and let her hold onto his finger. He had let all of the babies hold him, but her grip was stronger than the rest. Her eyes were constantly moving under the lids. She must be dreaming all the time. "Jeanne," The name just came to him.

Arthur looked up at him. "You mean like Joan? Joan of Arc?"

Francis frowned. "Non, c'est Jeanne d'Arc, not the horrible English version."

Arthur's lips drew into a thin line, but he couldn't find it in him to snap at the Frenchman. He looked so happy holding their daughter. "Jeanne it is, then."

Francis was smiling like a fool. Jeanne. He finally had his Jeanne back. How ironic, seeing as Arthur gave her to him… "And you, amour? Any ideas?"
Arthur gazed down at his little girl. "This was the one who kicked and screeched, eh?" Alfred nodded. "Sounds like she'll have a fiery temper." He instantly knew, then. It fit so perfectly. "Elizabeth."

He peered up to see all of them looking at him. "What?"

"I knew it," Alfred said, smirking.

"Oui, maybe now he will stop talking about his 'poor Elizabeth' when he's drunk." Francis added with a smirk.

"Oh, I'll do plenty of talking about her." Arthur said, grinning.

A nurse wandered in with a clipboard in hand. "Well?"

"George, Alexei, Jeanne, and Elizabeth." Ivan said, his nostalgia clearing up. He pointed to each of them in turn.

The nurse quickly took note. "Wonderful names. I will be back with their birth certificates. Congratulations again." And she left.

Arthur gazed down at his daughter—Elizabeth—adoringly, holding her close like he knew he would be doing for the rest of his life. "Congratulations indeed."

Translations:

сладкая моя—my sweet

D'accord, ma femme—Okay, my wife

notre petite filles—our little girls

A Word From the Writer: So... did you expect the names? I'm sure everyone expected England's...

And now... oh jeez, don't cry, don't cry...!

Next Chapter Hint: Happily Ever After
Babies squalled across the hall.

Arthur turned over in the bed and shook Francis's shoulder.

"Francis… Francis…"

"Hmm?" Francis breathed. "Quoi?"

"The babies again…"

Francis huffed and turned over. "Ah, cher, you know I need my beauty sleep."

"Francis,"

"D'accord, cher," Francis sighed and got groggily out of bed, looking at the clock.


He pulled on some pants and walked out of the room and across the hall.

The babies all shared a room—which they quickly found out was a pain. When one cried, they all cried, but they had been too busy tending to them during the day to move them to separate rooms.

Francis was not surprised to find that Alfred was already there; Alfred and Arthur had been the primary caregivers and had developed a keen sense of hearing. Whenever one of their children cried, they always woke up.

Alfred was beside one of the cribs, holding Jeanne in his arms. "Shh, shh, quiet…"

"Does she want something?" Francis asked, making Alfred stiffen. Jeanne began to cry again.

Alfred turned around and glared. "No, this is her upset cry. And I almost got her to sleep."

Francis sighed and looked around at all the other cribs. Alfred had managed to get everyone else settled down. "All right, then. You don't seem to need any help, so I'll get back to bed…" He turned around and nearly screamed when he saw Arthur standing there.

The Briton ignored his fright and said, "I thought you might need help."

Francis observed him. Even in the dark, there were dark circles under Arthur's eyes. None of them had been getting much sleep lately. "Go back to bed, amour. Alfred has it. I will be there shortly."

Arthur nodded and left, shoulders hunched over from fatigue.
After the birth of their children, the other nations had come to see them. Elizaveta was once again snapping pictures like crazy for her blog, and Feliciano was cooing to each of them until Ludwig had to drag him away. Lovino, naturally, wasn't down with his brother being manhandled by a 'fucking potato head.' Alfred, Arthur, Ivan, and Francis had been overjoyed at first and they still were... but now they were exhausted. Even Alfred, who had cared for and raised fifty children of his own, was overwhelmed. At one point, he'd fallen asleep along with George, whom he was holding in his arms. It had been a while since he'd had babies to care for and four at once. Francis and Ivan agreed to take off three months to help their husbands with the infants, but that time was over. Francis and Ivan were now flying to meetings for a week every month. Arthur and Alfred managed to find replacements for themselves. Alfred recruited one of his sons, Dillon Cole (1), and Arthur pushed all of his work on his very overwhelmed assistant. No fucking way was he ever going to allow one of his older brothers to take over for him.

Now the babies were now nine months old, and they were growing by the day. They had said their first words—mostly 'mama' or 'dada', but George had been trying to imitate Alfred's 'hero', though it was just a 'heehoh'—and had begun to crawl. They had each developed personalities and appearances all their own.

George had Alfred's honey blonde hair and Arthur's green eyes. He was the first one to speak and the second to crawl. He was very assertive with his siblings, snatching toys from them and making them cry. He was constantly being scolded. Whenever he started a task, he was always determined to finish it, no matter how hard or how many times he messed up. One time, while trying to complete a simple puzzle, Arthur had found him hunched over, having fallen asleep with the piece still in his hand. The next he woke, he went right back to trying. He was a voracious eater, always crying when he didn't get more, sometimes for hours straight. But he slept like a log, and he rarely ever woke in the night. What he liked most was Alfred picking him up and flying him through the air. He was always left laughing when it was over—he laughed the most out of all of them, dimples and all. He always wanted to be held and made 'up-up' motions with his hands when he wanted to be picked up.

Alexei was the most quiet of the four, with silver hair and blue eyes. He rarely ever cried, night or day. He was the last one to talk, and they were all extremely worried before that he wasn't hitting his milestones on time, but when he did he always succeeded quickly. The doctor said not to worry. He was one of those babies who was content to go as slow as he wanted. It wasn't that he was lazy, he was just happy sitting there and watching his brother and two sisters fight over toys. He did that a lot, observing. He took note, finding ways to stay out of trouble, meet milestones, or cause mischief by watching his siblings. Alexei was quiet, but he was very smart. Francis had once put a cookie on the sidetable and left the room for no more than a minute. He placed it so that none of the babies could possibly reach it. But when he came back, he found the cookie gone and crumbs covering Alexei's face. They later repeated the situation, but this time watched, amazed to see Alexei banging his toy truck against the leg of the table so that the cookie slid further to the edge. With only a few hits, he was able to pull himself to his pudgy legs and reach it. Alexei also had a love of stories and reading. He was constantly finding a book and nudging it against one of his parents' legs to read to him.

Jeanne had curly blonde hair, aquamarine eyes, and was a dreamer. She had a lot more hair than her other siblings, already stretching just below her ears. It was obvious she was Francis's. Whenever she was sleeping, she would always coo and move about. No one knew what she was dreaming about, but whatever it was made her smile in her sleep. During playtime, she would always try to take the lead, babbling in baby speak, and making wild gestures with her hands. She was the first to crawl, simply because she wanted her siblings to follow her all around the house, which they did. Sometimes, she would sit there and have conversations with her sister and brothers, and they would talk back, though sparingly, because Jeanne liked to talk the most, and she was quick to shut them up by placing a hand over their mouths as her parents quickly found out. She loved it when her hair was brushed and more often than not had some kind of accessory in it, though her current favorite were
bows. One time, Ivan walked in on her, sitting alone on a mat with her toys strewn around her, staring at the ceiling and babbling softly. Alfred was scared that there was some ghost in the house that only she could sense, but they eventually settled that she had imaginary friends and liked to talk to them.

But by far the bossiest of them all was Elizabeth. With her pale blonde hair, blue eyes, and curly cowlick, she was always one to start a fight. She would have been the first one to crawl if it weren't for her being absorbed with pulling her siblings' hair, especially Jeanne, whom she often clashed with on grounds of leadership roles. But when her brothers and sister fought amongst themselves, she always found a way to resolve the issue. She was the first one to stand, and she quickly set about taking all the toys and piling them in a corner for only her to play with. She didn't like to share and cried when something didn't go her way. She was very active and very loud. She screeched to get what she wanted. She was also very independent, not wanting to be picked up and carried around often. But she always wanted things fair for her and her siblings, whether it be the same amount of cookies or the same amount of playtime, not just for her, but for all. Their neighbors, who had young children of their own, arranged a playdate and they had to be separated because one of the other children had hit George and made him cry, and Elizabeth had hit them right back. Despite being at odds with Jeanne, George, and Alexei most of the time, it was clear that she loved them and would defend them if ever they were threatened.

Parenthood was tough, but Alfred, Arthur, Ivan, and Francis all loved their children. Now they were a family, and that connected them more intimately than anything else ever had. Though they had their quarrels (A particular one being that Francis would cook all the meals and never Arthur), at the end of the day, they still said their 'I love you's and kissed each other goodnight.

The babies didn't cry after they had been put to bed again. It was just as well, because the next morning they got a call as they were feeding the children.

"Yo," Alfred answered, pushing some Cheerios closer to Jeanne for her to grab and eat. She giggled as he flicked them across the highchair tray.

"I just got a call from wurst breath." Lovino said, his voice anxious. "My fratello is in fucking labor!"

They packed their suitcases, hired a nanny, and were on the first flight to Berlin within the hour. They'd promised as soon as Feliciano announced that he was expecting, that they would be there to see the newborn.

By the time they walked into the hospital room, they were exhausted but all smiles. Feliciano was tired as well, but grinning brightly as he beckoned them over to the bed.

"His name is Benedikt." Feliciano told them. He was practically glowing as he presented his son to them. "It was Holy Rome's name."

Beside him, Ludwig was failing in trying to keep a smile off his face. How could he? He and Feliciano's son was beautiful, and he couldn't help but be proud.

Before they all got the chance to hold him, Antonio and Lovino came bursting into the room. Lovino took one look at Feliciano, then the bundle now in Ivan's arms, looked at Antonio and shouted, "I fucking told you we should have got on that earlier fucking flight!"

"It is not good for you to rush, querido." And he put his hand on Lovino's swollen belly. "It's okay, mijo, Mommy's just a little stressed…"
"Don't fucking call me Mommy!" Lovino snapped, walking over to look at his nephew. "Che, he looks like the potato bastard."

"Lovi, don't be mean!" Feliciano said. "He's Benedikt. You love him, don't you?"

"Si, I guess." But Lovino couldn't hide a small smile.

Everyone jumped as the door flew open.

"Hey! No one worry, the awesome Prussia is here! Kesesese!" Gilbert marched in with a drained looking Matthew behind him. The Prussian immediately went over to peek at the baby and smiled at Ludwig. "Hey, West, he looks just like you when you were tiny!" He held out a finger to the boy, and Ludwig reddened.

"Don't touch him, bastard." Lovino snapped, though he was unconvincing with his 8-month-old belly. "He might catch potato disease."

"Be nice!" Feliciano scolded.

"Hey, Mattie," Alfred said, bringing his brother into a side hug. "What's up?"

"Me," Matthew replied. "In the air half the day trying to keep Gil from getting beat up."

"Mm, sounds tough."

"More than you know." Matthew leaned against him and watched the scene before them. "How're my nieces and nephews?"

"Starting to walk," Alfred replied with a weary sigh. "Just waiting for the trouble to start with that. And I thought they were a handful just crawling…"

Matthew laughed. "Al… I've got something to tell you."

Alfred looked down at him worriedly. His voice sounded serious. "What, bro? You aren't sick, are you?"

Matthew smiled and shook his head. "No. But I have a feeling I will be soon." Alfred's brow knitted together as the Canadian leaned in and whispered, "I'm pregnant. I just found out a week ago."

"Seriously?!" Alfred said a little too loudly, but no one really paid attention. Between Lovino's nagging, Gilbert's annoying laugh, and Benedikt's cuteness, they were completely distracted. Matthew shushed him still, and Alfred lowered his voice. "Seriously?"

"Yeah," Matthew said, smiling.

"About damn time you joined the club. Have you told him yet?"

Matthew shook his head. "Nope. I was planning on telling him today. You know, the whole official one-week mark. And then Benedikt decided to come early…"

Alfred nudged him. "Well, go! Really, please do. I don't think I can stand Romano's yelling and Prussia's laugh."

Matthew giggled and walked up to Gilbert, touching him on the shoulder and leaning in to whisper something in his ear. Gilbert frowned in confusion, and Matthew took his hand, leading him out into the hallway.
Alfred sneaked over and peeked out of the door. Arthur, Ivan, and Francis, came to join him.

"What's going on with them?" Arthur asked.

"Shh!" Alfred hissed. "I'm trying to listen."

Matthew's voice floated to them from a little ways down the hall. "… been waiting for a long time for this. But we don't have to anymore. I'm pregnant, Gil."

Gilbert just stared for a moment, obviously in shock. "Seriously?"

Matthew scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Seriously,"

The Canadian squeaked as he was pulled into a kiss. When they parted, Gilbert holding both his hands, he asked, "How long has it been?"

"A week. It's official."

"I'm going to make an awesome dad."

"I know… just don't make that our kid's first word, okay?"

Gilbert replied by kissing him again. He pulled Matthew flush against him and pushed him up against the wall. The kiss soon became hot, and Alfred shut the door, grinning.

"Why did you do that, amour?" Francis asked indignantly. "It was just getting good!"

Arthur elbowed him in the ribs. "Wanker,"

"What is up with Matvey?" Ivan asked. "He seems bolder than usual."

"Mattie's preggers." Alfred replied.

"What?"


"Ah, finalement!" Francis swooned. "Mon petit lapin has discovered the wonders of l'amour~! Though I am a bit worried at the fact that it was Prussia…"

That reminded Alfred. He opened the door and shouted, "Hey, Prussia! You better marry my little bro before that baby comes. I don't want 'im to think he was born out of wedlock!"

Matthew and Gilbert jumped apart, Matthew blushing furiously and Gilbert grinning like a fool. "Al! Stop sticking your nose in other people's business!" the Canadian snapped.

"You know I never did learn." Alfred smirked.

Arthur scoffed. "The whole world can attest for that."

"Be nice," Alfred said, wrapping his arms around Arthur's waist and pulling him close. "Or I might not stick something else in you."

Arthur rolled his eyes but flushed. "As if. We haven't even come close to that for a good couple of months."

Alfred leered. "Let's change that, then."
Arthur felt something warm nudge against his thigh. "That aroused you."

"Nice of you to notice."

Arthur cast a look at the other nations. They were still gathered around Feliciano, and with Lovino starting fights with anyone he could, they wouldn't notice them leaving. And they did just that. Matthew and Gilbert had already disappeared (possibly to continue indulging in their passions) and Alfred, Arthur, Ivan, and Francis rushed off to do the same.

Within ten minutes, they were in their hotel room, lips locked and clothes hastily discarded. Arthur was sprawled on the bed beneath Alfred, arms wrapped around his neck and tongue probing his mouth. It had been so long, Arthur was instantly hard just from the contact.

When they parted, Arthur looked expectantly at Ivan and Francis. "Well?"

Ivan smiled. "Keep going. I am liking what I'm seeing."

"Oui, don't let us interrupt you. You're certainly doing wonders for me." Francis leered and motioned to his swelling cock.

Arthur snorted. "You're aroused by anything. The feat's nothing significant."

"Mais, Angleterre, you're mine, and I love you. That's all I need."

Arthur blushed, and Alfred laughed. "You're still so cute when you blush~"

"I bloody hope I'm cute to you!" Arthur snapped, face reddening further.

Alfred's face suddenly went serious. "Artie, how long do you think this will last?"

Ivan smirked. "As long as Alfred is nosy, Arthur's cooking is bad, Francis is an insatiable pervert, and the earth isn't blasted to smithereens."

They laughed, and they knew they would together, sharing the love between them and their children, for a long, long time.

"Hey, Artie, I was wondering… wanna make more babies?"

"Hell fucking no, you spermaholic. Just because you had fifty kids of your own doesn't mean I won't go mad with that amount. I could barely handle you! No glove, no love!"

"Aw…"

Francis nudged Alfred, winking at him slyly. "Don't worry, mon amour, I will get him in his sleep."

"Francis!"

The End

No translations!

References:

(1)-Dillon Cole=D.C.
A Word From the Writer: So, this is the end. I'm so sad to be letting it go, but then again all good things must come to an end. I promised myself I wouldn't cry but... I lied. (Did you notice I based their children off their fathers and who they were named after?) By the way, 'Benedikt' is an old Germanic name meaning 'blessed.'

Now they have their happy little famille~! And you know France will totally make England have more. One way or another. XD

Next Fanfiction Preview:

When the whole world goes to hell, the surviving nations must unite to restore order and stay alive. As they struggle to stay together and out of the hands of an Organization that wants them dead, they fight not to lose who they are, and discover love and strength in each other as only ever an apocalypse can bring forth. Contains violence, character deaths, lemon, and lots of drama. Not for the faint of heart.

It will be posted next Saturday!

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