Regular Size

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Regular Size

by Nesher

Summary

Israel has a plan for his first time with his boyfriend America: a condom, confidence, and absolutely no embarrassing surprises. Then America takes his pants off. The condom doesn't fit. Israel handles this revelation with maturity and restraint. Obviously.

Notes

Originally posted on AO3. These fics were written some time ago, so I didn't write them all today! I'm reposting them here because of the great AO3 shutdown of 2026. We'll get through this together <3

Kinktober 2026, Day 1.

The room smelled like America's cologne, which was too strong, the way everything about America was too strong, too much, too goddamn present. Israel sat on the edge of the bed and watched him lean against the door frame with that easy, loose-limbed confidence that made Israel want to bite something. Those blue eyes, bright as backlit glass, swept over him with an appraisal so casual it bordered on insulting. Like Israel was a menu item. Like he'd already decided what he was ordering.

"You just gonna stand there," Israel said, and it came out sharper than he meant, which was fine. Sharp was better than whatever his pulse was doing.

America grinned, wide and white and insufferable, and pushed off the door frame. He moved like someone who had never once in his life worried about fitting into a space. Broad shoulders, broad chest, that red-white-and-blue mess of short hair catching the overhead light as he crossed the room in two strides that would have taken Israel three. Israel tracked the blue patch with its stars near America's left temple without meaning to, then looked away, then looked back because apparently he had no self-discipline tonight. It shouldn't have been attractive. It was obscene, actually, how attractive it was.

Israel's own hands were steady. He was keeping them steady through sheer spite. The condom was in his back pocket, had been since he'd tucked it there forty minutes ago while looking at himself in the bathroom mirror, heterochromia staring back at him, the blue eye and the brown eye both saying *you're really doing this.* The Star of David sat between them on his face, blue and geometric, and he'd smoothed his white hair back and told his reflection to get a grip. He had a plan. He was the one with the plan. America never planned anything in his life and it always somehow worked out for him anyway, which was infuriating, but tonight Israel was steering.

That was the narrative. He was committed to it.

America sat down next to him and the mattress dipped so far Israel almost slid into him. "Subtle," Israel muttered, and America laughed, low and warm, and put a hand on Israel's thigh like it belonged there. His palm was enormous. It covered most of Israel's thigh, fingers curling around toward the inside, and the heat of it soaked through fabric immediately. For a second Israel forgot what he'd meant to say.

They kissed. Israel wasn't sure who started it. He was going to say America, because America started everything, because the world arranged itself around America's wants like iron filings around a magnet and always had. But honestly it might have been him, might have been the way he turned his head at the wrong moment or the right one, and then America's mouth was on his and the hand on his thigh tightened and Israel grabbed a fistful of that ridiculous red-white-blue hair and pulled and America groaned against his lips, low, vibrating, and *oh.* Oh, that was good. That was a sound Israel wanted to put in a jar and keep.

Clothes came off in stages. America's shirt first because Israel yanked it, then his own because America's hands were surprisingly deft for how big they were, fingers finding buttons and hems with an efficiency that suggested practice. Of course it suggested practice. Israel shoved that thought aside and focused on the skin being revealed, white and warm, the

breadth of America's bare chest frankly stupid, the way his body just kept *going*. Israel was not small. Israel was lean and sharp and precisely built. But next to America he felt like a different scale of creature entirely, and his traitorous brain couldn't decide if that was threatening or thrilling so it settled on both simultaneously.

America's belt. America's zipper. Israel's fingers working the button with a confidence he was manufacturing in real time, pulling denim down over those heavy thighs, and then—

Israel stopped.

His hand hovered. His mouth opened. Then closed. Then opened again.

America wasn't wearing underwear, because of course he wasn't, because America had apparently decided that preparation meant showing up commando with a grin and a cologne cloud, and Israel was confronted with the full, undeniable, anatomically *staggering* reality of America's cock.

It was huge. It was, and Israel's brain reached for a more sophisticated assessment and came back empty, just categorically, stupidly huge. Thick and flushed and half-hard already, curving slightly, cut, resting heavy against his thigh like it had its own gravitational pull. Israel stared at it. He was aware he was staring. He could feel his mouth getting wet.

"You good?" America asked, and there was amusement in it, the bastard.

"Fine," Israel said, voice a full octave too high. He cleared his throat. "Fine." Better. Slightly.

He reached for his back pocket. The condom. Right. The plan. He was steering. He tore the wrapper with his teeth because his hands were not as steady as they'd been three minutes ago, and he didn't register the size printed on the foil because he'd bought these weeks ago, standard, regular, perfectly normal, and he rolled it down over the head of America's cock and got approximately two inches before the latex pulled taut and went white at the edges.

America hissed. "Ow. What the—that's too tight."

Israel kept rolling, or trying to. The condom clung and strained, barely covering half the shaft, the rim biting into the skin. America squirmed, actually squirmed, hips shifting on the mattress, one big hand reaching down. "Seriously, what size is that, it's like a rubber band, get it—"

"Hold still," Israel said, but his voice was distant, coming from somewhere outside his body, because his eyes were locked on the image in front of him and his brain had melted into a single molten point of focus. America's cock straining against that too-small condom, the latex stretched glossy-thin over the swollen head, the shaft below it bare and thick and *right there*. Israel's cock, still trapped in his own pants, throbbed hard enough to make his vision swim. A bead of saliva gathered at the corner of his mouth. He wiped it with the back of his hand and pretended that hadn't happened.

"Israel. It hurts."

"Mmhm," Israel said, wrapping his hand around the shaft.

America made a strangled sound. "Are you listening to—*nngh.*"

Israel's fingers didn't even close all the way around. His thumb and middle finger fell about a centimeter short of meeting, and something about that gap, that proof of exactly how thick this cock was, sent a dull electric jolt down his spine and into his own neglected dick. He started stroking. Slow. Tight. The condom at the tip squeaked faintly against his palm on each upstroke, latex friction, and America's complaint dissolved into a grunt, then another, then a long shaky exhale through his nose.

"That's—you can't just—" America's hips bucked, involuntary, and Israel leaned closer, both hands now, one wrapped around the base and the other working the upper half where the condom clung like a second skin two sizes too small. He could feel the pulse under the shaft. Heavy. Quick. America's thighs tensed, those massive quadriceps going rigid under white skin, and his hand landed on Israel's shoulder, gripping hard enough to bruise, and Israel didn't care, didn't notice, was watching the head of America's cock swell darker against the transparent latex and leaking pre that pooled in the tip of the condom, milky and visible through the stretched membrane.

"Oh fuck," America breathed, head tipping back, throat exposed, face flushed dark around the red stripes. "Oh—fuck, fuck, that's—"

Israel twisted his wrist on the upstroke and America came.

The condom ballooned. Israel felt it happen against his fingers, the sudden hot expansion, pulse after pulse filling the too-tight latex until it sagged heavy off the tip, distended, obscenely full. America's whole body shuddered, abs clenching, that big chest heaving, and the sound he made, *uhhhn*, guttural and wrecked, went straight to the base of Israel's skull and lodged there like a bullet. Israel kept his hand moving through it, milking, slower now, gentler, watching the condom droop with the weight of cum until it looked like it might slide off entirely.

America collapsed back against the headboard, panting, eyes half-lidded and blown. His hand loosened on Israel's shoulder. His cock twitched once, twice more, softening barely, still mostly hard because apparently America's refractory period was as outsized as the rest of him.

Israel peeled the condom off. Slowly. Carefully. It was warm in his hand, heavy, and when he held it up between thumb and forefinger the cum pooled at the bottom and stretched the latex into a translucent bulge the size of a small plum. Israel stared at it. His blue eye and his brown eye were both wide. His lips parted.

"Oh my god," he said.

America blinked at him, still catching his breath.

Israel held the condom higher, tilting it so the overhead light caught the contents. "*Look* at this. Look how much. Are you—is this normal? This can't be normal." He was grinning. He

could feel himself grinning and he couldn't stop. His voice had gone high and bright and delighted, the voice of someone opening an unexpectedly good present. "This is insane. You filled the whole thing, you absolute—look, look at it, it's practically dripping." He turned the condom slowly, theatrically, watching cum shift inside it like a lava lamp. "I bought regular size. *Regular.* And you just, what, you just walk around with this thing? How do you even wear pants?"

America's expression was changing. The post-orgasm softness was draining out of it, replaced by something flat and focused, but Israel was too busy laughing at the obscene little balloon in his hand to clock the shift. He bounced slightly on the mattress, waving the condom like a flag of conquest, nose scrunching with glee. "Seriously, I could probably use this as a stress ball, there's so much in here, what do you *eat*—"

America moved.

One hand closed in Israel's white hair and yanked him forward so fast the condom flew from his fingers and hit the comforter with a wet splat. Israel yelped, a sharp startled bark that cut off the instant America's cock pushed past his lips. It wasn't gentle. There was no easing in, no tentative nudge. America shoved himself into Israel's mouth in one stroke, thick and slick and tasting of latex and salt and skin, and the head hit the back of Israel's throat and Israel gagged, hard, eyes flooding.

"Ghhk—"

America's other hand came up. Both fists in Israel's hair now, thumbs pressing against his scalp. He held Israel's head in place and thrust. Deep. Israel's jaw stretched to its limit, aching immediately, lips straining around the girth, and he couldn't breathe, couldn't think, could only make wet choking sounds as America fucked into his throat with a steady, merciless rhythm that rattled his entire skeleton.

"You're so fucking funny," America said above him, and his voice was calm, calm and low and conversational, like he was commenting on the weather while his cock turned Israel's throat into a sleeve. "So clever. Such a comedian. You want to wave my cum around like a trophy? Okay."

Israel's hands scrabbled at America's thighs for purchase. His eyes streamed. Spit ran down his chin, dripping onto his chest. He gagged again, the sound obscene, *glk glk glk,* and his throat convulsed around the shaft and America groaned, short and sharp, hips snapping faster. Israel's vision blurred. His cock, still in his pants, untouched this entire time, throbbed with such desperate intensity it almost hurt worse than the jaw ache, worse than the raw scrape of his throat. His body was confused, overloaded, couldn't sort the distress from the arousal, was drowning in both. He was furious. He was so hard he could have hammered nails.

America came again. Israel felt it before he tasted it, the cock swelling impossibly thicker, the thrust going deep and staying, America's fingers tightening in his hair until his scalp burned. Then heat, sudden and thick, pulsing directly down his throat, and Israel swallowed because there was no alternative, swallowed convulsively around the shaft, throat working, nostrils flaring for whatever scraps of air he could get. He swallowed and swallowed and his eyes squeezed shut and he hated America with a clarity and intensity that felt almost holy.

America pulled out. Israel coughed, gasped, doubled over with his forehead nearly touching the mattress, sucking air in ragged tearing gulps. His lips were swollen. His chin was a mess. His eyes, one blue one brown, were red-rimmed and watering and absolutely murderous.

He looked up.

America was already standing. Already reaching for his shirt on the floor. He pulled it over his head, tugged it down over that broad chest, and ran a hand through his hair to resettle the red and blue strands. He looked wrecked in the satisfied way, mouth still slightly flushed, a sheen of sweat on his neck. He looked like someone who'd had a very good evening. He looked done.

Israel's cock strained against his zipper, a hard desperate line, and his whole body trembled with the specific vibrating tension of someone who has not come and needs to come and is rapidly realizing they are not going to be helped with that.

"Wait," Israel said, and his voice was destroyed, hoarse, barely functional. "You can't—I didn't—"

America looked down at him. Those blue eyes, backlit glass, and that grin, wide and white and fully, completely insufferable. He reached out and patted Israel on the head. Two gentle taps, right on the crown, like a dog.

"You'll figure it out," America said.

He zipped his pants. Buckled his belt. Winked, which was such a profoundly American gesture of cruelty dressed as charm that Israel's vision actually went white for a second. Then the door opened, and closed, and the room was quiet except for the hum of the air conditioning and the sound of Israel breathing hard through his ruined throat.

He sat there. The spent condom lay on the comforter beside him like evidence at a crime scene, still heavy, still faintly warm. His cock throbbed in his pants, insistent and aching. His jaw hurt. His scalp hurt. His pride was a smoking crater.

His hand went to his zipper. He hated himself for it. He hated America more. He fumbled himself out, wrapped shaking fingers around his own cock, smaller, cut, slick at the tip already because his body had been screaming for the last twenty minutes with absolutely zero acknowledgment, and the first stroke punched a sound out of him that was half moan and half sob and entirely pathetic in the empty room.

He was going to kill America. He was going to key his car. He was going to bring an extra-large condom next time and shove it down his throat and see how he liked it. Next time. Israel's hand stuttered and his hips jerked and he came hard enough that his ears rang, biting down on nothing, making a sound against his own teeth that he would deny to his dying day. Next time.

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