Don't Look at Me

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Don't Look at Me

by Nesher

Summary

The problem with being touched by someone patient is that there is nowhere to hide when your body starts betraying you. Poland can handle the kissing. Probably. Everything after that becomes a rapidly escalating argument between his pride and his nervous system.

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 2.

The kitchen smelled like garlic and white wine and something herbed that Poland couldn't identify because Germany cooked with the same irritating fluency he brought to everything else. Poland stood near the counter gripping his glass at chest height, watching Germany rinse dishes with his sleeves rolled to the elbow, gold forearms steady under the light. The suit jacket was draped over a dining chair. Even without it, Germany looked put together in a way that made Poland want to apologize for existing in his kitchen: charcoal waistcoat, white shirt unbuttoned at the collar, the sharp line where the red of his face cut to gold at his throat visible and clean, like the edge of something printed. Those blue eyes caught Poland looking and Poland's gaze ricocheted to the backsplash like he'd been burned.

He tugged at his sweater. Brown wool, too big, sleeves eating his hands, pilling at the cuffs where he'd picked at it during the train ride over. Beneath it, a white collared shirt he'd chosen because it felt like effort without evidence of effort, which had seemed clever until he'd walked into Germany's apartment and realized he looked like someone who'd wandered in from a library while Germany looked like he'd wandered in from a magazine. The cross on its thin chain pressed against his sternum, and he thumbed it through the wool because it was solid and familiar and his face was already warm and they hadn't even moved to the couch yet. He could leave. He thought about leaving the way you think about exercise: in theory, approvingly, with zero intention of follow-through. He drank instead.

"You're quiet," Germany said. He dried his hands on a cloth, watching Poland with the kind of mild attentiveness that made Poland feel like an insect under glass.

"I'm always quiet."

"You're not."

Poland opened his mouth, found nothing, closed it. His ears were hot. He could feel the heat of them and prayed the white of his face didn't show whatever was happening underneath. It did. It always did. The red that started below his nose at least had the decency to be permanently flushed, but the white half broadcast every spike of blood pressure like a billboard, and right now it was prickling pink at the cheekbones and he wanted to pull his sweater over his head and never come out.

They migrated to the living room because Germany tilted his head in that direction and Poland followed him. The couch was deep and grey and swallowed him when he sat. Germany poured him more wine from a bottle that had been breathing on the coffee table, breathing, like wine was alive, like it needed preparation, like everything in Germany's apartment was more sophisticated than Poland by default. He sat. Germany sat. The gap between them was narrow enough that Poland could feel warmth radiating off Germany's thigh, and he clamped his knees together and held his glass with both hands like a mug of tea in winter.

Germany was saying something about infrastructure. Or agriculture. Or possibly the weather. Poland had stopped processing language approximately forty seconds ago because Germany's hand was resting on his own knee, relaxed, open-palmed, and Poland could think of nothing but the eight centimetres between that hand and his leg. He nodded. He made a vague sound

of acknowledgment. He was staring at a point just left of Germany's mouth, which was worse than staring at the mouth because it implied he was trying not to, which he was.

Germany stopped talking. In the silence, Poland's fingers went white around his wine glass.

Then Germany leaned in and kissed him, one hand finding the side of Poland's neck, thumb against his jaw, tilting his face up, and Poland went rigid. Every muscle. Shoulders, spine, thighs, even his toes curled against the floor. His lips were parted because he'd been half-forming a sentence, and Germany's mouth was warm and unhurried and tasted of wine, and Poland's heart was hammering so violently he was sure Germany could feel it pulsing under his thumb, a frantic animal thudding against skin.

He kissed back. Way too hard. Mostly teeth. Then wrenched himself backward, gasping, face blazing from the white of his forehead to the sharp line where it cut to red below his nose. "Okay," he said. As though Germany had proposed a business arrangement.

Germany looked at him. Those impossible eyes, steady and warm and faintly amused, not laughing at him, but seeing something in the flailing that struck him as endearing, which was infinitely worse than being laughed at. His thumb stroked once along Poland's jaw and Poland's breath hitched loud enough to hear.

Oh god. He'd heard that. Germany had definitely heard that.

"Okay," Germany said, low, and kissed him again.

Poland lunged into it this time with the desperate energy of someone who'd decided that if he was going to humiliate himself, he might as well commit. His wine glass toppled somewhere between the cushions, forgotten, and his hands fisted in the front of Germany's waistcoat and his mouth found Germany's with a graceless urgency that was nothing like the movies he definitely had not watched alone at two in the morning for research purposes. Germany's hand slid from his jaw to the back of his head, fingers threading into short white hair, and Poland made a sound against his mouth, small, high, needy, and went absolutely still with horror.

Germany didn't pause. Didn't comment. Just deepened the kiss, tongue sliding against Poland's, and Poland's hips rocked forward involuntarily and *oh, that was, he was hard already, he was hard from kissing, he was going to die, he was going to die on this man's grey couch with an erection and a crucifix and pilling sleeves.*

Germany's other hand slid under the sweater. Found Poland's waist through the collared shirt. Palm flat against his ribs.

Poland yelped. He bit the sound off, his body jolting like he'd been shocked. He pulled back from the kiss and stared at Germany with wild yellow eyes, mouth wet, breathing ragged.

"Sorry," he blurted. "That was... I didn't... that wasn't..."

"It's fine."

"I don't usually... I mean, I don't... it was just your hand was cold..."

"My hand isn't cold."

Poland's mouth worked soundlessly. Germany's hand was, in fact, radiantly warm. Germany's hand was burning a palm-shaped brand into his ribs through the cotton and Poland could feel every individual finger like they'd been mapped onto his nervous system. He shut his mouth. He looked at the ceiling. His face was so hot it felt sunburned.

Germany kissed his neck and Poland's spine arched off the couch before he could stop it, a full-body curl accompanied by a "hhh-aah" that came from somewhere deep and involuntary, and his hand flew up and clamped over his own mouth. Muffled behind his palm: "Mmnh." His eyes screwed shut. *He was making sounds. He was making sounds like... like he was... god.* Germany's teeth grazed the line where white skin cut sharply to red below his jaw and Poland bit down on his own fingers to keep from moaning again, which only partially worked, because a whimper leaked out anyway, thin and shaky.

Germany pulled back. "You don't have to do that."

"Do what," Poland said flatly from behind his hand.

"Cover your mouth."

"I'm not covering my mouth." He was visibly, obviously covering his mouth. His entire palm was pressed against his lips. Germany reached up and gently pulled his wrist down and Poland let him but kept his jaw clenched, teeth locked together, a muscle twitching in his cheek from the effort of keeping whatever mortifying noises his throat wanted to produce trapped inside his body where they belonged.

The sweater came off first. Germany lifted it over his head with both hands and Poland's short white hair stood up with static and he immediately tried to flatten it and only made it worse, raking his fingers through it while Germany started on the shirt buttons, working them open from the top with focused, economic fingers. Poland stared fixedly at a point over Germany's shoulder, jaw tight, as the shirt fell open and revealed the red skin of his chest, the same red that started below his nose and ran down his throat and over his collarbones and everywhere, everywhere else, without interruption. He was flushed deeper all over, the red of his chest darkened with blood in a blotchy, uneven way that he could do absolutely nothing about, and the white of his face had gone splotchy pink to match, broadcasting his mortification from his forehead down to the line where the color simply switched.

Germany looked at him and Poland wanted the couch to swallow him.

The cross hung between them, catching lamplight. Poland's hand closed around it.

"I'll..." He was going to say *take it off*, but the words tangled somewhere in his throat. He reached behind his neck, undid the clasp, held the chain pooled in his palm for a moment with the cross warm against the center. He set it on the coffee table, face-down, gently, like tucking something into bed. His hand lingered on it a second too long. Then he pulled back and sat there bare-chested and burning and unable to look Germany in the eye.

Germany's waistcoat came off. Then his shirt. Poland watched his own hands fumble with the buttons and wanted to scream, because his fingers were shaking visibly, trembling like he was cold except he wasn't cold, he was so far from cold he might actually be running a fever, and Germany waited with a patience that made it worse. When the shirt fell open, Poland's gaze tracked down without permission. Gold skin from the throat down, broad, clean, warm-toned, the black of Germany's face ending in a hard line at his jaw where it met red, and the red stopping at the collar where gold began and continued everywhere, shoulders, chest, stomach. The dark trail of hair beneath his navel. Poland looked away so fast his neck cricked.

"Bedroom," Germany said.

Poland made a sound that was supposed to be "sure" but came out as a barely voiced exhalation. He stood. His knees shook. He followed Germany down the hallway on bare feet that slapped too loudly on the hardwood, hyperaware of his own shirtless body, the goosebumps on his red arms, the persistent obvious situation in his trousers that he couldn't adjust without drawing attention to but which was drawing attention to itself regardless. Germany's hand found the small of his back and Poland stumbled over nothing.

The bedroom was dim. Grey sheets, because of course, because Germany's entire apartment was a monochrome mood board. Germany sat on the edge of the bed and pulled Poland in by his hips, settling him between his knees, and looked up at him, and Poland thought he might die from being looked at this way. Those blue eyes tracking across his face, his throat, his chest, openly appreciative, and Poland stood there with his arms half-raised as if he couldn't decide whether to cover himself or not.

"Stop looking at me like that," he muttered.

"Like what?"

"Like... that. Like you're... just stop."

Germany's thumbs traced circles on his hipbones. Poland's abdomen clenched. He kissed Germany to avoid being studied, bending down, hands on his shoulders, and Germany kissed back while his fingers found Poland's belt and opened it with one hand. The trousers pooled at his ankles. His cock was straining against his briefs, the fabric dark with a wet spot at the tip, and when Germany pulled the waistband down and freed him, Poland turned his head sharply to the side, cheeks flaming, as though looking away from his own erection would somehow make it less real.

He was average. Maybe slightly below. Uncut, the foreskin half-retracted, flushed dark red and visibly, embarrassingly slick. When Germany wrapped a hand around him, fingers overlapping, palm warm and enormous, Poland's knees gave out entirely and he caught himself on Germany's shoulders with a strangled "fhhh..." and his forehead dropped against Germany's hair.

"Oh my god," he whispered into Germany's scalp. "Oh my god, oh my god."

"Good?"

"Don't ask me that. Don't ask me anything. Please don't talk."

Germany stroked him once, root to tip, thumb rolling over the foreskin, and Poland's hips stuttered forward and a sound came out of him that he would carry to his grave as his single greatest humiliation: a high, helpless, utterly undignified moan, drawn out and wavering, "aaahhhnn," and he shoved his face harder into Germany's hair and his fingers dug into those gold shoulders and he could feel Germany exhale, amused, warm breath against his chest, which meant Germany was smiling, which meant Germany had heard that, which meant the earth could open beneath this bed at any time and that would be fine, that would be great actually.

"Wait," he gasped. "Wait, if you... I'll... I'm going to..."

Germany stopped. Poland trembled between his knees, cock twitching against Germany's stilled palm, leaking onto his fingers in a way that was obscene and visible and happening, and he breathed through his nose and stared at the wall behind Germany's head and thought very hard about agricultural subsidies until the crisis passed.

Germany stood. The rest of his clothes came off and Poland's eyes went wide and his mouth went dry and his brain emptied like a sink. Germany's cock was thick and heavy and noticeably, meaningfully bigger than his, uncut, flushed deep along the gold skin. Poland stared at it and then stared at the ceiling and then stared at it again and his face was so hot he could feel his pulse in his cheeks.

"Get on the bed," Germany said, and Poland went.

He lay on his stomach first. Face in the pillow. Hiding. The pillowcase smelled like Germany's shampoo and Poland breathed it in and felt his cock twitch against the mattress and groaned, muffled, defeated.

Germany's hands on his hips, rolling him over. Poland resisted for one futile second, then went, and lay on his back staring at the ceiling with both hands over his face. Red palms pressed against burning white skin, yellow eyes hidden behind his own fingers.

"Poland."

"Mm."

"Move your hands."

"No."

A pause. Then the click of a cap. Poland's thighs tensed. His hands were still over his face when the first slick finger traced his entrance, circling without entering, and his breath stuttered behind his palms, a punched "ah" he tried to crush into silence. The finger pressed in slowly and Poland's back arched, his hands dropped from his face, and he grabbed the sheets instead, fisting grey cotton, staring at the ceiling with wide yellow eyes while his body clenched and then reluctantly, reluctantly opened.

"Nnh... nn... *kurwa*..." His voice was barely a voice. His thighs were shaking. He turned his face to the side, pressing his burning cheek into the pillow, unable to look at Germany while Germany's finger was inside him, because the combination of those two things, the steady blue gaze and that slow, patient intrusion, was more than his nervous system could handle.

The second finger stretched him and he whined, high and thin, and his hand flew back to his mouth and he bit the meat of his palm to shut himself up. Germany's fingers crooked inside him and found a spot that sent a white-hot bolt up Poland's entire spine and he shouted into his own hand, "MMFH," hips bucking off the mattress, cock slapping wet against his stomach.

"There," Germany said.

"I KNOW." Poland's voice cracked on both syllables. He was shaking all over. His cock was drooling onto his red stomach in a steady, humiliating stream, untouched, and every slow thrust of Germany's fingers wrung another sound out of him, muffled behind his bitten palm: "mmh, mmh, *ah*, mmnh, *jeezu*..." He couldn't stop them. His body was making sounds without his consent, leaking and twitching and arching toward something he'd spent years refusing to want, and the worst part was that Germany could see all of it. Every flinch. Every flush. Every involuntary, desperate response laid bare on grey sheets under dim light.

The third finger pushed a sob out of him. His eyes burned and he pressed both hands over his face again, shielding himself from view.

"You can tell me to stop," Germany said. His voice was lower now. Rougher.

"Don't you dare," Poland whispered. "Don't you dare stop. Just don't look at me."

Germany paused a beat. Then pulled his fingers out, and Poland felt the loss like a wound and heard himself whimper at the emptiness and wanted to set himself on fire.

The sound of a condom wrapper. Slick sounds. Poland kept his hands over his face and breathed and felt the mattress shift as Germany settled between his legs. Hands under his knees, pressing them up and apart, opening him, and Poland let himself be arranged because resistance required a dignity he'd already lost somewhere around the second moan.

The blunt press of Germany's cock against his entrance was enormous. Wide and hot and insistent. Poland sucked air through his teeth and Germany pushed forward, slow, controlled, and the first centimetres breached him with a burn that whited out his vision. His hands fell from his face. His mouth opened. His fingers clawed at the sheets and his back arched and a sound poured out of him, long and shattered, "aaaahhhh, *kurwa, kurwa*..." bouncing off the walls of the bedroom, and he couldn't stop it, couldn't even try, because Germany was pressing into him centimetre by devastating centimetre and his body was splitting open around it with a fullness that bordered on too much.

"Oh god oh god, *matko boska*, oh fuck, oh god..." A litany, breathless and cracking, tumbling out of him in a stream he had zero control over, half of it in a language he didn't remember choosing. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes, sliding down white temples into the pillow. Germany sank deeper and Poland's legs wrapped around his waist of their own

volition, heels digging into the small of Germany's back, pulling him in, his body demanding more of the thing that was destroying him.

When their hips met, Germany fully inside, Poland lay there shaking and full and gasping and so, so embarrassed by every single thing happening: the tears on his face, the sounds he'd made, the way his cock was leaking all over his own stomach, the way his legs were wrapped around Germany like he'd die if he let go. He covered his eyes with one forearm and his mouth with the other and lay there in self-imposed darkness, trembling.

"Poland." Germany's voice was strained now, the composure fraying. "Look at me."

"No."

Germany rocked his hips forward, a small, testing motion, and Poland's arms flew off his face and he gasped, eyes wide, yellow meeting blue, and Germany looked wrecked too, jaw tight, blue eyes dark, a flush darkening the red stripe of his face, and for one second Poland forgot to be embarrassed because Germany was looking at him like he was something worth ruining yourself over.

Then Germany pulled back and thrust into him properly and Poland screamed.

A sharp, high, startled scream, "AH!" that broke into a series of punched-out cries, "*ah, ah, ah, aah, kurwa, nnh*," rhythmic and helpless, driven out of him on every stroke. Germany held his hips and fucked him with a steady, deep insistence that ground across that spot inside him on every pass, and Poland grabbed the pillow behind his head with both hands and held on and let his body do whatever it wanted because he couldn't stop it anyway. His back arched. His toes curled. The sounds coming out of his mouth were obscene, wet and desperate, "hhah, mmnh, *kurwa, ja pierdolę, ah, ah, proszę, ah*," and the *please* slipped out without authorization and he heard it leave his own mouth and a fresh wave of mortification washed through him and somehow made everything more intense.

"Louder than I expected," Germany murmured, breathless, and Poland could have killed him.

"Shut UP, shut up, shut... *aah!*... shut..." Germany shifted his angle, hiked Poland's hips higher, and the next thrust hit so deep and so precisely that Poland's vision sparked and his voice broke on a sound that wasn't a word, just raw noise, "AAAHH-nnh," and his hand shot down and grabbed Germany's hip and pulled, fingers biting into gold skin, demanding more, faster, harder, his body begging in a language his mouth would never speak.

Germany gave it to him. The pace broke open, faster, rougher, the sound of skin against skin filling the room alongside Poland's uncontrollable cries and Germany's low, rough breathing and the rhythmic complaint of the bed frame. Poland's cock bounced against his stomach with every thrust, flushed and leaking and neglected, and *he was going to come, he realized with dawning horror, he was going to come without being touched, just from this, just from Germany inside him, and that was so embarrassing he could taste it.*

"I'm... *oh fuck*... I'm going to..." His voice cracked into a whisper. "Don't look, don't look at me, don't..."

Germany looked at him. Directly. Blue eyes fixed on his face without looking away.

Poland came with a ragged, broken wail, "aahh-HHAAHH, *kurwaaa*..." his cock pulsing untouched, spilling across his stomach and chest in hot streaks, his body clenching around Germany in rhythmic, shuddering waves while his face contorted and his eyes squeezed shut and his mouth stayed open and the sounds kept coming, small and wrecked and trembling, "nnh, nnh, *ah*, *jeezu*, oh, oh god."

Germany followed seconds later, burying himself deep and going rigid, a low groan pressed into Poland's neck, his hips grinding forward in tight, shuddering pulses. Poland felt it, felt him finish, and his body gave one last full-body shiver and then went boneless.

Breathing. The ceiling was still white and featureless and Poland stared at it while his heartbeat clattered in his ears and the tears dried sticky on his temples and the mess cooled on his stomach. Germany pulled out carefully and Poland flinched, oversensitive, and immediately rolled onto his side facing away, curling slightly, pulling his knees up.

He could feel Germany dealing with the condom. The mattress shifting. Then warmth along his back as Germany settled behind him, close but not quite touching, and a hand came to rest on Poland's hip, palm flat against red skin.

Poland's face was still burning. His body ached in unfamiliar places. His throat was raw from sounds he would spend the next week pretending he'd never made. He could feel Germany's breath against the back of his neck, slow and steady, and the hand on his hip was warm and patient and Poland hated, with considerable but diminishing conviction, how much he wanted it to stay there.

"If you tell anyone," Poland said. His voice was sandpaper. "About the... the noises. If you tell anyone I'll..."

"You'll what."

Poland didn't have a threat. He lay there, red and wrung out and ridiculous, and Germany's thumb traced a small arc against his hip, and Poland's hand crept backward, fumbling, until his fingers found Germany's wrist and circled it loosely. He held on. His eyes closed. His burning face pressed into the cool side of the pillow, and his grip on Germany's wrist tightened just slightly, just enough.

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