One More Match

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by Nesher

Summary

There are few things more humiliating than realizing your boyfriend probably drugged you with an aphrodisiac and then deliberately got too busy gaming to do anything about it. By the time Israel gives up on subtlety and plants himself directly on America’s cock, dignity has already left the building. Unfortunately, America seems perfectly happy with the arrangement. Apparently, “cockwarmer” is a job title now.

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 7.

Israel had been staring at the back of America's head for so long he'd memorized the exact spot where a strand of red bled into a strand of blue just above his left ear. Three hours. Three hours of the gaming chair, the headset, the mechanical keyboard going *clack clack clack* without a pause. The monitor threw pale light across America's face, catching the stars on that blue patch near his temple, and America's expression was the focused, slack-jawed blankness of someone who had completely forgotten that another person existed in the apartment.

Israel stood in the doorway of the office and hated him and tried to think of something he had not already said.

He'd tried four times. The first, he'd brought lunch. A sandwich, cut diagonally, placed on the desk beside the mouse pad. America had said "thanks babe" without turning his head and the sandwich sat there for forty minutes before he picked it up and ate it one-handed between rounds, crumbs falling onto his shirt, eyes never leaving the screen. The second time Israel had stood directly behind the chair and put both hands on America's shoulders and squeezed and America had rolled his neck and said "mmm, that's nice" the way you'd compliment a massage chair at the mall and then leaned forward to shout something about a flanking position into his mic. The third time Israel had said his name. Three times. "America. America. *America.*" Escalating volume. America had pulled one ear of the headset off, said "hm?", and when Israel said "are you going to be on this thing all day," America had said "probably, we're running a tournament" and put the headset back on like he'd answered a phone call from a telemarketer.

The fourth time Israel had stood between America and the monitor and America had leaned sideways to see around him.

So. Four times.

The worst part, the genuinely worst part, the part that made Israel want to take the keyboard and snap it over his knee, was the drink. This morning, before the gaming marathon had swallowed the day whole, America had been in the kitchen. Bright-eyed, grinning, those blue eyes warm and focused entirely on Israel for a grand total of ninety seconds. He'd handed Israel a glass of something pink and fizzy, sweet-smelling, vaguely tropical. "Try this. Got it from this place online. It's supposed to be really good." Israel had taken it because America was looking at him, actually *looking* at him, and the eye contact was so startling after two days of tournament prep that Israel would have drunk battery acid to prolong the moment. It tasted like guava and ginger and something faintly herbal underneath, and America had watched him drink the whole thing with a smile that, in retrospect, contained information Israel had failed to process.

That was nine in the morning. By ten-thirty Israel's skin felt too tight. By eleven his blood was running warm and slow like heated syrup and there was a low, persistent throb between his legs that wouldn't go away no matter how many times he adjusted his position on the couch. By noon he was hard. Not the kind of hard that comes and goes, not the idle half-interest of a passing thought. Hard like concrete. Hard like a structural problem. His cock pressed against the seam of his jeans and *stayed* there, aching, insistent, and every brush of fabric sent a shiver up through his stomach. He'd jerked off in the bathroom at one point,

quick and rough and desperate, and it had barely taken the edge off. Twenty minutes later he was hard again, worse than before, his whole body flushed and prickling like a sunburn from the inside.

He knew. He didn't have proof, but he knew, the way you know someone's been in your room even when nothing's been moved. The drink. The herbal undertone. America's grin. The fact that America had handed him that glass and then immediately sat down at his computer for what he clearly planned to be an eight-hour session, leaving Israel to marinate in whatever the fuck that pink stuff was doing to his nervous system. If it was intentional, and it was, it *was*, the cruelty was so architecturally precise that Israel almost admired it. Almost. Mostly he wanted to commit a felony.

He stood in the doorway and watched America laugh at something in his headset. Those broad shoulders shaking. That easy, careless joy. Israel's cock throbbed against his zipper and his jaw tightened and something behind his eyes clicked off like a circuit breaker tripping. The part of him that hinted. The part that asked nicely. The part that brought sandwiches and gave shoulder rubs and said someone's name three times in ascending volume. Gone.

He walked into the room. America didn't look up. Israel pulled his shirt over his head and dropped it on the floor. America's eyes stayed on the screen. Israel unbuttoned his jeans, shoved them down, stepped out of them. Underwear too. He was fully naked in the middle of America's gaming room, cock jutting out hard and flushed and leaking at the tip, and America glanced at him for exactly one second before his gaze drifted back to the monitor.

"Babe, I'm in the middle of—"

Israel was already moving. He'd prepped himself an hour ago in the bathroom, fingers slick with the lube he'd found under the sink, because his body had been screaming at him with such relentless urgency that he'd done it almost on autopilot, half-planning and half-hoping and fully hating himself the entire way. The stretch had made him gasp against the tile wall. The aphrodisiac or whatever the hell it was had turned even that into something devastating, every nerve ending magnified, his own fingers inside himself enough to make his knees buckle.

He straddled the gaming chair. It was a tight fit, his knees wedging on either side of America's massive thighs, the armrests digging into his calves. America raised an eyebrow. One hand left the keyboard, just one, and fished his cock out through the front of his sweatpants with a casualness that made Israel's vision swim. One-handed. Absent. Like scratching an itch. Like it was nothing. Like the thick, heavy cock that sprang free and rested against his thigh, flushed and half-hard already, was an afterthought.

Israel remembered the last time he'd seen it up close. The condom that didn't fit. The way his hands hadn't been able to close around it. The fact that he'd brought a regular-size condom to a situation that clearly required industrial equipment. He'd teased America for it then, giddy and bratty, and America had shoved his cock down Israel's throat until he choked. The memory hit him like a slap and his cock twitched and leaked a bead of pre onto America's shirt.

He reached down, angled the head, and sank.

The stretch was, and he bit his tongue. Actually bit it, copper flooding his mouth, because the sound that tried to come out of him was not a sound he was willing to make in a room where America's teammates could hear through the headset mic. America's cock split him open inch by inch, thick and relentless, and the aphrodisiac turned every fraction of progress into a full-body event, heat blooming outward from the point of entry like a shockwave. His thighs trembled. His hands found America's shoulders and gripped hard enough to wrinkle the fabric. He sank lower, lower, gravity and slick and sheer desperation doing the work, and when his ass finally met America's lap and the full impossible length of him was buried inside, Israel's mouth opened in a silent scream and his vision went white at the edges.

America's hand returned to the keyboard.

"Nice," America said, and clicked something.

Israel sat there. Full. So full it felt like America's cock was rearranging his internal organs. He could feel his own heartbeat in his throat and also, distinctly, America's pulse inside him, slow and steady, the heartbeat of someone who was *not* losing his mind. The aphrodisiac made every sensation catastrophic. The fullness wasn't just pressure. It was heat, living heat, radiating outward through his pelvis and up his spine and into his skull. His cock stood rigid between their bodies, untouched, drooling a steady thread of pre onto America's stomach. He was breathing in short, shallow bursts through his nose because anything deeper shifted America inside him and made his toes curl involuntarily.

America leaned forward to squint at the screen and Israel whimpered. Actually whimpered. The slight angle change pressed the head of America's cock directly against his prostate and the sensation was so acute, so sharp and bright and *specific*, that Israel's fingers dug into America's shoulders and his spine arched and his cock jumped and he almost came right there, thirty seconds in, untouched, from a guy leaning forward to check his minimap.

"You okay?" America asked. Still looking at the screen.

"I hate you," Israel whispered.

"Mmhm." Click click click. "Rotate left, he's flanking." That was to the headset. Not to Israel. Israel was furniture.

Minutes passed. They might have been hours. Israel lost track. Time became meaningless when your entire existence narrowed to the cock inside you and the maddening, unbearable stillness of it. America shifted occasionally, adjusting his posture, reaching for his soda, leaning back to stretch his neck, and each micro-movement sent jolts through Israel's body that made his breath hitch and his thighs clench. America wasn't thrusting. Wasn't grinding. Wasn't acknowledging the tight, wet, trembling body in his lap in any meaningful way. He was just there. Big and warm and buried to the hilt inside Israel while discussing respawn timers with his friends.

At some point between rounds, America's hand settled on Israel's hip. The touch was electric, every nerve in Israel's overheated body lurching toward it like a plant toward sunlight, and then America pushed him gently sideways. "Scoot left a little, you're in my peripheral."

Israel scooted. He scooted on America's cock like he was adjusting a chair cushion. His eyes were glassy. His lip was bitten raw.

"Good," America said, and Israel didn't know if he was talking to him or his team and the ambiguity made him want to cry.

The worst moment came between matches. Loading screen. America's hands off the keyboard, relaxed, one resting on the armrest and the other picking up his soda. He took a sip. Set it down. Then, casually, into the mic: "Nah I'm good, just chilling. Got my cockwarmer on."

Laughter through the headset, tinny and distant.

Israel's face ignited. His ears burned. The Star of David between his eyes felt like a brand. "Your *what*," he hissed.

America patted his thigh. Didn't look at him. "Shh. Loading screen's almost done."

"I am not your—"

"You're literally sitting on my cock doing nothing. That's a cockwarmer, babe." Another pat. Fond. Indulgent. Infuriating. "You're doing great."

Israel was going to kill him. Right after he came. Which needed to happen immediately or he was going to lose his mind entirely, because his cock was so hard it hurt and his prostate was being pressed on with metronomic precision every time America breathed and the aphrodisiac had turned his entire body into a single exposed nerve ending wrapped around the hottest, thickest thing it had ever encountered.

He started moving. Small at first, just his hips, grinding in tight circles, trying to be subtle about it. The drag of America's cock inside him, even that fractional back-and-forth, sent sparks cascading up his spine. He bit back a moan. His hands tightened on America's shoulders. He ground down harder, rolling his pelvis, chasing the angle that hit his prostate, and found it, and his vision flickered and a broken sound leaked out between his teeth, *nnh*, high and desperate.

America glanced at him. Those blue eyes, finally focused, and for one breathless, suspended moment Israel thought *finally, finally, he's going to touch me, he's going to grab me and fuck me and—*

"Go ahead," America said. "Get yourself off. I've got one more match after this."

Then he looked back at the screen.

Israel rode him. There was no grace in it, no performance, no seductive roll of the hips designed to entice. This was survival. This was an animal need that had been building for hours under the influence of whatever the hell had been in that pink drink, and Israel planted his knees and gripped America's shoulders and fucked himself on that cock with desperate,

grinding urgency, rising and dropping, the wet sound of it obscene in the quiet room, *schlk, schlk, schlk,* punctuated by mouse clicks and the faint audio bleeding from America's headset.

His thighs burned. His breath came in ragged sobs. His cock bounced between their bodies, slapping against America's stomach on every downstroke, smearing pre across the fabric of his shirt. Israel's thoughts were incoherent, fractured, just sensation and fury and the maddening awareness that he was doing all the work, that America was sitting there playing his stupid game while Israel split himself open on his cock like a toy, and the role reversal was dizzying because Israel had put himself here, had mounted America of his own volition, and somehow America was still winning, still unbothered, still in control without lifting a finger.

America's hand drifted to Israel's hip. Thumb pressing into the bone. Steadying him when his rhythm went erratic, when his thighs shook too hard to maintain the pace. "That's it," America murmured, and his voice was warm and low and he might have been talking to Israel or he might have been reacting to something on screen and Israel couldn't tell and it didn't matter because the words went straight to his cock either way.

"Careful," America added a moment later. "Don't break my chair."

Israel came. It hit him without warning, the orgasm crashing through him like a wave breaking over a seawall, and the sound he made was somewhere between a sob and a scream, high and broken and *loud,* his body clenching so hard around America's cock that even America reacted, hissing through his teeth, both hands suddenly on Israel's hips, fingers digging in. Israel's cock pulsed between them, untouched, streaking America's shirt, his own stomach, the underside of the desk. His vision whited out. His thighs locked. His whole body shook with the force of it, aftershocks rolling through him in diminishing waves while he gasped and trembled and went limp against America's chest like a marionette with cut strings.

He was done. He was so done. Every muscle wrung out, every nerve fried, the aphrodisiac finally, *finally,* receding enough that he could think in complete sentences again. He wanted to slide off, collapse on the floor, crawl to the couch and die quietly. His body was finished.

America's hands tightened on his hips.

"Wait—" Israel managed, but the word dissolved into a wail because America thrust *up.* Both feet planted on the floor, those massive thighs flexing, and he drove into Israel from below with the full force of his hips, and Israel's oversensitized body screamed. It was too much. Every nerve was raw, the orgasm had stripped him down to exposed wiring, and now America was fucking into him hard and fast and relentless, using Israel's limp, trembling body, and the sounds Israel made were not sounds he had any control over. High, broken, punched-out cries on every thrust, *ah, ah, ah,* fingers scrabbling uselessly at America's shoulders, head thrown back, the Star of David on his face wet with tears he didn't remember shedding.

America groaned. Low and long and finally, *finally* affected, that careful composure cracking as his hips snapped upward and he came inside Israel with a force that Israel felt in his teeth. Hot. Flooding. Pulsing deep, filling him, and Israel sobbed at the sensation, clenching

involuntarily around every throb, his spent cock giving a weak, painful twitch against his stomach.

America let out a long, satisfied breath. His grip on Israel's hips loosened. One hand lifted to the headset mic.

"Sorry guys, had to take care of something. I'm back."

Israel's forehead was pressed against America's collarbone. He couldn't move. His legs were jelly. His ass was full of cum. His face was a mess, tears, spit, flushed skin, the blue and white of his markings blotchy and damp. America's cock was still inside him, softening slowly, and every time America shifted in the chair Israel felt it and twitched and hated everything.

America's hand came up and rested on the back of Israel's head. Gentle. Fingers threading through his short white hair. Almost sweet. Almost tender. The kind of touch that, under any other circumstances, might have made Israel's chest ache with something dangerously close to affection.

"Babe," America said, voice still easy, still warm, still the voice of someone who had just had a very good afternoon. "Can you grab me another soda from the fridge?"

Israel bit him. Hard. Right on the shoulder, right through the shirt, teeth sinking in deep enough that America yelped and jerked and his teammates probably heard it through the mic. Israel tasted fabric and skin and the faintest trace of cologne and he did not let go for a long, vicious, satisfying moment.

Then he peeled himself off America's cock, cum sliding down his inner thighs, legs barely holding him, and stood there swaying and naked and ruined in the middle of the gaming room. He thought about the pink drink. He thought about asking. He looked at America's face, those blue eyes bright with amusement and satisfaction and something underneath that was sharper and more possessive than America would ever say out loud.

Israel didn't ask. He already knew.

He turned on shaking legs and walked toward the kitchen, because he was going to get the soda, because he was going to come back, because this was the pattern now, this thing between them where America's casual cruelty and Israel's furious hunger fed into each other in a loop that neither of them seemed willing to break. He was going to come back and America was going to smile at him and Israel was going to want to kill him and also climb back into his lap, and both of those things would be equally true, and that was the worst part. That was always the worst part.

He grabbed the soda from the fridge and stood there for a moment, cold air on his overheated skin, cum drying on his thighs, bite mark throbbing in sympathetic satisfaction. He grabbed a second can for himself. It was not pink. He checked.

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