Say Thank You

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by Nesher

Summary

There are cheaper ways to apologize for standing someone up. America unfortunately chooses the one that involves unlimited spending power and a very angry Israel. Then Israel realizes America is getting off on every swipe. Israel, naturally, decides to test exactly how far that goes.

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 12.

America had been standing by the fountain for twenty-two minutes, which she knew because she'd checked her phone roughly forty times, and in those twenty-two minutes she had rehearsed her apology so often that the words had gone soft and flavorless in her mouth, like gum chewed way past its prime. *Hey, so, about the party.* Too casual. *Israel, I owe you an explanation.* Too much like a press release. *I'm sorry, I'm the worst.* True, but it sounded like fishing for a "no you're not," and she was pretty sure Israel would not be handing those out today.

She pushed her sunglasses higher on her head, tugged at the hem of her blue crop top even though it was a crop top and that was the whole point of it, and watched Ohio across the plaza wrestle a stack of folding chairs outside a pretzel stand. The sun was bright and stupid and the fountain kept spitting mist onto the backs of her legs. She told herself it was fine. Israel had agreed to meet her. Nobody agreed to meet somebody at a mall just to murder them.

Then Israel came around the corner by the shoe stores and America forgot every version of the apology at once.

The dress was yellow, that soft buttery yellow that looked like it should smell like lemons, and it was short. Short was underselling it. It ended so high on Israel's thighs that America's first coherent thought was a wildly inappropriate question about how she planned to sit down in it, and her second thought was that she shouldn't be thinking about Israel sitting down in anything because she was here to grovel, and her third thought went right back to the thighs.

Israel's white pigtails swung as she walked, and her mismatched eyes, one blue and one brown, found America from thirty feet away and did absolutely nothing friendly. She didn't hurry. She stopped a careful arm's length away, folded her arms, and waited.

"Hey," America said. "Hi. You look... wow. Okay. So." She rubbed the back of her neck. "About the thing. The party. My bad. Like, seriously, my bad, I totally spaced, and I know it's not an excuse, but Brazil kind of kidnapped me? She showed up with a jet and a cooler and I figured it was one night, and then I didn't check my phone, and then it was..." She heard herself. She kept going anyway, because stopping felt worse. "It was a whole thing."

Israel's face went flat as a ruler. "A whole thing," she repeated. "I saw the whole thing. I saw you licking tequila off Australia's stomach at eleven-forty at night, my time, while I was standing on a roof in Tel Aviv next to a cake I made with blue frosting. Blue, America. For you. Because you texted me, and I'm quoting, 'wouldn't miss it for the world babe.'"

The cake hit America somewhere under the ribs, the picture of Israel alone on a rooftop with a stupid blue cake, and she panicked the way she always panicked, by opening her mouth wider. "Let me make it up to you. Anything. Seriously, whatever you want, I'll buy you whatever."

Something happened in Israel's eyes, a small bright flick, like a lighter catching. She unfolded her arms and held out one hand, palm up. "Card."

"What, like, you want to pick something out? Sure, we can totally..."

"Card," Israel said again, sweetly, and wiggled her fingers.

America assumed a purse. Maybe sunglasses, maybe one of those little perfume bottles shaped like a grenade.

Instead Israel walked straight into the boutique with the gold lettering and the single dress hanging in the window like a museum piece, and France looked up from the counter, took in Israel's face and the black card pinched between her fingers and America trailing behind like a lost dog, and smiled the slow, delighted smile of someone about to make rent for the year. Israel pointed at things without touching them. That one. That one in the cream. The bag, no, the bigger bag.

France wrapped everything in tissue paper so thin it was basically a rumor, and when the total came up America actually made a noise, a little "hngh" like she'd been poked in the kidney.

Italy's store was worse.

Israel bought three pairs of shoes without trying a single one on, just held them up to the light like she was checking for counterfeit bills and said "these" in a bored little voice, and Italy rang them up so fast he practically sang. America watched Israel lean over the counter to sign the receipt, the yellow dress riding up a dangerous inch, the pen scratching out a loopy signature on America's dime, and somewhere between the second pair and the third, the feeling in America's stomach changed shape.

It had started as a wince. It turned into something warm and heavy that slid lower and sat there, pulsing, and America shifted her weight from one foot to the other and decided this was a normal reaction to financial loss. Totally normal. People got flushed about money all the time.

She was still telling herself that when Israel glanced back at her and stopped mid-signature.

America didn't notice the stop. She was too busy noticing how Israel's pigtail had fallen over her shoulder and brushed the counter. She didn't notice the way Israel's head tilted, either, slow and curious, like a cat that has just heard something squeak inside a wall.

The candle was a test. America understood that much later.

At the moment it was just a stupid candle in a stupid glass jar at a home store where Sweden was restocking shelves, and it smelled like fig and smoke and something called "salt cathedral," and it cost four hundred dollars. Israel held it up, read the price tag out loud, and put it in the basket while staring America dead in the face. America opened her mouth to say four hundred dollars, that's insane, it's wax, and nothing came out.

Her face was hot. Her thighs were pressed together.

Israel stepped in close, close enough that America could smell her shampoo over the fig and smoke, and murmured up at her, "You're not even going to complain? What a good little paypig."

"I'm not... that's not a thing," America hissed, which was a lie, because she had seen enough of the internet to know it was very much a thing. "I'm being nice. I'm being *nice*."

Her voice cracked right down the middle of nice, split like a dropped plate, and Israel laughed, a short nasty little laugh right in her face, and America felt that laugh go down her spine and settle between her legs like it owned property there.

They passed California at the smoothie bar, who waved and then did a double take at the number of bags hanging off America's arms.

Somewhere in the food court Florida was yelling about a lizard, which was standard. America barely heard any of it. Her whole body had become an antenna tuned to the frequency of Israel's heels clicking on the tile.

On the escalator up to the second level, Israel stood two steps above her, and the air conditioning vent at the top breathed out right as she stepped off.

The yellow dress lifted. Not much. Just enough. America saw stripes, red and white, and a little blue square with tiny white stars, stretched snug over the curve of Israel's ass, and her brain did the thing an old computer does when you open too many tabs. It just stopped.

Israel was furious with her. Israel had planned a cake and been stood up and had watched her do body shots off Australia, and Israel had still gotten dressed this morning and pulled on panties that were America's flag. America stood frozen at the top of the escalator with her mouth open, and the step behind her shoved her forward and she stumbled, and Israel turned around and saw her face, and whatever was on it made Israel's eyes go narrow and dark and very interested.

Israel took her wrist. "Bathroom," she said. "Now."

It was the nice kind of mall bathroom, marble counters and a smell like eucalyptus and stall doors that went all the way to the floor, and Israel kicked the farthest one open and pushed America down onto the closed toilet lid hard enough that the bags slid off her arm and spilled tissue paper across the tile.

Then Israel stepped between her knees and stood there, and for the first time all day she was looking down. America had to tilt her head back to see her face, and Israel clearly savored it, rolling the moment around like a sip of wine, her lips curling slow.

"Are you getting off on this?" Israel asked.

"No," America said.

Israel just waited.

"I mean. Kind of? A little. It's weird, okay, it's a weird day, I'm emotional..."

"Say it properly."

America's face burned so hot she was sure her stripes had gone darker. "I like it," she mumbled. "I like... paying for you."

"Louder. And look at me."

America looked up into those two different colored eyes and said it louder, every word a small humiliating coin dropped into a fountain. "I like paying for you."

And then, because her mouth had never once in her life known when to quit, "I really fucking like it."

Israel shoved the blue crop top up over America's tits in one rough motion and grabbed them, both hands, and America saw something cross her face, a flicker of resentment and want tangled so tight it was hard to tell which was which.

Israel's palms were small and America's tits overflowed them, and Israel squeezed like she was trying to punish them for existing, then found both nipples between her fingers and twisted. America yelped, "Ah! Hnnngh, *fuck*," and the bathroom door swung open outside and heels clicked across the floor toward the sinks.

America slapped her own hand over her mouth. Israel smiled at her, bright and vicious, and twisted again, slower, while somebody ran the water two yards away. America's eyes watered. Her hips jerked off the toilet lid. "Mmmph, mmnh, hnn," she whimpered into her palm, and the water shut off, and the hand dryer roared, and the heels clicked out again.

America dropped her hand, panting, and looked up at Israel all flushed and pigtailed and gorgeous, and she meant it as praise, she honestly did, when she said, "God, you're so cute, your little..."

and her eyes dipped, just for a second, to the flat front of the yellow dress.

Israel's face went cold as a freezer door. Her fingers clamped down on America's nipple and twisted until America saw white. "Finish that sentence," Israel whispered. "I dare you."

"Ahhh, fuck, nope, not finishing it, hnng, retracted, fully retracted..."

Israel let go only to grab a fistful of America's hair, the long loose white of it streaked through with red and blue, and yank her head back and kiss her.

It was a terrible kiss, all teeth and spite, Israel biting her bottom lip hard enough to sting, and America kissed back like she'd been starving in a desert and someone had finally handed her water, moaning into Israel's mouth, "Mmh, mmmmmh, Israel, hnn," and Israel swallowed every sound like she'd paid for those too. Which, America thought dizzily, she technically had. With America's money.

The logic of that looped around in her head and made her even wetter, and she hated how fast her brain accepted it.

Israel broke the kiss but kept the fist in her hair, holding America's head tipped back so she had to stare straight up into those mismatched eyes.

Israel's lips were shiny and a little swollen and the blue star between her eyes was creased where her brows pulled together. "Where were you," she said. Quiet. Flat. "At eleven-forty. Tell me again."

"Rio," America croaked. "On the beach. You saw."

"Who were you with."

"Brazil. Australia. Mexico was there, he was super drunk, he threw up in a coconut..."

Israel tightened her grip and America's scalp prickled hot. "Did you think about me. At all. While you had your tongue on her stomach."

America could have lied. She was good at lying, she did it on television constantly.

But she was sitting on a toilet with her tits out and her nipples throbbing and a tiny furious girl standing between her knees, and there was nowhere left to put a lie. "Yeah," she said. "Yeah, I did. Like, the whole time. I felt like shit, okay? I kept looking at my phone and not opening it because I knew you'd be mad and I'm a coward. And the story..." She swallowed. "I posted the story kind of hoping you'd text me. Even if it was to yell. I just wanted you to text me."

Israel went completely still.

For half a second her hand loosened in America's hair and her face did something soft and unguarded, her mouth parting like she was about to say something that wasn't mean, and America watched it happen with her heart pounding stupidly against her ribs. Then the softness folded itself up and got tucked away somewhere America couldn't reach, and Israel's lips curled back into that nasty little smile.

"You're pathetic," Israel said, and somehow it sounded almost fond. She let go of America's hair and dropped her hands to the button of America's jean shorts.

The button popped. The zipper hissed down, loud as a scream in the marble quiet, and Israel shoved the shorts open and looked, and America wanted to sink through the toilet and into the plumbing and keep going until she hit the Earth's core.

Her dark blue panties were soaked through. Not damp. Soaked, a dark wet patch spread across the front of them, clinging so tight that the shape of her pussy was right there under the fabric for Israel to see, swollen and obvious.

"Oh my god," Israel breathed, delighted.

She pressed two fingers flat against the wet patch and dragged them slowly up, and America's whole body jerked like she'd touched a live wire. "Ah, hnnh!" Israel rubbed her thumb and fingers together, watching them glisten in the fluorescent light. "All this. From me spending your money. You are actually, genuinely disgusting, America."

"I know," America whimpered. "I know, I know, please..."

"Please what?"

"Please touch me, fuck, Israel, please just..."

Israel hooked the panties aside with one finger and slid two fingers straight into her cunt, no warm-up, no tease, just in, and America's head hit the tile wall behind her with a dull thunk.

"Ahhh, fuck, *fuck*," she gasped, and Israel curled her fingers and started working her, slow and deep, the wet sounds obscene in the little stall, *schlk, schlk, schlk*, so loud America was sure the whole second floor could hear it.

"The cream dress from France," Israel said conversationally, like she was reading a grocery list, her fingers pumping in time with the words. "Four thousand, two hundred."

"Oh, oh god..."

"The bag. The big one. Eleven thousand." She pressed her thumb against America's clit and circled it, tight and mean. "The first pair of shoes from Italy. Nine hundred."

"Hah, ahh, mmmnh," America moaned, grabbing for something and finding a fistful of yellow dress, crushing it in her hand.

Her thighs were trembling. She could feel every single number land in her body like a slap, hot and stinging, and the worst part, the absolute worst part, was that she wanted more of them.

She wanted Israel to keep going. She wanted Israel to buy the whole goddamn mall.

"The second pair. Twelve hundred." Israel leaned in close, her breath warm against America's ear, fingers fucking her faster now, wet and relentless. "The third pair. I don't even like them. Fourteen hundred. I bought them because I knew you'd watch me do it."

"Fuck, you're so mean, you're so fucking mean, ah, ahh..."

"And the candle," Israel whispered, and bit down on America's earlobe. "Four hundred dollars. For wax, America. Say thank you."

"Thank you," America sobbed, "thank you, thank you, oh fuck, I'm gonna, Israel, I'm gonna..."

"I didn't say you could," Israel said, and twisted America's nipple with her free hand at the same moment she crooked her fingers hard inside her, which was a pretty contradictory message, and America's body decided to go with the fingers.

She came so hard her vision went white at the edges.

Her thighs slammed shut around Israel's wrist and trapped it there, her hips bucking off the lid, her pussy clenching and fluttering around Israel's fingers in long helpless pulses. "Ah, ah, ahhhh, fuck, *Israel*, please, hnnnnngh!" The sound bounced off the marble, completely unhidden, and she didn't care, she couldn't care, she just shook and shook while Israel kept her fingers buried inside her and rode it out with her, rubbing slow little circles until America was twitching and whining and pushing weakly at her arm because it was too much.

Israel pulled her fingers out with a wet little sound. She looked at them, shining all the way to the knuckles, and then she wiped them very deliberately across America's bare stomach, right over the white of her skin, two slow streaks like she was signing another receipt.

America just sat there and let her, head lolled back against the wall, panting, crop top shoved up under her armpits, shorts open, panties still yanked to the side. She felt like a car that had been driven into a lake.

Israel turned to the stall door and fixed her pigtails in the blurry reflection of the polished metal, smoothing each one, tugging her dress back into place with sharp little movements.

America watched her through half-closed eyes and thought, dazed and sincere, that she would have given her the card even if she hadn't fucked up. Probably. Maybe. She'd think about it later.

Then Israel turned back and, for one second, laid her palm flat against America's cheek.

Her hand was warm and slightly sticky and her thumb moved once, barely, across America's stripes. She didn't say anything. Her face didn't change.

She just held it there a second too long, and then she pulled her hand away and looked at it like it had done something without her permission.

"Get up," she said. "You're getting tissue paper everywhere."

They walked out of the bathroom like two completely normal countries who had just used a bathroom for normal bathroom reasons.

America's legs were jelly. Her shorts were a crime scene. She'd tried to fix her hair in the mirror and only made it worse, and her lips were puffy and she was pretty sure there was a bite mark on her earlobe, and when California looked up from the smoothie bar again America gave her a thumbs-up that was way too enthusiastic.

California raised her eyebrows and went back to her blender.

Israel didn't look back.

She hooked every single shopping bag onto America's arms, France's tissue paper, Italy's shoe boxes, the four hundred dollar candle clinking in its jar, until America was a walking department store, and then she set off down the concourse with her pigtails swinging and her

too-short dress swishing, and America followed her. Her face was hot and she was grinning like an idiot.

She kept trying to add up the damage in her head and losing count somewhere around the bag, and the losing count felt amazing, which was definitely something she should talk to someone about. Not today though.

Israel stopped in front of a jewelry store.

Switzerland stood behind the glass counter, polishing a watch, and looked at Israel and then at the mountain of bags on America's arms and very quietly put the cheap watches away.

Israel glanced back over her shoulder, mismatched eyes glittering, and held out her hand again, palm up, and crooked her fingers once.

America walked faster.

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