

## Don't ignore me

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by [MangaBitch](#)

## Summary

England worries that she lacks a sex appeal that Spain craves in a woman. So she swallows her pride and does some personal shopping in hopes of keeping his attention. Spain is more than pleased with her show, but assures her she is perfect

## Notes

I'll leave the ending up to your imagination. Also I apologize for any translation errors, Languages aren't my strongest asset

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

England gripped her fists tightly, her cheeks redder than the tomatoes in her boyfriend's garden. She had never felt so self-conscious and embarrassed in her entire life, but there was no backing down now. She had made up her mind and she was going to do this, if not for her relationship but for herself. To prove that she was as much a woman as any other.

Lately she had become worried that she wasn't enough for Spain lately. Being the nation of passion, he had a really high sex drive and insatiable desire for intimacy. She saw him looking at women when they went out together, often pinching his cheek or getting upset. Though he was always too dense to understand why, it was because she was jealous.

What rational woman wouldn't be jealous when their significant other was checking out another woman when out in public. Not that she wasn't used to people staring at him, but the fact he was so dense to it made her even more frustrated. It was more often than not the main problem for most of their arguments in the past.

No matter how many times they had sex he always wanted more, he was practically insatiable. Nothing seemed to ease his hunger for sex or intimacy in general, usually she would be flattered if not for the fact he asked for it so often. Making her feel like she wasn't enough for him, but she didn't want to accept that.

She needed to show Antonio that she could be sexy, to keep him satisfied so his eyes would no longer wander. Or she would lose him to someone else, maybe he would choose France or Lovina for a lover. They had close relationships as allies after all, why would he not choose someone as knowledgeable on sex as the two of them were.

France was the nation of love in either form and were known for being tentative and passionate lovers. Not being labelled the country of love for no reason, as much as she hated to admit that. Lovina was Italian and though she was stubborn, she knew all about lovemaking from her grandfather Rome. It being deeply rooted into her history.

She had to show she was as sexy and intellectual on the subject as them. Though she hated the title of the perverted ambassador so many had labelled her with since god knows when, she would have to rely on it for this situation. She would have to summon all her courage and mischief in order to seduce her Spaniard boyfriend.

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Spain opened the front door wearily, the hot sun as much as he loved it could often be tiring. He had missed England and was in the mood to cuddle up with her after being apart for so long. He knew he had been neglectful of her lately which he felt bad for, he knew how sensitive she could be. But he couldn't wait to eat her cooking as she was a wonderful chef.

Compared to her male counterpart who was known for making dishes that looked like nightmares. His female persona was in fact rather talented in the kitchen and Antonio was spoiled by her cooking. She had even managed to make tarts and savoury dishes with the tomatoes he loved so much, but often shared ones from her own country with him too.

However, instead of a cute blonde with a pout, he was met with echoing silence instead. She was nowhere to be seen which was odd, perhaps she was taking a siesta in their bedroom. He continued on through the house, intent on finding his lover. "Inglaterra, I'm home" he called at the top of his voice. But no answer came in that charming accent of hers he loved so much.

He stood there silently in the house, a sadness overcoming him. Where could she have gone? She hadn't left had she? He knew when she was upset at him she tended to hide or go stay with her siblings or closest allies. He hated seeing England upset as he loved her smile more than anything, but wondered why she would not say anything to him.

Suddenly he felt someone pull him by the collar and throw him aside, causing him to stumble. He felt himself being slammed into a chair, suddenly. Yelling out in surprise as he did so. Hitting his head on the side of the table lightly as he did so. He whined quietly at the painful contact, though he had collected many battle scars over the years he was not very fond of pain.

"Inglaterra, what kind of game is this? I don't like it rough" he complained defensively. He wasn't France or Germany who were known for dabbling or having hobbies of BDSM. He wasn't into that type of thing, being an old fashioned at heart. Not that he didn't like experimenting in the bedroom every now and again, but he preferred sensual sex above all.

A figure then made themselves known from the shadows, a playful smirk on their face and their eyes gleaming in the dark. This was his punishment for not paying attention to her and allowing his eyes to roam. She would like to see him look at another woman after this, he doubted her charms which she did not appreciate in the least.

England then appeared from the shadows, revealing herself to him. Spain's eyes widened as far as they would go, his body going into a state of utter shock, now turned on immensely. He was too stunned to speak, was this some form of dream? What had he done to deserve such a beautiful sight. This was not something that he got to see everyday after all, so he was very grateful for this gift.

England was standing there with her usual bunches, giving her somewhat schoolgirl appearance which he loved. Wearing a black lace bra which cupped her small B cup breasts yet complimented them perfectly. A black lace thong wrapped around her lower half, cupping her perfectly and teasing him with a sight he wished to see. A lacey black garter belt around her waist with simple black stockings attached.

Though nicknamed and labelled the most plain and childlike looking of nations, her womanhood was in full bloom before him. Her attire making up perfectly for often underappreciated assets. Her long creamy legs being flashed to him, her delicious curves and long silky blonde hair tumbling over her shoulders, this was heaven.

"Mierda santa" he muttered under his breath. England looked delicious and he couldn't wait to have a taste of her, slowly savouring every part of her. For he liked to make it last and enjoy the moment. But he was in such a state of shock he forgot how to move, his body felt heavy and he doubted his brain would be able to motor function properly.

Alice folded her arms, the smirk still on her face as she observed his reaction. She locked her hip to the side in a sassy manner flashing a tease of her cheek to him "You like Antonio?" she asked in a mock coy tone. This would keep him interested in her. She could see the desire in his eyes, exactly what she had wanted from the beginning.

Spain nodded quickly, unable to keep his calm. His green eyes gleaming with a hunger of desire for the Brit "Si, let me have a closer look amado" he replied eagerly. He was desperate to touch her. How could she be this close to him and yet so far, he didn't know for how much longer he could handle this. He was screaming inside with frustration.

England unfolded her arms and slowly started to approach Spain, her hips swaying slowly as she did so. Eventually sitting on his lap and staring into his deep green eyes silently. Making sure that she was within reach but he couldn't move to grab her, keeping him in his place so he knew who was in charge right now.

*"Gracias my lord! You have blessed me with a sight from the heavens themselves, dressed in sin and tempting as the devil himself"* he mentally sobbed. This was the happiest moment in his life in what felt like literally forever. He didn't know what he had done to deserve this wondrous sight, but he was damn well grateful for it.

England tilted her head as she took in Spain's appearance, able to feel his excitement growing within his trousers. But she was not done yet, she was teaching him a lesson after all. She then placed her arms around Spain's neck playfully, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Still want to look at other girls?" she asked in a threatening manner. She would have no problem castrating if so, lets see if his dick could grow back.

Spain shook his head rapidly in response, he would argue with her, but she would just cock-block him or worse. Though he appreciated beauty in all forms, he was a serial monogamist at heart. He really wanted a taste of the sight before him more than anything. She was so tempting and alluring, like a forbidden fruit screaming to be picked and devoured by him.

England moved closer to Spain's face, leaving them inches apart. Their lips barely touching, and he swore he could taste the strawberry lip balm on her lips "*Promise?*" she asked sternly. If he was lying to her she would know, she was close enough to see his reactions and knew him well enough to know when the Spaniard was lying.

Spain nodded desperately, with seeing this he would never be able to get it out of his mind. How could he even dream of looking at another woman with this sight that was before him? "Si, I promise amor. Now let me touch you" he begged. It was torture for him to have his lover dressed in such clothes and him not able to touch her. He longed to feel her underneath him.

England smiled playfully at him, content with him being honest. For he knew the consequences of what would happen if he even looked at another woman again. "Good, you may eat now" she teased. She wanted him as much as he did her. She had longed to be held in his arms, but she had to make sure he understood the consequences of his actions first.

It was then that Spain's restraints were broken, slamming England against the table with a loud bang. His green eyes gleaming with lust and breathing hard under his breath. He had

held back long enough. She had no idea of what she had just put him through but he would be sure to repay her for that little cock tease she had just displayed.

England shivered, both with fear and pleasure as she gazed into his green orbs. Dark Spain had come out to play, it had been a while since they had done it rough after all. Not that she minded. This part of Spain she hadn't seen in centuries, not since their years as a pirate together. But every now and again he would come out briefly to play.

"No deberias haberme molestado en Inglaterra" Spain growled under his breath. She had gotten herself into this mess, so she would take her punishment like a good girl. But there was no doubt she would like it. He knew just how she liked it and how to play her body like a finely tuned instrument, until she was a trembling mess underneath him.

England smirked back, he was one to talk "You shouldn't have ignored me" she replied back defiantly. She didn't appreciate being given the cold shoulder while Spain admired other beauties. She was his lover and he knew better than to test the patience of an ex pirate and punk, though she acted calm she could be as scary as he when pushed enough.

Spain chuckled, she had a point there and he would accept he had been in the wrong. But he had learned his lesson and he wouldn't do so again. "Lo siento Inglaterra" he replied playfully. But he meant it, he had never meant to hurt her and understand her actions. But right now all he could think about was her body.

England then yanked his shirt, pulling his collar so that his lips slammed into hers. Gripping her arms around his back tightly, her legs around his waist. She was not going to let him go so easily. She wanted her fun and attention, she had been neglected long enough and was eager for his body and she was not taking no for an answer.

Spain was taken aback by her abrupt domination, but he quickly recovered and kissed her back. One hand roaming over her soft skin and the other winding themselves in her blonde hair. Her lips were as sweet as he remembered, the same sweet softness about them that he had always loved.

It was going to be a long night for the two of them, but not one that they would forget so soon. That they could be sure of.

## End Notes

Inglaterra-England

Mierda Santa-Holy shit

Gracias-Thank you

Si-Yes

Amor-beloved

No deberias haberme molestado en Inglaterra-You shouldn't have teased me England

Lo siento Inglaterra-I'm sorry England

Amado-Beloved

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