

Cold as Ice

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/10753473) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/10753473>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Yu-Gi-Oh! , Yu-Gi-Oh! Series
Relationships:	Amelda Alister/Kaiba Seto , Amelda Alister/Rafael
Characters:	Kaiba Seto , Amelda Alister , Rafael
Additional Tags:	Rape/Non-con Elements , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Shower Sex , Implied/Referenced Prostitution , Revenge Sex , Revengeshipping - Freeform , Hermaphrodite!Alister
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-28 Updated: 2017-05-04 Words: 3,733 Chapters: 2/3

Cold as Ice

by [DoctorDalek](#)

Summary

Amelda meeting Seto again was just an accident waiting to happen. But God, it shouldn't have happened like this...

Notes

Damn, I suck at summaries. I hope this story makes up for it.

Chapter 1

The mattress barely shifted beneath the weight of the tall and rather handsome looking young man as he got to his feet. He paid no attention whatsoever to the quivering figure seeking shelter underneath the bedclothes as he dressed quickly and in absolute silence. Adjusting his tie he turned and nodded at his beefy companion with sunglasses.

“Pay him.”

A thick bundle landed with a quiet thud on the soft sheets beside the sad heap beneath the duvet.

It had stopped sobbing some time ago now...

The comely stranger leaned over the bump in the bed sheets, observing it closely as he spoke. “Take it or leave it.”

With delight he watched it twitching nervously at the sound of his voice.

“Of all the things you could call me... No, no matter what you could possibly think of me right now,” and there his fingers blazed a trail over the warm blanket, “I want you to know that I’m not ungenerous.”

It was a soft smile, radiating pure satisfaction, that spread across the stranger’s lips as he left the stuffy room accompanied by the silent musclehead.

He put on his coat before stepping out into the cold night air and sighed with relieve.

Oh, the wonderful bliss of vengeance... sweet temptation of compliancy...

Had he ever felt this contented?

Had he ever felt this *pleased*?

Amelda didn’t know how he’d gotten home. But he was there, pushing through the door and stumbling over the coats Valon always carelessly left lying around on the vestibule’s floor.

Too exhausted to even get back to his feet he crawled into the bathroom before kicking the door shut and collapsing on the floor.

How could a body hurt so much?

How could a body ever hurt *so much*?

He tugged at his own clothes as he struggled to get undressed, ripping off most of the buttons of his shirt as he tore it off his sweaty skin.

No, the terrible stench was still there... he reeked, he reeked of *his* aftershave, of *his* disgusting sweat, he reeked of *him*, *he* was still all over his body...

With barely any strength left Amelda moved over to the bathtub and turned on the hot water. The mirror was growing damp and distorted by the time Amelda crawled into the bath, hissing as he slid painfully into the seething water.

He didn’t even know what the fragrant bottle contained neither did he know whether it belonged to Rafael, Valon or his little brother; but he emptied it out either way.

The fast spreading odour of oriental flowers paired with the strong musky smell nearly

knocked Amelda unconscious as he sank back, the water burning on every inch of his skin. And the warmth wasn't relaxing, it was sickening.

*His body was burning up as though he was running a fever...
...his skin so hot and sweaty and he never stopped panting...
And the nauseating stench, his stench... clinging to his body, just like him, pulling him closer and closer...*

Amelda surfaced and spat before gripping the sides of the bathtub tightly to keep his hands from touching the sides of his legs.

He didn't want to feel his limbs, pretending that they weren't there anymore. Every muscle in his body was aching, every bit of skin battered and bruised.

At least the stench was gone as he slowly went anosmic due to the floral explosion clawing at his senses.

Amelda stared at the ceiling in total silence, tears streaming down his face. In all his life he'd been so grateful for surviving those horrible years in the war zone. Right now he wished he'd been blown to pieces back then. Oh, how beautiful it must be not to *feel* at all...

"Amelda? You're home early..."

Amelda turned his head to face the now open door but avoided Rafael's baffled stare. He dipped deeper into the water.

"I told you never to disturb me ever again while I'm in here," he rasped, rubbing his face to hide the tears in his eyes. Rafael had to do it again didn't he? He had to shame him some more...

"It wasn't locked," Rafael replied, indicating the ajar door.

"That doesn't mean that I want you in here," growled Amelda while awkwardly trying to roll onto his side in the water, facing the wall to shield his body from Rafael's view. His hips were hurting so much...

"It's no big deal," Rafael went on, "We're all men here..."

Amelda narrowed his eyes before spinning around and throwing whatever was within his reach at Rafael.

"You fucking bastard!" he yelled while panting, desperately trying to scramble to his feet. Rafael caught a glimpse of Amelda's thighs and cast his eyes downward while trying to appease him: "That's not what I meant..."

"Oh, no need to be shy now," Amelda growled as he slumped back into the tub. Hatred overpowered his sadness and forced his resisting body into a nearly upright position again.

"We're all men here," Amelda repeated mockingly, spitting the words at Rafael as he lunged at him and pulled him closer, forcing him to touch his bare and burning skin.

"Except that we're *not*."

Rafael didn't face Amelda as his fingers were guided around his genital area, giving them a little exploration tour. He retrieved his hand reflexively at the touch of an unexpected opening.

Amelda was a hermaphrodite. Rafael wouldn't have cared but knew about it anyway due to his bad habit of entering unlocked rooms without knocking first. It had just been one time, just *one time* that he'd forgotten to lock the bathroom's door while inserting a tampon. And this one time Rafael had had to burst in and see it *all*...

Well, he hadn't seen it all at first sight.

Amelda had male genitalia. At least superficially. Because when you spread his legs and groped around between his thighs and followed the perineal raphe you'd notice that tight little spot right beneath his balls. And then you just had to dip a curious finger deeper into unforeseen bliss...

"Just...calm down, alright?" Rafael cleared his throat and eventually dared to establish eye contact with Amelda. He reached up. The weight of Rafael's hands assuredly placed on his shoulders caused Amelda's shaking legs to give out from under him. Barely struggling he sank back into the tub, burying his face in his hands.

"I didn't mean to insult you..." Rafael added levelly but Amelda waved his apology away before crossing his arms in front of his chest.

Rafael sat down on the floor beside him to maintain eye contact. He sighed quietly as Amelda sank back into the water, his gaze drifting towards the ceiling again. He kept himself from looking at the all too-well known body in front of him but couldn't help catching a glimpse of Amelda's lovely thighs. And the bruises slowly coming to the fore...

"Rough day?" Rafael asked, mistaking the unnerved glint in Amelda's eyes for tiredness. A nod was all he received in return as Amelda rolled onto his stomach to hopefully prevent Rafael from asking the question he knew was going to follow. But he regretted his choice instantly as he remembered the scratches and cuts on his backside that now came in plain view...

He let out a long drawn-out sigh while resting his head against the side of the bathtub. Rafael ruffled his hair while caressing his neck.

Amelda's gaze travelled to the far side of the room, searching aimlessly for something to rest on on its journey. Eventually he seemed to reach a conclusion and searched Rafael's gaze.

"Come on in."

Rafael blinked, raising his eyebrows wonderingly.

"I want to feel you," Amelda added, surprised at his own honesty.

Rafael got to his feet unsteadily: "But why...?"

"Don't ask," Amelda warned and tried to make room for him.

If he'd been in the mood Amelda definitely would have teased Rafael for getting undressed and half-hard this quickly. But right now he wished he wouldn't have watched him stripping down and thereby noticing his building up erection... But what difference did it make *now*?

After shuffling around awkwardly and struggling to achieve something closest to a comfortable position for both of them Amelda crawled into Rafael's lap with his back turned to him to cut the whole procedure short. He barely flinched as he felt Rafael's hardness brushing against his sore backside.

“Hold me,” Amelda commanded while closing his eyes. Rafael wrapped his arms tightly around his chest before nuzzling his neck tenderly.

Amelda caressed Rafael’s thighs, smiling bitterly.

Well, he had him where he wanted him. There was just one more thing...

“Where’s my brother?” Amelda wheezed, biting back a hiss as Rafael kissed the broken skin on his neck.

“It’s one of his classmates’ birthday and they’re having a party... and he’s taken Valon with him” Rafael explained a bit hesitantly and felt obliged to add: “Nothing to be worried about. But I don’t think either of them are going to come home tonight.”

Amelda’s smile broadened. He turned his head to one side and locked his lips in a violent kiss with Rafael’s.

Perfect.

Amelda shivered slightly as Rafael broke free from their intimate kiss to nuzzle his neck. He whispered softly, whispered sickly-sweet oaths of love into his ear before nibbling on it.

He felt the discomfort brewing inside of him and folded his arms in front of his chest.

“Come on, let’s get it over with,” Amelda hissed, visibly unnerved by Rafael’s hands patrolling his thighs, and pushed them towards his nether regions, “Just do *it*.”

Rafael fondled him guardedly, ignoring his previous remark.

Amelda sighed while turning to face Rafael but didn’t bring up the courage to meet his gaze anyway.

“You didn’t get the hint, did you?” he growled, slightly stunned at the rasp of his own voice, “You can just stick it in and shag me right now and I’m not going to struggle because it’s my day of ovulation and I was raped earlier and this way I can at least pretend that the baby’s gonna be yours and not Seto Kaiba’s. And now get a move on, I’ve run out of patience...”

To his annoyance, but definitely not unexpectedly, he noticed Rafael’s hands freezing upon his body before he pulled them aside.

“*What?!*” Rafael mumbled disbelievingly while staring horror-stricken at Amelda.

Amelda closed his eyes and buried his face in his hand. Great, here came the tears again.

“You were... Seto Kaiba raped you...” Rafael began but Amelda cut him off icily: “I don’t want to talk about it. And now buck up and fuck me.”

Rafael grasped Amelda’s hands tenderly before pulling his head upwards.

No, please, Amelda thought in distress, don’t let me look into his heart-warming puppy eyes, I can’t stand it when he looks affectionately at me like that...

“How could I after what you’ve told me just now?” Rafael asked honestly.

Amelda squinted at him, desperately trying to blink away the tears.

Great, he’s giving me comfort when all I need is a quick shag and a promise that he won’t talk to me ever again in my whole life...

“It shouldn’t have happened like this.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Amelda finally breaks his silence, followed by some serious and explicit smut.

“No, it shouldn’t have happened *at all*. But definitely not like this. It shouldn’t have been today. This is just... so *wrong*.”

Rafael, who’d bridged the time gap between Amelda’s verbal effusions with cuddling up to him and massaging his tensed back, wrapped his strong arms around Amelda’s cold chest and let both of their bodies sink deeper into the relaxing warm water.

“I hate the way you’re not saying anything in order to keep me talking. You know that I hate silence even more than loud noises; and that’s coming from the guy who survived several years in a war zone,” Amelda said, glaring over his shoulder defiantly at Rafael.

“I don’t know why he’d come to the massage studio I work at in the first place. Kaiba must have had a few but he was as uptight and unrelaxed as ever. And while he was in the best company, a bunch of drunken fat cats, leering and grabbing at everything within their reach, he acted composed and disinterested.”

“As soon as he’d lied down on my massage table I tended to his tensed back, glad that I was no longer forced to stare into the joyless and cold mask he calls his face. To my disgust I heard him moaning with pleasure as the muscular tension drained away.”

Amelda took a deep breath and tried to massage some life back into his hurting hands. The water embraced him softly as he sank deeper into the tub.

“Eventually Seto rolled onto his back, not even bothering to adjust the towel I had wrapped around his loins previously, giving me an obnoxiously clear view of his... I don’t know whether he was shocked to discover the one giving him so much pleasure to be me or that I didn’t even make an effort to hide my disgust. Either way he started shunning me and evaded my gaze until I told him that his time was up. Well, I *should* have told him that. In fact I did something far more stupid...”

“As I worked quietly on his chest I asked him whether he wanted... a ‘happy ending’... I just... I just couldn’t bridle my tongue and maybe shouldn’t have said it so damn smugly, knowing that he probably never got to lay a pipe since he’s running this bloody company of his... Though I was hardly surprised that all he retorted was a snotty smile while treating me to a dismissive glare.”

Amelda’s fingers entwined with Rafael’s as they brushed tenderly over his bruised thighs. “Normally I don’t do that,” he mumbled accusingly, “I don’t offer hand jobs to costumers,

I'm not that kind of masseur, you know."

"Didn't say a word," Rafael mumbled sweetly, nibbling at Amelda's ear.

"Kaiba had sat up and was getting dressed again as I tidied up the room when all of a sudden he grabbed both my arms and dragged me out, accompanied by one of his gorillas in a suit. I was too gobsmacked to put up much of a fight anyway. The next moment I'm sitting in a dark car, next to Kaiba as we're speeding up. He ward off my attacks in absolute silence and only slapped me forcefully as the car pulled over."

"I was shocked at the sight of our final destination. Kaiba had brought me to a cheap love hotel. He was following me closely as I was haled into a room. And his bodyguard was tugging me along behind him, like I was a plaything or a toy while the receptionist just nodded with mild disinterest. They didn't even care that I was offering resistance. They knew that Kaiba was going to rape me and didn't care! That man even rented out a room so Kaiba could violate me in private!"

"The room was disgusting, it *reeked* of testosterone, sweat and semen. I was close to throwing up as I was forced down on the bed. The sheets were already stained and stank... and they'd been still *warm*..."

Amelda shuddered at the mere thought of it. He cleared his throat, shaking away the awful pictures surfacing from the deepest depths of his mind and continued icily:

"Kaiba presented his intentions brazen-facedly to me as he got undressed quickly. His bodyguard pulled my arms onto my back and pinned me down into the bed as Kaiba... well, he felt me up and penetrated me with his fingers. I screamed and yelled at him during this painful examination; what made it worse was that he didn't even tell me to stop. Kaiba was oblivious to my resistance, just ordering his gorilla around to reposition my body in front of him. When he'd discovered my little secret..."

Amelda broke off, clearing his throat and washing his face in a desperate attempt to hide the tears stinging his eyes.

"He hardly tried to get his tip wet as I refused to take his cock in my mouth so he just fucked me raw. That's all I'm going to say about it. I don't want to talk about it ever again and if you even dare to do as much as hint anything about tonight to my brother or Valon I'm going to kill you."

Rafael caressed Amelda's back tenderly.

"I mean it," Amelda snorted before turning on the hot water again.

Another awkward silence followed after Amelda had crawled into Rafael's lap and stared at him expectantly. Rafael shifted uncomfortably, carefully trying to dislodge Amelda who wouldn't budge. Eventually he locked onto his gaze.

"Do you still want to...?"

Amelda nodded.

Rafael raised his eyebrows at him. "But that's..."

"I already told you to fuck me. Jeez, if I had wanted to get laid I should have asked Valon..."

Amelda growled while rolling his eyes.

"I...I *can't*," Rafael stated firmly. Amelda grabbed his hands and pulled them towards his nether regions while cocking his head to one side, giving Rafael a look of reproach.

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want to hurt you,” Rafael replied honestly. Amelda rolled his eyes again. “I’m *asking* you to do it,” Amelda explained, “That’s the closest thing to devotion you’ll ever get from me. What else can you wish for?”

“I just don’t want...”

“Shut up and do me,” Amelda snapped while massaging some life back into Rafael’s contracting member.

“I really don’t think we should be doing this,” Rafael repeated.

“As I said before it’s my fertile phase and I can live with having your baby but not Kaiba’s,” Amelda replied stubbornly, “And now get a move on, the water’s getting cold again.”

“Do you want to do it...here?” Rafael asked uncertainly. The thick mist of arousal was beginning to cloud his mind.

“It’s a lot slicker,” Amelda said, “Also I’m not really getting wet down there so the water will help a lot.”

“It’s not a big deal if your cunt isn’t lubricating properly, your partner can compensate for it.”

“It’s not a *cunt*, it’s just an orifice, I’m not a woman!” Amelda snapped before adding in a calmer tone of voice: “And I know what you mean. Your cock was already oozing when I reached for it.”

Amelda’s head was resting on Rafael’s shoulder as he sank deeper into his lap. Rafael embraced him tenderly as he ground his hips against Amelda’s. Amelda sighed and reached down, shoving his own half-hard limb out of the way so Rafael would gain access to his secret entrance more easily.

Amelda straddled Rafael as he ran a finger over his chest.

And waited.

“Are you sure you know how to do this?” Amelda asked after a while. He reached down to give Rafael’s stiff member a few experimental strokes.

Rafael breathed heavily; he looked down between Amelda’s bruised legs. “It’s rather tight,” he ventured eventually.

Amelda released the grip on his own erection and gripped Rafael’s thighs; his body tensed.

“Try forcing it apart with two fingers while pushing in,” Amelda mumbled nervously.

Getting it in always hurt. Right now all Amelda hoped was that he wasn’t too sore and swollen to take in Rafael’s cock.

Rafael’s fingers slid in easily and soon stretched his cavity to an acceptable size.

Amelda dug his nails into Rafael’s thighs nonetheless as he squeezed his throbbing cock through his tight entrance. He gasped and groaned as he twitched and jerked in his lap, uneasily trying to adjust his body into a more comfortable position.

Rafael embraced him tightly and stroked his tortured back.

“As if you’re trying to impale me...” Amelda wheezed to himself as he thrust his pelvis against Rafael’s rhythmically. He caught a glimpse of Rafael’s doubtful eyes and went on visibly annoyed: “Can you please get a move on? I’m sure you don’t know what it feels like to have a flatmate’s cock in your crooked pussy but let me tell you this much, *it’s not as comfortable as you think!* And it will be less painful for me if you start thrusting in and out instead of waiting for my slit to tear!”

Rafael grabbed Amelda's ass, pushing his body closer before commencing his penetration. Amelda groaned with relief as his hips started to move on their own accord. "Finally." Rafael's thrust made Amelda cringe; Rafael fucked him thoroughly and, against Amelda's expectation, rather self-servingly. Though he was otherwise rather touchy-feely Rafael showed no emotion while ploughing Amelda. And he shagged him painfully hard and fast. Amelda was surprised how deep he could feel his cock inside of him. And how yearningly it pulsed in his cramped hole...

"You really must be ovulating," Rafael wheezed while squeezing Amelda's buttocks and playfully forcing them apart, "I never thought you could ride a cock like that. So greedily."

Amelda howled and moaned shamelessly as he neared his climax. He felt his swollen member discharging into the water on its own accord before his body crumpled to a twitching mass of hot limbs in Rafael's lap.

Rafael wrapped his arms around Amelda's chest tightly as he shoved it in all the way, causing Amelda to scream out in both pain and pleasure. His thrusts were rough and came at frequent intervals, pushing further and further, *deeper and deeper*.

Amelda growled and snarled at Rafael, clawing at his back as Rafael picked up the pace again only to stop in mid-motion as he felt his member clogging up his raw tightness as Rafael ejaculated deeply inside of him. To his shame, though strictly speaking he couldn't feel any due to the adrenaline rushing through his veins, he felt his own dick twitching approvingly with anticipation.

Never before had a cumshot felt so... *intense*.

Amelda rolled his eyes while gasping for air. Great, now he *knew* that he was on heat.

Slowly he got onto all fours, arching his hurting back.

Rafael caressed his thighs tenderly while kneeling up; he started dry-humping his rear end as soon as Amelda let out a pleasure-filled moan.

"Ready for round number two?" Amelda chuckled while rubbing his soft thighs against Rafael's.

Rafael sighed while grabbing Amelda's hips forcefully, pulling his fragile body upwards and towards his crotch.

"You're so greedy today..."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!