Mr. Fahrenheit
by warschach

Summary

Thousand of years ago dragons ruled the land. Burned shit. Caused a ruckus. Number one on everyone's shit list.

That stopped when Witchers, hunters of monsters and experts in combat and death dealing, arrived and drove dragons to the brink of extinction.

Now, less than a thousand dragons roamed the earth and Lance was one of them.

His new neighbor, Keith, happened to be a Witcher.

What could go wrong?

Notes

remember how i usually give myself a projected WC and then a max WC, well I decided to fuck that rule and see how far this fic would take me. hence 119 pages and a near 40k words. this is all our faults, mostly you guys cause my last fic was bombarded with kind words.

i hope you like it and that you have as much fun reading as i did making this world.
Witchers is actually a video game from where I got the idea from and twisted it to fit my fic. If you played the game don't expect anything from the true lore to be in this fic and if you didn't play it this fic explains the concept of witchers so fear not.

Also this kinda turned into a mini social commentary by accident, there is discrimination but not in regards to race or religion. I don't know if I should make this a warning but I did in case given recent events. Please take the fic for fun and nothing more.

See the end of the work for more notes.

He was packing heat—

In the most literal of ways.

In him.

In his belly.

Within the fleshy lining of his esophagus.

Fire simmered a constant sound in his ears, more assuring and soothing than the beats of his heart.

Where the world heard silence in place of the night, in the packed murmurs of voices in a crowded store, in the repeated spew of traffic, blaring phone, shrieking horns, the slap of rubber and heeled shoes to pavement; he heard the fire.

Fire, he could—

Inhale it.

Lick it.

Cradle it.

Breathe it.

And no harm came to him.

After all, fire couldn't kill a dragon.

[8]

Fire was a dragon's best friend, like Tiffany’s tennis bracelets to a spoiled teen in the hills, like sand
to the sea, worms to the earth—you got the point. His walls could be crawling with orange flames, devouring every inch until there was no escape, and he would emerge unharmed and covered in ash.

And naked.

Fire liked dragons. Clothes not so much.

So killing or maiming a dragon in its true form was tricky business with their iron thick scales, their massive size though that factor varied on the dragon’s age and the strength of their lineage and it wasn’t unlikely or rare for some dragons to come no larger than a house cat, and with a handbag of abilities like uh, take a wild guess, *fire breathing*. Claws. Ariel advantage. Naval advantage, again dragons varied. Jaws that could use the shark, *Jaws*, as a toothpick. That did not vary, dragon’s teeth along with their blood and scales were not just high priced and lucrative items on the black magical market but sharper than the mind of century year old Vamp.

Tough, right?

But that mantel space above your fire place looked so vacant without a decapitated head professionally and tastefully stuffed and adhered to a polished cheery wood plank…

And Marshalls and Home Goods carried nothing but crap that lonely house wives and Martha Stewart loved.

Fine. If you insisted.

First warning, you’re fucked.

Second, dude did you not watch anything with dragons?

Dragon Heart did not count. Good film none the less but no dragon worth their salt would stupidly bind themselves to human. Physic links were hefty tolls and humans ran low on the scale of creatures.

You have your warning but you’re determined. He liked that.

Guts.

Dragons also liked guts, especially when they spilled from the incision across your belly.

Dragon Hunting 101

1. Fire did nothing.
2. Pistols, shotguns, SMG, LMG, and grenades—reread rule number one, twat—did minor damage to them. At close range firearms with the ballistic power of a shotgun or a heavy duty rifle could pierce the hide but your chances of hitting a vital organ increased if you augmented the bullet. Old magic proved a weakness and so did black diamonds and white orc stones. Hard buys anywhere in the world, even the highest of the high of warlocks, mages, wizards, and witches rarely ran by these items. You better have connections.
3. Same with for swords, arrow, chainsaws, spears. Have it crafted thoroughly with black diamonds and white orc stone or it augmented by a highly esteemed warlock or mage; or you were cutting through shit.
4. Don’t aim for the underbelly years of evolution hardened the scales there. You wanted the area where the neck and the wings connected; the skin was flexible and thinner.
5. Assuming you could get on the dragon to start with, pray your aim prove true because that dragon would take your ass for a ride.
Dragons weren’t immune. On the contrary they die as easy as any supernatural creature if you were a certain hunter feared, loathed, and worshipped in the supernatural world.

Witches.

Van Helsing cuffed the ugly things in the night and put their ass in a cell.

Witches didn’t have cells. A witcher didn’t write a report and give you your time to think about what you’ve done. They killed you. Six feet under, deader than dead, the devil felt it when a witcher cocked a sweet iron into your skull.

Blood of the Elders and the gift of old magic, which was as the name suggested old magic the starter kit that brought the first creatures into existence what animated the dragon’s first egg, the mermaid’s first fin, the spiral glowing horn of a unicorn ran in witcher’s veins; they weren’t the type people you wanted occupying the same country as you.

They hunted any and all who dared to tip humanity into extinction and back in the day dragons regularly scorched villages, hoarded gold, and preyed on humans and their livestock. Which made them public enemy number one to Witchers, who had an ample resources of black diamonds and white orc stones— hell their supply closet could cross off any specie off the planet permanently.

And they did that.

Hunted dragons.

Used their scales, which was thicker than iron but lighter than a feather, and molded it into impenetrable shells of armor— breast plates, chainmail, gauntlets, helms, shield, maces. Blacksmiths would sell their lives and their families for it. Some did. Greed a universally shared sin.

Sliced opened and gutted the bellies of dragons. Found out their organs were similar to other creatures except for the round, orb of flesh and oil wedged in their long necks, a dragon’s best offense. Fire. Learned they could take it and develop it into another weapon, another tool to protect humanity’s position in the war of supes and humans.

Mounted their skulls.

Sold their tusks of jagged bone, crystals, and rocks as gifts.

Dried out their bat wings to make leather tougher, more resilient, and comfortable.

Did this for thousands of years until the few remaining dragons decided life would be safe and longer for their children if they took a shape that a Witcher wouldn’t consider a threat.

Warlocks, at their prime, bended and split the strands of their DNA to humans. Gave dragons the ability to take a human form at will for however long they wished. They offered it to all creatures. The ones too full of pride and disdain for humanity refused and passed on with their bones nothing more than rumble and their names a mere lore. The wiser ones lived within the throes of humanity and learned to adapt and conceal themselves from Witcher.

Lance was a product of that. One of the few dragon lines who decided pride was not worth the price of future generations.

Lance was a dragon shifter like his mother and father, and she was one like her own mother and so
forth. Him and his sisters carried the blood and fire of a thousand dragons before them when people knew to believe in grander things, believed the earth was flat, the moon was cheese, and that the stars dotted the images of fallen heroes and mythical creatures, tensed at the howl of a wolf, ducked when the flight of wings cut the air, and hoped that one day their purity would be meet by a one horned stallion.

People believed in numbers, facts, the data behind the science, the words on a white screen.

Vampires loathed it. The rest of the supernatural was grateful to be forgotten.

Lance too.

Less than a thousand dragons roamed the earth currently and he’d prefer if that number never decreased at any point in his lifetime.

Warlocks dealt heavy magic. Their bloodline derived from creatures older than dragons, creatures that were at the very start of the earth, time ate the name and the ink on the pages of their history faded. Many would argue the creatures were the first demons and that warlocks brokered a deal with them for their blood and infused it with their own since there was little historical account on creatures before dragons.

That blood brought them closer to magic, where witches needed rituals, candles, and a waxing moon and wizards a staff and Latin, and mages a scroll and study— warlocks willed it and made it so.

But even their magic got it wrong on occasions.

While they did the impossible of condensing a creature of flight, a creature that towered castles and mountains, a creature whose voice created a rumble under the earth’s crust; a few details stayed. Hence the creation of glamour charms.

The charms hid the magic the old spells couldn’t

With a glamour charm ringed on his horn, Lance looked no different than any other twenty-five year old. You could place him as Mexican or Cuban. He had the features of it. Really creamy brown skin, the kind you found in strings of caramel. Hair chocolatey and on the verge of being lassoed into a stubby man bun. Eyes blue enough to rattle you at first glance and make you stop wherever you were. People would look and look, squinting until their vision narrowed to a slit, cause something lingered in those eyes. Something supernatural. Something mythical. Something not of their world.

They would tire eventually. Busy bees had to report for work, deadlines, and life.

Now minus the trinket and Lance was more or less the same with a few added details. Minor details but normal people got hung up on twin volcanic horns spiraling from his frontal bone. Side note, hats were a no-go fashion accessory.
His pupils slithered down to black slits; a blue caught between remarkable and dreadful swarmed the narrow slit in aggressive whirlpools.

Then there was the whole lizard tail that protruded from the base of his spine and lengthened to the tender back of his knees. It wasn’t awfully obtrusive. Polished volcanic rock ribbed the white scales. But it developed the annoying habit of tripping folks, uprooting tables, accidentally whacking a sweet pooch scampering up to Lance from the rear.

Pants were a bitch too. He tailored each pair he bought to slot his tail through. On the bright side, he sewed so well that everyone with fashion emergency in his apartment complex ran to his door first.

The apartment building was a supes exclusive place with thirteen floors, a metal fire escape on one side of the structure, a running elevator, and a set of stairs to each floor. The stones were bone white and the windows were neat square boxes with a million dollar view of Boston’s sapphire blue lake. An awning shaded the front door. The resident’s mail slot was on the left side of the hall when you entered the building. Beyond the foyer was a second door that only resident key holders could open.

The neighborhood and surrounding businesses housed and catered to supes and humans alike, though supes got early access to items and private discounts. Werewolves hunted on authorized grounds, the vampires feed on either willing victims or donated blood, the witches here didn’t dare to cast death hexes, succubus and incubus relied on their partner or an eager participant to sate their hunger, dragons like Lance steered far from gold and soared the skies in the cover of nightfall, and the elves curbed their elitist attitude and mingled with the other races.

All around it was a good neighborhood. Everyone abided by the rules. The few gangs in the area tagged their sigils on blank bricks and shutter curtains. He found and made friends with the people on his floor, floor twelve, there was Hunk the Orc with two saber tooth tusks that curled from his bottom teeth over his upper lip and neutral sage skin.

Next was Pidge the warlock who looked no bigger than a dwarf but had the petite and delicate bones of a ballerina and amber eyes, the bed of her nails illuminated a tiger orange whenever she used her magic.

Shay was a half fairy with the curves of a plus size model and a face destined for cameras and oil paintings, currently her and Hunk were an item.

Allura was a woodland elf with platinum hair, ice eyes, and an elegance that came natural and easy to the elven race. Lucky girl also had a current, spontaneous romance blossoming with their landlord, Shiro, the sweetest half human, half incubus you’d ever meet. Hottest too and it wasn’t solely because he owned the building and lived in the much sought after and desired thirteen floor but the demon was sweeter than cream and pie, wise to a point you questioned his age and background, and an appearance so dense with sex appeal and hardness it could only be the precise, calculated work of the devil.

Though the cruelest Shiro managed was the murder of household ants.
So Lance had a lot to be grateful for—

The location was prime, close enough that a brisk walk brought him into the heart of Boston and far enough that the city’s crowd and mayhem didn’t pollute his personal bubble.

Awesome neighbors. They visited daily. Sometimes he ate dinner with Hunk and Shay, or Pidge and her harem of kitty cats, or up on floor thirteen with Shiro and Allura who delivered five star quality meals without fail. It made it easy to trade movies and games between each other.

The utilities were included in the rent— gas, lights, water, and basic cable. Luxuries like internet and Dish came out of your wallet.

The laundry room was in the basement. Four washers and dryers and an folding table purchased at a resale shop hammered the walls with their hectic movements, fat bangs of metal to naked concrete. A bald blub dangled from exposed wire in the ceiling and washed the space with muted yellow, no one bothered to wipe the dust and grim collecting on the glass until it flickered on and off. Far from ideal but it saved Lance mountains of quarters and endless trips to the laundry mat.

There wasn’t a no pet policy given you cleaned after and payed any and all damages made to the property.

The fire escape sat outside his window which indulged the ever insatiable urgency to be airborne and above the ground. He perched on the railings and watched the night sky during the midnights he couldn’t steal time away for the scathing inferno under his skin, for the winged beast who grew stronger and larger each time he took time, and wondered about the time before.

Before technology.
Before science.
Before Witchers
Before humanity and their race for mass conquest.

Wondered how it felt to sail the skies without the dreads of fear at discovery, without the clouds of burning oils and carbon dioxide. How it felt to be among a hoard of dragons. To have the air pregnant and swollen with the sound of wings whipping through it, the sound of a dragon’s roar, the sound of fire catching deep inside and spitting out their jaws.

Would be nice to see it outside of Hollywood’s poorly CGI generated films but that was life, what you so feverishly ached for remained on the horizon forever impossible to reach.
—Side note, he got nearest to the feeling when he flew back home to Australia and spent the holidays with the parental and the growing lists of nephews and nieces.—

Okay, not all desires were unattainable.

Example, floor thirteen housed two rooms unlike the rest of the building that had five rooms to each floor. Shiro rented one and the other became very recently vacant and up for grabs. And trust him on this, everyone wanted it.

With residency on floor thirteen came prime roof privileges. An opportunity once free to all current tenants on the premises until one too many wild and magical parties beckoned the attention of the police, the human kind. Also some supes thought it’d be funny to leap from the roof in their drunken state and while no one was seriously injured, the police were called again.

Lance had apologized but Shiro was hung up on the bit of him possibly dying and I don’t care if Pidge wrapped you up in magical bubble wrap, I’m not chancing you killing yourself. Stop saying you’re excellent at parkour, Lance.

Bummer.

Shiro still invited him up for parties but the perimeter was fenced in and Lance wasn’t allowed a drop of anything stronger than a frosty pint.

Another benefit of floor thirteen was the walking space. The bathroom bigger than a storage closet. A kitchen with a mini island. The bedroom fitted for a king-size mattress and not a full/queen like Lance’s could squeeze in.

And so started the game of floor thirteen where no kind gesture was not without ulterior motives. Neighbor versus neighbor. Floor mate versus floor mate. Friend versus friend.

In the game of floor thirteen you either swarmed Shiro’s door with lavish gift or you lost.

[x]

It was two months into the game. Lance believed the odds favored him decently. Twice this week he oh so causally stopped by Shiro’s room with an extra freshly baked almond coffee cake from the incubus’ beloved bakery a little ways out of their area. He’d happened to be in the neighborhood and thought the demon might appreciate the gesture. Shiro accepted it, unaware he played right in Lance’s hand.

The fool.

His friends made valiant attempts. Of all his advertises, they proved the most difficult to overthrow. Hunk made Shiro a plate full of his homemade Jambalaya rice. Pidge provided magic free of charge. Shay whisked together an old fairy cuisine, a pride and delicacy of her people. Allura…see Allura cheated because she already sucked Shiro’s dick before and she was doing it again and again.
And by the sound of it, Lance pressed his ear to the door when the click of heels trotted down the hall, Allura was on her way to deliver another round.

Lance caught her just before her foot landed on the first step. “Where are you going?”

“Allura,” she answered, bemused.

“Oh no you don’t.” Lance stomped out his doorway in a pair of grey joggers with questionable stains and shirtless. A white dragon with ice eyes and black spikes scaled the side of his ribcage to his spine and nestled its head on his left pec. Cliché, cliché, cliché but dragons were cool as hell and he liked the idea of a mini clone of himself tatted on his body.

His tail flickered behind him as he said. “I know what you’re up to. The makeup, the clothes, the shoes. You’re going to suck Shiro’s dick so he’ll rent you the room.”

“What, I wouldn’t suck his dick for it,” Allura denied it. “I would do anal. That’s anal worthy apartment.”

So the blowjobs weren’t getting her anywhere or…

He poked her chest. Fingers careful to prod at bone and not fat. “No anal.”

The elf swatted his hand and leaned her weight to one hip. “I think I can visit Shiro whenever I want. I don’t need your permission.”

True but her outfit was dynamite with skin tight blue jeans, brown riding boots, and a snug women’s Henley shirt with the top three buttons unsnapped.

“Alright, let’s ask the group.”

“Please don’t call—“

Lance whacked the side of his tail against the wall, heralding the group. “Pidge! Hunk! Shay! Group discussion in the hall. Stop wanking off to hentia porn or whatever.”

With unparalleled timing three doors opened, yawning light into the hallway. Three heads poked out in varied states of slumber.

The warlock yawned and rubbed the side of her palm into one of her cat eyes. An oversized hoodie blanketed Pidge’s small shoulders. Tufts of soda orange hair stuck out from under the hood. “We have neighbors, Lance.”

“Noted.”

Shay wiped away an eye booger, comfortable in cotton shorts and a loose cami. “So we’re meeting because…?”

“Allura is trying to suck Shiro’s dick for the apartment.” Allura opened her mouth to protest. Lance cut the elf abrupt. “I’m sorry I said that wrong. Let me rephrase, she’s going to let him in her pooper.”

“Shame,” Pidge scolded, sleep fading from her face.

“No lie? I would let Shiro in my pooper too if that got me the apartment. Scratch that, I would let him in anyway, he’s hot,” Shay said.
Lance rolled his eyes. Like that was a given, right? Come on, y’all. “We would all let Shiro fuck our asses. This has been discussed numerous times. Can we move on to the point that Allura is a cheating hoe who has slaying winged liner?”

Hunk raised his hand; Lance passed the proverbial floor to him.

“Can I pass on getting my ass fucked by Shiro? Nothing personal but cocks aren’t my thing,” Hunk said, by far the burliest and stockiest of their group, he skipped on the shirt and wore stretchy basketball shorts that cuffed below the bone of his knee.

“Hunk,” Shay admonished with an airy gasp. “I can’t believe you would pass.”

Hunk narrowed his eyes at her but failed to keep up the intensity and they were all too familiar to Hunk and his gentle, lovable nature to even begin fearing the guy. Lance guessed to others Hunk was fearsome. Orcs were written off as monstrous, grotesque, and hideous but the dragon had never met a kinder soul and spirit than Hunk. And appearance-wise Hunk was probably the most attractive looking orc out there, face handsome in his wide jaw and warm honey eyes.

Pidge agreed. A black chubby long haired cat, Merlin, padded into the hall after greeting Pidge with the customary body rub and meowed at everyone else until they met his demands. “I’m gay and I would let him.”

The orc fired an incredulous expression at his peers. “Are you guys seriously judging me for not wanting a dick in me?”

Merlin meowed at Hunk and he cooed, forgetting his argument and bundled up the ten pound feline in his arms. Merlin licked the orc’s white tusks.

“Mate, that’s fucked.” Lance added, his Australian accent reemerged and cemented the cadence of his voice.

A born and raised Aussie though his mother, a lovely cocktail of Mexican and Cuban with the body and brown skin to demonstrate it, spoke to Lance and his siblings in Spanish until the language stuck. Infinitely helpful over there back home because Spanish wasn’t common like in the States so you could trash talk with your family about the wanker over there. After a move to Boston for college and more years in the state as a personal preference, the accent toned down somewhat but it ripened in the presence of other Aussie speakers and their slang.

“Then I guess this Thanksgiving a few certain people will not be invited into my home.” Hunk released Merlin.

“Anal is not as bad as you think,” Lance tried to explain. Straight boys and their booty phobia.

He could see Merlin’s fluffy tail as he ambled lazily to him and sniffed his tail. Lance rubbed the bumpy surface of it against Merlin’s cheek.

Allura tapped her freshly manicured nails on the back of her phone case. The French tips drilled an arbitrary rhythm. “It’s true. Just stick your finger in your ass.”

“No. Pass.”

“Really?”

“Hard pass.”
“Not even for ten million dollars?” Lance pried.

Silence and then, “For ten million…”

The dragon smirked, feeling smug with his cunning nature. “Got you.”

“Go fuck yourself, Lance.”

“I do. Often. My left hand is obscenely strong.”

“I think we’re missing the point here,” Pidge grumbled. “It’s not like Lance is free from sin. I saw you, dragontails. You bought Shiro coffee cake.”

“By chance—”

“Twice this week. Two weeks before that you borrowed him your copy of The Hobbit.”

The elf turned and smiled at Lance. “So I’m not the only slut around here.”

“Is no one bothered that Pidge is literally stalking everyone? That’s how psychopaths find their victims. I watched Hannibal.”


Pidge sighted her amber eyes for the fairy. “Oh I got a ledger on you too, Tinkerbell.”

The fairy’s mischievous smile dropped.

Lance giggled, “We got a show here, champs. Gather around.”

Hunk said, “Maybe we all need to calm down for a moment. Anyone can get that room—”

“Should I read off your crimes, Hunk?” Pidge asked next.

“Burn!” Lance shouted.

What a bloodbath.

Friend turned against friend.

No loyalty in sight.

There was only the prize on the floor above them.

Floor thirteen.

A tensed silence descended on the group. Eyes darted from face to face with mountains of suspicious and challenge at as each person calculated their greatest threat, who had the best odds, and what they could do to change it. It felt eerily similar to old westerner films where the toughest and baddest of the wild, wild west faced off in the town square.

Merlin meowed; annoyed no one would spare the time to scrub his ears.

A voice floated from the stairs coming from floor eleven. Nyma poked her head over the rails. “Hey jackasses. Shiro already rented the room to someone else. He’s upstairs with them already so please shut up.”
The group stared at one another.

“Go to the Lance’s room, now!”

“Hurry, hurry.”

“This thing won’t fucking open. Did you clue it with your cum, what the fuck?”

“This is my fire escape. Wait your turn.”

Lance strong-armed the window open and clambered through, the metal hard and hot where the sun had been baking on it, and went up the stairs. The iron frame rattled when Pidge and Shay climbed through after him.

Lance parked his ass at the window and peered in past the glass streaked with grime and greasy fingerprints. It looked into the open living room and kitchen. Shiny appliances gathered light and dust. The fridge, stove, and dishwasher came with the space. But there was no furniture in the living room. No curtains on the windows lining the other wall.

There was not much to see.

But he did hear voices.

Pidge pulled on his joggers. “See anything?”

“Nah but someone’s in there for sure.”

Shay questioned, raising her voice over a flying airplane. A cool breeze prompted a trail of goosebumps over her naked legs. “Who the fuck did he give it to? I didn’t hear about him finding anyone.”

The warlock played with the cuff of her hoody and shrugged in response. “No idea. Shiro’s been real hush hush on the whole apartment issue.”

Below the girls, Allura and Hunk exchanged turns popping their heads out. At the moment, it was Allura’s. “Yo.” She smacked her palm on the metal.

Lance looked between his legs through the gaps of the grating.

Allura tossed out a hand. “Report. Don’t keep ground control in the dark.”

“Maybe you’ll skip on that Big Mac next time.”

“Did you call me fat?”

“No. Your ass is fat. Not you.”

“One day this thing is going to break apart and I hope you’re on it.”

“You’re just mad you let Shiro in your pooper and didn’t get the apartment. I’d be upset too, people forget how much work goes into cleaning an asshole. It’s not like when you take a shit and wipe until the paper runs white. You gotta dig.”

“Can we stop talking about anal?” Hunk’s voice came from inside Lance’s apartment.

“Lance is the only one!” Allura protested.
“I get why. Anal’s really good when the guy knows what he’s doing,” Shay said. “Hunk’s pretty good.”

Pidge twisted on the step and made a face. “Now I’m thinking about you, Lance, and Allura getting it from behind.”

“That’s gross, Pidgey.”

“Stop talking about sex then!”

Lance snickered, “Did someone’s vibrator burn out recently?”

With the lightning speed of a cobra, Pidge seized the dragon’s ankle and bit on the flesh of his calf.

“Ow, bloody hell. Fuckin’ gremlin.” He pulled his leg free and rolled up his jogger and examined the tiny imprint of teeth. “Stop. Biting. Me.”

The warlock wiped spit off her lips. “Talk shit, get bit.”

“I’ll be super piss if this gets infected and I die.”

“Then I hope you have good health insurance.”

“Ground control to dumbasses on the fire escape, do you see anyone? It’s not a chick, right? If it’s a woman I’m cutting Shiro and her.”

Merlin wiggled between Allura’s shoulder and the window frame and seamlessly sauntered on the landing. He sniffed around until he noticed Pidge on the stairs and meowed at her.

“I know, baby. Mommy’s very busy right now trying to kill Lance,” she soothed.

“Funny,” said Lance drily.

“Just check the window. My ass’s going numb on this shit.”

He faced the glass and murmured under his breath, “Like you have an ass.”

“This is me pretending I didn’t hear that wiseass comment, dragontails.”

Lance ignored that and went back to his self-assigned position as reconnaissance and cuffed his hands over his eyes against the glare and checked out the space. It was the same old empty, dusty space until two shadows spilled from the hall and into the living room. Shiro walked out first, body half pivoted and arms moving as he talked to the person following him.

The incubus waited for the soon to be tenant to finish their walkthrough. A guy walked out and Lance’s body and mind experienced two separate sensations.

Body first cause this guy had one hell of a body, mean like hidden knives in a fist fight behind the dumpster. Jagged as fuck like shrapnel loaded and packed into shotgun shells, the kind with range and the ballistic power to open a person wide from the entrance and the exit. Hard like a roundhouse kick delivered and signed by Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee. Pretty, too, so so damn pretty his heart went and went around the world faster than Superman hopped up on alien crank. That messy hair had Lance thinking someone dipped their paintbrush into a black hole and dyed each strand thoroughly. Those lips made him believe a kiss could be lethal and life-saving like in Disney films where the prince rode in and broke the spell.
And that ass...squats were definitely a friend and helper.

Inside of a nanosecond, Lance wanted urgently to be a dragon in human’s folktales and steal him from the world. Place that mean body and pretty face where he could look on until the stars died and the sun erupted.

After that nanosecond though, clarity smashed the pretty illusion up in his head.

Cause this guy was no fucking run of the mill supe.

He was a Witcher.

Tension lined his body for combat.

Called forth the enteral inferno in his belly.

The dragon wanted out and wanted in on bloodshed.

Lance smelled smoke—black char racing up the length of dry wood; combustible liquids taking to a flame in a chemical response; electric sparks to slick oil spills, the ignition immediate and swift—and old magic. Tasted fire in the back of his throat and metallic tang of a sword.

The dragon knew.

Remembered as if the memories of the dragons before him poured into his mind like a tsunami.

Saw the Witcher pick on the scent, on the intention Lance directed when those three elements—mean, jagged, and hard—banded together into one force. The Witcher turned on his heel, slow and thoughtful, as one hand slipped for the inner pocket of his jacket.

Bones dislodged from their joints and slithered under his skin like worms through earth. White heat roared in his ears. The volcanic horns on his head splintered the skin at the base when the rock grew in girth and length. Wings, red with his blood, fluttered and flapped beneath the skin of his back.

“Lance?” Pidge called. Magic oozed from her, disgustedly syrupy and sugary. Cautiously Shay and the other ducked back into the apartment and moved away from the window.

The escaped wailed with the sudden weight. Lance was too far from human for anyone low ranking on the supernatural hierarchy to interfere.

The warlock got up to her feet and stretched her glowing fingertips to the dragon. An intense heat, hotter than anything on this mortal ground, scorched her lightly. A warning.

The glass shattered inside the frame and sprayed into the apartment.

She shouted at the Witcher with his violet eyes and diamond black revolver. “Hey witchy fucker. Shoot my dragon and I’ll fuck you so hard the first witchers will feel it.”

“Get him under control,” the Witcher said, body locking in years of physical training and endurance. Ultra-hard. Cold in the eyes and solid as ice everywhere else. He jerked the revolver close to his face and cocked it on a tilt so there was no double vision.

“Then back up.”

“I don’t think—“
“Did I ask your opinion? Fucking move away from him.”

The Witcher stepped back. The grip still firm on the butt of the revolver.

“The gun.”

He snapped and tapped the pad of his thumb over the hammer. “No deal. Calm him now or we’ll all be in a world of hurt.”

Lance opened his jaw and snarled.

Magic infused the air.

Fire peeled Lance’s human shell to make room for the dragon.

Pidge yelled and the world went black.

Lance woke up in Shiro’s bed, naked and with a migraine pulsing pain into his skull. Hunk was there in a chair he must have dragged from the kitchen into the bedroom. The blinds were drawn though stubborn slits of sunlight streamed from the cracks and made line on the sheets. Hunk played on his phone as an outlet for the tornado of emotions that had to be uprooting barns and cars inside him.

Lance rubbed the ache centered at the base of his horns. They’re still warm.

“Hey bud,” Hunk greeted and switched on the lamp stationed on a nightstand.

Lance squinted. “What happened?”

“Depends on where you’re memory gets foggy.”

He thought about it and answered. “Uh. I saw the dude.”

“Makes sense cause everything kinda went to shit after that point.”

Thankfully the darkness concealed Lance’s wince. “Did I hurt anyone?”

“Nah, bud,” the orc patted his thigh reassuringly. “Everyone’s good. Though your ass imprint is forever melted into the fire escape.”

“Fuckin’ brilliant,” Lance croaked.

Would that come out of his security deposit?
“It’s still useable but I would wait a day for the metal to cool in case.”

“I think that dude Shiro picked is a Witcher, mate.”

The orc’s face became old with fatigue. “Yea. He is.”

Lance smacked his lips, mouth parched. “I think he’s hot but I can’t be too sure.”

His friend snorted, shaking his head. “Fucking Lance. You had your ass handed to you and a gun on you but you’re thinking the guy’s a cutie.”

“I said hot. Not cutie.”

“Well your hottie wanted to apologize to you in person but the girls…”

“What…? What those little gremlins do now?”

“They started doing that really creepy thing where they plan a murder and complete each other’s sentences. Like the little girls in the Shinning. Except this time its two grown women and they promised to go ‘all Hannibal Lecter on his Witcher ass’. Pidge said she would make mac and cheese with his balls.”

Lance sputtered out a laugh. “That’s fuckin’ hilarious.”

“I tried hard not to laugh but I did and they kicked me out and told me to watch your dumbass.”

“Where’s everyone now?”

“The Witcher left after Allura went downstairs into her apartment to get her bow and arrow. Don’t know if he plans on moving in after this. Everyone else is in the kitchen giving Shiro a lot of shit for bringing a Witcher when you’re here.”

“Did I try hurting him?”

“I think if Pidge didn’t step in you would’ve.”

If you didn’t let the Witcher kill the dragon, then you’d let the warlock knock common sense into the beast. No brainer, you needed big guns or big magic to bring down and keep down a dragon of Lance’s size. His family wasn’t the largest, families of that size preferred climates with high mountains and zero people, but still. Lance wouldn’t buckle to a cheap spell or a 9mm fed into his scales.

Next to the cumbersome cloak of sulfur, smoke, and fire; there was the sweetness clinging to the roof of his mouth like a bad aftertaste you couldn’t water down. A pinch of old magic hovered faintly, strong enough to spike a image of the Witcher’s face— very pretty, purple gems in the eyes, hard and skilled like a driller sergeant— but not overwhelming like the first time.

Dragons were old and prideful, the most regal of shape shifters. Wolves, no offense, went all wild and foolish. Killed folks. Killed their own. And for sport, killed vamps still warm.

Dragons fucking set the standards. We don’t submit to shit. Our beast is one with us. My dragon obeys me. Fire is my instrument to play like a flute whenever I see fit.

We’re stronger than you guys. Where the fuck were werewolves, vampires, and mermaids at the start? No where. It was us, the warlocks, the elves, the unicorns. You guys are god damn children.
Now, here was Lance, a damn disgrace. A child.

He threw his forearm over his face, thinking what his old man might tell him a Witcher, and you didn’t end him; and then his mother, I didn’t raise you like that to be narrow-minded. Dragons aren’t free from guilt. We were shitty people back then.

“I feel stupid as fuck,” he said.

The orc cracked the stiff joints in his neck. “Has that ever happen to you before, shifting without realizing it?”

“No like…often,” he admitted. “I mean one time it did when I was a tiny shit and I got into it real bad with my old man. And another time with some wankers were messing with my sister. But I didn’t nearly burn the bloody place down.”

“Maybe it’s the bad blood between witches and dragons, kinda like vamps and werewolves. The history stays in the blood even though a war like that happened thousands of years ago. Lots of wolves I know refuse to be in the same room with a vamp.”

Bad blood. History.

Fucking every person alive had bad blood with someone. Vamps and werewolves. Orcs and man. Elves and man, listen humans made enemies with everyone. Mermaids and sirens. Warlocks and mages and every other lower ranking magic user. Mages, wizards, and witches worked and trained to wield magic. Warlocks fucking had magic tucked under their pillow like their favorite doll. Witchers and basically the entire supe community.

Bad blood.

But the death toll cultivated the highest between the war of the witchers and the dragons and the war of the vamps and the werewolves. Vamps enslaved them. Witchers hunted dragons because unlike dogs, dragons didn’t take well to chains and cramped cells. Also you were counting your stars and thanking your gods if you nabbed a dragon and they didn’t set your ass on fire and let you die slow and painful.

The fog over his memories cleared slightly. Lance remembered how his brain misfired after blatantly checking the witcher out, unlike of all the dragons Lance was the only one to imagine his natural enemy naked and under him, engulfed by a different heat.

Real smart, Lance. You’re supposed to eat your mortal enemy, duh, not put him on your tongue and cock.

Try getting it right next time and save your specie the embarrassment, thank you.

After the desire, stormed the fury. Legit fury, thousands of years’ worth of fury. So unrelenting it hurt. “It felt like that. All this history, all the anger. Like I didn’t have it until I smelled him.”

“Probably doesn’t help you never being around witches to start. Your dragon might have thought it was the old days and he had to defend himself. Could’ve worked like that for the witcher too.”

“Well I fucking hope he knows it ain’t like that no more. I can’t be fucking trying to burn some witcher over that shite.”

Whatever words that were being tossed in the kitchen, they reached nuclear fallout levels. Lance picked himself up and pushed away the sheets. Had both feet under him and going for the door when
he realized it was awful drafty.

Hunk laughed from the chair, wiggling a finger at the tail swaying in the front. “Unless you really want to surprise the girls, I would cover that.”

“They’ve seen my dick.”

“Yea because you walk around naked all the time.”

“I get hot in clothes,” he explained. “Dragon, fire, things that get spicy.”

“Clothes,” Hunk persisted and pulled out a pair of silk pants. Shiro’s clothes but the guy probably wouldn’t mind.

“You just hate seeing the competition.”

“Maybe that witcher shoulda put a bullet in your ass.”

“And ruin that work of art, how dare you even imagine the thought.”

Lance walked into the kitchen, arms raised and grin plastered. “I live.”

Allura and Pidge had looks of murder.

Shay seemed relieved.

Shiro looked apologetic, broad body caved in small and unobtrusive.

Lance folded the elastic band under his tail after it started to chafe the area. “So before we go royal rumble in this place, can we eat pizza or something? Domino’s, Papa John’s, or you do guys want something from a mom’s and pop’s place?”

“Aren’t you missing something?” Allura asked.

“A brain cell or two,” Pidge theorized.

Lance borrowed Shay’s Iphone and punched in her pin. The phone had one of those clunky, rubber cases with a shape of a character as the mold. Her was a massive ice cream cone. She hooked both arms around his torso and hugged his stomach. Fairies were an sensitive bunch, when they vibed well with someone it turned into a best friends forever kind of deal. Like legit forever, fairies stayed through thick and thin.

Lance stroked her hair with one hand and hit up a pizza place online for delivery.

“Lance, don’t fucking—“

He cut Pidge off, “No. I want pizza. So if anyone has anything to say it better be about damn pizza.”
Shiro sighed. “Where?”

“Pizza Hut.”

“Cheese crust and two orders of garlic bread.”

“I want mushrooms,” Allura said.

“Pepperoni,” Hunk added. “You want anything, Shay?”

The fairy didn’t lift her head, “Wings. BBQ, please.”

After some internal raging and bitching, Pidge grunted out, “Sausage.”

“Something meaty and thick for your mouth, got it.”

“I would say burn in hell but you don’t burn. Maybe all idiot dragons go to the North Pole and freeze for eternity.”

It was after the first bite of pizza that everyone simmered down, pulled the chairs around the island and stuffed their faces with greasy food and sugary drinks. Everyone tried to stay angry but it didn’t last with the warm slices, sticky fingers, and glass after glass of Pepsi. The smell of sulfur, sweet syrup, and old magic fell to the scent of high cholesterol, clogged arteries, and a shortened life span.

Lance asked Shiro as he grabbed another slice. Steam floated to the chandelier. “So a witcher?”

Shiro chewed, a string of cheese coming with the bite. The incubus swallowed it down with a drink. “I was going to tell you, I swear.” Regret tugged unattractive shadows on the demon’s face. “All of you. Today was supposed to be a walk through. He wouldn’t be moving in right away.”

He waved a hand in a pacifying manner. “I’m not pissed, mate. Just shocked.”

“I’m mad,” Pidge said, firing a scowl at her food. “He had a damn gun, Shiro.”

Of course Lance’s hobbit-sized warlock was mad to hell about it. Pitbulls and Pidge had a few things in common—loyalty, a power house of strength stored into a compact body, and teeth. Metaphorical ones in this instance but he wouldn’t put it pass Pidge to actually bite a dude.

“He’s a PI, Pidge. He has all the paperwork and approval to carry a gun and the way some supes treat witchers it’s not hard to see why he would have one on him at all times.”

Pidge not real impressed by the argument. “Still.”

“We’re not fighting about the gun. I’m not mad over it and it would’ve been me. So let’s get over it.”

“The safety was on if that helps,” Shiro said, hoping the information would bring some relief.
To Lance, it felt nice. Maybe witcher dude thought he wasn’t as bad as the stories said; witchers themselves probably had their own version of the past just like the dragon, war stories shared at nighttime with an elder and a child and the chilling recounting and the harrowing words *dragons will use your bones as toothpick to clean their teeth*, and reacted as one only could when in peril.

You or me.

Fight or flight.

They told me to be scared of you.

They said you’re the monster, not me.

What do I do when the enemy of my ancestors literally shows up at my window like the boogeyman?

We’re handlers of death if we wanted it so.

You the dragon.

You the witcher.

Heavy-weights. When we fight, the world knows.

Lance didn’t want any more of that. Let history stay where it belonged, in the past and far from sight.

“Let’s put it like this,” Lance said. The group looked to him. They might bicker and bitch and call one another every unsavory name in the book but under that was respect and love. So when someone wanted to make a real point, they listened.

“if you had a dog and some stranger broke into your house and the dog attacked him. Do you get mad at the dog? Maybe the stranger was drunk and went into the wrong house. Maybe nothing would’ve happen. Is it the dog’s fault for seeing the situation as a dangerous one and doing what it has to?”

“Well dogs aren’t on the verge of extinction, Lance,” she snipped, appalled that he trivialized the issue.

Less than a thousand. Dragons hadn’t been on the verge for a while and numbers were picking up steadily through the years. Dragons preferred not to telegraph their exact number and location.

“Do you blame the dog?” He asked again.

She huffed. “No.”

“Then you can’t blame him.”

“I can’t believe you’re defending him.”

Hunk said, “Lance is right. No one got hurt and it’s not like the guy declare a war on dragons or even Lance. You were too pissed off to talk to him but he felt real bad. The way it came across to me is that Lance is the first dragon he’s ever seen.”

“And that was true for all of us,” Shay decided to add in. “I hanged with other fairies until college. I was freaked by you guys. So many people tried to tell me not to see Hunk but look at us, best guy I ever dated. My best friend. My best lay.”
Allura laughed, “It’s always comes to sex.”

“Oh shut up. When it’s just us you won’t stop talking about Shiro’s—“ the elf launched herself across the island and slapped a hand over the fairy’s mouth. Shay snickered and licked her palm.

“You’re so gross.”

Shiro quirked an curious eyebrow at Allura, “What about me?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“I would. We should talk about it next Friday.”

“Wow all this sex talk and budding romance is reminding me how lonely I am and how I’ll die alone too. Thanks guys.” Lance complained.

“Not true,” Allura smiled, one of her hands dove out of sight and linked with Shiro’s. “Pidge will be there.”

“I won’t. You can die by yourself. The lesbians are thriving.”

Lance turned in his chair and poked Pidge on her side. “You mad at me?”

She smacked his hand and chewed her food.

“She’s mad.”

“I have one question. Does this mean we can stop trying to buy Shiro now? My bank account isn’t steep.”

“Yea. The battle’s over.”

“And here I thought you all were being super nice just for the hell of it. So I won’t get any more free coffee cake?”

“I’ll get you coffee cake. At least you rented the place to someone decent looking.”

“Who can kill you.”

“Yea but I could kill him too so it balances out.”

The tale of Lance and the witcher unofficial face off cycled through the building by noon of the following day. People caught him on his way out and asked if the rumor was truth, if he really fought a witcher and lived to tell the story.

“We didn’t fight.”
Ms. Potts, a very polite if gullible dwarf, said. “Teddy told me the witcher threw you through a window.”

Lance breathed his frustration out his nose, Ms. Potts was obviously a victim of hearsay. “No. No. He didn’t. I would look a little beaten up if he did. Where did Teddy hear this?”

“Nyma.”

Ah. The real mastermind.

“Pardon my language but Nyma is full of shit. Also her that aqua eyeshadow isn’t that cute. Instagram whore.”

“I told Teddy the same thing but he just tells me to respect his wafiu. I’m old and all but what the fuck is a wafiu? Is it a sex thing? Everything is about sex now. I read a BuzzFeed article about giving a man a blowie with a donut. What a waste of a perfectly delicious donut, no one will eat it with all that cum on the frosting.”

Abort this conversation. Lance checked his bared wrist. “Uh, I gotta go in to work. Good talk, Pearl.”

“Before you leave,” Pearl stopped him, ran inside her apartment and handed Lance a oven baked cookie. “For the road.”

“See this is why you’re my number one girl.” He took the cookie and crouched down and kissed Pearl’s cheeks.

Allura, Shay, and Lance ran laps around one of Boston’s creational parks. Oak trees flanked his left and the crystal grey lake blocked off his right. He hovered behind, not that he was slow—fine. The elf was extra leggy and it helped her performance. And Shay was light as a feather on her feet. Lance had horns and a thorny tail, the charms may conceal it from humans but the weight lingered.

Honestly he liked flying. Open space. Air under his wings. The world looking no larger than ants in brick buildings.

Dragons excelled in thinning altitudes and aerial maneuvers.

Fuck this track shit. Grass and human sweat redolent in the park. Tight spaces.

But the girls were persuasive and he felt better if he supervised them from pervs.

A group of tools catcalled. The girls blurred pass, uninterested and animated in a discussion about their survival rate in a zombie apocalypse.

Lance came in a second later and shouted, “They have dicks. Move on.”
“Lance,” Allura sighed once Lance caught up. The smile was too pleased to be anything else.

Maybe it was old instinct—the whole gold hoarding thing and dragons, you coveted it and protected it and in effect you felt powerful with the mountain of wealth under your belly and the furnace in your throat—but acting as a bootleg bodyguard to the people he loved filled him with content.

Or maybe he got off on being a ass.

“It works every time,” he jogged between the girls. Sweat beaded on his forehead. His tail swayed with his gait. “Say you have a cock and no hetro boy will go near you. God forbid they go anywhere near a dick.”

“Dicks seem fun to have,” Shay said. She wore neon pink Pumas, a black cami, and pink spandex.

“Eh. Right now I feel like my dick is going through a dryer. What’s it like to be so free down there? Is it nice?”

“It’s okay. Personally the period thing I can go without.”

“Speaking of periods, doesn’t that fuck you guys over with zombies? You gotta deduct points from your score for that.”

“Would you still get your period if you’re starving and in a high stress environment?”

Their feet thundered on the pavement.

Allura hummed in agreement.

Other enthusiastic runners sprinted around them.

A thought resurfaced in the dragon’s mind. “Did you hear that Nyma is telling everyone I got my ass whooped by the witcher? Also Ms. Potts told me there’s a BuzzFeed article about blowies and donuts. You should try it with Shiro and report back the results.”

Both women snorted piggishly.

“Oh yea,” Shay laughed, looking past Lance to Allura. “Pidge told Nyma to spread it around. That girl works fast as hell, not even twenty-four hours.”

“Damn she actually went through with it? I thought she was bullshitting around.”

Cute, real cute. It was just his pride, no biggie.

Hopefully their push-up bra poke them or something.

“If the situation ever came to it, I could throw his ass through several windows.”

“Are you upset? It was a joke.”

“I’m stating the facts.”

“Oh no. We injured his manhood.”

“I pray every Sephora burns to the ground.”
“Dude that’s savage as hell.”

Lance mustered up speed and made the girls keep pace with him.

A week passed

The exhilarating tale of him and the witcher lost its traction. Half of the building wouldn’t go on to the fire escape. The metal was firm, Lance checked. He replaced the window as well, good karma in his book. Shiro fought him over it and tried sliding the blame wholly on his shoulders. Which sucked for the incubus because Lance knew him very well and tactfully filled in an order for the replacement a day in advance.

“Lance,” Shiro’s eye turned into puppy’s greys. Face shamed like a pup who pissed on the family rug.

The dragon shrugged and watched the workers as they grabbed their drills and hardware and removed the window. Two guys shuffled carefully with a thick panel of glass adhered to suction grips. “Take it out of my rent.”

“You’re an asshole,” Shiro grinned and plopped into a chair next to him.

Now the building was buzzing about the new tenant and whether Lance would turn him into coal.

And Lance normally let shit like that fly over him, true he got passionate and royally ticked off about certain subjects but a lot of the fire in him as a kid, that only needed oxygen or dried wood to go ablaze, had dwindled as an adult. But this type of talk– it sent a unpleasant image of dragons.

Like they’re a bunch of monsters, a second away from torching everything.

People were well versed in the pain inflicted by fire. An accidental touch to a sweltering pan or dish, or unadulterated curiosity of how the flame felt like in your palm.

It killed.

Do you know how cold you’d have to be to burn someone alive?

To a black mark on the pavement.

To actual dust.

Shit, he used fire to scare off punks or to light a bud but the list stopped right there.

Whether the implication was the intention or not, malicious or tasteless gossip, it logged Lance under that umbrella.

As much as it ticked him off, there was shit he could do about it. Fucking banging on every person’s
door and telling them to keep that type of talk out of their mouth certainly didn’t reinforce the imagery of nice dragons.

And that was the neat thing about supes communities, no one cared if you’re Hispanic or African American, if the card in your wallet was green or white, if you crossed the border or the sea. Humans twisted the world into knots over color. Supes concerned themselves with one question *how true are you to the legends?*

A dragon was a Titan.

Then you wanted to toss in a witcher a fucking heavy weight hitter like Superman, human and elder blood coasting in his veins and god knew what else pulsed in the heart of their kind

And have them, not just occupying the same city, but the same building. A floor a part.

How true were the legends?

Cause they followed them pretty closely the first time.

Lance wasn’t too worked up on it as he stared at Boston’s skyline, inferior in comparison to the big boys like NYC or Chicago but it was quaint. The city held on to its former roots here. Parts of it been renovated, moving forward with the times and the modern aesthetic but you could find cobblestone streets if you knew where you were going.

The cold pint in his hand started to defrost in his warm grip so he drank at a swifter rate than the rest of the party. Warm beer tasted dreadful.

It was a frosty night in Boston. Another sweater, hoody season type of affair. Women donned extra layers or cozy cardigans. The guys busted out pullovers and ultra cool leather jackets. Lance wore baggy blue jeans and a long tank top with the text *Sun Out, Guns Out* and a grey baseball cap.

Douche attire but he had the guns and the proper paperwork to carry those bad boys out.

Did that still make him a douche?

Probably.

Pidge talked flirty with a pretty dame in heels and slaying makeup. The warlock looked cute and laid-back in a oversized cardigan and summer dress with stockings.

Hunk and Shay was the couple everyone envied and the stability and commitment they coveted devotedly in the chambers of their hearts. It was a amusing sight—a dainty yet curvaceous women
with a orc, sage green in complexion and a whooping six footer.

Shiro and Allura were the glam couple. Striking in their features and their aura, they commanded desire, sex appeal, and dominance. They dressed elegantly— Allura in a white cocktail dress to contrast her olive skin and Shiro in jeans and a casual button down.

Nyma was probably lurking around, posing pictures for her growing Instagram account.

Ms. Potts brought homemade cookies for everyone.

Jorge and Oscar heaved up two cases of Coronas to the liquor table and popped open the cooler, getting the beers cold for the party.

An Ipod linked to two speakers shuffled through an extensive collection of music genres— 80’s, 90’s, pop, hip hop, R&B, rock, metal, rap. A sampling for all the partygoers and that was very typical of Shiro to get all the micro details down so everyone was having a decent time. Every landlord before him didn’t care if he shared four words with them unless the words were I can’t pay rent.

Shiro had every tenant’s name and family history in the vault of his mind. When you were short on the fee, he talked you through your problems until an arrangement was found.

Fucking goody-two shoes, weren’t demons supposed to, you know, raise hell.

Shiro walked up to him and asked, “You good?”

Real considerate. Loved the dude to death but if he asked Lance one more time about the level of chill he had on current situation then he would shift right now and pluck Shiro with his teeth and fling his ass into the next Star Trek film or perhaps to a galaxy far, far away. Whichever came first.

“Mate,” he said, lifting his sweating pint to his mouth. “Fire, beer, and annoyance don’t mix with dragons. Maybe I’ll cook you instead of the witcher.”

Shiro scoffed heartily, tickled by the threat Lance wouldn’t dare to act on at any point in his life. “You were fucking scared to light fireworks last year. The only thing you can roast is yourself.”

Hey, wasn’t Lance the dragon here. No roast came unless uttered by him.

Lance coughed on his drink. He salvaged most of the beer but excess dripped down his chin. “Holy shit,” Lance dragged the back of his hand over his chin. “Allura’s been training you.”

“It’s all of you. I was a nice incubus before. Never curse then you hooligans muck up my life.”

“Hooligans, Christ. How long is your life span again?” Lance joked.

Allura wobbled over and hugged Lance. “Allura your man’s right here. At least grope me in private, what kind of slut do you take me for?”

She pinched his arms and hugged her boyfriend/landlord/we haven’t DTR yet, god, lay off. “You good?”

“Okay. I’m burning everyone. Except Ms. Potts cause none of you cunts can bake for shite. That woman should be on Food Network.”

“It cause I’m buzz and I can’t fight very well when I’m buzz.”
Legolas, I appreciate the sentiment but I’m literally like 15 meters long and growing by the way. If a fight happens, I’ll be fine. Not that one is happening.

Pidge asked, alcohol and laughter washed her cheeks and forehead in pink. A chilly gust provided some comfort to the warmth. “You good?”

“Kill me,” he whined.

The warlock burped into her fist. “Sure. I’m not that fucked up. Stay still, dragonball Z.”

“Who fuckin’ show Pidge that? Who, I’m so upset. Why would anyone give her ammunition like that?”

Hunk hummed the English intro song for DBZ. Shay supplied the lyrics.

The dragon hissed. “Traitors.”

“Oh it gets better,” Hunk pocketed his clunky phone and spoke to it, “Siri play DBZ intro one.”

Siri dinged, “Okay, Lord Commander.”

Lance’s scowl dangerously flirted with turning into a fire hazard. “Anything but—“

*Dragon, dragon, touch the dragon*

*Dragon Ball Z*

“Stop.”

Hunk paused the music. “Fine, Goku.”

“No.”

“Smaug?” Shiro suggested, a smile dawning on his face.

“Do not help him, Shiro.” Lance grabbed Shiro’s hand and smacked it lightly as punishment. “Bad demon, bad. Go haunt an Ouija board.”

“Rude, by the way I’m a half breed. I can’t even do that and if I could It gets dull after sometime. Humans aren’t too bright and they make a lot of the same responses. You know, be gone demon. The power of Christ compels you.”

“Well I’m compelling you to be silent or you’re going to be seeing Christ a lot sooner than you planned.”

Allura mumbled where she nestled into the bend of Shiro’s arm, her striking features softening with the flowing beer and the glowing paper lanterns strung over the guests. They were by the technical point unofficial but they looked official curled up like lovers. “Where do you half breeds go when you die?”

Hunk slung a thick arm around Shay’s waist as the fairy said. “Someone told me the afterlife is like the line at Walmart on Black Friday but you’re not getting any good bargains and you’re literally dead, not in a figurative speech sort of way. Dead dead.”

“As opposed to regular dead,” commented Lance.
“Shut up.”

Jorge and Oscar mingled around and brought people cold beers.

Lance twisted the bottle cap and chucked it to on the table.

“You’re good at that,” Shay watched him and attempted to mimic his grip around the bottle.

Hunk popped the top with a bottle opener after his girlfriend multiple failed attempts left red welts on her palm.

“I’m from Oz,” Lance smiled. “And my mum’s Cuban and Mexican. It’s in my DNA.”

The dragon looked at the space around him, at the motley crew of supes breaking beard and borders as they conversed jovially, the beer and wine in their bellies sweet and tender on the mind and the warm Tupperware of homemade food splendid and wonderful to their taste buds.

Good vibes.

Good people.

Hopefully the witcher was both, Lance thought as his eyes leaped to person to person until the witcher artlessly ended up in his scope.

He moved quiet, body and scent dimmed as not to advertise his arrival among the guests in a nose to the ground manner. Sniffing out the perimeters. Checking for enemies— probably Lance himself or maybe it was a conditioned behavior. Witchers made better enemies with supes than they did friends so it wise to be alert and observant.

Fire rumbled in his gut, like coals prodded with a flame buried under the weight. The points of his shoulder blades ached, heavy with the mass of the dragon.

I know, mate.

But chill.

We’re still top dog.

Without the veil of a thousand flames and the monumental gravity of his race’s history as lenses, witcher boy was damn pretty. Like shit, you guys come like that.

That pretty.

Archives on witchers were scarce and anyone who lived from the dark ages to the modern era where biased and racist to hell. Their memory began to slip at that age as well. So he could never gather a unbiased depiction of witchers. From the war stories, people talked witchers as a bunch of mutant hybrids. Too gone from their human roots to be human in appearance wise, and too far in the elder’s old magic that they looked ghastly and unbearable to gaze at.

Either someone fucking lied to his ass or the witchers newer generation evolved.

Cause he looked human to an extend— had a nose, two eyes, small lips, a set of ears, and vanilla ice cream skin. But he looked like something whipped up in Photoshop. Air brush. Lines that didn’t exist in normal lighting were pronounced and elegant. Hair messily attractive and endearing. Jeans perfect and tight on the ass and crotch. Shirt fitted where he was thickly muscled and stacked. An expression fitted over his face that screamed in flashing neon lights—
Shiro tracked Lance’s sight and said. “Don’t fight.”

“Actually I might fuck him instead. He’s fuckin’ fine, Shiro. Kudos.” He clapped Shiro’s arm and stared until he witnessed the witcher from every angle.

Shiro’s eyebrows scrunched forward as he did a double take and glanced at the witcher and then the dragon.

Lance worked on his list:

Front and rear, check.

Flanks, check.

Vertical and horizontal, TBD.

His dragon felt confused. Witchers and dragons fought, it was history. It was in the blood. Yet no words were exchanged. No swords unsheathed. No battlecries. Fire didn’t spew up and his gut and out his jaws.

Lance wasn’t.

Oh no, he was very certain about this one thing.

That witcher’s ass defied assology.

Pidge face-palmed, then scrubbed the hand into her soda orange hair and twisted curls into it. “Did the whole gun thing slip your mind?”

“I like to slip something in him,” Lance grinned, the half crooked angle of the smile translated plainly into megasleazy. “If you know what I mean.”

He lifted his palm and waited for a high five for the comedic wit of his joke. No one met it.

Hunk cupped his mouth and whispered into Shay’s ear. “What’s going on?”

“Lance is a bigger cockslut than we pegged him for.”

Lance muttered between the gaps of voices. “Someone bump this. Please? It must be bump.”

“Someone please high five him,” Pidge begged, to weak from Lance’s foolishness to gaze directly at the dragon.

Hunk granted Lance the kindness of not waiting for centuries to relieve his arm.

Lance made a pained sound as he stretched the joints. ”Thanks. My arm was starting to hurt.”

“I’m going to talk to Keith,” Shiro said before he left.

Now without a post to lean above, Allura sought another one. Lance. She curled kittenishly into the dragon’s warm body. The duty of being a human furnace was not uncommon for him so he grew desensitized to the women clinging to him and slipping their icy hands under his shirt in order to reach the heat faster.
Icy finger spider crawled under his tank top and on the divot of his spine. Lance shivered and ignored the brief discomfort. “His name is Keith?” He cut the air with a loosely practiced uppercut. “Oh man, you know he’s gay for sure.”

Buttoning up her cardigan, Pidge commented. “People say ‘Lance’ is a gay name.”

“And they would be partially right.”

The witcher didn’t go unnoticed for much longer and when the crowd developed awareness of his standing they started parting, the red sea. Instead of faces of ocean and the aquatic life that dwelled under flanking him, supes of all variety had a collective expression of apprehension. Some possessed more bravery than others and stared unapologetically. The majority glanced and retrained their attention elsewhere. Petrified a mere breath might bring down a hell their ancestors scarcely managed to walk away from.

Witchers, their reputation preceded them.

So it was peculiar to have one voluntarily take residence among supes.

Strange to see one so intimately without a blade or a barrel pointed for your weakest spots. To see a violent force, a chaotic nature at a stagnant pause. To see the grueling and unrelenting training at the heel, like a Rottie at the post.

Like half the supes here had their names and asses taken and fucking archived in old dusty scrolls.

Good reason for anyone to be hesitant.

Yet here was Lance, excited.

A warlock with a mean old face.

An orc with hands that crushed big rocks.

A elf who shamed Legolas and Darly Dixon.

And a fairy, who was no Sookie Stackhouse.

The chain of command deemed it natural for the witcher to talk shop with them first.

Witcher boy stepped up to the plate. Mean and pretty. Jagged and pearly. He jammed his hands into the pockets of his jeans, body slanted for non-threating.

Shiro said, “So this is Keith. Everyone be nice.”

Pidge smacked her lips like she had tasteless gum sloshing in her mouth. “You got a gun on you, witcher boy?”
“No.” Keith exposed the lining of his jacket, broadcasting his harmless state. He dropped the material, “Like I tried to explain I was on my lunch when I came here. Normally, I keep my gun at my place when I’m not on the clock.”

She crossed her arms, “Fine but if I see one—“

Keith interrupted, bored with rendition of magical harm to his person. Probably a con that came saddled with his occupation, “Yea. You gonna hit me with some bad war magic. You’re Pidge, right?”

“My magic is good as fuck. I wouldn’t be so dismissive,” Pidge clicked her teeth together, unbalanced by the careless thwart. A vile face with the caption of *I’ll bibbity-bobbity-boo your ass into a god damn pumpkin.*

“You’re in the Archives so I’m not putting it down.”

Shay asked. “Wait, you witchers have all supes archived?”

“Archives are for class-A supes so not all supes make the cut.”

“Damn, it’s almost like being on America’s Most Wanted,” gasped the fairy.

Lance pipped up after he emptied his pint. “Am I on that list?” The bottle clinked when he lined it on lip on the roof.

The witcher’s violet eyes snapped on his face, something unspeakably savage and old brewed around the narrow pupils, the cut of black more feline and elegant than the fragment cut of a reptilian. “No. But you’re going to be.”

Oh, ominous. And it would be truly but the effect of it wilted under the witcher’s pretty face.

His dragon, on the other, blared all the bells and whistles.

He tapped Pidge’s arm with the back of his hand and grinned widely. “Look at that, Pidgey, the witchers are gonna stalk us both like the FBI.”

Keith blinked.

“I think I used too much magic on you,” she sighed.

“C’mon. You wanna be chump change and not be on it?”

“We don’t stalk people,” he argued, voice more petulant than he expected of a witcher. Seemed Keith shattered stereotypes too.

“But you record people’s information down into a private database?”

Reluctantly, he answered. “Sort of.”

“And who does that,” Lance framed the question, then supplied the answer for it. “Google, the FBI, and stalkers.”
“You guys didn’t fight,” Shiro said to Lance at the nacho bar.

It startled Lance and the masterful pill of tortilla chips shifted its center of gravity to the side of the plate. He balanced it out and laid on the condiments as Shiro trailed him.

Lance drizzled nacho cheese liberally. “I said I was good. You all were pissing yourselves for nothing. He’s hot too so that’s helps.”

“I thought you were joking.”

“How straight are you?” Lance squinted at Shiro. “You gotta know that booty is popping, gay or straight.”

“Yes, for a man, Keith’s very attractive.”

“Hot is hot no matter if the package has a hole or a pole. Wait, do you think I’m attractive?”

Shiro hummed pensively. “I feel like we had a conversation like this. You asked if I wanted to have a gay experience who would I choose you or Hunk.”

Lance sprinkled jalapenos on the sagging mountains of liquid gold. Shiro winced at the absurd quantity. “Wasn’t it that you had a gay dream so we were talking about fucking each other if we were gay. And Hunk said no vag, no service.”

“You need to chill with your gay agenda.”

“I can’t. It’s Saturday. On Tuesdays I can cause it’s Taco Tuesday,” said Lance. “Also way to avoid my question. You think I’m ugly?”

“Ugh. You’re very pretty, you know that. Girls hit on you all the time. Guys too.”

“But I want you to tell me I’m pretty.”

“Choke on your nachos.”

“Shiro that’s bullshit. I have no gag reflex.”

The incubus walked away, flipping Lance off on his way out.
The party simmered down to a few guest, soft songs, and overflowing trash bags by two-thirty. Lance pirated the few cookies from Ms. Potts container and parked his ass in a cheap plastic chair and a pint by his feet, cookies on his lap, and a piping cig between two fingers. One of the straps of his tank slipped down his dark shoulder and showcased Lance’s occasional trips to the free weight with bulky mounds of conditioned muscles.

In a lonely corner on the roof Keith eyed him, too chicken to walk up and say hi. Lance let the dude muster up his courage and chewed slowly.

Courage came a second later in the form of a shy gait and a low murmur. “Hey.”

He nodded. The moon painted silver on the witcher’s shiny hair. “Sup.”

Keith sought security in his front pockets. “I wanted to clear shit up.”

“Oh the gun thing?” Lance laughed and waved his hand lazily. “No worries, mate. Under the bridge.”

“Just like that?”

“Yup.” He sucked on his cig, breathing out smoke through his nose. “It’s my fault too. My dragon got all excited. I’ve never seen a witcher before. The dragon’s cool now.”

Lamely, Keith jutted his chin at the chair kicked a feet away. “Is it cool if I sit with you?”

“Hell yea,” Lance pulled his body over the arm rest and scraped a plastic chair over. Patted the white plastic and offered up a cookie when the witcher sat down. “Dude. Eat it. You’ll thank me.”

He took a cautious nibble, teeth making contact first before he rolled the fragment into his mouth. “Oh shit.” The next bite had no caution. Those teeth were ravenous. “That’s good.”

Lance talked with his mouth full of chocolatey goodness. Curbs flew like shrapnel on his tank. “Make friends with Ms. Potts and you can die happily at thirty-five.”

The night turned classically dark— blackberry sky, sparse clouds drifting, and the amplified echoes of stupid midnight drivers and stupidly drunk youths slurring their way home from the pub. The two divided up the last cookie, wolfed it down and chased it with beer. Relaxed and buzzed, old magic basked freely. The scent still spiked old muscle memories, some ingrained chip whipped up when dragons started dying and witchers were stalking. Wondered if Keith had that chip too, beeping out instincts to defend and fight, with the scent of smoke and sulfur.

He lounged all comfortable and lazy on the chair so if there was one, Keith ignored it. “Can I ask something?”

“Sure.”

“Aren’t cities too small for dragons?”

“Honestly it depends on the city. New York is too dense with buildings so it’s hard to navigate. Usually we go for places with some space. Boston’s not too crowded.”

The easy and amiable nature of Lance’s voice and overall aura stimulated more conversation from the witcher.

He asked, craning his head toward Lance. “You fly?”
Lance pinched the bulb of his nose and sniffed. “Gotta or my body starts to ache. I’ll get some serious back pains or my horns.” He tapped the black rock with a fingernail. “Will throb. I go once every week.”

“I didn’t know that. Shifters like to keep that information within the group.”

“Yea, wolves are like that. Very reserve about the whole pack. One of my dorm mates in college was a wolf and he didn’t share shit with me when it came to that. I tried asking where they ran so I could join in, you know have some fun chasing them, but he tensed up and said outsiders aren’t allow.”

He mined the nagging hand motion, opening and closing like Pac-Man. “Bla bla bla. Fuckin’ like I asked him where their den was and shit. Dragons don’t care. We’re fucking big, no one ain’t doing a thing we don’t like.”

“I thought dragons were shrinking.”

“No. Part of it is dragons mixing with humans. It’s dilutes the blood of the dragon so those with a nonsupe parent will be smaller. Being big isn’t always a good thing. Your pains get worse. Your charms come at a higher cost cause warlocks or witches have to put in a lot of glamor in order to keep you hidden.”

“So it pays to be small.”

“To an extent. Pidge is a friend so she gives me a discount on charms. Every year or so I have to get a higher dosage cause I’ll grow another twelve inches or so.”

“I’m almost afraid to ask how big you are.”

“Fifteen meters currently.”

Keith coughed on his beer. He sat up and wiped his sleeve over the running droplets going down his chin. “Aren’t great whites about that size?”

“Oh no they’re six or seven meters long. My mom’s thirty-one and my dad’s twenty.”

“Oh my god.”

“Yea, that’s why they’re still living over there in Australia. Lotta room for big dragons. Boston’s not too tight for me so I’m good.”

Keith dragged his eyes up and down Lance’s body like he was trying to do the math in his mind on how large the dragon was and on the fact that something that dwarfed a great white and growing to the length of a sperm whale resided in the body of a Hispanic Ozzie with blue eyes.

“I’m bigger in your head. Once you see it won’t be a big deal.”

“No. I’m pretty sure that’s a big deal no matter what you do.”

“Are you going to Google search it?”

“Should I?”

“Nah. You’ll work yourself up if you look at those scales.”
Three days later, Keith sidestepped him in the hall. The gesture not one of fear but caution swirled in with specks of disbelief and awe. Understandable, Lance’s baby size titaned with ancient creatures long since extinct and he walked around with it in his back pocket like a forgotten pack of gum.

Lance sighed, body sagging, he hefted the paper bag of groceries on the point of one hip. “You googled it?”

“Look you tell anyone I’m bigger than fucking Jaws, they’re going to check it out,” Keith offered in his defense.

For a witcher with his dragon cherry popped, he was taking it quite well.

“Ugh. Do you know how large dragons used to be? I’m like mini Reese’s size compare to them.”

Wrong thing to say cause Keith’s eye widened. “Like how large we talking?” That wasn’t fear in his tone, no, witcher boy liked it.

“No. You’ll google it.” Lance walked to his door.

Keith nagged, derailing his route to pluck out more information from Lance. “Larger than the dinosaurs? Give me figures.”

“No. Go harass people and eat donuts.”

“It’s not harassment. It’s called investigating.”

Lance closed the door on him, then opened it and said through the sliver of the gap. “Sorry about the donut comment. I’m not saying your fat or anything. You’re in fuckin’ killing it.”

Knuckles framed the wood trimming. “We’re not done.”

Creepy but so cute of Keith, being the building’s new stalker and to do Lance the great of honor of declaring him the apple of his eye.

Dreams, people, they happened.

He reached his hand through the opening and un-pried Keith’s fingers kindly. “Go. To. Work.”

The door slammed for good but Lance had his back pressed to the door and listened to the witcher’s step fade out, the aroma of old magic going with him.

People said witches hunted dragon, this was probably not what they imagined.
Lance upended his basket on to the table and sorted the clothes from colors to whites, wash and dry to cold wash only, in the nude. Tail, cock, and balls free-balling. The central air down in the basement didn’t work and Lance harbored no shame in his body and frequently flaunted it. When you’re a shifter body-image went out the window. You got naked regularly among friends and family.

Anyway on the unofficial monthly time lot, tonight was Lance’s day for dirty laundry. It was shared knowledge.

No one thought to clue in the fresh blood on that tidbit.

So Keith froze at the threshold in dipping sweatpants with a laundry basket propped on one bony hip. Upper body fucking barbaric and composed of jagged, elegant lines of definition. Hair in that fucking mess of a ponytail, the literal Urban Dictionary definition of *fuck me hair*. Tatted with black ink along the swell of his forearms and biceps, the runes and foreign scripts unknown to him. A fuzzy happy trail started at his belly button and raced down the V of his pelvis.

He squeaked when a wayward sock toppled off the ledge of the table and Lance bent at the waist to grab it. Ass directed to Keith, mind you.

Lance’s spine snapped straight and he whirled around for the noise. “Shite.”

Keith stared, horrified like a lamb sighted by a ravenous wolf.

Remembering his current state of nakedness, he lowered the sock over his flaccid dick. Shame a knee length sock didn’t take the tumble to the floor cause this ankle cut one wasn’t an adequate shield. “The tail should’ve of…covered the goodies, right?”

“To a point.”

“Uh, well I hope the view wasn’t too bad.”

“No…I’m fucking confuse, do you normally—“

“Go all natural? Yea. Usually each of us has a time slot for the laundry room. It kinda makes it go by faster than if two people were down here at once.”

It spoke poorly of Lance that the witcher’s practically lost and restless expression pleased him down to the core. Cool ass witcher stunned witless by a nude dragon. Call Hollywood, Lance had the sitcom for them.

Keith lips popped a little, “Oh.”

Lance proceeded to bask in his superiority. “We’re both mates. Put your shit there, we can share. I
don’t bite or spew fire. Pinky swear.”

Keith looked at the basket of dirty clothes then to the hall that led back to a space free of nude dragons.

“How about I give you warnings, eh? Like the bass is about to drop. Get it,” he questioned, then clarified. “My balls are dropping. Bass. Drop.”

“Or you could… I dunno. wear something. That’s an option.”

“Being naked is fun though. You can be free too, mate.” He jabbed his pointer finger at Keith’s joggers like you’re one step away from bliss, mate.

Get naked.

Get free.

What do pretty witcher boys have under the hood, any of that old magic putting its magic on the parts that matter?

He moved his basket over his crotch. Access denied. “Yea. No. My dick is staying on the leash.”

The dragon shrugged, jutting out his lower lip. “It’s a shifter thing, I guess. We like being balls out.”

Keith set his basket across the table and sorted piece by piece. “Probably why half the time I arrest a damn shifter, they’re fucking buck naked.”

Lance giggled. “Really?”

“Yes,” Keith nodded grimly and plucked a white tee with dried blood. The witcher hardly gave it any scrutiny. “You know how hard it is to chase down a guy, tackle him, and cuff him with his junk out. I feel like I’m getting to third base with those guys.”

“Sounds kinky.”

“And if it’s a woman, I can’t win. I can’t touch her cause I feel like a pervert. And some kinda offer me shit.”

“So you just go around pissing supes off?”

“Feels like it. People don’t like cops to start off, then the witcher business makes it tough to get supes talking. Could’ve joined the SPF but they’ve got a lot of yellow tape and bullshit politics that keep the real shithheads free to run their illegal businesses.”

SPF or simply the supernatural equivalent of a cop. A job mainly manned by magical users and half breeds too human to be considered a fledged supe. They monitored the supernatural community, fined people with low glamor charms, investigated supernatural disputes.

Lance opened the washer and threw in his clothes. He did the same for his whites and started the machines. “I had some trouble with SPF when I first started in the States. They were trying to fine my ass for flying even when I had the charm.”

“Yea. They like to fuck with shifters from what I heard.”

Lance measured out fabric softener and poured it into the machine. He recapped the container and pushed toward Keith. “There’s a stash we share. Shiro buys the soap and shit and we all reimburse
him. So help yourself.”

Keith stared at the Gain container. “This place is weird.”

“Why cause you’ve haven’t been shanked yet?” Lance joked.

The easy nature of Keith’s fraction of a smile dipped and his mouth thinned.

“You’re not wrong.”

You’re a rightful fucking asshole, Lance. A damn asshole.

Something cruel, hooked, and sharp gripped Lance’s heart and clenched. The blood on that pristine white shirt fostered a sinister story. “Fuck. Sorry.”

“I get it. Witchers were fucking dicks back in the day. Just doing what they wanted.” He shrugged casually.

A weight pulled on his face, turning all the pretty bits of Keith melancholy, as he shouldered the sins of his ancestors like Atlas.

Yea but to hate someone for actions committed by an ancestor, whose brain was so underdeveloped and so weak in cognitive thinking that they couldn’t think of the long lasting effects with the slaughter of a race, was ludicrous. The past served as a harrowing lesson, not the fucking rulebook.

He glared at the white shirt, the clawing need to scorch its existence completely heavy and immovable in his gut. “That’s bull though. The fuck you gonna let history shape how you treat people today. You weren’t there, neither was I. We didn’t do anything of that drama.”

“Humans do it.”

“Yea cause they’re a bunch of silly cunts. I never got it. The skin color thing.”

A laughed wheedled out of Keith, unprompted, and Lance associated the rumbly sound with the kind of shit he illegally ripped and downloaded from YouTube vids and synced into his MP3. That laugh would have its own special playlist too.

Lance looked up, the white shirt was buried under another, thankfully, red splatter free tee with a V-collar. His face wasn’t granted the mercy of being splatter free not with those flaming cheekbones. “What?”

“Nothing,” another core of the earth deep laugh wheezed out, white teeth showed with healthy pink gums framing them, Lance’s playlist grew a little bit bigger. The FBI might incarcerate him for possess of it. “Just you’re fucking naked and a dragon and you’re telling me how it’s wrong to judge me for my kind’s history.”

“Dragons are really smart,” he quipped, finding Keith’s gaze so he could prompt a smile from the witcher by grinning lopsidedly at him.

Relief and harmony sought out the creases, the spider webbing of cracks and fractures in him, the ones made by the loneliness in Keith, and repaired the imperfections.

“You must be the exception to that,” Keith teased.

“I’ll let that one slide cause you’re new.”
Bet the old dragons were rolling in their graves, cursing Lance for not turning witcher boy into a crispy critter.

Like Lance, did you forget what witchers were to dragons?

Yea?

Here’s the answer—

God damn death dealers.

Hello, less than a thousand of us.

Earth to Lance.

Are you reading me?

Yea.

Lance heard, knew the stories, remembered the times nightmares of witchers coming for him and his family frightened him out of the sheets and into his parent’s bed. Remembered his old man taking him as a teen down under in Oz so Lance could practice his fire breath. Remembered burning trees until it was nothing but a scorched mark in the grass. Remembered his dad moving Lance on to living shit until Lance flipped and refused. Remembered the fight, the fire that melted his human bones, the dragon that rose out of the charred remains. Remembered his first time fighting his own until his mother barreled into his father with the impact of twenty semis pulling 60mph on the expressway and slammed them both into the earth, her roars something so fierce and protective that his dad crowded to her.

Remembered his mom telling Lance a different tale. Explaining to Lance the world wasn’t black and white, the bad guys and the good guys. She taught Lance tolerance. Taught him he was above the fury of the dragon. Taught him that the time for fear passed. Taught him the time for living was now, to be the better example.

The world wasn’t black and white.

The world wasn’t you versus me.

The world was people with lives, with dreams, with the same hardships and joys and loves like you.

Like you.

They were living day to day. Seeing friends and family. Celebrating birthdays. Watching films. Holding hands. Finding love and heartbreak multiple times. Making a family. Making a future.

Keith wasn’t some scary death dealer.

He was making a future.

Like you.

Like Lance.

Getting day to day with the best he had, even if every day he couldn’t supply the best he had.

Like you.
Like Lance.
This world wasn’t black and white.
Hadn’t been.
Not from the start.

After that, Lance’s time slot became Keith’s as well. The witcher showed up again, griped up a storm at Lance for hanging out with his dick out like a lazy frat boy, Lance explained shifters liked the nude and they started doing their laundry. Sorted the colors from the whites. The dry cleaning from cold wash only. Delicates from heavy jeans. Downey to fabric softener. Traded secrets on folding techniques.

Some nights Lance bothered with pants for Keith’s sanity. Some nights Keith entertained Lance’s natural agenda and dressed down to his boxers and socks.

It was one of those adventurous nights, Lance in clothes and Keith in less fabric. Very homoerotic if you asked him, sharing the labor of laundry with the sound of the washing machine on the rinse cycle as they talked sports and other bullshit. On an exceptionally homosexual night, Lance might sew a button on one of Keith’s button down or fix a zipper

Lance edged back, slanted his body sideways and made the two feet shot from the doorway to the pile of dirty socks. It made contact, Lance cheered, clapping and congratulating himself for the throw.

Keith rolled his eyes; he looked made up of bad lines like Jessica Rabbit, not morally a bad person but drawn bad at every angle. “Are you going to help?”

“I am. See.” Lance went to the table and located the one sock he’d contributed to the pile. “I put that sock there.”

Keith did see and he could not give a fuck.

“This is why when we do laundry together, we’re here until three.”

“I have a lot of MBA fire in me. It has to come out.”

Keith hefted the pile into the machine, the muscles on his back bulged under vanilla skin. A real feast to the eyes.

Lance did what came easy to him.

And checked out the hardware on his impromptu witcher neighbor. So sleazy of him, checking out his mate so unsavorily but Keith sighted a black revolver on him the first day. Maybe this was karma. Keith couldn’t be unaware of his show-stopping looks and the dude was employed in a physical job
with high demands for fitness and strength and he clocked in the hours at the gym, clearly, he got a nice look at what he packed in and shipped out to the public. And now he put that shit on the pedestal in boxers closer to boy shorts than fucking legit boxers. Boxers typically brushed the mid-thigh or the knee cap. These fuckers swelled on Keith’s toned thighs.

Like what else was a dragon to do?

Not look?

Fuck that.

Keith turned around, eyes sharp with awareness and a bruised plum color under the faulty light. He closed the latch without looking back.

Lance looked at the ceiling and whistled a guilty tune, his crime flushed on his face.

Keith’s PI nature kicked in as he stared down Lance. He folded his arms under his chest in full cop mode, the I’ll get you fifteen to life, kid and that’s if I’m feeling nice type of cop.

The look—a face of icy composure and dominance, a face that said Keith had a royal flush in his hand—lasted long enough were Lance a real crook with a long rep he’d break in a second. Finally, Keith shattered the silence. “You stare at my ass any longer and I’m going to charge you.”

“To be fair If we’re going by stripper rules, you have to be naked first. Then you can charge me.”

“No. You pay for the clothes to come off and for a dance.”

“So you have experience is what you’re saying.”

“Bad guys like strippers and seedy places. My work takes me there.”

He winked, the action a town away from the city of subtle. “Work. I gotcha.”

“You’re a dick.” Keith pinched the side of Lance’s thigh.

Lance smoothed the crescent moons on his dark skin. “Mate I have established from the start that I am seventy percent dragon and hundred percent dick.”

“Do you add?” Keith pulled a face at his inaccurate math. “That’s hundred and seventy.”

“My major in college wasn’t math,” admitted Lance.

Keith nodded. “Oh, I can tell.”

“Fuck you.” Lance flipped him off lazily as he leaned backwards on the table and crossed his ankles.

Keith grabbed fabric softener stored under the table, swatting at Lance who poked his ribs with his toes, spun the cap off, and extended it toward Lance. “Can you do it? I always put too much.”

“Alright. Don’t stare at my ass.”

“I’m a cop. I do what I want,” Keith barked, staring. Whether he did it to rattle Lance’s cage or in genuine interest, Lance couldn’t say not with that ice cold cop mask on but it was nice.

Feeling wanted. Inciting arousal in another guy. Really convenient and beneficial that the washer position in the room forced Lance to face away from Keith least the witcher see how red his cheeks
“Abuse of power,” said Lance.

One somber night at their ritually homoerotic laundry folding, Keith unleashed—

Emotionally, or as emotional as the guy got.

His face showed little.

His voice droned on the same honey dialect that scorched Lance’s eardrums.

His eyes revealed all. Windows to the soul.

Lance saw this soul as Keith talked about—

Growing up in the witcher academy in Westchester, NY; how even in the company of his peers Keith was singled out for his mixed bloodline which was not uncommon with the way the world ran, races mixed. People fell in loved, kids resulted from that. Though you had purist in every group and witchers regarded pure bloods very highly. So as the love child of a witcher and a warlock, Keith had his work cut out for him.

Talked on how he—

Couldn’t fit with the witchers.

Even though his DNA deemed him more witcher than war, it still branded on him.

War blood, dark blood witchers and mages coined it.

They were practitioners in magic once in the beginning when unicorns migrated in herds, the glitter of gold in the mountains was the nest of a dragon, and mermaids visited each shore and sang; then the witchers appeared with their enhanced body pulsing with old magic and the warlocks saw the weakness in the reading of dead languages. They wouldn’t light candles. Wouldn’t gather in their circle and ask the gods for power.

Now history got muddy here because warlocks claimed it was given to them for their years of servitude but history had no artifacts, no suggestion, no accounts of these higher beings who supposedly blessed wars. Elders existed at the time, the first dragons, unicorns, mermaids that looked far from Ariel with her auburn hair and more like a failed product of crossing human and fish genes, and one other creature demons.
It was shameful to steal magic.

Shameful to abuse it and mix it with your blood without consent.

Some magic wasn’t for humans, magically inclined or not.

But warlocks—

They took demon’s blood and drank until their bellies swollen and distended. Did this for each generation until they were more inhuman than anything else.

Dark blood pumped in Keith no matter how tiny the percentage.

Warlocks stole blood and power to get in power.

Witchers were granted old magic. Blessed with absurd strength, speed, endurance, and regenerative properties for the benefit of man who navigated a dangerous earth filled with winged beasts and hungry creatures.

Thieves, warlocks were.

Then he said how he—

Couldn’t fit with the warlocks.

Keith’s eyes screamed warlock from the hilltop but every stitch of him was a killer. A hunter.

And humans marginally tolerated one another, do you think they could handle another group with special abilities, enhanced healing, speed, and strength.

We all saw X-Men, people didn’t like others who deviated from the human production line.

So no hope there.

Supes fostered a healthy suspicion and hatred for all witches and supes saw the witcher before they saw the warlock.

Keith bounced from state to state, city to city, one room apartments to another shitty one room apartment with the wallpaper bleached from the sun and peeling off the wall at the trim line. Worked until things got bad. Or the people got too awful.

Visited Westchester and talked with his mentor for guidance and got an encouraging prep talk about the beauty of his gift and that to change the world it took a step at a step, a soul at a time, and the courage of a lion and a finger in the direction of Boston. Got in contact with Shiro and the sweet guy made easy friends with Keith, the concern developed that Shiro was after his soul or some shit.

Lance ached.

Hearing this.

Remembered the scary tales whispered under the cast of the moon, beware the witches.

They drove dragons to the brink of extinction.

They could do the same to any of us.
Like mad dogs, they were not to be trusted.

How stupid, how fucking ignorant those people were.

He placed all of his trust in Keith that night, every ounce.

_I accept you._

Warlock

Witcher

_I don't care._

_You’re Keith._

---

Lance stood over the temperature controlled skillet with a bottle of pancake batter. His opponent, Pidge warlock and his favorite Hobbit, stood beside him with her own black skillet and bottle of batter. One spatula laid beside either skillet. Behind them, Hunk and Shay debated what challenge to issue the contenders.

Voices hushed in deliberation as the couple scrolled through the Google search engine for inspiration. “We’ve decided, Elsa.”

Hunk argued, looking up from the screen of his phone. “Everyone does that. I got a better one—Voltron.”

Lance pivoted one his heel. “What the fuck is Voltron?”

“You are a disgrace,” Pidge chided.

“Remember that robot that is formed with lions?”

“The Power Rangers?”

“No.”

“They were a group that fought galactic evil.” Shay prompted in hopes of reviving Lance’s memory. When he blinked dully, she continued. “There was a red paladin, a blue paladin—”

“Yea like the Power Rangers.”

“It is not the Power Rangers. Look,” Hunk clicked on an image and enhanced it to full screen. “This
“Looks like the Power—“

“Forget it. Do Johnny Bravo instead. You know him, right?”

“Who?” He joked with an unrepentant smile, quickly pacifying Hunk when the orc’s face tightened with annoyance. “I’m fucking with you, Hunk.”

“Okay. You guys get a minute,” Shay announced.

Pidge and Lance launched to their stations, hunched over the skillet and a firm grip around the tube. They posed the peak over the black iron. “Go.”

Lance worked quickly and spread haphazard lines of batter on the skillet for the outline. A little wacky, no one from Pixar or Disney would be calling anytime soon for his artistic skills but it outshined the poor blob on Pidge’s skillet.

“What did you do to Johnny?” He laughed, side eying her monstrosity.

“Shut up.” She checked his scrutiny with a stern hip bump, it added to the dragon’s childish giggles.

“Fuck me sideways. This is impossible.”

“Twenty seconds,” Shay called.

Pidge abandoned her quest to salvage the disfigured pancake man and hustled, making the blob human to a degree.

“Time.”

Lance flipped his pancake.

With a second to spare, Pidge grabbed the spatula and turned over hers.

The judges peered at the finished products.

One glance at Pidge’s pancake and Lane buckled, squatting on the floor as he laughed to the point of giggly, wet tears. Hunk joined him after a minute. Shay sucked on her lips, cheeks turning criminally pink.

“Don’t laugh,” she threatened the fairy, the black spatula brandished menacingly in her hand.

Shay shook her head and worried her bottom lip harshly, not trusting herself.

Lance sniffled. “I don’t know—“ He cried. “It’s so shitty. How?”

“D—don’t talk.” Hunk touched his arm. “Save your strength.”

“I-I… I won’t last the night.”

“Hmm, I wonder what would be more amusing turning you into a purse or a rat?”

Lance looked up, cheeks lined with wet tracks. Abortive giggles delivered explosive shudders down his frame, his voice came out shallow. “The night is darkest before the dawn.”

“Why are we friends again?”
Lance and the group feasted on the winners and the losers of their pancake challenge. Butter and syrup masked the indistinguishable blobs that were, in order: Johnny Bravo, Garfield, a comic book hero of their choice, and an animated character of their choice.

He cut a dull butter knife into Wolverine.

Pidge sliced up Dr. Doom, a violation of the comic book hero category but it aligned perfectly with her personality. All knowing, all powerful, liked wearing capes and shit, probably had numerous contingency plans to overthrow the America government and military force in one go. You know, Pidge. “So you and the witcher, what’s with that?”

“Dunno, we’re friends. He’s a fun guy. His humor is a little odd, kinda dry.”

“Fun and witcher,” she mused, seething under jealousy. “One of these is not like the other.”

“Shut up.”

“Keith helped me out when the SPF tried fining me,” Hunk sliced up Garfield into soggy, sweet pieces and stacked four high before he skewed it with his fork.

“On what grounds?”

“They were saying my glamor is below regulations but Keith stopped them, flashed his PI card, and politely told the guys to fuck off.”

“My stuff is never below the state’s requirements,” Pidge groused, syrup smudged her mouth.

Lance chewed on his food, squinting inquisitively. “Which one was it, Sendak?”

Hunk washed down his fill with milk and cleaned the milk-stash left behind. “Is he the stocky one with a fat nose?”

He reined in his frustration and chirped. “Yup.”

“Then yea. Sendak.”

“He was probably waiting for my ass, again,” he gaped. “Does that all the time. Comes by every few months and insists to see if my charm is up to code and by insists he means watching me shift.”

“Maybe he’s gay and thinks your butt is cute,” Shay said.

“No way. Sendak is like aggressively straight.”

“How?”

“I asked him if he found Narnia yet from living in the closet.”
Pidge choked, gagging on her own spit. “Oh my god.”

“Dude, I remembered that! He locked you up. You called me and cried on the phone.”

“It was man sweat, Hunk. From my eyeballs.”

Hunk reclined back, laughing. “Get real.”

“I was twenty, of course I was shitting myself. Thought they would give me a fucking cavity search, as much as I love phallic objects in my ass I don’t want to be fisted and prodded by a cop.”

“What if it was Keith?”

“You be quiet over there, Tinkerbell,” he warned.

Pidge composed herself. “You know those guys like messing with supes. They patrol the nice end of Boston and they think it gives them grounds to throw their weight around.”

The dragon collected excess syrup. “Basically they’re the suburban cops of Boston and Sendak sits on that iron throne.”

“Hagger’s a total bitch too.”

“You told her she needed a good dick pronto.”

“Which I was and still am right about, stop me when I lie.”

“We’re way off topic. Anyway, Keith told me to come to him next time and he would set it straight. You should let him know about Sendak.”

“I don’t need rescuing,” the dragon mumbled, eye casted on his empty plate streaked with the remains of his prey.

“You guys are cool and all, why not tell him? I doubt Keith would give you shit.”

“It’s fine,” Lance insisted, growing alarmingly red in the face.

There was something telling in his voice cause Pidge, previously occupied with soggy pancakes and her cell phone, discarded both and dissected Lance from head to toe.

Lance looked behind, didn’t see anything, looked back at Pidge and started to worry.

“Christ!” Pidge banged her hands on the table, startling the whole group. “Lance likes the witcher. What the fuck.”

“No,” he argued. “Fine. Just a little. He’s cute, why the fuck do I have to explain myself?”

“We were under the impression your whole ‘I might fuck him’ comment was a joke and the whole thing about witchers and dragons being mortal enemies. So it’s kinda odd, you have to admit,” Hunk explained.

“If you guys date, you’ll be the modern day Romeo and Juliet. Except you don’t die like a bunch of dumbasses.”

Slouching, Lance planted his forehead into the wood finish and tapped a beat in hopes it might split his skull out.
“We shouldn’t be surprised. After all, Keith willingly does his laundry with Lance and we know DBZ here likes to rock out with his cock out. Keith started for the laundry and stayed for the booty.”

Lance spoke to the table. “Not true. He had no idea the first time.”

“And he still came back?” Pidge mused. “Fuckin’ homo.”

Lance made several drive-bys in the 7-11 a few blocks down from the building. It was a ritual by this point, the night he flew he’d stop by the watering hole for refreshment and fuel. Not for the shift, no becoming the dragon and being the dragon came so easy it should be a crime. No. The human body needed it. The tax of hosting such a creature took tolls in the form of hunger and thirst.

The larger the beast, the higher the fee.

You wanted HBO and Stars, then you gotta pay that charge.

Lance worked on paying it preemptively.

First, he browsed the sweets until he narrowed down his selection between a honeybun and Twinkies. He settled on Twinkies.

Next he pursed the chips on the grounds you had to balance out the sweetness with salt and snatched a medium sized bag of cheese puffs.

He scanned the lines of industrial refrigerators, eyes bouncing from sugary drinks to energy drinks to healthy alternates. Maybe a slimming drink would minus the junk food; the Arizonas were a pleasant ninety-nine cent and came in a twenty-four ounce tin. Tea was slimming, yes?

Lance opened the glass door, a cold blast of air pelting his face, and pressed his fist to his mouth.

Original or exotic?

Decisions.

Decisions.

What a cruel reality in the States.

Yea, you could buy a bag of Snickers. Or you could get a bag of Snicker almonds, or a bag of mini Snickers, or a box of average sized Snicker.

He sat on the balls of his feet and lifted an twenty-four ounce of original Arizona and then stood and shut the door with his foot.
He went in line and waited for the guy in front to pay for a pack of cigs and his large coffee. The cashier tallied the guy up, took his money and printed out his receipt. He waved Lance over.

“Night shift again?” Lance smiled as he set his items on the counter.

Victor, the vampire, glared. “You make that joke every time you see me. Yes the night shift.”

Tall and average in the face, Victor was a pup in vampire years, a measly three hundred. He looked like he took the permanent change at the age of seventeen. The skin around his eyes was ghostly transparent and lined with dead veins.

“I thought if I said it enough you might laugh.” He slipped his hand into his back pocket for his wallet.

“I would punch you if it wouldn’t get me fire,” Victor said, the threat only partially true.

“You talk like that to all your customers or am I lucky?”

The vampire eyed his items critically. Undoubtedly a source of entertainment to kill the dead hours of the graveyard shift. Kind of poetic. “Arionza, Twinkies, and Cheetos. Seems like what teenagers buy with their pocket change.”

“Internally, I am fifteen.”

“Yea. I’m starting to realize that,” Victor started to ring up his items. “You flying on your magic carpet tonight I take it. Normally you get a pack and some coffee.”

“Aw. You’re so sweet to remember.”

“Christ,” the vampire grinned, teeth showing dulled and white and the stench of microwaved blood thickly redolent in his breath.

A little 101 on vampires, their fangs retracted in and out at a vampire’s will which helped them stay hidden along with the other supes. There was no helping the sunlight thing unless you had the money and a powerful warlock willing to concoct a sun lotion for vamps and that had its limitations as well.

“I thought vampires couldn’t take the Lord’s name in vain.”

“Didn’t you watch Interview with a Vampire or True Blood, that religious stuff is bull. That’s like me asking you if Drogon is your uncle.”

“He might be. You don’t know.”

“You have a good night, Lance.”

“Cheers, Vic. Watch out for Van Helsing.”

“Stop with the vampire references!”
Lance doubled back and was about to pass the building and walk the usual route for his weekly shift when siren whooped. He chanced a look at the car and felt his stomach furiously swooped to the floor. Fire simmered under the surface of his skin like a great white sniffing the surface for blood. His thorny tail swished low to the ground.

Stopping, he waited for Sendak to park the cruiser and the while told himself to mute the maelstrom of fire and smoke sparking beneath the skin.

You’ve been through this, he thought, he’s gonna give you shit but take it.

A mage ain’t shit to a dragon, Lance, he might have the badge and the authority but in the harsh reality of their circumstances he was a greater danger to Sendak than Sendak would ever be to him.

The mage officer left the lights on the dashboard flashing as he shut the door. Adjusted his belt where the beginnings of a pot belly swelled slightly. Easy life being a SPF in the nicer parts of Boston. Yell at supes. Fine supes. Collect the check and pick up your coffee.

“Date with the sky tonight, McClain?” Sendak questioned with his pit bull face, small yellow eyes, a square jaw, and hard bone. Where a pit would at least wag or smile in greeting, Sendak snarled.

He huffed out a derisive snort and chewed meanly on his lip, voice like loose grit under rubber shoes. “You’ve been cooking that one for a while?”

The officer smirked, mouth curling like barbed wire. A rarity, few individuals managed to make one of the most non-hostile human gesture purely drenched in evil vibes. “I hope this isn’t you mouthing off again. Thought you learned last time to save your jokes for stand up.”

“My bad.” He shrugged, mentally reprimanding himself that just because he wasn’t explicitly telling Sendak to eat dick and get fucked, his smart ass little wise crack, appreciated by a few and greatly loathed by the general public, bared the same intent.

Dial it down, Rambo.

Pick your battles.

“It’s how I cope with life,” he said to make his life more cumbersome.

“Then I suggest finding a new method cause that one will get your ass in trouble, dragon or not.”

Yea, he learned lesson from yours truly.

Lance scratched behind his ear. “Thanks for the advice. You have an easy night, officer.”

He made to move around and Sendak gripped him by the elbow, yanking him back.

“McClain. You forgetting something?” He asked.

“Listen you know my stuff is good and approved. Every time you check me it clears out fine.”

“So it shouldn’t be a problem now, then? Unless you’re playing loose with the rules,” the mage
suggested, eyes narrowing like he hoped that Lance was.

He threw his arms out feebly. “The fuck, you know that’s fuckin’ shite, alright?”

Sendak didn’t take well to defiance. He walked Lance back a step. Like a pit bull, Sendak was built stocky and muscular. “You giving me shit? We have space at the precinct. Say the word and I’ll get you a seat.”

“Officer Sendak, was it?” Lance looked over to see Keith, dashingly pretty with his violet eyes and messy hair and intensely dangerous in old jeans with his PI badge packed on his belt and a revolver holstered under his blazer, coming off his shift.

Keith cocked his hands on his hips, gun showing more prominently and old magic coating the air around them. A warning.

Animals expanded themselves when a threat entered their territory. Stretched out claws. Pulled their lips over their teeth.

Witchers demonstrated their hardware and it was one hell of a heavy duty hardware. The package came smaller than a pump action shotgun and in diamond black casing, harder than steel and iron. Sendak carried a standard 9mm with clips of silver and wood. Fine for your werewolves, vamps, witches, witcher, goblins, dwarves. For big boys like Lance, he needed a hell lot more than that.

Sendak turned around and gritted out an unpleasant greeting. “Evening, witcher.”

“Slow patrol?” Keith asked, shorting the distance.

“For the time.”

The witcher passed one of his half smiles at Lance. “Hey. You doing alright?”

Lance snuck a livid peek to the mage and dropped it. “Decent.”

“Witcher, you can take your leave. I have this.”

“And what’s ‘this’?” Keith waved sluggishly meaning the close and personal way Sendak had Lance nearly shoved to a wall.

“His glamor is in working order,” he listed off, checking Lance over for Sendak’s benefit, then dipped his fingers into the plastic bag dangling off Lance’s wrist. “No illegal contraband. Just junk food, oh and the receipt from the 7-11 a few blocks away from here. Can’t make shit from that except well, shit.”

He considered the cop, “You got probable cause for stopping him?”

“Are you telling me how to do my job?”

“No, no,” he said, then started slowly and coldly. “I’m asking why a mage on the clock is hassling supes following the rules to the tee. Boston can’t be that quiet for you.”

“Maybe they don’t teach you boys at your witcher academy but class-A supes like Mr. McClain need a evaluation on the efficiency and longevity of their glamor,” Sendak said.

Keith thumbed his chin as he recalled the thought, humming. “I think I remember hearing something like that when I was thirteen. It slipped my mind, the basics.”
He smirked, mocking to Sendak and a combustible aphrodisiac to Lance. ”Witchers are taught at an accelerated pace if you didn’t know.”

The mage threatened, low. “Watch yourself. Boston has mages.”

Meaning—

I have numbers.

Where’s your army, witcher?

“That sounded like a threat.”

At this point he could see the hair-thin threat anchoring the conversation from a disagreement between two men in law enforcement to a street beat down between two alpha dogs in an oily alleyway. No matter the cut, a fight promised no happy endings for anyone and his dragon had no more patience for the simplistic dick measuring between mages and witchers.

Lance coughed. “Listen. It’s fine. He can—“

“No,” Keith snapped. “It would be a waste of Officer Sendak’s talents, I mean an real crime might happen during his shift. You can go back on your patrol. I’ll email your precinct a full report on Mr. McClain’s glamor analysis.”

Sendak had a dog focus on Keith, lethal and unflinching. “You’re overstepping your jurisdiction.”

“There is no overstepping here. I can relive you of any ongoing case, high profile or not, whenever I deem it. Now if that still bothers you, then feel free to call my superior back in Westchester and they can tell you the same thing I did.”

Sendak looked like he wanted to paint the cement with Keith’s face.

Keith, on the other hand, looked damn proud of that fact.

Like touch me, try it.

I’m top dog.

So with the witcher in tow Lance walked him to his weekly spot. They took the streets, barely checking the road sometimes for cars and blitzing to the other side. The wind picked up, rustled the trees and made the leaves talk to each other, scattered away old newspaper articles and walked them into flat surfaces. It ran through Lance’s hair. Whispered over the heated skin. Horns cut through the physical force of it like nothing, aerodynamic.

Keith zipped up his jacket, feeling the chill.
Lance brushed arms with the witcher in an attempt to share the heat. “He’s gonna fuck with you.”

“Better me than you,” Keith said, automatic. Like he was used to getting fucked with. Used to people throwing him shade.

Lance wanted him to grow so foreign to the idea that he would need a whole introduce each time it happened.

“No. I mean he’s the raging bull and you’re the guy waving the red flag. That’s how hard he’s going to come at you.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time someone had beef with me.”

Yea, Lance thought, I know that but stop taking the fucking blame for the whole witcher history and wearing it like a damn armor.

If you were that guy then I wouldn’t argue.

You’re not.

You never were.

You’re not the bad guy here, Keith.

Stop jumping in a tank full of sharks for people.

One day you’ll walk with nothing, you stupid self-sacrificing asshole.

Let there be no misunderstanding, Lance liked the show. Sendak ate shit and had — fucking had to — swallow it with a smile because witcher’s overruled the SPF. They’re were the FBIs of the supes world with a little more wiggle room and their unethical methods a commonly known and shared knowledge, hence the gut reaction hatred and recoil to their presence. But where the feds worked in union with a team and bounced back and forth from state to HQ, witchers worked alone and called HQ on the need to know basses. Witchers were trained to operate independently.

Sendak wasn’t wrong. He had the precinct.

Keith was a one man army.

Lance shook his head at Keith’s lone ranger mentally. “And you say I’m an idiot.”

“You are,” Keith chuckled.

“Fuck you.” Lance stared wide eye and playfully shoved the witcher. “I’m not the one who pissed off a SPF officer and told him to take a fucking number. ‘You can call my superiors’, nice one. You think he’ll call?”

“Nah. He doesn’t have the balls. They’ll put him on hold for hours if he does anyway. He’s too low on the ranking scale for witchers to really care about. He still tailing us?”

A cruiser maintained paced with them a block down. Sendak’s mean yellow eyes glared through the windshield, Lance blew a kiss.

Keith saw and laughed.

Either way, they had a ticked off cop on their ass indefinitely so might as well milk it until the last
drop. “Sorry but you’ll have to spend the night with me.”

“That’s fine.”

“Thank by the way. You know, for back there. You didn’t have to.”

“Like I said, better me than you.”

They hopped the chain-link fence and landed on the other side, feeling like teenagers who were about to commit a B&E. They were breaking and entering in accordance to the law but the old factory had been old abandon and became an impromptu refugee for runaways, the homeless and the addicted. Sounded illicit and dangerous but anyone you bumped into if you did— the factory was enormous and voluminous that you could stay a month inside and never see the same room twice— wanted a place to sleep and nothing more.

Lance knew where to go. Which parts runaways curled at. Where the homeless gathered with shopping carts. Where the foolish played with needles and fire.

They went up to the roof, their footfalls banging out metal and far in the empty building. Lance lit the way with his cell phone. Keith warily eyed the darkness, witcher training tensing his body, eyes solid with violet shards.

Nice to be on the other end of the witcher, to be under the protection of old magic and older violence. Any bad guys would think twice about coming at Lance with the way Keith fucking cloaked him in the scent.

_Beware, beware._

_I’m here._

_The dragon’s off limits._

_Or you’ll get a reintroduction on why we gave you the reason to fear._

Softie, Lance thought, you wanna protect me so bad you’re looking for the danger.

Lance drove his shoulder into the metal door until it swung out in pain and propped it wide with a cinder block. He dropped his snacks by and walked his feet to the end of the roof.

Keith sucked in a breath. “You gonna pull a Titanic, Jack?”

Lance spread his arms out, eyes closed to the hundred feet drop under his nose. The wind whistled in his ear. “Only if you do it with me.”

“Fuck that. I like the ground.”
“Some badass you are. Blade would do it.”

“Shut up.”

Lance walked back. Saw the anxiety on Keith’s face recede back, he looked easier and calmer with the dragon on solid concrete.

Either Keith was slowly becoming transparent; a shiny and holographic top coat on top of those purple eyes and vanilla sweet face, or Lance grew adept and experienced in reading him. An expert in Keith Kogane, board certified. Could practice anywhere in the States and the UK. Both answers suggested they’re probably a little gay for each other.

Lance was.

So fucking was.

For pretty witcher Keith; made with pretty, reflective crystals and dense heavy marble and endearing baby half smiles that showed how rare and difficult smile came by for guys like Keith. Guys with a hard past with no one to tell them to smile.

For all that magic and splendor, you bet your ass Lance was gay for it.

Gayer than Freddy Mercury.

Wanted to erase the hardship that painted and carved Keith with those skin cutting, jagged lines and polish it soft; show Keith where he could be soft. Show him how breathless he looked smiling.

The witcher had a job to do so it would wait.

Lance licked his lip, short of breath because of Keith. “Should I get undressed?”

“Do you shift in your clothes?” Keith switched on his cop voice, a black sheet of ice. Cocked his weight to one hip and crossed his arms over his chest.

“No. I’m too big for that and sometimes I burn my clothes.”

“Alright.” Keith nodded. “Get undressed.”

“Right here?”

“I have to see how thorough your glamor is so…” Keith dipped his eyes up and down.

Very official sounding, Lance would believe it if Keith said it like he wasn’t growing swollen and thick at the thought. Like he couldn’t give a rat ass about his glamor.

Perv, Lance internally scolded, pervy ass witcher.

Guessed it made Lance a perv too cause he was digging this situation, digging the cop voice, the purple night sky and the exposure of himself to Keith while he stayed fully clothed and examined him.

For the glamor.

Obviously.

Lance waited for Keith’s eyes to wander back on his face and grabbed the bottom of his shirt,
“Whatever you say, officer.”

Rolled up his shirt and the muscles on his stomach clenched when Keith instantly sought out the naked skin ravenously like a king cobra who lurked in the underbrush, patient and intelligent, for a foolhardy and defenseless prey. Felt like that. Seized upon. Struck. Body squeezed and coiled with inky black scales while teeth pierced and drugged his body.

Almost.

Fucking almost went still. Paralyzed by the heat dulling his mind.

Then pressed on.

Keith had work.

Lance had a dragon, who adored the witcher every day of the week and would shelter the man from fire and harm, but a week cooped up under human skin and bones thinned out the dragon’s patience so good for Lance wanting it anyway he could get it. But the dragon wanted out now.

Lance smoothed his hands up his stomach, carrying the fabric on his wrist, and slowly lifted the collar over his horns so it didn’t catch and tear. They ached with the smallest of touches.

Keith smacked his lips, staring. “Cold?”

His nipples stood stiff and brown. Keith looked like he wanted a nibble.

Yea. Cold.

“Yup.” Lance balled up his shirt and chunked it and toed out of his shoes next after lacing the ties. He kicked them away, the Joradns rolled on their side. The color on the shoe already scuffed and dirtied from years of usage and Lance’s laziness to fork up the money for another pair.

He balanced on one leg and peeled off his sock, then repeated the process on the other.

Now the jeans rode low on his hips flanked by a deep V, what Lance lacked in stockiness and a solid six pack he made up in slickness and slender, stretched muscles. Black hair slithered from his flat bellybutton past the metal zipper. Normally, he’d trim and make it less like a Neanderthal’s happy trail.

Sweat glistened a faint shimmer over his skin, the inferno cooking beneath. Gasoline sat on his tongue. The making of his wings, a bird thin exoskeleton, shifted on either side of Lance’s spine. They made impressions in the skin there, tiny and delicate for the moment.

“Don’t shift yet,” Keith said, smelling it. Feeling the heat especially as close as he was, his skin glowed glossy on the apples of his cheek.

It looked good.

Bet it was better spread all over his body.

“You’ll get your peepshow, officer,” Lance joked.

“Peepshow? I’m working here.”

Right, work. That why you look ready to cream, sweetness?
Lance popped the button through the fisheye, zipped down the metal teeth, and wiggled his hips to loosen the fabric over the base of his tail. Once it smoothed over the ridges, his pants dropped to his ankles. He stepped out, lifted his tail and pulled the jeans over the spiky tip.

“Does it normally do that?” Keith pointed low.

Of course Lance made the brass assumption it was his cock and flushed violently. “So I’m excited.”

“What—I meant your tail.”

Yes Lance, I was simply ogling you everywhere else but not your crotch. That’s gay.

“Oh! Again I’m excited.”

Keith shuffled closer to examine it, Lance bent it around his hip and up to the witcher didn’t have to get so close and feel the heatwaves dancing off his skin.

He poked the volcanic rock, testing the sharpness and ignoring the sweat beading on his forehead. “That’s cool.”

“I’m way cooler when I’m fully cooked, mate. You’ll want a ride and everything.”

Keith asked, surprised. “And you’ll let me ride you?”

People did not ride dragons. It was not Hollywood where the knight or the princess won the beast and climbed their backs— nope. Cool plot twist but highly unlikely. The same applied to dragons of today, there had to be a solid foundation of trust and love between a dragon and the rider as their spines were often mounted during the war and spears and sword driven through the scales there since dragons did not have optimal reach. It was notoriously one of their blind spots, the scales weren’t as harden or dense and a strike from the spot could easily pierce the hide rather than one from the belly.

It almost startled him when he said it until he thought about their playful banter, the tender conversations about Keith’s lonely past, the daily trade off of gifts in the form of food and snacks and other meaningless shit in the grand scale of things. Remembered that Keith was in a position of great weakness as well, on a roof with a hundred foot drop on all sides if he didn’t make it to the door with nothing but a gun and his body as a weapon, and Lance with the advantage of his dragon form and fire in his arsenal.

Saw how true this spoke of their relationship, enemies made into best friends.

Me versus you turned into me and you.

Me and Keith.

Lance and me.

A team.

Friends.

Buds.

I would take the bullet for you.

I would walk through that fire for you.
We’re not the numbers.
We’re not the stories.
I’m not scared of your kind anymore.
I’m not scared of you.

Knew in his heart, in the dragon’s heart, there was no one better to have that honor.

“Hell yea.” Lance chirped and started unrolling his boxer briefs at the elastic. “You see Game of Thrones, you can be my khaleesi and I’ll be your Drogon.”

“It’s kinda weird. Normally guys ask me to ride their cocks and not their back.”

The band slipped over his finger and snapped harshly on his dick. “Fuck,” Lance hissed. “Uh. There’s that if you. Can I get naked first, shift, then finish that thought?”

“Sure. I need to think of something romantic to say so this is actually great. You need me to step back?”

“I’d feel much better if you did.”

Keith took cover from five feet away.

Lance tried to recover from Keith’s admission. Did we just stupidly confess our feelings to each other like a couple of inept hetero boys in high school cause it felt distinctively like they did.

Shift first then gummy bear squishy gay feelings, those were the rules.

Be a badass dragon then act like a happy fruitcake.

Lance uncapped the leash around the dragon and let him burst forth. His skin melted. His bone charred into dust. Where you thought pain would sit, cause melting skin and broken bones sounded like Satan’s cocktail of pain, was euphoria. Ecstasy. The fact about shifters was they weren’t human. No the human suit was merely a conduit for the animal. The animal was the person so stepping out of the flesh suit felt the like taking off a stiff suit or a tight dress, the real you came out.

The dragon stood there, white scales packed with shards of shimmers, holos, and pearlescent. Deceptively soft looking as the light refracted off it when in reality they were denser than steel and iron. Its bat-eques wings expanded, stretching the joints, air whooshed under the heavy fans. Black rocks spiked on its head and tail. A rooster tail sat up from the prone position on the dragon’s spine and neck, the stretch of skin between the tiny cartilage paper-thin and translucent.

Around of the horns was an elastic charm that moved and fitted to the shape of it. It blanketed the dragon cleanly from human eyes.

The dragon could hear the fierce thundering from the witcher’s heart.

It walked, movements practiced to be small and nonlethal.

Instinct tightened in Keith before he tossed it and walked to Lance.

The dragon’s upper lip peeled back when Keith lifted his chin, unafraid. “You asshole. That tattoo is yourself, isn’t it?”

"You see Game of Thrones, you can be my khaleesi and I’ll be your Drogon.”

"It’s kinda weird. Normally guys ask me to ride their cocks and not their back.”

The band slipped over his finger and snapped harshly on his dick. “Fuck,” Lance hissed. “Uh. There’s that if you. Can I get naked first, shift, then finish that thought?”

“Sure. I need to think of something romantic to say so this is actually great. You need me to step back?”

“I’d feel much better if you did.”

Keith took cover from five feet away.

Lance tried to recover from Keith’s admission. Did we just stupidly confess our feelings to each other like a couple of inept hetero boys in high school cause it felt distinctively like they did.

Shift first then gummy bear squishy gay feelings, those were the rules.

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The dragon’s upper lip peeled back when Keith lifted his chin, unafraid. “You asshole. That tattoo is yourself, isn’t it?”
Lance emitted a low rumble.

“I shouldn’t be surprised.”

The dragon cocked its massive skull, eerily bird-like.

“You’re going to make me say it, right?”

The dragon moved its head up and down.

“Fine. You look really cool when cooked.”

Lance flashed long white teeth in a laugh.

Keith reached out with his hands and gingerly pressed his fingers along the dragon’s snot with a telling quiver. Lance nestled into it to assure him and Keith freely ran his hand over the warm scales, growing more bold and excited with each granted touch. Dragons were no fluffy creature, made up of scales and hard bones, but Keith petted him like he was as soft as the clouds.

“This is so cool,” he laughed. “Like I’m fucking petting a dragon and it’s amazing. You’re amazing, Lance.”

Lance bumped him softly. “I know this wasn’t in your plans but thanks for this.”

Lance pulled away and huffed a warm breath into Keith’s face.

“Go fly. I’ll wait for you.”

The dragon shook its head.

“What?”

Lance turned his body and gave Keith his side and lowered. Then snarled when the witcher stood there, gaping.

“You sure?”

Lance roared and looked pointedly to his back.

“Okay. Let me put this away,” Keith slipped out of his jacket and unbuckled his shoulder holster and laid the gun under Lance’s clothes.

The witcher faced the dragon, drew in a breath, and grabbed the ridges on the dragon’s lower back and hoisted himself. Keith scaled up, using the smooth bumps as grapples to move up so he saddled nicely at the base of Lance’s long neck.

Keith wiped sweat off his hands and gripped tight. “I’m ready. Please don’t do a barrel roll.”

The dragon turned its long neck and mischief shimmered in those reptilian blues.

The witcher said, “Lance. I swear to god you better not.”
Put a fish in water and the creature sliced through aqua.

Take a cat into the thick lush of a forest and they prowled through the foliage, bodies dipping low, and searched the area for prey.

Horses in an opened field sprinted, hooves barely tapping the earth.

Wolves coordinated in packs, howled in song.

When the day started you got the sun.

When it reached its peak moon replaced it.

Nature pretty much had its shit on lock. No manual. No Youtube tutorial.

So all the apprehension and growing internal alarm turning external in the form of a yell from the witcher as Lance lugged his heavy body for the edge and leaped from the drop was unnecessary. He let gravity pulled them down before snapping his wings and moving the earth under him.

He speared for the clouds, feeling Keith’s tiny body pressed hard on his back.

Lance leveled out once Boston’s twinkling lights looked like shattered crystals under a bulb. He drifted through the sky, moving his wings to maintain the easy glide.

Keith unrolled his spine, laughing hysterically. “You fucking asshole. Holy shit.”

Lance banked to the left slightly, angling Keith for a cleaner view.

Fuck your magic carpet, Disney. Lance was a dragon and he could show Keith a whole new world without the aid of a store bought rug

“Better than flying coach.”

Lance evened out and listened to the sound of clouds passing through his body.

“You can go anywhere like this,” Keith mused. “Like seriously. You can just take off whenever you want and no one can touch you.”

Except you, Lance thought, I could leave but a lot of me would be missing you and everyone else. I don’t need anywhere when I have almost everything.

I need you to have everything.

“Alright. Fuck this boring shit, McClain. Show me how a real dragon flies.”

Oh man, oh man, Keith shouldn’t have said that.

He tucked his wings to his body and then came the drop in a nose diving gut clench.
Keith wanted the ride of a lifetime, then he’d get it from a hundred thousand feet in the air.

The witcher braced himself and yelled, high off the thrill, the drop, and the magic of dragons in flight. All the goodness in old fairies. All the magic. The glitter in unicorns manes. They harvested this moment, scooped it out of the air and packaged it in a snow globe.

This was why humans retold fairy tales.

This was why humans wanted to believe in the impossible.

Keith jumped off his back, coked to the heavens on energy and adrenaline and hair fucked completely into wild waves and knots.

Lance shifted, the dragon shrinking with its beautiful brutality for the softness of the human body. He was drenched from head to toe and his entire body shivered in shocks, the rapid and massive change in body composition quite a start to the organism.

Lance sat down, chest heaving, as his body remembered to be human again.

Keith squatted. “You okay?”

He nodded. “Yea. Need a minute though.”

“Want me to grab you a drink?”

“Please.”

He watched the witcher run over to his stash and rummaged through.

Lance grinned, face soft and gooey with gummy bear emotions. Softie. You’re like a turtle, hard on the top and bottom but soft inside.

I see your softness, witcher.

A second later, Keith knelt on his knees and snapped the top on the Arizona. “Tea? You’re fucking lame.”

He tipped his head back, tea dribbling down his chin, as he emptied the can. Finishing, he burped. “The drink of kings, Keith.”

“Kings who live in their parent’s basement.”

“Shoulda done a barrel roll on you.”
“I’ll puke on you.”

“Mate, you nasty—“

“You’re good… to me. Um.”

“What?”

“This is me trying to be romantic but I suck at that. I’m fucking good at everything else but I don’t know how to say that you’re good for me. It feels good when you’re with me. I hate when you’re gone. I hate that I can’t say how pretty you are. Or funny. Or that I want you— Scratch that, I can say how bad I want you. I literally stare at you all day. You’re fucking gorgeous and it pisses me off cause I wanna kiss you and fuck you against the wall.”

“Oh,” Lance breathed.

Keith averted his eyes and carded a shaky hand through his wind tousled hair. “Yup. So fuck you I guess. I don’t know. Say something.”

“Like a joke or that you pretty much encase how I feel about you?”

“Joke first then that shit.”

“Okay. Here’s the joke, um…Fuck.”

“Really? Any other time you can’t stop.”

“My dick is begging to be inside you so shut up. Or you won’t get a turn on that dragon.”

Keith sputtered spit and laughed into his palm, face softer than ocean washed pearls. “Stupid,” he gasped, laughter fading.

Stupid, you know what was certified idiotic Keith right now under the moonlight with his long fuck me and a Cadillac smile and a voice with the chemical components to make Lance go ka-boom. All gasoline, dry timber, flammable chemicals; he felt like he might have to exercise caution with these feelings, with Keith. That he might burn them both to ash with a touch.

Lance risked it and tucked a stray lock behind Keith’s ear. Keith didn’t dissolve. Didn’t take to the fire lacing the layers of his human form. “Can I say the mushy stuff now? I really wanna say mushy things to you.”

“Oh,” Keith said, twining his fingers through Lance’s and pinning it there against his face. Lance held his breath and waited for a scream of pain because there was no way he wasn’t hot to the touch. Wasn’t like lava right now.

But Keith just held his fucking hand. Immune. He continued, soft in new places. “But if I cry or something then I’m gonna have to punch you to feel manly.”

He sucked on his bottom lip and asked, “Will you kiss me after?”

Keith’s fingers tightened. Poor dude was going to melt, how the hell could Lance kiss him if this simple but tender gesture scalded Keith?

“Yea. I will.”

“Thanks.” Lance looked at the floor. Maybe wearing pants would help hide the flush pinking his
honey brown skin but they were too far and Keith’s grip said he wouldn’t let Lance go. “You know how the Human Torch can go super nova and practically kill the entire planet?”

“We talking about the one with Chris Evans?”

“That one.” Lance clicked his tongue against his teeth.

“Got it, what about it?”

“That’s me.” He pointed with his free hand. “You make me feel like I’m gonna go super nova and kill everyone. I don’t think dragons can explode from their own fire but I might be the first one cause of your dumbass.”

Keith lowered their joined hands, swinging it. “You’re weirdly poetic. Can I steal it, that’s sounds nicer than what I told you.”

“Alright but you have to give me credit or I’ll sue you.”

“Ass. Ditto though.”

“Do we fuck now?” Lance joked. “The throne is ready.”

Get it?

It’s his dick.

Keith hummed. “You bought Twinkies and chips. Unless you wanna use one of your Twinkies as a lubricant and a delicious condom, we can fuck later. We can kiss though, wanna kiss?”

“Hell yea. We can kiss and eat Twinkies. Oh! And you can sit in my lap.”

The witcher eyed his lap. There was a sensual play of lip and teeth suggesting Keith would do more than sit. Maybe rut or grind. He wagged his pointer finger. “If I sit on that, we’ll have way more cream.”

He snorted. “Ugh, so gross.”

“You won’t think that when I swallow it. Aw, look it’s getting hard. Such a good boy.”

Lance hauled Keith to his lap, opened that pretty mouth with his and kissed him hot. Thighs straddled his lap and spread wide, jeans chafing against his skin. Keith lowered and rutted gently.

“Thought you were hungry,” Keith husked.

Lance fist that fuckable hair and forced Keith into an arch. The witcher went, easy and moldable like moist clay, and moaned. Nibbling on the column of skin, Lance growled. “I am. For cream.”

Keith’s adam apple bobbed with laughter. “Don’t make me laugh when I have a boner.”

“Sorry but I’m gonna make you laugh dick hard or not. Learn to live with it.”
Lance jumped into clothes and opened his legs for Keith to sit between them and they split Twinkies, trading sweet kisses and laughs.

The stars twinkled brightly just for them.

Keith nearly fell asleep in his arms, lulled by the dragon’s heat.

When they returned home, the moon vanished and the sun tipped the horizon.

He should be dead tired.

His body was alive though with fire, magic, and gummy hearts.

They crashed in Keith’s bed with the TV on and their shoes kicked randomly across the room.

Just as Keith buried his face into his chest Lance understood it.

Magic.

Magic weren’t in spells, dusty scrolls, fairy dust, mystical beasts, glittery gems, mermaid songs, a phoenix’s feather, or witches’ potions.

Magic was the emotion inside your body that made you blessed every start, every mistake, every hardship for putting you in the right spot.

He did that.

Thanked everyone even Sendak.

For Keith.

I’m where I’m supposed to be.

About time, huh?

You made me wait a while, Keith.

[x]

Allura and Shay dragged Lance out for a run. They made an easy pace, bodies the envy of every woman jogging on the pier, while Lance panted behind them.

“I don’t know what I’ve been told but Allura has a huge butthole,” he sang, laughing at his wit and wasting precious oxygen.
Allura twirled, jogging backwards, the paper skin on her pointy elf ears went see through as the sun hit it. “You would too if Shiro was your man.”

Yea except Keith was doing mighty, mighty fine in the boy’s department.

Wide.

Thick.

Solid.

Magically delicious.

Yum.

And that was how he felt in Lance’s mouth. He ran the risk of arresting his heart if he thought about that thick load in him.

“You keep letting him in through the back door and it will never close.”

“Bullshit.”

“Fine don’t believe me. If you need butt surgery, don’t cry to me.”

“You do remember that you’re a flaming homo, right?”

“Flaming?” Lance asked, then tripped over an uneven platform. He corrected it and caught up between the girls. “Oh. I get it. Cause I’m a dragon and I’m kinda gay. Funny.”

“We would all need butt surgery,” Shay said.

“You guys maybe. I can give and receive. I have options.”

Options like:

1. Should I let Keith manhandle me into a wall and nail me like a picture frame?
2. Should I put Keith on his hands and knees, pull his hair, and move him on my dick like my fucking toy?

“Lance there’s pegging, duh. Uncultured swine,” Allura scoffed, nose upturned and long platinum hair swaying.

“And now we know Allura either watches porn hub religiously or is into the fifty shade shit.”

Neighborhood tools whistled and catcalled. Allura looked at Lance, “Don’t” Lance pivoted, speed walking backwards. “Hey she’ll give you a good pegging if you like.”

One of the tools stumbled over the same crooked concrete and fell into the lake.

Shay gasped, stopping.

Allura’s mouth popped into a noiseless o.

“So is that karma or is Lance evil?”

“How am I evil, I’m sorry straight boys are pussies when it comes to dick. What’s scary about a
penis? They hang there. They don’t deserve this hate.”

“What’s scary is how often you want one. Get it once and you don’t stop.”

“Preach.”

Lance rapped on the window.

Keith walked by, oblivious to the noise.

He did it again.

This time Keith stopped, went to the door and opened it.

Lance dragged his nails down the wire screen and meowed.

The witcher kicked the door shut and shuffled over in towel and wet hair.

“Why are you at my window like a cat?”

“I made you lunch for work.” He showed a plastic bag.

“You couldn’t use the door?”

“It’s less gay this way.”

“Idiot.” Keith kissed him slow and hot through the window.

Shameless, Lance undid the knot on his towel and pulled on Keith’s cock.

Keith broke away, whining. “Lance.”

“Can I have a snack before you go?”

“Get inside,” Keith growled.

Lance pulled his hips and lowered his head and swallowed Keith, moaning like a slut when Keith gave a helpless thrust. “Lance. Fuck. This is so weird— ha. Shit. Don’t stop, baby.”

Lance bobbed to the base and sucked hard.

Keith fucked into his mouth. “So hot. Fucking Lance. So damn good at sucking me. You like having me in your mouth, baby?”

He moaned, the sound muffled by the wet slide of Keith’s cock pumping in and out of his mouth.
“Shit. Make me cum, baby. I can’t stay long.”

Lance worked him good. Worked him wet. Swallowed Keith’s dick deep, tongue dragging sloppy swirls on the hot shaft, then popped him out. Kissed the swollen crown. Puckered his lips and sucked pre-cum straight from the source and Keith made a dark, flammable sound. The fire escape was in grave danger of melting, again. Spit splattered his chin and the metal but that seemed to do it for Keith—seeing a fearsome dragon on his knees and mouthing cock like he had no other purpose. Being a good cock whore for him. Having blue eyes peered up, mouth stuffed, lips like pinched raspberries.

This time Lance went out the front door, love bites purple and violent on his neck, and hummed pleasantly down the stairs.

What, you know that Keith sucked him next right?

Like Lance could leave with a bugling woody.

Get real.

He met the girls for lunch at the DD across the street. Sneaking through the door and bypassing the ducklings of high school scoring on the afternoon discount, Lance tiptoed and crept on Pidge and breathed over her ear.

She jumped, swatting him. “Oh my god.”

“Did I scare you?”

Pidge pulled her collar over her nose. “No. Your breath smells like witcher cum. Jesus.”

He cupped his palm and blew, sniffing. “I brushed my teeth.”

“Brush them again.”

Lance tapped Shay on the shoulder. “Shay does my breath smell like cum?”

The fairy leaned over and sniffed. “A little. It’s not that bad. You smell like Keith more than dick.”

“You have cum breath? Dude I hate that,” Allura complained as she looked past the customers ordering in front to see the racks of donuts. “It fucking lingers on your tongue. You can drink bleach and still have the aftertaste.”

“So you’re saying Shiro’s cum extra salty? Thank you. I’m going to bust his balls more than usual now.”

“Gross,” Pidge pretended to gag. “Glad I’m a lesbian cause that shit reeks.”
“You can give a girl oral. Toss the salad as they say.”

“No one says that anymore and it’s time consuming. I don’t have all day to lick down there. Guys you blow on them and they’re done.”

“Man, you’ve never touched a penis before have you? There’s more work to it.”

“I did once. Scarred for life.” It was their turn, Pidge walked up to the counter and ordered for the group. The cashier looked like she might have caught wind of their conversation judging by ruby nature of her cheeks and her inability to look Lance in the face. “Hi, can I have four ice lattes please?”

Lance whispered to Allura and Shay, “Look at her, what a nice little lesbian. You’ll make a lovely wife, Pidgey.”

“Excuse me,” Pidge pardoned herself and pinched Lance’s nipple. “Um. Could I get a half a dozen donuts too?”

Lance cupped his chest. “Evil lesbian. Hogwarts will never accept you now.”

Laundry night or better called one of Lance’s favorite nights because so much of them began innocently between fabric softener and wrinkled shirts and he got to shamelessly fondle and kiss Keith as he did the majority of the work.

Music played in the quiet from Lance’s phone, something magical and tender.

Keith folded their clothes while Lance clung to his back, swaying them to the soft notes of the song. He kissed him and rested his head, arms coiled around Keith’s waist. As per routine, Lance donned on boxer briefs and Keith stepped into lazy joggers.

Bruises painted his body, some in the shape of Lance’s mouth and others in the shape of fists. Downside of dating a witcher PI, sometimes they returned home purpled up. Lance was learning slowly how to mute his anger, calm the dragon, steady his fist.

It was a hard fact but he reminded himself that Keith came back in one piece.

He tended to them until they yellowed and vanished. Flesh wounds, they were. Childs play to a badass witcher like Keith so Lance tried not to worry himself sick.

And instead thought of the ways he could break and mark Keith with no hands.

Yea, you’d think the sex was the best part of a relationship but the heat simmered.
Holding each other. Being happy in that person’s presence, feeling their heart tick tock in their body, hearing their breath leave their body— such micro pieces that fueled a body.

That was the best part.

Having Keith so simply.

His witcher.

His boyfriend.

His favorite color of black and white and iridescent pearls.

Lance kissed his shoulder blade, the gesture awfully vulnerable and soft.

Keith smiled, looked where Lance peppered candy kisses on his skin, and kissed the dragon’s forehead.

“You’re no help,” he said, so pleased. So warm in Lance’s arm like there was no better place, no better person out there.

Lance strengthened his grip, it appeared the human and the dragon pressing the witcher to his belly where no dangers could reach. His mother did the same, putting Lance under her belly as a kid, her fire comforted him. A beacon of warmth and love.

“I’m keeping you safe,” he said. “Dragons protect their gold.”

“So I’m gold now?”

“You’re my gold.”

Ugh. Fucking sap, he was.

So deep.

Falling so fast.

Weird. Lance had no idea dragons could fall but he plummeted deeper with his feet firm on the ground.

You make it so easy.

To be—

Stupid

Silly

Reckless

Free

In love

“Stop saying sweet lines. I can’t keep up.”

“You do. Trust me,” Lance said. Remember Keith Kogane certified, Lance was an expert in the
witcher. Knew when he felt so strongly and passionately that words failed him and he had his hands, his lips, and his body as his tools of communication. Knew just by looking at the curve of his mouth whether Keith was livid, calm, or exploding on the inside with good feels.

Knew at this moment Keith loved being held. Loved hearing Lance romance him time and time again. Loved the words. Loved being loved.

He kissed Lance again, on the lips. Lance felt the full force of old magic in it.

Keith broke the kiss and asked. “You free tomorrow night?”

“Sorry I have a date with this guy,” Lance said, lips quivering from old magic.

“A date?”

“Yea.” Lance nodded and bit off a grin. “I’m buying him Connie’s and candles so it’s pretty serious.”

“Gonna fuck him?”

“Oh yea.” Arousal dropped hard like a bomb. Lance rubbed against his ass to demonstrate that. “After I set the mood, of course.”

“Best of luck.”

“And what are you doing tomorrow night?”

Keith shrugged. “Probably gonna stick my dick in a dragon. See how he likes it.”

That dragon would like it very much.

“What if the dragon wants to fuck you?”

“Then we can switch. I really like riding,” Keith smirked and— no. Stop that.

You can’t smirk like that.

Bad Keith.

Go sit down and think about what you’ve done.

“Oh my god. You’re so awful.”

“Yea. That’s why you have a raging hard on, right?”

“That’s my tail.”

“Liar.”

[x]
Lance kicked Keith’s door. Hands would be preferable but he balanced two pizza boxes, a plastic bag with goodies, and a cold twenty-four case of Corona.

Keith opened and let him in, closing it behind Lance. Steam wafted from the boxes and left ghost trails in the place. “Oh sweet. Pizza.”

“Not just pizza, my sweet,” Lance deposited the boxes on the counter and crinkled through the bag. He laid out a carton of bread, wings, and three dips. “Oh no I bought fucking dip, crazy beard, and wings. We getting fat tonight.”

He balled up the bag and aimed it for the wastebasket. “And I brought some music,” he said and pulled out a cheap jewel case with a blank CD.

“Is that a CD?” Keith borrowed it and flipped the case in his hands.

“Yup,” Lance said doing his own sort of examination on Keith.

He still wore his shoulder holster over a white button down, the leather slots for his firearm empty, and dark blue jeans. The sleeves were knotted up to his elbow, displaying the black intricate ink art on his forearms. As shitty the hours were and as anxiety inducing the perpetual threats on Keith’s life, the law enforcement look fucking worked so, so well on Keith.

Sharpened the dark edgy angles. Polished the raw amethysts in his eyes. Made the bad boy vibe Keith rocked much worst, like he’d fuck your daughter and hotwire your luxury Lexus into a lake and leave the scene with a cig in his mouth and leave you with the bill.

Lance wouldn’t touch the sex appeal of Keith in his gun holster.

Like do you want your smoldering sex with some dark sex on the side and a shaving of leather?

Actually, start a tab cause I’ll be here a while.

“Those are still around?” He asked in legitimate curiosity.

“You act like CDs are the new VHS. And this is no ordinary CD, it’s burned,” Lance said, tapping his nails on the case. “Got our love songs on here. Gonna make you super fat and chubby, then I’m gonna fuck the pizza sauce out of you.”

“If your cum taste like garlic I’m not swallowing it anymore.”

“My cum tastes like hot chips. You know that. ‘Member, cum master?”

Keith frisbeed the case and backed Lance into the counter. A tsunami of old magic washed over Lance, a scent that once elected hesitation and wariness supplied Lance with goosebumps and quivers.

Arms caged him. Forearms flexed. Keith smirked, “Call me that again, I’m going to throw away the flowers I bought you.”

“Aw. You got me flowers?”
“You were buying food so I felt bad not getting you anything.”

“Aw.” He cooed and kissed Keith chastely on the lips.

“Stop that.” The witcher laughed, trying to front like he didn’t love the shower of kisses.

Lance played along. “Fine, where is my gift? Present it to me.”

With a heart clenching shyness Keith walked to the fridge and pulled out the bouquet of blue petal planted in a glass of water. Keith drained the cup and handed Lance the plastic wrapped flowers with water dripping from the green stems. “H-here.”

He felt brittle as the paper crackled in his hands. He put his nose to the delicate petals. “You got blue flowers.”

Keith stared at his shoes. “Cause your eyes are all blue and shit. So I thought—“ He shrugged hastily. “You know.”

“Oh my god, Keith this might scare you but,” Lance traced a blue petal. “I think you’re kinda gay.”

“Kinda? I deep throat you like a boss.”

“The boss? Mate you can’t just declare yourself the king of shit. There must be a witness.”

“Wanna be my witness?” There came the cage, boxing Lance between one hard place and another. Except one of those hard places could use that hardness on him. “I’m good at tons of shit.”

“Later. I went through the hard labor of ordering this on the phone and having to pay the delivery boy.”

Dinner wasn’t exactly gourmet and pizza looked no more glamorous on shiny floral plates than they did on paper one but it matched the long, white candles Lance bought at a craft’s store. The beer clashed with the table cloth. Lance talked with his mouth full. Keith snorted beer through his nose. Lance overlooked napkins so they substituted paper towels. The room smelled like garlic and grease food but it was good.

Lance walked back with two bottles.

He pressed one into Keith’s open palm. “Thanks, baby.”

They tried the whole sitting across each other thing you saw in romance film but why the hell would you want a table between you and your boyfriend. Lance had dragged his chair to Keith’s side and that was the end of mimicking stupid romance films.

Lance slumped into the chair, sluggish with alcohol and five slices.
Keith thumbed off a smearing of dipping sauce from the corner of Lance’s mouth and sucked it clean.

"We’re so gay, mate."

“You wanna hear something really gay?”

“Shoot.”

“I wanna sit you on my dick and have you cum on my chest.”

“Wow. That is gay. We should do it.”

“Brush your teeth.”

“What’s the point, you’re gonna cum in my mouth. Again. I’ll smell like cum. Again.”

“You smell like burnt pizza.”

“Oh yea? You smell like Totino’s pizza rolls.”

“Which boys love in their mouth.”

“We’ll both brush our teeth then,” Lance decided and pushed the chair back, then tugged Keith’s unmoving body.

The witcher went limp as a doll and refused to be moved.

They sounded old, fucking bickering about cum breath. What men they were. Everything went downhill after you turned twenty-five. You were sore aches and diminishing bones and sun washed skin. Now when Lance tripped on a step and power slammed his knee into the wood, the area purpled and ached for weeks. When Keith chased down a suspect, scaling up chain-link fences and flying to the other side in a superhero drop, his joints protested.

Lance tugged again.

Keith grumbled like Lance just ordered him to put away the games and do his homework. “But that means getting up and I’m lazy.”

Wow.

Day one, Keith pulsed edgy vibes. He had the gun and old magic in his veins. Like a meteor plucked out of the cosmos and drilled in the crux of a massive impact zone.

Now look at him, all sludge under that hard candy shell and it was astounding he carried a gun and badge and stepped in between wolfed out weres, teeth sharp to slice through Kevlar and claws to match and a tub fill of testosterone and anger to put both instruments in someone, with no protection and sentenced them into time out.

Lance shook his head. “You said you wanted to fuck.”

“I’m not that lazy,” Keith argued. “You’re riding. It’s half the work.”

“Uh, assholes don’t open. You gotta finger it and I’m not doing that chore.”

“I don’t mind fingering you.”
Yea.

Lance knew.

Kind of the reason why he started wearing underwear around Keith, bless the guy but wet fingers were only fun when you got fair warning.

What a perv.

“But brushing your teeth is the deal breaker?”

“Yup.”

“Keith,” Lance yanked hard then crouched low for better leverage and tried again. “Jesus you have too much muscle, mate. I can’t fucking move you.”

“I can move you though,” Keith jerked Lance off the floor, standing with him, and lifted by his thighs.

Lance looped his legs over Keith’s waist. “Thanks for the lift. Now onward, to the bathroom.”

He carried Lance into the bathroom where, in true homo-domestic fashion, two brushes sat in a metal holder. Yea, they were that far into the relationship. The leaving a toothbrush at his place milestone. Keith even dolloped paste on his brush after he rinsed it under the faucet.

Can you find the homosexuals in this kodax moment?

Lance giggled at Keith’s foamy lips so hard he spread the paste on his nose.

Whatever ambience for bumping the nasties they had it died swiftly after that.

Good on Lance for thinking for far ahead and actually going to the pain of burning a CD instead compiling a playlist on iTunes.

Keith laid back on the sofa and cocked his legs apart. Easy access, Lance liked that.

Lance messed with Keith’s laptop, typing his password and starting up Windows Media Player. He popped the disc in and shut the slot. Being an annoyance, Keith rubbed his feet down his back and attempted to relive Lance of his pants by pinching the fabric between his big and little toe.

“Keith,” Lance huffed when he succeeded in pushing his clothes halfway down his butt. “Behave.”

“No.”

Lance batted his foot, tempted to bite it in order to deter him but Keith’s toes though.

Have you heard; they’re insanely cute.

“You’re a bad boy,” he scolded. He jammed his pointer finger in Keith’s direction. So much disapproval.

That was a very bad Keith.

No.

It was a poor maneuver on Lance’s part cause Keith took to it like gasoline to a fire, his neutral face
mimicked the chemical reaction, that growth of fire exploding outwards, reaching for more fuel to latch on to and turn to cinders. And for once in his life, Lance was in grave danger of turning to ash.

“You have no idea.” Keith winked, the gesture immeasurably seductive and a beautiful educator in all the dangerous and pretty ways Keith knew how to set a person aflame with his eyes.

A dragon afraid of fire.

Ironic, eh?

He wondered if he should seriously start fearing for his butthole or something. Keith was an animal, more than usual, but instead of black guns and fists Keith offered up hooker smiles and a hard body.

“At least listen to one song.” Lance begged, bringing out his arsenal of pouty lips and puppy eyes.

He may have not taken the master class in sex at some fancy witcher school but four years of university taught him how much men and women pined over his accent, his bronze skin, and Pacific blue eyes. Taught him how to move his body seamlessly from the class clown to the campus flirt. Women wanted to suck him, guys wanted to bend him—Lance demonstrated why right now.

Lance could feel Keith throb in his pants with that needy expression.

Silly witcher.

You’re not the only top dog here.

“Ok,” Keith conceded. Obedient. “Then you’ll get naked?”

Amendment—obedient to an extent; alarmingly a full bloodied sex fiend.

“Yes, you pervert,” Lance parted his mouth wide enough to flash teeth, looking at Keith like he was a mess to clean, and grinned lazily. “I’ll get naked. We will do the sex.”

“Awesome.”

“I’ll play one song. Do not pause it. Let it play for twenty seconds.”

“I’m scared and aroused.”

“Good,” Lance clicked play.

*Hump me*

*Fuck me*

*Daddy better make me choke*

Keith gaped.

Lance snapped his fingers, rolling his shoulders to the beat, and mouthed the words.

*Lick, lick, lick, lick*

*I want to eat yo’ dick*

Keith endured it until Lance figured he had his fun and traumatized the guy enough.
“So that’s our love song?”

“One of many.” Lance tacked on a cultured, polished accent. “I felt this particular one, Deepthroat, captured the essence of us. As I do like to, as the French say, suck dick.”

“And choke on it.”

“When I feel kinky, yes.” When Keith made a disgruntled expression at that, Lance snipped. “Why you acting like I’m the freak, I was choking on your dick, asshole.”

“Please stop,” Keith’s eye watered, a sign of his effort to muffle his laughter. “It’s kinda unsexy if you yell it.”

“Well then I’ll go find another dick and choke on that instead.”

Keith snorted and leaned forward, arms out with that special look, the kind exclusively produced and commissioned for Lance’s weak points. He felt like a cold sundae left in the sun to melt. “Shut up and come here.”

Shutting off the laptop, Lance pushed off his feet and slinked into those arms and straddled Keith’s lap. Didn’t take long to start rutting and grinding on him cause Lance was very weak to witches.

Keith cupped his ass in a barbaric grip, dipping under the elastic band and dragging his fingers over the skin, and guided Lance in a lazy rock. Kneaded so hard bruises stained the skin. Spread Lance’s ass so lewdly like he as putting him in display. Did that repeatedly, alternating between the two, until Lance felt woozy.

Clumsily, Lance unzipped his fly and pushed his jeans over his ass. He fisted a hand in the witcher’s hair and jerked on it, forcing Keith to straighten on the sofa and moan out. Found that the moan was a sound he’d like to hear once more and twisted the locks tighter.

Keith gasped, the breath wet in his mouth.

Arousal washed hot— fucking electric battery acid hot, watch my skin peel and roll like wax hot, or the someone hit the self-destruct button and now every organ in me has initiated the system failure process and I’m going down like the Death Star so find cover hot— down his body just looking at Keith, getting all twisted and horny. Moving wild under him like an unbroken stallion. A puppet on Lance’s strings.

Twist, and Keith moaned.

Pull, Keith bucked.

Scratch, that witcher started to fucking grind like his paycheck depended on it.

Those pretty purples started to dilute with black. Lost their shimmer like someone applying water to a pool of paint.

Smiled down then cause, damn he felt like a god on his pearly throne from this perspective— him high, Keith low.

*I’m making your sharp edges bleed, babe.*

“Is daddy gonna give me that dick?” Lance husked, licking messily around Keith’s mouth as he groaned louder under Lance’s rough treatment. Knew rough and sloppy was how Keith liked it so
his hands were thick vines in his hair and his spit actually running in droplets down his skin.

Felt good to be a mess and make a mess, you know.

Sex between a dragon and a witcher shouldn’t be vanilla. Fire and strength. Flight and prowess.

That equation guaranteed bruises and toys you’re too ashamed to say out loud.

They both worked on the bruises part, mostly Keith.

Keith squeezed his ass, pulled off one hand and slapped it back down hard. Bruise-worthy no doubt, wouldn’t be the first hand painted on his skin.

“Daddy will give you more than dick, babe,” Keith said in a wretched voice, one that applied cinder weights to Lance’s ankles and slammed him to the bottom of the sea. Like air seeping away for water in its place, breathing proved hard.

Looked down at Keith hazily, mind clouding with how damn bad he wanted Keith long and thick inside. Imagined how he’d take him so good that it would be the witcher who was the withering, mess under him.

“Good. Cause I want it. Bad.”

Keith hummed, “Me too. Been thinking about you all day.”

“Aren’t you a naughty cop?” Lance worked his hands on the buckle of Keith’s holster, slipped one strap over one shoulder then the next. “You’re supposed to be workin’ and you thinkin’ with your dick.”

“Not all cops have a fine piece waiting at home.”

“Did you get hard?” Lance chucked the leather straps over the couch.

“Yea.”

“Touch yourself?”

“I wasn’t that far gone. Thought I save it for you.”

Lance laughed, “You saint. All that cum for me, you shouldn’t have.”

“You?”

Yea, you would like to know.

Would like the thought of it.

Me, as hot for it as you are.

Lance was.

Actually was feeling it way, way before this— like a good long while ago. Time lapse: about the night Keith walked in with no shirt and low riding joggers. Felt it intensely that his hands fisted his cock in the showers, on his couch, in his kitchen, and in his bed.

So ditto on that part.
But it didn’t mean he would inform Keith on that. Mystery in the relationship and all and it might be fun to tuck it in his back pocket until he wanted to fuck up Keith bad.

Lance brought his lips soft over Keith’s, kept the tongue play clean— for now— and flicked it out playfully. Keith went in for more, a child in Will Wonka’s factory, and chased Lance like a lost pup. Weak to pretty faces, Lance let him have a second tasting.

“I got some wood ordering pizza,” he rasped.

Keith tipped his head back and laughed. “Was it the thick crust that did it?”

“Close but no.” Lance started to pop the buttons on Keith’s shirt. “It was something hotter, thicker, and way tastier.”

He worked through the final button and rerouted his hands to the lapels of the shirt and spread it from there, brushing over the compact muscle of Keith’s chest and shoulders. The fabric pooled at Keith’s elbows.

“Tasty?”

Lance helped him out of his shirt, growing excited with each exposure of flesh and muscle. “Melt in my mouth good.”

Keith was fucking hard— diamond replica.

And fucking cut— also like a diamond with polished and buffed cuts.

But—

Not big like a body builder with a shrinking sag and bulging veins kind of cut.

More like there should be a an Surgeon General warning slapped on Keith—

**Warning:**

Prolonged exposure in and around the substance can cause the following: addiction, drool, sores and aches (wanna guess where?), blood rushing to the face and genitals, a climax so dynamite your eyes popped outta your skull, deterioration of motor skills, light headedness, and an awful hankering for cock. Women and men under the age of eighteen and no sexual experience or those with a history of heart disease, poor impulse control, and an addictive personality should who avoid use of this substance as it is above your level of expertise.

Keith Kogane— always a good decision.

Keith Kogane— stay thirsty my friends

Please use responsibly.

Don’t sell to minors.

Adults only.

Lance checked out on all marks

He put his hand to work for that long, thick, tasty, cum-I-mean-melt-in-my-mouth goodness and moaned whorishly when it filled his palm. Fuck, that girth. That nice ass curve tenting desperately
against his jeans.

And you know if Keith was this hard, then he was fucking wet too at the tip. Probably aching and throbbing from his balls to the crown.

Lance stroked him over his jeans, kissing Keith all over as he closed his eyes and rocked into his palm. They both liked the play. That damn build up. Acting slutty and dirty with clothes on like you’re in your bedroom with the door locked and your parents ate supper on the floor below.

So Keith let Lance take him to the stars.

Lance moaned wetly into his ear. Saying shit like—

_God you’re so hard_

_Like when I play with you, baby?_

_Slut._

_Fucking pretty as hell._

_I want you to fuck me with this cock and never stop. Fill my ass, Keith_

_Keith_

_Damn. So pretty._

Keith’s hands shot out to unzip his fly, shoving Lance, and pulled his cock out. He took Lance’s hand and brought it around the shaft, whispering, “Touch me.”

Lance closed his fingers around the thick shaft and pumped, subconsciously circling his own hips as pre-cum pearled at the tip and ran down the length. Each pumped sounded wetter and slicker than the last.

It got hard— no, not _that_ silly— to sit on the sidelines of the erotic show and not have a more hands on audience participation. He helped the magician by stepping into the box and being sawed in half, he expected to be reassembled.

He stripped his shirt off by the collar and then shuffled off Keith’s lap to get his pants off. He straddled Keith again, rubbing every naked part of him against the witcher.

Keith framed his waist, pressed his fingers hard and watched the skin dent under the pressure, and smoothed his hands down to Lance’s ass. Went to town there, kneading and spanking Lance like a madman. Then started running his fingers in between his ass cheeks, fluttered them over the rim like an afterthought, then came back with a spit slicked finger— Lance had to pause their make out so Keith could suck two fingers into his red mouth— to thrust shallowly.

There was a degree difference from the guys who fingered Lance in the dorm curious and amazed because Lance was even tighter than and just as hot as a girl, and Keith who used the digits like a second cock. Lance wasn’t getting prodded with nails.

Nah.

He was getting _nailed._

With fingers.
Must be either a witcher thing or a Keith thing but whatever supplied the technique and the magic he didn’t care.

Keep going.

Open me up.

Lance held on, face in Keith’s collar bones and his mouth sucking his skin for something to taste, while Keith drilled one finger. Then two. When he reached the magic number three, Lance forgot about volume control or the fact that he was burning up and sweating heavily on Keith and the sofa.

Sweat beaded and crawled down his skin.

Felt it run down his spine.

Felt Keith’s other hand slide as he touched him everywhere. Back, neck, stomach, thighs, ass, cock. Sometimes his hand slipped and Lance would laugh into the fine, plum colored hickey he made before he moaned low and went back to licking the salt off Keith.

“You’re hot.” Keith groaned

Lance panted, trying to string coherent words that weren’t fuck me, harder, like that, then said. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be.” Keith kissed his cheek, voice rumbly across his slick skin. “It’s gonna feel awesome inside you.”

Lance wanted to grin but moaning like whore required a gaping mouth and his vocals to pitch a different tune. He rode harder instead, leaned back from the mess he made on the witcher and leveraged a hand on his shoulder and rose off his knees and feeling wet fingers drag out of him, and then started pumping Keith again, lifted his cock off his stomach where it curved and the head rested and leaked profusely, and cried on inside cause when Keith was especially horny and far gone he leaked pre-cum in copious amounts.

Like a woman, like a pussy.

If they’re wet, they wanted it. You’re doing it well.

Prime job.

And it was all over Lance just sucking his neck and riding his fingers and stroking his cock, like that was foreplay, baby. Foreplay. Stoking the fire, making those embers take the flame like they wanted.

Wait for the real show. It guaranteed to blow your mind, baby.

Gave Lance quite the rush too. What was better than bending a nice ass over and taking it, was taking a dick and owning it. Made it your pup, your tenant, your employee. Cause it was an inherent idea that the guy pitching it was alpha, big boss, mucho masculine and that the receiver was the submissive, the slut, the weak thing easy for it.

He liked flipping that. Especially with Keith, Mr. My-Skin-Is-Marble-And-Metal. I’m ice. My bones don’t break, I break yours. Aloof. Deattached, ain’t got no emotions in my heart. Women lusted so bad for me cause they thought I’m bad, I’m unapproachable, that my hard callous face covered big wounds from a cold childhood. They wanted to duct tape the scars, open my heart, and ride the hardness that drew them in. Moths to flame.
Keith was melting ice caps now. Too attached to be detached. His emotions were so foolishly transparent Lance could nail down the time when they shifted, when Keith got annoyed, sad, happy, and excited. And Lance didn’t duct tape shit because that had the implication Keith was fucked up or broken in the start and only he could fix him. Which was untrue. Keith didn’t need fixing. Just some love, some good in his life to see the good in him inside and do the healing himself.

“Lance,” Keith said, grabbing Lance at the hips and reining him in.

“You didn’t cum right?” Lance looked down and saw glossy pre-cum.

“Wanna fuck you,” he mumbled.

“Well good or this would be really awkward since you’re drilling my ass and all.”

“No. I need it, babe. Now.”

Lance’s mouth crooked handsomely. He tapped Keith’s chin and kissed him, pulling their lips apart with the words. “Then take it, officer. Show me that big, bad witcher power.”

Keith warned, “Hold on.”

Lance wrapped his arms around his neck and squeezed his thighs.

Keith pulled his fingers out, the skin pruney and wrinkled.

“Ready for launch, space man Keith,” Lance announced, arms and legs safely buckled in.

Keith showed zero effort in standing up from the couch and walking with Lance twisted around him like a worm. Keith backed them into a wall on the trip to the bedroom. A moan escaped Lance from the impact.

“Do me here,” Lance suggested, wiggling his ass so Keith’s cock rubbed him over his rim.

“That means I have to do all the work.”

“C’mon. Wall sex looks hot. You get to pin me and fuck me as fast and hard as you want. And I gotta take it. I know you like that.”

Keith hummed. “Tempting but my back.”

“Okay. Wall sex later?”

“First thing in the morning, I promise,” he said. “I’ll even sneak up on you and slide right in.”

“I’m holding you to that. Don’t forget.” Lance pecked him on the nose, rehooking his body as Keith gathered his weight again without an ounce of effort exerted.

Walked him to the bedroom and kicked the door with his foot. He was in his arms for a second then on the bed the next, overheated and alone. Not for very long though, Keith rummaged for lube and a rubber and tossed them on the sheet and took his pants off and started to crawl in between Lance’s legs with a predatory slink.

Kissed Lance, then sat on his heels and shoved Lance’s legs apart so his ass cheeks were spread and his twitchy rim exposed.

Keith admired him, cock bobbing weakly the longer he stared and thought about how badly he
wanted his cock inside Lance. Inside that hot, exquisite body. All honey brown, heat, and lean muscles. “Fucking pretty, babe.”

Lance arched, looking wanton. “Right back at ya.”

“I need you.”

Need (v) Require (something) because it is (1) essential or (2) very important.

Need you like I need—

Air (1)

A heartbeat (1)

Food in my belly (1)

Need you—

Physically (2)

Emotionally (2)

Psychologically(2)

Ditto, Keith.

Fill me here.

Touch me there.

Support me.

Love me.

Cherish me.

Lance moved his elbow under and straightened, rolling smoothly so he was kissing Keith wetly on the lips. “Me too. We’re almost there, baby.” He handed Keith the bottle and ran Keith’s hand between his ass cheeks. “Get me ready for that dick.”

Lance went vertical on the bed, grinning at Keith’s clocked out expression where the internal gears jammed up. Then remembered oh yeah, I have to use my fingers or something and slathered lube on them and jerked Lance until his ass sat on Keith’s lap.

He fingered him again, working his fingers with the intention to slick him up since Lance was loose plenty.

Lance twitched, fistig the sheets and staring dazedly at Keith before pleasure overwhelmed him and closed his eyes. Thinking all the while yes, there, harder, faster, fuck.
Keith stopped, popped three fingers out with a wet sound. “Think you’re good?”

Lance reached between his legs and checked. There was like no resistance and an easy glide.

Oh yea.

Damn good, boy.

“Hell yea. Still wanting that ride?”

Keith shuffled out of his leg gap and dropped on his back, gesturing grandly at his hard cock. “Your saddle, cowboy.”

“Wow. Much courtesy, Such dick.” Lance joked as he rolled to his knees and tore the foil on the wrapper.

“Meming in bed should be outlawed.” Pearly teeth fought valiantly against a smile. Fought as in, the teeth lost and that smile spread cause one of Lance’s most precious past times was making Keith smile.

“No dicks out for Harambe?” The dragon joked.

“Unless you want me going soft.”

Lance stroked him.

Keith bucked, gasping.

“Try staying soft now,” Lance said with the widest, smuggest, the strongest physical representation of the cat who caught and ate that canary shit eating grin.

He was still grinning the sleazy smile as he rolled the tip of the condom over Keith’s swollen cock, unfurling it lazily down the shaft, even with the latex Lance could feel how hot Keith was.

“Lance,” Keith said in that drop the anchor to the deepest, darkest section of the ocean voice. Making Lance feel like he was in those underwater spaceman suit, moving slowly under pressure and pitch darkness, with his oxygen limited and his pathway jet black.

Lance hitched a leg over Keith with that feeling in his mind, walking on the ground floor and feeling infinite and chained like an animal locked in a sanctuary, and straddled him with Keith’s cock rubbing between his ass cheeks. Lifted his ass and reached back for that warm hardness until it pressed thickly against his hole and sunk on it, feeling blissful and high out of his skull from the arousal hitting him heavy and fast with the sensation ordering Lance to fuck it, ride it, take it, take it, put it in.

Keith grabbed his waist and sunk with him, letting Lance go as slow as he needed. Dude always had more patience than him. Always had to coach Lance not to swallow him too fast or he’d choke, not to slam on his cock, not to run across the street without looking.

Keith coached him again, fighting against the need to buck up. “Take an easy.”

“Fuck that.” Lance swatted his hands and slammed down, gasping like he not only couldn’t catch his breath but he couldn’t take one to begin with. His ribcage expanded and furled in rapidly. He felt flammable. A hazard. To be used with caution.

Caution, something Keith couldn’t’ give two shits about. It flew out the window as Keith’s hands
turned to iron hard claps and bruised.

There was no caution when Lance sat back, bracing his hands on Keith’s shins, and started *riding*. Slow at first while his body adjusted and then harder, faster, reckless, and wild when the ache faded and pleasure saturated every pore, every nerve, every sensitive strip of his body. Moved so hard and fast that his dick repeatedly and wetly smacked his stomach.

Hard and reckless that Keith’s hands *explored* his chest and thumbed his nipples.

Fast and wild that Keith sat up and helped Lance bounce up and down his cock.

And Lance might be on top, behind the steering while, but Keith was the one taking him for a fucking ride as he cupped his ass and bucked his hips. Fucking barbaric wasn’t a strong enough word for the cruel and savage way Keith rammed into him.

“Keith, Keith.”

“Like that, baby? Like how I fuck your pretty little ass? Look so good, Lance. So damn good,” Keith growled.

Lance whined, closing his eyes as the words soaked through his skin. Tried to move harder and faster cause even at this intense level, he wanted *more* “Baby.”

“I wanna fuck you without anything. Take you raw and cum inside you. Would you like that?”

Lance reached between their bodies and pumped his cock. “Yea, baby.”

“Fuck,” Keith shuddered, breath punching out of him like someone delivered a physical to his solar plexus. “Gonna lick you afterwards too. Make you fucking cry for me, Lance.”

Lance threw his head back, practically shivering from his head to his toes. The way Keith thickly slammed him down his cock, the way his voice seemed made up gravel and sticky oil hypnotized him. Shortened his air supply. Had him see all the stars behind his eyelids. “Baby. Please.”

The words *baby, please* somehow translated to the witcher as *baby, I can still feel all ten of my toes what are you waiting for? Fuck me,* and hooked Lance’s ragdoll arms around his neck and anchored a palm under each thigh and hauled Lance off his cock, the tip still inside. Waited for Lance to open his eyes, smiled, and introduced gravity.

Lance should make a sound, a scream, but physically could not. He stared at Keith helplessly, mouth opened, and took each plummet. Each thrust on his cock. Rose and fell until his balls drew in tight. Until he was sure his skin would leave severe three-third burns. Until he had to touch himself.

“K-Keith. ‘M. Fuck. Coming, baby. I’m—“

Keith slammed Lance into the bed, bent him in half, and snapped his hips as Lance squeezed and clenched reflexively coming across his chest.

Keith begged, face tucked to his collars and teeth biting the skin. “Almost there. Like that, Lance. Please. Just a little more. “

In the flowery after-glow, Lance pulled on his hair and whispered the witcher to climax.
A smell made the witcher scrunch his nose in his sleep. Keith opened his eyes slowly like cinder blocks were tied to each lash. He saw Lance’s sheepish face and a freshly nuked pizza slice in his hand.

“Lance,” Keith rubbed his eyes. “Did you bring pizza into bed?”

“Uh,” Lance said with food in his mouth.

“You can’t do that without bringing me some.”

“Babe.” Lance showed him a plate full of nuked slices and placed it between their bodies. “I warmed four slices.”

“You’re awesome.” Keith leaned over and kissed him, lifting a steamy slice. “Did you grab some sauce too?”

Lance smuggled a small container of sauce too and uncapped the top. “What kind of boyfriend would I be if I didn’t. Here’s the cheesy garlic.”

“Let’s do this every night.” Keith dunked his slice, not caring if sauce spilled on his sheets or that the mattress would smell like pizza for weeks.

“We’ll get fat.”

“So? I’ll fuck you belly or not.”

“You shouldn’t say that. I will stop working out and eat donuts every day.”

“Cool, your ass will definitely get rounder. Looking forward to fucking it again.”

Snow drifted from Boston’s grey cloudy sky and coated the streets and sideways in white. The group lingered outside the pub waiting for Keith to show up. Pidge was buried under layers of sweaters and scarves and the couples burrowed into each other for warmth and Boston’s cold kisses. Lance sported a black pea coat and fingerless gloves and nothing else.

“I’m cold,” Pidge complained.
“Weakling,” Lance snickered.

The warlock glared under her beanie, peeled off her gloves, and pointed a glowing finger at the dragon. Lance held his breath and braced himself. A second later a mountain of snow landed on him. He jumped, feeling snow run under his clothes and down his skin.

Pidge put her gloves back on.

“Cold. Cold,” Lance shouted and tried to shake out the excess snow.

“Welcome to our world, Falkor.”

“Don’t take out on me just cause you didn’t get a call back for *The Hobbit*.”

Hunk hugged Shay to his chest, “I don’t know how any of you guys have the energy to fight. It’s too cold.”

“This is freaking spring weather, Hunk,” Lance said.

“To you,” Allura snipped, looking elegant and regal despite her red nose and noisy sniffles.

“I miss summer already,” Shiro sighed. “Oh there’s Keith.” Shiro whistled and waved.

The witcher sprinted across the street, narrowly escaping a patch of ice covered by the falling flurries.

“Babe,” Lance reached under Keith’s clothes.

“Fuck.” Keith shivered, tugging Lance’s grabby hands off his skin. He took them and stuffed them in his pockets. “Why are you wet?”

“Pidge is using her powers for evil,” Lance said, chin perched on Keith’s shoulder. More accustomed to the frosty climate, Keith donned a hoody under his winter leather jacket. “Arrest her for me.”

Snow caught on the witcher’s inky hair and melted. The cold colored his cheeks and nose with red. “I’ll think about it.”

“Stop telling Keith to arrest me. Just cause you’re super gay and everything, doesn’t mean you can tell him to arrest people,” Pidge protested through the scarf tightly knotted over her face.

Lance cupped his mouth whispered in Keith’s ear loudly enough for the warlock to hear too. “She’s resisting arrest, Mr. Witcher.”

Keith flashed his badge. “Miss. Hands up.”

Pidge gave Keith two hands with one lifted finger on each. “Fuck da police.”

Lance laughed. “I am.”

“Nice one,” Keith said.

“It brings a whole new meaning, doesn’t it?”

“Thanks, Lance, you made shit gay. Again.”
Walking into the pub, Lance stomped his feet over the floor matt to loosen the packed snow off his shoes. One of the working girls Bailey, a forest nymph with the color of the old roots in her round eyes, walked up to the group with a tray under her arm.

She smiled, teeth bright and kind against her ebony skinned and her natural ringlets. “Lucky for you guys, your usual spot is open. I’ll let Coran know you’re here.”

She lead the group through the throngs of regulars, hair bouncy and graceful, and handed them a menu, taking a pen and a notepad from the pocket of her short apron. She clicked the top, “The same?”

“Yea,” Lance nodded. “This is my boyfriend, Keith. Keith, Bailey the only girl that can kick a vamp’s ass and make you the perfect cocoa.”

Bailey waved. “Hello. I don’t see too many witchers. What can I do for ya, Keith?”

“I’ll have whatever he’s getting. Thanks,” Keith pointed to Lance.

“Got it.”

Coran materialized at their table. “Been a while since I’ve seen your sorry faces,” the dwarf laughed, his Irish accent warmed the room. “What’s been keeping ya?”

“Miss us?” Lance asked, cocking a goofy grin at the four-foot dwarf.

“I miss your money,” he joked. Coran noticed Keith then and offered his hand in greeting. “Hey. Coran, owner of this place.”

“Keith,” he said, taking the firm and strong grip.

Coran stared the witcher down with a hard look. A silent exchange passed between the men.

Keith looked back, waiting for the obvious question of his relationship to a dragon.

“We’re together,” Lance clarified as he flipped through the menu, unbothered when Coran turned to him in muted astonishment. “Weird, I know. But he’s hot.”

“No shit?” Coran asked.

“No shit.”

“Well since you’re dating this mess.” Coran let go of Keith’s hand, falling back into his warm and boisterous nature. “Do you need a scotch? Something heavy to get you through the night.” He gestured pointedly at the dragon making paper airplanes out of napkins.

Keith grinned, glancing at Lance as his airplane crashed during takeoff. “I’m good.”
Lance got out of his seat to salvage the aircraft. “I take very good care of my witcher. All he need is dick—”

“Okay. You’re going into time-out,” Keith grabbed him and sat the dragon on his lap.

“This is time-out?”

“Yes.”

“Then I guess you won’t mind if I get comfortable.” Lance wiggled his ass purposefully seeking to grind as Keith.

“Coran. I changed my mind about that scotch.”

Keith walked out of the restroom, checking that he didn’t neglect to zip up his fly fully. It happened often when he got buzzed and he was definitely feeling a bit fuzzy and loose. So his reaction time was delayed when a shoulder knocked into his, Keith stumbled briefly and corrected his foot and turned to apologize except the man glared at him as his buddy blocked Keith’s front. Wet dirt and the forest drenched their scent completely.

As did the aroma of iron, blood.

Keith sobered up, lining his back to the wall to cover his blind spot.

“Witcher,” the first werewolf slurred, high off hard liquor and a recent and most likely bloody run. He dwarfed the witcher in height and size. His pack watched from the sidelines, itching to jump in.

“The fuck you doing in this here, pub? You don’t see it’s supes only, go piss off with your own kind.”

Instinctively, Keith reached inside his jacket for his gun then cursed when he found the slot empty. Yea, about that he left it at home as he figured a night out with the group wouldn’t demand his firearm.

Stupid.

“You’re drunk,” Keith said. “Go run along before I change my mind about kicking your teeth in.”

“Hear that boys?” The pack master of the group laughed. “Gonna kick my teeth in, eh. The numbers don’t say that, wanna go outside and test your worth?”

Calamity, hellfire, and gasoline answered for Keith. “Shit. I’d like to. How about it, lads?”

The pack turned to the dragon. “Who the fuck?”

“Lance. Or better known as the fucking dragon of Boston. Might have heard of me. Or heard me when I go out and play. That loud noise waking you up with goosebumps is me, mate.”
“Holy fuck. A dragon and a witcher? You must be dumb.”

Lance snarled, the sound coming out nowhere human and indisputably dragon. “Oh you’re stupid.” Lance chuckled for a second and then collected himself. “Okay. I’ll put this in third graders word. Touch him and I fuck you up. Do we understand, class?”

“Mother fucker,” the pack master marched into Lance’s face. “Think you’re funny. Let’s go outside then. You two against my pack.”

One of his pack mates said unsurely, starting to realize who they’re dealing with. “I dunno, man. He’s a dragon.”

“Fuckin’ dragons come the size of poodles now. You scared of a poodle?”

“Are we fighting or not?” Lance asked. “I don’t got all night.”

Keith shuffled over to Lance’s side, feeling and looking cocky. “Don’t burn them. It will give me a lot of paperwork.”

Sensing the commotion, a crowd gathered around them. Coran and the group navigated through the people.

“This ends right here,” Coran said, voice booming and resolute. “There is no fighting in my pub.”

“Cool with us. We’ll go in the alley,” Lance said, already starting to walk for the rear doorway.

“I’m going too,” Hunk separated from the crowd, cracking his knuckles. He handed his cell to Shay to hold while he handled business.

“Careful, babe,” Shay said.

Pidge rubbed her head, “Oh my god.”

Shiro walked too, saying. “I’m in. You fight them, then you fight me.”

Allura groaned, “We’re going to get ban. This is the fourth fight these guys have joined in.”

“Fine with us,” the pack master huffed.

Actually through the years of drinking and chronic jumps in between enraged drunks, Lance and the guys were Coran’s unofficial bouncers. He had men on his payroll that carded people at the front and ushered unwanted guests but they ranked low on the supe hierarchy. Plus Lance liked to roughhouse when the moment came and the bouncers didn’t mind buying Lance and the guys drinks for their help.

Coran propped the metal door open with a crate and walked inside. You would think the owner
walking away without a care should tip some common sense into the werewolves, but no. They took that as a sign to get amp up about a real beat down.

Keith asked Pidge to hold his jacket and walked over to the guys. “So you guys do this a lot, I take it?”

“No as much now that we’re older but before ppfft. Hunk and I had black eyes every month.”

“Don’t shift.”

“Babe,” Lance whined.

“You’re too big,” he explained, waving at the limited quarters provided in the alley.

“I’ll fold my wings in. C’mon they called me a poodle.” Lance hopped on the balls of his feet. “I have to make them shit their pants. It’ll be fun.”

“I shouldn’t be doing this. I shouldn’t let you idiots fight either. I’m a damn cop.”

“Off-duty cop,” Hunk corrected. “You’re a civilian and like these dumb fucks know you’re one. Not like they’ll report you.”

Lance laughed, “That’s true. I can fight on your behalf if you feel conflicted.”

“Fuck you. I’m in.” Keith rolled his wrist and flexed his fingers, folding them into a fist and then unrolling them.

“Can I shift really quick, then go back?” Lance asked, hands slapped together in the universal gesture for pretty please.

Shiro pointed loosely at his pants, “You’ll be naked. Wanna fight with your dick out?”

Lance turned to him, sighing “Shiro, why you gotta bring logic into this?” He wave a hand. “You’re a demon. Raise some hell.”

“Half and incubus don’t raise hell.”

Lance scoffed, “Mr. Rogers.”

Shiro poked him.

“Continuing on the dick argument, you might get kicked in the nuts,” Hunk reasoned.

Lance snapped his fingers, “Fuck. You’re right.”

“Protect the boys,” Keith said. “Can’t suck what isn’t there.”

The pack master stood with his hands in his pocket, a nasty sneer on his rugged face. His pack took point on his flanks, two on each side and equal scruffiness and badness on their faces. Five to four, uneven, but Lance liked the challenge.

The alpha mocked. “You lot done sucking each other off yet?”

The pack chuckled.

“He’s adorable. Maybe we should keep him as a pet. Our family dog and shit,” Lance said loudly.
“Fuck you, dragon.”

Alright, Lance wanted a chill night with his buddies and his man and he could take being told to go get fucked, or he was some fucking homo, but on a damn loop? And cornering Keith the second he was alone and telling him to piss off or get wrecked, that was where Lance stopped being mellow and funny.

There was a very good reason Lance taught himself to mellow out and let the anger wash pass him and not over him— he had rep for laying shitheads out.

That reputation came out as he sauntered over, Hunk swiftly read his body language and made pace with him, cluing in Keith and Shiro that Lance was going to throw down and they better keep up cause there was no time-out or fight etiquette.

Pack master smirked, thinking what the fuck kind of damage could a lanky dude like Lance really do, and found out how much damage Lance could hand out when Lance delivered a fist into the guy’s solar plexus. Making pack master bend in half and driving up his knee to connect with the were’s nose.

The pack wasn’t laughing now as their top dog stumbled back, blood gushing thickly out his nose.

“My fuckin’ nose!”

“Told you, didn’t I?” Lance said, body turning so hot from his anger it steamed in the cold night air.

The pack shook out of their stupor and made to jump on Lance while he gloated.

Keith intercepted the first grab, easily halting his flying fist and directing an elbow to his throat. The guy coughed harshly, trying to breath, a mistake Keith used to bring the guy running into the wall. His head bounced off the brick.

Hunk effortlessly sucker punched one were into unconsciousness with his hard fist.

Shiro traded crosses and jabs with one guy, absorbing one or two hits to his face.

Recovering, the pack master charged Lance and tackled the dragon to the snow covered cement. The other pack mate joined in and stomped on Lance’s arm as he tried to counter the pack master’s fists.

Keith sprung up behind him and locked an arm around his throat. The guy gasped, digging his claws into Keith’s arms, and bucked in an attempt to thrash out of the hold. Keith tightened his grip, he winced as the were’s claws sliced open his arm. He cursed and endured the burn and the blood, listening for the were’s breath to slow.

As soon as he stopped struggling, Keith dropped him and stormed over to where Lance was still pinned under the pack master and eating fists and elbows.

Hunk grabbed his arm. “Let Lance handle him”

“Fuck that,” Keith said, an uncontrollable, possessive action possessed his body at this point. His witcher’s senses ordered him to do what came naturally, fight.

“Lance is good,” Hunk assured. “Watch.”

The pack master laid out punch after punch and as much as it pained his pride Lance wasn’t dumb enough to try and get one in, and instead parried the block with his forearms shielding his face. It
was not painless but it was better than his face and the were’s fists were growing sloppily, slower, uncoordinated as he exerted all his stamina. He would crash soon so Lance baited his time and ate shit.

Until the pack master slowed, growling in frustration at Lance’s unwillingness to fight back.

“Stop hidin’, pussy,” he spat.

Sure.

Lance could do that.

Shooting up, Lance circled the pack master’s wrist and hammered his forehead directly into his and used the moment of pain and disorientation to flip their position and get the master under him.

Lance grinned, face bloody and stinging. “You fucked with the wrong guy, asshole.”

And unleashed.

“You mad?” Lance closed the door behind them.

Keith flipped the switch in the kitchen and automatically searched the fridge for a beer. Like they weren’t all buzz.

“Not mad,” Keith said, leaning against the countertops and putting his beer on it. He beckoned Lance. “Come here.”

Lance walked slowly, worried he was marching straight into an argument. Keith didn’t talk much after the brawl and he spent the whole trek home picking apart what sent Keith inside his shell.

“Look.” Lance held his hands out. “Maybe you can listen to that type of talk but I can’t. And I won’t let anyone disrespect you like that either. If that means fighting everyone then I guess I’m kicking every ass out there.”

“I wasn’t going to say that.”

“Then what?”

“I was going to say the ‘L’ word.”

“Lesbians?” Lance squinted.

“Do I have to say it? You know I’m bad at sayin shit.”

“What…Oh.” Lance clapped his hands over his mouth. He stood there, godsmacked and speechless. Water shimmered in his blue eyes. “Babe.”
Keith stared at his shoes, shiny with melting snow. “I do. A lot. I can’t believe you would. That all you guys would back me up like that. Like I’m family and shit.”

Lance cupped his chin. “You are, okay? We’re fam. All of us are gonna have your back no matter what,” he said. “And I do too. More than you know. I want a lot for us. Not just this.”

“Good. Cause I want more than this.”

“You know what’s the next step in, baby?”

“What?”

Lance smirked nefariously. “Meeting your future in-laws.”

Turbulence from the plane roused Lance from his drooling nap. Packed between the window and a slumbering Keith with large hoodie for a blanket and a smaller one as a pillow, a pleasant sleep avoided him. Keith seemed comfy with his head resting on Lance’s shoulder and arms under his shirt for heat. Lance moved carefully so he didn’t disturb Keith and lifted the visor and saw a sky so pigmented with navy it could nearly pass for black. Stars and a crescent moon brightened it, looking like fireflies trapped in a bottle.

A flight to Perth was a day’s worth. Many of the passengers fell into a deep sleep. Others more attuned to traveling by flight caught up on the news or emails.

Keith shifted, grumbling softly. “There yet?”

“Not even close, babe.”

“Ugh,” Keith drew his knees on the seat and wiggled under the hoodie.

Lance wrapped an arm over him and let Keith put his head on his chest. “I could’ve flown us.”

“Stupid. It would take the same time.”

“No. We wouldn’t have to wait for our flight or go through security and get charge up the ass for food, “ he explained.

“Can you fly for twenty-four hours?”

Lance went quiet.

“See.”

“How about you shut up, huh?” Lance laughed. “You’re gonna like Australia. Fuckin’ beautiful
place.”

“I’m worried about your giant dragon family burning me.”

“It’ll be fine. My mom is kinda the big boss and her word is law and she’s very excited to meet you,” Lance said. “And I didn’t tell you the best part, we can fuck in my childhood room.”

“That’s the best part?”

“Hell yea. I popped no cherries in there. Only my own. It’s like giving the space closure.”

“I think I should throw you off this plane.”

“You could but I have wings.”

“Yes, it’s annoying and hot that you have wings.”

“Speaking of fucking—“

Keith groaned, covering his face. “Oh no.”

“How about we move to the Mile High Club? Everyone’s sleeping and you like every fuckable when you have a good nap.”

“We don’t have condoms or lube…” Keith noted Lance’s silence, never a good sign of things to come. “Lance? Again? On a flight?”

Lance pouted and said in a mousy voice, “But I wanted to join the Mile High Club.”

“You said that at the movie theater too,” the witcher hummed.

“Be quiet, you were so into that one.”

“And at the library,” Keith listed.

“What, books are exotic.”

Keith shot him the sassiest expression he had ever witness. “Should I mention the pub?”

“Mate, you had to see that one coming.” Lance smiled, cheesy and a total dork.

“I’m arresting you once we land.”

Lance started pressing kisses down Keith’s neck and husked wetly. “Babe. I want you.”

Keith tried not to moan, body already turning hot and aroused. “Lance.”

He moved his hand under the hoodie and stroked the inside of Keith’s thigh.

Keith opened his legs automatically, moaning softly as Lance caressed up his thigh and found his half hard cock. Lance palmed him slowly, whispering filthy pleasures in his ear. Keith rolled his hips and tried to keep the movements chaste and slow but every second under Lance’s hands and mouth slaughtered his control.

Keith pushed Lance off and said, “Wait two minutes then go to the bathroom.”

He got up and left.
Lance counted the seconds impatiently. He swore a century passed by when the two minute marker came and he shuffled out of the seat and down the aisle.

He gave a light rap on the bathroom door. It opened and a hand hauled Lance inside and pinned him into a wall.

Keith kissed him savagely as he directed Lance’s hands to his ass. “Fuck me.”

Lance moaned, broken by the request and the dark scrape of Keith’s voice. His blatant want and arousal. He backed Keith up, turned him, and made him bend over the tiny vanity. Little care was given when he unzipped Keith and shoved his clothes under his tight ass.

He nuzzled Keith behind his ear and rutted nice and dirty into Keith, getting high off Keith’s beauty, Keith’s I-bench-press-marble-slabs strength, the way Keith just fell apart with his hands and mouth. The fact he could do this all fucking day and never grow tired of Keith’s body, the pretty ways he moan, the way he bucked when Lance sucked his cock, or the way his arms quivered as Keith fucked him in their bed.

Lance shook by every memory of Keith in him, on him, and under him. He felt his dick throb. Dragging his nose down the witcher’s neck, he said. “Keith. I wanna be inside you so bad.”

Keith trembled from the wet mouth and the slight jolt that pushed his hips against the sink every time Lance rocked hard, “Me too. Hurry up and put your cock in me.”

Thinking smart, Lance left the lube and the condom in his back pocket instead of his front where his cock bugled thickly. He tossed the condom on the vanity and slicked his fingers up before he tossed that too. He rubbed Keith’s hole, circling the rim, then fucked in his first finger.

Keith rode back instantly, rolling his head back with a muted gasp. Hair spilled down his back. “Yes. Fuck yes. Fuck me, baby.”

Seeing how easy Keith ate his finger, Lance skipped to the second being considerate of Keith’s pain tolerance. The witcher tugged his jeans down further and opened his legs, ass pushing out until Lance sank in to the second knuckle.

Lance prayed there wasn’t a smoking detector on this airplane cause he could not fucking deal with Keith acting good and slutty for his cock when they’re supposed to keep their fuck fast and quiet. Well that wasn’t happening now. Not with Keith moaning so softly as he clearly fought down the need to moan out whorishly.

Keith sounded like a whore, then upped the heat and moved like one. All dirty and sensual grinds and rolls. Gyrating like he didn’t mind if Lance caught on fire on an international flight to meet his soon-to-be family.

Whatever, they had fire extinguishers on planes, right?

It should be fine.

Looking good and ready for it, Lance slid in his third finger and Keith was singing prior like a solo vocalist in front of their entire high school, Keith sang now for the world. Sold out the stadium. No empty bleachers for this star.

Lance fist his hair, feeling arousal so profoundly in his body that he had to touch him. Do something to Keith. Display his mounting hunger. Let that man realize he was owned by someone
and that his release, his freedom would not be granted so easily.

Oh no, baby.

You’re mine now

Keith whimpered and reined back like a stallion. Said something trying frantically to be Lance’s name but crumbled into rubbish.

See!

That—

That made it very troublesome for Lance cause he didn’t want to set this plane on fire but Keith kept doing this shit.

“Gotta be quiet or someone might think you’re getting fucked,” Lance huffed; he found the suggestion of everyone hearing Keith being fucked struck hot.

“D-don’t care. Shit. Let them hear.”

“Babe. I think we found our new kink. Public sex.”

“Not sex until you’re in me.”

“Sorry let me fix that for you,” Without any kindness he popped out of him, wrapped up, and slicked his cock inside.

Keith struggled for air like a fish on dry land, crawling at sink. He tried to bow his head but Lance didn’t let him. Jerked him back so he could kiss sloppy on his neck.

“Good?”

“Don’t stop. Do me like this, baby, please.”

It was with the slinky, lethargic pace of a cobra that Lance coiled his hand firm on Keith’s hip. It was with unforgivable strength of a lion with his canines in the neck of a gazelle that he pulled hard on his hair. It was with a primitive flair that Lance pounded Keith’s ass. No grace. No sappy making love, Lance made love but Keith asked to be fucked, so he fucked him like he was trying to get his money’s worth. Fucking him like they were strangers in a bar, hammered and alive with sex. Fucking him like he might never see his face again when he woke up morning after morning in Keith’s arms, with his face burrowed into his chest like a child. Fucking him like Lance wanted to ruin Keith, ruin any fuck after him, ruin every man who came second even though Lance knew he did already.

Ruined Keith at the start like Keith ruined him.

So he fucked him like that.

Made sure Keith’s thigh quivered. That his knees started to buckle. That a collar of sweat wet his shirt. That anyone with a set of eyes and common sense would see Keith limping from the bathroom and know he got it good.
For the remnant of their flight Lance allowed Keith to drool all over his clothes as he slept.

Fell asleep so quick once they finished up,

It filled Lance with pride.

But a greater feeling overpowered it, his admiration for Keith.

The way that he could swallow Keith whole and never get enough of him, his face, his smile, his voice, his arms.

Apparently that was why the sages called it falling in love because there was no bottom.

There was you and the everlasting plummet.

Dragons didn’t drop. Didn’t fall. A dragon’s nature demanded they take to the sky and put the earth under their marble hard bellies.

Except this one.

His sister, Gabby, was waiting at the airport among the sea of people embarking and disembarking, weeping spouses, and heartfelt embraces.

Hard not to notice her with the striking features that bracketed her a near twin to Lance. Honey brown skin and blue eyes. Slender body. A grin too wide to be anything but pure mischief. Plus she had small horns spiraling from her crown and a bumpy, scaled grey tail swooshing the air like a dog.

Lance dropped his luggage and scooped her up. “It’s been forever, bro.”

“To you. I was free of your tyranny in the States,” he joked as he set her down.

Lance called Keith from where he lurked awkwardly behind him. Shouldering past his inability to talk to strangers, Keith wandered out of his metaphorical shell.

Lance clapped a hand around his sister. “This is Gabby, one of my sisters. She’s the oldest. Naturally she bullied me as a child.”
“I did not.”

“This is Keith. “

“Hi.”

“Sup,” she waved, smile warm and vibrant. The McClains basically shitted charisma and friendliness. “I guess I’ll say it and get it out of the way. Hurt my bro, I hurt you. You know, bla bla. Eye for an eye kind of deal. There’s four of us so yea.”

“Four?” Keith asked.

“Now you understand, Keith. I could never fit in with their high standards.”

“Shut up.” Gabby pushed him playfully. “We all watched WWE and RAW together. Remember you scared mum when you put Dulce in the Kane choke?”

“Dulce literally begged me to perform a RKO on her.”

Gabby locked her arms with Keith. “Get the bags, Lance. Now you, Keith, have given me a gift I have coveted since Lance turned of legal age. I can finally embarrass Lance by showing his boyfriend his baby photos.”


“There’s one with Lance butt naked,” Gabby spoke over Lance’s voice. “You’ll like that. And we have homemade movies. I have to show you the one where Lance danced to the Goofy movie.”


Lance’s mom promised a small get together.

_I only visited your tia Letty and your tio Moses and a few of your cousins: Sergio, Fernando, and Jasmin._

That was clue for _I visited the whole family. You know you’re second cousins from my father’s brother’s side of the family, remember Cynthia and her three boys Rafeal, Daniel, and Felipe; well I visited them too. They flew from Cuba. Isn’t this exciting, miyo?_  

_Dragons by the dozen soar across the crystal blue Australia’s sky, looking like featherless vultures against the sun’s glare with their massive wing span and thorny bodies. Glamor left the rest of Perth blissfully ignorant that their city was a nest for the largest gathering of dragons in years._

_Gas layered the air so densely that lighting a simple cig might ignite a firebomb._
Their snarls and rumbles vibrated the air molecules.

He heard their wings push and cut through the sky.

Among the countless dragons one stood out poignantly, the largest of the flock, Lance’s mom. Her head alone marginalized the smaller dragons, shrinking them to size of pigeons. When the dragons sang it was her voice that effortlessly swallowed the others.

“I’m going to die.”

“What, no,” Lance said in the least convincing tone imaginable. “Hopefully not.”

“Lance.”

“I thought you weren’t scared of dragons.”

“Dragon. Singular. You. I’m not scared of you the one dragon I know. This is…” Keith shielded his eyes as he looked up. The dragons flew too close together for him to distinguish one from the other. “I can’t even count how many they’re moving too fast.”

“It’s should be about thirty.”

Keith sized his hand in a fierce grip. “Don’t you dare leave my god damn side.”

Lance feared his bones might fracture when his mom broke away from the flock and started gliding to where they stood outside in the backyard, the two story house ten feet back.

The onyx and scarlet streaked dragon landed heavily on the grass, sunlight danced on the dragon’s scales and shaded her body in splashes of black and ruby. The simple landing triggered a mini earthquake under their feet. Keith wobbled while the dragon shifters stood firm. She closed the gap from the landing zone to the three supes in few large strides, her footfalls sounded like a rumbling thunder as it brewed right before a storm.

Lance smelled old magic oozing alarmingly from the witcher, it fused the air with its magical properties as a animals would arch its back and spiked the hair on the spine. It became off as a guttural, instinctive reaction rather than an intentional one.

Made sense. They were dolls to the dragon, as breakable as porcelain to her jaw, claws, and breath of fire. The human world lived in harmony with the firm assurance that creatures of this mass and size no longer existed and no longer poise a threat yet a creature like that did live and had wings and fire breath to render cities.

After wonderment and awe followed fear for people.

Fear pegged the question of what if…?

Whether or not Keith wanted to acknowledge or believe he was it sat unpleasantly in his gut.

Yet the dragon lowered her elegant neck and bumped the tip of her snot into Lance’s chest with a tenderness so unbecoming of a creature of fire and lethal spikes— and that fear had to find a new home to colonize because it wasn’t here.

It wasn’t with the dragons.

Lance smiled and stroked his palm over his mother’s scales, looking into her soft hazel eyes. “You’re getting fat, mum.”
The dragon’s lips pulled back into what would be a tight smile, one a mother would shower on her children when they started acting too cheeky for their own good.

“I’m kidding. Mind taking it down a notch?”

The dragon lumbered back a step and shifted, the dragon condensing down into a human form; steam rolled off into tiny wisps off the woman’s skin. Where once stood a creature large as the myths was a woman no taller than five-two, skin the color of wet bark, brown hair peppered with grey highlights, slender black horns, and a kind set of eyes wrinkled in the slightest to mature her face but not age her starkly.

She padded over, naked and unbothered.

Lance kissed her on both cheeks and hugged her around the shoulders. “Your face is fuller. Too much American food.”

“Okay but can you say no to double stuffed Oreos?”

She smiled at Keith, “Hey Keith. I’m Maribel, Lance’s mom. Glad you like my work. I made him myself. Nine months and five pounds on my waistline.”

“Hi,” Keith wisely looked at her eyes only. “And he’s great.”

“Mum,” Lance hedged.

“Que?”

“The twins.”

“What,” she laughed. “C’mon you should be used to it now if you’re with a dragon. Lance took his clothes off all the time even at the store.”

Keith snorted.

“We’re going back to the States. Later.”

“Say hi your aunts and uncles. And your cousins. The last time we were all together was your graduation.”

Lance groaned, head tipped back. The image of a child, he just needed to stomp his feet in reluctance to complete it. “Oh c’mon.”

“Lance.” Maribel said in a tone known universally as *I brought you into this world and I can take you out of it if you fail to do my bidding, spawn.*

“Alright, alright,” he sighed and started on the polished buttons on his flannel and normally the removal of any clothing sexually charged or not prompted Keith’s hungry eyes to roam endlessly over his body. This time the witcher looked too stuck in fear of offending or angering his family that his eyes remained firmly on the sky.

“Lotta dragons up there,” he mused as though a situation of this magnitude didn’t faze him.

Lance kissed his cheek to break his ploy.

Keith hardly flinched, face monotone.
“I’m leaving,” he toned airily, a transparent bait.

“Okay.” He nodded to the sky. “See you soon. Don’t trip or something.”

“My mom’s naked. I doubt she’ll care if you look at me.”

Maribel nodded eagerly, “I can’t help that I made good-looking kids.” She swept her arms like a model paid to present a new car in front of potential buyers. “Look. Admire.” Lance vogued with his hands like his only knowledge of the fashion derived from Madonna’s *Vogue* video. “Just make sure you put a ring on it.”

“Jesus.”

“I will,” Keith said, resolute. No shimmer or doubt of hesitation in his voice or his face, this was a man whose word was his code. “Waiting for my income tax. Need a big rock for the dragon.”

If it wouldn’t be horribly awkward and tremendously disturbing, Lance would take Keith right there and then.

“So what’s the damage?” asked Lance as he padded bare foot in his clothes into the living room. Music, laughter, and the homey chatter of family over hot food and sun warmed seats floated faintly in the background.

Keith sat on a white three-seater with the coffee table piled with albums upon albums of family photos starting as way back as to his mother’s years in Cuba with her parents soft and youthful and grey-free.

Keith had one photo plucked reverently between two fingers. “You were a chubby baby.”

“And you looked like a model as a poop-shooter?”

“Look at you,” Keith pointed to round-face Lance at two years in a onesie with cartoon dragons patterned on the fabric as he smeared food all over his face. Something with fragments of yearning glinted in Keith’s eyes. “Look no different from you today.”

“Shut up.”

“You always get food on your face,” laughed Keith. “And you’re always in the nude like in this one.” Keith set the photo down and picked up another, no doubt his mother selected and removed these pictures from the albums for closer examination. It was Lance laying on his stomach and throwing the camera a saucy over the shoulder look.

“Of course she showed you that one. Do you know she showed them to my friends too?”
“I’m texting this to Pidge and Hunk.”

“No.”

“At least let me save it as my wallpaper,” Keith negotiated as he cradled the photo protectively to his chest.

“You can save one but no nudey pic, okay.”

“Any one?”

“I feel like I should start questioning my life choices right now but yea, any you like.”

“I’ll need the week to deliberate.”

“While you do that, let’s go eat.”

Lance and Keith lounged on the patio swing and watched the cookout die down with the sinking sun. Family by family packed up their belongings and took a plate full of food home. His tias and tios waved goodbye. The little ones now sleepy and sluggish after a full day of flying and running hugged Lance and shyly looked at Keith, bringing out a small hand in farewell, and said *bye Mr. Witcher*. Once the guests left his mother had Lance and the girls clean up and pack away the food. She made the boys move the heavy chairs back into storage while Gabby put her kids to bed and Dulce and the other did the dishes.

They settled in front of the TV afterward and chatted away as they watched reruns of *Law and Order*. Keith answered their questions about his job and his education at the academy. Then they pried him for embarrassing information on Lance. Lance’s sisters gravitated to Keith instantly, loving his long hair and deadpan humor.

At midnight, they bunked in Lance’s former childhood room. His mom repainted the walls and changed the curtains but most of his childhood memorabilia decorated the walls and the shelves serving as glimpses of Lance’s budding evolution as a chubby baby to the young man before leaving Australia to pursue a degree in the States. Awards for eight grade science projects. Cheap trophies and
medals for sports. Ribbons for perfect attendance. Retro posters.

An odd thought struck him standing in a place that was once his world after he explored himself, the challenges he overcame, the individuals he met, the new life he made for himself in Boston—you never knew what was heading for you until it passed. When you’re a kid all you did was imagine yourself in the future.

You yeared.

You looked at stars.

You looked ahead for better opportunities, for the silent passion you committed to your soul, for the next thing to make you feel alive, for that person who would remind you that god damn the world may not be perfect, humans may be awful, we might die tomorrow but fuck it—you’re the reason romance novels would never go out of style.

You’re the reason red and pink were the colors of passion and love. You’re the reason couples stopped and gazed at the moon. Why candles were lit at the table. Why the room shadowed as we sat together, so absorbed in our humanity, in our connection, in the beauty of one soul finding its compatible.

You’re why humans reached for the stars and the planets. Why visiting the oceans was best in the company of friends and loved one. Why even though Valentine’s day was an easy holiday to market off of and something loathed by some and treasured by others, we still celebrated it with the history behind it lost to this generation.

You’re the reason that it was okay to cry. To be human. To be so exposed, so visceral with another.

You’re the reason each day was brighter than the last. Each laugh more enrichening. Each kiss tingled for hours after hours of meeting. Each time our hands brushed our heart elevated and steadied in the same second. Each time we looked into each other eyes we still discovered new surprises, new shades, and new hues.

_You’re it, Keith_, Lance thought with softness in his chest, a softness he learned to associate with Keith. A feeling he slowly trained himself to accept and cherish and not fear for the day it might not occupy his chest.

_I have you. I don’t think I need anything else and that’s kinda scary because we all want and need shit but I don’t._

Keith peeled back the sheets and arranged the pillows. He looked up to see Lance smiling down at him, the strikingly blue of his eyes muted with emotions and age. “What?”

“Sorry just feeling like I might go super nova.” Lance helped on his side of the bed. The sheets rustled as the world started to dim in sound and light.

The witcher smiled, fearless. “Fuckin’ sap.”

“You fit really well,” admitted Lance. The words sounded better in his head but his mouth could only muster up the fraction of his feelings. “Like this is what was supposed to happen.”

“Okay.” Keith snorted softly, eyes shooting away. Classic Keith move, mushy things unveled his callous exterior more effectively than a snappy remark or a harsh yell. “You had too much beer.”

He shook his head. “Nah. You get what I mean right?”
“I get that …” Keith straightened and gestured from where they stood on either side of the mattress. “We got some good shit. We got that shit everyone’s always looking for and that we don’t have to look anymore. We just have to live now cause we have it. Careers, check. Money, check. Relationship, check.”

Keith said, “I don’t have to look anymore and I like that. Not looking. Not asking myself what if there’s some better shit for me. There isn’t.”

“Gay,” Lance mocked.

Keith grabbed a pillowed and sighted it for Lance’s face.

“I’m kidding,” he conceded.

“You’re the one you started with the mushy stuff again.”

“Well you make me feel mushy all the time. And I like not looking too.”

“We do have to look for one more thing,” Keith said.

“Oh yea, what’s that?”

“A ring.”

“Two rings,” he corrected. “Everyone needs to know that witcher booty is taken.”

End Notes

	tumblr:pro-derp
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Works inspired by this one: Fahrenheit inspired by PickyStoryFanatic

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