**Bright Eyes**

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**Summary**

When Keith agrees to meet Hunk for a study session at the mall food court, he isn't expecting him to bring his roommate. He isn't expecting to be asked on a date, to accept, and to enjoy himself more than he has in years. He's definitely not expecting to get wrapped up in the world of a blind Cuban and the grief he carries right next to hope.

But Keith’s always been good at adapting to the unexpected. And throwing punches when needed.

**Notes**

We started writing this fic October 6, 2016 and finished it roughly at the end of December. :D
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Chapter 01 translations can be found here! There's not that many in this chapter, but get ready.

Also, we know phones don't work the way we write for Lance's. This is wishful thinking.

The mall was packed, the food court in particular. The air was ripe with clashing scents, the various Chinese food booths the most overwhelming. With the scents of food, though, were those of patrons. Perfumes and just general body odor wafted about, rising as much as the noise did. It was impossible to pick conversations apart as they strode by tables, only the occasional snatch of disjointed phrases discernable. He was pretty sure he heard someone agree that music was becoming more and more trashy. And, like, how dare they? He would argue in defense of Beyonce’s perfection for hours if someone let him, and the guy leading him around by the arm was just a little too stubborn to deviate from his mission and let him.

“Do you see him yet, Hunk? I'm starving.”

“Uh...” Hunk scanned the area, nudging the clingy beanpole wrapped around one of his arms when he swooned dramatically. “Not yet. We can find an empty table. Help me look-”

“Haha.”

Hunk slanted him a look, frowning. “Whatever. I'll look and - oh! There he is. Come on, man.”

He tripped after him, relieved when they stopped and he was able to wrap his fingers over the back of a chair. There was a scrape of a chair being pushed back and Hunk stepped away from Lance to laugh nervously. “Hey, Keith. Sorry we're running a little late. Somebody had to hit the bath store.”

“There are new scents, Hunk!” Lance waved his arms. “New! Scents!”

“Anyway, we're running late because of Lance. Lance, this is Keith. Keith, meet Lance.”

Lance was quick to stick a hand out, breathing in the new scents of motor oil and painfully plain shampoo. And probably bar soap. God, poor guy must hate his skin. “Hi.”

Keith smiled, taking the offered hand and shaking firmly, trying to make eye contact, though Lance's gaze seemed to be a bit off. “Hi.”

His grip was firm, but Lance couldn’t tell the state of his skin very well. “You’re wearing fingerless gloves.”

Hunk dropped two bags into one of the seats at the four-person table Keith had picked out. “Lance, I'm wearing fingerless gloves.”

“These are different.” Softer, buttery. Were they real leather? Hunk’s weren’t.
Hunk gave up, waving a hand. “Anyway, I've got to feed us before I can break into my notes. You eat yet?”

“No, I was waiting for you guys.”

“Okay. Lance, keep an eye on the stuff. And stop laughing every time I say things like that,” he added when Lance snorted. “What do you want?”

“Sub. You know what I like.”

Because he did, Hunk just smiled at Keith. “I'll get yours to make up for being late. Just let me know what you want.”

“Sure.” Keith gave him his order for a sub, written down on the corner of a piece of graph paper he tore out of his notebook. “Thanks, man.”

“Sure. It's technically coming out of Lance’s cash supply, so...”

“What?!” Lance turned his head, appearing very offended. “Hunk!”

“What? It's your fault we're late.”

“Pumpkin Cupcake candles and hand soap. You'll be grateful when the apartment smells like heaven later.”

“In the meantime, you're buying lunch.”

Blue eyes rolled. “This is unfair and indecent treatment.”

“Well, then thanks, Lance,” Keith amended, amused.

He flailed a hand dramatically. “Don’t laugh at me, buddy, or I won't pay.”

“Yes, you will.” Lance smacked towards the sound of rustling, but only hit the shopping bags when Hunk quickly pulled his hands and a wallet back. He nicked the debit card and set the wallet into Lance’s upturned palm. “Thanks.”

“You're the worst roommate.”

“I brought you to the mall.”

“The worst!” When Hunk’s laughter faded, Lance patted the back of the nearest chair and carefully took a seat. “So you and Hunk are in that mechanical engineering class?”

Keith stared at him, confused by the strange behavior, but not wanting to ask and come off as a dick. “Yeah, we're doing our senior project together. Building a hybrid engine for a motorcycle.”

“Yeah.” Lance nodded, lips quirking. “Trust me. He's been boring me with the details for the past week. Do you smell like motor oil because you've been working on prototypes or...? It seems pretty quick to be in the building stage.”

“Oh, uh, it is. I have my own bike, though.” The bike he’d bought from Shiro when the older man had downgraded to a car. He’d done all the repairs and even repainted her red, giving her the name to match her fiery color. He smiled fondly, but it fell at the corners when he caught Lance staring at something just over his shoulder. A quick glance didn't reveal anything more interesting than a plant in a corner. “The motor oil smell never really goes away, y’know?”
Lance's smile went teasing. "It probably would if you used better soap."

"Sure..." Keith turned fully around to see what - if anything - was going on behind him, but still couldn't find anything out of place. He turned back, frowning at finding that Lance’s gaze hadn't shifted at all. "Uh, Lance, what are you looking at?"

Lance blinked, then laughed, head falling back as the sound joined the cacophony in the mall food court. It was a warm, rich layer of sound that likely only served to confuse Keith further. He made himself settle enough to actually answer, but mirth still filled his tone. "Nothing. Sorry. I'm- There's nothing. So are you gonna use your bike as the tester for your engine?"

It was Keith's turn to laugh. "Absolutely not. My bike is my baby and I'm not banging her up for that. I've got an old junker bike we're gonna use."

"Okay." Lance propped his chin in his hands. He liked that laugh. It came out in blended staccato notes, genuinely happy, but a little rusty. He wouldn't mind making him laugh enough to polish off that rust. "Props for getting Hunk to work on a motorcycle, though. That level of coolness is usually saved for Pidge. You know them, don't you?"

"Yeah, Pidge is my best friend, has been since we were freshman in high school." Keith had also helped Pidge through their gender identity crisis in ninth grade, which was one of the reasons the two of them became good friends.

"Oh!" Lance smacked the table. "You're the mullet!"

Keith groaned, running a hand through said mullet. He'd tried to defend it many times, but had to ultimately concede that it was one. "Yeah, I guess I am."

"It's how Pidge described you." Lance leaned forward, the angle a little off. "Can I touch it? It's like a relic from fashion gone by."

"I-" What? What a weird thing to ask, but Keith couldn't see how it would hurt. He shrugged, eyeing Lance again with a confused look. "S-sure, go for it."

Lance lifted his hands, waiting for Keith to come close enough, but he lifted his head when he heard familiar footsteps. His hands fell in defeat for the moment, but Keith would just have to let him touch it later. "Hunk! You didn’t tell me this guy was Pidge’s mullet!"

"Because I knew you'd want to touch his hair," he teased, setting a tray down as he sank into the empty seat beside Keith. He grabbed one sub, unwrapping half of it before pushing it to Lance. "Here's your food."

"Thanks, buddy." He reached out, fingers bumping the little basket it was in, and pulled it closer. "Do I get a drink?" The cup thunked when it was set in front of him and Lance grinned. "Nice."

Keith was still confused at Lance's behavior, the fumbling and reaching out to feel things before he actually touched or grabbed them... He wasn't sure what to think about it, so just unwrapped his sub and bit into it. "So I've got some new ideas for the engine."

"Cool. I've been comparing motorcycle engines to cars, and I have a list. I think we can cross-reference the differences between gas engines and hybrid engines, then compare that to a motorcycle’s and that should at least give us our starting point of what to start buying."

Lance sighed gustily. "Boring."
“Lance, you knew these were part of the lunch plans.”

Keith scowled. “Why’d you come along if you didn't want to be here?”

“Well, I mean, he's kind of the reason I asked you to meet me at the mall instead of somewhere that... actually makes sense?” Hunk rubbed the back of his neck, smile a little sheepish.

“Yep. I got my cast taken off this morning. Mcfreaking finally.”

“Cast?” Well, now Keith really felt like an asshole. “What happened?”

“Got hit by a car.” Lance waved a dismissive hand, though his shoulders tensed and shadows covered blue eyes. “No big deal.”

“It was a hit-and-run, Lance. That's kind of a big deal.”

Lance turned his head, lips twisting into a brief scowl. “Whatever. My cast is gone. That's all I care about.”

“But- What the hell? That is a big deal. How can you just brush that off?” God, he didn't even know Lance and he was concerned. Then again, he was one of Hunk and Pidge’s friends, so that meant they could be, right? “Did you get a good look at the guy?” And while they were on the subject, “And why won’t you look at me when I'm talking to you?!”

Hunk gave him a pained look, starting to stammer, but Lance only laughed again and started to pat his jacket pockets. “Ah... ha!” He flicked a small cylinder that stretched out into a cane. He dropped it onto the table in front of a very mortified Keith. “So, no, I didn’t get a good look. And I’m sorry, but I can't look directly at you unless you want to position my head just so.”

Oh. Well… “Crap, Lance, I’m... I'm sorry.” Keith was an asshole.

“Are you?” Lance’s lips curved into a smirk as he pushed the cane back down. “You can always make it up to me by buying me dinner.”

“Lance,” Hunk protested.

“No, I'm serious. Come on, mullet.”

“Really?” Keith considered it for a few moments. Lance was really cute, if not a little annoying from the short time he’d spent in his presence already, but he seemed nice enough. He shrugged, before remembering that Lance couldn't see him doing it. “Yeah, I'll take you out.”

“Yes!” Lance shot his hands up, leaning back in his chair, and grinned in Hunk's direction. “See, now why can't you do that with Shay?”

“Lance! I'm not-” Hunk's cheeks burned. “She's just a friend.”

“Uh-huh.” Lance tipped his head back towards Keith. “Shay’s my designated study buddy. She's training to be, like, a special needs therapist? And she's stolen Hunk’s heart.”

“No! No. She's just- she's a very nice girl and I admire her goals very much. That doesn't mean I like her, Lance.”

Lance patted his own cheeks. “If he's blushing, he's lying. Help me out here, Keith. I can't find out on my own.”
Keith laughed, shooting Hunk a small smirk. “He is.”

“Ohhhhh!” Hunk balled up a napkin and threw it at him, Lance blinking rapidly when it harmlessly hit his forehead. “Throwing crap at the blind guy is cheating.”

“You deserved it.” Hunk looked at Keith, shaking his head. “Please don't listen to him. He's a horrible influence.”

“I'm a matchmaking genius, actually. It only took me calling Shiro twice with a little ‘oh, hey, I missed my bus, can you come get me?’ before he and Allura started talking.”

“You're the one that got them together?” Keith was impressed. He'd known Shiro was head-over-heels for Allura - though he hadn't known her at the time - for a long while before he had finally manned up and done something about it. He didn't know the reason behind that was Lance. “But how do you know Shiro?”

“He's Hunk’s adviser. And Pidge’s. We all kind of met before school started when we were doing our schedules.” Lance shrugged. “I still can't believe how long ago that was. Anyway, he was supposed to be mine. But there was a mix up with my paperwork and he took us across campus to see Allura. And, like, something was obviously going on there.”

“Lance swears their voices change when they talk to each other.”

“Because they do,” he insisted. “Just trust me on this one. So I took it upon myself to get them together. And voila.”

“That’s really cool. I'd been telling him to go for it, but he doesn't listen to me.” Shiro was stubborn as hell. “I’m glad somebody was able to get through to him.”

“He makes it sound better than it was.” Hunk rolled his eyes, ignoring Lance’s flapping hands. “He locked them in Allura’s office and made some joke about being blind and still able to see the sparks.”

“It wasn’t a joke. It was romantic wordplay. And it worked.” Lance reached out, carefully seeking his soda before picking it up and gesturing with it. “So you know Shiro too?”

Keith shook his head, amused at the story. “Yeah, he's actually my older brother.” Adoptive older brother, but he didn't think Lance needed to know that right now.

“That's cool. He'd make for a pretty cool older brother.” Lance smiled. “I would know. I've got two older ones. One younger, but that's different.”

Keith was kind of jealous since he didn't have a family, but kept that to himself and instead asked more about Lance’s. The guy seemed more than willing to talk about them. “Any sisters?”

“Four of ‘em. Three older, one younger.” Lance shrugged, though his lips curved as he thought of them. “They're all loud and crazy.”

“Which is where Lance gets it.”

“Holy crap, that’s a pretty big family.” Seven siblings? Keith couldn't imagine living in a house with seven - nine, he supposed, including his parents - other people. “How do you manage that?”

The amount of people hadn't been as hard to manage as the steady loss of them had been. No one lived in their house anymore but his parents and younger siblings. Instead of admitting that - he’d just met this guy - he cracked a joke. “By escaping. I moved into an apartment with Hunk over the
“You say that like you don’t miss them.” Hunk smiled. “One of them comes to pick him up every Sunday for their family get-togethers.”

“Oh, that’s cool.” Keith didn't want to keep talking about family since Lance looked like he was a little uncomfortable, so decided to direct the conversation back to school. “Uh, so what do you do? Do you have a job?”

“Right now, I’m part-time dispatcher for the sheriff's office. Which is kind of cool. People call 911 for just about anything, and I've got stories to share.” Lance grinned, shrugging. “Allura got me into it since I'm in law. I like the strategy involved, but the workload’s a serious pain.”

Okay, now that was really cool. “I bet.” He’d heard people in passing say that the law program at their school was insane, but he didn't know anyone who was actually in it. “You’ll have to tell me some of those stories when we go to dinner.”

“I will.” Lance patted his pockets, pulling his phone out and unlocking it. “Here. Plug in your number.”

Keith took it, adding his number to Lance’s contacts, of which there were very few, and placed it back in his hand. His fingers brushed over Lance’s palm briefly, and, like something straight out of a bad romance novel, he felt sparks travel through him to fizzle happily in his brain. He blushed, glad Lance couldn't see it and trying to hide it from Hunk. “Um, there. I know you don't have any other Keiths in your contacts, but my last name is Kogane.”

Hunk elbowed him, amused, but kept quiet. He was nicer than Lance, who was nodding. The sparks hadn’t escaped him either, so his cheeks were a light pink. “Okay. Texting is fine, by the way. I've got text-to-speech up. Kitty, call Keith.” The phone rumbled in his hand and Keith’s started to buzz in his pocket. “There's my number. Last name’s McClain. L-A-I-N.” But he didn't expect Keith to remember.

“Okay, cool.” Keith didn't comment on what he'd named his phone, only smiled in amusement. “I'll definitely text you, then.”

Lance’s smile brightened, his eager excitement clear because he didn’t have a single tool to hide the way emotions flickered over his face. “Awesome.”

Hunk chuckled, his papers rustling since his sandwich was gone. He jotted down a quick note for Keith. *You just made his day more than getting the cast off did. The blindness usually turns people off.*

Keith’s smile fell, turning into a scowl. *That’s messed up. He actually seems really sweet??* Keith couldn't understand how people could be so cruel.

*Most people think ‘clown,’ so yeah. Not that he's not one but*

“I know you're writing notes about me, Hunk. Cut it out.”

“Who, me? I would never!” he lied, looking up mid-line to see Lance frowning in his general direction.

“You *are!* Cut it out!”

Blushing, embarrassed, Keith dropped the pencil he'd been using, but nodded at Hunk in response to
his unfinished note. “So when do you want to go to dinner?”

“Anytime. I'm not-” Lance squirmed in his seat, smile breaking through the annoyance. “I work day shift Saturday. Then Monday through Wednesday night. So anytime besides that.”

“Okay, would Saturday night be alright?” It was still a couple days away, and would give them time to text each other in the meantime.

“Yeah. Do you mind picking me up from work? I'm done at five, thereabouts. I can text you the address.”


Lance’s eyes lit up, as bright as his smile. Holy crow, he had a date. “Okay.”

Hunk sighed, twitching lips betraying his amusement. “I can't believe the study lunch turned into a pre-date. Do you guys just want me to leave you alone or what?”

As much as Keith wanted to say yes, he wanted his and Lance's first date - and that was actually a little exciting to think about, wow - to be a little bit more special than just lunch in the mall food court. He'd been on many dates before, had had a few boyfriends in the past, but for some reason, Keith felt like Lance was different. He wanted to do this right, and not just because Lance was blind. “No, it's fine, Hunk,” he assured, but couldn't take his eyes off of Lance’s beautifully smiling face and bright blue eyes. “We'll save it for Saturday.”

“Then can we get back to work or are you going to keep staring at Lance?” Hunk wondered, and Lance lifted a hand to smother his giggles and hide the deepening blush.

“Hunk!” Keith’s cheeks held a mirroring blush, finally turning a glare on his friend.

He shrugged. “You can stare all you want on your date without being called out.”

“I hate you...” He grabbed out his notebook, flipping it open to the page that had his most recent notes, but couldn't resist sneaking another glance back at Lance, another small smile quirking his lips. “Let’s just keep working.”

“Lame.”

“Lance.”

“Oh, no, don’t let me interrupt. I'm just pointing out a very simple fact.” Smiling, he picked up the second half of his sub to finish eating. “I've got a book to read.”

They left him to it, but Keith found it hard to focus on their work, gaze sliding over to Lance every once in awhile to watch him brushing long, soft-looking fingers over the braille of the book he was reading. His face was so expressive, and whatever the book was must have been interesting, a multitude of emotions flitting across his face. Keith suddenly couldn't wait for Saturday and their date, couldn't wait to watch him while they talked and ate.

An hour and a half later, they decided to call it a day, Keith’s brain fried and needing to take a break to recollect his thoughts. But he and Hunk had come up with some new good ideas, coming out of it with a few more pages of notes, Keith’s scrawled down messily on his graph paper with rough sketches of a couple prototypes. Lance had read his book the entire time, only interrupting a few times to crack a quick joke.
“Well, I think we've got some stuff here to work with next time,” Keith commented, closing his notebook. “That was actually really productive.”

“Yeah.” Hunk grinned, tucking his stuff away. “I can start putting together a small-scale prototype.”

“Sounds great.” Keith tossed everything in his backpack, slinging it over his shoulder, but didn't rise out of his chair yet. “We can get together again sometime next week?”

“Sounds good. You can come by or I'll meet you at your place so Lance won't distract you.”

“Hey, I behaved.”

“You just don’t want to give your date a bad impression.”

Cheeks burning, Lance fumbled for the bags so he could put his book away. “Shut up. I'm awesome.”

Keith smiled, hesitating - would Lance be offended if he tried to help? - before pushing aside his thoughts and reaching out to lift the bag into Lance’s questing hand. “What book are you reading?”

“Thanks.” Lance tucked the book away with a grateful smile. “And it's just this sci-fi thing. I'd let you borrow it, but I'm not sure how good your braille is.”

“Not good at all.” Keith chuckled, just barely resisting the urge to run his fingers over Lance’s hand. What the hell was wrong with him? “Must have been pretty good, though.”

“Yeah. When I was really little, I wanted to be an astronaut and one of the only things I remember are stars. Well, stars and colors. So I love reading books about space and stuff.”

Keith’s smile turned sad at the thought. He couldn't imagine being without one of his senses, let alone his sight. It must have been really hard for Lance, especially since he apparently hadn't been born blind. “How, um… How did you lose your sight? If you don't mind me asking…”

Lance shrugged. “It's not a big deal. I'm just a walking cautionary tale.” He rose when he heard Hunk push back from the table. “I don’t know where you parked, but I know how to walk and talk at the same time if you're actually interested.”

“Yeah, definitely.” Keith got out of his chair too, slipping his other arm through his backpack, and glanced at Hunk. “Do you, uh, do you need me to carry anything?”

“I got it if you help Lance.” Even though Hunk had managed just fine with the bags and guiding Lance before they'd sat down.

Lance smiled, but it wasn't as easy to find Keith’s general direction when they were standing. “I can walk on my own if you don't want to. I'm not broken. I just don't like the cane in crowds.”

“I don’t mind.” Keith smiled again - he seemed to be doing that a lot around Lance - and walked over to stand next to him. “How do you normally do this?”

“Hunk holds out what I hope is his arm—”

“Lance!”

“-and we go from there.”

Hunk sighed. “Just hold up your arm like, uh... like you're offering an old-time dance.”
Amused, Keith did just that. “Okay, arm’s up.”

Lance patted it to make sure, brows lifting. Keith had a jacket on, but that didn't hide the strength beneath. Holy crow. Lance linked an arm around Keith’s, laying the other hand over it to keep close. “You’re shorter than me, aren't you?”

“Only by an inch or two,” Keith protested, huffing out a breath. He was blushing again, though. Lance’s arm was warm and toned, and it felt so right wrapped around his.

“Shorter’s shorter, mullet.”

Hunk laughed. “He can let you go. You do know that, right?”

“Keith, would you really make me walk all by myself?” Lance laid a hand over his heart, smile ruining his dramatics. “You'd do that to the poor, defenseless blind guy?”

**Wow, no,** was going to be the first thing out of his mouth, but Keith bit it back to go along with the teasing a little bit more. “I don’t know. I guess it depends on how much of a shitlord you're being.”

“Ow. Rude.” Lance grinned, wondering if he could get away with trying to kiss his cheek. Except he'd probably miss. Or he'd land it and it would make things awkward. And, cripes, they hadn't even gone on a date yet. Most of what he'd heard him say had been technical garbage that went over Lance's head. He shouldn't already want to try things like that. Cheeks pink, he gestured in front of him. “So we should get going, right? Hunk’s supposed to meet Pidge for a different project, and we're going to end up late for that now.”

“Probably,” Hunk agreed.

“Yeah. Lead the way, Hunk. I don’t know where you parked.”

“On the other side of the mall. I promised Lance a pretzel on the way out.”

Lance grinned, feeling Keith’s first step and following quickly. His strides were different from Hunk’s. Less of a stroll and more the gait of someone who knew exactly where he wanted to go. He could appreciate that, slipping into his rhythm easily enough. “Yup. Cinnamon sugar.”

“That's the best kind,” Keith agreed. It was nice walking with Lance like this. He hadn't known what to expect when they started out, if Lance would need him to slow down or anything, but he kept pace with him fairly well. “With the icing dip, right?”

“Dude, absolutely.” Lance bumped their hips together as they navigated the maze of tables. He didn't know how he didn't run into anything, appreciating that Keith was actually paying attention to him. Even Hunk still got distracted and he'd had plenty of bruises on his hips and thighs over the years from running into things. “Obviously, he just needs to get you one too.”

Keith glanced over at Hunk, shaking his head and pointing at himself with his free hand. “I'll get it,” he mouthed to him, happy when his friend smiled and nodded. “Yeah, he does,” he said out loud. “Anyway, you said you could walk and talk at the same time, so...?”

“Is that not what we're doing?” Lance mused, but he knew what he meant. “Okay. So I was seven, right? Like, I'd just turned seven and I was the baby because my youngest two sibs weren’t born until... Well, Michael came when I was ten. Anyway, all my siblings were at least five years older than me and could do stuff I wasn't allowed to do. And when you're a seven year old kid who's already decided to become an astronaut, you don’t take ‘no’ very well.”
Lance gave Keith’s arm a squeeze. It wasn’t a story he told often, or even thought about, but it had been nearly fifteen years. “So we were visiting my grandparents in Cuba and they all ran out to explore. I was told to stay home, and promptly followed. So they were running over the beach teasing me because I couldn't keep up, so I decided to try a shortcut and it ended up being a really bad choice. My brother Teo was seventeen and the only one who realized where I'd gone, and he got to me just in time to see me slip over some slick rocks. It was a very impressive fall, though. I managed to crack my skull and my brain, and lights out.”

“God, that-” Keith’s voice caught, and he reached up to cover Lance's hand with his. “That's terrible.”

“No, it’s okay. It's been a long time. Like I've been blind twice as long as I could see. Besides, my sibs all felt bad and spoiled the hell out of me. And I got a dog out of the deal. I wanted a cat, but I love that-” His face fell, even Hunk wincing when Lance’s words caught up to him. “Loved that dog, I mean. Yeah.” He shook his head, painting the smile back on. “So- so it's really not that big of a deal. I can still do basically everything I could before. It's just different.”

“Y-yeah…” Keith wanted to ask about what happened with his dog, but based on his reaction it still seemed pretty fresh in his mind, so decided not to bring it up. Maybe Lance would share that with him one day when he felt comfortable enough.

He squeezed Lance's hand firmly, opening his mouth to continue their conversation, but had to yank Lance sideways when some guy who was paying more attention to his cell phone than to where he was going nearly barreled into him. “Hey! Watch where you're going, asshole!” The guy didn't even look up from his phone, only flipped Keith the bird over his shoulder, and Keith had to rein himself in before he could march over and punch him. He turned to Lance, stroking his thumb over the back of his hand. “Sorry. Are you alright?”

“I-I, um…” Flustered, Lance shook his head, then abruptly nodded instead. He reached out to steady himself, using Keith’s hip. “I'm fine. Yeah. You just called somebody an asshole.”

Keith blushed at the hand on his hip, but helped Lance right himself. “Well, yeah, ‘cause he is. Guy wasn't paying attention, almost plowed right into you.”

“Oh.” Lance laughed, hitting their foreheads together when he tried to duck his head. He took a quick step back, cheeks flushed. “Shit! I- Sorry.”

“S'fine,” Keith assured, even though it hurt as he reached up to rub his forehead. “Let's, uh… We should keep moving. Still have to get a pretzel, right?”

“Yes, I can just-” Uncertainty and embarrassment rippled through him, Lance projecting both with his hand dipping into his pocket. Cripes, he couldn’t even just stand right. Keith was probably just going to delete his number or... Shit, he didn’t know. “I can use my cane.”

“No! I mean-” Keith ran his hand quickly through his hair before dropping it to find Lance's, tentatively taking hold. “You don't have to if you don't want to... I- Is this okay?” he asked, squeezing carefully.

Lance’s shoulders relaxed steadily. “It's- It's hard to match your steps just holding hands, but... yeah. If you still want to help?”

Nodding until he realized what he was doing, Keith took a step closer to him. “Yeah, I do. And if the arm thing is easier, we can go back to that?”
Lance slid his hand up Keith’s arm, waiting for his elbow to crook before his smile returned. “Okay. That- Okay. Cool. Is Hunk still here?”

“Yeah, and trying not to laugh,” their friend replied from in front of them.


Keith was hoping to see more of Lance’s blush, the light pink color so pretty contrasting on his tanned skin. He’d make it his goal to be the cause of it. He started walking again, both of them falling into step just behind Hunk, making sure they were in the outside lane of foot traffic so they wouldn’t have any more close calls with assholes.

When they finally made it to the pretzel stand, Keith walked them up to it, fishing his wallet out of his back pocket. The girl behind the counter greeted them kindly, though her gaze lingered a little longer on Lance than Keith thought strictly necessary. It was with pursed lips that he ordered two cinnamon sugar pretzels with extra icing dip for both, dropping the bills to pay for them on the counter instead of her outstretched hand because he was feeling petty. She swept it up, matching his glare, and gave him his change along with the pretzels.

Keith guided Lance away, over to the bench where Hunk had taken residence for the time being. He helped Lance sit down, handing him his pretzel when he was situated, content to stand himself next to him. “How is it?” he asked after Lance had taken a bite.

Even though he wasn’t quite sure where Keith was, Lance tipped his head back to smile. “It’s good, but you should’ve let Hunk pay. It’s why he’s here.”

“Thanks, Lance.”

“Anytime, buddy.”

He shrugged before reminding himself that Lance couldn’t see him. Again. God, he really had to stop. “I wanted to. Call it our official pre-date.”

“Eres dulce.” Pink worked its way back onto his face, but the smile didn’t fade. “Next time, we’re ditching the chaperone.”

The Spanish surprised him some, but Keith managed to smirk over at Hunk, winking. “Absolutely.”

“I’m okay with that. Watching Keith stare at you on your pre-date is enough,” Hunk teased, but didn’t leave Lance out of it this time. “And if you’re going to start doling out the Spanish compliments, I’m super out.”

“Compliments?” Keith’s eyes lit up, blushing. “What did that mean?”

“Nothing,” Lance protested.

Hunk snorted. “He called you sweet.”

Embarrassed and horrified that his friend would betray him so easily, Lance shoved another bite of pretzel into his mouth and ducked his head to hide his growing blush. Cripes, he’d colored more in the past hour around Keith than he had in a month. Well, that was a bad timeframe for him. Two months. Yeah. Holy crow.

Smiling, Keith reached out, again hesitating before brushing his fingers lightly through Lance’s hair. “I think you’re sweet too, Lance.”

Afraid that he might have overstepped, Keith’s hand stilled, poised to lift away if need be. “Is this okay? Sorry, I should have asked…”

“N-no, it’s- You’re fine. Sorry. I’m- People don’t.” Affection normally came from his family or Hunk, who might as well be another brother. And no one he flirted with ever took him seriously, as if blind people didn’t have wants and needs like everyone else. Since getting hit, his confidence had been rattled so much more than he wanted to admit, so it only added to the surprise. “I don’t mind you touching me.”

Relieved, Keith sighed, resuming the gentle petting through Lance’s hair, his pretzel forgotten in his other hand. At this point he was just going to shove it into his bag and eat it as a snack later. His mind wandered again and he had to squash down the thoughts wondering where else Lance wouldn't mind him touching, instead focusing on keeping his finger strokes light and soothing. “Good to know.”

Lance sighed, relaxing under the petting and wishing Keith was beside him so he could lean against him. He didn’t want to wait for Saturday to be around him again, more content than he'd been in a long while. But he’d always trusted easily - a little too easily, many would and had said. At least Keith hadn't yet given him a reason not to.

Hunk broke into his thoughts just as he was ready to ask Keith to sit in his lap. “So we're super late now. Pidge just texted me. We need to get going.”

“Ah, sorry.” Keith dropped his hand from Lance’s hair, stuffing it into his pocket. “I don't actually have to work today, so I'm not keeping track of the time.”

“Yeah, I'm only off because of the doctor appointment.” Lance missed the touch immediately, disappointment written on his face.

Hunk shrugged. “Keith, you can keep him for the day if you want. He wasn’t going to do anything at Pidge’s but get in the way anyway.”

Lance huffed, a little thrill running down his spine at the thought. “You sound like you're letting him borrow a book.”

“Well…”

“Hunk!” he protested, laughing. “You’re a jerk.”

Keith checked his phone for the time, smiling at the missed call from Unknown Number that he knew was Lance. “It’s only three. I- I don’t mind.” He tried not to get his hopes too high, fairly sure that Lance would say no.

Lance had been sure of the same thing, so squirmed in delight. Holy crow. “Then can we stop calling it a pre-date? And you still have to let me touch your mullet. Don't think I've forgotten about that.”

Laughing, Keith shifted his bag so he could cram his pretzel into one of the zippered compartments. “You'll get your chance.” He was giddy now, barely able to contain himself, though he was doing a better job than Lance, which only fueled his excitement. It had been so long since he'd had a date, even one as improper as this, but it didn't take away from his happiness. “And we can absolutely stop calling this a pre-date. I'm still taking you out on Saturday, but we can do something like order in tonight. If-! If you're okay with that.”
Lance nodded. “Yeah. I’m- That sounds good. Whatever.” Holy crow, holy crow, holy crow. He had a date. He was on a date. “See you later, Hunk.”

“See you.” Hunk rose, hefting the shopping bags. “I’ll take these with me since I’ll probably end up home first. Later, Keith.”

“Bye, man.” He watched Hunk disappear into the throng of people, before circling around the bench and taking the spot his friend had vacated. Since Lance still had a couple bites of pretzel left, and was holding the icing cup in his other hand, Keith rested his hand lightly on Lance’s arm. “I know it’s probably a little early to decide, but any ideas what you’d like tonight?”

You was the first thought, Lance’s face coloring immediately because no. No, no, no. No. “Uh... I don’t know. Anything, I guess.” Except not anything. According to Pidge, he was the pickiest eater in the world. “Anything spicy and anything simple.”

“I can work with that.” He waited patiently until Lance was done with his pretzel, rising off the bench and helping him stand. “Come on. My place is like a thirty minute ride from here.”

“Okay.” They were going to Keith’s place. Oh. Oh, oh, oh. He wracked his mind for the right kind of date etiquette for this, but couldn’t think beyond Keith’s warm hand on his or the nearness of his body. “I've been on a bike before. My- one of my brothers has one, so I won’t- It won't be a problem. Riding a motorcycle.”

“Well, that's good.” Keith laughed, but could tell Lance was more than just a little nervous. “Are you sure you're okay with this? I know it's not an ideal first date…”

“No, it’s- This is good. Yup.” He ducked his head, coloring deepening. “I've sort of... never been on a date?” he admitted. “I'm not sure what to expect.”

“Wait, really?” Shit, well now Keith felt like a super asshole. Their first date - Lance's first date with anyone ever - shouldn't be lunch at the mall and then an unplanned dinner at Keith’s house. Keith wanted to, as painfully cliché as it all sounded, wine and dine him, now more than ever. “Well, it could be a lot different than this.” He wasn't going to say “better” because it was a pretty good date so far, study break and Hunk’s presence for the majority of it aside. “I'll just have to make Saturday's date extra special for you.”

Lance laughed as relief poured in. He'd expected some major teasing, not more sweetness. “You’d better. I’m obviously worth it.”

“Hm, yeah.” Keith had only spent a grand total of about two hours in Lance’s presence, but he could already tell that was true. “So I parked on the complete opposite end of the mall.”

To hide yet another blush, Lance ducked his head and found Keith’s shoulder. He'd been joking, holy crow. “Then why did you walk all the way down here with us?”

He shrugged lightly, knowing Lance would be able to feel it. “Wanted to.” Keith turned his head to glance at him, smiling, wanting so badly to just lean down and press a kiss to his hair, but quelled that urge before it could get too strong. “If I’d known you were coming with me, I would have parked closer.”

“Pshh. You didn’t even know I existed before I crashed your study session.” Lance lifted his chin carefully, setting it down on Keith’s shoulder. His other hand lifted, hesitating before settling on Keith’s hip. He was warm, all lean muscle from what he could feel through their clothes. He was probably really attractive besides the mullet. What the hell was an attractive guy doing charming
Lance so effortlessly? Only a month earlier, Lance's confidence would've supplied a dozen answers. Now it could only flounder. “Um... I guess we should, um, get going.”

Keith smiled. “Yeah, let's go.” He guided Lance back through the mall, content with keeping him close as they dodged people and randomly placed trash cans and benches. Keith wished he could look at him while they walked. He didn't want to take his gaze off of his pretty face and eyes. Eyes that, while not functional anymore, were still bright blue and gorgeous and so, so expressive. He supposed he'd have time at his place to stare all he wanted, and he blushed, once again thankful that Lance couldn't see it, though it made him sad to remember he couldn't.

They reached his bike after a few minutes of walking, having to have navigated through the bookstore to get there, Lance commenting on the intoxicating smells of books and coffee that had Keith smiling all over again. He stopped them next to his motorcycle, digging his keys out of his pocket and watching as Lance caressed the body of it with his hands. “I bought it off of Shiro,” he mentioned, and then, because Lance said he remembered colors, “it’s black with red accents.”

Lance nodded, hands sliding up to the controls. He laid his hands over the bars, breathing in the rubber and motor oil that seemed to cling so faintly to Keith. “I asked Shiro what his favorite color was once, and he said black. Then he fumbled over himself for a few minutes as though he'd just said the most offensive thing ever before saying purple. It was kind of hilarious.” He lifted his head, reaching for Keith so he knew where to direct his smile. “What's your favorite?”

Keith held out his arm so Lance could find him, melting at Lance's smile. “Red,” he replied, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “What, uh, what was - is? - yours?”

“Blue. I remember the most about it, y'know? Blue skies, blue oceans. I remember the way they stretched for miles, and I always loved the beach. I still do even though I know it's harder for my family when I want to swim. It's easy to get lost when you can see. So I kind of try and stick to the shore when we go and keep my swimming to pools.” Lance gave his arm a squeeze. “You're gonna have to show me where to put my feet on this thing. The seat's not that long.”

“Yeah, it-” Lance’s story caused his smile to fall again, but Keith didn't think he would appreciate pity, so forced amusement back into his tone. Though it was hard to keep that fluctuation from a normal person, it was harder to keep it from someone who was more in tune with their hearing. “It’s not exactly made for two people.”

“Don’t feel bad, oh my god.” Lance shoved his shoulder. “And if you're only taking me out because you pity me, just take me home.”

“I'm not! I don’t, it just-” He scrubbed a hand over his face. “I'm sorry.” Keith felt like he was only cementing his place in Lance’s mind as Hunk’s “Asshole Friend,” which, yeah, he could admit he was kind of an asshole, but not to people who mattered. And he wanted Lance to matter. He already cared about him in some way, and that was just the first step. “I want to take you out. Not because I pity you, but because you seem like a really cool person.”

Lance processed his tone, the genuine earnestness making him nod. “Okay. I just- There’s nothing wrong with me. Yeah, I'm conscientious when I go to the beach. But, hey, I can still swim. So... There's nothing wrong with me.”

“No! God, no, of course not.” Keith laid a hand over Lance’s, squeezing gently. “You're probably a better swimmer than me, anyway. I can barely make it out of the shallow end and I can’t tread water very well.”

“Seriously?” Lance lifted his free hand to Keith’s bicep, squeezing. “So where'd that come from?”
Keith shrugged, smile back in place. “You've been sharing stuff about you and I've barely told you anything about me. We're supposed to be getting to know each other, right?”

“Well, you ask questions and I like answering them. So, seriously, do you just do the boring gym route?” Lance grinned. “Please don't just do the boring gym. It'll alter my whole perception of you, mullet.”

Keith laughed. “No, I only go to the gym like twice a week to keep up my strength training. I practice Hapkido. Basically the Korean form of judo.”

“I'm just gonna pretend you said karate and make it easier on my brain.” Lance stepped back from him, laying a hand on the bike seat. “Let's go.”

“All right, do you want me to…” He trailed off, not sure if Lance would be offended by the offer. “Um, do you want me to lift you up?”

Lance started to shake his head no but paused. “Wait, can you?”

“I should be able to, yeah. But I don't wanna make you uncomfortable or anything.”

“No, if you can, do it.” Pink returned to his face in a hurry.

Smirking, Keith dropped his hand to grip his waist, easily turning and lifting him onto the back of the bike. His own cheeks burned, but he slid a hand to Lance’s ankle to get his foot situated on the side with his knee bent, circling around the back to do the same to the other. “Okay?”

“O-okay.” He hadn't expected that to stir him up as much as it had. “Holy crow. You’re- Uh, your strength training’s definitely working for you.”

“Heh, thanks.” Keith climbed onto the seat in front of him, sliding the key in the ignition, but didn't start it yet. “If you don't mind, I can give you the backpack so you can wrap your arms around my waist better?”

“Yeah. I was about to ask that.” Lance tugged the straps from Keith’s shoulders and swung it around his own back. It gave him enough room to slide close, arms wrapping securely around Keith’s waist. “Just tell me when you're turning so I can lean the right way.”

“Will do.” Trying not to think so hard about Lance's warmth pressed all along his back, Keith started the engine, letting it purr for a few moments before taking off. He drove slower than he normally would have, not wanting to freak Lance out or anything, and made sure to tell him which way to lean when they came to a corner.

Lance didn’t need him to after the first few times, tuning in to the way Keith’s back shifted and the way the bike slowed. But he liked that he kept it up, and was very amused to know that his mom would flat out die if she knew he was riding around on the back of a motorcycle with no helmet. He could hear the lecture in his mind, but it only made him smile. He pillowed his cheek above Keith’s shoulder blade, eyes closing when the wind whipping around them made them water and sting. He felt safe. The open wind and awareness that there was nothing between them and pavement should've been terrifying when the world was dark, but Keith felt warm and strong against him.

He sighed in disappointment when they slowed to a final stop, rubbing his cheek against Keith’s back. “I don’t blame you for not using this for your experiment. I wouldn’t want to take this apart either.”

“Yeah, Red’s my baby. I couldn't do that to her.” He pet the handlebars fondly, still enjoying
Lance’s closeness, and then killed the engine. “Come on. My cabin may be small, but it has A/C.” Not that it was really hot outside, but Keith found himself heated for other reasons. He slid off the seat and lifted Lance off the back, careful to avoid his legs touching the hot pipes.

Lance left his arms around Keith’s neck even when he was set down, smiling at him. “So you live in a cabin? Are you on your own?”

“Yes and yes.” His face burned, having to lift his head the slightest bit to see Lance’s eyes. It was weird being shorter, usually his partners were either the same height - which was average, thank you very much - or just a tad shorter than Keith. But it was nice and he wasn't complaining, especially with that smile gracing Lance’s lips. “We're just on the edge of town, not too far away from the college, but it’s still a good twenty minute ride.”

“Okay. If you brought me here to kill me, just remember people know where I am,” he teased. “Is it just a one-story thing? Describe it to me.”

“Alright. Well, it’s wood, obviously, and it’s a one-everything, but there's a pretty big den for such a small space.” Keith wasn't sure how many details he'd want, but decided to keep going anyway. “I have a porch out front, which is cool. Uh, no microwave, a tiny tub/shower combo… But, like I said, at least it has A/C.”

“That was the funniest jumble, holy crow.” Lance leaned back, letting his hands fall. “I like how people describe things. You can always tell what's most important to them.”

“Yeah? What did you get from all that?”

“You spend a lot of time in your living room and porch, so you probably have a good view of something.” Probably the stars, which caused a little ache that was familiar enough to be shoved aside. “And you want a microwave and a better shower.”

“Yeah, basically.” Lance had hit the nail right on the head, and Keith was impressed by his intuitiveness. He took Lance's hand, setting it on the arm he'd lifted, and lightly tugged. “Come on. I'll show you the inside.”

Lance snorted. “Will you?”

Keith paled. “Shit, sorry. Let's just go.”

“Eres tan lindo,” he laughed, walking with him to the porch. The steps took him an extra pause, not used to dealing with them, but they made it inside without incident. “Okay, tell me what's here. At the apartment Hunk and I live in, we basically walk into the living room. There's no real entryway.”

“Same here. You’re in the living room now. Couch and coffee table are to the left. There's a hallway to the right, bathroom is the first door on the right, bedroom to the left after that, and it dead ends in the kitchen.” Keith shrugged. “It’s a really weird setup, but the rent is cheap.”

Lance nodded. “Our living room and kitchen are attached. Open floor plans are easy to navigate.” He shrugged. “So where do you want me?”

Keith knew exactly where he wanted Lance, but he didn't want to scare him off. This was, after all, his first date. Which didn't necessarily mean this was his first anything, but Keith could only assume it was until he had confirmation, and he wasn't going to ask outright. Not yet. “Wherever you want, but like you guessed, I spend a lot of time in the living room. The couch is comfy.”

“Couch it is.” Lance dug in his pocket to get out his cane. “I'm gonna smack this around so you
“Yeah, okay.” He let Lance go so he could find his way to the couch, but held a hand out just in case he needed it since he was in a new, unfamiliar space. Hopefully that would change, and Lance could spend more time familiarizing himself with Keith’s cabin, and- God, what? This was only the first date, he shouldn't be thinking things like that already.

Blushing, he watched Lance sit on the couch, bouncing slightly to test the comfort level no doubt. “Do you want something to drink? I think I've only got water, root beer, and Mountain Dew right now.”

“Dude, Mountain Dew!” Lance closed his cane and returned it to his pocket. “Next time, I'm bringing you a candle.”

“A candle?”

“Yeah. Don't worry, it won't be flowery. That wouldn't work, but you need something. It's- I mean, your place doesn't smell bad. It just doesn't…” Lance shrugged. There was more motor oil, but the air was stale. “It's muted. You don’t have a fan. You need a fan and a candle. You'll breathe better.”

“Okay, sure. I'll take you shopping and you can pick one out for me.” It meant that Lance would leave a mark there in his life, the idea thrilling him more than he'd like to admit.

“Good. You'll thank me for it.” Lance relaxed against the cushions. “You’re right about the couch, though. It's definitely comfortable. Please don't tell me if it's ugly.”

It was a little ugly, but Keith kept that to himself. Instead he laughed, brushing his fingers again through Lance’s hair. “I'll go get your soda.”

“It is ugly! Keith!” Lance swatted at his hand, but he was laughing. “It's a good thing I can't see it, oh my god.”

“I'll spare you the details.” He smiled, taking his hand back. “I'll be right back.” Keith disappeared down the hallway to the kitchen quickly to grab some sodas, coming back out and setting his own root beer on the coffee table and placing Lance’s Mountain Dew in his hand. “Here you go.” He dropped down next to him on the couch, just close enough so their thighs were lightly touching.

“Thanks.” Lance cracked open the can, pleased to find it was real sugar instead of syrup. “So I’m sure you've realized that I overshare, so it's your turn. How'd you end up here?”

Keith hadn't shared his past with a lot of people, only Shiro knew the full story, Pidge a little bit. It was mainly because he didn't trust very easily, but there was something about Lance, something different that made him want to tell him. “Well, I grew up in South Korea until my [abeoji] - sorry, my ‘father’ got a job offer here in the States. I was seven-” The same age as Lance when he had his accident. Holy crap. “-at the time. My parents packed us up and were in the process of moving us over here, but, uh, on our way from the airport we ran into some bad weather and… Well, you can probably guess what happened.”

He took a sip of his soda to distract himself for a second, glad Lance couldn't see him avoiding looking at him. “Anyway, I barely knew any English, but I was put into the system and bounced around to a few different homes until, when I was fifteen, I ran away from one family who… let's just say didn't treat me very well. That's when Shiro found me, and his family took me in.” And taught him English and sent him to school and were just genuinely good people. “When I turned eighteen I decided to go out on my own, but Shiro helped, and still does, so… yeah,” he finished.
lamely, finally turning his gaze back to Lance.

“Seven’s just a shit year.” He couldn’t imagine losing his family, though. And then to be bounced around? He’d probably felt as though no one had cared. “I’m... cripes, I can’t even imagine that.” Lance held out a hand, unsure but wanting to offer some sort of comfort, and scooted closer to him. “I’m sorry, Keith.”

“It’s fine. Happened a long time ago, right?” Keith took the offered hand, hesitating before lacing their fingers together and scooting even closer. “You don’t have to feel bad for me.”

“Throwing my own words back at me isn’t nice, y’know.” Lance slid down, carefully laying his head on Keith’s shoulder. “And I can feel bad about the situation all I want. And I can be pissed off that you had a foster family who hurt you. Nobody has a right to hurt anyone else. Nobody should make someone else feel like... like nothing.”

Keith smiled sadly, resting his cheek in Lance’s hair. “Yeah, well…” He squeezed Lance’s hand gently. “Thanks.”

They stayed like that for a few minutes, snuggled close and lost in their own thoughts. Until Lance heard a soft tinkling. He straightened, listening carefully. “What’s that?”

“What’s wha-?” Keith tuned in, and then tensed as the tinkling got closer. Oh. Oh no. He moved to get up, but it was too late as he saw the orange tabby shorthair hop onto the couch and crawl over Lance’s lap. “Um. That’s my other baby Red.” But his cat was an asshole and liked to scratch people, which was why she was usually locked in the bedroom when he had friends over.

Lance stroked a hand down her back, eyes wide in obvious delight. “¡Es una gatita! ¿O perro?” His hands slid back up, fingers scratching just behind her ear to make her purr. He giggled. “Sí, una gatita.”

“How-?” Keith glared at Red in Lance’s lap, who only purred louder and turned around to stick her tail up at him. “She likes you. She doesn’t like people. Why does-?”

“Because cats are smart.” Lance scratched her beneath the chin, grin big and bright. “Aren’t you? Yes.” He leaned down to kiss the top of her head, stroking her fur with all the fondness in the world. “Eres tan suave, princesita.”

Keith reached over to stroke down her back, but had to stop when she turned around and scratched him. “Ow, brat.” But he smiled at how sweet she was being with Lance, letting him pet her with his soft hands. “She really does like you, that’s amazing.”

“It might be because I called her a little princess, and you called her a brat.” Lance grinned, happy to pet the furry bundle as long as she was content to let him. “How long have you had her?”

“Because she is a brat, though.” She stared at Keith with something like a smirk on her face, Keith glaring back at her. “I’ve had her about 3 years now. I got her a year after I moved into this place.”

“Don’t be mean to my new favorite. She’s precious.” Lance stroked her back, laughing softly when she graciously lifted a paw so he could rub her belly. “No le hagas caso, mi princesita. Eres perfecto.”

“Wow, you’re coming into my house and turning my cat against me.” Keith shook his head with a small smile. “[geochin].”

“I feel like that wasn’t nice.” Red sprawled in his lap, purring in contentment. “But you still know
“Korean?”

“Yeah, still fluent. I just- nobody I know speaks it so I just don't use it.” He shrugged, laying a hand back on Lance’s arm since his hands were busy. “It’s alright, though.”

“I think it'd be lonely if I was the only one who spoke Spanish.” Lance frowned, still petting the cat. “Say something nice in Korean.”

“O-okay. Um…”

Lance hummed, running the words through his mind. It wasn’t overly long, but it was quite the tangle. “Say it again? Slower.”

Keith smiled, rubbing light circles on Lance's arm with his thumb. The fact that he was even asking how to pronounce it, presumably so he could learn it, had Keith’s heart fluttering. “Unneun eolguri areumdawo.”


“Y-yeah, that- That's perfect.” It was adorable to hear his attempts at the pronunciation, but he actually got it. “Unneun eolguri areumdawo. Yeah. Right?”

Keith said it again for effect, the sentiment ringing truer now that Lance had that proud little smile on his face. “Your smile is beautiful,” he translated.

It turned a little shy, his cheeks going pink. “Probably. I know I like your laugh at least, but I’ve got faith in the smile.”

“Then-” Keith got just a little choked up at hearing his native language being spoken, what seemed to be so effortlessly, to him. “Then you can say. Useum areumdawo.”

“Useum. Useum.” Lance grinned, one hand leaving Red to curl around Keith’s arm. He liked languages, had picked up English much faster than his siblings. He loved the way the words linked together, the ups and downs. “It's like a song.”

“It does kind of sound like it.” Keith chuckled. “It, uh, it means ‘you have a beautiful laugh.’”

Lance grinned, turning his head towards Keith. “Es lindo.”

“I've translated for you,” Keith pointed out, blushing at Lance’s incredibly gorgeous grin. “Now it's your turn.”

“Lindo can be ‘pretty’ or ‘cute,’ depending on the use. Your laugh falls under cute.”

“Gwiyeopda.”

This one was easier. “Gwi... ye- yep- yeop da. Gwiyeopda.” Lance grinned. “I love the way these words sound. What's that one?”

Keith smiled even wider, the pink not disappearing from his face. “‘You're cute.’”

Lance covered his mouth to smother his giggles, hiding his face against Keith’s shoulder. “Dios mío, Keith. You’re gonna kill me. I'm, like, going into a diabetic coma sitting here.”

“Well, it's true,” he insisted, lifting his hand to run his fingers back through Lance's hair.
Lance slid a hand up Keith’s torso, stopping above his heart. He was sweet. Sweeter than Pidge or even Hunk had described him. Lance loved it, and was absolutely charmed by this orphan in his cabin with his cat. “Español es mi corazón. No me desagrada tuyo aprendiendo. Will you teach me some actual Korean? I’d like to learn. I like languages.”

Keith’s heart skipped a beat, and he knew that Lance could feel it, which made it happen again. “Y-Yeah, of course.” He was probably getting in way over his head with Lance, but he didn’t mind in the slightest. He genuinely wanted to spend time with Lance, to be with him, so he’d do whatever he could to ensure that would happen. “. Dangshineul manhi johahae.”

It was longer, so Lance worked his way through it. Keith had to repeat it a second time for him to make it all the way through, but he was soon smiling at him again. “. What’s that one?”

“I- ‘I like you a lot.’” Keith pressed on into another phrase, speaking to Lance now rather than for him. “. Jeoneun dangshingwa hamkkehago shipeo. ‘I want to be with you.’”

Lance hid his face again, fingers curling into his shirt. “Quiero estar contigo.”

“I'm guessing that means the same thing?” At Lance’s quick nod, Keith cupped his chin so he could see his face. “? Kisshaedo deolgga? Can- ‘Can I kiss you?’”

Lance’s fingers flexed. “Yeah. If- if you want.”

Keith leaned in, stopping before their lips could touch. “You’re okay with this?”

Keith’s breath was warm, the scent of his lunch underlined with cinnamon. No one had ever gotten this close to him, not like this. He had to stop himself from nodding to avoid another forehead collision, carefully wetting his lips. “Y-yeah.”

Smiling, Keith closed the short distance and pressed his curved lips against Lance’s, damp from his tongue. He felt the sparks again, stronger this time at the more intimate contact, wanting to deepen the kiss and just keep Lance there forever. But he didn't want to scare him off, so kept it light and chaste, pulling back after only a few seconds. “Still okay?”

Lance tugged at his shirt. He didn't really know what to expect from kissing, but the pressure of Keith's lips had been nice against his. The sparks Keith hadn't been alone in feeling had made his head tingle, mind fogging pleasantly. He wanted more and had never been shy about asking for what he wanted. “Repetirlo, por favor. Again.”

“[danggeuniji]. ‘Absolutely.’” Using the light grip he had on Lance’s jaw, he drew him back in for another kiss. He increased the pressure, moving his lips against Lance's and brushing his tongue along his lower lip, but didn't press any further.

Warmth flooded him, coloring his cheeks, but he still shivered and tried to shift closer until Red meowed at him for the move. Lance broke the kiss on a soft sound, tongue running over his lip to taste Keith. “Me gusta tu boca. Tu beso es tan dulce...”

“I have no idea what that means, but I’ll assume it’s something nice.” Chuckling, Keith untangled Lance’s fingers from his shirt, lacing them together with his. On a whim he lifted their joined hands and placed a kiss to Lance’s knuckles. “We should get dinner soon.”

“Uh. Yeah. Prob- probably.” He dropped his free hand down to Red, scratching her behind the ear so she'd start purring again. He'd start purring himself if Keith kept this up because, holy crow, what was this guy? He was like romance novel sweet. Not- not that Lance read romance novels, nope. No one knew what he bought on his audiobook account.
“You choose, since I don't know what you like yet.” Keith fished his phone back out, quickly saving Lance’s contact info then navigating to his internet browser app. “We can watch a movie too or something if you want.”

Lance’s laugh spilled out. “Oh, yeah. Watching stuff. That'll work.”

Keith glanced over at him, confused before he remembered, and then just sighed heavily, thoroughly embarrassed. “I'm probably going to keep doing that, I'm sorry.”

“It's okay. Pidge still asks me to look at things on their laptop and gets mad when I lean over their shoulder and pretend.” Lance gave his hand a squeeze, amused. “[gwuyeopda].”

It thrilled Keith to hear Lance speaking the Korean so easily, the sounds falling from his lips so beautifully, that he couldn't even be embarrassed anymore. “Alright, well, let me know what you want and I'll order it. I can still throw something up on the TV if you're okay with listening to it.”

“Yeah. I like horror films. I took a film class my first semester - well, I took part of a film class until Allura realized that, holy shit, the blind kid signed up for a film class. But anyway, I tried really hard to take one because I do like movies. Mostly horror ones that don't rely solely on visual jump scares. They incorporate sounds the best and getting scared is just fun. But you can watch whatever. I don't mind. Hunk usually watches cooking shows or that NASA channel.”

“Would you mind **Blair Witch Project**, then?” It was one of Keith's favorite scary movies, mainly because you don't actually *see* anything anyway.

“Yeah! I've heard that a million times!” Lance grinned, sitting up straighter. Red let him pick her up so he could adjust his legs, crossing them as he scooted further back on the couch. “I don't know about you, but I was so disappointed in the second one. Like, what the hell? I know in the first one they're almost never quiet, but in the second one? They're not only never quiet, what they babble about doesn't even make sense and it's literally the worst thing.”

“I know! It was a disgrace.” Keith was happy to be able to talk about it with him, spending a few minutes ragging on the second one. He started up the movie after putting in an online order for food. Lance had decided on Chinese, and it got delivered thirty minutes into the film, Keith happily jumping off the couch to get away from the movie for a minute; it might have been his favorite, but that didn't mean he wasn't still terrified by it.

They ate sitting close together, Keith poorly describing what was happening on-screen while Lance listened, laughing at his terrible imagery. It felt nice to have Lance clinging to him though, his warmth pressed up against Keith’s side after they'd deposited their empty food containers on the coffee table. Keith would have been content to stay like that the rest of the night, but when the movie was over, so was their date, and Keith popped them back on his motorcycle to bring Lance back to his and Hunk’s shared apartment.

Keith helped him get to the door, thankfully on the first floor, pausing outside before opening it for Lance. He dropped his arm and took his hand, squeezing gently. “That was fun. I'll, uh, I'll text you before Saturday.”

“Yeah?” Lance grinned, not really wanting to step into his apartment just yet. “Okay. I'll- I'd like that, yeah. It was pretty good for a first date. I got to pet a cat. Like, hard to beat that.”

“You're pretty easy to please, aren't you?” Keith laughed, leaning in and kissing Lance’s cheek. “Just let me know where you wanna go for our next date.”
He laughed, cheeks going pink. “I'll come up with something and let you know. Will you, uh... Dame un beso. ‘Kiss me.’”

“[danggeuniji].” Cupping one of Lance's pink cheeks, Keith leaned in and brought their lips together for a short, sweet kiss.

Lance melted against him, wondering if he should get out his cane just to have something to lean against when the kiss ended. “Okay. Um. What's- What's 'goodbye' or 'see you later' or something?”

“Nahjoongehbohjah. That’s ‘see you later.’” Though Keith felt kind of silly teaching him that one.

“I hear you mentally judging. It's a figure of speech.” He stuck out his tongue before practicing for a minute, soon nodding as the syllables flowed properly on his tongue. “Okay. Yeah. 'Night, Keith.”

“Goodnight, Lance.” Keith kissed the back of his hand once more and then opened the door for him, waiting until he was fully inside before shutting it behind him. He hopped back on his bike and made the ride home, happier than he'd been in years. His phone buzzed in his pocket when he stepped through the door of his cabin, and he pulled it out quickly, hoping - though it wasn't likely - that it was a text from Lance. It was from Hunk.

From Hunk [20:17] Hey, man. This is gonna sound weird, but thanks for treating Lance like a person. As much as he doesn't want to admit it, he's been crazy shaken up since he got hit? He's usually overflowing with confidence, but it's been kinda forced lately
From Hunk [20:19] He probably would've been okay if the jerk hadn't actually gotten out of his car and made some nasty comment about Lance not being able to identify anyway before driving off. Who the heck DOES that, right? Just leaves a guy and his dog in the street >:(
From Hunk [20:21] Anyway, he's been talking about the date basically nonstop since he walked in the door, so I'm probably gonna be up til midnight. Thanks a lot ;p

His mood deflated considerably. Even though he was still on cloud nine from the date, the second text from Hunk was sticking in his mind.

From Keith [20:24] what? lance had a dog with him when he was hit? i didnt ask anymore about it
From Hunk [20:26] Pidge is gonna kill me.
From Hunk [20:27] Lance was crossing the street with his seeing-eye dog, Kitty. Named him when he was 8 b/c he wanted a cat. They were hit. Lance broke his arm and his phone, but Kitty got the brunt of it b/c she got him out of the way
From Hunk [20:29] So the guy gets out of his car, tells Lance that he should've been watching where he was going. Realizes that Lance can't exactly do that, and just drives off. It was messed up, and I know it bugs Lance big time that the guy was right. He couldn't tell the cops anything

Keith just about lost it. What kind of scum must this guy be to have just left Lance and his dog in the road, whether or not he was blind? From the sound of it, Lance was lucky he'd gotten away with just a broken arm, but Kitty...

From Keith [20:31] what an ASSHOLE
From Keith [20:32] ...what happened to kitty?
From Hunk [20:35] She didn’t make it. Lance is almost done with classes to get a new one, but yeah.
From Hunk [20:36] Sorry, man. I thought for sure that Lance would've said something. He shares everything about everything.
From Keith [20:38] no its fine. i didnt want to push him to tell me.
From Keith [20:39] hes okay right now though right?

From Hunk [20:40] He's good. I mean, it's Lance. I know he's still sad. He had Kitty 13 years, so she was getting up there anyway. But he's okay.
From Hunk [20:42] He's just not used to feeling like his blindness is a problem. And that asshole made him feel like it was only a problem and he was nothing. That's why I kinda wanted to thank you in the first place.
From Hunk [20:43] He's bouncing around like it's Christmas and he won't shut up. It's awesome

Keith smiled at his phone, even though he was still pissed off at the guy. He’d probably never meet him, but if he ever did, Keith was going to punch him in the face.

From Keith [20:45] good
From Keith [20:46] i do really like him, hunk. i dont want him to feel like the blindness is a problem again

From Hunk [20:48] If you keep up whatever you did today, i think he'll be fine. Also, he's figured out that I'm ignoring him. So ttyl :)

From Keith [20:49] lol ok. later
A few days of teasing texts and anticipation later, Keith was finally pulling up to the sidewalk in front of the sheriff's office on Saturday to pick Lance up for their date. Excited just to see him again, he slid off the seat and headed inside since Lance wasn't outside. The officer behind the desk looked up as he entered, and since Keith still didn't see him anywhere, he walked up to her. “Uh, hi, I'm looking for Lance. McClain.”

“Dispatch, right? Just give me one second to call down there and see if he's available. Your name?”

Before he could respond, there was the softest click of a cane against the desk. “His name's Keith, and I'm very available for him. Thanks, Gina.”

“No problem, Lance.” She set the receiver back down. “Thanks again for helping talk to the kid earlier.”

He shrugged, closing his cane and dropping it into his jacket pocket. His smile was a little tired, but it was hard to tell with dark sunglasses obscuring most of his face. “Anytime.” He reached for Keith, laying a hand on his arm, and the smile brightened. “Hi, sorry. I was hoping to get out there before you showed, but my last call ran a little late.”

“That's fine.” Keith was curious about the sunglasses, but didn't want to ask about them in front of Lance's co-workers. “Thanks,” he said to the officer, who nodded in acknowledgement, before guiding Lance outside to his bike. “So have you decided what you want for dinner yet?”

“I'm gonna be really stereotypical and say Cuban. I woke up feeling Italian, but it's been a hell of a day. Hell days need spice.” Lance's grin finally appeared when Keith's firm grip settled around his waist and lifted him onto the bike. “How'd your day go?”

“It was pretty good. Had to put in a few hours at the shop this morning, but it went by fast.” It hadn't. Keith was too excited about their date to focus on anything but the time, and had ended up watching the seconds tick by slowly on the clock.

“The shop?”

“Oh, I'm part-time in a mechanics shop downtown. It’s enough to give me some living money and hands-on experience.”

“For that engineering degree, yeah.” Lance smiled. “I bet it gives you access to some parts for this Red. Does the other Red miss me yet?”
“Yeah,” he agreed, sliding onto the seat in front of him, but he kept the engine off for the moment. “She hasn't stopped meowing since you left the other night. It's so weird.”

Lance made sure his feet were secure before sliding close and banding his arms about his waist. “It's because I have magic hands. Obviously.”

Keith laughed, but couldn't help wondering if they were, in fact, magic hands, and how they would feel on certain parts of his body. He shook off the thought, instead asking the question that had been on his mind since he saw Lance. “So what's with the sunglasses?”

“The wha- oh. Yeah. I wear them to work. I guess some of my coworkers are bothered by my 'vacant stare.' So I wear them.” Lance shrugged, resting his chin on Keith’s shoulder. “I wear them to my mainstream courses at school too. Same reason.”

“That's kinda messed up. I mean, I can understand, but still.” Then again, Lance’s co-workers probably weren't attracted to him like Keith was, so there was that. But Lance had the most gorgeous blue eyes he’d ever seen, and Keith didn't want him to cover them up. “You can leave them on while we ride since I know the wind can sometimes get annoying, but... will you take them off when we get to dinner?”

Lance hesitated a moment before impulsively kissing Keith’s neck. “If you kiss me when we get there, okay.”

“Dangyeonhaji.” His skin was tingling from where Lance’s lips just were, warm and slightly wet. “Of course.”

“[gwuyeopda].” Since he hadn’t objected, Lance kissed his neck again. “Let's go.”

Keith smiled and started the bike up, wanting to take the shortest route possible to the restaurant because he hadn't actually eaten since breakfast at eight and it was now well after five. They were on 1st Street and the Cuban place was on 8th, so Keith shot down a couple back roads - and if he cut through some back alleys, well, Lance didn't need to know - to get there. He pulled into one of the closer spots, whirling Lance off the back as soon as they were stopped and into a chaste kiss. “Now will you take the glasses off?”

Lance slid them off, hooking them in the collar of his shirt. “Can I get a better kiss?”

“I can do that.” Laughing, Keith pressed back up for another, firmer kiss, running his tongue over the seam of Lance’s lips, slipping in just a bit when Lance parted them.

Lance let out a soft sound, hands slipping down his back to grasp the fabric of his jacket and keep him close. Unsure of the mechanics but eager to learn, he flicked his tongue over Keith's to seek his taste and more of the sparks crackling in his mind, turning it to mush.

Keith sighed, pushing in even further and sweeping over the roof of his mouth before tangling with Lance’s tentative tongue. His taste buds were overwhelmed by the sweetness of Lance’s mouth, but he couldn't get enough, exploring more thoroughly before remembering they were in the middle of the parking lot. He pulled back slowly, still licking into Lance’s mouth, until he could rest their foreheads together. “Was that better?”

“Ay, besarte es como ver las estrellas,” he murmured, dazed. “Your mouth needs a warning label I can ignore.”

“And yours is just as addicting.” Holy crap, he could spend all day just kissing Lance if he'd let him. Which, based off of that kiss, Keith was sure he would. He smiled, the delight in his tone evident.
even to himself. “But come on, I haven't eaten since this morning and this place smells amazing.”

“Igual que vos.” Which shouldn't be true at all. He shouldn't think motor oil and cinnamon should smell good together, but there he was. Cheeks pink, resisting the urge to ask Keith for another kiss, Lance leaned back and took Keith’s offered arm. “Yeah. I'm starving.”

They went inside and got a booth near the door to the kitchen, the spicy smells wafting out every time it swung open and making Keith’s mouth water. Their waitress, a short woman with her dark hair pulled back in a tight bun, came to take their drink orders and give them menus, then disappeared.

Keith picked his menu up, glancing at it briefly before looking at Lance, who was sitting with his fingers connected on top of the table. “Do you need me to read anything off for you or do you know what you're getting already?” he asked, amused but slightly embarrassed that he hadn't offered first.

They usually had a braille menu, but he hadn't had a chance to ask for it. Lance shrugged. Thankfully, this wasn't a new restaurant. “I've been here enough times that I know. But there are a few places in town that have their menu printed in braille. Just, y’know, for future reference.”

“Oh, yeah. Sorry. I didn't even think about-” God, he was an idiot asshole. “I should have asked.”

Lance grinned, holding out a hand in the hopes that Keith might take it. “It's okay. I mean, how many literal blind dates have you had?”

“Literally none,” he replied, taking Lance's hand in his; he laced their fingers together, caressing Lance's thumb with his own. “Seriously, though, I can ask our waitress to bring you the other menu if you want.”

“Stop. I ask for stuff when I really need it. I'm not a shy sugar puff, Keith.” Lance gave his hand a squeeze, smiling at him. “I know what I'm getting. I decided before you picked me up between the lady who was pissed that her chicken nuggets were being served with the wrong sauce and the third call about the same car accident.”

Keith still felt bad, but had to laugh about the lady with her chicken nuggets. “You seriously get calls like that?”

“The chicken nuggets thing? All the mcfreaking time. Pun intended.” Lance’s smile brightened with amusement. “She actually called twice, and I had to remind her the second time that she could be written up and fined for misuse of emergency services, blahblahblah. She came back with, ‘I dare you.’ And cops were dispatched. It was very satisfying.”

“I bet. What other stories do you have?”

“How much time do you really have to listen to me?”

“For you?” Keith smiled. “All the time in the world.”

Lance squirmed in his seat, free hand lifting to hide his giggles. Holy crow. “Okay. Uh. Geez. I had a thousand stories before you said that and now I'm just thinking about kissing you again.”

“We will definitely do more of that later.” Keith brought their hands to his lips, kissing the back of Lance’s. “But I do want to hear more stories, if you want to share.”

Lance could feel the smile against his hand, his eyes shining with the delight in his own curved lips. “Okay, so, I picked up an extra shift last Friday so I could get Wednesday off. And I got one of the
funniest calls I've gotten since I started. There was this dude. Like, obviously drunk. Slipping over his words and, cripes, I could smell the booze through the receiver. And he's complaining about being harassed.

“So I'm going through the spiel. Where are you? Who's harassing you? What's the nature of the harassment? And suddenly, I realize that I recognize one of the voices in the background. He's one of the officers, and he's pissed. He's like, ‘That'd better not be our dispatchers on the phone! You need to put the pizza down, sir!’ And then I realized that this drunk guy is the subject of a call a girl got just a few minutes before about a drunk dude throwing pizza at people.

“So as I'm hanging up because, like, he's calling 911 to report our own cops for arresting him, and the responding officer gets on the line. ‘He's taking a ride with us now.’ And then he hung up, and I was in. Tears. Tears laughing! I got in trouble, I was laughing so hard.”

“So he called you guys because his arresting officers were ‘harassing’ him.” Keith couldn't stop laughing, trying to rein it in but ended up shaking with it. “That is so great. What a dumbass.”

“Most of them are. It's where my best stories come from.” Lance drank in the sound of his laugh greedily, his smile slipping into fondness. “[Useum areumdawo].”

A fierce blush worked its way onto Keith’s face at the words, his racing heart trying to beat its way out of his ribcage. How had he gotten so lucky to meet Lance? For Lance to be the one to ask him out on a date? He squeezed his hand again, trying to still his now shaking fingers. “Maeryeokjeogine.”

Lance repeated it carefully, taking Keith’s hand in both of his. Had he done something wrong to make him shake? Maybe he'd said it wrong? “What’s that one?”

“It means ‘you're so charming.’” It was absolutely true. Lance had managed to captivate him like no one else in the past, and it would have been scary if it wasn't so exciting. “Because you really are.”

“Then why are you shaking?” he wondered, lifting Keith's hand. He pressed a kiss to his palm, unsurprised by the feel of leather or the way the scent of motor oil seemed concentrated there. He worked with his hands, after all, and the shiver of heat that sang down his back to pool in his gut made him blush. Motor oil should not be sexy, damn it.

“I- Sorry. It's just been a long time since I've dated anyone, especially someone I can connect with.” His last boyfriend had been one of those someones, and it had been a great relationship for about a month until Keith had found out he was cheating on him with the barista at the coffee shop they frequented. That had been two and a half years before. And while he'd been with people since then, he hadn't allowed himself to get attached, even considering how much he missed actually dating. But there was something about Lance, something underneath the teasing and the jokes, that Keith was immediately drawn to, and he could tell that this was going to be different. “I do like you, Lance. It's not because of anything you've done.”

“Okay.” He smiled against his hand, pressing another kiss to the palm before lowering his hand again. He explored it carefully. His fingers were surprisingly slender, but calloused from his work. He didn't imagine there would be much difference beneath his gloves. Keith was clearly the kind of guy who got a cut, smacked some antiseptic on it, and kept going. “When I get you a candle, I'm going to find something for your hands.”

“What, like lotion?” Keith had to laugh again. “Are you trying to say my hands are too rough or something?”
“What? I would never. Not that I mind that your hands are rough or anything, but you should take better care of them since you work with them and especially if they’re going to be on me anytime s—” He broke off, hands stilling on Keith's and color flooding his face. “I-I mean—”

Keith's smile grew, turning into something more of a smirk. Lance was completely adorable with his blush, and it only confirmed Keith's assumption that he had never been sexually involved with anyone before. “Hey, it's fine. That's definitely going to happen, if you want it to, but you'll need to give the lotion some time to work if you don't want my rough hands all over you.” And Keith did want his hands all over him, wanted to touch everywhere Lance would let him, to explore his perfect tanned skin.

“I-I don't think they'd feel bad. I just- I- Holy crow.” Mortification was rare for him. He dropped Keith's hand to bury his face in his own. He was a natural flirt, sure, but no one had ever hit back and absolutely no one had ever touched him. And it was the most embarrassing thing to just admit that he wanted Keith to after one mcfreaking date. He didn't want to come off as pathetic and needy just because, yeah, he did want that. Of course he wanted it from the first person to ever give him the time of day. Blind waste of space.

His shoulders tensed, but he took two steadying breaths to make them relax again. He wasn't a waste of space. Keith was actually interested. That wasn't pity. He knew how to recognize pity. He pulled himself out of the tangled emotions, dropping his hands. “I've- I've never done anything,” he admitted softly. “So I'm not really sure... about any of it. I mean, I know the want's there. I just don't know the rest.”

“Lance, look at me.”

Lance's laugh bubbled out, relief rushing with it. This adorable fucking failure. “I'll do my best.”

It was Keith's turn to hide his face in his hand. Right. “I'm just gonna pretend I didn't just say that.” His voice was muffled by his glove until he dropped it into his lap. “Anyway... I won't do anything until you're ready, if you still want me by then.” He squeezed Lance's hand again, hopefully in a comforting manner. “And you don't have to know the rest, I know enough for the both of us.”

Lance dragged his normal confidence around him, lips curving to offer some reassurance right back. “If you touch the way you kiss, I'm pretty sure I'll still want to.”

Keith pressed his smile to the back of Lance's hand, parting his lips just slightly to suck a kiss into his skin. Lance wasn't the only confident one in this relationship, Keith very certain of his skill in bed, so he couldn't help but tease right back. “Hm, I do. Maybe I can give you a sample later.”

“Joder,” Lance breathed. “I'll say yes, Keith. Don't even test me.”

Keith would have absolutely kept up the teasing, but was interrupted by their waitress coming back to take their orders, setting their drinks in front of them. And shit, he'd only glanced at the menu before he’d gotten distracted by his gorgeous date across from him and didn't know what he wanted to eat, apart from Lance.

“You go first,” he told Lance. Blushing, he quickly looked down and decided to get the first thing he saw.

True to his word, Lance did know exactly what he was getting. Keith's uncertainty didn't escape him, though, so he took a chance on the waitress's accent and tossed out some Spanish. “Picadillo chiles rellenos, por favor. El olor es asombroso.”
“Gracias.” The waitress shifted her gaze from Keith to try and meet Lance's, understanding dawning immediately. “Ay, disculpas. ¿Qué desea que el menú en braille?”

“No gracias. Está bien. He estado aquí antes.”

“¿Y tu novio?”

He didn't actually know, but hearing someone call Keith his boyfriend had his cheeks going pink and his lips curving. “Creo que sí. Are you ready, Keith?”

“Uh, yeah, the…” He wasn't sure how to pronounce it, would probably sound like a moron, but he tried anyway. “Bo- boliche.” It came out sounding like “bo-litch.”

“Al menos él es lindo,” the waitress teased when Lance provided the correct pronunciation for him.

“Sí. Es muy lindo. Gracias, señora.”

“De nada. Food'll be out soon.”

When she walked off, Lance laughed. “How do you speak Korean so musically when you can't even say boliche, mi novio lindo?”

“Because Korean isn't Spanish,” he explained, as if that made any sense. He smiled, amused. “And I can't help but feel like you guys were talking about me.”

“Maybe a little. She said 'at least you're pretty,' and I called you very pretty. Or cute. They're kind of interchangeable.”

Keith hummed, kissing Lance's hand again since he couldn't kiss anywhere else at the moment. “Jeongmal chincheolhashigun.”

“I like that you keep saying these things twice for me,” Lance mused after rolling the words over his tongue until he could repeat it properly. “But I think I'm gonna start asking you what they mean before I repeat them. What's that one?”

“Well, you said you wanted to learn, which is really sweet of you. And that's basically what that one means. ‘You're so sweet.’”

“Mm.” That didn't really sound like anything else he'd said. Korean was most likely going to be a lot harder to learn than Spanish, but he wanted to try. Maybe he'd ask Allura to help him find a way to take a class or two. He didn't think Korean was officially offered, but Lance was convinced that she was a goddess. She'd be able to help him out. “I don't think anyone's ever mistaken me for sweet before.”

“‘Mistaken’?” Keith frowned, nudging him under the table with the toe of his boot. “I'm not mistaken about anything. You're very sweet, Lance.”

Confusion rippled over his features. “Be-because I want to learn Korean?”

“That's part of it. But you just… are.” Keith hooked his foot behind Lance's leg. “”

“That…” Lance bit his lip, pulse skipping. “What's that one mean?”

“My sweet boyfriend.’ Nae dalkomhan namja chingu.”

“Nae dal... dalkomhan. Nae dalkomhan namja ch-chingu. Nae dalkomhan namja chingu.”
Lance smiled, ducking his head to hide the blush he could feel staining his cheeks. Keith thought of him as his boyfriend. Holy crow. “It's easier in Spanish. Mi novio dulce.”

‘Novio’? The waitress said that. And then you did.” Keith may not have known what it meant, but he was able to recognize something used more than once. “Did you seriously get to call me your boyfriend before I could? [jinjja]?”

Lance laughed, shrugging. “I told her I'd been here before, and she basically asked ‘has your boyfriend?’ So, y’know, yeah. I got to call you my boyfriend before you.”

Keith shook his head, fond amusement making him smile. “I didn't even ask you yet. So… [uri sagwillae]?”

“If that's 'do you want to be my boyfriend?' then the answer’s a definite yes.”

“[Daebak]!” Keith knew it wouldn't be appropriate for him to lean over the table to kiss Lance, so settled for pressing his lips to the tip of each of Lance's fingers.

He shivered at the unique attention, but smiled. “See, this is the kind of stuff that makes me want you.”

Keith grinned against the pad of his thumb, having to stop himself from just sucking it into his mouth, instead peeking his tongue out briefly to lick quickly. “Maybe later.” Except no, he wasn't going to pressure Lance into anything. “I want to take you out for dessert after dinner.”

“Now that sounds like innuendo, cripes.” Lance squirmed in his seat, fingers flexing. “But since I don't think you mean it, yeah. I don't have anything planned for tonight except being around you, so I'm game for anything.”

Laughing, Keith lowered their hands back to the tabletop. “How do you feel about froyo?”

“Very good about it, actually. But, on a scale from Pidge to Hunk, how patient are you?”

“Hmm, somewhere in the middle, but probably closer to Pidge.” He shrugged, knowing why he was asking. “But for you I'd be as patient as two Hunks.”

“Uh-huh.” Sometimes, Hunk wasn't even at Hunk levels of patience, but he left that unsaid. This was still new and, for whatever reason, Keith thought he was sweet. Even though Lance still thought that was wildly off, he did at least know how to be conscientious when need be. “I'll just have to trust you, then. Mi novio lindo.”

“You can trust me. This will just be a test for when we go shopping for candles and stuff.”

“Oh my god, you have no...” Surprise flickered as realization dawned. “Wait, when we go?”

“Well, yeah, I told you I'd take you shopping.” In truth, Keith had already started setting money aside for the trip, because he wanted to spoil his boyfriend. It was a new feeling since he'd never wanted to spoil anyone else before. Not like this. Keith would give Lance the world if he could, and that was scary. “I can't believe you already forgot,” he teased.

“No, but, like, I-” Holy crow, he had said that. “I didn't think you were serious! Holy crow, you don't get it. I can't touch anything on my own in there. The candles are glass and they're all over the place. You'd have to help me with everything, Keith. That's not- I don't expect you to be patient enough to do that. You still barely know me.” He squeezed Keith's hand. “You think I'm sweet, for crying out loud.”
“And until you give me a reason not to, I'm still going to believe that.” Keith took a sip of his soda, holding Lance's up for him so he could drink from the straw. “Anyway, I may not know everything about you yet, but I know I like you, and I'll... try to be more patient than normal with you.”

Lance hoped he wouldn't really have to try that hard, but he also knew that he could be a lot of work. More since he'd lost his dog, a good chunk of his independence going with her, but at least he could use both of his arms again now. He wasn't as much a waste of- He wasn't as much of a burden. Lance took his drink, uncertainty giving way to acceptance. If this was going to work, Keith needed to get the whole experience out of the way. “Alright. When I piss you off, it's your fault, buddy.”

“You won't-” Well, Keith couldn't promise that. He wouldn't get pissed off... much. Annoyed, maybe, because even he could admit that he was a bit of a hothead, but he wasn't lying when he said he'd try for Lance. He still didn't want Lance to think he was an asshole so he'd absolutely try. “You're right, it'll be my fault. Just keep that in mind and don't get mad at yourself.”

“I don't really get mad at myself? Well, after the accident, Allura said I was out of sorts. So I'm willing to say that I get like that. But I don't get mad at myself. This isn't something I can help and I've known that since I was eight and the doctors stopped telling me and my parents that my condition could improve. Sometimes... sometimes other people make it hard, but it's...” Lance shrugged, setting his drink down. “That's other people. Those aren't the people who care about me. Y'know?"

“Y-yeah.” Keith tightened his hold on Lance's hand. “I'm trying really hard to not be one of those people, so if I ever do anything that offends you or something... tell me.”

“I will.” Lance laced their fingers easily. “You’re okay, Keith. I promise.”

That was honestly such a relief. Keith couldn't wait for their shopping trip, though, even knowing that he'd have to be more patient and probably move a little bit slower, but he had a feeling it would all be worth it. Lance would be worth it. “Okay, good.”

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Lance breathed in when they stepped into the little frozen yogurt place. Sugar hung heavy in the air, almost overwhelmingly so, but it made Lance bounce. It was hard to go wrong with froyo. Unless the wrong flavors were mixed. Gag.

“Get one of the little testing spoons. I need to try everything.”

“Alright.” Keith laughed, getting a spoon and some small plastic cups from the guy behind the counter before guiding Lance over to the wall where all the machines were. They started at the far end away from the toppings counter, and Keith made sure to read off each flavor as they went to see if Lance even wanted to try it.

“Okay, the first couple are basic. Vanilla, chocolate, there’s a peanut butter one.” Keith was inclined to try the peanut butter and chocolate mixed together, but wanted to at least see what else there was before reverting to what was probably the most popular combination. “And right next to them is cake batter.”

“Ooh. Cake batter. That's always hit and miss. Let me try it. If it's a hit, it's in the running.”

Keith filled up one of the cups with the cake batter flavor, handing it and the spoon to Lance for him to try. He watched as Lance’s sinfully sweet, pink tongue licked the yogurt off the spoon, shifting subtly next to him. “So?”
“It's in the running,” he decided with a pleased hum. “It's sweet but it's not, like, painful. What do you think?”

Keith scooped some up and licked it off the spoon, instantly falling in love. “I'm getting that one. That one, and another one. But definitely that one.”

“How can you decide that after one sample? There are other flavors, Keith!” Lance tugged on his arm. “What are they? I need to know them all.”

“Because that one is good!” Keith stepped to the next machine, reading the flavors posted on the wall above it. “Okay, this one has fruit flavors, strawberry and banana.”

“Ooh. Let me try the strawberry. I want to see if the texture clashes. And the banana because banana is just good.”

Keith separated two cups, dispensing banana out first and then strawberry. “Here, this is the banana.”

Lance curled his fingers around Keith’s wrist, sampling the banana. The taste was fine, but banana and cake batter wouldn’t melt that well together unless there was a third component. Maybe the peanut butter. “Okay, strawberry.” That one had him humming in approval, though he wasn’t sure what he could mix it with. He couldn’t just have one flavor. It was sacrilegious to come into the froyo shop and only get one flavor. “I really like that one. What’s next? Just read them all off. That’s gotta be half, right?”

“Yeah, the rest are dulce de leche, brownie batter, pistachio, cookies n cream, graham cracker, and cheesecake.”

“No, it’s not dull-chay. [gwuyeopda], cripes. Dool-say. Also, pistachio shouldn’t even be a real ice cream flavor. That’s disgusting.” Cookies and cream wouldn’t really go with anything else that had been listed, brownie batter was good, but... “Wait. Wait, wait, wait! Cheesecake and graham cracker?”

“Uh, yeah. It’s on the end in the same machine. Do you wanna try those?”

He flapped his hands. “Yes! Holy crow! With the strawberry, I could have strawberry cheesecake! But only if the cheesecake is good. If it’s bad, it’ll throw off everything.”

“[Heol], okay!” Laughing, he took Lance’s hand and walked him down to the last machine, filling two cups. “Here, try the graham cracker one first.”

Lance moaned around the spoonful, rocking on his heels. “Perfecto. Y tarta de queso. If it’s bad, I’m gonna be so mad.”

“Well, I hope for your sake that it’s good then.” Keith decided to feed it to him this time, pressing the yogurt to his lips until he parted them and took it in on his tongue. He had to hold back a groan, watching Lance’s eyes light up as he licked his lips. “I guess it’s good then?”

“Strawberry cheesecake all the way. It’s settled.” And he hadn’t even tried all the flavors the way he normally tortured Hunk, so considered it a major success. “What are you getting?”

“I'll probably mix the brownie batter and cake batter ones.” He shrugged, not really worried about himself since he just had a sweet tooth and was craving something chocolatey.

“How can you just decide that without even tasting them?” Lance sighed. “We have to try it before you can just mix things together like a heathen.”
“I tried the cake batter!” Keith protested, but started on their way back to the machine with the brownie batter anyway. He ate one little spoonful just to appease his boyfriend. “It’s good, so I’m getting those two.”

Lance sighed again, slumping against his side. “You’re such a brat.”

“Yes.” He laughed and grabbed two of the medium-sized cups, filling his own cup first so if it melted while he was helping Lance with his, at least Lance’s wouldn’t melt as fast. “Alright, so you want me to mix the graham cracker, cheesecake, and strawberry, right?”

“Yeah, but you have to do it right. If graham cracker and cheesecake are in the same one, you have to do the middle lever and fill the bottom evenly. Then do a little bit of the strawberry on top, but not too much. Okay?” He poked his shoulder. “And if you don’t do it right, I will know.”

“[Jeongmal]!” Taking the other cup, he walked up to the machine with both flavors and pulled the middle lever, trying to create an even layer on the bottom, and then took it to the one with the strawberry flavor. “How much strawberry, though?”

“Uh. A little on top, but not too much?”

Keith sighed; that was not a good enough descriptor, but he held the cup underneath the lever and very slowly pulled it down until a good two inches had come out of the nozzle and settled right in the middle. “I hope this is good enough.”

“I’ll put my froyo life into your hands and trust you.” Lance very carefully took his froyo cup, linking his arm with Keith’s, but he had no idea which direction the toppings were. “I need fruit poppers. And fruit. And probably gummy bears because frozen gummy bears are basically the best things ever. But only four of them.”

It was so oddly specific that Keith didn’t even have anything to say, just brought them over to the toppings counter. “Okay, but what the hell are poppers?”

“They’re… Lance had absolutely no idea how to describe them. “Uh. They… I don’t- They’re poppers! I don’t know.”

“I’ll… I’ll figure it out. How many of those?”

“It depends on what kind they have. I don’t want to ruin my strawberry cheesecake aesthetic.” Lance set his cup down on the counter after physically checking to make sure he wasn’t setting it on an edge. He was a little on edge himself, hearing impatience rattling in Keith’s tone and he was actually toning himself down. How the hell were they going to shop together? “They have strawberries, right? Do they look good?”

“Yeah, they look fine.” He swept his gaze over the first half of the toppings and finally saw the “poppers” Lance was talking about labeled on the scoop handles. They were literally just little balls of what looked like tiny balls of slimy jello. “Oh, okay, they have your poppers. Looks like, uh, mango and berry.”

“What kind of berry?”

“[Molla]? It just says berry on the handle.” There was another small food pan of red poppers in between the mango and berry ones, the handle reading- “Oh! They do have strawberry.”

“Yes!” Lance leaned into him, sliding his cup over. “I don’t know how many I get? Maybe a spoonful? They’re just light and I really like them because they kind of, like, pop juice on my tongue.
So a spoonful. Have you ever had them? You have to try at least one.”

Now that sounded like innuendo. Keith was never going to survive having to take things this slow with Lance, especially since it seemed like Lance didn't have any idea what he was even saying. “I haven't,” he admitted, shifting slightly next to him. “But sure, I'll try one.” He threw a spoonful of the strawberry poppers in on top of the yogurt, tossing in an extra single one for himself. “How many strawberries do you want?”

“Mm. If they're halves, four or five. Or six. Keep it even. If they’re wholes, two or three.”

They were halves, so Keith stuck with the higher number and put six of them in the cup. The gummy bears were next, Keith making sure to put only four in with the other toppings. “Alright, everything you've said so far is in there. Anything else?”

“Nope. It's perfect.” And would probably be cheap as long as Keith hadn't added too much strawberry. Lance laid a hand on his arm, smiling. “Thank you, Keith.”

Keith leaned in and pressed a short kiss to Lance’s cheek, admiring the way it turned bright pink under his lips. “You're welcome, Lance.” He left him down by the end of the counter to talk animatedly with the cashier while he filled up his own cup with peanut butter cups, chocolate chips, brownie bites, and a few other chocolate-flavored toppings. Pumping hot fudge onto the concoction was probably a little overkill, but Keith could only stare at his froyo longingly, almost like he stared at Lance on a regular basis now.

One at a time he set their cups up on the scale to be weighed and then handed over the cash to the guy, telling him to keep the two-dollars-and-some-odd-cents change since he'd acted pretty cool throughout the whole exchange. He led them over to a table near the window, pulling Lance’s chair out for him and then handing him a spoon once he was settled. “You've gotta tell me if I made it right,” he reminded him, already stirring his own yogurt and toppings together.

“I will. You’re gonna let me try yours, right? It smells like a chocolate disaster, and I'm curious.”

“It basically is.” Especially after he'd mixed everything up, the pale color of the cake batter froyo disappearing into the sea of brownie batter and chocolate toppings. “I may or may not have a giant sweet tooth.” Probably the reason why he enjoyed kissing Lance so much, the few times they'd actually done it. “And of course I’ll let you try it.”

“Here.” Lance took a scoop, taking a small lick from the spoon just to be sure he’d managed to get the three flavors together. The tartness from the strawberry was the perfect accent for the sweet cheesecake and graham cracker. He offered the rest to Keith, smile and eyes bright. “It's perfect. Try.”

Keith took the rest off of the spoon with his tongue, enjoying the flavor combinations. He’d never been a huge cheesecake fan, but it tasted amazing as froyo. He reached over with his own spoon to nab one of the strawberry poppers, tossing that in his mouth and biting down, and okay, yeah, Lance was right about those too. “That's actually really good.”

“I know.” He returned his spoon to his bowl, pleased. “Your turn, novio dulce. Share.”

Dipping his spoon into his bowl, Keith scooped up a good bit of yogurt and toppings, then reached across the table to hold it in front of Lance's lips. “Alright, open up.”

He could feel the chill near his mouth and could only smell chocolate. It was like Keith hadn’t even gotten cake batter. “What's your favorite candy?” he wondered, deciding to make Hunk take him to
get Keith some chocolate. His lips parted, the spoon slipping into his mouth easily. He hummed around it, sucking it clean before drawing back. “Holy crow. If I was in the mood for chocolate, I’d only have that. It’s an overload.”

“Heh, yeah. My favorite is Reese’s. Or Kit Kat. Or Twix.” He paused, having to think about it. “Basically anything chocolate as long as it doesn’t have coconut in it.”

Lance smiled before licking his lips to get any stray froyo off of them. “You’re so easy.”

Suppressing a groan, Keith shoved another spoonful of his mess into his own mouth. “You really have no idea.”

With a laugh, Lance spooned up his own froyo more carefully and didn’t even think to hide his moan. It really was perfect. Just the right amount of strawberry to complement the rest. “Tan bien. ‘So good.’”

“Oh my god. Keith knew Lance wasn't necessarily doing it on purpose, but still. “Uh, g-” He coughed awkwardly, adjusting himself in the chair. “Good.”

“Are you okay? Don’t choke on your froyo, Keith. I don’t know how much help I’d be.” Lance smiled around the next spoonful, humming when the poppers burst over his tongue.

“I'm not- I'm okay. Just…” The noises Lance was making were going to end him. “You're killing me here.”

Lance’s smile was bemused. “What did I do?”

“Nothing,” he promised. “You're just… really enthusiastic about that froyo.”

“The one thing about not being able to see is the rest of my senses are pretty good. Taste is definitely one of them, which is why I’m kinda picky. If one thing’s wrong, I know.” He shrugged. “That’s why I like kissing you. I get feel and touch, and they’re great.”

Keith smiled. That wasn't quite what he meant, but he wasn't about to correct him. “Yeah, I definitely like kissing you too.” And they were definitely going to do more of that later.

“Then you should do it more often. I bet your tongue tastes like chocolate.” Lance grinned before taking another spoonful of his dessert, his moan soft around the spoon.

“Lance.” Keith hooked their ankles together under the table. “Is your hearing not any better? Holy crap.”

Lance squirmed in his seat. “Yeah? What's the big deal? I'm not yelling.”

“[Heol]… I know you're not yelling, but you keep doing-” He cut off, doing his best impersonation of Lance’s soft little moans, since apparently he couldn't hear them himself. “That.”

“Um... I don’t- oh.” Lance’s cheeks pinkened, but his eyes and smile went bright. “Getting hot and bothered there, mullet?”

“Yes.” There was no point denying it. Keith rubbed the toe of his boot up Lance's calf until he could rest it behind his knee. “Again, you're killing me over here. I'm trying not to move too fast for you, but you're really making it hard.”

Lance squirmed a little, the attention to his leg unfamiliar but oddly welcome. “How hard?” he
“Like I'm considering just taking you home with me tonight.” The idea was enticing, and it was so difficult to hold himself back, but he would somehow find a way. Keith reached out and took Lance's hand from his cup, squeezing lightly. “I won't, but you're making me really want to.”

“That doesn't really make me want to stop.” Going home with him would probably be exciting. He didn’t doubt that Keith would be able to make him feel good, but he didn't think he'd be able to keep up. Lance laced their fingers. “It's weird to be nervous about something I want.”

“Yeah, but it's not really weird to be nervous about that.” In fact Keith would have found it weird if he wasn't. “It's normal. And the teasing, even though it's mean, is adorable.”

“Yeah? So if I keep moaning about my froyo, you'll be okay? I'm just sitting here being adorable.” He didn’t like nerves, shoving them away and grasping at confidence.

“Hey, I've got self-control.” Not a lot, but enough. “And anyway you are adorable. I like hearing the noises you make.” He trailed his foot even further up Lance's leg, pushing on it so he'd part them and just lightly pressing against the inside of his thigh.

“O-oh.” Now that was unfamiliar attention. He could feel warmth spiraling up his body from the point where his shoe touched. He wanted to press his thighs together and trap his foot, but just the idea of what might happen then had color filling his face. “Do... do you make noises?”

“Maybe,” Keith teased back, increasing the pressure of his foot. “There's only one way for you to find out.”

“...” Lance’s legs spread wider, anticipation joining the spreading warmth. Keith would absolutely be able to make him feel good. “I want to- to find out. Cripes, Keith.”

“You will.” In time he would. Keith couldn't wait to get him home and make good on his teasing. “I love your reactions. Your face is so expressive.”

“I can't really... I can't help it. Kinda makes lying impossible, which is frustrating.” He just barely resisted the urge to press forward and get pressure elsewhere, but the words spilled out in the hopes of returning some of his teasing. “The only frustrating thing right now is knowing I have to go home alone and the hands on me are gonna have to be my own.”

Keith did groan then, long and low. “If I didn't respect you so much, I'd say ‘fuck it' and just drag you back home with me.” But he did respect Lance and he wanted to do this right. He lifted their hands, kissing Lance. “You should text me tonight. Let me know what you're doing and how you wish it was me.”

Oh, god, Keith was good at this. And if those were the kinds of sounds he made in bed... Lance shifted, breath catching when Keith's boot dug further into his thigh. “If you keep torturing me like this, you're not even gonna be home before your phone starts buzzing.”

“As long as you don't finish before I get there.” He sucked the tip of Lance's index finger in between his lips, swirling his tongue over the pad once before letting go. “Your phone records audio, right?”

“That- that's the only way I can text, so...” For all his flirting, he'd never had someone else instill arousal in him like this. It was as mind-numbing as his kisses. Lance slid his hand under the table, resting it on Keith's leg. He didn't know what else to do. “Why?”

“I want you to record the noises you make and send them to me. That way I can listen to them.
anytime I want.” Keith shifted his foot again, resting on the edge of the chair between his legs and pressing forward just enough to rub against him. He could feel even through his shoe that Lance was already half-hard in his jeans, and knew that when they got back on the bike he'd know up close and personal just how affected by Keith's teasing he was. “And you'd know I'm doing the exact same thing.”

That seemed so personal, even more than just texting him during, but Lance was definitely getting uncomfortable in his jeans and he couldn't find it in him to refuse. He whimpered, fingers curling into Keith's pants, and just wanted Keith to take him home. He could get whatever noises he wanted in person, and Lance could... He didn't know what he could do, but he just wanted to be good for Keith. He squirmed in uncertainty, breath catching on a moan at the friction the movements caused. “A-anything you want,” he stuttered, nerves flickering with the want over his features. “Te deseo. How- how do I make you f-feel this good?”

Keith smiled, taking his foot back slowly, already missing the warmth from Lance's fingers. “I'll teach you. Not- not right now, but…” Soon. “I will. And you don't have to try to impress me, Lance.” He had a feeling that anything they did together would make him feel good. He squeezed his hand again, looking down at his now soupy froyo. Oh well. “[neon cham teukbyeoelhae].”

He may not have had to impress him, but Lance wanted to. He wanted to touch him in the right ways. He wanted to make him feel as hot and needy and just plain good as Lance currently felt. He felt for his spoon, stirring his melted froyo. He was used to that, usually one to prattle on about everything and anything while it sat forgotten and uneaten. It usually gave the gummy bears enough time to freeze over. He popped one into his mouth, sucking on it for a moment. “Will... will you move your chair over? You- I can't go from so much contact to, like, none, and I just want to lean on you.”

“Yeah, of course.” Keith rose and swung his chair over to the other side of the table, sitting as close to Lance as possible and wrapping an arm around his waist. He leaned in and pressed a kiss to his cheek before turning back to his froyo to eat it one-handed. “You smell really good. Like sugar and spice.”

“Because I know how to take care of myself. Stick with me, buddy, and I'll find a complement to the motor oil and cinnamon you wear like a badge.” Lance sank down in his chair and leaned against him, rubbing his cheek against his shoulder. Though his blood continued to swim, it was immediately settling to have Keith close. He'd had people walk away from him mid-conversation before and, even doubting Keith would do that, it was a paranoia that sprang up when he was feeling vulnerable. And, god, did he feel vulnerable. He hated the feeling, was beyond grateful that Keith hadn't argued so he didn't have to admit to it. He was pretty sure, though, that when Keith asked him to bed that he'd go, ready or not. “I... um... Thanks.”

Keith hummed, scooting closer. “You're welcome. And I'm sorry. I- I got carried away. You don't have to text me or anything tonight if it makes you uncomfortable.” Just knowing what Lance was going to be doing would be enough for him. “When I can finally have you, I want you to be sure about it. I won't rush you into any of it.”

“I know you won't.” Lance smiled. Maybe he wouldn't text him. Maybe he'd call him while Keith was still on his bike and leave a voice message. If innocent moans over froyo could get him going... He didn't know when he'd be ready for more, but he was willing to try a few other things in the meantime. “So are you still willing to take me shopping after dealing with me here?”

“It wasn't so bad,” Keith admitted, shrugging the shoulder Lance wasn't leaning on. “I just like being
able to spend time with you since we haven't had a lot of it together yet.”

“Uh-huh. I could hear you strapping down your impatience. Annoyed in Korean is still annoyed.” Lance grinned, humming happily around a cold strawberry. “But I'll admit that you're nicer than Pidge. The first time Hunk asked her to help with my froyo, she just... she just chucked a thousand gummy bears in the cup and I had to make Hunk fix it.”

Keith didn't doubt that. Laughing, he asked, “But why do you only get four?”

“It's even and too many won't freeze right and it throws off the texture.” Lance elbowed him playfully. “It's very important. Don’t laugh at my pain.”

“But-” That didn't make any sense. How could they not freeze right if there were more than four? Keith had taken physics - since it was required by his degree - and that was not how that worked. He figured arguing with Lance would get him nowhere, though, so shrugged it off. “Okay.”

“Aw, you are being patient.” Lance grinned, petting his chest. “Gracias, novio dulce. Te llamo más tarde.”

“Are you gonna tell me what that means?”

“No, but you'll find out.” Lance snuggled closer, swirling his froyo. “If it’s too far out of the way, you can say no. But I was wondering if we could stop by your place so I can pet Red?”

“No, it’s not that far. I know she misses you, even though you've only been in her presence for, like, three hours.” Which was still crazy to him that his asshole cat liked anyone but Keith and sometimes Shiro, depending on her mood. Plus Keith could drag Lance onto the couch for a quick makeout session before he took him home. “We can stop by.”

“Okay, cool. I miss having a pet around, and she just... She's soft.”

“Y-yeah, she is.” Keith shifted against him, his good mood vanishing. “Hunk, uh… Hunk told me. About what happened.”

Lance’s fingers tightened on the spoon. “What?”

“He told me what happened with, uh,” he cleared his throat, dropping his voice. “With Kitty.”

“Oh... He... Yeah. I mean, it's- It's not a secret, so that's fine.” Lance set his nearly empty cup down, folding his arms. “I'm surprised it wasn’t Shiro. He's the one who found us after.”

Keith dropped his spoon into his bowl and pushed it away on the table. He lifted his arm to Lance's shoulders, bending it so he could pet at his hair. “I'm- I'm sorry, Lance.” He must have been terrified. It was one thing for it to happen to someone who had use of all five senses, but to not have your sight when you're hit by a car? That was something Keith couldn't even fathom. “Shiro helped you out, though?”

“Yeah. I was running seriously late for a meeting with Allura, and I didn’t bother texting her because I didn’t want to get the lecture. And we took the back roads because there's never any traffic and Kitty's so- was so paranoid when there were cars. If there were any, she'd ignore my forward command until they were gone. But then... He came out of nowhere, y’know? Not just because I couldn't see him coming. Me and Kitty were just crossing and suddenly she's barking and jumping on me to push me back and...

“So- so we were there for... I don’t know. I know it was a while. My phone was broken. And I
guess it got late enough that Allura started to panic. She called Hunk and Pidge and Shiro and then, y’know, he found us. He got me in the car and he didn’t leave Kitty. Shiro’s a hell of a guy, honestly. She was already gone, but he still put her in the car. And then he just took us - me - to the hospital. He hung around the whole time. Even after Hunk and Pidge showed. Then, like, most of my family showed up.” Lance smiled, but hid his face against Keith’s shoulder. “It was a zoo.”

“Sounds like it.” Keith continued to massage Lance's scalp, not exactly sure how to offer comfort since he’d never been in a situation where he’d lost a pet and nearly been killed, and- God, Lance could have died if it wasn't for his dog, and that just made it even sadder, that Kitty gave her life to save Lance’s. His hand stopped moving, fingers flexing, and hugged Lance closer to him. “It sounds like Kitty was a really good dog.”

“Yeah. She- Mi perrita dulce. She was great.” Lance blinked quickly, keeping his face and the threatening tears hidden. No way was he crying on a date. No. “I’ve- Blue’s good, though. My new one? She’s- I'm almost three months into my four-month bonding with her. I should be further, but... I didn't go for two weeks. And when I did go back, I just kind of cried for an hour? So that was... mostly a bust. But she's good. Kitty and I picked her out.”

“That's great, Lance,” he said softly, resuming the gentle petting. “What kind of dog is she?”

“A labrador like Kitty. But she's supposed to be chocolate with big blue eyes. That's what Hunk told me, anyway. Um.” He shifted to tug his phone out of his pocket and offered it. “Supposedly, there are pictures of her on here. Hunk took them since he's usually the one who takes me to the bonding sessions.”

Keith took it, opening up his photo app and swiping through the pictures of Blue. She was exactly as Hunk had described her for Lance, with dark brown fur and crystal blue eyes; she was downright adorable. He kept swiping to see if there were any more, but the next couple of pictures were of Lance and a yellow lab, who he could only assume was Kitty. They looked so happy, Lance with a big grin on his face and Kitty with the same, a big tongue hanging out of her mouth, and she was staring at Lance with the softest brown eyes Keith had ever seen.

He had to stop looking or he was going to be in the same tearful position as Lance. Locking the phone, he slipped it back into Lance’s hand. “She’s beautiful.” Both of them were.

“I get to see her tomorrow. And in a couple weeks, we do home visits. So she'll stay with me for a couple days and then go back for her training if she needs it. I have to do this whole report on what commands she follows and what she’s inconsistent on, so they can narrow her needs down and mine.” Lance tucked his phone away, eyes somehow brighter with unshed tears in them, dewdrops clinging to his long lashes. “And then one more home visit. If she passes, she stays.”

“I'm sure she'll do great. And... I’d like to take you to one of the bonding sessions with her, if I can.” Keith wanted to see their interactions, to see if she was going to be a good protector, feeling like he was already one of Lance’s. “Not tomorrow because I actually have to work. But, yeah, I wanna meet her too.”

“Okay. They're every Sunday at nine. So... just let me know. Or at least tell Hunk. He can better prepare you for what to expect than I can.” Lance’s smile returned, flashing brightly. “I’m the one who gets to have all the fun and play with a dog, but I can bring her over at some point. The only stuff she ever has trouble with is the social time. She wants to be everyone's friend, which is just adorable. Kitty was like that too. She always wanted to be pet.”

“Yeah. I'm not sure how Red is with other animals because she's never been around them before, but if she’s a problem when you and Blue visit, I can lock her in the bedroom.”
“Don’t do that to *mi princesita*. I’m sure she’ll be fine.” Lance sat up, a hand carefully lifting to find his cheek so he could lean forward and press a kiss to it. “Can we go so I can pet her?”

Keith blushed, the kiss taking him by surprise. “Yeah,” he agreed, taking his arm back from around Lance and collecting their bowls. “Let me go throw these away and we can leave.” He waited until Lance had let him go to rise from his chair, throwing the cups away and coming back to help Lance. “Alright, we're all good.”

“Yeah.” Lance gave his arm a squeeze before lifting a hand to his cheek again, stroking the curve gently. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” His cheeks burned, Lance no doubt able to feel it. “Okay, let's go.”

It was nice to discover that Keith blushed, Lance’s smile warming. “What's that one mean?”

“It's like, uh…” Sometimes Korean was hard to explain because there were so many ways to say the same thing, and there were words in Korean that meant several different things. Like this one. “Well, ‘jagiyah’ has a couple meanings, but it's a term of endearment. I'm using it to mean ‘babe.’”

Lance's own blush rose and he leaned in to kiss his cheek again, catching the corner of his mouth by mistake. “I like it.”

They’d made it outside and to the bike by this point, so Keith hoisted Lance up onto the seat before leaning in to get a better kiss. “Good, ‘cause I'll probably say that to you a lot.”

“Cool.” Lance slid his arms around Keith to keep him close, not willing to let him go just yet. “If you weren't trying to take it slow and nice, how would you kiss me?”

Humming, Keith pressed one more short kiss to Lance's lips. “I'll show you when we get to my cabin.”

“Mm. But don't you want to now?”

He wasn't going to give in, but Lance’s cheeks were still pink and his mouth was so close that Keith actually couldn't resist. Lifting his hands to cup both of Lance's cheeks, Keith laid his lips over his boyfriend's insistently, using his tongue to pry them open and then thrust it inside, licking at Lance’s tongue.

Lance moaned into his mouth, feeling his eyes close as he gripped Keith's jacket tight. He lapped at his tongue in return, encouraging the intrusion and melting under the want that poured into him. The taste that flooded his senses - chocolate, chocolate, something that was pure Keith, and more chocolate. He wanted more. He wanted to turn and press himself fully against Keith to feel him close, but had to settle for having him snug at his side and those firm hands holding him in place.

Keith swallowed down all of the sounds spilling from Lance, his own moan sounding more like a continuous purr in the back of his throat. Kissing Lance was addicting, dangerous because he didn't want to stop, but he forced himself to pull back, brushing his thumbs lightly over Lance's cheekbones. “That- That's just a sample of how I'll kiss you later.”

“Then I think you need to drive really, really fast.” Lance wetted his lips, tasting Keith on them. “*Vamos, novio dulce.*”

“Yeah.” Keith pressed his smirk to Lance's mouth and finally untangled himself from Lance's arms, hopping onto the bike to start it up. True to his word, he zipped through town to make it back to his cabin as quickly as possible, Lance clinging to him more firmly than before. It stirred in him a warm
feeling low in his stomach, to have Lance so close and wrapped around him, and he didn't think he'd ever get tired of it.

He managed to shave ten minutes off their time, pulling up to his cabin and parking, lifting Lance into his arms again but reluctant to release him. “Let's go inside so I can kiss you on my ugly couch.” But Keith made no move to actually do that, just holding onto him.

“No, don't call it ugly. It makes me not want to go near it.” Lance huffed, as content as Keith to stay right where they were. “Maybe I'll just give all my attention to Red.”

“You've already been on it, though.” Keith laughed, kissing Lance's cheek and letting his arms fall from around his waist. “And I doubt Red would mind the attention, but I might get a little jealous.”

“I can't believe you gave your bike and your cat the same name. That's painful, Keith.” Lance slid his hands from his back to his chest, stroking his shirt just to feel what he could of what lay beneath. “If you start to feel neglected, though, I'm pretty sure you can figure out a way to get my attention.”

“Hm, yeah, I'm sure I can.” Keith shuddered under the attention on his chest, taking one of Lance's hands to lay on his arm, impatient now and just wanting to get him inside. “Come on.”

Lance followed his lead with a laugh, grinning when he heard the clicking of nails on hardwood and the tinkling of the collar almost as soon as Keith closed the door. He crouched down, waiting to feel the warm little furball against his jeans before he reached out to pet her. “*Mi princesita,*” he cooed, carefully picking her up. “*Gatita suave.*”

Keith watched in awe as Red started nuzzling Lance's cheek, could hear her purring from where he'd stepped a pace away. “I still can't believe this.” But he was actually really happy that Red liked Lance, because hopefully he'd be spending a lot of time at the cabin with him. “Will you be okay finding your way to the couch again? I'll go grab us something to drink.”

“I'm fine. I'll take Mountain Dew again if you still have some.” He cradled Red in one arm, getting out his cane with his free hand and elongating it with a practiced flip. “Come on, *princesita,* I'll give you attention since Keith obviously neglects you.” He navigated to the couch easily, settling in the corner as he had the last time, and was more than happy to sit and stroke his fingers through soft fur as long as he could. Which reminded him that he still hadn't touched Keith's mullet. He hadn't really asked for time to explore, wary of his discomfort. But he'd taken everything else in stride, surprisingly, and he was trying. It was so rare for people to actually try for him. Even at work or school, he was so used to hearing the quiet sighs. The signs of impatience were so easy for him to identify and he didn't have to be able to see eyes roll or expressions pinch when he needed some help to know when it was there.

He knew when he was a burden and Keith hadn't treated him as one once, even though he knew for a fact that the ride all the way to his cabin was decidedly out of the way. It was nice. It was new and nice and he really, really hoped Keith didn't get tired of him too quickly because he wanted this relationship to last. It was his first, sure, but he didn't see any reason to go into it expecting that it would end. He'd rather go in expecting it to last forever. He'd love it if Keith was forever. He was sweet and trying to be careful with him despite his underlying impatience. And he was pretty sure there was a snapping temper boiling under that surface, though Lance couldn't blame him for it. He'd obviously had it very rough growing up, losing his parents and being bounced through the system like a helpless ping pong ball. But Keith could kiss his breath away, send his heart hammering in brand new ways, and...

Honestly, he was kind of a dork. Seriously, he'd named both bike and pet Red. Who did things like that? Sweetheart mechanics interested in engineering, apparently.
He lifted his head when he heard footsteps, lips curving. Yeah. If this was forever, he'd be very happy. “You still haven't gotten a fan.”

Keith smiled, thinking that he could absolutely get used to seeing Lance comfortable in his space, curled up on his ugly couch with his cat. His heart skipped a beat at the sweet smile Lance sent his way, and he walked over to set the sodas down on the table, sitting down next to him and pressing a kiss to his lips. “Not yet. Trying to figure out which one I want.”

“Oh my god, it's not hard. You need a fan and probably one of those air purifiers. I'll help you. You'll thank me.” Lance sighed gustily. Hopeless sweetheart. He scratched Red behind the ear. “How do you deal with him, princesita?”

He had no idea how he'd fit a fan and an air purifier on his bike with him. Maybe he could ask Hunk to bring him and Lance to the store to pick them out and use his SUV to get them home. And Keith could always bribe him with food if he was hesitant. Not that he thought he would be, but it was always an option.

Reaching over, he got his hand under Red's head to give her a chin rub. “Pssh, she loves me. Plus, I am the one who feeds her, so there's that.”

“Ah. Bribery. Always a good choice.” Lance grinned, scooting closer to Keith so Red could sprawl across both of their laps. And, of course, because he just wanted to be close to his boyfriend. “So how do you plan on bribing me into dealing with you?”

“Mm, I don't know.” Keith grinned, leaning closer so he could kiss Lance's cheek, almost on the corner of his mouth. “I'll have to think about that.”

“Yeah, you're right.” Keith reached up with his other hand to grab Lance's chin gently, turning his head and pressing his lips to Lance's. He kept it chaste, wanting Lance to be the one to instigate anything further.

Lance hummed, waiting only a moment before taking more. A hand lifted, sliding into Keith’s mullet. It was softer than he thought it'd be, slid down to curl over his collar. Toying with the ends, he parted his lips on an eager little sound and slid his tongue along Keith’s lips. When they parted easily, he slipped his tongue between them and explored. It wasn’t the most suave of kisses, but Lance was eager and greedy in the way he sought his boyfriend’s taste. And there was so much more to find this way. Red moved before Lance could, and he broke the kiss on a soft little moan. “Can I- can I sit in your lap?”

“Can I- can I sit in your lap?” Lips tingling from the kiss, Keith shifted so he could grip Lance's waist and pull him onto his lap, hands slipping to his hips. Lance was already taller than him, and having him straddling his legs didn't make the height difference any smaller. Without needing to lean up, Keith was able to at least press his lips to the base of Lance's neck, sucking a kiss into his skin. “Are you comfortable enough?”

“I- Yeah. That feels- That feels good. You feel really good.” He was warm against him, solid. Lance pressed closer, fingers tangling in his hair as he wondered what it would be like without the barrier of clothes between them. But he wanted to kiss him again, so his hands slid around, fingers gentle on Keith's face. He cupped his cheeks, lowering his lips carefully to find Keith's.

Keith met him halfway so he didn't have to search, lips moving against Lance's for only a second before he slipped his tongue into Lance's mouth, deepening the kiss more than any of the others
they'd shared. His tongue lapped everywhere it could reach while his fingers massaged Lance's hips, scooting him even further into his lap. Lance tasted sweet and tart from the froyo, an intoxicating combination that Keith couldn't get enough of.

Lance moaned into it, fingertips tracing the lines of Keith's face to memorize the shape before his hands slid back into his hair. It was thick and soft with just a little bit of curl at the ends that he was quick to fall in love with. He scooted closer, knees digging into the back of the couch, but that didn't matter as much as just being close. He wanted to feel every bit of Keith that he could. He broke the kiss, lips hovering for only a moment before they started to explore. He trailed them along Keith's jawline, hesitantly nipping. When Keith shivered, he nipped again. “I want- I want to know what you like,” Lance murmured, dropping his mouth to Keith's neck to mimic the sucking kiss Keith had given him.

Oh. Lance was a very quick learner, apparently. Keith tilted his head, giving him more room to explore as he wanted. “I like teeth, and biting. And that goes both ways.” He loved the pain, the sting that came with being bitten, but he also loved being able to do the same to his partner. It wasn't a deal breaker, though, so if Lance didn't like it, he wouldn't push him. His gentle exploration didn't stop while Keith spoke, teeth now grazing over his skin after the admission. “God, your mouth feels incredible, Lance.”

Lance hummed, enjoying the way Keith's heart was beating and the way his body quivered, and the praise shot a little zing of excitement down his spine. Confirmation that he was doing a good job, that he was pleasing him. “You can bite me. I want to try.” Up for anything, he settled his lips over a spot on his neck and sucked firmly until it felt a little swollen under his tongue. And then he bit, Keith’s groan more of an encouragement than the way his body jerked. He filed the reaction away and bit down a little firmer.

“Y-yeah, just- just like that.” It felt so amazing, Lance’s teeth just this side of sharp, digging into his skin just right and tongue laving over the mark. Keith's hands lifted from Lance's hips to bury in his hair, fingers tangling in the strands to hold on. He could feel the stirrings of arousal in his gut, shifting on the cushions under Lance and moaning loudly. “Lance, oh my god. Per- [neon wanbyeokhae].”

He laved the spot with his tongue, feeling the indents of his teeth. Keith’s enjoyment had his cheeks going pink, his own pleasure coursing through him. “What's- what's that mean?”

Keith blushed, squirming underneath him again. Lance was going to be so much trouble for him. “You're perfect,” he breathed, lessening his grip in Lance's hair to pet softly. “You are so perfect.”

“O-oh. That's-” Lance kissed his way back up, hands falling to Keith's shirt to grasp at the fabric. “You can bite me. If- if you want.”

“Yeah… Lean down a bit. There you go.” Keith was already eyeing the spot he wanted to get his mouth on, high on his neck, right under Lance’s jaw where the skin would be sensitive. He dragged his mouth and tongue along his pulse point, inching closer to the spot. “Let me know if it's too much and I'll stop.”

Lance shuddered, keeping his head tilted to give Keith all the access he wanted. “I will,” he breathed. But he wanted to try it. The warmth of his mouth, the dampness of his tongue - they swirled in his mind and left him wanting to try the sharpness of teeth. “I'll be good.”

Keith smirked into his neck at those words. Apparently his boyfriend had a praise kink. It was definitely something he’d have to exploit later, but right now he just wanted to make Lance feel good in return. His lips trailed up, parting to suck on the spot he'd picked out, teeth just barely skimming
over warm skin before sinking in slowly. When Lance was writhing in his lap and groaning, his tongue joined in, lapping as he bit steadily harder.

“A-ah!” Holy crow, it felt good. Amazing. “Me encanta, novio dulce. Ay, más, por favor. K-Keith,” he whimpered, tugging at his shirt as pain spiked so beautifully with the pleasure filling his mind. It was all sensation, inescapable and new.

Keith didn’t understand most of the words spewing from his mouth, but he understood “please” and could only assume that he was enjoying it. Thank god. He kept going until he broke skin, the noises Lance was making spurring him on and the taste of blood ratcheting his own arousal up to eleven. Keith had to make a conscious effort to keep his hips still, pulling his mouth off far enough until he could lick at the mark, lapping until the blood stopped. “I want to leave so many marks on you, make sure everyone knows you’re mine.”

Lance swallowed, face flushed and eyes dark from the swirling arousal. “I want-” More. To stay the night. Keith. “Okay. I'm- Wait.” His breath caught, surprise joining the swirl. “I'm yours?”

“Well… Yeah.” Keith wanted Lance to be his for a long, long time… possibly forever. He’d never felt quite the same way about anyone else in the past, certainly not within the past few years. It was something he probably shouldn’t have brought up while they were making out on the couch, but it just felt so right, Lance felt so right to him. “Nekkeoya hago naekkeoya. ‘I’m yours and you’re mine.’”

“Soy tuyo.” Lance pressed his palm over Keith’s heart, feeling its beat. Carefully, he laid his brow against Keith’s. Keith actually wanted him? Where had he been a month ago when Lance’s confidence had hit rock bottom? Except maybe it was still a little shaky if he was having trouble wrapping his head around this. Keith wanted him. Keith... Keith was his. Oh. Oh. “Soy tuyo y eres mío. Holy crow. Really?”

Keith took a hand out of Lance’s hair and laid it over Lance’s on his chest, hooking his fingers under his palm. “Yeah, Lance. I want you, and not just in my bed.” Tilting his head back slightly let him lean up to kiss Lance again. “I want you in my life too.”

“Keith...” Lance relaxed against him, free hand lifting to his cheek. So this was a serious thing. They were serious. He laughed lightly, rubbing their brows together. “You’re just saying that because your cat likes me.”

“She doesn’t like anyone except me and Shiro, and now you.” Which, still. It was baffling. “So yeah, that’s kind of a big part of it.” The hand that was still in Lance’s hair dropped down to the top of his thigh, just resting there and feeling the warmth radiating from him.

He’d meant it as a joke, so squirmed atop him. He would’ve taken Kitty’s trust of someone just as seriously. “What’s the other part of it?”

“It’s you. Just you.” Keith had never been much of a romantic, not to this extent, but Lance was bringing out that side of him in the best way. “I know we just met a couple days ago, but you already mean so much to me.”

“I... I was, um, thinking about that too. When you were getting drinks?” Lance smiled, a little embarrassed. “I thought... Y’know, this is my first relationship. I thought maybe I was overreacting? But I feel... There’s a lot that I feel for you, and it’s all new and exciting and scary. I like it. I like you. And I... I want to be yours. I want to be in your life, and I’d really like you to be in mine.”

Keith smiled softly, actually sad for once that Lance couldn’t see him. “You’re not alone in the ‘new
and exciting and scary’ feelings.” There were plenty of those coursing their way through Keith’s body, from the tips of his toes to his fingers, everywhere was tingly and warm. “And I’ll be yours for as long as you want me.”

_Forever._ He almost blurted it out, but that seemed like too much. Lance only smiled and brushed his lips against Keith’s. “I think I got really lucky in the First Boyfriend department.”

Not giving up the opportunity to tease, Keith stole another kiss from him before murmuring, “I think you did too.”

Lance laughed, cupping Keith’s cheeks again. “Asshole. Why do I like you again?”

“Because apparently I’m amazing.”

“Pssh. Well, I’m perfect, so there.” Smiling, Lance sank into a kiss. He wasn’t as hesitant this time, his lips parting, tongue seeking Keith’s by slipping between his lips to lap at his mouth. Keith wanted to be with him. Keith wanted to be his. And Lance wanted to make sure he didn’t regret it.

Keith slipped his hands back into Lance’s hair as he was kissed, letting Lance take his time to explore, to take whatever he wanted. His tongue met Lance’s once in awhile, brushing together, and each time he sighed, fingers tightening more and more in his hair. Reluctantly - because if he didn’t stop now, he wasn’t going to - he broke the kiss on a moan, pulling back to be able to see Lance’s face more clearly. “I want to ask you to stay,” he admitted. Not even to have sex, but just so he could hold him through the night. “But I have to get up really early for my shift.” As if that was the only thing holding him back, because at this point, he was pretty sure Lance would say yes, even though Keith could tell he wasn’t ready.

“Okay. That-” Lance wanted to stay, but he knew he wasn't ready as much as Keith did. So it was with twin spears of relief and disappointment that he nodded. “So do I. Have to be up early, I mean. It’s about an hour drive to get to the center, so I have to be up. I can’t miss bonding with Blue.”

“Yeah, true. I still wanna meet her.” He took both of Lance's hands in his, squeezing gently. “I can ask to switch shifts one day so I can bring you to one of your sessions.”

“Okay. I'd seriously like that. I want you to meet her too. I know she'll like you. I'll just have to wear a helmet. If they see me roll up on a motorcycle without one, I could get put on probation for not showing concern about myself, blahblah.” Lance shrugged. “It's annoying, but I'm getting a new dog so it seems like a fair trade.”

“Hmm.” He pressed quick, short kisses to the backs of Lance's hands. “I'll wear one too so you're not alone.”

“Aw, your poor mullet'll get squashed. It feels nice, by the way. I expected it to be greasy, but it's soft and kinda fluffy. What color is it?”

“That's okay. Can't let you be the only one with helmet hair. And it's black.”

“What about your eye color?”

That was a little different, hard because Keith had never had to describe himself in this much detail before. “Uh, blue? But dark blue, really dark. Almost purple? That's what I've been told.”

“Okay.” It was a little hard to imagine, but Lance carefully traced the outline of his eyes to take in their shape. “I bet you're beautiful.”
Keith wasn’t vain, not in the slightest, but his past partners had all told him the same thing, though they used words like “hot” and “handsome.” He’d never been called “beautiful” before, and he didn’t quite know how to respond. “Well, I know that you are. You're gorgeous, Lance.” Gorgeous and perfect and Keith's.

Lance was absolutely and shamelessly vain, though it was a different strand. It was hard to be vain about looks when he couldn’t see, but there was no denying the little bubble of pride the compliment inspired. “I’d better be. I was a cute kid. And I still think you’re beautiful. I don’t have to see you to know that.”

“I'll take your word for it.” Keith leaned up and kissed him again, letting it linger for a moment before pulling back. “We should get you back home.”

Lance sighed, but nodded. “Yeah. God forbid you be tired at work.”

Keith frowned at the tone of Lance’s voice. He didn't want this to ruin their evening, would gladly let Lance stay, but his conscience was telling him no. “I’m tired all the time anyway.”

“Oh-huh. Don’t frown at me when my hands are on your face. Everything shifts down.” Lance pressed a kiss to his nose. “Come on, chico lindo. Take me home. I'm expecting a really good kiss goodnight, though.”

The smile returned to Keith's face. “Obviously.” He pushed himself forward until he could get a good footing on the floor, and then stood, hands going back to Lance's hips to keep him secure. “Do you care if I carry you outside?”

“I- Holy crow.” Lance wrapped his arms around Keith's neck, gripping his jacket. “I'm very okay with this.”

“Okay, good.” Because he hadn't been sure if Lance would be insulted if Keith didn't allow him to walk on his own. But apparently that wasn't a problem.

Lance squeezed his thighs against Keith’s waist. He had hips, fuck. “So now I'm thinking about wall sex. That’s probably actually a thing you can make happen, isn't it?”

Keith almost stumbled while reaching for the door handle, having to quickly grab Lance's hip again. “Oh my god, Lance.” Except now he was thinking about that too. “Yeah, probably. Never tried it before.” And he wouldn't try for Lance's first time, but- “We can find out together sometime.”

He laughed, ducking his head to press a kiss to his neck. “Looking forward to it, mullet.”

“God, you're dangerous,” Keith breathed, finally getting the door open. “I don't know how I'm going to survive being with you.” But it would be a pleasant death, one he wouldn't even mind.

“You're killing me. I think it's a fair trade.” He found the mark he’d left, nibbling on it teasingly. “Did I leave a mark people can see? I want them to know you're mine.”

Keith smirked, his own words from earlier ringing in his ears. “Yeah, everyone will be able to see it.”

He had Lance unwrap himself from around him when he set him on the bike, jumping on and making the drive back to Lance’s. The kiss they shared outside the door only left them wanting more, and Keith had to pry himself away from Lance before he could drag him inside, Hunk’s presence be damned.
When he finally got home again, it was almost ten o’clock and his phone, which he’d silenced before their date, had several notifications. Most of them were texts from Pidge, which Keith swiped away to deal with later - they were probably just wondering how it went and then yelling at him when he hadn't replied. But the one that gave him pause was from Lance, a voicemail message received twenty minutes after he'd dropped him off.

“I thought this might be easier than just recording myself for you and more fun than just a text. And it’s completely your fault that I'm this mcfreaking horny, so you get to deal with the results. Well… you get the audiobook version. For now.” There was the faintest sound of a zipper, clothes rustling, and then Lance's moan. Low and soft, not muffled by a spoon this time as it filtered through the speaker. “Dios… Keith,” he whined.

There was another rustle, possibly his bedsheets, and then another soft moan. It grew louder at the end, Keith’s name spilling out. “Ay, te deseo… Wish it was your hand. Wanna know how your gloves feel on me. I want-” He broke off on a pleased hum and there was the pop of a cap. “I want to know what your skin tastes like. I want-”

He broke off again, the next few seconds full of nothing but pleased sounds as instinctive as they were designed to entice. “Me encanta, Keith, please… I hope you're a top. Want to feel you fill me… oh… joder… Call- call me or text me when you're home, novio lindo, so I can finish. Hope you're driving f-fast.”

_Holy shit._ Keith was already tapping the “Call” button as he kicked his boots off. His gaze bounced back and forth between the hallway and the couch as it rang, trying to decide if he wanted to walk all the way to his room. But the couch was closer, and would mean that his dick wouldn't be rubbing uncomfortably against the fabric of his jeans. He dropped down onto the cushions just as the line picked up, Lance's soft moans immediately assaulting his ear. “Lance. Babe, you sound so good.”

His laugh was breathless. “I'm so-” He groaned. “Are you- What are you doing?”

Settling back into the couch, Keith propped the phone between his ear and shoulder, both hands reaching down to undo his jeans, pushing them and his boxers down just enough to free his length. He wrapped his fingers around the base, groaning as he stroked slowly upward and cursing himself for not going into his room so he'd have lube. “I've got my hand on my dick, Lance, gloves on and everything. But I want it to be your hand.”

“I want-I want my hands on you, novio dulce. I r-really want yours on me.” Lance whimpered. “So-I'm so close, but I want to hear you.”

Keith moaned, due more to Lance's words than his own hand picking up speed. He was going to be raw and sore tomorrow, but he couldn't bring himself to care. “Yeah, come on, Lance. I bet you look so gorgeous right now. You’re such a good boy.” Keith needed to hear Lance's noises just as much as him, his own moans spilling freely into the receiver for him.

Lance whined, the praise ringing in his ears. “I'm- I've got- I get- Sensitive. Really, really... Dios, Keith, I wish I was in your bed. Want- I want you. _Te deseo._”

“Soon, Lance. You'll get me soon enough.” God, he hoped Lance would be ready soon. “Let me hear more of those noises. You whine so prettily.” He stroked himself faster, gathering the pre at his tip to hopefully help with the friction.

“K-Keith, I'm gonna- I can't-” Lance whined for him again, his sheets rustling as he adjusted. “I've got a toy,” he admitted. “I want it to be you. I w-want- _ah_, fuck, Keith - I want it to be you. I'll be so good for you, _chico lindo_. Anything you want.”
“Lance. Lance had a toy? God, that was so hot. Maybe Lance would let Keith use it on him, get him nice and open for his cock. He moaned loudly, hearing it reverberate off of his own cabin walls as his dick continued to leak, so close to coming and wanting Lance to finish with him.”

“Voy- voy a v-” Lance couldn’t get the words out, letting go on an outcry of Keith’s name. Desperate whimpers followed. “K-Keith.”

“F**k, Lance. Good, you're so good.” He swiped his thumb over his tip and reached down with his other hand to cup his balls, bucking his hips off the couch while imagining that it was Lance there with him. More moans spilled out, interspersed with Lance’s name until he was coming, release soaking his glove and the front of his pants since he hadn't pushed them down far enough. Panting into the receiver, he was still able to hear Lance’s heavy breaths, and he smiled. “What’s that one?” Lance panted.

“'I just came all over.’ And it was all because of you, Lance.” He looked down at his hand and grimaced, knowing he’d have to throw the gloves in the wash later. “You're so perfect.”

“Yeah, well... Holy crow.” Lance hummed in approval. “You sound... you sound amazing when you come all over. I really like hearing my name like that.”

“Mm, same here. My name sounds so good coming from your lips.” He tucked himself back into his boxers but lifted his hips to push his jeans off to the floor, throwing his gloves on top of them. “I'll have you screaming it before long.”

“If you keep saying things like that, I'm gonna get hard all over again and I think I'll die.” There was the faintest of wet sounds, Lance’s soft whine spilling over it. “You are a top, aren't you?”

“Mm-mm. It was hard enough getting the one without anyone knowing. But, um...” He had to clear his throat. “If you wanted to buy me one, I'd use it. Or let you use it on me.”

“Well, then I'm definitely getting you one.” Keith stooped down to grab his clothes, walking them into his bedroom to throw in his hamper. He sat on his bed, voice turning soft. “You should get some sleep, [babe]. I can't believe you actually had phone sex with me.”

“Well, I mean, I wasn't going to? And then I was and then I went back and forth a little bit. But you're...” Perfect. Sweet. Incredible. “I wanted to. It was okay?”

“It was amazing, Lance.” And then, because Keith could hear the doubt in his voice, “You don't have to worry.”

“Okay.” Lance did his best to muffle a yawn, his sheets rustling as he climbed beneath them. “You- you came pretty fast,” he teased.

Keith chuckled. He had come pretty fast, almost embarrassingly so, but he'd been on edge since he started teasing Lance in the froyo shop and after making out on his couch. Really he was surprised he hadn’t come in his pants on the ride back to his cabin, the vibrations from the bike only making it worse. “Again, all because of you, Lance.”
“You’re welcome.” Lance laughed, though the sound was tempered by his need for sleep. “Anytime you want to use me to come, you absolutely can.”

Oh, he was absolutely going to listen to that voicemail again, on repeat until he'd memorized every word, every sound that Lance made. And then he'd call again, get Lance going just as crazy as he made Keith. “Same goes for you. Now get some sleep. I’ll text you tomorrow.”

“You'd better.” But he didn't want to hang up, his bed seeming so big and empty. Did Keith like to cuddle after? “I'll make Hunk take some pictures for you. If you want.”

“Yeah, I'd love that.” Keith couldn't wait to get those pictures of Lance and Blue tomorrow, hopefully they could pile up and he'd be able to swipe through an album of them on his break. “Make sure he takes a lot of them.”

Lance laughed sleepily. “I will. Will you just-” He yawned. “Will you talk to me until I fall asleep? It’s easier to pretend you’re here.”

“Sure thing.” Keith smiled, and began talking about nothing in particular, mostly his project he was working on with Hunk because he knew to anyone who didn't know much about cars and motorcycles it could be pretty dry. At one point he slipped into soft Korean, muttering romantic and sweet phrases to him that he'd be reluctant to say in English. He kept it up until he could hear Lance’s breathing even out and deepen, murmuring a quiet “[Jalja].”

He tapped “End” on his phone, spending a couple of minutes just staring at the screen and smiling, before putting it on the charger on his nightstand. Pushing himself off his bed, he shed the rest of his clothes and grabbed a quick shower, crawling under the sheets even though his hair was still wet, and fell asleep.

He never did get around to texting Pidge back.

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Chapter End Notes

So we're posting a chapter a day, because we actually set this fic during October (since that's when we wrote it last year) and chapter 13 is dedicated to Halloween. We wanted the posts to run concurrent with that, but we are trash so are just now getting this out. I did calculate that we'd have just enough time to get to chapter 13 by the 31st if we post one chapter each day, though, so that's what you're all getting.

Enjoy!!
Chapter 3

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here.

I was supposed to upload this one last night, but it was late and I was super exhausted, so I'm doing this one this morning and chapter 04 will be posted later today (before midnight) so that we're back on schedule. There are just so many Korean and Spanish translations in this fic, and going through the whole thing again and making sure they're all good to go is kind of annoying lol

The shop was busy for a Sunday morning, cars and bikes alike being herded through the bay doors like cattle in a field. They usually didn't get a lot of customers coming in before noon, all the sane people of the world still sleeping like Keith wished he was doing. Instead, he was waist deep under an SUV with a ruptured brake line, grease smearing his face and arms, and sweat dripping uncomfortably into his eyes.

A sharp pain in his shin had him jerking upwards, banging his forehead on the undercarriage. “Fuck.” He pushed off of the axel, his creeper rolling him out from under the stubborn vehicle, ready to curse out whoever it was that kicked him until he came face-to-face with Pidge. “Oh, it’s just you.” Grabbing the dirty rag from his belt loop, Keith swiped it across his face, only managing to smear the grease even more with his sweat. “Why the hell do you always have to kick me?”

“Because the sound your head makes when it cracks into stuff is funny.”

“You’re the worst.” He rose and shoved the rag into his back pocket, crossing his arms over his chest and leaning against the concrete pole next to his toolbox. It was weird not having his gloves on, but they'd gotten thrown into the washer with the rest of his dirty clothes. “What are you doing here this early, anyway?”

“Trying to figure out why you haven’t answered any of my texts. Lance’s have just been a jumble of heart emojis which literally means I’m getting the words ‘heart emoji’ because he forgets how to do emojis when he’s excited.” Pidge held up their phone to show him, lips quirking. “So at least I know things are good on his very hyper end. How are they on yours?”

Keith smiled, which was probably just as telling as his answer. “Yeah, they’re great.” Really, really great.

Pidge’s brows lifted as they scanned him. “Wait, are you happy? With Lance!!”

“Yeah, I am.” He glared at them. “Why? Am I not allowed to be happy with Lance?”

“No, it’s not that.” Their smile widened. “You’re welcome for the Mountain Dew.”

“That’s why you brought it over? I was starting to think you had just lost your mind.” Pidge knew he hated Mountain Dew, so when they'd brought a case of it over to his house one day and stuck it in his fridge, he'd almost kicked them out. But then they brought out a case of root beer and he'd
reluctantly let them stay. “Lance thanks you too.”

“Yeah, well, I knew Hunk was taking Lance to your meeting because I made him not reschedule when he realized it clashed with the cast removal. And I’ve been trying to get you assholes to meet forever. I figured his shitlordness would blend well with your assholeness, and I was right. Obviously. Since you’re not answering texts and Lance is filling my life with incorrect heart emojis.”

“I'm not gonna check my phone while I'm on a date, Pidge. Lance is blind, not stupid.” Keith uncrossed his arms, throwing the wrench he’d been holding into the toolbox. “And we were… talking on the phone last night after I dropped him off at the apartment, so I didn't have time to text you back.”

“What, you guys can’t get enough of each other in person so you talked to him on the phone right after your date?” Their eyes rolled. “That’s ridiculous, Keith. You’ve only been on one real date, right? Or are you counting whatever you did after Hunk abandoned you? I’m told it was a scary movie and couch cuddling. I’ve never heard of you couch cuddling.”

“Of course I’m counting couch cuddling as a date. Lance did.” He shrugged. “And just because you’ve never heard of me doing it before doesn’t mean it can’t happen. I only needed to find the right person.”

“The right person,” they echoed, amused. The two of them had gone on two dates, for crying out loud. Pidge leaned against the SUV, folding their arms. “Okay, so what did you guys even do? Lance’s thing with Blue won’t be done until after one and - oh, you know about Blue, right?”

“Yes, I know about Blue.” And speaking of Blue, his phone had gone off quite a few times already, hopefully meaning that he would have some pictures to look at in a minute. “Anyway, I took him to dinner and then we went to get froyo. And I took him back to the cabin afterwards 'cause he wanted to pet Red some more.”

“Okay, two very important questions. First of all, why would he want to pet that miniature Satan?” Keith scowled at them. “Stop insulting my cat. It's no wonder she doesn't like you. But she actually likes Lance and lets him pet her. She even curled up in his lap the first time he was there.”

Pidge gaped at him for a moment before shaking their head. “I just- I suddenly don’t understand English. She likes Lance? She doesn’t even like Hunk! Even people who don’t like Hunk like Hunk! So what the hell?”

“I don't know, it’s still really weird. Like last night she ignored me and went straight to Lance.”

“Oh my god.” Offended, they waved a hand in dismissal. “Okay, so question two. You took him for froyo? And things are still going well?”

He smiled again, shoving his hands in his pockets. “Yeah, I mean, he was really picky about how I filled his cup, so it was hard to really be patient. But he was also just really adorable.” It was also hard to be annoyed at that.

“Uh. Yeah. He’s irritatingly picky. The first time I went with them, I had enough by the time we hit gummy bears and just chucked a ton in the cup. He literally carried it to Hunk and pushed it at him and said, ‘Hunk, fix it,’ like a toddler and Hunk just fixed it! He took all the gummy bears out but four and put them in his own cup.” Pidge huffed, just the memory annoying them and it had been years. “Shopping with him’s worse, though.”

Yeah, so Keith had found it a little bizarre that he was so specific about his froyo toppings, but at the
same time it was actually endearing. He kept his mouth shut about it, though, knowing Pidge would just go off on another tirade. “He did tell me that. What could be so bad about shopping with him?”

“Are- are you serious? He takes forever. And then when you think you’re done, he backtracks and wants you to go through things all over again. And the real problem is that Hunk just lets him. He’ll humor him every time and I’m no longer allowed to go shopping with them, and I’m just fine with that.”

“Okay, well, I promised him I would take him to the mall for a shopping trip one day. He wants to pick out a candle for me.” And Keith was going to let him. God, he actually had it bad for him. “I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

Pidge immediately looked horrified. “You can't take Lance shopping. You especially can't take him shopping at the bath store. You'll hate him in ten minutes and be there six times that long. I’ve been waiting way too long for this relationship to become feasible for you to just- just ruin it like that, Keith! You do not have enough patience to take Lance anywhere near a bath store!”

“First of all,” he started, mimicking their earlier words, “I still can’t believe you've been trying to set us up. Second, it really can't be as bad as what you're describing.”

“Of course I’ve been trying to set you guys up. It would’ve happened last month, but... well, you know what happened. I had to wait for Lance to get back to actually being Lance and this is the closest he’s been.” Pidge adjusted their glasses with a sigh. “Anyway, shopping with Lance is worse than I’m describing. He’ll drive you crazy, Keith. At least wait until you’ve been married a few years before you take him into a bath store.”

He spluttered, staring at them. “Married? Seriously, Pidge?” Although, since they’d brought it up… No. What the hell. Pidge was right, he and Lance had only been on two dates. Why would Pidge even say something like that? “I'm gonna take him anyway.”

“When you start texting me mid-date, I’m going to send you a thousand I-told-you-so’s and you’re just going to have to deal with it.”

“Fine. But if you're gonna threaten me, there'd better actually be a thousand.” Keith just barely resisted the urge to stick his tongue out at them, instead bending over to pick up his wrench again. “Was that all you came here for? ‘Cause now Coran is staring at me from the office, and I should probably get back to work.”

“Seeing how I actually do need to talk to Coran, that works.” Pidge punched his shoulder affectionately. “Really, though, I’m glad you and Lance hit it off. He needs this, and you could definitely use someone like him around. If your tiny Satan likes him, even better.”

He grinned, already on his back on his creeper to finish replacing the SUV’s brake line. He was bummed because he’d already taken way too much time chatting with Pidge that now he didn't have time to check his phone for pictures. “Yeah, it's really great.”

“Don’t forget to text him or something and let him know that. He gets sad on Sundays now.” Pidge kicked his shin again. “You’re welcome for Mountain Dew and advice. See you later, Keith.”

“Thanks. And yeah, I’ll definitely text him.” He smiled again, wanting nothing more than to pull out his phone and do it right then, but another motorcycle was being loaded into bay six and he still had two more sedans to do oil changes for before he could get to it. Thank god he only had to be there until two. “I'll text you later too.”
“You'd better! Don't stay up all night talking to your boyfriend.” Pidge kicked him one more time for good measure before strolling off to Coran.

Keith did stick his tongue out at them then, shaking his head at his own foolishness and then rolling back under the SUV.

His next break didn't come until eleven. Pidge had left an hour ago, but not before coming back out and bothering him some more while he'd been working on the second oil change. The first thing he did in the break room after washing his hands of grease and grit was check his phone, unlocking it to find a couple text messages from Hunk and Pidge - theirs reminding him to “text me later this time, asshole” - and forty-eight pictures sent from Lance's number.

Keith smiled, dropping into one of the chairs surrounding the small table and bypassing the texts, opening the gallery of photos. The first couple were just of Lance and Blue standing together, listening to whatever the instructor was telling them, but after those they started getting more animated.

There were a few of Lance knelt down in front of her, ruffling her ears and fur, and Blue looked like she was having the time of her life. The rest of them were of the pair playing together, mostly tug-of-war with a small rope toy. Keith's favorite one out of the whole bunch was one where Lance was laying on his back, eyes clenched shut and mouth open in a wide smile while Blue stood over him and licked his face.

He noticed that the smile on Lance's face got progressively sadder further into the session until the pictures abruptly stopped with Lance frowning. Keith hated that look, wishing he was there with him so he could kiss it off of his face, but had to resort to texting.

From Keith [11:12] you'd better stop looking so sad while you're surrounded by puppies
From Keith [11:13] at least you're not surrounded by assholes
From Keith [11:13] but i really wish i was there so i could kiss you

From Lance [11:15] But I'm not sad
From Lance [11:16] Just really really disappointed? I called blue kitty by accident and now they think we need more training so it'll be even longer before I can bring her home.
From Lance [11:18] But we're in cooldown hour so that's fun. I took blue out of her harness and I'm laying on her heart emoji

Keith couldn’t help but laugh at the failed heart emoji, understanding what Pidge was talking about earlier. He decided that he would send one back to him.

From Keith [11:20] heart emoji i bet you look really cute like that
From Keith [11:21] will you have hunk take another picture for me?

From Hunk [11:26] You guys are dorks, but he's smiling again.
From Hunk [11:27] {img Lance curled up around Blue, cheek on her side, smiling}

From Lance [11:27] He used his phone. So if he lied and didn't send a good picture, I'm sorry
From Lance [11:28] You at work?

The picture was perfect, just like Lance, and Keith couldn't stop smiling at it. He took a moment to change his background using that one, the other one with Blue licking his face being used as his lock screen.
From Keith [11:30] the picture is great. tell hunk thanks if he can't already hear this
From Keith [11:31] and yeah, on break now. only two and a half hours left

From Lance [11:32] I've got a headphone in, a Bluetooth bud so he can't hear what you're sending me just- you're welcome. Hunk shut up, it's recording this. Damn it, hunk. hahahaha. Hunk you're the worst. You're making it worse, Lance. Oh my god, I am.
From Lance [11:34] anyway he can't hear you and speech to text is a pain

From Keith [11:35] lol i bet. i've never used it
From Keith [11:36] thursday is your next day free right? i was thinking i'd take you to dinner again somewhere

From Lance [11:37] I have to wait all the way until Thursday to be around you and mi princesita? Not fair
From Lance [11:38] Pidge sent me annoyed messages because Red likes me. Red likes you? Hunk, stop, oh my god

From Keith [11:39] whenever you have free time and want me to come get you, just say so
From Keith [11:40] as long as i'm not working i'll be there

From Lance [11:42] ¿Hoy sería demasiado pronto?
Keith plugged the text into a translator app, laughing at the result.

From Keith [11:45] it's never too soon if i get to see you
From Keith [11:46] but i thought today was family day?

From Lance [11:48] Lo es, pero sólo quiero estar contigo. Por un rato? No tenemos que hacerlo si no quieres

From Keith [11:51] of course i want to. i'd never turn down a chance to spend time with you

From Lance [11:53] heart emoji heart emoji heart emoji heart emoji heart emoji heart emoji heart emoji heart Lance stop emoji heart emoji shut up hunk. heart emoji
From Lance [11:54] Anyway, I'll be around near 3? I can have Hunk drop me off if you don't mind taking me to my family's place after. Like 6ish. You're going on another date? Hunk this is why I switched to Spanish!

Keith laughed again, especially since he could picture Hunk standing over him listening and commenting on their conversation.

From Keith [11:56] that's perfect. it'll give me enough time to clean up
From Keith [11:57] my break is ending and i still have three more cars that need servicing
From Keith [11:57] but i'll see you later babe

From Lance [11:58] Aceite del motor no debe ser atractivo
From Lance [11:58] Bye heart emoji

From Keith [11:59] wink emoji but you do find it attractive and that's all that matters
From Keith [11:59] bye babe heart emoji

Keith stuffed his phone back into his pocket and left the break room to finish the rest of his shift, in higher spirits since now he'd be able to hang out with Lance again that afternoon. The last few vehicles he had to work on were, thankfully, just simple issues that didn't take too long to fix, and
Coran had even let him leave ten minutes early. He jumped at the opportunity, taking a minute to wash off the grease from his hands and rushing home to take a shower.

He was just pulling on a shirt after drying his hair when he heard the knock at his front door, the smile on his face immediate as he left his room to answer it. Lance and Hunk were on the porch, both with matching grins, though Lance's was bigger and brighter. Keith couldn't resist leaning in and pressing a kiss to Lance's cheek, enjoying the blush that formed. “Hi.” He turned his attention to Hunk. “Thanks for driving all the way out here to bring him.”

“Yeah, well, someone has to. Just please tell me you've got a helmet for him or his mom’s gonna kill all of us if you drop him off.”

“Oh my god, Hunk, it's fine. I'm not ten.” Lance reached out, fingers curling around Keith's arm. He smelled like soap, the scent of motor oil muted. It was an odd thing to be disappointed about.

“I have a helmet,” Keith assured, more for Hunk's benefit than Lance's. He took Lance's other hand in his, lacing their fingers and squeezing gently, their bare palms pressing together. “I won't let him leave without it.”

“Again, I'm not ten.” But he was absolutely fascinated by the change in texture, wondering where Keith’s gloves had gone.

“Okay. Thanks, man. See you, Lance.”

“Later.” Lance took Keith’s hand in both of his as Hunk walked off the porch. “So I was just interested in your mouth and your cat, but now I'm curious about your hands.”

“Well, my gloves got dirty last night, so…” He pulled Lance inside and pressed a laughing kiss to his lips. “They're almost done drying.”

“Oh. Um. Yeah. You did say you were wearing them.” Lance smiled, squeezing his hand. “But I like your hands without the gloves too. They're different.”

“Yeah? Still think they're rough?” Keith teased.

“Well, yeah, but I don’t mind.” He lifted Keith’s hand, pressing a damp kiss to the palm. “Still getting you something for them, though.”

“Okay, as long as it's not flowery.” Keith led him over to the couch, Red already waiting for Lance right next to where he’d been sitting. Holy crap, she really was smart as hell. “Red’s waiting for you, so I'll let her have your attention so I can get you a Mountain Dew.”

“Okay. I'll probably actually drink it this time. Running drills is fun, but it's thirsty work.” Lance didn’t pull out his cane this time, navigating Keith’s living room with the ease of familiarity. He reached out, Red coming to his hands so he didn't have to guess, and he bundled her up. “Mi princesita gatita, eres muy suave.”

Keith smiled at them, taking a moment to just watch their interaction. “I’m starting to think she likes you more than me now.”

“Well, I am pretty great.” Grinning, Lance dropped onto the couch and scratched her behind the ear until she rubbed the top of her head beneath his chin. “But she'll always be your baby.”

“Mm, yeah.” Keith took his phone out to snap a quick picture of them, shooting it to Pidge with a text that just had the evil smiley face. He slipped out of the room to grab their drinks, coming back
and sitting on the couch with them. “Pidge doesn't believe me that Red likes you, but I think they will now.”

Lance laughed, leaning against him. “I’d better look good in all these pictures you guys have taken of me today.”

“You do, trust me.” Keith wrapped his arm around Lance’s shoulders, holding him closer. “You always look good.”

“Good to know.” Humming, he nuzzled into Keith’s neck. “You smell nice.”

He sighed contentedly, bringing his other hand up to pet at Lance’s hair. “Well, yeah, I just got out of the shower when you got here.”

“I figured. That’s where I thought your gloves had gone at first. Like you just hadn’t put them back on after a shower.” Lance kissed his neck, finding the mark he’d left by accident rather than design. Hunk had already sighed over the one on his neck, far more embarrassed than Lance had been. “You need better soap, though. Your skin is begging for it.”

Keith groaned, tilting his head. “I use bar soap. What’s so bad about that?” He thought his skin was just fine, thank you. It wasn’t like he needed that stuff with the eight different kinds of oils or lotions or butters or… whatever.

“Everything if it’s not the right kind. Like goat milk bars are great because their milk actually has a similar ph balance to our skin, so it makes you softer and normal bar soap just sort of scrapes at your skin. And are we going to talk about last night or are we supposed to ignore the fact that we had a really nice mutual masturbation sesh on the phone because you haven't mentioned it beyond a joke about your gloves and it's all I've been thinking about all day.”

A question about how Lance knew so much about skin care products was on the tip of his tongue until he’d just kept barreling on, cutting off his train of thought. He smiled fondly, kissing the top of Lance’s head. “I didn't want to make you uncomfortable because I still just can't believe it happened. But I'm glad it did.”

Lance smiled against his neck. “You sounded- Like, it was really hot, Keith. I just, um...” He slid further down, face hiding in his shoulder and muffling the question. “Y’know how you always hear that guys don't... cuddle after or whatever? Do you?”

“I- I never used to. Like, I haven't in the past, but I'm not one of those people that just leaves the bed either?” He'd never been a cuddler, at least not before Lance. Now, though, it was all he could think about. “But last night I wished you were here so I could wrap you in my arms and hold you til we both fell asleep.”

Lance’s nod was more of him rubbing his face against Keith’s shoulder. His bed had felt far too big and far too empty, and he'd fallen asleep clinging to a pillow with Keith’s voice in his ear. And he'd woken up feeling just a little pitiful and needy. “Thanks for talking to me. After, I mean.”

“Of course. I’ve never done that before, but it was really nice.” It had just been the cherry on top to an already perfect night with Lance, especially since he hadn't been expecting it. “Whenever you want, I can just talk you to sleep. You just have to call.”

Or he could just stay, but his heart sped up at the thought. “Cool. I'll... If it's a problem, just tell me.”

“It won’t be, I promise.” It wouldn't be much different for Lance if they were texting anyway, but at least he'd be able to hear Keith's voice, and Keith would be able to hear Lance's in return. “Anything
“Careful, *chico lindo*. If you spoil me, you'll never get rid me.” Lance sat up straighter, careful not to disrupt Red too much, and found Keith’s cheek first with his hand and then with his lips. “*Eres muy dulce.*”

Turning his head, Keith pressed their lips together briefly. “Well, then, I'm just gonna spoil you all the time.”*Because I never want you to leave. “Do you wanna lay down for a little bit?”*

Every time Lance tried to tease him, he came back with something amazingly sweet. What was he supposed to do with this guy? “Yeah. Here or...?”

He originally meant the couch, but wouldn’t object if Lance wanted to just go cuddle in bed so they could both get what they'd wanted last night. “Wherever you want.”

“Could we...” Cheeks burning, Lance went for it. “Your bed.”

Keith smiled, kissing him again because he couldn't resist the adorable expression on his face. “Yeah. To be honest, I was hoping you would say that.”

Lance grinned, relief rolling through him. Dating wasn’t that hard, honestly. Dating Keith was fantastic and perfect. “We'll call it practice cuddling since you’re not a post-sex cuddler and I'm pretty sure I am.”

“Definitely.” Keith stole another kiss, sliding his arm down from around Lance's shoulders to his waist. “Do you want to walk there or do you want me to carry you?”

“On the one hand, walking helps me learn the layout of your place so I can navigate it. On the other hand...” Lance laid a hand on his chest, sliding it down until it rested low on Keith’s abdomen. “I get this flare of heat right here every time you pick me up. Last night, between leaving the message and you calling, I... I had to stop for a few minutes and I imagined you holding me still and that was really, really hot.”

Keith squirmed under the touch. Lance’s hand was close, so close to where he'd love to have it. It would only take a slight bit of maneuvering to get it to slip lower, to get Lance to touch him. “Yeah? Well, anytime you want me to hold you, or carry you, just say so. Because I really like it.”

“Then I really don't mind if you want to carry me to your bed.” Lance smiled, toying with the hem of Keith’s shirt. “How do you know... never mind. Let's just go lay down.”

“Ohkay.” Keith wondered what exactly Lance was going to ask, but figured it must have been embarrassing for him, so didn't push. “Here, climb into my lap again. It's easier to lift you up that way.”

“You just like me in your lap,” he teased, carefully setting Red onto the floor before straddling Keith’s lap. He grasped his shoulders, lips curving. “Are you gonna give me a real kiss? Still waiting for that.”

Chuckling, Keith leaned up and pressed a kiss to his lips. “I'll give you a better one when we get to bed.” He pushed off the couch, picking Lance up with him and holding him up by the backs of his thighs, carrying him into the bedroom and setting him down carefully on his bed. “I never thought that the first time you were in my bed would be just to cuddle.”

Lance bounced lightly, testing the mattress. It was almost as soft as his, so it'd do. “Yeah, well, if I'm gonna spend time here doing other things, I've got to make sure it's good enough.”
“And?”

He laughed, scooting back to find the pillows. “You and your bed pass, mullet.”

“Good to know.” Keith crawled onto the mattress to lay down next to Lance, pulling him into his arms and tangling their legs together, finally covering Lance’s lips with his own. His tongue slipped out to brush over Lance’s bottom lip, slipping inside when they parted on a soft sound.

Kissing lying down was so much more intimate than standing or even sitting. Lance lifted a hand, sliding it into Keith’s mullet, lapping at his tongue in eager little licks that only grew more confident with every kiss they shared. His taste had become familiar, but no less potent. His mind continued to swirl, body warming. But the want felt lazy, tempered by a desire to snuggle close and lingering nerves over what would happen if he asked for more.

One of Keith's hands slid up to the middle of Lance’s shoulder blades, the other down to the small of Lance’s back to draw him even closer. The urge that he thought he would have felt to do more with Lance was gone, buried beneath contentment of just having him close and the warmth from his boyfriend’s body. Their tongues tangled lazily as Keith kneaded his fingers into Lance’s back, and he would have been happy to stay there for the rest of the day, the rest of the night if Lance could have stayed.

When the kiss broke, both in need of air, Lance rested his brow against Keith’s and smiled. “Thanks for letting me come by.”

Keith pressed another chaste kiss to Lance’s smile. “You can come over anytime you want.”

“Careful with your promises, chico lindo. I'm greedy.” His hand slipped from his hair to his cheek, stroking along the curve gently. He would've been doing much the same thing had he been home, but he would've been alone in his bed and he would've been sad. He scooted closer to Keith. “Tú me haces feliz.”

“What does that mean?” Keith asked, beginning to pepper kisses over Lance’s face.

Lance giggled, fingers curling into his shirt. “‘You make me happy.’”

Keith smiled, kissing a trail back to Lance’s lips. “Mm. 가. Nega haeng bokhan moseubeur bomyeon nado haengbokhae.” The next kiss lasted a few moments longer, Keith dragging him impossibly closer. “I'm happy that you're happy.”

“[You're cute].” Lance squirmed against him, tucking a leg between Keith’s. “I need more compliments to give you. Cute doesn’t cover everything.”

“Try this one: Jeongmal areumdause.”

“Jeong- jeongmal ar- jeongmal areumdau... dause. Areumdause. Jeongnal areumdause.” Lance smiled. “. What is it?”

Keith didn't answer right away, instead trailing his lips to Lance’s neck and suckling at his soft skin. “It means ‘you're so beautiful.’”

Lance's laugh was breathless. “. Eres tan bonito.”

“. Dangsineun naege mucheok sojunghe,” Keith muttered, kissing even farther down and wondering if Lance wouldn't be averse to at least taking his shirt off. “‘You mean so much to me.’”
“Dangsineun... say it again. Your mouth is really distracting.”

Keith laughed, the sound vibrating into Lance’s skin. “...”

“Dangsineun naege...” It took him a few tries, but the phrase slipped out eventually despite the haze Keith’s lips were waving over mind. “I- Are you gonna keep doing that?”

“Maybe. Will you- I mean, you don’t have to, but will you take off your shirt?” The hand on the small of his back slid down to play with the hem. He wanted to get his lips on as much bare skin as possible.

He could. He could so easily let Keith remove his shirt. He wanted to let him do anything. “I... I want you to, but, like... That's it, okay? Are you gonna take yours off?” Lance bit his lip. “Can I take yours off?”

“You can absolutely take mine off. But don’t feel like you need to take yours off if it makes you uncomfortable.” He slid his hand up to Lance’s arm, rubbing lightly.

“I'm okay. I just- I want you to keep kissing me, and I really want to touch you.” Lance took Keith’s hand to kiss the palm.

“Okay.” Leaning back in, Keith pressed his lips to Lance’s cheek. “You can take mine off first, then.”

“Holy crow, okay.” Lance slid his hands down Keith's chest, finding the hem of his shirt. He bit his lip again before dipping his fingers beneath the fabric. “Your skin’s warm,” he murmured, hands inching their way up. They traced Keith’s abs, blue eyes rounding as he pushed his shirt up higher. “Okay, yeah, I really need to touch you, wow.”

Keith smiled, shifting slightly so Lance could push the fabric up farther. “You can do whatever you want, as long as you're comfortable with it.”

“You should probably be comfortable too, right? I know I'm not... your first, but I'm still- I'm stupid. Sorry. I'm- Ignore me, whatever.” Lance drew Keith's shirt over his head, dropping it to the side so he could freely explore. But he hesitated, instead pushing Keith onto his back and carefully straddling his waist. “Can I really just touch you?”

Whimpering softly, Keith's hands fell to Lance's hips. “Y-yeah, whatever you want.” The sight of Lance on top of him ignited a fire under his skin, the need to see more, to touch, growing to an almost unbearable level. “Please.”

Whimpering softly, Keith's hands fell to Lance's hips. “Y-yeah, whatever you want.” The sight of Lance on top of him ignited a fire under his skin, the need to see more, to touch, growing to an almost unbearable level. “Please.”

He almost stopped entirely, sure he was doing something wrong until the little plea spilled out. Encouraged, Lance found Keith’s shoulders and started downwards, strokes his strong arms and massaging his pecs with interest. His thumbs rubbed over his nipples, cheeks going pink at the sound Keith made before Lance moved on. He didn’t want to miss an inch, Keith’s skin warm under his fingers. It was fascinating to feel the way his muscles bunched and quivered beneath his questing fingers. “You’re so narrow and lean and just...” Lance traced the lines of his hipbones, stopping at the hem of his jeans before tracing over his abs again in innocent wonder. “I love the way you feel.”

“God, Lance. Your hands are so soft, what the hell.” His own calloused hands slipped up under Lance’s shirt, fingers trailing teasingly along his sides. He had to make a conscious effort not to buck his hips up when Lance pressed his palms flat against his chest right over his nipples, sighing under the slight pressure. Keith wanted to give him praise in return, knowing now that it was one of
Lance’s - hopefully many that he could explore - kinks. “I love the way you look on top of me. You’re so gorgeous, Lance.”

“I-” Lance squirmed atop him, nervous excitement rippling over his flushed features. “They're soft because I take care of my skin. And, um...” Keith’s hands felt so good over it, as good as the words made him feel. “What does that mean?”

Holy crap. Lance's movements were doing nothing to relieve the growing problem in his pants, sure that Lance was going to be able to feel what effect he had on Keith. “It- it means 'why are you so perfect?'”

“O-oh.” Lance stilled his movements, astounded by the obvious reaction beneath him. He knew he wasn't Keith's first, so it was a boost to his ego to know he was even able to cause it. He wanted to know what else he could do, but his hands felt frozen in place. He wanted to keep being perfect. He wanted to be whatever Keith wanted. “I... What do you want me to do, Keith?”

“First, I want you to get back down here and let me kiss you. Second, I want you to just keep touching me, wherever you want, however you want. I just want your hands on me.” He trailed his fingers even farther up on Lance’s sides under the shirt, rucking it up far enough to see a little bit more skin. “And then I want you to take your shirt off, because I want to put my mouth over every inch of your chest and stomach.” His fingers flexed, caressing gently. “If- if you'd be okay with that.”

Lance whimpered, hands lifting to Keith’s face as he leaned down to find his lips. It was a quick kiss, Keith’s hands impossible to ignore. “P-please take my shirt off. Will you- I want to be under you.”

“Yeah… yeah, of course.” Keith lifted the shirt up and over Lance’s head, laying it on top of his own next to them on the mattress. He took a moment to sweep his gaze over Lance’s torso, drinking in the perfectly broad shoulders and slim waist. Keith's hands slid down his front reverently, registering each reaction Lance had to just the touch of his hands. Then, gripping Lance’s hips, he flipped them so he was straddling Lance’s thighs and leaned down to suck a mark right above his left nipple.

The move was a confusing bundle of exciting and terrifying, Lance’s whine catching in his throat as he tangled one hand in Keith’s hair and the other sought purchase on his back. Feeling Keith’s skin against his was electrifying, his mouth sending more sparks shooting up his spine to crackle wildly in his mind. It was immediately overwhelming and he was caught right in the middle of needing to stop and needing it to go on forever. “Keith, p-please,” he breathed, unsure what he was even begging for.

Kissing the mark he'd left, Keith lifted his head enough to see Lance's face, contorted in an expression somewhere between blissed and distressed. “Lance, you gotta tell me if I start doing anything you don't like, if it's too much.” He trailed his hands over Lance's chest again, down over his stomach until his fingers skimmed along the waistband of Lance's jeans. “I'm gonna keep it above here, but don't be afraid to tell me to stop.”

“I don’t want you to stop.” Lance shivered beneath him, fingers flexing in his hair. “I want-” What the hell did he want? It was hard to discern with his mind stolen and heart racing from the unfamiliar attentions, and he absolutely hated that he didn’t know what he was doing. “Will you- Can you just- I want you to- to hold me. For a minute. Just for a minute. I just want to feel you.”

The stuttering would have been cute if it wasn't so telling of Lance's slight discomfort, so Keith obliged him, shifting down Lance's legs so he could lay himself atop Lance, pressing their bare
chests together. Lance's warmth was a hundred times greater skin-to-skin than through layers of fabric, and Keith just wanted to stay there forever, exactly like this. “Is this good?” he wondered, lips returning to Lance's neck.

“Yeah. Yeah, it's good.” It was immediately better, easier to deal with and wrap his mind around. This was cuddling. Gentle contact. The overwhelmed sensation steadily ebbed as his breaths evened and his heart steadied, the kisses reassuring him that the request hadn’t ruined Keith’s mood. He slowly went pliant beneath him, stroking his hair and scrunching his scalp with the same careful touch he used on Red. “Touch me,” he finally murmured. “I want your mouth, novio dulce.”

Keith moaned softly, nipping at his skin. If only Lance meant that in a different way, but he was content to spend time slowly exploring the expanse of Lance's torso, fingers caressing naturally tanned skin. His lips and tongue followed in their path, revisiting the mark on Lance's pec, making it bruise even more before moving over to the other side to leave a matching one. 가 [Eojjeom pibuga ireohge gowa]?” he muttered, laving his tongue over Lance’s nipple. “How is your skin so flawless?”

Lance’s answer was a wordless whine, head pressing back against the pillows as his world was assaulted by beautiful sensation. His mouth was so warm, his tongue seeming so wide and wet as it bestowed unfamiliar attention. “Tu boca es perfecto,” he sighed, trying to get his mind to function. “If- if you let me get you t-the right things, yours could be.”

“Mm, yeah, I'd like that.” But Keith was sure he'd like anything Lance wanted to give him or do for him… or do to him. He kissed a path up to Lance's shoulder, mouthing along his collarbone, leaving spit-slicked skin in his wake. He knew Lance was nervous, could feel it in the way his heart was rapidly beating in his chest under his lips, and Keith wanted to help ease that anxiousness in any way he could. It seemed that talking was one of the ways he could accomplish that, so began a litany of praise murmured into his skin. “I love your shoulders, Lance. They're so wide and strong, but still just as soft as the rest of you. 가 [Mommaega joha].”

Lance melted under the words, the praise combining with damp kisses to leave him pliant and his mind fogged. “Your Korean sounds so pretty,” he sighed. “Creo que me estoy enamorando de ti. Soy tuyo, Keith. Toca me.”

“Your Spanish sounds just as beautiful.” He had no idea what hardly any of it meant, but he didn't care as long as it was coming from Lance's lips. Keith smiled into his neck, pressing a kiss to the pulse point before starting on another trail towards his stomach, shimmying further down the bed. 가 [Dangsineun daedanhae]. 가 [Dangsineun jega kumkkundeon namjae].” His tongue licked long stripes along Lance’s abdomen, feeling toned muscle underneath all the soft skin. 가 [Nae ga dangsingwa sarange teoreojineun geos gata].”

He wasn't as toned as Keith by any stretch, but he did keep himself in some sort of shape between swimming and the yoga he'd been doing since he was thirteen. It helped him hold an arch, fingers tangling in Keith's mullet. He was drowning in sensation, wave after wave cresting over him to leave warm arousal in its wake. If this was what sex with him would be like, Lance wasn't sure his heart would be able to take it. “Mi cielo. My Keith…”

Keith spent a few more minutes lavishing attention on Lance's torso, kissing everywhere he could reach, nipping and suckling at his skin, until he was satisfied with the faint marks he'd managed to scatter across his chest. He moved back up, kissing Lance on the lips once more. “You are absolutely gorgeous,” he murmured, lips still brushing Lance's with every word. “So perfect. And all mine.”

“Sí, soy tuyo.” Lance slid his hands down Keith's back in contented strokes. “Anything you want.”
“I want you in any way I can have you.” Keith sighed, happy to let Lance touch him, to allow him to just feel. “But right now all I can think about is spooning with you and taking a nap.”

“Mm... Okay.” Lance's hands slipped into Keith's back pockets. “Why do you feel so nice?”

Keith smiled, his own hands trailing up and down Lance’s sides in a soft caress. “I could ask you the same thing.”

Lance shifted beneath him in a lazy stretch, humming. “I'm just amazing.”

“You really are.” Stealing one more kiss, Keith rolled off onto the mattress on his side, Lance’s hands slipping out of his jeans, instantly missing the warmth. He grasped Lance’s hips, pulling him closer and turning him onto his side so Keith could press up behind him, slotting a leg between his. His lips fell to the back of Lance’s neck, kissing and suckling and nipping right at his hairline.

Smiling, already drifting off, Lance tipped his head forward to give him better access. “M'bed's gonna feel s'lonely after this...”

So was Keith’s, already dreading having to sleep alone that night. He couldn't believe how much of an impression Lance was making in his life so far, slotting himself into places Keith hadn't even thought were empty until he filled them. He really was falling hopelessly in love with him, fast and hard and without any doubts about it. “Lance, anytime you want to come over, call me. Seriously.” Throwing an arm over Lance’s waist, he drew him even closer, trailing kisses across his skin.

“You can just...” Lance yawned, scooting back against him to get as much warmth as possible. “You can call me when you want me around. If m'not busy, I'll come.”

“I'll always want you around,” he admitted quietly, finally dropping his head to the pillow and pressing his nose into Lance’s shoulder blade. He inhaled deeply, letting his eyes slip shut as he breathed in his boyfriend’s scent.

“'Kay. I'll stay,” he mumbled and fell asleep with a sigh of Keith's name.

Keith listened to the sound of his breathing even out, slow and deep, before drifting off himself, trying not to think about how in a couple more hours he'd be alone once again.

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As far as Lance knew, he'd never slept better in his life. Maybe during the week-long coma he'd put himself into when he was seven, but that was different from sleeping next to someone. Even though it hadn’t been a long nap, he'd woken well-rested and actually happy with his boyfriend’s arms around him. He couldn’t remember the last time he'd woken up happy and stayed that way. The only thing trying to take away his good mood was the knowledge that they only had a few more minutes to together.

He held Keith a little tighter when his bike started to slow, knowing they were close to his family home since Keith's GPS kept squawking at them. As much as he loved and wanted to be with his family, he wanted to eke out every available second he had left with his boyfriend. He wanted to stay with him, to be around him. He kind of wanted to ask him to stay just so he could hold his hand during dinner and cuddle with him on the couch, but was afraid of making Keith uncomfortable. It was too soon for that, wasn't it? It was probably too soon for a lot of the feelings he was having, but there they were.

When the bike stopped, Lance's grip tightened on Keith's shirt. “Would it be pitiful if I asked you to take me around the block one more time?”
“No.” Keith laughed, taking a hand off the handlebars to rest over Lance’s. “Do you want me to? I wouldn't mind.”

“Maybe. I kind of just don't want you to go yet.”

Keith didn't want to go either, but the idea of meeting Lance’s family was a bit daunting to him, his heart hammering in his chest. He’d never once met any of his past boyfriends’ families, but he’d never had feelings for them quite as strong as the ones he had for Lance. And if their relationship was going to last a long time - which he hoped it would last forever - then he knew eventually he’d meet them. It didn't have to be right now. “One more trip around the block, then?”

Lance laughed, giving him a squeeze, but lifted his head when he heard a familiar roaring sound. This engine didn’t purr the way Keith's did, mostly because his oldest brother liked it that way. “Wait, wait. That sounds like Teo's bike. There's not another motorcycle in the drive, is there?”

“Uh, no, just a blue hatchback and a van.”

Lance straightened, giving Keith another squeeze. “Then it's Teo. He's my oldest brother. He's usually one of the last ones here.” The engine grew louder before abruptly cutting off. “Hola, Teo! Es tan ruidosa.”

“Cállate,” Teo laughed, heaving himself off his Harley. He smiled at them, as bright and mischievous as Lance's smiles tended to be. “¿Quién es?”

“Él es- This is Keith. I literally just told you who this is, Keith, so yeah.”

Keith slid off the seat, helping Lance down before he held his hand out to Lance’s brother, pleased when Teo took it for a firm shake. “Hey, nice to meet you.” He remembered from Lance's story about how he lost his sight that Teo was the one who’d seen it happen, and he squeezed a little harder before letting go.

“Y tú.” His dark eyes shone with knowing amusement, gaze shifting to Lance. “¿Es por esto que llegas tarde?”

Lance's cheeks pinkened. “Cállate, Teo.”

His grin broadened and he switched to English, his accent as Cuban as his language. “So you need help off bikes now, hermanito?”

Lance's color deepened. “Teo!”

Keith laughed quietly, reaching down to take one of Lance’s hands. Since teasing didn't seem to be off limits, Keith was going to go right along with it. “He likes that I can lift and carry him,” he told Teo, ignoring the slap on his arm.

Teo laughed, head falling back as the sound boomed from him. “Me gustas. Very nice. Lance, ¿él es su novio? ¿Lo sabe mamá?”

Lance shifted closer to Keith, hiding his embarrassed face in his mullet. “Aún no le he dicho...”

“Eso debe ser divertido.” Teo’s brows rose, attention shifting back to Keith. “Are you staying?”

“Um… Not today.” Keith squeezed Lance’s hand gently. “I've got a project I'm supposed to be working on. But… maybe next week?”
Lance smiled, lacing their fingers. “I'd really like that.”

“Alright, then, yeah. I'll definitely stay next week.” He hoped a week would be long enough to calm his nerves a little. Teo didn't seem too bad, but he was a little worried about what Lance’s parents might think of him. Even though in reality he knew he had nothing to worry about.

“Okay. I promise not all the sibs are rude enough to speak Spanish around you the whole time. Most of them are, but not all. And mom'll yell at us if we do.” Lance found his hips, arms wrapping around his waist to pull him into a hug. “[Najunge boja], Keith.”

“¿Que demonios fue eso?”

“Pssh. You don't know Korean? Geez, Teo.”

“Cuidado que te tome el pelo, hermanito.”

Lance laughed into Keith's hair, wanting to keep him close as long as possible. “I'll try.”

Keith wasn't sure how either McClain would feel about it, but after the hug ended he leaned in and pressed a quick kiss to Lance’s lips. “[Jar isseo, jagiyah]. Text me later.”


Teo shook his head, sending Keith a wave as he followed Lance. “It was nice to meet you, Keith.”

“You too.” He hopped back on Red, a small smug smile making its way onto his face at the look Teo gave his bike, and then shot off down the street to head back home.

Teo swung an arm across Lance’s shoulders, the habit familiar enough that Lance’s knees managed not to buckle. “So when were you planning on telling anyone that you have a boyfriend?”

Lance laughed, letting Teo tug him up the porch steps. “When I started to believe it, so probably never.”

“Raquel’s going to be upset.”

“No, she's gonna be jealous that you know before her. And that you got to meet him.” Lance elbowed him, the cane going away before they pushed open the door. He didn't need it at home, particularly not when he and Teo were immediately engulfed by the rest of the large, loud family.

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Lance loved spending time with his family. Every Sunday was cherished and he always left wondering why he'd ever wanted to move out to begin with. They bickered as much as they laughed and, as picky an eater as he was, his mom never made a dish he wouldn't eat. It was perfect. It was so much more bearable than coming to the apartment, quieter than normal since Hunk was the early-to-bed sort. Not exactly early to rise, but he slept like a rock. Especially on school nights.

When one of his sisters dropped him off just after eleven, Lance was sure he'd be more than ready to sleep like one himself. He'd been up early to run drills with his pupper and had spent hours with his high-energy family on just a few hours of sleep and one very pleasant nap. That wasn't nearly enough beauty sleep for him, so he trudged through his normal nightly routine with yawns spilling out every few seconds and climbed into bed with every intention of falling right to sleep.

But his bed was too big. That normally wasn't a problem. Lance preferred bigger beds. He tended to
move a lot in his sleep when he couldn't settle, so had fallen out of them more than once as a kid. But no amount of tossing and turning was helping him. No amount of clinging to pillows was substituting what he wanted. He felt for his phone, switching it on. “Kitty, what time is it?”

The phone beeped, its robotic voice chiming, *It is twelve-oh-two AM, October-

“Kitty,” he interrupted, not caring about the date, “text Keith.”

There was another beep. *Listening.*

“Keith, are you up? It's- it's okay if you're not. Just... Kitty, delete.”

*Message deleted. Listening.*

“I miss you. Are you up? Send.”

*Message sending... Message sent.*

From Lance [00:02] *I miss you, are you up?*

From Keith [00:04] *yeah, cant sleep*

From Keith [00:05] *i miss you too*

From Lance [00:07] *Do you have class tomorrow? I don't have to be in until eleven for one*

From Keith [00:09] *only 1 class tomorrow, starts at 12:30*

Lance set his phone back on the bedside table, rolling onto his stomach to rest his chin on his pillows. They both had pretty late classes then. It wasn’t like he had to be up in six hours for a seven o’clock class. So he swallowed and grabbed his confidence to send two more messages.

From Lance [00:13] *Normally, Hunk wakes me up at eight and I have to hang out at the library Mondays until my class. Then I head to work after. Shiro normally drives me Mondays. I mean, I used to walk but no one lets me anymore. Not until I've got blue*

From Lance [00:15] *But can I stay with you tonight? You don't have to let me. I know it's a hassle coming all the way over here*

When there wasn't an answer, Lance grabbed his phone after a few minutes and had it refresh his messages twice before he bit his lip and quietly set it back down. His confidence wavered, cracking around him as the minutes ticked by without an answer. At least the speech-to-text couldn't tell Keith his voice was shaking when he sent the next message.

From Lance [00:32] *Okay I guess you fell asleep, that's okay. That's fine. Bye*

He pressed his face into his pillow until it got too hard to breathe, then rolled over and hugged it to his chest. He pressed it to his eyes when he felt them water. No response didn't mean no. It didn't mean Keith thought he was stupid. He very easily could've just gone to sleep, that's all. But, cripes, he felt stupid. Two dates. They’d gone on two dates and, hell, maybe Keith was mad after all that Lance hadn't asked for more. He'd wanted to. He'd really, really wanted to, and still didn't know what exactly was holding him back. But whatever it was might be a problem. Maybe Keith wanted him to be ready faster. Maybe there was more impatience under there than Lance knew. He was normally good at picking up on that, but this was different. This was a relationship with a guy who'd had plenty of them. He'd probably had plenty of guys in his bed who'd
been very happy to let things go below the waistband.

But Lance? He'd done nothing with no one. Keith was having to teach him how to kiss and everything on top of the fact that Lance was blind and needed a little more help than most people. He even made Keith help him on and off his motorcycle even though that was ridiculous. Of course he'd lose patience. Of course he wouldn't be interested in having him over just to sleep. Of course he'd think Lance was a waste of space.

Headache waiting to happen.

When his phone went off, he was seconds away from a meltdown and he almost didn't ask Kitty what it said until there was a second.

From Keith [00:39] oh shit, sorry, that last message didn't send
From Keith [00:40] anyway come open the door

Open the door? Was he... Holy crow. Breath hitching, Lance threw his covers aside and rolled out of bed. He hit his elbow on the doorframe of his room, not paying attention in his haste, so made himself slow down enough to count the steps to the front door.

He unlocked it, but left the chain hooked because, well, he'd gotten himself in trouble more than once by just flinging open a door when someone had knocked. When it cracked open, he quickly swiped his pajama sleeve over his eyes, bright with unshed tears. “K-Keith?”

“Yeah, it's me.” Keith waited while Lance closed the door to unhook it then stepped inside the dark apartment when it swung open all the way. His eyes were still adjusting to the pitch blackness, a different dark than the outside illuminated by streetlamps and headlights, but he was standing close enough to Lance that he could see the way his eyes were shimmering. “Are you okay?”

Mostly. “Yeah. I'm- I'm okay.” He pulled Keith in, closing the door behind him, and banded his arms tightly around his boyfriend. “Just- I thought you weren't coming.”

“I'm sorry. My phone didn’t send the message that I was on the way here.” Keith sighed, wrapping his arms around Lance’s shoulders to pull him in closer and press a kiss to his lips. “But I promised you that whenever you need me, I'll be here.”

“Yeah, well, it's almost one in the morning, so...” Lance rested his brow against Keith's, his racing heart steadying. “I'm not even close to being ready to go.”

“Like I said: whenever.” Keith chuckled softly, wary of Hunk sleeping in the other room. “And I can help you pack some things if you want.”

“Oh, uh. I... don't know? I mean, I know there are lights, but...” Lance reached for him, wrapping his arm around Keith’s. “I know where I'm going. Just trust me.”

“Alright, lead the way.” Keith followed him through the apartment until they reached Lance’s room. Once Lance had flipped the lightswitch, it being attached to his ceiling fan, Keith sat on his mattress, still warm from Lance’s body, and waited while Lance rooted around in his closet for his overnight
bag. He tried not to stare too much at Lance’s ass, because even though Lance couldn't see him doing it, he knew Lance could still sense people's gazes. When Lance turned around with his bag in hand, Keith stood up from the bed. “Okay, so what do you need me to get for you?”

“I know where my stuff is or I wouldn’t be able to get dressed on my own. When Raquel still lived at home, she used to barge into my room and pick my clothes out for me. It was amazing and awful all at once.” Amused, Lance offered the bag to him. “So just hold it. Unless, I mean, you want to pick out clothes for me. I don’t mind.”

Keith took it from him, unzipping it and holding it open. “No, it’s fine. I can hold it for you.” He just wanted to help out in any way he could. “Actually, can I just pick out a shirt?”

Lance laughed, waving a hand. “Go ahead. I'm just gonna grab some jeans. Should I- should I get dressed to go to your place or is this fine? I'm gonna get my jacket to wear over it, but still.”

“You can stay in your PJs, Lance, it’s alright.” He smiled fondly, walking over to stand in front of the closet and using the flashlight on his phone - which, he realized, he could have used to navigate through the apartment, but he was an idiot - to sift through his shirts. There was so much blue, some black and some plain white shirts, but Keith kept searching until he found a simple red and white raglan in the very back. He pulled it off the hanger, running his fingers over the soft fabric briefly before folding it neatly and sticking it in the bag. “Okay, got the shirt.”

“You're trusting you not to make me wear something ugly all day tomorrow.” Lance tucked in a pair of jeans, socks and boxers following. “I think I'm good. My school stuff’s just my laptop and that should be on my desk. I don’t remember moving it. Oh, and my headphones. I need those too.”

“Alright. Are you gonna put those in this bag too or do you have your backpack somewhere?”

“Mm... Do you think I could give you my laptop? My class is usually done around twelve because my teacher doesn't like to keep us the whole time, so I could meet you somewhere before yours starts. I don’t know how else I'd get my backpack and my overnight bag on the bike.”

“Yeah, definitely. What time do you work afterwards?”

“One to five. I get a thirty around three for doing four hours. That's tomorrow, Tuesday, and Wednesday.” He didn’t know when he'd manage to get his laptop back, but it was just an excuse to see him again. Lance shrugged, heading to his desk to unhook it from the charger. His headphones were in the drawer beneath, so he withdrew those and pocketed the little case they were in. “Do you have regular work hours or is it just whenever?”

Keith took the laptop and carefully set it in atop the clothes in the bag, then zipped it up and slung it over his shoulder for the time being. “The only day that's regular is Sunday, and I work eight to two. Other than that it's just whenever, but I'm never there past six. My boss likes to stay open later since most people work eight to five shifts.” Which Keith thought was pretty cool of him to do, and although he was of age and could work until whatever time, Coran didn't like to keep him past six due to him still being in school. Which was also cool.

“Okay. Um... maybe, if you're not working tomorrow night, you could pick me up?”

“I can do that. I don’t have a shift til Wednesday this week, two to six. So yeah. Are you okay doing take-out again?”

“Yeah, I'm easy.” Lance smiled shyly, pulling his jacket off a hook behind the door. “This isn't too much, is it? Like... Us being together.”
“What? No, it’s not too much. Not- not unless you feel it is.” Keith took his hand once his jacket was on and laced their fingers together. “I love being around you and being with you. It'll never be too much.”

Lance nodded, giving his hand a squeeze. “I'm just- I'm making sure, that's all. I mean, you've done this before. I don’t know if this is normal. I just know how I feel.”

“Well, unless you're in a long-distance relationship with someone, this is normal. Just… trust your feelings.” Leaning in, he gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

Lance wasn't altogether sure that falling in love with someone after a week - cripes, not even a full week - was trustable. Not that he was completely in love. Just falling. Steadily, quickly falling. Holy crow. “I'm... I'm trying to. They're just big and terrifying, and I almost had kind of a panic attack just because I thought... I don’t know. Feelings are hard.”

“Yeah… they are.” It's why he'd never allowed himself to get too emotionally attached to anyone. Before now. “Would it make you feel better if I told you I've never felt this way about another person, the way I feel about you? You're not the only one with big and terrifying feelings.” It was as close to the actual truth as Keith was going to admit at the moment.

Trust was easy for Lance. It hadn't been shaken as hard as his confidence, and Keith hadn’t done anything to harm either. So he nodded. “I- Yeah. It helps. It helps a lot. So I'm ready to go. My shoes are by the front door with my keys.”

Keith smiled easily, squeezing his hand again. “Then let's go.” He trailed after Lance again, this time using his phone to light the way so he wouldn't accidentally stub a toe. They stopped by the door to collect the last of Lance's things and then left the apartment, locking the door behind them.

When Keith finally pulled the bike up to his cabin, it was just past one thirty. It hardly mattered, though, since it only meant that now they'd both be able to sleep. Shoes deposited by the door, Keith carried Lance back to his room again, wanting nothing more than to keep him close to affirm that he was actually there. After he got Lance settled on the mattress under the blanket, he shed his shirt and jeans, which he'd hastily pulled on earlier, and climbed in behind him, kissing his neck. “You're okay with spooning again, right?”

“Yeah.” Lance pressed back against him, this feeling so much more intimate than when they'd laid together in jeans. Even though they'd been shirtless. Pajamas were intentional. Pajamas meant they wanted to sleep together this time, had planned on it specifically. So Lance immediately rolled onto his back, ruining the position, to pull Keith into a kiss. “I really like that you don't push.”

“I don't want you to be uncomfortable. Sex doesn't run a relationship. I'll wait til you're ready.” Keith kissed him again, longer and slower. “Even if you're never ready, that's fine too.”

“There'll be a ready, novio dulce. Wanting you only gets bigger the longer we’re together.” Lance smiled, reaching up to find Keith’s cheek and slide it up into his hair. “But I didn’t mean just sex. You don’t really push me about anything. You knew I was sad earlier, but you didn’t push me about why. You know about the accident, but you haven’t pushed me about that. You know I told my family about you today, and you haven’t even bugged me about that. I keep waiting for you to ask questions about- about anything, and you just... don’t.”

“Well, I- I don't know how much you'd be willing to share. And-” His hand found Lance's under the covers, lifting it out from underneath to kiss it sweetly. “And this is actually all new to me too. The big, terrifying feelings, at least. I don't wanna push you ‘cause I'm… scared of losing you for any reason.”
“The big, terrifying feelings make me want to tell you things, though. You’re not gonna lose me unless you push me away. Like, on purpose. Y’know, ‘it’s not me, it’s you.’ So I like that your first instinct is to be this huge softy towards me because I don’t think that’s ever been anyone’s first instinct towards me. But I just want you to know that I don’t mind if you’ve got questions. I want to tell you. I like to talk, Keith. And I really like you.” Lance stroked his hair fondly. “I want to let you all the way into my crazy, loud life if you want to be part of it.”

Keith let out a soft, relieved sigh, tightening his fingers around Lance's hand. “I do. I really do. But… maybe we save the questions for another day? I just really wanna sleep with you right now.”

“No, absolutely not right now. I was yawning like crazy when I first got to the apartment. But then my head hit the pillow and my eyes wouldn’t stay shut and I couldn’t find a comfortable position. I’m just... I’m just saying that I appreciate you and the option’s there. For later. And maybe I wanted access to your mouth again before going to sleep.” His grin went impish.

Keith leaned forward to kiss it right off of his face, sliding his tongue inside Lance's mouth and tasting the toothpaste still lingering. He let go of Lance's hand to cup his cheek, pulling him closer in order to deepen the kiss even more. It was a promise that he'd have access to Keith's mouth whenever he wanted it, an invitation for him to do anything he wanted.

The grip Lance had in Keith’s hair tightened, fingers tangling even more in the soft strands. He kissed back with confidence for the first time, returning the promise with his own. He’d be ready soon. Even if the big, terrifying feelings weren’t exactly the same, just knowing Keith had feelings was a boost. Everything about Keith was a boost. He didn’t push, he wanted to be with him, he had feelings, he wanted to be with him, and he had never once treated Lance like he was less, like he was a hassle or a problem or a burden. Or a waste of space. If he could just keep doing that, then maybe Lance could go back to believing it all the time. “Gracias por ser tu mismo. Eres perfecto para mí.”

“What's that mean?” he mumbled, eyes already drifting shut.

“‘Thanks for being you.’” Lance rolled onto his side, but he didn’t face away this time. He wanted to hold and be held, so nudged their brows together and draped an arm across Keith’s waist while his own eyes closed. “‘You’re perfect for me,’ Keith. Mi novio dulce.”

Keith smiled, wrapping his own arm around Lance's waist, hand settling at the small of his back to drag him closer, slotting their legs together. “You’re perfect for me too, Lance.”

“Obviously.” He brushed his smile to Keith’s, relaxing steadily. This was exactly what he’d been missing in his own bed. Maybe they could figure out a way for this to happen more often. “‘Night, Keith.”

“G’night, Lance.” Once again, Keith waited until Lance had fallen asleep, fingers massaging lightly along his back. The same thoughts were running through his head, hoping that they could make this arrangement more permanent, and finally drifting off as he snuggled closer to his boyfriend.
Chapter 4

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Chapter translations can be found here!

In the interest of not clogging the tags (there are A LOT of tags we have to add to this fic), I'm going to put them in the top notes in each chapter.

Chapter 04 warnings/tags:
Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Frottage

They’d tried to sleep in their own beds alone Monday night, then again Tuesday night. By Wednesday, they’d both caved and had actually taken the time to look at each other’s schedules. Lance’s was easiest as it didn’t change, and Keith’s would have to be played by ear, but both left plenty of time for Keith to find Lance and bring him back to the cabin so they could sleep. It also looked like they both had Thursday free and clear after two morning classes. Lance had been prepared for Keith to take him to dinner that night, but he wasn’t prepared at all for Keith to whisk him off early for a surprise.

And he didn’t think Keith was ready for him to know what it was before the store had even come into view. “Are you-? Are we going to the bath store? I can smell it. Can you smell it? I have to know which candles they’re burning.” He tugged Keith’s arm, bouncing excitedly as he was led through the crowded mall. “I don’t have any of my coupons, Keith!”

“It’s fine.” On Monday, Keith had asked Hunk to bring them in for him, and the man had delivered the day before, stacks of coupons. Not only for the bath store, but for a few other places in the mall that Hunk knew Lance would drag Keith to. “You just pick out what you want. I’ll take care of the rest.”

“But I'm buying the things for you. I wanted to come shopping for you.”

Smiling, Keith laid his other hand over Lance's where it was wrapped around his arm. “Okay,” he conceded; he'd been fully prepared to pay for everything, but Lance wanted to do something nice for him too, so he'd let him. “And then after the bath store we can go anywhere you want.”

“Be careful with promises like that, chico lindo. You’ve got a temporary car now, and I'm not above filling it to the brim. Shiro wouldn’t even be surprised to get in and find his car smelling like a florist moved in.” Lance grinned, breathing in when they reached the store. It smelled like pumpkin, overlain by the perfume of various other scents. He loved it. “Candles first.”

“Alright. We'll start at the front.” The way the displays were set up would allow them to move through the store in a distorted zigzag pattern, so Keith led Lance over to the first table. It was right in the front and piled high with candles, all of them boasting names with “pumpkin” in them. “Is there one you wanna start with first or do you wanna just go for it?”

“Just go for it. I need to smell all of them.” He knew what he liked, but he hadn't known Keith the
last time he'd been there and he needed something that worked with him. Something that wasn't flowery and wouldn't clash with his home. “Just take off the lids and let me smell those. All the scent gets concentrated there.”

Keith nodded, and then mentally smacked himself. “Okay, first one.” He lifted the lid on the first candle, something with berry in its name that Keith didn't think would mix well, and held it up to Lance's nose.

“Oh, this is one of the one's I bought last time. It's the berry strudel, right? Smell it.” Lance leaned against him, listening to Keith's quiet inhale. “Are the candles still listed as being on sale? Three-wicks are the best, but not at full price.”

Keith put that lid back down and reached for the next, scanning the table for a sign. “Uh, yeah,” he told Lance when he saw it, holding the lid up for him. “It says they're ten each.”

“Good.” He'd still limit himself, mindful that he'd already bought a few and hadn't been home enough recently to actually light any of them. Lance breathed in, humming in appreciation. That was the latte one, had to be. He knew most of the pumpkin scents. Those hadn't changed or been updated in the week since he'd last been there, and he didn't think any of them would really work well with Keith. Maybe the sweet cinnamon pumpkin, but that was a strong maybe. He made Keith let him smell that one twice when they reached it, the cinnamon more sugar than spice. Keith was spice.

“What do you think about this one?”

Keith took a short inhale, the pumpkin immediately apparent, but when he pulled back he caught a whiff of something else in it. He had to smell it two more times before putting the lid back down. “That one is okay. The pumpkin in it isn't as bad as the other ones.” Probably because the other ones were mixed with scents that Keith believed shouldn't be mixed with pumpkin. "I like that the cinnamon smell is stronger.” But it was wrong, not spicy enough for him.

It was definitely a maybe then. Lance would just have to keep it in mind. “Okay, what's next? That's all of these ones, right?”

“Yeah, the next table is over here.” Keith walked him over to it, this one covered with more candles, though - thankfully - none of them were pumpkin scents. The first one he held up for Lance was another one with cinnamon, but he was a little wary about the doughnut part of it. “What do you think of this one?”

Lance hummed, fingers curling into the sleeve of Keith's shirt. “Oh my god, that one's one of my favorites. It's not even close to being you, but it's so. Amazing. Just smell it. Oh my god.”

Keith brought the lid up to his own nose, taking just the briefest of breaths in before being assaulted by the scent of cinnamon and sugar and what smelled like actual doughnuts. “That… It smells real, but would you really want your apartment to smell like a doughnut shop?”

“Um. Yes, actually. Want to and have. It always tricks Hunk into making donuts and those are very important to me as a person. Let me smell it again.” He breathed in and, just to tease, his exhale was a soft little moan.

“Lance, oh my god.” Keith knew it was done on purpose, Lance's little smirk giving him away. It was getting more and more difficult to keep holding back, especially with the teasing Lance kept subjecting him to, but he'd made a promise to Lance and himself that he wouldn't try anything. So he distracted himself by picking up the next lid and holding it for Lance. “This- This one is, uh… something.” The candle itself was turned around so he couldn't see the name, but the brown color of the glass didn't bode well in his mind.
Lance took one whiff and jerked back. “Holy crow, is that punishment for teasing you? Cripes, Keith. I want to smell the doughnut one again to make up for that.”

“What’s so bad abou-” It just barely made it to his nose before Keith pulled it back quickly, gagging. “Ugh. No.” He was with Lance, anything would smell better than that, even the one on the pumpkin table he didn't particularly like with the woody scent. He grabbed up the doughnut one again, letting Lance sniff it before doing so himself. “I’m sorry, I’m not smelling them before you.”

“Yeah, Hunk doesn't either. He says it gives him a headache, but he's always been queasy.” Lance shrugged, very carefully reaching out. His fingers just barely brushed the smooth, rounded glass of the candles. “I want one of the doughnut ones. It can be my palate cleanser for any nasty ones you subject me to.”

Laughing, Keith picked one up and put it in the bag he'd grabbed at Lance's insistence after the first couple candles they'd smelled. “Okay, I'll smell them before I let you so that doesn't happen again.”

Lance smiled, hand leaving the glass to find Keith's cheek so he could press a kiss to it. “Okay. If you find one you like, tell me.”

“Will do.”

There were a couple more on that table, more fall scents that Lance fawned over. Keith actually liked the one that had a strong cranberry smell with cinnamon and woody undertones, and Lance had called that one a “strong possibility.” The next display was just a wall of shelves full of candles. Keith glanced at his boyfriend and then looked around at the rest of the store. They'd only gotten through two tables and still had at least five more, plus more shelving units covering every inch of the place. He sighed, defeated, and cursed Pidge under his breath for being right.

Grabbing the first lid, he smelled it first, deeming it safe enough for Lance to sniff. It was too flowery for him, but it didn't smell exactly bad. “This is gardenia.”

Lance breathed it in, nodding to himself. He'd smelled this one last time and had regretted not getting it, but he wasn't going to expect Keith to deal with it now. Not when he could already feel the impatience brewing, but this had been his idea. Lance had warned him, damn it. “Next time I'm here, I'm gonna get that one for Allura. She loves the flower scents for her office and this one's new.”

“Sounds good.” He put it back, but not before smelling it one more time and also nodding to himself. It did seem like something Allura would enjoy, even though he'd only been around her a handful of times. “Next one is peppermint and… marshmallow?” Keith sniffed it and shrugged, holding it out for Lance. “I don't know.”

He had to smell it twice. Not because it was particularly good, but because he wasn't sure at first that there even was a scent. “That's... weird. It's really muted and bland.”

“Yeah, it doesn't really smell like anything.” Then again his sense of smell probably wasn't the most reliable. He put it back and grabbed the next one, having to hold it close to his face for almost a whole minute to inhale it. “I like this one a lot. Here, sniff.”

Lance breathed in, a hand lifting to Keith's wrist as he breathed in again. Definitely some kind of mahogany. Probably teakwood and oakmoss, some lavender tossed in to take the edge off. It was a comfortable sort of scent that would work well with Keith and if he liked it, even better. “Yeah, I like it too. Keep it.”

“Okay, cool.” It joined the other one in the bag and then Keith moved on to the next. They finished
that wall, not finding anything else that either of them liked enough to decide to purchase, and went to the next table. It didn't have nearly as many candles on it as the others, but there were still quite a few different scents. The first one Keith picked up was fruity, and when he looked at the label, he told Lance and held it up. “It’s peach.”

Lance laughed at his unimpressed tone, breathing in the scent. It was definitely peach. “Don't start getting impatient already. I warned you.”

“I'm not!” Except he totally was and they weren't even halfway through the store yet. Hell, they weren't even finished with the candles. But Keith made himself calm down, placing the lid back on the peach candle and grabbing the next one. He put it in front of Lance's nose without smelling it. “How’s this one?”

It was perfect. Lance grabbed Keith's wrist so he could take a deeper breath. Cinnamon and cloves tingled, strong and vibrant. It was beyond perfect. This was Keith. He couldn't even be annoyed at his boyfriend's obvious impatience when this scent filled him. The mahogany teakwood was Keith when he was sweet, when he wrapped his arms around Lance at night and held him. This was everything else. This was his impatient boyfriend with his penchant for biting or being an asshole. This was his mouth when the kisses were deep and seeking or when they were sweet and fresh after he brushed his teeth in the morning. “This one. It's you. Es perfecto. Es mi novio. I need this one.”

Keith leaned in to finally sniff it, falling in love with it before he'd even gotten a good whiff of it. The cinnamon was strong, but not overpowering, and the other spices mixed in with it enticingly. “Okay, yeah. This one.” He put it in the bag, and then, after a moment's hesitation because they were still in the middle of the store, leaned over and kissed Lance.

Lance pressed closer, not minding at all that they were in a store. It didn't even cross his mind that he should care. He wanted the taste the scent had brought to mind, so was quick to part his lips and slip his tongue between Keith's to find it. The needy sound he made when he found it was unconscious, a hand sliding into Keith's hair to cling in an effort to keep himself from falling. But it didn't help at all, another soft sound spilling into the kiss when Lance realized he was still standing.

He broke the kiss, breaths puffing shakily against Keith's lips. The big, terrifying feeling had a name now and he pressed as close as he could get to Keith when he poured the feeling into another kiss. He loved him. He loved Keith, impatience and all. “Te necesito,” he murmured. “Te quiero. I want- I need another one. I want one of them for me too.”

“I- Yeah, okay.” The kiss left him winded, not having been prepared for the intensity of it. He took another one of the candles off the shelf and put it in the bag, ignoring the stares the two of them were receiving from the other patrons in the store. “I want to find one more, one that I can keep in my room.” One that would remind him of Lance every time he smelled it.

“Oh. I thought the mahogany one would work for your room and the cinnamon one for the living room. I'm lighting it as soon as we get home.” Lance grinned, eyes shining as he looped his arm back around Keith's. “But we can find another one.”

“Good. Now I actually can't wait to get home and light that one.” He dragged Lance to the last table that held candles, on a mission now to find the perfect one to keep next to his bed. The first one was pleasant but too flowery and didn't fit with Lance's personality. So he tried a few more, holding each one up for Lance to smell too, but they were still missing a key scent that he couldn't put a name to.

It wasn't until they reached the other side of the table that he finally found it. It was even in a blue glass jar, which made him extremely happy as he inhaled the scent of whatever the hell bergamot was, sandalwood, and something that smelled like sweet citrus. “What, uh, what do you think of this
one? I think this is the one I want.” He knew this was the one he wanted. Keith just hoped Lance would like it.

Lance smiled as he breathed it in, nodding. “It kind of- It smells like home. I like it.”

“Good, ’cause it definitely reminds me of you. And I’m keeping it on my nightstand.” Leaning in again, Keith kissed his cheek, placing it in the bag.

“Okay. At least you don’t get impatient with candles when you’re the one looking.” Lance laughed, elbowing him playfully. “So a lot of the fall scents only come in the candles, so I won’t be surprised at this answer, but I will still be sad if it’s no. Is there body lotion in the cinnamon?”

Keith scanned the tables and shelves that housed the lotions and soaps, but came up empty. “No, just the cinnamon pumpkin one.”

“Not good enough,” Lance sighed. “What about the mahogany?”

He had to look around again, but he found it on the shelf next to the table they were at. “There’s a soap and a… body cream? What the hell is that?” And why did it seem to be different than the regular body lotion?

“Mm. It’s like lotion but different.” Lance took the bottle of hand cream when it was offered to him, squeezing a small drop onto his index finger to make sure the scent worked. “Stop waving your hands around, you dork.”

“I’m not waving my hands.” Keith pouted, but stilled his movements, and took the tube when Lance handed it back to sniff at it.

“You were. I know you were.” Lance’s eyes rolled as he rubbed the dot of cream into his hands. It would do. Keith’s skin was in desperate need of some moisture, so the cream was better than lotion anyway. “You created a breeze with your sarcasm.”

“I- what?” He threw his hands up. “That doesn’t make sense.”

“Sure it does. You just did it again. Give me the tube back if you’re just gonna wave it around.”

Keith’s pout turned into a small smile, but he was still a little annoyed as he gave it back. “Well, we’re just about ready to go, right?”

Lance smiled slowly. Hell no. “Give me your hands, mocoso.”

He groaned, thrusting his hands out for Lance. He wasn’t cut out for this. He thought he could handle it, but Lance apparently wanted to sample the entire store, and Keith was not going to survive. “What else are we looking for?” he asked, trying to expel the annoyance from his tone.

“I still need a lotion or a body scrub. Probably both. I’m low on both.” Lance drew off Keith’s gloves, not quite prepared for how intimate the action seemed. They were just gloves and he wanted to see if he could make some of that annoyance go away, so he pushed away the embarrassment and focused on the warmth. He carefully poured just a little of the cream into Keith’s hands, massaging it in one at a time. “I know what scents I like at least, and I know what keeps my skin soft. I want it to be soft when I’ve got your hands on me, Keith.” He slid Keith’s gloves back on his hands, lips curving. “You suck at being patient, chico lindo, but I appreciate the effort.”

Keith blushed, also not prepared for the intimacy of it all. He was especially not prepared for the sultry words spilling from him. “I- I’m only trying because it’s you, Lance.” Because if he were there
with anyone else he would have dragged them out of the store almost as soon as they had gotten there. It was a true sign of just how much he adored his boyfriend, wanting to make him as happy as possible, however that may be.

“I know, which is why I’m not being as bad.” Lance gave his hands a squeeze before rubbing his own together to make sure the cream was gone. He didn’t sound as annoyed anymore, so he considered the move a success. He wasn’t bad at this relationship thing.

“And I appreciate that,” he replied. “But you don’t have to. I don’t want you to. You like me for being myself, so you be yourself. I'll live.”

“Yeah, but there are still more places I want to drag you. So I’ll tell you the scents I like most and you can pick.” He smiled, feeling for the bag and dropping the tube into it. “Come on.”

“Alright.” Keith looked back at the display of the mahogany scents and decided to grab one of the soaps too, just because he knew Lance liked the scent and would probably cuddle even closer to him the next time they slept together. Keith bypassed the next section, instead listening to Lance’s instructions on what scents he liked most so he could pick some things out for him.

It took another thirty minutes just for Lance to narrow it down to three choices, Keith's impatience rearing its head again, but Lance only laughed at him because all he had to do was press his thumb beneath the fabric of his gloves and rub in a circle for Keith to settle. He could make Keith settle that easily. He could. It had been so long since his confidence had been so high, and it was the best of feelings. It was wonderful not to feel on the edges of a breakdown or want to hide. He'd never been one to hide or feel shy, so it had been a weird time for him.

Keith deserved something for it, for slowly but surely helping him out of that well. He'd do something for him. He didn’t know what just yet, but he’d figure something out. Blind had never meant disabled for him until he'd found himself stuck in the middle of the road with his dog’s weak licks slowly stopping and no idea who had hurt her. Himself, too, but he could’ve and had brushed that off. It was her that got to him. He hadn’t been able to do a thing for her, and that's what had made him feel the worst.

Then here was this guy who just liked him, who was willing to put up with him and even learn how to help him in his daily life without expecting anything in return. No wonder it had been so easy to fall in love with him. He was giddy with it, giddy just with Keith, and it was the best feeling.

He grinned, fingers trailing down his neck so his lips could follow. He nipped lightly, laughing at the way Keith shivered against him. “Okay. So Moonlight Path, Sweet Cranberry Rose, and... Let's go back to Ocean. And then you can pick between those three.”

Keith had to smell each of them another handful of times, ultimately being drawn back to Ocean. “I like Ocean, so that’s what I'm getting you. Soap and lotion, right?” At Lance’s happy nod, he threw one of each into the bag, which was starting to get kind of heavy with all the stuff they've put into it. “Is that everything you wanted to look at in here?”

“Well...” Lance laughed, able to feel the way Keith sagged beside him. “Yeah, I'm good. Give me your candles and your cream at the counter or I will throw a hissy fit and embarrass you.”

“A hissy fit?” Laughing, Keith started pulling him over to the counter. “What are you, twelve?”

“On a scale from one to ten? You bet.”

“Jesus, Lance.” He shook his head, smiling at his antics, setting the bag on the counter when they
reached it. The candles and body cream that Lance was buying for him was set aside while the girl rang everything else up. Keith handed over some of the coupons, saving the rest for Lance to use, and paid before she could say the total out loud. He didn’t want Lance to worry about how much he was spending on him, just wanted to be able to spoil his boyfriend.

Lance didn’t have that luxury, but knew he wasn’t spending nearly as much as Keith. He swiped his card, using the braille on the keypad to punch in his pin, and he was happy to take his bag and his boyfriend’s arm once the transaction processed. He was practically bouncing as they made their way out, spirits high. Shopping therapy and a sweet boyfriend made for quite the combination. “Do you want to get pretzels and a lemonade or something and sit for a few minutes?”

“Definitely.” They’d been in the store for nearly two hours, and Keith was ready for a break. They navigated through the mall, not as busy as last week when they were there since it was the middle of the afternoon on a Thursday, and made it to the pretzel stand after a couple short minutes. “Cinnamon sugar, right?” he confirmed, leaving Lance and their bags at a table nearby.

“Mnhm. And raspberry lemonade if they’ve got it.” Lance dug out his phone to check the time and his messages, popping an earbud in.

Keith left him to it, walking up to the counter to get two pretzels, Lance’s raspberry lemonade, and a regular lemonade for himself, along with extra icing. Balancing everything in his arms, he joined Lance back at the table, setting his drink down in front of him and pressing a smiling kiss to his cheek. “Pretzel and raspberry lemonade for you, babe.”

Lance beamed, taking a pull from the straw. “Mm. Thanks. And thanks for bringing me out. I know it’s not that fun for you.”

He shrugged, scooting his chair closer and pulling his phone out. “It’s not so bad. It’d be worse if it wasn’t you.” Turning the screen on, he saw he had five unread texts from Pidge.

From Pidge [14:10] Hunk told me today’s Shopping Day. How long did he keep you in there?
From Pidge [14:25] You didn’t kill him, did you?
From Pidge [14:26] >:(
From Pidge [14:26] I don’t have time to help you hide a body
From Pidge [14:57] Answer meeeeeeee, gdi. I have to know if he’s dead or not.

From Keith [15:12] hes not dead, calm tf down
From Pidge [15:15] But how long did he keep you trapped? I have to know.

From Keith [15:16] not done shopping yet, but were in bath store for almost 2 hours
From Pidge [15:18] ...
From Pidge [15:18] Are you sick?

From Keith [15:19] no?? what that supposed to mean?
From Pidge [15:21] You let him take you through ONE STORE for TWO HOURS and you’re somehow not done shopping.
From Pidge [15:21] So you’re either sick or not Keith.

From Keith [15:22] im fine. its fine
From Keith [15:22] but maybe you were kinda right
Keith frowned at the screen, taking a second to glance over at his boyfriend munching happily away on his pretzel. Those big, terrifying feelings had only gotten bigger the longer he spent time with him, but he knew exactly what they were. He just wasn't ready to admit it to himself yet.

"why wouldn't i?
from Keith [15:26] i wanna be with him for a long time
from Keith [15:27] forever, if thats possible
from Pidge [15:28] And I'm right again. You are sick.
from Pidge [15:28] Lovesick. >:)

From Keith [15:29] shut up!

But he didn't deny it, and ignored the next couple of messages from them so he could eat his pretzel, Lance already halfway done with his. “How is it today?”

“Good. Mine doesn’t taste like it’s been sitting in the case hours on end. Were you texting someone? You went quiet for a while.” The silence had been unnerving after a few minutes, but Lance had stretched his legs out beneath the tiny table and knew Keith hadn’t gotten up and abandoned him, so there was that. Now that he had his attention back, he caught Keith’s ankle between his and smiled.

“Yeah, just Pidge. They were just checking to see if I was still alive.” He chuckled, kissing his cheek and then finally ripping a piece of his own pretzel off to eat. Lance was right, they were fresher today.

Lance laughed. “Are you?”

“Barely. But it’s alright, ‘cause I love spending time with you.”

His smile softened, a hand reaching out to rest on his arm. “Good. I feel more like myself than I have in a long time when I'm with you, so I'd be bugged if you didn’t like being with me.”

“That’s great. I’m glad I’m able to make you feel that way.” They sat for a couple minutes just eating away at their pretzels, until, when Lance was finally done with his, Keith finally decided to start asking questions. “So could you tell me a little bit more about the accident...?”

Lance almost choked on his next sip of lemonade. “Holy crow, you're as good at questions as you are descriptions,” he teased. Not objecting to the topic, though, he found Keith’s hand and laced their fingers. “You wanna be a bit more specific?”

“I don't know. I mean, obviously you didn't see anything, but...” His fingers tightened in Lance’s. His instinct was telling him not to pry, but Lance had said himself that he wanted to share things with him, so he pressed on. “Did you hear anything? Or like smell anything?”

“I heard a jackass. And Kitty. I never heard the brakes, though. Like he never even slowed down.” Lance frowned, thumb rubbing against Keith’s. “But I smelt... Blood. It's tangy, metallic. Terrifying. And I smelt thick cigars and- and money. Y’know? Like the kind of cologne you find at specialty shops that are eight hundred bucks per thimble. Do you want the whole story, Keith? I don’t know what all Hunk told you, but...”

“But- He just told me a little bit. But yeah. If you're willing to share, I'd like to know.”
Lance was quiet for a few seconds, listening to the bustle of the mall. The people starting their Christmas shopping early, the teenagers fresh out of class for the day, Keith’s quiet, fidgety patience. For all the quiet grumbling and breezes his frustrated gestures had caused while in the bath store, there was a surprising amount of patience in him. It made Lance want to talk.

“So I had a meeting with Allura...”

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“We're late, Kitty. How’s the light look?” He felt warmth press against his calves, so smiled and reached up to scratch her behind the ear. She was soft, the two of them grabbing one of the last warm summer days left for some backyard pool shenanigans that had involved her getting a bath. He ran his fingers through her fur, content to pet above the fabric of her work vest. They’d been stuck at this light for a while, the intersection not a busy one, but definitely slow, so he crouched down to pet her better and earned a wet tongue right across his face. “Ay, perrito, qué asco,” he complained with a laugh.

She woofed softly, his cue that the light had changed for them, and he straightened so they could quickly cross. They’d done so a thousand times together, his seeing-eye dog nearing her fourteenth birthday. She had maybe one more solid year in her before she needed to retire, and Lance was already working with the next one. It wasn't always good to have two working dogs in the same house, but Kitty was accommodating and the hope was that she would help train the new one they brought it in. He was looking forward to it. She was a good dog and he'd had her since she was just a year old. They were in tune with one another, which is why her sudden barking startled him.

“Kitty?” He felt paws on his torso, paws pushing him back, and he was suddenly flying in the air with a searing pain in his side. When he threw his hands out to catch himself before he could hit the pavement, the pain quadrupled and a nasty snap pierced his ears.

But the sounds he remembered most were the absence of squealing brakes - the thing that had hit them hadn't even slowed down - and the loud screaming yelp from his dog. “Kitty?” he called, dizzy as he forced himself to sit up. He'd hit his head despite his best efforts, his hands scraped by pavement. His side felt like one enormous bruise. Whimpering softly, he cradled his arm against his chest and winced at the warm wetness soaking through the fabric of his sweater. His arm felt twisted, wrong, so he kept it against his chest and began to crawl towards the soft cries of his dog. “Kitty? ¿Mi perrito dulce?”

“For fuck's sake!” someone shouted and Lance heard a car door slam. He didn't lift his head, fingers finally finding his dog's soft fur. Soft, matted, wet. No. No, no, no.

“K-Kitty, it's okay. It'll be okay. Estas bien.”

“Why don't you watch where you're fucking going?” the angry voice continued. Cologne wafted from him, strong and obviously expensive, mixing with the thick coating of cigar smoke.

Lance lifted his head, eyes watering. “Please, I need-”

“Oh, you're blind. What a relief.”

“What? I-” What did that have to do with anything? “I need an ambulance. A vet. I- Will you-?”

The scoff interrupted him. “Be quiet. This would've been irritating to deal with.” Instead of coming closer, the steps grew softer. The scent dissipated.

“Wait!” Lance called. “You can't just go! You hit us!”
“And you'll never be able to tell anyone, will you? What does my car look like? What color is it?”

When Lance could do nothing but shake his head, the stranger scoffed. “There aren't any cameras on
this street, you blind waste of space. You and your mongrel are nothing but an insurance headache
waiting to happen, so have a nice day.”

“But-” The car door slammed again, Lance's breath clogging in his throat. He felt the car woosh by,
too close for comfort, and he scooted closer to his dog. “E-estas bien, Kitty. Don't worry.” He could
call someone, but his phone was in the pocket where he'd been hit. After a very awkward twist that
sent pain shooting into his dizzy mind, he managed to get it, but it was bent at an awkward angle and
it wouldn't respond, wouldn't respond, wouldn't respond.

A sob ripped out, more following as he sat in the middle of the road with his dog. She licked his
hand weakly, muzzle nuzzling the palm. “It's not your fault, Kitty. It's okay. I know the light was
red. My good girl. Mi perrito dulce.” The intersection not a busy one, but definitely slow, so they
were stuck in the middle of the road together until another driver happened by. But by then, Kitty
had stopped licking his hand and Lance had stopped trying not to cry.

There was a squeal of brakes, a car door squeaking on its hinges. “Lance!” the voice shouted, but he
didn't lift his head. He just pet his quiet dog's soft, soft fur until strong arms hauled him up.

“Don't leave Kitty,” he whispered.

“Lance-”

“Please. Please, Shiro. I know she's gone, but please-”

“Okay, Lance. Okay, but you need to get in the car. Come on.”

Shiro bustled him into the passenger seat, clicking the seatbelt for him since Lance couldn't do it
himself, and the next time he touched Kitty, she was cold. Her fur was soft and clean, but she was
cold. And Lance felt the chill on his fingers for a long, long time after they buried her.

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His fingers flexed in Keith’s, warm and steady. “I don’t remember much about the hospital. Not the
first few days. I had some internal bruising besides the broken arm, but... It could've been worse. It
should've been. The cops took all these measurements of my bruises and- and Kitty's wounds, and
they estimated the rough size of the car and how fast it was probably going. A head-on collision
would've sent me bouncing onto or even through the windshield. But she pushed me, so they think I
mostly just got clipped by the bumper’s edge. Kitty got the brunt of it and...

“And that's what tears me up inside. My puppy saved me and all I could do was hold her while she
faded. I couldn't give the police anything. It was exactly like he said. It's been more than a month,
and they've got nothing. They even went to local mechanics and told them to be on the lookout for a
small vehicle with possible denting to the front bumper. Possible fur clumps stuck underneath,
possible blood stains, possible fabric since it tore one of my favorite sweatshirts. And no one's
reported anything.”

Lance didn’t bother wiping at the tears tracking down his cheeks. “It's the only time besides when
my younger siblings were born that I wished I could see. It's the only time I've hated- hated myself
because he killed my puppy, and I can't do a single fucking thing about it.”

“Lance, no, come- come here.” Keith turned and took Lance’s face between his hands, wiping at the
tears with his thumbs as they continued to fall. Seeing him depressed and sobbing was so distressing,
making Keith feel like he was going to start crying, and all he wanted to do was wrap Lance up in his arms and hold him, to make all of it go away. He kissed him once before letting go of one cheek to grab a napkin from the table and dab it on his face. Taking care of him like this, and thinking about the memory and the tears and just the trust that Lance had in him… It all converged with the scary feelings, and damn it, Keith could finally admit to himself without a doubt that he was in love with Lance.

He hugged him as close as he could in their positions, pressing a few warm kisses into his hair and wanting nothing more than to take him home and just sleep. “I'm so sorry, Lance.”

“No, it's-” Lance pressed his face against Keith's neck, gripping his shirt. “I thought I could tell it without crying. I'm sorry.”

“It's not your fault, and you don't have to be sorry about crying. It- I'd cry too, okay?” Especially if it was Red that he'd lost, even though he'd had her a significantly shorter amount of time than Lance had Kitty. “None of it was your fault. They'll find the asshole who did this to you. And there will be consequences.”

It was one thing Lance wasn't so sure about. It had been too long, and there weren't any new leads. “I want there to be, but I've also... stopped waiting for it to happen. I just kept getting dragged back into the memory, and I'm so tired of sitting in the middle of the road all helpless and useless, y'know? I'm tired of feeling like that.”

“But you're not. You're not helpless or useless or broken or… or unwanted or anything like that, okay?” Keith slid a hand up into his hair, holding him still in his embrace. “I want you. I l-” He had to bite his tongue before the words slipped out. Because if there was one thing he'd almost guarantee that would have Lance running away, it would be telling him I love you too soon. And it was definitely too soon. But at least he could hide behind his Korean for now. “[Saranghae]. I like you too much and it hurts to see you this way.”

The comforting words rolling through him, Lance pressed a kiss to his neck. “Mi novio dulce, I know. You make me feel better. You make me feel like me again. Thank you.”

“Hm, you're welcome.” He kept him there for a few moments longer, until his shaking subsided and he was breathing normally again, finally pulling back. He used the napkin to wipe his face clean, pressing a kiss to each cheek and finally his lips. “Are you up for more shopping? I know you said there were more stores you wanted to drag me to.”

“You still want to take me?”

“Well, yeah, of course. If you still wanna go.”

Lance nodded. “You need a fan or an air purifier. Maybe both if there's a good deal. And then I just- Could we go after that? I'd really like to lay down with you for a little while.”

“Yeah, definitely. I'll probably be ready for a nap after all of this anyway.” Keith leaned in for another kiss. “And we can figure out dinner later.”

“Yeah.” Lance cupped his cheek, lips curving. “Thanks for listening to me.”

“Anytime, Lance.” He smiled back, knowing that Lance would be able to feel it on his face. The rest of his pretzel was abandoned on the table, but Keith wasn't feeling that hungry anymore anyway. “Alright, we should get going then.”

He leaned in to brush their smiles together, his own brightening. “Okay. This part should go faster
since I'm hoping I can trust the engineering student to pick out his own machines.”

“You'd hope so.” Keith turned his head and kissed Lance's palm, finally rising from the table to throw away the pretzel he wasn't going to finish. He grabbed his lemonade and shopping bag and then turned back to Lance. “You ready?”

“Uh.” Lance rose, feeling for one of the bags and his drink. It didn’t leave a hand free for him to hold onto Keith, so he took a last sip before having Keith throw the cup away. It was almost empty anyway. “Okay. I'm good.”

“Alright.” Keith felt bad about Lance having to throw away the rest of his drink, but his was still almost full. “If you get thirsty you can have some of mine. I didn't drink a lot of it.”

“I'll keep it in mind.” Lance tucked an arm comfortably around Keith’s, letting him lead the way across the mall.

“Faster” meant another hour, Lance insistent on having the descriptions on the backs of boxes read to him until he was satisfied with the specifications and with the deal they were able to get on a machine that doubled as both fan and purifier. But it had to be perfect and Lance was stubborn, his good mood bouncing back with every single one of Keith’s impatient sighs. He was just cute, and it was sweet of him to tolerate him anyway.

It was an adventure to get everything back to the car, Lance holding the box and Keith’s arm going numb with two bags from the bath store hooked over it so the other could wrap securely around Lance’s waist and lead him all the way to the other end of the mall, busier now with the work and school day finished. They made it safely, piling into Shiro’s borrowed car, and Lance took Keith’s hand before he could pull out of the parking spot. “How do you say thanks in Korean?”

Keith smiled, lifting their hands to press a kiss to Lance's. “It’s . Komawo.”

That one was fairly easy. “ . I probably had a lot more fun than you did.”

“The only thing that matters to me is that you did have fun.” He squeezed his hand before letting go to shift the car into drive.

“ [You're cute].” Lance relaxed in the passenger seat all of two seconds before leaning forward to play with the radio dials. “Do you think that we could maybe stop by the apartment on the way so I can get my bag together early? If you're not tired of me.”

“Sure.” At the red light Keith watched on in fond amusement as Lance fiddled with the knobs, taking his hand again to lace their fingers briefly. “And I'll never be tired of you, [babe].”

“Good.” Lance squeezed his hand. “You did better shopping with me than I thought you would, y’know.”

“Yeah?” The light turned green and he had to let go of his hand, not wanting to drive like he normally did since they were borrowing. “How did you think it was gonna go?”

“At first, I thought I'd have to call Hunk and get him to come get me. But then, I mean, all week you've been pretty much awesome, so I just kind of expected us to piss each other off.” He shrugged, smiling. “Instead, it was just kinda funny.”

“Yeah. Funny for you maybe, but it wasn't so bad. I'm glad you didn't have to call Hunk.”

“So am I. And I know you liked when I put that body cream on your hands, so you're welcome.”
Lance bit his lip, cheeks pinkening. “You should let me do it again.”

“Yeah, I did.” Keith smirked, sparing a glance towards him so he could see his adorable blush. “When we get home I'll let you put it anywhere you want.”

The blush deepened, but he was still comfortable in his confidence. “I can think of a few places.”

Just as happy to tease right back, Keith took a hand off the wheel to find and gently squeeze Lance's thigh. “Oh yeah? You gonna show me?”

He wasn't sure how far he'd get, but he wanted to try. He at least wanted to get his hands on Keith again. “If you take your shirt off again, yeah.”

“I will,” he promised, letting go of Lance's leg to return his hand to the wheel. “As long as you feel comfortable with it. And you have to let me do the same for you after your shower.”

Missing the contact, Lance reached out to lay his hand on Keith’s thigh instead. “I can do that. I want to.”

Keith smiled, shuddering under Lance's hand. “Okay. Yeah.”

It didn't take too much longer to get to the apartment, Keith running Lance in so he could grab his things. By the time they got back to Keith's cabin and got everything out of Shiro’s car and inside, it was after six, so more take-out was ordered and eaten, the leftovers shoved in the fridge.

While Lance was in the shower, Keith set up the fan in his room for the night, already able to feel the difference after a few minutes. He put the cinnamon candle on the nightstand for now and lit it, knowing that Lance would appreciate it when he got out of the bathroom. It felt stupidly romantic, though, lighting the scented candle next to the bed with their lotions waiting for them to apply to each other.

When Lance came back in, feeling his way around since Keith hadn't really let him explore the cabin yet with his insistence that he always carry him, Keith grabbed him gently by the hips and stole a sweet kiss from him. It was nearly overwhelming, having never felt this way about another person before, especially since they still haven’t done anything in bed yet besides sleep. But Keith was absolutely sure about the feelings he had for Lance, and he wanted to show him just how much he loved him, without actually saying the words yet, in whatever way he would let him. Even if it was just applying lotion for him after a shower.

“D’you wanna wait on the bed til I'm done?” he asked, just a tad breathless with all the emotions swirling around inside of him.

Lance hummed, hands resting comfortably on his shoulders. Love didn't make him as wary as it did Keith, content and happy with the emotion whirling through him. It was probably naive and he was at least aware enough to know that, but didn't care. He trusted Keith and was more than happy to let him hold his heart. And maybe, hopefully, he could handle letting Keith hold more. “Yeah. I've got music and Red should hopefully wander in here if she's not already. Plus, you lit the candle. I'm gonna have to go back in there and stock up since it's a seasonal scent.”

“I do like it a lot, more than I thought I'd like a scented candle.” He glanced back over to the bed when he saw a movement out of the corner or his eye, smiling as Red hopped up and made residence between his pillows. “And Red looks like she's already waiting on you.” Laughing, Keith rubbed circles into his hips with the tips of his fingers. “I'll go wash up and join you guys in a couple minutes.”
“Okay, but shower fast. Red and I are needy.” Smile bright, he drew back and carefully stepped around him. He'd thunked his elbow once in the hallway and wasn't looking forward to a repeat, but he was stupid and had left his cane in the kitchen. The place felt like home, even though he couldn't navigate a room of it besides the living room. If he kept coming over - and if Keith stopped carrying him all over the place - he would.

He found the bed, crawling into it and stealing Keith's spot since it was closest to the candle, and he laughed when Red found his hands so he could pet her. “Princesita, eres muy necesitado,” he teased, laughing when her tail flicked his cheek. It was the most retaliation he'd ever come across from her. “Keith, are you still in here?”

“Do you think she and Blue will get along?”

“I hope so.” Keith grabbed a pair of boxers and snapped the drawer shut. “But she's never been around any other animals, so I don't actually know.”

“Okay.” Lance smiled when Red rolled over, keeping her claws sheathed as she swatted at his fingers. “I find out this Sunday the dates I get to keep her for the home trials, so I can keep her in the harness at first while she's here because she'll stay calmer if Red doesn't react well.”

“Alright, that sounds great.” He shot Red a glare as if warning her to behave when Blue was there, but she only meowed and started batting at Lance's fingers again. Hopefully she wouldn't be a problem. She liked Lance, and once she realized that Blue was only over when Lance was, she should be fine. “I can't wait to meet her.”

“Any Sunday you can come if you're willing to get the time off work. I'd really like her to meet you.” Lance giggled when Red meowed again. “Now go away and shower.”

“Okay, god.” But the smile never left his face, even when he was in the shower using the new body soap he'd gotten. He couldn't help but inhale deeply, the scent so much more potent in use, and it even clung to his skin after he'd dried off. His smile only grew wider when he headed back into the bedroom and saw Lance now laying on his back with Red perched on his chest.

He walked over after dropping his dirty clothes, first petting Red behind her ear and then dropping his hand to Lance's hair. “You're in my spot,” he teased.

“Am I?” He smiled sweetly. “It's a good spot. Maybe we could share.”

“Hm, maybe.” Keith bent over enough to catch Lance's lips in a kiss. Red swatted at his chin when it went on for longer than five seconds, so he pulled back and crawled onto the mattress over them to lay down next to Lance. “Apparently we can't share.”

“Well, three's a crowd. Maybe if you'd taken a shorter shower...” Lance turned his head towards Keith, breathing in carefully. Under the strong scent of cinnamon was definitely the mahogany teakwood. “You don't smell like bar soap. Red, bajar. Down.” He nudged her gently and she rose with obvious reluctance, but scooted off of him so he could roll onto his side and press closer to Keith. “Mm... You smell really good.”

“Yeah, well... I kinda just wanted to surprise you.” Keith draped his arm around Lance's waist, pulling him over until he could reach his mouth for a kiss.

Lance lifted a hand to his cheek, deepening the kiss steadily. After a week, he was plenty confident
in this but still every bit as affected. “Consider me surprised, novio dulce. And very pleased. This is a million times better than bar soap. Your skin and my nose are very grateful.”

It did make his skin feel better, softer even after just the one use, and he was glad that Lance had managed to subconsciously convince him to switch soaps. “Good. Now I'm gonna kiss you again and then I want to get my hands on you.”

Lance squirmed, unsure how to ask without feeling stupid, but he pushed through. “Will you put your mouth on me again?”

“If that's what you want, then absolutely.” He trailed his fingers lightly up Lance's side, up his arm to his shoulder and then pushed gently until he was laying on his back. He scooted closer, getting up onto his knees and straddling Lance's legs, rubbing his hands up his chest tenderly. “You're so beautiful, Lance.”

Sighing under the touch, Lance slid his hands down to Keith's waist. Keith touched him as though he were something beautiful, something precious. It made his heart flutter and swell. “I love your hands, mi cielo.”

Keith bent forward enough to press his lips to Lance’s neck, right on his pulse point to suck a kiss into his skin. His hands didn't stop moving across Lance’s torso, brushing over his nipples and dipping down along the faint lines of his abdomen. Skin so flawless and so soft and all for Keith’s roaming touch. “Mm, and my hands love your skin, so that's good.” He kissed across his collarbone to one side and then back the other way before moving down his chest.

“How—” It was better this time, the sheen of worry over whether or not he was doing things correctly faded and dull. A hand slid up Keith’s back, delving into his hair. “How's your mouth feel about it?”

Not answering right away, he sucked a mark over where the one he'd left the other day had faded, wishing it would last, but knowing that it wouldn't. “My mouth can’t get enough of you.” His lips trailed down farther, tracing the same paths that his fingers just were.

Lance shivered, scritching his scalp. “I... mmhm.” It was hard to think of words when Keith’s lips and fingers were working in such tandem to fog his mind. “Keith...”

“That’s it, babe. Just lay back and feel.” Lance’s skin smelled wonderful and tasted even better, and Keith lapped at every inch he could reach. His mouth followed everywhere his fingers went, loving being able to feel Lance shivering beneath him with every touch. His hands cupped Lance’s hips as he worked his way back up to his lips, capturing them for a deep kiss.

Lance’s lips parted on a soft moan, accepting Keith’s questing tongue. He sucked on it lazily just to take in his taste. His limbs felt heavy as he lifted them, arms winding securely around him to hold him closer. Keith's weight was so firm against him, pressing him into the mattress. It made him never want to move.

Keith broke the kiss on a sigh, but stayed close and continued to lick at Lance’s lips. His fingers caressed back up his sides, sliding into his hair to massage at his scalp. “My mouth also really loves your mouth.”

“Besarte es como ver las estrellas,” he murmured.

“What does that mean?”

“To kiss you is like seeing stars.’’
Smiling, Keith kissed him again, just so Lance could see more of those stars behind his eyelids. If Lance saw them every time they kissed, Keith never wanted to stop. “가
[Dansineun jega yeongwonhi mureobor su areu].”

“What's that?” Lance slid his hands up to stroke his hair.

“'You're all I could ever ask for.'” Keith dropped his face into Lance's neck, mouthing at his skin and just enjoying the attention to his scalp.

“Keith... So are you.” Lance tipped his head to give him better access, heart swelling. He loved him so much, and every single kiss and touch only served to cement those feelings. “Will you touch me?”

His breath hitched, teeth accidentally nipping where he'd been kissing under Lance’s jaw. Keith knew exactly what he meant, felt what he meant, but still couldn't stop the teasing comment from spilling out. “I am touching you.”

“You-” The nip made him whimper, color staining his face. “You know what I mean.”

“I know.” His hands slid back down to grip Lance’s hips, thumbs massaging circles into them underneath the fabric of his pajama pants. “Are you sure?”

“I-” He had been. But the thought of Keith’s hands continuing under the fabric had nerves poking holes in the blanket of pleasure Keith had wrapped him in. He didn’t want to be nervous. He wanted to let Keith touch him everywhere and anywhere. “Esto es frustrante,” he muttered. “I want you. Why isn't this easy?”

Keith kept up the light touches, but kept his hands where they were. After Lance's request, he'd decided that he wasn't going to push or do anything at all unless he had gotten an explicit yes in response to his question. The hesitation told him that Lance wasn't quite ready yet. “I want you too, Lance, but not until you're a hundred percent sure about it. I'm happy to just lay here with you and make out until we fall asleep.”

“I-” His carefully built confidence trembled dangerously. “I'm- I'm not trying to be a tease. I don’t want to keep messing this up.”

“Hey, listen to me.” Keith leaned in and kissed him again, one hand leaving a hip to cup his cheek. “You're not messing anything up, okay? And just because you ask for something but back off doesn't make you a tease. It just means you're not ready. And I'd much rather wait til you're ready than have you hating me or even yourself for doing anything before that time comes.”

“I'm just-” Lance pressed their lips together again, Keith’s assurance working its way through his mind and slowly settling his tense muscles. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, absolutely. I don’t- I don’t know what's going on in your head, but you're not disappointing me or anything.”

“Okay. Will you still... I still want you to touch me? How you did Sunday,” he clarified. “And I still want to touch you if you'll still let me.”

“Yeah, whatever you want, Lance.” His hands were already starting to move again, lifting himself back up so he could make sure his fingers caressed everywhere. “Do you want me to use the lotion this time?”

“Y-yeah.” Lance slid his hands down Keith's sides to cup his hips, willing away the disappointment in himself so he could go back to focusing on Keith’s touch. “You really don't think I'm messing this
“You're not messing this up, Lance, I promise.” Keith grabbed the lotion, kissing Lance as he leaned over for the bottle. “The only one of us that can mess anything up is me, for pushing you or moving too fast. And that's not gonna happen as long as you keep letting me know what's okay and what's not.”

Lance stroked his sides, breathing in the scent of the shower gel he'd purchased as a surprise and the heavy scent of cinnamon the candle filled the room with. He was surrounded by him, scent and weight and comfort. “Okay. I trust you, Keith.”

“Good. That's all I need from you right now.” He smiled, shuddering from his touches. Popping the cap on the lotion, Keith held it over him and squeezed some out right on the middle of Lance's chest and chuckling softly when the chill made him jerk. Using both hands he started to spread and rub it in, reaching up to Lance's shoulders and massaging his muscles firmly, gliding back down his sides and finally to his stomach. “How does this feel?”

“Tan bien,” he sighed, sensations swirling with nothing but pleasure again. The lotion warmed under Keith’s touch, Lance's muscles going lax and just as warm. “It's good. You’re good. Your hands are good.”

“Just good?” The teasing would hopefully help Lance realize that there was nothing to be worried about, that he really wasn't disappointing Keith. The lotion was almost gone, and Keith used the rest along the waistband of Lance’s pajamas, fingers just barely dipping underneath. “Now you're even softer than before. I wish I could keep you in my bed forever to just cuddle with you.”

Keith’s tease made his fingers flex, lips quirking. It broke through the haze enough for Lance to tease back. “Just cuddle?”

“For now.” He slid his hands up to grip Lance's shoulders, leaning over him. “I'm gonna flip us.” It was all the warning he gave, rolling over and pulling Lance with him until he settled atop him in a position similar to the one Keith was just in. He picked up his tube of body cream, holding onto it until Lance would be ready to use it. “Okay, babe, I'm all yours.”

“I know.” He smirked, but he could feel Keith beneath him, at least half-hard in the sweatpants he'd put on. He wanted to do something about that, fingers itching to touch, and maybe he could manage it. He at least wanted to try. He would try. “Can I use my mouth?”

“You-” Keith grasped Lance's hip with his free hand, digging his fingers in. He had to stop himself from saying no, telling himself that if Lance wanted to do it, was absolutely certain, he wouldn't push him away. “You can do anything you want.”

“You’re really loose with those anythings,” Lance mused, leaning down. He found his lips with fingertips before covering them with his own. “I just want to see if I can make you feel the way you make me feel.” His lips slid down, trailing along Keith's jawline.

“Mm, you're doing great already.” Keith had thought that Lance's lips on his own were addicting, but he could quickly and easily get addicted to having them on the rest of him too. He tossed the tube to the side, that hand covering Lance's other hip, fingers kneading through the fabric of his pants. His mind was already so awash with sensation, feeling like he was drowning in it, and Lance's lips hadn't even moved anywhere below his neck yet. “That's- You're doing so good.”

He wanted to do great, wanted to earn the praise. More kisses trailed down his neck, his teeth grazing teasingly just to feel Keith shudder beneath him. He wanted more of that. He knew there had
been other hands on him, more experienced and better emotionally equipped to go all the way, but he
didn't want to let that intimidate him. Keith was his now, Keith wanted him now. Lance loved and
wanted to keep him, and he was a fast learner. He could use that to make up for inexperience. “Eres
mío.” He stopped at the curve where neck met shoulder, tongue laving the spot gently before his
teeth sank in.

A loud moan escaped, Keith just barely able to keep his hips from bucking off the bed. There was
not much else that got him going faster than soft lips and sharp teeth, and Lance had both and was
learning how to use them to turn Keith into putty. “[Ssibal], Lance. So good. [Chakhan nom].”

Good. Good, yes, he wanted to be good. He loved that word when it spilled so breathlessly from
Keith's lips. Lance bit harder, stilling when the coppery taste of blood touched his tongue, but Keith's
groan had him relaxing. He rubbed his tongue against the mark he hoped he'd left until the coppery
taste went away and started to slide his mouth lower. He explored his collarbone with light licks and
tentative nips, shimmying further down his legs as he took his mouth lower down Keith's chest. His
hands slid up, fingers brushing a nipple before his lips closed around it for a careful suckle.

Keith moaned again, hands slipping off of Lance's hips when he moved, so he buried them in his
hair, massaging his scalp lightly. This gentle exploration, the careful attention Lance was bestowing
upon him was all new. Usually Keith was the one who did this, though it was only done as foreplay
and never for very long, preferring to keep it short but no less sweet. But it was different than that
because this wasn't just a means to an end, they weren't going to have sex, at least not tonight. And it
was more than that because Keith was completely, incredibly in love with Lance, and he just wanted
him to know how much.

“Lance, I-” Another groan interrupted him, Lance's mouth moving yet again and cutting off all
thought. He sighed, frustrated embarrassment joining the pure pleasure coursing through his veins.

Every sound had Lance's confidence growing, lips curved as he pressed them against Keith's skin.
He could feel every quake beneath his hands and could hardly believe that he was causing them. He
was able to make Keith feel good enough to make those sounds, to shiver with pleasure. He didn't
have to ask if he was doing things the right way, not when he could feel and hear every wonderful
reaction. “You're so warm, Keith, and you smell so good.” He nuzzled his abdomen, licks tracing the
lines of muscle. “Can I bite you around here too?”

It was cute that Lance kept asking when Keith had been absolutely serious and literal when he’d said
“anything.” Cute but unnecessary. His fingers tightened, blunt nails scratching Lance's scalp. “Y-
yeah… please.”

He liked the hands in his hair, the way they made him feel like Keith was trying to keep him in place,
right where he wanted him. Keith wanted him there. Pleased, he let his teeth graze over his skin until
he found a spot they could sink into. He lapped the raised bit, firming and lessening the pressure of
his teeth in steady pulses until the coppery taste coated his tongue again. He sucked on it until the
taste dissipated and lifted his head so his fingers could brush the mark. “I- I really like this. Touching
you like this.”

“Oh god, I- I like it too.” Keith squirmed under him, not helping his situation at all as it rubbed
against Lance's stomach. “I love it. I- [I love you].” He was such a coward. As much as he
wanted to say it, he couldn't get the English out.

Lance didn't think he could touch Keith under his clothes and he really didn't think he could handle
Keith touching him, but he did know that he didn't want to leave Keith hard and unsatisfied. He
lifted onto his knees, lips continuing to trail nipping kisses over his abdomen, and a hand slid down.
He hesitated, but it was only for a moment before his palm lowered to rest over the bulge in his sweatpants. He rubbed carefully, feeling the firm heat beneath his hand, and had to swallow when his mouth watered. If he wasn't up to using his bare hands on him, he sure as hell wasn't up to using his mouth. Not this time, but it was absolutely something he wanted to try down the road. “Can I... can I make you come?” he murmured.

“Fuck, Lance. I- Yeah…” Just the slight pressure from Lance's hand was already driving him crazy, the bite marks stinging pleasantly on his neck and abdomen, and his hips bucked off the mattress, seeking more of Lance's touch. “Yeah, if you really want to.”

If he hadn't, that reaction was more than enough to spur him on. “I want to. I want you to feel good.” Lance sat up a little, free hand braced against Keith's chest as the other began to rub a little more firmly, more purposefully. “I want to be the only one to make you feel this good. And I want to hear your sounds.” In person this time. It wasn't much different from a phone call with him, though sound was now joined by the sensation of a warm body beneath his, someone else's arousal under his hand, and the scent of Keith's new body wash tainted by sweat.

But the most important difference was that this - Keith's arousal - really was because of him this time. It wasn't his sounds getting Keith off, it was his hand. Through fabric, but it was still Lance's hand making Keith's hips buck and his dick throb.

Keith moaned, wanting to give him whatever he wanted as long as he kept touching him. He didn't even care that he couldn't feel skin. It was enough that Lance was even willing to do this for him. “Please, Lance. Your hand feels- long. It feels so good.” He wrapped fingers around Lance’s wrist of the hand on his chest, rubbing circles on the underside. “You- You're the only one for me, Lance.”

Lance leaned down, mouthing along his jawline in nippy little kisses until he reached his lips. “Te quiero, mi cielo. Mi novio dulce.” He didn't say it in Spanish to hide but because the language was his first, the one that mattered most to him. Had Keith asked for the translation, he would've admitted it freely, but he sealed their lips together for a deep kiss and took the opportunity away.

His fingers squeezed carefully, applying some of what he liked to try and find what pleased Keith. His other hand caught Keith's, giving it a squeeze before letting go and sliding down to toy with the hem of his pants. Pulling them down was tempting, enough so that he did manage to bare just a little bit more skin. It wasn't nearly enough, but he took his fingers over an exploration of this new area. “Eres tan cálido. 'You're so warm,' Keith.”

So was Lance, his weight solid and comforting in a way Keith had never felt or thought about before. He looked up into Lance's wide eyes, bright blue and sparkling with arousal and wonder. God, he was beautiful, but not just on the outside. “Lance… [nae sarang]. You're amazing.” Keith's hips didn't stop moving, thrusting gently, slowly up into Lance's hand as he kept touching him and discovering new places to touch. He groaned loudly when Lance's hand squeezed harder and stroked at the same time. “M'close.”

Biting his lip, Lance kept up the pressure but upped the speed of his strokes. He hadn't thought getting Keith off would heighten his own arousal. He wasn't getting touched at all, but he was stiff in his pajama pants and knew it wouldn't take much for him to go over the edge. Maybe he could escape to the bathroom after or... or maybe... Lance shifted, hands finding Keith's. He was pretty sure he'd panic if Keith tried to touch him, but it was very different to have control. He whimpered when he settled his weight, their groins pressed together. The pressure was intoxicating, overwhelming the urge to flee, and it wasn't going to take him long at all. Even without motion, he could feel the orgasm threatening. “Is this- Can I-? Is this okay?”

Keith laced their fingers together, his grip tight on Lance's hands as the added weight on top of him
only brought him closer to the edge. He could hardly believe this was happening, but if Lance wanted it... Well, he wasn't about to stop him. “Yes. Yes, this- This is perfect. You're perfect. Oh my god.” He bucked his hips, moaning when he felt Lance's matching erection through both of their pants. His fingers itched to touch, so he tightened them even more. “R-roll your hips a little b- yeah, like that. Fuck, Lance. I'm so close. You must be too, huh? You're so good. Such a good boy.”

His breath hitched, the words going straight through him. Yes, yes, yes- “Ay, soy tu chico bueno. Soy tuyo.” Lance wanted to be his good boy, wanted to just be his. He rolled his hips the way Keith wanted him to, reveling in the sounds he made and the sensations drowning him. “Please- Please, want you to come. Wanna hear you, wanna feel you. Please.”

“Yeah, fuck. Gonna-” He cut off on another loud moan, hips thrusting erratically, Lance's name spilling from his lips as he finally came. It was so intense for being such a tame way to get off, having to clench his eyes shut as it ripped through him, soaking into his boxers and sweatpants. When he opened his eyes, Lance's face was right in front of his, and he surged up to kiss him, groaning into his mouth as he started moving his hips again. “C-come on, Lance. Come for me, babe. Be the good boy I know you are.”

As they faded, he slumped down and buried his face in Keith's neck to hide. Their fingers untangled, Lance instead gripping the sheets on either side of Keith. He hadn't expected to be worried about dismissal after the fact, but found himself wondering if Keith was just going to roll over and go to sleep or... or something. But he still felt good, his trembling not all from nerves. He just needed to make sure that after was as good as during. “That- Was that... How...” He gave up, sighing against Keith's neck.

Keith smiled, lifting both hands to cup Lance's cheeks and pull him out of hiding. “[I love you]. That was perfect.” He drew him in for a kiss, tongue slipping between his lips, still parted from his panting. Keith's hands slid down, brushing his sides until they reached his hips, resting his fingers on Lance's warm skin above his waistband, holding him as he steadily came down, still quivering.

When the kiss broke, Lance rested his brow against Keith's and smiled. “Yeah? Even though I didn't really let you do anything?”

“Yeah.” Keith couldn't resist kissing his smile, just a simple press of lips together. “And that's okay. I'd love to touch you next time, though, if you're ready by then.”

“I- Yeah. Next time.” His cheeks went pink. “This time, I need to borrow a pair of boxers or something because I'm not sleeping like this.”

Keith chuckled, squeezing his hips lightly. “Definitely not. I've got a pair you can wear. And I'll bring you a washcloth to clean up.”

“Mm... In a minute. Don't move yet, mi novio dulce.” Lance relaxed against him with a happy sigh, fingers threading through his hair. “Gracias por ser paciente. Estás precioso a mí.”

“M'not moving yet. You feel so good on top of me.” So warm and just right. “But... what does that Spanish mean?”

“Thanks for being patient.” Lance squirmed a little, face returning to his neck so he could nip and
Precious. That was a word that Keith had not heard in a long, long time. At least not aimed at him. He smiled sadly, stroking his hands along Lance’s back. Old memories mixed with new emotions, leaving him feeling dazed. “My, uh. My mother had a saying she would tell me every night before she put me to bed. It feels right for me to tell it to you because it’s true.” He dropped his lips to Lance’s shoulder, pressing a kiss to his skin. “‘To the sky a star is precious.’” Another kiss. “‘To the earth a flower is precious.’” Another. “‘What’s precious to me is you.’” One more.

Lance slid his hands down to give his hips a squeeze, lifting his head to brush their lips together. “Your mom had the right idea, novio dulce.”

“Hmm, yeah.” There wasn’t a day that went by that he didn’t miss her, especially when he needed advice, but being with Lance was helping to fill the hole in his heart that was left after his parents’ passing. Not in quite the same way, but there was definitely a spot for him, and he’d managed to claim it in a week. “.isDirectory [Dangsin taemune gaseumi seolle].”

“You know I’m gonna ask what that means, right?”

“Obviously.” He laughed softly against Lance’s lips. “‘You make my heart flutter.’”

“All the sweetness that your mom had to tell you that you were precious every night transferred right to you, novio dulce.” Lance lifted a hand to Keith’s heart. “You didn’t deserve to lose them.”

Keith’s breath caught on an inhale, a hand covering Lance’s on his chest. “I- I love you, Lance. Thank you.”

“Te quiero, mi corazón. It’s true.” Lance kissed him lightly. “Go get us a change of clothes so we can cuddle more.”

“Alright. Bossy.” Keith pressed another smiling kiss to his lips before carefully rolling Lance off of him so he could stand. He grabbed two clean pairs of boxers, placing one on the bed next to Lance and taking the other into the bathroom with him. He cleaned himself up quickly and changed, wetting another cloth and bringing it back in to Lance. “I’ll go back into the hall so you can change. Just yell when you’re done.”

“Okay. Yell when you're actually out of the room.” Lance pushed his shoulder when he rose. “Go away.”

When Keith walked out, nice enough to close the door loudly for him, Lance cleaned himself quickly and tugged on the loaned boxers. Instead of yelling for him, though, he wandered to the door and swung it open. “Are you working tomorrow? I don’t remember.”

Keith turned and smiled at him. “No. I’ve got a rare Friday off.” Cupping his hips, Keith drew Lance in and captured his lips. “You look good in my clothes, [babe].”

“I’m willing to bet I look good in everything. Just like I’m willing to bet these things are red.”

“Most of them are, maybe.” He laughed, pushing Lance back into the room and over towards the bed. “And I’d be willing to take that bet.”

“There were two bets, buddy. You’re gonna have to be a little more clear.” Lance stopped moving back, wrapping his arms around Keith’s neck.
“Oh my god…” Keith reached down and grasped the backs of Lance’s thighs, hoisting him up so his legs had to wrap around Keith’s waist. “The first one.”

“Aw, Keith, do you think I look good in everything I wear?” Lance grinned since he’d gotten his way. Keith hadn’t carried him around nearly enough that evening.

“Yes. I do.” He buried his face in Lance’s neck, kissing along the curve, before dropping onto the bed with Lance in his lap. “I think you look absolutely gorgeous in everything you wear.”

“Eres guapo. In sound, feel, and heart. Probably in face. No one’s told me otherwise,” Lance cupped his cheeks, smile and eyes bright. “If anyone does, I'll call them a liar.”

Keith fell backwards on a laugh, bringing Lance down with him and rolling them onto their sides. “I don’t know what that means, but I’ll take your word for it that it's at least something nice.” He leaned in and brushed his lips over Lance’s, pouring all the love he felt for him into that one simple gesture. “You're so important to me, Lance,” he murmured when the kiss broke. “I wanna keep you forever.”

Heart fluttering, Lance smiled. “Luckily for you, I don’t plan on going anywhere. Soy tuyo.”

“Good. [Nekkeoya].” Keith scooted over, snuggling closer to him as he yawned. “Now let’s get some rest. We can sleep in tomorrow.”

“Sleeping in might just make up for Saturday.” Lance rolled over, in the mood to let his very sweet boyfriend spoon him. “Blow out the candle.”

“Oh, yeah.” He turned back and blew the flames out, the smell of smoke filling the air briefly until it faded into nothing. Rolling onto his side, he slotted a leg between Lance’s, pressing up against his back. “G’night, Lance,” he whispered, placing a sweet kiss to the back of his neck.

Buenos noches, mi amor. Que tengas dulces sueños.” Lance snuggled back, hand resting on the arm Keith draped over him. “Te quiero.”

It took Lance a few minutes to fall asleep, mind whirling even as Keith’s breaths evened. He really had done better with shopping than expected. And he'd been so sweet, letting him cry over pretzels in the middle of the mall. Keith hadn’t even told him to stop, instead holding him through the tears and then going right back to shopping. His grumpy, grumbling, impatient boyfriend had been so ridiculously sweet throughout the day. Lance could hardly believe he'd actually purchased the shower gel to match the candle and body cream. Then to actually use it as a surprise? Cripes, what a sweetheart.

Lance shifted carefully, rolling onto his back. Keith pressed closer in his sleep, Lance smiling when strong limbs draped across him to keep him near. He lifted a hand to his cheek and gently stroked his bangs off his brow so he could press a featherlight kiss to it. The patience was surprising, both at the mall and in bed. And he appreciated and loved every inch. “To the sky a star is precious. To the earth a flower is precious. What's precious to me is you,” he whispered, hoping Keith would teach him the Korean if it didn’t make him too sad. He deserved to be told he was precious. He was too sweet, too important, and Lance never wanted him to feel less than either. Not if he could help it.

“Yo me quedaré con usted, Keith. Te amo;” he whispered, letting his eyes close. “I’ll show you how much.” Somehow. He'd figure it out. Blindness had never stopped him from spoiling the people he loved, and Keith wasn’t going to be the exception. The first person he'd met in ages who hadn’t treated his disability like one absolutely deserved some spoiling.

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Chapter 5

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MY SON, KEEF.
We wrote this before we even knew when Keith's birthday was, soooooo it's just not mentioned in this fic. :/

Warnings for this chapter include, but are not limited to:
Blowjobs, oral sex

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Neither of them left the cabin Friday. Shiro exchanged Keith's bike for his car at one point, so now there was another witness to the fact that Red adored having Lance around. She followed him as if to make sure he didn't run into anything, purring when he felt comfortable enough to carry her around. She was his little princess without a doubt, and he was hopeful that she wouldn't dislike Blue too much. They were both named for colors; it was a match made in heaven.

They'd also scared the hell out of themselves by putting on another horror film, though both considered The Babadook to be more suspenseful than anything. Though it had started funnily enough as far as Lance was concerned.

“Do you want me to close the blinds to make it darker in here?”

“Seriously?”

“...Damn it.”

When it was over and they were both clinging to one another and pretending it wasn't scary in the slightest, Lance had climbed into his lap to discover that kisses made the fear vanish pretty quickly.

So, really, it had made for an amazing Friday. He'd felt as though he was home in a way he hadn't really felt since moving out of his family home. As awesome as Hunk was and as much as he loved living with him, there hadn't been the sense of rightness he'd felt on a lazy Friday cuddled up with his boyfriend.

It made Saturday feel bleak, both of them uncomfortably aware of the fact that they wouldn't be able to see one another until around three the next day. Lance had a paper he'd been neglecting, Keith had projects, and they both had work before they could even crack open a schoolbook.

When they pulled up to the sheriff's office Saturday morning, Lance clung a little tighter. “I changed my mind. I'm gonna call out.”

Keith's lips pulled into an expression somewhere between a frown and a smile. “No you're not. They saw us pull up. Besides, it's not that bad, right?”
Lance sighed gustily, pressing a kiss to his neck. “I guess not.”

“Exactly.” He laughed, sliding off the seat after prying Lance's arms off, and then helped him down. “We're gonna see each other tomorrow afternoon anyway. You haven't forgotten that I'm coming over for dinner to meet your family, right?”

“I remember. I'm actually pretty excited.” Lance grinned, leaving his arms over his shoulders. “They'll love you.”

Keith hummed. He certainly hoped so. He knew how much Lance's family meant to him, knew that if they were going to spend their lives together - like Keith was hoping for - that he'd be seeing a lot more of them. And it would suck if they didn't like him. “As long as you think so.” Leaning up, he sealed their lips, wanting to give him a really long goodbye kiss since it would be a while before they saw each other again.

Lance hummed into it, arms twining more firmly around his neck. He toyed with the ends of his hair, loving the way it curled over the collar of his jacket. He still smelled faintly of the mahogany teakwood lotion they'd finally gotten around to the day before, but his mouth was heavy with cinnamon. Lance lapped at his tongue, his own tingling with the spice of Keith’s toothpaste.

Sighing softly, Keith's hands tightened on Lance's waist, opening up more for his tongue. Lance was so eager, getting more and more confident every time they kissed, and it never failed to send small thrills of excitement up his spine, loving the way Lance's mouth felt pressed against his. The taste of his own toothpaste had him smiling into the kiss, just a reminder that Keith was leaving just as big of an impression in Lance's life as Lance was leaving in his. He pressed as close as he could get, having to tilt his head up to continue the kiss.

Lance moaned softly, a hand sliding down his back to rub little circles into the small of his back. He didn’t want him to go, couldn’t stand the idea that he wouldn't get this for another day and a half. He'd have to sleep in his own bed that night, and he didn’t want to. Keith’s bed had quickly become his too. Keith's home was steadily becoming his.

He broke the kiss on a soft sound, clinging to him. “Next Sunday. Do you think you can get it off?”

“I, uh.” The kiss left Keith breathless, holding on just as tightly to Lance as he was to him. “Yeah. I can switch.”

“Okay. I want-” He broke off when Beyonce started singing about love making her crazy, quickly fishing his phone out of his jacket pocket. “Kitty, dismiss alarm. I have to go, or I'm gonna be late.” He swapped his phone for his sunglasses, pushing them on as he took a step back. “We'll at least text later, right?”

“Yeah, definitely.” Keith frowned at the sunglasses, but knew they were only for work and that Lance would never wear them around him. He pressed one more kiss to his cheek, reaching out to squeeze his hand. “And I'll see you tomorrow. Later, babe.”

“Adios, chico lindo.” Lance briefly laced their fingers before drawing away, taking his cane from his pocket to elongate it. “Oh, wait, um. [See you later].” It had been a few days since he'd had to say it, and he hoped that he wouldn't have to say goodbye again to him anytime soon after this. He backed up, but waited for the motorcycle’s engine to rev before actually accepting that Keith was leaving and it would be more than twenty-four hours before they'd see each other again. “Love you, Keith. Bye.” He waved towards the bike’s sound before turning to quickly make his way inside.

Keith froze in tapping the kickstand up, staring after Lance as the door closed behind him. His heart
stuttered in his chest, fingers gripping the handlebars and accidentally revving the engine too much but *holy shit*. Lance was- He just- *Holy. Shit.*

Did Lance mean it? Was it something that just slipped out accidentally? It had only been a little more than a week, Lance couldn't possibly love him like that, could he? Except he knew he loved Lance, so there was probably a chance that he loved him back, right? Right?!

Heart racing now, his breaths started coming in short pants, grip slipping and knees buckling. The bike nearly fell, and it snapped him out of his thoughts, quickly grabbing the handlebars to steady it. He wanted to kill the engine, run in there after him and ask him if he was serious. One look at the time, though, had him sighing and trying to collect himself enough to drive himself to work.

He spent his entire shift distracted, wondering if what he'd heard Lance say was actually something that happened or if it was all in his imagination. He wanted to believe it was real, wanted to believe that Lance shared the same feelings he did, but was finding it difficult to process. There were so many emotions swirling through him, so many thoughts swirling around in his mind that Coran ended up noticing something was up and sent him home early, thinking he was sick.

Keith kind of felt like he was going to be.

When he got home the first thing he did was light the bergamot candle he'd gotten from the bath store, the one that smelled like Lance and that would hopefully get him through what was sure to be a rough night. And after a shower, in which he'd spent even more time worrying over what Lance had said, he still didn't feel any better. It was a miracle that he even got through his homework. And after he snapped his notebook shut and threw his backpack to the side, he curled up on top of his sheets with his phone grasped in both hands, Lance’s contact illuminated on the screen. His finger hovered over the *Message* button, a fresh wave of emotion causing hesitation.

But he'd promised his boyfriend that he would text him after everything was finished that day, especially since this would be the only other contact with him until tomorrow afternoon.

His thumb pressed down, starting up a new message to Lance.

From Keith [21:08] *hey babe. you all done with your paper?*

From Lance [21:16] *Just now smiley face how was work, chico lindo?*

From Keith [21:19] *it was alright. how was it at the office today?*

From Lance [21:20] *Sad, funny, weird - same as normal. I had a guy call and it took about ten questions before I found out that he was a stabbing victim because he started with something about the weather. Very polite. Very in shock, probably.*


From Lance [21:25] *Okay, so I answer the phone with the usual greeting. And he says “oh yeah, great weather today, right? I'm out back with the family. Or was. They all went inside.” And then he chuckles but wheezes a little? And I was just wtf. So then he keeps going on and he finally says he'd better not go in because he'd get blood on the couch*

From Lance [21:27] *I had to ask, “is it your blood?” and he says “yes, I believe so.” So then, “Okay, sir, why are you bleeding?” And then he says, “Probably because my brother stabbed me a few times. He's pretty mad about the way I made fun of his lisp. But it was some harmless teasing.”*

From Lance [21:28] *So then I had to ask if he wanted an ambulance or if his brother was still around so, y'know, the ambulance would actually go near him. And it fit into the funny and weird*
From Keith [21:31] that’s crazy. but uh what's the sad one?

From Lance [21:32] You don’t want to hear the sad ones, novio dulce. Don’t worry about it

Keith wanted to argue that Lance didn't deserve to be sad, that he should share it so he wouldn't feel as bad, but decided to leave it alone.

From Keith [21:34] ok. so what are you up to tonight?

From Lance [21:35] I'm sorry. I'm not trying to shut you out or anything? If I don’t leave the sad ones at work, I stay sad

From Lance [21:36] Sometimes I need to talk about them, but there wasn’t anything that bad today

From Lance [21:37] And I'm not really doing anything but missing you and hating homework

From Keith [21:39] no its fine. glad there wasn't anything too bad today

From Keith [21:40] and i miss you too. gonna be hard to sleep without you here tonight. ive gotten so used to having you in my arms at night

From Lance [21:41] You can't see it, but I'm blushing. Also smiling. There's definitely some smiling happening

From Lance [21:42] I'm getting very used to you holding me at night heart emoji but I lit my favorite new candle so now my room at least smells like you. I'm regretting not getting the mahogany one

From Keith [21:44] ill get you one next time we go shopping. ive got the one that smells like you lit. doesnt make me miss you any less tho


From Lance [21:47] I called you cute in Korean but I don’t think my phone would pick that up the right way, so there it is Spanish

He had to physically stop himself from typing out an I love you just to see what reaction it would elicit, so stuck with what he knew Lance would enjoy.

From Keith [21:48] heart emoji

From Keith [21:48] i cant wait to see you tomorrow

From Lance [21:50] Yeah? Heart emoji me too. Is it cool if I come over after seeing blue again?

From Keith [21:51] that would be perfect

From Lance [21:53] Nice

From Lance [21:54] I'm actually starting to fall asleep though. Just waiting for this pillow to magically turn into you heart emoji

From Keith [21:55] well i dont wanna keep you up then

From Keith [21:56] you need your rest babe. youre gonna spend the night tomorrow night, right?

From Lance [21:57] Yeah, I want to. It's where my laundry seems to be collecting smiley face

From Keith [21:59] haha yeah. there's a pile rivaling mine now

From Keith [22:00] its ok tho. i like seeing your clothes on my floor.

From Lance [22:01] There's a sex joke in there somewhere but I'm way too tired to find it
From Lance [22:01] Heart emoji
From Lance [22:02] But I hope you actually plan to pick up those clothes eventually. Hunk only does laundry on Saturday and I had like nothing here
From Lance [22:03] Which is all your fault, but I'm okay with it

From Keith [22:05] i can do laundry for you. and as long as you keep staying i dont mind doing it for you.

From Lance [22:17] So goodnight, novio dulce. Te quiero

From Keith [22:18] its ok. ill see you tomorrow. night babe.

Keith set his phone on the nightstand, rolling over to stare at the candle burning. Lance hadn't mentioned anything about what he’d said earlier when Keith had dropped him off, the casual “love you” that sounded like it had just slipped out… Keith could only assumed he'd been imagining it, but couldn't figure out why he would have imagined something like that.

Apparently he just liked torturing himself.

He was just about to fall asleep, thoughts finally settling down a bit now that he knew he was just being dumb, when something else started nagging at him. Grabbing his phone again, he pulled up the last text from Lance. Te quiero. He’d heard him use that phrase a few times, but never thought to ask him what it meant, figuring it was just another term of endearment like his novio dulce or chico lindo.

Frowning, he copied the text and pasted it into his translator app. The service crapped out and he had to refresh the page, sighing in frustration when he was forced to paste the text again. It didn't help his beating heart, causing it to race faster until it came to an abrupt stutter-stop when the English popped up on the screen.

I love you.

...So it wasn't just his imagination. Lance… Lance really did love him. But how was it possible? He understood why he'd fallen in love with Lance. His beautiful, sweet as can be boyfriend who, while he could be demanding and frustrating, was just as lovely on the inside as he was on the outside. Who didn't let his disability be one to his everyday living of life, even though he was limited in the things he could do, because he was optimistic enough to find enjoyment in nearly everything. Who came back after a terrible accident during which he lost a very important piece of his life, his heart, his soul, stronger than before.

Yeah, Keith understood why he loved Lance. He just couldn't understand how Lance loved him.

Sleep eluded him for the rest of the night. He was only able to get a few short snoozes in here and there, tossing and turning on top of his sheets while the candle continued to burn. He hadn't been physically able to bring himself to blow it out and lose the scent that reminded him so much of Lance to disappear, not when he needed him there but couldn't have him.

Keith got up in the morning, exhausted to the point that no amount of coffee would combat his sleep-deprivation, and trudged to work. He knew that it was going to be a long day.

He just didn't know quite how long it would end up being.

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Lance slept far better than his boyfriend, unaware that anything was wrong at all. He knew, of course, that telling someone who wasn't family - someone who you were in a relationship with - that you loved them wasn't a small thing. But he'd also grown up in a home where saying the words was natural and normal. When you loved someone, you said it. And he'd been saying it to Keith since he'd figured it out at the mall. Albeit in Spanish, but it was one of the things Keith had never asked for the translation of. Lance had assumed that Keith knew te quiero was one of the forms of I love you. Not as formal as te amo, perhaps, but that was another norm for Lance. It didn’t mean it was less heartfelt.

And Keith not saying it back was... Well, it hurt a little. But his boyfriend hadn't grown up nearly the same way Lance had, so that was alright. Maybe he was just slower to recognize love than Lance was. Or slower to feel it. That was fine, especially since the most sex they'd had was a little session on the phone and some frottage. Keith was probably more into the physical than verbal version of love, and that was okay. Eventually, Lance would get there.

Hopefully sooner rather than later because a few solo strokes in the shower just wasn’t cutting it after he knew what it felt like to have Keith under him, moaning his name.

His cheeks were stained pink when he met Hunk in the kitchen, where he got his first inkling that he may have done something wrong. His friend stared at him as he shoveled pancakes into his mouth. “You... You love Keith.”

“Yes.”

The legs of the chair scraped against the floor as Hunk pulled it out from beneath the table to sit down. “It's been a week, Lance.”

“No, it's been a week and a half. It was a week and a day when I fell in love with him.” There was a long moment of silence. “Your pancakes are burning.”

“Quiznak,” Hunk muttered, the chair scraping again and his footfalls quick and surprisingly light for his size.

Lance listened to him mutter an argument against the griddle, amused. “Mine are good in case you were curious.”

“I can tell by the syrup on your face.”

Lance gasped, quickly feeling his cheeks to find anything, and frowned at a splotch on his chin. “I can't go see my pupper with syrup on my face.”

“Why? She'd probably appreciate the snack.”

“Hunk,” Lance groaned, feeling for a napkin and dabbing his face clean. “I see Keith after. I can't have dog slobber all over the place.”

“Mm.” The griddle sizzled as Hunk poured fresh pools of batter onto it. “So he's meeting the family today?”

“Yeah. Pidge texted him her chart Friday, and it cracked him up.” Lance smiled into his juice. “He's got the cutest mcfreaking laugh.”

“Uh-huh.”

“He does!” Lance’s own laugh spilled out. “I'm not biased, I swear. I just happen to be in love with
Lance corrected, frowning at Hunk's sigh. “What? I don’t- Is there a problem with me being in love with Keith? I thought you liked Keith.”

“I do like Keith!”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“A week and a half,” Hunk sighed again, and Lance waited with his brow furrowed. “It’s your first relationship and it’s only been a week. And a half,” he added before Lance could.

Lance frowned. “So?”

“Man, come on. It’s not—”

“Normal.”

Hunk winced. Lance couldn't see it, but he could hear the discomfort in his tone. “Actually, it's kind of completely normal? It's your first relationship, Lance. Everyone falls in love with their first partner.”

Lance ducked his head to hide the hurt, toying with his napkin. “I know that. But... this- This isn't a puppy love kind of thing, Hunk. I know the difference. This is—” His head snapped up, eyes wide. “Holy crow! Do you think he thinks I don’t mean it?”

There was a clatter and a hiss, Hunk yelping before the water turned on. “You told him?”

“Of course I told him. I love him. Why wouldn't I tell him?” Lance waited a beat. “Hunk, you're being very quiet.”

“Uh...”

Lance wheezed. “Hunk, why are you doing this to me? I've told him every day since Thursday. Is that- I'm not- He hasn't told me not to.”

“Then it's fine. Probably. Totally.”

“Hunk...”

“Lance, seriously. I'm sorry.” Hunk returned to the table, setting a hand on Lance’s shoulder. “If Keith hasn’t stopped you, you’re fine.”

“You're texting him, aren’t you?”

“Uh...”

“Hunk, oh my god, please don’t.” There was another beat of silence. “You already did.”

“Maybe.”
“I'm gonna die.”

“You're not gonna die. Eat your pancakes.”

“This is a horrible final meal,” Lance lamented, sighing heavily.

“That hurts, Lance. That really hurts.”

“That's what you get for texting Keith about me being an idiot. Why aren't you supposed to tell someone you love them?”

“No... I... don't know?”

“Seriously?!”

“What? You're just not supposed to. I don't have the scientific reasonings.” Hunk walked back to the griddle to get his own, thankfully unburned pancakes. “But, you know, if it works for you guys, it's fine.”

“I just... I want him to know, Hunk. He's basically on his own. He should know when someone loves him. Even if it's early. I don't care.” Lance sighed, shoving a forkful into his mouth. “Has he texted back yet?”

“No.”

“Don’t lie.”

“Just eat. We're going to be late.”

“You just sat down,” Lance pointed out. “Lateness is gonna be your fault, bud.”

Hunk rolled his eyes, tapping his phone. “I think I'll escape the blame.”

“You always do,” Lance mused, propping an elbow on the table, cheek resting against his palm. If it was too soon and if falling for your first partner was normal, then Keith not saying it back probably had something to do with him not taking Lance seriously. He had to up his romance game. “Hunk, we have to take detours on the way back.”

“Bway? Bwar?”

“Don’t talk with your mouth full.” Lance pushed his nearly empty plate away and rose. “And why is because I need some things. I'll tell you where later.”

“Uh. Okay?”

“Cool. Thanks, Hunk.” Lance dug his phone out of his pocket and carried it out to start doing some quick research on the best locations to stop for his forming plan. Keith would know he was serious about his feelings before dinner, damn it. And then...

He didn’t know, but at least Keith would know how he felt. He'd know someone seriously loved him.

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Keith’s shift seemed longer than usual. The forty-five minute fitful nap he'd stolen at lunch after he ate hadn't helped anything, but he steadfastly refused to get sent home early again, even though he
was most likely endangering himself and everybody else around him.

And Lance hadn't texted him since last night. He tried really hard not to feel too disappointed by it, but he was honestly missing his boyfriend like crazy, especially since he knew without a doubt how Lance felt about him. Keith couldn't wait to see him. He knew that he was coming over before they went to his parents’ house for dinner, but it wasn't good enough. He needed to see him now.

At half past two Keith finally made it home, taking a long shower to wash away dirt, oil, and sleepiness. Using lotion was more of an afterthought than something he’d actually planned. But Lance would be there soon and Keith wanted to smell good for him, wanted to have soft skin that Lance would mean Lance’s hands on him.

He shot off a quick text to Lance, letting him know he was there.

From Keith [15:07] *idk when you were gonna come over but im home and showered now.*

From Lance [15:16] *On my way! Heart emoji. I made Hunk stop somewhere. Yeah the- hunk don't spoil it shut up!*

From Lance [15:17] *Anyway, I'll be there soon. Te quiero heart emoji*


Alright, yeah, Lance loved him. God, Keith was going to wrap him up in the biggest hug, give him the best kiss of his life, he was going to-

He was gonna tell him. Lance had the right to know that Keith loved him back just as much. In English this time. There would be no more hiding behind his Korean.

He grabbed the mahogany teakwood candle from the living room, bringing it into the bedroom to light it for when Lance got there. There was probably no way that he was ready for anything more than what they did the other night - they didn't have time to do anything anyway - but Keith still wanted to lay down with him and just dote on him as much as possible.

A knock on the door fifteen minutes later ripped him from his thoughts, and he bolted to the front door, Red right on his heels, confused as to what was going on. He opened the door, finding Hunk and his shyly smiling boyfriend on the other side. “H-hi.”

“Hi. I'm- hi.” Lance was doing his best to hide behind Hunk without actually hiding behind him, hands carefully behind his back.

Hunk held out Lance’s overnight bag. “Here, man. He couldn’t carry everything.”

His already pink cheeks flushed darker. “I absolutely could have.”

“His hands were shaking.”

“No! They- You are the worst best friend. Like the absolute worst. Pidge is officially a better friend than you and they suck at froyo.” Lance bounced lightly on his heels, irritation replacing the nerves for only a moment. “Now go away.”

Keith smiled despite his own anxiety eating away at his insides, especially curious as to what Lance was hiding in his hands if the bag wasn't everything he'd brought with him. “Thanks, Hunk.”

“Sure thing. At least one of you’s nice to me,” he teased and would have earned an elbow in the gut had Lance not been hiding his hands so carefully.
“I'll be nice to you later. Go away.”

Hunk laughed. “Okay, okay. See you guys later.”

“Bye.” Keith waited until Hunk was off the porch and in his car before cupping one of Lance’s hips, carefully tugging him inside. His nerves were dancing under his skin, causing it to tingle everywhere. He leaned in for a quick kiss, smiling against Lance’s lips. “So… hi,” he repeated.

Lance bit back a nervous giggle. “Hi,” he echoed. “Um. I'm sorry I haven't- I didn’t text you, like, at all today. I got some pretty good news that I wanted to tell you in person and I knew I'd blow it if I texted you. And, uh, the other thing is- I tried to get Hunk to stop at two places, but he only stopped at the one. So he half-sucks today, but I- I just wanted to... Quiznak. Here.”

Lance carefully brought a small blue vase out from behind him, a single tulip resting in the water. “I, um, I don’t know what tulips look like, but the petals are soft and - bonus - no thorns. I never got why roses represent love when they have thorns. But, I mean, yeah. I got you a flower.”

It was red. A red tulip in a blue vase. Keith had never paid attention to details like that before he'd started dating Lance, but now it was all he could think about. Red and blue, their favorite colors. Lance was seriously adorable.

“It’s beautiful, just like you.” Keith took the vase and kissed him again, fingers flexing on his hip. “Come on. We can take this stuff to the bedroom and lay down for a bit.”

“Okay. It's- The vase is blue, right? It's supposed to be. Hunk said it was, but he half-sucks today and can't be trusted. And the tulip’s supposed to be red because, uh, red tulips mean- They're supposed to signify love- love confessions or perfect love.” Lance clasped his hands together, unsure what else to do with them. “I, um, I found out earlier that it's kind of... early? To feel this way? But I do. I... I love you, Keith, and I really want to make sure that you know I mean it.”

Keith set the bag and the vase down so he could take Lance’s hands in his, squeezing gently. “I know you mean it. I hope you know that I mean it too. I love you, Lance.” He closed the distance again, kissing him like a starving man who just found food.

Lance said something, but it was lost in the kiss and he couldn't have repeated it anyway with his mind immediately emptying. Keith loved him too. Keith loved him too! He'd finally actually said it out loud. Lance clung to him, arms wrapping tightly around him as his lips parted. He kissed just as hungrily, taking everything Keith offered and giving himself back in full. Everything he felt and wanted poured into his boyfriend, the impatient sweetheart who loved him too.

Keith broke the kiss, lifting his hands to cup Lance's cheeks and resting their brows together. “Saranghæ. ‘I love you.'”

“I- You've said that before. I've heard you say that.” Lance smiled, so relieved to find out that it wasn't too early after all. “Sar- saran- saranghæ. Saranghæ. . Right?”

“That's perfect, [nae sarang].” Keith drew him in for another kiss, unwilling to stop and unable to wipe the smile off his face. “And yes, I have said it. I couldn't keep it to myself. I needed to tell you how much I care, even if you couldn't understand it.” He slid his hands from Lance’s face down to his hips, caressing his arms and sides as they moved. “There was no chance of me not falling in love with you. 가 [Dangsineun jega kkumkkudeon namjae].”

“I.” He was so gonna rub this in Hunk’s face later. Much later. Lance didn’t want to do anything but get as close as possible to his boyfriend. He stole another kiss. “Cada día te quiero más. Eres mi
“Alright,” he agreed, and reached down further to hike Lance's legs up and around his waist. “Mine means 'you are the man of my dreams.'” His lips found a spot on Lance's neck to suck at. “Your turn.”

“Each day I love you more. You're my everything.” Smiling, Lance wrapped his arms around Keith’s shoulders. “I can't believe you love me too.”

“Well, you better believe it 'cause I absolutely do.” Keith picked up the vase again, balancing it in his grip against Lance's thigh, and moved them towards the bedroom. “I love you so much.”

Lance curled his fingers into Keith's shirt, pressing a kiss to his temple. “I love you too. Where are we going?”

“Bedroom.” Keith kicked the door open from its ajar position when they reached it. “I just wanna lay down with you for a while. I… didn't get a lot of sleep last night.” He hadn't gotten any. “Missed you too much.” Not technically a lie.

“Okay. Are you gonna take your shirt off?” Lance pressed a kiss to the top of his head. “You smell really good.”

“Hm, yeah, I will.” The vase was set down on the nightstand, far enough away from the candle so the flower would be safe, and then Keith dropped Lance off onto the mattress. He pulled his shirt off, tossing it into the corner to join the pile. “Are you gonna take yours off too?”

Lance fidgeted with the hem for a moment before drawing it up and off. “Don't just throw it somewhere. I'm gonna have to put it back on before we leave for…” His smile brightened. “I get to tell my family you love me.”

“And I get to be there when you do.” Keith pressed his own smile against Lance's, taking the shirt from him and draping it over the edge of the bed at the foot. “Just in case they need proof.”

“Just be prepared for some nonstop teasing.” Lance laughed, reaching for Keith when he felt him get close enough. “Come here. You're gonna need some sleep if you're gonna deal with them. Plus, I just want you close.”

Keith crawled onto the bed over Lance, laying down and pulling his boyfriend down with him. “Come closer.”

“Te quiero, mi cielo.” Lance threaded his fingers through Keith’s hair. “Eventually, I'm going to know enough Korean that I won't have to ask you to translate everything.”

“It's tough to learn, but I'd love to help.” Keith chuckled, stealing a sweet kiss from him. “But I'll translate for the time being: 'when I'm with you, I'm so happy.'”

Lance ducked his head to press nibbling kisses to his neck. “Te quiero. Te amo. I-…” Keith moaned, fingers flexing against the small of Lance's back. “I love your teeth, Lance, your mouth.”

Keith moaned, fingers flexing against the small of Lance's back. “I love your teeth, Lance, your mouth.” His other hand found Lance's forearm, gripping tightly to him as Lance increased the pressure. “You're so good.”
Lance hummed against his neck, but stopped just short of breaking the skin. He'd gotten made fun of plenty the week before for the marks on his neck, so he was looking forward to hearing the same teasing directed at Keith. He wanted his family to like him, needed Keith to like them. He moved to a higher spot on his neck and started again, lips then tongue then teeth. Even if he couldn't see the marks, knowing they were there was enough. Knowing others could see them was enough. “Eres mío.”

“That one is ‘you're mine,’ right?” Keith asked, starting to rub small circles into Lance's skin. “You'll have to teach me some Spanish in return for my Korean.”

“When you pronounce dulce correctly, I'll teach you some Spanish, mi amor.” Lance trailed kisses up his neck and along his jaw, kissing his lips before leaning back to grin at him. “But, yeah, eres mío. ‘You're mine.’ Soy tuyo. ‘I'm yours.’”

Keith tried them out, only pronouncing them slightly off, though Lance still giggled at his attempt. Huffing, he kissed him again. “It's easier in Korean. [Naekkeoya], ‘you're mine.’ [Nekkeoya], ‘I'm yours.’”

Lance worked them over his tongue, trying them a few times before he was comfortable. “. Eres mío. Soy tuyo. I think they're both pretty easy, chico lindo.”

“I'm glad you think so.” Pulling him even closer, Keith buried his face in Lance's neck, breathing him in and sighing contentedly. “I really need a nap now that you're here.”

“Ohay.” Lance kissed his forehead. “I'll tell you my news later. Te quiero.”

“No, you can te-” He was cut off by a sudden yawn. “...Okay. Is it good news at least?”

Lance giggled, snuggling closer. “Yeah. Go to sleep, Keith.”

“Gladly.” Lance was so warm pressed against him, smelled so good that almost as soon as his eyes shut he was asleep, his exhaustion catching up with him.

Lance smiled, far too awake to fall asleep so easily. He was giddy. Completely in love, loved back, and he had amazing news. It was far more exciting for him than it would be for Keith, but he was hopeful that his boyfriend would share in his excitement. There was a soft jingle and the lightest of movements when Red’s weight hit the mattress. He rolled onto his side, lips curving when Keith dragged him back against him and pressed his face against the back of his neck. His sweet boyfriend.

He ran his fingers down Red’s back when she wandered closer in silent apology for ignoring her when he'd first come in. “I know, princesita. I missed you too. If you get along with my girl, maybe he'll let me move in,” he whispered, smiling when she curled up against him and began to purr. “I hope Blue likes him as much as you do me.” She had to.

Lance let his eyes close, settled comfortably between his warm boyfriend and purring cat, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

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Keith woke up an hour and a half later to an unfamiliar song blaring out of a speaker somewhere in front of him. Groaning, he pulled himself out of the haze of sleep, reaching out to find the source of interruption. It was coming from Lance's pocket, so Keith assumed it was his phone alarm going off, but his boyfriend was laying on that side and he couldn't get to it to silence it. “Lance.” When there was no answer, he gently shook his shoulder. “Lance.”
“Mm. No, I don’t wanna.” He rolled onto his back, hiding his face against Keith’s chest as if that would drown out the sound.

Keith dropped a kiss to his hair, laughing, the new position at least giving him the opportunity to dig into Lance's pocket to retrieve his phone. He hit the button on the side to stop the noise, tossing it to the mattress and curling back up into his boyfriend's side. “Wha’s th’alarm for?”

“We need to leave soon,” Lance mumbled. “It'll play a different song when we need to go.”

“How much longer do we have?”

“Mm... Depends on whether you want to make a really good impression, a good impression, or blame me for us being late.” Lance pressed a kiss above his heart, fingers stroking lazily down his side. “I'll deny it, but they'll believe you.”

“What do I get to blame on you if we're late?” he wondered, catching Lance's wrist and bringing his hand to his lips to kiss.


[Te quiero.]

[Nado saranghae.] He rolled over so he was laying half on top of Lance, leaning over to steal a kiss. “As much as I'd love to, I think my first impression should be a good one. Maybe not ‘really good,’ but definitely good.”

Lance smiled, hand sliding into Keith's mullet. “Then we've got, like, a good half hour or so to lay here. Which I'm very okay with.” He tugged at him to get him to lay completely atop him, sighing beneath his weight and the freedom it gave him to explore Keith’s back. “Mi cielo.”

Keith's lips found his neck, pressing biting kisses all over his skin, hands caressing his sides. “Have you told me what that one means yet?”

“M'not sure.” He tilted his head back to give him better access, the nips causing shivers to run down his spine. If they had more time... Well, he wasn’t sure what he’d be up for if they had more time, but he wanted to find out. He wanted to do something; he was aware of that at least. “‘My heaven.’”

“That-” That was actually the sweetest thing Keith had ever heard. It was definitely the sweetest thing he'd ever been called, too. The next kiss Keith nipped into his skin landed right on his jaw, licking over the faint mark before kissing over to his lips. “That's so adorable, [aein].”

Lance hummed, massaging Keith’s back. “It’s- It's what my abuelo always called my abuela and it just- It was sweet and sappy and I always made gagging sounds when I heard him.” He lifted a hand to Keith’s hair, holding him in place for another kiss. “Little me was kinda... misguided, we’ll say.”

Keith huffed out a laugh, relaxing even further under Lance's touch. “I always heard my mother calling my father, yeobo, which means something like ‘honey’ or ‘darling.’” But he'd learned that it was a word only used between two people who were married. “I like [aein], though. ‘Sweetheart.’”

“Yeo- yeo bo. Yeobo. That's cute. I like it, but cariño is ‘darling’ or ‘sweetheart.’ Corazón is ‘heart.’” Lance rolled them so he could lay a hand over Keith’s heart. “Te quiero, mi cariño. Tú guardarle mi corazón.”

Keith covered Lance’s hand with one of his own. “What does that last part mean?”

“You hold my heart.” Lance smiled. He would've been appalled by his own sappiness as a child,
but he knew better now. And he liked the way Keith reacted when he was sweet to him. “Spanish lends itself to things like that better than English. There's only one way to say I love you. That's ridiculous.”

“Yeah, but Spanish is a romance language, so that makes sense.” Keith cupped his other hand behind Lance’s neck and pulled him in for another kiss. “Korean doesn't have a lot of different ways either. Nothing as sweet as all of that. But it still means the same.”

“Te amo también.” Lance sat up, straddling his waist. “Normally te amo is the strongest version, but te quiero is what you hear more of at my house because of my mom. Spanish is her third language, and quiero by itself is actually ‘I want.’ So mom likes to think that te quiero is ‘I love and want you.’” Lance cupped his cheek, lips curving. “Te quiero, mi cielo precioso.”

“Te quiero?” Is that right?”

“Te quiero, mi cielo precioso.” Lance leaned down, sealing their lips together in a sweet kiss. “Sí. Bueno. I'm really glad that you exist.”

Keith laughed, cupping his hips. “I'm glad I exist too,” he teased.

“You're lucky I exist to put up with you, asshole.” Lance fell dramatically onto his side. “Even though I obviously deserve better.”

“Hey, you're the one that fell in love with me.” Keith dragged him closer, sliding a hand into his hair and just holding him there, staring at his boyfriend's gorgeous face. Lance did deserve better than him, and Keith absolutely didn't deserve Lance, yet there they were. He smiled, capturing his lips. “I'm glad you did.”

“I was clearly hypnotized by your pretty face. It's the only explanation.”

“Shitlord.” Laughing, Keith shoved him away by his shoulder. “You're lucky I love you.”

His cheeks pinkened. “I'm really glad you do. Hunk freaked me out this morning. So I started to feel like I'd messed everything up by telling you this fast or that you wouldn't think I was serious.”

“I didn’t. Not at first. When I dropped you off at work yesterday morning and you said it, it just sounded so… casual? Then I thought it was just my imagination playing a cruel trick on me, and it’s one of the reasons I didn't get any sleep last night.” He reached out and brushed the backs of his fingers over Lance’s blush, winding up in his hair again. “But then you said it in your texts to me last night and today, and after I looked it up I realized you had been saying it for a while now and- Well, I believe that you are serious now. Flower and everything.”

Surprise crossed over his features. “Wait, you didn’t know what te quiero meant before? Oh! Uh. Shit. I thought- So the first time you actually understood was-?” Mortified, Lance ducked his head to hide the blush. “I'm sorry. That’s not- You shouldn't have understood it the first time like that.”

“Lance, it’s okay. Really.” Keith caught his chin, lifting so he could see his face and kiss his lips. “It’s enough that I understand it now. Besides, you first said it in the middle of the bath store. Not much of a difference between there and outside the sheriff's office.”

“Excuse you, the bath store is one of the greatest places on earth. The sheriff's office is work.” Lance bumped their noses together. “Those are very different.”

“Mm, maybe.” Keith rolled them back over so he was straddling Lance's hips, pinning him down.
“Made me wanna drag you back here, though. I know you're not ready yet, but I would have done just what we're doing now.”

“Hey, I tried to call out. You said no.” Lance cupped his hips, fingers slowly sliding inward until he could trace the lines of Keith's abs. “I dunno. You dragging me to bed seems pretty exciting.”

“Yeah?” He shuddered under Lance’s hands. “You think you’d be up for something tonight? We-we don’t have to go all the way. I know that’s scary, but…” Keith bent down, enough that he could nibble at an earlobe. “I’d love it if you’d let me touch you. If you’re ready for that.”

Lance’s breath caught. “I want- I think I am. I know I want to, um, actually touch you.” His hands slid down, fingers only just dipping into his pants. “I kinda wish we had more time now.”

“Yeah, that- that would be nice.” Keith had to put a stop to the touching or else they'd never make it to Lance’s family dinner. He wrapped his fingers around Lance’s wrists, but then couldn't bring himself to make them move away. If he moved them, it would only be further into his pants. Damn it. “But we’ll have a lot more time later. And I need a lot of time so I can explore the rest of you.”

He wanted it, color rising and fingers flexing in their temptation. They could very easily skip out on dinner and stay in bed and... His phone went off, making him jump. “Cripes. That's- that's the first one. What'd you do with my phone?”

“It’s somewhere over there.” Keith waved a hand vaguely in the direction to Lance’s left, and then smacked himself in the face. “I’ll get it.” He leaned back up and reached over, hand skimming through the sheets until he found it, placing it in Lance’s hand.

He switched it off, amused. “When the next one goes off, we have to move.”

“Okay.” Keith bent back down to suck another mark into that skin of Lance's collarbone, just low enough that it wouldn't be blatantly visible during dinner, but if he moved his arm a certain way anyone would be able to see it.

Lance sighed, relaxing under the attention. “So that nap definitely did you some good.”

Keith hummed in agreement. Satisfied with the mark, he began kissing his way back to Lance's lips, sealing them together, slipping his tongue in to tangle with Lance's. He pulled back after only a few moments, trailing his fingers down to his hips. “You being here always helps me sleep.”

“I'm always available to spend the night in your bed,” Lance offered. “Even Saturday if you got Sunday off.”

“I- Yeah, I managed to switch with someone on Saturday.” The thought of Lance being with him every night sent little thrills of pleasure tingling up his spine, fizzling out warm and happy in his brain. If Lance kept staying over like this, he'd might as well just move in. And that thought made the warm happy feeling even more intense. His fingers flexed on Lance's hips as he wondered how he would feel about the possibility of living together. “I'm free all day Sunday.”

Lance grinned. “No, you're not because you have to take me to dog bonding and meet my girl.” He gasped, hands quickly finding Keith's face to cup his cheeks. “My news! That totally reminds me!”

“Oh, yeah.” Keith felt like a jackass again because he had just fallen asleep when clearly Lance had been excited to share his news. “What is it? You said it was good.”

“Yeah! Well, I mean, it's good for me. It's absolutely in the top two best things that’ve happened to me so far today.” Lance’s smile brightened. “But I got the okay to bring Blue home! It's her trial
week. Not- not this Sunday that you're coming, but the one after. She stays for a whole week and they do two home visits during to see how things are going and if they're going well, I keep her. I get my dog, Keith! In two weeks, I'll have Blue!”

Keith smiled widely, pressing his curved lips against Lance’s. It really was such good news. Lance would have his new dog, his new best friend, and it made Keith happier than he already was for him. “That’s great! So she'll be able to come home with you and meet Red. That- That’s seriously really awesome.”

“I know! It's- I can't even believe it, Keith. Last week, I was sure it was gonna get pushed back when I called her Kitty, but then this morning they were all like, ‘oh, Lance, you two have been getting along so well and she really follows your commands and blahblahblah.’ And she has been, which is really great. I switch between English and Spanish in my commands, so they were worried that I was confusing her. But I did the same thing with Kitty and dogs are smart. She's a smart girl.”

His hands slid up, fingers delving into his hair. “You'll love her, Keith.”

“I'm sure I will.” Keith kissed him again. “I just hope Red will be nice to her so she can stay here with you.”

He couldn’t stay if Blue couldn’t. “Yeah. One of the home visits might have to be here if we're spending the night here though. Unless, I mean, you'd rather not. It's fine either way.”

“No, that’s fine. I'd like one of them to be here.” Keith took his hands on a path up Lance’s arms until he could curl his fingers around both wrists, pulling his hands out of his hair and pressing kisses to the backs. “I want you guys to spend the night here more.”

“Okay. She and Red’ll get along great. Mi princesita loves me, so it'll be fine.” And Blue was good with other animals, by temperament and by training, so Lance was just as confident in her. “I have to go shopping for her next week. She needs a bed and a food container and water dish, obviously.”

“I can take you,” he offered excitedly. “I can ask Shiro to borrow his car again. If you want. I want to help you pick some stuff out.” He hadn’t even met her yet, but Keith already wanted to spoil her.

Lance laced their fingers, smile and eyes bright. He wanted to spoil her too, not having kept anything from Kitty. He had to start all over. “Okay. After the training next Sunday then? It'll cut into our naptime.”

“I'm alright with that. I'm okay with anything that doesn't cut into our time together. Plus, I have to make sure that you don’t pick out anything ugly. My couch is the only thing that’s allowed to be ugly here.”

“Excuse you, I would never make my pupper sleep in something ugly. Or have an ugly blanket because Blue likes them. And everything needs to match.” Lance grinned, a hand cupping the back of Keith’s neck to draw him down. “I'll trust you. Don't let me or my baby girl down, chico lindo.”

“I won’t, 가 [naega yaksok]. ‘I promise.’” He pressed their lips together again, fingers tangling in Lance’s hair.

Humming, Lance eagerly sank into the kiss. The excitement he'd felt when he'd first heard the news was even bigger now that Keith knew and shared in it. He wasn’t sure what he'd been expecting, really, and had been prepared for Hunk to take him shopping. Getting supplies for his dog would be just as involved as their shopping before had been. But Keith had not only volunteered, he sounded excited. He sounded just as excited as Lance and it just made him love Keith more.
Keith parted his lips, tongue sliding out to meet Lance’s. They brushed together briefly before Lance’s alarm was going off again. Sighing, he let the kiss linger a few seconds longer, reluctantly pulling back while stroking his fingers through Lance’s hair. “I’m guessing that's the ‘we have to move’ one?”

“Fashionably late’s still an option.”

Laughing, Keith gave him one more short kiss and then rolled off onto the mattress next to him. “I don’t want to be the reason you’re - we’re - late again. Maybe next time when I don’t have to try to impress them.”

“Don’t worry, mi novio dulce. You won't have to try.” Lance sat up and shoved at him, smiling. “I need my shirt. And you should probably find one too.” He patted Keith’s torso fondly. “I’m the only blind one in my family as far as I know, so they’d notice pretty quickly.”

“Yeah, I'm not gonna go to dinner with no shirt.” He sat up and found Lance’s shirt at the foot of the bed, tugging at his wrist. “Here, sit up and put your shirt on.” While Lance got dressed, Keith blew out the candle and got up to find a new shirt in his closet and pulled it on over his head, turning back around to make sure Lance was ready. “You all set?”

“Yeah.” Lance rose, stretching his arms over his head with a hum. “Hopefully we get there early enough for you not to be overwhelmed all at once by nine people.”

“I'll drive really fast then.” Keith walked back over and cupped his hips, bringing him close for another kiss. “But you’re actually wearing a helmet because I do not wanna get in trouble by your mom. I haven't even met her yet.”

“You are literally zero fun.” Lance pressed closer, pressing a kiss to his temple. “But maybe I won't be too big a brat about it if I don’t have to walk all the way to the bike.”

“Your feet aren't gonna touch the ground until we get to your house.” His hands slid down from Lance’s hips to the backs of his thighs, detouring to skim over his ass as they went. He lifted him up, Lance’s legs wrapping back around him, and dropped a kiss to his neck.

“You're a tease, and I really like that.” Lance stroked a hand through his mullet. “Pretty sure you'd like it if I teased you.”

“I think I would.” Despite the fact they needed to leave, Keith backed him up against the wall, holding him there while attacking his neck with nips and kisses. Fingers kneaded into Lance’s legs through his jeans, moving further up to cup his butt. “What would you do?”

“I-I, um...” Lance’s breath caught on a moan. He rolled his hips, fingers tangling in his hair to tug. “Still- still working on that part. But I'll figure it out.”

Keith grinned against his neck, grinding his hips up slightly to meet Lance’s, the softest of noises falling from his lips. If this was what Lance’s reaction was to a bit of light teasing, he couldn't wait to actually get him into bed. “Well, we have forever for you to figure it out.”

“It won’t take forever.” Lance already had a few ideas, aware of a few of the things Keith liked. Biting, definitely. Giving and receiving. Lance tugged his hair a little firmer, getting him to tilt his head back. He lowered his lips to his ear first, nipping the lobe before peppering kisses downward. Teeth nipped along Keith’s jawline. “Todo sobre ti me calienta, mi cielo,” he whispered against his skin, lips trailing down his throat until his teeth could sink in.

Moaning, Keith squeezed his fingers into Lance’s cheeks, hips rocking harder. God, he loved
Lance’s mouth, his teeth felt perfect pierced into his skin. “W-what does that mean?”

“Mm...” Lance held onto him, every buck of his hips sending shocks of pleasure running through him. Holy crow, they were definitely going to have to try wall sex. They needed to get to normal sex first, though, but they didn't have time to try. Still, he ran warm kisses back up to his ear.

“‘Everything about you turns me on,’” he breathed. “How’m I doing with teasing?”

“You’re doing so good, [my love].” His boyfriend was such a fast learner, picking up subtle reactions even though he couldn't actually see them. It was thrilling to think about what he’d learn if given enough time, but they had the rest of their lives together to find out. If Lance kept it up now, though, they’d never make it to his parents’ house for dinner, and then Keith would really be in trouble. “You can make good on some of that teasing later tonight. Dinner first.”

“Mmhm.” Lance rested his cheek atop Keith’s head, fingers returning to strokes rather than grips. “I really, really like when you say I'm good.”

“I know. That’s why I try to tell you as much as possible.” Keith kissed his collarbone one more time before pulling them away from the wall, walking slowly out the door. “But you are. You are very good, Lance. My good boy.”

“And now you're right back to being the tease.” But two could play at that game. Lance’s limbs tightened around him when he stopped to lock the front door, biding his time before nibbling on his earlobe again. “When I touched you the other day, my mouth watered every time I thought about your dick,” he murmured.

“Lance, holy crap.” The porch steps were a very dangerous place to stumble, but Keith grabbed the handrail while his other hand flexed on Lance’s leg, managing to keep them from falling. Yeah, Lance was a very fast learner. “Did- did you think about sucking me off? Your pretty lips would look so good wrapped around my cock. And you'd take everything I give you, wouldn't you? ‘Cause you're such a good boy.” They reached the bike and Keith propped him up on the seat, but didn’t let go of him yet. “Hm, I wonder if you would swallow?”

How could his words sap his mind so effortlessly? It wasn’t fair. Lance shuddered, wanting it, wanting to go for it right then and there. He wanted to be good for Keith and take it all down, even though he highly doubted it’d be successful right away. “I can- I thought about it. I want to try.” He gripped Keith's shirt, tugging. “Kiss me.”

Keith leaned in and brushed their lips together, staying close while he muttered, “Don't worry about trying to impress me. I'm still going to love you.” The brushing became a pressing of lips, Keith sliding his tongue along Lance’s bottom lip, sliding inside to tangle slowly and sweetly with Lance’s.

Lance sighed into it. It was different kissing him on the bike, having Keith be the one to lean down. Different, but no less potent. It was still Keith. It was still every emotion his boyfriend could make swirl inside him with no more than a touch of lips and a sweep of tongue. His hands slid up to frame his face, fingertips stroking his skin gently even after the kiss ended. “All I want to do is make you feel as good as you make me feel. I know it's gonna take practice, but I'm all for practicing.” Maybe. Hopefully. They'd see how far he was up to going when they got back. “I love you, Keith. Te quiero.”

“I love you too, Lance.” He gave him another short kiss, massaging his hips. “And you do make me feel good. All the time. You don’t have to do anything you don’t wanna do. I'm not gonna force you.”

“I know you won't, Keith. I'm not worried about that at all. You're- I trust you.” Lance offered an
easy smile. “But we should probably pick this up later. We're edging into super late territory, so I
guess give me the stupid helmet and let's go.”

“It’s not so stupid if it keeps you safe and keeps both of us from getting yelled at.” Keith laughed,
pulling away. He grabbed the open-face helmet from its resting place on the porch and slipped it onto
Lance’s head, doing up the straps under his chin. “It's not too tight or anything right?”

“No, I'm fine. At least this doesn't feel as bulky as the one Teo saddles me with when I ride
anywhere with him.” Lance shrugged, but excitement was starting to creep under his skin. Sunday
dinner was his family was important and fun on a normal day. Introducing Keith made it even better.
“Let's go.”

“Alright.” Keith jumped onto the seat in front of him and waited until Lance’s arms were wrapped
fully around him before taking off. It took them a little less than half an hour to get there, Keith
pulling into an already full driveway. “It looks like everyone might be here already? There’s Teo’s
bike and five other cars.”

Lance sighed, giving him a squeeze. “Then, yeah, they're all here. But they all knew you were
coming this week, so that's not a total surprise. Come on. We'll sneak around back to the kitchen so
you can meet my mom first.”

Keith nodded and slid off the seat, hoisting Lance down into his arms. He dropped a kiss to his lips
after taking the helmet off, holding him close for another minute. “Is it weird that I’m actually
nervous?”

“Nope. I think it's pretty much adorable.” Lance kissed his nose with a smile. “But you don't have to
be nervous. They're just a big, crazy group. If you get overwhelmed, just let me know and we can
escape upstairs. I know where the hiding places are.”

“Okay.” Keith didn't think he'd need to hide, shouldn't need Lance to pull him away from his family.
He wouldn't let that happen. “Is it the right or left side of the house?”

“The left is closest, but the living room's on the left and there are windows in there. It's nice out
today, so mom'll have them all open. We'll get caught, so go around the right. That side just has my
parents' room and the dining room. No one should be in there unless someone's already stuck setting
the table.” Lance drew back, looping his arm around Keith's to tug him along and snapping out his
cane so he could walk faster comfortably. “You'll like my mom. She's, like, the softest person in the
world besides Mary. Mary's the fourth oldest. Just be extra nice to her and she'll love you. And
compliment whatever she made for dessert which, y'know, will be amazing anyway. She works at a
bakery.”

Lance tapped the corner of the house and shuffled further to the side to give Keith more room before
bouncing forward again. “Everyone's pretty easy to get along with, honestly. Hector won't say much
to you, but he doesn't say much to anyone, so don't get too worried about that. And then Stefani and
Michael are the youngest. Michael's kind of shy, so he'll probably interrogate you and then hide the
rest of the night. And Stefani isn't shy at all and she'll love you because she loves absolutely
everyone.

“Actually, the only one you really have to worry about at all is Theresa. She's all bark and all bite,
but she'll be polite to you until she decides whether or not she likes you. If she doesn't, she'll get icy
polite and if she does, she'll make fun of you. But Teo likes you already and I love you. So you've
already got that working for you. And-” He stopped, words and steps halting. “Are you following
any of this?”
“Uh, I think so.” He stopped alongside Lance, hand laying over his. “I studied Pidge’s chart a little bit, so I think I’ll be okay.” It had amused him when he first read through it, but realized now that Lance - and Pidge - weren’t actually kidding around. “I have it saved to pull up if I need it,” he assured, chuckling.

“Okay. I mean, there’s ten of us altogether. It’s okay if you don’t pick up on everything right away. It’s just day one.” Lance smiled, pulling him around the corner, and could immediately hear music pouring out of the open windows. His smile widened. The symphony he recognized as one of Beethoven’s was definitely a sign of home. “Stop me when we get to the door. I don’t want to knock it by accident.”

Keith patted his hand in acknowledgement. They followed the wall on the outside of the house until they reached the back door, Keith bringing them to a halt before Lance’s cane could smack into the bottom of it. “Want me to just open it?”

Lance shook his head, collapsing and pocketing his cane before lifting his hand to Keith’s cheek. He used the contact to position himself in front of him and leaned down for a brief kiss that he hoped was reassuring. He was so excited that his boyfriend - first and last, he hoped - was going to meet his family.

The kiss was definitely reassuring, and Keith pressed closer to get more of it, if only for a short time. He pulled away before it could get too deep, aware that they had to go inside at some point instead of standing in the backyard making out in front of the door, but his hands found Lance’s hips again, gripping tight. “I’m ready when you are.”

“I’m always ready to spend time with my family. Except when they annoy me.”

Grinning, Lance turned and felt for the doorknob. He pulled Keith in behind him, listening for the familiar voices. Mom telling Raquel to get out plates to set the table, Raquel sighing dramatically, Hector’s soft snickering in a corner, and Stefani’s excited, “Lance!”

He crouched, her sandals slapping the floor, and swept her up for a tight hug. “Hola, china. Are you driving mom crazy?”

“Muy loco,” she bragged proudly, her eight year old face pure mischief. She waved at Keith behind Lance’s back, chocolate brown eyes going wide. “Tu novio es lindo, Lance.”

He laughed, setting her down. “I know. His name's Keith.”

“¡Hola, Keith!”

“[Annyeong]. ‘Hello.’” He squatted down and smiled when she walked over. “You must be Stefani, right?”

She nodded rapidly, thick pigtailed braids dancing. “Uh-huh. That sounded like mom's Japanese, but wrong.”

He laughed, taking a gamble and scooping her up in his arms. “That’s because it’s Korean.” Keith bopped her on the nose with his finger. “,  [Gwiyeopda, assi].”

Very used to the men in her family picking her up, she only giggled and swatted at his hand. “What’s that mean?”

“Probably that you're a total brat.”
“Raquel, no it doesn't!” she protested with another giggle.

Seeing an opportunity to get out of setting the table, at least for the time being, the young woman sashayed over to sling an arm across Lance's shoulders and grin Keith's way. “You don't know that. Lance probably told him all about how awful you are.”

“He did not! Lance!”

“I only told the truth about you, china. So if he called you a brat, I wouldn't be surprised at all.”

“I promise I didn't call you a brat. I just called you cute.” Keith shifted her to the side, holding her on his hip with an arm around her waist. “Just like you called me cute.”

She gasped. “¿Hablas español?”

“No, I've just called him cute a few million times.” Lance smiled. “He's learning a little bit at a time. Just don't ask him to repeat any of it. It's awful.”


His cheeks went pink. “Gracias. Él es asombroso.”

“If he is so amazing, you wouldn't be rude enough to talk behind his back. Especially since you haven't finished introductions, Lance.”

The color in his cheeks deepened. “Lo siento, mamá. Keith, this is my mom, Hana. And my sisters Raquel and Stefani. And Hector’s in here too, somewhere. Unless he snuck out. Mi familia, esto es mi novio, Keith.”

“Hello.” Keith waved to the rest of the family in the room. “It's really nice to meet you all. Sorry we’re late.”

“You're not. We just all showed up early. The dork here keeps bragging about you, so we’re curious and judgemental.” Raquel shifted her arm to wrap around his neck, yanking Lance down for a noogie.

He yelped. “Raquel!”

“If you think you were getting out of embarrassment because you snuck in back, you are wrong.”

Pidge’s chart had warned Keith that Raquel was ‘Lance with better hair’ and, yeah, he could see that, but it still hadn't quite prepared him for her. He laughed anyway. “Is that the real reason you led me around back, Lance?”

“No!” Lance squirmed away from her and ran his fingers through his hair in an attempt to smooth the mussed strands. “Though we would've gone through the front if I knew Raquel was back here.”

Stefani shook her head, tugging on Keith’s shirt. “No, el es ojito derecho de su madre. That's what Theresa says.”

Raquel laughed when Lance's face colored. “Basically, she calls him a mama's boy.” Hana cleared her throat from the stove, the two girls glancing her way. Hector just snorted softly from his place at the little kitchen table. “Not that there's anything wrong with being a mama's boy.”

Lance huffed, making his way to the stove to stand beside his mother. “I take back any and all good things I said to Keith about all of you. Except mom. She's the only one I like right now.”
“¿De veras?” Raquel gasped and he narrowed his eyes.

“I will hit you with my cane,” he threatened.

“You'd have to find me first.”

“Comportarse. We have a guest and you are no longer children. If you are going to be children, get out of my kitchen.” She looked pointedly at Raquel. “And set the table.”

“Mom, come on. It's Lance’s turn.”

His lashes fluttered, a hand lifting to his heart. “Oh, but I can't see where the dishes go. Woe is me.”

“Basta.” Hana bumped her hip against his, lips curving. “Take your novio to meet the rest of the family, 息子.”


“Stefani, you let him put you down and help Raquel set the table.”

She sighed gustily, a child's version of Lance's own dramatic sighs. “Sí, mamá. I have to go help set the table, Keith.”

“Oh,  [assi].” Smiling, he set her down with the promise that he’d see her again in a few minutes, and walked over to Lance for his boyfriend to take an arm, even though Lance knew his house inside and out. “Lead the way,  [darling].”

Lance recognized it immediately as the pet name his mother had used, his heart swelling. He took Keith’s hand instead of his arm, lifting it to his lips. “Mi cielo precioso.”

Hana smiled at them. “Keith?”

The warm happiness he’d felt at Lance’s words dimmed a little as he turned back to look at Hana, eyes slightly wide. Had he done or said something wrong? Already? “Yes?”

“Don't let the rest of them intimidate you. They're harmless, especially my husband.” Her smile warmed. “And welcome home.”

He blew out a relieved breath, nudging Lance with his elbow when he started to giggle, but squeezed his hand. Home. Crazily enough, it was already starting to feel like home, and it felt so good to have one again. “I- Thank you.”

The rest of the family welcomed Keith just as easily, particularly when he relaxed enough to tease Lance along with them. But they were as loud and crazy as advertised, often talking over one another in a baffling mixture of Spanish and English. Lance was more than happy to translate, able to identify their voices with ease and pick apart their conversations. He interjected where he wanted, but was just as at ease listening to their chatter.

When he leaned his head against Keith’s shoulder near the end of dinner, he didn’t see the glances or the smiles they got, but Keith did. The smiles only widened at his blush, but no one commented. It was the first time Theresa looked at him in approval too, so all members of the McClain family accepted him by the time they reached dessert. The compliment he gave Mary over the Pastelitos de Guayaba she'd baked had made her smile and only cemented his place among them.

They were an easy family to get wrapped up in, an easy one to be around. Loud, maybe, with a
strong tendency to bicker often about anything, but the love was clear. It filled the house by word and by gesture, evident in each playful tease and tight hug exchanged. There were stories told, some rehashed obviously for Keith’s benefit, including the tale of Kitty’s name.

“And he says to me with his little pout that he wants a seeing-eye cat and not a dog. When I tell him there is no such thing, he throws himself to the floor with enough drama to put a soap opera to shame and announces that he will call her Kitty and pretend she is a cat. He was even going to teach her how to meow.”

“She never quite got the hang of it,” Lance mused, the story making him smile rather than filling him with the cold bubble of sorrow he’d been dealing with over a month and a half when she was so much as mentioned. “We'll see if Blue does better.”

There were more stories shared, most of them about Lance and, in the way of close families, most of them embarrassing. By the time the family was ready to begin splitting up, Keith was swept into tight hugs like the rest of them. When Hana wrapped her arms around him for a firm squeeze, she whispered, “Thank you for putting stars back in my baby's eyes.”

Though he wasn’t aware of those parting words, Lance knew his family had welcomed and accepted Keith. The person he loved was liked by his family, his whole family. He huddled as close as he could on the bike as they zipped back to the cabin, his heart happy. “Te quiero,” he murmured the moment they stopped. “I love you, darling.” The kiss he pressed to Lance’s lips lingered sweetly. “I'm glad they do.”

“So am I.” Lance draped his arms over his shoulders. “Did you like them?”

“I loved them.” Keith hoisted him higher, hands slipping under his thighs. “Especially Stefani.” Lance’s youngest sister had taken an immediate liking to Keith, and vice versa, though it was largely because she really was just a tiny Lance.

Lance used the grip of his legs to squeeze Keith’s hips, lips dropping to his temple. “It's because you pick her up. It probably stems from being the baby of the family.” He grinned. “I held that title for a whole decade before Michael stole it.” It wasn't the first time he’d complained about it that night. “So you've said.” Keith laughed, pressing a few kisses to Lance’s neck while walking towards the door. “That's okay, though. I'll pick you up and hold you whenever you want.”

Lance's hips rolled, Keith's lips sending little tingles down his spine. He wanted to let them grow. “Mm. I'll happily be your new strength training.”

Keith smirked into his neck, kissing a path to the faint mark he'd left on Lance's jaw, nipping to make it darker. “I could make that work.” He kicked the door open once he'd gotten it unlocked, doing the same to shut it. “You'd be pretty easy to bench press, I think.”

Lance wouldn't mind letting him try. He'd only let Hunk drag him to an actual gym once as it wasn't exactly safe having him around the machines or the free weights. Especially the free weights. It hadn't helped that he'd been surrounded by grunting men and the smell of sweat and had needed to step outside after fifteen minutes because his imagination at nineteen had been filthy. Well, filthier. Though his imagination was very active as far as Keith was concerned. Grateful that he didn't have to survive on imagination alone, he pulled Keith's shirt up as high as he could and explored his back in gentle caresses and interested kneads. “Maybe another time, chico lindo. For now, I'd really just like it if you carried me to bed.”
“Already halfway there, babe.” The light massage Lance was giving him combined with the knowledge of what they were about to get up to was arousing him already. He gave the bedroom door the same treatment he did the front door, causing the wall to shake when he kicked a little too forcefully. This time instead of setting Lance down, Keith crawled onto the mattress on his knees, bending forward until Lance's back hit the sheets. Keith laid himself down atop him, their lips and groins meeting as Keith ground down.

Lance’s legs banded around his waist, moan spilling out as he rutted eagerly. He'd been ready to laugh at Keith's eagerness, but the teasing was hard to cling to when his mouth was being taken over and his mind was melting. He slid his hands down to hike his shirt back up, the kiss breaking so Lance could pull it over his head and toss it aside. “I want- Can I take your pants off?”

Keith's breath hitched, lips trailing down to Lance's neck. “Yeah,” he muttered, dragging his tongue over the pulse point. “Yeah, absolutely.”

Lance let his head fall back, pressing it into the pillow to grant Keith better access. His hands slid between them, his legs falling so he could get enough distance to unstrap the button and drag down the zipper. Eager to please and eager to touch, his hand stole into the open vee to palm his length through his boxers. The sound Keith made encouraged him further, the button of his boxers undone next so his fingers could lightly brush bare skin.

“Oh, Lance, that-” It probably should have been embarrassing that he was already half-hard just from the teasing and light touches, but he couldn't care about that, not when Lance was being so gentle and thorough in his exploration. His own fingers trailed through Lance's hair, watching his face closely. “That feels good, Lance. You're doing so good.”

Biting his lip, the praise and his own actions turning his cheeks pink, Lance withdrew his hand and pushed his boxers further down his hips. Cupping one, he carefully found Keith's cock again. A finger trailed up the underside before his fingers wrapped around the base, feeling it grow firmer under his touch. The skin was soft in contrast, warm, and wet when Lance rubbed the pad of his thumb against the slit of his cockhead. “Keith,” he breathed, awed and aroused by the way Keith responded to his touch. Holy crow. Curious, he lifted his hand to lick the pre from his thumb. “Sabes bien.”

The little flash of pink tongue peeking out from Lance's lips had Keith whimpering. He caught his wrist before he could get his hand back on him, lifting it up to his lips to kiss that same spot on his thumb. “Daedanhae. ‘You're incredible.’ Keep going.” Releasing his hand, Keith spread Lance's legs a little farther apart to kneel more comfortably between them.

Lance licked his palm before touching him again in a small effort to make the slide easier, better. He moved his wrist steadily, increasing the speed with his confidence. He twisted his wrist on an upward stroke by accident, Keith's groan making him do it again on the next. He rubbed his thumb against the head as it leaked more, spreading the slick downwards until his hand was as covered as Keith's cock. Besides the angle and sounds Keith made, it wasn't very different from how he touched himself. But those noises made it so much better, every moan and sigh going straight through him. Lance lifted his hand to suck his fingers clean, his own moan slipping out at the taste of him. “Will you- I want to try- Quiero mamarte. I want to use my mouth on you.”

Holy crap. “Are- Are you sure?” Keith moaned on another stroke of Lance’s hand, fingers gripping tighter on Lance’s waist.

Lance nodded, his hands sliding to Keith's hips to tug. “I want to taste you.”

“[Fuck]. Okay, just- Do you want me to lay down or do you wanna sit up?” He had no idea
which position would be easiest for him. “It might be easier if I lay down. You’d have more control
over everything. But it’s whatever you wanna do.”

“I... Okay. I want you to lay down.” He liked the idea of having control. Lance slid his hands down,
pushing his clothes further down his thighs. “And- and I want these off.”

“Yeah, alright.” Keith backed up enough to kick his boots off, standing to completely remove the
rest of his clothes. “Scoot over a bit.” After Lance had moved, Keith laid back down next to him,
fingers wrapping around his wrist. “You have to at least take your shirt off, .”

Lance rolled atop him and sat up, straddling his waist. His lips curved into a small smirk, free hand
trailing down. Keith was listening to him, hard because of him, and naked beneath him. He knew,
even without Keith saying so, that he wouldn’t actually have to take his shirt off if he didn’t want to.
He leaned down and bit Keith's shoulder, quick and wicked. “Why?”

“ [Fuck], Lance.” Keith's hands slid down to grasp Lance's hips, bucking his own off the mattress.
The material of Lance's jeans was rough against his erection, but he needed more of the friction,
more of the warmth from Lance's body. “More skin. I want to see more skin, [jebal]. ‘Please.’”

“I like hearing you beg, chico lindo. I could get very used to that.” Lips curving against his shoulder,
Lance reached down to draw his shirt off and sat up to discard it and shimmy further down. Keith's
legs parted for him to settle between, Lance’s hands finding and kneading his thighs. He could feel a
twinge of regret at not being able to see how Keith looked like this, laid bare for him and waiting,
but stamped it out quickly. He could feel, and there was so much of Keith to feel. A hand slid up,
cupping Keith’s length to firmly knead the soft skin. There was the littlest bubbles of insecurity
working its way through him, but he ignored it as he did the regret over his vision. He stretched
himself out, lowering slowly, and - damn it - his mouth fell to his thigh instead.

Despite trying to keep it in, Keith let out a short laugh. A hand fell to Lance's hair, fingers tangling in
the short strands. “Hey, it's okay, [babe]. Take it slow.”

Lance nipped his thigh for laughing, hiding his pout by turning the little nip into a mark. He wanted
to taste him, to make good on the teasing before they’d even left, to please him. Pushing Keith's legs
further apart as he left the bruise, Lance sucked and nibbled on the patch of skin and reveled in the
way Keith's muscles bunched under the contact. The other hand lifted to his length, finding it still
hard and still wet enough to give it a few strokes.

Keith moaned, the attention to his thigh and the attention to his cock combining to heighten his
arousal. “Lance... please.” He'd never been very vocal in bed, preferring his actions to speak for
him, but Lance couldn’t exactly see any gestures or facial expressions, so he'd just have to learn to
communicate better. It wouldn't be a problem, though, not with the obvious praise kink Lance had.
“You're so good, babe. I love your mouth. C-come on, please.”

The praise had him inching closer. He wanted to hear more of it, the praise and Keith's scent
working to steal his mind and leave him eager to please. He licked his lips, heart skipping when his
tongue brushed the side of Keith's cock in the process. He licked again, this time with more purpose,
and ran his tongue up until he reached the head. One hand wrapped around the base to keep it
steady, the other gripped his hip, and Lance very carefully wrapped his lips around the tip and
suckled.

Trying hard not to buck his hips up, Keith’s fingers tightened in Lance’s hair, looking down to see
those perfect pink lips wrapped so beautifully around him. That clever tongue of his dipped
tentatively into the slit, the tiniest bit of suction making him whine. “Y-yeah, god, Lance. That- that’s
so good. Try moving your hand a little bit, .”
Lance hummed around him, tongue continuing to tease the slit to get more reactions from him and more of that taste. It was a little better than he'd been expecting it to be, easy to get used to, and all Keith. He wanted more of everything that was Keith. His hand moved carefully, squeezing just a little as he began to stroke. Whatever Keith wanted him to do, he'd try. He wanted to please him, wanted to taste his release on his tongue. He stroked his hand a little faster when Keith's fingers flexed in his hair, and he sucked a little firmer.

“Hnn, just- just like that. You’re so good, Lance. So good.” He rocked his hips just a bit, testing to see if Lance would be able to take it, but stopped when Lance’s hand pressed down harder on his hip. “Okay, sorry. Not- not gonna do that. Just….” Keith scratched his nails lightly over Lance’s scalp, his other hand cupping Lance’s cheek, brushing his thumb along the stretch of lips around his dick. “Please. Wanna come.”

Lance stilled, but the self conscious thoughts - he was doing it wrong, bad, waste - only lasted a moment before he continued to move. He slid down a little further, tongue swirling around his cockhead. He wanted to make him come, all eagerness and little finesse as he continued his ministrations. He sucked warmly, wetly, humming around him. Very carefully, mindful not to gag around him, Lance began to bob his head. His fingers kneaded, hand stroking along his shaft in firm pumps.

“La-Lance, oh my god.” Keith kept his hips as still as he could, letting Lance take full control. And fuck, that was hot. His power bottom boyfriend - who probably didn't even realize that he was yet - taking full control. “M’close, [babe]. You look so beautiful down there. You’re doing so good. [I love you].”

On a low moan, Lance bobbed even lower to take in as much as he could without his throat protesting. It admittedly wasn’t much, but he already knew he'd be doing this again. He wanted to get better at it. And, fuck, he just wanted Keith to come already. He lifted his head, Keith's cock sliding from his lips on a wet pop, and quickly busied his tongue with every inch. He lapped at him hungrily, greedily, sucking lightly up his shaft to give him as much attention as he could manage. “I want you to come, mi cielo. I want to taste you. Dame esa leche.” With a greedy noise, Lance swallowed him down again.

If he hadn’t already been close to the edge that would have brought him there. But he was, and that absolutely tipped him right over. “Fuck.” Lance’s name fell from his lips, his hips bucking up even though he tried to stop the movement, come shooting down Lance’s throat in thick spurts. He loosened his grip on his hair, letting him pull back so he wouldn’t choke.

He absolutely had to pull back, swallowing down a cough and Keith’s release. He lifted both hands to curved hips, holding them as Keith came onto his face and into his open mouth. He took his length back in when his hips settled, taking in and swallowing down the last little spurts. He licked his cock until it was clean, glistening with spit and felt softer. “Sabes bien,” he murmured. “Te quiero.” Lance sat back, swiping a finger through the seed clinging to his face, and licked it off. “I want to do that again next time.”

“Yeah, you can- god, you can do whatever you want.” Keith grabbed Lance’s wrist, tugging to try to get him back within kissing distance. His release was still streaked on Lance’s cheeks, and Keith wanted nothing more than to lick it off and clean him up. “Get up here, please. I need to kiss you.”

Lance crawled up, damp fingers skimming up his torso before cupping his cheeks and dropping down for a kiss. He moaned against Keith's lips as his own parted, arousal thrumming almost painfully through him now with his dick trapped in his jeans. He wanted Keith to touch him, but didn’t know how to ask for it without embarrassing himself.
Keith licked into his mouth, tasting himself on Lance’s tongue and echoing his moan, before taking his lips across Lance’s face, lapping up the rest of his own come. “Will you let me touch you now?” he asked between the kisses and nips he left on his jaw. A hand trailed down to hover in front of Lance’s groin, not moving unless Lance gave him explicit permission. “I really want to taste you too. Been thinking about it since that night we had phone sex.”

Lance rocked his hips forward, gasping just from having that light contact of Keith’s palm. “Y-yes. I want you to.”

Smiling, Keith let him rut into his palm for a bit, pressing more firmly against what felt like a very impressive length under his jeans. “I’m gonna lay you down, then, is that okay?”

“Mmhm. A-anything.” Anything that involved Keith touching him. He went willingly, letting Keith maneuver him how he wanted with his head on the pillow. “Keith, please. Toca me.”

“Yeah… I have no clue what that means, but yes.” His hands started in on his jeans, unbuttoning and unzipping them as he kissed down Lance’s chest. One slipped into the opening, cupping Lance’s dick and rubbing through his boxers while his mouth latched onto a nipple. He smirked around it when Lance bucked his hips, placing a kiss over his heart and pushing his pants down. “[Dangsineur geu eotteon geotbodado deo saranghae]. ‘I love you more than anything,’ Lance. I just want to make you feel good. Just lay back and feel.”

Lance’s heart felt like it was going to beat right out of his chest. Feeling was all he could do, and even through fabric Keith’s hands were magic. “Er-eres mi todo, Keith. Por favor, no dejas de.”

“That’s it, keep talking to me. Your Spanish sounds so pretty.” And even though he didn’t know what any of it meant, he still wanted to listen to it, wanted to hear it falling from Lance’s lips as much as he wanted to hear him moaning his name. Keith wanted to know that he was the one responsible for Lance making those noises, and would be the only one able to do so forever.

He lifted his hands to the waistband of Lance’s boxers, curling his fingers in and pulling them down until his length was free. Gorgeous, it was longer than Keith’s, but slimmer, settling against his abdomen at a slight angle. “God, you’re so beautiful, Lance.” Pressing a teasing kiss to the tip, Keith dragged his pants the rest of the way off, tugging his shoes and socks off as well and letting everything fall to a pile on the floor, and then laid back down between his legs. “I want you to use my mouth, okay? When I give you a tap on your thigh, you can move however you want.”

Lance nodded before the words fully registered, but his hands slid into Keith’s hair. “Wait, you- It won’t hurt you or…?”

“No, I’ll be alright.” He kissed the inside of Lance’s thigh, lips lingering to suck a faint mark into the sensitive skin. Looking back up, Keith could tell he was worried from the furrow of his brow. “But I’ll let you know if it’s too much.”

“O-okay.” Lance stroked his hair, the stutter more from the lips against his thigh. Keith’s breath was warm against his skin. He’d gotten there so quickly, giving him no time to get nervous enough to change his mind. Lance shivered, hips rolling. He didn’t want to change his mind, excitement running through him when it clicked that he’d have control again. He could do what he wanted, use Keith’s mouth. “Okay. I want- I want you. I want it, please.”

“I’ll give you everything you want, babe. Just hold still for me right now.” Keith sucked one last kiss into his thigh, licking a path up his leg. He didn’t stop when he got close to Lance’s cock, instead holding it in one hand and dragging the flat of his tongue over his balls and up the underside until he reached the tip, lips wrapping around the head. He moaned at the taste, taking more in and sucking
Lance cried out, pressing his head back. He tried bucking his hips, Keith's hands pressing him firmly to the mattress. It made it even harder to breathe, awash with sensation. “K-Keith, no dejas de. Please, please, tan bien.”

Lance's reactions spurred him on, relaxing his jaw and slipping down even farther on his cock. His fingers massaged circles into Lance's hips, holding him still until he'd taken every inch, tongue pressing firmly against the vein while his cockhead bumped into the back of Keith's throat. He bobbed his head carefully a few times, getting used to the weight and feel, before sliding his hands from Lance's hips to his thighs, tapping a finger twice against him.

Lance's hips jerked up, his grip tight on Keith's mullet as he sought more of the hot, wet, good that surrounded him. He'd never felt a thing like it before. “Keith,” he whined. “Keith, it's- I-” His hips rocked, finding a rhythm on instinct as pure pleasure rocked him to the core. “Mi cielo, te amo más que a nada.”

Keith moaned, lifting his head slightly to give Lance more room to move, to thrust his hips as much as he wanted. He never handed over control like this, liked being in charge, but he wanted Lance to be comfortable with everything. If the way to do that was to give up that control, then he'd do it a million times more. He grasped Lance's thighs as his boyfriend moved and used Keith's mouth for his own pleasure, continuing to hum and moan around him.

He wasn't going to last long at all like this, one hand falling from Keith's hair to grip his shoulder. “Me encanta. Te quiero. K-Keith, I'm gonna- voy a venir. Eres tan bien.” His breath caught on a sob, the vibrations of Keith's sounds and the warm wet of his mouth overwhelming him in the best of ways. He could feel his cockhead hitting the back of Keith's throat, feel his mobile tongue sweeping over his shaft. He'd never had another hand on him, let alone a mouth, and Keith's was glorious. “Keith, please,” he whined, desperately tugging at his hair, clinging to the edge by his fingertips as new pleasures speared him.

Keith could tell that just this wasn't going to be quite enough to get him off in the way he wanted, so slid a hand back to his hip to hold him down again. Sinking as far down as he could, Keith swallowed, working his throat around Lance's cockhead. His other hand trailed down, slipping under him to press a finger just lightly against his rim. It was a request, a demand for Lance to come, just needing to taste him.

Lance wailed his name, back arching as he tumbled from the edge. “Keith!” He came hard, spilling down Keith's throat with desperate little movements of his hips and equally desperate sounds forming in the back of his own throat.

Keith worked him through it, shifting back just far enough to catch some of Lance's release on the back of his tongue before swallowing it all down, moaning at the taste. He didn't pull off until Lance was soft in his mouth, making sure he was completely spent and clean. Smiling at the blissed out expression on his face, Keith kissed back up the length of his body, pressing their lips together briefly. “You're perfect, Lance. I love you so much.”

“Mi cielo precioso.” Lance drew him into another kiss, cupping the back of his neck. After the briefest of hesitations, he lapped into Keith's mouth and moaned at the taste of himself coating Keith's tongue.

Keith smiled into it, letting Lance's tongue explore and taste for a bit before taking back over, tangling their tongues together. Not breaking the kiss, he rolled onto his side, an arm wrapped around Lance's waist to pull him along, and snuggled close. He could still hardly believe that Lance, this
beautiful, perfect person, was all his. “[Yeongwonhi saranghalge].”

Lance sighed, ducking his head to press little kisses into his neck. “Mi novio dulce,” he murmured, “what's that mean?”

“Means ‘I'll love you forever.’” Keith lifted one of Lance's hands to his lips, kissing his palm. “As long as you'll have me.”

“Forever sounds pretty good. I like forever.” Lance smiled against his neck. “You're really good at that, by the way.”

Keith was pretty sure he knew what Lance was talking about, but couldn't resist the opportunity to tease. “Mm, what am I really good at?” he muttered, trailing his lips along Lance's fingers.


Keith whimpered through a laugh, lacing his fingers with Lance’s. “If you wanna get better, I'll let you practice on me anytime you want,” he teased.

“I do want to get better at it. You tasted good and you always smell good, so that's not a problem. And the sounds. I really like your sounds, Keith, and I want to know how to hear them more.” Lance tilted his head to press damp kisses along his jawline. “You were kinda quiet at first, so I wasn't really sure if I was... if- if you liked it.”

“I did. I loved it, and you did amazing for your first time. I just…” Keith squeezed his hand a little tighter, tilting his head for Lance's lips to move where they wanted. “I forget sometimes that you can't actually see me, and I'm not usually very vocal. I can be for you though. I will be.”

“Okay.” Lance scooted closer to him, relaxing on a small sigh. They hadn't stopped by the apartment for an overnight bag for him, and it was a little thrilling to know that he had enough clothes there for it not to matter. He had things, had moved his shampoo over the night before. Keith hadn't said anything about it, nor had he mentioned anything about his shower gel still being in there from their shopping trip.

Next, he was going to bring over a shower poof and one of his face creams to see if there was any comment on those. The plan, as Lance had formed one sometime between Keith accepting that one of the home visits with Blue would happen there and the ride back, was to move his things in just a little bit at a time until he was just living there. It would be perfect unless Keith caught him and figured it out, and even then it would only be ruined if he objected. Lance was really hoping he wouldn't object, though the sticking point would be Blue. She was the last member of his family that had to approve of him. He'd know Sunday and the one after that he'd know if Red and Blue got along and if they did...

Lance smiled, resting his palm against Keith's heart. If they got along, this would really be home. “Te quiero.”

“I love you too].” Keith laid his hand over Lance's, dragging him even closer. “I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted. And I get to sleep next to you naked,” he murmured, smile evident in his voice.

“Mi novio querido, eres muy lindo y te amo más que a nada.” Lance laughed, cheeks pink and eyes bright as he snuggled as close as he could to Keith's warmth. “I'm gonna freeze to death without a blanket, though, so fix that and then sleep.”
“Yeah, definitely.” Echoing the laugh, Keith shifted them and reached down to pull up the blankets. He tangled their legs together, pressing back in just as close as Lance had been. “Sleep now.”

“Mmhm.” Lance smiled, settling in as his eyes closed. “You get to meet my pupper next week.”

“I absolutely do.” Normally he would lay next to Lance and watch as he fell asleep, but tonight, after hardly any sleep the night before, work, and dinner with Lance’s family, he was not kidding when he’d said exhausted. His eyes slipped shut, snuggling closer to his beautiful boyfriend. “I can’t wait to meet her.”

“Mmhm.” Lance couldn’t wait either, a hand lifting to tangle in Keith’s hair as he began to drift. “‘Night, Keith.”

“G’night, Lance.” Keith couldn’t tell who fell asleep first, or if they fell asleep together, but he did know that they would both wake up together, wrapped around each other, content and in love.

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Chapter End Notes

This is my (Amy) favorite chapter. :)

Also, this would have been up like an hour and a half earlier, but my computer decided it was going to take an hour and a half to update.
Chapter 6

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

Chapter warnings:
none! just lots of fluff

It was a busy week for them both, anticipation running high as the days went by. Lance’s plan to slowly transfer his things to Keith’s cabin was going well and if Keith noticed, he didn’t say anything. If he smiled fondly and immediately touched whatever new item he’d found, Lance had no idea. He started to expect Keith to pick him up after work, bouncing in the front area until the door opened and that motor oil scent hit his nose. Or, more often, he scurried down the hall with his cane tap-tap-tapping until he was enveloped in familiar arms, his sunglasses taken right off his face.

Lance loved the routine they’d fallen into, the transition seamless for them both. For Lance, it was no real shift. He was very used to waiting on others, more so now than he’d been with Kitty, but he loved that it was Keith who picked him up now. He loved getting wrapped up in his arms, surrounded by the scent of motor oil when Keith finished a shift. Mahogany and cinnamon waited just under it, Lance happy to breathe them in when he was close enough and to taste the cinnamon on his tongue. He loved all of it.

He just loved Keith, really, and the feeling grew every day they were together. It made falling into bed with him at night easier, too, his confidence growing every time they put their hands on one another. He was almost ready to go all the way with him, not quite sure what was holding him back as Sunday drew closer, but it had only been a few weeks and Keith remained as patient with him as ever. Amused by him, too, laughing at him Friday night when Lance had responded to a casually mentioned label with a frowned, “What the hell is a power bottom?” Well, now he knew. And he kind of liked the label.

He kind of liked Korean, too. Allura managed to track down a tutor for him by Wednesday of that week, though he’d sworn her and her obvious amusement to secrecy. He wanted it to be a surprise and was willing to sacrifice the majority of his lunch breaks to speak with her every day. Just an hour Monday through Thursday, and after the first two sessions, he was already consistent with his greetings. He’d be able to hold a decent conversation soon enough, and then Keith wouldn't be alone with his language.

And he and Keith could talk shit about Pidge and Hunk behind their backs because, holy crow, they were mortifying people. Worst friends ever, zero out of ten. They’d all gotten together at Pidge’s insistence Saturday night and by the time they’d left, Lance’s face was permanently stained pink. He blamed it on their jealousy of his relationship with Red. For once, the tabby hadn't been forced to hide in the bedroom. She'd been happy to sit in Lance’s lap, purring in sympathy when Lance had muttered Spanish complaints about his so-called friends and their never-ending teasing. And they called him a shitlord. Pssh.

But then, finally, it was Sunday morning. They had shopping and dinner with his family planned for
that afternoon. But for the morning? He got to see Blue. Well, in a manner of speaking.

He knew when they were close because Keith needed the GPS on Shiro’s car to rattle off directions since Lance couldn’t direct him, smile brightening in the passenger seat when it announced that their destination would be on the right in a few hundred feet. He was as excited to be around her as he was for Keith to finally meet her. “Okay. So. When we get there, I have to go the kennel area and get her. They’ll have her harness hanging up in there. You can meet her and pet her before I put the harness on, but once it's on, we have to work. We get a few breaks. It'll probably be kind of boring for you.” Which was a warning he'd delivered several times over the week. “So if you want to bail and find something else to do for a while, that's fine.”

“No, I’ll stay there. I want to watch you guys.” He finally found the place, pulling into the parking lot and finding a space near the door. “I’ve got my phone with me anyway, so even if I do get bored, I’ve got something to do.” After killing the engine, Keith took Lance’s hand in his, kissing the back. “I’m not gonna leave you.”

Lance smiled, cheeks pinkening as always at the sweet gesture. “Okay. I still can’t believe I get to bring her home next week.”

“I know.” Lance had been saying that nonstop for the past few days, but Keith found it endearing. He leaned across the middle console, pressing a kiss to his blush. “Do you think she realizes it yet?”

“Asshole.” Laughing, Lance pushed his chest. “She'll realize it next week when she gets in the car instead of getting back into her kennel.”

Keith hummed, dropping one more kiss to Lance’s hand before letting go. “Yeah. Alright, let’s get inside, shitlord.” He didn’t wait for a response to the tease, hopping out of the car and walking around to Lance’s side to get the door for him.

Lance took his hand, but punched his shoulder playfully once the car door had shut behind him. “Vamos, chico lindo. We need to sign in.”

Arms linked, Lance tugged Keith to the door and into the welcome area. They signed in, Lance more than happy to introduce his boyfriend to the secretary as she scanned Keith’s ID and input his information into the system before letting them go back to the kennels. There were several doors to the kennels, but Lance knew which hallway to turn down, well-acquainted with the place and growing increasingly eager with every step.

He greeted those who called out to him, but only Keith was able to see the curious looks when they realized it wasn’t Hunk walking with him so they didn't stop. There was the occasional bark, though the sounds came by command or by the youngest puppies who were just starting their training. One, though, had Lance gasping. “They moved her!” he realized, tugging Keith to an abrupt stop. They’d nearly walked right by her. “Blue!”

She barked again, tail wagging as she lifted to her hind legs to prop her front paws on the half-door keeping her enclosed. “That's my girl. My pupper.” He let Keith go to find her, her nose pressing into his seeking hand so he could run it over her muzzle and to her ear. “Good girl. Mi perrita buena. Back and sit, Blue. Let us in. When she moves back and sits, you can open her door. It's not locked.”

“Okay.” Smiling, Keith watched and waited while Blue followed the command, dropping back down to all fours and backing up, sitting down in the center of the kennel. He opened the door, letting Lance in first, stepping in behind him and closing it. “She seems to follow your commands pretty good.” And she was so cute, cuter than the pictures Hunk had taken for sure. “Am I able to pet her now?”
“Hang on. She’s excited, so I need to get her in training mindset. Her biggest problem is following commands out of her harness which is honestly my fault, but we both have to be better about it.” Lance held out a hand. “Come, Blue.” She hopped up and went to his left side, following as he turned around to face Keith. He dropped a hand to her head, letting it rest there for a moment. "There's my good girl. Sit." He waited for the shift against his leg, feeling her ears perk curiously. She was as interested in Keith as he was in her. "Wait." Her ears lowered in understanding and he scratched behind one. "Chica buena. Paw." She lifted one, blinking blue eyes at Keith. “Okay, now you can shake and then she's good. You can pet her.”

Keith wasn’t able to wipe the smile off his face, especially not when he reached down and took Blue’s paw in his hand and shook it. “Hi, Blue.” Her mouth opened in a dog’s equivalent to a grin. Squatting down in front of her, he lifted both hands to her head, scratching behind her ears and letting her lick his face a couple times. “You’re so pretty, [gongjunim],” he praised, stealing the nickname Lance had given his cat.

“What's that one?” he wondered, smile bright since Keith liked her.

“'Princess,'” Keith admitted, blushing. “Because she is one. Just like y-” He bit his tongue, more embarrassed at what had almost slipped out than when he called Lance yeobo.

Lance crouched to throw his arms around the labrador. “Just like who?”

Sighing, Keith leaned over for a quick kiss. “I was gonna say 'Just like you’re my [wangjanim].’ My 'prince.'”

Lance hid his face against Blue’s side, muffling his giggles. “You're mcfreaking adorable. Te quiero.”

“I love you too. But stop making fun of me,” Keith laughed, gaze shifting back to Blue, who was just soaking up the attention from both of them. “Blue, tell him to stop making fun of me.” She barked once, tongue lapping at the side of his face again. “[jenjang].”

Lance laughed, giving her a squeeze. “Her training doesn't extend to you, buddy. This is my girl. Mi perrita dulce.” His eyes closed, Lance relaxing against her. Her tail wagged. “Keith, guess what.”

“Huh?”

He grinned. “I get to take her home next week.”

Keith mirrored the smile, unable to stay annoyed when his boyfriend was so happy. “Yes, you do. And I think Red will be fine with her around.”

“We'll see next week.” Lance drew back, scratching Blue’s back. “Suelta, Blue.” She relaxed further, released from commands for the time being, and sniffed curiously at Keith before licking his face again. “Isn't she great? She's got a few rough spots still, but they're more my fault than hers.”

“She’s amazing.” But he was absolutely going to closely watch how she was with Lance. Keith wanted to make sure that she would be able to guide him properly and keep him safe, taking advantage of this meeting to judge her. For now, he sat down fully on the floor, playing with her for another minute. “When does training start?”

“I've got to be outside with her by nine, so soon.” Lance nudged her so she'd roll onto her back, grinning as he rubbed her belly. “I just like to play with her and give her illegal treats beforehand.”

Keith laughed, joining in on the belly rub. Every time their hands brushed, Keith leaned in and
kissed Lance's cheek. “What exactly counts as illegal?”

“Anything, basically. We're not supposed to give them any extras because it supposedly messes with their training. But her leads are fine. It's just the home stuff that's a little shaky because I missed two weeks after the accident. The trainer who dealt with her while I wasn't here did things differently from me, so she got turned around.” Lance shrugged. She was getting better, though, and time would make her perfect. “What's cute is she only knows the Spanish word for treat, which I'm not gonna say until I give her one.”

“That is pretty adorable.” And safer, since it meant that if he accidentally let loose the T-word around her, she wouldn’t be expecting anything. He reached out and laced their fingers together, aware that their time in the kennel was going to be over soon so they could start training. “I’m glad that you’ve got her. It… it makes me feel better.”

“It makes me feel better too. Like I can actually walk around when I've got her by my side.” Lance stroked her side when she rolled back over and bumped her head against his shoulder. “Mi perrita buena. Plus, I just kind of miss the little things. I miss having Kitty under my desk while I'm at work. It's hard to top a cuddly dog when you get a sad call, y’know?”

“Yeah…” Keith couldn’t imagine the sad calls, but did know how nice it was to have the companionship of an animal when he was feeling down. Red wasn’t as cuddly as a dog could be, but she knew when something was up, and always curled up next to him whenever he was in a mood. Last Saturday had been one of those nights that she jumped up onto the bed and slept on his pillow while he tossed and turned, but her presence had honestly helped. “Well, it's already ten til nine,” he mentioned, looking at his phone. “Should you start getting her ready?”

“Yeah. Vamos, Blue.” She rose with another bark. “No, shh. You know not to bark on the field, so not in here. We're starting.” She licked his face and barked again, making him laugh. “Brat. Find the harness.”

Ears perking, she trotted to the side of the kennel to grab her harness off its hook, and carried it over obediently so Lance could strap her into it with easy, practiced moves. He’d been putting a harness on a dog since he'd been eight; he knew what he was doing. “Now she looks like a real guide dog, doesn't she?” She felt like one, standing straight and patiently waiting for the next commands.

Knowing better than to try to pet her while she was working, Keith stuffed his hands in his pockets to quell the urge that was still there. “Yeah, she looks good.” Definitely like she belonged right next to Lance. “I’ll follow you guys out, then? There’ll be a place for me to watch, right?”

“Yeah. There are benches all around the field.” He reached into his pocket, taking out his cane and a bag of treats. One was taken out, Blue quivering in anticipation, but staying still and quiet. The harness meant work, and she was well-trained. “Here. Hide my contraband.”

Keith chuckled quietly, taking the bag from him and shoving it in his jacket pocket. “You’re ridiculous.”

“Excuse you, I think I'm pretty fantastic. Blue, le tengo un regalo.” Her ears perked, tail swishing once. “Ladrar.” She barked. “¡Buena!” He offered her the treat by laying his palm flat under her muzzle, smiling when she licked the morsel from his hand. “Perrita buena. There we go. I'll give you another one later,” he promised, scratching her behind the ear before grasping the handle of her harness. He stood differently when he had a dog by his side, more comfortably and confidently than he did leaning on another person. “Can you get the door, chico lindo?”

“Of course.” Keith opened it for them, smiling when Lance gave Blue the command to go forward.
and she followed it immediately. He trailed behind them, walking the short distance through the
hallways until they reached the field, Keith taking a seat on one of the benches after giving Lance’s
cheek a chaste kiss.

Lance blushed, but cupped Keith’s cheek to press a light kiss to his lips. “Te quiero, mi cielo.”

“I love you too, darling. I'll just watch you guys from here.”

“Okay.” Lance let him go reluctantly, taking out his cane. “Find our spot, Blue. Vamos.” She trotted
towards the group lining up once Lance took hold of her harness again. He didn’t even bother
elongating his cane, trusting her sure footsteps and so much more comfortable holding a dog’s
harness than he was when holding onto Hunk or Keith or even one of his family members. He was
used to having a dog, loved having one.

He walked differently with Blue, shoulders and back straighter, a little bounce in his step that he
made sure to tame when he was leaning on someone, and he was faster without just his cane. They
reached their place in line without incident, greeting the usual group members. They waited through
instructions and the usual reminders before splitting up. He was at a different level, ready to take his
dog home and only needing to work on a few small things. They were mostly the at-home
commands and commands without her harness, but she went through them flawlessly but for one
hitch when Lance had to stand behind a barrier. She whined nervously before seeking him out at his
command and it was a deduction. Just a small one, and Lance didn’t mind the little display of worry
at all.

The instructor he worked with chuckled, laying a hand on his shoulder. “She never does that when
we work with her during the week. You vanish for two seconds and she's breaking.”

Lance smiled, feeding Blue the treat the instructor gave him. They were the same brand as what
Keith currently hid in his pocket. “Yeah, well, she loves me.”

“Ouch.”

He laughed at the tease, happy in a way he often was with Keith. The way he'd been before the
accident. “I'm sure she loves the rest of you too. A little bit. Maybe.”

There was a break after the first set of drills. “Blue, find Keith. On the bench, mi perrita buena.” She
led him to the benches, tail wagging when they stopped. Lance happily gave her another treat.

“Hi, babe,” Keith greeted, standing to press a kiss to his lips. He looked down at Blue, patiently
waiting for her next command. “Hi, Blue.” Smiling when he got another tail wag in response, Keith
sat back down, tugging on Lance's hand to have him sit next to him. “She's doing good out there.
Right? It seems like she is.”

“Almost perfect scores on her test. Just one blip because she worried about me when I had to hide
behind a barrier. Like if I'm at home and she's in the bedroom and I'm in the kitchen, she has to be
able to still come straight to me when she can't see me.” He laced their fingers. “Blue, down.” She
laid down beneath the bench, waiting patiently for the next command, and rested her chin on her
crossed paws.

“Yeah. Okay, that makes sense.” He’d been wondering what that exercise was for, having only been
half paying attention at the time, but now realized that it was a pretty important one. It only made him
feel even better, though, since Blue was already so attached to Lance and worried about him. “How
long do you get for breaks?”
“Ten to fifteen minutes, depending on how strenuous the drills are. Later, we’ll get an hour of cooldown.” Lance scooted closer to him, leaning against him with a smile. “After this one, we’re gonna go through a couple obstacle courses. There are three levels of difficulty and she’ll be judged on timing, her ability to make smart adjustments, and whether or not we even make it through. They’re across the field, so you can come closer if you want.”

“Definitely.” Keith brushed his lips against the back of Lance’s hand before turning his head to press a kiss to Lance’s hair. “Is it gonna be anything like those obstacle courses at the dog shows?”

“I have no idea.” Lance grinned. “They’re supposed to simulate rural sidewalks, city sidewalks, and unbeaten paths. There are three sets each that vary in difficulty. Since I’m taking her home next week, friendly reminder, we’re going to run through all nine today. We’ll have a five minute break between sets to make sure Blue’s not overwhelmed.”

Okay, so no, not anything like the dog shows. But that was alright because he was sure they’d be fine. It wasn’t for entertainment purposes anyway. Keith squeezed his hand, amused by his reminder. “Sounds great. I can’t wait to see how she does with those.”

“Great. Always. She’s my best girl, after all. Last week, we did real world demos and we’ll probably do the same next week. Like, we went out and crossed some streets and stuff like that.” And he’d admittedly had a bad moment to start, but Blue had done flawlessly. “She was amazing. Perfect scores all the way.”

“Good.” That must have been so jarring for Lance, but thankfully Blue had been there for him. And if she was getting perfect scores, that meant that she was able to keep Lance safe. “That’s good.” Keith reached down and patted her on the head in a silent thank you for keeping my boyfriend safe gesture. “I already love her.”

Lance stopped, lips initially parting to remind him not to pet her without a command while she was in her harness, but his breath caught and the reminder was lost. “You do?”

Keith smiled, cupping Lance's chin to bring him closer for a kiss. “Yeah, I do. I love you, and she's keeping you safe. How could I not?”

“Mi novio dulce, cuán feliz me haces. Te quiero.” Lance wound his arms around Keith, resting their brows together. “You have no idea how much that means to me.”

“I think I might have some idea.” Their lips met again, Keith pressing closer to him on the bench. “I can't wait til she gets to come home with you. Next week,” he added with a laugh.

“Next week,” Lance echoed, smile bright. “Blue, sit.” She sat up, scooting closer when he held out his hand. “Okay, mi perrita buena, relax.” She pressed her muzzle against his palm and accepted the pets with a wagging tail. “Did she jump at all or anything when you pet her?”

Keith blushed, knowing better that he shouldn't have thought he could get away with that little action. “No, she just laid there, but her ears twitched.”

“Okay, that's good. She used to get all excited and it was a major ding on her points, so I won't be mad at you for misbehaving.” Lance stuck his tongue out. “But Kitty had that problem too. Especially with kids. Like, if Michael or Stefani were out with me and they forgot she was working, she'd just melt into a pupper puddle if they pet her and then we had to go through refocusing. This one takes a while to refocus, and today's got to be as perfect as possible. Huh, perrita linda? Sí, eres distraído fácilmente. Pero él no sabe nada mejor.”
He scratched Blue behind the ears, smiling. His dog wasn't the only one who needed training; Keith hadn't exactly been around many guide dogs. “When she's in her harness, she needs a command that lets her know it's okay to accept being pet. When she's out of it and we're home, it's fine unless I've got her running some commands.”

“Right. Sorry, I wasn't really thinking.” But Keith smiled anyway, taking one if Lance's hands in his. “Is it okay for me to pet her now?”

“Yeah. She's at ease now.” Lance laced their fingers. “If I'm petting her, you're good. It means she's already gotten her commands because, I mean, I don't pet her either when she's working and that's what a lot of people don't get. They think I'm the one leading her around, so I get to do what I want and that's not how it works. It's not good for her or me to disrupt her focus.”

Lifting their hands, Keith rested his lips against the back of Lance's. “Okay, I'll keep that in mind.”

Lance smiled, ducking his head. “Él es muy dulce, Blue. Tenemos suerte.” He and Blue both perked when they heard a whistle. “Okay, last chance to pet her before we start these courses.”

Keith reached out with his free hand to scratch behind Blue's ear, keeping it brief since he knew he'd be able to do so again in a little while. “She's such a good girl,” he told Lance, smiling.

“I told you. She's the best.” Lance grinned. “Blue, fijar. Back.” She quivered, but did as she was told. She settled down and took a few steps back to wait for Lance to rise and take her harness.

“Come on, chico lindo. She should get used to you walking with us.”

“Yeah.” Keith stood up and took a place next to Lance, Blue on his other side. It felt like they were a little family getting ready to go somewhere, and Keith’s smile grew. His fingers itched to hold Lance's hand, but didn't want to interrupt their training. Maybe during their home visit they could take a walk somewhere with Blue and they'd be able to hold hands. “Alright, I'm ready when you are.”

“Okay.” Lance solved the dilemma by taking Keith's hand himself, lacing their fingers in the way he couldn't when he was using him as a guide. It made his smile brighten, cheeks pinkening. “Blue, forward. Find Riley.” They followed her across the field, Lance very happily swinging their joined hands because, holy crow, he could actually hold his boyfriend's hand. He introduced him to the instructor, letting him go on a final squeeze so he and Blue could get to work.

They went through the courses at random in sets of three, both difficulty and terrain jumbled together. It was the best way to test her capabilities and Lance's handling of her, the latter unable to use his cane while they walked through. At one point, he overbalanced, but Blue was quick to push against his side to keep him from falling and earned herself a small pat. “Chica buena,” he praised softly. “Forward.” They made it through the remainder of that course without further incident, their first set successful.

Lance was careful to keep Blue calm between sets, happy to hold Keith’s hand through the brief breaks. The last two sets were completed with apparent ease, though Lance had no idea that the instructor was doing everything possible to distract Blue by way of toys, food, and even a very lifelike rabbit. It only stopped Blue because it ran in front of them, Lance’s confused forward being ignored until the fake creature was gone and their path clear again. At the beginning of her training, she would've chased it without a second thought. At the end of her training, she just waited patiently for it to go by before leading her charge to the end of the course.

At the end of the three sets, she was given a perfect score and Lance dropped into a crouch upon hearing the news. “¡Mi perrita buena! Relájese,” he remembered just before throwing his arms
around her. “Relax.” He hugged her tight, feeling the breeze her tail kicked up as it wagged. “That's my good girl. That's it. You did so good. *Estoy muy orgullosa.* Keith, I told you she was the best. *Mi perrita es tan genial.*”

Keith squatted down next to them, stroking a hand down Blue’s back while he pressed a kiss to Lance's cheek. “I have no idea what any of that means, but yeah, she did amazing.” He was happy for Blue, and for Lance, especially since he remembered Lance saying that her coming home with him next week was dependent upon her performance this week. It looked like she was coming home next week for sure.

Lance laughed, leaning against Keith while he kept up petting Blue above her harness. “It's- I told her that I was proud of her and then, y’know, I said she's great. Or cool because *genial* is one of the many, many words that has eight hundred thousand translations. Riley, are we good?”

“Yeah. As long as you do at least some work with her home commands in and out of harness, you're free to play. I've got to get these results to your case manager.”

Lance grinned, rising, and Blue watched him attentively. “Great. I need to talk to her before I leave if there's a chance. I've got to add an address to my home visit list.”

“I'll let her know.” The instructor reached out to give Lance's shoulder a firm squeeze. “You guys have done a great job. You should be proud of yourself as much as you are of her.”

He ducked his head, inadvertently giving Keith the best view of his shy smile and the color dusting his cheeks. “I- Thanks.”

“,* A, uwa,*” Keith breathed, taking a second to admire his boyfriend's gorgeous face before standing. Cupping Lance's cheeks, he lifted his head and pressed a sweet kiss to his lips. If he hadn’t already fallen in love with Lance, that expression would have done him in. “Your instructor’s right, y’know. Be proud of yourself and Blue. I know I am.”

*Dios mío.*” Lance lifted a hand to push him away, but only curled it into his shirt. “*Eres lindo.* Let me take care of Blue and then I really want to kiss you again. A lot. But I want to get her out of her harness and, um... We can stay outside or go in. It's up to you.”

Keith smiled, covering Lance's hand with his. “If we stay out here, she'll be able to run around, right? Is that allowed with the other dogs and trainers and stuff?”

Lance leaned in for another quick kiss. “*Te quiero.* There's a space for people like me who like to spoil their dogs. Come, Blue.” She didn't have to go far to stand beside his left side, but it was the signal that they were back to work. He took a hold of her harness with his free hand, lacing his fingers with Keith’s. “Blue, find the play track. *Vamos.*” She trotted forward, prancing a little in her excitement but still mindful enough not to go too fast for Lance.

There was a small running track on one end of the training field, and Blue made a grumbling sound when they reached the gate. “Open the gate, Blue.” Her tail wagged once when Lance let her go and she trotted to the gate, rearing back on her hind legs to grab the soft covering over the handle between her teeth and tug, unlatching the gate and letting it swing open. She spit out the covering and returned to his side to lead him and Keith through at Lance's “*forward.*”

Benches dotted the ovular track, only two placed in the grassy infield. Since that was where they tended to sit, Blue headed there without a command and Lance didn’t bother to correct her. It was as important that she understand his routine as her knowing the commands. When they were seated, he had her sit as well and gave her the relax command so he could take the harness off in easy, practiced
moves. “There we go. How's that, *chica linda*?” She licked his fingers, gaze as adoring as Lance’s smile. “Yeah, go play.” She shot off like a bullet, tumbling over the grass in her efforts to choose one toy from the dozens littering the grass.

Lance leaned against Keith, finding his hand to press a kiss to the back. “There’s so much stuff I need to get for her.”

“Yeah?” Keith traded hands with him, wrapping his arm around Lance's shoulders. “You're gonna spoil the hell out of her, aren't you?” Which Keith couldn't complain about, because he spoiled the hell out of Red, and he absolutely wanted to do the same for Blue.

“I'm absolutely, one hundred percent going to spoil the hell out of my pupper. She needs dishes, food to put in the dishes, a ton more treats, a better brush than the one they've been using on her, shampoo because there's no way I'm having a not clean dog, toys, at least a thousand toys, a couple of blankets, definitely a bed, and...” He gasped. “I'm gonna have her for Halloween, Keith! She needs a costume. You have to help me pick out a good costume.”

“[Babo],” he teased, caressing the back of Lance's hand. “Of course I'll help you pick out a good costume. And a bed and toys and basically everything else you wanna get for her.” Blue was pretty big already, and if Lance was going to spoil her, that meant *lots* of treats, so they'd have to get a good sized bed for her. Maybe if Red liked her enough she could be trained to sleep with Blue instead of with him and Lance on the bed.

“Okay.” He could hear her running up, so reached out to find whatever toy she'd brought over. She dropped it into his hand without fussing and he smiled, recognizing the feel of the slightly damp tennis ball. He tossed it hard, listening to her pants fade as she ran after it. “Do you think I could just leave her stuff at your place? It's easier than lugging it all to the apartment.” And it was just another step closer to him moving himself in. If Blue's stuff was already there, it would be a load off his shoulders.

“Yeah, that's fine. That's great.” Of course Keith had noticed Lance's things slowly making their way into his house. It was impossible not to notice since Keith didn't have a lot of possessions of his own to begin with. At the beginning, he'd been pretty sure he knew what Lance was doing, and was amused by it. Now it just made his stomach clench and his heart flutter when he thought about Lance actually moving in with him. But he wasn't going to say anything or ask outright, instead content to watch it all unfold. “I, uh, I was hoping you would.”

“Perfect. I just have to get with my caseworker before we leave so your address can be added to the list.” Lance leaned over to press a smiling kiss to his cheek. “I like that you have a yard for her to run around in too. She loves fetch, so I was actually really bummed that the apartment only has, like, a strip of grass. I used to take Kitty up to the park, that one near your place? It was a hell of a walk, but totally worth letting her run.”

“God, that's a really long way away for you.” His fingers tightened around Lance’s hand, worried for no reason since what he was talking about had already happened. Several times, apparently, but still in the past. “But yeah, Blue will have free rein of the yard. Anywhere she wants to go.”

“It wasn’t bad. I like walking, and I know Kitty got excited every time we left. I actually really miss it.” Lance lifted Keith’s hand to his lips again, brushing them over his fingertips. “Will you come on walks with me and Blue?”

“Yeah, of course.” And Keith couldn't help but feel a small swell of pride in his chest at the romantic gesture. Lance was stealing all his best moves, but it was adorably sweet. “I'd love to.”
“We can have a date in the park.” Lance smiled when Blue’s head nudged his knee. “Alright, pupper, give.” She gave him the tennis ball and he promptly pushed it at Keith. “Your turn.”

“A date in the park sounds great.” He took the ball, Blue’s eyes watching it closely as it passed from Lance to him, and then threw it in the opposite direction Lance had. She bolted after it, fast and agile, and Keith smiled, pulling Lance closer into his side. “A picnic would be awesome.”

It sounded romantic, Lance smiling as he snuggled close to his boyfriend. Romantic and sweet and perfect. If it weren’t for the distant training whistles, he could almost pretend this was a date. He could almost pretend that Blue was already home with them. He didn’t want to be sad that it wasn’t either, though, so nuzzled into Keith’s neck. “You should get one of those porch swings. At the cabin.”

Where had that come from? “Yeah?” He thought about it. The only piece of furniture he had on the porch right now was a rocking chair. The porch was also one of his favorite parts of the cabin, and the thought of having a nice wooden swing out there for him and Lance to sit on was very appealing. “That’s not a bad idea actually.”

“I don’t have bad ideas, Keith. It’s just a fact.” He pressed a warm kiss to his neck. “And I really like the idea of sitting with you just like this on a porch swing.”

“Hm, me too.” Keith pictured it: Lance snuggled up against him, pressing light kisses to his neck while Keith pet his hair. Red curled up in Lance’s lap, Blue resting peacefully next to them. Keith would describe the stars to Lance, naming the different constellations, taking them out of the sky and placing them behind Lance’s eyelids with his lips. He smiled, squeezing even tighter onto Lance. “Yeah, I’ll get a swing. Maybe I can build one. But I’ll get one.”

Lance smiled, kisses trailing up his neck. He cupped Keith’s cheek to turn his head and brushed their lips together. “Mi novio dulce,” he murmured and parted his lips to draw him into a much deeper kiss.

Sighing into the kiss, Keith parted his lips to meet Lance’s seeking tongue with his own. His hand left Lance’s, instead lowering to rest lightly on Lance’s thigh, kneading small circles into imperceptible muscles under the fabric of his jeans. Pressing closer, Keith licked further into Lance’s mouth, just as Blue returned with her ball and nudged her nose against his hand. Not wanting to break the kiss, he felt around for the toy, taking it from her and tossing it somewhere behind Lance.

Lance slid a hand into Keith’s hair, arching against him, a soft laugh spilling into the kiss. He’d heard Blue, felt the motion of Keith’s arm, and couldn’t believe his boyfriend had just continued the game without ending their kiss. That he’d continued at all without just brushing her aside was incredible. Any one of a dozen commands would’ve sent her away, but he’d kept it up. As Lance’s laugh melted into a moan, Keith’s tongue so deft over his, he felt something unfurl in his chest. He felt ready, but couldn’t have said for what just then.

Keith smiled, pulling back slightly to break the kiss. His self-control only extended so far, and if they didn’t stop, especially with Lance kissing him the way he was, Keith was going to end up dragging him home and they’d never get anything done. Instead he took Lance’s hand in his again, suckling a kiss to the back. “[Dangsineun jeongmar teukbyeolhan bunise],” he muttered. “[Jinsimeuro saranghae].”

Lance smiled. “You know I’m gonna ask what that means.”

“I know.” Keith quickly kissed his cheek, lacing their fingers. “‘You’re one of a kind.’ And ‘I love you with all my heart.’”
He couldn’t wait for the Korean lessons to really take off. He wanted to be able to tell Keith sweet things like that as much as he wanted to be able to hold the simple conversations. “ [You're cute]. [I love you].”

The Korean sounded so beautiful and just right coming from his boyfriend’s lips, and Keith couldn't resist leaning in for another kiss. He squeezed his hand, Blue running up to them again. She was faster this time since Keith hadn't thrown the ball that far, and she simply dropped the toy into Lance's lap, barking once. Keith laughed, reaching out to pet her. “I love you too, [princess].”

Keith was so cute with her, and Lance loved it. He'd known, or had at least hoped, that his boyfriend and his dog would get along easily, and this was even better than he could've hoped for. Laughing, he picked up the ball. “A few more throws and then I've got to go through some commands with her.”

Keith tried not to be too disappointed, knowing that Blue would be staying at the cabin for a bit next week, but couldn't stop the slight twinge of it in his voice. “Okay.” Lance threw the ball for her again, and Keith watched as she ran after it excitedly. “I can't wait for next week.”

Lance’s shoulders sagged on a sigh. “I know. I just want to take her home now.”

“It's only a week,” Keith assured, lifting Lance's hand to his lips again. “You can survive a week. You've lasted this long.”

“Barely.” With a dramatic sigh, Lance draped himself across Keith’s lap. “Quiero mi perrita.”

“You're so ridiculous,” he teased, but positioned them so Lance would be more comfortable. Keith dropped one hand to card through his hair, the other coming to rest on his abdomen, rubbing lightly.

“You love me anyway.” Lance turned his face to press low on Keith’s stomach. “I guess you can’t really take next Sunday off too, can you?”

“Mm, I don't know. I go in tomorrow. I can ask.” It might be possible, and Keith needed to talk to Coran about something else anyway, another surprise for Lance. “I can't make any promises.”

“It’s okay if you can’t.” Lance rucked up his shirt to press a kiss to his abs. “I mean, I’ve still got Hunk. It’s going to be a shorter session anyway. A couple of real-world drills and then she’s mine.”

Keith shivered, stomach muscles clenching under Lance's lips. His fingers dug into Lance's scalp, accidentally pulling his hair a little hard. “Y-yeah, well… even if I can't take off, I'll be home after two.”

“Uh-huh.” Lance almost didn’t hear him, warmth flooding him from the little yank. He kissed his skin again, teeth grazing lightly. “Just, um, text me or something. When you get home.”

Only if he couldn't switch. Hopefully he could. “Def-definitely.” Keith arched into Lance's touch, sliding his hand further down Lance's abdomen to slip under the waistband of his jeans. “Lance…”

There wasn't enough room on the bench for Lance to spread his legs the way he wanted. On the bench. In the middle of a very public place. And he'd never be able to see if someone came while they fooled around. The knowledge should've stalled him, but it only heightened his growing interest. “Quiero que estés dentro de mi,” he purred, sucking a nippy kiss into his skin.

“What-” Fuck, Lance's mouth was going to kill him. “What does that mean?”

“I want you-” Oh. “I-” Lance kissed him again, teeth sinking in sharply to leave a mark. Did he want
that? Absolutely. He'd wanted it since their phone call. But was he ready? Lance felt Keith shiver under his mouth and smiled. He was pretty sure he was ready, but he'd know for sure when they were home. “I'll tell you later.”

Keith dragged his fingers through Lance's hair, tugging lightly at the ends. “Okay.” Blue bounded back over, and when she saw Lance laying down on the bench, she dropped the ball on the ground at Keith's feet and stuck her nose against the back of Lance's neck.

He rolled over, letting Keith’s shirt fall. He'd have more time to leave fresh marks on him later and maybe see if some of the heightened excitement from being in public was a fluke or if he could get some thrill out of teasing Keith at the pet store. Grinning, Lance scratched Blue behind her ears, feeling the velveteen surface when he stroked down them just to feel them perk. She stayed still, letting him do as he liked, but licked his face to make him laugh. “Mi perrita es loca.”

Smiling at them both, Keith reached over Lance to pet Blue, scratching at a spot of fur right above her ear. “She's so good. I'm really happy that you'll have her home soon.”

“So am I.” Lance took Keith’s hand, lacing their fingers. “Blue, back.” She quivered, but took a few steps back and waited for the next command. “Don’t repeat any of the commands because you'll confuse her, but be my eyes, okay? I need to know if she follows these.”

“Okay. How about I tap once for no—” Keith tapped Lance's shoulder. “Two for yes?”

“That's gonna be a lot of taps, but sure.” Lance laughed, giving his hand a squeeze. “She's good, really. She's at the end of her training, after all. It's just, y'know, out of harness she gets a little distracted sometimes because no harness usually means playtime.”

“Right. Well, she'll get better with time.” He pressed one more kiss to Lance's hand, dropping them to rest on Lance's chest. “Okay, whenever you're ready.”

“Blue, sit.” He smiled at the two taps when Blue did as told, and searched Keith’s pockets for the treats to throw her one. She caught it mid-air, tail swishing once before she returned to sitting. They ran through the rest of her commands, but were too comfortable to get up to practice stay. It was her worst one, though, so they’d have to eventually. But when she ran through the others without a problem, Lance just called her over and let relax for pets. “Mi perrita buena. You'll be home next week. Eres perfecto.”

Keith tightened his hold on Lance's hand, his other going back into Lance’s hair. “She did really good. I can't wait to see how she interacts with Red.”

“I really hope Red likes her. Or at least tolerates her.” Lance kissed her nose. “Yeah, you'll be just fine with a kitty-cat, won't you?” She grumbled in response, nudging closer. “Yeah, you will.”

“It's not Blue I'm worried about.” Keith laughed when her wet nose pressed against Lance’s neck, drawing a short squeak from him. “They should be fine together.”

“They will be.” Lance pushed Blue back, laughing. “Sit,” he instructed, feeling the hesitation before she listened. “Good girl. You've gotten so much better at listening during playtime. You're gonna be great at home.” She licked his face, Lance laughing as he climbed off the bench to sit in the grass and hug her. “Mi perrita dulce.”

Keith smiled, leaning forward with his elbows propped on his knees, watching Lance lay lay down in the grass, Blue going with him while licking his face. “You two are adorable. I love you.”

“Te quiero también, mi cielo. Mi perrita, ay, basta.” He ducked his head to get her to stop licking
him, and she followed the order and just wagged her tail, muzzle parted in a doggy grin. “¿Usted lo ama, mi perrita? ¿Sí?” She barked. “Yo lo sabía. She loves you too, Keith. Chica buena.”

“Good. I love her too.” He finally slid off the bench to join them in the grass. Hovering over Lance on hands and knees, Keith leaned down and pressed a kiss to his lips. “How much longer do we have with her today?”

“Technically, we can stay all day. Realistically... Maybe another hour or two?” Lance cupped Keith’s cheeks, smiling. “Maybe longer. How late’s the pet store open?”

“‘Til nine, I think. But we still have dinner at your house tonight too.” He lowered himself to lay half atop Lance, half in the grass, snuggling close.

Fingertips glided along Keith’s face to slip into his hair, fingers tangling in the strands. He was considering skipping the family dinner, claim an illness and just stay home. But he wasn’t entirely sure that was the best idea, not until he knew for sure that he was ready to go all the way with him. “Mm. So we can stay out here a little while longer, and then I need to talk to my caseworker. Blue usually gets fed at noon. Hunk and I usually leave about half an hour after that. We used to leave right before, but then she stopped eating. And then we would leave immediately after, so she ate slower.” Lance grinned, free hand reaching out to pet through her fur. “She's a smart girl.”

“Yeah, she is.” Keith dropped another kiss to Lance’s cheek then reached over to rub Blue’s belly since she’d rolled over.

Lance’s smile warmed at the happy little grunts she made. “Throw her another regalo and get up. We have to practice stay.”

“Okay.” Rolling off of Lance, Keith reached into his pocket, laughing because Blue had heard the R-word and had sat right up, ears perked. He threw the treat to her, and she deftly caught it out of the air. “Treat given. Come on.” He rose, then took Lance’s hand and helped him up.

Lance gave his hand a squeeze before releasing him and pulling out his cane. Blue perked up, expecting him to get her harness from the bench. She looked from Lance to it and back again, ready to go. “Stick with her. You're in charge of treats. If she starts to move, tell me right away. And I mean moving, like, actually gets up and starts to follow. We'll have to start over.”

“Okay, I can do that. When exactly do I give her the treat?”

“It'll kind of be up to you, but when she really gets up and sits or starts to get up but stops herself, hand her one. Try not to do it every time or she'll start to fidget just to get a treat, and we don't want that.” He took one treat from the bag to give her when she came to him at the end. “Alright, Blue, let's see if you can keep impressing Keith, okay?” Her ears perked, tail wagging, but she made sure to grumble so Lance knew he had her attention. “Chica buena. Now sit.”

Keith watched her closely, praising her when she followed the command after only a moment’s hesitation. He smiled and gave her a treat, since it was the first command, and waited for Lance to give her the next one.

“I'm gonna go ahead and assume she sat since you didn’t say otherwise.” Lance shook his head as he withdrew his cane, amused by his boyfriend. “I'm going to take a few steps back. If she starts to fidget just from that, let me know and I'll re-give the command. Blue, stay.”

“Okay.” Lance took a couple steps backward, Blue’s ears twitching, but she remained still. “She’s good right now,” Keith told him.
“Okay.” Lance kept edging back until he almost tripped. Blue grumbled, paws shifting. Protecting him was more important than staying in place. “Blue, stay.” Her ears lifted when Lance turned away entirely to walk forward and avoid any other mishaps.

“Good girl,” Keith praised, giving her another treat when she didn't try to move forward. Lance walked even farther away, and Blue leaned lower towards the ground, a paw lifting off the ground. “Lance,” he warned.

“Blue, stay. Quedas.” Lance tapped his cane against the track. “Did she get up all the way or...?”

“No, just one paw came up. But I'm not sure what she should and shouldn't be doing.”

“That's okay. If she stands up or shuffles forward at all, that's a problem. She's supposed to sit there and stay until I say otherwise. Or, I mean, if I fall and she runs over, that's fine.” He shrugged. “Is there anything around here for me to hide behind?”

“There's a tree to your left towards the middle of the track. You're pretty much lined up with it, so just turn and walk.”

“Okay.” Lance turned, following Keith’s directions until his cane hit the tree. “I'll give her ten seconds and call her over. Let me know what she does when I step behind here, okay?”

“Alright, yeah.” When Lance walked around to the back of the tree, Blue’s ears twitched again and she leaned even closer to the ground, grumbling, but she didn't move any more than that. “She’s just kinda growling almost,” Keith called out to him.

Lance bit back the laugh, quietly counting to ten. His girl liked to talk, but he didn’t mind. Kitty hadn’t grumbled unless Lance had asked her to talk to him. It was nice to have a dog who grumbled all on her own, and it was fun to compare them. At one time it had been painful, but that was finally started to recede. He could finally think about his golden girl without tearing up. And in one more week, he'd have his sweet girl. “Come, Blue.”

He heard the thumps of her footfalls then her grumbling when she settled at his left side and waited for whatever would come next. “Good girl. Chica buena.” He gave her a treat and patted the top of her head, but they weren't finished. “Let's see if you can do this without Keith by you, mi perrita dulce. Sit.” He waited to feel her settle, and gently scratched her behind the ear. He took a step to the side, holding up a hand and listening to her grumble. “I know you don't want to do this again, but you have to. One more, Blue. Stay. Quedas.”

He backed up a bit more, turning away from her. “Stay,” he repeated, tapping his cane as he walked. “Keith, am I headed your way?”

“Turn to your left a little bit.” Keith watched as Lance carefully angled towards him, waiting until he was lined up with him before letting him know he was on the right path. “Alright, keep coming that way and you're good.”

Lance made his way towards his boyfriend, smiling when their fingers could lace and beyond pleased that there was no sign of Blue having followed him. He was bubbling with pride over her. “This is probably the best she's ever done. She hates when I get out of her sight.”

“Yeah?” Keith pulled him closer, wrapping his other arm around Lance’s waist and kissing him soundly on the lips. “I hate letting you out of my sight too.”

Lance bit back a giggle. “Eres dulce. There's no sign of her, is there?”
Keith glanced over Lance’s shoulder, but he couldn’t see her. “Nope.”

Grinning, Lance gave Keith a squeeze before stepping out of the hug. She'd show soon enough, particularly if he kept talking. He had a very curious, protective, talkative pupper. “Come, Blue.” She scrambled over, settling at Lance’s left side. He could feel her quivering against his leg, so laid a hand atop her head to soothe her. “I know, mi perrita dulce. I know you hate that one, but you did great. ¿Quiere que un regalo?” She butted her head against his leg. “Hand her one, and then we should go find my caseworker.”

Keith smiled, sticking a treat in between his fingers and holding it out for Blue. She took it from him gingerly, crunching on it happily with another doggy grin. “You’re so cute, Blue, holy crap.” She barked once, but otherwise stayed next to Lance. “Okay, let’s go, babe.”

“Mi perrita es muy preciosa.” Lance kissed his boyfriend’s cheek. “Y mi novio es precioso. Let me get her harness on.” He reached out for it, smiling when Keith pressed it into his hold. “Thanks. I'll show you how to put this on her one day if you want,” he offered, slipping the harness onto Blue with ease. “Are you ready to do a little work, mi perrita?” She butted her nose against his cheek. “Good girl. Vamos.” He rose, taking a hold of the harness handle. “Come on, chico lindo.”

Keith took Lance’s free hand, leaning in to quickly kiss him. “Lead the way.”

“We'll let Blue lead us.” Her ears perked at her name, ready to go. “Blue, find the main offices. Mrs. Parker.” She nudged her head against his leg before trotting off, leading them through the field. Keith held the gate open for them this time, taking Lance’s hand after. “Mrs. Parker’s the secretary. Hunk said she’s at least ninety, but she gives Blue treats so she remembers her.”

“Wouldn’t you?” They made their way back inside, Blue leading them through the halls past the rest of the kennels and right up to Mrs. Parker’s desk.

“Oh, Lance, how are you, dear?”

“Hi, Mrs. Parker. I need to talk to my caseworker?” Blue made a soft sound, butting Lance’s leg. “I know, Blue. You did great, but I don’t have any treats,” he lied.

“Oh, I might have a few.” The woman opened a drawer, the sound making Blue’s ears perk. They knew this game well, and she took the treat with a wag of her tail. “There we are. Good girl, little Blue.”

Lance smiled, patting her head. “Thanks, Mrs. Parker.”

“Of course. Anything for our dogs. They work so hard, don't they?”

“Yes, ma’am. Can we just go back or...?”

“Oh, of course. Of course.” She returned to her chair with a little flutter of her hands, squinting at her phone. “Just let me make sure she's back in her office. You're under Ms. Binx?”

“Mmhm.”

“Of course you are. I never forget my favorites.”

He'd heard her say that to several people, but didn't comment. She was a sweet old woman with a steel trap of a mind. No need to let her know that she came off as a little flighty. “Yes, ma'am.”

“And who’s this young man with you?”
"Oh, he's-

“Ms. Binx, hello! It's Mrs. Parker.” she interrupted, Lance having to bite his lip to keep from laughing. Flighty. “Yes. I have Lance here. Yes, the McClain boy. Yes. He'd like to speak with you. Mmhmm. Of course, of course. I'll send him straight back. Yes. Goodbye, Ms. Binx. Thank you.” She hung up with an audible click. “So how are you today, dear?”

“I'm fine. Thanks. This is Keith, by the way. I've already told him all about you, Mrs. Parker.”

“Oh, how nice of you.” She smiled, nodding once in Keith’s direction. “So you're one of Lance’s friends? He normally brings Hunk with him. Do you know him? Fine young man.”

“Yes, Mrs. Parker, I do,” Keith responded politely, squeezing Lance’s hand. She was nice enough, but he could tell that she was a bit scatter-brained. “So just straight through to the back, then?”

“For-?”

“To see Ms. Binx,” Lance reminded her.

“Oh, of course. Of course. Go right on back. Blue here knows where she is. Don't you?” Blue grumbled in response and was given another treat. “That's a good girl.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Parker.” Lance tugged Keith’s hand. “Forward, Blue.” She started off down the hall, easily leading them both to the correct office. Lance knocked on the door. “Ms. Binx?”

“Yes. Come in, Lance.” The woman rose from behind a desk covered in pages and binders, smiling at them both. “I was hoping to see you today. We need to go over a few things concerning your trial next week.”

“Yeah, I was hoping to talk to you about the home visits.” Lance gave Keith’s hand a squeeze. “This is Keith, my boyfriend.”

“Ah. I was wondering why Hunk hadn't come with you.” She offered a hand. “Hello.”

“Hi,” he replied, shaking her hand, “it's nice to meet you.”

“You as well. Have a seat, gentlemen.”

“Thanks, Ms. Binx.” Lance found a seat, sinking into it. “Blue, down.” She laid down on the floor to his left, chin resting on her folded paws.

Ms. Binx waited for Keith to take a seat before folding her hands and leaning forward. “So, Lance, what did you need to speak with me about?”

“I, uh. I just need to add an address to the home visit list. Keith's actually.”

“I see.” Amused, she glanced at Keith. “And you've consented?”

“Yeah, of course.” He would have suggested it himself if Lance’s hadn't brought it up first.

“Alright.” She turned towards her computer, pulling up Lance’s file. “You've been staying at that address regularly for more than a month?”

“Yes,” Lance lied and reached for Keith, relieved when his boyfriend took his hand and didn’t argue. They were almost at a month. It would be more than a month by the time the week trial ended, so it was close enough.
“Wonderful. Here, Keith.” She turned her monitor towards him and set her keyboard closer to him.
“I’ll need your full name here, the names of anyone else residing with you if applicable, any other pets that may be at the residence, and the address.” She left him to it and turned back to Lance.
“Now you have the apartment listed as your primary and your family home as your secondary. One of those will have to change to emergency.”

“My family home.”

“Alright. Then we’ll mark this one as your secondary?” Lance tugged at his jacket with his free hand, humming quietly to himself a moment before nodding. As much as he wanted to make Keith’s home his primary, he couldn’t. Not yet. He hadn’t completed his steady moving in yet. “Fantastic,” Ms. Binx continued. “Has he explained what the home visits will entail, Keith?”

“He’s told me enough, I think.” When he was done entering his information he slid the keyboard back across the desk. “How long does the visit usually take?”

“Anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour. Possibly more, depending on the size of the home and the amount of issues readily found.” She hit a few buttons on her keyboard to finish the update to Lance’s profile as she spoke. “Myself and an agent of the state will be there to ensure that the home is suitable for Blue and, honestly, for Lance as well. We aren’t anticipating any problems as he is a previous owner of one of our guide dogs, but we can’t be too careful.”

“Okay, that sounds great.” Keith tightened his hold on Lance’s hand reassuringly. The home visit should go perfectly and then Lance would have Blue full-time.

“We’ll have the schedule together next week. We understand that Lance’s schedule is rather hectic this semester.”

He grinned. “It’s hectic every semester. You wanted to talk to me about next week too, though? Everything’s still good, right?”

“Yes, of course. I received her latest scores just a few minutes ago and am very impressed.” Ms. Binx shuffled through her papers, selecting one and skimming over it. “She’s improved greatly, particularly with staying. She’s still showing signs of being overprotective, but that isn’t necessarily a problem. So, no, nothing’s changed. You’ll still be leaving with her next Sunday. What I wanted to speak to you about is the schedule. Now that you have a new secondary location, it’s even more important that we know the days and times you’re available.”

Lance nodded, he and Keith filling her in on their regular schedules. Keith’s was a little more unsteady, but he took her email down and promised to get something more concrete to her by the following Sunday. Lance also provided Hunk’s so the visit to the apartment could be scheduled. She gave Lance a few more reminders of what to expect from the visits, as well as a list of the things he needed to pick up from the store, both printed and marked in Braille so he could read it, and they were dismissed. She shook both of their hands when they rose, pleased that Blue didn’t rise until commanded. She’d been an eager pup from the start and had taken the hitches the accident had caused in her training in stride.

“Thanks for the help, Ms. Binx.”

“Anytime, Lance. Remember that we’re available to help even after you take Blue home. We don’t forget our dogs or their charges.”

“Yes, ma’am.”
“And it was very nice to meet you, Keith. I'll expect that schedule as soon as possible so we can get these home visits taken care of.”

“Absolutely. My new work schedule comes out on Mondays, so I'll be able to let you know tomorrow.” Though he was also hoping to speak with Coran about getting a more stable schedule down. Maybe the same days and times Lance worked so they'd have the same time off. “Thank you for everything, Ms. Binx.”

“You're very welcome. Enjoy the rest of your day, gentlemen.”

Lance smiled, taking a hold of Blue's harness. “We'll do our best. Forward, Blue.” She trotted out of the room, leading him towards the exit when no other directions were given. “So what time is it?”

“Uh…” Keith pulled his phone out to check, ignoring the couple of messages from Hunk and Pidge. “It's just after twelve.”

“Then we're late for her food. Come on, Blue. Find your kennel.” Her ears drooped and she butted her head against Lance's leg, but she made the turn towards the correct hall anyway. “So we'll make sure she's fed, hang out a little bit longer, and then...” Lance's shoulders sagged like Blue's ears. “Then I guess we should get going.”

“Hey, it's alright, babe.” Squeezing his hand again, Keith leaned over and kissed his cheek. “You'll have her next week.”

“I know. Seven more days.” Lance sighed, rubbing his thumb in little circles against the side of Keith's hand. “But I know they're gonna drag.”

“Yeah, but you'll be with me most of those days. And that means you'll have Red, too.”

“That's true.” Lance smiled, releasing his hand on impulse. He shifted closer to Keith, Blue adjusting for the move, and dipped a hand into his back pocket. “Are you two gonna help keep me distracted, chico lindo?”

Keith smirked, slinging his arm around Lance’s waist. “You know it.”

Lance's smile returned with his laugh. “Alright, mi cielo, I'll trust you. It's just a week.” Keith had done a pretty good job the week before, after all, and he did love that cat to pieces. Maybe they'd get her a good toy or two at the petstore when they went for Blue. Lance was pretty sure she only had a little jingle ball and a stuffed mouse. That obviously wasn't enough for his feline princess. He wanted to spoil her as much as he wanted to spoil Blue and, really, as much as he wanted to spoil Keith. It was just a little hard trying to figure out how to spoil Keith, but it'd be easier when he had Blue. He'd be able to get around without relying on everyone because, well, he was afraid to walk by himself. That fear had been there since he'd been a child, exacerbated by the accident, and just wasn't going to go away, but he'd have his canine security blanket with him in just a week and then he could go where he wanted when he wanted. He wouldn't feel like a burden anymore.

One more week. As they came to a stop at Blue's kennel so she could eat the food already poured into her dish, he kept that in mind. He kept it in mind for the last hour they were with her, smiling when Keith indulged him for an extra half hour.

“One more week,” he whispered to her when they just couldn't stay any longer. He wrapped his arms around one of Keith's as they returned to the borrowed car, smile faded and heart aching. It was the same feeling he got when he had to sleep at the apartment, alone in his bed. There were certain people and animals that he needed in his life to make him happy. Keith and Blue (and Red, of
course) were number ones, and he at least had one of them. Keith wrapped him in a tight hug and a deep kiss against the side of the car, filling him with comfort and love until his lips curved and the promise of shopping made the smile widen.

One more week, he thought as they climbed into the car, and his world would be whole.

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Chapter 7

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

Chapter warnings include, but are not limited to:
Oral sex, blowjobs, rimming, anal fingering, anal sex, sex toys, dildos, butt plug(s)
(..................they go all out, okay)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Music was usually the fastest way to cheer Lance up. Keith made that particular discovery as they drove to the petstore. He'd started the drive with his head tilted back, Keith’s chatter answered with noncommittal noises and half-smiles. It was difficult, honestly, because Keith wasn’t exactly known for his conversational skills. Lance was the one who could talk to anyone about anything, so silence soon fell between them. It sat heavy, Lance sad and Keith searching his mind frantically for anything to say that could cheer him up. He even texted Hunk at a red light, the shrug emoji and “Sorry, man, he's always sad on the drive home” not helpful in the slightest.

He didn’t want Lance to be sad the entire way to the store. He wanted Lance to babble all about the things he was going to buy for Blue and all the things they were going to do. All of his normal excitement was missing and it made the small car feel suffocating. To keep the silence from being too unbearable, he punched the radio on and hit every preprogrammed button until he found actual music rather than commercials or talking heads.

The soft “I like this song” from the passenger seat had him cranking it, and by the end of the chorus, he could hear quiet singing. Lance tapped out the beat on his seatbelt, smile returning until the song ended and the station went to commercial. So Keith offered the auxiliary plug to him so he could plug his phone in.

Lance plugged it into his headphone jack, verbally bringing up his music app. “What kind of music do you like?”

“Don’t laugh at me,” he warned, amusement lacing his tone. “But I really like K-pop - the old stuff, not the new - and stuff like Twenty One Pilots.”

Lance did laugh, not even bothering to hide it. “How old? Give me a group.”

“Shitlord.” Keith took a hand off the wheel to lightly slap Lance on the shoulder for laughing. “But I like the old groups. Roo’ra or Shinhwa or Fin.K.L. I used to listen to them all the time.” He still did at work sometimes when he felt like putting a headphone in - but not both because he’d get in trouble for not taking proper safety precautions, and really having just one headphone in was usually a hassle.

“Shinhwa is still putting out tracks, so I don’t count them as too old. But why not some of the new ones? Like, come on. EXO? You can’t hate EXO.”
“Well, yeah.” Damn, Lance had him there. EXO was pretty awesome. “I don't *not* like the new stuff. I just prefer the old stuff.”

Lance turned his head, directing his smile towards Keith. He never would’ve pegged his boyfriend as K-pop trash, but the new discovery cheered him considerably. “I like how you’re not questioning my K-pop knowledge, by the way. Acceptance is the key, *chico lindo*."

Keith chuckled, lifting his hand to press a quick kiss to the back. “I'm just happy to have one more thing to share with you.”

Lance was looking forward to being able to actually understand the words and not just be able to mimic them, but he understood the most important phrase and could share that with him for the time being. “*[I love you]*.”

The light they were approaching had just turned red, so Keith waited until the car was stopped completely before leaning over and kissing Lance on the cheek. The Korean - that phrase in particular - rolling off of Lance's tongue never failed to make him smile. “*[I love you too, darling]*.”

“*[Darling]*,” Lance echoed, finding Keith’s hand. He wasn’t wearing his gloves since he was driving Shiro’s car instead of his bike, so Lance was able to press a damp kiss to his palm, tongue teasing the normally covered skin. “I might say this wrong but I looked it up and listened to it a few times, so... *[Gati itgo sipeo]*. *[Yeongwonhi saranghalge]*.” He'd also asked his tutor to be sure he was saying it correctly, which had been embarrassing but he didn’t want to totally ruin a phrase by botching the pronunciation.

Keith tightened his grip on the steering wheel, stealing a kiss from Lance’s lips before the light had a chance to change. “No, that’s perfect. I just… You've been looking up Korean?” And taking the time to learn exactly how to say the phrases, apparently. “F-for me?”

Lance’s cheeks pinkened. “Well... Yeah. I love you.” It was the simplest, truest explanation and Keith’s reaction made the lessons even more worth it.

Keith was floored. No one he’d ever been with in the past had ever tried to learn Korean for him, never mind that they hadn't even known about his first language. But Lance was taking the time out of his already busy schedule to do just that. Keith was so in love with him, and Lance was just so special to him, so important, that he couldn't stop the next phrase falling from his lips if he'd tried. “가*[Dangsini baro jega gyeolhonhago sipeum bunie]*.”

Lance waited a beat for him to translate, reaching out to lay a hand on his thigh when the car started moving again. “What's that one?”

“I-” He glanced down at the hand on his leg, covering it with his own. He wanted to tell Lance so badly what it meant, that Keith already knew he was *The One*, but he wanted to do it the right way when the time came. “It means ‘we're meant to be together,’” he lied instead.

It seemed so long a phrase for something so simple, but he was finding that Korean phrases were either incredibly short or ridiculously long with little in-between. “I like the way it sounds.”

“Yeah… It's not a romance language, but it does sound pretty.” Sometimes. Definitely if Lance was speaking it. “Seriously, though, you have no idea how much it means to me that you're actually trying to learn. Thank you.”

He could hardly wait to tell him about the actual lessons if just that little bit had garnered this sort of
reaction. “Haría cualquier cosa por ti, Keith.”

“What does that mean?”


“Of course. I love you, and I already love her.” Keith brushed his fingers over the back of Lance’s hand before returning to the wheel. “And I’d do anything for you too.”

Smiling, Lance left his hand where it was and told his phone to play his Twenty-One Pilots list. He dropped his phone into the cup holder while the music started, content to sit beside his boyfriend, breathing in his scent and feeling the warmth of his leg under his palm. “Soy tuyo, mi amor.”

Keith smiled, recognizing the Spanish phrase that Lance had used so many times already. “[And I'm yours, darling].”

Lance could guess what that one was, so gave his thigh another squeeze before inching his hand closer to his inner thigh. “So I have a question.”

“What is it?” Keith asked, squirming in his seat.

“Mm..” Lance’s fingers ghosted over his groin. “Did you ever buy that plug you wanted me to use?”

Keith was just able to stop a whimper from escaping, but his dick gave him away, twitching in his jeans. “Yeah, I did.” In the hopes that Lance would let Keith have him soon after, he’d gone out and bought one the Tuesday before he’d taken Lance shopping at the mall. Even though he’d been in the adult store several times before, this time had made him feel weirdly dirty, probably because Lance was a virgin and Keith wanted to just own him.

Humming, Lance tugged Keith’s zipper down. “I have another question.”

“Sh-shoot.”

“Will you...” He undid the button, fingers sliding over his boxers. “Eres bueno. Will you use it on me when we get home?”

“Holy sh- Really?” Despite everything telling him not to give into Lance's touch right now - they were in Shiro’s car, for god’s sake - he spread his legs as far as he could in the limited space. And god, did Lance actually mean that he wanted to go all the way? Tonight? “Before or after?”

Lance bit his lip, unsure. He knew what to do with his hand, though, undoing the button of his boxers so he could dip his fingers inside and stroke the stiffening skin beneath the fabric. “Maybe after. I like the idea of keeping your come. Are you gonna pull over now so I can get you off?”

“Fuck, yeah.” Keith cut across the right lane, and thankfully there weren't any cars coming as he pulled into the parking lot of the local bank, facing away from the building and any cameras, though the idea of being watched thrilled him. “But I should- should’ve been more clear. Before or after dinner?”

Lance swallowed, unhooking his seatbelt. Oh. He could hardly imagine sitting through dinner with his family with a plug. “I was g-gonna send my mom a message and tell her we weren't coming.” He shifted closer, hand sliding beneath Keith’s shirt while the other tugged his boxers down far enough to free his cock. His fingers curled around Keith’s length, stroking steadily. “I just- I wanted time.
With you. I want to feel you inside me. I want you to have me, mi cielo.”

“Are you- fuck.” Keith bucked his hips up, reaching for the handle on the side of the seat and reclining it back a bit. “Are you sure?”

“I'm sure, Keith. [I want to be with you].” Lance leaned over the middle console, warm breath ghosting over his cockhead for only a moment before his tongue followed, dipping into the slit. “Eres mío.”

One of Keith’s hands left the steering wheel to tangle in Lance’s hair, the other staying put to grip tightly. Music was still pumping out of the speakers, though the song was lost on Keith. His brain was melting, between the combination of Lance’s mouth and tongue, and knowing that he was finally going to be able to have him after shopping. “Fuck, Lance. Y-yeah, I'm yours. And you're mine. I’m gonna take s-such good care of you later.”

Lance didn’t doubt it, a shiver running down his spine as he closed his lips around the head and sucked warmly. He’d gotten better since that first attempt, though he still couldn't swallow him down as far as he wanted to. His tongue swirled around his head, dipping teasingly into the slit. “Am I better at teasing, novio dulce?” he murmured before swallowing his head and slowly suckling his way down until Keith rested on the back of his tongue. Lance moaned around him, swallowing the pre dripping down his throat.

“Yes.” Except it wasn't exactly teasing when he was doing what he'd been teasing him for, but Keith couldn't complain. Not when he had those perfect lips wrapped around him, Lance's clever tongue working magic on his flesh. “Lance, oh my god.” His fingers tightened even more, tugging Lance's hair lightly. “Fuck you're so good.”

He moaned again, the hair pulling and praise only encouraging him to suckle more firmly. His head began to bob, lips rubbing over Keith's shaft and tongue tireless. Wet and warm, it explored every inch it could reach until he lifted his head and let it explore the rest. “I want-” He panted, wet kisses sliding down the underside of his length. “How are you gonna take me? I wanna know.” Lance's tongue flicked over his balls before he pressed a sucking kiss to the sack.

“Your - shit, Lance, just like that… Your first time shouldn't hurt.” None of the times they have sex should, if Keith was doing his job correctly. And he was going to make sure he was doing it correctly with Lance. “I'm gonna… gonna have you sit on my face first. Gonna get you all wet and open with my tongue, make - hng - make you come just like that. And then I'll start you on your hands and knees. It-it's easier that way. After that if you wanna r-ride me, you can. Or I can take you on your back.”

Lance shuddered. “Both. We've got all night. I want both.” He wanted everything Keith would give him. “[I love you],” he murmured, kissing his way back up his length to swallow him back down. Lips and tongue worked in tandem, seeking Keith’s taste greedily. His hand slid down to cup his balls, rolling them over his fingers and squeezing lightly.

“[I love you too], Lance. I love you so much.” His fingers slipped through Lance's hair to rest on the nape of his neck, massaging into the muscles of his upper back. Keith was still awed by him, unsure of how he'd gotten so lucky to be able to call Lance his, but he wasn't about to argue. “You're so perfect. I'm gonna-” His hips bucked up on their own, a strangled sound spilling from his lips. “Gonna make you feel so good.”

Perfect, yes, he wanted to be perfect. Lips stretched widely, obscenely around Keith's cock as Lance suckled hungrily and closed his eyes when they tried to water. He pressed a hand firmly against
Keith's abdomen, unsure if he'd be able to handle it if he moved again. He barely handled the one, Keith's cockhead pressed snugly against the back of his throat. Lance fought his gag reflex by swallowing rapidly, but couldn't hold it as long as he wanted to, soon having to lift his head with a little wheeze he hoped wouldn't be noticed. As eager to please as ever, even while trying to catch his breath, he was quick to swallow him back down again and gingerly bobbed his head.

Keith absolutely heard the little wheeze, but kept quiet about it, knowing that Lance didn't want to be called out on it. Instead he pressed his hips more firmly against the seat, reminding himself not to move. He slid his hand back into Lance's hair, tugging at the short strands. 

He loved to hear the babbled Korean, loved being the one to cause it, and the little please was like a siren song. His own arousal ached in his jeans as he inched lower, tongue rubbing against the vein. He whimpered when his head touched the back of his throat again, able to hold a few seconds longer this time before drawing back with firm little sucks. Fingers kneading his abdomen, Lance found the bitemark he'd left while they'd sat on the bench together, moaning around Keith's cock as he pushed his thumb against it and rubbed in firm, teasing circles.

He wanted it, jaw beginning to ache, but he didn't want to stop. Lance whimpered around him, ignoring his gag reflex to take him down to the back of his throat. One hand returned to his balls, squeezing them firmly while the other slid up, nails dragging down his torso in greedy demand. He wanted to taste him, wanted him to come.

That was all it took for him, the sting from Lance's fingernails on his skin tipping him over the edge. “Lance!” he cried out, just barely keeping his hips still as he came, release spurting down Lance's throat.

Lance swallowed as quickly as he could, though still couldn't quite get it all. He lifted his head when he had to, using his hand to encourage his release. He let the rest coat his face and tongue, swallowing when he could until Keith was spent, and then licked him until he was clean. “Sabes bien,” he panted, stroking the little welts his nails had left on Keith's skin. “Te quiero.”

“Lance... t-te quiero.” He still wasn't really confident in his pronunciation, but had heard Lance say it enough. “Can you climb across the console? I'm gonna lean the seat back and you're gonna sit on my chest so I can suck you off too.” He swiped a finger through his own come on Lance's face, pressing it against his lips until he parted them to lick it off.

Lance nodded, sitting up. He felt his way over the console, straddling Keith's waist and letting his boyfriend draw him higher. He moaned when busy hands freed his dick, fingers tangling in Keith's mullet. “If- If you had the plug n-now, I'd wear it for you. Walk around the whole store, plugged just- just for you.”

“Oh fuck, Lance.” Keith rested a hand on Lance's thigh, squeezing his leg through the fabric of his jeans. His other hand worked his shaft, stroking lightly, just enough to tease. “You're making me regret not bringing it with me. But…” Keith released him, reaching down to recline the seat all the way back, Lance bouncing on top of him with the sudden change in height. “Maybe I'll have you wear it the next time we go to the mall, where I know we'll be for a long-” He dragged Lance closer on his chest, lifting his head to lick the slit. “Long time.”

Lance whined, grip tightening in his hair. “O-Okay. I can- I will. I want to.” Being with Keith was
going to kill him, but it seemed like such a good way to go. He'd know for sure that night if he lived through everything Keith wanted to do to him. “Tan bien, mi cielo.”

“Mm, good.” Keith did his best to take as much of Lance's length into his mouth as he could with the weird angle. The only sex he'd ever had in a car had been messy hand-jobs in the back seat of a station wagon when he was seventeen, so this was completely new territory for him too. New, but exciting and honestly better than anything he'd ever done with anyone in the past because it was Lance. He hummed around him, laving his tongue against the underside, and then curling it up under the head.

Breath hitching, Lance dug his knees into the seatback and rolled his hips forward. One hand left his hair to grip the headrest just above, giving himself some more leverage and Keith a better angle to work with. “Ay, qué rico. [I love you]. Please...” Language blended for him, Keith melting his mind.

Keith slipped his fingers into the back of Lance’s jeans, digging his fingers into his ass and kneading. The new angle Lance had found made it easier for Keith to suck more of him down, but it was still not enough. Pulling off, he suckled on his tip, then kissed everywhere he could reach. “Can you jerk yourself off for me? And don’t stop moving your hips. You’re doing so good.” He didn't give Lance time to reply, moving back in to take the head between his lips.

Lance took his hand off the headrest to curl it around himself. He had plenty of experience with that, but Keith's lips still felt so new around him. A breathless moan filled the small car as he rocked his hips into his own hand and further into Keith's mouth. “Ay, mi cielo, me encanta. I- 'I love it.' Love your mouth, te quiero.” And his hands. He wanted to push back into them as much as he wanted to move forward, knowing he'd have them there later. He'd have so much later. “Quiero que estés dentro de mí.”

There was that phrase again. Lance had told him he would translate it later. Well, now was later, but he had to figure out how to ask without letting him out of his mouth. Keith looked up at him, humming again, and trailed his fingers closer to the crack of Lance’s ass, dipping the tips in. He asked “What?” around his dick, and, as expected, it sounded muffled and weird. He couldn’t care, though, not when his hips were so mobile, knocking the breath out of Keith’s lungs with every movement.

Muffled but understandable, Lance's hips faltered but there wasn't a reason not to tell him this time. “I want- I want-” He shouldn't have started this in the car. He should've waited until they had space and supplies and- “'I want you inside me.'”

Keith moaned, increasing the suction of his lips and rubbing a finger against Lance's rim. God, he couldn't figure out how Lance was real, couldn't figure out how he was still a virgin with all his talk. But Keith was secretly happy that he'd have him first and would be the only one to ever have him. One hand left Lance’s backside to trail up to the hand on his cock, covering it with his own and pumping. He wanted him to come, and quick, so he could get him through the pet store and then get him home.

Lance cried out, hips bucking. “Keith!” His hands were amazing, his mouth incredible. He would likely head straight to the cabin without argument if Keith asked. Probably very disappointed later, but want was overwhelming. Keith was overwhelming to him and it was finally not enough to make him wary. He wanted to be overwhelmed by him, to drown in him and be taken over. He rode the sensations he was given in the tight space - his tongue mobile and wonderfully clever, one hand moving over Lance’s to guide it fast and beautiful, the other just so promising. “V-voy a venir, mi cielo.”
Yes. Keith wanted it, wanted to have his taste flood his mouth again. He sucked harder, squeezing his hand over Lance’s and moving faster, smacking their hands into his lips wrapped around tightly. His finger pressed more firmly against his entrance, wanting so badly to slip inside but not wanting to hurt him by doing it dry. Later. Later he'd be able to, and he would get Lance off at least twice before taking him. Right now he just wanted Lance to come.

Lance’s head fell back on an outcry as he reached his peak, his hand only continuing to move because it was trapped beneath Keith’s. “¡Coño! Keith!” he wailed, release spilling down Keith’s throat.

Keith swallowed it down, stroking him to milk the rest out and letting some collect on his tongue. When Lance was soft and clean, he pulled off, sliding his hands to the back of Lance’s neck to pull him down, and kissed him.

Melting into it, Lance lapped at Keith's tongue to best combine their tastes. He slid down a bit, straddling his waist so the kiss could deepen further without either of them craning their necks.

Keith’s fingers made their way back into Lance’s hair, scratching over his scalp while their tongues tangled. He could have spent all day kissing him like this, and then all night making love to him in his bed. The latter was definitely happening, but they couldn't stay in Shiro’s car - and, fuck, they were still in Shiro’s car - making out in a parking lot. Keith pulled away, nipping Lance’s lower lip as he did. “[Sigani jinalsurog deo saranghae].”

“I recognized 'I love you,' but the rest is lost.” Lance stayed close, nestling his nose in Keith’s hair on a contented sigh.

“'I love you more and more every day.'” Keith slid his arms down to wrap around his boyfriend's waist, keeping them pressed together in the tiny space.

“Cada día te quiero más.” Lance smiled, toying with the ends of Keith’s hair. “I really like being in love with you, Keith.”

“I really like being in love with you too, Lance. I never thought I'd ever feel this way about someone.” Obviously he’d hoped, but experience taught him that that hope was dead. Now, though, to actually be able to say he was in love, and feel it with every fiber of his being, well… It was a feeling that words couldn't describe. He hugged Lance even closer, burying his face in his neck and speaking into his skin. “Te quiero también, mi cielo precioso.”

“Te quiero también, mi cielo precioso.”

“We should get going,” Keith mumbled, but didn't make any moves to do so. “Still wanna take you to the pet store.”

“Mm, yeah. There's a whole list. I need two of a few things for the apartment or I'll get dinged on the home visits.” But he could go over that when they were actually there. For the moment, he still didn't want to move. “We are never telling Shiro we fooled around in his car.”

Laughing, Keith pressed a kiss to his neck. “Are you kidding me? Of course we're not telling him. He'd probably actually have a heart attack.”

Lance giggled against his hair, fingers curling into his shirt. “Plus, he'd probably never let you borrow this thing again. Then we'd be screwed.” He still didn’t know how they were going to travel when he had Blue. He didn’t want Keith to have to get a car just to accommodate him and it wasn’t as though he could just leave Blue at home. It wasn’t fair to neglect her training and, well, Lance just
moved better with a dog. He'd had one for over ten years. And after almost two full months, he'd have one back.

The thoughts killed some of his amusement, but he wasn’t nearly as melancholy as he'd been before. He was still capable of teasing. “As long as we didn't leave jizz anywhere and crack the windows so eau du sex floats out of here, he'll never know.”

“We can ride with the windows down. And as for the other thing, well…” Keith pulled away from Lance’s neck, observing his face and the drying come still coating his cheeks. Smirking, he licked his thumb and swiped it across a streak of it, wiping it on his boxers. “We need to get you cleaned up.” But thankfully none of it had actually made it on the seat or any other part of the car.

Color flooded his cheeks. “Holy crow, I forgot all about that. I can't have this on my *face*. Keith,” he whined, wriggling against him, “fix it.”

“Trying to.” Any other time he would have licked it up, but it was already dry and, honestly, gross. So Keith sat up and reached into the glove compartment where he knew Shiro had stockpiled napkins and wet naps, because the guy was such a *dad*. He pulled out a wet nap, tearing it open and gliding it over Lance’s face to clean up every last drop. “You're so filthy… I love it.”

“I'm gonna blame you for it.” He smiled when he was clean, sitting up and stroking Keith’s chest fondly. “I was sweet and innocent before you came along and now I'm giving blowjobs in cars. Tch.”

“You can't blame me for *that* one, buddy.” Keith poked him teasingly in the sternum. “That one’s all on you. But if this is the influence I'm having on you, I can't say that I mind.”

Lance caught his hand, bringing it to his lips. He kissed his palm and then the pads of his fingers before going with impulse and sucking two digits into his mouth just to give him another peek into the filth he claimed to like. “Pretty sure I don't actually mind either.”

“Hm, I'm sure.” Keith slipped his fingers back into Lance's mouth, pleased when his tongue laved over them. “I can't wait to get you in bed. You're gonna be so good for me, aren't you?”

“*E-estás rico,*” Lance breathed, fingers flexed on Keith's wrist. He'd be whatever he wanted. “*Sí, soy tu chico bueno.*”

Keith hummed, leaning in to seal their lips together. “*[na neo ton gumeong halko sipeo].”*

He didn't know what it meant, but the way Keith managed to purr it made it seem debauched. Lance wetted his lips, shivering when he tasted Keith on them. “What?”

“Basically it means 'I want to eat you out.' I'm not telling you what it literally means,**” He wasn't going to tell him at all until later when they were finally in bed, but the idea of Lance being hot and bothered the rest of the day won over.

Keith didn't have to provide an exact translation for Lance to know what that entailed as it had been the highlight of a few secret fantasies. “We should- I-I mean, um…” He was going to get hard again, could already feel his dick twitching. “*Lo quiero. Te d-deseo.* We- We should probably go so- so you can do that. Yeah.”

Oh, yeah. Hot and bothered. Smirking, Keith pressed another kiss to his lips before pulling back. “You kinda need to get back in your own seat then,”
“Uh-huh.” Lance swallowed, leaving his hands on Keith’s shirt for another moment while he shifted his mind away from sex. At least as far away as his body would allow. “Joder,” he muttered before climbing back over the center console. He arched his back to hike his jeans back into place, tucking himself away. “Um. So petstore?”

Laughing, Keith righted the seat and himself, adjusting his jeans so that he could drive comfortably. “Yeah, petstore.”

Lance nodded, hooking his seatbelt and cranking the radio when he heard the windows roll down. “I'm buying things for Red. She's getting a sister next week, so she gets some presents too.”

“Okay, babe,” he agreed, amused. “Whatever you want.” And Keith meant it. He took Lance's hand in his, holding on as he started to drive. “What are you thinking of getting her?”

“I don’t know. Does she have one of those scratching post houses?”

“Uh, no. The only things she has are a couple of those balls with bells in them and a toy mouse.” When Keith had gotten her he hadn't felt the need to buy her anything other than her food and water bowls. He hadn't even bought the toys that she did have, those being gifts from Shiro and Pidge. But if Lance wanted to spoil his baby, he wouldn't say no.

“Oh my god, Keith! How can you not have things for mi princesita?” Lance sighed heavily, slumping in the seat. “Good thing I already gave Hunk my half of the bills for the month because my bank account’s about to die.”

“Well, I'm buying some-- almost all --of Blue’s things and you won’t be able to stop me.”

“That’s- You don’t have to do that. I’m just kidding, okay?” Lance gave his hand a squeeze. “I knew this was coming, novio dulce. I budgeted for it.”

“I want to,” Keith argued, squeezing right back. “I love you and I love her, and I want to buy her stuff as much as I want to buy you stuff. Besides, you wanna get Red some presents, and I wanna do the same for Blue.”

“Well, most of what I have to get is practical. Dishes and food to put in the dishes, mostly, and I’m going to have to get some duplicates to keep at the apartment because if they don’t see it, I’ll be in trouble. It’s the fun stuff that I’m looking forward to most. And shampoo.”

“And you're gonna need to smell them all, right?” Keith teased, kissing the back of his hand.

“You’re snickering, but the answer is yes. I can’t let Blue go around the world smelling anything less than amazing.”

“I know. I'm okay with that.” He’d managed to survive the mall. The petstore should be a walk in the park. Especially since Lance seemed just as excited and eager to get home as he was. “I'll help you pick out a good one for her.”

“Okay, good. I--” He derailed, tugging on Keith’s hand as something highly important occurred to him. “Wait, does Red have good shampoo?”

“She's a cat… She doesn't have any shampoo?”

“Cats need baths too, Keith!” Lance tipped his head back. “Tú eres la peor papá del mundo. She needs shampoo. I’m getting her toys, shampoo, and a cat house. It’s settled.”
Keith laughed, pretty sure that he didn’t want to know what the Spanish part meant. “Okay, okay. You can get her whatever you want. She’ll love you more than she already does.”

“Probably.” Lance smiled, lifting Keith’s hand to his lips. “Especially since you’re the one who’ll have to give her the bath.”

“Yeah, great.” But Red loved him unconditionally and would forgive him. Eventually. Hopefully. At least she would be clean. They pulled into the petstore parking lot, and Keith squeezed Lance’s hand before letting go to navigate the car into a space at the front. “Well, we’re here.”

Lance unhooked his phone and shoved it into his pocket before undoing his seatbelt, quick to climb out of the car and stretch. He lifted his arms high, back arching. He'd been neglecting his yoga staying with Keith, pushing back his morning sun salutations or skipping them entirely, but he really needed to get back into them and probably spend more of the week walking. There was so much more to do to prepare for his dog than just buying her things, but this was definitely the fun part. “Dalé, Keith. We have pets to spoil!”

Keith smiled, hopping out of the car and meeting Lance on the other side, holding out his arm for him to take. “Our pets are gonna be impossible to deal with after this.”

“Excuse you, mi perrita linda is very well trained. And Red deserves some spoiling. I mean, seriously, Keith. A couple of jingle balls and a mouse? Pssh.” Lance waved a hand in dismissal, letting him lead the way to the entrance. “Besides, she’ll love having a cat house. She can tear it up to her satisfaction and hide in there instead of getting locked up in your room every time someone comes over. Mi princesita merece ser feliz. Igual que usted, mi cielo. [I love you].”

“True.” Keith laid his other hand over Lance's on his arm. “What does all the Spanish mean?”

“Just that you both deserve to be happy.”

“Well, so do you. You and Blue.” And Keith was going to do everything he could to keep his boyfriend happy.

“Eres precioso.” Lance found his cheek with his fingertips before following with a light kiss as they stepped into the petstore. It smelled... unfortunate, but Lance had been ready for that. Food and stale fur intermingled over the scent of cleaning products, but even Lance's sensitive nose would get used to it eventually. “Beds first. And a cart probably. Definitely.”

Keith grabbed a cart as they passed them, having Lance push it with him, and headed straight for the area of the store designated for dogs. The section for the beds was easy enough to find, but they didn’t have a huge selection of bigger beds. Most of the ones made for large dogs were really just oversized pillows. “What kind of bed? Like a pillow bed or one of those ones with the raised sides and the fabric lining?”

“One with sides would be amazing, but it's the size and softness that counts. I can’t let Blue sleep on something uncomfortable and too small.” Lance reached out for the shelves, not worried about breaking anything in here as he had been at the bath store. He ran his fingers over the fabric, testing the initial feel and tugging on the ones he liked. “Most of them are pillows, aren’t they?”

“Yeah.” Keith guided his hand over to one that he’d been looking at. “What about this one?” It met the specifications of having sides, but didn't know what exactly Lance was looking for in terms of comfort.
“It's soft.” Lance tugged on it until Keith pulled it out far enough for him to press down on the center cushion. It popped back up and was just as soft as the sides. But Lance wasn't the type to be satisfied with one option, particularly not with something as monumental as Blue’s bed. “Take it out, but I want to feel the rest of them.”

Keith pulled it off the shelf and put it on top of the cart, and moved on to the next one. “This one is… a fancy pillow.”

Lance hummed. “Fancy how?”,

“Oh, I don't know? It's just… really big and fluffy?”,

“I love you, but you’re awful at describing things.” Lance ran his hands over it, tracing the lace patterns along the corners and flicking the tassels with a light chuckle. “I feel like Red would destroy this.”

“She probably absolutely would.” So no to that one. The next one was kind of like the one Lance had already picked out, but the sides weren't as tall, the lining was black, and didn't look as plush. He described it as such to Lance, watching as his boyfriend trailed a hand over it.

“Yeah, no.” They went down the line, Lance stubbornly poking and prodding at every single one before returning to the original. “Okay, this one. What's next? Food’s easy since I just need to stick to the same brands. Just two bags for now, and another bag of treats.” He grinned, bouncing lightly on his heels. “I can give her treats without having to hide them.”

Keith laughed, taking his hand and the cart. “Yeah, you can. You’ll have to teach me how to pronounce the Spanish word for ‘treat’ so I can give them to her too.” While she wasn't working, of course. Keith was learning. “But just tell me what brand to get since the food is right over here, and then we can look at shampoo and toys.”

“Oh. Uh…” He patted his pockets before withdrawing the list they'd been given in the office. His own folds had warped some of the braille but, “I'm hoping this actually has some typed words for you to read. It's got the brands.”

Keith glanced at the paper before taking it, smiling at the words that Ms. Binx had been kind enough to provide. “Yeah, it does.” He quickly located the food, dropping two bags into the cart. “Any certain treats you want for her?”

“Oh, Uh…” “Just another bag of what we were chucking her all day. And then one of those big rawhide bones.” Lance took a hold of the handlebar of the shopping cart, beaming when Keith settled right behind him, their hands touching as he guided both cart and Lance through the canine section of the store. He only stepped away to grab things, several things a mystery to him since Keith wouldn't tell him what additional items he was adding, claiming only that they were surprises. He almost would've been irritated if not for the little kisses Keith dropped to his neck whenever he started to scowl. Adorable asshole.

They spent an inordinate amount of time in the toy section, Lance testing the squeakers and softness of the plush toys and the sturdiness of tug ropes. And tennis balls. He had to make sure they bounced properly, though really it was just to exasperate Keith since Lance couldn’t catch the yellow balls he slammed to the floor and it was only after they'd gotten scolded by a poor worker that Keith realized Lance was screwing with him.

Shitlord.
Lance only laughed, excited when they reached the shelves of shampoo. But this wouldn't take too long, really. He knew the brand he preferred, but it was the scent that mattered. Keith stopped at the blessedly small selection of green bottles, their labels boasting all natural ingredients and Lance wiggled against him. “I need to smell them all.”

There were only four different scents, thank god, so Keith picked up the one farthest to the right, since it was closest. It was oatmeal and tea tree scented apparently, and he popped the cap to sniff it before holding it out for Lance. “Do you want me to tell you what they are before or after you smell them?”

“Doesn’t matter. I'm more interested in what they do than what they're called.” Lance breathed in the scent, shaking his head. “That one’s nice, but it's too plain.”

Keith put that one back on the shelf and read the label of the next one. “Okay, this one says it's deep-cleaning, berry and coconut scent.” He quite liked how that one smelled, and held it for Lance.

“Mm. That one’s absolutely a contender. I like the fruitier scents. We'll probably find a good one for Red when we get to the cat section.” Lance elbowed him playfully.

Red was going to hate Keith by the end of the week, he could tell already. And even if by some miracle she didn't, there was no way he was walking away unscathed. “Yeah, great.” He repeated his earlier sentiment, grabbing the next bottle off the shelf, not bothering to sniff test it as he handed it over to Lance.

“Don’t sound so put out, novio dulce. It's not-” Lance broke off, his side suddenly aching and nose pressed into soft, soft fur that still held the awapuhi and coconut scent from her most recent bath. Kitty, please. Please hold on. Please. His breath caught as he jerked back, blinking rapidly to stem the flood of emotion. He hadn’t been ready for it, could’ve kicked himself for not realizing this scent would be among the ones for sale. “I-I don't think... I don’t think a ch-chocolate lab needs whitening, Keith.”

“Well, no, probably not.” The reaction Lance had to the scent had him sniffing at it. He couldn't see what the problem was, it smelled good enough. And Keith wondered how Lance knew it was a whitening shampoo since he hadn't read the label out loud. “How-” But it suddenly hit him that, holy shit, Lance probably used this shampoo on Kitty, and he’d reared back because it had brought back the memory of his accident. “Shit, I should have told you what it was…” He set it back down and cupped Lance's cheeks, pressing close for a kiss he hoped was comforting. “I'm so sorry, Lance.”

“It's-” Lance gripped his shirt, squeezing his eyes shut to stem the tears and taking the offered comfort with both hands. “It’s okay. It's- I wasn’t ready. I wasn’t ready to smell her.”

“I know…” Still, he should have said what it was before just handing it over so carelessly. This could have been avoided. But he angled Lance down for another kiss, sliding his hands from his cheeks to the back of Lance's neck in a firm hold.

Lance sank into it, hands falling to Keith’s waist to pull him closer. It had been an accident, he knew that. Keith hadn’t known, couldn’t have known. But Lance had kept Kitty’s shampoo for nearly two weeks after the accident, breathing it in during every bath even though it had made him cry until he just hadn’t been able to take it another moment and had poured the entire bottle down the drain. Keith couldn’t possibly know any of that. With a soft whimper, he pushed his tongue between Keith’s lips to seek out every drop of offered comfort.

Keith met Lance's tongue with his own, letting him take whatever he needed. His hands were unyielding at the nape of Lance's neck, keeping him grounded and, hopefully, out of his own mind
that had been overcome by grief. Like his mother used to do for him when he was young and sad, Keith rubbed his thumbs at the spots behind Lance’s ears.

Lance slowly relaxed, Keith's taste and soothing touch, the press of his body so close and warm, all working in tandem to relax him. He left the hot pavement, feet finding solid footing on the linoleum floors and the only scent he breathed in was Keith's - mahogany and cinnamon with that permanent underline of motor oil. It was him, so perfectly him, and it drew Lance out of his bubble faster than anything else had in the past. His hands slid around to his back, the kiss breaking on a sigh. Lance kept their lips close, noses brushing. “Te quiero más que a nada.”

“[I love you too],” Keith replied, instantly recognizing when Lance said “I love you” now. “What’s the rest?”

“‘More than anything. I love you more than anything,’ Keith.” Lance kissed him again, lighter but no less needy. “I'm sorry for, like, freaking out.”

“No, it- that's normal, Lance. Don't be sorry, not to me.” He didn't stop the soft massage on Lance's neck, leaning in to steal another kiss. “I'm the one that's sorry.”

“It's okay, mi novio dulce. You didn't know, and I didn't think about it.” Lance rubbed little circles into the small of his back. “It's okay. I'm okay.”

Keith nodded, lightly bumping their foreheads together. “Alright. Well, there's one more scent we haven't tried yet. You ready for it?”

He was tempted to say no, to just accept the berry and coconut and call it a day. But he was thorough and he wasn't going to let the bad memories get in the way of that. He definitely wasn't going to let them steal the fun away from this trip. He smiled, giving Keith a squeeze before letting go and easing away. “Yeah. What is it?”

Picking it up off the shelf, Keith read the label out loud. “It’s papaya and coconut. Says ‘luxury two-in-one.’ It has conditioner in it.” Why would a dog need conditioner?

Lance bounced a bit, taking Keith's wrist and flicking up the cap himself to smell. It was close to the berry, but if this one had conditioner it had an edge. “This one. This one's Blue.”

“Yeah?” Keith tipped it towards himself so he could take a sniff of it, the strong fruity scent immediately assaulting his nose. It wasn't bad, though. “That smells really good, actually. I like it.” He tossed it in the cart. “Was that everything you wanted for Blue?”

“Mmhmm. She already has a collar and tags, so I'm good.” He took a hold of the cart. “Vamos, chico lindo. It's Red’s turn.”

Amused by Lance's eagerness, Keith crowded up behind him, hands resting next to his boyfriend’s on the handlebar of the cart. “I suppose I have no choice, huh?”

“If you wanted to be mean, we could leave.” Lance leaned back, enjoying the simple warmth of him before teasingly pushing his ass against Keith's groin. “But you wouldn't be mean to me, would you?”

Keith groaned, latching onto Lance's earlobe with his teeth. “I guess not,” he murmured, nipping at his skin.

“You guess not?” The teasing attention to his ear had a shiver running down his back, a hand falling back to Keith's thigh. “That's not very reassuring, mi cielo.”
“Lance,” he breathed, taking a hand off the cart to grip his hip tightly. “I would never be mean to you.”

“Mucho mejor. Ay, quiero que me cojas.” Lance shifted his hand to cover Keith's, his hips grinding back again. Maybe teasing Keith was a coping mechanism, but the rush of arousal was a thousand times better than the lingering sorrow and he knew he could trust the man he was teasing. “Come on, Keith. I want to get presents for my favorite gatita.”

Again Keith groaned, willing away his arousal just for the rest of their shopping trip. It would be a different story as soon as they got home and settled, but Keith wanted to make it through the store first. Still, he couldn't resist a bit of teasing back, slipping his hand around front to Lance's stomach, using the leverage to press forward. “Let's go then.”

Lance laughed, turning his head to find and kiss Keith's cheek. “Mi novio precioso.” Smiling, he grabbed the cart again and pushed forward. “Which way are we going?”

“Keep going this way. I'll tell you when to turn.” Keith helped guide the cart through to the other side of the store where the cat stuff was, avoiding the middle area of fish tanks. The first stop was to get some more treats for Red upon Lance’s insistence, even though Keith assured him that she had plenty (she had none). Lance then wanted to get her- “A cat condo? I thought you said scratching post?”

“I said a cat house, but cat condo sounds cuter. It even has alliteration.” He had to touch them all the same way he had the dog beds and Keith was very careful not to mention the set on the top row. They were out of reach and too big anyway. He only had one cat, something he had to remind Lance of twice when he tried to smuggle giant cat condos into their cart. It only took a few kisses and whispered promises, rewards for being a good boy, for Lance to give in. His third choice still had two holes in it, but it was shorter than the others, had a place for Red to perch on top, and was soft enough to pass Lance's requirements. “So treats, a cat condo, and toys. And shampoo. We can't forget her shampoo.”

“Right, for the bath that I'm gonna have to give her that she's gonna hate me for.” His tone was teasing, slightly annoyed but not actually mad that he'd been coerced into buying cat shampoo. Thankfully that section was understandably tiny, taking up only one shelf. “Most of these are waterless shampoos, whatever that means. There's only two actual shampoos, a coconut scent and a tropical fruit scent.”

Even a week before, the teasing would've caused Lance to wonder if he'd said or done something wrong. But he knew Keith well enough and loved him enough to bump their hips together with a laugh. It was obvious what waterless shampoo meant, but they so weren't going that route. “Eres dulce pero tonto. Let me smell them both.” He took them when they were offered, setting the coconut aside for being too plain. Red deserved something with more verve and the tropical scent suited her far better. “This one.”

Keith didn't bother to smell it, trusting Lance’s nose enough to just drop it into the cart next to the dog shampoo. “So toys next and then home?”

Lance grinned. “Eager to get home, chico lindo?”

“You know I am.” And Keith could tell that even though Lance was nervous, he was eager to get there as well. He sidled up next to him, bringing his lips close enough to Lance's ear to brush against it as he spoke. “Especially since there's a toy I bought for you I've been wanting to play with.”

While his teasing had gotten much better, Keith could still throw him off way too easily with a low
voice and filthy promises. Lance turned his head so their lips could brush. “I- My other one’s in the bottom of my overnight bag. I packed it the other day. If- If you wanted to maybe do something with that too.”

Oh, fuck yes he did. He pressed their lips together desperately, wanting to just sweep him out of the store right then. “Oh, I definitely will.”

“I want- I just want to feel good, and I want you to.” Lance nipped at Keith's lower lip, face flushed. “I trust you to make it amazing, mi cielo, and I want to- to let you do anything you want.” He slid a hand up Keith's chest, toying with the fabric above his heart. “I’ll be good for you, Keith. I'm ready.”

“I know, baby, I'll make you feel so fucking good.” Keith covered the hand on his chest with one of his own, kissing Lance's cheek. “I promise I'm not gonna hurt you.”

“Oh.” Lance didn't doubt him, but he pushed him back a step as his shy smile shifted into a smirk that was just a little more wicked. “Come on. We need to get Red some toys, and then we can play with ours.”

Keith laughed, keeping their hands connected as he started to push the cart towards the aisle with the cat toys. “What did you have in mind for toys for her, anyway?”

“Mm... I know she likes things that jingle and I can find her and her toys if they make sound. So something that jingles and another plush toy.” Lance shrugged. “I don’t really know exactly what to get. This is my first cat. I don’t know what they like.”

His first cat. Keith smiled, because Red was absolutely Lance's cat as much as she was Keith's. “Well, you're not wrong about her liking jingly things.” He scanned the myriad of toys hanging on pegs on the display wall, most of them plush mice and other small rodents. There was a tube, though, with feathers and a bell on the end of a long plastic stick. He pulled one out, shaking it to hear the bell. “What about this thing?” he asked, passing it to Lance to mess with.

“What is it?” The stick was a little flimsy, wiggling when he shook it, but it jingled and the feathers at the end seemed like they might be fun. It was something that would make playing with her easy. “Would she like it?”

“Probably. This is the kind of toy you can be lazy with.”

Lance laughed. “Which means you'll like it.” He set it in the cart, and Keith guided him to the plushes so he could find one that wasn’t a mouse. She couldn't have two mice. It was too cliche. Thankfully, he laid his hands on a squirrel with a jingling tail. The sounds would help him differentiate between Red’s and Blue’s toys when they were playing. It joined the rest of the items in the full cart. “Okay. I think I'm good. Are you?”

“Yeah. I've got everything I wanted to get.” Both for Red and Blue. “So we can checkout and then get this stuff home.”

“Yeah.” Nerves fluttered, but Lance took his place behind the cart and smiled when Keith settled behind him again to guide them towards the front cashiers. Despite the nerves, he hadn’t been lying when he'd claimed to trust him. Keith would make it special somehow.

He was distracted enough to not notice the disparity in the amounts they paid, Keith putting nearly everything for Blue on his card. The only reason everything for Red didn't was because they'd gotten her fewer things and Lance gathered her things up himself before Keith could stop him. But they paid without incident and loaded Shiro’s car with bags. “I'll call my family when we get home and
let them know we're not coming while you unload the car.”

“Okay, that sounds good.” Keith helped Lance into the passenger seat and then circled around to slide in behind the wheel. The smell of sex was finally gone, so Keith would be able to return the car back to Shiro without cleaning it, thank god. He took Lance’s hand after he'd gotten back into traffic, kissing the back of it as he drove.

The ride home didn't take long at all, though Keith would be lying if he said he wasn't also nervous for what they were about to do, his stomach doing flips the entire way. Lance was a virgin, and the guys Keith had been with in the past, well, weren't, so there was much more to be wary about now. He hadn't been lying, though, when he'd told Lance that he wouldn't hurt him, and had told himself that if Lance looked even remotely uncomfortable that he would stop. Hopefully it wouldn't have to come to that.

When they pulled into the dirt driveway at Keith's cabin, they each took a bag inside. While Lance called his mom, Keith hauled the rest of their pets’ stuff in and dumped it on the couch, though Blue's bed got taken into the bedroom with them and placed in the corner. Keith caught Lance’s hands when he turned around, pressing a kiss to each palm. “Are you sure you're ready for this?”

“Yeah. I'm- I'm ready.” Lance gave his hands a squeeze. “I want you.”

“Well, that’s good, ’cause I want you too.” Smirking, he leaned up to capture Lance’s lips for a kiss, holding onto his hands tightly. “Do you want me to get your toys now or later?”

“Oh.” Right, toys. He was going to take more than just Keith’s dick, but the thought had warmth flooding him, sparks of arousal shooting off right alongside the nerves. Heart racing, Lance bit his lip. “Now? Just, uh, so you won’t have to move anywhere to find them later.”

“Hm, that’s true.” Keith let go of Lance’s hands, dropping them to his waist to lift him up and carry him the few steps to the bed. He stole another kiss as he laid him out on top of the sheets. “I’ll be right back,” he promised.

Lance was tempted to pull him down. They could just do what they'd been doing and be fine. They’d been fine in the car. But he didn’t want to disappoint Keith and, nerves or not, he knew he'd be disappointed too. “Should I-? Do you want me to do anything?”

“If you wanna take your shirt off, but I’d really like to undress you.” It was probably silly, especially since he'd seen Lance naked plenty of times, but he wanted to make it as special as he possibly could. He straightened up, brushing a hand through Lance’s hair, and decided to give him an out if he needed it. “We don’t have to use them this time if you don’t want to.”

“I want to. I just- I don't know what I'm supposed to do.”

“You don’t have to do anything, not yet.” While he was still there, he searched through the drawer in the nightstand for his lube, setting it next to the lamp, and then lit the cinnamon candle. “Just… relax,” he instructed, kissing Lance’s forehead.

“I can do that.” Probably. His boyfriend was being incredibly sweet thus far, and Lance definitely appreciated the candle. The spice began to fill the room almost immediately. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Lance. [Saenggakhago iteun geos isangeuro saranhae].” Keith was tempted to just say fuck it and climb onto the bed with him, but Lance said he wanted to use his toys, and Keith just wanted to please him.

“What’s that one?”
“I love you more than you know.’ I'll never be able to tell you enough how much I do.”

Lance smiled, turning his face away to hide the blush against the pillows. “[You're cute]. Go away so you can come back.”

Laughing, Keith dragged his fingers back through Lance’s hair. “Don’t go anywhere,” he teased, and finally pulled himself away to leave the room.

They’d stupidly left Lance’s overnight bag on the couch, but Keith was quick to grab it up and bring it back with him. The plug he’d bought for Lance was still in the drawer of his nightstand, and as he walked over to the bed, he found the other toy in the bottom of the bag. It wasn’t too big, so Keith could use it first and work Lance up to be able to take the plug. Which reminded him of something very important.

He sat down on the edge of the mattress, happy to see Lance still fully dressed, and bent over to press a kiss to his lips. “Since you never actually asked, I am clean. So you don't have anything to worry about.”


Keith chuckled, covering a pink cheek with his hand. “Yeah.” He shifted more completely onto the bed, laying down half on top of Lance, pressing a smiling kiss to his lips. “I told you you have nothing to worry about.”

“I- Okay.” Lance lifted his arms, wrapping them around Keith to keep him close. This part, he knew. He could handle kissing and undressing, had enjoyed it the rest of the times they’d been in this position. But knowing there would be more tonight made this seem even more intimate. “Hazme el amor.”

“What does that mean?” Keith asked, trailing kisses down Lance’s jaw.

It was almost more embarrassing to admit than telling Keith he wanted him inside. But this felt more vulnerable, more submissive. “‘Make love to me,’” he murmured, fingers curling into his shirt.

“[Har geoya]. ‘I will.’” As much as he wanted to take him and own him, he knew they’d have time in the future. Now, though, he was going to make the sweetest love possible to Lance. His kisses found their way back to Lance’s lips, tongue slipping in for a preview of what to expect.

Lance gently sucked on his tongue, mind steadily fogging as the kiss spun out. His hands slid down, curling around the hem of his shirt to draw it up. The kiss broke long enough for him to pull the fabric away entirely. “Deseo tu boca, tus caricias, tus besos... Mi cielo. Touch me.”

“Yeah…” Sure that the Spanish was just rambling, Keith crawled down and slowly pushed Lance’s shirt up, kissing at every inch of exposed skin until he could slip it off completely. His hands rested on Lance’s thighs, massaging through his jeans as he dragged his tongue along his abdomen. “I love you so much, Lance,” he muttered into his skin.

“They amo también.” A hand tangled in Keith’s hair as he arched, a soft moan spilling from him. Every brush of fingers and touch of lips was familiar by this point, but his mind still fogged over and nerves melted away. He knew this part, trusted Keith. “Ay, mi cielo precioso. Soy tuyo.”

Keith smiled, kissing down to the top of Lance’s jeans, undoing the button and zipper with one hand. He wanted to hear more, the soft sounds and smooth Spanish like music to his ears. “
[I want to eat you out. Will you let me?"

Lance’s teeth sank into his lip as the Korean flowed as warmly as Keith’s tongue, both leaving him tingling. It would be new, but he was feeling too pliant for nerves and he wanted Keith’s mouth on him. His legs spread, hips rolling up. “Y-yeah. Quiero que cómeme.”

Perfect. Keith pulled Lance’s jeans down, nuzzling him through the fabric of his boxers and feeling him steadily harden against his cheek. “You’re so beautiful. And all mine.” His hand snuck into the opening and wrapped around Lance’s cock, pumping slowly. “I’m gonna make this so good for you.”

Lance moaned, hips rocking into the touch. Keith’s hand was so warm and sure, steady as it worked over him. He wanted to wrap himself around him and never let go. “Novio dulce, you- you already are.”

Keith sucked a kiss right underneath his navel, nipping the skin to leave a mark. “You need to let me know if I do anything you don’t like or if it hurts, okay?” His hand continued to stroke, moving in time with the movements of Lance’s hips. “I promised not to hurt you, and I’m not breaking that promise.”

Lance nodded, whimpered softly. Hurt was the furthest thing from his mind, pleasure surrounding him. “I’ll tell you. I- Keith, please…”

“Good, now…” Keith removed his hand, curling his fingers into the waistband and pulling his boxers down. He shifted further on the bed so he could take them off completely, dropping them to the floor. Keith dropped kisses to both of his legs as he moved back up, taking his cock in hand once more and sucking the head between his lips.

Lance’s hands returned to his hair, tugging lightly. “Tu boca... Keith, please…”. His legs parted to give him more room to move, to do as he liked as long as his mouth didn’t leave. “Mi cielo, please.”

Keith spent a few more seconds laving his tongue over the tip before pulling off, hand still stroking. “I’m gonna get you turned over.”

Lance nodded, rolling when Keith guided him over and lifting to his knees. He rubbed his cheek against the pillow, feeling more exposed than he had throughout everything they’d done thus far. It broke through the haze enough to let some of the nerves trickle through. He couldn’t even hold onto him somehow, fingers curling and uncurling in the sheets. “K-Keith…”

“Are you okay?” Keith kept his hands on Lance’s hips, massaging them lightly while he pressed a kiss to the small of his back.

“Mmm.” He focused on Keith’s touch, his lips, and it helped take the nerves away. Or at least made them manageable. “I’m- Just please touch me.”

Keith smiled, kissing a path from his back to a cheek, suckling at the tender skin. One hand left his hip to knead into the other cheek, thumb rubbing gentle circles closer and closer to Lance’s entrance, while his other snaked around front to give his cock a few more pumps. “Still doing okay?”

He gripped the sheets tightly, hips unsure whether they should move back or down. The slow pace was a cursed treasure, his mind swirling between the plains of pleased fog and trembling on the edge of anticipation. “Qui-quiero que cómeme,” he managed. “Please, Keith.”

“Yeah.” His hand left Lance’s dick, replacing his mouth on his ass. Both thumbs dipped into the crack, spreading him open so Keith could lean in close and blow warm breaths over his hole. When
Lance squirmed under his touch, he crawled closer on his knees, and finally licked over him with the flat of his tongue.

“¡Mierda!” Lance gasped, tugging on the sheets. He hadn't been sure what to expect, but his tongue was broad, his breath hot against such an intimate place. Nerves blinked out, replaced by the desire for more. He never wanted Keith to stop. “Me encanta. Más, por favor, más...”

Keith turned his wrists, fingers taking the place of his thumbs to hold him open wider, sealing his lips over Lance’s hole. His tongue swirled around the rim while he suckled, the pure, potent taste of Lance making him moan. After a few moments of letting Lance get used to the feeling, he changed it up, and speared his tongue inside as far as he could.

Lance whined, rubbing his cheek against the pillow fervently. Keith’s tongue was so wet, so mobile. He’d never felt anything like it, his own imagination a pale comparison to the way Keith lapped at him. Moans spilled out, his Spanish intermingled with English and indiscernible as Keith licked and sucked his brain away.

Keith’s mouth left him, pulling away so he could wipe the spit from his chin, using it to slick up two fingers. The size of the toy Lance had made Keith confident that he’d be able to handle them, rubbing the rim with his index finger before pushing in to the first knuckle. It met little resistance, Lance thankfully relaxed enough from his mouth that he didn't seize up. He wiggled it experimentally, slipping his middle finger in alongside. “Are you still okay? You’re doing so good for me, baby.”

“Uh-huh. I’m- I love it. Me encanta.” Lance clenched around his fingers, face flushed and eyes clouded with pleasure. He was used to the sensation of fingers, but Keith’s felt different than his own and could hit at different angles. And he knew they were prepping him for more than just a ribbed piece of silicone. Nerves tried to rear their head again, but they were muted beneath the layers of sensation. “W-want more, please.”

“[Of course, my love].” Keith slowly worked his fingers deeper, licking around them to keep Lance’s hole wet. Once they were in all the way, Keith started to scissor them, sucking and nipping a mark into his cheek. “Is your toy the biggest thing you’ve ever had inside you?” It was just a little bit wider than two fingers, so when Keith finally worked up to more than this, he'd have to be more careful.

“I- Um- I, um-” It was harder to talk about touching himself than it was to just feel. “Sometimes, I add fingers with it when I want more stretch, but, um, yeah. That's- that's it. Is the plug b-bigger?”

“Yeah, but if it’s too much, we won’t use it.” It was bigger than his dick, not by much, but enough that there would be a stretch around it. For its intended purpose, it was just what Keith was looking for when he'd picked it out. Lance’s rim started to clench down around his fingers again, so Keith got comfortable behind him and leaned back in, pressing his tongue inside between his fingers.

Lance wanted to touch it to find out how much bigger it was, even started to ask before he was interrupted by his own outcry. He'd thought Keith was finished using his mouth, the press of his tongue the most pleasant of surprises. “F-fuck,” he whimpered. “Keith...!”

Smirking, Keith moaned, letting the vibrations travel through Lance’s body to feel him shiver. His fingers didn’t stop moving even after he pulled away after a few moments more, pumping in and out to loosen him up. He reached over and grabbed the lube from the nightstand, popping the cap and dripping some onto Lance’s hole.

Lance arched his back, pressing his ass into the suddenly cool sensation of lube after dealing with the
heat of Keith’s mouth. “Ay, quiero que me cojas,” he panted. “It’s all so good, Keith.”

“That’s what I’m going for.” He pulled his fingers out, kissing Lance’s back as he picked up the toy from where he’d placed it on the mattress, slicking it up with more lube. Massaging his back, Keith paused with the tip of the toy pressed against Lance’s entrance. He could hardly believe that Lance was letting him do this for him, and the thought that Lance had ever done this to himself had Keith turned on faster than anything else had in the past. “You- you alright?”

Lance swallowed, fingers flexing against the fabric. Holy crow. Keith was really going to use his mcfreaking dildo on him. He rubbed his cheek against the pillow, nodding eagerly. His cock was throbbing, dripping onto the sheets. “Yes. I want- Do it, please.”

“Okay…” Fuck, this was actually happening. Keith kept his hand on Lance’s back, pressing down as he eased the tip of the toy inside. He watched as Lance’s hole fluttered around it, seemingly pulling it further into his body. “Holy shit, this is so hot.” Keith didn’t let it get too far, dragging it back out to the head and then pushing back in.

Normally, Lance just pushed it all the way in and jerked himself off. The thrusting was new, the little bulbs catching on every push and pull. His hips moved instinctively, pushing back to meet the motions, and whined helplessly. “Keith! Keith, Keith, please-! Qué rico, chico lindo. Please-!”

“Yeah, yeah, Lance. Keep it up, babe. You’re doing so good.” Keith’s hand left his back, reaching down to wrap around Lance’s cock, stroking in time with the thrusts of the dildo. He wanted Lance to come, at least once, before he took him. He wanted him relaxed, loose and open, and then he wanted to fill him and plug him up when he was done.

“K-Keith, I’m gonna- voy a venir. You have to-” Lance moaned, loud and desperate. He was clinging to the edge by his fingernails, not wanting to come yet. “I-I want you. I can’t- Keith, please!”

“I know, [darling]. I know. Just… don’t hold back.” He pushed the toy all the way in and sped up his hand, swiping his thumb over Lance’s leaking tip. Leaning over him, Keith latched onto the back of Lance’s neck. “Come for me, please.”

“Keith!” Lance wailed as he came, his release spilling onto the sheets as he was overwhelmed. He pushed his hips back in an effort to get as close to Keith as possible. He wanted him more than he wanted to breathe, his pleas reduced to helpless little sounds he muffled in the pillow.

“That’s it, Lance. You’re such a good boy.” Keith was hard and aching, still in his jeans, as he pressed his hips against Lance’s. Slowly, carefully, he pulled the dildo out, tossing it aside and gently sliding three fingers in. It was a stretch, but Keith allowed him time to adjust, his other hand finding its way back to his ass to knead into perfectly soft skin.

Lance whimpered softly, yearning for a kiss in his cuddly, post-orgasmic haze, but he let Keith lead. He’d let him do whatever he wanted. Their pattern had been one mutual orgasm, cuddles, and sleep. Still feeling Keith’s jeans scraping the backs of his thighs was as new as everything else to him, and he didn’t know what was going to happen next. “T-te quiero,” he mumbled. “When do I get to feel you?”

“Soon. Very soon.” Deciding he wasn’t going to take Lance like this the first time, like he’d said he would, he pulled his fingers back out and grasped Lance’s hips. “I’m gonna get you turned back over. I want to see you while I make love to you.”

“Dame un beso,” he demanded, going easily and gratefully since Keith kept him out of the wet
patch. He reached for him, fingers tangling in Keith's mullet as his arms wound around him. “Please kiss me.”

Keith crawled over him, settling his weight atop him while straddling his legs. He wiped his hands off on the sheets before cupping Lance’s cheeks, leaning in close. “,” he murmured, and then sealed his lips over Lance’s.

Lance moaned, legs lifting to wrap around his waist in an effort to keep him there as long as possible. He lapped into Keith’s mouth, heedless of where his tongue had just been and drank in the unusual taste of himself to get to Keith’s familiar one beneath. His hands slid down, worming between them to tug open Keith’s jeans to find the firm skin beneath. He cupped him through the boxers with far more confidence than he had that first night together and rubbed.

Groaning, Keith rocked his hips into Lance’s hand, the touch so very welcomed and needed on his aching dick. The kiss broke, Keith panting into their shared air. He reached between them, shoving his pants and boxers down, Lance’s hands not stopping their movements. “Lance… Please, I need to have you. Are you- are you ready?”

“I’m- I’m ready. **Quiero que me cojas.** ‘I want you to fuck me.’ I need you.” Lance let his legs fall so Keith could move, feet flat so he could lift himself, offer himself. “**Te necesito, mi cielo.**”

“Holy crow,” Keith breathed, the stolen phrase falling all too easily from his lips. He stood up to quickly kick his clothes off, grabbing a pillow and lifting Lance to place it underneath his hips. Crawling back between his legs, Keith trailed his hands up to his thighs, spreading them even wider. “I’m not gonna fuck you, Lance. Not this time.” Fucking was hard and fast sex, not something that Keith wanted to do with Lance his first time. Keith wanted to keep him laid out just like this and make love to him, slow and sweet. He captured Lance’s lips, finding his bottle of lube again. “I love you so much, Lance.”

“I love you too, Keith. **Más cada día. Cada momento.**” His fingers slipped back into his hair, confusion rippling again. He didn’t quite understand; fucking was the point, wasn’t it? “But I want you in-inside me.”

He nodded, dribbling more lube onto his fingers to coat his cock. “I know, baby. Getting there.” He rubbed the rest of the lube at Lance’s entrance before lining himself up, bending down to kiss his neck. “This is gonna be uncomfortable. Just let me know if it’s too much. It shouldn’t hurt.”

“I’ll tell you,” he promised, stroking his hair. He kept his hips lifted, keeping his back arched to give Keith the access he needed. “**Hazme el amor.**”

“There we go.” Smiling, Keith pressed in, stopping once his cockhead breached Lance’s rim. He rubbed Lance’s thighs, rocking his hips gently to get him used to the feeling of something bigger than fingers or a dildo inside of him. “How do you feel?”

Lance slid one hand down Keith’s back, the other tightening in his hair. He felt so full, already feeling so thoroughly loved even though this part had barely started. His length twitched between them, arousal rekindling with Keith reaching places Lance hadn't imagined. “**Eres... Estás rico,**” he murmured.
“Eres perfecto.” He ducked his head to press a kiss to Keith’s throat, and his hips rolled in a little test that made him moan. “Tan bien. Me encanta, Keith. Mi Keith.”

The movement from Lance’s hips made Keith groan, and he began kissing a trail down Lance’s neck to his shoulder. He started to rock his own hips, pulling out just an inch before pushing back in, his hands busily caressing Lance’s sides. The tight heat of him was almost overwhelming, Keith never having felt anything like this with anyone. But he’d never been in love, either, so he was thinking it was just Lance. “You feel so good, baby.”

The praise made him smile, cheeks pink with pleasure. He wanted to help make Keith feel as good as possible, as good as he himself felt. Lance moved his hips again, trying to match Keith’s slow pace. He kissed his temple and clenched around his length. “Mi cielo precioso,” he murmured, “Don’t stop.”

“Not stopping…” Keith never wanted to stop. Never wanted to stop making Lance feel good, never wanted to stop loving him. His thrusts remained shallow, though he sped up his movements. He wrapped one hand around Lance’s cock, feeling it twitch and harden under his grip. His other hand grasped the back of his thigh, hiking it higher up on his waist, giving him more room to move. “Te quiero.”

Love and want. Lance’s head pressed back against the pillows on a moan, the blue of his eyes nearly taken over by his lust-blown pupils. “Y tú.” He crossed his ankles, hiking them even higher and bending himself easily. The new angle had his nails digging into Keith’s back, an outcry filling the air as his hips bounced out of rhythm. “Keith!”

“Fuck, Lance, yes. That- That’s so good.” The pain coupled with the pleasure was perfect, causing him to snap his hips forward sharply, burying himself deeper inside. His lips trailed back up to Lance’s neck, sucking and nipping at his skin. He rocked his hips faster and harder, now actively seeking release, for both of them. “I love you so much, baby. I’m gonna fill you up nice and full, and then use our toy to keep it in you. D’you want that?”

Sensation was sweeping him away, every snap of Keith’s hips causing his cock to drag along his prostate. He couldn’t keep up his own movements, hanging on for the ride as Keith moved so beautifully inside of him. Again and again, leaving him a mess of moans and eager whimpers. Both hands clung to his back, nails scraping in search of purchase on his sweaty skin. “Want- want it. I want it. I'll keep it. I'll be- be good. Uh-huh. Keith. Keith, I want- M’gonna.”

“Yeah… Yeah, I know you'll be good. You're always so good for me.” If Lance’s warning hadn’t clued him in to his impending orgasm, just the continued clenching around his dick and Lance twitching in his hand would have given it away. Keith stroked faster, needing him to let go again, needing to feel Lance even tighter around him so he could come himself. “[Darling]. [My love]. My Lance. Come for me again. Please.”

It only took a few more thrusts, Lance too overwhelmed by the onslaught of pleasure and eager to please, for him to let go. He clenched tightly around Keith, his release spilling over their stomachs and Keith’s hand. “Keith!” he cried, nails dragging across his back and leaving red streaks behind.

“Yes, baby, yes. So good. I'm- I'm gonna-” Keith hadn't been prepared for how much tighter Lance was going to get, his hole holding him like a vice, making it impossible for him to move anywhere but forward. He let go of Lance’s cock, spent now, to grab both of his hips. He was only able to hold out for a few more moments before he was coming, teeth sinking into Lance’s collarbone as he moaned and rutted into him, release spilling deep inside.

Lance let out another outcry of his name, tears welling too quickly for him to stop them from spilling
from the corners of his eyes. It was just so perfect, Keith’s release hot and deep, filling him more than
he’d been ready for. And the pain and pleasure from his teeth was such a confusing mix on top of the
already overwhelming jumble of emotions running through him. “S-soy tuyo,” he stammered, breath
hitching as he moved his hips in little jerks to milk everything Keith had. “Soy tuyo. Mi cielo dulce.
Mi amor.”

“Lance, oh my god.” The small movements were almost too much for him, hips bucking forward.
He collapsed bonelessly on top of Lance, lips finding the bitemark and laving his tongue over it in
soothing licks. “Fuck, I love you.”

The tears made him feel stupid, so he closed his eyes to try and hide them. He stroked Keith’s back
and hair gently, legs possessively staying where they were. He never wanted to move again. “I love
you too,” he breathed, head tilted to provide Keith better access to his neck. “Love you so much, mi
cielo.”

Keith gave his neck attention for a few more moments before lifting up to his elbows, moving in for
a kiss until he noticed the tear tracks on Lance’s cheeks. Concerned, he pushed himself up, pressing
his lips to Lance’s. “Hey, you okay?”

“Mmhm. I’m good. It feels so good, Keith.” Lance wasn’t ready for him to move yet, though, so held
his shoulders. “Stay.”

Relief washed through him, capturing Lance’s lips again. “M’not going anywhere, baby.” Keith
settled back down, mouth trailing kisses on Lance’s throat and neck.

“Okay.” Lance’s grip lessened, fingers stroking back through his hair as he relaxed beneath him on a
soft sigh. “Mi cielo perfecto. That... You made it perfect.”

“Hm, good.” One of Keith’s hands buried in the soft short hairs at the nape of Lance’s neck, the
other gripping his waist. He shifted closer, a low moan falling from his lips at the warm, wet heat still
surrounding him. “I’ll- I’ll never make it anything less than perfect for you.”

Lance didn’t doubt it, or him, for a moment. He whimpered softly at the move, though, tugging on
Keith’s hair. “I- I know, mi cielo. You pronounced ‘te quiero’ the right way.”

Keith smiled, the curve of his lips pressed into his skin. “You say it a lot, so it was pretty easy to pick
up.”

“Pssh.” It had taken him days when Lance had picked up the Korean version in minutes. But he
didn’t tease him for it this time, too content and warm wrapped up beneath him. “I only say it a lot
because I feel it all the time.”

“I do too. I feel it all the damn time.” Keith laid his head on Lance’s shoulder, nosing into his neck to
breathe in his scent. “.”

“Te amo también.” And he knew he’d feel the same the rest of his life. Keith was his first, would be
his only if everything went his way. Lance basked in it, in Keith’s love and the feel of him settled
atop and inside. “Can we just stay here tomorrow? No school, no work. Just you and me and Red at
home all day.”

Keith’s fingers tightened in Lance’s hair, and he found himself agreeing before he had the chance to
think about it. “Yeah, we can.” There were things he wanted to discuss with Coran, but he could get
to those another day. Lance wanted them to stay home, to just be together, and he couldn’t possibly
say no to that. “Let’s stay home.”
“Gracias, mi novio dulce.” Lance smiled, nuzzling his hair and pressing soft kisses across his brow. He clenched around Keith’s cock experimentally, a soft moan escaping at how wet and full he still felt. “Quiero hacerte el amor toda la noche.”

Keith groaned, gently rocking his hips forward. “What- what does that mean?”

“‘I want to make love to you all night long.’” Lance could feel him twitching so clenched again and moved his hips. “Can I- I want to ride you. I want you to fill me up all over again.”

“... [Oh, fuck]. Lance...” Keith lifted up to his elbows again, thrusting shallowly to help his arousal along. “Yeah. Anything you want, baby.”

Lance smiled, running his hands over his shoulders and around to his chest to stroke downwards. He pressed his thumbs against his nipples, rubbing them. “I like feeling you swell inside me. I really like having you so deep. You feel so good, Keith.”

Keith whined, Lance’s words lighting that fire in his belly once more. He was already almost fully hard again, a few more thrusts of his hips getting him there faster. “You feel amazing. I'm gonna flip us over, then, if you want to ride me.”

“Y-yeah.” He wasn’t completely certain what the mechanics would be, but he already had Keith inside him and trusted his boyfriend to guide him if he was wrong. He grasped his shoulders, moaning when they were rolled. He sat up quickly when he nearly slipped out, head falling back on a whimper. Keith felt so much deeper like this. Eager for it, eager for more with his own arousal swelling against Keith’s abdomen, Lance lifted and fell in a careful thrust. He kept his hands on Keith’s chest for balance, whining as fresh pleasure shot through him. “Me encanta. So good, Keith.” And it was so nice to be able to control the pace, moaning again at the next thrust.

“Lance. Oh, Lance, that feels so good.” Keith's hands dropped to Lance's hips, fingers digging in to hold on as Lance moved on top of him. The motion of his hips seemed so fluid, so flawless, that Keith found it hard to believe he'd never done this before. His power bottom boyfriend was finally finding out where he belonged, and that was right atop Keith, riding his dick like a fucking pro. He pressed his hips up to meet Lance’s downward thrusts, smirking when Lance pushed on his chest. “You're doing so good, baby. Such a good boy.”

Yes. He wanted to be a good boy for him, hands sliding up to grip his shoulders when he leaned forward. He quickened his pace, thighs trembling with the effort, but he didn’t stop. Wouldn’t stop until he could feel more of Keith’s release bathing sensitive walls. His breath caught on an outcry, muscles clenching when Keith dragged over his spot, and his hips jerked out of rhythm when pleasure spiked. “Qué rico,” he groaned.

“Yeah, just like that. Fuck.” Keith's world was narrowed down to sensation, only able to feel the tight, wet, perfect heat around him. Trying again, he rocked up into him, pleased when Lance didn't try to stop him this time, instead moaning Keith's name. He dropped kisses along his collarbone, licking the mark he'd made. His eyes glazed over with pleasure, watching Lance move. “I wish you could see yourself like this, Lance. You're so beautiful.”

He wished he could see Keith, but didn’t voice that. He could feel him. He could feel the stretch of every thrust, the wet moving inside and dripping out, the smooth warmth of Keith’s shoulders beneath his hands. And, god, he could hear him. Every filthy sound of skin meeting skin, every pleasured sound and word of praise rang in his ears and spurred him on. “Soy tuyo y eres mío. You’re perfect, Keith.”

“You're the perfect one, Lance.” Moaning, Keith took a hand off Lance's hip to wrap back around
his cock, letting his thrusts control the movement. He was still in no hurry to get off, wanting to take his time and let Lance take his. But he was getting close, could feel it pooling in his abdomen, right on the heels of his first orgasm. “Keep it up, baby.”

Lance bounced his hips, rutting into his hand and down onto his cock. His head fell forward on a low groan, lips trailing down his neck to nip sharply. “Te necesito.” He could feel his own orgasm growing, drawing closer. “I want- ven conmigo. ‘Come with me,’ please.”

“Yeah, come on.” His hand sped up, squeezing just a bit tighter and swiping his thumb over the tip on every stroke. He snapped his hips up, other hand sliding to Lance's ass to spread him open, the come that was already inside him dripping onto his fingers. It was the hottest, filthiest thing he'd ever experienced. “Fuck, L-Lance. I-I'm gonna come, oh my god.”

Lance sat back again, pushing against Keith's chest as they moved together. He moaned and whimpered, letting sensation cascade over him, overwhelming in its brilliance. “Keith- Keith, please, I'm gonna- With me, please!” He clenched around him tightly, back arching just the right way for his length to hit the perfect spot and he was gone. He came on a shout of Keith’s name, his release spilling over Keith’s hand and abs.

Again the increased tightness was too much, and Keith moaned loudly as his second orgasm hit, flooding Lance’s hole with it. Lance's name fell from his lips too many times to count, and Keith grasped at his shoulders, pulling him back down to seal their lips together. With Lance's hole still fluttering around him, he could feel his come starting to drip out, so quickly but carefully flipped them again while keeping himself buried in Lance's wet warmth. He kneaded his fingers on Lance's ass, pushing his cheeks together in an effort to keep anymore of his release from escaping. “How’s it feel, baby?” he asked, voice a low purr. “To be so full of my come? You took it all so good.”

The turn made him whine, back arching. He clenched around him, hands lifting to grip his shoulders. “Good. So good. M’so full.” Full and wet and still reeling from release, but he knew what was next. “K-Keith, please. I'll keep it. I'll be good, please. Want it.”

Keith groaned, his cock over-sensitive from two orgasms in such a short period of time. He could only imagine how Lance was feeling right now. “Okay, yeah. Just- Gimme a minute.” He reached over for the plug, covering it in a thin coating of lube in preparation. Rubbing a hip, he leaned down for a kiss. “You ready?”

Face flushed, eyes glassy, Lance nodded eagerly and lifted his hips. He was more sensitive than he'd ever felt in his life and every motion only served to highlight the experience. “I love you. M’ready.”

“I love you too. It’s gonna be even weirder than me being inside you, but just relax.” He shifted back up onto his knees and started to pull out, watching Lance's rim, red and used, flutter around him. When he was completely out he slid a hand under Lance's back, bending him for easier access. Lance's hole clenched around nothing, some of the come oozing out, and Keith was tempted to just seal his lips over him and suck it out. But he slipped a finger in, stemming the flow of it, before replacing it with the tip of the plug.

He pressed it in slowly, twisting it to work it in, watching Lance's hole stretch obscenely around the rubber. Listening to Lance's moans and pants, Keith kept going until it was all the way in and the flat base was resting comfortably against his ass. “That's it, baby. You’re so good.” Leaning down he sucked a kiss into Lance's inner thigh, then gently let him down so he was lying on his back. “Is it okay? It doesn't hurt, does it?”

It was bigger than his dick had been, but Lance nodded. He clenched and unclenched around it, whimpering softly. “It-” He rolled his hips, feeling it and Keith’s come shift within him. “Fuck,” he
panted. “It's good. Oh my god, Keith.”

“Good, that's- That's good.” Keith was actually going to die, but he couldn’t complain if this was the way he went. He crawled back over his boyfriend, laying down atop him carefully, drawing him in for another kiss. His tongue slipped in between Lance's lips, tangling with his lazily in his post-orgasmic haze.

Sighing into his mouth, Lance lapped at his tongue and steadily relaxed beneath him. The plug was impossible to ignore, his rim fluttering around it and sensitive walls constantly pressed against it, but it was perfect. Filthy and perfect and better than he could've thought. “Estás bien.”

Keith hummed, dropping more kisses on Lance's collarbone. He'd never get enough of him, and as long as he was in his bed and in his life, Keith was never going to stop showering him with affection. “...,” he murmured. “We can nap now, but later we'll need to shower and get that plug out of you. It'll be okay for a few hours, but not all night.”

Tired and feeling very well-loved, Lance nuzzled into Keith’s hair, eyes closing. His arms lifted to lazily wrap around him and link loosely behind his back. “'Kay. Eres precioso.”

“[Dangsineun nae jeonbu ipnida],” he replied, settling down more comfortably atop him. “[Yeongwonhi saranghalge].”

Lance hoped he would because he absolutely felt the same. “...,” he murmured, stealing the petname since he was too tired to think of something else.

“…” Keith repeated. He tightened his hold on him, torn between feeling lighthearted at hearing the endearment and guilty since he still hadn't told Lance the significance behind it. It still made his stomach flip, even if Lance didn't know yet. Hopefully he’d be able to use it in the right context in the near future. “Sleep now, baby,” he muttered, burying his face in Lance's neck. “We'll clean up later.”

Lance hummed, already drifting. He didn’t have to ask if Keith had enjoyed it, if he'd been good enough. Not when he had the evidence locked inside him and arms wrapped tight and secure around him. He didn’t have the same insecurities he had when their relationship had started, Keith helping him find his confidence simply by loving him and being with him, wanting to be with him as much as Lance wanted to be near. It was something he’d nearly been ready to give up on entirely, but this felt so incredibly permanent. It was an impossible miracle, and Lance cherished every moment.

“Nunca te dejaré ir,” he mumbled and fell asleep with Keith warm and solid atop him.

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Chapter End Notes

**I don't actually remember what the hell the actual translation is for this because I lost it somewhere. Apparently I'm an idiot and didn't save it.

Fun fact:
We got a house in March this year, and our cat, Pidge, that we have now had kittens.
We named the orange one Red, and then a couple months later we got a dog (black lab, not brown) and named her Blue. We got her the same shampoo described in this fic and
have bought her Halloween costume to match, which will be described later in the fic. Basically our pets are based off of this fic alone lmao.
Chapter 8

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

Chapter warnings include, but are not limited to:
Oral sex, blowjobs, anal fingering, anal sex, light angst

Monday ended up being the single most debauched day in Lance’s entire life. Keith very literally hadn’t let him get dressed the entire day and the only time he’d been out of bed was when Keith had carried him to the shower. It was the most attention Lance had ever gotten in his life and if he’d had any doubts at all about Keith’s feelings for him, Monday’s abundance of gentle caresses, sweet words, and loving kisses proved it. Ending the night bent over, screaming Keith’s name had just been a very explicit, lovely cherry on top and his hips still stung with finger-shaped bruises when he woke up Tuesday.

They’d already agreed to go back to class and work as scheduled that day. Keith needed to talk to his boss, apparently, and Lance had decided somewhere between Keith hand-feeding him lunch and running those same hands over his soapy skin in the shower that he needed to update his emergency contact info. Work and school needed a name added to the list because this relationship was capital “S” Serious.

He was looking forward to it even though the thought of telling Allura had pink dusting his cheeks. At least the embarrassing thought had him getting out of bed while Keith was in the shower. They probably wouldn’t go anywhere they needed to if Lance joined him this time, so he’d been told to wait his turn. Well, he was going to wait constructively so checked the space beside Keith’s bed - would it be too far to call it their bed? Thoughts for later, he decided, settling into his first pose for sun salutations once he was satisfied there was enough room for him to stretch out by their bed.

As loose as the very incredible sex had made him feel, it had also managed to wind him up like a top. Yoga was calming for him, an exercise that didn't need a gym or crazy equipment he couldn’t even see how to use. He didn’t need anything but his own body and the occasional block if he felt like it. Even the mat was optional, though he’d be bringing his over the next time he stopped in at the apartment. Doing his sun salutations on the hardwood floors was just a little bit uncomfortable, especially since he hadn’t bothered to get dressed. That didn’t slow him, doing his first two sets seamlessly. Every pose helped calm him, made him feel loose and warm. Confident and in control of himself. After the accident, he hadn't been able to do much with the doctors wary of the minor internal bruising and his broken arm, but when he'd finally been cleared to get back into it, even with his cast on, it had made him feel better. More himself. So the fun exercise had become a coping mechanism.

And now it was back to being fun, Lance no longer feeling like he had to cope with anything. His cast was gone, he had a stunning lover who fit every meaning of the word, he'd be getting his dog in less than a week, and he still had the most supportive network of family and friends a guy could ask for. He lacked for nothing. Well... There were still unanswered questions, but he was starting to let them go. It wasn’t his fault that some monster had left him and his dog for dead. It wasn’t his fault
and he was finally, finally starting to believe it.

It was near the end of the third set of sun salutations, facing away from the door as he dipped low into a standing forward bend that he heard the door open to let in the main reason behind his acceptance.

Keith froze with his hand on the knob, eyes locked on Lance’s naked form, bent in half, his bare ass sticking up in the air and cock visible between his thighs. He whimpered, taking a few more moments to just admire him before finally letting go of the handle and moving closer. “Lance, holy crap.” Yoga. His boyfriend was doing yoga. It made him wonder how many other positions he could get into, opening up a world of possibilities for them. He took a seat on the bed, reaching out to brush a hand down his arm. “This is so hot.”

That was a benefit to yoga he hadn’t considered. Lance smiled, shifting easily into a half-standing forward bend. “Is it? I've been skipping my sun salutations, so I decided to get back into the habit.” He kicked back into a plank pose, bending his elbows steadily to hold a four-limbed staff pose. “I've got one more after this if you wanna watch.”

Hell yeah he wanted to watch. He wanted to touch more than anything, but he'd settle for watching. If they started in on anything again, they'd never leave the cabin, and they actually had to do some work today. “Yeah, I'll watch. How bendy are you?”

“It's not just about flexibility, chico lindo. Balance is a key component in most poses.” Lance’s smile went a little wicked as he shifted into an upward-facing dog and then the classic downward dog. “But I can hold my own. Name an animal and there's probably a pose for it. I'll show you.”

The arousal that Keith had managed to will away in the shower was steadily rearing its head again, and Lance knowing he was being a tease was not helping the situation. Just to be an ass, Keith pinched his ass cheek. “Hippo.”

Lance laughed, missing entirely when he tried to swat at Keith's hand. “I know you're saying that to be a brat, but they call child’s pose a hippo in the beginners kids’ classes. So technically, yeah, that's a thing.” He finished the third sun salutation in a few seconds. “Thirty seconds. I'll do my last salutation and show you.”

“Y-yeah, okay.” Keith watched Lance get back into position, facing away from him this time. It was one of the hottest, most arousing displays of flexibility he'd ever seen, the thought of Lance being able to do anything more bendy than this causing his dick to twitch under his towel. Thirty seconds seemed like thirty years, but Lance finally straightened back up, and Keith grabbed his hand to pull him down for a quick kiss. “That was gorgeous.”

Lance stroked his chest, lips curved. “Child’s pose isn't. It's more turtle than hippo so I'm gonna skip it and show you two of my favorites. You want to see something more flexible or something more balanced first?”

“Uh, flexible.” Keith’s voice came out as a tiny squeak. He cleared his throat, crossing his legs on the mattress. “Yeah, flexible.”

Lance bit back a giggle, stepping back from him. They were probably not going to be going to class that day. They only had one each before work, so it would be fine. He was much more interested in showing off for Keith than listening to a retired lawyer ramble about vocabulary. “So both these moves are intermediate, but I've been doing yoga since I was ten.”

He took a few steps back to give himself enough room before bending his knees in an awkward
chair pose, bringing his hands down in front of his heart before shifting his weight to his left side and
lifting his right foot off the floor. “I'm gonna do this one twice. Get both sides.” He smiled, but
focused on his breathing as he shifted poses to steadily get to the one he wanted. Yes, he wanted to
show off. But doing this for eleven years meant he knew better than to just drop into an advanced
pose without any buildup.

He placed his right ankle over his left knee, bending forward until he could place his palms flat.
While it would show off his flexibility, the flying crow was also a good display of arm balance.
Hooking the toes of his right foot against his upper left arm, he leaned forward even further until his
left foot could lift off the floor and stretched his left leg out straight. His arms barely quivered. “This
one’s flying crow.”

“Uh-huh.” Holy. Crow. Lance wasn't lying about being able to hold his own. Literally, holding his
own body up off the floor in such an amazing show of not only his flexibility, but his strength too.
His back and shoulder muscles rippled beneath his skin as he held the pose, and Keith would have
sworn he worked out as well if he hadn't known any better. “That- That's so good. Jesus, Lance.”

“Mm... Soy tu chico bueno.” Smiling, arousal beginning to pool low in his gut, Lance shifted out of
the pose just to begin again to stretch out his right leg. “Did you bother getting dressed? I know
there's no shirt, but what about the rest?”

“No, just- just a towel.” Keith scooted closer to the edge of the bed, closer to Lance. “Why, you have
something in mind?”

“Maybe I'm just thinking about all the ways I can bend for you in bed.” Lance shifted out of
the pose, lips curving into a smirk. “And maybe I want to know if I can hold a scorpion pose if you're
holding certain parts of me.”

“As long as you show me what that pose is, I'll hold whatever you want.” Keith had a pretty good
idea of what that part was, and he desperately wanted to see him do it.

“It's a backbend and an inversion.” Lance took a hold of Keith’s forearms, leaning down to press
their lips together. “If I knew yoga would get you hot and bothered, I wouldn't have been skipping
my sun salutations.”

“Well, you definitely shouldn't skip them from now on.” If this kept up, Keith was going to have to
change his morning classes to afternoons because there was no way they’d leave the house on time.
Ever. “Why don’t you show me the scorpion pose, then, baby,” he urged, undoing his towel with
Lance’s hands still on his arms so he knew what was happening.

He was really starting to love when Keith called him baby, so shivered and slid his hands down. His
fingers trailed over Keith’s length, the touch teasingly light before he drew back. “I don’t think
yoga’s designed to be done when you're turned on.” It wasn’t going to be easy to relax his core
when his dick was stirring, especially since he started on his hands and knees, facing away from
Keith.

If Keith hadn't wanted to see Lance showing off for him, he would have broken down and just taken
him right there. But as far as he could tell, Lance was enjoying it. Glancing between his boyfriend’s
legs, Keith smirked. Oh yeah, he was absolutely enjoying it. Keith kept his hands to himself, but they
itched to reach out and touch, aware enough that Lance was focusing on his next movements. “Keep
going.”

Lance shivered, laying his palms and forearms flat on the floor. His legs straightened in a dolphin
pose and he breathed steadily, slowly relaxing enough to walk his legs towards his elbows until his
hips were over his shoulders. One leg lifted in a downdog split, the other leg bending at the knee before pushing off. He kept his legs straight, toes pointed towards the ceiling as he held the forearm stand.

He held it a few seconds longer than normal, skin tingling with the awareness of Keith’s gaze, arousal a hot, hard ball in his gut. He had to let it unfurl, using it to help his knees bend and head lift. His spine curved almost unnaturally in a deep backbend, toes pointing towards the crown of his head. “This- this is it,” he breathed. “**Scorpion pose.**”

“Holy shit.” Scrambling, Keith slid off the bed, landing hard on his knees onto the floor. He moved closer, not taking his eyes off of Lance, the obscene curve of his body, his dick hanging hot and heavy against his abdomen, the way his stomach was clenching with the effort of keeping himself upright. It was crazy to even think that this was possible, and Keith definitely wouldn't have believed it if he hadn’t been seeing it with his own eyes.

When he got close enough, he wasted no time in taking the tip of Lance’s cock between his lips, smirking around him when he wobbled slightly. He’d grab his hips to keep him steady if need be, but he wanted to see how long he’d be able to hold it first. He moaned, the sound starting low in his throat, vibrations traveling into Lance’s body through his cock.

Lance whimpered, head falling forward and toes curling, but he held the pose. “K-Keith... *Tu boca está tan húmeda. Me encanta.*” The pose went from being one of his favorites to being the favorite.

Keith relaxed his jaw, slowly sucking him down until the head was resting on the back of his tongue, nose pressed against his balls in this position. He swallowed the pre leaking out of the tip, working his throat around him. Keith would never tire of having Lance in his mouth, of his taste, and he moaned again, fingers digging into the flesh of his own thighs.

Lance felt his abdomen tremble, stomach muscles clenching. His fingers started to curl into fists, but it made him wobble so he held them flat again and whined. “Keith, please...” How was he supposed to hold this? He couldn’t move anything or he'd tumble and this wasn't a safe pose to just fall out of, so he was trapped in place, only able to take what Keith gave him. “*Mi cielo,*” he moaned.

The wobbling was only getting worse, so Keith broke and wrapped an arm around Lance’s hip, giving him an anchor. Stretching behind himself, Keith was just able to reach the nightstand to grab the lube off the top, both hands meeting behind Lance to squirt some onto his fingers. He threw the bottle aside, feeling his way to Lance’s hole and slipping a finger inside, thrusting it as he started to bob his head.

Lance cried out, clenching around the digit and having to hold back the urge to writhe or thrust into it or into Keith's mouth. After a full night and day of being loved on, Keith knew exactly where and how to touch him for him to lose it. “F-fuck, Keith. *Joder.* I can’t- I can’t hold this. It's so good, please.”

So Keith would need to make it quick, then. No problem. Another finger slid inside next to the first, scissoring and curling into his prostate. His other hand gripped Lance’s hip, trying to keep him still. Keith sucked harder, lapped at every inch of skin he could reach as his head moved back and forth, humming to ratchet up the sensations.

Lance whined, his sounds high and needy. His head lifted, little desperate noises spilling out as he was dragged to the edge. Keith’s mouth was so hot, his tongue knowing exactly what he liked most and his lips so firm. His fingers were absolute torture, his rim still so sensitive and his spot an easy way to take him to peak. Being trapped in the pose only heightened everything, Lance finding something incredibly erotic about being stuck in place. It could be another kink to explore when they
had more time, and even that jumbled thought was another element that pushed him closer.

Keith bobbed his head faster, a third finger pushing in and pressing down, rubbing mercilessly against his spot. He wanted Lance to come now, needed him to come so he could get him out of the yoga pose and into his lap. The arousal was too strong to ignore, his own dick achingly hard between his legs.

“Ah- Keith, Keith, it’s so- You’re so- I’m-” Lance dropped his head, brow pressing hard against the floor, and nearly fell over as he came. He spilled down Keith’s throat, groaning his name. “Keith, fuck, Keith-!”

Fuck yes. God, Keith loved this part, loved Lance. He swallowed everything Lance had, waiting until his dick stopped twitching before pulling back, slipping his fingers out of his hole and grabbing both of his hips. “Can you get out of this pose now? I need to fuck you, please.”

“You- you have to move or I'll kick y-you.”

Despite himself, Keith chuckled, falling back onto his butt and spreading his legs to give Lance room. As he slowly came out of the pose, Keith slicked himself with lube, rocking into his hand for a moment to relieve some of the pressure. Once Lance had righted himself, Keith grasped onto his waist and pulled him down into his lap. “Oh my god, Lance, I love you.”

“I love you too. So much, novio dulce.” Lance reached down, finding Keith’s cock so he knew how to guide himself down. Wanting to get Keith off, he didn’t give himself time to adjust. He took Keith in deep, only just grasping his shoulders before he began to bounce his hips in earnest. “You’re- you’re gonna- gonna need another sh-shower,” he managed, a hand tangling in his mullet.

“Y-yeah.” He would absolutely need another one, already feeling sweat starting to drip down his neck. This time he would drag Lance in there with him, and they would definitely be late, if they even made it to class at all at this point. But Keith couldn't care about that when he had Lance so warm and tight and just so perfect around him. “Fuck, you feel so good. M’not gonna last long.”

“Don’t want you to. Want you to fill me.” Lance tugged on his hair, dragging his head back so he could get access to his neck. There were already so many marks from his teeth along the column, so he closed his mouth over one and bit down to darken it. “Dame esa leche.”

“Oh god, Lance, I-” Keith shouted as Lance’s hole clenched, Lance still bouncing on top of him, and that was all it took. After the sex marathon they’d had yesterday, his orgasm hit hard and fast. He snapped his hips up as best he could against the unforgiving wood floor, his release spurting inside. Lance moaned, sinking down and rutting his hips to milk him dry. “Ay, qué rico,” he panted, tongue laving over the freshened mark. “You feel so good. So right every time, Keith.”

“You do too. You’re so perfect.” Keith wrapped his arms around Lance’s waist, holding him close and basking in his warmth. “[I love you].”

“Te quiero también.” Lance kissed his way up to Keith’s lips, kissing him with cuddly fondness. “Do you think, when your legs are ready to move, that you can carry me to the shower without pulling out?”

“I can try.” It would take a bit of maneuvering, but Keith might be able to manage it. He’d absolutely make the effort for Lance. “Just a couple minutes and I should be good.”

“Okay.” Lance grinned, long legs wrapping comfortably around Keith’s waist as their lips met again. They definitely didn't end up making it to class, tangled together in the shower until the water ran
cold, but they made it to work on time and the new rule was that Lance wasn't allowed to do yoga naked when they had places to go.

They'd probably end up breaking it soon enough.

Lance was grinning when they finally parted, slipping his sunglasses on before stepping back from his bike. This time his “Love you, bye” was responded to with the same fond declaration, and Lance left him with a warm kiss. “Have fun fixing cars or whatever, chico lindo. [See you later].”

“Yeah, ‘fun.’” Foolishly he made the air quotes, well aware that Lance couldn't see him, but thankful that he couldn't make fun of him for it. He smiled, dragging him into another kiss. “Bye, baby.” He waited until he couldn't see Lance through the windows anymore before taking off for work.

He found Coran on his short break, the urge to speak with him overcoming his hunger. His boss was in the office, and he knocked on the door before opening it. “Hey, Coran, could I talk to you really quick?”

In response, he held up a finger and finished his phone call. “Right. Sure thing, Allura. Of course. I'll talk to you later. G’bye.” Coran hung up and leaned back in his chair, bright mustache twirled between his fingers. “Come on in and have a seat. What did you need?”

Keith sat in one of the free chairs in front of the desk, stuffing the rag he'd been fidgeting with in his pocket. “A couple things, actually. Uh, I wanted to talk to you about maybe getting my schedule changed.” He wanted to try to match Lance’s schedule if at all possible, with the exception of still keeping his Sunday hours the same. “I'd like to have set hours if I could.”

“That shouldn't be a problem. Here.” Coran shuffled through his desk drawers for a pre-printed one and passed it over. “Just write down the schedule you'd like and I'll do my best. They wouldn't start until the next pay period, though.”

“Oh, okay, that's great.” He didn't know why he thought it would be harder than that, but took the paper from him. “I'll get it back to you by the end of the week.” He folded it into a small rectangle, shoving it in his other pocket, grease smearing the white paper. “And I'm actually looking for a sidecar for my motorcycle. One that's safe for like a dog to ride in.”

Coran chuckled. He didn’t bother to suggest that Keith look into getting a car. He'd spent too much time, energy, and money on that bike to give it up. “Thinking about adopting a dog?”

Keith smiled. “Kind of. My boyfriend has one. Or, well, will have one, and she kinda needs to come with us everywhere.”

Bushy orange brows lifted. “A service dog?”

“Yeah, that's right.”

“Alright. Unfortunately, I don't have anything on hand right now or I'd be glad to hand it over. I’ve seen firsthand how dependent upon these service animals some people are. It's commendable that you're willing to compromise enough to get a sidecar.” Coran beamed, bright and wide. “I do know where I can find a one, though, so I'll keep my ears to the walls and we'll see what I can come up with.”

“That’d be great.” Keith grinned, relaxing in his seat. “Thanks, Coran.”

“Of course. I'm always willing to help. Service dogs just hold a special place in my heart, I suppose. I know a lad who goes to your school, actually. He lost his rather tragically a bit ago and hasn't quite
been the same since.”

Wait… “Do- do you mean Lance?”

His brows rose again. “Yeah! I didn't know you knew him. He used to come round here all the time. Stopped a bit before you started here.” Coran rubbed his chin, considering the timeframe. “Mhm. A girl who used to work here hurt his feelings. You were her replacement, actually. I couldn't keep her on after what she said to him, after all. How do you-?” Understanding was like a switch. “Lance is your boyfriend?”

The mention of the girl he'd replaced lingered in his mind, but he shook it off, smile returning. “Yeah, he is.”

“That's wonderful! It's about time some good happened to him. You'll have to tell him I said hello. He hasn't even called in more than a week and Allura’s updates on him haven't included boyfriend details.” Coran nodded his approval, wild mustache bobbing with the motions. “And I'll try and get you both that sidecar as soon as I can find one.”

“Yeah, I'll tell him. Thanks again, Coran. And,” he paused, fidgeting with the corner of his rag sticking out of his jeans. “I'm trying to surprise him with it, so I'd appreciate it if this stayed between us.”

“That shouldn't be a problem.” Coran smiled. “I'm sure he'll love it, and so will his new dog.”

“That's what I'm hoping for.” Keith glanced at the time, noticing he still had a few more minutes of his break that he could use to grab something quick to eat. He rose from the chair, smiling and shaking his boss’ hand. “I'll give you my schedule request soon.”

“I'll keep an eye out for it.”

Keith got it to him by his next shift, but couldn’t find anyone to take his Sunday shift. It made Saturday night a miserable experience for both halves of the couple, even Lance's excitement over getting Blue not helping his tossing and turning. It didn’t help that most of his best products were at the cabin or “back home” as he’d lamented to an amused Hunk.

“I was wondering why I suddenly have all this room in the bathroom. Are you and Keith moving in together?”

“Oh... Not technically? I haven't actually asked. But I have my own drawers in his dresser and he put a little separator in his closet yesterday because I grabbed one of his shirts by accident.” Lance considered it a successful sign of progress. His boyfriend loved him, wanted him there, and by the end of the weekend, his dog would be there too.

Sunday morning, he sent a text straight to Keith after a two hour bout of what could loosely be considered sleep.

From Lance [07:03] Hope you got more sleep than me, mi cielo.

From Keith [07:18] if u got any u got more than me

From Lance [07:20] Don't dash my hopes so immediately. Rude
From Lance [07:21] heart emoji
From Lance [07:21] Hunk and I are in the car to get blue and hi Keith Hunk, why do you always have to interrupt my texts? It's funny
From Lance [07:23] Anyway, I'll see you soon and so will my pupper heart emoji
From Lance [07:24] I love you heart emoji heart emoji heart emoji You know just saying heart emoji doesn't work right? Shut up, Hunk. It does too

From Keith [07:33] i love u 2 baby
From Keith [07:34] c u soon

“Why are you blushing?”

Lance laughed, tilting his head back and closing his eyes to spend the drive napping. Just the few exchanged words made him feel so much better. “He calls me baby sometimes.” Hunk’s playful gagging sounds only made Lance laugh more. “Shut up. It's cute.”

“Whatever you say, buddy. As long as you're happy.”

It had only been a few weeks, but Lance felt happier with Keith than he ever had before. “I am, Hunk. I really, really am.”

He was shaken awake when they arrived at the training school, the nap enough to rejuvenate his naturally high energy levels. They kept him going through the real world drills he and Blue had to pass and then, finally then, Lance was able to lead his very curious dog to the car instead of taking her back to a kennel. He teared up signing the release papers and outright cried when they reached the car. He sat in the backseat with her head in his lap, fingers brushing through her fur nonstop because he couldn't believe he finally had her.

He had a dog again. He had a warm, soft dog who was overprotective and sweet and playful and so incredibly smart. “Mi perrita dulce, yo te mantendré a salvo,” he promised. Whatever it took. He wouldn't let her get hurt anymore than Blue would let him. It wouldn't happen again. She sat up and licked his cheek, letting Lance cling to her the whole ride back to town.

“Hey, you want me to take you to the apartment or Keith’s place?” Hunk watched them through the rearview mirror. “Is he working today?”

“Yeah, but what time is it?”

“Uh... Just past eleven.”

From Lance [11:05] When do you get your break?


From Lance [11:24] That's okay heart emoji I'll talk to you then


Hunk dropped him off fifteen minutes later, Lance's palms just a little damp as he and Blue settled into their first excursion outside of training drills. This was it. If she failed now - or if he failed her - they were done.

“We're going to see Keith,” he explained, Blue’s tail wagging once in understanding. “Good girl. Forward. We're going inside.”

Blue trotted forward, guiding Lance to the entrance. She hopped onto her hind legs to push the door open for him, earning a pat. He followed her inside, listening to the sounds of drills and machinery, breathing in the scents of rubber and, oh yeah, motor oil. They were so close to Keith now.
“Lance!”

He turned towards the familiar voice, lips curving. “Hey, Coran. Keith told me he was working here.” Which had been a pretty exciting surprise. He'd met the New Zealander his first year of college through Allura and they'd bonded quickly over missing their homelands, though Lance’s sorrows had been derived more through childhood bullying and Coran’s through pure nostalgia. The man had helped him open up to that part of himself, to go public with it, and was easily ninety percent of the reason why he spoke Spanish outside of his family's home.

“And he told me you were getting your new guide today. Hello!”

Blue’s tail wagged once, but she stayed by Lance's side to wait for permission to react or for further instruction to find Keith. Lance grinned. “Yeah. He said he was breaking at twelve, so Blue and I decided to surprise him.”

Coran nodded. “Come on then. I'll take you right to him. He's finishing a tune-up on an old SUV. Should be done any minute unless there were other problems. Bit of a perfectionist this one unless the owner manages to tick him off.”

His very sweet boyfriend could be quite the asshole, so Lance didn’t doubt that for a moment. “Then they deserve subpar service.”

Chuckling, Coran led them around stations until they came to the one Keith worked at. He was beneath the vehicle, only his boots visible as he worked on the undercarriage. “You come see me when you're about ready to leave, alright? Missed having you underfoot.”

“Maybe I'll come by more now that I've got a boyfriend to distract.”

“Troublemaker,” he accused fondly, giving Lance’s shoulder a squeeze.

“You know it.” Lance smiled, waiting for his footsteps to fade before he had Blue edge closer to the car Keith worked on. He used his cane to find his boots and tapped them. “Keith,” he whined, “I've been here five whole minutes and you haven't even kissed me. Fix it.”

Surprised, but no less happy, Keith rolled out from under the SUV, having just finished replacing the gasket on the transmission. He smiled upon seeing Lance, hopping to his feet while wiping his hands off on his rag. “Lucky for you, I fix things for a living.” He wrapped a greasy hand around Lance’s wrist, leaning in to press their lips together.

Lance sank into it with a contented hum. He hadn’t gotten a kiss from him since the morning before and his lips felt neglected. His tongue sought Keith’s, tangling with it in the space between their mouths, and he moaned softly when cinnamon tingled over his taste buds. That was his Keith, even though the grease he could feel on his wrist was gross, gross, and gross, his taste was a familiar heaven and Lance needed it.

Keith kept the kiss going a few more moments before pulling away, resting their brows together. “I didn’t expect to see you til after I got off today.”

“I know, but me and my pupper wanted to see you.” Lance smiled, kissing him again. “You're on break after you finish this, right?”

“Yeah. Just gotta get it down off the lift and outside and then I'm all yours for an hour.”

“You're always all mine.” Lance nibbled Keith’s lower lip. “But you'd better wash your hands after you're done with this thing. Gross, Keith.”
Keith laughed, the breath from it puffing over Lance's lips until he caught them in another kiss. “Don't worry, you germaphobe. I always wash up afterwards.” Reaching down with his other hand, Keith teasingly pinched Lance's ass. “Why don't you go wait for me in the break room. I'll only be a couple minutes.”

“Okay. Hurry up. I've missed you. And Blue wants you to pet her, but you're absolutely not allowed until your hands are clean.” Hearing her name, her ears perked and she butted her head against Lance's leg.

“Aw, why not? We have shampoo for her.” Keith laughed when Lance swatted him. “Okay, okay. I'll go wash up.” He parted from Lance long enough to grab a clean rag and wipe his wrist with it. “Go on, and I'll meet you in there.”

“Alright. Come on, Blue.” Lance remembered where the break room was so was able to tell Blue where to go. He crouched down once they were in the small room, telling her to relax so he could scratch her behind the ears and laughed when she nuzzled into his neck. “Mi perrita buena.”

Keith walked in a few short minutes later, seeing Lance and Blue in the same position, smile growing wider on his face. He squatted down next to Lance, placing a - now clean - hand in the small of his back. “You guys are so cute.” With the other clean hand, he reached out to finally pet Blue like he'd wanted to do when he first saw her. “Hi, Blue.”

She let out a soft woof, licking his hand, and Lance leaned against his boyfriend. “Keith, I've got my dog.”

Smiling, Keith pressed a kiss into Lance's hair. “I know, baby. I'm so happy that you do.”

Cheeks pink, Lance turned to hide his face against Keith's shoulder. He was never going to get used to being called baby. “So we've got you for an hour? What were you doing for lunch?”

“I usually just sit in here and text you. Sometimes I'll grab something from the snack machine.” He shrugged slowly, not wanting to dislodge Lance. “Why, did you have something in mind?”

“Mm-mm. I just wanted to know what the plan was. I know there are a couple places we could walk to and just wasn't sure if you went anywhere or what.” Lance lifted his head, lips brushing up his neck. “I need to get Blue acclimated to the area, so she and I'll be walking a lot this week.”

Keith knew that Lance could take care of himself, especially since he had Blue with him now, but the thought of his boyfriend walking around without him made him wary. “Yeah, we could go get some lunch.”

“Okay.” Lance took Keith’s hand in both of his, thumbs caressing in gentle circles. “It's... It's kind of dumb, but as soon as Hunk drove away, I got nervous and all we had to do was come inside. So I'd really like it if you came for my first actual walk with her.”

“Of course. I told you I would, didn't I?” Keith stopped petting Blue long enough to cup Lance's cheek.

“Yeah.” Lance turned his head to press a kiss to his palm. “Come on. Coran'll let a few minutes over break slide because I'll say please and he can't say no to me, but we should still get going. I haven't eaten today anyway, so I'm starving. My stomach was all knotted this morning.”

Keith couldn't chastise him like he wanted since he hadn't eaten anything all day either, so just nodded. He kissed Blue on top of her head, then Lance. “Let's go, then.”
“Te quiero.” He rose, smile bright, and tugged Keith up so he could pull him into a kiss.

Keith sighed happily, wrapping his arms around Lance's waist and holding him close as their tongues met. It was unhurried and so full of the love they felt for each other, that Keith couldn't help the curve of his lips against Lance's. “[Saranghae],” he murmured when they parted. “So much.”

“Mi amor,” Lance hummed, stroking his sides. Blue headbutted his leg and he laughed softly. “Okay, yeah. It's my girl's lunchtime too, so let's go.”

Keith took Lance's hand in his and led him and Blue back through the shop and outside. It was a nice day for a walk, no clouds in the sky and a light breeze ruffling Keith's hair. He squeezed tighter to Lance's hand as they walked down the sidewalk, letting Blue lead for the most part, though Keith whispered instructions into Lance's ear so he could let her know which way they were supposed to be heading. In Keith's eyes, she did really well leading them, and it only made him happier with the fact that she was going to be with Lance all the time.

“There's a small sub place up here on 6th, which is where I'm having Blue lead us.” Keith lifted their joined hands, dropping a kiss to the back of Lance's. “Subs are okay with you, right?”

“Yeah.” Walking with Keith had absolutely been the best decision to make, at least this first time. It had been a long time since he'd had to acclimate a guide dog to an area, and he was going to have to do that for Blue. More importantly, he'd have to remember that she wasn't acclimated. He'd been able to tell Kitty to find Allura's office and she'd know right where to go with little instruction. Blue hadn't even met Allura yet. Work, too, would be an adjustment for her.

He was looking forward to it, though. He'd teach her everything she needed to know about his habits and the places he went to most. Work, school, and home were the main three, and he was absolutely going to introduce Keith's cabin as home.

“How's she look to you? She's not getting distracted or anything?”

“Hm, no. I don't think so. She's just got her nose up in the air.” It was only because this was a new area to her and there were so many different smells, but for the majority of their walk, she'd stayed focused and on course. “She's good.”

Lance blew out a relieved breath. “I'm just- I'm kind of scared that if there's even one thing wrong, they'll take her away from me again. Like, they're allowed to. If they think I'm doing anything wrong or if she seems inconsistent at all during the home visits, they can take her. Either for re-training or just permanently, and I can't lose her.”

“She'll be fine, Lance. She's been good this long.” He took another look at her, still guiding them along, and while she wasn't familiar with the area, she was doing a really good job at following their directions. “I don't think you have anything to really worry about.”

It still made him nervous, but he trusted his boyfriend. Giving his hand a squeeze, he bumped their hips together. “Then hopefully I don’t let her down. Are we almost there?”

“Yeah, two more turns and then straight for a bit and it'll be on our side of the street.” Keith let go of his hand so he could wrap an arm around his waist instead.


“You're welcome, Lance, but you don’t have to thank me. I'd do anything for you.”

“I know, but being sweet and supportive isn’t really... It’s different from, like, this. You walking with
me. That’s a thing you’re doing for me because I asked. You reassuring me is different, and I really appreciate it. I like that you’re supportive and sweet with me when I’ve heard you be a petty asshole to other people.”

“Yeah, well, I'm not in love with other people.” Keith tightened his arm around Lance’s waist. “But I'm only a petty asshole if people treat you differently just ‘cause you're blind.”

Lance laughed. “Keith, everyone treats me differently because I’m blind.”

He knew that, and that accounted for his temper and bad moods whenever they went anywhere in public together. He’d been trying to keep it to himself lately, but sometimes his anger escaped anyway. “I know. But that doesn't mean I can't hate it.”

“No, I know. But, luckily for you, I think you being an asshole for me is kind of sweet too.” Lance kissed his cheek. “I’m more used to having to just ignore jerks and move on, so I kind of like hearing you defend me.”

“I like defending you.” Keith also knew that Lance didn't necessarily need defending, that he’d gotten by on his own just fine before they’d met, but it made him feel better. Like Keith was his bodyguard. “I'll be sure to do it more often.”

“Keith! Don’t make people hate us!” Laughing, Lance shoved him. “At least pretend to behave, oh my god.”

Keith grinned, fingers curling into Lance’s jeans after his arm had slipped from around him. “Why would you care if complete strangers hate us?”

“Because karma’s a thing!” Lance huffed, trying not to laugh again. “Besides, my whole vibe is anti-hate. You’d be ruining me, Keith.”

“Nah, pretty sure I did that already.” Except it wasn’t that Keith had ruined Lance so much as he had completely owned and claimed him. “Nobody’s gonna blame you for being mean anyway. So, again, nothing to worry about.”

Lance sighed, telling Blue to turn when Keith whispered the direction in his ear. “Okay, okay. I'll let you be my knight in shining armor. Not that I really have a choice to begin with since I'm pretty sure you'd continue being your adorable asshole self to bullies anyway.”

“Well, yeah. A prince needs his knight, right?” Smirking, Keith pressed a kiss to Lance's cheek.

Lance shook his head, cheeks pinkening under Keith's lips. “If I didn't like the idea of being a prince, I'd probably be insulted. But if I'm a prince and you're a knight, you have to do what I say. I could get used to that.”

“Mm, I'm sure you could.” Keith gave him another kiss, and the last direction whispered into his ear, smiling when Blue followed it perfectly. They were in the last stretch of their trip, and Keith stopped them when they reached the small sub shop a minute later. “Okay, here we are.”

“Thank god, I'm starving.” Lance stepped in when Keith held the door open for him, breathing in the scents of meats and cheese, freshly baked bread and various toppings to choose from. It was perfect. It was also Blue's first time in a restaurant since early in her training and there were people standing in line waiting to order and a handful sitting at the tables scattered throughout the little shop. Some looked their way, a few nonplussed to see a dog in their midst and a few curious. She didn't falter at the attention their presence briefly garnered, but her head swiveled side to side, nose twitching as she
took everything in. She guided Lance to the end of the line, waiting patiently for the next instruction and hoping she'd be getting fed too while Keith quietly read off the menu since it was on the board behind the counter rather than printed.

Lance settled on his order quickly, but needed something extra. “Can you do a regular club too? No cheese, just the six inch, no toppings. I've only got a little bit of food for Blue, but I need something to put it in and she can have some of the sandwich.”

“Yeah, I can do that.” Keith decided on what he was going to get too, and pulled out his wallet in preparation to pay when they got to the register. “How spoiled are you trying to make this dog, anyway?”

“She's my baby, Keith, so completely spoiled.” He patted the top of her head, smiling when she shifted closer to his leg. “Besides, it's her first day. She deserves something special.”

Keith smiled down at her. She absolutely did deserve something special, and Keith was right there with Lance on spoiling her, but couldn't have passed up the opportunity to call him out on it. “Then we should do something for her for dinner tonight, too.”

“Now who's spoiling her?” Lance grinned, finding Keith's hand to give it a squeeze. “But we are absolutely doing something for her. We can't skip out on my family two weeks in a row, so I know they'll do something. And Stefani and Michael are going to love her, so she'll have some run around time.” He laughed, lifting Keith's hand to his lips. He really had his dog. “But first she gets to be introduced to Red, so we've got adventures in store for us.”

Right. Keith had forgotten all about the Sunday night family dinner. Then tomorrow they’d have to do something more special for Blue. He’d make it a surprise. Keith smiled, lacing their fingers together. “True. Red should be fine.” She had her condo now if she needed to escape, but she’d always been a fairly playful cat. The only issue Keith was worried about was that she really hadn't been around any other animals before, but hopefully she’d be okay. “I want to see if they'll actually play together.”

“I hope so.” He loved playing with Red, the toys they'd picked out for her a success. She especially loved attacking the feathers when Lance sat on the floor and jingled the stick. Blue likely wouldn't be interested in such a game, but she'd very likely be interested in the cat herself.

Lance fell quiet when Keith placed their order, taking out his cane. “Blue and I are gonna find us a table, okay?”

“Sounds good. You want a Mountain Dew, right?”

“Always.” Lance grinned. “Come on, Blue. Let's find an empty table.” Her ears perked, understanding the concept from drills, and was able to guide him to a table without incident.

It was after they'd sat that trouble started, a child's outcry of “Puppy!” Lance's only warning before Blue was pounced on by two little girls. One of them managed to step on her tail, Blue letting out a whine but not moving out of her seated position while they giggled and pet her.

Lance tensed at the sound. “Blue, andar,” he ordered and she slinked around to the other side of his chair, tail tucked close when he had her sit again. “Perrita buena.” Where were their parents? He'd never minded letting people pet Kitty and didn't altogether mind the idea of letting them pet Blue, but it was her first day and she wasn't used to being around kids. She definitely wasn't used to getting hurt, though he didn't know what exactly had made her whine.
“You talk funny.”

It was harmless, really. A child's remark on his first language wasn't something that should make him tense as much as it did, but his hands curled into tight fists atop the table and his spine straightened. “It's Spanish. Go find your parents.”

“But we want to pet the dog,” the other one complained. “Why'd you make her go away?”

“She's working.”

“That's dumb. Dogs don't work.”

His did. Lance frowned, laying a hand atop Blue's head when she nudged his knee. “Espera,” he murmured to her, keeping her steady. He normally had more patience for kids and may have had more for these girls if they hadn't hurt his dog. He hadn't been ready to hear her whine, the sound making him ache in ways he hadn't been prepared for. Toss on the insults and his patience went dry. “I-”

“Oh my god, I am so sorry.” There was a laugh, big and loud and entirely not soothing. “My girls just run wherever they want. They saw your dog and went wild.”

“Mom, he said his dog's working,” one of them said, disbelief clear in her tone. “He won't let us pet her.”

“Oh, really? And why not?”

Lance tensed again, shoulders hunching defensively at the change in tone. She'd gone from amused to judgemental in the span of two seconds and his throat closed. They'd hurt her. They'd hurt her, and he couldn't let them touch her again. “I-”

Keith dropped their drinks and the bag of sandwiches down on the table before leveling a glare at the woman, one hand pressing into the small of Lance's back. “Can I help you?” He'd heard Blue's whine even from where he was across the room waiting for their food, and had silently begged the cashier to hurry the hell up when he saw what was going on.

“Keith,” Lance breathed, relaxing under the reassuring pressure even though he immediately felt stupid. His boyfriend was never going to think he could be on his own if he couldn't pull himself together over something small like this.

The mother, meanwhile, just scoffed. “Obviously, you just need to learn how to deal with children or keep your dog at home if you don't want people coming up to you. Come on, girls.”

“But mom,” they whined in unison, their obvious displeasure carrying over as they got in line.

Lance heard demands for cookies before he tuned them out and carefully reached for a drink. At least he got the right one there, taking a few sips of Mountain Dew. “Will you look at Blue? I know they hurt her, but I don't know where or if it was... Like, I know it's probably not that bad. I just want to make sure.”

“Yeah, I heard her while I was in line.” Keith went around to Lance's other side where Blue was, practically sitting on her tail in her attempt to keep it close. So one of those brats must have accidentally stepped on it. “She's okay. Shaking a little bit. Can you tell her to relax?” He wanted to pet her and make sure she was really okay, but now knew better than to touch her while she was still working.
“I can’t let her completely while we’re in here, but there’s a midpoint.” He stroked her head, scratching gently behind her ear. “Calmarse, mi perrita dulce. Está bien.” Her ears perked as she pressed herself closer to his leg. “There we go. That’s my good girl.”

Keith reached out to pet her too, carefully taking her tail and rubbing it gently. Her shaking eased a bit under the attention, but she didn’t move away from Lance at all. “It’s okay, [princess],” he assured, dropping a quick kiss to the top of her head. “You’re okay.” He let go of her tail and stood back up, slipping into the seat next to Lance with Blue between them. “She’s alright. One of those dumb brats must have stepped on her tail.” He didn’t bother lowering his voice, hoping that the mom could hear him.

“Mi novio dulce.” Lance reached for the sandwich bag, finding Blue’s easily. He unwrapped it, fashioning a bowl out of it with a few quick folds. It was far from his first impromptu food dish. She couldn’t have too much of it at a time, so he cut it in half with the plastic knife included in the bag and cut it into smaller pieces from there. “Thanks. I kind of... froze, I guess. Usually, I don’t have that problem with kids.” A plastic baggie was tugged out of his jacket pocket, the hard food getting dumped in the paper bowl alongside the sandwich pieces. He set it on the floor, giving Blue a fond scratch behind the ear. “Eat.”

“No, it's fine. It is Blue's first day, right?” He grabbed his own sandwich, taking a bite and mentally thanking Lance for suggesting the walk because yeah, he was starving too. And just because he was in the mood now to start shit, he tossed a glare back at the small family in line. “If some people knew how to control their damn kids, you wouldn't have had that problem.”

“Stop it.” Lance smiled, poking his shin beneath the table, no idea that the woman had turned to glare at them. He fished out his sub, unwrapping half. He didn’t have the appetite for the whole thing anymore and likely wouldn’t have tried to eat any of it if he thought Keith would let him get away with not eating. “You’re totally right, but stop.”

“Why?” But it was more of a rhetorical question, so Keith took another bite of his sub. “I’m not gonna be able to let you go anywhere without me, am I?” he teased.

“Pssh, you asshole. I'm not that pitiful.” Lance poked him again, smile warming. “But you'll have to. My pupper and I aren't exactly portable on a motorcycle.”

Keith shifted in his chair. Trying to keep the sidecar a surprise from Lance was torture, but Coran still hadn’t found one yet, so it’s not like anything was set in stone yet. Still, he didn’t want to blab about it, so kept quiet. “Yeah, I know. I wish I didn’t have to, though. I don't like the idea of you being by yourself, even with Blue.”

“I love you.” Lance leaned over, lifting a hand to his cheek so he knew where to press his lips. “If it makes you feel better, I’ll tell Coran to let you call and talk to me until you get off work.”

“If I could get away with that, I would definitely do it.” Actually, his headphones had a microphone attached to the cord, so he could totally pull it off. If Coran let him. “If you wanna try, go for it.”

“I will. And he’ll probably let us get away with it as long as you don't let your work slip. Besides, my girl and I are totally adorable. Right, Blue?” Lance reached down when he felt shifting against his leg, scratching Blue behind the ear when she lifted her head to meet him halfway. “That's my good girl. Nobody can say no to us.”

Keith included. And that was dangerous because he’d been completely serious when he told Lance he’d do anything for him. Anything he wanted. “I never let my work slip. So yeah, I'll be able to talk to you til I come home.” He caught Lance’s hand, lifting it for a kiss. “Are you gonna have Hunk
drop you off after I get off?”

“You're off at two, right?” Lance shrugged. “I was just gonna take Blue to the park. I've got a tennis ball in my pocket and her brush, so she and I'll be good. Just tell me when you're home and we'll just walk there.”

“...Okay,” he agreed hesitantly, still not comfortable with Lance walking about on his own, especially since Blue wasn’t familiar with the area. “You’ll be able to find it alright?”

“I know exactly where the park is from your work, trust me. I used to take Kitty straight there all the time. It was her reward for stomaching Coran's subpar treats. He used to give her those mint bones? Blue here likes them, but Kitty would just very politely tolerate them until we could get out and I could give her a real treat.”

Keith chuckled. “Okay, but what about getting back to the cabin? Do I need to give you directions?”

“Oh. Uh. Yeah, if you want. I usually just plug stuff into my phone's GPS if I don't know how to get there, so we should be fine.” Lance gave his hand a squeeze. “I promise I know how to get around on my own. I only have one blight on my many years of walking blind.”

“I know, I'm just worried.” Probably stupidly, but worried all the same. “I'll give you the address then for your GPS.”

“Um... I've already got it, so it's cool.”

“Oh. Okay.” That was good, then, but, “How?” Because it wasn't like Lance exactly needed it for anything, so Keith was just a little confused.

Cheeks coloring, Lance tipped his head down and actually took a second bite of his sandwich to give himself time. “I, um, asked Hunk for it. On Wednesday. I needed it.”

Keith reached over and tilted his chin up so he could see his face, brushing a thumb along his jaw. “You know I'm not mad, right? Just curious.” He couldn't tell what was going on in Lance’s mind, but he looked almost guilty, so Keith was immediately in reassurance mode. “Why’d you need it?” He was also satisfied to see that he'd taken another bite of his sub, since he hadn't been eating the entire time they'd been sitting there.

“I know you're not mad. It's not really a thing to be mad about. I'm just-” Embarrassed. He hadn't meant to talk about this and hadn't been about to admit to it. What if Keith thought he was moving too fast? “I, um... I updated my emergency contact info through work and school? I added you.”

“Really? That-That's great.” Keith dropped his hand to Lance's knee, giving it a squeeze. “I'm glad you did.”

“Yeah?” Lance’s smile lit his face up, eyes bright. “I just didn't want you to be the last person to know if something happened to me and, well, we've been together so much that it made sense. And-” And their relationship was serious. It was the single most importantly serious thing in his life, and he wanted to keep it - keep Keith - forever. “I love you. So it felt right.”

“I love you too.” He didn't want to be the last person to know, either, if something happened. He'd want to be first, as selfish as it was because he knew that Lance's mom was absolutely first on that list, but he'd settle for second. “I'm really, seriously glad you did that.”

Lance nodded, relieved and so very happy his boyfriend understood and approved. “So when are you gonna add me?” he teased.
“Now that I know you already have?” Keith knew he was just teasing, but it wasn't a bad idea for him to add Lance as his. He only had Shiro as a contact right now. “I'm adding you as soon as I get back from break.”

Lance lifted a hand to his cheek, thumb brushing his lips just before he leaned in to replace the digit with his mouth for a brief kiss. “How much longer do you have?”

Keith checked the clock on the wall behind the counter. “Uh, like twenty-five minutes.”

“You should eat, Keith.” Lance prodded his shin beneath the table. “I want to take a nap with you after we introduce Red and Blue to each other. If you're hungry, it'll disrupt my whole gameplan.”

“I have been eating. *You* need to eat. You've only taken two bites.” To make his point, Keith shoved Lance's sandwich closer to him. “Eat.”

Lance frowned, tearing off a corner of the sub. “That *is* eating.”

“That's not enough.” Keith shook his head, finishing off the first half of his. Lance still had more than half of his *first* half left. “Come on, baby, you said you were starving. At least eat that half.”

He had been starving, but the “damn kids,” as Keith had so kindly called them, and their overbearing mother had managed to kill it. Relaxing with Keith certainly helped, so he took another bite to appease him. “Okay, okay. I've got more time to eat than you do, though, so I'm fine.”

“I know, but… I just worry about you.” It was weird having someone he was actually, legitimately worried about all the time, but this was also the most serious he'd ever been with anyone. And it wasn't a *bad* feeling, just different. “Promise me you'll eat later, then?”

“*Eres dulce, mi novio precioso.*” Lance's heart just swelled more. How could this hot-tempered asshole be so heedlessly rude to some people just to turn around and be so sweet and gentle with him? “I'll eat this half now and have the rest at the park. Okay?”

Keith smiled, satisfied he'd been able to get his way. “Okay, I guess I can live with that.”

He didn't really have a choice, but Lance didn't point that out. Instead, he asked about work and listened to Keith stumble over descriptions of engines and car parts with a smile. It was a topic he couldn't interject into besides the occasional tease.

Because, really, his boyfriend was just the worst at describing things and Lance really just wanted to listen to his voice anyway, especially amused when he gave up talking about engines and started in on customers. It was cute when he was annoyed, his voice cracking just the slightest bit when he was especially worked up and apparently the woman who hadn't understood that four wheel drive and four-by-four were the same thing and, no, that didn't mean her SUV had the engine of a truck was worth getting really worked up about.

His boyfriend was such an adorable asshole. Lance could barely handle him. And he didn’t even see Keith flip the preppy soccer mom off as they were leaving, only smiling when the arm around his waist suddenly tightened. Blue was happier too, prancing out ahead of them with her tail wagging. Lance could feel it beat against his calf, but didn't make an attempt to stop her. She was going to love the park.

When they reached the overblown garage, Keith was only four minutes over his break. By the time they stopped in Coran’s office to let him know that Keith needed to update his emergency contact info, it was seven. The goodbye kiss Lance demanded before he and Blue took off pushed him over ten minutes, but it was worth it.

“Love you too, baby. I'll see you later.” Keith pressed another quick kiss to his cheek. “Have fun at the park, and be safe.”

“You sound like such a dad,” he teased, “but I will. Blue, say bye.” She barked once and lifted a paw to shake.

Keith crouched down and took her paw. “Bye, [princess]. I'll see you later at home too.” He leaned in to give her a quick kiss on the head too before standing back up.

Lance didn't want to go, but drew away knowing that Keith would call him once he was situated beneath the hood of the next vehicle. And now that he and Blue had done one walk successfully, he was feeling more confident. “Vamos, Blue.” She happily took him to the door while he retrieved his cane and they were out. Five minutes later, he had Keith's voice back in his ear and was treated to his swears as he muttered over the condition of the engine and how irritating it was that people didn't bother taking better care of their vehicles.

Once he'd safely reached the park, he took over the conversation and Blue's joyful barks filled the background while he played fetch with her between bites of his sub. With everything calm and happy around him, his appetite had returned with a vengeance and he was already thinking about what his mom would be throwing together for dinner that night.

Until his brow furrowed and he called Blue over to brush the tangles from her fur. “Keith? How are we going to get Blue to my family's place tonight? I mean, I don't mind the walk but... It's kind of far.”

“Um… Shit, I don’t know.” There was a long pause and a soft banging noise of metal against metal before Keith spoke again. “Is there anyone that can give us a ride?”

“Yeah, probably. I can ask one of the sibs. Raquel lives closest, so it'll probably be her.” Lance brushed Blue quietly for a few seconds. “I... I didn't really think about transportation issues. I guess me and Blue are walking to class tomorrow.”

The banging stopped, the only sound coming through the receiver being Keith's steady panting for a minute. “I'm sorry, baby,” he said finally. “I'll walk with you.”

“That's okay. You're working tomorrow after class, right? Your new schedule kicks in.” He injected some cheer into his tone. It wasn't too difficult since he did love Keith's new schedule even though he'd kept his Sunday hours. It meant he would get the cabin to himself a few hours on Sundays and time with their furry children. And it meant he could sneak up and steal his boyfriend away on breaks the way he'd done this Sunday. “You'd end up walking home on your own, and I don't want that. It's fine. I can walk, and you can sleep in a little bit.”

“No, I wanna walk with you and Blue. I don’t want you guys to walk alone.” The sound of a socket wrench turning filtered through, Keith’s breathing interspersed with soft grunts. “Besides, I can take care of myself walking home from work. It's not that far and it's not even dark early yet.”

“Okay.” He'd still try and talk him out of it later because it just didn't make sense, but he tabled it for the moment. They had the whole week ahead of them and Lance highly doubted that Keith would want to walk with him all that way all week. He knew the school was an hour and a half walk from the park if he took his shortcuts - shortcuts he'd have to teach Blue. And it was a twenty minute walk to Keith’s from the park. So almost two hours just to get to the school.
He didn't want to put Keith through that and felt like an idiot for not thinking of it sooner. He didn't want Keith to have to get a car, not when he obviously loved his bike. He'd gotten it from Shiro. Keith shouldn't have to replace it just to accommodate him and his dog. His mood plummeted. “I should text Raquel and see if she can come get us. I'm gonna go, okay?”

“Oh, okay.” Another long pause. “You gonna call me back when you're done?”

“I'll just wait for you to get home and you can call me then. It's not that far away, right?”

“No… it's not.” The metal banging sound returned, this time louder and more aggressive. “I guess I'll call you when I'm home then.”

“Are-” He wanted to ask if Keith was mad at him, but just like at the deli he felt his throat close. Of course he was. Of course he was realizing that this was a problem. Him and his dog were a problem. His breath hitched, a panicked little sound. He couldn't deal with Keith being angry at him, not when his self-confidence was suddenly right back on such shaky ground. “I love you. I'm sorry,” he rushed out and ended the call. He didn't bother texting his sister, muting his phone and pushing his headphones into their bag.

God, he was pathetic. He hated feeling pathetic. Pathetic and needy, trapped on the pavement with a nasty man's insults and dismissal still ringing in his ears. “Fuck. Why is he even with me?” A soft little lick to his cheek had the dam breaking, and he clung to Blue while his tears wet her fur.

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Chapter 9

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

Sorry this chapter is late being uploaded, especially after that cliffhanger on chapter 8. >:) Listen, Stranger Things 2 was released yesterday and I got distracted, okay?

Warnings for the chapter include, but are not limited to (do I sound like an insurance agent yet?):

Handjobs, come play, come eating (Keith's filthy, alright?)

FUCKING SHIRO AND HIS EMOJIS. AO3 DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THEM IN TEXT.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Lance had hung up on him without letting him get another word in, Keith spent the rest of his shift feeling even more alone, confused, and, honestly, hurt. He knew Lance thought he was mad at him, could hear it in the way his voice broke on the words “I love you” right before the pitiful “I'm sorry” until the click of the call ending echoed in his ears. He’d called back several times afterwards, but all his attempts went straight to voicemail and he’d gotten more than a little worried.

But there was nothing he could do about it, not until he was able to wrap up and leave, and he still needed to get with Coran again to actually update his emergency contact info since there hadn't been time on his break. He also wanted to know where they were on finding a sidecar for Blue, especially since the whole situation that had just happened could have been avoided if he’d had it. Coran had told him he was working on it, though, so Keith couldn't really fault the guy. His boss was always good on his word, anyway.

As soon as two o’clock hit, he threw his rag in the dirty pile and went to find Coran in his office, knocking on the door and actually waiting for permission to go in before opening it. “Hey, Coran. I'm out for the day, but I wanted to update that info with you.”

“Sure. Come on in.” Coran looked up with a smile and retrieved a tablet from the corner of his desk, swiping his finger across the lock screen to awaken it. “I've got it pulled up here if you just want to plug in the extra information and then you can be on your way.”

“Yeah, sounds great.” Keith took the tablet from him and sank down into the chair, navigating to the section for his emergency contacts. As he filled out the information, he asked, “So any news yet on the sidecar?”

“I'm waiting for word on that now. Something was found yesterday and they were going back today to get it. Actually...” Coran pulled his phone out of his pocket, lips curving slowly at the newest messages. “Yep! All done. Here's a picture if you want to see. I think it'll look nice with that motorcycle of yours.”
Keith traded devices with Coran, swiping through the pictures. It looked almost brand new and matched the color scheme of his bike perfectly, black with bright red accents. The paint gleamed in the sun in the photos and made it look, well, majestic was the only word Keith could think of.

It was perfect.

“This is… this is awesome.” There weren’t that many pictures, but the ones there were managed to get it at every angle, and Keith scrutinized each one again. When he checked who had sent the images, his eyebrows shot up. “These are from Shiro. Did- Did he help you find this?”

“Well, I thought I should go to the bike’s original owner to get the best possible sidecar and then Allura got involved. It turned into their project more than mine, honestly.” Coran smiled, taking his phone back when it was offered. “And after seeing how happy Lance is with you, I think it was certainly worth it.”

Well, Lance wasn’t very happy with him right now, but Keith kept that to himself. He’d hopefully be happier after Keith got to show him what he had done for him and Blue. He smiled, though it was a little sad. “Yeah. Thanks, Coran. But I guess I owe my thanks more to Shiro and Allura, huh?”

“You can give them your thanks when they deliver it. You’ll have to let them know when you’d like it.” Coran pocketed his phone after sending a quick message to the couple. When he picked up the tablet to actually look at it, he wasn’t at all surprised by the name, but blinked at the address. “Keith, you put your address here for Lance.”

“Yeah.” He could have made the excuse that he didn’t know the address to Lance’s apartment off the top of his head, but he was a terrible liar and Coran could always see right through him. So he just sat there, his answer thrown out in the open.

Coran waited a beat for some sort of elaboration, blinking twice before he settled back on a laugh. “Well, congratulations, I suppose. He’s a bit of a handful.”

“Thanks.” His smile returned, and he ducked his head. “And yeah, he can be. But I love him, y’know? So I learned to put up with it.”

“I’m glad to see he’s learned to put up with you too.” Coran saved the changes and closed the program on his tablet. “Did you need anything else, Keith?”

“No, I think that was it.”

“Alright, then. Head on home. Let Shiro and Allura know when you want them to bring over that sidecar.”

“Okay. Thanks again, Coran.” Keith let his “You’re welcome” follow him out the door, and the first thing he did before he even started up his bike was text Shiro.
hey, thanks for getting that sidecar. I owe you big time

14:18

and if its even possible would u be able to drop it off today?? like before 5???

14:19

וס 문제. 4 15 or so work?

14:21

And Allura wants me to add that you don't owe us a thing. It was our pleasure.

14:22
Keith slipped his phone back in his pocket in exchange for his keys, but when he felt it buzz again, he pulled it back out. It was a text from Lance - “Finally,” he muttered - and when he saw the time, he realized why. Unlocking the screen, he read through it quickly.

From Lance [14:25] Hi. Sorry. I got your missed calls and I'm sorry. I had my phone off? It's I turned it on and it's after 2 so I wanted to I'm making sure that you still Call me, okay? I'll answer this time.

He dialed Lance immediately, smiling when his boyfriend answered after the first ring. “Hey, baby. Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I just-” Had a mild meltdown and had mostly calmed down. “Are you home yet or...?”

“No, I had to update my info with Coran and then we started talking.” And just the reminder that he’d be getting the sidecar today, and in time to test it out and take it to Lance’s parents’ house with them and Blue, made his earlier glum mood disappear. “You still at the park?”

“Mmhm. I accidentally chucked her tennis ball into the pond out here a little bit ago, so we're on the wet side. But we're still here. Air drying.”
“Okay.” Keith smiled at the thought of Blue sopping wet, still with her little doggy grin and a tennis ball in her mouth. He knew that labs loved the water, so made a mental note to maybe look into buying a kiddie pool for the backyard for her to play in. “Well, you guys dry off. I… have to stop somewhere first,” a blatant lie, “but I'll call you when I get home.”

“Oh, we'll be here. I'll keep my phone on.”

“Good. I'll talk to you in a bit. I love you.”

Lance let out a soft, happy sort of sigh. “I love you too. [See you later].”

Keith hung up with him, the Korean ringing beautifully in his ears, and stowed his phone once again. He finally got the bike started up and drove as fast as he could back to the cabin. He had no plans to actually stop anywhere, the little lie a cover-up because he wanted to jog to the park to meet Lance and Blue there, and then walk them home.

Five minutes later his bike was left in the driveway. He ran inside and changed out of his boots into his running shoes and was back out the door in less than two. His jog to the park allowed him to clear his mind more completely than even riding his motorcycle, so by the time he got there thirteen minutes later, he was all smiles when he spotted Lance and Blue still drying out on a bench under a large tree.

Walking up behind them, Keith leaned onto the back of the bench on crossed arms next to where Lance was lounging. “, [Annyeong, yeobo].”

Lance sat up straighter, turning his head so his smile could be directed in the direction of Keith’s voice. “Keith! What- You were supposed to go home and call me.”

“I did one of those things.” He leaned in and pressed a sweet kiss to Lance’s lips, lingering just a moment. “I wanted to surprise you.” The first of two he had for him.

Lance laughed, turning on the bench and reaching up to cup his cheeks and pull him down for another kiss. “Mi cielo,” he murmured, heart thundering. He'd been so sure that this was going to be over or damaged in some way. He'd been so sure Keith would lose patience with him, especially once he'd turned on his phone and had gotten all of the missed calls and checked the time. But he was there and just as sweet as ever. “You really went home just to walk here?”

“I jogged, but… yeah. I dropped the bike off and came straight here.” He circled around to the front of the bench and sat down next to Lance, wrapping an arm around his waist. “You were upset earlier and I didn't want you to have to walk home alone like that.”

“I wasn’t” Yeah, he had been. “I just… You got mad or something, and it freaked me out.”

“I wasn't mad. Worried, and a little hurt, but not mad.” But Keith couldn't tell him why he’d been so distant and cryptic earlier or it would ruin the surprise that was coming at four fifteen. “I'm okay now that I know you are.”

Lance leaned against him. “Yeah. I”’Cried. “I just cuddled with Blue for a little bit and then we played around.” Knowing she was being talked about, Blue scooted closer on the bench and rested her chin on Lance's knee. She gazed up with all the love in the world when he scratched behind her ear. “I just really hate feeling like a burden, Keith. I've always hated that feeling and now it's just... worse.”

“You're not a burden, Lance. You’ll never be one, not to me.” Keith's arm squeezed him closer, dropping a kiss to his clothed shoulder. “I can learn to compromise, okay? I want to. Because I love
“You've been doing a pretty good job so far,” Lance assured him. “I just have some issues I'm still working out. I feel better being with you, more like myself again. But I'm not all the way there. I'll get there. And I'll try to be less sensitive in the process.”

“Okay. And if you need me for anything, I'm here for you. I always will be.”

“I'll love you forever.” And every day made Lance more sure of it. “Are you ready to go home? Blue's dry enough for her harness.”

Keith smiled, kissing Lance’s cheek. “I'm ready if you are. I still need a shower.”

“Yeah, you do. Holy crow,” he teased, but gave him a firm kiss before rising. “I do too, though. I'm not going to dinner after getting splashed by my crazy pupper.” She barked, tail wagging as she scooted closer to Keith's side to lick his cheek in greeting.

“Hi, [princess].” Keith leaned closer for her to lick again, leery to pet her because his hands were still a little grimy from work. “I'll pet you when we get home, okay?” She barked again, licking him one more time before staring up at Lance. “She's waiting patiently for you.”

“Because she's perfect.” Lance patted the bench in search of her harness, picking it up to strap it on quickly. She hopped off the bench, standing at his side expectantly. “I'll teach you how to put her harness on if you want.”

“Yeah, definitely.” Keith stood up with them, taking Lance's free hand. “Let's get home. Our babies have to meet still.”

“I know! I haven't seen mi princesita since yesterday. This clearly needs to be fixed. Come on, Blue. Let’s go home.” Her ears perked. Just that morning, home had meant her kennel, so what could it mean now?

Keith let Blue lead the way back to the cabin, once again whispering the directions to Lance so he could give them to Blue. Now that they were back in each other's spaces, Keith felt a thousand times better, though his mind still lingered on the fact that Lance had been upset with him earlier. But he knew that his surprise from Shiro, Allura, and Coran would make up for, hopefully, everything.

They got home at just past three thirty, which Keith figured would be plenty of time to play with their pets and shower before Shiro got there with the sidecar, and then definitely take a short nap before they had to go to dinner. As soon as they walked in the door, Lance told Blue to relax and took her harness off, while Keith went off to go find Red. He found her in her cat condo, sleeping peacefully, though she roused awake as she heard Keith near her.

“Come on, brat,” he commanded, picking her up and ignoring her displeased meowing. “There’s someone you need to meet.” She swatted at his arm as he carried her out to the living room, setting her down on the coffee table so she could be at eye level with her new sister. “Red, meet Blue.”

Blue cocked her head to the side, sniffing Red curiously for a moment before licking her face in one wet flick that was loud enough to make Lance laugh. “¡Ay, mi perrita!”

Red reared back at the lick and sneezed, pawing at her nose. She aimed her best kitty death glare at Blue, but the lab was unimpressed, inching closer to sniff at the cat on the table. A paw reached out and batted at Blue's nose, but thankfully her claws were retracted, and it was just one of her playful swats anyway. Keith grinned, sitting on the couch next to Lance. “I think they're getting along fine.”
Lance bounced in place, beaming. “I don't hear hissing or growling, so that's good.” Blue made a snuffling sound and playfully pushed her nose against Red’s side.

She meowed, rolling over onto her back and swatting at Blue’s chin, reminiscent of the way she played with her feathers-on-a-stick toy. Blue rose out of her seated position and barked once, and apparently that was Red’s cue to go bolting off the table. The pup followed her, the two of them chasing each other through the living room until Red dove behind the couch to hide and stare out at Blue.

“Oh my god, these guys are crazy,” Keith commented.

Lance leaned against Keith, lifting a hand to curl into his shirt. “In a good way?”

Smiling, Keith placed a hand over his. “Yeah. A very good way.”

Blue flopped onto her belly, tail wagging, and looked from Red to the couple and back. She barked happily, and Lance slid off the couch to drape himself over her in a fond hug. “Perrita buena. I need to give her and Red a treat.”

Of course he did. Keith rose off the couch, carefully stepping over his boyfriend and his dog, and went into the kitchen to find their treats. The bags were both sitting on the counter, so Keith grabbed two out of Red’s and a handful out of Blue’s and brought them back, handing two to Lance and keeping the others so he could give them out. “Red!” Keith clicked his tongue for her to come out, and she slinked slowly out from behind the couch, hopping up onto the coffee table again.

Lance fed Blue one of the treats, letting her sit up again. Tail wagging, she inched towards the table and laid her chin on it to stare at Red and Keith. Lance used her to find the table and held his palm out towards Red so she could pluck her treat up. Smiling, Lance stroked her fur. “Me alegro de que te guste, mi princesita.”

Keith knelt down with them, sitting back on his heels. He gave each of them their treats, Red purring contentedly when Keith scratched behind her ear. He did the same for Blue, keeping the touch brief until he could properly wash up. “I don’t know what that first part means, but same to you, Blue.”

“It’s ‘I'm glad you like her.’ So, yeah, same to Blue.” Lance stood, scratching his dog’s back and listening to her tail thump against the floor. “I'm gonna show her where her bed is. She's not used to going like this all day, so I'm gonna let her rest. And you still need a shower, buddy.”

“Alright.” Keith decided to let Red find her way to wherever she wanted to go, but hoped that she’d just join Blue in her bed. The lab radiated enough heat that Red should be content to sleep with her. He checked the time on his phone, realizing they only had about twenty minutes before Shiro would be there. “Are you gonna join me in the shower? If you want to nap afterwards, we won't be able to do anything, but when we get home after dinner we can.”

“That barely makes showering with you worth it.” Lance reached for him, finding his shoulders. “Unless you're gonna wash my back. That might make it worthwhile.”

Leaning in, Keith brushed their lips together. “Absolutely. Now go on, baby. I'll go get the water started.” He stepped away, letting Lance’s hands fall from his shoulders, and made his way into the bathroom.

Shedding his clothes, he placed them in a careful pile behind the door where Lance wouldn't trip over them, and then turned the water on. He only let it heat up halfway before stepping under the spray, hissing at the slightly cool temperature. He’d just started to shampoo his hair when he heard
the door creak open. “I was wondering how long you were gonna be. Is Blue all settled?”

“Yeah. And I'm, like, ninety percent sure that Red curled up with her. There was purring and I could feel her, so you probably missed out on complete adorableness.” Lance stripped quickly, covering a yawn with the back of his hand before drawing the curtain back and stepping into the shower. He could smell the shampoo. “Aw, I wanted to wash your hair. Impatient, chico lindo.”

“You can finish it. I just- There's something I want to show you before we take a nap.” Keith wrapped soapy fingers around Lance's biceps, drawing him into a kiss. “We can shower again after dinner. We'll probably find a way to get sweaty again,” he teased.

Lance giggled. “Probably. Sundays seem to be the best days for us to get sweaty. But what did you want to show me? Did you get me a present?” Smiling, he slid his hands up to Keith’s hair, working his fingers through the soapy strands and gently scratching his scalp.

Sighing happily, Keith ducked his head to give Lance better access to the top and back. “Kinda. It's... Well, you'll find out. But it'll be here soon, so we need to hurry.”

“Mm. But I want to know what it is. You can't tell me I have a present and not tell me what it is.”

“Yes, I can. That’s why it's called a surprise.” Keith tipped his head back when Lance was finished, letting the water rinse out the shampoo suds, and grabbed the the bottle that Lance had brought over at one point. “Now get wet so I can do your hair.”

“That’s not normally why you want me to get wet,” he teased, but stood beneath the spray and tipped his head back to rinse his hair out. “I missed you last night, y’know. For more than just getting wet.”

“I missed you too, baby. For more than just getting you wet.” Smirking, Keith poured some of Lance’s shampoo into his hand and lathered it between his palms before working it into Lance’s hair. “I can get you wet later.”

“Promises, promises. You're not even telling me what my present is.” Lance sighed dramatically, ducking his head to give Keith free reign.

Keith laughed, using his close proximity to pinch his boyfriend on the ass. “Of course I'm not telling you what it is. But I know you'll love it.”

He squeaked, pushing his chest. “I'd better.”

“You will.”

Keith finished washing his hair, gently guiding him under the spray when he was done. The rest of their shower was quick, Keith too excited and Lance too curious for what was about to happen, and by the time they were out and dressed in blessedly clean clothes, there was a knock on the door.

“That would be your present,” Keith explained to Lance before opening the door. “Hey, Shiro.”

“That's not much of a present.” Lance grinned. “No offense, Shiro.”

He chuckled. “None taken. Coran said he showed you the pictures, Keith. Like it?”

“Wait, wait, wait. You got me a present and you haven't even seen it? Wow, mullet. Just wow.”

“I saw the pictures. Plus, I trust Shiro’s judgment on this. And yeah, Shiro, it looked great.” Keith
took Lance's hand and pressed a kiss to the back. “You ready to go see it, [yeobo]?”

“See it? Yeah, I'll take a look.” Lance teased.

Shiro laughed at Keith's immediately mortified expression. “Come on. Allura had something to do with it looking great. I was just going to get black,” Shiro put in with a wink. “Lance wouldn't have been able to tell.”

“That's rude.” But he grinned, giving Keith's hand a squeeze. “I should sic Blue on you. Oh! You guys need to meet Blue! I'm guessing Allura's here.”

“Allura's here,” she replied with a small wave. “And I would love to meet her.”

“Go ahead and get her. It's a present for her too.”

Lance gave Keith's hand another squeeze, expression melting into the same absolute adoration Blue looked at him with. “You got my pupper a present?”

“I got both of you a present.” Chuckling, Keith kissed his cheek. “Now go. I'll grab her harness.”

He didn't have to go far, his dog well-trained and the cabin small. Besides, Lance was loud in his excitement. “Blue!” he called. “Blue, come!” He could hear her nails on the hardwood as she sped down the hall so crouched to rub her down and gave Red a scratch when he heard a meow. “My girls. Chicas buenas.” He bundled Red in his arms, carrying her back to the door with Blue’s solid presence against his leg.

Keith was already back at the porch, Lance able to hear him and the other two talking quietly. “Okay, here's Blue. Mi perrita buena.”

Shiro crouched down, letting her smell both his normal and prosthetic hands before he scratched her behind both ears. Her tongue lolled in a happy doggy grin. “She's adorable, Lance. The pictures don't do her justice.”

“She's lovely,” Allura agreed, getting down beside Shiro to firmly scratch Blue’s side and send her tail wagging wildly.

Keith smiled, snaking an arm around Lance's waist. It almost felt like they were introducing their child to them, blushing at the thought. “And she's so good. I'm really glad Lance was able to get her today.”

“So am I. And she's been so great today too.” Lance smiled, leaning against Keith and petting Red fondly while she purred in his hold. “She and Red are even getting along.”

“Wonderful. When you altered your address, I did wonder how they would handle one another.” Allura rose, smile fond when Lance’s cheeks colored. He hadn’t told Keith he’d changed his own address. “Here. I'll hold her. You should explore your gift.”

“Oh. Yeah.” Lance passed her over with a final stroke. “Blue, come.” She straightened immediately and pressed herself against Lance's leg, ready to go. “Does she actually need her harness? Like, we're not going anywhere, are we?”

“Oh, I guess she doesn't. I didn't know if she would.” Keith set it down on the rocking chair. “We're not going anywhere. Just the driveway.”

Lance found Keith’s hand, giving it a squeeze. “It’s okay. She won’t run or anything. What’s in the
driveway?” Curious, he tugged at his boyfriend. “Blue and I want our present.”

Laughing, Keith led them down the steps to the driveway where the sidecar was waiting for them. It was even prettier in person, Keith running his hand along the gorgeous gleaming paint job that Allura had done. He guided Lance's hands to it, letting him feel the seat. “You'll have to text your sister back and let her know we don't need a ride.”

“I didn’t actually ever text her.” Lance still wasn’t entirely certain what he was touching, pushing on the seat cushion curiously. He slid his hand back up, the paint cool under his palm. And then there was a little bit of smooth plexiglass that arced on one the other side, but it was sloped at an angle. Lance shook his head, baffled. “Why is it tilted?”

“There’s only one wheel so it can attach to the bike,” Shiro supplied, amused.

Lance’s breath caught as it hit him, understanding fluttering over his features. “It’s a sidecar,” he breathed, tears welling. “Keith- Keith, you got my baby a sidecar?”

“Yeah. Well, I talked to Coran about it, and then he got Shiro and Allura involved, but… yeah.” He took one of Lance's hands in his and squeezed gently. “Now we can take Blue with us wherever we go.”

Lance tightened his grip on Keith’s hand, struggling against the tears. Keith had gotten them a sidecar. He didn’t have to get a car, didn't have to replace his bike. He didn’t think he and Blue were a burden and had obviously thought ahead more than Lance had. “Eres una persona muy especial. Te mereces algo mejor que yo, mi cielo. Te quiero tanto. Te quiero, Keith.” The tears broke. “Estoy enamorado de ti y cada día te quiero más.”

“Those better be happy tears,” Keith teased lightly, but drew him closer into a hug. “I love you too, darling.”

“Son tan felices,” he blubbered, ducking his head to bury his face in the curve of Keith’s neck. Keith really, truly wanted to have him in his life, him and his dog. “Cuán feliz me haces [How happy you make me]. Keith, you got mi perrita dulce a sidecar. [I'll love you forever]. It's perfect. You're perfect. Eres perfecto, mi cielo precioso.”

Keith smiled, trailing a hand up into Lance's hair to massage his scalp. He glanced behind Lance, seeing Shiro and Allura smiling at them like proud parents, making Keith blush. “Lance, you're embarrassing me in front of my brother,” he mumbled, but closed his eyes and held on tighter. “Come on, I wanna see if Blue likes it.”

“Yeah. We- We have to test it.” Lance nodded, but his hands lifted to cup Keith’s cheeks. “I love you so much. I can’t believe you're mine,” he murmured and laid his lips over Keith’s.

Sighing into the kiss, Keith pressed closer, tongue seeking Lance’s between his lips. The hand in his hair gripped tighter, the other resting at the small of his back. He’d known that Lance would love the sidecar, he just didn't realize how much. He certainly hadn’t been prepared for the tears, but since they were happy tears, Keith didn't bother trying to stop them.

Lost in each other, they kissed until Shiro cleared his throat. “Come on, Keith. I'll help you get it attached to the bike.”

Lance held Keith for another moment. “Te quiero,” he murmured and stepped back. “Does it match? She can't ride in something that doesn't match.”

“Yeah, it matches. It matches perfectly.” Still blushing, Keith made his way closer again, walking
around to the side that would connect to the bike. “Thank you for that, Allura.”

“You're very welcome. Here, Lance.” She offered him a tissue, smiling at his blush. She'd been prepared for the tears. “I think you should start stocking up on tissues, Keith. He does cry quite a bit.”

“No. I don't. I- Okay, so I've cried, like, three times today. But it's been a busy kind of day and I'm tired and I know you're smiling at me, Allura. Stop it.”

“Like I said. Tissues. Lots of tissues.”

“Rude.”

“I'll do that.” But the comment about the amount of times Lance had cried today stuck with Keith and he had to ask. “Wait, three times?”

Cheeks burning, Lance shook his head. “Maybe. Just- It wasn't- Oh my god. Blue, find your harness.” Ears perking, the lab loped across the yard to fetch her harness from the porch where Keith had left it.

Keith frowned, but let it go. Clearly Lance had his reasons, and Keith didn't want to pry, though he was pretty sure that one of those three times had been after they got off the phone the first time, which made Keith feel terrible. “Okay…”

Blue trotted back over with her harness, walking right up to Lance and nudging it against his leg. Keith watched him slip it on and make his way closer, Blue happily walking alongside him. He scratched her behind the ear when they got close enough, and moved aside to give her room. “Alright, [princess], we're gonna see how you like your present.”

“We need to attach it first,” Shiro pointed out, lips twitching. “I know you like looking at your boyfriend, Keith, but let's get a move on.”

“Shut up…” Giving Blue one more pat on the head, Keith straightened and wheeled his bike closer. He and Shiro worked together to get it all set up and connected, and when they stepped back a few minutes later, Keith couldn't wipe the smile off his face. “Now can we try it out?”

“I'm ready.” Lance stepped up, squeezing Keith's hand with a grateful smile when it was offered. He had to open the little door and pat the seat the way he would for a car. Blue followed the wordless command without argument and listened while Shiro told Keith how to attach the seatbelt to her harness so she wouldn't go flying about when he made his turns. It was something Lance didn't necessarily need to know how to do as he wasn't going to be getting on the bike without Keith anytime soon.

Blue let out a soft, curious whine, and Lance scratched her behind the ear. “Calm down, Blue. Estás bien [You're okay]. I know you're not used to this, but it'll be okay. Are her eyes gonna be okay?”

Allura laughed, low and warm, and stepped forward. “I think she'll be fine.” She shifted Red to the crook of one arm to retrieve a pair of red dog-goggles from her purse. They were passed to Keith with a smile.

“Oh my god. Goggles?” He had to hold back a laugh, turning them over in his hands. There were two straps, one that wrapped around the back of the head and one that went under the chin, and the lenses were reflective rainbows. He slipped them on, adjusting the straps and frames on her face, and stepped back to look at her. “These are perfect.”
“Of course they are. Shiro and I remember how spoiled Kitty was. We certainly don’t expect anything less for Blue.”

She shook her head to try and dislodge the foreign objects, but Lance told her calm down again. When he scratched her behind the ear, her tongue lolled in a happy grin and the whole strange situation was deemed acceptable. “There we go. I should’ve grabbed your treats, huh? Mi perrita buena. She deserves to be spoiled.” Lance kissed the top of her head, giving her affection in lieu of treats.

“Oh, here.” Keith dug into his pocket and grabbed one out, passing it to Lance. “I grabbed a couple more earlier and transferred them to these jeans.” He also grabbed his phone to snap a picture of Blue which he sent it to Pidge and Hunk.

Lance had to kiss him, cupping the back of his neck and nipping his lower lip teasingly. “Gracias, mi cielo. Blue, esta es una regalo por comportarse bien.” She barked once, licking it from his palm to make him laugh.

From Pidge [16:31] Is that Blue? What did you do? She actually looks adorable in those!

From Hunk [16:31] Awwwwwwww!!!!!!! <3 Puppy!

From Keith [16:32] she has a sidecar too

Keith took another picture of her in the contraption, making sure to get Lance in frame, and shot it off to them. “Pidge and Hunk think she looks adorable.” And he had to agree with them. “We should take it for a test drive down the street, just to make sure we’ve got it set up alright.”

From Pidge [16:34] Good job. She looks great and it's a smart idea. And I haven't seen Lance that happy since the accident.

From Hunk [16:35] They both look happy <3 Way to go, Keith

Lance grinned, kissing the top of Blue's head. “I'm all for a test drive.”

Keith sent back a quick smiley face and pocketed his phone. “Do you mind if we just go up the road a bit?” he asked the older couple. “So that if anything does go wrong with it we can fix it.”

“Go ahead. We're fine here.”

Shiro laid a hand on Keith's shoulder. “This was a great idea, buddy. I'm proud of you.”

Blushing, Keith ducked his head. “Thanks. I know you said I don't owe you anything, but I'm gonna find something.” He was so lucky to have Shiro in his life, not just as an adoptive brother, but a friend too.

“Keith, you didn’t see Lance after the accident. Seeing him like this right now is more than enough thanks.” Shiro gave his shoulder a squeeze before letting go and lifting his voice. “Go on. Just don't overdo the first ride. You don't want to scare Blue.”

“Pssh. We won't. My girl can handle it.”

“I'll just take her up the street a little bit.” After he shut the door, he looked back up, seeing the skepticism on Shiro’s face. Keith rolled his eyes. “I promise I won't go too fast, dad.”

Shiro arched a brow. “I'll ground you.”
Laughing, Lance tugged at Keith’s hand. “Vamos, chico lindo. I want to ride.”

Biting back the joke about giving Lance something to ride later, and a retort to Shiro, Keith tugged him over to the back of the bike, lifting him up onto it easily. He slid on in front, starting the engine and revving it a few times to see Blue’s reaction. Her ears twitched and she crouched down lower in the seat, but otherwise seemed fine. “Alright, you ready?”

“Yeah. If Blue looks scared at all, you have to tell me.” Lance wrapped his arms tightly around Keith, fingers curling into his shirt. He was more nervous about having his dog in the sidecar than he’d ever been for himself. Not because of Keith, trusting his boyfriend, but because he wanted her to enjoy it. He wanted this incredibly sweet gesture to mean something.

“I will. She’s okay right now, but I'll keep an eye on her.” The firm kiss Keith felt on the back of his neck was a good enough confirmation, so he waved to Shiro and Allura before pulling out of the yard. He was more careful with the turn up the street, also trying to get used to the unfamiliar weight of the sidecar attached, and made sure to check on Blue as the bike made its way around the corner. She looked more relaxed, tentatively sniffing the air as he picked up a bit more speed on the straightaway. He was hoping she’d like it, to be able to feel the wind on her face, blowing her ears back. “I think she likes it,” he told Lance over the sound of the motor.

“Blue!” Her tongue lolled, flopping ears perking. “¿Es feliz, mi perrita?” She barked, tail whacking the seat.

Keith laughed, speeding up a bit more and glancing back at her again. This time she was sitting up straight, head peeking up over the little windshield. “Yeah, she likes it.” And Keith was so happy that she did. It meant that he'd really be able to take her with them everywhere, keeping her, and most importantly, Lance, happy.

Tears stung Lance’s eyes for the fourth time that day, but they didn’t fall this time. He pressed another kiss to Keith’s neck. “Te quiero,” he said, right into his ear. “I really will love you forever.”

“Me too, Lance.”

They didn't go much farther, knowing that they were going to be taking it across town to Lance's house for dinner, so Keith turned them around at the end of the road and headed back. Blue was more confident with it now, realizing that it wasn't too different from riding in the car, she just had more space and wind than she would leaning out of a car window. Keith used the remaining distance to speed up again, wanting to see if she'd still be alright, but her tongue only lolled out more, and she sniffed the air curiously.

When they pulled back into the driveway, Shiro and Allura were sitting on the porch with Red. Keith cut the engine, hoisting Lance down off the back and then working on getting Blue out of her seatbelt. Once she was free, he opened the door and she hopped out, trotting over to Lance. “That was great. Blue did really good.”

“Yeah? So where's her regalo, Keith?” Lance smiled and Blue looked at him expectantly, tail wagging.

Laughing, he pulled one out of his pocket and held it out for her to take. She chewed on it happily, mouth settling on a panting grin when she was finished. “Good girl, Blue,” Keith praised, scratching her behind the ear.

“Blue, come.” Even though she was right next to him, Blue perked up attentively since that was her work cue. “Find home, Blue.” She butted her head against Lance's leg and started for the porch. She
knew what home was now, accepting the cabin much happier than she’d accepted the kennel at the school.

Allura passed Red to Keith when they reached the porch, smiling warmly. “That looked wonderful.”

“The sidecar’s probably going to take a little getting used to, but it looked secure.” Shiro laid a hand on each boy’s shoulder. “We’ll see you two later, alright?”

“Yeah.” Lance smiled, couldn't stop really. He could hardly remember the last time he'd really felt this unreservedly happy. “You’re coming to the Halloween party next weekend, right?”

“Of course, Lance. We wouldn't dream of missing it.” Allura’s smile went a little mischievous when she looked at Keith. “I'm looking forward to your costumes.”

“Costumes! Keith, we forgot all about Blue's costume!”

He knew that, but they had been in a bit of a rush at the petstore the last time they went, so he hadn't brought it up. “That just means we can go back out and get her one, and she'll be there so we can make sure it fits.”

“We need to. As soon as possible. Especially since she's got her fancy new sidecar to ride in.”

Shiro chuckled. “The back of it opens, so you've got a little bit of space for costumes.”

“Nice! Keith and I need ours too.” Lance patted Blue’s head, proud that she was still behaving. “And now we won't have to borrow your car again.”

“Yeah, that’ll be nice.” Keith blushed again, remembering what exactly they got up to in Shiro’s car. “I prefer my bike, anyway.” And he was already devising a plan to try to worm out of getting a costume for himself.

Lance laughed, leaning over to kiss Keith's cheek. “I do too.”

“I'm thrilled that we could help ensure your keeping it. Now I hope the two of you enjoy the rest of your Sunday. We should be going.”

“Right.” Shiro gave Red a scratch, only petting Blue after Lance told her to calm. “Have a good one, guys.”

“We will.” Lance smiled. “Thanks. Really. This is... this is amazing. So thank you.”

Keith stepped forward and gave Allura a one-armed hug then did the same to Shiro, lingering in the older man’s firm embrace for a moment. “Thank you again. This really means a lot, to both of us.”

“No problem. It was our pleasure.” Shiro gave Keith a firm squeeze before stepping back. “Anything for my baby brother,” he teased.

“Oh my god.” Keith cradled Red closer to his chest, punching Shiro lightly on his flesh arm. “Go away so I can make out with my boyfriend.”

“Oh, yeah, I'm seconding that.” Lance crouched down, telling Blue to relax and unstrapping her harness. He opened the door for her. “Go to bed, Blue.” She barked and scrambled inside. “We'll see you guys later.”

“Of course.” Allura took Shiro’s hand to pull him off the porch. “Enjoy the sidecar!”
“We definitely will.”

Keith waited as they got into Shiro’s car and waved to them as they pulled out of the driveway. Taking Lance’s hand again, he tugged him inside, shutting the door behind them and dragging him to the bedroom. Blue was already curled up in her bed in the corner, and when Keith set Red down, she scurried over to join her.

Sitting down on the bed, Keith pulled Lance down into his lap, wrapping arms around his waist and tipping them sideways to lay down. “So did you like your surprise?” he asked, even though he already knew the answer. His lips found Lance’s neck, kissing at soft skin.

“I loved it.” Lance tipped his head to give Keith more room, hands stealing beneath his shirt to find the warm skin beneath. “It might be the best present I’ve ever gotten.”

“Hm, good. I love you.” Smiling, Keith kissed his way up to Lance’s lips, sinking into a slow, lazy kiss.

Lance sank with him, eyes closing on a sigh that parted his lips and allowed Keith's tongue access. It didn’t inspire the quick burn so many of their kisses did, this one creating a lingering warmth that seemed to spread from their lips and left Lance feeling toasty, cozy, and as well loved as he’d felt the previous Sunday after Keith made love to him that first time. “Te amo,” he mumbled, relaxed and so very content to have him close.

“. So much.” Tangling their legs together, Keith pressed closer, burying his face in Lance’s neck. “And I'm sorry for earlier. I know you were upset with me, and I know you cried... but I'll make it up to you.” He'd make it up to him and never give him a reason to feel that way ever again.

“Ay, mi cielo...” Lance stroked his hair gently, hoping to soothe. “I wasn’t upset with you. I was... I was upset with a lot of things, but not you.”

Keith didn't believe him for a second, but didn't bother fighting him on it. But even if he wasn't upset at him, he'd still been upset, and Keith couldn't bear to have that on his conscience. “Still, I'm gonna do something to make up for you feeling that way.”

“You got Blue a sidecar. You already did.” Lance buried his face in Keith’s hair. “You want to keep us.”

“Wha-? Of course I do. I want to keep both of you forever.” At least as long as Lance would have him. “[I'll love you forever],” he murmured, and then quieter, “[Naneun neorang gyeolhonhagosipeo]...”

“Soy feliz de compartir cada instante de mi vida a tu lado.” Lance pressed a little kiss to his temple. “Why are you with me?” he whispered.

For once, Keith didn't have a good reason. Going into this relationship, he hadn't exactly expected his feelings to grow to this extent, nor did he expect them to be reciprocated with the same intensity. But Keith was so happy that they did, and that they were. He was silent for a while, simply pressing his lips against the skin of Lance’s neck. “[Urineun cheonsaengyeonbuniya],” he muttered back. “[Sarangeun geujeo sarangida. Jeoldae seolmyeong doersueoptda],”

“Translate?”

“As long as you do too.” Keith’s hold on him tightened. “‘We were meant to be together.’ And ‘love is just love. It can never be explained.’”
“Keith... ‘I'm happy to share each moment of my life by your side.’ That's what mine meant.” Lance relaxed against him on a soft sigh, contentment washing over him. “I got so lucky with you.”

“Yeah you did,” he joked, needing the lightness in his tone to cut through the heavy atmosphere. “But I got lucky with you too. I'd say it's a win-win.”

“I think so. Even though you're an asshole.”

Keith smirked. “I told you I’d never be mean to you, though. Just other people.”

“Like that preppy soccer mom?” Lance grinned, ducking his head to capture Keith’s lips, tasting his smirk. “You totally pissed her off. I liked it.”

“Hey, she was a bitch, and her daughters were even bigger bitches. They totally deserved it.”

Laughing, Lance rolled them so Keith was on top of him. “[You're cute]. My cute knight.”

“Mm, my beautiful prince.” Leaning down, Keith captured his lips, but pulled back after only a moment. “I thought you wanted to take a nap. If we get sweaty we'd have to take another shower, and we don't have time for that before dinner.”

“I know, and I'm definitely not doing anything when Blue’s in the room. That's just- That'd be weird, Keith. But I like having you on top of me. You're warm and it makes it easier for me to touch you.”

His hands slipped beneath his shirt again, stroking along his spine. “Always a bonus.”

“Oh, definitely.” His own hands trailed up to Lance’s hair, holding the strands firmly in his grasp. “Te quiero también.”

Keith shook his head, then dropped it so his forehead was resting on Lance’s collarbone. “I'm comfortable however you are, baby.” Any position Lance wanted to sleep in would be the position Keith would sleep in too.

“Okay.” Lance let his eyes close, comfortable sleeping on his back. “I'm so glad you thought of the sidecar, mi novio dulce.”

So was Keith. It was honestly one of the best decisions he'd ever made, only second to agreeing to take Lance on a date. Humming, he slipped a leg between Lance’s, shifting closer and laying more completely on top of him. “You set your alarm, right?”

“Mmhm.” The position made him even more comfortable, Lance sighing happily. He'd missed him the night before, so wanted him as close as possible. He wanted Keith’s weight and warmth. “But let’s be late today.”

“If we keep showing up late and skipping out completely, your mom is gonna think I'm a terrible influence on you.” Keith chuckled, lightly shaking the mattress with the laughter. “But okay. We can be late today.”

“Mm-mm. We'll blame Shiro. Say he brought the sidecar late.” Lance kissed his cheek. “Love you.”

Keith conceded defeat, resting his cheek on Lance's chest and closing his eyes. “Love you too.” They fell asleep like that, wrapped around one another and content to stay that way. In sleep they
shifted, Keith dropping to his side to fling an arm across Lance's waist. Lance wasn't quite as mobile, only turning his head so their noses bumped together. When Nicki starting rapping about her heartbeat running away, Keith dug into Lance's pocket to snooze the alarm and tossed the phone aside.

Lance rolled onto his side so they could spoon for the few minutes they had left. “You always switch it off so fast.”

“Yeah, s’too loud.” That and his internal clock was usually really good about waking him up on time without an alarm. “And the music you listen to is weird.”

“No, hush. I listen to the best music.” Lance stretched lazily and wiggled back against him. “Mr. K-pop.”

Keith brushed his lips along the nape of Lance's neck as he rocked forward. “Hey, I have an excuse. I'm from there.” Knowing Lance would just point out the flaws in his logic, he decided to distract him, biting his skin and rubbing him through his jeans.

That made it even harder than normal for Lance to come up with some sort of comeback. “Keith,” he whined, rutting against his hand. “This- You're cheating.”

Smirking, his fingers undid the button and zipper, sneaking inside his boxers after he pushed the material away. “Yeah I am. But it's working, and I don't hear you complaining.” Wrapping around his steadily swelling length, Keith started to stroke, teeth latching onto his neck again.

Lance moaned, squirming against him. This was the best sort of way to get woken up, the haze of sleep getting replaced by the haze of arousal. He couldn't think long enough to complain and didn't want to lose the attention anyway. “Ay, mi cielo, tus manos [your hands]...”

“Mm... Come on, baby, I'm gonna turn us.” Taking his hand away, he waited for Lance to settle, then rolled onto his back, dragging Lance with him. He snaked his arms around Lance's front, one hand stealing back into his boxers, the other rucking up his shirt and massaging his abdomen. His mouth attached to the back of Lance's neck, sucking a mark into his skin as his hand stroked.

“Sí, mi cielo, muérdeme.” He reached down to curl his fingers around Keith's wrist. Not to stop him, but needing to hold onto him somehow. Writhing, he rubbed his ass against Keith's groin. “Keith,” he moaned, the other hand falling down to grip his shirt.

Keith sped up his hand but kept the pressure light, swiping his thumb over the tip to spread the pre down his shaft. He rocked up into Lance's movements, dick hardening in his jeans and pressing uncomfortably against the zipper. “You have to tell me what that means.”

“Muérdeme. ‘Bite me.’” He tugged at Keith's shirt, the light touch maddening. He wanted more, so pressed his hips down to grind his ass against the bulge beneath him. “Please, Keith, I want- Please.”

“Tell me what you want, baby. I'll give you anything, do anything you want me to.” Moaning, Keith dragged his teeth lightly across Lance's nape before sinking them into his skin slowly. His grip on Lance's cock tightened, pulling him completely out of his jeans.

His back arched on a pleasured outcry, his hand sliding up to tangle in Keith's hair and tug. “I want-Wanna come. You're-” Lance rolled his hips, following the strokes of Keith's all too clever hand. “So good, Keith. Want you to come on me.”

Keith whimpered, tongue lapping at the bitemark, wrist twisting with every upstroke on Lance's cock, trying to bring him closer to completion. “Yeah, okay. Want you to come first.” Tugging
Lance’s shirt higher up his torso, Keith shoved it under his arms to hold it there while his hand stole into his boxers to cup his balls. “Come for me, and then I’ll come for you.”

Lance bucked his hips upwards. “¡Joder!” He could feel his orgasm pooled low, building quickly with the promise of feeling Keith’s. He kept his back arched and reached a hand behind himself to palm Keith through his jeans. “Keith, *voy a venir*. So close, *mi cielo.*”

“... [Oh, fuck]. C-come on, Lance.” On the next stroke, Keith pressed his thumb under the cockhead, rubbing firmly while rolling his balls in the other hand. He rocked his hips into Lance’s hand, trying to relieve the discomfort of his dick trapped in the rough fabric. “Come for me now,” he murmured, and sank his teeth back in over the same mark he’d just left.

The sharp sting of pain was unexpected and too much in combination with the touches, and Lance came hard, his release streaking up his stomach. “Keith!”

Keith worked him through it, hand not stopping until he’d stopped twitching in his grip and had begun to soften. Licking over the wound to soothe it, he pulled his hands away, taking him by the hips instead to roll him onto his side and then his back once he was able to get out from under him. Kneeling, his gaze roved over Lance’s form as he undid his jeans and pulled himself out to start to stroke, moaning. “You’re so beautiful... [baby]. I’m gonna come all over you and lick you clean when I’m done.”

“Uh-huh. Want that, yeah.” Lance reached for him, spreading his legs so Keith could get closer. “But let me touch you.”

“Oh, baby.” Keith inched closer on his knees until he was close enough for Lance to grab at his hips. His boyfriend looked so debauched, come splattered on his abdomen and dick still hanging out of his open jeans. “God, I love you so much,” he breathed, groaning when one of Lance’s hands found his cock and wrapped around the hand Keith had already been stroking with.

“I love you too, *chico lindo.*” Lance smirked, guiding Keith’s hand in quick strokes. “I love making you feel good. Love the sounds you make for me.”

“Mm, I’ll make all the noises you want me to make for you, just... don’t stop.” Keith nudged forward, impossibly closer, but Lance’s legs spread easily for him in another show of his incredible flexibility. “Later, when we get home from dinner, I wanna see just how many ways you can bend for me in bed.” He used the fingers of his free hand to trace patterns in the come on Lance’s stomach, dipping into his bellybutton and smearing it into the faint lines of his abs. When Lance’s hand squeezed around him, he moaned loudly, releasing the grip he had on himself to let Lance finish him off.

“Anything you want.” Lance sped up, hand so much more sure now than it had been that first shaky time. He knew to twist his wrist on the upstroke just how Keith liked, fingers kneading in the places he liked. “You can bend me any way you want, *mi cielo*. I can even put my ankles behind my head,” he purred.

“[Really]?” That was so hot. If Lance could do that and Keith could get him propped up enough, he’d really be able to drive deep inside of him. And he’d definitely use his plug that time too. “We are s-so doing that. *Fuck.*” He started rocking into Lance’s touch, incredibly turned on now and seeking release. Another thought came to him as he closed his eyes, panting through the sensations Lance was making him feel. “I wanna... wanna try a blindfold.” He felt like it would bring them closer together, if Keith was able to see - or *not* see, rather - what Lance did and just be able to *feel* him.
“Ay, mi novio dulce. Eres precioso y perfecto. We can do whatever you want.” It could be exciting, introducing Keith to his world. Sensation and sound, taste and scent. “You’ll feel so good, Keith.” Lance nudged his jeans and boxers down further, and dug his nails into the skin of his curved hip. The other hand gave his length a teasing squeeze. “Keep moving. Wanna feel you come all over me. I’ll be such a mess for you, chico lindo.”

“Yeah, baby. Gonna get you so dirty… then clean you up with my mouth. M’close.” His hips snapped forward, the perfect heat of Lance’s hand around him bringing him so close to that edge. He just needed more to tip him over. “Please, [yeobo].”

Lance stroked his hand from Keith’s hip to his balls, cupping them. He rolled them, giving them a firm squeeze, and rubbed the pad of his thumb against Keith’s cockhead with the other hand. “Come on, mi cielo. Come for me.”

Keith groaned, Lance’s name spilling from his lips, and took himself back in hand as he came, aiming so the streaks of his release landed on Lance’s stomach to mix with his. “Fuck, Lance.” He stroked until he was spent, squeezing to milk the rest of it out into his hand, dropping it to Lance’s abdomen to massage it into his skin. “God, you look so good, so filthy and gorgeous. So mine.” Bending down, Keith dragged his tongue through the mess, moaning at their combined taste.

Lance dragged his hands through Keith’s mullet. “Soy tuyo. I’m all yours, Keith.”

Keith pressed a kiss to Lance’s bellybutton, sucking out the come from his navel. “, he breathed. He licked up the rest of it, collecting some on his tongue, and crawled up Lance’s body to kiss him.

Lance moaned into the kiss, lapping at Keith’s tongue to take in their combined tastes. His arms wrapped around him, pulling him down to keep him close. “You’re so- How are you so perfect?”

“I’m not perfect, Lance,” he argued, trailing his lips down to Lance’s neck. “But you are. Everything about you is perfect.”

Lance tugged at his shirt. “You’re perfect to me. Mi novio perfecto.”

“Hm, I don’t-” The alarm started going off again before Keith had a chance to finish answering, reminding him that oh yeah, they were going to be late for dinner. He sighed, even though he was actually really looking forward to seeing Lance’s family again, and to taking Blue for a longer ride in the sidecar. His fingers caressed Lance’s sides, and he pressed a kiss to his forehead. “We should get going since we’re already late. I’ll just grab a wet cloth to wipe you up with really quick.”

Lance stretched beneath him with a sigh. “Alright. I like how you did all that just to get out of me teasing you about K-pop.”

“And I'd do it again.” Laughing, Keith pushed himself up, making sure Lance’s shirt was still up under his arms before leaving the room to grab a cloth from the bathroom. He wet it and returned, wiping up the residue of come and spit on Lance’s skin, and once he’d deemed his shirt was actually still clean, he pulled it back down, rubbing his stomach through the fabric. “I know you said you didn't want to do anything with Blue in the room, but her and Red were both here.”

“Fuck!” he squeaked, cheeks burning. He swatted at Keith, pushing him over. “We are not doing anything else with them in here. Cripes, Keith!”

He laughed again, righting himself. “Why not? It's not like they care.” Dropping another kiss to his forehead, Keith rolled back off the bed and tugged him up. “They don’t even know what’s going
“I care,” Lance huffed. “And some of the sounds you get me to make are going to freak her out, so I don’t even want to think about it. And I don’t really think you want to think about her barking at us during either.”

Well, no, and that wasn’t something that Keith had thought of. Blue was already so protective of him, and of course she would hear the sounds he made, not able to distinguish between pleasure or distress, and immediately think that something was wrong. “Damn, no, you’re right. Okay… next time we’ll leave them in the living room.”

“See? I know dogs, buddy. Especially mine.” Lance poked his chest, lips curved. “My phone's lost in the blanket abyss, so get it and we can get going. Come, Blue.”

She lifted her head and yawned, but rose and trotted over. She even waited to stretch until she was at Lance’s side. “My good girl.” He scratched her ear. “Find your harness, Blue.” She barked and pranced out to find it so they could go.

Keith followed her into the living room, dragging Lance behind him. They tugged their shoes on by the door where they’d left them, and after Lance got Blue's harness in place, they were outside. She hopped up into the sidecar with no instruction, tongue lolling out of her mouth while Keith buckled her in. He laughed as she licked his hands while he put the goggles on her face, leaning down to kiss the top of her head once they were strapped on.

After he’d lifted Lance up, Keith climbed on in front and started the engine again, getting it warmed up before he took off out of the driveway. The ride to Lance’s house was peaceful, hardly any traffic on the road due to the time of day. Blue was enjoying herself, loving the feel of the wind whipping in her face and flapping her ears out behind her, able to take in scents she didn't normally get to smell in the car. Her tail never stopped wagging the whole way.

Yeah, the sidecar was a good idea.

Fifteen minutes after they were supposed to be there, they pulled into the driveway at Lance’s house. Keith killed the motor, hopping down and helping Lance off, and then getting Blue out of her seatbelt. “Good girl,” he praised, giving her another one of the treats he had hidden in his pocket. “She really likes riding in this thing.”

“I'm really glad she does.” Lance took a hold of her harness and found Keith’s shirt to drag him close for a firm kiss. “I still can’t believe you thought of it. It's the sweetest thing anyone’s ever done for me.”

Smiling, Keith pressed in for another kiss. “Well, I didn't really wanna get a car. S'not my style. So I had to think of something else.”

“I didn’t want you to either. I love the bike, and I know you do.” Lance didn’t draw back, hand sliding up his chest so his palm could rest over his heart. “It was a smart idea, and I'm really just... I'm so glad you thought of it. You thought about her before we even had her.”

Keith covered Lance's hand with his own, leaning in to kiss him on the cheek. “Yeah, well, she's my baby's baby. I couldn't not think if her.”

“Te quiero con todo mi alma.” Lance sighed, managing to rest their brows together. “Una vez me gustaría verlo... Única vez.”

Before Keith could ask what the lamentation was, both heard the front door fling open. “Lance!” two
young voices shouted.

The girl gasped as they darted down the porch. “And Keith! And a dog! They have Blue! Lance, you got Blue!”

He gave Keith a last quick kiss before turning towards their voices and crouching down. Blue quivered, uncertain. She hadn’t really been called to attention, but she was in her harness and they were outside. Besides, her last experience with kids hadn’t been altogether positive.

But Michael halted a few feet away, Stefani going around to hug Keith first. “Hola, Keith! ¡Ha pasado mucho tiempo!”

“It's been two weeks.” Lance chuckled, laying a hand on his dog’s head. “Calm down, Blue,” he murmured.

“No, it's been ages! An eternity!”

“Yeah, Lance,” Keith agreed, thoughts still stuck on wanting to ask his boyfriend what he'd said. But he squatted down and lifted Stefani into his arms for a hug, shifting her so she was propped on a hip. “It's been forever since I've seen my .”

“I forgot what that means,” she confessed in a whisper.

Keith didn't want to say the real connotation behind the word, so settled on a little white lie for now. Hopefully the real meaning would become a reality soon enough. “It’s like 'girlie’ or 'sweetie.’” Which, Keith supposed, wasn't technically a lie anyway.

She giggled. “That's nicer than china.”

“But china is more accurate,” Lance defended. “Come on, Michael. You want to pet Blue?”

He nodded rapidly. “Yeah. You have to tell her I can.”

“Pssh. I know.” He scratched her behind the ear. “Relax, Blue. They won't hurt you.”

Her tail wagged, but she stayed by Lance's side when Michael approached. He smiled, the same bright one Lance had, and giggled when she licked the hand he held out for her to sniff. “Chica buena,” Michael praised, scratching her behind the ears when they perked. Lance had been the only one to speak Spanish to her thus far. She woofed, nudging closer to the boy. “Lance, ¡yo le gusto!”

“Why wouldn't she?” But it was a relief. He hadn’t been sure if she'd be open to them after the deli incident. “Come on, Stefani. It's your turn.”

Keith smiled, pressing a kiss to her forehead before letting her down. She scampered closer to the pup, carefully reaching out to run her hands through Blue's soft fur after a cursory sniff. “¡Es tan suave!” Stefani laughed when Blue turned her head and licked her face. “¡Ay, perrita!”

Lance laughed, kissing her cheek. “She's a good girl, huh?”

“She's like Kitty,” Michael said quietly and Lance ruffled his hair.

“She is, but she's her own pupper too.” Lance rose, reached for Keith’s hand. “She's younger than Kitty, too, so you can run a little more with her.”

Stefani cheered. “Does she fetch?”
“Of course she does.” Lance dug a tennis ball out of his pocket and offered it to his boyfriend. “Let's see how far Keith can throw this thing.”

“Probably pretty far,” he bragged, taking the ball from Lance. “You guys ready?” At their twin nods, he waved the ball in front of Blue, gaining her attention, before chucking it across the yard. She shot off after it, the kids watching as it landed in their neighbor’s neighbor’s front yard, Blue bounding across the grass to get it. Her tail wagging the whole time, she trotted back over with it, dropping it at Keith’s feet. “Here.” He picked it up and held the slimy ball out to Michael. “Go ahead and toss it for her.”

Lance smiled at Michael’s gagging sounds, but crouched to undo the handle part of Blue’s harness, leaving her in her vest so she could run easier. “Good girl,” he murmured, giving her a pat when she licked his cheek. And then she was off, chasing the ball Michael threw. “She'll play for ages, guys. Don’t tire her out too much.”

“We won’t,” Stefani promised, taking her turn with the tennis ball when Blue brought it back. “She's super fast. Is she gonna be una bala for Halloween? ¿Qué disfraz te pondrás en Halloween?”

“We still have to figure that out.” Lance squeezed Keith’s hand. “She wants to know what costumes we’re gonna wear.”

“Uh… I don't know yet.” Keith wasn't the dressing up type, and was still trying to think of a way to get out of it. “We'll think of something. What are you gonna be?”

“A robot!”

Lance laughed. “What happened to being a mermaid, china?”

“You were a mermaid last year,” she reminded him with a huff. “And Kitty was a fish. I can't be a mermaid, Lance. It's copying.”

“I agree, Stefani,” Keith told her, turning back to Lance. The idea of his boyfriend dressed up like a mermaid was equal parts amusing and arousing when Keith pictured it. “Did you wear the shell top too or just the tail?”

“Just the tail. Mom’s got pictures if you want to see.”

“It was funny,” Michael revealed. “He spent most of the night in the kiddie pool until it got too cold. And mom made him come inside.”

“[Really]? You were actually a mermaid.” Keith laughed, leaning over to kiss his cheek. “Well, if you're gonna force me to dress up, we should match. Or coordinate or something. With Blue.”

“Chico lindo, I wouldn't accept less. Halloween is very important in this family, so costumes have to be on point.”

Stefani nodded, giving Keith the ball to throw. “We give out the big candy bars.”

“Well I'll definitely be stealing one or two, then,” he told her, throwing the ball again.

“And there's a party. Is Ms. Allura coming again?”

“Absolutely.” Lance ruffled his brother's hair. “She said she wouldn't miss it. Same with Shiro.”

“And I'll be here too, along with Hunk and Pidge.” Lance had been friends with them long enough
that Keith was pretty sure Michael and Stefani knew who they were. “I can't wait to see your costumes.”

“They’re great! Mine makes sounds so Lance can hear me.”

He laughed, listening to the jingle of Blue’s collar when she bolted for the ball Keith threw. “I can hear you anyway, china.”

“Lance, don’t be mean to your sister,” Keith chastised, squeezing his boyfriend’s hand lightly. “She’s a sweetheart.”

“That doesn’t mean she can't be teased.” Lance reached out, his sister knowing well enough to take his hand and lay it on her head so he could stroke her hair. “She knows I think she's amazing.”

“I am,” she agreed.

“You are.” Keith tugged on Lance's hand. “We should go inside. I'm hungry.”

“Yeah!” Michael picked up the ball when Blue spit it at his feet, both kids stepping closer to Keith when Lance called her. Michael very unapologetically pushed the slimy ball into one of the bags at Keith's belt, Stefani only giggling at the antics.

“Gross, man.” But Keith dropped a hand to his head and ruffled his hair. “Come on. I can't wait to see what your mom made for dinner tonight.”

“Ropa Vieja.” He took Keith’s hand, his sister taking the other. “She put the vegetables on the side so Lance’ll eat.”

Lance scoffed, rising once Blue’s harness was reattached to her vest. “I always eat what mom cooks.”

“Only when vegetables are on the side.” Stefani giggled when he stuck out his tongue, hiding behind Keith’s leg even though he couldn’t see her.

“Pssh. Come on, Blue. We don’t have to take this.” Blue’s ears perked, ready to work. “Encontrar la puerta,” he ordered and she started forward to lead the way to the door.

Shaking his head fondly, Keith followed them inside, Stefani and Michael on either side of him. When they got to the porch and Blue managed to open the door, he could immediately smell the intoxicating scent of fresh, homemade food. Keith's mouth started to water, and he pulled the kids in behind him. “It smells so good. Lance, we're never missing another dinner.”

It had been well worth it in Lance’s opinion, so he arched a brow. “I guess I can never get sick again, huh?”

“Not on Sundays.”

Lance laughed. “Mocoso [Brat].”

The younger two exchanged glances and smiles, knowing just what that meant, but neither offered up the translation as they stepped into the kitchen and was enveloped by the McClain family and their eagerness to meet the happy guide dog.

It was the end of the night, though, that had Lance tearing up yet again. His siblings were absolutely fascinated by the little sidecar, Teo especially checking over every inch to make sure it was sound. It
was unnecessary with Shiro’s stamp of approval, but Lance understood his brother's overprotectiveness and Keith humored him. It was sweet. Sweet and amazing and Lance still couldn’t believe that the guy who took his hand wanted to keep him.

But he did. This thoughtful, hot-tempered asshole was nothing but sweet to him, loved him, and cared enough to make adjustments for him. It was incredible and Lance was happy. Really, truly, wonderfully happy with his dog, his cat at home, and the love of his life.

What else could a guy ask for?

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Chapter End Notes

If you’re ever sad, just Google image search "dog in sidecar" and be happy again.
Chapter 10

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

I'm sorry this chapter is so late. We've had shit going on literally every night this week and this is the first time I've had my computer on in like a week. I'll try to get chapter 11 out tomorrow on time. I was supposed to have chapter 13 out on Halloween, but I had to get a new phone after I dropped mine and broke it underneath the screen. So that was fun.

Warnings for this chapter include, but are not limited to, the following:
Fluff! but also anal fingering, anal sex, wall sex, sex toys, butt plug usage, kinda overstimulation, blowjobs
Filthy boys

“I was not sure if it could be done, but you appear happier today than you were even last week.”

Lance felt like he was floating, so grinned. They’d slept in until their normal time, not having to get up ridiculously early to walk to campus. They had a sidecar. He had yet to get over it. He’d be walking to work, but the sheriff’s office wasn’t far from campus and Keith had already promised to pick him up from work so life was good. Life was wonderful.

“I might just be, Shay.”

“I believe I shall lay the blame on your boyfriend and your guide dog.”

“You’re a wise woman, pretty lady.” She laughed, soft and sweet, and Lance felt for her shoulder before slinging a companionable arm across them. “I put the blame on them too. One hundred percent.”

“I am not surprised, but I am very glad. It is nice to see you smiling so brightly once again. And it is very nice to meet your new friend. Blue is just as sweet as Hunk has said.” She smiled down at the lab, not bothering to shrug Lance’s arm away since he’d only put it back. “She is also quite lovely.”

“She’s obviously the most gorgeous dog on the planet if they paired her with me.” Lance ran his free hand through his hair, smug, and she shook her head.

“I do wonder how Keith is able to tolerate your outlandishness.”

Lance laughed, Blue looking up at him briefly with her tongue lolled. She hadn’t minded school thus far, though they hadn’t been there long. A few people had come up to them as they strolled across campus, and only one had been rude enough to comment on being inconsiderate of fellow students with dog allergies. Blue didn’t know that, of course, but it had been the only time Shay had raised her voice even a little and Lance had gotten stiff enough for her to press against him to offer comfort. So school was good for the floppy-eared dog, able to prance happily beside her charge and learn the ins and outs of the cluster of buildings.
“Keith loves me and my outlandishness. Doesn’t he, Blue?” She barked once in agreement, though she had no idea what the topic was. She recognized Keith’s name at least. “Good girl. How does Hunk tolerate your sugary sweetness without getting a cavity, Shay?”

“What you do not know is that Hunk has begun to use dentures.”

There was a beat of silence before Lance’s wide smile returned. “Did you just make a joke?”

“You tell jokes with regularity and I laugh,” she pointed out. “I am more than capable of humor.”

“So you’re saying that I taught you how to make jokes? You learned everything you know from me?” He grinned. “Has the student become the master?”

She shook her head, the golden hoops at her ears swaying. “Perhaps I should send Keith a sympathy card.”

“Wow, rude.”

“Oh, was it? I did not mean to-” She broke off, realizing what he was doing. “You are being sarcastic.”

“You’re adorable, Shay. When are you gonna make an honest man out of my best bud?”

She gasped. “Lance! I have not yet made him dishonest.”

“Yet?” he echoed just to hear her gasp again.

“I will feign illness merely to avoid you.”

Lance bumped their hips together, amused. She was one of the only women he knew who was as tall as he was, so he took full advantage. “No, you won’t. I’m part of your work-study, for one. For two, you think I’m adorable.”

“I also believe that you are trouble.” But he was right. She wouldn’t abandon him easily. His first aid had left school after a year and a half, so she’d been assigned to him. Despite his braggart tendencies and big personality, he was too sweet when it came down to it and would be the first person to defend anyone he called friend.

And she’d seen him flounder as much as the rest of his inner circle after the accident. But she’d seen what no one else had. She’d seen him stand at the end of a long class and reach for a harness. “Come on, Ki...” Then a pause that lasted far too long before he continued on. He’d come so far from the young man ready to weep and flinch over every nasty comment or everything that reminded him that his dog was gone. She’d expected the cast removal to be the first step in his true healing, but had never imagined he would add a boyfriend that same day. And she was so ridiculously joyful that he had a new four-legged friend to call on. Lance McClain didn’t belong alone.

“But seriously,” he continued, oblivious to her thoughts and her smile, “you and Hunk. It needs to happen. You’d be the cutest couple on campus.”

“What about you and Keith?”

“We’re the hottest couple. Keep up, Shay.”

She laughed. “Of course. How do you know that Hunk and I would be cute?”

“He’s a giant puffball of niceness and cookies. You’re an amazonian who wears giant, clinky hoop
earrings and are basically a personified marshmallow. Besides, I like the way you talk, homeschool. Since Hunk constantly rambles, it'll be even easier to tell you guys apart.” Lance grinned, giving her shoulders a squeeze. “And you'd make my best bud happy. That seems cute enough to me.”

“Perhaps, should he ask me, I shall say yes. But only should he ask by his own choice, Lance McClain. I know you and your meddling.”

“Fine, fine. You should go to the bathroom so I can text Hunk about nothing in particular.”

“Lance.”

“What?” He chuckled. It was hard to get that stern tone out of her. “I'm not meddling. I'm just... pointing out an opportunity.”

“You are indeed little more than trouble. Here. We are at your tutoring, so I shall leave you for the day.”

“Alright, alright. I'll see you tomorrow. Halloween party next Friday, though. You still coming?”

“Of course. I am still sorrowful that I had to miss last year’s.”

“Nice.” He could meddle then, when Hunk and Shay were right there for him to hear the most awkward flirting ever. It'd be great. “Later, Shay. Blue, say bye.”

“Goodbye, Lance.” Shay leaned down, taking Blue’s paw to shake when it lifted. “Farewell, Blue.”

She barked once, then stood back up to take Lance to his Korean lesson. The small woman looked up when they entered her office. “안녕하세요, Lance.”

“안녕하세요,” he echoed. “제가이세요?”

“감사합니다.” Her smile warmed. “You've been practicing.”

“Quietly to myself anyway. 이가 함께야. Her name’s Blue.”

“아! That's wonderful. She looks lovely, and I'm sure you're glad to have a guide dog again.”

He nodded, sinking into a chair and letting Blue lay beside him. “Yeah. So what are we working on today?”

She took him through a review of what they’d done the week before, testing him on sentence structure and pronunciation. But he was smart, had a knack for languages, and had plenty of motivation. He was always better with proper motivation and his sweetheart of an asshole boyfriend was the best kind.

At the end of his lesson, as it wound down, he rose. “Can I ask for a phrase?”

She was well-used to this, so nodded. “Of course.”

“How do I ask him - my boyfriend - to go for a walk with me?”

“슬로워, 잡깐 산책 하시아요?”

Lance rolled the words over, nodding. “Jam- 잡깐 산책 hash... hashill... Jamkkan sanchak hashillaeyo. Jamkkan sanchak hashillaeyo.” He repeated it a few more times, smiling. “Thanks.”
“Anytime, Lance. You're moving along faster than anyone else I've ever tutored, so just keep practicing and you'll be speaking like a native soon enough.”

“That's the goal.” He rose, reaching for his dog's harness. “Come on, Blue.” She rose, stretching with a yawn, and led the way out after Lance said his goodbyes, pulling out his phone to text his boyfriend.

From Lance [11:28] *I'm about to head to work. Do you have like time for a quick lunch?*

From Keith [11:29] *yeah i have some time. what r u thinkin?*

From Lance [11:31] *I don't really have a lot of time? Just something quick in the cafeteria works if you're okay with that.*

From Keith [11:32] *sure. meet u there in 5?*

From Lance [11:33] *Sounds good. I need you to install something on my phone too heart emoji Love you*

From Keith [11:34] *i dont get to know what til i get there right?*

From Lance [11:35] *If you're gonna be a baby about it blue, left good girl then no*

From Keith [11:35] *im not bein a baby, i just wanna know*

From Lance [11:36] *smiley face emoji*

From Keith [11:37] *heart emoji its been 5 min. where r u? i dont c u yet*

From Lance [11:38] *Uh*

From Lance [11:38] *Not 100% sure. Texting and walking and I was halfway across campus. Might be a little turned around.*


From Keith [11:40] *ok*

Keith was waiting outside the cafeteria for him, sitting at one of the picnic tables and watching the students milling by, searching for his boyfriend and dog. When he got the message, he looked up, and could see Lance walking down the sidewalk, Blue guiding him along with a happily wagging tail. Pocketing his phone, Keith rose from the bench, deciding to meet them halfway down the walkway. As soon as he was close enough, he about-faced and took Lance’s free hand in his. “Hello, darling.”

For his part, Lance didn’t jump. Only one person’s hand felt like this, Keith’s biker gloves unmistakable, so he smiled and gave his hand a squeeze. “*Hola, mi cielo.* Sorry I kept you waiting.”

“It’s fine, you didn't.” Keith leaned over to kiss his cheek, following along as Blue led them towards the noisy cafeteria. “I haven't been here too long.”

“Good.” Lance breathed in as they entered, trying to pick out the different foods offered amongst the mish-mash of scents. “I'm probably just gonna get some fries. Do you think they have tenders today?”

“I think so.” Scanning the cafeteria’s different food offerings, Keith’s eyes finally landed on the line Lance wanted for fries, and, “Yeah, they’ve got them today.” And now that Lance had said
something about tenders, Keith wanted to get some too. “I'm not really hungry, so do you want to split it?”

“Yeah. Blue and I are gonna find a seat. Those lines are always too narrow.”

“Okay, baby.” Keith gave him another kiss on the cheek and let go of his hand to drag his wallet out. “You want anything to dip them in?”

“Honey mustard if they've got it. If they don’t, I'll be forced to make sad faces at you.” He certainly wasn’t sad at the moment, cheeks pink and lips curved. He would likely never get over that petname. “Eres dulce. Come on, Blue. Find an empty table.”

Smiling, Keith got in line to wait and watched them walk off to find a table for them to sit at. Thankfully it moved along pretty quickly, the two guys behind the counter working in perfect tandem with each other to get everyone’s orders out. They did actually have honey mustard, so Keith grabbed two of the little cups and one of barbecue sauce for himself, throwing them on the tray along with their drinks. He made his way back through the cafeteria to the table he saw Blue guide his boyfriend to, and sat down next to him this time instead of across. “They did have your honey mustard, so I grabbed you two.”

“Aw, you do love me.” Lance took a fry just to pass it under the table to Blue, her tail batting Keith’s leg. “So were your classes full of excitement?”

“Not even a little bit. Dr. Fry is the most boring person on the face of the planet and we had a pop quiz today.” He took a tender and ripped it in half, dunking it into his barbecue sauce. “Who gives pop quizzes anymore?!”

“Teachers who haven't kept up with the rest of the world.” Lance picked up a tender and tore it in half as well, one half dropping to Blue before he used his honey mustard. “But there are worse things, chico lindo. I got a message from Ms. Binx in the middle of class and totally forgot to turn off my phone after you switched off my alarm, so it blasted as loud as can be mid-lecture. Shay had to mute it.”

“Oh god, I'm sorry, baby. You didn't get in trouble, did you?”

“Yeah, but what can you expect from a retired lawyer? They're sticklers. He didn’t keep my phone, though, since Shay promised to hold onto it. And nobody can say no to her, even grumpy old men.” Lance shrugged. “But Ms. Binx finally gave me the exact times for the home visit, so I'm okay with it.”

Keith took Lance’s hand and lifted it to his lips. “Good. When is it?”

“Thursday morning. At eight, sadly, so we'll miss sleeping in. And then Friday they’ll be at the apartment around ten so I'll need a ride. And then, if all goes well, we should go find costumes.”

“Still making me dress up, huh?” Laughing, he pressed one more kiss to Lance’s hand before turning back to their food. He passed a piece of chicken off to Blue and shoved a few fries in his mouth. Lance gasped, laying a hand over his heart. “Of course I am! Halloween is an honored tradition in my family. Everyone dresses up. No one’s allowed past the threshold if they don’t dress up. Don’t make me leave you at home, Keith. You’ll miss out on the giant candy bars.”

“As long as your mom has Snickers and Reese’s, I'll be there. In costume.” Damn, it didn't look like he was getting away with not dressing up. “Do you have any ideas yet?”
“Mm. Not really. I've never really had the chance to do a couples costume, which is what we're doing. You can't say no. I'll fight you.” Lance leaned over to kiss Keith's cheek, amused. “And Blue has to match too.”

“Yeah, I know.” He knew Lance wasn't going to budge on his decision, and, honestly, Keith didn't have a problem with matching. He'd rather not dress up, but he'd suck it up and do it for Lance if it meant his boyfriend would be happy. Anything to make Lance happy. “I know you'll think of something.”

“I'll do my best. Which means, yeah, I'll absolutely think of something and it'll be perfect.” Lance finally actually took a bite of food, content in his confidence. “You're not nervous about the home visit, are you? They'll want to look at the bike to make sure the sidecar is safe for her. And they'll look through everything to make sure things are clean. It smells clean and I haven't stepped on anything, so I'm trusting you there.”

“Maybe a little bit, but I'll clean up some more and make sure everything is good to go.” And Keith definitely didn't have any doubts about the sidecar, especially since it was Shiro who actually found it. “It'll be great.”


“No,” Keith chuckled, popping another fry. “Definitely not. I'll get those picked up.”

“You'd better.” Lance fed Blue another fry. He'd have to give her real food under his desk once they reached his office. “So after this, you're off to work?”

“Yeah.” Keith had to admit that it was nicer having a set schedule, even more so since it was just about the same as Lance's now. “You're leaving too, right?”

“Yeah, but it's usually a nice walk from here to there.” Wanting to be close, he leaned against his boyfriend. “As long as I'm out of here by quarter after, I'll be on time.”

“Okay.” Keith checked his phone for the time. “You've got about fifteen minutes before you have to leave, then.” Not enough time, but then again, there was never enough time to spend with Lance. “I'll at least walk with you to the edge of campus since that's where I parked anyway.”

“Okay. I've got an alarm set too.” They were his saving grace, honestly. He doubted he'd be able to keep track of time even if he could see. “Will you text me during your break?”

“Yeah, of course. You'll probably be on break the same time, right? I don’t want you to get in trouble again.”

“I should be if you break around three. If I'm not, it's fine. My ringer's off now thanks to Shay.” He shrugged, unconcerned. “If we don’t have the same break, can I call you during mine? I'm taking Coran's permission from yesterday and running with it.”

Keith laughed. “Yeah, definitely. I liked being able to talk to you while I was working.” Even if it had been quite an unpleasant conversation in the end. This time would be different.

“I'll hold you to that, novio dulce.” Lance started to take another bite, but distracted himself and dropped it back into the little container. “Oh, oh! Phones! I need you to install that thing!” He pulled his phone from his pocket, smile bright. “I need a new language pack so I can say Korean into this thing like I do my Spanish.”

“Okay, sure,” Keith agreed, taking the device. He was just scrolling through the settings, though,
when realization hit. “Wait, so you can *speak Korean*?”

“Mmhm. You're teaching me some things, so why not? I want to be able to say and stuff without my phone wigging out.” And he could use it to practice what his tutor was going over, but he didn't mention that yet.

“True. Okay, yeah.” It would be nice to be able to see some of the Korean, especially knowing it was coming from Lance. He loved that his boyfriend was making at least a little bit of an effort to learn and remember some of it. It made him feel at home. “I don't think I've ever even used my Korean keyboard, but it'll be fun to try it with you.”

“Luckily for me, I don’t have to use the keyboard.” He leaned over, kissing his lips with a fond little peck. “*[You're cute]*.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Once he was done installing the Korean language pack, he handed the phone back over to Lance, stealing another kiss in the process. “Finish eating or you’re just gonna be hungry at work. We'll do something special for dinner tonight.”

Lance smiled, taking another bite. “Like what?”

“I don’t know. I'll think of something while I'm at work. But I wanna take you out somewhere.” He'd been getting tired of take-out and instant meals, and really, he just needed to learn how to cook so he could make dinner for Lance. Maybe he could ask Hunk to teach him a thing or two. “Somewhere that’s not Chinese or pizza.”

He giggled. “So burgers.”

That giggle was adorable, and Keith just had to lean over and kiss him again. “If that's what you want, yeah.”

“I dunno. I'd like to go on a date-date. With, like, menus and shit.” They hadn’t exactly done much of that, segueing very easily into simple meals together cuddled on the couch or squished at Keith's tiny kitchen table. “Wherever you want to go, *mi cielo*.”

“Yeah, I'd like that too.” Keith took Lance’s hand again, lacing their fingers together while he pressed a kiss to the back. “I'll figure out a place we can go later.”

“I'll leave myself in your potentially capable hands,” he teased, cheeks coloring at the sweet gesture. “Don’t worry. I think I've finally figured out what you do and don't like by now. You'll love it.” Keith stole one more kiss from him before pushing the tray of food closer to Lance. “For now, though, finish.”

“Oh, okay.” Lance leaned against him again, smiling when an arm found its way around his waist. He loved that Keith’s first instinct was to hold on and keep him close. But he finished off the half of the chicken tender and even ate another one with a smattering of fries while Keith gave him more updates on his and Hunk’s project since his boyfriend had learned that the only way to keep him eating was to take charge of the conversation.

When Lance's alarm went off, he switched it off with a muttered command and sighed. “Fifteen minutes went by way too fast.”

“It always does.” Keith squeezed Lance closer for a brief moment before taking his arm away. “Come on. I'll clean this up and then we can walk together.”
Sighing dramatically, Lance only slumped against him. “Why is work.”

Chuckling, Keith piled all their trash onto the tray and picked it up, gently shoving Lance off of him. “It’s not that bad.”

“You say that because you get to work with Coran and now Pidge. Your whole customer interaction is ‘give me your car’ and then ‘I’m done with your car.’ My interaction sometimes requires court appearances.” Lance smiled, despite the complaints in his words. “Have I told you about the case I was a witness in? It was crazy.”

“No, you haven’t, but now I wanna hear it.” Standing up, Keith quickly took the tray to the trash can next to them, tossing their waste and then pulling Lance up. “Tell me about it on the way.”

“Yeah. Come, Blue.” She rose, standing at Lance’s other side to lead them out. “So I’ve actually been on the stand twice. Once was... actually kind of a nasty version of a crazy case? Like it was the kind of thing that keeps you up at night. Murder trial, y’know? And I heard the whole thing on a call.” His smile returned when Keith’s arm wrapped around his waist, quick to reassure him. “It was okay for the most part, though. The important thing is that it established my ability to be used as a witness with just audio. They did a few tests with jurors and random people to prove that I could identify voices even after only hearing them once.”

“That’s really cool. Not the whole murder thing, but... yeah.” Keith held him tighter as they walked, gaze dropping to watch Blue trotting along happily beside Lance. “What was the other trial?”

“A circus. It was so much fun. It was a civil thing instead of a criminal one, even though it resulted from a criminal case. But that's complicated trial differentiations so don't worry about it.” Lance waved his free hand. “The point of it was that - Blue, right. Buena. Uh. This woman had called 911 originally because she wanted to complain about her neighbor staring at her and making her uncomfortable, which was weird. But then as she kept talking to me, she started to elaborate on the other things he was doing while she was on the phone. I guess he didn’t believe she'd actually called 911? So she starts saying, ‘Now he's cutting my fence. With a chainsaw.’ And I could hear him telling her to stop talking to herself. It was surreal.”

“A chainsaw? Really? Were you able to hear it or anything?”

“Yeah. And then it was even funnier when he grabbed the phone and demanded to know who it was. And when I calmly explained that I was a 911 operator, he flipped and threw the phone. So ten minutes later, I get another call. Same woman complaining that he'd smashed her phone and was now threatening her with the chainsaw.”

“No way. And, what, was she just like calmly explaining all of this to you?” Because that’s kind of what it sounded like.

“Yes! That was the great thing. Just, ‘yes, sir, he's now gesturing with the chainsaw. He's pointing it in my direction through my kitchen door and he's revving it.’ And I'm trying not to laugh because this is one of the weirder calls I've gotten, and I'm sending cops to her place to settle the situation.” Lance shook his head. “And once we hit trial, I'm on the witness stand and they're asking me how I know it was really a chainsaw when I've never seen one. So then I said, ‘I don't think I have to see a chainsaw to know what one sounds like.’”

Keith chuckled, holding Lance closer as he noticed that they were getting close to the parking lot. “What did they say after that?”

“Well, after the judge stopped laughing and told the rest of the courtroom to settle, he just told the
lawyer to keep going. And after spluttering for a few seconds, he got back to it. You can guess who lost that one.”

“Guy with chainsaw?”

“You’re such a good guesser.” Lance laughed, but he could hear cars and knew they were about to part. “You'd better give me a good kiss before you leave.”

“Of course I will.” As soon as they reached the bike a few moments later, Keith turned and drew Lance in for a kiss with his hands on Lance's hips. It was immediately deep, tongue seeking his boyfriend’s since they hadn't been able to kiss since that morning when they'd gotten to school.

Moan spilling into it, Lance cupped the back of his neck. He hesitated a moment before releasing Blue’s harness so the other hand could steal into his hair to keep him in place, but she only sat patiently to wait for them to finish.

Heedless of the fact that they were in the parking lot, Keith kept the kiss going a little while longer, fingers tightening their grip, unwilling to let go so soon. It had felt like an eternity since the last time they’d embraced, and it would be another eternity until they could do it again after work. Sighing, he broke the kiss when Lance's second alarm went off. “I really hate that thing,” he complained.

“I know, mi cielo.” He reached into his pocket to turn it off, then gave Keith a final light kiss before taking hold of Blue’s harness again. If their jobs weren't in opposite directions, he'd ask for a ride just so they could stay close a few minutes longer. “[See you later].”

“You know what I also really hate is saying goodbye to you.” Pulling his keys out, he slung the other strap of his backpack over his shoulder. “But I'll see you after work, baby.”

“I'll be waiting. Love you, Keith. Bye.” Smiling, he told Blue to turn and off they went.

He smiled through most of his shift, so happy to have a dog at his feet again while the calls rang in his ears. Mondays, though, tended to run the gambit from the most mundane - “I hate Mondays and just want to talk” - to the most serious - “I hate Mondays, so I stabbed my co-worker.” Both extremes were treated with the same collected tone as the in-betweens, most of the calls routine. It was when the routine went sad that he had a problem, and he used his fifteen minutes break to chat with his boyfriend and cheer right back up with teases about Halloween costumes.

“How about cowboy and cowgirl with Blue as a tiny horse? I'd probably look good in a skirt.”

“I don’t doubt that, but no.” Keith's voice was amused, though, if not a little echoey from being under the hood of a car. “Though if you ever wanna dress in a skirt not for Halloween, I wouldn't stop you.”

Lance hummed. “I don’t have any problems wearing whatever you want me to. I'd just need you to help me buy it.” They were just clothes, after all. He wouldn't be able to see them, but he'd be able to feel Keith's reaction and that made it well worth an experiment. “Maybe we can look into that Friday. I'll wear something special for you if you aren't too unreasonable while we're picking out costumes.”

Damm. Keith should have known that Lance would use that against him. “Mm… okay, fine. I guess I'll have to take it. But you're gonna let me buy you the something special.”

“Ay, chico lindo,” he purred, not worried about being overheard since he was walking Blue, “I'll let you do anything you want.”
“I know.” That was so dangerous to be giving Keith that freedom because there was so much that he wanted to do. “So what are you doing for your break?”

“Just taking Blue on a much needed walk. She's been itching to get up for a while, but there's only so much I can let her do. Have you had yours yet?”

“Not yet. Taking it in a couple minutes. Just gotta finish replacing this starter.”

“That sounds incredibly boring.” Lance grinned, crouching down to get his mic close enough to Blue. “Mi perrita dulce, tell Keith how boring it sounds.” Her ears perked curiously, not seeing or smelling him, but grumbled into the mic anyway. “There's my girl.”

Keith chuckled. “She's so good. I love that she talks on command like that.” Not barking, even though her bark was the cutest thing in the world, but the grumbles and soft sounds she made like she was actually trying to have a conversation. “But yeah, it is pretty boring.”

“Aw. Hear that, chica buena? He thinks you're good.” He laughed when she licked his cheek. “We'll entertain you while we can, mi cielo. Which is, like, another six minutes. But what can you do? We'll see you in less than two hours. How go those date plans?”

“Two hours is too long,” Keith lamented, banging on a piece of metal to get it into place. “And I'm still thinking about that. Not sure yet.” He didn't want anything too fancy or expensive, but he still wanted to feel like he was spoiling his boyfriend. “You good with Italian?” Cliché, but it could work.

“Yeah, I'm okay with that. So's Blue. Yeah, I'm talking about you, pupper.” He couldn't help the giggle when she climbed into his lap. “Mi perrita es loco,” he teased, hugging her and looking forward to being able to hug Keith when he arrived. “Are we just gonna head there right after work?”

“Well, I kinda wanna take a shower before we go. I don’t wanna go in there after I just crawled out from underneath a car.”

“But mi novio dulce, you always smell like that,” Lance teased.

“But I'm all sweaty and gross now too. And in my uniform,” Normally that wouldn't have mattered because they usually just grabbed something on their way home, but if Keith was taking his boyfriend out tonight, he wanted to do it the right way. “So shower.”

His boyfriend was adorable. “Okay, okay.” He sighed dramatically, nudging Blue out of his lap so he could stand. “I'll give me time to feed Blue and Red before we go anyway, so I guess that's okay.”

Keith smiled, the gesture obvious in his voice. “Good, and that'll give us some time to make out before we leave.”

“This gets better and better.” Lance grinned, calling Blue back to attention so they could start heading back. “Are you still going to text me through your break? I mean, I'm not going to get any of them until later but still.”

“Yeah, definitely. I don't know what I'll text you since it'll be a one-sided conversation, but I will.” There was some more banging and then the sound of a socket wrench again. “You on your way back now, right?”

“Headed that way since I don't plan on being late. Blue, right.” She tugged him back towards the
office, prancing happily since she'd enjoyed the break as much as Lance had. “Thanks for cheering me up though, Keith. I've had a couple of rough calls today.”

“I'm sorry, baby. If you need to vent later, I'll be all ears.”

“I know.” It was nice to have someone new in his circle to talk to, though Keith didn't even feel new anymore. Every day, it felt as though he'd been around forever. And, really, they were coming up on a month together. So he wasn't that new. And they'd been more than friends from day one, their first date hardly an hour after they'd first met and it had been one hell of an exciting, emotional ride since. He was feeling like himself again virtually one hundred percent of the time, had a new dog who was already just as precious to him as the first had been, and was in a once-in-a-lifetime sort of relationship.

His life was back on track and, in some ways, better than ever. He even had the cat he'd been wanting his whole life. “I love you, Keith. Like I seriously, really love you.”

“I love you too, Lance. [Eonjena geurigo yeongwonhi]. ‘Forever and always.’ And I mean it.”

Lance smiled. “Blue stopped, so I'm at the door. I'll talk to you soon, Keith.”

“Okay, baby. See you in a couple hours. I'll text you anyway.”

“You'd better. Bye, Keith.” Grinning, Lance ended the call and went back to work.

Keith stowed his headphones back in his pocket with his phone, finishing up his work and slamming the hood of the little POS Ford that needed the replacement starter. Just by the look of the car, it was a miracle the thing was even still drivable, but Keith wasn't about to do extra work now, especially since he was breaking right after. He got it backed out into the parking lot, tossing the keys to his coworker at the counter to ring up their customer, and finally went into the break room.

He’d just sat down and pulled out his phone to start up a message to Lance when the door opened again and Pidge walked in. “Hey, Pidge.”

“Hey, loser.” They sat down across from Keith at the tiny table, pulling out their own phone. “You and Lance are sickeningly adorable, you know that right? Even more so than usual. I heard everything you said to him. I'm scarred for life.”

Keith shrugged, typing out a quick Pidge is the worst text to Lance, followed by one that simply said I love you. “You could just not listen in on our conversations.”

“But then I wouldn't have any blackmail material. I need to be able to blackmail one, if not both, of you.” Their phone started playing techno music to fill the silences between chatter. “It's important to me as a person.”

“You're actually the worst.” Keith shot off another text, I'm gonna kill Pidge, and put his phone on the table. “Why am I friends with you?”

“Because you'd be lost without me. And don't forget that I am the one who set you and Lance up. Technically. So you owe me big.”

Keith scoffed, but couldn't fault them. They had been the one who made this happen, along with Hunk. “Well, thanks, but I'm not giving you anything.”

“No, I'll just make you do something for me in the future. Don’t worry about it.” Pidge dug a couple
of dollars out of their pocket and hopped up to go to the vending machine, handing Keith a root beer and grabbing a Mountain Dew for themselves. “We'll add this soda onto the list of stuff you owe me for, too.” They sat back down and both of them popped their cans, taking a sip of soda. “Have you and Lance figured out what you're dressing up as for the Halloween party yet?”

“Not yet, but we're doing couples costumes and getting a matching one for Blue. We're going shopping for them on Friday after the home visit at the apartment.” It would certainly be interesting, and Keith knew that shopping for the costumes would most likely be even worse than shopping at the bath store. When he looked back up at Pidge he could see the skepticism in their expression. “What? I've survived shopping with him this long.”

“But it's only been a month. Wait until you idiots actually move in together and he has you shopping for curtains and wall art. He’s going to make you describe everything to him, and I've heard the way you describe things, Keith. It's not pretty.”

“Shut up…” But they were right. Keith didn't have an eye for detail, and even though he'd gotten a little bit better at noticing certain things, the way he gave descriptions still needed some serious work. But Lance found it amusing so he didn't think it was that big of an issue.

“It's true.” Pidge shrugged, lifting their can back to their lips. “Anyway, I came in here to just let you know that you're doing a really good job at making Lance happy. The last time I saw him in person he seemed like his old, shitlord self again. So thank you.”

“You don't have to thank me, Pidge,” he said, smiling into his soda. “I love Lance and I'm gonna do everything I can to keep him happy.”

Their lips quirked, not used to hearing this type of romantic talk coming from Keith Kogane, of all people. “Well, you're doing a really good job of it so far. Seriously, Keith.” Pidge tugged headphones out of their pocket, plugging them into their phone to make the music stop. “Anyway, I’ve got to get back out there. I only told Coran I was going to the bathroom and grabbing a drink. I'll talk to you later.”

“Yes, Bye, Pidge.” Keith waited until they left the room, headphones stuck in their ears, before turning back to his phone to fire off a few more texts to Lance. They weren't anything important, one of them just being a bunch of heart emojis, but they made him smile knowing that his boyfriend would have something to listen to before he got to the station to pick him up.

His break was over too soon for his liking, but knowing that he only had a couple more hours to go made it bearable. Plus, he had Pidge to talk to every once in a while now, and the customers on weekdays usually weren't as crazy as they were on Sundays. The rest of his shift went off without a hitch, actually being able to leave a few minutes early to surprise Lance.

Keith made it inside the sheriff’s office just in time to see Blue round the corner into the waiting area, her tail wagging excitedly as soon as she saw him. When they got closer, Blue stopped, and Keith passed her a treat from his pocket while taking Lance's hand. “,  [Hey, darling],” he greeted, pressing a short kiss to his cheek.

“Hola, mi cielo.” Lance’s smile was a little sad at the edges, but his cheeks still went pink at the little kiss. “You’re here early. I didn't even get to hear the texts you sent me.”

“I know, Coran let me go early today. You can listen to them later. They're nothing special anyway.” Lacing their fingers together, Keith waited until Blue led them outside before asking, “How was your day? You sound sad again.”
“Mm. Got more bad and sad than weird. We're not going anywhere that requires going on the highway, are we?”

“No, just home and then to the Italian restaurant down the street from school.” He got Blue strapped into her sidecar and goggles, ready for the trip home, and then turned back to Lance. “Why?”

“Nasty pileup on the main exit ramp out of town.” For being a college town, it was a relatively small area. If it hadn't been for the college, the population would've hovered around a couple hundred people and no more. The narrow, curving exit ramp was known for its issues and the messy road construction in the area to add another was more hindrance than help. “That's what I got to end my day on.”

“How bad is it?” Although Keith didn't think he really wanted to know, especially since Lance still hadn't cheered up.

“Four cars, one of them upside-down and another was knocked completely off the ramp. Like right through the guardrail. Consensus is that the truck was speeding, so nothing too out of the ordinary, honestly. I'm just- I don't do well when an accident victim calls me and says one kid's missing and the other's not breathing. It was the first call we got about it.”

“God, that- that’s terrible.” Keith pulled him close into a hug, wrapping Lance completely in his arms. “I'm sorry you had to hear that…” And at the end of the day, too. He'd just have to make their date extra special and try to take his mind off of it.

“It's okay. We're staying off the highway, we're going to have a cute date, and I don’t have to hear anything else about it.” Lance lifted his hands, curling them into his shirt. “And you're gonna kiss me right now. Aren't you?”

Smiling, Keith drew back just enough to cup a cheek in his hand. “Absolutely,” he breathed, and then laid his lips over Lance's.

Lance sighed into it, hands sliding up to his shoulder and one to tangle in his hair. It did make him feel better to take his tongue through Keith’s mouth, taking in his taste and the comfort so readily offered in his arms. “Ay, mi cielo, me haces feliz.”

“That’s… something ‘happy,’ right?” He was pretty sure he'd heard Lance use that phrase before, but couldn't remember what the whole thing meant. It was probably enough that he remembered part of it, though.

“‘You make me happy.’” Lance’s smile brightened. “Even if you can never pronounce the Spanish correctly, one day you’ll understand it when I speak it.”

“One day,” Keith agreed, capturing his lips in a sweet kiss. “I'm not as great at remembering things as you are.”

“I just like languages, and learning how to memorize what I hear is the only reason I even made it to college.” Lance gripped his shoulders, ready to get placed on the bike. “Let’s go home so you can shower. Blue wants to eat and I’m sure Red’s ready for her dinner too.”

“Yeah, she probably is.” Recognizing the position, Keith dropped his hands to Lance's waist and lifted him up, situating him on the backseat before climbing on himself. He waited until Lance’s arms slipped securely around his waist and then they were off, Blue’s tongue hanging out the whole ride home. Keith was steadily getting used to having the sidecar attached, happy that his decision had been such a big success.
They reached the cabin with, thankfully, no issues, and after getting Blue and Lance off the bike and inside, he immediately stripped off his disgusting uniform top. “Are you gonna feed Blue and Red while I start the shower? You know where the food and everything is still, right?”

“Unless you’ve moved them for some mysterious reason, I should be good.” Lance crouched when he felt the familiar presence of their cat, sweeping her up for cuddles. “Mi princesita,” he cooed, listening to her purr and feeling the gentle rumblings of it when he stroked her fur.

“No, they're in the same place.” Keith took a hold of Lance's forearm, leaning in to kiss his cheek. “Alright, I'll go start the water. Feel free to join me when you're done,” he teased, knowing full well that Lance would.

“If you wash your hair before I get there, I’ll be disappointed.” He liked any excuse to touch Keith’s mullet, fascinated by how thick and fluffy it felt dry and then just how much longer it seemed when it was wet. And then he loved Keith’s pleased little hums when Lance washed his hair. It was the best part. “Follow, Blue. It’s dinnertime for babies.” Blue barked, tail wagging as she followed Lance to the kitchen. She licked Red’s face when the feline was set on the floor, the two animals happy enough to play while each keeping an eye on Lance to make sure that he was finding their food and putting it in the correct bowls, Blue darting to get hers when Lance told her to, and holding it patiently until he took it to scoop her food into it. And then she very carefully returned it to her mat to eat. Red wasn’t nearly as polite, but she at least knew well enough to stand next to her bowl and meow so Lance could find her and scoop her food as well, scratching her behind the ear before returning the food bags to their rightful places.

He didn’t need his cane to find his way out of the kitchen and down the hall, steps sure and comfortable in the home he’d spent nearly every day in for the better part of a month. He stepped into the bathroom and slid off his jacket, folding it to set it on the counter before removing the rest of his clothes. They at least went into the hamper. “So are we doing fancy Italian or are we doing broke-ass-there’s-probably-pizza-on-this-menu Italian?”

Keith laughed, stepping aside enough to give Lance space when the shower curtain drew back. “Somewhere in the middle, where there’s definitely some fancy meals but no pizza.” He pulled Lance into a kiss under the spray, pressing their bodies together, slick from the water. “Unless you want super fancy.”

“Medium fancy’s good since I don’t really have any super fancy clothes here.” Even though virtually his entire wardrobe had made it to the cabin by this point. Lance ducked his head to nibble Keith’s neck, tasting water and the barest hint of the mahogany soap he could still smell. “And it’s easier to bring a dog into medium fancy.”

“True.” He tilted his head to give Lance easier access, reaching over to grab his shampoo off the little shelf while sliding his other hand to bury in Lance’s wet strands. “I didn’t wash my hair yet, so it’s all yours.”

“Good. Now I won’t have to spend the rest of the night disappointed and sad.” Lance held out a hand, waiting for Keith to pour shampoo into it before rubbing his hands together and stroking them through Keith’s hair to lather it up. “How’d your break end up being? And the rest of your day.”

Sighing happily, Keith tipped his head forward, reveling in the feeling of Lance's nails scratching soothingly across his scalp. “It was good. Pidge came in and talked to me for a couple minutes- and, actually, when you listen to those messages I sent, that's when they were there.” His hands slid down the length of Lance's torso, landing at his hips and holding him close. “Other than that it was pretty boring.”
“I feel like you sent me a bunch of complaints about Pidge.” Lance shifted closer to him, smile turning a little impish as he washed his hair.

“Well, you're not completely wrong.” One hand slipped from Lance’s hip back to cup his ass, kneading gently. “You can listen to them after we get out.”

“I will.” Lance shifted his hips, humming at the touch. “Are you really hungry or can we take our time?”

“No, we can take as much time as you want.” Since he was already tipped forward, he dropped his head down that extra couple of inches to latch onto Lance's neck, suckling at his warm skin. “Why, do you have something in mind?”

“I might. And I don’t think you’ll be hard to convince either.”

“Not usually. Definitely not when it comes to you.” His other hand joined the first, spreading Lance’s cheeks apart so he could slip a finger into the crack to rub his entrance teasingly. “So what did you have in mind?”

Lance's breath caught, a shiver running down his spine. “I was, um...” A hand dropped to Keith’s shoulder, clinging to him. “I was thinking about maybe trying out the nearest wall. Just wondering if you could hold me up.”

Keith wished someone would have prepared him for Lance, for the ways he continued to catch him off guard and the way he made him feel. But at the same time he was glad he hadn't gotten any form of a heads up, because that just meant he'd constantly be pleasantly surprised by the utter filth that came out of his mouth. His hips bucked forward, rubbing his steadily hardening dick against Lance’s. “Yeah? I probably could. We're definitely gonna find out.”

Grinning, Lance nudged him back towards the spray to rinse his hair. One hand slid down, stroking along Keith’s length just to feel it stiffen further under his touch. “Soy tuyo. Nadie me lo da como tú.”

Keith groaned, rocking forward into the touch while the water ran in soapy rivulets down his torso and back. “What’s that mean?”

Eventually, some of these things wouldn’t be embarrassing to say in English. Cheeks pink, Lance stroked his free hand over chest to follow the trails of soap over his dips and planes of his abs. “No... ‘Nobody gives it to me like you do.’”

“And nobody else ever will,” Keith promised, pulling Lance under the spray with him to seal their lips together. He thrust into his hand, one of his own leaving Lance’s ass to wrap fingers around his boyfriend’s growing length.

He didn’t want anyone else to. He pressed closer, their fingers tangling until Lance let go to let Keith take over. He wanted to touch the rest of him anyway, hands sliding to his back to knead and massage as shampoo slid away. “What- Tus manos,” he groaned, brow dropping to Keith’s shoulder. “We need lube unless you secretly have some in here.”

“I always keep some in the bathroom.” There was a bottle of it shoved in the back of the medicine cabinet since he hadn't really needed it for a while before he started dating Lance. “But we're not - god - not doing it in here.” The bedroom was out of the question, Blue and Red most likely be finished eating and already sleeping in the corner. There was no wall space in the living room, and while the kitchen could work, it was too far away. “Let’s at least get to the hallway. We can do it
“That’s so far away,” Lance complained, nipping Keith’s shoulder sharply.

The pain the bite brought with it caused Keith to hiss, rutting faster against Lance. He needed to be inside of him now. “S’closer than everywhere else. Unless you wanna fuck against the wall in the same room as our pets.”

No, he definitely didn’t want that. Lance bit him again. “*Metémela. Just hurry. I want you.*”

“Y-yeah, okay. *Jesus,* Lance. Hold on.” He didn’t really want to have to stop and prepare him in the hallway, so he let go of him, stepping out of the shower to dig the lube out of the cabinet. There was a giant puddle now that he’d have to mop up later, but not while Lance was waiting for him. “Turn around and bend over,” he commanded, and whimpered softly when Lance did, holding onto the washcloth rack above his head. “*Fuck, you’re so hot, Lance, so good.*” Keith poured some of the lube onto his fingers away from the spray of the water, and finally slipped a finger inside of him, holding him open with the other hand.

Lance whined, pushing back against his hand and tightening his grip on the rack. “*K-Keith, [fuck].*” He’d heard him say it enough that it came out easily, instinct pushing out the Korean since Keith always responded so positively to it.

“Yes, Lance, yes. I’ll give it to you. Just relax for me, baby, let me get you stretched.” Another finger pushed in alongside the first, thrusting and scissoring them to get Lance prepared to take his cock again. Fuck, but Lance always did so well, knew just how to ease his body’s tension to allow Keith’s to take over him, that he was able to slide a third digit in after only a few moments. He knew Lance liked the slight burn of the stretch around his length anyway. “I think you’re almost ready, don’t you?”

He nodded, legs wanting to shake as he was prepped. Quick and greedy like this was easily his second favorite way for Keith to open him, his fingers so clever and almost teasing in the way they could never quite fill him the way he wanted. He was always hyper aware that they were only the first step. “M’ready, yeah. I want you, Keith. ,” he repeated, skin flushed as much from the heat of the spray as from the arousal spreading like wildfire over his skin. “*Quiero que me cojas.*”

“Okay… okay, come on.” The fingers slipped from his hole, Keith’s mouth watering at the way it clenched around nothing, just begging to be filled. Keith reached behind himself to shut the water off, then grabbed a towel to give them each a quick pat down. He tugged Lance out of the tub with him, pausing to slick himself and leaving the bottle of lube on the counter, finally getting him into the hallway. “This way I get to see a little bit of how you can bend, too,” he murmured, and reached down to lift Lance up by the backs of his thighs.

“Uh-huh.” Lance pushed his shoulder blades against the wall, legs banding around Keith’s waist. “I want- I-” He wanted to do all the things Keith had never done before. He wanted to be his first in as many things as possible and he wanted to make them all good. “*Mi cielo, please- please f-fuck me.*”

“God, yeah.” Keith hooked his arms under Lance’s knees, spreading his own legs enough to get closer and line himself up with his hole. He pushed in slowly, steadily until Lance’s ass was resting on the tops of his thighs. “Lance, shit, can you- can you slide down the wall a little? I’ve got you, I won’t let you fall.”

He slid down, letting gravity work, and dug his fingers into Keith’s shoulders tightly enough to bruise. The stretch was glorious, just enough of a burn for Lance to feel every inch, but not nearly enough to hurt. “Oh my god,” he groaned, legs tight around his waist, head falling back to press
against the wall. “K-Keith, fuck.”

Holy shit, this was even better than Keith had imagined. Lance felt so good wrapped around him so completely, so warm and close and just perfect. He gave a tentative thrust of his hips to figure out how he’d be able to move, and moaned loudly when Lance sank even further down. “Lance.” Keith braced one arm above Lance’s head on the wall, the other holding his leg up as he moved again.

Whimpering, Lance used the wall to help him move, pushing against it as he lifted and dropped his hips to meet his next thrust. He cried out, clinging to his lover desperately. “Keith! Qué rico, mi cielo. Tan bien.”

“Yes, yeah, yes.” His arms wrapped more securely around his neck, nails dragging along his back as he bucked his hips. “So good, Keith, mi amor. Eres perfecto.”

Keith buried his face in Lance’s neck, sucking a path along his skin to his chest, biting a mark into his pec muscle. With the way Lance was moving, Keith wouldn’t be able to hold out much longer. “That’s it, keep- keep going.” Every bounce had his hole clenching around him with the effort of lifting himself up the wall. “Lance, Lance. Oh god, you’re amazing.” His teeth sank back in over the same spot, tongue joining in to lap up fresh sweat and the tiniest bit of blood.

He cried out when Keith’s teeth broke skin, stunned by the added stimulus. Pain and pleasure mixed, tangling in ways that were impossible to decipher, and he didn’t want any of it to end. His cock throbbed, untouched between them, but he already knew it wouldn’t matter. He could feel release pooling low, every desperate jerk of his hips filling him with Keith. It was such a tantalizing cross between riding him and being beneath him, the wall firm against his back but the ability to move all his with Keith matching him beat for beat. “Ah... ah... ah...! Ay, me encanta.” He couldn’t think of any of the Korean he’d been learning except one word that spilled out before he could stop himself. “[Sege].”

Okay, that one was new. Keith couldn’t remember ever saying that or teaching it to him, and he would have given it more thought, but his mind was being taken over with so much sensation and bliss that he could only give what Lance had asked for. His hips snapped forwards and upwards, driving himself harder and deeper into his boyfriend, Lance doing his own part as he rolled his hips, bouncing up and down along the wall. “Lance,” he panted into heated skin. “M’so close, baby. Gonna- gonna fill you up so good. Would you-” A moan cut him off when Lance clenched around him again. “Would you wear your plug for me tonight?”

Lance couldn’t refuse him in the sanest circumstances, so it was impossible when sensation ruled and overwhelmed. He nodded, nails biting into Keith’s skin as every thrust pushed him closer and closer to the edge. “Yes. An- anything. Eres mi todo. Anything, Keith, please. Voy a venir.”

That was one phrase he did recognize. “Yeah, come on.” Keith nipped him again and then rested his forehead on Lance’s collarbone, looking in between them down the length of Lance’s torso. Lance’s cock bounced with him, the tip red and leaking pre down the shaft. Keith groaned, curling his fingers into a fist against the wall to prevent himself from reaching down to curl around Lance’s length instead. “You- you gonna come untouched for me like a good boy?”
“Soy tu chico bueno,” he panted. “I'm gonna-” Breath catching, teetering on the edge of release, Lance shifted and held himself in an impressive arch held up only by Keith as his lover one, two—“Keith!” he shouted, the angle hitting just right, stars exploding in the darkness as his release streaked between them. “Keith! Keith, please!”

“Yes, Lance, fuck.” Keith watched Lance's come spurt out until his dick was a twitching mess, moaning at the increased tightness around his own length. The hand on Lance's leg gripped tighter as he thrusted faster, chasing his orgasm. “L-Lance, I'm- Lance!” He came, burying himself and spilling deep inside of him, when Lance dragged his nails down his back, leaving angry red streaks on his skin.

Keith felt so good, wet heat filling Lance and making him groan and sink down as if he could possibly get closer. His legs tightened their hold, a little squeak escaping when Keith swayed forward and pinned him against the wall. “Eres perfecto,” he mumbled, pressing kisses to and stroking fingers through his damp hair. “Te quiero.”

“Soy tuyo,” he sighed, biting his lip and clenching around the toy. He still wasn't used to taking it, feeling it just a little bigger than Keith keeping him so full. “F-feels good.”

“Mm, good.” Keith crawled up next to him, slinging an arm over his waist and pulling him close for a kiss. “If it gets too uncomfortable, on the bike or in the restaurant, let me know and I'll take it out.”

Lance squirmed against him, happy to press as close as he could. He'd try and keep it in the whole evening, though the bike ride was probably going to be one hell of an experience. “I will.”

Trusting Lance to actually let him know if it was too much, he cuddled closer, almost wanting to say screw it and just stay home. His stomach growling stopped that train of thought, though, plus he wanted to do something more special for his boyfriend than just takeout tonight. He pressed another kiss to Lance’s lips, then his cheek, sighing happily against his skin. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too. Even though you constantly turn me into a mess.” Lance stretched lazily, Keith’s stomach spurring him to tease instead of cuddle. “Like right now I've got jizz all over the place. Vamos, chico lindo.” He patted Keith’s side fondly. “Wet cloth and clothes.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Keith pushed himself up, smirking even though Lance couldn't see him, and reached down to smear his fingers through the come on Lance's abdomen. Lifting his hand, he pressed them to Lance's lips, willing him to part them and lick it off, moaning when he did so. “God, that's so hot…” He had to leave the room before they really didn't make it to dinner, rising off the bed and stretching. “I'll be right back.”

“Okay. I'll be here.” Lance smiled, folding his arms behind his head. “I think we're gonna end up having wall sex again.”

Lance looked so smug lying there like that. Smug, and definitely debauched. “Oh, we're absolutely doing that again, except next time we’ll plan it better.” Maybe the kitchen, and then after they were done with the wall Keith could prop him up on the counter and fuck him a second time. It was a very real possibility, one that he would be sure to make happen.
He didn't bother letting him know he was leaving the room, having already warned him, and walked back into the bathroom. First he threw a towel on the floor to dry up the water still puddled in front of the sink, wiping himself off with a wet cloth, then grabbed another to take back in to Lance. His boyfriend had his eyes shut, resting peacefully on top of the sheets with the base of the plug barely visible underneath him. Smiling, Keith walked over to him and took the cloth across his stomach, mopping up the mess he’d made. “I really love seeing you using the plug. And I love knowing that it's my come you're keeping inside of you.”

Lance didn’t bother opening his eyes, lips quirking and cheeks going pink. “Well, you bought it for me. I always use my presents, mi cielo.”

Keith hummed, throwing the cloth into the corner with all their other dirty clothes that he'd have to pick up before their home visit. “Then I'm definitely buying you a skirt.” Thinking about how amazing Lance would look in a short skirt, his mind took it one step further. “What about panties? Would you wear a pair?”

Lance blushed. “I have before. Just, um, y’know. Hard to keep something like that a secret when someone else has to do your laundry.”

“Well, lucky for you, you won't need to keep them a secret here.” If he thought the idea of Lance in a skirt was hot, then the idea of Lance in a pair of panties was mind-melting. He gripped his waist, pulling him up into a seated position on the edge of the bed, and bent down to kiss him. “I'm gonna buy you a few pairs then. You just tell me what you like.”

“I don’t know. Try a variety.” Lance squirmed in excitement, breath hitching as the plug shifted within him. “Fuck, I'm gonna die on that bike.”

“You won’t die, but I'll throw an extra change of boxers and jeans in the sidecar for you.” Because if he didn't come again in his pants from the added stimulation of the bike’s vibrations, Keith was going to make him with his hand. Chuckling, he stepped over to his closet and then the dresser to grab clean clothes for both of them, tossing Lance’s next to him on the bed. “Now get dressed so I can take you to dinner, baby.”

“I think you want more than just dinner.” Lance dressed quickly, as eager to find out how he'd feel on the back of the bike as he was nervous. He hadn’t known that there were things he could still get nervous about, but Keith's variety of kinks was starting to show and Lance was beginning to realize that his very sweet boyfriend was filthy. Lance was happy enough to go along for the ride since he was discovering his own kinks in the process.

Keith tugged his own clothes on and then drew Lance into another kiss with arms wrapped around his waist. A hand slid down to his ass, pressing against the plug through his jeans to feel him squirm and moan. “If dessert is on the table, I'm not passing it up,” he teased, voice a low purr right next to Lance’s ear. “It's my favorite kind.”

He really was going to die on that bike. Lance grasped his shoulders, shuddering against him. “I-if you mean me, dessert’s anywhere y-you want it.”

Everywhere, but he'd work Lance up to sex outside of the bedroom - or, rather, outside of the house - eventually. The ride to the restaurant would be a nice test. “I'll take it anywhere you're comfortable.” He captured his lips for one more lingering kiss, pulling away and taking his hand when they parted. “You ready to go?”

Lance nodded, trying to find his brain when his dick was already hardening. “I... um... I-I don't think- I'm supposed to be t-taking Blue everywhere, but I- I don’t think I can. Not like... this.”
Keith glanced over at her, still sleeping with Red in the corner, though her ears had perked and one eye opened when she heard her name. “She’ll be fine with Red if we have to leave her here for a couple hours.” There wasn’t anything she could get into, and he didn’t think she would even try, anyway.

“I know she will. Just...” He didn't want to leave her, but he didn't want to possibly sneak into a bathroom and have to take her either. And if his body kept reacting to the plug, they wouldn't really have a choice. He felt so full and wet, clenching around it instinctively when he took a step back so they could head towards the bike. “Joder,” he breathed. “Are you sure I'm not gonna die on that bike?”

Laughing, Keith grabbed extra boxers and jeans for Lance and then dragged him from the room. “Hopefully not, but if you need me to pull over, just tell me.”

“I will.” Lance wanted to at least make it to the restaurant, but was no longer so sure he'd make it the whole night. If it hadn't been so wet, he likely could've managed longer. Post-sex, he was already sensitive and knowing he was full of Keith just heightened everything even more. When they reached the porch, he tightened his grip of Keith's hand and couldn't hold back the needy moan.

“Jesus, Lance.” If Keith hadn't wanted to see just how well he'd do on the bike and through dinner, he would have pulled him right back inside to fill him up all over again. But when he glanced down and saw the bulge in Lance's pants, the desire to have him pressed up against his back on the bike like that won out. “Oh yeah, you're definitely gonna need this change of clothes. You're so good, baby.”

Whimpering, Lance nodded and let himself be led towards the motorcycle. When Keith cupped his hips to lift him, Lance quickly wrapped his arms around his neck and kept them there so he could pull him into a kiss. “Es bueno, mi cielo.”

“‘Bueno’ is ‘good,’ right?” At Lance's nod, Keith pressed his lips back to his boyfriend's. “Perfect. Seriously, tell me if it's too much, but I really wanna feel you come in your jeans behind me.”

Lance shivered. From the way he was feeling right then, there was a strong possibility that Keith would get just what he wanted. “Okay.”

Keith slid onto the seat in front of him, reaching back and pulling Lance's hips closer so that his bulge rested firmly against him. Fuck, but Lance was already so hard and the whimpering and squirming behind him was only spurring on Keith's own arousal. If Lance didn't die on the bike ride then Keith definitely would. He turned the key in the ignition, feeling the way Lance’s entire body jolted and pressed closer, arms tightening around Keith's waist as he revved the engine. “Everything okay?”

Lance pressed his face against Keith’s shoulder, eyes squeezing shut. The bike’s vibrations normally felt pretty good if he focused on them, but now he could focus on nothing else. They shook through him, his cock throbbing in his jeans and dripping pre. He could feel it already dampening his boxers. “I-I’m okay,” he breathed. It was probably going to be too much, but he’d sit and be good, be exactly what Keith wanted because he wanted it too. “It’s good. It’s so good.”

“Let me know if that changes.” After another quick rev to warm up the engine, Keith took off out of the driveway, shivering at the way Lance was molding himself against his back and subtly rocking his hips. It was easily one of the hottest things he'd ever felt, and Keith couldn't wait to get him home after dinner to make good on the promise of dessert.

Lance gripped Keith’s shirt as tightly as he could, knuckles whitening. It was almost immediately
overwhelming, his muscles clenching tightly around the toy within him and a moan spilled out. He muffled his sounds against Keith’s shoulder, more spilling out the longer they rode and the closer he got to release. Every bump and divot in the road made him whine and whimper, muscles clenching and unclenching. He shifted his hips needily, desperation growing. “Keith,” he moaned, loud enough to be heard. “Keith, I’m gonna- I can’t- V-voy a venir.”

Oh, hell yeah. Keith could feel how close he was, could feel his dick twitching even through the vibrations. There was a red light coming up and no traffic around them, so when Keith came to a stop, he revved the motor even more, reaching back and pressing the tips of his fingers into his thigh. “Do it, baby. Come for me right now.”

Lance couldn’t hold it back, muffling his outcry by sinking his teeth into Keith’s neck. His hips rocked forward, rutting desperately against the small of Keith’s back as his release soaked his boxers. “Keith,” he whimpered as the high faded, vibrations still rocking through him. “Maravilloso,” he panted. “Tan bien.”

Keith smiled, flattening his hand and squeezing his thigh lightly. “Do you need me to pull over? I can find somewhere private if you want to take it out.”

“Mm-mm. I can- Are we almost there?”

“Yeah, just another couple of minutes.”

“I can wait. I'm okay.” Lance stroked his shirt, one hand dipping beneath to find the warm skin beneath. It was a lot, vibrations continuing to shiver up his spine and his rim continuing to flutter around the plug. He felt so stretched and used. “I'm- It's still good.”

“Okay. We'll be there soon.” The bite on his neck stung pleasantly, a mark of what had just happened. And just like their sex against the wall, Keith was already planning on a repeat. “You’re so good, Lance.”

“Soy tuyo.” Breathless, Lance nodded and dropped his brow to Keith’s shoulder. 

“[Ye], Lance. [Hago nekkeoya]. [Eonjena geurigo yeongwonhi].” He took off when the light turned green - again since it had already changed once while they were there, and thankfully Keith had taken the back roads - making it to the restaurant in less than two minutes. Lance was still a quivering mess on the back of the bike when they parked, his release just starting to seep through his boxers to darken the front of his jeans.

Keith helped him down, grabbing the extra clothes out of the little trunk in the sidecar and handing them to him to cover himself. “You look so beautiful like this. I can't believe you keep doing these things for me.”

Lance swallowed, face flushed with pleasure from the praise and the ride. “I- I like it. Trying things with you.”

There was no way that Keith couldn't have kissed him right then, reaching up to cup his cheeks, feeling the warmth from his blush, and drawing him in, sealing their lips together sweetly. “You're amazingly perfect, Lance. I love you and I'm going to show you every day just how much.”

“I love you too. Eres perfecto.” He lifted one hand to curl around Keith's wrist, turning his head to press a kiss to a gloved palm. He could hardly believe he was doing these things as well, but everything with Keith was exciting. And he was hovering somewhere between pleasure and pain with this latest venture now, his dick half-hard in the wet from release and his rim overly sensitive
around the toy. There was really no way he'd make it through the whole night and he absolutely
wasn't going to be able to ride home with it, but he wanted to do it again sometime. Sometime soon,
hopefully. “But I, um... It's starting to, like, not- not feel as good?” he mumbled, not wanting to admit
it.

“[Ah, darling], don't worry. We'll go inside to the bathroom and get it taken out of you.” This
restaurant was one of those that had private bathrooms rather than stalls, which Keith hadn't thought
of beforehand but was now really happy that he'd picked this place for dinner just for that. “Come
on, baby, you've been so good. Just a few more minutes. And I'm gonna do something special for
you.” He didn't know what yet, but his boyfriend deserved to be spoiled.

“I like the sound of that.” Lance shifted the clothes into the crook of one arm, automatically reaching
for Blue's harness. He paused, remembering that she hadn't come with them, so hid the clothes as
much as possible when he took Keith's arm instead. “I want to do it again, though. I'm glad you
didn't crash.”

“Me too.” Keith laid his other hand over Lance's that he'd hooked around his arm. “Now let's get
inside so you won't be uncomfortable anymore.”

“What about you?” Lance wondered, following easily. “Did you like it?”

“Of course I did. I loved it.” And he was so on edge that he was surprised he hadn't come in his
pants like Lance had just from feeling him do it. It wasn’t going to take long for him to reach that
point of orgasm, and thought maybe he could convince Lance to suck him off in the bathroom. “I'll
let you feel just how much when we get inside. You could have a nice appetizer before we eat.”

“You're absolutely filthy.” But he wanted to do it. Lips curving, Lance blushed and gave his arm a
squeeze. “I think you might just be rubbing off on me, though.”

Going along with the filth, Keith smirked, the gesture clear in his tone when he said, “Oh, I do
have something that I can rub off on you.”

Blush deepening, Lance hid his face against Keith’s mullet. “You're the worst.”

Keith laughed, pulling him closer to the door. “You still love me.”

“Luckily for you,” he teased.

“I'm pretty sure luck has nothing to do with it.” When they reached the entrance, Keith held the door
open for Lance, stepping in behind him and offering his arm again. Lance took it, Keith leading him
up to the hostess stand; the girl behind the podium smiled at them politely and led them to a table
near the back upon Keith's request, and let them know that their waitress would be with them shortly.
“We'll order our drinks first, okay? Is it really bad right now?”

“Mm-mm. I'm fine, Keith.” Lance felt for his hand, lacing their fingers with a smile. “Do they have
my soda or am I going to have to suffer?”

“You mean your gross Mountain Dew?” he teased, blushing because he'd once again forgotten to
ask if they had a menu in braille. He skimmed the beverage section on his, most of it just cheap wine
and a small selection of beer, reminding himself to ask their waitress when she came along. “Yeah,
they have it.”

“Good. And it's not gross, you brat. It's life saving.”

“It's gross.”
It wasn't long before their waitress came over. Keith put in their drink orders and asked the girl if they had a braille menu. She smiled at their joined hands and then at Lance. Yes, they had one and she would bring it right over. Keith thanked her, already planning on leaving her a big tip, and let her know to just set it on the table if they weren't back from the bathroom by the time she got back.

As soon as she disappeared into the kitchen, Keith stood and tugged at Lance's hand for him to follow. “Come on, baby. I need to take care of you.”

“You always take care of me, mi cielo.” Lance hugged his arm, rising and following without argument. He hadn’t been planning on saying anything about the menu, so was thrilled that his boyfriend had remembered without prompting. “I want to take care of you too.”

“Of course. Anything you want.” While his erection had gone down some, the arousal was still thumping in his veins, and it wouldn't take long for him to be completely hard, especially not at Lance's hand. He held the door for his boyfriend again, locking it behind them and pulling him into a kiss. “Alright, we can finally get that plug taken out of you now.”

Lance nodded. He'd heard the click of the lock, so didn't question their privacy. Instead, his hands slipped beneath Keith’s shirt, fingers gliding along his back. “And then I want that appetizer,” he teased.

Chuckling, Keith dropped his hands to Lance's hands, undoing the button and zip, then slid them down his thighs along with his soiled boxers. “Absolutely.” He maneuvered Lance into a slightly bent over position with his hands on the sink counter, grabbing some toilet paper to catch his come as he slowly eased the plug from Lance's body. “Does that feel better, baby?” he asked, swiping over his hole carefully.

His hole fluttered, clenching around nothing, and Lance bit his lip. Being empty was almost as bad as being overstimulated, but that was more of an emotional upset than a physical one. Keith’s hand helped, the strokes gentle and loving. “I'm- I'm okay.”

“Good.” After making sure he was clean in the front too, Keith helped him get the dirty clothes off and into the fresh ones they'd brought along, kissing him once again. “Next time we do that I'll make sure we're going right home afterwards.”

Lance threaded his fingers through Keith’s mullet, stroking gently. “I wanted to hold it longer,” he murmured, part of him wishing they were home so he could shower and then curl up beside his lover to sleep. His free hand slid down, finding the mostly calmed bulge in his jeans, and rubbed firmly. “It felt so good on the bike, chico lindo. I was so full of you, so wet from you. You made me feel incredible and I want to return the favor.”

Just being near Lance made him feel incredible all the time, but Keith nodded, hips rocking into his hand. “Okay, baby. Do whatever you want to do.”

“We need more time and a lot more privacy for that, Keith.” Lance undid his button, drawing the zipper down. “You want my tongue on you, mi novio dulce? Do you want to come down my throat?” He swayed forward, nibbling the column of Keith’s throat while his hand dragged cloth down his thighs to free his length.

“Oh, fuck, Lance. Yes.” He’d always want that from his boyfriend, and Lance was getting better at taking him in and swallowing, though there was still some of it that he couldn't manage. But he looked hot as hell with Keith's come streaking his face, so Keith couldn't really complain. “I don't want you to rush, but yeah, we don't have a lot of time in here.”
“I can handle a little bit of rush. I've been practicing.” Lips curving into a smirk, Lance sank down to his knees. He hadn't yet done this with Keith standing, but wasn't nervous about it. Eager, he cupped his length and lapped along him from base to tip, wasting no time in wrapping his lips around Keith’s cockhead and sliding down. He could take him nearly all the way to the hilt now, content to feel him dripping down the back of his throat as he sucked.

The pressure was light, teasing, and Keith groaned as his fingers slipped into Lance's hair. It was so hard every time not to just thrust into his mouth, perfectly warm and wet around him, but Lance would eventually get to the point where he'd be able to handle it. He had been practicing, after all. “God, Lance, you're so good. You look beautiful down on your knees for me.” And he really wasn't going to last long, the vibrations from their bike ride over here only heightening the arousal he'd felt at having Lance come in his pants behind him.

Lance hummed around him, giving him a teasing vibration as he began to bob his head. One hand gripped his hip, the other trailing down to cup his balls. He squeezed them as he drew back, tongue swirling around the head and dipping into the slit. “Sabes bien,” he murmured before swallowing him down again. His lips stretched around his length, tongue exploring with growing talent.

“Oh my god.” He'd been being so loud in bed with Lance recently that he had to rein in his noises and relearn how to be quiet, even though all he wanted to do was moan to let him know how good it felt. “Lance, baby, fuck. It's so good. M'not gonna last.” He couldn't help the quick buck of his hips forward, the feeling of Lance's tongue seemingly everywhere almost too much.

Lance made a sound of acceptance, the little buck surprising but not enough to deter him. He was getting used to Keith's little movements and was steadily working up to being able to let Keith move exactly how he wanted, as hard and fast as he wanted. For now, he held control of the pace and was happy to quicken it to get him off. He bobbed his head, suckling the tip firmly with every upward slide. He wanted to taste him, swallow down as much as he could, and he wanted it quick, didn't want Keith to last.

“Lance… Lance, I’m-” Keith gripped his hair tighter, one hand finding the corner of the counter to grip onto as he leaned forward, bending himself over Lance’s kneeling form. Lance rolled his balls in his hand and that was all it took. “Shit.” His hips jerked in small motions as he came, a low groan escaping as his eyes squeezed shut.

Lance drank him down hungrily until he had to draw back. Panting, his hand lifted to stroke him to completion and took the last few streaks across his tongue and cheeks. “Ay, mi cielo, sabes bien.”

The grip Keith had on the counter’s edge finally lessened and, breathing heavily, he opened his eyes, taking in the sight of Lance still on his knees, come splattered across his face. “Ah, hell, baby. You made a mess of yourself again.” Keith reached down for him, tugging him up into a kiss to lick the taste of himself out of his mouth, then took his tongue over Lance's cheeks. “God, you're so amazing.”

Lance's lips curved before he laid them against Keith's again, lapping at his tongue. “I know. You're lucky to have me.”

Keith banded his arms around Lance's waist, pressing another smiling kiss to his lips. “I am lucky to have you.” Because that meant that nobody else could.


“I love you too. Now come on. Our waitress is probably thinking we're doing what we just did.”
“Is my face clean enough?” He couldn't walk through a restaurant with jizz on his face. He didn't want to walk around with anything blemishing his face. “And my clothes and, uh, stuff definitely needs to go back to Red. We can't just keep it at the table.”

His face looked fine, but just to appease him, Keith swiped a wet paper towel over his cheeks. “I'll bring you back to the table and I can run your stuff out there,” he said, already reaching for his boyfriend's dirty clothes.

Lance took Keith's arm when it was offered to follow him to their table. Drinks had already been left at their seats, a braille menu beside Lance's. He opened it when he sat, fingers trailing along the list. “If she comes by while you're gone, I'm gonna get us an actual appetizer.”

Keith leaned down and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “Okay, get whatever you want. I'm not picky like you,” he teased.

“Considering what I just had down my throat, I don't think I'm that picky at all.”

Keith wanted to make the argument that that's different, but he didn't have any good reasons for it. Instead, he laughed, shifting Lance’s clothes so he could grab his keys from his pocket. “Alright, you win. I'll be right back.”

“Oh. I'll probably be here.” He grinned, running his finger along the small braille bumps. “No promises.”

“You'd better still be here.” Keith stole one more forehead kiss before walking away from their table, trusting Lance to know he was leaving from the jingle of his keys. It didn't take him long to make it to the parking lot to stow the clothes and plug, and he was back inside within two minutes, sliding into the booth next to Lance instead of across from him. “I see you didn’t leave. Good.”

“I see you don't like personal space,” he teased. “Good. I got us calamari two seconds ago, by the way, because you can't go wrong with that.”

“No, you can’t.” Keith took a sip of his soda, glancing at his own menu. He'd eaten here a couple times before, but he usually got the same thing, so decided he was going to change it up. “Do you know what you're getting yet?”

“Still working on that.” Lance leaned against Keith’s side as he scanned the pages. It was largely pasta, some seafood. “What are you doing?”

“Uh, well, I normally get lasagna.” And they were doing calamari, so he didn't really want to get seafood. “But maybe I'll get that pesto chicken with penne.”

“That sounds good.” Italian had richer fare than he generally had, its spices tending to lean more towards sweet than the kick he was used to. It made it harder to find something. “Mm... I'm feeling that shrimp francese.”

Keith read the description, nodding his approval. “Yeah, that sounds pretty good. Get whatever you want. We can get dessert too if we're not too full. Or go for froyo later.”

“I like the idea of froyo, but it'll seriously depend on how much of this I eat.” Lance felt for Keith’s hand, smiling. “And I do kind of want to go home and cuddle soon.”

Keith did too, which was one of his reasons behind sitting on the same side of the table. “Yeah, same here. And if you do wanna get froyo later, we can take Blue and get her her own little cup of vanilla.”
His grin lit his face up, eyes bright. It'd make up for leaving her behind on this trip. “Absolutely. She'd love it.”

“Definitely.”

Lance snuggled closer to Keith, nestling his nose in his hair to just breathe in his familiar scent. His boyfriend was just too sweet to him and his pupper. Sweet and amazing and it was so nice to be on a real date with him. He knew Keith preferred to be home and adored the fact that he was so often a part of Keith’s desire for solitude. It meshed well with Lance’s more social attitude, his constant chatter not infringing on Keith’s desire to be alone because they were alone together.

It wasn’t really the kind of relationship he'd ever expected to have. He'd always expected a fellow extrovert if, well, anyone was ever actually interested in him. Keith’s interest was like a tsunami - shocking in its overwhelming power and lasting in its effects. He’d changed Lance’s landscape forever in just a few short weeks and there was no going back.

He gave Keith's hand a squeeze, not moving as he placed their order to the friendly waitress. He didn’t want to move and he absolutely didn’t want to go back to where he'd been, who he'd been, those few weeks ago. He wanted to be the person he was getting back into and he wanted to be that person with Keith. It was astounding to him that he could.

“Te quiero.”

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By Wednesday, Lance was a bit of a jittery mess. He thought he hid the nerves pretty well, though was oblivious to Keith’s concerned glances. He was tidying up a few small things, making sure dishes were put away, no laundry riddling the floors. When Hunk had come over the day before so he and Keith could polish the final details to their massive project, he'd made a joke about the lack of window curtains and Lance had been horrified to discover that Keith was lacking such a basic necessity. So Keith also got to drill curtain rods into the walls to put up fabric.

Lance, of course, just played with their furry children while his boyfriend moved around him. He jingled Red’s toys, rolling the balls towards her just to laugh when they were swatted right back. Blue was content with the lazy game of tug, curled up against Lance’s side to provide comfort since she sensed his mood. It could flip on a dime when he was this on edge. The home visit would be happening the very next morning. It was so, terrifyingly close.

He didn’t bother to lift his head when he felt Keith settle beside him, the jingle ball rolling away. “Do you think we're ready for tomorrow?”

Keith took a hold of his free hand, lacing their fingers and squeezing. “Yeah, we are. I'll just have to wash whatever dishes we dirty tonight, and probably change the bed.”

“Mm.” Lance scooted closer to him, laying his head against his shoulder. “We could maybe not create any dirty dishes. Like... do a picnic kind of thing at the park.”

“Yes, that would be fun. We can put everything in the sidecar.”

Lance shook his head. “No, I was kind of...” He gave Keith's hand a squeeze. He wanted to get out of the house and stay out as long as possible. Besides, he wanted it to be romantic. His boyfriend had taken him out for a romantic date Monday; it was his turn to do what he could. “?”

“Ye- Wait.” Wait a minute. Keith definitely hadn’t taught him that one. Sure, Lance could have looked it up, but the translator apps couldn't get Korean right and that was actually correct. He lifted their hands and pressed a kiss to Lance's. “How did- where did you learn that?”

Lance considered it for a moment, very tempted to tell him. But he shook his head again, smiling. “Is it right? Korean sentence structure is impossible.”
“Yeah, it's perfect. A little too formal, but yeah. Perfect.” He leaned in and sealed his lips over Lance's. “And yes, I'll definitely go for a walk with you and Blue.”

“As long as it gets the point across, I'm happy. And you agreeing makes it even better.” Lance kissed him again, pleased with himself and with Keith for not pressing how he'd learned it. He wasn’t a great liar in the best of circumstances. “Come on. I just need to get Blue's harness and find shoes.”

“Alright. I think your shoes are by the door. I'll grab the harness.” Keith rose, helping Lance up, then took the harness off the little hook next to the door he'd installed for it. Blue had gotten up when they did, and Keith slipped it on, Lance having shown him how the other day. “Blue's good to go. But we don't have a lot of stuff here for a picnic, so we should stop somewhere and get something to take with us.”

“Okay.” Lance pulled on his shoes and found his jacket on a separate hook, slipping it on. “Is there a place to stop on the way?”

“There aren't any, like, restaurants, but there's a small grocery store if we take a detour.”

“That'll work. Come, Blue.” She stood by his side, tail wagging when he took a hold of her harness. It was second nature to her now. “You should get a blanket.”

Keith smiled and kissed Lance's cheek before making his way back down the hall to their room to grab a blanket. He met Lance back out by the door, tucking it under one arm and taking his free hand. “Anything else before we leave?”

“I think that’s it.” Blue had gotten a tennis ball while Keith was in the bedroom, so she had something to do as well. “Yeah. I'm ready.”

“Alright, let's go.” He held the door open for Lance and Blue, taking a moment to lock up then took Lance's hand again, lacing their fingers and leading them down the porch steps. “What are you thinking for food?”

“Picnic food?” As if it was the most obvious thing, Lance arched a brow. “Does this grocery store have a little deli thing where you can get ready-made food?”

Keith ignored the brow, but pulled him closer. “I think so. Just stuff like sandwiches, though.”

“That’ll work.” Lance released his hand to wrap an arm around his waist, slipping his hand into Keith’s back pocket to amuse himself. “Thanks for, like, all the stuff you've been doing. I know I'm driving you crazy.”

The hand in his pocket squeezed gently, and Keith smiled, banding his arm around Lance's waist too. “You're not driving me crazy, Lance.” Well, he was a little bit, but only a little, but Keith wasn't going to admit that. “I love you, and I told you I'd do anything for you.”

“Eres uno dulce mentiroso, chico lindo.” Lance kissed his cheek, knowing full well that some of his demands had been met with silent irritation. “It's one thing to say. It's another to do. And I very much appreciate everything you've been doing.”

“Well, you're welcome.” Even though Lance never had to thank him for doing anything for him. Ever. “I love spending time and doing stuff with you.”

“I know, mi cielo. I just want you to know I appreciate it, geez.”

Keith squeezed his hip with his hand, frowning. “Are you okay?”
“I'm- Yeah.” Lance sighed. “Just kinda up and down. Nerves, y'know?”

“Yeah, I know.” Keith was a little nervous too, but probably not nearly as much as Lance. He just wanted the home visit tomorrow to go well so Blue could stay with them. So she could stay with Lance. “It'll be alright. We've done everything we could for tomorrow.”

“Yeah. But that's why I want to take you out. This gets us both out of the house.” Lance grinned, giving his ass a light squeeze. “And I don't really get to take you out, so that's a bonus.”

“Well, this is a nice change of pace. I did need to get out of the cabin for a bit.” Keith leaned over and kissed his temple. “Thanks.”

“Nothing clears my head more than a good walk, so you're welcome. It'll save both of our sanities with the added benefit of kissing.”

Keith laughed, relaxing further. “Yeah, that's always a plus.”

Grinning, Lance gave him another squeeze. “Yeah. So don’t worry about me, mi novio dulce. I'll be a little... touchy, I guess? But I'm not gonna get mad at you or anything. Unless you actively try to piss me off,” he teased.

“Oh, yeah? You gonna punish me if I do?”

“Maybe.” His cheeks pinkened. “But you'd probably like it.”

“You’re not wrong.” Keith smiled. Lance would probably like it too since he'd be in control of everything, but that was another thought for another time. Instead he whispered an instruction for them to turn left rather than their usual straight up ahead so they could get to the grocery store. “What do you wanna do tomorrow after the visit? We'll have to celebrate.” And Keith was going to try to keep everything positive so Lance couldn’t drown himself with worry.

He laughed. “You mean we can skip class?”

That wasn’t what he’d meant originally, especially since they’d been skipping so much lately, but Keith shrugged. “Yeah, baby, we can skip.”

“It’s only the one class. Unless you’ve got a test or something, no big deal.” Lance shrugged, comfortable with his classes and his grades. “What kind of celebration did you have in mind?”

He shrugged again. He could say the obvious “have sex,” but they’d have to kick Blue out of the room, and, really, it was a celebration for her, so she needed to be included. Plus, they could always have sex later. “I don’t know. Maybe take Blue to the petstore and let her pick out another toy. And maybe we can get her and Red some fancy food and have dinner with them.”

Lance laughed, sliding his hand up from his pocket to slip beneath his shirt. “That sounds perfect. We don’t have to skip class for that if you don’t want to.”

“No, I'm fine with skipping class.” Now that the suggestion was out there, the idea of a free afternoon and evening tomorrow sounded too good to pass up. “That gives us more time, anyway.”

“Okay.” Lance’s smile went shy, fingers stroking the smooth skin over Keith’s back. “Time for more than just shopping and dinner? Or a late lunch.”

“Now who's the filthy one?” he teased, arching slightly into Lance's touch. “Maybe we can try out that blindfold.”
Face coloring, Lance ducked his head but the smile remained. “Mmhm. I keep waiting for you to bring it out.”

“Well, then I'll drag it out tomorrow night.” It wasn't a real blindfold, just a tie that Shiro had given him because he would “need it someday.” He hadn't needed it until now. Another idea suddenly came to him that would go along with the blindfold, so he smirked and leaned closer to murmur in Lance's ear, “Maybe I'll let you tie me up too.”

Lance stopped to hide his flushed face in Keith’s neck. “You- you'd like that?”

Keith had only done it once, but it was pleasurable enough, though he'd never used a blindfold along with it before. But he knew that it would be good with Lance, just like everything else. “Yeah, I would. I want you to, if you're comfortable with it.”

Lance nodded eagerly and nipped his neck. “Me excitas. I want to try.”

Groaning softly, Keith cupped his cheek and turned his head enough to steal a kiss. “Good. It'll give you total control, which I know you like.”

“Mmhm.” He loved when Keith let him do as he liked, so the idea of having him pinned down made Lance squirm. “You're making it hard to be nervous about tomorrow.”

“That's the idea.” He sealed their lips for one more kiss before slinging his arm around Lance’s waist again. “Now come on, we have to go have a picnic.”

“‘Have to,’” Lance echoed, teasing. “I'm so sorry, mi cielo. I hate to drag you out and about.”

Keith pulled him closer, grip on his hip tightening. “Hm, I didn't mean it like that, and you know it.”

Lance bit back his smile, trying to appear wounded despite his sparkling eyes. “But you so obviously hate spending time with me and my little pupper.” Blue grumbled, recognizing the label as being herself. “I know, perrita dulce. He's so mean.”

“Yes, I'm just the most horrible person on the planet.” Keith knocked his hip into Lance’s, laughing. “Wait til I tell Red.”

“Pssh. She already knows. There's a reason why I'm her favorite.” Lance grinned. “I'm only with you because you're so cute.”

“You mean it's not because of the amazing sex or because I spoil you?”

He lifted a hand to smother a giggle, though the tease had his blush returning. The amazing sex was a pretty strong factor. “That's secondary. I'm all about looks, Keith.”

“Uh-huh. Well, I'm glad I met your standards.” He took his arm from around Lance's waist, taking his hand again instead. “You definitely surpassed mine.”

Lance lifted their hands, pressing a warm kiss to Keith’s. “Te quiero, mi novio dulce.”

Keith hummed, squeezing Lance’s hand gently. “ , . I'm never letting you go.”

“[I'll love you forever].” Smiling, Lance swung their hands as they walked, happy enough to chatter about anything and everything until they stepped into the small grocery store. “So pick whatever you want, mi cielo. It's not much, but I want to spoil you some.”

“Okay, baby.” Keith grinned, amused by his boyfriend's eagerness. He almost argued, not used to
being the one getting spoiled, but decided not to and to let Lance have his fun with it. “The deli is over this way,” he said, already dragging Lance and Blue that direction.

He went easily, lips curved and eyes bright. Grocery shopping was different from what Lance considered to be fun shopping, so it didn't take nearly as long as it could've for them to be in and out. Lance swiped his card, their food bagged, and buzzed with a contented sort of pride. He never got to spend money on people. He tried often, but it was difficult when you couldn't see and cashiers hesitated when the blind guy offered to pay.

Once outside, he laced their fingers together and tugged him along. “When the stars come out, will you tell me about them?”

Keith squeezed his hand, lifting it to press a lingering, sweet kiss to the back. “Yeah, Lance,” he murmured, willing his voice not to break. “I will.”

“Don’t be sad, mi cielo. I'm not.” Lance leaned down, finding his lips with ease. He kept it light, sweet and soothing.

Keith pressed closer, not deepening the kiss, but definitely increasing the pressure of their lips. It wasn't that he was sad- Except that it totally was. He was sad because Lance had told them when they first met that he missed being able to see the stars. Stars and colors. Keith pulled back to end the kiss, but stayed close, their brows resting together. “I know you're not. I just-” He was being silly. “I love you. I'd give you the stars if I could.”

“Blue, sit.” He waited to feel her move before releasing her harness and lifting both hands to cup Keith’s cheeks. “Tu amor vale más que millones de estrellas.”

“What's that mean?” he asked, nuzzling into Lance's palm. God, he didn't normally get like this, so he couldn't understand why he was basically on the verge of tears.

“Your love is worth more than a million stars.” Lance brushed their lips together again. “If I had to choose between you and seeing them again, I'm choosing you every time.”

Keith was very proud of himself for not letting them fall, but he still had to blink back the tears. And then he had to kiss Lance again. “

Lance believed him, felt the same way, hands sliding from his face to delve into his hair so he could press their lips together again. He parted his lips this time, tongue smoothing across Keith's bottom lip before delving between them.

An embarrassing little noise escaped him as Keith wrapped his arm around Lance's waist and held on, wanting to get closer but not able to with the load he was carrying. His tongue met Lance's, wrapping around to taste and just feel.

Moan soft, Lance let one hand fall back to his cheek. Fingertips stroked gently, his tongue a bold contrast as it tangled with Keith’s. He poured himself into the contact, love spilling over. His first love would be his only, Lance accepting that easily when the emotion was returned so wholly. It was his eyes that were damp when it ended, their lips still close enough to brush as he spoke. “Mi cielo, tu amor vale más que miles de millones de estrellas.”

Now Keith felt bad for making Lance watery-eyed too, and slipped his arm up to around his shoulders for a hug. “ [Dangsineur geu eotteon geotbodado deo saranghae].” He was pretty sure Lance knew that one already, but translated anyway. “'I love you more than anything.’ And I always will. I'm sorry for acting weird or whatever.”
“You're not weird, Keith. Eres dulce. More than people might think.” Lance closed his eyes to hide the sheen of tears, resting their brows together. “...”

“I love you too, baby.” He pecked his lips again, finally pulling away, but cupped Lance's cheek in his hand. He brushed his thumb lightly over an eyelid, wiping away the slight dampness on his eyelashes.

Lance giggled, lifting a hand to his wrist. “You're seriously the cutest. Come on, chico lindo. Let's get to the park. Up, Blue.”

Keith smiled, waiting for Blue to get up and start walking again. He was still sad, but only a little bit, and didn't think it was something he could fight within himself anyway. Lance made him happy, though, the happiest he'd ever been, so didn't linger on the sad thoughts for too much longer. Instead, he linked hands with Lance and followed along as Blue led them down the path to the park, back on track from their quick stop at the store.

When they finally reached the park, Keith found them a nice spot in the grass near a large tree that would provide them shade for the last hours of sunlight they had left. The blanket was spread out while Lance took Blue's harness off, Keith setting their bags of food on the corner. “If it's alright with you, I kinda just wanna lay here for a little while? I'm not really hungry right now, but maybe when it gets a little later…”

“Yeah, same. That's why I didn't get my sandwich hot.” Lance took out the tennis ball and chucked it, listening to Blue's tags jingle as she scrambled after it. As he sat, his lips curved. The blanket was soft, grass unable to prick him through it when he leaned back and laid his hands behind him to keep him up. He sighed, tilting his head back to feel the breeze caress his cheeks. “It's nice out.”

“Yeah it is.” Keith joined him on the ground, lying down completely on his back with his arms pillowed under his head. His gaze was locked on Lance, the sunshine behind him creating a warm glow around him, and god, he was just so beautiful. “This was a good idea.”

Lance laughed. “I only have good ideas, mi cielo. You should know that by now.”

“Mm, I do know that.” Done staring for now, Keith settled into his position and closed his eyes, content to just listen to the sounds of the park around them and the feeling of Lance's warmth so close. He heard Blue return with her ball and Lance's laughter again before he threw it for her, her pants happy as she ran after it. It was the world Lance lived in even when his eyes were open. Keith honestly didn't know how he did it.

Oblivious to his thoughts, Lance felt for Keith, fingers curling into his shirt when he found him. “Have you ever just come here to relax? Feel the rain? That kinda thing.”

Keith opened one eye to look up at him. “Uh, no, I've never done that…”

“Why not?”

“I don't know… I usually just relax at home.” And while he never minded it, he wasn't a big fan of rain. It just made the air sticky and the ground muddy.

“That's so boring, Keith.” Lance settled back to lay beside him. “There's so much more out here. The breeze, the sounds. There's this one part that's always got flowers in the spring, and it's the best place to lay down and breathe in the scents until it gets too hot around June. Then it's places like this with shade that are the best.”

Keith hummed, turning onto his side and slinging his arm across Lance’s waist. He tugged him
closer, dropping a kiss to the crook of his neck. “I'd like to come out here with you and Blue then when it's like that.”

“I'd like that. This is one of my favorite times too. When the crowds start to fade and the temperature drops.” Lance snuggled against his side. “And I definitely like having you with me now.”

“And I love being with you. Anywhere we go.” He just started to pepper Lance’s neck with kisses, lips finding skin wherever they could. “And Blue, of course.”

Lance’s smile warmed, tilting his head to provide better access. “Do you? I can't tell.”

“Mmhm.” Keith nipped his jaw for the sarcastic comment, smoothing it over with his tongue before moving higher. “Maybe I should be the one punishing you.”

“Ay, chico lindo...” The sound of jingling tags had Lance reaching into his pocket for another toy, this one big enough for Blue to chew on, so he passed it to her to keep her happy. “I'm a good boy. I don't get punished.”

“You are a good boy… a very good boy.” Keith tightened his hold around Lance's abdomen, pulling him even closer to suck a hickey on his collarbone. “But that doesn't mean you can't be naughty sometimes.”

Lance moaned softly, gripping his own shirt since his arms were trapped at his sides. As much as he did like to have control of the situation, it was sometimes very worthwhile to let Keith and his experience lead. “I- What would you do if I was- if I was bad?”

“That depends on what you do. Or say, I guess.” His hand caressed up and down Lance's side as he made another mark right next to the first. “I could spank you… Or just hold you down and fuck you but not let you come.”

“Oh.” That sounded much better than it probably should've, though he couldn't remember the last time he'd been spanked for anything. With Keith's teeth stinging his neck and his hand so warm even through his clothes, Lance found himself very curious over how it would feel when there was sex involved. And orgasm denial just turned him on. “Could we get a... a, um...”

Keith pulled back and angled himself up on his elbow enough to press a kiss to Lance's lips. “A what?”

It had gotten fairly easy for him to ask for what he wanted while they were actually in bed, but it was still a little difficult when out of bed and it wasn't teasing. “A-a cock ring.”

“, [Oh, fuck]…” His teeth sank into the skin where he was teasing at Lance's neck, hips rocking forward just a bit. “Yeah, baby. We can get whatever you want. Just tell me and it's yours.”

Lance tugged at him until he got the hint and climbed atop him, craving Keith's firm weight atop him and yearning to give some of the affectionate attention back to him. His lips found his neck, damp kisses pressed along the column. “I really like how- how kinky you are. Cripes, Keith.”

“Yeah? I really like finding out just how kinky you actually are, too.” Keith moved his head as Lance had done for him earlier so he could be free to explore with his lips. “I can't wait to find out what they all are.”

“Mmhm. I don't even know. Eventually, you're just gonna have to run all your kinks by me so I can find out which ones sound interesting.” He let his teeth graze down Keith's throat, well-acquainted with that kink. “I don't exactly have a lot of access to porn to know what's out there.”
Keith moaned at the attention from his mouth, pressing closer and rutting his hips down against him slowly, enough to tease. “True… But we have forever to find out.”

Yes, they did. Lance giggled against his skin even though a hand slid down into Keith's back pocket to press him down. “Is it gonna take forever for us to explore all your kinks, mi cielo?”

“It might. I have a lot.” But he’d be more than happy to have Lance experience them all. “It might take forever for us to explore yours too.”

“Maybe.” Lance nibbled along Keith’s neck, tongue gliding over marks he’d already left behind. “We’ll have to find them all first.”

“Oh, we will.” Keith stopped moving his hips, not interested in being uncomfortably hard through their entire date at the park. He would have been happy to get them both off, not caring that they were in public, but they hadn’t planned for it so there were no extra clothes for them to change into. Maybe one day. “But right now I am kinda getting hungry.”

“I’m a little sad that you mean for food,” Lance teased, trailing warm kisses along his jawline. “The thought of doing something here and getting caught is kind of exciting. Not- not with Blue right here, but... you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I know. We can definitely do that another time if you really want to.” He turned his face to cover Lance's lips with his own.

Lance tangled fingers in his mullet to keep him close, lips parting and tongue seeking in what had become a familiar dance. It was no less potent, though, the taste of him like a drug and the warmth of his body pressed so close encompassing him. “Mi cielo,” he sighed, lips rubbing over Keith's. “Mi novio precioso.”

“[My love].” Keith murmured, stealing another kiss. “…”

“Te quiero también, chico precioso.” Smiling, Lance rolled them to reverse their positions and sat up to straddle Keith's waist. “Now I'm starting to get hungry. Our pupper probably needs to eat too.” Her ears perked, but she continued to gnaw on the flavored chew-bone she'd been given.

Keith gripped one of Lance's hips, the other reaching over to scratch behind Blue’s ear. “Yeah. You want me to get our sandwiches out?”

“Mm. I'd probably have to let you up to do that, huh?” Lance shifted his hips teasingly to get back at him for his rocking. “I'm so comfortable, though.”

Moaning softly, Keith brought his other hand over to Lance's hip, holding him still and bucking his own hips up off the blanket. “You do feel pretty comfy up there. You look so beautiful.” His favorite position was just like this, with Lance on top of him, riding his dick. When they got home later Keith was going to drag him into the bedroom and finish what they started here.

Lance hummed, lips curving into a smirk and mind on the same track. It was his favorite position too, after all. “Te a montar, chico lindo.”

Curious about what he'd said with that wicked smirk in place, Keith asked, “You gonna tell me what that means?”

Lance leaned down, catching Keith's lips with his own briefly, and kissed his way to his ear. “I'm gonna ride you.””
Keith's hips bucked up sharply, fingers digging into Lance's hips. That's what he'd been hoping it meant. "Fuck yeah, baby. Gonna feel so good, just like always."

"Mmmhm." Lance nipped his earlobe before sitting back. "But food now, sex later."

"Hm, yeah, definitely." Keith sat up, shifting Lance to keep him in his lap once he was upright, and grabbed the bag. Blue lifted her head when she heard the plastic rustling, knowing that it meant food time. "You wanna give Blue hers first?"

Lance patted his pockets for her food. "When we go to the pet store next, I should get one of those portable food bowls. You've seen them, right? They seal and you can carry food around in them?"

He'd been about to purchase one for Kitty with his schedule being what it was, but then it hadn't mattered any longer. He took the paper bag their sandwiches had been wrapped in, folding them together to create a paper bowl for her. "I think it'd be easier than carrying her food around like this. She'd probably like it more too."

"Yeah, for sure." Maybe he'd drag him to the adult shop afterwards so they could see about getting more toys for themselves too. "This is okay for now, though. But don't worry, Blue," Keith said, attention shifting to where she'd crawled closer. "This is only temporary."

She nosed his hand, grumbling softly in response when he scratched her behind the ear. Lance shifted in Keith's lap, sitting sideways, and set Blue's makeshift bowl down on the blanket so she could delve in. "It can be part of her surprise tomorrow after the home visit. Which is going to be awesome because we're awesome. Right, Blue?" She woofed, letting him pet her while she ate. "That's my girl."

"Yeah, it will be." Keith grabbed their food out of the bag and handed Lance his sandwich before unwrapping his own. "I really don't think we have anything to worry about tomorrow."

Lance nodded, unwrapping his sandwich. "Yeah. It's- We'll be fine. We won't lose her. She's happy and well-behaved. Aren't you, Blue?" She butted her head against his side, grumbling her agreement.

"She's not going anywhere." Keith didn't know that he'd be able to emotionally handle seeing Lance without a dog again, especially since he'd already gotten a taste of life with Blue outside of the training school. If they took her away, there was no telling what would happen. But Keith would do everything in his power to keep her with them.

Lance leaned his head against Keith's shoulder, smile soft. His boyfriend's confidence helped fuel his own. His pupper was happy and helpful, their house would pass an inspection, and it was rare that they removed dogs from homes. They'd be fine. They had to be fine. "Is the sun still out?"

"It's setting now." And just because he knew Lance would appreciate it, "The sky is really pretty… It's blue and pink and purple, and the trees are surrounded by a golden glow."

His smile brightened. "It sounds pretty."

"Mm, nothing is as pretty as you, though."

"Pssh." Lance laughed, kissing his neck. "That goes without saying. I'm gorgeous."

Keith matched his laugh, tangling his free hand in Lance's hair. "Yeah you are. You're the most gorgeous person I've ever seen."

"Ay, mi cielo, eres tan dulce." Lance kissed his neck again, delighted by him. "Te quiero."
“. More than words could ever express.” Keith pulled away far enough to allow their lips to
meet again. “Now eat. It's already been a long day and we have to be up tomorrow.”

“Oh kay, okay.” Lance took a bite to appease him, but it reminded him that he was starving so he took
another. “Yours smells pretty good.”

“Yeah, it is.” It was their sandwich on special that week, just a turkey and swiss, but it was some sort
of maple smoked turkey and was actually delicious. “You wanna try it?”

“Yeah.” Lance curled his fingers around Keith's wrist, taking a bite when Keith held a corner to his
lips. “Mm. That's not bad.”

Keith smiled, pressing a kiss to Lance's cheek. “No, it's good. How’s yours?”

“Good.” He'd gone with the stereotypical Cuban, unable to resist. “Here, try it.”

Lance held it up, and Keith gently guided it to his mouth to take a bite. He'd never had a Cuban
sandwich before, but it wasn't much different from a ham and cheese, a little bit more fancy with
extra stuff on it. “That's really good.”

“Yeah. I'm gonna be lame here and say my mom makes it better, but this isn't bad. She uses real
mustard.” And the ham and pork were normally slow cooked and shredded rather than shaved at a
deli, but he didn't want to be completely lame in explaining all of that. He heard soft sniffing, so tore
a corner and fed it to Blue. “Not that I ever give you people food, right? Yeah.”

Smiling, Keith shook his head, eating the next corner on his sandwich. “She's so spoiled.” But he
ripped a piece of turkey from his and tossed it to her, pride swelling as she nabbed it out of the air.
“Good girl, Blue.”

“She's allowed to be spoiled. She works hard.” Lance leaned over to stroke her fur, smiling. “She's
getting a bath when we get home, though.”

“Definitely.” Her ears flattened at the mention of a bath, making Keith laugh. “It's okay,
[princess],” he assured her, reaching over to pet her again. “You'll be so clean and smell so good for
our visitors tomorrow.”

“Besides, she'll like the bath. I'm not going to torture her like they did at the school when they have
dozens of dogs to clean.” Lance scratched her side firmly, her tail bouncing against the blanket.
“Yeah. We'll have a fun bath.”

“With lots of treats, obviously.” Keith gave her another piece of turkey before he finished his
sandwich, glancing at Lance's, pleased to see it was almost gone.

“Well, yeah. My baby needs her snacks. In the summer, I'd give Kitty baths in the kiddie swimming
pool. She loved it, but labs are water dogs. Blue here's no exception.” She licked his fingers when he
scratched beneath her chin, making him smile. “Mi perrita buena.”

“I wanna get Blue one. A kiddie pool.” He dropped a kiss to Lance's neck. “We can put it in the
backyard for her and let her run around and stuff.”

“Yes.” Lance pressed a smiling kiss to his cheek. “She'd love it. I'll even let you pick it out.”

“Great. We might need Shiro’s car again, though. I don't think it would fit in the sidecar, not if we
have Blue with us.” Resting his hand against the back of Lance's neck, Keith pulled him down for a
kiss, licking the taste of the sandwich out of his mouth to get to Lance's sweetness underneath.
Lance moaned softly, letting Keith do as he liked. He lifted a hand to tangle in his hair, gently scratching his scalp as he stroked. His sweet boyfriend was incredible and so surprisingly generous. He and Blue were both lucky to have him.

Keith kissed him a bit longer, until the sun had gone all the way down and they were bathed in darkness. The kiss ended with Keith's soft sigh, his fingers massaging into the small of Lance's back, keeping him held close. “The stars are coming out now.”

“Yeah?” Lance tucked his face against the curve of Keith’s neck, lips brushing over his skin. “Tell me about them.”

“Okay…” Banding his arms around Lance's waist, he laid back down onto the blanket, waiting until Lance got comfortable on top of him and then looking beyond him to the sky above. “It looks like Venus is already out,” he mumbled, remembering back to the Astronomy class he took as an elective. “Sirius is just now showing up.”

He didn't know what the names meant, but he could remember stars. At least vaguely. Bright spots of light scattered across the sky as it darkened from pure blue to navy to inky purple and eventually deep black. But always, the stars remained bright. “Sirius is the one that's supposed to be a dog?”

Keith chuckled, kissing his shoulder. “Yeah, the brightest star. But that's really the only named star I remember. Constellations are easier.” They were also easier to describe, in his opinion.

“Okay.” Lance nestled his nose in Keith’s mullet, eyes closing. “Are there any constellations out?”

“Just Orion and the Big Dipper right now.” There would be more in a few minutes, but those were the ones that Keith was able to recognize first.

“Mmhm.” Orion was the archer - at least Lance was fairly certain of that. The dipper was easier to picture, those two of the ones Lance had been able to pick out of the sky as a child. “Orion has a belt, right?”

“Yes. Those three bright stars right across his middle.” Keith rubbed his hands along Lance’s back, feeling him relax further under the light massage. He scanned the sky to see what else he could find, and noticed a couple more constellations taking shape as their stars faded into existence. “And now Cassiopeia is out. That one is nothing special, just five stars that they made a zigzag line out of, but it’s one of my favorites.”

“Then it’s special, Keith. It can be simple and still be special.” Lance sighed against his neck, comfortable atop him. “Why’s it one of your favorites?”

“It’s hard to explain, but I think it’s just really pretty for being so simple.” There were more, the stars showing up quickly now that the sun had disappeared completely and left the sky nearly pitch black. “Aquarius is over to our right.”

“What’s that look like?”

“It’s the ‘water bearer,’ so it’s supposed to look like a guy pouring water out of a pitcher.” He shrugged his shoulders, Lance shifting on top of him with the movement. “I don’t really see that. It just looks like a weird distorted oval with a line of stars coming off the back.”

“Where’s your ancient Grecian imagination, Keith?” Lance shifted to settle against Keith's side, pillowing his cheek on his shoulder. He tangled their legs together, slinging an arm around his waist, and quietly wished he could see his face in the fading light. He wished he could see stars reflected in Keith's eyes. He wished he could see the stars. But he closed his eyes and felt the chill brought by
the setting sun. He felt Keith's warmth against his side, the fabric of his jacket against his cheek, the rise and fall of his breaths. He listened to his voice, the rustling of Blue nearby as she finished her food and went back to her chew-bone.

Almost all of the stars and constellations were now out, dotting the sky with their brilliance, and Keith had never been happier to not live in a big city. He sighed contentedly, bending his arm up to run his fingers through Lance's hair. He'd be happy to just stay there forever, cuddled up to Lance like this with Blue by their side. But it would have to come to an end shortly, having only brought one blanket with them and the night air already had a biting chill to it. “[, Lance. [Jinsimeuro saranghaye] ‘I love you with all my heart.’”

“Cada día te quiero más que ayer y menos que mañana,” Lance murmured, laying his palm over Keith’s heart. ‘‘I love you more than yesterday, but less than tomorrow.’ I bet you’re more beautiful than the stars.”

Keith smiled, resting his other hand over Lance's. “I'm not vain enough to say I am, but I know you are. You're more beautiful than anything I've ever seen.”

Lance laughed softly. “Mm. Good thing I'm vain enough to believe that.”

“Yeah, I know you are,” he teased. “The fact that I don't have room on my bathroom counter for my own toothbrush is evidence of that.”

“You like my soft skin. Those are things I need to ensure soft skin.” Lance grinned, turning his hand so their palms could meet. “Just mount a toothbrush holder to the wall. Problem solved.”

Lacing their fingers, Keith brought them to his lips, placing a suckling kiss to Lance's hand. “But that's so much work,” he complained, even though he'd mounted the hook next to the door just for Blue's harness.

Lance's heart skipped a beat before speeding up. Hopefully, this wouldn't mean the end of him sneaking his things into Keith's home. He was almost finished. “You're the one who let me litter your bathroom counter with stuff, so you're gonna have to fix it, buddy.”

“Would it help if I cleared some space in the cabinet? Or do you basically know how everything is set up on the counter?” Keith was going to try to be as accommodating as possible for his boyfriend, even if he needed to get another or a bigger cabinet for the bathroom. “Do I need to get a bigger counter?” he joked, lightly pulling the hairs at the nape of his neck.

“I-” Lance hid his face against Keith's shoulder, smile bright. There was no way Keith didn't know what he was doing, but he was encouraging him. “Eres dulce. I wouldn't say no to a bigger counter or another cabinet. I just need to know where everything is consistently and, y'know, anytime you want to officially ask me to move in, I'm on board.”

Another cabinet it was, then. They'd have to look at them when they went to pick out Blue's kiddie pool, so they would absolutely need Shiro’s car again. But he was looking forward to it, because it would make it even more official. “I thought it was obvious enough that I want you there, but okay. Lance, baby, will you move in with me?”

Lance rolled back atop him, sealing their lips together on a giddy little laugh. “¡Te quiero! I'm basically almost finished moving in with you as far as clothes and little essentials go.”

“I figured. But we can go back to the apartment at some point and get everything else.” Keith had been happy before when he realized what Lance was doing, but was absolutely ecstatic now that it
was actually really real. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Blue barked, curiosity piqued by their sudden movements. Lance giggled against Keith's lips in another happy kiss. It was official. They were living together. He could tell people they were living together. “Y tú, mi perrita dulce. Y tú.”

Keith wrapped his arms around Lance's shoulders, pressing him closer to get more of his warmth. It was getting colder, so they would have to leave soon, but right now Keith was happy to just hold his boyfriend. His boyfriend who was now officially moved in with him. “We need to think about leaving. Still have to give Blue a bath…”

“Mm... Yeah. That's very true.” Lance pressed fond kisses to Keith’s cheeks, lips exploring his face in light pecks. “But then we'd have to move and that seems like a lot of effort.”

“I can always carry you,” he reminded him, closing his eyes when Lance's kisses trailed over his eyelids.

“All the way home? Pssh. Not even you could manage that, mullet.”

“Maybe not, but I could probably get halfway.” If he had Lance piggybacking him, he could probably make it all the way, but they did have stuff to carry back with them too.

“We'll have to try it out sometime and see.” Lance found his lips again, sinking into a sweet, too brief kiss. “But now I'm starting to get cold, so vamos. I'm not in the mood to freeze to death.”

“Bossy.” Smirking, Keith sat up again with Lance in his lap, arms falling down to his waist and hoisting him as he stood. When Lance's legs wrapped around him instead of dropping to the ground to stand on his own, Keith laughed. “You'll have to let go of me for this to work.”

Lance grinned, holding even tighter. All sugary sweetness, he rubbed their noses together playfully. “But, mi novio dulce, I never want to let you go.”

Keith smiled at the affectionate gesture, stealing a quick kiss. “You can keep me pinned down later, how's that?”

“Ooh. See, that's a very good compromise.” Lance lowered his legs, stretching comfortably. “Blue, bone. And where'd your ball go?”

She hopped up, bringing him both toys one at a time so he could wrap them in a cloth and push them into his pocket. Her harness was next, tail thumping while Lance attached it to her vest, Keith folding the blanket and gathering their trash. “Good girl,” Lance murmured, smiling when she licked his cheek. “Alright, come, Blue. You ready, Keith?”

“Yes, baby,” he agreed, shifting the blanket to one arm and taking Lance's hand again. “Ready whenever you are.”

“Blue, forward.” Tail wagging, she trotted ahead, and Lance gave his boyfriend's hand a squeeze. “Find home, Blue.”

Home. Now that word held more meaning than ever since they weren't tossing it about casually anymore. It was their home. Keith smiled, squeezing back before letting go and sliding his arm around Lance's waist again. “I like the sound of that.”

Beaming, Lance leaned into him briefly so they could still walk. “So do I, mi cielo precioso.”
“And when we get home, we can give Blue her bath.” His smile turned wicked, leaning in close to murmur in Lance's ear, “And then get one ourselves after you use me.”

Lance bit back a giggle. “Just so you know, I plan on using you in the shower too.”

“Well, then, I'm looking forward to that as much as what we do before.” Keith dropped a nipping kiss to his neck before pulling back and resuming pace down the sidewalk. “We'll need to bring another blanket next time so we can stay out longer.”

“Mmhm.” Lance had Blue turn when they needed, following when both she and Keith guided him around a poorly placed lightpole. “I'm just using your house for its proximity to the park. I hope you know that.”

“You mean it's not because of the sex? Or because, y'know, you love me?” Keith squeezed his side teasingly. “I can't believe it.”

“As good as those two things are, it's definitely the proximity to the park that sells it. Location, location, location.” Lance grinned. “Never mind that it's nowhere near school or work.”

“True. And I don't have neighbors so it's quiet.” He pinched Lance's hip, chuckling at the little jolt it sent through him. “Especially since you're loud.”

Laughing, Lance bumped their hips together. “You like that I'm loud. And you're starting to get pretty loud yourself, so shut up.”

“Hm, I do really like that you're loud. And I know you like it when I'm loud too.” They got to the intersection that would lead them back to the grocery store, and Keith thought that Blue would have tried to turn down that way since that's the way they'd gone earlier, but she kept going straight. He smiled, wanting to reach down to pet her for being so good and remembering, but knew he couldn't. He'd have a chance later anyway. “Blue's getting so many treats when we get home.”

“Blue always gets all the treats? She's a good girl.” Her ears twitched at her name, but since no commands followed, she continued leading them home. Lance had taken her across the entire property instilling in her where home was, and her sense of direction was better than either human's through training, breeding, and simple instinct. “Did she do something special that I missed?”

“Nothing really special. Nothing that would probably be surprising to you at least.” Of course, it shouldn't be surprising to Keith either, but he was definitely proud. “She's just really good.”

“She is. Well, they all are if they make it to this point. But she's special because she's a good match for me.” Lance got her to still briefly enough for a pat before they continued, a fresh bounce in her prancing for the show of praise. “We're partners, so they make sure we match pretty well. Temperament and pace, y'know?”

“You two are definitely a good pair. She’s really sweet, just like you.” Keith pressed a kiss to his cheek, shifting the blanket when it started to slowly slide out of his hold. “And she makes you happy, so that’s an automatic plus.”

“If that's your criteria, you and I make a good pair. You're sweet and you make me happy.”

Keith smiled, slipping his hand back from around Lance's hip to take his hand again. “We do make a good pair. I'm glad you came to the mall that day with Hunk. I had no idea I'd be meeting the love of my life, but now I can't even imagine life without you.”

Cheeks pink, Lance lifted their hands to kiss the back of Keith’s. “You don't have to. You made my
whole world better, Keith, and I'm not going. _Te quiero, mi cielo._

“... . So much.” Keith was never going either, would stay with Lance forever. “. ‘I can't live without you.’”

“Say it again? I want to learn that one.”

... . Neoeopssi mot sara.”

Lance hummed. His Korean pronunciation had improved through his lessons, so it was easy enough to echo. “Neoeor- neoeopssi mot sara.” He smiled. “.”

“You're getting much better,” he complimented, squeezing his hand, though how he didn't know, unless Lance was just doing research on his own through his phone or something. “Anytime you want me to teach you something, you just let me know.”

He was already learning normal Korean in his lessons, so his smile went wicked and his cheeks pink. “Wanna teach me some filthy things to say while I'm using you?”

Keith chuckled, kissing his cheek and feeling the heat beneath his lips. “I can do that. Say this: . Na kong kkago hagosipeo.”

“Na...” Not knowing what it meant made him want to squirm, excitement bubbling. “N-na kong kkago hagosipeo. Na kong kkago hagosipeo.” His blush deepened from the knowledge that he was repeating something filthy. “... . What's it mean?”

Keith leaned in, pressing his smirk to Lance's ear to murmur, “I'm getting in the mood to fuck.”

“,” he breathed, his shiver having nothing to do with the cold. “Are we almost home?”

“Hm, yeah. Couple more minutes.” They really weren't far away at all, and now Keith was starting to feel the stirrings of arousal again. Especially if Lance kept repeating phrases like that. “You gonna make it?” he teased.

“Mmhm.” Probably. “Teach me another.”

“Okay, try this one: . Nan dangsineul tago sipeo.”

Lance gave his hand a squeeze, murmuring it a few times. “Nan dangsineul tago sipeo. , Keith. What's that one?”

“This will probably be your favorite one,” he said, lifting Lance's hand to his lips. “It means 'I want to ride you.’”

Lance let out a soft moan just to torture Keith. “Ay, mi cielo, . Te a montar.”

“Yeah, baby. You're gonna just use me to make yourself feel good. Anything you want.” God, even just talking about it was making him hard. But they still had to give Blue a bath before they could get to the good stuff. “Damn, Lance, let's pick up the pace.”

“Blue, vamos.” She picked up her pace, Lance tugging Keith along. “,” he repeated, eyes dark with want. “Will you- I want you to- to open me up with- with your tongue.”

It was Keith’s turn to moan, rushing to catch up with his boyfriend. “Oh, hell yeah. I'll have you sit on my face. That way you'll still be on top.”
“Quiero que me comas. We- Her bath can happen after ours. I need it, Keith. Te necesito. J-
“Y-Yeah, okay.” Keith tightened his hold on Lance's hand, already able to see his street coming into view. His dick had been getting harder as they walked, and it was only getting worse now that home was only a few paces away. “We'll have to kick Blue and Red out to the couch.”

“Okay. That's- Blue, heel.” She was baffled by the sudden order, but followed it. Her head cocked to the side when Lance released her harness, but once he grabbed Keith’s shoulders to pull him into a kiss. She’d gotten used to that. Lance moaned into the kiss, plastering himself as close as possible to his boyfriend. “. Right now. Gonna use you. Gonna make us both feel so good.”

“Jesus, Lance…” Keith gripped Lance's hip with his free hand, pulling him even closer. “Yeah, but we gotta- gotta actually get inside first.”

“Think you can carry me the rest of the way, chico lindo?” Lance nipped his earlobe, arms draped over his shoulders. “Or do I make you too weak?”

Keith shivered, hand slipping down to cup Lance’s ass. “I could carry you. You just have to climb up since my other arm is full.”

Grip tight on his jacket, Lance lifted one leg to wrap around his waist and then hopped up to get the other around him. His ankles crossed at the small of Keith’s back, feeling his boyfriend teeter just a little before steadying. “Fuck, it's so hot that you can carry me. Estás rico.”

“Yeah?” Fingers kneading into his ass, Keith also supported his weight with his hand. “I bet I could fuck you standing up like this. Wouldn't even need a wall.”

Lance shuddered, hips rolling. “Next time, we're trying it. For now, I just want- . Take me home so I can.”

Moaning, Keith dropped a kiss to Lance's shoulder and continued walking. “C'mon, Blue,” he tried, smiling when she started to walk again, though she eyed Lance warily since he wasn’t holding onto her harness.

It didn't take them but two more minutes to get home, Keith kicking the front door open after fumbling one-handedly to unlock it. The blanket was dropped onto the coffee table so he could wrap both arms around Lance's waist, walking them into the bedroom and depositing his boyfriend on the bed. “Do we need to give Blue her treats now?”

Lance ran his tongue over his teeth, lips curving into a smirk. “You go ahead. You know what she likes. She needs her harness and her vest off anyway, and she'll listen if you tell her to relax.” And he could start getting ready while Keith was gone.

“Mm, alright.” Leaning down, he sealed their lips together, dragging his tongue over Lance's before pulling away. “I'll be right back then.”

“Uh-huh.” Lance waited for his footsteps to fade before he was pulling off his shirt. He tossed it aside, unsnapping his jeans and tugging down the zipper. Shoes hit the floor with twin thunks, jeans following, and Lance smiled to himself. Getting ready for Keith was new and exciting. Maybe next time he had a chance he'd grab a toy and start stretching himself. Keith would probably appreciate walking into that, but he'd save it for a day he had panties and a bit more time.

His own imagination made him shudder, the experiences Keith had given him only adding to it since he knew how it would feel. He knew how Keith's breath changed when he was aroused, knew how
his skin warmed. And he absolutely knew how it felt to ride him. “Fuck,” he breathed, feeling for the drawer at the bedside dresser so he could retrieve their lube - the bottle was on the light side - and the lighter so he could burn the candle. The spice of cinnamon and cloves filled his senses, and he pushed his boxers down his legs before climbing into bed and propping himself up against the headboard to look as casual as possible even while a hand slid down to wrap around his cock. He began to stroke lightly, thumb rubbing against the slit to gather rapidly forming pre. “Mm...”

Keith walked into the room at the tail-end of Lance's moan, the door snapping shut behind him at the scene he was presented with. Goddamn but his boyfriend was beautiful. Beautiful and perfect and all his for the taking. “Holy shit, Lance. I'll never get tired of seeing you in my bed, especially when I get to walk in on you doing this.” He made his way over to the bed, kneeling on the mattress and leaning down to capture his lips.

Lips parting on a soft laugh, Lance lifted his hands to Keith’s shoulders. One slid higher to tangle in his mullet and tugged. “Next time you leave me alone, we'll find out what you get to walk in on.”

“Mm, I can’t wait to see what it is. For now, though…” He pulled back far enough to dislodge Lance’s arms so he could pull his shirt off, tossing it on top of Lance’s discarded clothes and- Well, that was another pile he’d have to pick up later. He added his jeans to it as well, having already taken his shoes off when he was giving Blue her treats, but left his boxers on for Lance to take off himself. Crawling back onto the bed, he spread and settled in between Lance’s legs, rubbing his hands along his thighs. “Why don’t you do to me what you said you were going to?”

Lance reached out, surprised to find fabric covering him. He rubbed his shaft through his boxers, feeling the firm muscle pulsate under his touch. “You still seem overdressed for what I want to do with you.” He sat up, other hand sliding up his bare chest and teeth sinking sharply into his shoulder. Keith moaned, blunt fingernails digging into Lance’s thighs. “It - shit - it’s a present. For being such a good boy for me. Obviously you have to unwrap it.”

Lance laved his tongue over the indent his teeth left behind, more confident in knowing how Keith liked to be touched. And it meshed well with Lance's cravings for control and praise. “Mm. I do like the presents you give me.” He nudged Keith back and scooted over, getting them rearranged so he was the one between Keith’s spread legs. Hands dipping beneath the legs of his boxers, Lance kneaded his thighs and planted wet, open-mouthed kisses down his chest. He couldn’t resist letting his teeth graze over Keith’s abs, the muscles rarely left unmarked by their activities.

Keith buried his fingers in Lance’s hair, tugging lightly as his lips traveled across his abdomen. He arched his back, pressing closer into his boyfriend’s touch, craving the attention. “I love your mouth, Lance,” he praised, massaging his scalp. “Your teeth. You know just how I like it.”

With a shiver, Lance took his lips lower. Warm kisses trailed along the waistband of his boxers before Lance took a hold of it with his teeth and dragged the fabric down. When Keith’s length was free, Lance used his hands to tug them further down to free his mouth. His tongue slid from base to tip in one smooth glide, lips wrapping around the head to suckle greedily. “Sabes bien. I like this present, chico lindo. I think I might just play with it for a little bit.” He mouthed the shaft, sucking on a patch of sensitive skin.

“Fuck, baby, that- that’s so good.” His fingers curled, pulling at Lance’s hair, knowing just how much pressure to apply to his scalp to get him to move, to moan. The noises spilling from his own lips would have been embarrassing with anybody else, but with Lance he was determined to let him know just how much he loved what his boyfriend was doing to him.

Lance did moan as much from the praise as the tug. He kissed his way back up to his cockhead,
tongue teasing the slit when he took it between his lips again. He suckled his way down soon, though, tongue exploring what had become familiar skin. He moaned again just for Keith to feel the vibrations the sound created and began to bob his head eagerly to get Keith closer to the edge.

“...That- [gibuni neomu joha].” Keith tested out bucking his hips, Lance's tolerance for having Keith’s dick down his throat only growing the more they did this. “... [Meomchuji mase, jebal].”

Lance still couldn’t let him move as hard as he wanted, but he lifted his head a bit to let the little bucks happen. He moaned around him again, holding his hips to stop him when it became too much. “You taste so good. Sabes bien. But I don’t think I wanna let you come yet.” He took his tongue over his leaking tip in a thick swipe before sitting back and dragging his boxers the rest of the way off. “I wanna come from your tongue. Then [I want to ride you], and I'm gonna come again.” He ran his tongue over his lips before lowering them to pepper Keith’s length with teasing kisses. “I'll keep your cock nice and warm and you can carry me to the bathroom. And while the water heats up, you can put me in any position you want and then you can come. That's what I want.” He sucked on his cockhead just to tease him. “Can you handle that, chico lindo?”

“Oh my god, I th-think so. Hope so.” It would be so much easier to stave off his orgasm if they had the cockring, but that only meant that tomorrow they’d absolutely be making the trip to get one. They needed it for their celebration after the home visit. “I love that you take advantage of the things I let you get away with. I feel like I'm the one getting the present here.” Even though he wouldn't be allowed to come until Lance let him, which was hot as hell.

Lance crawled back up to kiss him. “Of course you're getting a present, mi cielo. You're getting me.” Smirking, he nipped his lip. But he didn't know what to do from there, for all the confidence he was exuding. Keith normally got him on his hands and knees for this. “How do you- I want your mouth.”

“Yeah, I wanna taste you again. Want you to sit on my face, baby. Gonna make you come just like that.” Keith slid his hands to Lance's shoulders, pushing him just slightly away. “Let me shift down a little and then I want you to turn around.” When Lance got out from between his legs, he scooted down and shoved the pillow under his head, grabbing at Lance's hip. “C'mon back over here.”

“Uh-huh.” Lance moved back up, turning around when Keith directed him to. He couldn’t resist sliding his hands down, leaning forward to massage Keith’s abdomen. He went easily when Keith pulled his hips down, whimpering softly as anticipation tingled over his heated skin. “Mi cielo,” he murmured.

“Mmhm. Can’t wait to get my tongue inside of you. I love the way you taste, the way you clench around me when you come.” His hands cupped Lance’s ass, massaging lightly before dipping his thumbs into the crack to spread his cheeks. He blew warm breath over his hole, watching it flutter, and then did it a second time to watch the reaction all over again. “You ready for it, baby?”

“Te necesito. Please, Keith.” Lance slid a hand to Keith’s length, stroking it with teasing fingertips. “I want it.”

“Yeah, I know you do.” He gripped him tightly, pulling him down and finally swiped the flat of his tongue over his entrance, dipping the tip in briefly. The moan that escaped him at Lance’s taste vibrated through his entire being, and he took his tongue back over him, lapping at his hole.

Lance cried out, hand leaving Keith’s length to pet his abdomen instead. He didn’t want to rile him up enough that he couldn’t stave off release. He wanted to feel his own, though, the unique feel of Keith’s wet tongue going straight to his cock. “Ay, qué rico. So good, Keith.”
Keith hummed, spreading him open even more and sealing his lips over him. He wanted to hear more of the sounds, feel how many more reactions he could pull from him. Suckling lightly, he speared his tongue inside, teeth grazing over his rim.

“Keith!” Lance shouted, hips giving a startled little jerk. He hadn’t been ready to feel his teeth in such a sensitive place. “Joder, mi cielo. Tan bien.” He kneaded his skin, hands slipping to Keith’s thighs.

Managing a smirk, Keith rubbed circles into his cheeks with his thumbs. He pressed his tongue in as far as he could, licking at Lance’s inner walls, chasing the taste of him. He tugged at him, wanting to have him sit down completely.

Spreading his knees wider, Lance sank down in search of more sensation. His tongue felt so good, so mobile. Lance clenched around it, shifting a hand to his own length to begin stroking. “I bet- I bet I could suck your dick while you do this.”

Keith pulled away briefly to suck in a breath, slipping the tip of a thumb inside to take his tongue’s place. “You- you probably could.” But he wouldn’t tell him to, well aware that Lance didn’t want him to come yet, because if he had anything around his dick right now, he was absolutely going to come. That, and he felt the movements of Lance’s arm and knew he was getting close himself. He moved back in, sliding his other thumb in to hold him open and speared his tongue back in, thrusting it as fast as possible.

Lance whimpered, the sounds giving way to moans soon enough. He sped up his own strokes, squeezing the way he liked. “Ay, mi cielo, voy a venir...!” Lance clenched around his tongue, the sensations traveling up his spine. His busy, clever tongue, his fingers holding him open. He’d have more than that soon. So much more. “Keith- Keith, please, más, please.”

Moaning again, Keith traded his thumbs for two fingers, slicking them with spit before pressing in, immediately scissoring to stretch him. “C’mon, baby. Know you’re close. I wanna feel you come around my tongue.” He wasted no more time, spreading his fingers to get his tongue back in, lapping at his walls, digits massaging alongside the muscle.

It was enough, Lance crying out as his release spilled onto Keith’s torso. His muscles clenched around tongue and fingers, spasming through his orgasm. He whimpered and moaned loudly, head falling back. “Keith!”

Yes. Keith’s tongue didn’t stop moving as he worked him through his release, not until his hole was fluttering, over-sensitive, and his hips were jerking in small movements. He pulled back, fingers slipping out, and pushed at Lance’s hips up and away. As Lance settled down on the mattress next to him, Keith looked down at his abdomen where he could feel the come pooling. He trailed his fingers through it, collecting some to lick off, and moaned. “God, Lance. I could eat you out for hours, baby. Love the way you taste and feel.”

Lance curled up against his side, kissing his neck and shoulder. “Mi amor. I love the things you do to me.” His lips trailed up until they met Keith’s, moaning when he could taste himself.

Keith slipped his tongue into his mouth after brushing along his lower lip, seeking out and tangling with Lance’s. He wrapped his arm around Lance’s shoulders and pulled him on top of him, deepening the kiss even further.

Lance squirmed atop him, transferring the slick of his come to his own skin, and shivered. He didn’t bother to break the kiss to complain, knowing he’d be adding more mess to Keith soon enough. He moaned again, lapping at Keith’s tongue and rocking against the length still so firm and unsatisfied
beneath him. “You're gonna feel so good inside me,” he breathed.

Keith bucked his hips up, hands falling to Lance’s to grip tightly. “Y-yeah, baby. Want you to sit on it.” Pulling Lance farther up his torso allowed the tip of his dick to slide along his crack. “Wanna see you come on my cock.”

Lance hummed, sitting up and feeling for the lube atop the bedside table. He popped the cap, pouring a generous amount into his palm. “That's all you're gonna do, huh? Just watch. You're gonna let me use you.” He lifted to his knees and shifted back, reaching down with his slickened hand to curl around Keith's shaft.

“...Yes, oh my god. Do whatever the hell you wanna do, just... hurry up, ...” God, Lance was such a fucking power bottom. Keith didn't know how he'd gotten so lucky with him. He moaned, and couldn't stop his hips from moving, fucking himself up into Lance’s hand as his boyfriend slicked him. “C’mon...”

Lance grinned, continuing to stroke him as his arousal steadily rekindled. “What kind of punishment should you get if you come before I said you could?”

Holy shit. “I- Fuck. You can tie me down. Bite me, hurt me, anything.” It didn't matter, Keith liked it all. Even if he didn't come before he was allowed, he'd still let Lance punish him if he wanted.

Lance shuddered, the idea a turn-on even if he didn't completely think he could pull it off in practice. Not without plenty of praise to guide him through. “O-okay. I- Cripes, Keith.” He slid his hand down, keeping Keith steady as he guided himself down. He groaned at the initial breach, feeling himself stretch around it. This was definitely the least prep he’d had so far, but the burn only spurred his arousal. He took his time, both to tease Keith and please himself. He wanted to feel every inch of the stretch.

Halfway down, he lifted up entirely and started over just to feel Keith's grip tighten and his groaned curse. “That’s it, mi cielo. Just let me have my way. You'll get yours soon.”

“Sh-shit, baby. Okay, god.” And just because he wanted to see what Lance would say, he let go of his hips and dropped his grip to the sheets. “If you wanna use me, you'll have to actually do all the work, then.”

He hadn’t expected that, but smirked and sank the rest of the way down to take Keith to the hilt. He rolled his hips, feeling the subtle shift within him, and moaned softly. “Then just lay there and watch.” He arched his back a bit, smearing his wet hand across Keith’s torso as he used him as an anchor. “You feel so good, mi cielo. I'm in the mood, and I'm riding you, so teach me something new.”

“O-okay. Uh…” Keith tried to get his brain to work long enough and fast enough to find a phrase to have Lance learn. “S-say Ttonkkumeongeuro haejwo.”


“Do - fuck - ‘Do it in my asshole.’” Which was an absolutely vulgar phrase, but Keith loved it, loved hearing it coming from Lance’s lips while he was riding his cock. “I can-” He broke off on a moan, tugging at the sheets. “Can teach you another one.”

“...” Lance gave another thrust, head falling back in pleasure. He probably wouldn’t
remember the phrases if his mind continued to be assaulted so completely with sensation, but he'd try. “Teach me.”

“. . .” Keith thrusted his hips up slightly, trying not to but unable to stop the motion. The feeling of Lance so tight around him was driving him crazy, his own rule of not being able to touch him adding to it. “Ttameogeojwo.”

Lance gasped at the little thrust, nails digging into Keith’s chest. He was breaking his own rule, fuck. “T-ttaeo- oh, Keith... Ttameogeojwo. Ttameogeojwo. Ttameogeojwo. . . Tell me.”

Fuck. Lance’s nails were so long and so sharp, cutting into his skin so deliciously. The sting only added to the sensations, Lance moving so perfectly on top of him. “It- it means ‘fuck me.’”

“Ay, chico lindo, estás rico.” Lance groaned, hips moving in steady thrusts now. “. . . Toca me. Touch me.” He didn't care about Keith’s self-imposed rule, dragging a hand through his hair to tug. “I wanna come. And then I want you to do exactly what you want, but touch me.”

“Oh my god.” Keith untangled his hands from the sheets, one gripping Lance’s hip, the other wrapping around his cock to stroke. He bent his knees to give him leverage enough to thrust upwards, driving himself deep into his boyfriend’s hole. “Fuck, baby. You f-feel so good. Please. Please come so I can take you into the shower and bend you over.” He was gonna use Lance just like Lance used him, was gonna just rail him.

“!” Lance wailed, head falling back. He was so good, incredible, perfect. Lance lost his grip on words as they moved together, every language he knew and was learning vanishing in wave after wave of sensation. Just one word, one name, spilling from his lips again and again. He came on it, release streaking up Keith’s chest. “Keith!”

“Lance! Lance, holy shit.” Keith had to pull out halfway to grip the base of his cock, cutting off his orgasm. He shuddered, the need to come too strong to ignore anymore, Lance’s hole clenching around him. “Fuck, fuck, I need- I need to come, baby. I can’t wait. Can you- can you get on your hands and knees?”

He was too dazed to argue. “Yeah. Yeah, I want- Want you to come too.” Whining, he lifted up to let him slip out, rim fluttering at the loss, and shifted off of him. He got to his hands and knees, leaning down to press his cheek to the sheets and display himself, open and waiting. “Come on, Keith. Mi cielo. Anything you want.”

Keith wanted it hard, and he wanted it fast, so he stood from the bed, grasping Lance’s hips and turning him so he was propped on the edge of the bed. In this position, Keith was able to get deeper and had better control over his movements. With his orgasm staved off for a minute, he lined himself back up and thrust all the way inside in one push, setting up a pace that was immediately brutal. “La-Lance,” he moaned in between pants, “fuck, I can’t…”

“! [Tonggumeongeuro haejwo. Sege!]” Lance gripped the sheets, stunned by the pace. It was hard and fast and, fuck, they were doing this again. He wanted every bit of Keith’s strength and he was getting it, his hips already bruising under his grip. “Fuck, Keith, fuck. So- oh, fuck. Come on. Come on, Keith. Fill me up. Let go.”

On another loud moan, he did just that, burying himself inside Lance with one final hard thrust and spilling his release. “Lance!” All of the teasing attention his cock had received until that point had built him up to one of the most intense orgasms he’d ever had, his come coating Lance’s walls and already beginning to seep out. “Oh, shit, baby. So good.” His grip eased, though he didn't let go, dick still twitching and hips still rocking shallowly to milk himself.
Lance’s grip flexed on the sheets, cheek rubbing against the fabric. He felt so wet, so full and used. “Love you so much, oh my god.”

“I love you too, Lance.” Keith started to massage his hips, equal parts proud and concerned about the bruises he’d left behind. “Are you okay, though? I got a bit rough with you… I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“Mm-mm.” Lance sighed, lips curving. “You’re still absolutely carrying me to the bathroom, and we’re absolutely doing that again sometime. I think I like when you’re rough with me.”

Keith laughed. “Okay, yeah, I can do that.” He slid a hand to his asscheek, a finger gliding along the place where they were still connected, gathering some of his come onto the fingertip and bringing it to his lips to taste, moaning. “One of these days I’m gonna fuck you with edible lube or something so I can suck my come out of you.”

“We need to make a list of all the kinky things we need.” Lance rolled his hips, biting his lip. “I’m gonna feel your hands on me for days with those bruises.”

So they’d absolutely need to make that list tomorrow before they went shopping. “Mm, yeah you are. Maybe tomorrow I’ll put brand new ones next to those. After we go to the store to get more toys.”

Lance shivered, setting his hands flat to push himself up. “That sounds like a really good plan. It almost makes up for you not following mine this time,” he teased.

“Sorry, baby. We’ll get a cockring tomorrow and then it’ll be easy to follow your plan.” And Keith was so looking forward to using it, already planning on getting two so they each had one. “And we’ll make that list of everything else we want and need.”

“Mmkay.” Lance stretched his back in an arch to avoid losing Keith’s presence, muscles clenching. He could already feel the messy wet mix slipping down his thighs. “Mm... You feel so good. I almost don’t want to move.”

“You don’t have to yet. I can hold you for a couple minutes more.” He could stand for a little longer anyway, his hands sliding to Lance’s back, pressing down to keep him arched, and massaged light circles into his muscles. “I’ll take care of you.”

“Mi cielo precioso, you’ve already taken care of me.” He moaned softly, relaxing further under his touch. “You’re very, very good at taking care of me.”

“It’s a good thing I like taking care of you, then.” Keith hummed, fingers kneading gently. It felt good to do this while he was still buried deep inside of Lance, able to feel him move around him every time he worked out a kink in Lance’s back. He could easily get hard again, could already feel the arousal pooling low in his abdomen, dick twitching and swelling. “I’m gonna take care of you and myself in the shower too.”

“I can feel that.” Lance smiled, content and warm. He very much wanted whatever Keith had planned for the shower, but was enjoying the gentle touches and feeling his arousal stirring. “Te quiero.”

“Te quiero, baby.” Keith placed a hand at the small of Lance’s back, rocking his hips shallowly. “I’m gonna pull out and get you turned over, but do you want me to put the plug in?” It would keep him nice and wet and open until he could get him into the shower, but only if Lance wanted it.

Lance didn’t answer for a moment, enjoying the little motions against his sensitized rim. As much as he did enjoy being plugged, it seemed silly to have it just long enough to get to the bathroom. And
he'd much rather feel the wet dripping down his thighs. “Not tonight. I just want to feel you.”

“Okay, then I'm gonna go get the water started in the shower so I can carry you.” And so he wouldn’t have to wait for it to heat up. Keith wanted to carry him from the bed right into the shower. “And then after we give Blue her bath, I'll change the sheets on our bed.”

“Then cuddling?”

“Lots of cuddling.” He pulled out slowly, hands massaging Lance’s back as he did. As soon as his cockhead slid out, Lance’s rim clenched around air, Keith’s release seeping out. Moaning at the sight and deciding fuck it, he bent down and caught it on his tongue, licking up the trail of it to Lance’s hole. His tongue pressed in just enough to lap up more of his come before pulling away completely, letting the rest of it continue to escape. “Yeah, I definitely need edible lube.”

Lance gripped the sheets tightly, the sensations familiar but somehow new. “O-oh. Yes. Yes, we do, please.”

“Mmhm. Now come on. I need to kiss you and then we absolutely need to shower.” Keith helped him get flipped over, crouching down so he could guide Lance's legs around his waist and lift him off the bed, briefly admiring the wet spot that had been left behind before sealing their lips together.

Lance kissed him lazily, clinging to the idea of a cuddly aftermath as long as possible. He slid a hand down, though, fingers wrapping around Keith's length to knead the firming muscle. It was going to be a very good shower.

Keith moaned into it, planting his feet so he could rock into the touch. He slipped a finger inside of Lance's hole, wet and warm and just begging to be filled again. The kiss broke so Keith could walk them into the bathroom, his earlier plan discarded. “Do you think you could come for me again?” he asked as he bent down to turn the water on.

His arousal was already running high, so Lance nodded. “Y-yeah. What’re you gonna do to make me?”

“Mm, think I might take you against the tile. I'm gonna have you turn around and spread your legs, make you come all over the wall.” That position was also the best to let Keith wrap his hand around Lance and pump so he could do exactly that. “Y’know, as much as I love letting you use me, I love being able to use you.”

He shivered, nipping Keith’s neck. “I love letting you.” Especially now that his confidence was high enough that he didn’t feel uneasy letting Keith do as he pleased.

“Good.” Because it was going to happen often. He pressed a quick kiss to Lance's neck, leaning down to check the temperature of the water. It was just a tad on the warm side, but Keith liked his showers hot, so stepped into the tub with Lance still attached to him, letting the spray cascade over their bodies. “This already feels better.”

“Mmhm.” Lance rolled his hips, sighing happily. “Mi cielo precioso, te quiero. Eres mi todo.”

“I love you too, Lance,” he murmured, sliding two fingers back in. “What's that other part mean again?”

“You're-” Fuck, that felt good. “’You're my everything.’”

Right, now he remembered. Eventually he would learn some Spanish phrases, had already been able to recognize a few. He smiled, adding a third digit and then thrusting them. “
“Mm. I- I like the way-” He whimpered, hips rocking in an attempt to get more attention to the sensitive place. “It sounds- sounds good. Feels good. Keith, [fuck me].”

“Yeah… yeah, I'm going to.” He kissed him again, fingers still pumping and able to feel Lance's dick swelling against his abdomen again. “Can you put your legs down?”

He almost didn't, not wanting to lose his fingers, but the promise of more had him lowering his legs to the shower floor. “Mi cielo,”

“Fuck, Lance…” God, he was glad he'd taught him those phrases. Hearing him begging for it in Keith’s own language had his dick twitching, gripping Lance's waist to turn him around and press his front against the tile. He reached down and took himself in hand, rubbing his cockhead along his crack teasingly. “I love how fucking thirsty you are for my come, baby.”

Shameless, Lance pushed back against him with a needy moan. “Te necesito. Fill me up, Keith. . . I need it.”

“Yeah, shit, I'm gonna make you even messier than you already are.” Lining up, he thrust inside to the hilt, pulling back and angling the snap of his hips slightly upwards to drag his cock over Lance’s prostate. He snaked a hand around to his front, a tight squeeze between his body and the wall, but was able to wrap his fingers around Lance’s length, stroking as much as he could.

Lance's hands grasped uselessly at the tile, seeking purchase on the slick surface to no avail. It was almost too much for him to handle, steadily growing more and more sensitive. “Keith!” he shouted, pushing back to give his hand more room and to somehow get more of his dick. “Please, please, you feel so good, please.”

God, so did Lance, still so tight and utterly filthy. He wouldn't last long, his orgasm building and burning deep within him. “Lance… Here, just-” The hand not on Lance’s cock let go long enough to take one of his, having him reach behind himself to grab Keith’s hip. “Hold on, baby. It’s not gonna be long…”

Lance shook his head, nails digging into Keith’s skin. It wasn’t going to be long at all, desperate sounds spilling from him and his words failing. “K-Keith, Keith, Keith!”

His name sounded so good like that. It only spurred him on, hips speeding up while his hand slowed down. “Oh, Lance. Lance, I'm-” He drove himself in deep, release nearly catching him by surprise as he pulsed within Lance's hole, completely filling him up again. “Fuck.”

It was enough to send Lance over the edge, a sob tearing from his throat as his release splattered over the tile. “Holy crow, Keith,” he whimpered, knees nearly buckling. “So full. So good. Tan bien.”

So good was right. But Keith hadn't missed the noises and could see a tear escape the corner of Lance's eye. He sounded okay, but wanted to make absolutely sure there was nothing wrong. Keith cupped his chin, turning his head so he could steal an over-the-shoulder kiss. “You okay, baby?”

“Uh-huh. I'm-” He gave his hip a squeeze. “It's- It's s-so much, but it's good, Keith. I'm- I'm okay.”

“Okay. Do I need to pull out now?” Keith knew that Lance usually liked it when he stayed inside of him for a while, but he’d already come three times, and could tell that he was over-sensitive.

“Not yet, I'm okay. Soon, but not yet.” Lance stroked his hip, wanting to keep him close.
“Alright, just tell me when.” Since they were in the shower and in prime position for Keith to wash Lance’s back, he decided to get it out of the way now. He reached for the soap and Lance’s shower puff, lathering it up and took it over his skin, leaving suds in its wake. “I love you so much, Lance. You’re so perfect.”

He sighed, resting his cheek against the cool tile. Keith’s hands were so careful on his back and it was so different to feel suds streaming down his back to where they were joined. “Mm-mm-mm. Y tú. Eres perfecto y precioso, mi cielo.”

“...” Keith kept up the gentle cleansing, trying to keep his hips still so he wouldn't hurt Lance, but had to pull back some to get the puff wedged between their bodies. His other hand massaged where the puff had already been, working out even more knots and kinks in his back, formed from Lance’s continued contortionist acts in bed. “After I change the sheets, I’m gonna give you an actual massage.”

“I'm not gonna say no to that.” Lance smiled, arching into the touch. “Eventually, I'll have to return the favor.”

“Whatever you want, baby.” He pressed a kiss to the back of Lance's neck, the faint taste of sweat mixing with the smell of the soap. “How much more stuff do you have left at the apartment? We could go get it sometime this weekend if you want.”

“Not much. Some odds and ends. The nicer clothes I haven't had an excuse to sneak over.” His smile brightened. “Not that I’ve been sneaking things over.”

“Oh, no, I haven’t noticed my closet filling up or not having room in my dresser for my pants or anything.” Keith laughed, kissing from his neck to his shoulder. “Not to mention my bathroom counter.”

Lance grinned. “Eres lindo. Why didn't you say anything?”

“Because it’s fine. If I had a problem with it, I would have said something.”

“Mm.” It would've saved him some stress to know that, but Lance didn’t bother pointing that out. He was letting him move in and had been for weeks. “Alright. Do you want to move so I can get your back?”

“Sure. You ready for me to pull out?”

“Yeah.” Lance teasingly swayed his hips, enjoying the little sparks of pleasure it caused. “You'll be back soon enough. You just can't seem to resist me.”

“You’re not wrong.” Keith laughed, setting the puff aside to take Lance’s hips in his hands. “Okay, then, I'm gonna pull out.” He held Lance still, rocking forward teasingly before sliding out. The come that was inside of him spilled out, trailing down the back of his thigh. “I love watching it come out of you. It’s my claim on you.”

“One of so many.” Lance hummed, eyes closing against the discomfort of losing him. His rim fluttered, entrance stretched and empty. If he could've handled sitting on his cock for hours, he would. Like sucking him off, he was building himself up to that point a bit at a time. “Mi novio dulce.”

“...” Keith would clean his hole in a minute, but wanted to let the rest of his release drain out first. He got him turned around, pressing him to the cold tile away from his come, and kissed him, tongue slipping in between parted lips to get another taste.
Lance banded his arms around Keith’s neck, toying with the damp hair at the nape of his neck. His tongue tangled with Keith’s on a soft sound. He could feel the slick sliding down his legs, Keith shielding him from much of the spray that would’ve hurried the slide. It did feel like a claim, making him shiver. As much as he’d been the one to demand and lead, Keith ultimately owned him. It was exciting to know that Keith could’ve wrenched control away from him at any time, but hadn’t. Wouldn’t. Exciting and comforting, knowing he was that loved.

“Alright,” Keith mumbled as the kiss ended. “Let’s get cleaned up so we can give Blue her bath.”

“Bath, right. Is she even going to have hot water at this rate?” Smiling, Lance drew back and found Keith’s shampoo in its normal spot. He poured enough into his hand to take it through Keith’s mullet and lather his hair, nails scratching along his scalp.

“Hmm, maybe not. But I can turn the tank back on after we’re done and change the sheets so we have more hot water for her.” And then after they were done with all of that, and while Blue and Red slept in their bed, Keith was going to lay Lance out and give him a better massage. Then sleep.

“Okay.” Lance nudged him back beneath the spray to rinse his hair.

The rest of their shower went quickly, the two of them ready for bed. The sheets were changed while Lance tugged on a pair of swim trunks, too used to the antics a labrador could get up to in a bath to not get them. He called Blue into their room, Red suspicious enough to hide away in her cat condo but Blue too well-trained not to listen.

“There's my girl. Chica buena. You'll like baths, I promise.” Lance scratched her behind both ears, smile bright.

“Yeah, especially since she'll have nice warm water now.” Keith chuckled, bending down to kiss the top of her head. “And her new shampoo.”

“Her new shampoo is very important.” Her ears twitched when Lance drew off her collar, nonplussed by the move. “I know you know what's happening, mi perrita. ¿Te quiero uno regalo?” There was a hesitation, but she licked Lance’s cheek to make him laugh. “Perrita buena. Keith, where are they?”

He dug one out of the bag he’d brought in with him and placed it in Lance’s hand so he could give it to her. She took it eagerly, chewing on it happily, though her ears had fallen flat in anticipation of the events about to unfold. “It’s okay, . You’ll be alright.”

“The problem is that she's used to assembly line baths.” Lance bumped his nose against hers, smiling. “Estás bien, mi perrita dulce. Estás bien.” He rose from his crouch, passing her collar to Keith for safekeeping. “Let's go, Blue.” It wasn’t any variant of “come on” so she knew she wasn’t going to work, but she still followed. She made unhappy grumbling noises, but she followed. In the bathroom, she just stared balefully at the tub. “Blue, in.” She barked softly, hedging closer slowly.

“Blue. In,” Lance repeated, tone shifting to something he hadn’t needed since her early days of training. There was no trace of the usual casualness orders were delivered in, so she climbed in and sat, hunching unhappily. “Bien, perrita dulce. Regalo.” He fed her the one Keith handed him and climbed into the tub behind her. Her ears perked curiously, not quite sure what to make of that.

“Hand me the shower head. It’s easier that way.”

“Yeah.” Keith grabbed it down, passing it to Lance after starting the water to let it warm up a bit. The shampoo was in the cabinet under the sink, so he pulled that out and set it in the tub. “All set.”
“Thanks, chico lindo.” Lance sprayed the water against his palm, making sure it was at a good temperature for her, and then sprayed her. Quick and teasing. She woofed, shaking herself, and snapped at the water when Lance sprayed her again. Lance smiled, rubbing her side and letting her shake again. “Yeah, that's my girl. You like water, huh?” She barked, licking his face, and her tail started to wag when he sprayed her a third time.

Water was getting everywhere. Keith was happy that he hadn't put on a shirt, but should have rethought which shorts to wear. But he would have had to change them anyway, so didn't worry too much about it. “You're such a good girl, Blue.”

“Yeah, she is.” She was relaxed enough to let Lance soak her fur, not shaking it away only because he immediately started to scratch her back. She grumbled happily, pushing her wet self closer to him. He found the shampoo bottle with one hand, flipping up the cap and drizzling it over her back to start lathering her fur in the guise of petting. She barked, Lance laughing at her. “Mi perrita es tan bien.”

Keith smiled, kneeling by the side of the tub and taking the shampoo to start washing her chest, her brown fur covered with papaya and coconut scented suds. When she felt the second pair of hands, she turned her face towards Keith, and he wasn't able to escape her onslaught of kisses. “Blue!” He laughed, but didn't try to stop her.

“Did she get you? Of course she did. My good girl knows what's up.” Lance grinned, rubbing her side. “Can you get her other side?”

Still chuckling, Keith said, “Yeah,” and scrubbed the side closest to him, getting more licks on the face since she couldn't reach Lance to bestow the same treatment on him. She stopped long enough for him to lean in and kiss her on the nose, and the look on her face had him shaking with laughter all over again. “Oh my god, Blue, you're ridiculous.”

“She loves you too, mi cielo.” Lance’s smile warmed, as happy as his dog. “Just wait until we actually get her that kiddie pool.”

“Oh, I don't have any doubts about how crazy it'll be.” She started trying to lick him again, but he ducked just in time to escape, and then rubbed the top of her head with the shampoo, careful not to get it in her ears. “I'm looking forward to it.”

“So’s she. She just doesn't know it yet.” Lance took the showerhead over her side, making sure to scratch her side so her tail would keep wagging. “Ay, mi perrita, bath’s aren't so bad, are they?” She barked, turning her head to lick his face. He laughed, letting her wiggle as she liked.

“That was definitely a no.” Keith put the shampoo away now that she was done being washed, and took over rinsing towards her front. “It's a good thing she likes bath time.”

“Makes my life easier by a long shot.” Lance continued to pet her wet fur until he heard the water switch off. “Stay, Blue.” She panted, tail thumping against tile, but she stayed in place when Lance rose to step out of the tub to get a towel for her. “I'll need my hair dryer for her. I don’t want her to go to bed wet. She'll ruin her bed and Red won't want anything to do with her.”

“True. Okay, hold on.” Keith retrieved the dryer out of the drawer and another smaller towel to get Blue’s head and ears. “You sure we should be doing this in the tub?” he teased, but plugged it in anyway.

“Well, she's getting out. I just needed her to stay for a minute.” Knowing where towels normally were, Lance grabbed two and spread one on the floor. “Blue, soldad. Vamos.” She shook out her fur and then jumped out of the tub. Lance grinned. “That’s basically just ‘shake out.’ Not a standard
order, but I have a pretty little water dog.”

Blue barked, in absolute and obvious heaven when Lance threw a towel over her shoulders and started to rub her down. She squirmed and lapped at his face, tail wagging excitedly. “Mi perrita dulce, te quiero.”

Keith turned the dryer on low, aiming it on Blue’s back after Lance pulled the towel off. The affection coming from multiple directions nearly confused her, trying to lick each of them at the same time. “Blue.” He smiled, kissing the top of her damp head. “Calm down for just a second.”

“It’s probably gonna take more than a second.” Lance took the smaller towel to rub against her ears. “Settle, Blue.” Though her tail continued to wag, she stopped trying to lick them. She did bump her nose against Lance’s to make him laugh, though. “Good.”

Still smiling, Keith leaned over and kissed Lance’s cheek before turning the dryer onto Blue’s chest. She lifted her head a bit so he could reach under her, following after Lance’s towel. “You’re being such a good girl, Blue, I’m gonna give you and Red a bunch of treats before bed.”

Lance grinned. “You mean you weren’t going to give them a bunch of treats before bed anyway? What kind of dad are you, Keith?”

“Hey! I’m a great dad.” He beamed, not expecting it, but thrilled by the title anyway. “And I was obviously gonna give them both treats. I’m just gonna give them more.”

“He’s fattening you up, pupper. What’re you gonna do about it?” She licked Lance’s cheek, unperturbed, and he laughed, giving her a fond hug. “I thought so. Good girl, yeah. Come on, Keith. I’m really ready to dry off and get some cuddling in.”

“Yeah, me too.”

They finished drying Blue off, and as soon as they opened the door to the bathroom and let her go, she zipped right into the bedroom, nails clicking excitedly on the floor. Keith laughed and helped pick up the bathroom, wiping down the little bit of water from the walls and collecting the towels off the floor. He gave Lance a quick kiss, telling him he’d meet them in the bedroom, and took the wet items to the laundry.

When he made it back into the bedroom, bags of treats in hand, Lance had already changed and Red had emerged from her condo, already curled up next to Blue, both of them awaiting their treats. Keith gave them each a handful, both of them mindful enough to know which was which at this point. Satisfied, he joined Lance back on the bed after putting on a dry pair of boxers. “Alright, our kids have their treats, so we’re all set.”

“Good.” Lance reached towards the sound of his voice, smiling. “If you’re dry, come here.”

“M’dry.” Keith scooted closer, draping himself over his boyfriend and pressing a kiss to his shoulder. Lance smiled, pulling him closer. “Mi cielo, te quiero. Thanks for helping me with her bath.”

“Hm, anytime. That was actually pretty fun.” Tangling their legs together, he pulled the sheets up over their bodies. He’d give Lance his massage another day, probably tomorrow after everything else they had planned. “But next time we’ll do it outside so she has time to play in the water first.”

“I would’ve just filled the bath some, but I didn’t trust the amount of hot water she’d have. And I wanted this.” Lance nuzzled into his neck, breathing in his clean scent. “Don’t tell me not to say thanks, and thanks for today. For making the cabin presentable and distracting me and being sweet.”
Not in the mood to argue, Keith just kissed the side of Lance’s neck. “You’re welcome. I’d do it again if I had to.”

“I know. Just one of the many reasons I love you.” Lance gave him a firm kiss before rolling over and snuggling back against him. “Capullo.”

Yawning, Keith drew him closer with an arm around his waist. “What does that one mean?”

Lance giggled sleepily, eyes closing as he relaxed. “Don’t worry about it.”

“What if I wanna worry ‘bout it?” Keith countered, but his words were coming out slurred with sleepiness. His eyes shut, pressing himself even closer and burying his face in Lance’s hair. “I guess I can worry about it tomorrow, though…”

“Mnhm. ‘Night, Keith.”

“G’night, Lance.”

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Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: the word of the day on dictionary.com for Nov 08 is razzle-dazzle

also, since I realize I've never posted a picture of our dog (??????), this is Blue (obviously not a chocolate lab like in the fic, but ya know):
Chapter 12

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

I'M SORRY. I was going to upload this days ago, but shit came up and I feel like such an asshole.

Anyway, sorry this is late. Translations for this chapter can be found here. I'm gonna try to get the next one out on time.

Chapter warnings:
sex (always)

Like Manny MUA says, "if you don't like this video fic, please don't fucking watch/ read it."

Lance wrung his hands together. If he could've stared at the clock, he would have. As it was, Keith had stolen his phone so he'd stop asking it for the time. “But I need to know when she'll be here.”

“Babe, it's fine,” Keith assured, taking Lance’s hands between his, rubbing soothing circles with his thumbs. “She said our appointment was at eight fifteen, right? I doubt they'll be late.”

He frowned, but didn't pull away. Tension was tying him up in knots, nerves unfamiliar and unwanted. He wanted to grab his normal confidence and had been managing to cloak himself in it off and on, but with all the last-minute fussing finished and even their pets relaxed and curled together on the floor, he was finding it difficult to find anything to distract him from nerves. “I'm- I'd almost rather they were early. Get it over with, right?”

“I know.” Keith felt the same way, though wasn't nearly as anxious as Lance obviously was. He just had a better feeling about it, and was sure that if Lance had been more relaxed, he'd have the same thoughts. But he understood, and squeezed his hands comfortably, dropping a kiss to his lips. “They'll be here soon. And we were both up really early.” That certainly wasn't helping Lance’s mental or emotional situation either.

“Bleh.” Lance tipped his head forward, dropping it onto Keith’s shoulder. “I should've set my alarm later.”

Smiling, Keith lifted a hand to brush his fingers through Lance’s hair. “It’s okay. This will go good, and then we can shop and nap and have lunch.” And then later they could use some of their new things they'd be picking up. “It’ll be fine.”

Lance sighed, pressing kisses along the column of Keith’s throat. “It doesn’t sound bad when you put it all like that.” But he couldn’t think about what would happen if the meeting didn’t go well. They'd take Blue. They'd take her and he'd waited ages to get her. There was nothing he could do if things didn’t go well. He had no control over the situation at all. It put him two months back, right back onto the pavement. He gripped Keith’s shirt. “Odio esto.”

Sensing something was going on, and pretty certain he knew what, Keith wrapped both arms around
his boyfriend and held him close. “Hey, [gwaenchanha]. ‘It’s alright.’ They’re not gonna take her, I promise. We’ve done everything we possibly could. This is going to go great.”

Lance nodded, but his grip didn’t lessen. “Odio esto,” he muttered. He hated feeling this way. He just wanted it over. “Odio esto. I need something to do.”

“Um…” Keith fished around in his brain for ideas. They could play with Blue, but didn’t think they should get her riled up before the visit, especially since she was already sleeping comfortably with Red. They could throw the TV on for something to listen to, but Lance would probably just get sucked into his own world again. Keith frowned to himself. Those weren’t very good options, but the only other thing he could think of would take too long and wouldn’t be fun with Lance wound up like he was. “We could play a game. Like something that doesn’t require visual clues. Twenty questions or something.”

He huffed out a soft laugh. “Twenty questions?”

“Yeah, y’know, it’s easy and fast, but you can play it for a while.” Keith sat down on the couch, taking Lance with him into his lap. “Or we can do a different version and just ask each other personal questions back and forth.”

Lance plucked at the fabric of Keith’s shirt. “Okay. Go for it.”

This was going to be a little tough since they already knew a lot about the other, but Keith thought for a second, deciding to go straight to the dirty-minded questions. “Alright, is your toy the first one you’ve ever bought?”

His cheeks immediately flushed. “Yeah. It’s- Yeah. Do, um, do you- joder. Do you have anything we haven’t used yet?”

Keith smiled, kissing his pinkened skin. Lance was adorable when he was embarrassed, even though he had nothing to be embarrassed about. “Besides my tie to use as a blindfold, I do have some of those awful fuzzy handcuffs that I got as a joke gift for one of my birthdays. I’ve never used them, though.” And he wouldn’t use them on Lance, but would absolutely let Lance use them on him. He’d use something softer on Lance’s wrists if he ever wanted that. “If I bought you another dildo, would you use it for me? Like, in front of me, I mean.”

“Like-” Lance shifted in his lap. He was going to be hard when the doorbell rang with this line of questioning. Keith’s mind was wonderfully filthy. “Like- You- I mean, you want to watch me? Y- you want a show?”

“Yeah, if you’re comfortable with it.” Keith slid his fingers into Lance’s hair, bringing him down for a brief kiss. “I’ll even let you use those handcuffs on me so I can’t touch myself. And we’re getting our cockrings today so you’ll have that to use on me too.”

“O-oh.” Lance found his other hand and lifted it to his lips, pressing a damp kiss to his gloved palm. The familiar scent of motor oil clung stubbornly here. It’d be exciting to tie him down and only get those gloves on him when he wanted them. Adding the component of showing himself off just made it all the better. “I’d use it for you a-and let you watch me.”

“Good.” It was technically Lance’s turn to ask now, since he wasn’t going to count the questions he’d asked for clarification, but Keith seized the opportunity to ask another one. “I know that you’re pretty much set on being a bottom, but, one day in the future, will you fuck me?” He’d never bottomed before, had never trusted anyone enough to let it happen, but he’d like to try it with Lance, even if it was just once.
“I... I was kind of thinking about asking you if we could try that.” Lance ducked his head, nipping Keith’s neck. “Have- have you ever been bottom before?”

“No, never.” The most he’d ever had was his own fingers while jerking off. “I’m glad we’re on the same track.”

“Mmhm.” Since Keith had taken two questions, Lance decided to. “Is there something else that you’ve never done that we could try?”

Keith assumed he meant other than the blindfold and bottoming. “Probably. There’s a lot I’ve never actually done, but I’m willing to try anything at least once. Like I’ve never actually had sex out in public.” He wasn’t counting the time in the car since nobody had been around. “If you’d be willing, we could go back to the park and find a secluded area...”

“Mmhm. I’d- I’d like that. I want to. You’d have to be our lookout, obviously.” Lance smiled, face still flushed but happier than he’d been a few minutes before. “Your turn.”

Keith’s next question was one that had been on his mind for a while. Since he’d learned about Lance’s occasional cross-dressing. “Okay, when did you first wear panties?”

“A- a couple months ago. I ordered a couple pairs online and kind of just... hid them?” Blush deepening, he hid his face in Keith’s neck. “But I liked them. They were just these silk things.”

“That’s still really hot, Lance.” It only meant that Keith was going to buy him different materials and cuts to see what else he’d like. And a skirt, because Keith was weak for a guy in a skirt. Hopefully the store they’d visit later would at least have a couple pair of panties he could try. “It’s your turn.”

“O-okay. Um... You're better at kinky twenty questions than I am.” Unsure what else to ask, he bit Keith’s neck. “Tú tienes una mente calenturienta. Will you... would you buy me a, um, a thong? I want you to- to take me just by moving the strap.”

“Oh, hell yeah, baby.” A thong was definitely already on his list for that reason, but to know Lance was on board with it just made it better. And vibrating panties were a thing that existed too, but he’d probably have to order those online. It could be one of his Christmas gifts. “Wear that and the skirt and I won’t even have to remove any of your clothes.”


Smirking, Keith drew him into another kiss, keeping the contact light and teasing so he could then place kisses across his cheek to his ear. Biting the lobe, he murmured, “I think we're done with twenty questions.” And if they’d had more time, he would have dragged Lance back into bed, but it was already almost time for the visit, just a couple more minutes. “We're gonna have so much fun later.”

“Yeah, we are.” They always did. Lance shivered against him. “I've worn a skirt before too,” he admitted softly and the doorbell rang.

Lance froze in his lap, so Keith kissed his cheek and ran fingers through his hair again before standing, wrapping an arm around his boyfriend's waist. “It’s okay, baby,” he reassured, and opened the door, greeting their visitors politely.

“Good morning,” Ms. Binx greeted, smile knowing when her gaze shifted to Lance's nervous face. She gestured to the man beside her. “With me is my co-inspector. He's among our government contacts. Marcus Slifer. He'll need copies of your medical reports, Lance. We discussed it on the phone.”
“Yeah. I've- They're on the- the table.” Mortified by his own stuttering, Lance pulled away from Keith to get the folder. “You can come in. Blue’s just laying with Red right now.”

“Red?”

“Oh, Red is our cat,” Keith explained, stepping aside to let them enter and shutting the door behind them. “She’s a three-year-old shorthair.”

“I see.” The man was tall, wiry. He adjusted his glasses as he gave a very obvious once-over of the small living space. “And this is marked as the secondary residence?”

“Oh. Right.” Lance’s lips curved as he offered the folder filled with copies of applicable medical records. “I forgot to tell you that there's been a change, Ms. Binx. This is the primary.”

“That's fine. Does the apartment meet the qualifications to be a secondary?”

“Of- Oh. No. We've only stayed here the whole time I've had her. She has a few things over there just in case, but this is what she knows as home.”

“Wonderful. Then we'll not bother with tomorrow's inspection. I'll make a note of that now.” She pulled out her phone to change her calendar. “Now Blue gets along alright with Red? She hasn't been around cats before.”

“Yeah, they get along great.” Keith didn't mention that Red had never been around dogs before because it didn't seem relevant at this point. They already loved each other. “They share Blue’s bed in the corner of our room.”

“We'll have to see that.”

“Mr. Slifer, Lance is quite aware that we'll have to see the entire home. Calm yourself.” Ms. Binx sent Keith a reassuring smile. “I'm glad to hear they get along. I'm sure it makes things easier.”

“Yeah.” Lance found Keith’s hand, clinging to him. “Do you want to take the tour first or...?”

“That would be fine if neither of you mind.”

“That’s great.” Keith squeezed Lance’s hand reassuringly, keeping him close. “It's not very big, as you can see,” he said, starting to lead them from the living room. And because he knew this was super important for Lance, he was trying really hard not to be an asshole, but couldn't help a snarky remark aimed at Mr. Slifer escape. “But it works just fine for us.”

“Ay, capullo, behave.” Lance kissed his cheek, amused. “It's easy enough for me to get around. Keith’s been very accommodating in regards to leaving things where I put them.” Which was why his bathroom counter was full. “And Blue knows where everything is too.”

“Is she aware that this is her home base? Have you instilled that in her?”

“Mmmh. She walked us home from the park last night. There weren't any problems that I know of. Keith?”

“Nope, no problems. We'd even taken a detour to the grocery store before getting to the park, but she didn't try to take us that way coming back.” And he was still proud of her for that.

“So her training is holding well.”

“Yeah. She had her first bath here last night and stayed in the tub and relaxed when she was told.”
“And at work?”

“She’s great. She’s a little antsy here and there, but I think it’s because she’s starting to know when my breaks happen.” Lance smiled. “She’s ready for them.”

“Wonderful. She’ll come when called from back here?”

“She should.”

“Definitely.” She was always really good about coming when called upon, even listening to Keith now.

“And I did see her harness on the wall when we walked in. She can get that down easily?”

“Yeah. She’s good about it. In the mornings, she'll go and grab it and just wait by the bedroom door while we're getting ready. She loves going to school.” Lance gave Keith's hand a squeeze, the two of them waiting at the door while their bedroom was scrutinized. He didn’t mention their plan to skip that day. “Did you want me to call her?”

“Yes.”

“Blue, come!” Lance called and within seconds she was trotting in, ears perked curiously and ready to get to work. She settled at Lance's side, waiting for the next order.

“She seems very happy.” Ms. Binx smiled, waiting for Lance to calm her before patting her head and making her tail wag. “Have there been any incidents of severe misbehavior? Failures to listen? Anything along those lines.”

Keith shook his head. “Nothing that I’ve noticed. She’s just a really good dog and always ready to follow commands no matter what’s going on.”

“Have you ever been around a guide dog before?” Mr. Slifer wondered, clearly unimpressed with his opinion.

“That isn't a requirement for noticing canine misbehavior,” Ms. Binx pointed out. “Anyway, things look to be in order here. I'd like to see the kitchen. Make sure her food is in order.”

Even though the answer was no, Keith still couldn’t hold back the glare. He understood that this guy had a job to do, but what the hell was his problem? It was like Ms. Binx said, just because he'd never been around a guide dog before didn't mean he didn't know what to look for. He had an animal, he knew what he was doing. Whatever. Keith eventually shook it off and led them back into the kitchen, showing them where they’d stashed Blue’s food, treats, and bowls, easily accessible to Lance whenever he needed. “Again, it's not very big, but Lance is able to find his way around no problem.”

“Mmhm.” Lance left his hand on the scruff of Blue's neck to keep her in check. “She doesn't snap when her food is disturbed too, even with Red around. She's not aggressive.”

“Fantastic. It's a problem we've seen in the past when introducing the guide dog to a home with an established animal. It typically requires a few hours of adjustment training.” She tapped something out on her phone, though the man carried a clipboard and wrote something. He seemed perpetually annoyed, while Ms. Binx continued to glide through the little home with deliberate cheer to offset him. And, possibly, to continue to annoy him.

Lance, thankfully for his nerves, was largely oblivious to Mr. Slifer's irritation. He'd noticed from his
tone that he didn't seem entirely pleased, but took it for him just being a snob about the little cabin and focused on Ms. Binx, answering her questions easily with his own cheer steadily taking over. Even when they got to the question of transportation, Lance nodded eagerly. He wasn't nervous about the bike. The sidecar was sturdy and his pupper loved it. “The bike's Keith's and has been for a while. He asked a friend of ours to help him find a sidecar and then his brother found us this one.”

“And Blue's responded well to it?” Ms. Binx wondered, watching Blue take down her harness and carry it to Lance once she realized they were heading for the door.

“She does have fun on it. She likes the wind in her face and being able to smell everything.” And Keith said that with absolute certainty because he knew it to be true, had seen it firsthand time and time again on the bike. And this inspector guy was not going to put a damper on his mood or his confidence in this visit going well.

“Hm.”

Ms. Binx ignored the dismissive hum, instead smiling at Blue and Lance when he rose and took her harness. She didn't seem to need his “Come, Blue” to know that it was time to work, tail wagging happily and big blue eyes lifted to gaze adoringly at him. “I'd like to see a demonstration if you don't mind, though I think Lance was prepared for that request.”

He grinned. “Maybe. I just like the bike as much as Blue does.”

“I have no problem with it.” Keith shrugged. And, really, why wouldn’t he? There was nothing wrong with the sidecar or the bike, and Blue’s obvious enjoyment would be evidence enough that there was nothing wrong with it. He grabbed his keys off the other hook and let everyone else step outside before following along.

Blue seemed to know what was going on and led Lance right over to the bike, waiting for Keith to open the door on the sidecar. She hopped in, sitting prettily while Keith got her strapped in, and didn't make a fuss when he slid the goggles over her head. The door was shut and Keith stepped away, letting Ms. Binx and Mr. Slifer look over her. “It’s completely safe,” he defended, though they hadn't said anything to make him believe it wasn't. “Do you need me to start it up?”

“I'd like to see you take her around the block, actually. She does look very comfortable.”

Lance smiled, going to the side of the bike and waiting for Keith, but it faltered a bit when he heard a muttered, “If it doesn't fall apart, I'll be shocked.”

Government inspector or not, he wasn't letting that fly. “Keith's an engineer and a mechanic,” he snapped, not mentioning the student part. He was almost finished and it was mechanical engineering anyway. Mechanic fit right into that and he was proud that his boyfriend was smart enough to have fashioned a hand-me-down bike into something impressive. “So it's not going to fall apart and it's as safe as any car with Keith driving.”

Ms. Binx's smile warmed. As with most of the people in Lance's life, she'd also seen the drastic change in him after the accident. It was nice to see his spark back. “Thank you, Lance. I'm sure it'll be fine. Keith, please. Just one turn around the block, and then I just have a few more questions and we'll be on our way.”
“Okay, yeah, I can do that.” Keith absolutely glowered at the inspector, but felt his heart swell at Lance’s assertive defensiveness. Not that he needed it, but it was nice to know his boyfriend believed in him that much to get snappy with the man who’d have a say in whether or not his dog stayed. He hopped onto the bike, passing a helmet to Lance and slipping one on himself - just for show so they didn't get points deducted or whatever - and started the bike.

Blue didn't even quiver, the sound of the bike now just a signal that they were going somewhere possibly exciting. Keith smiled at her and then took off, taking the bike in an easy cruise around the block and then back into the driveway, coming to a halt right at Mr. Slifer's feet to show off. And also to maybe scare the crap out of him a little bit. “See? No issues.”

And Blue had very clearly enjoyed herself, head lifted into the wind and tongue lolled. Her tail was beating against the seat even now that they'd stopped. Grinning, Lance gave Keith a firm squeeze before letting go so he could get off the bike. He offered his helmet, letting out a laugh when Keith ignored it and picked him up instead. “Mi novio dulce es un alborotador. Te quiero.” When his feet were firmly on the ground again, he stole a quick kiss and passed over the helmet. “Let my pupper out.”

Stowing the helmets on the seat, Keith walked around to the sidecar and unbuckled Blue’s seatbelt, opening the door for her to hop out. She licked his face quickly before doing so, trotting right on over to Lance to stand by his side and offering her harness. Keith smiled, shutting the sidecar door and joining Lance on his other side. “So does the bike pass your ‘inspection’?”

“No seas un mocoso.” He was too amused to bother reprimanding Keith in a language he actually understood. His boyfriend was just too much of an asshole.

“It's an unusual mode of transportation, but she clearly enjoys it and I can see it's already a routine for her.” Ms. Binx nodded, scrolling through her phone. “I have no problem with this at all.”

Though his knuckles had whitened from his grip on the clipboard, Mr. Slifer still managed to look unimpressed. “I'll be including in my overall report that you appear very nonchalant over potential dangers, Elizabeth.”

“Write what you wish, Marcus. The motorcycle is obviously sound. Now shall we go inside? I just have a few more questions, and we'll be out of your hair for the day.”

“Yeah, definitely.” Keith was very much looking forward to them leaving. Well, Mr. Slifer. Ms. Binx was alright. But he still wanted them both gone so he could curl up with Lance and nap before they actually started their day. He led them back inside and to the living room, letting the two of them take the couch while he sat in the one armchair he had with Lance on his lap, Blue laying down next to them. “We're ready whenever you are.”

Lance hadn't been ready to sit in his lap in front of them, so his cheeks were pink when he nodded. “Mmhmm. What else did you need, Ms. Binx?”

“Well, we've gone over living arrangements, transportation, food... Has she fallen into your daily routine?”

“Yeah. She's pretty easy-going. Um. Keith changed his work schedule so his hours almost match mine now. So she's used to mornings and coming home from work. It's during the day that things may change. School and all.”

“Have there been any incidents at work or school?”
“Mm-mm. Just normal adjustments. There was a small thing with a couple of kids who stepped on her tail, but she handled it well. She didn't snap at them or yelp.” Just the one little whine. “But that's been all.” Lance leaned back against Keith, relaxing the longer he was in his lap. “She likes everyone.”

Knowing she was being talked about, Blue lifted her head, but didn't do anything further than that. Keith smiled, reaching down to pat the top of her head since she'd gotten the command to relax earlier. “She is really friendly, and even when we're at the park playing she knows when it's time to get back to work when Lance calls for her.”

“[Princess],” Lance murmured, unwilling to call her one in a proper sentence. Keith was already starting to get suspicious about his Korean knowledge, so he didn't want to make it worse. “She's always happy to get to work.”

“Good. And I'm sure this goes without asking, but it's on my list. You haven't gone anywhere without her since her arrival?”

“No,” he lied quickly before Keith could say anything. It had only been once and he didn't want to get dinged for it when things had been going so well. “We take her everywhere.”

“Fantastic. We don't want to disrupt her training with inconsistent use. Now I believe we're just about finished...” She scrolled on her phone, nodding. “I just need to see her handle the basic commands, including Stay and a few of your unique Spanish ones. Everything she's been handling this week.”

Lance nodded. “Come on, Blue. Up.” Ears perking, she stood. She couldn't stand by Lance's side with him sitting, so stayed by the side of the chair. When asked to get a better view, come around had her trotting to the other side of the chair. He took her through the list - sit, down, and a handful of others.

And then he rose from Keith's lap, drawing his cane from his pocket more out of habit than need. “I'm just gonna walk to the bedroom and call her from in there again.” He took a few steps towards the hall, Blue following out of habit, but her ears went flat when he told her to stay. The only time he'd used stay had been when she'd jumped into the pond after her ball and he'd wanted to get far enough away from her wild initial shake that he'd made her stay in place for a few seconds. She'd still been able to see him, though, so didn't like when he disappeared down the hall and made that known with unhappy little grumbles.

Keith wanted to reach out and pet her, but kept his hands folded in his lap, watching her closely. When the command came from down the hallway, she was off, trotting across the floor with quick and nimble steps to meet Lance in the bedroom. The smile that split his face was one of pure pride, only growing when his boyfriend emerged back out into the living room with Blue leading him along. “Good girl, Blue,” he praised, and gave her a treat when Lance rejoined him on the chair and had her relax again.

“Perfect. Early in her training, that particular command wasn't an issue in the slightest. Drill after drill went perfectly. And then when it was time to pair her up with a human, it fell apart. With the regular trainers, she would stay. But the moment Lance would arrive, it was like a switch. As soon as he would go out of her sight, she'd stand and try to find him. She's come a long way.”

Lance grinned, his smile as bright as his eyes. They'd passed. They may not have had the official word yet, but he knew they'd passed and that he wasn't going to lose his dog. “She's a good partner.”

“So I see.” She darkened the screen of her phone, setting it in her bag. “Do the two of you have any
questions before we go?”

Lance shook his head, then changed his mind and nodded. “When will we get the official decision?”

“No later than Sunday. Possibly as early as tomorrow since there’s no need to check any other residences. Did you have anything, Keith?”

He shook his head, satisfied since Lance seemed to be. “No, nothing.”

“Alright.” She stood, Mr. Slifer frowning as he rose. Keith and Lance took them to the door, and she shook their hands. “Thank you both. It was a pleasure. We’ll email you a copy of the official reports once they’re completed. Lance, do you require a version in Braille?”

Lance smiled, shaking his head. “No, I’m alright. I’ll use text to speech or my handy boyfriend here. How soon before I can get the unofficial results?”

She laughed, giving his hand a fond squeeze. “We’ll have to see about that. Enjoy your Halloween, boys. I’ll likely see you again in a month.”

“Thanks, Ms. Binx. We’ll keep in touch.” Keith shook her hand as well, purposefully ignoring Mr. Slifer, though he hadn’t even offered his, and shut the door once they were gone off the porch.

Turning back to Lance, he cupped both cheeks in his hands, angling him down for a kiss. “That wasn’t so bad.”

Lance’s laughter spilled into the kiss all too soon, breaking it. He wrapped Keith up in an excited hug, giving him a firm squeeze. “¡Ella es nuestra! ¡Pasamos! If we hadn’t, she would’ve taken Blue or asked us to come up to the school Sunday or- or said she’d see us next week. But next month means we passed!” He whirled, kneeling to throw his arms around Blue. She had no idea what was going on, but she grumbled in his ear and was happy to be held. “Mi perrita linda, ¡eres mío! Eres mío,” he repeated, softer as relief flooded the excitement in his veins. He didn’t have to worry. He wasn’t going to lose her. “Keith, we get to keep her.”

“I know, baby,” he responded softly, crouching down next to Lance and Blue. He ran his fingers through her fur, soft from her bath the previous evening, and kissed the tops of each of their heads. “I’m so happy that we do.”

“Ella es nuestra. 'She's ours.' Ella es nuestra, mi cielo.” Lance leaned into him, breath hitching. “Fuck, Keith, I was so scared.”

Keith rubbed gentle circles on Lance’s back, realizing that it was a good idea he’d saved the massage for today because his boyfriend was tied up in knots that needed to be worked out. “I know you were. I was a little bit too. But I told you we had nothing to worry about.”

“I just- I didn’t- I lost one already. I can’t- I couldn’t lose her just because I didn’t do something or- or did something wrong or-” He closed his eyes to stem the threatening tears. He didn’t want to cry. He was happy. This was a good thing, damn it. It was such a good thing. He didn’t even have to go through a visit at the apartment since Blue hadn’t spent any time there. This had been a very successful, perfect visit.

Blue licked his cheek to soothe him, more confused than ever at the abrupt switch of mood but still willing to try and make him feel better. “Ay, mi perrita dulce, I’m okay. I’m fine.”

Clearly he wasn’t as fine as he made it seem. Keith took Blue’s harness off and put it back on the hook and then rose, bringing Lance up with him. “Come on, let’s go back to bed for a while. Pretty sure we both need naps.” Lance more than himself.
He nodded, but didn’t move to actually head towards bed. He just huddled closer to Keith, clinging to him and trembling from the effort to keep his tears from falling.

“Hey, it’s okay.” Keith bent down and swept him up in his arms princess style, holding him close and pressing a kiss to his forehead. “You’ll be alright.”

“I know. I'm just- I'm happy. I swear. I wanted this. I just-” Lance pressed his face against Keith’s shoulder. “Mi cielo, ella es nuestra.”

Keith hummed, navigating them into the bedroom. He placed his boyfriend down onto the mattress, removing their shoes before climbing over to settle atop him. Blue had already laid down in her bed wrapped around Red, who had wandered in earlier since there’d been strangers in the house. Smiling, Keith sucked a kiss into Lance’s neck. “Blue’s not going anywhere.”

Lance started to nod, but thought better of it and tipped his head to provide better access to his neck. “No, she's not. She's my girl. She's ours.”

“Mmhm.” Keith took his lips along his skin in a lazy reexploration of the spots they’d already been before, leaving new marks. His hands were busy too, caressing his torso underneath his shirt. “After we get back from our errands today, we're not leaving this cabin again.”

As comfort hazed over the confused panic, Lance felt his limbs grow heavy and his eyes stayed closed just to continue absorbing sensation rather than to continue to struggle with his emotions. He could've been tipped very easily into sleep or arousal, happy to go wherever Keith led. “Mmhm. I love you,” he sighed.

“I love you too, baby.” If they'd both been more awake, Keith would have kept going and gotten them both off in the laziest way possible. Instead he kissed back up to Lance’s lips, lingering there for a few moments. “Let’s nap now and later I'm going to take care of you again.”

Lance gently stroked his cheeks just to feel the long-since memorized angles of his cheekbones. “Mm... Eres dulce,” he mumbled. “You're so good at taking care of me.”

“I try.” It was encouraging when Lance was so responsive, not even just in the bedroom, but when they were doing mundane things. Like shopping. Keith had become quite good at reading his boyfriend’s expressions, especially since he couldn't hide them very well. “Like I said last night, I love taking care of you.”

“Mmhm.” His hands slowly stilled their gentle stroking to slide around his back and curl loosely into his shirt. “Eres precioso a mí. Eres mi luz en la oscuridad. Eres...” He yawned. “Eres mío.”

“[I'm yours], Lance,” Keith whispered back. “[And you're mine].” He pressed another kiss to Lance’s temple, settling in more firmly on top of him and shutting his eyes. “Go to sleep, baby.”

“Mm-mm. I want-” Lance tried opening his eyes, but the pressure was so comfortable, Keith’s body so warm. “Am I... m’I...” He sighed, nestling his face in the crook of Keith’s neck. “M’I good at taking care o’ you?” he slurred, already half asleep.

Keith smiled, hand finding Lance’s hair to stroke through with his fingers. “You’re the best at taking care of me.”

He didn't know how, but was too gone to ask anything further. His attempt came out as a quiet hum and he was asleep.
Chuckling softly so as not to wake him up again, Keith buried his face in Lance’s hair and fell asleep within a couple of minutes, enjoying the closeness.

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Blue had never been to the pet store. She and Lance realized this at the same moment, his lips curving and her tail wags doubling in time. Half the building, at least to her, smelled like food. The other half smelled like friends. And then one very exciting part smelled like toys. It took every ounce of her training to keep from running amok in the building, tongue lolled and ears perked in sheer delight as she swiveled her head to sniff at everything they passed.

They stopped in front of the least interesting thing in the store, as far as she was concerned, so she quietly grumbled and bumped her head against Lance’s thigh. They’d clearly made a mistake, but he laid a hand on her head and stayed put. Drat.

“It can't be a stupid costume,” Lance insisted, running his fingers over the fabric of dog costumes. They were all crammed into one narrow aisle with little rhyme or reason as if they’d been put up in a hurry to prepare for the upcoming holiday. “It has to suit her.”

“Yeah, I know,” Keith reminded, swatting his hand lightly out of the way to look at the one he was touching. Too small. Scanning the racks, it looked like the bigger ones were toward the bottom, and that they also didn't have a very big collection of the ones that would fit a dog Blue’s size. Mermaid was already off the table, and the tail wouldn't have been convenient if she needed to go to the bathroom at all. So nothing with anything they'd need to remove, just in case. “There’s not a lot, but I'll start down at the end here.” The first one he picked up made him laugh. “Hot dog?”

Lance laughed, shaking his head. “No. As great as she is, we can come up with something better.”

“Okay, then.” Amused, he put the hot dog costume back, pulling the next one out and holding it up to Blue to assess it. “Does she seem like an astronaut to you?”

“Aw. That would be cute, but I don't know what we could be to match her. It can be a maybe if we don't find anything else.” Lance laid a hand on her head, scratching gently behind an ear. “Sit, Blue.” She sank down, tail sweeping across the floor. “Chica buena. What else is there?”

Keith put the astronaut costume back, a little bummed even though it was still a possibility, and grabbed the next one. He held it up, a big hunk of blue fabric with what looked like a black tool belt that came with a matching hat. “Police dog?”

Lance giggled, unable to help himself. “Are you gonna bust out those fuzzy handcuffs?”

“I could, but I don't think your family would appreciate seeing those.” Leaning over, Keith kissed his cheek. “They're for you to use on me, anyway.” He put that one back, rifling through the next couple without pulling them off the rack. They were the typical Halloween costumes: pumpkin, witch, Batman… He got to one that looked promising, especially since it would go well with the sidecar. “Biker? There's a f- a faux-” He'd never seen that word before and couldn't figure out how to pronounce it, so it came out like fox. “Whatever, leather jacket.”

“So it's pronounced like foe, mi cielo. [You're cute]. I love that you can't talk.” Lance murmured the command for her to calm and sat down on the floor beside her. She was ready to get back to work whenever he said, but leaned against him for the time being. “And I almost want to get that for her just for her to wear normally. We could keep it on the bike in her sidecar, y'know?”

Not another word needed to be said, Keith already tossing it into the cart for them to take. Blue
would look so cool with that little jacket on and her cute dog goggles. He was going to put it on her
as soon as they got outside. Of course, that only meant that he had to get a leather jacket for Lance
too. They had to match.

Smiling, he plucked the next costume off the rack. “Dinosaur?” Though he couldn't think of
anything he and Lance could dress up as to match her, unless they also went as dinosaurs.

“Mm-mm. She's not really the dinosaur type. Are you? No, you're a sweet little princess. Huh?” He
laughed when she licked his cheek. “That's right. You and Red.”

_Princess._ Of course! God, he was dumb. Keith threw the dinosaur one back, shuffling through the
rest of the costumes and hoping they'd have one. There was, near the end of the row, and Keith
snatched it off the wall. It was a pink dress with a frilly tutu attached, and it came with a plastic silver
tiara and, according to the picture, ribbons to wrap around her legs near her paws. “Princess,” Keith
affirmed, holding it out in front of Lance so he could run his fingers over it.

Lance ran his fingers over the fabric, smiling at the poof of tulle when he touched the tutu. “_Mi
princesa._ That's perfect. Are you gonna be our knight, Keith?”

He smiled, more into the spirit now than he was going into the store. “Yeah, I am. And you're gonna
be my prince.”

Lance gave Blue a fond squeeze before rising, reaching for Keith to pull him into a kiss. “Pssh. I
barely need a costume for that.”

“But how are you gonna top last year's costume if you don't dress up?”

“Mm. I do have to top it. I kind of wish I'd held off on mermaid until this year. It would've been
kinda nice having you in a pair of swim trunks carrying me around. Maybe next year.” Lance
grinned, not doubting for even a moment that he and Keith would still be together when Halloween
next came around. “You'll have to help me find an awesome costume, _mi cielo._”

Keith did love the idea of carrying his boyfriend around while he was dressed as a mermaid.
Definitely next year. “I will. Nothing but the best for you, baby.”

“I know. That's why I've got you.” Lance gave him a last kiss before drawing back. “Blue, up. Let's
go get her some treats and her presents. Red needs treats too. They're both low.”

“Hmm, I wonder why,” he teased, bumping his hip against Lance’s. “We should get some extras just
in case.”

Okay.” Lance took Blue's harness, following Keith through the store. Treats were achieved, Blue
staring at the packaging with wide eyes but she kept her composure.

The only time she almost broke was in the toy section, letting out a soft whine and pressing closer to
Lance's leg. “I know, Blue. Steady.” He patted her head to soothe, well-aware that she was a puppy
despite all of her training. She was still just a year old dog with a lot of energy. He scratched her
behind the ear when she settled, smiling. “Good girl. We'll play when we get home.”

Keith let go of the cart and took Lance's hand, squeezing gently. “Since she's here with us, instead of
picking one out for her, why not let her pick? And then we can get one of those special cookies they
sell near the front.” It was a celebration after all.

“Okay. I'm pretty sure she'd pick everything, though.” Lance laced their fingers, letting her harness
go. “Find a toy, Blue.” Her tail wagged, ears perking, and she edged closer to the rack in uncertainty.
Could she really? “Get a toy, Blue. Go.” She barked and pranced over to the rack, nosing the toys she could reach in search for one that felt and smelt the best. She was almost as picky as Lance, but eventually settled on a stretched looking duck, a squeaker in either end. Lance would be able to hear it and tug. She carried it back to them, handing it very carefully to Lance, and grumbled happily when he scratched her beneath the chin. “Mi perrita buena. We'll play with it when we get home. What even is it?”

Taking it from Lance, Keith turned it over in his hands. “Well, it's definitely a duck.” He tested the squeakers, both of them loud and clear. Blue cocked her head when he did it again, so he decided to stop torturing her and tossed it into the cart. “Good girl, Blue. It's a good choice.”

She barked softly, tail wagging as she returned to Lance's side and nudged her head beneath his palm. He smiled towards her. “Come on, Blue. That's my girl.” She settled by his side, ready to get back to work, and Lance leaned over to kiss Keith's cheek. “I think that's everything we need, right? Treats, toy, costume. Except for the cookie treats up front, I think we're good.”

“Yep, at least here. We still have to stop and get our toys,” he teased, voice pitched low. “And after we play with Blue and her new one, we can play with ours.”

“Cripes, Keith. You're so sweet one second and then totally filthy the next.” Lance loved it, lips curved and cheeks pink. “Are we gonna get some, um, some clothes too?”

“Definitely. We'll see what they have there. If their selection isn't great I'll order some stuff online.” But he'd buy whatever Lance wanted today because that would at least give him an idea of what sizes and styles to get. “Would it be too much for me to ask you to wear a pair under your costume at the Halloween party?”

“I can do that for you.” Lance didn’t have a problem with wearing things for Keith as long as they felt nice. “We have to find them and the costume first though.”

“You're amazing.” Keith pressed a smiling kiss to his cheek. “And yeah, we'll find the costume first, so let's go to the party store next. That way I can make sure I get you a matching pair.”

Lance nodded, letting go of both of them to worm his way in front of Keith so they could push the cart together. He knew Blue would stay by their sides. “Let's get going, then.”

Just as eager as Lance, if not more so, Keith started pushing the cart a bit faster, causing his boyfriend and dog to have to speed up to keep the pace. They let Blue pick out a cookie for herself, putting it in the little baggie provided, and finally checked out. Keith stored everything in the trunk and got Blue strapped into the sidecar, saving her new jacket for the next time they went on a longer ride since the next two stores they needed to visit were both fairly close.

The party store was super busy for being early afternoon on a Thursday, full of all the last minute shoppers for the weekend. Since they already knew what they were looking for, it didn't take them very long to find their costumes and all the accessories they’d need. Lance had, of course, insisted on Keith telling him every single detail of each costume before deeming them acceptable. They got through the line, paid, and were out of the store in less than an hour, a new record for them.

Their last stop of the day before home was the one Keith had been most looking forward to all week. The adult store, Lion’s Den, was nearly as big as the pet store, but definitely had toys that were more interesting to the couple. Keith dragged Lance inside, Blue close to his side, and pulled him right to the back where he knew the fun stuff was.

“So I know we actually need a refill on lube, and I'm gonna look at what flavors they have for the
edible stuff.” Not unlike a kid in a candy store, Keith perused the selection excitedly. “And I'm absolutely getting you another dildo. Maybe a new plug.” The possibilities were endless.

Lance listened with bright pink cheeks. It was exciting, but he felt out of his depth in the store. He knew he was surrounded by kinky things, but not being able to see them meant a disconnect for him. It was more interesting when it was just the two of them and he could feel what was about to be used on him. Here, he was wary of touching anything. He didn’t want to knock anything over and couldn’t have even started to say where things might be. Or what he'd even touch if he reached out.

He kept Blue close, resting a hand on the scruff of her neck. “Okay.”

Keith turned to him, taking his free hand. “Are you alright?” He could tell from Lance’s tone of voice that he was uncomfortable, and that was the last thing that Keith wanted him to feel here. “If it’s too much, we don’t have to stay here.”

“No, it's- I'm okay. It's not too much. Pssh.” Lance laced their fingers, his clinging a direct contrast to the casual tone. “I just... can't do anything here?”

Keith lifted Lance's hand to his lips. “What do you mean?”

“Pretend you haven't seen everything in here already and close your eyes. It's... not exactly... It's not home. It's not alone with you and it's not-” Lance ducked his head, trying to hide his uncomfortable embarrassment. “I can't do anything.”

Ah, shit. Keith should have thought about that. But there was an upside to stores like these. “Well, they can open anything for you if you wanna touch it. They'll even turn on the vibrators and stuff.” While it wouldn't be exactly like at home, Lance would still be able to feel what they'd be purchasing. “Don’t feel intimidated, baby.”

Lance nodded, not wanting to take away from Keith’s excitement. “They- they probably won't let you taste the lube,” he teased.

“No, probably not.” Keith chuckled. He appreciated what Lance was trying to do, but he could tell that his boy was still uncomfortable. They shouldn't be in there too long, though. “That's okay. I'll stick with something simple. I'm more interested in finding you a nice toy or two.”

“Will you...” Lance ducked his head again. “Will you tell me about what you're getting?”

“Of course. I'll have them open a couple so you can tell me if you think you'd like them.” Keith finally made his decision on lube and tossed a big bottle of regular and a medium sized tube of cherry flavored into the basket. The dildos were next, and Keith was a little glad Lance couldn't actually see them because it would have probably been overwhelming to encounter the literal wall of toys. “How do you feel about a vibrating dildo?”

He offered a shy sort of smile. “I want to try one.”

“Yeah?” He rubbed the back of Lance’s hand with his thumb. “I can get one with a remote so I can control it without even having to touch you.” Or vice versa if Lance wanted to use it on him too.

Lance nodded, biting his lip. Maybe it was a little exciting being in there with Keith. As long as he kept talking. “O-okay.”

So that narrowed their selection and would make it easier for Keith to find one. There were only a few that had remotes, Keith picking each of them up to look at them. “I'm not getting you one that’s bigger than me. I want you to need my dick.” He set one of them down, comparing the other two.
“Basically you just have to choose between a weird skin-colored one or a bright blue one.”

“I don’t think I want anything you call weird, and I liked blue. So that’s an easy choice.” Lance let go of Blue’s harness to slide his arms around Keith’s waist from behind. He nuzzled into his neck, nipping teasingly. “And don’t worry, mi cielo. I always need your dick,” he murmured.

“Good.” Though he hadn’t actually doubted that. “I’ll have the girl up front open it so you can feel it and make sure it’s okay. But while we’re over here, we can get our cockrings.” They were in a small section next to the dildos, so Keith pulled Lance over to them. “I don’t want to get metal or anything like that. There are ones that adjust and would be easier to take off if we need to.” The silicone one he was looking at looked like a bolo tie, but promised the same support as its more inflexible counterparts. It would be a good starter anyway, so he grabbed two off the shelf. “I’ll have her open this too.”

“Okay.” Lance’s fingers flexed on Blue’s harness, face flushing as a realization rolled through him. “O-oh. She's- She's gonna know that we're- What we're gonna- Holy crow.”

Keith had to hold in a laugh. “It’s fine, babe. She's used to people coming in here and buying this stuff.” But he could understand where Lance's embarrassment was coming from, had felt that way himself a couple of times, even when he was alone. “She won’t judge you, or us, I promise.”

“Don’t laugh at me.” Lance’s nose scrunched, tongue sticking out. “Capullo. I want- I like what we do at home to be private. And maybe I don’t mind the idea of shifting it to the park or- or the occasional restaurant bathroom. But that's different.”

“Yeah, I get that.” Keith wasn't really big on broadcasting it either, but he was also definitely more comfortable with it. “Just try to remember that there are people that come in here and buy kinkier stuff than we're getting. And it's not like she knows us personally. We're just two more faces passing by.”

“I guess, but I'm glad I won't be able to see her face.” Lance reached into the basket, running his fingers over the plastic casing. “Were you gonna get me a new plug?”

“Mmhm. They're on the other wall over here.” Keith led him over, scanning the different plugs available. He wanted one that would be comfortable for Lance to wear for a longer period of time, had actually done his research and found out that the metal ones were better for that. He didn't need a big one anyway, but still wanted to make sure Lance would be alright. “Do you think you could try metal? It would be easier to take out if you leave it in for a long time.”

“Okay.” Lance stroked Blue’s head gently. “Whatever you want to get. I trust you.”

Keith leaned in for a kiss. “I love you.” It went without saying, but he trusted Lance with everything he had too, and it always meant so much to him to hear Lance say it. The medium one was just slightly smaller than the one they had at home so he took that one off the wall and put it in the basket too.

“Te quiero también.” Lance smiled, taking his hand. “Can we- can we get panties now?” He could touch those and the idea of wearing them made him shiver. He'd enjoyed the two pairs he'd had and, god, if he'd been able to figure out how to sneak them into the laundry, he would've. He didn’t have to sneak them and Keith would probably enjoy them just as much.

“Yeah. Hell yeah. They're, uh-” Keith squeezed his hand, now way more eager since they were actually in the store. “They're over here.” He dragged Lance over to the section they had for lingerie, specifically the half dozen round tables they had piled with panties. They also had bra and panty sets
hanging up on racks nearby, and Keith wondered if Lance would ever consider wearing a set. Maybe another time. “What size did you buy last time?”

“Just small.” He didn’t have hips to speak of, so he’d almost gotten the extra small, but his ass was curvy enough to allow the extra fabric. “I don’t know if there were number sizes to them.”

“Okay, I’ll see what there is.” He lifted Lance’s hand to the table so he could feel the different fabrics and find some that he liked. They seemed to have just about every size in all the different styles, so Keith wasn’t worried. “You just let me know which ones feel good. I’m gonna pick out a couple for you too that’ll be a surprise.”

“Oh. Are you-? I want to try lace.” Lance shivered, heart racing as he ran his fingers over the smooth fabric. He lingered over the silk, drawing a pair closer. “I- Can I really get these?” he breathed.

“Anything you want.” Keith would buy one of each if that’s what he really wanted. He reached out and picked up a thong, holding it up to see it better. He could just imagine seeing Lance in it, his dick nestled snugly in the small bit of silk in the front, ass perfectly on display thanks to the thin strip of fabric in the back. It was definitely going in the basket, Keith grabbing a small and setting it in along with their other purchases. “Anything,” he repeated.

They probably cost more here than they would online, so he silently promised to limit himself. Just a few pairs now and more later. A lot more later. Keith’s eagerness spurred his own, unleashing something he’d kept a tight hold of for years. “Don’t get them unless they look good. If they’re some crazy animal print, no. But I like the feel of these.” He wanted silk. He found a pair of lace ones too, running his fingers over them before nudging them towards Keith. “I’m- That’s enough. Just those two.”

The pair Keith had put in the basket was plain red silk, so he deemed it alright by Lance’s standards. “Alright, they look just fine.” He made sure that the two his boyfriend had picked out were smalls and laid them in the basket. He was going to ask if Lance was sure those were the only two he wanted, but knew him well enough now that he was trying to be frugal. It was definitely appreciated. “I think that was everything, right?”

He nodded, grasping Blue’s harness. He wanted to go home right then and put on a pair. “Mmhm.”

“Okay, we’ll get checked out then and head home.” Keith led him and Blue out to the front of the store, silently thankful that there weren’t any other customers in the store. Lance was already an embarrassed mess, and though he seemed to have relaxed some, he was going to be right back at that same level when the cashier opened their things to test them.

And he was right. Keith had her open the dildo so he could feel if the vibration would be strong enough, Lance standing off to the side red-faced. “Do you want to hold it for a second?” Keith asked him, really trying not to be amused.

“I-I, um, I.” Holy crow, holy crow, holy crow. He shifted closer, pressing snugly to Keith’s side even though he was being an asshole. “Yeah. I’ll- Yeah.” He took it carefully, breath whooshing out. It was just a little bigger than his first one, ribbed, and he gasped when it started vibrating in his grip. It was going to feel so good inside of him. He could imagine all too easily the ways to use it. “O-ooh.”

“Yeah?” It was certainly powerful, definitely alright in Keith’s book, and he was glad that Lance seemed to like it so much. “I’d tell you not to be nervous, but I know you can’t help that,” he murmured, taking the toy when Lance handed it back over. He passed it to the girl and she placed it back in the packaging after sanitizing it, a small smile on her face the whole time. Keith could tell she knew this was Lance’s first experience in an adult store, and was grateful to her for being so discreet.
After everything else was paid for and bagged, they loaded onto the bike and rode home, Keith definitely speeding. He could feel Lance practically buzzing on the seat behind him, and the feeling only got stronger when they finally pulled into the driveway. Blue’s seatbelt was undone, and Keith gave Lance the bag from Lion’s Den to take inside, a quick kiss exchanged and a teasing, “Go change into something nice,” breathed into his ear while Keith worked on unloading the rest of their stuff.

“Eres asombroso,” he murmured, clutching the bag. “Vamos, Blue.” She led him to the door, Lance unlocking it easily and stealing inside. He took off her harness and vest, petting Red absently when she rubbed his legs in greeting. “Mi princesita. You two play.” Lance rose, making his way down the hall quickly to get to their bedroom. The bag was set on the bed and he reached in to pull out the swatches of fabric. He wanted to start with silk, choosing what he was used to first. He knew he liked these. The third pair was a surprise, but the thin string in back had him blushing anew. Of course Keith had snuck a thong. Of course. But the front was silk, so he picked them. He'd wear what his boyfriend had picked special for him. He wanted to be special for him.

Lance tugged down his jeans, swapping his boxers for the panties quickly. It was perfect. The fabric stretched over his cock, already swelling just from wearing them. He was tempted to just rub himself through them, get himself off by silk alone, but he hiked his jeans back up instead. He wanted to play with his dog. It was her day. But, oh, he was looking forward to playing with his boyfriend too.

Lance returned to the living room, following the sounds of Keith moving around in the kitchen. “Are you putting treats away?”

“Yeah. I gave them some already, and I saved a handful of each out to give to them while they're playing.” Keith wouldn't admit that he was actually the main perpetrator in why their treats were so low all the time, but Lance knew that anyway. Siding up close to him, he rested a hand on Lance's hip, fingers dipping just beneath the waistband of his jeans and grazing along the silk of the panties. A moan escaped as his hand slipped lower, cupping his boyfriend's ass. “Fuck. Oh my god, Lance, this is so hot.”

Keith’s hands were very dangerous. Lance swayed into him, hands lifting to his shoulders. “They feel so good. I can't wait for you to see them. See me in them.”

“Mm, same.” Leaning up, he caught Lance’s lips in a kiss while his other hand ventured down to join the other under Lance’s jeans. His fingertips skimmed along the silky thin piece of fabric between his cheeks, dipping in to find his rim already clenching in anticipation. Keith whimpered softly, more turned on than ever before. “Which new toy do you wanna use tonight?”


God, Keith was going to die. Just keel over right there in the middle of the kitchen. He squeezed Lance’s cheeks, pressing closer and rutting against him. His lips latched onto Lance’s neck, suckling at his skin. “I'll give you the remote this time, so you can get used to it. But next time I'm gonna control it.”

He'd been planning to give him the remote this time and still might, but getting used to it first wouldn't be a bad idea. But that was for later. For now, he pushed Keith back a step and smiled. “As tempted as I am to let you do what you want right now, you laughed at me at the adult store. So you get to wait.”

“I wasn't laughing at you.” But it wasn't like he was laughing with him because Lance had been decidedly not laughing. Still, Keith took another step back, hands sliding out of Lance's jeans. He'd
been prepared to wait anyway, wanted to play with their animal children to tire them out. “Well, come on then.” He took Lance's hand, pressing a kiss to the back. “Our kids are waiting for us.”

“‘Our kids,’” Lance echoed with a laugh. “...” He grinned, lacing their fingers, and tugged him out of the room. “Where’s her new toy?”

“It’s in the bag still on the coffee table.” He let Lance lead him back into the living room, both of them sitting on the floor. Blue and Red bounded over, having been playing on the other side of the room, Blue excited to play with the new toy she’d gotten to pick out earlier. Keith took it out of the bag and ripped the tags off before handing it to Lance. “Go nuts.”

Smiling, he pressed one of the squeakers and almost immediately felt a wet tongue on his hands. She knew better than to nip at him, even playfully, and was very happy to tug at the toy when Lance dangled one half above her nose. She chomped on it, squeaking it, and grumbled around it with her tail wagging wildly. Lance laughed, tugging on his end. “Ay, chica buena, eres tan mocosa.”

Keith scooped Red up in his arms while Lance and Blue played, settling her in his lap on her back. She meowed at him until he grabbed her toy, dangling the feathers in front of her face. She swatted at them, Keith lifting it away every once in a while to keep her attention focused. “Eventually we’ll find a toy they can both play with together.”

“Eventually. I bet Blue would like her jingle balls, but she knows better than to play with toys that aren’t hers. So maybe we can introduce her to them.” Lance held the duck towards his voice. “Throw it down the hall for her.”

Blue watched it attentively, following every movement with her gorgeous blue eyes. Keith wiggled it in front of her, laughing when she spread her front paws and crouched low to the floor, tongue lolling out of her mouth. “You’re so adorable,” Keith praised, and then threw the toy down the hall. She shot off after it, nearly slipping on the wood floors in her haste.

Lance could hear the jingle of her tags, the wild clicking of her nails on the wood. She barked and he could only smile. The panicky relief he’d felt that morning didn’t surface, acceptance settling delightedly in his heart. He had her. They had her, and they weren’t letting her go. “You’re a good pet dad, Keith.”

Smiling, Keith leaned over the short distance to steal a kiss. That was nice to hear. He’d never thought that he’d be a good pet parent until Red was given to him, and even then he had no idea what he was doing. But Lance’s affirmation made him feel so much better about it all, especially now that they had Blue. “Thanks. You’re a really good pet dad too.”

Cheeks pink, he slid a hand into Keith’s mullet to keep him in place for another kiss. “I’ve had some practice, but I like having a partner.”

“It is easier with two people, definitely since we have two pets.” Red seemed to know they were talking about her, bell jingling as she lifted up onto her hind legs and placed her front paws on Lance’s arm. “Ah, go then.” Keith nudged her and she jumped into Lance’s lap just as Blue was coming back with her toy. “I’ll play with Blue then, brat.”

Lance smiled, kissing the top of her head before scratching her behind the ear. “Mi princesita me ama,” he bragged, taking the feather-ended stick when it was offered. “We’ll get you a new toy next time we go to the pet store,” he promised her, jingling the feathers and feeling the snags when she managed to grab the bundle. “That’s a good girl.”

Blue stopped short when she saw Lance was already preoccupied with Red, but made a quick turn
towards Keith. She tossed her duck toy at him and barked, tail wagging. Keith picked it up, squeaking it in front of her. “You want me to throw it again?” She barked again, spinning around in a swift circle. “Alright, go get it.” He threw it back down the hallway, watching as she skidded after it.

“Can we sit out front and play with them? I can keep Red on the porch and it’ll give Blue more space to run.”

“Yeah.” Keith wasn't really worried about Red running away or anything. She knew where to go to get fed and it wasn't like she'd never been outside before. “I'm gonna leave Blue's new toy in here though. It would just get dirty and it's easier to throw the tennis ball outside.”

“Okay.” Lance rose, cradling the purring cat. “Let's go out, Blue. Daddy Keith's gonna get your tennis ball.”

Keith paled, nearly stumbling as he got up. “W-what?” He was probably over-thinking it, and Lance probably didn't even realize what he was saying, but he couldn't help the reaction. While he had a lot of kinks, that was definitely not one of them.

Lance tipped his head to the side, confusion rippling. “What?”

“Nothing!” Thank god Lance was still sweet and innocent- Well, not so much innocent anymore, but blissfully ignorant to that particular kink. But even though he didn't want Lance to call him that in the bedroom, that didn't mean it wasn't endearing to hear in reference to their pets. “Blue, go outside with Papa Lance,” he commanded, deciding to keep the trend going. “I'll find your ball.”

Lance grinned. Papa Lance. He liked it. Blue happily trotted after him, reaching up to snag her vest out of habit. Lance strapped it on, just as habitual as her, but left the harness on the hook before leading her outside. He made his way to the steps, snapping out his cane just to tap for them, and sank down. He left his cane behind him, not bothering to put it away again, and gave Blue a fond pat. “Run around, pupper. It's okay.” She barked once, licking his face before streaking down the steps to roll in the yard.

After finding the tennis ball, Keith ventured out front to join them, already seeing Blue running laps around the lawn. She had a lot of pent-up energy that needed to be released, and Keith had never been happier to live where he did since he had just the yard for it. When she saw him come down the steps with her ball, pausing to give Lance a quick kiss, she bolted over to him.

“Do I have something you want?” Keith asked. She barked and spun around again, tail wagging a hundred miles an hour. “Oh, you want this?” He waved it teasingly in front of her, laughing when she barked again. “Alright then, bring it back!” And he tossed it as far as he could across the yard. He watched her go after it, powerful legs carrying her across the weird mixture of grass and sand, and decided he had enough time to sit with Lance on the steps before she brought it back.

Sitting down, he pulled his boyfriend close, giving Red an absent scratch behind the ear as he leaned in for a kiss. “Our dog is crazy.”

“Don't talk crap about our kids, Keith. They have feelings.” Lance leaned against him, beaming. “It feels nice out.”

“I'm not talking crap, I'm stating facts.” Lance's smile fueled his own, wrapping an arm around his shoulders and pressing a kiss to the top of his head. “It is nice out.” It was late afternoon so the sun hadn't gone down yet, and the heat from it felt good against his skin in contrast to the chill in the air. “It'll be cold in a couple hours though.”
“I don't mind that so much. I mean, we'll be in bed.” Lance snuggled against him, listening for the thumps of Blue’s paws and the jingle of her tags. Red’s purrs rumbled, just barely audible but he could feel them beneath his palm. “Oh my god, we're so mcfreaking domestic. We're, like, thirty year olds.”

“Not yet.” Thankfully they wouldn't be thirty for another handful of years, but Keith knew they'd still be together when that time came. “And I don't mind being domestic when I get to be domestic with you.”

Lance hid his grin against Keith's shoulder. “Pssh. That's gay, Keith.”

He laughed, squeezing him closer as Blue bounded back across the yard. “I don't know if you've noticed, but yeah, it is really gay. And what I'm gonna do to you later is also really gay.” Their puppy made it up to the steps, dropping the ball into Keith's outstretched hand. He threw it again, not as far this time to not jostle Lance too much.

“I'm very okay with that.” Lance kissed his neck. “And I like being domestic with you and your super gay self.”

Keith wouldn't have it any other way. “Good.” He tilted his head to the side, letting Lance do what he wanted. “.”

“,” he murmured, lips brushing over his skin. The same question he'd had before their nap that morning surfaced again, swirling in his mind and picking at him. “Do you really think I'm good at taking care of you?”

“I know you're good at taking care of me. In every way.” Keith pulled away far enough to cup his cheek and capture his lips. “You're the best and you're so amazing.”

How? It went unsaid again, Lance not wanting to shatter the mood as he'd done in the adult store. He could trust Keith, could tuck away the insecurities that had no business being there anyway. He smiled, keeping his lips close to Keith's. “I am pretty awesome. And very easy to please, luckily for you. I don’t make you work that hard.”

“I know you don’t.” Lance was quite possibly the most independent person he'd ever met, never letting his disability get the best of him, especially now that his confidence had been restored. “I'm not that hard to please either. Just you being here is enough.”

He really, really hoped that wouldn't change. He wanted to be enough for Keith. “Eres dulce. You really are precious to me, mi cielo.”

Keith smiled, drawing him back in to claim his lips again. “You're just as precious to me, Lance. I'm not going to let anything bad happen to you. Ever.”

That, Lance could believe without a shadow of a doubt. Right from the start, Keith had been guarding him. He even took offense at the things Lance had long since stopped noticing, which was incredibly sweet and just another reason for Lance to have fallen as hard and as fast as he had. He protected him, was patient with him, had made him happier than he'd been in ages, had opened heart and home wide to him, and... And Lance didn’t know what he could’ve possibly done in return. He existed and burdened, yet Keith loved him anyway. It was a miracle in his eyes. So to speak. “Eres mi todo,” he murmured, no idea what he'd done to be anything in return but grateful and awed to know that he was something to Keith. “Te quiero más que las estrellas.”

“I recognize ‘I love you,’ but what's the rest?” He was fairly sure he knew what estrellas was too,
but wanted to know if he was right.

"I love you more than the stars."

Okay, so he was right. Keith hummed, wanting to pull him into his lap, but not wanting to disturb Red. Instead he settled on pressing as close to him as he could get. ""

Lance shifted Red in his arms so he could climb into Keith’s lap himself, unwilling to settle. "Your turn to translate."

Keith smiled, nestling Red in between their chests. "I love you more than you know."

Lance kissed him lightly before turning in his lap at the sound of Blue’s jingling return. He settled Red in his lap, the cat stretching and curling up into a little orange ball, then took the ball from Blue when it was offered with a grumble. He tossed it across the yard, smile bright when Keith’s arms came around him. "I want to learn that one."

"Okay. ", he murmured, and then again slower so Lance could commit it to memory, "Saenggakhago itneun geos isangeuro saranghae."

It was definitely one of the longest things he’d tried to learn so far, but he let the words roll over his tongue and had Keith say it a few more times until he could echo it slowly. He repeated it steadily until he could say it with the proper inflections, and smiled with bubbling pride. ""

Grinning, Keith slid one hand up into Lance's hair to pull him down until their lips met. Once again he was reminded of just how damn lucky he was to be able to call Lance his. His lips parted in a greedy little moan, tongue brushing over Lance's bottom lip in search of his taste.

Lance's lips parted on an accepting sound, welcoming Keith’s talented tongue. It was so familiar now, but he still loved the feel of Keith’s tongue sweeping over his. He loved the taste of him. He loved the feel of his lips moving over his own. And he loved the sounds, Keith’s attempts to be vocal spilling into the kisses they shared and washing through Lance to send his heart skipping. Keith so often kissed him as if he couldn’t get enough and this was, wonderfully, no exception.

They were locked in that position, lazily kissing until Blue returned again with her ball. Usually she would wait until they were done, but she seemed to know today was - mostly - all about her, so she nudged her nose between them. Keith pulled back on a laugh, but curled his fingers in Lance's hair to hold him close. "Blue, come on," he whined, though he reached out with his other hand to pet her.

She woofed around the ball, bumping her head beneath his hand to encourage the affection. Lance smiled. "Here, mi perrita. I love you enough to keep playing. I’m obviously the better dad here," he teased, taking the ball from her.

"I'm gonna use the excuse here that it's only because I've never had a dog before.” The care needed to be given to a dog was different than a cat, but he knew that argument was weak. To distract Lance, Keith slipped his hand down the back of his jeans, hooking his finger under the waistband of his panties and snapping it against his skin.

Lance gasped, jerking in his lap. Red’s ears flattened at the move, but she didn’t bother moving from Lance’s lap just yet. "Capullo," he accused, cheeks flushing.

“You still haven’t told me what that means.” Though from the tone of Lance's voice, it sounded like an insult. Which Keith absolutely deserved, especially when he snapped the panties again just because he liked the reaction it elicited.

Yep, insult. It was funny enough, though, making him chuckle. “[Babo]…” Keith muttered, pressing a placating kiss to his temple. “She’s a brat anyway.” Red proved his point by batting at his chest, mewing loudly. “Well, it’s true!”

“No, ella es mi princesita.” Lance lifted her to his cheek, smile bright. “You're the brat.”

“I'm actually not going to argue with you on that one.” Lance probably had good reasons for why he was one anyway. Red reveled in the attention, pushing her head against Lance’s face, her mews morphing into purrs. Keith couldn't bring himself to be annoyed, knowing that, at the end of the day, Red still loved him unconditionally, just like he loved her. He lifted his hand to scratch behind her ear, kissing the top of her head and then Lance’s. “I love you. You and our two kids.”

Blue barked, still waiting for Lance to throw the ball, but her tail wagged happily when he kissed her head. “Don’t worry, pupper. I haven't forgotten you. Daddy Keith’s gonna throw it this time.”

“Oh, am I?” But he took the ball from Lance, fake throwing it to see what she'd do, but when she just stood there staring, he tossed it the opposite way. Blue was quick, though, and chased after it even though he'd changed directions on her. She brought it back faster this time, so Keith gave her a treat from his pocket for the display of intelligence. “You're so smart, . Such a good girl.”

“She's a lab. They're all smart. Even the dumb ones.” Lance didn't have to know what she'd done to be proud of her. He scratched her behind the ear, beaming. “My girl's been smart all day. Yes, you have, mi perrita.”

“Hm, you know who else has been good all day…?” Keith’s smile turned a little wicked, turning his face into Lance's neck to nip at his skin. He fingered the panties again, following the waistband towards the strip of fabric nestled in the crack of Lance’s ass, brushing along the length of it. “You've been a good boy too. And my good boy also deserves a treat.”

Lance nodded eagerly, the praise and touch sparking in his mind. “What kind of treat are you gonna give me, Keith?”

“You should use that nice new vibrator, get yourself stretched for me and then I can give you your favorite treat.” He rocked his hips, dick already twitching in his jeans. “I'll come inside you and then lick it out so you can taste it.”

“That- that sounds like a lot of treats.” Face flushed, Lance slid a hand down to rub against the groin of Keith’s jeans. “Will you wear your cockring for me?”

“I can do that,” Keith agreed, rolling his hips up. The idea of having the cockring around him, of not being able to come until Lance said he could was still just as hot as when they tried it last night, with the added bonus that Keith really wouldn't be able to come until Lance gave the word. “I'll do anything you want, baby.”

Lance smiled shyly, a little nervous about his plans but too excited to refuse himself. He shifted out of Keith’s lap, stroking Red’s back to soothe her after the move. “Then go get in bed, and I'll be there in a minute.”

Keith rose off the step, taking Lance’s cane with him so he didn't accidentally trip over it, and after a quick peck of the lips, went inside. He knew Lance was going to give Red and Blue some more treats, especially since they had to kick them out to the couch again, so went into the room to begin
The candle had become a routine for them, lighting it each time they fell into bed together for more than just sleeping. It was getting low, though, so Keith made a mental note to buy a new one. He took the cherry lube out of the bag and set it on the nightstand, along with Lance’s new dildo and his own cockring. He groaned at just the sight of everything laid out on the sheets, excited for what they were about to use them for. Except he didn't fully trust the sanitizing job the girl had done, so he took it into the bathroom to wash it off.

Once he had everything ready, he shed his clothes and settled into the mattress against the headboard. With eyes closed he stroked himself slowly until he was hard enough to slip the ring on, tightening it at the base so his release later would be staved off. When he heard the door open, so did his eyes, watching Lance as he made his way through the room towards the bed.

“This feels so good, baby.” Keith moaned, still stroking since it didn't matter now if he got too worked up. “I can't wait to be inside you with it on. I'm gonna make you come like three times before I take it off and fill you up.”

Lance shivered, his sounds fueling his growing arousal as he closed the door behind him. “What feels good, mi cielo? What are you doing?”

“Jerk off,” Keith told him, not bothering to mince words. He knew Lance secretly loved it when he didn't censor himself. “The cockring makes it so much better.”

“Ay, qué rico,” Lance breathed, crossing to the bed. He climbed onto it and crawled up, fingers grazing over his legs. He felt them spread to give him room. He laid a hand over Keith's, not to stop him but to feel him move. “I want you to touch yourself while I'm showing off for you. I want to hear you moan and- and tell me how good I'm being.”

He was already planning on touching himself while Lance performed for him, but nodded anyway. “I'll definitely do that. And there's a couple of things that I want you to do…” His hand sped up, just a little, and smeared the pre leaking out over Lance's fingers with his thumb. “I want you to come from your toy, get yourself messy with it. Then I want you to come in my mouth while I suck you off. And then I want you to ride me and come again.” Three times. “After that I'm gonna take this cockring off and finish inside you.”

Holy crow. Lance leaned down to seal their lips together, muffling his own whimper. “You- you're gonna come so hard.” And he wanted to make it happen for him and if chasing his own pleasure would do that, he was very happy to do so. Lance lifted to his knees and lifted his hand to his lips to lick his fingers clean before lifting off his shirt. He undid the button of his jeans, but didn't unzip them just yet, letting them cling to his narrow hips. “Where's my new toy?”

The flash of red that Keith could see through the opening in Lance's jeans only served to turn him on even more, especially since he knew Lance did it on purpose just to tease. His fingers clenched in the sheets before he let go to hand Lance the vibrator. “Here.” He reached over and grabbed the lube too, passing it along. “I can't wait to see you with it deep inside of you. It's gonna feel so good for you.”

Lance shivered. “Uh-huh.” He wanted to play with it and, the longer he was there, the more excited he got. Keith was going to watch him, wanted to watch him please himself. And that was wonderfully exciting. He ran his fingers over the toy. Keith was thicker, longer, so he parted his lips and easily sucked on it to free his hands. They slid down to his jeans, drawing down the zipper slowly as he edged back to stand by the side of the bed to let his jeans fall down his legs, leaving himself bare but for the little red thong.
Oh, fuck. Keith had been trying to mentally prepare himself for seeing Lance like this, but god, he wasn't ready. "Oh my god, Lance," he breathed. "[Jeongmar areumdause]. So fucking gorgeous." The thong contrasted against his skin so perfectly, his dick barely covered by the small bit of silk in the front. And the dildo hanging out of his mouth was just obscene. "...Come back over here. I need to touch you."

Shaking his head, Lance slid a hand down to stroke himself through the silk. He moaned around the dildo, free hand lifting to pull it out of his mouth with a wet pop. "You wanted a show, mi cielo, and you're not getting interactive theatre yet." He dropped the toy onto the bed and slipped his hand beneath the fabric to rub the head of his length, freeing it over the top of the red silk so his length strained against it. "I won't take them off, though, and you can touch me all you want soon."

"O-okay." Soon. Keith would be able to touch all of that very soon. For now he'd just have to content himself with watching, but at least he'd be able to jerk off with no repercussions. He gathered the pre leaking from his tip on his thumb, spreading it down his shaft as he watched Lance crawl onto and kneel at the foot of the mattress. He was still touching himself through the fabric of his panties, moans spilling from his throat and causing Keith’s mind to melt. "You - shit - you're so amazing, Lance. I love that you'd do this for me."

He smiled, but his head fell back soon enough. He could've come from the sensation of silk alone, simple ecstasy rippling over his features. He loved the feel of panties on his skin. "Cualquier cosa por ti, mi cielo. 'Anything for you.'" Lance felt for the lube, pouring just a little bit over his fingers. "Tell me how to lay for you. I want to give you the best view."

"Can you get on your hands and knees? Facing away from me." The best view would be just to see Lance's ass while he played with his toy. Keith would be able to see everything, and that was exactly what he wanted. "I wanna see that little thong when you spread your cheeks."

Struggling not to blush, Lance licked the lube from his fingers, testing the flavor and finding it acceptable. He turned away from Keith and bent forward, arching to show off his ass as much as possible. Unsure just how much that was, he felt the pricklings of uncertainty. But Keith just wanted to see him play with himself. He wanted to see him enjoying his new toy in his new panties, and Lance could do that. He wanted to do that. He reached back, spreading his cheeks and nudging the strap out of his way so he could rub a finger against his rim, a moan falling from his lips and his knees spreading a little further apart. "It's gonna feel so good when it's you. When you get to let go. Are you gonna hold me down?" He dipped the tip of his index finger into himself but went no further without lube. "Gonna take me so hard."

Keith shifted against the headboard, spreading his own legs farther apart as he rutted into his hand, moaning. "Yeah. Whatever you want, baby. If you want me to be rough, I'll be rough." His fingers itched to reach out and touch, but knew his hand would only get slapped away. "I'll fuck you so hard…"

Lance let go of his ass to pour lube onto his fingers, and pushed one in carefully. He added the second soon after, wrist pumping and fingers scissoring to spread himself open. He wanted the toy, and he wanted to come. He used the fantasy and promise of the words to heighten his arousal. He wanted those strong hands on him, holding him down, using him hard and hot and desperate. God, he wanted Keith to be desperate for him. His head fell forward on a whimper, length throbbing in the panties. He lifted his ass a little higher so Keith could see the muscle straining against and stretching the swatch of fabric. "You can slick the toy for me."

Keith was already desperate for him, wanting- needing - more than just the tease Lance was showing him. But it was exciting to watch him being so filthy that Keith was just going to go with it. With a
sound of needy acceptance, he took the toy off the bed and poured some of the lube in his palm, slicking first the tip of it and then curling his hand around it to spread the rest down the shaft. He flipped the switch on the bottom so that Lance could use the remote, and pressed it into his hand. “Here you go, baby,” he murmured breathlessly. “Show me what it can do.”

“You’re so good to me, mi novio dulce.” Lance held the string out of the way, teasing himself by pressing the tip against his entrance and only pressing it in to the first bulb before removing it. He thrust it back in, twisting in, pushing it to the second bulb before pulling it out again. In and out, he played with it, face flushed from the knowledge that he had Keith’s full attention. He moaned freely, making himself whine and gasp without even turning on the vibrations.

Once it was all the way in, he grasped the remote and ran a finger over the tiny collection of buttons. He had no clue what any of them did, so cried out when he hit the strongest setting first. His hips bounced, rim clenching around the toy’s base. God, he’d never felt anything like it. The vibrations ripped through him and a small adjustment of the dildo had those vibrations hitting the best possible place. He let go of the remote, not giving himself a chance to grow accustomed to the audible rippling within him. “Oh, oh, fuck. Fuck, Keith, it's so good.”

“Oh my god.” Keith could hear the buzzing and knew, without even looking at the remote, that Lance had accidentally clicked the highest setting. The fact that he hadn't changed it had Keith adjusting on top of the sheets again, the hand on his dick working faster and squeezing harder. Knowing that he was jerking off in vain just made it better. “Lance, holy shit. God, that’s hot. Don’t.” He had to take a second to breathe through his overbearing arousal. “Don’t turn it down. Wanna see you come just like that. Get your panties wet.”

Lance whined and writhed, one hand going to his length. He rubbed it through the silk, squeezing and kneading. The touch was such a tease through fabric, but he didn’t want to reach beneath the silk. “K-Keith,” he moaned, pressing his cheek against the sheets and spreading his knees to be sure Keith could see his hand moving along his trapped arousal. He wanted to be good for him, wanted to look good for him. “Joder.”

“Yeah, that’s it. Make yourself feel good.” Seeing the reaction Lance was having to the dildo, Keith was already planning how he was going to use it on him when they played with it next. He moaned loudly, trying to match the pace of Lance’s strokes on his own dick, the red silk stretched obscenely. “Are you close, baby? I bet you're not even gonna be able to last another minute.”

Lance clenched around the toy, loudly repeating Keith’s name in moans that grew more and more desperate. “I'm- I- Voy a ven-venir,” he managed. But he didn’t want to go yet. He wanted to hold on, give him a good enough show to make it worthwhile. “I want- oh! Fuck, oh my god.” His hips lifted as if he could get more, his free hand shifted back to take a hold of it to start thrusting it. He wasn’t going to last, thighs quivering and rim closing greedily around the toy as if to keep it in place every time he drew it up. “Keith! Keith, I'm gonna- ay, me encanta...”

“Yeah, come on. I want you to come, Lance. Wanna watch you.” Keith leaned forward, letting go of his cock so he could curl his finger under the strap of the panties and snap it against Lance’s skin. The whimper he heard made him do it again before he took the base of the dildo and pushed it all the way in, twisting it to hit different angles. “Let go.”

He did on a shout, release streaking out. Most of it caught in the panties, soaking the silk and leaving the red shades darker. “Keith!” he wailed, not even caring that he'd broken their rules and touched him. It was too good to resist and he loved Keith’s hands. He especially loved when they were on him, getting him to release faster than he could ever do on his own.

“Yes, Lance. God, that’s so good.” Keith fucked him through it with the toy until he was a squirming
mess, easing it from his hole when he started to whimper. He took the remote from him and switched it off, laying it aside, and grasped both of his hips to turn him over. Keith’s dick twitched at the sight of the dark spot on the front of the panties, more pre leaking out. “Fuck. I wish you could see yourself right now. You are absolutely filthy.” He bent down and licked over the fabric, tasting Lance through the silk, and up over his abdomen where some of his release had splattered.

Still reeling from release, Lance moaned and arched into his mouth. “Mi cielo, te quiero.”

“... [I love you too, darling].” Keith licked his way up from Lance's stomach to his lips, passing over each nipple. He sealed their mouths together, pressing close and rubbing himself against Lance's thigh as they kissed.

Lance reached down to take hold of his dick, kneading gently. He was so hard still, so wet and Lance was so ready to just have him. He lapped at his tongue. “It was- Was it good? You liked it?”

Moaning, Keith dropped his lips to Lance's neck, lightly suckling at his skin. “It was so good, baby. I loved it.” One day he'd have Lance wear his cockring and Keith would be the one to control the vibrator. He wanted to keep him on the edge of orgasm for as long as Lance was keeping him. “... ‘You're incredible.’”

Cheeks pink, lips curving with pleasure, Lance angled his head to give Keith more room. “Y tu. Give me what's next. I want it.”

“Mm, you're so greedy.” Keith nipped at his pulse point, brushing his tongue over the mark. “I love it.” He trailed his hand down to Lance's length, still trapped underneath the wet fabric. “I want to suck you off while you're wearing these. Wanna feel the silk against my chin as you come down my throat.”

“Mmhm. Didn’t buy ‘em so- so you could take them off so soon.” Lance rocked against his hand, arousal rekindling steadily. “Touch me. I want your mouth. Then I’m gonna ride you. [I want to ride you].”

Keith nodded, dragging his tongue down Lance's chest, fingers gently massaging along his shaft, feeling it slowly hardening under his touch. His cockhead was peeking over the waistband of the panties, and as soon as he reached it, Keith sucked it in between his lips. He licked the slit, moaning at the taste of the remnants of his release. “You always taste so good, baby.” Keith blew a breath over the swatch of fabric covering the rest of his dick before finally parting his lips farther and sinking down, using his mouth to push the panties out of the way.

Lance's head fell back on a low groan, the wet heat familiar but intoxicating. It was being down his throat that had made him curious about filling the rest of him, the sensation always overwhelming. “Oh, Keith. Mi cielo. Love you so much.”

Keith hummed in agreement, sucking him down further. He was going to take his time, make Lance just as desperate. He shifted so he could rut against Lance's leg, moaning as he slid one hand up over the panties to cup his balls. His other hand traveled to Lance's chest to tweak a nipple, rubbing the nub between his finger and thumb.

Lance whimpered, writhing beneath him. “I want- I want to move.” A hand slid to Keith’s hair to tug. “Te amo, ...”

Sucking as he pulled back, Keith let his cock slip out of his mouth, kissing the tip before trailing them along his abdomen. “I love you too, Lance. Any way you wanna move, you can.” Keith planted his hands on Lance's thighs and pushed himself up. “How do you want me, baby?”
“I want to- I just want- wanna use your mouth. Your throat. However you can take that, I want it.”

“God, Lance. Yeah, alright.” Thinking about the best way for Lance to achieve what he wanted, Keith laid himself on his stomach with his face at the edge of the mattress. “Stand up off the bed and get in front of me.”

He positioned himself carefully, stroking Keith’s hair to make sure he was in the right place. “Here?”

Keith lifted onto his elbows after reaching out to bring Lance closer. “Yeah, right there,” he muttered, breath ghosting over Lance's bulge. “I’m gonna take you back into my mouth, and once I tap you on the leg you can move however you want.”

“Mhmm. Okay, yeah. What’ll you do if it’s too much?”

It probably wouldn’t be, but Keith appreciated his concern for him. “If it’s too much I'll pinch you.”

Lance huffed out a laugh, tugging his hair playfully. “Okay. I’ll remember.”

Smiling, Keith tilted forward to take Lance back into his mouth, lips slipping over the tip and halfway down his shaft. It was as far as he could reach until Lance moved, but he sucked firmly at his flesh, rocking his own hips down into the mattress.

“Oh...” Lance let his eyes close, grip of Keith’s hair tightening. He wanted to rock forward, wanted to take him over. “So good, Keith. Tan bien.”

Keith groaned around him, sinking down farther until his tip hit the back of his throat. Relaxing his jaw, he swallowed around him a few times, getting used to the feel of having him so deep again. Once he felt like he could take him, he tapped his thigh twice. Move.

Lance’s hips jerked forward, a shock running through him with the permission. He thrusted down Keith’s throat on a whine, feeling his cock slide down with little resistance. It was so wet and warm and good. He couldn’t help but set a pace that was immediately fast, immediately greedy for release. “Good, Keith, good. So- me encanta. So good.”

Closing his eyes, they started watering a little, but it was just like Lance had said. So good. Keith loved having Lance's dick down his throat, loved the weight of him on his tongue, the taste of him. With every thrust forward, the fabric of the panties brushed over his chin, Lance's balls trapped underneath. It was so incredible, and he moaned around him, letting him know just how much he was enjoying this.

The moan shivered through him, sound and vibration making Lance cry out. He was so close already, sensitive from his first and eager for what was in store. He tugged Keith’s hair, pleasure rippling over his features as his hips moved. “When- when I get to take you, I’m gonna- I’m gonna move just like this. I’ll make you feel as good as you make me. Keith, tu boca es un milagro.”

Keith wanted to ask what that meant, but wasn't willing to pull back long enough to do so. Instead he let the heightened arousal at Lance's promise thrum through him. Lance was going to feel so good inside him. He opened his eyes, looking up at Lance's blissful expression, and moaned again. He wanted Lance to come, needed to feel him spill his load down his throat.

“K-Keith, Keith, Keith!” Lance moaned, letting the wet heat surrounding him push him up to and over the edge. He came on a groan, head falling back and knees nearly buckling, but he tightened his grip in Keith’s mullet and kept himself upright as his release streaked out.

Keith could barely even taste it as it went down his throat, but he swallowed everything Lance gave
him, sucking more to work him through it. When Lance was done twitching in his mouth, he pulled back, tongue laving over his softening cock. He kissed the tip before pushing himself up so he could sit, his dick slapping against his stomach after being trapped between his body and the bed. “Fuck, Lance, come on. Want you to sit on my cock. Want you to come again so that I finally can.”

“Uh-huh. I want- wanna feel you.” Lance let himself be pulled into Keith’s lap, kissing him lazily with his second orgasm leaving him dazed. He was still eager, though, and hyper aware of the hard cock between them. He reached down to stroke it, feeling it throb. Oh, god, Keith was good. Amazing. It was going to be a hell of a mess when he finally came, and Lance looked forward to every drop filling him.

Spreading his legs more allowed Keith to get Lance positioned just the way he wanted him, lips still connected as they shifted around. He swatted Lance’s hand out of the way, finding the lube and drizzling some onto his cock, finally lining himself up and pulling Lance down until his ass was resting on top of Keith’s thighs. The kiss broke on Keith’s moan, the tightness around him not allowing him any relief from the pressure. He was so hard, so ready to come that it was beginning to become painful, but still so good. “Lance… Lance, oh fuck, please. Bounce for me.”

Breath hitching, Lance shifted so his knees dug into either side of the mattress and began to move. He was so full of him, his sensitive walls closing around his dick in spasms he didn't bother to control, not when his arousal was already beginning to rekindle. “Keith- Keith, please, Keith. You feel so good, so right. K-Keith, mi cielo, eres perfecto.”

Oh yeah, Lance was just as desperate. But he'd already gone over twice and Keith was still aching, even more so now. He moved his hips as much as he could, an arm wrapping around Lance's waist to anchor himself as much as to guide his movements. His other hand curled around Lance's length, pumping in time with their thrusts to try to get him off again faster. “Fucking hell, Lance. It's too much, but not enough. I need to come. P-please, baby.”

Lance whined, ready to change their plans again. He was fast, but not that fast. Not after two. “C- come with me. I- I want it. Use me. F-fuck me.”

“Oh god.” Fuck, he couldn't take this. Keith let go of his cock and grasped his hips. He pulled out, letting loose a whimper that matched Lance's at the move, and pushed his boyfriend until he was on his back, knees under him keeping him propped up and exposed. Keith loosened the cockring but didn't take it off, knowing that just that would be enough to give him what he needed. “G-gonna fuck you, baby. I'm gonna make you so full of my come.” Kneeling, he lined himself back up, pausing with the tip pressed against Lance's stretched rim. “You want it?”

“Oh, god.” Lance pushed back, heart racing. “[Do it in my asshole].”

Groaning, Keith sank into him easily, not letting either of them adjust before he was thrusting in earnest. It was all about chasing his own release this time, but a hand went back to Lance's dick to stroke him absent-mindedly. “Oh, f-fuck. If- if you want me to come with you… shii, Lance. You have to come soon. I'm not-” He wasn't going to make it.

Lance whined, gripping the sheets as tightly as he could. It took him a minute, drowning in the feel of his tight grip and hard thrusts, but he managed to get a hand around Keith's on his shaft to move it faster. The gloves Keith hadn’t bothered to remove felt so good against his nearly spent dick. He focused on the feel of them and the constant, perfectly aimed thrusts. “[Harder],” he begged. “Hold me tighter.”

Fuck, Lance was incredible. Keith dug his fingers into his hip, holding on tighter just as he wanted. “. Love you so much, .” His hips snapped faster, harder, and as much as he wanted to hold out
a little longer so they could come together, Keith couldn't stave off his orgasm for even another second. “Lance, I’m—” He thrust twice more as his release started spurting out, not stopping even when he bottomed out, pressed against Lance’s backside.

It was finally enough to send Lance over. He whimpered, body going lax under Keith’s grip, his own stream so much weaker in comparison to the flood Keith gave him. “Te quiero,” he mumbled breathlessly. “Te quiero, te quiero, te quiero…”

“Oh, Lance…” The hold he had on Lance’s cock lessened until he let go, brushing his fingertips gently over the shaft, feeling him twitch with oversensitivity. Once his release had finished, Keith stopped moving his hips, but the come inside of Lance was already escaping, his hole loose and wet and not able to keep it in. Keith grabbed a couple tissues from the nightstand and eased out, wiping it up as it came dribbling out. “You’re so fucking good, Lance. And so mine.” His hands caressed Lance’s sides gingerly and then helped to get his legs out from under him. “I think tonight we’ll take a bath. The tub’s not huge, but we can fit.”

“Mnhm.” Lance was too tired to even care that he was in the wet patch, body a dozen little aches. As much as he liked the control, he was starting to get the feeling that he wanted Keith to just dominate him. At least once to try. All fast, bruising hands and snapping hips. That would probably be incredible. His eyes closed on a sigh, wet still spilling down his thighs. “Mi cielo precioso.”

“…” Keith gathered him up in his arms, holding him close and pressing kisses into his hair. “Let me know when you wanna move.”

“Is never an option?” he wondered. “I could probably sleep for a year just like this.”

“Never can be an option later. I need to get you cleaned up better than just using tissues.” Smiling, Keith slid his hand around to the small of his back, massaging lightly. “And I need to change the sheets again too.”

Lance arched up to encourage the gentle touch, sighing happily. “That's a pretty good point. I guess we can move.”

“I promise after this we don't have to do anything else. And we can sleep in tomorrow.” He scooted to the edge of the bed to plant his feet on the floor. Lance wrapped his legs around his waist as he stood, and Keith was able to carry him into the bathroom.

“No work, no school, no meetings with officials. My pupper is staying right at home.” Lance smiled, pressing a kiss to Keith’s temple. “Right here at home.”

“Home,” Keith echoed. He didn't think he'd ever get tired of hearing that, not when it was Lance he was making his cabin a home with.

They were quick to take their bath, both of them wanting nothing more than to go to bed and sleep, though Lance would have been content to let Keith love and dote on him for the rest of the night had the bath water stayed hot. But the exhaustion won out, and after they got out of the tub, Keith changed the sheets on the bed while Lance collected their animal children and brought them back into the bedroom.

With clean sheets, Keith dragged Lance close, wrapping completely around him, face buried in the crook of his boyfriend’s neck. Lance fell asleep within minutes, Keith murmuring sweet nothings until he felt Lance's breathing even out. His own eyes slipped shut moments later, pulled into a dreamless sleep with the love of his life in his embrace.
Chapter 13

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

I'm sorry this is so late. Life has been crazy. I'm leaving next Thursday to go to Virginia, but most importantly I've got my state test in the morning, and I've been stressing hardcore about it.

Anyway, there aren't actually any warnings for this chapter. Just a little bit of angst, but nothing bad. Y'know, it's that good angst. ;)

There was nothing traditional about Halloween in Cuba. It hadn't been a holiday the McClain family had celebrated while on the small island country and in their first year in the States, they'd greeted it with curiosity. Lance, at eight with a brand new dog, had heard all about it from the only friend he'd managed to make in school and Hunk's total adoration for free candy had ratcheted up the boy's interest immediately. He'd gotten Raquel on the bandwagon, his sister's obsession with clothes allowing for a strong interest in the costumes Halloween depended on. With their parents help, they'd dressed up to the nines, played the blind angle brilliantly, and had ended their night with the worst stomach aches they'd ever gotten before or since.

The older McClain siblings had discovered Halloween through the party angle, rather than trick-or-treating. Through movies newly made high school friends had insisted were classics and a desire to fit into their new country as much as possible, a party had been planned and invitations sent. While Raquel and Lance had stuffed themselves full in the crawlspace of the attic, the rest of the family had been throwing their first Halloween party.

So it hadn't been a Cuban tradition, but almost fifteen years later Halloween was most assuredly a McClain tradition. The party spilled into the yards, both front and back full of people, and not a single trick-or-treater left the porch without a full sized candy bar and a scare or two to tell their friends about when school next came around. Lance fed off the energy the same way Keith eyed it with suspicion, his new dog by his side in her pretty pink costume. They were both nearly vibrating with excitement, but Blue behaved for Lance and Lance behaved, at least for the moment, for the boyfriend he had to yank into the bustling house. They had to walk through a doorway decorated in cobwebs, walking by a bowl of candy with a gruesome hand that smacked down whenever an unsuspecting victim reached in to grab a bar.

"Do you want to get to the kitchen? If we don't get drinks now, it'll be forever before we have a chance to sneak back there."

"Yeah." Keith eyed the bowl of candy as they kept going, but decided to wait until he'd gotten a drink in his hand before grabbing something. "There's probably root beer, right?" And Lance's nasty Mountain Dew.

"Yes, mi cielo, there'll be root beer. My family knows how picky you are by now," he teased. "Plus, family candy's back here. You can get a kit kat from the freezer and then share it with me because
I’m in the mood for a kit kat.”

“Okay, baby.” So he’d be grabbing a kit kat and a reese’s for himself too. Ignoring the dig on his “pickiness,” Keith dragged Lance back into the kitchen, Blue trailing along after them. He had to navigate them through a small crowd of party goers, but eventually made it to the fridge, grabbing their drinks and candy bars stealthily, holding out the can of soda for Lance to take. “Here you go.”

He had Blue sit before taking it, cracking the soda open with it carefully tilted away from himself. He’d been fooled enough times by shaken cans and devious siblings to be wary. When it didn’t spray, he took a grateful sip. “Mm. Thank you, Keith. We need to find at least someone in the family to let them know we’re here. Otherwise, my phone’s gonna start going off.”

Keith thought he’d seen Hector down the hall on their way to the kitchen, but he’d only seen them from behind so he wasn't sure. “Alright, well, let's start walking around. We're bound to run into someone.”

Grinning, Lance followed him into the hall. None of the voices were immediately familiar, so he dismissed them as likely coworkers of his family and evaded them. He navigated around them easily between dog and boyfriend, though he normally would've had his cane in hand. People tended to move for the guy with a guide dog and cane, though he'd been mistaken for wearing a costume on more than one Halloween. It was part of his reasoning behind the insistence that he dress up. Blind wasn't a costume when an actual costume was worn with the rest.

When he heard his name, though, his grin brightened. “Hey, Hunk.”

“Hey! Hey, Keith.”

“What’s up, man?”

“Not too much. Just Halloween.” Hunk smiled, taking a bite of what was very likely his third or fourth candy bar. “Lance’s family really goes all out, don’t they?”

“Yeah, I’ve never even been to parties this big in high school.” Not that Keith went to many parties in high school, but still. He squeezed Lance’s hand where they were connected. “This one blows them all out of the water.”

“It’s what happens when you've got seven people planning.” Though his participation had been a bit lackluster this year. He hadn't even shopped for supplies with Raquel. “Do you know if Stefani and Michael have gone trick-or-treating yet?”

“Not that I know of. Last I heard, they wanted to show Keith their costumes. Stefani’s is pretty great.”

Lance laughed, lifting their joined hands to press a kiss to the back of Keith’s. “That doesn't surprise me. Between Raquel and Mary, there’s a lot of creativity to tap into.”

“I can't wait to see them.” Stefani especially, the little girl holding a special place in his heart. Keith adored her, and would do just as much for her as he would for Lance. “What are they dressed up as?”

“Stefani stuck with robot and I hear Michael went back and forth for a while before picking wizard.”

“He does that every year. Go back and forth on his costumes. He started with picking wizard.” Lance shook his head. “Come on. They're most likely upstairs. No guests allowed, so it'll be semi-quiet.”
Keith smiled, excited to see the kids’ costumes, and also a little excited to get away from the crowd of people downstairs, if only for a moment. “Alright, let’s go. Hunk, you coming, buddy?”

“Oh, yeah, sure. I’m... oh, whoa.”

“It’s Shay. It's Shay, isn't it?” Lance slid his hand up to Keith's arm to squeeze. “Where is she?”

“It's not Shay. She's- I mean, uh. It's-” Hunk’s face flushed deeply. “Hi, Shay.”

“Hello.”

“I knew it!”

She giggled, the small bells of her belly dancer costume - something Lance had suggested she be - tinkled lightly. She was oblivious to Hunk’s wide-eyed stare. “Hello, Lance. And Blue. She is looking very pretty today.” She waited for the calming command before reaching out to pet her, mindful of her tiara.

Lance beamed. “Thanks, Shay. You've met Keith, right?”

“Once.” She turned her warm smile on him, Hunk still bright red behind her. “Hello again, Keith.”

“Hi, Shay.” He offered up a smile of his own. “I like your costume.” His smile turned to a smirk aimed Hunk’s direction.

“Thank you! Yours is equally pleasant. You all match.” She turned towards Hunk with that same smile, but giggled softly when she surveyed his costume. “You are Maui?”

“Oh! Uh.” He cleared his throat, turning to show off the expanse of children-drawn tattoos covering his frame. “I let my sister's draw whatever tattoos they think I've earned with body paint? They had a blast. One of them’s Moana and the other’s running around as Te Fiti. We braided flowers in her hair.”

“That sounds lovely. Are they present or are they enjoying trick-or-treating?”

“They're, uh, with Lance’s younger siblings. They're all going trick-or-treating together. Mary's taking them.”

“Oh?”

“She's not big on parties,” Lance explained. “She takes them every year.”

“Then I am sure she has much more fun walking then.”

“Yeah. Uh.” Hunk rubbed the back of his neck, doing his best to ignore both Lance's and Keith's knowing expressions. “Are you here on your own?”

She shook her head, gold hoops swaying. “No. My brother Rax has also attended, but I have lost him.”

“You need help finding him?”

“Thank you, but I do not. The losing was purposeful as he is proving to be an unpleasant companion. I had hopes that you would be better. All of you, of course.”

Keith laughed, slipping his arm around Lance’s waist to tug him closer. “You’re welcome to come
hang out with us. I'm sure Hunk wouldn't mind.”

“We, uh, we were going upstairs to try and find the kids.”

“That would be very nice. I would like to see you and your sisters, Hunk. I am sure they are very adorable since you are rather handsome in your costume.”

Eyes wide, Hunk just stared at her for a silent moment before blurting, “Pretty.”

“Hm?”

“You. Pretty. You are pretty.” His gaze shifted briefly to Keith in warning. “In your costume. You're pretty.”

“Oh. Thank you very much. It is not an outfit I would normally select as the colors are very vibrant, but I am glad you like it.”

Lance laughed, enjoying Hunk’s awkwardness and Shay’s sweet oblivion to it. He'd have to find out what exactly he was wearing from Keith later. “Come on, then. I want to say hi to the sibs.”

“Me too.” Keith led them over to the stairs, letting Blue and Lance go up first so he could turn around and smirk at Hunk past Shay’s shoulder. The guy was completely obvious, even to Keith, but it seemed Shay was worse than himself at seeing it. Hunk only glared at him, Keith chuckling as he turned back around to continue up the stairs.

Keith had no idea which room the kids would be in, but Lance was making a beeline for one of the doors at the end of the hall. Lance let himself inside after getting the all clear from Mary, and Keith heard twin shrieks of joy before he saw the siblings. He could only assume that they were doting over Blue in her costume, the confirmation coming as soon as he made it into the packed little room.

Stefani could barely bend over in her costume, the cardboard that was painted to look like robot arms and a chest piece hindering her movements as she tried to pet Blue. Keith laughed and joined Lance near the edge of the room, pressing a kiss to his boyfriend's cheek. “Your sister is adorable. So is Michael,” he added when he finally caught sight of the boy in his little wizard getup.

“They're always adorable. They're related to me.” Lance leaned against him, listening to Stefani very proudly explaining everything she knew about her brother’s new dog. It wasn't much, admittedly, but Hunk’s sisters were both impressed. And excited to have a new dog to play with when they saw Lance. For her part, Blue was thrilled to have two new playmates herself and permission to let them give her plenty of attention. “If you want, we can take them out. You're not really into the whole party scene, are you?”

“Hm, not really.” The only reason Keith had even gone to those parties in high school was because his few friends pressured him into it. They weren't even anything crazy, but it still wasn't his thing. “I can be a chaperone.”

“Okay.” Lance found his hand, lacing their fingers. “It'll be more fun for Blue to wander around anyway.” Kitty had spent the last two years in the kitchen stealing snacks while Lance had wandered the party. It was different with a younger dog. “It's been a while since I got to go anyway.”

“Yeah, me too.” Definitely longer than Lance. “Mary, are you still gonna go?” Keith asked her since she was still finishing up Stefani’s costume.

“If the two of you are going, that's fine.” She ushered Stefani away from Blue to put a few finishing touches on her robotic makeup, lips curved. “How about it, kids?”
“I want to go with Lance and Keith and Blue!” she agreed eagerly.

“She’s ready now!”

“Me too.” Michael hugged Blue, smiling as brightly as Lance when she licked his cheek. “Ay, *perrita.*”

Keith had to lean over and kiss Lance’s cheek, feeling the swell from his smile. “Well, whenever you guys are ready, we’ll get going.”

“I’m ready now!”

“Stefani, you’ll never be ready if you don’t stop talking.” Mary poked her nose, smiling at her bright grin.

“*Lance habla sin parar,*” She pointed out. “I bet Keith knows.”

“*Keith no habla español,*” Michael reminded her, earning her stuck out tongue. He stuck his out right back. “¡Es verdad!”

“*Cállate,*” Lance laughed. “*Me hablar español, mocosos. Basta.*”

“Don’t call them brats, Lance.”

“Okay, I spent my entire life being called a brat by literally all of you. I’m allowed to call them brats.”

“Mm-mm,” Stefani disagreed, still not sitting still long enough to get a silver face. “I’m an angel.”

“You’re a robot.”

“And you’re a dork.”

Michael gasped, patting the pockets of his thick black and red robes to find his replica wand. “I’m a wizard! And I’ve been practicing spells!”

The sister dressed as Te Fiti grabbed his arm, grin wide. “I’m a goddess and a whole island! I don’t need magic spells.”

Her sister giggled, holding up her shell necklace. “I brought you your heart on my boat with a chicken and Maui! Right?” She tugged on Hunk’s hand.

“Uh. Don’t bring me into this.” Hunk flushed, glancing at Shay when she giggled.

“Huuuuunk!” his sister whined.

Lance brushed his fingers against Keith’s cheek before kissing it. “I hope you’re not rethinking joining this family,” he murmured, amused.

Keith smiled, completely endeared by the children and by his boyfriend. “I’d never rethink it. I love you and everyone else in your family.”

“Good. Stefani, sit still for Mary. We’re gonna miss all the candy.”

All four kids gasped, Stefani finally closing her mouth and lifting her chin so her older sister could brush the silver face paint on.

“Hunk!” one of the girls called. “Are you and Shay gonna come too?”
“Uh...”

“I would not mind,” Shay admitted softly. “And I do not think that Maui and Moana should be separated. Do you?”

“Uh...”

“Well, if all four of you go, I'll definitely stay. I'm sure there's plenty to do in the kitchen.” Mary stepped away from Stefani, checking her face from a few angles before setting the makeup aside. “Alright, Stefani, you're ready.”

“Woo!” She shimmied off the bed, landing with a little wobble. “Don’t worry, Mary. We'll go trick-or-treating twice so you can come the second time.”

She laughed. “I appreciate the offer, china, but I don't think you're so worried about my feelings as you are the emptiness of your candy bucket.”

Stefani put on her most innocent expression. “Oh, no, I just don't want you to be all alone.”

“Mocosa,” Mary teased, tweaking her nose. “Go. Lance, when the rest of your friends get here, I'll tell them where you are.”

“Cool, thanks. I've got to talk to Shiro at some point tonight, so text me when they get here.”

“I will.”

After Mary had left the room and the kids were gathering their buckets for candy, Keith turned back to Lance. “What do you need to talk to my brother about?”

Lance shrugged. “It's nothing really important, mi cielo. Don’t worry about it.”

Still suspicious, but not wanting to put off their trick-or-treating trip any longer, Keith just murmured, “Well, alright then,” and bent down to help Stefani put her shoes on. “Is everyone ready?”

“Yes!” was the excited chorus.

“Shay, do you need to tell your brother you're leaving?” Hunk wondered.

“No, that is alright. I shall send him a text message once we have left. He is very protective and I fear he will try and halt my leaving otherwise.”

“Aw, look at our little Shay. All grown up and rebellious,” Lance teased.

“I shall blame your poor influence for my misbehavior.”

Keith chuckled, standing up and taking Lance’s hand again. He pressed a kiss to the back, dragging his lips over his knuckles. “You’re just a bad influence to everyone, aren't you?” he teased dropping their hands in between them. “It's one of my favorite things about you, though.”

“Am I a bad influence on you too, Keith?”

“I bet you are,” Stefani teased, giggling when he reached out to tug one of her braids.

“Oh, the worst,” Keith confirmed, smiling at Stefani’s squeal of laughter. Lance’s blush prompted another kiss, Keith’s lips lingering near his ear long enough to murmur, “I love it.”
“If anyone’s the bad influence, it’s you, buddy.” Lance tugged on his hair instead, sticking his tongue out. “Hunk, Shay - you guys ready?”

“Yeah, I'm good to go.”

“As am I,” Shay agreed, taking one of the girl's hands when it was offered. “I am certain that we shall achieve an abundance of candy for all of you.”

“Candy!” they cheered.

Lance smiled, straightening from the wall. “Come, Blue.” She darted over to his side immediately, tail swishing. “Perrita buena. Forward, Blue. We're leaving.”

Keith let go of his hand so Lance and Blue could make it back through the doorway together, and Stefani immediately latched onto him, squeezing his hand and tugging. “¡Vamos, Keith! I want candy!”

“I know, [sweetie]. Like Shay said, we'll get you guys lots of candy.” She beamed at the promise of sugary treats, and this time when she tugged, Keith let her drag him from the room. The rest of the kids followed, Michael taking Keith's other hand while Hunk's younger sisters took his. They met up with Lance and Blue out on the front porch, shrugging when Lance tried to hold his hand but found it already occupied. “I guess I actually get to play knight tonight.”

There was the briefest flash of disappointment, but Lance smiled and let it go. He could hold Keith's hand whenever he wanted. “Then I know my sibs are safe. There are a lot of monsters wandering around.”

Stefani giggled. “Robots don't need protection. I've got laser eyes.”

“And I can hex any monsters with my wand,” Michael added, though his wand was currently in his pumpkin-shaped candy bucket. “And then Blue can sniff 'em out. She's smart.”

“She is really smart, isn't she?” Blue knew she was being talked about again, so wagged her tail and gave them her best doggy grin. Laughing, Keith turned and was the one to tug the two kids off the porch and down the walkway. “Alright, which way do you guys normally go first?”

“Pssh. It's been a while, but I still know the best route for candy.” People moved in and out so rarely that things had hardly changed from his own childhood. Lance withdrew his cane, elongating it so he and Blue could take the lead. “Blue, left.” She pranced down the sidewalk, helping him dodge excited children in costumes until they reached the next house.

The four kids ran up to the door, though one of Hunk's sisters needed an extra little nudge when she got shy at the prospect of talking to a stranger. Shay quietly offered to go up with her, and Lance took the opportunity to jab Hunk's gut with his elbow. “I think your sisters like Shay.”

Hunk swatted at his arm. “Everyone likes Shay.”

“Yeah, well, I think certain people like Shay a little bit more than anyone else does.”

“Lance.”

“Why don't you just go for it, man?” Keith prodded. “She obviously likes you too.”

“I never said I liked her,” he protested quickly. “I just happen to- wait, you think she likes me?”
“With the way she acts around you? Come on, buddy.” Lance elbowed him again.

“But she's nice to everyone and her brother doesn't even like me. Which is really confusing. Why doesn't he like me? Do a lot of people not like me? I thought I was pretty likeable. And her family's super important to her, so I can't just, like, not be liked by her family.” He pressed his hands to his face, nearly poking his eye out with the styrofoam fish hook he'd created for the costume. “That would be a total disaster, man.”

“Hunk, man, calm down.” Keith patted his arm placatingly. “This is only the second time I've seen her and even I can tell that she's into you.” And Hunk knew how terrible he was at reading people. “Her brother is probably just really protective of her. I'm sure he'd come around.”

“That's true. Think about it, Hunk. Rax still doesn't like me.”

Hunk gave him a bland look even though he couldn't see it. He could hear it in his tone. “You flirted with him and Shay in the same sentence when you first met him.”

“And he took that way too seriously.” Lance shrugged, unashamed of his flirting habits. His casual flirting had been what had gotten him Keith, after all, and it wasn't as though he'd been going around hitting on people since getting together with him. “That tells you right there that he's off. Shay's parents like me fine.”

“Yes, they do.” Hunk jolted at the soft voice behind him, whirling to stare at Shay. She smiled. “I apologize. I was not eavesdropping. We have returned and I only heard Lance mention my parents. Has something gone amiss?”

“Hunk's just freaking out because Rax doesn't like him,” Lance teased.

There were twin gasps from his sisters, each ready to leap to their older brother's defense. “We'll tell him that you're great!”

“Yeah! Nobody messes with our brother!”

“He hasn't- There's not-” He laid his hands on their heads, flustered.

The way Shay very hesitantly and very briefly patted his arm didn't help his frayed nerves. “It is alright, Hunk. I am afraid that Rax approves of very few people outside of our family.” Her brows drew together, concern knitting her brow. “If he has said anything to offend-”

“No!” he blurted. “No, you're fine. It's- He's fine. He hasn't said anything. Or done anything. Lance is just crazy.”

“Tch. That's just mean.”

“Lance.”

“What?”

Hunk sighed heavily and Shay quietly laced her hands together. “Whether or not he has said or done something to worry you, Hunk, I still apologize and I would... I would very much like to assure you that his feelings are not a reflection of my own.”

He stared at her for a silent moment. “Oh.”

Stefani looked back and forth between them for a few seconds before huffing and grabbing Keith's
hand. “If they're gonna start kissing, can we go to the next house? I'm not done getting candy.”

Keith reached out and tugged at a braid like Lance usually did before taking Michael's hand again when the little boy was finished looking at his haul. “If they don't start kissing I'll be very disappointed. And then I'll sic Lance on them.”

“You mean I'll actually have permission to start badgering them?”

“Like you've ever needed permission,” Hunk muttered, wide eyes still on Shay. Though her gaze had shyly fallen, her lips had curved and she wasn't exactly making any moves to back away from him. Oh.

His youngest sister took Shay's hand and tugged, smile full of mischief. “Don't make Keith disappointed. He has cool hair.”

Lance snorted.

“Hey, I know for a fact that you love my hair,” Keith protested, letting go of Stefani’s hand long enough to lightly slap his boyfriend’s arm.

“I love to touch your hair.” And wash it, but he wasn't about to get into the logistics of that with four kids around. “But it's still a mullet, chico lindo. That automatically disqualifies it from being cool.”

Stefani giggled, leaning against Keith and beaming up at him. “You don't have to listen to him. I think it's cool.”

“Me too,” Michael agreed.

“Thank you. I knew you guys were my favorites.” He was close enough to Lance that he could easily lean over and steal a quick kiss, giving Hunk a pointed look when he pulled away.

Hunk only blushed. He couldn't just kiss Shay. They hadn't even actually admitted to liking one another yet and they were on a very busy public sidewalk and their siblings were right there and his train of thought was suddenly derailed when he felt warm lips over his own. They were shy, the pressure light and gone almost too quickly for it to be called a kiss.

But Shay seemed proud of herself, smiling warmly when she stepped back. “Shall we make haste to the next home?”

He gaped at her. “Uh...”

Keith smiled, moving closer to Lance with the kids in tow. “Yeah, come on guys. We need more candy.”


“Yes,” he replied proudly, even though Hunk was still blushing furiously. “Shay had to make the first move.”

“Shay! I need to high five you.”

She laughed. “My hands are currently full as Hunk's siblings have taken them. Perhaps later.”

“Absolutely later.” He grinned, shifting the hold of his cane so he and Blue could walk. She grumbled softly, butting his leg for a pat to the head. “I know, pupper. You'll have to remind me if Keith doesn't.” She grumbled again, and he took it for an agreement. “Ooh. Now Rax really isn't
gonna like Hunk. That should be entertaining."

“Oh, Lance, I request that you please do not instigate any sort of altercation.”

“Oh, no. No way. I don't actually want a fight. I'm just saying.”

“Hunk can take him!” the oldest of his sisters chirped. “He'll fight for Shay’s love!”

“Aline! I'm not going to fight anyone, especially not Shay's brother. Stop it.”

She sighed heavily. “He'll fight for you. He's just shy.”

Shay gave her hand a gentle squeeze. “Thank you very much for the assurance.”

“You're welcome.”

Lance laughed. “Holy crow. I'm so glad you and I didn't have to hook up around any of my siblings, Keith. This would've been torture.”

“Yeah.” It wasn't as though Keith didn't love them, especially now, but it would have been absolute hell to have them around at that time. It had been bad enough with Hunk there. “Call this payback, though.”

Hunk gasped. “Payback?! I left you guys alone so you could actually have a date.”

“Yeah, after teasing us both for ages. This is the teasing part of you and Shay getting together. Later, we might be nicer. Maybe.”

Keith couldn't see Lance ever giving up his teasing, but he smiled over at Hunk in reassurance. “Maybe,” he reiterated. “I'll make sure my boyfriend behaves.”

“Pssh. No, you won't.”

“Come to the door with us again, Shay!” Hunk's youngest sister hopped in place, wanting to get to the next door as soon as possible. It was within sight, but the older members of their group were doing an awful lot of lollygagging.

“Please,” Hunk reminded her.

“Please come to the door with us again!”

She smiled. “Alright, Lani.”

“Lance needs to come next time,” Stefani decided, letting go of Keith only to follow quickly. “They have to take turns!”

“Do I get a say in that?” he wondered.

“No!” his sister called, giggling the whole way up the driveway with her brother right on her heels.

“Hm.” Lance smiled when he felt a familiar arm slip around his waist, happy to snuggle close to his boyfriend. “So you made Shay make the first move?”

“Lance,” Hunk groaned, “shut up.”

“No, no, no. I have to know what happened. I've been waiting years for this. It was easier to get
Shiro and Allura to admit feelings! You guys are pitiful because Shay's too shy and sweet, and you're just permanently in panicked denial mode.” He shifted his cane and released Blue to rub his hands together deviously. “Oh, man, I cannot wait for Rax's fuse to blow. When it comes to Shay, that guy's wound up tighter than... uh... than something that's tightly wound.”

“He seriously is,” Hunk sighed, but didn't miss the amused look Keith sent Lance's way for the failure of a metaphor. “But it's not like he can actually keep us away from each other, right?”

“No, man, don't worry about that,” Keith assured, holding Lance as close as he could before he inevitably got stolen away again. “It's not like Rax owns her or anything. She's free to make her own decisions.”

“I know. I'm just- He's... Lance.”

“Overprotective and a little aggressive on top of it. A lot aggressive, depending on who he's dealing with. I think Shay’s boyfriend might incur a lot of aggressive.” Lance hummed, almost absent in the way he kissed Keith's temple, but the affection just came so naturally now. “But I think as sweet as Shay is, she's got enough bite to make him a non-issue. I've heard her chew someone up for being mean to me, so I've got special insight here.”

Keith nodded in agreement. “She does seem like the ‘take no bullshit’ type of person.” Keith could appreciate that, and Hunk needed someone like that in his life. “You guys'll be good together.”

“She is! Like she swallows so much and you can tell, but when she hits that point, she's done. It's kind of awesome.”

Hunk was still a few steps back on the whole “Shay's boyfriend” thing. He wasn't her boyfriend. Maybe. Oh. Oh, wow. Wow. “Uh-huh.”

Lance laughed. “I think we broke Hunk.”

“Probably.” Letting out a laugh to match Lance’s, Keith waved a hand in front of Hunk’s face. When his friend did nothing but stare straight ahead, right at Shay, Keith dropped his hand. “Definitely.”

“Then Halloween was officially a success and it just started.” Lance reached into his pocket when his text-tone chimed, finding his ear buds and popping one in. His phone played off the message from Mary, letting him know that Shiro and Allura had arrived, with Pidge and brother Matt in tow. Since Shiro wanted to know what the question was about, he replied in Spanish and returned his ear buds to their case to his pocket.

“Everything alright?” Keith asked, just as the kids and Shay were making their way back to them.

“Mnhm. Everyone’s at the house. I asked Mary about Coran and their costumes, so we'll see if she bothers replying. She's not big on phones.” Which was the only part that was true, but he didn't want to bother Keith.

“Okay, well, we should get to the next house then.” The kids were checking out their newest additions to their buckets, but they had quite a few houses left, so time was of the essence. And even though Keith was still skeptical, he went along with Lance's answer. “You guys all good now?”

“Yeah!” The kids were all excited about their haul, four voices clamoring for attention with exclamations about the size and flavor of their candies. Trades were done quickly and loudly, and then they were off to the third house.
Lance’s cane tapped over the sidewalk silently, contentment washing over him. This was the sort of Halloween he hadn't had in years, choosing to let his old dog rest. It had been during Halloween that he'd first realized that Kitty was getting older. She'd sat in the middle of trick-or-treating, panting and in need of water. She'd never done that before, and it had scared him more than he'd wanted to admit at the time. He'd slowed himself down for her, getting her supplements the vet recommended and getting her harness instead of having her fetch it herself.

Picking Blue out had been the final acknowledgement that Kitty was fading. Dogs didn’t work forever and very rarely did they put in the years his old girl had managed. But she'd been strong and smart and just great right up to an end Lance had been preparing for, but hadn't yet accepted. And the violent end hadn’t been a fair one for either of them. She was supposed to go quietly, not the way she had.

But it was nice, really, to listen to the kids’ excited babbles and the sounds of other neighborhood kids scampering over pavement with parents on their heels. He smiled to himself when he heard Aline tease her brother into holding Shay's hand, choosing to stay quiet and let the kids handle it. His own teasing could wait.

He smiled again when he heard his boyfriend's quiet chuckle in response to one of Stefani’s worldly observations. He'd never had a boyfriend over Halloween. Not over any of the holidays, actually, which turned his mind back to one of the questions he had for Shiro. It was the same question he'd been trying and failing to ask Keith for a week. Again, when the kids went to the door with both Shay and Hunk, he failed to ask the correct question, instead posing, “What do you normally do for Thanksgiving?”

“Uh…” That was kind of random. “I usually just go to Shiro’s and hang out with him and Allura. Nothing too special.” Keith squeezed his hand gently.

Lance nodded. “We didn't celebrate it the first few years we lived here. It didn’t grab us the way Halloween did. It's just an American thing, y'know? But then my parents started talking to friends at work and some of the parents, and mom decided she wanted to try it. She spent, like, the whole day creating all the traditional Thanksgiving foods, and we barely liked any of them. It was so bad. But we had a ton of fun. So we kind of repurposed it? Mom and Mary try out a dozen new recipes and then we play games and stuff. Just family time.” Lance entangled their fingers. “Maybe we can invite Shiro and Allura and you guys can all be part of our family this year.”

“I'd like that. I'm sure they would too.” Because Thanksgiving at his brother's place had always just been really small and kind of boring. They were big on the whole “friendsgiving” thing and had their bigger dinner a couple nights in advance, and they always ended up just eating leftovers. “Yeah. I'll definitely be there.”

“Good. I think I like being able to spend holidays with you. Even though you were a frowning brat the whole time you were putting on your costume,” he teased.

“Hey, I don't do costumes. Not like this anyway.” But Keith had a smile on his face the whole time, knowing Lance could sense it in his tone. “And y’know, I think I like being able to spend holidays with you too.”

“You should. Just wait until your birthday rolls around.” And they'd have to figure out Christmas. He didn't even have any ideas for gifts and Keith had to get the perfect gift, but he wasn't going to stress over that on Halloween. He had enough to stress over.

“Hm, I can’t wait.” Keith couldn't wait for Lance’s birthday either. He was going to spoil the crap out of his boyfriend, even more so than usual.
“You have to, sorry.” Lance pressed a smiling kiss to his cheek. “I love you. I’m really glad that you’re having a good time. My sibs love having you around almost as much as I do.”

“Well, I love being around them. Your whole family is great.” And he was having a really good time. He’d only been trick-or-treating a couple times in his life, so it really was nice to be out chaperoning.  

“I love you too].”

Lance leaned against him, smile bright. It only brightened more when they were again surrounded by kids and their eager descriptions of candy. “I’m just not getting it,” he teased. “I guess I have to try all of them.”

“No!”

Laughing, Lance tugged at Stefani’s braid and let them all pet Blue when they claimed she was good luck. It turned into a small line of neighborhood kids all wanting to pet the dog, so it took some careful maneuvering to avoid hurt feelings and a few kids got to pet her assembly line style before they managed to move down to the next house.

The rest of trick-or-treating went much the same, candy buckets steadily filling until Hunk was put in charge of carrying the heavy items for his sisters. Lance's siblings managed to convince Keith to hold theirs, and he was pretty proud of them for the manipulation. Not that he said so to Keith, only grinning when Keith's bland tone reached his ears. Being out with them all, feeling the energy of so many excited people around them, just made him happy. He let it wash over him, filling him and his heart. He loved his family and Hunk had been his friend nearly his whole life, so was basically just another brother. It was wonderful to hear him and Shay finally taking the first step in building an actual relationship, and it was incredible to have Keith by his side. His own actual relationship.

It and Keith had done so much for him. He'd heard it everywhere. All of his friends or the people he'd known before the accident said he seemed so much happier, so much better. And perhaps it was also time - the two month anniversary in just two days - that had helped him heal, but he knew Keith was part of that. Keith's support had helped keep him grounded, distracted when he needed it. He was loving and sweet and had given him so much in such a short time.

And as happy as Lance was, that only brought him back to his question. When they eventually made it back to the house and the party thumping within it, Lance split from the group. His boyfriend was dragged upstairs by excited kids who wanted to show off their candy and burn more energy, and Lance excused himself by pointing out that he had a dog who hadn't yet had her dinner and was likely in need of water. All true, of course, but he also just wanted some insight from the man who'd known Keith a hell of a lot longer than he had. He felt a familiar hand on his shoulder as he filled a water dish, so smiled. “Hey, Shiro. Did Mary tell you what I wanted?”

“Only a little. You have a question about Keith and something about Sunday?”

“Mnhm. Sunday’s easiest. I was, um... Will you take me to Kitty? Keith works Sunday mornings and I wanted to go early. You were going to let us borrow your car anyway, right?”

Shiro hummed, watching Lance set the water dish down in front of Blue. He pet her gently while she lapped from the bowl, bright smile tipping towards sorrow. “You haven't told Keith what Sunday is, have you?”

“Uh, well, yeah, about that...”

“Lance.”
“I know, I know. I should tell him. I just don't want to make him sad. It's easier to tell stories about Kitty and it's even easier to think about that day, but... Going to a cemetery just because it's the two month anniversary is- It's stupid.”

“It's not-”

“Yes, it is. It's all just emotional and I still shouldn't feel so bad. I just...” Lance sighed. “I miss her. But I'm happy, Shiro. I'm so, so happy. But I just keep thinking about how she's been the past few years, how much she'd been slowing down. She was getting old. She was at the point where she really couldn't work anymore, but she still... She still saved me, Shiro, and I still don't... I don't have justice for her, and I don't think I ever will. That's not fair.”

“No, it's not.” Shiro sat beside him on the floor, the two of them leaned against the kitchen cabinets. “But the police are still looking, aren't they?” Lance's shoulders shifted. “Lance?”

“The detective who was on my case showed up to work Wednesday. They haven't had any new leads in so long that they're just... He didn't say it out loud, but I'm not a priority. Just a hit-and-run where the only casualty was a dog? Come on, Shiro. The only reason it was ever a big deal at all was because I'm blind. I'm not stupid enough that I don't know that. So it's just a cold case, and it's gonna stay that way. I'll never know who hurt her, Shiro, and that's what I have to tell her on Sunday. I don't want Keith there for that. I think I burden him enough.”

Shiro's heart ached for him, laying a comforting hand Lance's arm. “You don't burden him, Lance. I know my brother well enough to say with absolute certainty that this is the happiest he's ever been. He'd understand.”

“I know he would, but... I just... How? How have I made him happy?” he finally asked. “I know what he's done for me, Shiro. He's given me everything. He's helped me feel like me again. But I haven't- I've only given him problems. So what- What could I have possibly given him to make him happy? To make him actually want to stay with me? I just want to know that I've helped him like he has me, but I haven't. I know I haven't.”

“Lance, you've helped him in more ways than you realize. Keith doesn't need, nor want, material possessions or anything you could physically give him. He needs companionship.” And it had been frustrating even to Shiro that his adopted brother hadn't been able to find that with anyone. Keith had just about given up, was going to just live out the rest of his days in his secluded cabin with his cat. But then Lance had come along and he'd been able to see the change in Keith immediately. “You've given him that and so much more. And he told me not to say anything, but it sounds like you need to hear it...” Keith wouldn't stay mad at him long anyway. “He told me that he'd never believed in soulmates until he met you.”

“Es un perdedor,” he murmured, Blue lifting her head to rub her wet muzzle against his hands. His smile warmed with his blush. Soulmates. It was such a ridiculously romantic concept. “For being such an asshole, he's really sweet.”

“He really is. You've brought that out in him.” Shiro smiled, patting his arm. “Trust me, Lance. Keith loves you for who you are.”

He nodded. “I just want... I know he had it so hard growing up. I guess I just want to make sure I'm able to give him a better now and a better future. He worries about me already, so I want to keep him from feeling sad on top of it. Y’know?”

“I know. And you know he worries about you because he loves you so much. He worries about me too.” Even though Shiro had told him time and time again there was nothing to worry about.
“Everyone can see that you're making him just as happy as he makes you, and that is how you’re giving him better.”

So many people had told Keith how much better Lance had been looking. He wasn't deaf, after all. His hearing was actually better than most. No one had told Lance the same. And, sure, he knew Keith was happy when they were together. His boyfriend was never short on hugs or cuddles or kisses. Especially kisses. Keith may not have talked much, but his lips were usually busy. But it was still nice to hear that someone as close to him as Shiro had noticed. He'd made a difference in Keith's life. A good difference.

“Okay.” Lance nodded, scratching Blue behind the ear. “So, uh, about Sunday. Will you take me to Kitty?”

“I will, but you really should tell Keith.”

“I know.” But he was already rationalizing why he shouldn't. Shiro had just told him that he made Keith happy. News on the police essentially closing his case and then the desire to go sit at a gravestone were as far from happy as he could get. He'd just tell him afterwards if he was still sad when Keith came home. “I'm gonna go find him before he comes searching for me, but thanks for the talk.”

“Anytime, Lance. I mean it.” Shiro rose and helped Lance stand up. “Now go.”

He grinned. “Come on, Blue, you heard him. We're being dismissed from our own family's kitchen.” She went to his side, nosing into his pocket to get his cane for him. “Perrita buena,” he praised, sneaking her a treat from his other pocket. He detoured quickly to the freezer, feeling packages until he found a Reese's for Keith, and sent a wave in what was possibly Shiro's direction before leaving the kitchen.

He and Blue zig-zagged through and around the crowd, Lance calling out greetings to the handful of people who greeted him but not willing to stop for any lengthy conversations. He especially didn't stop for Rax since that greeting sounded more like an accusation, so he smothered a giggle and sped up the stairs. Shay's grouchy brother was, thankfully, too polite to follow when the sign on the steps very specifically said that only family was allowed up. He sent Mary a quick text at the top of the staircase, asking her to take care of him. She was just as polite and marshmallow soft as Shay, but she had the same steel spine and wouldn't let Rax run her over. Unless she started crying, but then every single one of his siblings would be on him and that would just be a problem for him.

Amused by the thought, Lance tucked his phone away and followed the sounds of voices to his youngest sister's room. Blue stopped short in the hallway, though, her wagging tail hitting Lance's leg. He didn't know why until he heard Keith's soft chuckle. Confusion turned into glee instantly, his smile and eyes brightening. “Trying to escape, chico lindo?”

“Just for a minute,” he confessed, fond amusement tinting his tone. He wrapped a hand around Lance's arm and leaned in for a kiss. “I love your family, but they're a handful.”

“I know. I stole you some freezer chocolate.” He offered the candy, lips curving. “The cups are our only provisions since we should probably stay up here and avoid Shay's brother for a while. We can actually sneak into my old room for a little while if you want and cuddle on whatever furniture's still in there. Should be a bed since I heard it's been converted into a guest room.”

Keith smiled, taking the package from him. “That sounds like a great idea. And I grabbed a few other random pieces of candy from Stefani’s throwaway pile, but I don't know if they're any good.”
“Hm... Her throwaway pile is usually hard candy. Raquel has her convinced that they'll break her teeth and she'll have to wear braces her whole life, and I haven't bothered to correct this because, hey, free candy. She'll learn the truth soon enough.” Lance collapsed and pocketed his cane before taking Keith's hand to pull him into the room next to the bathroom. It smelled pleasantly like lemon and black tea, so his mom was using the candles or the wallflowers he'd given her. That was good. He crouched down to undo Blue's harness, quietly telling her to relax. “Shay and Hunk still with the kids?”

“Yeah, and getting teased by all of them.” Which was another reason he'd wanted to escape. They could handle four kids by themselves.

“I thought so.” He gave Blue a fond pat before rising. He had to stretch, hips rocking because the music traveled through the cracked door. Not for the first time, he wished he could dance, but only made his way to the bed to flop onto it. “We'll travel downstairs and find actual food soon. Someone'll call the kids down.”

“Okay.” Keith joined him on the bed, immediately snuggling up close and dropping a kiss on his cheek. “Did you run into anybody while you were feeding Blue?”

“Yeah, you know. I talked to Shiro, so that's out of the way.” Lance rolled onto his side to run a hand down Keith's chest, amused by the feel of his costume. His sweet knight.

Keith really didn't want to pry, knowing Lance would tell him in his own time, but- “What did you talk to him about?” he tried, enjoying the touch nonetheless.

Lance slid his hand back up, cupping his cheek. He didn't want to hide all of it, but he didn't want to lose Keith's smile either. So he smiled and kissed the other cheek. “Pretty much just you.”

Keith hummed. He'd expected that. “Nothing bad I hope.”

“Not really? It was mostly just me being worried about stupid things, and Shiro being his supportive dad-self. Because you just... You make me so happy, and I just wanted to be sure that I'm doing the same for you. You help me, and I want to be equal to you.”

“But you are. You do make me happy, Lance.” Shifting, Keith wrapped his arms around him and pulled him into his lap. His voice softened, his next words coming out as near whispers. “I've been alone for so long. Even when I was with someone I felt alone. It's not like that with you. I feel like... god, this is gonna sound stupid, but you complete me.”

His boyfriend was just too mcfreaking adorable. “It's not stupid. [You're cute].” Lance pressed light kisses across his cheeks, one landed on the tip of his nose. “Mi cielo precioso,” he murmured. “Eres tan importante y especial para mi. Te quiero con todo mi alma.” I won't let you be alone.”

Keith hugged him closer, pressing their chests together as much as he could through their costumes. He trailed his lips across Lance’s throat, not so much kissing as just feeling. “I know you won’t. I’m never gonna let you be alone either. I love you so much.”

Lance nestled his face in Keith's mullet. “I love you too, mi novio dulce. Eres mi todo.”

“You know, I made Shiro promise not to say anything 'cause it’s really embarrassing, but... well, I think we were meant for each other. You’re my soulmate, Lance, and I never even believed in soulmates before I met you.” Keith had felt something almost immediately, sitting in the middle of the mall food court trying to study, but not able to take his eyes off of the gorgeous man across from
Lance giggled, adoring his dork of a boyfriend. An asshole, a sweetheart, and a dork wrapped into one very nice package. “Eres tan dulce. If Shiro let that slip already, how mad would you be at him?”

“[Really]?! That jerk.” Keith couldn't be mad at him, though he was suspicious why he’d need to tell Lance that in the first place. “What made him let it slip?”

“Me being antsy and worried about things I apparently didn't need to worry about.” Amused, Lance nuzzled him and smiled. “And then he said I brought out the sweetness in you. You would've been very embarrassed. I saved you from that torture. You're welcome.”

“Well, thanks. I feel like Shiro makes it his personal mission to embarrass me. I'll get him back one day.” Except he probably wouldn't. His brother was more of a dad than anything and had an endless supply of stupid jokes and embarrassing stories. Keith shook his head, but started to massage his back.

“Mm. If you have any embarrassing Shiro facts, I'm all ears.” Lance closed his eyes, content to lay atop his boyfriend. Neither of them were going to be sad on Halloween. “We'll share some with Allura.”

“Okay, uh, well there was one time that he lost the keys to his bike, and instead of calling someone to come pick him up, he walked an hour to get home. And it was in the middle of January at like almost midnight. He found them the next day in his jacket pocket.” Keith had never let him hear the end of it.

Laughing, Lance sat up. “What a complete fail. I never would've pegged the very practical Shiro as a guy who'd lose his keys in his own pocket.”

“Yeah, well, he argued that he always put them in the pocket of his pants, not his jacket. But he never did it again.” And after that he'd started to use a lanyard so he'd always be able to find them. Keith made fun of him for that too. “Uh... oh! This one is really bad, and he'll probably hate me for it later, but whatever. We just won't tell Allura this one. But we used to share a room for a little while, and I walked in on him with his pants down and a ruler in his hand. He wasn't facing the door, thank god, but still. It was great.”

Lance snickered. “If I called him something subtle like... uh... If I mentioned rulers, would he get it? Like, did he know you caught him?”

“Oh yeah. The floorboard outside our door creaked, so we made eye contact when I walked in. His face got super red and he tried to hide it, but it was too late. I didn't tease him too much about that, though.” Keith had thought it would be too mean. “But I did drop hints every once in awhile. So yeah, he'd know.”

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“Oh, I'm saving that one then. I'll need ammo eventually. Probably when I need something on Allura. Maybe next semester when she tries to make me take an extra class somewhere.” Lance straddled his waist, comfortable with the position, and grinned down at him. “She's a hardass when it comes to my schedule.”

It was special ammunition, but Keith trusted Lance to know when he'd need to use it. Especially with Allura involved. “Why?” he wondered, hands dropping to cup Lance’s hips.

“Well, it's gonna take six years for me to get my full degree anyway. So she's all about squeezing in
extra courses when I have time and taking summer courses.” Lance rolled his eyes. “I've been avoiding summer so far, but she's really pushing this semester. She thinks I'll feel weird if everyone else is done, and I'm not. But I knew that going in.”

“Yeah, I can see where she's coming from at least. And she is just trying to help you. Whatever you're doing now seems to be just fine.” And Allura knew when to back off anyway, Lance just had to be more firm in his decisions. “But you've got me now too, and I'll try and help any way that I can.”

“I know you will.” He hummed along with the song, the tune faint but still recognizable. “When you graduate and I'm still in classes, you'd better not make fun of me.”

Keith chuckled softly. “I won't, baby, I promise. When I graduate and you're still in classes, you'd better not make fun of me if I can't find a job.” Or, well, a better one than his part-time mechanic gig at Coran’s shop.

“What, you mean you're not just gonna take over for Coran one day?” Lance poked his chest. “I'm shocked. What'll he do without you?”

“He'll figure it out.” If it really came down to that being an issue, of course Keith would take over one day. But only if, and after, he was able to find something outside of the little shop.

Lance smiled, sliding his hand up to cup Keith's cheek. “You do whatever you want, mi cielo. I'll support you.”

“Thanks, baby. I'll support anything you want to do too.” Keith’s fingers dug a little more firmly into Lance’s hips, tugging him a little closer. “Now get down here and kiss me again.”

“That's not how this works, Keith. I'm the prince here. I give the orders.” He gave Keith's cheek a fond pat. “You should sit up and kiss me.”

“Shitlord…” Keith muttered, but smiled and shifted so his back was against the wall and Lance slid down further in his lap. He leaned forward just enough to brush their lips together teasingly, but stopped to hover. “How’s that, your highness?”

“It's not bad. Surely, a knight could do better.”

“[Loser]…” Laughing, Keith slid a hand up to cup the back of Lance's neck, pulling him down so their lips could meet in a firm press. He swiped his tongue along the crease of his mouth before pushing his way in, moaning softly at the taste of chocolate and the unique sweetness that was all Lance.

Happy to muss the mullet, Lance's hands delved into his hair as they kissed. It was leagues better than the little tease he'd just been given, so Lance sank into it with a pleased sound. He lapped at Keith's tongue, seeking his taste just as eagerly, and felt a rush of satisfaction when he found it beneath the chocolate that just couldn't compare. His boyfriend was warm against him, his lips the only ones Lance had ever felt and the only ones he ever wanted to feel. The hands on him were the same. There was no one else he ever wanted. And whether or not soulmates existed, he knew he could spend the rest of his life happy with these lips, these hands, this one person.

When the kiss broke, they stayed close. “Much better, mi cielo.”

“Mm, good. Anything for my [prince].” Keith wrapped his other arm around Lance's waist to hold him even closer, reveling in the warmth and weight of his boyfriend atop him. “ . . . [My love. I love you.]”
“. In any language.” Lance smiled, threading his fingers through Keith's hair. “Cuando lleguemos a casa, ¿me harás el amor? Como... como la primera vez.”

“Whatever the question is, I'm sure my answer will be yes.” Keith drew him in for another brief kiss. “What does it mean?”

Lance shook his head. He didn't want to ask right then. If they were home and Keith was in the mood for something different or nothing at all, he didn't want to change that. “I'll ask when we're home. Just me and you.”

“Okay, baby. Anything you want.” His hands started up their gentle caressing on Lance's back again, resting his forehead on his shoulder. “I just want to keep you close for now.”

“We don't have too long for that. I didn't get all dressed up not to join the party.” Lance smiled, kissing the top of his head. “Besides, I've only talked to Mary and the youngest two. I need to find the rest of my family.”

Sighing, Keith pulled away, dropping his head to the wall with a dull thud. “I know. And I'm actually getting kinda hungry for something that's not candy.” As soon as the words left his mouth, his stomach grumbled. “Just a couple more minutes.”

“Eres tan maleducado,” Lance teased, lips roaming over his face to get his smile to return. “I'm okay with cuddling with you for a few more minutes.”

“Good, 'cause I really don't want you to move right now.” They'd get up in a couple minutes, really, but Keith was feeling selfish and needy. He held on as tight as he could, burying his face back in Lance's neck, lips trailing along his skin.

Lance’s eyes closed, his moan soft. “Te quiero,” he murmured, content with their proximity and more than willing to let Keith hold him as long as he needed.

Keith hummed against the column of his throat, sucking a faint mark right at his pulse point. “I love you too, Lance.” And he'd never be able to say it enough.

True to his word, a couple minutes later Keith pulled away, arms loosening as Lance's soft moans still rang in his ears. They'd been gone long enough, and he didn't want to be even ruder than he'd already been. Especially now that their friends and his brother were there now. “We should go back downstairs.”

“Mmhm. Come on.” Lance gave him a last kiss before rising and stretching. “Let's go get some food and find Pidge. I want to know what they and Matt dressed up as. And I totally forgot to ask Shiro what he and Allura are wearing. You have to tell me costume things, mi cielo.”

“Okay, baby.” Keith chuckled, following Lance up and off the bed. Blue stood up from where she was laying in the corner of the room, stretching her legs and yawning before making her way to stand next to Lance again, harness dangling from her mouth. Smiling, Keith took it from her and slipped it on, adjusting it around her costume. “All set?”

“Yeah.” Lance grasped her harness, smiling. He was getting used to Keith's help with her. He'd never had someone so ready and willing to help him without even being asked. Kitty had fallen solely to him, even at home, because she'd been his responsibility. “I really love you.”

Keith straightened himself, wrapping an arm around Lance's waist and pressing a kiss to his cheek. “I really love you too. Now come on. Your mom is gonna yell at me for keeping you in here for so long.”
“No way. She loves her *hijo nuevo.*” Lance let himself be led from the room, Blue and Keith both guiding him to and down the stairs. They’d missed the call to dinner, Lance immediately able to hear his younger siblings.

“Oh, boys, good. Mary said you were here.”

“Hi, mom.” Lance tipped his head, taking the expected kiss to his cheek with a smile. He heard the same bestowed to Keith's, holidays running along a different current than regular Sunday dinners. “You sound happy.”

“I am. The party is good. Get some food and you can enjoy it. Maybe this year, you'll dance.”

“Mom,” he groaned, sending Blue to the corner to wait while she laughed.

“But you have a dance partner this year.” She winked at Keith, amused.

“*Solo voy a paso en sus pies.*”

“No creo que le importe. Now mind your English.”

He sighed dramatically, swaying against Keith's side. “Okay.”

He smiled, arm tightening his hold on his boyfriend's waist. “I can't dance, but I'll dance with you if you want.”

“No, it's okay. I can't dance either and, like I told mom, I'd just step on your feet.” Lance kissed his cheek. “Let's eat. I'm starving.”

“Me too.” Keith led him over to the large table that was set up with all the food on it, grabbing two plates. “Alright, what do you want?”

Lance just smiled at him. “Gee, I don't know. It all looks so good,” he teased.

Keith swore at him softly and in Korean, making him giggle, and then went over the options. It was a random assortment that went right back to their first Halloween, Hana and Mary unable to find any traditional Halloween foods beyond candy and just cobbling together some traditional Cuban holiday foods and traditional American foods. And there was always plenty to go around, so Lance didn’t feel guilty at all getting a little bit of everything. A good portion would probably go to Blue anyway.

Most of the party-goers filtered into the dining room and piled their plates, walking right back out to eat standing up in the crowded living room or outside to avoid getting jostled too badly. The patio furniture was quickly filled. But Lance and Keith were quick to herd the kids back upstairs to eat in their room.

“We're never allowed to eat up here,” Stefani explained, chomping on a hot dog. “But it's a holiday!”

“They're the best,” was Michael's opinion, sneaking part of his hot dog to a very happy Blue.

Lance laughed, knowing very well what he'd done since his pupper had left his side. His laughter only continued when he felt an elbow plow into his side. “Hi, Pidge.”

“How do you always know?” they demanded.

“I'm magic. It's a gift. And you have the skinniest elbows, cripes.”

“And they're bony,” Keith tossed in, taking another bite of Mary’s mini cheesecakes.
“No one asked you, Keith.” They scanned him and his costume, snickering. “So he got you to dress up, huh?”

“Yes, I did.” Lance scooted closer to his boyfriend, beaming. “He's cute.”

“That's a word for it.”

“I don't think I want to know what that means.”

“I do.” Lance smiled, kissing his cheek. “It sounds like it could come in handy.”

“It will. Kkeojyeo.” He leaned in close to whisper in Lance’s ear, “Fuck off.”

Lance giggled, ducking his head to hide against Keith's shoulder. “Har geoya,” he promised, pinching Lance's thigh.

“[Ttameogeojwo].”

“[Ay, mi cielo]” Lance laughed, nipping his neck before straightening.

Pidge made gagging sounds. “This is pitiful. How are you guys this sappy and weird after over a month?”

Lance recognized a warm chuckle behind them as Shiro’s. “I wouldn't call them pitiful for that.”

“Only because you and Allura are exactly the same way,” Pidge pointed out.

“You guys are really sappy,” Keith agreed. “And you've been together longer.”

“That just proves that you and Lance have some time to go before you're overdoing it.”

“So you're admitting that you overdo it?” Hunk wondered, slipping in with Shay. “Hi, Allura. Hey, Shiro.”

“Hello. It's wonderful to see you, Shay. Your costume’s lovely.”

“Oh, thank you. I also like yours.”

Lance sighed. As much as he loved Halloween, it was unbearably frustrating to hear their compliments and not have a reference for them. What were they wearing? He snuggled against Keith, seeking at least a little comfort just from proximity. The only reason it was even bothering him so much was how close they were to the two month anniversary, so he pushed the melancholy away as much as possible. “What are Shiro and Allura dressed up as?”

“Allura laughed, low and warm. “It was, perhaps, more my idea than his.”

“Perhaps?”
She patted Shiro’s arm, smile deceptively sweet. “Be careful what you say, Shiro. Bond girls aren't all weak and frail.”

“No, they're not.” Keith reached over and slapped Shiro’s calf good-naturedly, turning a smile on Allura. “And you do look really beautiful.”

“Thank you, Keith. You and Lance look wonderful as well.” When Blue barked and trotted up to her, she smiled and ran her hands through her fur. “Yes, yes. You look beautiful.”

“She's a princess!” Stefani explained, throwing her a piece of shredded steak. Blue was quick to return to her spot between the youngest McClains, feasting as much as they were.

“I picked it out,” Keith bragged, smirking at the light swat on his arm. “After Lance came up with the idea.” Except that was a lie, but Keith would let him have his moment.

“You only picked it out because you can see it.” Pidge pointed their plastic fork at him. “Otherwise, we all know it would've been Lance.”

“Yeah, but if I could see, I wouldn't even have her. I'd rather have the dog. Right, Blue?” He reached out, and she shuffled forward so he could scratch her behind the ear. She licked his hand, tail smacking both kids and making them laugh.

“I love her just as much as I love you, Lance. I'm really glad that you have her.” Smile wide, Keith lifted his hand to rub under her chin. Her tongue lolled, eyes closing and enjoying the attention she was receiving. “And I'm really glad you take such good care of my boyfriend, Blue.”

“Who drowned you in Hallmark greeting cards?” Pidge snickered.

“[Fuck off],” he repeated, just barely able to stop himself from flipping them the bird.

Lance kissed his cheek. “[You're cute].”

“Geez, Lance, how many languages are you planning to learn?” Hunk wondered.

“All of 'em.”

“Well, your Korean is definitely getting better. But you have a pretty great teacher.” Keith pressed a smiling kiss to his cheek, muttering, “[I love you].”

Oh, his boyfriend had no idea. His lessons were the very sweet or the very filthy with almost nothing in between. The actual lessons were teaching him quite a bit more, and Lance was almost ready to tell him about them. Almost. “[Neon cham teukbyeoelhae. Yeongwonhi saranghalge.]”

Lance didn't ignore them, but they didn't embarrass him out of catching Keith's lips for another kiss.
“Eres precioso, mi cielo.”

It was, honestly, the first time most of them had spent any elongated time with the two of them together. Hunk and the kids had seen them cuddling and being overly sweet together several times, but the rest had really only seen the effects of their becoming a couple. Lance's bright smile and blushing giggles combined with Keith's almost uncharacteristic public displays of affection made it pretty clear why the two of them seemed so much happier. They'd lit something in one another that wouldn't be easily extinguished. Both family and friends could see that, and none of them had a problem teasing them both for it.

When his plate was empty, Lance removed Blue's harness since they wouldn't be going anywhere again that night and he could navigate the house fine. Besides, his girl needed to sleep off the abundance of food in her belly. He gave it a fond rub when she rolled onto her side and grumbled happily at him, then let Keith drag him out of the room. They snuck into the kitchen to toss their paper plates and plastic silverware away, and Lance grinned when Keith tugged him close. “We should all get together more often. Even though I think Shiro was enjoying being able to tease you as much as you tease him and Allura.”

“He's a jerk,” Keith laughed, dropping a kiss to his cheek. “But he's made it his personal mission to embarrass me whenever he can. Now he has ammo.” It was okay, though, since Keith still had more over on his brother than Shiro had on him. “What he doesn't know is that I don't care.”

“I think the way you didn't stop pawing at me proved that you don't exactly care. Not that I minded your hands.” Smiling and pressing close, Lance found his lips to sink into a kiss.

Keith accepted it eagerly, slipping his tongue between the part of Lance's lips. Since they were away from the kids now, he got a bit more handsy than he had been upstairs, fingers massaging into his hips. His eyes closed on a soft sound, something between a sigh and a moan, and lapped at Lance's tongue to savor more of his taste.

Lance wrapped his arms around Keith's waist to keep him close. Kissing him was easily the best feeling in the world, the most familiar thing between them. Nothing could affect him as many different ways as this. “I love you,” he mumbled, lips still moving against Keith's. “Love you so much, _mi caballero dulce._ ‘My sweet knight.’”

“I love you too. More than anything in the universe.” Because Keith didn't think the world could encompass the love he felt for Lance. “And I'll never stop feeling that way about you.”

“Eres mi alma gemela. What's the Korean way to say soulmate?”

“ _So-ool-meh-ee-teu._”

Lance laughed, having Keith repeat it once more before he echoed it. “ _So-ool-meh-ee-teu._ That's cute. It's a lot closer than Spanish.”

Keith’s lips curved, pressing his smile to Lance's cheek. It was much less embarrassing now that he’d admitted it and since Lance apparently felt the same way. “Yeah, it’s funny the way Korean works sometimes.”

“Mmhm.” Lance turned his head to taste his smile. “So is this a better way to spend Halloween than whatever you would've done?”

“You mean sit at home and watch horror movies until I fell asleep on the couch?” Chuckling, he pulled Lance closer into a firm hug. “Definitely better than that.”
Smiling, Lance threaded his fingers through Keith's hair. “We can still do that. Just add some cuddling and maybe a little something extra and this could be the best Halloween ever.”

Keith smirked, kissing Lance's neck. “I like the way you think.”

“Mmhm. I know you do. Half of this thought process is your fault.” Lance nuzzled into his hair. The music was drifting into the room, the beat running through him. When he was younger, he'd hide in his room and dance on his own or he'd hide in a corner of the living room and just rock to whatever beat was pumping through the speakers by himself. He was used to being by himself, but he liked the arms around him now. He liked the lips on his neck. He loved the person they were attached to. “Mi novio dulce.”

“And I'll take all the blame for that,” he replied proudly. His arms tightened their hold, suckling the faintest of marks into Lance's skin. He could feel the slight sway of his boyfriend’s hips, no doubt to the music that he'd said he couldn't dance to, and Keith joined in with him. “… . [Darling... I love you.]”

“Te quiero también.” He slid his hands down Keith's back, linking them loosely at the small. They were too close for him to miss the swaying, his heart skipping a beat. “I- I can’t dance,” he murmured. “Not with someone else. I can't see.”

“And I told you I can’t dance either.” Keith chuckled lightly, lifting his head to steal a short kiss. “It’s fine. We don’t have to do anything more than this anyway.”

“I...” He wished he could do more. “Okay.”

Keith sighed, resting his brow against Lance’s. “Don’t do that.”

“What?”

“Don’t feel sorry for yourself, or for me. It doesn’t matter that either of us can’t dance. And it doesn’t matter that there are things that you can’t do.” He knew why Lance felt that way, but didn’t want him dwell on things he couldn’t control. He wanted his boyfriend to enjoy life, and the simple things life gave him without the self-pity. “I just... I love you, and I don’t want you to feel that way, not around me.”

Lance rubbed their brows together gently. “I'm sorry. I'm really not trying to bring your mood down. I'm just- I want to dance with you. I want to- There's so much I want to do with you that I'll never be able to manage. If I was normal, I could.”

“So we’ll dance,” he affirmed, picking up the speed of their swaying. “And we'll do anything you want to do. We'll find a way.”

Lance smiled, though his heart ached. There were some things that were impossible, and it was only hurting him the way it was because of the time frame. But he didn't want it to hurt at all. He wanted to keep Keith happy. He wanted to be happy, so he pushed the rest aside and matched Keith's movements. “We're going to dance right here?”

“Sure.” Keith shrugged, though his movements slowed. “But we can go into the other room if you want.”

“I like this. We can hear the music and it's just us.” Lance smiled, cupping Keith's hips. “Just dance.”

Keith matched his smile, pressing their lips together to taste the curve of Lance’s. Hips swaying to the beat again, Keith started to take them in a lazy turn, feet shuffling on the linoleum floor. Every
time Lance stepped on his foot, he would do it right back, kissing him on the cheek. “S’not so bad, is it?”

“No, it's- It's nice. I dance a lot when I'm on my own.” He grinned. “When you were at work last Sunday, I managed to get my phone hooked up to your speakers. It took forever, but it was worth it to blast my music.”

“Yeah? Well, anytime you want to, even when we're both home, I'll set it up.” The song ended, a new one starting up, but it was softer than the last and it barely filtered into the kitchen. But Keith kept them going, though they’d slowed down. “And I'll dance with you.”

Lance nodded, cheeks pink and eyes lit with simple joy as they carefully made their way about the empty kitchen. “I'd love that.”

“Me too.” Keith gave him another kiss, their dancing coming to a slow and gentle stop as their lips moved against each others. Despite the teasing they’d been subjected to by their friends and family earlier, Keith couldn't have been happier than he was with Lance, no matter what they were doing.

Lance pressed closer to him, fingers slipping beneath the top of his costume to find warm skin beneath. He loved Keith more than he could ever explain, appreciating him in every imaginable way and constantly awed to have him.

Keith never wanted it to end, the firm press of their lips, the warmth of Lance’s body mingling with his own, the soft sounds escaping both of their throats… He wanted it all to go on forever, but the sound of a camera shutter going off had him pulling back on an annoyed groan. “What the… Pidge.”

“What? This is quality content. I couldn’t pass up this opportunity for blackmail.”

“It’s not blackmail if we don’t care.” But Keith tried to grab their phone from them anyway, failing miserably with Lance refusing to let go of him. “...That better not end up on the internet.”

“Oh, that’s exactly where it’s going. And to Shiro, Allura, Hunk, Shay, Coran, and all of Lance’s siblings.”

“?! . [Really?! Fuck off.]”

“,,” Lance echoed with a giggle, more amused than embarrassed. It wasn’t as though he could see the offending photo. “It's probably a good picture. Me and my handsome knight kissing in the kitchen.”

Sighing, Keith broke down and grabbed his own phone out of his pocket. “Send it to me.” He’d been looking for a new background anyway.

Pidge smirked and typed rapid fire on their phone for a second. “You guys are disgustingly cute together.”

Keith chose to ignore the comment. It wasn't like he didn't know that was true anyway. His text tone went off a moment later, and he pulled the picture up on screen. It really was a good picture of them, locked in an embrace without a care in the world. Smiling, he deemed it sufficient and set it as his background. “It’s definitely a good picture,” he told Lance, kissing his cheek.

Lance nodded. “Will you send it to me too? I just want to know it's in my pictures.”

Keith smiled and forwarded it to Lance before pocketing his phone again. “There you go, baby.”
“Baby?!”

“…” Keith repeated, this time not holding back his middle finger since there were no kids in sight.

Lance laughed, cheeks pink now. The petname was okay in front of strangers or when they were alone, but Keith normally stuck to “babe” when around people they knew. He hid his face against Keith's shoulder. “Ay, mi cielo…”

“Sorry,” he muttered, sliding a hand into Lance’s hair.

“Eres lindo.” Lance lifted his head to kiss his neck. “It's fine.”

“You guys are gross,” Pidge complained, though there was a teasing tone in their voice.

“So go away.” Keith’s fingers started to lightly massage Lance’s scalp, enjoying the lips at his neck.

“I would, but I came in here for a soda and you losers are blocking the fridge.”

“It's fine. You didn't really want a soda,” Lance teased, content to stay where he was and pepper his boyfriend's neck with little kisses.

“You're right,” they agreed, “I'll come back when I don't feel like I'm gonna vomit in my mouth.”

“Bye.”

“Wow.”

Lance couldn't do it, laughing as he pulled back. “Keith, don’t be an asshole. Let Pidge get their drink, geez.”

“Alright, fine.” Keith stepped aside, smirking at Pidge as they moved towards the fridge. “Let's get out of the kitchen then.”

Smiling, Lance followed him out and into the sounds of the party. This was the Halloween he was most familiar with. Sounds and scents of a party, the room coated in the scents of candy and the music’s pulse thumping through him. But this year he had someone’s hand in his. Their costumes even matched. He couldn't see them, but he knew they did. A prince and his knight. It was perfect, and he could hardly wait for what they’d do the next year.

“This is nice.”

“Yeah it is.” It really, really was. Keith had never been part of a family like this before, had never felt that sense of belonging that he felt around Lance's family. Not even when he was living with Shiro and his parents. The fact that Lance's family welcomed him in with open arms never ceased to make his heart feel like it was whole again. He let go of Lance's hand so he could slip his arm around his waist. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Keith.” Lance lifted his head in acknowledgement when he heard one of his sisters call their names. He tugged him over, wrapping him further into the McClain traditions. There were so many more to come, and Lance loved making Keith part of them all.

Though he didn't quite realize it, he'd given the orphan family. He'd shown him home.

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Chapter 14

Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Translations for this chapter can be found here!

Warnings for this chapter:
the usual: oral sex, anal fingering, anal sex, etc. etc.

(°_3°)

Shiro was a jerk. A trickster and a jerk and just the worst. Lance glared at him, though it lost considerable effect by being aimed over his shoulder. “No.”

“Yes.”

Groaning, Lance tipped his head to the side until it thumped against the window. He could smell motor oil, the scent hanging heavy since he'd first slammed the car door with a gasp. This was decidedly not the cemetery, and he knew why. He just didn't like it. “I'm not going in there. He's working.”

“You've bothered me, Allura, Coran, and Hunk while they're working. I'm also aware that you've bothered Pidge and Keith recently.”

Lance pouted. “I don't need your facts clogging up my arguments.”

“I'm not taking you to the cemetery until you go in there and tell Keith what's going on. You can't tell me you haven't been acting oddly this weekend. I have texts from Keith to prove it.”

Sighing, Lance sat up straighter and felt a wet tongue on his cheek. He pushed Blue into the back. She was against him too, knowing they were where Keith was. She'd likely seen his bike already. “Baja, Blue. Agáchate.”

“Lance.”

He tugged on his seatbelt, ducking his head. “I don't want to make him sad.”

“Is making him worry about you any better?” Shiro laid a hand on his shoulder, giving it a squeeze. “You can't hide the sad things. And being upset right now doesn't mean you're going to fall right back into being sad all the time. You're stronger than that, buddy.”

But what if he wasn't? “I... He's working, though. And it's not like I'm interrupting him to tease him or put him in a good mood. I'm interrupting him to tell him some really bad news. I just want to go to the cemetery. Why can't I do this after he comes home?”

“Will you?” Silence stretched between them, long enough for Shiro to hum knowingly. “I thought so. Go tell him now.”
“But-”

Shiro switched the car off and pushed open the door. “I'm going to tell Coran you're taking Keith off the floor for a bit.”

“I'm just gonna make him sad.”

The back door opened. “Come on, Blue. We're going to see Keith.”

Blue barked, bounding out of the car to stand next to Shiro and wait for Lance, who opened the door with an irritated kick. “I can't believe you.”

He chuckled. “I'm proud of you for making the right choice.”

“Because you're making me,” he muttered, taking Blue's harness. “Come, Blue. Forward.” She pranced towards the door, waiting for Shiro to open it before continuing along. She paused at the turn they normally took to either see Coran or Keith, tail wagging when Lance directed her towards Keith.

She stopped abruptly when they reached his usual bay, ears perking and nose lifting since he wasn't there. She grunted unhappily when Lance suddenly scrambled back, her able to see it was just Keith driving into the bay with a car even tinier and sleeker than Shiro’s.

But she stayed by Lance's side, pressing her head to his thigh when he laid a hand over his heart and tried not to panic. He just hadn't been ready for the sound. They hadn't even been in the bay and it wasn't as if Keith could've or would've hit them with the vehicle having to rest on the lift racks. They were fine. He was just jumpy and stupid and his “Hi, Keith” came out just a little broken when he heard the car door swing open. “I- Shit. Sorry. I'm- Hi.”

Keith was suitably surprised to see his boyfriend, but happy nonetheless. Happy until he noticed the stammer and the defensive, anxious set of his shoulders. “Hey, baby, what's wrong?”

“Kind of nothing, but something? Basically, your brother’s an asshole.”

“Yeah, he kinda is.” Keith wrapped a hand around Lance's forearm and leaned in for a kiss, pulling back when Lance went stiff. “Seriously, what's going on?”

“I just- It's gonna make you sad, so I don't want to tell you. And, cripes, I've kind of been keeping it a secret all week so I don't want to make you mad either.” Lance felt for his shoulder before dropping his brow onto it. “Blue, calm.” Her ears perked and she shuffled closer to Keith to get the attention she was now allowed.

He reached down to scratch Blue behind the ear, smiling when she licked his arm. “Whatever it is, I won't be mad.” But if Lance thought it would make him sad, he couldn't promise that he wouldn't be that.

He sighed. “So on Halloween, Shiro and I mostly talked about you. But we also talked about a favor I needed. I-” Lance drew back, letting go of Blue's harness. It was probably just better to get it out in one go, and it helped that he couldn't see Keith's face. “I asked him to take me to see Kitty. I mean, you know, so I could sit at the cemetery. He did it last month too on the- the month anniversary of the accident. And the- the second month’s today.”

Yeah, so that made him sad. “Oh, Lance, c'mere.” Keith patted Blue's head once before reaching out to wrap his arms around Lance and draw him in for a hug. A hand snuck into his hair, pressing him close. “I'm so sorry, baby.”
“It's not your fault. It's just... And I would've told you if it was just that. The problem is... it's my case.” Lance pressed closer to him, lifting his hands to grip his shirt as tightly as he could. “The detective came to me at work the other day, and- It's over. It's cold. They're done with it.”

Okay, now Keith was angry. Not at Lance, never at Lance. How could they do that? Except he knew exactly how. And why. His arms tightened, getting as close as possible, and then some. “No. I can’t let that happen. I won’t let that happen.” But it wasn't like the police would open up a case that they’d closed just because Keith said so. He knew better than to believe that. He just wouldn't let the hope die. “That asshole is gonna pay for what he did, even if I have to hunt him down myself.”

Lance shook his head. “Mi novio dulce, there's nothing you can do. He's probably not even a local. It's been two months and he never brought his car to be fixed, there were never any tips...” And now he was just regurgitating everything the detective had said. “It's okay, Keith.” It wasn't okay. It still upset him. “I just wanted to tell Kitty that I'd never- I won't ever know who hurt her. So Shiro was gonna take me, but then he brought me here to be an asshole because I hadn't told you yet.”

“Well, I appreciate you telling me now.” He understood how hard it must have been to finally say it, especially to Keith. “And I can- I mean, if you want, I can take you to see her. I'd like to so you don’t have to be alone.”

“You're working, though.”

“So I'll ask Coran for the rest of the day off. Or make it up later.” He pressed a kiss to Lance’s temple. “You're more important.”

Lance let out a watery laugh, pressing his lips to Keith's neck. “Te quiero, mi cielo. Shiro’s talking to Coran right now. Just finish this car at least. You already pulled it in.”

“Oh. So just beat out the dent and repaint?” Lance felt for a place to sit, finding a small wheeled stool fairly easily. He didn't know that Keith had pushed it over to him. “That doesn't seem too hard.”

“Shouldn’t be. Just have to see how bad it is.”

When the car was lifted enough, Keith rolled underneath to assess the extent of the damage. There were a couple dings and dents, more than there would have been if there had only been one guy on a bicycle who’d hit the front. One of them was way too low on the bumper too, which Keith found
really odd. He grabbed his headlamp from his tool cart, turning it on and rolling back under to get a better look.

“I don’t know what happened here, but I don’t think a guy on a bike hit this guy's car. The dents are too big and deep. Unless the guy who hit him was riding a moped or something.” Keith ran his fingers over one of the bulges of metal, brushing down to the one near the bottom of the bumper. He felt something scratchy against his fingertips, which he would have assumed was paint, but when he got closer he noticed it was red. Dried blood. Understandable if someone had hit him - or if he had hit someone. But then why wouldn't he have gotten his car washed? And if he did, he obviously hadn’t checked to make sure all the evidence was gone.

Case in point when Keith’s fingers made it to the opening of the grille, where there was one more small ding and something stuck in the crack. It was soft, and at first he thought it was hair, but unless the cyclist was really small, there was no way it could have gotten there. With a pair of pliers, Keith managed to get it loose, holding it in front of his light and-

Shit. It was hair. Fur. Most of the strands were dark from dirt and oil, but the part he could see in the pliers was lightly colored. Shit.

His heart stopped in his chest, but when he rolled back out and looked over to Lance, his boyfriend was just sitting on the tiny stool waiting for Keith’s next commentary.

He was equally torn between wanting to tell him and not wanting to say anything at all.

When the silence stretched, Lance's brows drew together. Blue sat in front of him, in easy reach for him to pet, so he scratched her behind the ear and smiled in puzzlement. “Is it more complicated than you thought?”

“Um… Y-yeah. Little bit.” He got up, taking the fur from between the pliers and holding it up to the fluorescent lights. It needed to get to Coran - who would get it to the authorities - immediately. He found a small baggie that held a bunch of screws and nuts, but he dumped those out and put the fur in, sealing it up. “I, uh, I need to go give something to Coran really quick.” Knowing he was sounding super shifty, but not wanting to get Lance's hopes - or nerves - up, he leaned down and kissed Lance's hair. “I'll be right back.”

“But-” Lance broke off at the breeze Keith's departure left behind, frowning. He didn't like this, suspicion and curiosity spurring him off the seat. “Come on, Blue. Follow him. Vamos.”

Tail wagging, happy in her dog way, she trotted after Keith and led Lance straight to Coran’s office. Just the smell of the room knocked Lance back a few steps. Cologne and cigars hung heavy, the expense behind the smell unfamiliar but something Lance had spent two months thinking of and having nightmares about on and off. Face ashen, he huddled in the doorway with a white-knuckled grip on Blue's harness as if she'd be wrenched from him at any moment.

And then the giant of a man who the scent wafted from spoke, Lance's knees threatening to buckle. “What on earth are you doing in here? I hired you to fix my vehicle, not wander the halls.”

Coran sighed, no one having seen Lance just yet. “Mr. Zarkon, I can assure you that this isn't normal for my employees. I'm sure whatever he has to say is very urgent. Now I've explained to you that we don't offer loaner vehicles while yours is being fixed. Please return to the waiting room or I'll be more than happy to phone a cab for you.”

“Yeah, and don’t worry, I'm gonna fix your car.” He wasn’t. Keith steadfastly refused, especially if this was the guy who hit Lance and Kitty like he thought. “What did you say happened? How did
“As I said, some foolish waste of space.”

Lance didn't hear the rest of the explanation, ears buzzing and heart thundering. *Waste of space.* *Waste.* He knew voices. He could recognize them after one hearing. And that smell - that cologne and those cigars - were just the same. They were as fresh in his mind as they'd been exactly two months before, laying on the hot pavement with a bleeding dog in his arms. He didn't even hear his own wheezing gasp for air, stunned. Two months and this man could still pin him to the pavement.

“You killed my dog,” he breathed, eyes filling as anger joined anguish. “It's you.”

Coran and Shiro started at the soft accusation, but Coran was quick to push back from his desk. And Shiro straightened from the wall, expression shifting from something placating to something dangerous. Zarkon only scoffed, though his gaze flitted briefly in search of exits. The only one was the door Lance still stood in. “I don't know what you're talking about.”

“The hell you don’t.”

“Keith…” Shiro warned, well aware of his brother's short fuse.

“No. You see *this*?” He brandished the bag of fur in front of them, far enough away from Zarkon should he try anything. “I found it in the grille of your car. Along with dried blood.” Keith walked over to Lance, wrapping a comforting arm around him. “It belonged to my boyfriend's dog. Who you killed.”

“Oh, please. That vehicle hasn't been driven in months. It could've been a raccoon or stray cat. It's hardly a crime to strike them if it's unavoidable.” He scanned Lance, unimpressed and far from intimidated. “Besides, you can hardly trust the word of some overreacting blind immigrant.”

Shiro arched a brow. “Who told you he's an immigrant?”

“He speaks Spanish,” he snapped. “It's obvious.”

Coran picked up his phone to dial 911. “He hasn't said a word of Spanish the entire time he's been in here.”

Lance gripped Keith's shirt. The driver who'd hit him and Kitty was there. Right there. And this time, Lance wasn't alone and hurt and trapped. His dog was pressed against his leg, his boyfriend at his side, and two others he respected completely were ready to leap to his defense. “I think you're in for more than just an insurance headache.”

Keith couldn't help the slight upturn of his lips at that comment, but anger was still rolling through him, making his blood boil, so it didn't last long. He tucked Lance closer into his side, pocketing the bag of fur so he wouldn't lose it. “You're gonna be going away for a while, asshole.”

There was dead silence in the room until the 911 operator answered. And then the room burst with activity. His suit hid a strong frame, Zarkon not about to go anywhere but where he chose to go. And he was not going to stay in that room. He lunged for the door, ready to shove both Keith and Lance aside.

Keith wasn't having that. Zarkon may have had a bigger build, but Keith was deceptively strong. He carefully pushed Lance out of harm’s way before strong-arming the asshole back into the room. When he lunged again, Keith threw a mean right hook, two loud *cracks* resounding through the room. Pain shot through Keith's hand and up his arm, and he had to take a step back, cradling his fist in his other hand.
Zarkon tried to speak, but his jaw wasn't quite closing as Keith's fist had been angry and Zarkon had hardly expected the slender-looking college student to pack such a punch. But he likely wouldn't be able to do so again, so he made another break for it. Shiro lunged, Zarkon just slipping through his fingers, and he made it to the doorway just as Lance was getting his bearings after Keith's shove.

The cracks were familiar, pain ricocheting up his own arm as he remembered the feeling of its break. Keith was hurt. This bastard had killed Kitty and hurt Keith. He wasn't going to get away with that. There were witnesses now. He heard footsteps, expensive shoes eating up the linoleum floor, but Lance wanted to tend to Keith.

Until he heard a sound he never had before.

Blue's growls echoed in his ears. “You fucking mongrel,” Zarkon snapped, his speech garbled and virtually unrecognizable, but Lance moved towards it. If he'd been able to strike Kitty and drive away without a backwards glance, what would he do to the snarling puppy?

He heard his name, but didn't stop. He wasn't losing another dog to this bastard. He wasn't letting Blue get hurt. His swing landed by accident more than design, but even in desperation Zarkon couldn't take two blows to the head and stay conscious. The shock of pain had him sliding to the floor, almost on top of the still growling lab. Both of her dads had been threatened, and she wasn't going to let something like his being unconscious keep her from standing guard.

“Blue- Blue, come here. Come, Blue. Come here.” Lance’s cracking voice, however, was enough to pull her away. She went to his side obediently, licking the knuckles Lance had scraped against Zarkon’s teeth. “Mi perrita dulce, I know. I'm okay. It's okay.” His hand stung. He'd never actually punched anyone before. He ignored it, grabbing her harness before turning, and found himself in a tight embrace. “K-Keith? Keith! Are you- are you okay? I heard- Are you hurt?” His breath hitched, but he fought threatening tears. “If he- If he hurt you, I'll... I don't know. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. He didn't hurt me, but I think I probably broke my hand when I punched him.” Whatever, he’d be alright. He was more worried about Lance at the moment than himself. “What about you? Are you okay?”

“Probably.” Lance took a hold of Keith’s wrist, very gently taking his fingers over his boyfriend's unusually swollen hand. “Ay, mi cielo, you didn't have to do that.” The tears broke free, streaming down his face. “Te quiero.”

“[I love you too, darling].” Keith took his hand back only to cup both of Lance’s cheeks, wincing at the pain the movements caused, but drew him in for a kiss anyway. He licked over his boyfriend’s lips, tasting the saltiness from his tears, before pulling back. “Please don’t cry, it’s fine. It’s all okay. We got him.”

“I'm- I know, but-” He couldn't stop them, holding Keith's wrists and sobbing despite himself. “You didn't have to get hurt for that. And he almost hurt Blue and he- he killed my girl. My Kitty.” And he'd already been on an emotional rollercoaster simply because of the date.

Blue whined softly, uncertain what to make of all this, but she only glanced back when she felt someone pat her side. Her attention went right back to Lance. “The authorities are on their way. There's an ambulance right behind them,” Shiro assured them. “You two stay here. Coran’s going to haul this Zarkon character back to his office in a minute.” Right after he let Pidge know to clear the building. They were closing early. “Why don't you two come wait in the breakroom?”

Keith nodded, pressing a kiss to Lance's wet cheek. He stepped back, taking Lance's hand in his good one, and led him and Blue into the breakroom behind Shiro. They got settled into a couple of
chairs in the corner of the room, Shiro setting two bottles of water on the table in front of them. “Thanks,” Keith mumbled, opening both, but he kept them where they were for now, scooting his chair closer to Lance’s so he could wrap an arm around him.

“You're welcome. You boys just take it easy, okay? We're going to have the paramedics look at your hands, and the police are going to need to talk to you too.” Shiro rested a hand on Lance's shoulder, squeezing gently. “After that you can go.”

“But- Keith's hand-” Lance hiccupped, hating the way he just couldn't stop crying. They'd stopped him. He should be thrilled. “He'll- X-rays and- a-and the hospital. We'll have to go to the hospital.”

“We'll go,” Keith promised, holding him closer. “Just… not in the ambulance. Shiro can take us.”

Shiro gave him a small, reassuring smile. He'd never actually said where they could, or should, go, but knew that they’d make the right decision. “Sure, buddy. We'll get you taken care of. Lance too.”

“I'm- I'm okay. I'm fine.” He hid his face in Keith's neck, gripping his shirt. “Lo siento, mi cielo.”

“What's that mean?”

“I'm sorry.”

“But you don't have anything to be sorry for. I punched that asshole because he was trying to get away, and trying to hurt you again while doing it.” He let his hand trail up to the back of Lance’s neck, massaging in light circles. “I couldn't let that happen.”

Lance drew back, taking his injured hand and pressing a gentle kiss to the knuckles before easing his glove off. The paramedics and doctors would just cut it, and he didn't want that to happen. “You should- You need some ice to keep the swelling down.”

“I've got it.” The cabinets held baggies, one of which Shiro had filled with ice. He wrapped a paper towel around it before passing it over and letting Lance tend to Keith as much as he could.

“Th-thanks, Shiro.”

“No problem, buddy. Can I leave the two of you alone without either of you running off?”

Keith hissed at the initial sting of the ice being pressed to his knuckles, but relaxed once it started to work its magic. “Yeah, we won't go anywhere.”

When Shiro’s footsteps faded, Lance reached for Keith again to gently cup and stroke his cheeks. “I can’t believe you hit him so hard.”

“I wasn’t trying to? I just-” He’d been so angry and that emotion had channeled into his fist too quickly for him to slow down. But Keith smiled when he remembered hearing the other crack sound in the room. “I think I broke his jaw.”

“Probably. When I hit him, I felt it move and his words did not sound right.” That could make things harder in court, but that was Lance thinking more like a lawyer in training than a victim. Holy crow, he was a victim. Holy crow, there'd be a court case. Lance pressed their lips together. “We- Oh my god, I don't have to tell Kitty that the case is cold. It's solved.”

“Yeah, baby. We got him.” Keith had to stop tears of his own from forming. Even though he'd never met or known Kitty, she’d still been such a big and important part of Lance’s life, just like Blue was now. But they’d found her killer. Kitty could finally rest and be at peace. Keith slid his good hand
into Lance’s hair, not caring that he was getting oil and dirt in the strands. “We got him. He won’t be able to hurt anyone else.”

Lance nodded, pulling Keith into his lap for once. He was the injured one, after all, and he could take care of Keith as well as he took care of him. “I love you. I love you so much, Keith. We actually- You hit him in his stupid face. Holy crow, I hit him in his stupid face.”

Keith smiled. Just when he’d forgotten about Lance's actual strength, his boyfriend pulled stunts like this just to remind him. “Yeah you did, baby. That was a good hit.” He turned so he could lean down and seal their lips together. “I love you.”

Lance laughed, arms wrapped securely around Keith. “I'm just so- I thought the case was just over and it's not. It's like- Holy crow, Keith.”

“I know.” It was a lot to process, especially since Lance had just given up on ever finding the guy. But they did find him. They found him, got a few licks in, and he was finally going to pay for what he did. “I know, baby.” Keith rested his hands on Lance's shoulders, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. “Now it's over.”

“Technically, it's only half over. The court case is next and that's just gonna take forever because a guy with as much money as this one is gonna stonewall the hell out of everything. But that's just- Later. We'll talk about it later.” He laid his cheek on Keith's shoulder. “If it's not too ridiculously late by the time we're done with the hospital, think Shiro’ll still take us to the cemetery?”

“I'm sure he will. I'll just play the injured card. He can't say no to that.” Keith smiled, fingers stealing back into his boyfriend's hair.

Lance kissed his neck. “Hopefully your hand’s not too broken for you to drive. Because there's no way it's not broken, mi cielo.”

Keith knew that. It definitely felt broken, but he didn't have any past experiences with broken bones, so couldn't say for absolute certain. He only hoped he wouldn't have to have surgery or anything. “Yeah, well… it'll be fine. I'll find a way.”

“If it's clean, they'll just cast and send you home.” Lance smiled, taking his hand to make sure he was still using the ice pack. “I'll take care of you. Casts aren't fun, but they're not complicated.”

“Hm, thank you, baby. I trust you.”

“Which you absolutely should.” Sighing, Lance held the ice pack against his swollen knuckles. He really shouldn't have hit him so hard, but there was a wicked sense of satisfaction at knowing Keith had caused the bastard so much pain after everything. He'd been waiting so long for something exactly like this. He just wished it hadn't also caused Keith pain. “Zarkon’s a stupid name,” he murmured.

Keith let out a bark of laughter, not having expected it. “Yeah… Yeah, it really is.” The ice pack was helping some, but his knuckles were still throbbing with the pain. “He looked stupid too.”

Lance giggled. “He sounded stupid.”

“He smelt stupid,” Keith added, planting another kiss in Lance's hair.

“I told you! Holy crow, Keith. I knew as soon as I walked in that it was him. And then he called you a waste of space, and I knew twice over.” Lance relaxed against him, holding him close. He could hardly believe that he'd been afraid of someone stupid for the past two months. He'd let someone so
stupid and, ultimately, easily taken down terrify him and shatter the self-esteem he'd carried around his entire life.

But Keith still loved him. Keith hadn't done or said anything to suggest otherwise. “I'm gonna bury his ass in court,” he murmured. “I'm pressing every single applicable charge there is for what he did to me and Kitty. Are you up for handling that? It's probably gonna take a few months.”

“Yeah, Lance. I'm up for anything, for everything.” He'd probably have to be there anyway, but he was already planning on it. “I'll be right there with you the whole way.”

“Thank you. For today and everything you've done over the month we've been together.” He lifted his head to brush their lips together. “I'm so glad you're mine, mi cielo.”

“And I'm so happy I get to call you mine too, baby.” Keith stole another kiss from him, this one longer, just a tad more passionate than the short ones they'd been sharing.

It broke only because Shiro cleared his throat behind them. “The paramedics are here, guys.”

Lance nodded, reluctantly releasing Keith from his lap so his hand could be checked. His was no worse for the wear, but they wanted to take Keith with them on the ambulance. They were told, though no one asked, that Mr. Zarkon had already been taken to the hospital handcuffed to his stretcher due to his flight risk.

The police wanted to speak to him and Keith, so they were separated to recount the events and get their statements recorded since neither could write them. The detective on Lance's case was called so he, too, could at least hear Lance’s side of things while his hand was cleaned and bandaged. Since it wasn't swollen and he was up to date on his immunizations, it was enough for the paramedics to let him go.

With Keith, things were more complicated. He had at least a fracture in one finger, his knuckles were swollen and bruised, and he was in need of x-rays. They wanted to take him to the hospital immediately, their frustration when he refused clear until Shiro promised to get him to the emergency room soon. Only then could the officer get his statement recorded and, since she was acquainted with Lance from his operator job, she was more than a little wickedly pleased - off the record - for the solid whack Keith had delivered.

“We've had our eyes out for two months. Doesn't even matter that the kid’s going into the evil world of lawyers, he's a good kid who didn't deserve to be a hit-and-run vic. So nice job. Hope your hand heals soon.”

“Thanks.” Keith smiled, once again cradling his hand, a little upset that Lance couldn’t be there with him. “He didn’t deserve any of what happened. I'm just glad we got the guy.”

“You and me both.”

The couple was reunited shortly after, Lance immediately pulling Keith close to check him over himself. His arm was in a sling, the best paramedics could do to stabilize his wound until they went to the hospital, and they were offered a police escort since the officers needed to get to the hospital anyway to help guard Zarkon until the warrant for his arrest was signed.

“Should we take them up on it?” Lance wondered, stroking Keith's hair gently.

The gentle affection was nice, Keith leaning into it. “I mean, Shiro’s gonna take us. I don’t really think we need it. Unless you want it.”
“Mm-mm. It'll only get us there faster. As long as the paramedics gave you something for the pain, it's okay.”

“Yeah, it's fine.” They'd given him something mild just to dull it until they could get to the hospital, but Keith had a high tolerance for pain anyway, so it wasn't that bad. He really appreciated Lance's concern, though, reveling in the attention he was receiving. “I'll make it.”

“Okay.” Lance kissed his cheek. “[I'll love you forever].”

“Mm, same here, baby.” Keith turned his head to get a better kiss from him. “[I love you more than anything].”

Smiling, Lance gave him the kiss he wanted and drew back enough to take Blue's harness and tuck his arm securely around Keith's waist. “Come on, mi novio dulce. Let's get you taken care of.”

They were lucky, the doctor told them, that it wasn't worse. It was just a boxer's fracture of his fifth metacarpal - “The what?” “Your pinky finger.” - and it was a clean break so they wouldn't have to do surgery. Just a set and splint of the bone, which hurt like hell though Keith wouldn’t admit it, and a tight wrap were all he needed before they sent them on their way with a prescription for some stronger meds if Keith wanted them.

He was satisfied with the over-the-counter pills Shiro passed him from the glovebox, and Lance snuggled close to him in the backseat with Blue's head stuck out of the passenger window with her tongue lolled. He sighed, the hour late after spending hours in the hospital waiting for the x-rays to be taken, viewed, and then his diagnosis explained and the procedure and they were all exhausted. “We can just get food and go home if you want,” he murmured. “We don’t have to go to the cemetery.”

“No, we're gonna go. I'm fine, really. And-” Keith cut off on a small sigh, pressing a kiss to Lance's cheek. “Kitty needs to know what happened today. And I wanna be there with you when you tell her.”

Smile soft, Lance brushed it against Keith's lips. “I love you. We'll tell her, and then food and home.”

“I love you too.” Keith pointedly ignored Shiro’s knowing smirk in the rearview mirror. Jerk. “That sounds like a good plan.”

Lance leaned against Keith's side. “I always have good plans. Shut up, Shiro.”

He chuckled. “I didn't say a thing.”

“You were about to.”

“I have no idea what you mean.”

“Bullshit.” Keith laughed, cuddling closer to his boyfriend in the backseat. “Jerk.”

Lance smiled, tucking his arms securely around Keith. Even though he knew very well that he'd more than held his own against that Zarkon bastard, Lance couldn’t help but feel the urge to protect and cuddle him. It could've been a type of gratitude, but it didn't change the way he felt. Keith deserved to be coddled as much as he coddled Lance.

Step one was just staying close and searching for signs that his boyfriend was in any pain, though he seemed alright on the drive towards the cemetery and on the short walk that Lance knew far too well for only having been a few times. Holding Keith's uninjured hand and Blue's harness, he
remembered the first time he'd come this way. How numb he'd felt, one arm in a cast. Instead of the walking cane doctors had wanted him to use, he'd been leaning against his eldest brother. Still shocked not to have his dog by his side, he'd barely heard a thing said at her little funeral. But he'd stayed a long time after everyone else had left.

Since then, he'd only come a handful of times. More early on and almost never since meeting Keith. He just hadn't felt the same need to come back as often. He could remember his girl without tracing the letters of her tombstone. And he could remember her now with a smile. He knelt in the grass next to it when they reached it, fingers reaching for and feeling the grooves of her name etched in stone. The little bumps of Braille beneath had been a kind touch by a sympathetic local manufacturer who'd heard his story on the news.

“She would've loved you, Keith. Just as much as Blue does.”

Keith hummed, joining him on the ground. “I'm sure I would have loved her right back.” It was a shame that he'd never had a chance to meet her. But he rested his hand on top of the stone, silently thanking her for everything she'd ever done for Lance, gently sliding his other arm around Lance’s waist.

“You would've. I've realized that no other dog will ever really take her place.” She'd been as friendly and smart as Blue, but was so much more experienced and so very sweet. He traced the little image of a dog’s face, sighing quietly. “Blue has her own place and I don't love her less than Kitty, but they're not the same. And I'm glad I was able to give Kitty the life she deserved while I had her.”

“Yeah…” If Lance had treated Kitty half as good as he treated Blue - which Keith was sure he treated them both the same - there was no doubt in his mind that she had a long, love-filled life. To have it end the way it did was a tragedy, but one that Lance seemed to have finally accepted since he'd gotten the closure he needed. “Blue's gonna have the same long life that she did, and I'm going to do everything I can to protect you both to ensure that.”

“I know you will, Keith. You've absolutely proven that.” Lance brushed his fingers against the splint on his hand before taking his uninjured one and lifting it to his lips. “You didn't even doubt me when I made a crazy claim out of nowhere.”

“Of course not, baby.” He shuffled closer to Lance so he could lean over and press his lips to his boyfriend’s cheek. “I'll never doubt you.”

“That means... It means more to me than I can say, Keith. What made you realize something was going on anyway? You never actually said. You just ran off.”

“I, uh… I found fur. And blood, but the fur gave it away.” Keith had had to relinquish the baggie to the police for evidence, but not before he’d been able to take a few strands of it out. “I just knew after that that he hadn't been telling the truth about what happened.”

Lance patted the tombstone, unable to help the wave of sorrow that crashed over him. He would never, not in his entire life, be able to forget the sound she'd made when that car had hit her. “I know she and I both bled a lot. No one would tell me how bad it really was for her, but I knew. I...”

He closed his eyes to stem the tears, soaking in the comfort of just having Keith close. Blue rested her chin on his knee, blinking her wide eyes up at him, and grumbled softly when he ran his fingers through her soft fur. “As much as I wish it had never happened at all, I'm glad she at least left something behind. It's pretty solid evidence against him.” Even though they wouldn't exactly be able to run DNA on it. They would at least be able to confirm that it was canine. If Keith had thought it to be Kitty's, than it was clearly too light to be Blue's, so that would make it harder to prove that they'd
somehow planted it. Besides, they'd have video feed of its discovery because Coran had cameras everywhere.

He opened his eyes, reaching for the stone to trace the lines of her name again. “Good girl, Kitty,” he murmured. “We found him, mi perrita linda. He's stupid and mean, and I don't have to worry about him anymore. He'll never hurt anyone else.”

“That's right,” Keith mumbled in agreement, “He's done.” Scooting closer to Lance, Keith laid his hand on his shoulder, offering more comfort. He admired his boyfriend for being so strong through all of this, something he hadn't been able to be when he lost his parents, and it made him yearn to go visit them, with Lance by his side. But that would have to happen later, when they had time to travel. For right now, Keith pressed a lingering kiss to Lance’s cheek, holding him tighter. “

“Te quiero también, mi cielo.” Lance let his hand fall away from the stone, banding his arm around Keith instead. “I'm glad you came.”

“Me too. And anytime you want to come back here to see Kitty, just ask.”

“I will.” He was glad that he hadn't had to come back as often recently as he had when the accident had first happened, but grateful for the offer. He snuggled close, laying his cheek on Keith's shoulder. They let the silence stretch between them, the cemetery calming. The breeze teased their hair, rippled through Blue's fur. She let out a soft woof, nosing beneath Lance's hand for pets, but let her dads have their peace as long as they wanted it.

When Lance felt hunger pinching his stomach, he sighed and kissed Keith's neck. “We probably shouldn't keep Shiro waiting for too much longer, huh?”

“Probably not.” Keith knew that Shiro would let them have all the time in the world, but his own stomach started rumbling and, well, he really just wanted to get home and relax with Lance and their pets. It had been such a long, stressful, emotional day for all of them. Shiro included, and Keith knew he wanted to go back home to be with Allura too. “We'll have him stop somewhere so we can get something to eat and bring it home with us.”

“Yeah. Maybe he'll be nice and let us use his car next Sunday. Do you think you'll be able to handle your bike without your pinky? And strapping Blue into her seat.” Lance frowned, rising and holding out his hands for Keith. “Otherwise, we're probably going to end up having to walk everywhere this week or beg rides.”

“I think I'll be able to. I can test it later.” As soon as the swelling went down, it would be easier for him to grasp stuff, but the doctor said that could take a couple days. After that he'd be fine to do his normal day-to-day activities, he'd just have to be careful not to jostle the splint too much. “It should be okay. If it's not, we'll figure something out.”

“Alright.” Lance took Blue's harness, calling her to attention, and took Keith's hand to lace their fingers. “Next time you want to hit someone, will you try not to hurt yourself in the process?” he teased, lips curving.

Keith chuckled lightly. “I'll try.” He didn't foresee himself hitting anybody else in the near future, but couldn't rule out the possibility completely. Especially if there were going to be anymore assholes. “I'm not sorry. I mean, my hand hurts like hell, but I can live with that.”

“I didn't expect you to be sorry, cabilla.” Lance let go of the harness to lay his hand on the tombstone. “I'll be back soon, Kitty.” There was still a chance for justice in this case and at least he knew who'd done it. He had a name. He had a description of the car. He'd even punched the guy.
Lance finally knew what had happened to Kitty, and he never had to feel like he was back on that pavement, failing her. He smiled, taking hold of the harness again. “Come on, mi cielo. I want to go home.”

So did Keith. He squeezed Lance’s hand where they were still laced together. “Let’s go home.”

Lance carried their burrito bowls to the kitchen, letting Keith deal with Blue’s harness and Red’s demands for attention when they walked in. It was usually the opposite way around when they first got home, Lance always eager to sweep their cat into his arms for pets and happy to take off Blue’s harness so she could play, but he still wanted to take care of Keith.

He knew his hand was starting to hurt again, no matter that the stubborn brat wouldn’t say so aloud, so he found some over-the-counter pain meds in the bathroom and carried them to Keith with his soda. “Here. Take these and sit. We should probably actually use the table.”

“Yeah, okay.” It was weird having Lance doing all the stuff Keith normally insisted on doing, but this was a nice change of pace. Keith hadn’t been lying when he’d said that Lance was really good at taking care of him too, he just hadn’t known just how good he was until now. He took the medicine with a gulp of soda, sitting down at the kitchen table with a slight wince. “Thank you, Lance. I know you don’t usually get a chance to do stuff like this for me—” Mainly because Keith wouldn’t let him half the time. “—but I really appreciate it. I love you.”

“I love you too. I like taking care of you as much as I like being babied by you.” Lance cupped his cheeks, leaning down to seal their lips together. “Just let me take care of you tonight, okay? I need to feel useful.”

Keith smiled, lifting his good hand to rest on Lance’s cheek too. “I think I can let you do that.” His smile turned into a smirk. “Does that mean you’ll take care of me in bed too?”

“Maybe.” Lance had learned quite a bit about taking care of Keith in bed, after all. “Does that mean you’re interested in me topping this time?”

For all of Keith’s confidence in topping, he knew it was going to be a lot different to be the bottom. But he trusted Lance with everything, and was ready to make that switch. “Yeah. I wanna try it.”

Lance nipped Keith’s lower lip. “Then I’ll take extra care of you tonight, mi cielo.”

“I’m looking forward to it.” Keith dropped his hand back to the table, waiting for Lance to sit next to him before picking up his fork to start eating.

Dinner didn’t take them long, both hungry enough that they were done within half an hour, though Lance still talked through most of it. Keith found it endearing, and didn’t bother trying to get him to stop so he could eat since he’d been taking bites in between thoughts. After they were done, the only cleanup they had was throwing their bowls in the trash, and then they moved into the bedroom after making sure Blue and Red were snuggled together on the couch.

Keith sat down gingerly on the edge of the bed, carefully keeping his hand elevated as much as possible and away from anything he could accidentally bump it into. Bending over, he at least got his socks pulled off, and then scooted back to relax against the pillows, sighing happily. “I decided that we’re not going to class tomorrow. I need to sleep in with you.”

Lance laughed. “Usually, I have to ask you to skip. But, yeah, I’m all for missing tomorrow.” He fished their normal lube from the drawer, deciding not to get too crazy. It was Keith’s first time being
bottom and Lance's first on top, so he wasn't willing to go to the kinkiest places he and Keith usually found themselves at together. Maybe next time if they both liked this. “You deserve all the rest and relaxation you can get, chico lindo.”

Well, Keith wasn't about to argue that. “Mmhm, so do you, baby.” He waited for Lance to kneel on the bed, spreading his legs slightly more open and reaching for him. “Now get down here and kiss me.”

Lance went with a laugh, muffling it in their kiss and letting it spin into a moan. They'd punched that bastard. Put him in the hospital the same way he'd put Lance into one, and then he'd be off to jail. Right where he belonged. Lance crawled up, settling himself between Keith's legs and nudging him back until he could sprawl atop him, mouth traveling down to his neck to bite sharply. “I love you. I love you so much, Keith. I'm gonna do my best to show you exactly how much.”

Moaning at the sting, Keith lifted his hands to Lance's shoulders, gripping them as best he could with his splint. “I know you will, Lance. I love you too. So, so much.” And he was absolutely ready for Lance to show him, to make him feel just as good as Lance constantly told him he made him feel. “Please.”

Ignoring the prickling nerves, Lance slid his hands down Keith's sides to cup his hips. He loved the subtle curve of them, so gave them a squeeze before sliding his hands beneath Keith's shirt to push it up. “What have you done by yourself? Have you ever put anything up there?”

“Just my own fingers a couple times,” he admitted, squirming under the familiar touch. He loved having Lance's hands on him like this, and knew he would love it just as much when they got down lower. “But I trust you.”

Lance nodded, pulling his shirt off to free his skin for stroking. He lowered his lips to his shoulder, kissing along the curve of his shoulder. “Mi cielo,” he murmured, kisses trailing across his chest and pausing at his nipple to suckle warmly while he teased the other with his fingers. “I love you.”

Keith moaned, his good hand sliding up into Lance's hair to tangle his fingers in the strands. He let his injured hand fall back down to rest on a pillow to his side, out of the way. “I love you too, baby. Forever.” He moaned again when Lance switched over to his other nipple, those same fingers going to the one his mouth just left.

“Mm.” Lance loved the sounds he made, eager to encourage more of them. His lips trailed lower, hands gliding down to undo his pants while his tongue mapped out his abs. “I'm gonna make you feel as good as you make me, Keith.”

He absolutely believed that, already feeling so good just from his hands and lips alone. Even though he'd had this treatment before, it felt different now that the tables were turned, and Keith had to take a moment of smug satisfaction to silently congratulate himself if this was truly how he made Lance feel. “Baby, you already are. I love your hands, your mouth. I love everything about you.”

Lance smiled, drawing Keith's pants down his thighs. “Te quiero. Te deseo y te necesito.” He licked along the band of his boxers before tugging them down and freeing his length. He sat back to draw his clothes off and finally removed his own shirt before wrapping a hand around his cock to pump his wrist. “You're amazing, Keith.”

Oh, Keith begged to differ. Lance was the amazing one, but he didn't argue, not when that perfect hand was wrapped around him, moving so beautifully. “F-fuck., Lance. [Please, Lance. Fuck me.]” And it was still so unbelievable that he was able to use his Korean in bed and for his partner to actually understand it.
Smiling, Lance lowered his mouth to Keith's thigh. He nipped and nuzzled the skin there, feeling his legs spread further apart. “Sabes bien [You taste good].” A hand fell to his thigh, kneading firmly. The other slid down, stroking over and beneath his balls. Lower still to brush over his entrance, arousal sparking in his mind as his tongue slid up the length of his dick. “Teach me a new phrase.”

“Oh god…” Keith groaned, hips bucking off the mattress in search of more. It was such a new sensation to have fingers that weren't his at his rim, but it felt so amazing coupled with the mouth on his cock. “Uh… um… [Ibeuro haejwo].”

Lance hummed, suckling the tip of his cock. “. What is it?”

“G-” Keith wasn't sure if it was the promise of what they were going to be doing, or if he'd just been really pent-up all day, but Lance’s lips and tongue were making it near impossible for his brain to function. “Go down on me.”

“Teach me one I can say to you, mi cielo.” Lance felt for and found the lube, pouring some onto his fingers. He massaged his rim with a damp digit before easing it in just to the first knuckle. “Holy crow, you're so warm. You're gonna feel so good around me.”

Keith whined, a sound he’d never heard leave his own lips before. God, Lance was perfect. “O-okay, um… .” It came out in a rush, so he took a breath, repeating it slowly. “Naneun dangsingwa jago sipeo.”

“Holy crow,” Lance breathed, awed by the noises. They went straight to his cock, still trapped and aching in his jeans. “Ay, mi cielo.” He sounded so good, so gone already and it was only going to get better. He moved his finger in further, thrusting carefully to open him. “Naneun dangsingwa jago sipeo. Naneun dangsingwa jago sipeo. .”

“, … P-please! , .” Writhing on the sheets, Keith tried to push down on Lance's digit. It felt so good. Different, but amazing, and he wanted more. “ [Fuck me].”

Happy to give him more, eager to feel this around himself, Lance added a second finger on the next thrust, scissoring them to stretch him. His lips fell back to his length, tongue laving the shaft. “. What's it mean?”

“Lance, shit…” The stretch, while slight, still burned, but in the best way. And Lance's fingers were so long and slender, curling just the right amount to brush over his prostate. He moaned loudly, bucking his hips. “It- it means ‘I want- I want to fuck you.’”

Lance smiled, a hand sliding up to cup his hips and keep him in place. “. But you're gonna come first.” He suckled his cockhead, slowly swallowing him down while his fingers continued to thrust within him. He found his prostate again, rubbing firmly to hear as much as he could. This was a new sort of praise, and he was greedy for it.

Oh, hell yeah he was going to come, especially with Lance's mouth steadily driving him further and further out of his own mind. His fingers tangled in Lance's hair, tugging softly while noises he couldn't stop even if he wanted to spilled from his lips. “Lance… Lance, please. So good. [Gibuni neomu joha].” He rocked his hips up slightly, wanting to see if Lance would be able to take him in just a little bit more.

A third finger was thrust in, the digits stretching and preparing. Wanting to be surrounded by his heat, Lance moaned around him, tongue rubbing against his length. He began to bob his head, moving with his busy hips.
“Oh my god, Lance.” Fuck, it was almost too much, hanging onto his orgasm by just a thread. Lance’s mouth felt incredible like always, the fingers inside of him a brilliant new sensation. He thrust up, feeling his cockhead hit the back of Lance’s throat, and almost apologized until he felt, rather than heard, the moan around his dick. He didn’t try it again, but tightened his grip against Lance’s scalp. “M’close, baby,” he warned, “Not- not gonna last.”

Lance didn’t want him to last. He sucked more firmly, moaning around him again, and his fingers found his spot again to massage and please. The hand at his hip dug in, nails scratching along the curve to give him the extra sting he liked. *Come.*

He did on a loud shout of Lance’s name, the pain from his nails mixing perfectly with the pleasure from his fingers inside. His release spilled down Lance’s throat, trying so hard not to thrust too deep to choke him, but not being to help the small jerks of his hips. “F-fuck, Lance…”

Lance drank him down greedily, managing to take it all for once. He lifted his head slowly, pressing a kiss to his thigh. “Sabes bien, mi cielo.”

Keith whimpered quietly, the fingers still inside him not letting up their gentle massaging. “Oh, Lance. You’re so good, baby, so good to me.” It went without saying that he was also really good at taking care of him. His fingers lessened their grip in his hair, but he tugged gently, wanting, needing, to kiss him again. “Come up here, please. [Kiseuhaejwo]. ‘Kiss me.’”

“Yeah, yes. Anything you want.” Lance let his fingers slip out, cupping Keith’s hips as he crawled up to lay atop him and sink into a warm kiss.

Eager for it, Keith brushed his tongue over Lance’s lips before slipping it between them, moaning at the taste of himself. He felt strangely empty without Lance’s fingers, but knew that the full feeling would be back soon, was actually craving it now. His hand slipped from his boyfriend’s hair to cup the back of his neck as they kissed, rutting up into the rough fabric of Lance’s jeans just to feel the bulge underneath.

Lance moaned into it, lifting his hips to give himself enough room to tug at the zipper of his jeans. He undid the button with fumbling fingers, eager to be rid of the remaining clothes. “Wanna feel you. Wanna have you. [I want to fuck you].”

“Yeah… Yeah, baby, come on. Want- want you inside me.” Keith was so ready for it, more ready than he thought he’d ever be to bottom. He waited until Lance had pulled his zipper down before reaching down with his bandaged hand, stroking over his hip carefully. “Are you wearing a pair of your panties today?”

Lance’s cheeks pinkened. The more he wore them, the more he liked them. And he’d very much wanted to spend his day in something special that he liked. It hadn’t ended up being as necessary as he’d thought, but he was glad now that he had Keith beneath him. “Mmh. One of the, um, the silk pairs.” He sat up, pushing his jeans down his thighs so Keith could see.

“Oh god, Lance, that’s so hot.” Still. It was never not hot to see Lance in a pair of panties. Both hands went to his hips, brushing over the waistband. “If you don’t have to take them off to fuck me, I want you to leave them on.”

“I can do that.” Lance shifted to discard his jeans completely, leaving the panties on for Keith, his cock straining against them. He wrapped his wet hand around Keith’s length, pumping and kneading the sensitive flesh. “I want- Touch me.”

Keith would gladly follow that command any day. He moaned, his good hand sliding down to
Lance’s groin to rub him through the fabric. The panties he had on today were navy blue with thin silver stripes, accentuating the impressive bulge of his cock. “Come on, Lance, please.”

“Uh-huh.” He pushed the lube at Keith and his hand slid down, fingers pressing against and into his entrance again to make sure he was still open and ready. “Get me ready then.”

Jesus, his boyfriend was bossy. “Thought you were s-supposed to be taking care of me.” But he drew down the panties, his cock springing free, far enough to tuck under Lance’s balls. He dribbled some lube into the palm of his hand and wrapped it around Lance’s shaft, spreading it liberally.

“I did and I will. But I want-” Lance rocked into Keith’s hand, moaning. “Me encanta. I love your hands.” His fingers twisted within him, aiming for his prostate. “I love you.”

Lance definitely found it, Keith moaning and writhing underneath him. “Love- love you too. Lance…” He stroked Lance’s dick faster, his own arousal steadily rekindling. “Please,” he begged again.

“I really, really like hearing you beg.” Lance cupped a hip, his fingers sliding out to take his wrist and get him to stop. “You just have to tell me if I go too fast, okay? Or hurt you or anything.”

“Yeah, I know. I will.” He took his hand back, using the rest of the lube to coat himself. “I’m- I’m ready, please.”

Lance had to use his hand to make sure he was even lined up properly, but pressed his cockhead past Keith's rim easily. “Holy shit,” he breathed, rocking forward slowly. It was hotter than Keith's mouth, tighter. “You're so- que rico.”

“O-oh.” Keith could tell why Lance loved being a bottom so much. It felt incredible and Lance wasn’t even halfway in yet. The gentle rocking drove him slightly deeper with each movement, stretching him just enough to burn deliciously, but not enough to hurt. Of course, Keith tried to relax his muscles, but it was difficult when all he wanted to do was clench around him and feel his hot release spilling inside. “La-Lance, . . . [Lance, please. Fuck me, please.]”

“. . . [I love you. I'll love you forever.]” Lance caressed his hips, smiling as he leaned down to take his lips along the curve of his neck and shoulder. His teeth nipped lightly, traveling up until their lips could meet. He kissed him, tongue sliding between his parted lips on a moan, and finally filled Keith to the hilt. He stillled, letting them both adjust to the new sensations.

Keith slid his arm around Lance's shoulders, keeping him in place while their tongues danced. He felt so good, so full, and so completely taken and loved. Rolling his hips experimentally ripped a moan from his throat, feeling Lance's cock brush over his already sensitive prostate. “F-fuck, baby. This- It feels- [It feels so good].”

“Tan bien,” Lance agreed, breathless and dazed. He was surrounded by so much tight heat, Keith's clenching muscles incredible. No wonder Keith liked to top if this was what he could feel. He drew his hips back, clinging to Keith's, and groaned when he pressed forward in an easy thrust. He did it again - harder, faster. “Oh my god, Keith. We're- we're doing this again.”

“Yes, yeah, an-anything you want.” Because Keith wanted it too. Lance was moving so beautifully, leaving him feeling empty with every thrust out until he pressed back in. His legs lifted on instinct, wrapping around Lance's waist, changing the angle and causing Keith to moan again, loud and long as he rocked up to meet Lance's thrusts. “Oh, Lance. [Harder].”

That was even better, a hand going to the small of Keith's back to keep him elevated and moving.
“Ay, mi cielo, me encanta.” He wasn't going to last long, so wrapped the other hand around his length to stroke. “Fuck, joder, Keith,” he groaned, dropping his head to Keith's neck to lap at the marks already peppering the column.

Keith whined again, hips bucking out of rhythm to try to get more of Lance's touch. He was already close to another orgasm, the hand around his dick coupled with Lance's movements helping him get there faster. “Lance, oh my god. Please, please, I- Gonna come. Want you to come with me. Inside me, please.”

“Ay, ven conmigo. Yeah.” But he wanted to feel Keith first, so bit into an old mark to freshen it and hiked him just a little higher to change the angle again to fill him better, to drag against his spot better and blind him with every thrust. “Dame esa leche.”

It was enough to tip him over the edge again, and Keith came on another loud moan, Lance's name falling from his lips like a mantra. His release streaked up his abdomen and on Lance's hand, his hole clenching tightly around Lance's dick. “Dame esa leche.”

Lance cried out, stunned by the added pressure. He thrust as deep as he could, letting go and filling Keith. “Ay, mi cielo, joder, Keith. Oh my god.”

“Oh… oh fuck.” It was so weird to feel Lance's hot, wet release coating his walls. Squirming under him, Keith could feel it shifting, Lance's dick brushing back over his spot. “Oh god, it feels so good, holy shit.” Full was the only way Keith could describe how he felt. He gripped Lance's shoulder, tugging him down. “C'mere, baby. Kiss me again.”

“Mmhm.” He was already lifting his head to do so, his little motions intoxicating when Lance was already so steeped in sensation, in Keith's warmth. As he eagerly lapped at his tongue, he gently rocked his hips to give Keith some of the movement he still seemed to crave. And, god, Lance wouldn't say no to more of this either. Keith was hot around him, the added wet only making the slide easier. As much as he enjoyed being Keith's bottom, he could and would absolutely be his top again.

Keith hummed into the kiss, lifting both hands to cup Lance's face, caressing his cheeks. The splint was a big annoyance, resting along the edge of Lance's jaw, not allowing him to fully feel the skin underneath. Sighing, he pulled back, but stayed close enough that their lips still brushed together. “That was… it was perfect.” And yeah, they were absolutely doing it again.

Smiling, Lance relaxed atop him and nuzzled into his neck. “It was. You feel... really amazing, Keith.”

“Mm, and you feel incredible. I never knew it would be like that.” Slipping his arms around Lance's shoulders, Keith held him close, fingers carding through his hair. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, mi cielo.” Lance kissed his neck, slipping his hands to Keith's hips to gently caress. “So I'm guessing you liked it as much as I did.”

“Yeah, definitely. I wanna do it again.” Keith tipped his head to the side against the pillow to give Lance more room, slowly dropping his legs back down to the bed. “Maybe not, like, all the time. But I know I'm gonna need to feel you inside me again.”

“Anytime you want.” Lance pressed a kiss beneath his chin, smiling as he made his way along his jawline. “I like that you have all the mess for once.”

“I'm sure you do.” Keith chuckled, wriggling just to feel said mess again. Moan soft, he turned his
face into Lance's neck to kiss his skin. “I could probably fall asleep like this.” Though they
shouldn’t, and certainly wouldn’t, but fatigue was beginning to set in. “But we should shower
soon…”

Lance nodded, sighing into Keith's mullet. “Mhm. I think if I tried to carry you, I'd just crash into
stuff. You think you'll be okay walking?”

Keith laughed outright at that. “Yeah, I'll be fine.” He smoothed a hand down Lance's back, cupping
his ass and rocking up into him again. The continued movements were slowly driving him out of his
mind, but it all just felt so good he couldn't stop. “We don't have to move right now though.”

“I'm okay with a little movement.” Lance gave his hips a squeeze, feeling his arousal rekindling. “
[I want to fuck you].”

“Yeah… yeah, I could go again.” It wouldn't be the first time he'd have three orgasms in one go, but
it would probably be the best. “But… [Nan dansineur tago sipeo].”

“Oh.” Lance rolled them, just managing to stay buried within. “I'm- Yeah. Yeah, I want that.”

Keith let out a loud whimper at the move, sitting up slightly to take Lance deeper. “, [Oh, fuck].”
This was so much better. He felt fuller, somehow, and could feel Lance's come slowly sliding out of
him around his cock. He lifted to his knees, his good hand bracing on Lance's chest, and rocked back
and forth to feel the wet slide, moaning. “H-holy shit.”

“Ay, me encanta. You feel so good.” Lance slid his hands up and down Keith's sides, massaging his
hips. It was so different being on the other side of this, but no less pleasurable to be so deep. “Holy
crow, Keith.”

“Y-yeah, Lance, fuck.” Keith rolled his hips with his next press down, his head falling backward on
another loud moan. His dick was getting hard again just from having Lance filling him so completely
and driving relentlessly into his prostate. “I'm- I need- [Nar manjyeo]. ‘T-touch me,’ please.”

A hand left his hips, Lance's fingers curling around his dick. His own was firming the more Keith
moved, so he planted his feet to drive up into him. “Joder, Keith, so good.”

Oh. That was even better. Keith held himself still while Lance thrusted up into him, though his legs
started shaking with the effort. The hand on his cock squeezed, and he cried out, “Lance!” It was too
much and not enough at the same time, and he was so close to release. “I'm- please…”

“Hold on, Keith. Don’t come yet.” He hadn't expected Keith to be this responsive, this greedy for it,
but it was amazing. Lance let go of his length, cupping his hips to hold him steady as he thrust up
into him. “You're so good, Keith. You're so tight and hot around me. Don’t come yet, mi cielo.”

Whining, Keith nodded, a jerky sort of movement since his head felt heavy. And then, when he
realized what he'd done, whimpered, “O-okay.” He used his injured hand to wrap fingers around the
base of his cock, staving off his orgasm for now. “But w-why?” he wondered.

Lance’s smile was nothing but wicked, grip tightening on his hips so his nails bit into skin. “I just
want to see how long you can last. You're so good, Keith.” And he was the only one who'd ever had
him like this. He was the only one who ever would. The wave of possessiveness had him picking up
his speed, hips snapping up as he filled him. “Eres mío.”

God, he really, seriously wasn't going to last long. Not with Lance moving like that. His fingers
would only do so much to keep him from coming, especially since he was already so sensitive after
the first two. “Y-yes, Lance. . Always.” He moaned even louder when Lance drilled right into
his prostate, his own hips jerking down. “Please.”

Lance whimpered, hips continuing to buck desperately. He was so tight still, so hot around him. The sounds - Keith’s pleasured noises and the sounds of skin against skin - drove him wild. He returned his hand to Keith’s length, stroking in time with his thrusts just a few more times before he reached his peak. He tumbled, release spilling inside him a second time.

Keith whined as Lance’s come flooded him again, rocking his hips back to feel it deeper. He let go of his cock, dropping his hands to Lance’s chest. A sharp pain shot up from his injury, but he couldn’t care when he was being overwhelmed with pleasure. He came a third time on a loud outcry of Lance’s name, release streaking weakly over Lance’s hand and abdomen as his hips jerked. “O-oh god…”

“Yeah, cielo precioso, eres perfecto. Te quiero.” Lance lifted his hand, sucking his release from his fingers. “Sabes tan bien. ‘You taste so good.’”

“Oh, Lance, I-” Keith cut himself off on a pained whimper, lifting his hands off of Lance’s chest. Wincing, he checked the splint, but it hadn’t come undone. It just hurt like a bitch. “O-okay,” he breathed, eyes pinching shut, “I’m not riding you again until my hand heals.”

“Probably a good idea, mi cielo.” Lance cupped his hips stroking gently. “We’re probably not supposed to get that wet,” he realized. “Your splint. So we can take a bath instead of shower if you want.”

“Yeah, that- that sounds like a good idea.” That way he could at least rest his arm on the edge of the tub, away from the water. And it would keep it elevated like the doctor told him to do. Slowly, careful not to jostle his splint anymore, Keith lowered himself so he could lay down comfortably on top of Lance. He buried his face in his neck, lips caressing his skin. “I love you.”

He tilted his head to give him more room, smiling. “I love you too. Did you hurt yourself?”

“A little bit. Not bad.” But the pain was still shooting through his hand, so Keith rested it on the pillow next to Lance’s head. “I’ll be okay.”

“You’re gonna pop another pill before bed. Stubborn.” Lance stroked his back, nuzzling into his hair.

Keith wasn’t going to argue that, the medicine from just a couple hours ago already wearing off. “Yeah, okay.” The thought that they should have just gotten the stronger pills went through his mind briefly. Maybe they could get them tomorrow… He sighed contentedly, snuggling closer. “You really are good at taking care of me, baby.”

“Only because I love you.” Lance gave him a fond squeeze. “Otherwise, you’d be screwed.”

Keith chuckled, warm breath ghosting over Lance’s neck. “Well, I’m glad you do. I love you too.”

Lance ducked his head to kiss him, quick and sweet. “[Darling].”

Smiling brightly, Keith pressed their lips together again. “Yeah, .”

Keith always seemed to smile so widely when he said it. As much Lance loved knowing he’d delighted his boyfriend, it’d be really nice to know exactly why. It was as though he was missing something important with that little word. And, luckily, he had a person he could ask.

It would keep, though. At least for a few more days while Keith healed. “Come on, mi cielo. I
should pull out. We can cuddle after I get you clean.”

“Alright, baby.” Kissing him once more, Keith sat up slightly and lifted his hips as Lance pulled out. The come that was inside him started seeping out, dribbling down his thighs, and he could feel his rim clenching around the emptiness that Lance left him with. “W-we’re absolutely doing this again.”

“Mmmhm. Maybe next time, I can wear my cockring for you.” Lance stroked his thighs, lips curving. “And then you can do whatever you want.”

Smirking, Keith leaned down to kiss his cheek. “Definitely. But right now I really want to get in the bath with you.” While the mess was fine while they were in the act, it wasn’t so much after the fact. He’d learned that the hard way. “And then I need to sleep for like eight years.”

“Sleep honestly sounds really great.” Lance cupped Keith's cheek, thumb caressing in gentle circles. “Nothing went the way I thought it would today, and I'm so glad for that. I'm thinking about taking back my Shiro insults this morning.”

Keith settled into his touch, taking his lips on a lazy trail across Lance’s face. “Yeah? What were they?” Though he was sure that whatever they were, Shiro absolutely deserved them at the time.

“Just more of what I told you about him being a jerk.” Lance slid a hand from his cheek to his mullet, eyes closing when Keith’s kisses trailed over the lids. “I don’t think I would’ve gotten a punch in if he hadn’t taken me to you first.”

“Hm, that’s true.” His lips traveled back to Lance's lips, sinking into a short, sweetly passionate kiss. “I'm kinda glad he was a jerk then.”

“So am I. Kinda. We’re never telling him.” Lance grinned, nipping his lower lip. “He probably already knows, but whatever. No confirmation.”

“No, definitely not.” Keith chuckled, shifting off of Lance and to the side. “We need to move.”

“I know. We're gonna fall asleep if we don’t.” Lance sat up, leaning down to kiss Keith before climbing over him to get out of bed. “Come on. I'll finish taking care of you in the bath.”

“Okay, baby. Make sure you take care of yourself too.” Because Lance had quite the mess on his torso, which Keith took great pride in. Smiling, he rolled off the mattress after Lance, swaying a bit as he stood on jelly-legs. He propped his hand on Lance's shoulder to support himself, smiling. “It's weird being on the other end of it,” he commented, not missing Lance's smirk. “But it felt so good.”

Lance snickered. “You're welcome, mi cielo. I had a pretty good teacher.”

“Mm, yeah.” Keith pressed a smiling kiss to Lance’s lips, feeling them curve against his own. “I do like teaching you new things.”

“And you’re so good at it.” Lance slipped an arm around his waist. “I think I'm a pretty good student.”

“You are a very good student.” Lance was the best student. A fast learner and able to apply his lessons to real-life situations. Keith smirked, not passing up the opportunity to tease him just a bit. “You're a very good boy.”

Lance ducked his head, hiding his grin. He knew what Keith was doing even without being able to see his smirk. His boyfriend was filthy. “Eres muy sucio.”
Smiling, he tugged him out of the room and to the bath. It was one of the best places to cuddle close and relax together, second only to bed. They fell into it together after making sure Blue and Red were snuggled in their bed, Lance happy to let Keith spoon him. His injured hand draped over his side, holding him close, and Lance fell asleep with a smile curving his lips.

He'd finally gotten a name to put to the voice and with some time, he'd get justice too.

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The next two weeks were very, very long ones. But two and a half months after leaving a blind guy and his guide dog to die in the middle of the street, Zarkon’s bail was set as “ineligible due to flight risk” despite the tap dancing his well-paid lawyers had tried. They’d only managed to delay the bail hearing long enough to irritate the judge. Lance absolutely delighted in reading the newspaper articles to Kitty. Well, he delighted in listening to Keith read since Shiro couldn’t exactly print out the articles in braille. They were making the front page, the guy apparently the head of some corporation despised by most residents of the small town. Galra Industries had steadily been burying the smaller businesses and disrupting the local economy in wildly unpopular ways, particularly by catering to the college.

The idea that the smarmy CEO had been involved in a hit-and-run was dramatic enough, add in the impairment of the victim and the defenselessness of a dog and they were leading papers and the nightly local news. The case was likely to receive national attention once the trial itself truly began, which entailed fielding calls from reporters that were already flooding their little cabin.

It was only going to get busier for them as time went on, but Lance didn’t worry. Keith was just as invested in the case and its progression as he was. He took Lance to the courthouse when he needed to go, waited for him at the police station. He gave his statement again and again when asked with only token, playful complaints when he and Lance were alone.

Lance loved him more and more for it and was more than ready to tell him about the lessons he’d been taking. It was getting too hard to hide anyway. He wasn't the best of liars on a good day, but when Keith muttered to himself in Korean, Lance was starting to understand what he was saying and it was difficult not to react. So he’d learned enough, he hoped, to be able to hold a short conversation about simple things. And he knew exactly how he wanted to tell him. It was just going to have to wait until after their so-called party that night. Pidge and Hunk were going to bring over food and games, so it would only be the four of them, but it was enough. So he’d tell Keith that night after their friends left. He just had one more question.

He rose, Blue hopping up beside him. “Thanks a lot for all the lessons so far.”

“It hasn’t been a problem. You're a very fast learner and excellent at retaining your lessons.”

He grinned. “Only because I don’t have to take written exams. But I do have a question. I was wondering what [yeobo] means?”

She laughed. “Have you been looking up terms of endearment for that boyfriend of yours?” No, but
his face flushed anyway. So it was just a simple pet name. “I would hold off on using that one,” she continued. “Though it means honey or darling, it's only used between married couples.”

*Holy crow.* “Oh. That's—” Oh. He was definitely telling Keith that night. Grin spreading, Lance grabbed Blue's harness to lead her out. “Thanks.”

“You're welcome. Have a good day, Lance.”

“You too. Come on, Blue.” He sped out with her, fumbling for his phone to send Keith a text. It was for *married* couples. And Keith had to know that. He'd gotten it from his parents. He had to know that.

From Lance [11:22]: heart emoji *I love you.*

From Lance [11:22]: *Got time for lunch?*

From Keith [11:24]: *i love you too. And i always have time for you*

From Keith [11:24]: *what are you thinking?*

From Lance [11:25]: *Something quick before work. Whatever's close. Mostly just want to kiss you*

From Lance [11:25]: heart emoji

From Keith [11:25]: *i'll never say no to a kiss from you* heart emoji

From Keith [11:26]: *where do you want me to meet you?*

From Lance [11:26]: *Red?*

From Keith [11:27]: *sounds good. I'm on the other side of campus so you'll probably get there first*

From Keith [11:27]: *see you in a few minutes baby*

From Lance [11:27]: heart emoji

He tucked his phone back into his pocket, making his way to the parking lot. “Do you see the bike, pupper?”

She knew that word, tail wagging excitedly as she tugged Lance towards the motorcycle and waited patiently for Lance to find the right key to unlock the sidecar so she could hop into her seat. “That's my girl.” She barked, licking his cheek happily. “Yeah, there we go. That's my good girl.”

Keith arrived shortly after Blue got settled into her seat, Lance bent over and getting kisses from her. Smiling, he walked up behind his boyfriend, wrapping his arms around Lance’s waist and pressing a kiss to the back of his neck when he straightened. “, [Hello, darling].”

Lance grinned, bright and delighted. ! Like they were married. It should've been more frightening than it was, but the thought of spending the rest of his life with Keith just made him giddy. “Hola, mi cielo. How were your morning classes?”

“Boring.” Whirling him around, Keith planted a solid kiss on Lance's lips. “How were yours?”

“Boring,” he echoed. “Except for one that I'll tell you about later.” Lance looped his arms around Keith's waist, pressing their lips together for another kiss. Knowing Keith thought about him and their relationship so seriously and had for a while was thrilling, Lance eager to deepen it. He lapped at Keith's lips, his tongue stealing between them in search of more.

Keith happily obliged him, parting his lips further to allow more access. He had no idea what had gotten into Lance, but he wasn't about to complain if this was how he was going to be greeted. His
hands rested at the small of Lance's back, holding him firmly against himself, a soft sound escaping as their tongues tangled.

Lance's hands traveled up, one tangling in Keith's mullet and the other cupping the back of his neck. "Te quiero mucho. Quiero casarme contigo."

"I love you too, baby," he murmured, pressing him even closer. "What's the rest of it mean?"

"Nothing." Lance smiled. He couldn't spoil it yet. "But Blue and I are hungry. You should feed us."

Keith chuckled, but narrowed his eyes. He could tell by the tone in Lance's voice that he'd know soon enough what it meant. "Alright, but you have to pick. If it's my treat, you have to choose."

"Oh my god, I hate picking. What's close?"

"Everything?" But he was pretty sure he knew what Lance would want since it had basically become their norm. "There's always the sub place."

"That works." And Keith knew what he liked. "Eventually, they're going to know our names there."

"I'd be okay with that. It would be easier that way." Laughing, he stole another kiss from Lance before pulling away. "But I'm hungry too, so we should go."

"Okay. Strap our girl in. She's been waiting." Lance scratched her behind the ear. She grumbled happily, lifting a paw to Keith.

"Of course," he agreed, turning to her. "Hi, [princess]." Smiling, Keith took her paw in hand, shaking once and then letting go so he could rub her chin. She licked his hand, causing his smile to grow. "Alright, sweetie, let's get your seatbelt on and we can go." Blue woofed, sitting still while Keith got her strapped in, tongue lolling once her goggles were on. After he shut the door, Keith turned his attention back to Lance. "Okay, your turn," he announced, wrapping his arms back around Lance's waist.

Lance laughed as he was swept up and settled on the bike, looping his arms around Keith's neck to keep him close for just one more kiss. "Eres tan dulce, mi cielo precioso."

"Hm, and you're amazing, [my prince]." Keith pulled back, arms slipping away so he could climb onto the bike in front of him. He started the engine, grinning as Lance's arms found their way around his waist from behind. "You ready to go, baby?"

Lance kissed his neck. "Vamos."

They got to the sub place in just a few minutes, the lady behind the counter recognizing them as they walked in, much to Lance's chagrin. Keith laughed, the sound only growing louder when she asked if they wanted their usual. "Yeah, please. And a side of extra ham for our girl here."

"That's part of your usual, honey," she replied, smiling sweetly. "It'll be ready soon."

"Thanks." Keith slid her the money across the counter, with a few extra singles thrown in for her, and then led Blue and a blushing Lance over to a free table. "See? Easier."

"I'm part flattered, part offended, and mostly just... No, flattered and offended cover it. Exactly how often do we come here? Holy crow." Blue nuzzled his palm, sitting when she was told and waiting for the new water container they'd gotten her to be set on the floor. Her food, she knew, would come
Chuckling, Keith reached across the table and took Lance's hand as Blue lapped happily at her water. "Does it matter?" he countered, rubbing his thumb along the back of Lance's hand.

Lance sighed dramatically, lacing their fingers. "Yes."

"Why?"

"I haven't gotten that far yet."

"Of course you haven't." Keith laughed, squeezing Lance's hand. "That's okay. We'll give her our names next time and then you can be more offended." Though he didn't understand why he'd be offended.

Lance tipped his head to the side, smile bemused. "I love you, but that makes a grand total of zero sense."

"What?"

"Eres lindo pero tonto," Lance teased, patting his cheek fondly. "Never mind. I think I confused you at the start somehow. Did Pidge tell you what time they're coming over tonight?"

"Sometime around six. You know what time Hunk and Shay are coming?"

"About the same time. Hunk gets done with classes early, so he's gonna do most of the cooking at the apartment and Shay's gonna meet him there. Then they'll head over. He wants to see if Red likes Shay, and I kind of do too. She's so nasty to Pidge and Hunk, y'know?" But he also had a feeling that their cat could tell who could handle her disdain and who couldn't. Shay was definitely someone who wouldn't be able to handle it well.

"Yeah, I'd like to see that too." Keith couldn't understand why his cat hated certain people, but he supposed she had her own backwards reasons. "Sounds like a good plan, though. Did he say what he was making or is it gonna be a surprise?"

"A surprise. He only told me it was celebration food and that he'd make nothing if I kept pestering him." Lance grinned. "So I kept pestering him until Shay made me stop."

Keith laughed, lifting Lance's hand to his lips. "You're such a brat, [baby]."

"Pshh. I think I'm pretty great, actually. I got you, didn't I?" And would hopefully be keeping him for the rest of his life. Their order was called, so Lance pushed him. "Food."

"Yeah, yeah. Bossy." Keith let his hand go after one last kiss, grabbing their subs and drinks and bringing them back to the table. He slid Lance his basket and set the one with Blue's ham in between them, feeding her a piece before biting into his own sandwich. "You gonna walk home after this? Or are you taking Blue to the park?"

"I think my girl can use some time at the park." Lance patted her head, smiling when her ears perked. She did love the park. "Maybe you can escape work early and come join us."

"I'll see what I can do." It shouldn't be a problem. He'd been on desk duty and only allowed to do small jobs like oil changes until his hand fully healed. Six to eight weeks was going to be a long time. "I'm sure Coran wouldn't care."
“Okay. When you find out, let me know.” Lance set Blue's dog food down, tearing up some of the ham to mix with the portable bowl. “Eat up, pupper. You're gonna want that energy if we're going to the park.” She licked his hand before delving in, safe and sound under his chair.

They finished eating with enough time for Keith to give Lance a lengthy kiss in the parking lot before he had to leave for work, leaving Lance and Blue to make their way to the park. He was stuck on desk duty again, and it was Pidge’s day off so he couldn't even bother them. But there weren't a lot of customers coming in, so Coran had no issue with letting him go an hour and a half early.

Keith pulled out his phone just as he was clocking out, and shot a text Lance's way that he was done. As soon as he got confirmation that they were still at the park, he hopped on his bike and drove that way. Lance and Blue had taken up residence on their normal bench, the lab’s head lifting off of Lance's lap when she noticed him approaching.

Sitting down on the other side of Lance, Keith dropped a hand to her head to scratch behind her ear, and leaned in to steal a kiss from his boyfriend. “Hello, darling.”

Lance muffled a giggle with another kiss. “You got here just in time for Blue to finally wear herself out. She's only been sitting here a couple minutes.”

“Well, she can take a nap when we get home, 'cause she won't have time to sleep later, not with the company we have coming over.” Keith bent down to kiss the top of her head, letting her lick his face before cuddling back into Lance’s side. He smiled, wrapping his arm around Lance's waist. “And you're in a really good mood today.”

“I've had a really good day, and I get to round it out with some of my favorite people.” Lance leaned against him, pressing a kiss to his temple. “And I might just be wearing the panties you bought me yesterday after the bond hearing,” he murmured.

“Mm, the tiny lace ones?” Keith trailed his hand from Blue's head down to Lance's lap, cupping him through his jeans. He felt him twitch, and smirked. “We have time before everyone is supposed to show up… I could make your good day even better.”

Lance didn't bother muffling this giggle, hips lifting into the touch. “You just want to see me in them.”

“Maybe,” Keith murmured against Lance’s cheek. “Definitely. I did buy them for you. You should at least show me how they look.”

“Maybe I will. What're you gonna do for me?” He couldn't manage a sultry smirk, his mood too high and his smile bright.

“Anything you want, baby.” Keith pressed his lips against his cheek, rubbing Lance firmly through his jeans. “We'd have time for blow-jobs.”

“O-oh.” Lance squirmed, biting his lip as arousal sparked. “I like the sound of that.”

“Me too.” Then again, Keith always liked doing anything with Lance. “Well, let's head home then, unless you want me to suck you off right on this bench.”

Lance ducked his head. He wouldn't say no, but it was a little illegal and Blue was right there. “Home’s fine. Just drive fast.”

“I will.” Smirking, Keith turned Lance's face towards him to seal their lips together one more time before rising off the bench. Blue perked up, the word “home” and Keith's movements making her
curious enough to move. “Come on, then. We're wasting time that could be spent with your dick in my mouth.”

“Mi cielo, you're so filthy.” Laughing, Lance made sure Blue's harness was secure before having her jump off the bench. “Did you bring your bike or did you walk?”

“I know for a fact you love that I'm filthy.” Keith smiled, slinging an arm around him when he stood. “And I brought the bike. I came straight here from work today.”

“Cool.” Lance walked with him, grinning. “How was work today, chico lindo? I know how much you just love having a desk job.”

Keith scoffed. “It sucked. I hate not being able to work with my hands.” Of course, he still didn't regret punching that bastard in the face, he only regretted what had happened to his own hand. “It's okay, though. I only have a few more weeks left of it and then hopefully this stupid splint can come off.”

“At least it's just your pinky.” Lance smiled. They sort of already were a married couple. They'd been living together nearly the full month and a half they'd known one another. There'd been that instant connection, an immediate click for them both that had only blossomed and settled into something wonderfully comfortable. They were happy in their little cabin with their pets. He kissed Keith's cheek. “.”

Keith grinned, big and bright. If only Lance knew what that word meant… “Yeah, . And I don't have that much longer with it on, but it's still annoying.”

“It'll be gone soon, big baby.” His smile went gleefully wicked. “And then you can try riding me again.”

Oh yeah, Keith definitely hit the jackpot with Lance. He tightened his hold around him, stopping their forward momentum for a second so he could get a taste of Lance's smirk. “That's the best thing I've heard all day.”

He laughed, rubbing their noses together for the hell of it. “Y’know, I used to be sweet and innocent before I knew you.”

“I know. It was adorable.” Chuckling, Keith kissed the tip of his nose before resuming their walk back to the bike. “You're welcome, by the way, for opening your eyes and breaking you out of that shell.”

“Oh. Uh-huh.” Lance bumped their hips together. “I'm still adorable, though.”

“Yes, you are.” Keith smiled, sliding his hand down to rest in the back pocket of Lance's jeans while they walked. It didn't take them long to get back to the bike, getting Blue all strapped in and ready to go and finally lifting Lance up onto the seat.

It took only a few minutes for them to get home, Blue's harness being hung on the hook next to the door when they got inside. As soon as their shoes were kicked off, Keith wrapped both arms around Lance and drew him close for a kiss. “I'm gonna feed Red and Blue right now. Why don't you go get settled in bed.”

“I can definitely do that. Any special requests?”

Keith thought about it, about what special request he could make of him. He also thought about how amazing his boyfriend was to even think to ask that question. Smile turning wicked, he trailed his lips
to Lance’s ear. “Wanna try sixty-nining?”

“O-oh.” In some ways, Lance still held onto some of the sweet and innocent he’d started with. Color flooded his cheeks, but he nodded. “Yes.”

Keith kissed his blush, still so awed by the reactions he was able to pull from him. “Then I think I just want you on your back. Everything but the panties off.”

“Te quiero, mi novio dulce. Feed them fast.” Lance kissed him, quick and sweet, before heading down the hall to their bedroom. He closed the door so he would hear when Keith came in, immediately removing his shirt and finding the laundry hamper he’d insisted they start leaving in the corner. Keith’s habit of just tossing everything to the floor had to stop somewhere, preferably before Lance broke his neck.

Amused, he shimmed out of his jeans next and tossed them after his shirt. It left him bare but for the thin swatch of lace. Biting his lip, excitement coursing through him in the way only Keith had ever inspired, Lance turned down the covers before climbing into bed. He plumped the pillows, stacking them so he could recline comfortably. If he could actually see the door, he’d be able to see it open, to be able to shift his expression into something sultry and come-hither as it opened. As it was, he’d settle for eager.

Eager and just stupidly happy. “Soy tuyo.” he murmured, stroking himself through the panties. It was the sweetest sentiment in the entire world, and Lance was going to do his best to reward him in the filthy ways he wanted. His head fell back against the pillows as his hand sped up, moan spilling freely from his lips as his length hardened and began to strain against the fabric containing it.

Expecting but not quite knowing what he was going to see when he opened the door, Keith's breath caught when he saw Lance laid out and on display. “Fuck, baby. I've said it before, but I love seeing you like this.” He shut the door behind him, drawing his shirt off and tossing it into the hamper, his pants and boxers following it, and knelt onto the bed. He trailed kisses up Lance's legs as he crawled up, tonguing along the panties when he reached them. “You're such a good boy.”

He always wanted to be his good boy. Forever. Lance's hand fell from himself to tangle in Keith's hair, another moan escaping. “Soy tuyo.”

“That's right,” Keith murmured, dragging his tongue across his trapped length and tasting Lance's pre through the lace. “You're mine forever, Lance. I'm never letting you go.”

“[I'll love you forever],” he agreed, whimper soft and full of need. “Keith, please.”

“Yeah, come here. Slide down a little bit.” Keith helped him get situated in the center of the bed, bending down to kiss him briefly. And then, without warning, he flipped them carefully so Lance was on top, Keith's hands cupping his hips. “There, now all you have to do is turn around.”

“Mmhm.” He'd been hoping to be on top, so stole another kiss before carefully turning. He leaned forward slowly, hands finding and fingers kneading his thighs. It was different laying atop Keith from this angle, his knees on either side of his head to keep his lower half elevated. A hand slid away from his thigh to stroke his dick, feeling it twitch beneath his touch. “Mi cielo,” he breathed, dropping a kiss low on his abdomen.

Keith moaned at the touches, both hands caressing from Lance's hips to his ass, kneading his firm muscles through the thin lace. “Yeah, baby,” he breathed, pressing down to get Lance to spread his legs and get his groin closer to his face. He licked across the panties, tasting him again. “Y’know, I've never actually been in this position before.”
“Your sex life was boring before me, buddy.” Lance’s laugh was breathless, fingers wrapping around his length and tongue sweeping across his cockhead. “You're welcome.”

Keith’s hips gave a little jerk, fingers digging in a little bit harder on Lance’s backside. Compared to his sex life now, it had been pretty boring before Lance. But he wasn’t going to dwell, didn’t want to look back on it ever again now that he had the best boyfriend anyone could ever ask for. Smiling, he opened his mouth and suckled on the tip of Lance’s cock, jutting out just so over the waistband. “Yeah, I'll just have to think of some more ways to thank you.”

“That’s... This is a good- good start.” Lance moaned, hips swaying and eyes closing in pleasure. And, oh, he could give some of it right back like this. He steadily swallowed him down further, bobbing his head and moving his tongue in the ways he knew Keith liked.

“...[Oh, fuck], Lance. Just- just like that.” Not wanting to stop groping him, Keith drew the panties down carefully with his teeth, enough so the waistband was tucked just under the base of Lance’s cock. It slapped him in the cheek when it was free, leaving a smear of pre on his skin, warm in the cool air of the room. Eager for more, he parted his lips and sucked him down, working his throat around him and moaning.

Lance’s outcry was muffled, fingers flexing on his thigh and his dick. His head lifted, tongue swirling over the head and teasing the slit. “Tan bien, mi cielo.” He slid down on a low moan, sucking him down to the hilt. It was the furthest he’d managed, throat working around his cock as he tested his gag reflex.

Keith pulled back on a small, surprised yelp. He hadn't been expecting Lance to take him in that far, but loved every second of the wet heat surrounding him. “F-fuck, Lance. That’s so good. You’re so good.” Not to be outdone, Keith took him back in, swallowing him down and relaxing his jaw until he could tap on Lance’s leg in the tacit sign for him to move however he wanted.

Lance whimpered around him, his thrusts shallow. He tried to keep his focus on pleasing Keith rather than the sensations Keith gave him, but it was difficult when he just felt so incredible. He kept him deep, throat slowly relaxing as he got used to his girth. Humming, his moans muffled, Lance bobbed his head in time with his thrusts.

The moan that escaped Keith was enough to not only be felt, but heard around the hardened flesh in his mouth. He willed his throat to open even more, letting the head of Lance’s cock bump into the back of it with every thrust of his hips, the panties rubbing against his nose. Pre was leaking steadily onto the back of his tongue, Keith eagerly swallowing every drop of it, wanting to taste the rest of what was to come.

Lance pushed down on his thighs, unable to handle his motion just yet, especially not when he was so close. But he swallowed him down again, throat relaxing much faster around him this time so he could suck hungrily, tongue bathing every bit of skin it could reach.

Okay, so Keith definitely hadn't taught him how to say delicious; he would know. There was something going on here that he couldn't quite figure out, but he wasn't about to question it now, didn't want to pull off of Lance’s dick again until he came, warm and wet down his throat. He hummed loudly, feeling the vibrations travel through Lance’s body in the form of shivers as he bucked his hips back up into Lance’s mouth.

“Ay, mi cielo.”
Fuck. Now he just wanted Lance to come, knew he was already close since he'd learned the signs. Keith trailed his fingers underneath the hem of the panties, slipping between his crack and ghosting over his rim. Come on.

Lance had to lift his head or risk choking, crying out as his release spilled down Keith's throat. His hips continued their shallow thrusts, unable to help himself. “Keith! Ay, mi cielo, tan bien.”

Keith swallowed everything Lance gave him, humming softly around him as his spurts weakened until they stopped altogether. His fingers gripped Lance's hips, lifting him up so his softening cock could slip out of his mouth. “So good, baby,” he murmured, kissing the tip and licking up the rest of his release. “Now finish me off, please.”

Still reeling from release, Lance sank back down. He licked and sucked every inch as he lowered his head. Following Keith's lead, he slid a hand down and rubbed a finger teasingly over his rim.

“Oh. Oh, Lance, that- Fuck!” He’d been close enough that the touch sent him over the edge, Lance's name spilling from his lips as his release spilled down Lance's throat. His hips rocked up gently, subconsciously aware of Lance's poor gag reflex. “Oh god, baby…”

Though the angle was new, Lance swallowed greedily and managed most of it. He eagerly lapped up what he'd missed, licking Keith clean until he was soft. “Sabes tan bien, mi cielo. Me encanta.”

“Yeah, I love it too.” Keith smoothed his hands down Lance's thighs, the trembling from his orgasm slowly coming to a stop. “Turn back around so I can kiss you.”

As eager for his taste as he was to just press close and cuddle for the time they had left, Lance sat up and turned. He stretched out atop him again, finding his lips for a greedy kiss.

Keith smiled into it, arms wrapping low around him and tongue stealing between Lance's lips to lap at his own taste in his boyfriend's mouth. The kiss was slow and lazy, Keith keeping watch over Lance's face with half-hooded eyes, and when they pulled away from each other, he pressed sweet kisses to Lance's eyelids. “I love you, Lance,” he muttered, more affectionate in his post-orgasmic haze. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, mi cielo.” Lance smiled, fingers threading through his hair as he snuggled close. He'd kept this secret long enough, and it was as good a time as any to admit to it. “[Haneure sojunghangeon byeorigo],” he murmured. “[Ttangege sojunghangeon kkocigo].”

Keith's arms tightened around him, his breath hitching next to Lance's ear where he had his face buried in his boyfriend's neck. “Lance…” He pressed his lips to the skin behind Lance's ear, sucking a faint mark. “…[Yeobo... Nado saranghae. Gyeolhonhaejwo].”

It was Lance's turn to have his breath hitch. “I- Are you asking because you think I don’t know or are you asking for real?”

What? “Wait… You- you know what that means?”

“! [Ye! Naneun hangugeoreur baeugo isseo.] Allura set me up with a tutor a few weeks ago. I don't know everything, but I know enough that I wanted to tell you.” He sat up and smiled down at him, tugging his panties back up into place. “And today, I found out something new. I know what is. The part you didn't tell me.”

“[Really]?” But with that smile aimed at him, Keith couldn't even find it in himself to be embarrassed or even upset that he hadn't been the one to tell him. He would have. Eventually.
Resting his hands on Lance's thighs, he kneaded the muscles in his legs, returning the smile though Lance couldn't see it. He'd be able to hear it. “I'm asking for real,” he confessed, heart beating like mad in his chest. “Marry me.”

“Only you would ask me when we're naked and have dick breath,” Lance teased, leaning down to steal a kiss. “Nan dangsingwa gyeolhonhanda.”

Keith wrapped his arms around Lance’s shoulders to hold him close for another kiss, a breathless laugh puffing out against his lips. “Neon nar haengbokhage hae. Saranghae.”

Lance giggled. “I love you too.”

“I almost can't believe that you want to marry me.” It seemed like it was way too soon, but then Keith thought about how he'd fallen in love with his boyfriend in less than two weeks. How Lance had made him actually believe in soulmates and true love. How he’d just known that Lance was the one he wanted to be with for the rest of his life. He held him tighter, trailing kisses across his face and down to his neck. “Holy shit, Lance. We're gonna get married.”

Lance laughed, squirming against him happily. “Holy crow, we're getting married. Keith! I'll be your for real.”

“Yeah. Yeah, you absolutely will be.” His eyes started to water, happy tears threatening to fall as his lips sucked a darker mark over the one he'd left earlier. “My Lance. For real.”

“Te quiero, mi cielo.” Lance stroked his sides, smile bright. “I thought after learning what it means that you might think of us as married or maybe that you wanted to marry me, but holy crow.” He laughed, giddy as can be, and rolled them so Keith could settle atop him. “I love you. I'll love you forever.”

“Nado. Eonjena geurigo yeongwonhi, yeobo.” Keith leaned down and captured his lips again, keeping it tame but no less passionate. “I'm so in love with you. And I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you.” Which meant he would need to start planning now.

“You're in luck, mi cielo. We already started.” Lance wound his arms around him, stroking his back. “Hunk’s celebration food is gonna have to cover so much.”

Keith laughed, relaxing further under Lance's touch, letting his lips travel back across his face. “He always makes so much food anyway,” he murmured between kisses, “I don't think it'll be a problem.”

“Mm-mm. Probably not.” His phone dinged across the room, still in his jacket pocket. “That's probably one of them. What time is it?”

Lifting his head, Keith glanced at the clock on the bedside table. “Just after five thirty.” He could hardly believe that it was that late already, but time always seemed to fly when he was spending it with Lance. Sometimes that was a bad thing. “So yeah, it's probably Hunk.”

“Then we should probably move soon.” Lance ducked his head to nuzzle into his neck, nipping lightly. “We should probably call Shiro and Allura at some point. If Shiro's not upset that we didn't tell them, Allura will be.”

Keith didn't really want to move, comfortable enough to just lay there the rest of the night, but he also didn't want their friends to see them naked. He smiled, slipping his hand into Lance's hair. “And your family.”
“Well, yeah, absolutely my family, but that's better in person. My mom's gonna cry.” Lance smiled against his neck. “None of them are finding out that you asked me in bed, though. I'm not living with that embarrassment.”

“No, of course not.” A chuckle escaped him, drawing Lance up by his hair to kiss him again. “But I'll give you a proper proposal later, with a ring and everything. And we're gonna need help planning the wedding.” And holy shit, they had to plan their wedding. Keith had to kiss him again, too overcome with happiness to do anything but.

Laughing into it, Lance held him tight and close. He didn't know when they would possibly have time to plan a wedding, but they were going to. He could hardly wait to start, ideas already swirling in his mind. Maybe they could get married in the park. His whole family, their friends. Something casual and easy and he had to find out from someone if Keith had pictures of his parents and then he could-

He could get ahead of himself, apparently. Lance let his head fall back against the pillows, smile bright with love. “I love you.”

“I love you too, .” Keith’s own smile hadn’t dimmed, but he rolled off of Lance to stand up. “Now’s the time we need to move. We still need to get dressed.”

“What, you don't think they'd appreciate me walking around like this?”

“I mean, Id appreciate it,” he suggested, tugging on a clean pair of boxers and tossing Lance a pair of jeans. “But no, probably not. Besides, I don't want anybody else ogling you.”

“Maybe I'll walk around like this for you later.” Lance rolled out of bed to wiggle into his jeans, and wandered to the closet to pick out a shirt. “And you can do some hands-on ogling.”

“Sounds perfect,” Keith replied, popping his head out of the shirt he was putting on. He snagged another pair of jeans and tugged those on as well before coming up behind Lance to kiss the back of his neck. “Now come on. Check your phone and then we can spend some time with our kids before everyone gets here.”

Lance giggled, turning to steal a proper kiss. “Okay. We have to tell the babies we're getting married.” Beaming, he found his jacket and pulled out his phone to play Hunk’s message.

From Hunk [17:28] You guys ready yet? Text me when we can head over. Food's all ready

From Lance [17:36] What'd you make?

From Hunk [17:38] Oh no, it fell into the trash.

From Lance [17:38] broken heart emoji I'm telling Shay

From Hunk [17:39] :) On our way. Pidge is here already, so be there soon

From Lance [17:40] Kay. Big news when you get here!!

Laughing, Keith took Lance’s phone from him and stowed it in his own pocket, and then, because he hadn't done it in a while, picked Lance up to carry him into the living room. Red and Blue were lounging on the couch, but moved over when they saw their dads heading their way. Keith plopped down, Lance in his lap, and immediately drew him down for a kiss. “You can tell them.”

Lance grinned, turning sideways in his lap to snuggle against him, and reached out for the first pet
who'd come to him. Red leapt into his arms, Blue edging close enough to rest her muzzle on his thigh and grumble. “Guess what, babies! Your dads are getting married!” The words fell on clueless ears, but both pets understood excitement and affection. Blue woofed softly and Red began to purr in Lance’s hold, bunting her head against the bottom of his chin.

“God, that’s adorable.” Adorable and exciting and, fuck, Keith was so in love. He rested a hand on Blue’s head so he could scratch behind her ear, watching as Red cuddled as close to Lance as possible. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Lance turned his head to kiss his cheek, head tipping to rest against his shoulder. “Pidge and Hunk are going to be sick of us.”

“They’re just gonna have to deal with it.” Keith wrapped his other arm around Lance to hold him close, pressing his hand firmly in the middle of Lance’s back. “Because we’re getting married.”

Lance buried his face in Red’s fur, muffling his excited sounds. They were getting married! “Text Shiro.”

Smile wide, Keith dug his own phone out of his pocket, starting a group message to both Shiro and Allura.

hey lance wanted me to let you guys know we’re engaged

[Allura] That’s wonderful! Congratulations to both of you!

[Shiro] 😍😍😍😍😍

[Shiro] Can’t say I didn’t see this coming but congrats. Who asked who?

I asked him but I don’t actually have a ring yet...
gonna save up for one but i need ideas

[Shiro] We'll talk about it later buddy. 🎉🎉🎉 Hope you and Lance have celebration plans.

[Allura] Yes. And we'll all have to get together soon to congratulate you properly.

thanks guys, we'll get together soon. Hunk, shay and pidge are coming over in a couple minutes and we're gonna tell them too.
Realizing what he’d just done, Keith’s cheeks burned bright red and he was quick to toss his phone onto the coffee table. He cupped his hands on Lance’s hips, trying to will away the embarrassment. “They said congratulations.”

“That long and all they said was congratulations?” Lance smiled, kissing Keith’s cheek, and laughed at the warmth he found. “Aw, you’re blushing. Did he pull the big brother card?”

“Kind of. It was- nevermind.” He shook his head, instead returning the cheek kiss. “I’m just stupid.”

“,. [Ani, gwiyeopda.]” Lance held Red up to him. “Here, princesita, tell daddy Keith that he’s cute.”

She meowed loudly in his face, swatting at his nose. “Thanks, brat.” But Keith smiled and leaned forward to kiss her on the head, dodging her paw as she tried to hit him again. “Stop, oh my god.”

Lance grinned, listening to Blue bark and feeling her bounce on the cushion beside them. “Go get a toy, pupper.”

Tail wagging, she scrambled from the couch to find something that squeaked, and ran back to headbutt Keith's leg.
“Hey, I'm not the one who told you to grab one.” But he reached down and took it from her, squeaking it a few times to get her riled up before throwing it down the hallway. She almost slipped in her haste to turn around and run after it, nails clicking wildly on the wood floor. “Crazy dog,” he laughed.

“Don’t insult our baby, asshole.” Lance let Red leap from his arms to crawl up Keith's shoulder and sprawl on the back of the couch. “You ignore him, mi perrita dulce.” She grumbled around the toy, headbutting Keith's leg again.

“I'm not insulting her. She is crazy.” Keith tried to take the toy from her again, but she wouldn't let go of it, wagging her tail and tugging at it. “Come on, really? You mean you don't want to fetch?” She grumbled again and finally let go, barking at him. “Alright, here.” And he tossed it back down the hall.

She ran after it, and Lance slipped off Keith's lap to lay down, head resting in his lap. Red hopped down to sprawl across his chest, making him smile as he scratched her behind the ear. “When they get here, you should put on music or something. But I really like this for now.”

“Anything you want, .” His own smile rivaled Lance’s as he carded a hand through his hair. Blue came bounding back over with her toy, butting his leg yet again. “You're lucky you're cute, [princess],” Keith mumbled, throwing it for her again.

“You'd love her even if she wasn't,” Lance pointed out, eyes closing as contentment washed through him. “Ella es nuestra bebé.”

“I would love her. I do love her.” When she trotted back over, Keith rubbed her chin, smile only growing when her whole body wiggled as her tail wagged. “You're a good girl, Blue. What is it that Lance says? Chica buena?” She dropped the toy and barked, hopping back up onto the other side of the couch to lick his face.

“Ay, mi cielo.” Lance laughed, lifting a hand to pet Blue's side. “You're learning.”

“Well, yeah. You're learning Korean.” And while he probably wasn't going to ever take classes to learn Spanish, he'd at least try to remember some of what Lance said. “You can teach me.”

“I absolutely can. And, y'know, I've got my whole life to do it. You wanna know why?” Keith grinned, the fingers in his hair lightly scratching his scalp. “Why?”

“Because we're getting married.” Lance giggled, lifting a hand to his mouth to muffle it. “Holy crow, Keith, I'm marrying you.”

“Yeah, you are.” Wrapping his fingers around Lance's wrist, Keith pulled his hand away from his mouth, lifting it to kiss his palm. “More importantly, I'm marrying you.”

“That is much more important,” he agreed, free hand sliding beneath his shirt to stroke warm skin beneath. “[Dangsineun nae jeonbu ipnida.]”

“Oh, Lance…” Keith kissed the pad of each finger on Lance's hand, then trailed kisses down his arm before lifting his head to press a kiss to his lips. “[I'll love you forever. Always and forever.]”

“I'm so glad I started taking lessons.” He grinned. “Who knows how long it would've taken you to actually propose?”
“Not that long. I've been thinking about it.” Not exactly about actually proposing, but he knew for a fact that he wanted to marry Lance. “I really didn't want to do it without a ring for you, but, well, I just didn't expect you to know what that meant.”

“Yeah, well, I wanted to surprise you. I've been practicing the poem for ages so I could.”

“I was definitely surprised.” Keith kissed his hand again, holding onto it. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, mi cielo.” Lance laced their fingers, smile soft. “We get to be a family.”

“Yeah we do.” Keith kept his lips pressed to Lance's hand, wanting to keep him close. “가. [Gajok. Nae nampyeon.]”

Lance nudged Red to the cushion so he could sit up, cupping Keith's cheek and sinking into an easy kiss. “I know what that means. . . I love you so much.”

“Mm, I love you too.” Keith was just pulling him closer for another kiss when there was a knock at the door. Sighing, he stole a quick one and then scooted out from under Lance, making his way to the door. When he opened it, Hunk, Shay, and Pidge were all waiting to be invited in. “Hey, guys.”

Blue was happy to squirm around Keith to greet everyone in her own way, tail wagging and excitement pouring out in soft woofs and happy grumbles. Pidge, the only one with a free hand, scratched her behind the ear with a grin. “Hey. Sorry to interrupt what was probably a gross make out session.”

Hunk flushed. “Pidge, can we just not?”

They laughed, elbowing him as they stepped inside. “What, I'm not talking about you and Shay this time.”

“This time,” he echoed.

Lance rose, feeling Red scramble off the couch to likely hide in her cat condo. “Did you catch them at it?”

“Pssh. He forgets that I know where the spare key is. Walked in on him trying to put the moves on Shay.”

“Hunk doesn't have moves.”

“Exactly.”

Laughing, Keith took one of the bags from Shay's full hands then stepped aside to let her and Hunk in. “Well, come on then. I'm hungry and whatever you made smells amazing.”

“Shay helped me out, so I don't doubt it.”

“Oh, well, I only did as you asked.” Smile shy, she stepped forward when Hunk ushered her ahead of him and followed Pidge to the kitchen. “Thank you very much for inviting me over. Both of you. Your home is lovely.”

“Thanks, Shay. You guys are welcome to come over whenever.” At Lance’s pointed look, poor aim aside, he turned back to Shay to amend his statement. “Just… call first.”

Lance nodded, patting Blue's head when she came to his side in search of guidance. Were they staying to play or were they all leaving? “Here, Shay. Take a seat on the ugly couch.”
“Oh, no, I should finish helping in the kitchen.”

“Nah. Someone’s gotta play with my girl here. She's not used to visitors and maybe if you guys are on your own, Red’ll come out. She likes to hide in her cat condo.”

“Because she hates everyone,” Pidge pointed out, taking the last of the bags from Shay in defiance of her protests.

“She loves her dads and that's all that matters.”

“But yeah, she really hates Pidge and Hunk for whatever reason. She should be just fine with you, Shay,” Keith assured her, following the other two into the kitchen.

“Oh. Um. If you insist.” Shay sank down slowly, smiling when Blue plucked up a tug rope and gazed at her with adoring eyes. “Alright. I shall be happy to entertain you, Blue.” She trotted over, tail wagging when Shay tugged at her rope and softly mimicked her growls as her guard steadily lowered.

Lance leaned against the doorframe, listening to the play in the living room as well as the light bickering in the kitchen. His family and his friends all together in one place. His new guide dog was playing happily. He couldn't have said what Red was up to, waiting for someone to give him a hint. “Keith, will you stop arguing with Pidge long enough to tell everyone our news?”

The chatter fell silent, all three heads in the kitchen turned towards Lance in the doorway. Keith smiled, walking over to his boyfriend - no, fiancé - and slipping an arm around his waist, holding him close. “Oh yeah, we're getting married.”

Lance laughed. “You say it so nonchalantly. Like, zero buildup.”

“What, should I have hung a sign that drops from the ceiling when I pull a string or something?” Keith pressed a kiss to his temple, ignoring the bewildered looks they were receiving. “I mean, I know it's a big deal, but does it need a huge reveal? We're getting married!”

“That would've been cool. You should've done that.”

“Wait, are you serious? Is this a thing that’s actually happening? There was an actual proposal? Is there a ring? Who asked who? Is there a date? Have you even thought about dates? When did this happen?” Hunk babbled, wide eyes flicking from Keith to Lance. “You’re engaged?!”

“Yes, yes, yes, no, Keith asked me by accident, not yet, not yet, less than an hour ago... and yes.” Lance leaned against Keith, grinning. “There. I think I covered them all.”

“Oh my god.” Pidge held up a hand, eyes rolling towards the ceiling. These idiots. “What do you mean by accident? What the heck did you do, Keith?”

“Uh…” He knew they weren't telling Lance's family for obvious reasons, but didn't know if their friends were off limits too. Probably yes, but Keith didn't really care if they knew. He'd live with the lifetime of embarrassment. “It kinda slipped out? After we had sex.” Less than an hour ago, as Lance had already informed them, so they could do with that information what they would.

Lance socked him, eyes wide and face a brilliant shade of red. “We literally just talked about not telling people that!”

“Where's your bleach?” Pidge wondered. “I need to wash my brain out.”
Keith rubbed his arm where Lance had hit him; he was even more deceptively strong than Keith looked. “Ow…” he muttered, but he tightened his hold around his waist. “Sorry…” But the reactions were worth it.

“No, you're not. You're an asshole.” Lance folded his arms, still completely mortified. “He asked me in Korean because he didn't know I've been taking lessons. Now I'm wondering why I even said yes.”

“Because you love me?” Keith had absolutely fucked up, and he was big enough to admit that. Now he'd have to find some way to make it up to Lance.

“Mm. I'm gonna go see if Red's ready to come out.” Lance elbowed him, face still bright red as he swept out of the room.

Pidge snickered. “Way to go, Keith. An hour into this engagement and you're ruining it.”

“He's fine. He's just embarrassed.” Hunk was too, honestly, blush almost as deep as Lance's. “He'll just pout about it for a while, but at least it's just us. And some imagery I'll never be able to get out of my head.”

“Just use bleach,” Pidge suggested.

“It’s under the sink,” Keith commented with a nonchalant wave of his hand, before following Lance. He could see Pidge throw their hands up in the air as he left. He found him on the couch in the living room with Shay, playing with Blue. Sighing, he sat down next to him, a bit of a squeeze on the smallish couch. “I am sorry, Lance,” he murmured, placing a hand on his knee. “You know I don't think before I talk…”

Lance knew that, was even amused by it most of the time. But they'd talked about not giving away that particular detail already and Lance also knew Keith had been amused by their reactions and maybe Pidge’s would've been funnier if Lance had been prepared. His shoulders moved in a restless shrug, face tipped away from Keith. “Don’t do it again.”

“I won't, I promise.” He already knew they weren't going to tell his family that, but Keith thought it would have been okay to tell their friends. Apparently he'd thought wrong. He squeezed Lance's knee gently, leaning over to press an apologetic kiss to his cheek. “We okay?”

Lance shifted into Keith's lap to give Shay more room on the couch and because he didn't want to be mad at Keith. “How embarrassed was Hunk?”

Smiling, pleased that Lance didn't seem to be that mad at him, Keith wrapped his arms around his waist. “His face was redder than yours.”

Lance smiled, laying his hands on Keith's arm. “How red was he when Pidge walked in on you and him, Shay?”

She shook her head, golden hoops clinking lightly. “Do not tease when you are just as bad, Lance.”

“Listen to her, killing my fun. Lame.”

Her lips curved as she rose. “I am going to see if assistance is required in the kitchen.”

Keith chuckled, hooking his chin over Lance’s shoulder. “Okay, let me know if you guys need help.”
“You're a bad host.” Lance laughed, sliding off his lap and giving him a shove. “Give me my cat and then we're both going to the kitchen.”

Sighing dramatically, Keith pushed himself up, retrieving Red from where she'd slunk out of her cat condo but hadn't made her way quite to the couch yet. He held her in his arms as he stepped close to Lance. “You're not mad at me, right, baby?” he asked, placing a kiss at the corner of his mouth.

“Mm-mm.” Lance let his lips curve into a smirk. “Well, at least not mad enough to call off our brand new engagement.”

“Okay, good.” Keith stole a better kiss from him. “I am really sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you like that.”


“I'll make it up to you.” Somehow. Keith still didn't know how, but he would. “Now come on, let's go into the kitchen with our friends.” He took Lance’s arm in a position opposite from how they normally walked and led him to the kitchen, where the light bickering had picked back up, this time between Hunk and Pidge. Keith laughed as he sat down in one of the chairs, pulling Lance into his lap. “Hunk, what's for dinner?” he interrupted.

"I just put together a seafood buffet. Shrimp and some fish. This one's just mad that I made the cocktail sauce too spicy.”

“You don't need to add extra tabasco,” Pidge grumbled.

“But that's the best part,” Lance pointed out. As picky as he was, one thing he'd been raised on was spice. “Just don't eat it.”

“You can't have shrimp without cocktail sauce, Lance. It's sacrilegious.”

“Is it, though?”

“Pidge, I do possess an extra bottle if you would like to share,” Shay offered.

“Now I'm starting to think Hunk doesn't deserve you,” they mused, slanting Hunk a smirking look. He lifted his chin with an offended little sound. “Well, now you don't get any shrimp at all.”

“Don't worry, Pidge, I'll sneak you some,” Keith assured them, earning a high-five.

“Thank you, Keith. At least someone around here appreciates me.” They stuck their tongue out at Hunk, who rolled his eyes in response.

Lance shook his head and stroked Red's bristled fur to soothe her, amused by her displeasure. “Aw, did Pidge make you mad by breathing? My poor princesita.”

They scoffed. “Your cat's just a demon.”

He gasped, lifting Red up to his cheek. “Don't listen to her, mi princesita pobre [my poor little princess]. Eres un ángel preciosa. [You're a precious angel.]”

Smiling, Keith reached around him and scratched behind Red's ear, kissing Lance's shoulder. “Lance is right. Our cat is an angel and she loves us.” She was their angel, and Keith loved her, Blue, and Lance all equally. He trailed his lips up to Lance's neck, suckling a small kiss to his nape. “And you can shut up, Pidge.”
“See if you get any more high fives, geez. Why'd I even come over here?”

Lance laughed, shifting in Keith's lap to catch his lips in a quick kiss. “Because you can't get enough of us.”

They snorted. “I think I've almost had enough. Shay's the only one I like right now.” A soft woof caused smiles all around. “Okay, and Blue. But who doesn't like Blue?” They crouched to scratch her behind the ears.

“Everyone likes Blue. If they don't, they're wrong.” Keith turned Lance's face back to him for another kiss, wanting to get another taste of the lips he was so addicted to.

“You've been around Lance for far too long,” Pidge complained. “You're starting to talk like him now too. It's disturbing. Unnatural.”

“It's probably because their lips are glued together. The speech patterns are transferring,” Hunk decided while Lance giggled into the kiss.

“You guys both suck.”

“I mean, ye- ow.” Keith cut off when Lance elbowed him in the ribs. Just for that, he nipped him sharply on the back of the neck.

Two different voices sounded in the small room, “Gross.”

“You just keep digging that hole, Keith. Holy crow.” Lance squirmed in his lap, shifting Red so she could bat his face. “Get him.”

“Hey!” Red swatted his nose, though thankfully she still had her claws retracted. “See if you get any later…” he mumbled, loud enough for only Lance to hear.

“Like you can resist me,” Lance teased softly before standing. He let Red take his place in Keith's lap. “I'm starving. Is food even ready?”

“Pretty much. I'm just warming things at this point. So, yeah, we can eat.”

Red wasn't nearly as warm as Lance, already feeling a slight chill working its way through him at his absence, but Red at least curled up and didn't try to run away. “Good, I'm starving too.” Still. “You need me to get plates down?”

“I've got it.” Lance smiled, finding the cabinet by habit. He pulled down five of the bigger set, pleased with himself when no one corrected him. “But you can put stuff on my plate. I wouldn't mind that.”

“I can definitely do that. You wanna sit back down with Red while I fix it up for you?” At the mention of her name, Red lifted her head to stare at Lance. Keith stroked a hand down her back, smiling when she arched slightly into the touch. “Otherwise she'll just run off and hide again.”

They traded plates for cat, Lance happy to cuddle her and stroke Blue's head when she settled by him and laid her chin on his knee. It was perfect, surrounded by his friends and his little family.

Pidge smiled, taking a plate. “I think marriage is gonna suit you two.”

“Oh, man, who would've thought all this was gonna happen just because Keith agreed to meet me at the mall one day?” Hunk grinned, loading up a plate for Shay. “I should get an award or something.”

“Wow."

“Lance, don't be mean. If it wasn’t for Hunk, we wouldn't be where we are n- ow!” This elbow came from Pidge, fortunately after he’d already set the plates down. What was everyone’s deal with hitting him today? “What’d you do that for?”

“You wouldn't have even gone to the mall if it weren't for me that day, so not all of that credit can go to Hunk,” they pointed out.

“Yeah, I know. Everyone already knew that. You didn’t have to hit me.”

“Don't be such a baby.”

Lance laughed. “Pidge, please don't abuse my brand new fiancé. I'll do it for you.”

“Why am I being bullied all of a sudden?” Keith asked out loud, even as he absent-mindedly loaded Lance’s plate with shrimp and fish and whatever else Hunk had brought. He set it down on the table in front of him, patting Blue on the head. “I don’t deserve this, [princess].” She grumbled in soft agreement, happily snapping up the fish he tossed her.

“I'm pretty sure you do.” Lance grinned, taking the fork he was passed as well. “Maybe if you're nice, we'll stop picking on you.”

Keith pouted, but dropped a kiss in his hair anyway. “When am I actually not nice to you, though?”

“Mm... I'll think of something eventually. Go fix your plate so you can sit with me.”

Straightening up, Keith did as he was told, piling his own plate full of food while ignoring Pidge’s knowing smirk and the quiet whipping noise they made under their breath. When he sat back at the table, he slipped another little piece of fish to Blue, earning a lick on his breath. He smiled, setting a small bowl next to Lance's plate. “I got you some extra cocktail sauce since you're going through yours pretty quick already.”

“Now I'm starting to remember why I said yes.”

“You said yes because Keith has made you happy.” Shay set her plate down, smiling at Lance's light blush. “Would either of you want anything to drink?’

“Oh, um, sodas are in the fridge.” Shit, Keith really was a bad host. “Lance likes Mountain Dew. I drink the root beer. But I can get them, Shay.”

“That is alright. I am still standing, and this is supposed to be a celebration for you both. Well, now it is for you both.”

Lance's grin lit up, his eyes shining. “Bail revoked! That's seriously worth a ton of celebrating. I should've splurged and gotten some tequila or something.”

Hunk chuckled. “It's in the freezer. Grabbed a whiskey for Keith, too.”

“Hunk, you're, like, my favorite person!”

Keith held back the quip about himself being Lance's favorite person, instead popping the tab on his soda when Shay set it down in front of him. “Thanks, Shay. And Hunk. We'll bust out the bottles after we eat.”
Pidge dropped her plate onto the table and took a spot beside Keith. It was going to be a squeeze for all of them at the small table, but they'd make it work. “I'm seriously still bummed that I was out front the day that asshole finally showed up. Watching Keith dislocate his jaw would've been the highlight of my life.”

“It was the highlight of mine, and I didn't even get to watch it.” Lance patted his heart for dramatic effect. “And then, of course, hitting him myself just made it even better.”

“Were you not frightened?” Shay wondered, sitting when Hunk pulled out a chair for her.

“I was just scared that he was gonna hurt Blue. I heard her growling and kind of moved on instinct. He got one of my girls; he wasn't getting another.”

Smiling sadly, Keith scooted his chair closer to Lance so he could slip an arm around him while they ate. “I wasn't about to let anything happen to you or her either.” Even though his hand had been out of commission, he would have found a way. “But I'm glad you got a hit in. You deserved it.”

Lance smiled, turning his head to kiss his cheek. “I know we would've been fine, mi cielo. And it's even better knowing he's staying in jail through the whole trial.”

“Yeah, definitely.” Keith turned so their lips could meet briefly. “We're gonna bury him, babe.”

“Hell yeah we are.” Lance snuck Blue some more food, and then just had to give Red a piece when she meowed at him. “It's gonna be great.”

“It's also gonna take forever,” Pidge pointed out. “Did he waive his right to a speedy trial?”

“Oh, yeah. He thought for sure he'd get that bail, but nope. So he'll spend a few months stuck behind bars and it'll be great. He screwed himself.”

“Yep. Idiot bastard. I can't wait til he gets put away for good.” Right now it was enough for Keith to know that he was at least in jail, away from anybody else he could possibly hurt. Away from Lance, and away from them. “And then we can finally actually get married.”

Hunk looked up, swallowing a hearty bite. “You're gonna wait that long? No overnight elopement?”

“I don't even have a ring yet, so no.” Keith laughed, stabbing another piece of fish with his fork. “And I wanna wait until after the case is over at least. It would only be distracting.”

“Aww, mi cielo, you want to get us rings and everything?”

“Well, yeah. You want one, right?” Even if he didn't, Keith was gonna get him one. It would act as his claim, possessive over Lance as he was.

“As long as it's not ugly,” he teased. Though Lance quietly loved the idea. His own ring to show the whole world he was Keith's. “No one's allowed to let him get me an ugly ring.”

“Like you can see it anyway,” Pidge teased.

Keith glared at Pidge, further tightening his hold around Lance. “It won't be ugly, I promise.” But he had no idea where to start on picking one out.

“We need to call Allura.” Hunk laughed. “She'll know what to do.”

Lance tucked his face against Keith's laugh, muffling his giggles. “You're cute.”
“You love it.” Keith dropped his fork to his plate so he could cup Lance's cheek and pull him in for a kiss, ignoring the gagging sounds from Pidge next to him. “.

“.

“It's bad enough that we can't understand Lance when he babbles in Spanish. Now we have to listen to you both coo at each other in Korean?” Pidge poked Keith with their fork since the sounds hadn't worked. “Gross.”

“I find it to be very sweet. Lance has been working very hard to learn Keith's language.”

Cheeks pink, Lance smiled in Shay's direction. “Shay gets permanent favorite status. It's settled.”

Chuckling, Keith picked his utensil back up and started eating again, slipping both of their pets another piece of food. “Sorry guys, but yeah.”

“Aw, man.” Hunk smiled at Shay, making her duck her head with a shy smile of her own. “At least I haven't lost out to Pidge.”

“You'll get there eventually,” they threatened. “I'm very loveable and working for Coran means I can actually buy Christmas presents. You're going down.”

He gasped in mock offense. “That's cheating!”

“All's fair in love and war, pal!”

Lance chuckled softly, tipping his head to rest his head on Keith's shoulder while the playful bickering continued. His pets, his boyfriend-turned-fiancé, and his friends were all gathered together with good food and plenty of laughs. The man who'd killed his best friend and shattered his self-confidence with careless words and a heartless abandonment was in jail. There was still a fight ahead of him, sure, but he had everything he wanted.

And he didn't have to see them to know they were all as happy as him.

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Chapter End Notes

they're so gay and keith is dumb

♥
Chapter 16
Chapter by amycoolz

Chapter Notes

Last chapter!! Thanks to everyone who has followed this fic! It's our longest one yet, so if you've read all 200K+ words, that's fucking awesome. Kudos to you.

We're working on a couple more fics, but it'll take us a while to get those up (they're still all in progress). We love each and every one of you!

On their one year anniversary, Keith took Lance back to the mall.

Of course, they'd been back several times since their first couple of dates - emphasis on several - because Lance had insisted, and Keith was weak. Also because apparently the bath store had new scents every other month that Lance absolutely could not miss out on.

“New scents, Keith!”

A teasing “And?” always found its way out of Keith’s mouth.

And then Lance would scoff and look mildly offended, pouting until Keith caved and brought him. It was almost routine for them by now. Every other month, just like clockwork.

Keith secretly loved it though, only because he loved Lance so much.

That hadn’t changed either, their love for each other only growing stronger the longer they were together. Loving Lance was still just as exciting and predictably unpredictable as it was when he first realized he was in love with him a week and a half after their first date. It still filled him with the same affection and made his heart race just as fast as when he knew Lance was the one. And it still felt just as natural as anything Keith had ever felt, and that in and of itself was exciting too.

No, the only thing that had changed was the plan for their trip to the mall this time. This time, Keith was going to properly propose. He’d saved up for the best ring he could find, taking Allura and Hunk’s advice to pick out the perfect one. He'd decided to wait until after the court case against Zarkon was over, who was now definitely going away for a long, long time, because Keith wanted to focus all of his attention and effort on surprising Lance the best he could. Lance had said that Keith was his rock during the whole ordeal, and now Keith was going to give him one to wear.

They also had dinner reservations that night at one of the nicer restaurants in town since Keith still wanted to spoil the hell out of his boyfriend - fiancé? - but Keith wanted to do it where they’d had their first official date. And yeah, that made him a total sap, but he knew Lance loved it.

The ring box itself was a solid weight against his thigh in his pocket as they sat in the food court, each with a cinnamon sugar pretzel in one hand, blue raspberry lemonade in the other. With a giant smile on his face, Keith watched Lance eat his pretzel - meaning that Lance took a bite every maybe fifty words spoken, but it was adorable and Keith really liked hearing Lance talk anyway. Still, he reached over and pushed his pretzel up to his lips, hoping to get things moving along.
“Lance,” Keith muttered fondly after a while, setting his own half-eaten pretzel down on top of the wrapper on the table. He took Lance’s cup and set it down as well, taking his hand and squeezing gently. “I love you, baby.” He heard a snicker from the table next to them and turned to glare at Pidge. They still hadn’t let him live it down that he called Lance “baby” all the time.

Lance cocked his head in confusion. “What’s Pidge doing here?” He’d been under the impression that this was a date, a time for just him and Keith.

“And Hunk!” Keith’s fellow engineer chimed in from the table behind Lance. Shay, thankfully, stayed quiet.

“Okay, what are Pidge and Hunk doing here?”

“Hi, Lance.” Shiro’s voice this time, accompanied by Allura’s soft laughter.

“Holy crow, what is everyone doing here?”

“Just pretend we're not,” Coran put in from behind the screen of his recording phone.

Lance laughed, unable to help himself. Everyone was ridiculous. “Pretend you’re not what?”

“Ruining the moment,” Keith complained, glaring at all their friends gathered around them.

Lance’s head tilted to the other side, confused expression aimed in Keith's direction. “What do you mean?”

Keith shook his head fondly, a breathless, relieved laugh escaping. He’d been so sure he was going to screw it up somehow, even though technically he'd already proposed to Lance ten months ago, that he was actually kind of relieved that Pidge had broken the tension. “Remember when I told you that eventually I'd give you a proper proposal?”

“Yeah, but-” Wait. Did Keith mean- Right here in the middle of the mall? In front of everybody?

“Holy crow,” he breathed.

Smiling, Keith slipped from his chair onto the floor next to Lance’s feet, one knee down. He retrieved the box from his pocket, holding it in the palm of his hand. “Lance,” he started, reaching out with the other hand to hold Lance’s left. “You’re-”

“You're on the floor,” he interrupted, breath hitching.

“Oh my god, shut the hell up.”

“Keith,” Shiro warned, laughter in his tone.

Keith sighed and started again. “Lance, you're the best thing that has ever happened to me. You’re the one I want to spend the rest of my life with, the one I want to raise our children with.” Blue perked up from her place at Lance’s side, lifting her head off her paws and woofing softly. Keith’s smile grew, and he wasn’t even annoyed when he heard several camera shutters go off around him. “You mean so much to me, and every day I fall more and more in love with you. So… Lance… [Will you marry me]?” And even though Lance couldn’t see it, Keith opened the box to reveal a beautifully sparkling silver and sapphire ring.

“Ay, mi cielo…” This was leagues beyond an accidental proposal in bed, no matter how much he cherished that memory. “I'll do it.”
Beaming even more, Keith carefully slipped the ring onto Lance’s finger before standing, only to bend back over and capture his lips in a kiss. This was the happiest he’d been in over a year. Happier than hearing the ruling of the court case. Happier than Lance's acceptance at his first accidental proposal. Happier than... well, a lot of things. He laced their fingers together, smiling into the kiss as the cool metal of the ring brushed his skin.

Lance sank into it, free hand lifting to cup his cheek. This felt like a real proposal. This felt like permanence. He could tell people they were engaged and flash a pretty... what kind of a ring was it?

He broke the kiss. “What is it? Someone tell me it's not ugly.”

Allura’s giggle sounded again, and Pidge was even smiling, quite used to their antics by now. “It’s too small to actually see it from here.”

“Pidge!” Keith groaned, rubbing his thumb on the back of Lance's hand. “It's not ugly, I promise. But it's simple. And the stone is your favorite color.”

Lance ran his finger along the band, the metal already warming against his skin. It split into little triangles to frame the stone, which couldn't be a diamond if it was blue. So it was something else, something special for him. He could feel his eyes start to water, lips curving. “Mi cielo precioso... Te quiero [My precious heaven... I love you].”

“I love you too, darling.” Keith stole another kiss from him, lifting his other hand to Lance's cheek in a mirrored position to swipe his thumb lightly over his eyelid. “Now we're officially official.”

“So officially set a date!” Hunk demanded, making Lance let out a watery giggle.

“Shut up or I'm not making you best man,” he threatened and pressed a kiss to Keith's palm.

Keith finally sat back down, but kept their fingers laced, close enough to rest their joined hands on his thigh. “At least you have a choice. Shiro would kill me if I didn't make him my best man.” Which, to be fair, he'd been planning on his older brother being his best man anyway. But that was beside the point. He shot a glance over his shoulder to see the man in question smiling at him, that “proud dad” look on his face.

“Yes, he would,” Shiro confirmed, but he winked at Keith.

He could feel Lance shaking with laughter next to him, so turned his head to press a kiss to his cheek. “You're gonna have your dad walk you down the aisle, right? And Blue’s gonna be our cute little ring bearer.”

“Stefani's flower girl.” His dad would cry. Holy crow. Eyes shining, Lance laid his cheek on Keith's shoulder and twisted the ring on his finger. “I'm not waiting a year to marry you, mi cielo. I had to wait a whole year just for a ring.”

“No, I know. It won't be a year.” Keith didn't bother to comment on the unshed tears - Allura had been right about Lance being a crier, and he knew they were happy tears anyway, Keith feeling the same well up in his own eyes - instead carding fingers through Lance’s soft hair. “How about a winter wedding? January's not too far away...”

He smiled, breathing in his fiancé’s familiar scent. Motor oil and mahogany, tinted just enough with cinnamon. He spent every night wrapped up in that scent, had it every morning when he woke up. It was perfectly, wonderfully home. “Yes. I want to start this year off right. I want to start my year marrying you.”
“Then it’s settled? You have a date? When exactly is it?” Hunk piped back up, naturally with more than one question, and Keith groaned, having nearly forgotten they were all still there.

“Yeah, buddy,” Keith replied, just barely loud enough for the rest of them to hear. “January first.”

New year, new step in their lives. It was everything Lance could've asked for and everything he'd been afraid to hope for this day a year before. He'd been sad, dogless, uncomfortable with himself and desperate for a change. Desperate for anything. And he'd gotten Keith. An impromptu date that had turned into the promise of a lifetime.

“It's perfect.”

It absolutely was. Keith couldn't think of a better way to start what would be the beginning of the rest of his life than by marrying the love of his life. They'd be surrounded by the people that loved them, the people that mattered, and they wouldn't have a care in the world.

Keith’s smile grew, his hold on Lance tightening as he turned his head to steal another kiss. “Sorry, guys,” he announced, “but you’re stuck with us on New Year’s day. Save the date.”

“That doesn't give you a lot of time to plan,” Shiro pointed out.

“Then I guess we'd better start now,” Keith murmured, and kissed the smile on his fiancé’s face.

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